

AR 25021 MUEHSAM FAMILY COLLECTION

24/24 SCRIPTS MARCH-APRIL 1951

LILLI PALMER SHOW

March 1, 1951

DISSOLVE FROM BLACK

TO SHOT OF

Angel Face case closed

PAN TO cake make-up and sponge

PAN TO jar of foundation

PAN TO compact case

PAN TO Angel Face case open.

DISSOLVE TO TITLES READING:

POND'S

MAKERS OF POND'S CREAMS AND

POND'S ANGEL FACE

PRESENTS

LILLI PALMER

DISSOLVE TO LILLI PALMER SITTING

IN CHAIR.

ANNOUNCER:

Pond's Angel Face -- the newest,
easiest way to have a soft, velvety
complexion!

No wet sponge.

No greasy foundation.

No spilly, loose powder.

Pond's Angel Face is foundation
and powder in one! Just a touch
of the soft, fluffy puff -- and
you have an Angel Face complexion!

PALMER SINGIN "AUF WIEDERSEHN"

MISS PALMER

I have given you what's called a bum steer last week because I am not going to talk to you about either Monaco or Russia, but about Ireland. This is because I've met such a fascinating man - his name is Walter Macken. He is one of the leading actors of the Abbey Theatre of Dublin and he has just made an enormous personal success on Broadway in the play, "The King of Friday's Men". He is also an author of great repute and his last book, "Rain On The Wind", which will appear in April, has been chosen as the Literary Guild selection of the month. It has already made a tremendous success in England and Ireland. I shall try and have an argument with him about the Abbey Theatre about which he feels strongly and I know practically nothing. But I shall needle him and we'll see what we get. Here's Mr. Walter Macken.

MR. MACKEN

The Abbey Theatre I understand was founded at the end of the last century by the great Irish poet, William Butler Yeats, of whom you thoroughly disapprove. Yeats was a very arrogant man - virtually a dictator of the Abbey actors and actresses. He did not believe that a play should continue in the Theatre longer than two weeks, especially if the public liked it -- so great was his loathing of the public taste. The only exception to this was when Syble Thorndike was allowed to play longer than the two weeks in O'Casey's "Juno and the Peacock". I have learned a few lines of Yeat's poem "The ~~LOKE~~ Isles of INNAFREE", which I know Yeats wouldn't approve of because he didn't believe lines should be read with any emotion at all - he thought all that mattered were the words themselves. He would not even allow his actors to play to the audience - if they dared even to face the audience they were promptly fired. Here is the poem:
POEM

MISS PALMER

Why did you disapprove of Yeats so thoroughly, Mr. Macken?

MR. MACKEN

MENTION LITTLE PEOPLE, POETIC MISMATCH, ETC. OF YEATS.

MISS PALMER

... and you are in favor of having the Irish recognized all over the world not by their leprechauns but by what they are in reality - which is strong --willed, extremely hard-working, rather dour people the kind O'Casey writes about. Now, O'Casey is a man after your heart, isn't he, Mr. Macken?

MR. MACKEN

DISCUSS O'CASEY BRIEFLY-HIS STATURE AMONG IRISH WRITERS IN MR. MACKEN'S OPINION.

MISS PALMER

Tell me, Mr. Macken, the great difficulty about Irish literature is the controversy in the languages - Gaelic versus English. Have there been any writers who write in Gaelic.

MR. MACKEN

DISCUSS SUPPRESSION FOR 700 YRS. EMERGENCE OF GAELIC WRITING.

MISS PALMER

Tell me, what have you done for the Gaelic language, Mr. Macken?

MR. MACKEN

DISCUSS GALWAY THEATRE AND PRESENTATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE, IBSEN, O'NEILL, O'CASEY IN GAELIC, AND HOW ACTORS AND ACTRESSES TRANSLATE THEIR ROLES INTO GAELIC

MISS PALMER

... and do you think these translations into Gaelic are successful?

MR. MACKEN

AD LIB

MISS PALMER

Not always - One of the best plays to translate into Gaelic is Macbeth because of its turbulent characters action and language. I have gone to the trouble of learning five lines of Macbeth. I will recite them in English and Mr. Macken will translate them into Gaelic so that you can judge which you like better. Remember, Gaelic is Macbeth's own language - his own native tongue.

MACBETH EXCERPT

Out damned spot. Out I say, 1, 2. Why then 'tis time to do't: Hell is murky! - Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power on account? - Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

MISS PALMER

One more question, Mr. Macken. How would you translate "Angel Face" into Gaelic?

MR. MACKEN

_____.

MISS PALMER

Now we are going to talk to you about _____. Here is a young lady who will tell you about Angel Face, in English.

INSERT COMMERCIAL

POND'S ANGEL FACE
LILLI PALMER COMMERCIAL

VIDEO

Table top shot of Angel Face
half out of box.

Hands pull Angel Face from
box

Hands open Mirror Case.

Hand circles puff over
Angel Face

PAN to shot of pancake
make-up with wet sponge
..foundation cream .. plain
powder box with powder
slightly spilled over

PAN to Angel Face

Cut to shot over girl's
shoulder to show her
applying Angel Face

AUDIO

Here is the marvelous new kind of
make-up everyone's talking about.

It's Pond's Angel Face -- now
lovelier than ever in a slim,
pretty new Mirror Case.

Sleek and smooth as ivory,
daintily etched with golden tracery.

Flip open the lid -- and inside
you find ... a mirror .. a puff ..
and soft-tinted Angel Face.

Angel Face is your foundation and
powder in one -- the easiest make-
up you've ever used!

No wet sponge ... no greasy founda-
tion ... no loose powder spilling
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flattering foundation and powder
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It just smooths on like velvet --
with its own soft puff. Stays on
much longer than powder. It never
dries your skin! Never looks
greasy.

VIDEO:

Shot of Angel Face, handbag,
and gloves ...

Close-up of box and case

AUDIO:

And Angel Face can't spill in your
handbag!

Angel Face comes in six flattering
skin tones. Stop at your favorite
beauty counter tomorrow and choose
the perfect shade for you. Pond's
Angel Face in its beautiful new
Mirror Case is only \$1., plus tax
-- the most wonderful beauty
insurance any girl ever carried.

MISS PALMER

Next week I am going to talk to you
about Tsarist Russia. Until then:

AUF WIEDERSEHN

CUE MUSIC

HOLD ON LILLI PALMER 5 SECONDS

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BALLOP READING

POND 'S

MAKERS OF POND 'S CREAMS AND

POND 'S ANGEL FACE

HAS PRESENTED

LILLI PALMER

PRODUCED BY CHARLES KEBBE

SETTING BY

ROLF GERARD

LILLI PALMER SHOW

March 8, 1951

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PALMER SINGING "AUF WIEDERSEHN"

MISS PALMER

The first Dane I would like to talk to you about is Hans Christian Andersen. I don't think there's a nursery anywhere in the world which has not heard the tale of the Ugly Duckling, the Princess and the Pea, The Matchbox, the Tin Soldier, etc. But I must confess that I knew nothing at all about the man, Hans Andersen, and what kind of a person he was until I started to prepare for this program. The more I read about him, the more interested I became. I'd like to tell you a little about him.

He was born at the beginning of the last century in a tiny village in Denmark called Odensee, the only child of a cobbler and a washerwoman. Nobody can have any conception of the poverty of these people who lived in one small room which at the same time served as a workshop.

(OVER)

MISS PALMER (CONT'D)

There stood his parents' bed, little Hans' bed underneath it for lack of room, and rows and rows of shoes, and the smell of leather everywhere, even in the food. Little Hans Christian did not realize that he was anything different - he had enough to eat...he had a pair of trousers, and the fact that he had his first pair of shoes for his communion when he was 13 years old didn't worry him at all. Other great men have been raised in similar poverty but the fascinating thing about Hans Christian Andersen was his extraordinary appearance.

Imagine a sort of tow-headed, over-length, gangling, "daddy-long-legs", never at rest, easily crushed by a harsh word and bouncing up again like an India rubber ball.

(OVER)

MISS PALMER (CONT'D)

Even at Odensee, where everyone was fairly poor and people worked hard and took little notice of each other, Hans Christian was immediately out-cast as not only an ugly duckling but also a Mad Hatter in the bargain. You have all heard the story of the Ugly Duckling and how he was buffeted and pecked at and misunderstood for no other reason than that he was extremely ugly and odd.

At the age of 14, he left home, determined to go on the stage in Copenhagen. There is a little engraving depicting Hans Christian saying goodbye to his mother in Odensee on that fateful day, which now hangs in the museum in Odensee. It shows the 14-year-old boy with his new and first pair of enormous shoes and a large stove-pipe hat and his father's suit with his long arms sticking out - as ridiculous a creature as ever set out to conquer the world. (OVER)

MISS PALMER (CONT'D)

He had a mad idea and that was to call on Madame Schall -- the prima ballerina of the Copenhagen Theatre, and to sing to her and convince her that he would be God's gift to the Copenhagen stage as a young Romeo. As soon as he arrived, he set out to her home and knelt on the doorstep to ask God to make her kind to him. As he was praying, a servant girl passed by -- he had not noticed her, as he had his hands uplifted and she dropped a coin into his outstretched hands. This interrupted him rudely and he called to her to take the money back. "Keep it, keep it", she called back. He rang the doorbell and Madame Schall's housekeeper was so taken in with his appearance that she asked him to wait and succeeded in persuading Madame Schall to see the weird creature.

(OVER)

MISS PALMER (CONT'D)

When he was at last admitted, stove-pipe hat, working shoes and all, he burst into a long excited story about how he loved the theatre and wanted to be an actor. Madame asked him what part he wanted to act and he said, "Cinderella". Madame Schall blanched and reached behind her for the bell because she thought he was mad and had escaped from the lunatic asylum. He offered to show her what he could do without his boots, because he couldn't dance in them, and without waiting for her permission, he took them off, and using his stove-pipe hat as a tambourine, he sang energetically:

"Rank and riches cannot
shield us

From our sorrows here below"
Assistance came, and a minute later he was sitting out in the street, his boots clattering after him.

(OVER)

MISS PALMER (CONT'D)

Well, that was the beginning. As you know by now from my stories about the lives of famous men, they simply don't give up. In Hans Christian's case, things came clattering after him as he was thrown out of theatres, down stairs, out of managers' offices, until the great day when his first play was accepted by the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen. He was befriended by a man called Cullen, a king's counsellor, and Hans Christian had been a sort of son in Mr. Cullen's family. On the day of the opening night when his little play was actually performed, and the audience applauded and called for the author to come before the curtain, Hans Christian was so overcome that he rushed away from the theatre, back into the library at the Cullen house...

(OVER)

MISS PALMER (CONT'D)

He threw himself down in a chair and shook while tears poured down his cheeks. He had forgotten that Mrs. Cullen, who was quite deaf and an invalid, was sitting quietly in the room, watching him, thinking that his play had been a horrible failure, and that the audience had hissed it -- she said that he must not take it so much to heart, that some of the greatest playwrights had not been a success at first. As she was quite deaf, she could not hear his protestations, and continued stroking him until the family arrived to tell her of the ugly duckling's first step towards becoming the great white swan that he was destined to be.

It took Hans Christain quite a long time to realize that his great talent was not for romantic drama but to write about the little things.(OVER)

MISS PALMER (CONT'D)

Denmark is a little country and Hans Christian's stories are about little things -- the darning needle, the matchbox, -- those were the things that made him famous all over the world. In his soul, however, was still the romantic longing for drama and love -- and the girls that he fell in love with were all princesses who would have felt a pea right through 30 mattresses and 30 featherbeds -- but, of course, he never made first base. I'll give you a little poem that he wrote called "The Pearl"-- not great poetry but straight from his heart:

"There is a myth, a tale men tell:
Each mussel shell
That in the ocean's bitter deep
 doth lie.
When it has wrought its pearl,
 must straightway die.
O love, thou art the pearl my
 heart hath made,
And I am sore afraid."

(OVER)

MISS PALMER (CONT'D)

The other man I wanted to talk to you about is a man I am ashamed to say I have never heard of before - a man called Carl Nielsen who died about 20 years ago and whose symphony is going to be performed for the first time in America on the second of April in Carnegie Hall. The man who is going to conduct the symphony, the foremost Danish conductor, is here today, - Mr. Erik Tuxen.

Mr. Tuxen, I understand that Eugene Ormandy, the great American conductor invited you to come to America while he was in Denmark last year.

MR. TUXEN

Well, he didn't exactly invite me - I asked him so many questions about his work that he finally said: "Why don't you come to America and see for yourself" ...so I said, "Fine, I'll be there next Monday". So Mr Ormandy didn't have a chance.

MISS PALMER

Tell me, Mr. Tuxen, why have I,
and I am sure most of our
listeners, never heard of Carl
Nielsen.

MR. TUXEN

NIELSEN'S BACKGROUND AS SHEPHERD.

MISS PALMER

What is his music like?

MR. TUXEN

NIELSEN'S REVOLT AGAINST
ROMANTICS - CLOSE-TO-EARTHNESS
RATHER THAN SIBELIUS' THEME OF
SPLENDOR OF FORESTS, ETC.

MISS PALMER

Why is it that there are so few
Danish composers and singers of
repute?

MR. TUXEN

LANGUAGE DIFFICULTY, LITTLE POEM
HOW CHILDREN LEARN ENGLISH

MISS PALMER

I have never been to Denmark but
I understand that not only is it
a beautiful country, but its
women are beautiful as well. A
young lady will tell you about
the beauty secret of many of
these beautiful woman today.

COMMERCIAL

POND'S ANGEL FACE
LILLI PALMER COMMERCIAL

VIDEO

Table top shot of Angel Face
half out of box

Hands pull Angel Face from
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Hands open Mirror Case.

Hand circles puff over Angel
Face

PAN to shot of pancake make-
up with wet sponge...founda-
tion cream..plain powder box
with powder slightly spilled
over

PAN to Angel Face

Cut to shot over girl's
shoulder to show her applying
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(OVER)

VIDEO

Shot of Angel Face, handbag,
and gloves

Close-up of box and case

AUDIO (CONTINUED)

It never dries your skin! Never
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PRODUCED BY CHARLES KEBBE

SETTING BY

ROLF GERARD

LILLI PALMER SHOW

March 15, 1951

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PALMER SINGING "AUF WIEDERSEHN"

POND'S

MAKERS OF POND'S CREAMS AND

POND'S ANGEL FACE

PRESENTS .

LILLI PALMER

DISSOLVE TO LILLI PALMER

SITTING IN CHAIR

Today I'd like to take you back about 120 years to St. Petersburg in Russia, to the reign of Czar Nicholas, and I shall try to give you a little idea of how the people lived in those days. Now we have television, anaesthetics, Pennicilin, and we think we are doing pretty well. But those people had glamour -- glamour of which we have no conception. It seems to me that if you read descriptions of the beauties of the time that they were more dazzlingly beautiful, statuesque, blonder, and their gowns had more velvet, more satin, etc. The men were also all dressed in wonderful materials. Do you realize that when they sat down to a banquet, as Talleyrand served at the French court, they had 48 courses, while we have, well-only 5 or 6. And when they gambled, they had card tables covered in black velvet with grooves scooped out, and in these grooves was not platimum, not gold, but -- diamonds!

(OVER)

To stake a handful of diamonds on
the queen of spades ...

The most dazzling beauty of all the
beauties at the court was Madame
Pushkin. Nobody would know that name
now except for the fact that she was
married to Pushkin, the foremost poet
of Russia. If I had the time I
would like to spend 3 programs, to
tell you about Pushkin's ancestry
- He was the great grandson of an
Ethopian prince and was brought to
the Russian court by Peter The Great
who grew so fond of him that he
forced one of his bojars his
courtiers, to marry his daughter
to him. That man, by the name of
Hannibal, is Pushkin's grandfather.
And, Pushkin is the great, great
grandfather of the Marquis of ...
Milford-Haven. The Czar was not fond
of the young poet due to his
revolutionary ideas, and tried to
keep him in bond to prevent his
revolutionary output.

(OVER)

When Pushkin married Natalie G_____, the marriage was as romantic a sensation as ever took place at the Russian court and Pushkin had no idea that by that marriage he not only got himself deeper and deeper into social activities but also signed his death warrant. Madame Pushkin's beauty was so rare that it was bound to create trouble ---- It might interest you to know that in those days a married woman could receive passionate billet-doux from a married or for that matter unmarried man. The husband even read those letters with equal amusement as the wife who received them. But there appeared at the court of St. Petersburg a dashing young man by the name of George D'Anthes. He was dashing, he was blond, curly-headed, he was tall and wore a beautiful white uniform -- he was irresistible. He was the lion of St. Petersburg society and conquered all the ladies except Madame Pushkin.

(OVER)

George D'Anthes fell madly in love with her and as she wouldn't look at him it became a kind of obsession with him. He concocted a fantastic plan -- He was going to marry her eldest sister, Catherine who, like anyone else, was flattered by his attentions, for one reason only, -- to be near the beautiful Natalie. A month after the marriage to Catherine he lured Natalie, through a false invitation, to the house of a conniving friend. The unsuspecting woman found herself alone with D'Anthes who suddenly whipped out a pistol and said he would shoot himself right before her eyes, if she would not accept his love. Her reaction was to burst into a flood of tears and in hysterical terror she rushed from the room. The next morning Pushkin sent his second to D'Anthes with a challenge to a duel. They met at dawn, in the snow. A barrier was in the middle of the field. Five paces were marked off each side and the signal was given.

(OVER)

Both men aimed to kill - the shots rang out Pushkin fell on his face. They rushed to attend him and helped him into a sitting position. "I feel strong enough to fire my shot", he said. He wounded D'Anthes but slightly. Pushkin died two days later, only 39 years old. Now I don't know whether you know his works -- Boris Godounov. The Queen of Spades Eugen Onegin, Etc. I would like to give you the one of his poems which I like best.

THE COACH OF LIFE

Though often somewhat heavy-freighted
The coach rolls at an easy pace;
And time, the coachman, grizzly-pated
But smart, alert--is in his place.

We board it lightly in the morning
And on our way at once proceed.
Repose and slothful comfort scorning
We shout: "Hey, there! Get on!
Full Speed!"

Noon finds us done with reckless
daring,
And shaken up. Now care's the rule.
Down hills, through gulley roughly
faring.
We sulk, and cry: "Hey, easy, fool!"

The coach rolls, on, no pitfalls
dodging.
At dusk, to pains more wanted grown,
We drowse, while to the night's
dark lodging.
Old coachman Time drives on, drives
on.

(OVER)

Now I'll bring you a guest today who seems to me to step straight out of that ancient time of glamour. Madame Valentina, one of the foremost creators of fashion, beauty and glamour of our time. I have had the privilege of being dressed by her for the theatre on two occasions and I have had ample opportunity to study this fascinating personality. Let me introduce her to you in a minute. Don't be surprised if she doesn't use the words "the, these, that." Robert Sherwood said to her the other, "Valentina, you have command of English language." I had to revolutionize my idea about dresses and clothes when I came to her - her favorite colors are beige, Greige, and grey. I once heard her on the telephone, speaking to a lady who desired a brightly colored dress: "No, no, darling-- not red. You mustn't have red. Have red on the sofa cushions but not on you."

(OVER)

You can imagine how surprised I was one day when Valentina appeared at a party dressed from head to foot, in red, including a red beret. I stared at her, speechless --Valentina in RED? She shrugged her shoulders pointed to the window and said:

"It's raining. You understand the 11th commandment: 'When it's raining Thou shalt wear red'".

Valentina is always against everything that's obviously rich, obviously wealthy. You will very rarely see any embroidery or trimming on her dresses, her dresses are unique and famous for their cut, their line, their style and their materials. They seem to wrap you tightly like a snake and yet feel as comfortable as an old dressing gown. By the way, she has a strong aversion against mink, and is supposed to have said, "Mink is vulgar -- Mink is for football". I wish that you could attend a fitting at Madame Valentina's. You tell her in your own shrill language "I would like this, I would like that."

(OVER)

Suddenly Madame Eugenia, the first
fitter, arrives and there is a
sudden silence and now you are
reduced to a kind of prop without
a voice while Madame Valentina and
Madame Eugenia confer in soft
whispers, in Russian

Here is Madame Valentina.

("Hello" in Russian). Tell me,
Valentina when you get a theatrical
script, what do you look for in the
play to give you the key for your
color, style and material?

VALENTINA

AD. LIB. THE MOOD, CHARACTERS ETC.

MISS PALMER

For instance, in the first play you
dressed me for, I played a strange
little creature -- a very young girl
with the wisdom of a much older
person. Do you remember what you
said to me -- you said, "I will
dress you like a little old China-
man." Remember? Remember the little
old Chinaman's colors?

VALENTINA

Yes -- grey, greige, beige, and
white.

MISS PALMER

And by that very idea you already set my character -- I didn't have to do any acting! And in my present play, where I do a girl who is first a witch and gradually becomes human, you must have found it interesting to dress that in colors and shapes.

VALENTINA

Ad lib, yellow, flame colors for the witch, for passion, green for anger, and finally grey for the ordinary human being you have become.

MISS PALMER

Do you remember this dress (Points to her dress) it was the little old Chinaman's dress.

VALENTINA

But what have you done to it?

MISS PALMER

I dyed it orange -- Do you like it?

VALENTINA

COMMENT IN RUSSIAN, EXPRESSING HER HORROR.

MISS PALMER

I seem to be talking so much of beautiful women in my programs.

(OVER)

I have tried to get you a portrait of Madame Pushkin to see if she had a true Angel Face, but I couldn't find one. That brings me to the subject of Angel Face. I will turn you over to a young lady who will talk to you about Angel Face.

POND'S ANGEL FACE
LILLI PALMER COMMERCIAL

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Hands pull Angel Face from
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(OVER)

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Close-up of box and case

AUDIO (CONTINUED)

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Next week I will talk to you about

_____ (Cats, perhaps)

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No greasy foundation

No spilly, loose powder.

Pond's Angel Face is foundation
and power in one! Just a
touch of the soft, fluffy puff
-- and you have an Angel Face
complexion!

PALMER SINGING "AUF WIEDERSEHN"

MISS PALMER

(HOLDING PYEWACKET IN ARMS)

Cats were first domesticated in Egypt about five thousand years ago, because the Egyptians found them indispensable to protect their grain. Eventually they were even declared sacred and have remained so since. Superstitions and witchcraft were associated with them -- black cats crossing path, etc. From Egypt they made their way to Italy, and probably sat on Julius Ceasar's shoulder when he invaded Britain, and then ended up in my play, "Bell, Book and Candle" on Broadway.

You know that every night I sit on the chair with this cat on my knees. It reminds me of a poem by Oscar Wilde:
In a dim corner of my room for longer than my fancy thinks
A beautiful and silent Sphinx has watched me through the shifting gloom. (OVER)

MISS PALMER (CONT'D)

Inviolable and immobile she
does not rise she does not stir
For silver moons are naught to
her and naught to her that suns
that reel

Red follows grey across the air,
the waves of moonlight ebb and
flow

But with the Dawn she does not
go and in the night-time she
is there

Dawn follows Dawn and Nights
grow old and all the while this
curious cat

Lies couching on the Chinese
mat with eyes of satin rimmed
with gold.

(PUTS PYEWACKET DOWN)

I found a book written by Paul
Gallico called "The Abandoned"
which seems to me the book to
end all books about cats because
its the story of a little boy
who is hit by a truck and in
his delirium imagines he turns
into a cat. He has to learn
how to be a cat, which is not at
all easy. (OVER)

Paul Gallico seems to me to have a hidden secret -- I think he must have been a cat because nobody could have understood cats unless you have been a cat yourself. Listen to this chapter in which a cat of long-standing and experience teaches the little boy, the new-comer, about manners. This chapter is called -- "When in Doubt--Wash".

"If you have committed any kind of an error and anyone scolds you--wash. If you slip and fall off something and somebody laughs at you--wash. If you are getting the worst of an argument and want to break off hostilities until you have composed yourself, start washing. Remember, every cat respects another cat at her toilet. That's our first rule of social deportment, and you must also observe it.

"Whatever the situation, whatever difficulty you may be in, you can't go wrong if you wash.

(OVER)

If you come into a room full of people you do not know and who are confusing to you, sit right down in the midst of them and start washing. They'll end up by quieting down and watching you.

"If somebody calls you and you don't care to come and still you don't wish to make it a direct insult -- wash. If you've started off to go somewhere and suddenly can't remember where it was you wanted to go, sit right down and begin brushing up a little. It will come back to you. Something hurt you? Wash it. Tired of playing with someone who has been kind enough to take time and trouble and you want to break off without hurting his or her feelings -- start washing.

"Oh, there are dozens of things! Door closed and you're burning up because no one will open it for you -- have yourself a little wash and forget it. (OVER)

Somebody petting another cat or dog in the same room, and you are annoyed over that -- be nonchalant; wash. Feel sad, wash away your blues. Been picked up by somebody you don't particularly fancy and who didn't smell good -- wash him off immediately and pointedly where he can see you do it.

Any time, anyhow, in any manner, for whatever purpose, wherever you are, whenever and why ever you want to clear the air or get a moment's respite or think things over -- wash!

"And ----" concluded Jennie, drawing a long breath, "of course you also wash to get clean and to keep clean".

That will give you an idea about Mr. Gallico -- and here he is.

MR. GALLICO

I'll rub against your leg and purr!

MISS PALMER

Tell me, Mr. Gallico, did you ever think of writing a book on cats before writing "The Abandoned"?

MR. GALLICO

MENTION CATS AT PLAY AND HOW YOU SCORE THEM, ETC.

MISS PALMER

Well, why -- cats?

MR. GALLICO

STORY OF CHIN CHILLA, WUZZY, AND LIMPY, ETC. Now tell me how you feel about cats, Miss Palmer?

MISS PALMER

Cats never entered my life until last November. In the last five months I have had to woo them, so....(becoming fond of them--stages involved, etc. You know, Mr. Gallico, it's a strange thing that when someone wants to say something nasty about a woman, she is called "catty". Don't you think that is rather unfair to cats?

MR. GALLICO

MENTION THAT THIS IS ONLY INSECURITY WHEN THEY ARE CALLED "CATTY".
(OVER)

MR. GALLICO (CONT'D)

ALSO MENTION THAT "EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE A SCRATCHING POST", AND A GIRL WHO HAS THE GUY SHE WANTS IS NOT CATTY.

MISS PALMER

Is there a scratching post in your home?

MR. GALLICO

No.

MISS PALMER

Then your wife must have the man she wants! To me, the cat to end all cats - the original primeval cat -- is the Tiger. There is a painter in America who seems to me to paint animals with the special mystery that surrounds them all better than any other painter before and now. His name is Darrel Austin, one of the foremost contemporary American painters. His subjects are almost all entirely animals, usually in bracken marshes, and for no other animal is the mystery with which he surrounds them as appropriate as for the Tiger.

(OVER)

Look for yourself. Here is
a painting loaned to me by the
Perls Gallery of a Tiger. Maybe
you remember William Blake's
lines about the Tiger:

READ LINES

THE TIGER

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame they fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he spire?
What the hand dare seize the
fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy
heart?

And, when thy heart began to
beat,
What dread hand and what dread
feet?

What the hammer? What the chain?
In what furnace was they brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?
(OVER)

When the stars threw down their
spears,

And water'd heaven with their
tears,

Did He smile His works to see?

Did He who made the lamb make
thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright

In the forests of the night,

What immortal hand or eye

Dare frame thy fearful symmetry? .

I am sure that he had those in
mind when he painted the Tiger.

Let me turn you over to a young

lady who will tell you about

Pond's Angel Face.

POND'S ANGEL FACE
LILLI PALMER COMMERCIAL

-11-

VIDEO

Table top shot of Angel Face
half out of box

Hands pull Angel Face from box

Hands open Mirror Case

Hand circles puff over Angel Face.

PAN to shot of pancake make-
up with wet sponge ...
foundation cream ... plain
powder box with powder slightly
spilled over

PAN to Angel Face

Cut to shot over girl's shoulder
to show her applying Angel Face.

AUDIO

Here is the marvelous new kind
of make-up everyone's talking
about. It's Pond's Angel Face --
now lovelier than ever in a
slim, pretty new Mirror Case.
Sleek and smooth as ivory,
daintily etched with golden
tracery.

Flip open the lid -- and inside
you find ... a mirror ... a puff
... and soft-tinted Angel Face.

Angel Face is your foundation
and powder in one -- the easiest
make-up you've ever used!

No wet sponge ... no greasy
foundation ... no loose powder
spilling about --

Angel Face is a wonderful,
flattering foundation and powder
in one!

It just smooths on like velvet -
with its own soft puff. Stays
on much longer than powder.

(OVER)

VIDEO

Shot of Angel Face, handbag,
and gloves.

Close-up of box and case

AUDIO (CONTINUED)

It never dries your skin!

Never looks greasy.

And Angel Face can't spill in
your handbag!

Angel Face comes in six flatter-
ing skin tones. Stops at your
favorite beauty counter
tomorrow and choose the perfect
shade for you. Pond's Angel
Face in its beautiful new
Mirror Case is only \$1.,
plus tax - the most wonderful
beauty insurance any girl ever
carried.

Hello, this is Lilli Palmer
again. Beginning next week
as I told you, my show will be
from 7:15-7:30 PM, and it
will continue at that time
from then on. Next week I
will talk to you about Hungary.

Until then:

AUF WEIDERSEHN

CUE MUSIC

HOLD ON LILLI PALMER 5 SECONDS

DISSOLVE TO PRODUCT AND SUPER

BALLOP READING:

POND'S

MAKERS OF POND'S CREAMS AND POND'S

ANGEL FACE

HAS PRESENTED

LILLI PALMER

PRODUCED BY CHARLES KEBBE

SETTING BY

ROLF GERARD

LILLI PALMER SHOW

March 29, 1951

DISSOLVE FROM BLACK

TO SHOT OF

Angel Face case closed

ANNOUNCER

Pond's Angel Face -- the newest
easiest way to have a soft, velvety
complexion!

PAN TO cake make-up and sponge

No wet sponge

PAN TO jar of foundation

No greasy foundation

PAN TO compact case

No spilly, loose powder.

PAN TO Angel Face case open.

Pond's Angel Face is foundation and
powder in one! Just a touch of the
soft, fluffy puff -- and you have
an Angel Face complexion!

PALMER SINGING "AUF WIEDERSEHN"

DISSOLVE TO TITLES READING:

POND'S

MAKERS OF POND'S CREAMS AND

POND'S ANGEL FACE

PRESENTS

LILLI PALMER

DISSOLVE TO LILLI PALMER

SITTING IN CHAIR

MISS PALMER

I'd like to talk to you about two Hungarians -- an artistic one and an eccentric one. Our first great Hungarian is the artistic one. Everyone in Hungary is a writer, painter, or musician. Nobody reads. When Molnar, the famous playwright, once entered a cafe, he saw a man sitting there reading. Said Molnar, "There is the greatest reader in Hungary -- the only one!"

I have today as my guest Mr. Joseph Szigeti whom America acclaimed already 25 years ago as one of the greatest violinists of our day. Turn on the radio any time, any station, and eventually you will hear a Szigeti recording played. He introduced for the first time works of Bela Bartok, Bloch and Prokofief.... Only the other day, he gave a concert with Mitropoulds at Carnegie Hall to celebrate the 25th Anniversary of his first concert with Stowkowski in Philadelphia. What do you think a violinist should look like?

"Swan" Ardivarius

(OVER)

MISS PALMER (CONTINUED)

I'll tell you someone who was disappointed in what Mr. Szigeti looked like. It was Bernard Shaw. He said, "You fiddlers no longer look the part. The only one who does is - Einstein".

Mr. Szigeti, let me ask you the old and hackneyed, tried and true question, why did you become a violinist?

MR. SZIGETI

AD LIB. MENTION ENTIRE FAMILY MUSICAL -- BROUGHT UP EXPECTING TO BE A MUSICIAN JUST AS A GLOUCESTER FISHERMAN'S SON EXPECTS TO BE A FISHERMAN

MISS PALMER

But why the violin? -- why not the double bass?

MR. SZIGETI

MENTION OWN SIZE, ECONOMY AND PRACTICALITY OF VIOLIN

MISS PALMER

But why not the flute?

MR. SZIGETI

MENTION 'THERE IS NO ROOM FOR A
FLUTE IN A GYPSY BAND WHICH PLAYS
AT FUNERALS AND WEDDINGS (WHICH WAS
THE AIM OF THE FAMILY ORCHESTRA)

MISS PALMER

If every member of your family
practiced music, where did they all
practice -- in the same room?

MR. SZIGETI

FATHER'S MUSIC LESSON IN THE PARLOR,
SZIGETI IN THE KITCHEN, AD LIB ON
REST OF THE FAMILY

MISS PALMER

That must have been rather nice...
warm and cozy, lovely smells. Have
you ever had any other opportunity
to warm up in a kitchen?

MR. SZIGETI

MENTION WARMING UP FOR CONCERT IN
PEIPING, CHINA AND WALDORF KITCHEN

MISS PALMER

If I remember right, there's
another tender bond that takes you
to the kitchen -- isn't cooking
your hobby?

MR. SZIGETI

I AM ONLY ON THE RECEIVING END, ETC.
PEOPLE COOK FOR ME AND THEY LIKE TO
DO SO BECAUSE I APPRECIATE THEIR
EFFORTS

MISS PALMER

Do you have any hobbies?

MR. SZIGETI

HOBBY HAS BEEN BOOK

MISS PALMER

When did you find the time to write
your book?

MR. SZIGETI

Anytime, anywhere, etc.

MISS PALMER

I found this book fascinating not
only from a music lover's view
point but also because in the
course of 30 years, there has
hardly been anyone of importance
in the artistic world whom Mr.
Szigeti hasn't met...

MR. SZIGETI LEAVES

MISS PALMER

Now I come to my other Hungarian -
of all the Hungarians I have ever
met the most eccentric -- Gabriel
Pascal... "Gaby".

(OVER)

MISS PALMER (CONTINUED)

From all over the world the telephone may ring and a voice say, "It's Gaby" with an accent that could charm the hind legs off a mule. What's more important, it even charmed Shaw. When Gaby arrived in London, stone broke, penniless, he conceived the great idea in 1935, of making a film of Shaw's "Pygmalion". Many people had approached Shaw with tempting offers and he had never given his permission for any one of his plays to be filmed. This was not deterrent to a Hungarian. Gaby rang him on the phone every day and every day was turned down by one of Shaw's secretaries. One day Shaw himself picked up the phone and to Gaby's amazement heard him saying, "How's that, how's that?" Flabbergasted, Gaby said, "It's Gaby Pascal" and with a stream of imploring words in that fascinating accent, continued pleading, and Shaw was so intrigued that he told him to come out to see him the next day.

(OVER)

MISS PALMER (CONTINUED)

"I want a six month's option on 'Pygmalion'", he said to Shaw the next morning. "Many people want that," said Shaw. "What have you got to offer?" Gaby said, "I will give you five dollars for a 6 months' option". Shaw laughed and agreed, and held out his hand. Gaby put his hand in his pocket and handed him 2 dollars. "May I borrow 3 dollars from you?", he asked Shaw. From then on Gaby had carte blanche to all of Shaw's plays.

When I had my baby, Gaby, now a very wealthy man, owned a large farm. He saw me, rather pale and wan, and said, "The little mother needs milk". I will make you the present of my favorite cow -- it's called "Jersey Lilli". I practically burst into tears. I went home enraptured, anticipating the cow being there.

(OVER)

MISS PALMER (CONTINUED)

The following day a letter arrived from Gaby proposing that "you send me 150 pounds, I will keep the cow, and you can have one-third of the milk and butter" -- a present from a Hungarian!

The men of Hungary are talented, intelligent, and charming, but I think people in Europe usually consider Hungarian women the most beautiful in all Europe. I don't know if they use Angel Face, but I imagine that they must. Here is a young lady to tell you about Angel Face.

COMMERCIAL

POND'S ANGEL FACE
LILLI PALMER COMMERCIAL

VIDEO

Table top shot of Angel Face
half out of box

Hands pull Angel Face from box

Hands open Mirror Case

Hand circles puff over Angel
Face

PAN to shot of pancake make-
up with wet sponge..foundation
cream..plain powder box with
powder slightly spilled over

PAN to Angel Face

Cut to shot over girl's shoulder
to show her applying Angel Face

AUDIO

Here is the marvelous new kind of
make-up everyone's talking about.

It's Pond's Angel Face -- now
lovelier than ever in a slim,
pretty new Mirror Case.

Sleek and smooth as ivory,
daintily etched with golden tracery.

Flip open the lid -- and inside
you find...a mirror..a puff...and
soft-tinted Angel Face.

Angel Face is your foundation and
powder in one -- the easiest make-
up you've ever used!

No wet sponge ...no greasy founda-
tion...no loose powder spilling
about --

Angel Face is a wonderful,
flattering foundation and powder
in one!

It just smooths on like velvet -
with its own soft puff. Stays
on much longer than powder

(OVER)

POND'S ANGEL FACE
LILLI PALMER COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

VIDEO

Shot of Angel Face, handbag,
and gloves

Close-up of box and case

AUDIO

It never dries your skin! Never
looks greasy.

And Angel Face can't spill in
your handbag!

Angel Face comes in six flatter-
ing skin tones. Stop at your
favorite beauty counter tomorrow
and choose the perfect shade for
you. Pond's Angel Face in it's
beautiful new Mirror Case is only
\$1., plus tax - the most wonderful
beauty insurance any girl ever
carried.

MISS PALMER

Next week I am going to talk to
you about Spain. Until then:

AUF IEDERSEHN

CUE MUSIC

HOLD ON LILLI PALMER 5 SECONDS

DISSOLVE TO PRODUCT AND SUPER

BALLOP READING:

POND'S

MAKERS OF POND'S CREAMS AND POND'S

ANGEL FACE

HAS PRESENTED

LILLI PALMER

PRODUCED BY CHARLES KEBBE

SETTING BY

ROLF GERARD

LILLI PALMER SHOW

April 4, 1951

DISSOLVE FROM BLACK

TO SHOT OF

Angel Face case closed

ANNOUNCER

Pond's Angel Face -- the newest
easiest way to have a soft,
velvety complexion!

PAN TO cake make-up and sponge

No wet sponge

PAN TO jar of foundation

No greasy foundation

PAN TO compact case

No spilly, loose powder.

PAN TO Angel Face case open.

Pond's Angel Face is foundation
and powder in one! Just a touch
of the soft, fluffy puff -- and
you have an Angel Face complexion!
PALMER SINGING "AUF WIEDERSEHN"

DISSOLVE TO TITLES READING:

POND'S

MAKERS OF POND'S CREAMS AND

POND'S ANGEL FACE

PRESENTS

LILLI PALMER

DISSOLVE TO LILLI PALMER

SITTING IN CHAIR

I meant to talk to you today about Spanish painters and then introduce my guest, Xavier Gonzalez, the Spanish-American painter. But having met Mr. Gonzalez and seen his paintings, I found it quite impossible to talk about anything else but him -- and will talk to you about Goya and El Greco at another time. You might be astonished why, in my programs, I talk so much about painting. That is because I have a most burning passion for painting and am an amateur painter myself. But I am not going to bore you with my masterpieces. I want to talk to you today about Xavier Gonzalez. Mr. Gonzalez is a very happy and lucky man, who has become what nature intended him to be. Very few people have done this. He is a painter in all five or six senses -- in every sense there is. When at Picasso's, studio once, he got close to one of his paintings.

(OVER)

He could not only smell the difference but also touch the difference -- which was very important to him as well as to Picasso.

Xavier Gonzalez was born in a little suburb outside Sevilla in Spain, and for once, his father was not a painter, though his uncle had been. His uncle was important early in young Xavier's life by giving him a set of water colors. More of uncle later. Whenever Xavier had been particularly good, he was allowed to paint water colors on the steps leading to his father's house. Fortunately, there were many steps. He painted landscapes right up to the first floor. When his parents changed residence, these first Gonzalez murals vanished into oblivion.

His parents went to Mexico and later to the United States, and unable to make a living as a painter, he endured the usual hardships trying his hand at gold mining, becoming a street sweep in Chicago, and a teacher because he wanted to learn English. Then, the turning-point in his life came. A furniture company in Chicago had the bright idea of selling each piece of furniture together with a little painting, and they paid the sum of one dollar for each painting. So Gonzalez, together with his American wife, who also is a painter, dashed off several paintings a day, grading them like eggs, still wet. While working, he used to mutter incessantly, "Think of your Uncle" -- meaning that his uncle, the painter, had an even worse time in his youth to make a living.

After a while, instead of saying "Think of your Uncle", he just said TOYU, which struck him as an admirable idea to sign his paintings with. Under the intriguing Japanese-sounding name of Toyu, the first genuine Gonzalez were sold by the dozen. That was the beginning. The Toyu paintings, however, as quickly as they were dashed off were attracting attention, and today Mr. Gonzalez is one of the leading moderns, and his wife, Ethel Edwards, is going to have an exhibition on May 1st at the _____ Gallery.

Here's a painting by Xavier Gonzalez called "The Feast of Fools".

(Miss Palmer's Voice): Mr. Gonzalez, what made you paint-- what made you choose that subject?

GONZALEZ

AD LIB: TRIP TO EUROPE.
MEDIEVAL ART THERE INFLUENCED
HIM TO PRODUCE PAINTING.

MISS PALMER

And here is another painting which Mr. Gonzalez did after a long stay at Cape Cod during the summer.

(SHOW PAINTING OF CAPE COD)

Did you paint this sitting right there in front of the ocean?

GONZALEZ

No, I made sketches and notes during the summer and painted this during the winter.

MISS PALMER

What do you mean by sketches and notes? Do you make sketches of the scenery like sky -- gray, sand -- yellow, water -- blue?

GONZALEZ

AD LIB: How a painter watches, absorbs, and finally becomes a tool to express on canvas his emotions.

MISS PALMER

(Leading him to the board where he can illustrate what he sees)

SUMMING UP, LILLI PALMER WOULD

SAY:

Then the first condition for a painter is ...

GONZALEZ

...to be an honest person.

MISS PALMER

In the kind of picture I paint,
I have, let's see, a landscape
which is very green.

GONZALEZ

Those kind of pictures I call
"Going Home" pictures, etc.

COMMERCIAL
(MISS PALMER)

The trouble with my pictures is
that I make everyone look ten
years older and angrier. For
instance, I made a portrait of
the girl who you are going to
see in a minute who has an Angel
Face. You wouldn't believe it
if you saw my painting. But
she'll tell you how she got her
Angel Face...

SIGHT

Camera on girl at dressing table...
taking Mirror Case out of box.

Opens case, holds puff in hand

Circles puff over Angel Face

CU of hand as she fingers and
pushes away each of the three other
make-ups on dressing table.

Close-up of girl smoothing on
Angel Face

SOUND

And here it is! The most
wonderful make-up in the world..
in the sweetest new case for
your handbag!

Angel Face is an entirely
different kind of make-up. You
really never saw anything so
flattering ... or so easy to use!

You see...Pond's Angel Face is
actually a complete make-up in
itself. It's your foundation and
powder all in one.

Not a cake make-up...so you need
no dripping sponge...
Not a messy, greasy foundation...
And there's no loose powder to
spill about.

You just smooth on my Angel Face
with its own satiny puff--and it
stays on -- much, much longer
than powder. Never dries your
skin,..never looks greasy. It's
just the most soft-tinted,
natural-looking make-up you ever
used!

SIGHT

Flips case closed, holds and turns it from side to side.

Opens case

Closes case, holds for a moment while talking and then slips into handbag.

Now she talks right at you.

SOUND

And now Angel Face comes in such an adorable case for your handbag. So slim and so pretty. Golden-etched and smooth as ivory.

Isn't it wonderful, too -- having a mirror...a puff...everything you need to give you a lovely, fresh new Angel Face complexion anytime -- no matter where you are!

It's absolutely perfect to carry in your handbag because Angel Face never spills.

But I'm not going to tell you any more nice things about Angel Face. I want you to see it for yourself! You'll adore the shades -- there are six -- and a perfectly lovely one just for you. The Angel Face Mirror Case with a mirror, puff and lots of beautiful, velvety Angel Face is just one dollar plus tax. Try it -- soon. I'm sure you'll love it!

LILLI PALMER SHOW

April 12, 1951

DISSOLVE FROM BLACK

TO SHOT OF

Angel Face case closed

ANNOUNCER

Pond's Angel Face -- the newest,
easiest way to have a soft, velvety
complexion!

PAN TO cake make-up

No wet sponge.

PAN TO jar of foundation

No greasy foundation

PAN TO compact case

No spilly, loose powder.

PAN TO Angel Face case open.

Pond's Angel Face is foundation
and powder in one! Just a touch
of the soft, fluffy puff -- and
you have an Angel Face complexion!

DISSOLVE TO TITLES READING:

PALMER SINGING: AUF WEIDERSEHN

POND'S

MAKERS OF POND'S CREAMS AND

POND'S ANGEL FACE

PRESENTS

LILLI PALMER

DISSOLVE TO LILLI PALMER

SITTING IN CHAIR

MISS PALMER

Hello. Today I'd like to talk to you about Sweden and some Swedish people. I have as my guest a Swedish lady, the Countess Andrassy, born Stella Kuylenstierna, as old a Swedish name as you can find. The Countess has been doing some lectures in America and is now returning to her native country. Tell me, Countess, is it spring now in Sweden, too?

COUNTESS ANDRASSY

Good gracious, no. It's still snowing.

MISS PALMER

When will the sun come out?

COUNTESS ANDRASSY

On the 23rd of June, if we are lucky. Somebody once said that our Swedish climate means 9 months winter, 3 months cold.

MISS PALMER

But why the 23rd of June?

COUNTESS ANDRASSY

AD LIB .. MAYPOLE STORY ... MID-SUMMER FEAST

MISS PALMER

Even Mr. G. came out to play some tennis on the 23rd of June, didn't he?

COUNTESS ANDRASSY

AD LIB .. STORY ABOUT KING SAYING "GOD DOESN'T BELIEVE IN YOU EITHER." AND MINIATURE LOVING CUP FOR PICKING UP TENNIS BALLS BEST.

MISS PALMER

Your country is most famous all over the world for their beautiful women .. Garbo, Ingrid Bergman, Viveca Lindfors, Signe Hasso, but there's one beautiful woman nobody seems to have heard in America. That's Zarah Leander. Look at this. Isn't she beautiful? This is a real soap opera story of a very beautiful bad girl. And listen to this voice.

CAMERA IS ON LEANDER PICTURE

RECORD OF ZARAH LEANDER PLAYS

Zarah Leander was a very famous singer in Sweden, extremely beautiful, and Adolph Hitler got very interested in having her in Germany to make films.

(OVER)

MISS PALMER (CONT'D)

He brought her over and she became an ardent Nazi and when things went badly for the Third Reich, at her concerts where Adolf Hitler was present, she always sang the song, "There Ought To Be A Miracle Very Soon." After the fall of Hitler, she returned to Sweden. The Swedes could not forgive her, and she became a forgotten woman.

Finally, I'd like to talk to you about a Swede whom you all know and that is Alfred Nobel. What do you know about about Alfred Nobel? I suppose you know no more than I did and this is that he was responsible for the Nobel prizes. He was the man who invented dynamite and when he realized what a terrible disaster he had brought upon the world, he instituted the Nobel Prize which the last Nobel Prize for Literature was given to William Faulkner, greastest among living American authors.

(OVER)

MISS PALMER

He received the prize for his Collected Stories published by Random House. His acceptance speech in Stockholm has meanwhile become famous. I should like to read you an extract from that very speech which I am sure Alfred Nobel would have said contained all he ever wanted for mankind.

"Our tragedy today is a general and universal physical fear so long sustained by now that we can even bear it. There are no longer problems of the spirit. There is only the question: When will I be blown up? Because of this, the young man or woman writing today has forgotten the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself .. because only that is worth writing about ...

"He must learn them again. He must teach himself that the bases of all things is to be afraid; --

(OVER)

MISS PALMER (CONT'D)

And, teaching himself that, forget it forever, leaving no room in his workshop for anything but the .. old universal truths lacking which any story is ... doomed - love and honor and pity and pride and compassion and sacrifice. Until he does so, he labors under a curse. He writes not of love but of lust, of defeats in which nobody loses anything of value, of victories without hope and, worst of all, without pity or compassion .. He writes not of the heart but of the glands.

"Until he relearns these things, he will write as though he stood among and watched the end of man. I decline to accept the end of man. It is easy enough to say that man is immortal simply because he will endure; that when the last ding-dong of doom has clanged and faded from the last worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening, that even then there will still be one more sound: that of his puny inexhaustible voice, still talking. I refuse to accept this.

MISS PALMER (CONT'D)

I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail. He is immortal, ... because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance. The poet's, the writer's, duty is to write about these things... the poet's voice need not merely be the record of man, it can be one of the props, the pillars, to help him endure and prevail."

Having talked of beautiful Swedish women and beautiful Swedish angel faces, here's a young lady who will tell you how American girls acquire angel faces.

I will be back in a moment to tell you about next week's program.

COMMERCIAL

POND'S ANGEL FACE
LILLI PALMER COMMERCIAL

VIDEO:

Table top shot of Angel Face
half out of box

Hands pull Angel Face from box

Hands open Mirror Case

Hand circles puff over Angel
Face.

PAN to shot of pancake make-up
with wet sponge .. foundation
cream .. plain powder box with
powder slightly spilled over

PAN to Angel Face

Cut to shot over girl's
shoulder to show her
applying Angel Face

AUDIO:

Here is the marvelous new kind of
make-up everyone's talking about.

It's Pond's Angel Face -- now
lovelier than ever in a slim,
pretty new Mirror Case.

Sleek and smooth as ivory, daintily
etched with golden tracery.

Flip open the lid -- and inside you
find .. a mirror ... a puff .. and
soft-tinted Angel Face.

Angel Face is your foundation and
powder in one -- the easiest make-
up you've ever used!

No wet sponge

No greasy foundation ...

No loose powder spilling about --

Angel Face is a wonderful, flattering
foundation and powder in one!

It just smooths on like velvet - with
its own soft puff. Stays on much
longer than powder. It never dries
your skin! Never looks greasy.

(OVER)

VIDEO:

Shot of Angel Face, handbag, and gloves

Close-up of box and case

AUDIO:

And Angel Face can't spill in your handbag!

Angel Face comes in six flattering skin tones. Stop at your favorite beauty counter tomorrow and choose the perfect shade for you. Pond's Angel Face in its beautiful new Mirror Case is only \$1., plus tax. The most wonderful beauty insurance any girl ever carried.

MISS PALMER

Next week I will talk to you about

AUF WEIDERSEHN

CUE MUSIC

HOLD ON LILLI PALMER 5 SECONDS

DISSOLVE TO PRODUCT AND SUPER

BALLOP READING:

POND 'S

MAKERS OF POND 'S CREAMS AND

POND 'S ANGEL FACE

HAS PRESENTED

LILLI PALMER

PRODUCED BY CHARLES KEBBE

SETTING BY

ROLF GERARD

LILLI PALMER SHOW

April 19, 1951

DISSOLVE FROM BLACK

TO SHOT OF

Angel Face case closed

PAN TO cake make-up

PAN TO jar of foundation

PAN TO compact case

PAN TO Angel Face case open.

DISSOLVE TO TITLES READING:

POND'S

MAKERS OF POND'S CREAMS AND

POND'S ANGEL FACE

PRESENTS

LILLI PALMER

DISSOLVE TO LILLI PALMER

ANNOUNCER

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easiest way to have a soft,
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No wet sponge.

No greasy foundation

No spilly, loose powder.

Pond's Angel Face is foundation
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of the soft, fluffy puff -- and
you have and Angel Face
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PALMER SINGING: AUF WEIDERSEHN

MISS PALMER

Do you know that in Buffalo there is a Holy Trinity Lutheran Church which has four high, narrow and graceful, lancet windows above the altar, dedicated to four martyrs of the Christian Church. The first shows Stephen, who was stoned to death in the early days of Christianity. The second is John Huss, the great reformer of Bohemia, who was burned at the stake as a heretic in the 15th Century. The third one is Savonarola, the Italian monk who was also burned at the stake in the square of Florence in the 15th Century. And the fourth is the Danish Lutheran Pastor Kaj Munk who was murdered by the Nazis in World War II and about whom I would like to talk to you today.

I am very honored to have with me on this program the Ambassador of Denmark to the United States, His Excellency, Mr. Henrik Kauffmann.

(OVER)

MISS PALMER (CONT'D)

He represented his country in America during the last war holding out in spite of extreme Nazi pressure and Nazi threats for what he believed in, and luckily for us, he still represents his country in Washington today. Nobody is better qualified than Ambassador Kauffmann to tell us something about Kaj Munk. Henrik, tell me about this Danish clergyman who a few years after his death was given a stained glass window in an American Church. I think some Americans might remember an article in Time Magazine at the time he was killed and they might remember he was a churchman. But actually who was he?

AMBASSADOR

He was a curious combination of a Churchman and a dramatist, a poet and a fighter ... At times he was so forthright and outspoken that he shocked people.

AD LIB FURTHER DESCRIPTION OF
KAJ MUNK.

MISS PALMER

What was he first, dramatist
or Churchman?

AMBASSADOR

A dramatist - because he wrote
his first poem when he was 8
years old. It was called
"Spring Comes So Softly".

MISS PALMER

What was his family background?
Did he come from intellectual
people or ...

AMBASSADOR

He was an orphan and he was
adopted by very poor people who
found that the child they had
adopted was way above them
in intelligence and although
they were humble and poor they
slaved to enable him to go to
better schools.

MISS PALMER

He had a kind of strange hunched
way of standing and when people
reproached him on it, he replied
his father was a tanner and they
have been standing like that in
his family for many generations.

(OVER)

MISS PALMER (CONT'D)

"It was God's way of telling me it will be hard for me to keep a straight back in the physical sense in order that I may keep a straight back in the spiritual sense". Tell us about this straight back in the spiritual sense.

AMBASSADOR

He was ordained as a Churchman and long before the Nazis came, he had made his mark as a playwright and novelist.

MISS PALMER

Well, I understood that to start with he was not at all adverse to Hitler and Mussolini as dictators because he thought they might bring good to their countries. He was impressed by strength.

AMBASSADOR

But when he learned of their persecutions of minority groups such as Jews, and Catholics he denounced them as violently as he at first had accepted them.

MISS PALMER

When the Nazis invaded Denmark, did he come into conflict with them immediately?

AMBASSADOR

It took several years before he was killed. In the beginning the Germans tried to use the "velvet glove". That is why it took longer for our resistance to grow up. Then, however, it became very fierce. For the first year we were allowed a larger amount of internal liberties than most countries. There were two people in the early days that were considered by the people of Denmark as the beginning of the Danish resistance.

AD LIB ... LITTLE BOY'S STORY.

MISS PALMER

As far as I know National Hero number one or number two is yourself, because the moment that the Nazis invaded Denmark you took over power of decision here in Washington independently of all directives given from Denmark.

(OVER)

AMBASSADOR (CONT'D)

Therefore you became the center of all hope and resistance for the Danes and for the development of the underground.

AMBASSADOR

This embarrasses me a little because in Denmark the people raised their lives and I only risked my job.

MISS PALMER

In the forefront of these people who risked their lives was Kaj Munk. Now what did he do while all this was going on?

AMBASSADOR

When the Nazis realized that their "velvet glove" didn't work, they made several important arrests among them Kaj Munk. He was sent to a Concentration Camp. He was released after a few months with a severe warning to behave himself. This was in keeping with the German policy of waivering because of the necessity for needing more troops if they became too severe.

MISS PALMER

When he was released, all his friends and his family begged him to keep quiet. They reasoned that there was no point in exposing himself and would he just lie low. He gave this characteristic answer: "The truth cannot be bottled and put away on a shelf and then taken from the shelf and opened at the right time!" So it was clear to Munk's wife and friends that surely he was doomed... Then came the black day when he was on the telephone speaking to his lawyer and said: "I think they are coming for me. There is a grey German car outside." His wife and five children were right there when he was pushed into the car. He was found by the roadside the next morning... with many bullet holes in his body...murdered. The news spread through Denmark, and though the Germans gave fierce instructions not to show any reaction, the Danish flags were flown at half-mast everywhere.

(OVER)

MISS PALMER (CONT'D)

In the Copenhagen Royal Theater where many of Munk's plays had been played, Kel Able, a writer friend and another author, walked on the stage and said "Denmark's great poet is dead. The curtain cannot be dropped, but I ask you to rise in tribute to his memory."

And the audience rose in silence. I have here an extract from one of his speeches which will give you an idea of why he was so hated by the Nazis.

"It has become our Christian duty to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesars. We have obeyed that command. But, should Caesar demand from us that we call black white, tyranny freedom violence justice, and falsehood truth, we should answer him: "It is written, thou shalt have no other gods before me."

(OVER)

MISS PALMER (CONT'D)

Then let him come with his lions, his tigers, his gallows and his faggots - "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." By our death we shall conquer. We must obey God before man."

AMBASSADOR

We Danes are practical people and perhaps we are a little more inclined to think of expediency, but the people understood that there are moments in everybody's as well as in people's lives where principle means more than anything else.

MISS PALMER

Now I would like to talk a little about Denmark. Tell me Henrik, when have you last been to Denmark?

AMBASSADOR

Just about a month ago.

MISS PALMER

How is Denmark now. Has it completely recovered from the occupation?

AMBASSADOR

We have made progress. We have been helped by this country but there is still a long way to go.

MISS PALMER

Is the agriculture blooming again? Are there enough chickens and cows and pigs to feed the world once more?

AMBASSADOR

We haven't got as many as we had before the war. If we were back to the good old days when there was free trade all over the world then we would probably again become the Larder of Europe.

MISS PALMER

The "pig" country, remember?

AMBASSADOR

AD LIB ... Chinese Story.

MISS PALMER

You know I had a program devoted to Denmark and Hans Christian Andersen a few weeks ago and I was rather rude about the Danish music.

MISS PALMER (CONT'D)

I have had rude letters and
a bad conscience so I have spent
unending amount of trouble to
learn two Danish folk songs to
give you an idea of what the
Danish sing. Henrik please
go away, because I'm embarrassed,
but first give me one or two
tips on how to pronounce your
unspeakable language.

AMBASSADOR

AD LIB ... Pronunciation

ROSELILLE

Roselil og hendes Moder de sad
over Bord,
De taled saa mangt et Skaemtens
Ord.
Ha, ha, ha, saa, saa, saa!
Ha, ha, ha, saa, saa, saa!
De taled saa mangt et Skaemtens
Ord.

Roselille and her mother,
together they sat,
And told many jokes which they
gaily laughed at.
Ho, ho, ho, so, so, so, so!
Ho, ho, ho, so, so, so, so!
And told many jokes which they
gaily laughed at.

THE THREE RASCALS

Der strode tre Skalke og Taenkte
paa et Raad;
Tingluti, tangluti, lej!
De bilde til Mollerens Dotter gaa.
Stolten Aldelus!

(OVER)

THE THREE RASCALS

Baadsmands Hus,
Krusnusidus,
Tingluti, tangluti, lustudi lej!
Krestomani, og Snure-vure-vip,
For Ceremonie.

Three schemers stood scheming
together one fine day;
Hi diddle, hi diddle, hi
diddle dee!
To the miller's fair daughter
they sought to take their
way,
Haughty Adelus!

Big fat mouse
Lives in the house;
Hi diddle, hi diddle, hi diddle
dee!
Crestomany, for slipper slapper
slip
For ceremony!

AD LIB

POND'S ANGEL FACE
TV COMMERCIAL
LILLI PALMER SHOW

SIGHT

Close-up of box.

Quick dissolve to cake make-up

dissolve to foundation in jar

dissolve to powder box

dissolve to hand. opening case
holds puff moves puff over Angel
Face.

cut to over shoulder shot of girl,
smoothing on Angel Face...

on last line she turns to camera

SOUND

And here it is! Wonderful,
velvety Angel Face -- the make-up
that more women have bought this
year than any other make-up
foundation!

Not a cake make-up...there's no
wet sponge.

Not a greasy foundation.

No loose powder spilling about.

Pond's Angel Face is entirely
different from anything you've
ever used - It's your foundation
and your powder -- all in one!
Soft-tinted...flattering...and
incredibly easy to smooth on.
This might be you -

HEDREN

Angel Face just goes on with its
own fluffy puff! Gives a
heavenly, natural finish that's
never greasy...never drying.
And it stays on beautifully...
much longer than powder!

SIGHT

C.U. hands as they turn open case around first -- to show design on back...and then -- to show mirror and puff and Angel Face.

Closes case and slips into handbag. It's slim enough to tuck in your slimmest handbag...And it just can't spill!

Close-up on Mirror Case.

SOUND

And now Angel Face comes in this adorable new ivory and golden Mirror Case...complete with a mirror...a puff, ... and soft, delicately-tinted Angel Face. In your Angel Face Mirror Case you have everything you need to give yourself a lovely, fresh, new make-up anytime, anywhere!

Angel Face in its lovely new Mirror Case is only \$1 plus tax, and comes in 6 exquisite skin tones. Choose yours tomorrow... I know you'll love it!

MISS PALMER

Next week I will talk to you
about France again and I shall
have as my guests the famous
French dance couple Jean Babilee
and Nathalie Philippart. Until
then.

AUF WEIDERSEHN

CUE MUSIC

HOLD ON LILLI PALMER 5 SECONDS

DISSOLVE TO PRODUCT AND SUPER

BALLOP READING:

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PRODUCED BY CHARLES KEBBE

SETTING BY

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LILLI PALMER SHOW

April 19, 1951

DISSOLVE FROM BLACK

TO SHOT OF

Angel Face case closed

PAN TO cake make-up

PAN TO jar of foundation

PAN TO compact case

PAN TO Angel Face case open.

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DISSOLVE TO LILLI PALMER

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(OVER)

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What was his family background?
Did he come from intellectual
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He was an orphan and he was
adopted by very poor people who
found that the child they had
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in intelligence and although
they were humble and poor they
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(OVER)

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(OVER)

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Therefore you became the center of all hope and resistance for the Danes and for the development of the underground.

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In the forefront of these people who risked their lives was Kaj Munk. Now what did he do while all this was going on?

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(OVER)

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(OVER)

MISS PALMER (CONT'D)

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MISS PALMER

The "pig" country, remember?

AMBASSADOR

AD LIB ... Chinese Story.

MISS PALMER

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(OVER)

MISS PALMER (CONT'D)

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a bad conscience so I have spent
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but first give me one or two
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unspeakable language.

AMBASSADOR

AD LIB ... Pronunciation

ROSELILLE

Roselil og hendes Moder de sad
over Bord,
De taled saa mangt et Skaemtens
Ord.
Ha, ha, ha, saa, saa, saa!
Ha, ha, ha, saa, saa, saa!
De taled saa mangt et Skaemtens
Ord.

Roselille and her mother,
together they sat,
And told many jokes which they
gaily laughed at.
Ho, ho, ho, so, so, so, so!
Ho, ho, ho, so, so, so, so!
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THE THREE RASCALS

Der strode tre Skalke og Taenkte
paa et Raad;
Tingluti, tangluti, lej!
De bilde til Mollerens Dotter gaa.
Stolten Aldelus!

(OVER)

THE THREE RASCALS

Baadsmands Hus,
Krusnusidus,
Tingluti, tangluti, lustudi lej!
Krestomani, og Snure-vure-vip,
For Ceremonie.

Three schemers stood scheming
together one fine day;
Hi diddle, hi diddle, hi
diddle dee!
To the miller's fair daughter
they sought to take their
way,
Haughty Adelus!

Big fat mouse
Lives in the house;
Hi diddle, hi diddle, hi diddle
dee!
Crestomany, for slipper slapper
slip
For ceremony!

AD LIB

POND'S ANGEL FACE
TV COMMERCIAL
LILLI PALMER SHOW

SIGHT

Close-up of box.

Quick dissolve to cake make-up

dissolve to foundation in jar

dissolve to powder box

dissolve to hand. opening case
holds puff moves puff over Angel
Face.

cut to over shoulder shot of girl,
smoothing on Angel Face...

on last line she turns to camera

SOUND

And here it is! Wonderful,
velvety Angel Face -- the make-up
that more women have bought this
year than any other make-up
foundation!

Not a cake make-up...there's no
wet sponge.

Not a greasy foundation.

No loose powder spilling about.

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different from anything you've
ever used - It's your foundation
and your powder -- all in one!
Soft-tinted...flattering...and
incredibly easy to smooth on.

This might be you -

HELDREN

Angel Face just goes on with its
own fluffy puff! Gives a
heavenly, natural finish that's
never greasy...never drying.

And it stays on beautifully...

much longer than powder!

SIGHT

C.U. hands as they turn open case around first -- to show design on back...and then -- to show mirror and puff and Angel Face.

Closes case and slips into handbag. It's slim enough to tuck in your slimmest handbag...And it just can't spill!

Close-up on Mirror Case.

SOUND

And now Angel Face comes in this adorable new ivory and golden Mirror Case...complete with a mirror...a puff, ... and soft, delicately-tinted Angel Face. In your Angel Face Mirror Case you have everything you need to give yourself a lovely, fresh, new make-up anytime, anywhere!

Angel Face in its lovely new Mirror Case is only \$1 plus tax, and comes in 6 exquisite skin tones. Choose yours tomorrow... I know you'll love it!

MISS PALMER

Next week I will talk to you
about France again and I shall
have as my guests the famous
French dance couple Jean Babilee
and Nathalie Philippart. Until
then.

AUF WEIDERSEHN

CUE MUSIC

HOLD ON LILLI PALMER 5 SECONDS

DISSOLVE TO PRODUCT AND SUPER

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HAS PRESENTED

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PRODUCED BY CHARLES KEBBE

SETTING BY

ROLF GERARD

LILLI PALMER SHOW

April 26, 1951

DISSOLVE FROM BLACK
TO SHOT OF
Angel Face case closed

DISSOLVE TO CAKE make-up
DISSOLVE TO JAR OF foundation
DISSOLVE TO compact case
DISSOLVE TO Angel Face case open.

DISSOLVE TO TITLES READING:
POND'S
MAKERS OF POND'S CREAMS AND
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DISSOLVE TO LILLI PALMER

ANNOUNCER

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No wet sponge.

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and powder in one! Just a
touch of the soft, fluffy puff--
and you have an Angel Face
Complexion!

PALMER SINGING: AUF WEIDERSEHN

MISS PALMER

Hello. Tonight I am talking to you again about France and it is somewhat difficult, because there is such a wealth of poets and philosophers to choose from. I would like to talk to you for a minute of a man who seems to embody in his person all that France has to give in the way of extravagant talent in literature, painting, music and film making. You might have seen his famous film Beauty and the Beast, or Orpheus or Blood of a Poet. The astonishing thing is that this man who is now in his 60's can still be considered among the avant-garde. If there is something new to be discovered you might find it in Jean Cocteau films. He has remained a revolutionary.

(OVER)

PALMER

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Et dites lui je l'aime
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bonjour, bonjour, bonjour de moi.
AD LIB IN FRENCH...
Lead into commercial.

POND'S ANGEL FACE
TV COMMERCIAL
LILLI PALMER SHOW

SIGHT

Close-up of box.

Quick dissolve to cake make-up

dissolve to foundation in jar

dissolve to powder box

dissolve to hand, opening case
holds puff moves puff over Angel
Face.

cut to over shoulder shot of girl,
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SOUND

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SIGHT

C.U. hands as they turn open case around first -- to show design on back...and then -- to show mirror and puff and Angel Face.

Closes case and slips into handbag.

Close-up on Mirror Case.

SOUND

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HOLD ON LILLI PALMER 5 SECONDS

DISSOLVE TO PRODUCT AND SUPER

BALLOP READING:

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MAKERS OF POND'S CREAMS AND

POND'S ANGEL FACE

HAS PRESENTED

LILLI PALMER

PRODUCED BY CHARLES KEBBE

SETTING BY

ROLF GERARD

LILLI PALMER SHOW

April 26, 1951

DISSOLVE FROM BLACK

TO SHOT OF

Angel Face case closed

ANNOUNCER

Pond's Angel Face -- the newest,
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No wet sponge.

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PALMER SINGING: AUF WEIDERSEHN

DISSOLVE TO TITLES READING:

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DISSOLVE TO LILLI PALMER

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AR 25021 MUEHSAM FAMILY COLLECTION

24/25 - SCRIPTS MAY-JUNE 1951

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May 3, 1951

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easiest way to have a soft,
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No wet sponge.

No greasy foundation

No spilly, loose powder.

Pond's Angel Face is foundation
and powder in one! Just a
touch of the soft, fluffy puff--
and you have an Angel Face
Complexion!

PALMER SINGING: AUF WEIDERSEHN

MISS PALMER

Hello, as I told you last week, I am taking you to Haiti this time, a place of which I knew absolutely nothing and was fascinated to find some very astonishing facts. For instance, did you know that old Columbus himself recommended Haiti as the most beautiful island he had ever seen and the place where he would like to live in his old age? Did you know that 150 years ago Haiti and its two chief towns, Port of Prince and Port Francais were more luxurious and more advanced in many ways than New York, in terms of buildings, comforts, luxuries. It is fantastic to imagine that in the comparatively short space of 150 years Haiti has deteriorated to a primitive, poverty-stricken island with practically no traces of its former glory.

150 years ago Haiti was France's richest, most prosperous colony where all the bluest blood of France had their plantations, and younger sons of the aristocracy settled there.

MISS PALMER (CONT'D)

Now here's a curious thing, as you all know, around 1790 the French Revolution took place. This was directly responsible for the revolt of the entire Negro slaves on Haiti, and I will tell you how that happened. The friends and relatives of the French aristocracy who were put to death, had to flee their country and arrived in Haiti full of stories of their horrible experiences very much like now-a-days displaced persons or victims of Hitler Russia tell their troubles. They took absolutely no trouble to lower their voices in front of their negro servants who stood behind their chairs - one Negro behind each chair -- and listened and listened. All the Negroes needed was a leader. You probably all have heard of Toussaint Louverture, who was a slave on one of the plantations and who was a very remarkable man. He became the leader of the black population of Haiti and lead them to freedom.

MISS PALMER (CONT'D)

He was one of Napoleon's most formidable enemies. In fact, Napoleon had to send the largest expeditional force ever fitted out in those days to subdue this Toussaint Louverture. He had two lieutenants, Dessalines and Christophe, both of whom, according to some evidence, betrayed him to France and Toussaint Louverture, a great man, a modern man, a moderate man, the Gilded Blackamoor as Napoleon called him, was transported to France where he died miserably in a French Fortress prison in the Alps. Both his lieutenants, Dessalines and Christophe proclaimed themselves rulers of Haiti, Dessalines as emperor and after he was murdered 4 years later, Christophe as Henry, the first king of Haiti. Christophe reigned for 20 years at the end of which, paralyzed and knowing that the people would revenge him and his tyranny.

MISS PALMER (CONT'D)

He had himself carried up to his Citadel, which is still one of the tourists delights on Haiti, and there put a silver bullet through his heart. I hope you agree with me that there is plenty of soap opera drama, blood and tears in the story of Haiti. Nevertheless, Toussaint Louverture succeeded in making Haiti one of the two existing Negro Republics of the world. I am very happy to have as my guest tonight Mr. Selden Rodman, who while he is not an Haitian is the next best thing to it. He is an Haitian by vocation. Here is Mr. Rodman to tell us why. Now Mr. Rodman, let me ask you a few questions. What made you first go to Haiti?

RODMAN

Desire for a two week vacation.

PALMER

Why Haiti?

RODMAN

I heard people talk about it and say it was mysterious and interesting and off the beaten track. Being a writer, I was interested in it as such.

PALMER

What made you then return to Haiti nine times? What is its particular enchantment?

RODMAN

The fact that it is a primitive country within range of the superheated civilization of North America.

PALMER

You have been particularly concerned with reviving and developing Haitian primitive art, isn't that right?

RODMAN

Yes.

PALMER

I have taken upon myself to compare Haitian primitive art with Grandma Moses. Can I compare primitive Haitian art with the primitive American art of Grandma Moses?

RODMAN

I wish you wouldn't.

PALMER

SHOW PICTURES BY GRANDMA
MOSES AND PRIMITIVE PICTURES.

RODMAN

Although Grandma Moses is a painter of great charm, she tends to deal with the picturesque aspects of life whereas the Haitians are dealing with reality as of the moment. It is always dramatic art and of the immediate present.

PALMER

Their main preoccupation in their paintings seems to me to be stemming from voodoo art. What is voodoo art?

RODMAN

AD LIB: SHORT DESCRIPTION OF VOO-
DOO ART.

PALMER

Mr. Rodman brought us a voodoo drum that I would like you to see. How is this used? Do they send messages with it?

RODMAN

No, that is a popular superstition.

PALMER

Mr. Rodman has written a book called RENNAISSANCE IN HAITI. I was surprised to find that in your book there was no mention of the murals of the Cathedral. Tell me why?

RODMAN

The reason is that shortly after RENNAISSANCE IN HAITI was written AD LIB: STORY.

PALMER

You found that the Haitians are naturally adapted to mural painting?

RODMAN

Yes, no great depth is needed which is well suited to mural painting.

PALMER

Now about the murals in the Cathedral...

RODMAN

AD LIB (Painting of 1950, 11 more murals added, now they are filled with murals, most important project in religious painting in the world.

PALMER

Are Haitians adapted to any other forms of art besides painting?

RODMAN

Yes, drumming, playing bamboo instruments, dancing. Anything that figures in a voodoo ceremony.

PALMER

In other words, their art centers around voodoo.

RODMAN

Their painting, spring only from out of their lives and their surroundings.

PALMER

I hear Mr. Rodman that you have written a book which has nothing to do with Haiti and that it is about the life of an American painter. I believe it is entitled PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST AS AN AMERICAN.

RODMAN

Yes, it is about the life and development of a typical American artist, Ben Shahn. And only in one sense has it anything to do with Haiti... AD LIB.

LEAD INTO COMMERCIAL

POND'S ANGEL FACE
TV COMMERCIAL
LILLI PALMER SHOW

- 10 -

SIGHT

SOUND

Close-up of box.

And here it is! Wonderful,
velvety Angel Face -- the make-up
that more women have bought this
year than any other make-up
foundation!

Quick dissolve to cake make-up

Not a cake make-up...there's
no wet sponge.

dissolve to foundation in jar

Not a greasy foundation.

dissolve to powder box

No loose powder spilling about.

dissolve to hand, opening case
holds puff moves puff over Angel
Face.

Pond's Angel Face is entirely
different from anything you've
ever used - It's your foundation
and your powder -- all in one!
Soft-tinted ...flattering...and
incredibly easy to smooth on.

cut to over shoulder shot of girl,
smoothing on Angel Face...

Angel Face just goes on with its
own fluffy puff! Gives a heavenly,
natural finish that's never
greasy...never drying. And it
stays on beautifully...much
longer than powder!

SIGHT

- 11 -

SOUND

C.U. hands as they turn open case around first -- to show design on back...and then -- to show mirror and puff and Angel Face.

And now Angel Face comes in this adorable new ivory and golden Mirror Case...complete with a mirror...a puff, ...and soft, delicately-tinted Angel Face. In your Angel Face Mirror Case you have everything you need to give yourself a lovely, fresh, new make-up anytime, anywhere.

Closes case and slips into handbag. It's slim enough to tuck in your slimmest handbag...And it just can't spill!

Close-up on Mirror Case.

Angel Face in its lovely new Mirror Case is only \$1 plus tax, and comes in 6 exquisite skin tones. Choose yours tomorrow ...I know you'll love it!

MISS PALMER

Next week I will talk to you

about Italy

AUF WEIDERSEHN

CUE MUSIC

HOLD ON LILLI PALMER 5 SECONDS

DISSOLVE TO PRODUCT AND SUPER

BALLOP READING:

POND'S

MAKERS OF POND'S CREAMS AND

POND'S ANGEL FACE

HAS PRESENTED

LILLI PALMER

PRODUCED BY CHARLES KEBBE

SETTING BY

ROLF GERARD

LILLI PALMER SHOW

May 10, 1951

DISSOLVE FROM BLACK
TO SHOT OF
Angel Face case closed

ANNOUNCER

Pond's Angel Face -- the newest,
easiest way to have a soft,
velvety complexion!

DISSOLVE TO CAKE make-up
DISSOLVE TO JAR OF foundation
DISSOLVE TO compact case
DISSOLVE TO Angel Face
case open.

No wet sponge.

No greasy foundation

No spilly, loose powder.

Ponds' Angel Face is foundation
and powder in one! Just a touch of
the soft, fluffy puff -- and you
have an Angel Face Complexion!

DISSOLVE TO TITLES READING:
POND'S
MAKERS OF POND'S CREAMS AND
POND'S ANGEL FACE
PRESENTS
LILLI PALMER

PALMER SINGING: AUF WIEDERSEHN

DISSOLVE TO LILLI PALMER

PALMER

Hello.

I have as my guest today Count Theo Rossi di Monterala, who is from Turin. He is a man of many accomplishments and all of them seem to me to be gay. He is an inventor of wines glasses and hats. The one that fascinates me most is the hat. He is a business man but he is a lucky man because his business deals with wine. Let us be serious about wine for a second and say that the particular wine that Count Rossi is concerned with is Vermouth.. With a family tree of 2,000 years, it is older than the Christian religion. It is a wine spiced with herbs and the ancient Greeks were the first to drink it. Now-a-days we add gin to it and call it a Martini. Now this is Count Rossi's business. But he also has many other activities. He is a speed boat racer, a horseman, and he is also the Captain of the Italian Olympic bob-sleigh team.

(OVER)

PALMER (CONTINUED)

In short, as you can see, this is going to be a gay program. Here is Count Rossi who is going to give me, I hope, a present. Where is the promised present you said you would have?

COUNT ROSSI

(Gives Miss Palmer hat)

PALMER

Won't you explain it since you invented it?

COUNT

AD LIB: Explanation.

PALMER

Is this a vacation or are you living here in New York?

ROSSI

Unfortunately, it is only a business trip.

PALMER

Unfortunately! Well, what do you mean by unfortunately?

ROSSI

AD LIB:

(Well, all the things that you mentioned are the things of the past ... One works better over here.

(OVER)

ROSSI (CONTINUED)

We are spoiled in Europe. I don't want to work there as much as I am prepared to work here, etc.)

PALMER

Now work. What does your work consist of? Is it the distribution of wine?

ROSSI

Yes, it is the distribution and selling Vermouth.

PALMER

Do you grow the wine on your estate in Italy?

ROSSI

We buy select grapes and we make the wine.

PALMER

Do you trample the wine.

ROSSI

Ad Lib: Brief explanation.

PALMER

Now, what do you think of American dry Martini, do you approve of them?

ROSSI

I do when they are plain.

AD LIB: Explanation about Gibson and lemon to offset bad gin, etc.

PALMER

Summing it up then, Count Rossi is strongly against lemon peel on top, but he doesn't mind an olive on the bottom. Will you agree that a Martini is wasted up to a point unless you can follow it up with a really first class meal? And so here we come to Count Rossi, the cook. Of course, I am an idiot in the kitchen.

ROSSI

Well, I will come then and help you there. What do you want me to do?

PALMER

How about Ravioli? They make it many different ways all over the country, don't they with different sauces, etc.

ROSSI

Yes. I am very strong on Ravioli. It takes hours to make good Ravioli. During the war when we had a curfew and couldn't go out so everybody made a lot of Ravioli.

(Ad Lib)

PALMER

What are you promoting right now?

ROSSI

Vermouth on the rock. Everything
is this country is on the rock
except the financial side.

Actually Vermouth on the rock is
a very mild drink -- AD LIB.

PALMER

I have had a previous program
about Italy on which I spoke about
the place I like best. Now you,
as an Italian, undoubtedly also
have a place that can like best.

ROSSI

I think my favorite place in Italy
is Siena. It is a market place
which is still used for horse
races. In these races everything
is allowed. You can beat the
other horse or the other jockey.
However, you can't shoot either
the horse or jockey!

PALMER

There was never a generation in
Siena that did not grow up with
continuous and everlasting warring.
When I think of Siena I remember
the brick red buildings against
the blue sky. (OVER)

The Cathedral is made of white, pink and green marble. It is unbelievably beautiful. In the evening when you sit in Siena and have your Ravioli after your Vermouth you are bound to hear a guitar and somebody singing. You all know many of the songs, they sing, but there is one song which I thought was particularly nice. It is called Mamma mia.

SONG

LEAD IN TO COMMERCIAL

POND'S ANGEL FACE
TV COMMERCIAL
LILLI PALMER SHOW

SIGHT

Close-up of box.

Quick dissolve to cake
make-up

dissolve to foundation in jar

dissolve to powder box

dissolve to hand, opening
case holds puff moves puff
over Angel Face.

cut to over shoulder shot
of girl, smoothing on Angel
Face ...

SOUND

And here it is! Wonderful,
velvety Angel Face -- the make-up
that more women have bought this
year than any other make-up
foundation!

Not a cake make-up ... there's
no wet sponge.

Not a greasy foundation.

No loose powder spilling about.

Pond's Angel Face is entirely
different from anything you've
ever used - It's your foundation
and your powder -- all in one!
Soft-tinted....flattering ... and
incredibly easy to smooth on.

Angel Face just goes on with its
own fluffy puff! Gives a heavenly,
natural finish that's ever greasy
... never drying. And it stays on
beautifully ... much longer than
powder!

SIGHT

C.U. hands as they turn
open case around first
-- to show design on back ..
and then -- to show mirror and
and puff and Angel Face.

Closes case and slips into
handbag.

Close-up on Mirror Case.

SOUND

And now Angel Face comes in this
adorable new ivory and golden
Mirror Case ... complete with a
mirror ... a puff ... and soft,
delicately-tinted Angel Face. In
your Angel Face Mirror Case you
have everything you need to give
yourself a lovely, fresh, new make-
up anytime, anywhere.

It's slim enough to tuck in your
slimmest handbag ... And it just
can't spill!

Angel Face in its lovely new
Mirror Case is only \$1 plus
tax, and comes in 6 exquisite
skin tones. Choose
yours tomorrow ... I know you'll
love it!

MISS PALMER

Next week I will talk to you
about _____

AUF WIEDERSEHN

CUE MUSIC

HOLD ON LILLI PALMER 5 SECONDS

DISSOLVE TO PRODUCT AND SUPER

BALLOP READING:

POND'S

MAKERS OF POND'S CREAMS AND

POND'S ANGEL FACE

HAS PRESENTED

LILLI PALMER

PRODUCED BY CHARLES KEBBE

SETTING BY

ROLF GERARD

LILLI PALMER SHOW

May 17, 1951

DISSOLVE FROM BLACK
TO SHOT OF
Angel Face case closed

SOUND

Angel Face! A wonderful new
kind of make-up! Angel Face is
foundation and powder in one!
It's everything you need for a
velvety, sweet-tinted glamorous
complexion ... and so easy to
use!

DISSOLVE TO CAKE make-up
DISSOLVE TO JAR OF foundation
DISSOLVE TO compact case
DISSOLVE TO Angel Face
case open.

No wet sponge.
No greasy foundation.
No spilly, loose powder.

Pond's Angel Face is foundation
and powder in one! Just a touch
of the soft, fluffy puff -- and
your face becomes an Angel Face!

DISSOLVE TO TITLES READING:
POND'S
MAKERS OF POND'S CREAMS AND
POND'S ANGEL FACE
PRESENTS
LILLI PALMER
DISSOLVE TO LILLI PALMER

PALMER

Hello. Tonight, as I told you, I am going to speak to you about Brazil, and I am very happy to have as my guest the famous Brazilian soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, Bidu Sayao. I have heard her myself in my favorite performance and it was a tremendous pleasure. Madame Sayao has sung in opera houses all over the world. Which is your favorite?

SAYAO

Perhaps the most beautiful one, but yet very small, is the Opera House of Zagreb in Yugoslavia. AD LIB: About different opera houses.

PALMER

From what point of view were they beautiful?

SAYAO

From the building point of view, and everything together.

PALMER

It goes without saying that the acoustics have to be perfect.

SAYAO

Yes, that is right.

PALMER

I went to the Metropolitan the other day. There was an old gentleman who was led across the stage by a young man, and I overheard them talking in Italian. The old man turned out to be kind of a factotum at the Net. He went around and showed me where Caruso sang Vesti la giubba, and also explained about the acoustics, etc. Have you ever heard of the Ampitheatre in Epidaurus which has the most fabulous acoustics? Ancient Greeks built it 3,000 years ago and we still don't know how they accomplished what they did. You go down into the middle of the arena and whisper and you can hear it all the way up on the top. Or if someone drops a coin in the middle a Greek urchin will tell you if it is gold, or copper or what it is.

(OVER)

PALMER (CONTINUED)

Of course, in a closed opera house there never seems to be any trouble, although it has always amazed me that a little frail woman, like you, accompanied by an orchestra of 80 just opens her mouth and her voice goes soaring above the orchestra.

Have you ever sung in Naples?

SAYAO

Yes, of course. There is a wonderful opera house there.

PALMER

I have been told in Naples the Italian population goes to the opera just as others go to the movies, and the audience sings along too. Is that right?

SAYAO

Yes, they do.

PALMER

Can you tell at an early age if a girl has any talent as a singer? Did you have a lovely voice as a small child?

SAYAO

No. I had a tiny little voice.

PALMER

Is it true that to be a great singer you don't have to have a tremendous voice to start with?

SAYAO

That is true. But you must have a good disposition. You can be a lot if you have good taste and if you are born to be an artist. You must be born with this inside of you. Many people are born with wonderful voices.

PALMER

Some great singers have great voices but no musicality.

SAYAO

It is difficult to have a combination of everything. You can find perhaps one in 10,000 who has this combination.

PALMER

Tell me, Madame Sayao. You were born in Rio - did you get your first training there?

SAYAO

Yes. I did. I was 14 when I started against the wishes of my family because they didn't believe I could succeed.

(OVER)

SAYAO (CONTINUED)

They told me I was wasting my time. After four years of studying in Rio I went to Europe. There I sang for the first time in my life before the old Queen Mary of Roumania. She gave me a nice pin that she only gave to her ladies in waiting.

PALMER

Is it still the custom that whoever wants to study opera singing must go to Italy to do so.

SAYAO

Yes, it is much better if you do, because if you want to know the Italian repertoire you should go to Italy to learn bel canto.

PALMER

Is bel canto sort of a light easy flowing way of singing?

SAYAO

Yes. The most difficult composers to sing are Bellini and Donizetti. If your voice is not so well trained you can sing Puccini, etc, but in order to sing Bellini you must have technical training.

(OVER)

SAYAO (CONTINUED)

Verdi is rather difficult too. Mozart is easy. His is the most wonderful music. If you have good taste and good schooling you can sing Mozart easily. It is so clear, so wonderful.

PALMER

Madame Sayao, I think you are better off than I am. We actresses are continuously complaining. If we haven't got a successful play, we complain. If we have a long run we complain. You are not in that category. You sing something different all the time. You don't do the same thing everyday.

SAYAO

But it is good to do the same thing over and over again because you can enter into the part better.

PALMER

Perhaps you might sing Boheme twice a week and Butterfly twice a month. Pinza and Tauber are the only two great singers I can think of who have gone into the commercial medium and have become operatta stars.

(OVER)

PALMER (CONTINUED)

How did they feel about it?

SAYAO

I never talked to them about it.

PALMER

I still think you are better off than I am.

SAYAO

But when we go on concert tours we sometimes sing the same program three times a week for three months.

PALMER

I have eight performances a week! Madame Sayao, I have always heard that South American women have a really lovely time. They are surrounded with music, living sort of last century's life. Rather different from us here, isn't it?

SAYAO

Yes. And we are so much more exuberant. When we laugh, we laugh with all our heart, and when we cry, it is the same thing.

PALMER

The South American women I have met seem to behave the most perfect in the art of coquetry.

(OVER)

PALMER (CONTINUED)

They look as though they were always using a fan.

SAYAO

The fan is part of the toilette. They are very coquettish. We have two things that Brazilian women are crazy about. Perfumes and jewelry. But, of course, we love music too. Do you know some Brazilian folk songs? Last week you sang in Italian so beautifully.

PALMER

I know a little folk song.
(Start to sing song)

SAYAO

But this is Spanish!! I will teach you a Brazilian song. It is the most famous folk song of Brazil. (Song)

PALMER

Well, now I've got my work cut out. Portuguese is the next thing I have to learn.

LEAD INTO COMMERCIAL

POND'S ANGEL FACE
TV COMMERCIAL
LILLI PALMER

SIGHT

SOUND

CU of box

Angel Face! More women are using
Angel Face this year than any
other make-up foundation! Angel
Face is the loveliest, most
flattering make-up there is.

QD to cake make-up.

Not a cake make-up! Angel Face
brings you soft, natural
flattery -- never masky or
artificial.

DISSOLVE TO tinted cream jar.

Not a greasy foundation! Angel
Face never turns shiny on your
face.

DISSOLVE to powder box.

No spilly, loose powder!

DISSOLVE TO CU of hands pick up
Angel Face and opens case
Circles puff over Angel Face.

Angel Face just smoothes over
your face like fragrant velvet ...

CU of girl smoothing on
Angel Face.

... and stays on much longer than
powder! Because Angel Face is
foundation ... and powder ...
all in one! So much easier than
any make-up you've ever used --
and so wonderfully, wonderfully
flattering.

SIGHT

Girl admiring herself in mirror.

DISSOLVE to hands - turns open case around first -- to show design on back ... and then -- to show mirror and puff and Angel Face.

Closes case and slips into handbag

Close-up of Mirror Case.

SOUND

Just a few touches of your Angel Face puff ... and your skin looks soft and fresh as a rose petal!

And now Angel Face comes in this adorable new ivory and golden Mirror Case ... complete with a mirror ... a puff ... and soft, delicately-tinted Angel Face. Everything you need to give yourself a lovely, fresh, new make-up anytime, anywhere!

It's slim enough to tuck in your slimmest handbag ... And it just can't spill!

Angel Face in its lovely new Mirror Case is only \$1 plus tax, and comes in 6 exquisite skin tones. Choose yours tomorrow ... I know you'll love it!

Next week I will talk to you

about _____

AUF WIEDERSEHN

CUE MUSIC

HOLD ON LILLI PALMER 5 SECONDS

DISSOLVE TO PRODUCT AND SUPER

BALLOP READING:

POND'S

MAKERS OF POND'S CREAMS AND

POND'S ANGEL FACE

HAS PRESENTED

LILLI PALMER

PRODUCED BY CHARLES KEBBE

SETTING BY

ROLF GERARD

LILLI PALMER SHOW

May 24, 1951

DISSOLVE FROM BLACK

TO SHOT OF

Angel Face case closed

SOUND

Angel Face! A wonderful new kind
of make-up! Angel Face is founda-
tion and powder in one! It's every-
thing you need for a velvety, sweet-
tinted glamorous complexion...and
so easy to use!

DISSOLVE TO CAKE make-up

No wet sponge .

DISSOLVE TO JAR of foundation

No greasy foundation.

DISSOLVE TO compact case

No spilly, loose powder.

DISSOLVE TO Angel Face
case open

Pond's Angel Face is foundation and
powder in one! Just a touch of
the soft, fluffy puff - and your
face becomes an Angel Face!

DISSOLVE TO TITLES READING:

POND'S

MAKERS OF POND'S CREAMS AND

POND'S ANGEL FACE

PRESENTS

LILLI PALMER

DISSOLVE TO LILLI PALMER

Hello. Last week I told you I was going to present to you the man who presents the world's greatest artists. If you look outside your door you will see the great billboards advertising the world's great dancers and singers and you will always see "S. Hurok presents". This type of man is called an impresario and the word brings with it glamorous hotel suites crowded with flowers and fame. In fact, when I was young and starting out, I hoped that some day I too would have an impresario. To tell you the truth, I haven't got an impresario. But I was fascinated to meet the world's greatest impresario, S. Hurok. Four years ago Mr. Hurok wrote a book called IMPRESARIO, and I think to explain the man to you, I would like to read the opening sentence of this book. "I am a Hero-worshiper. I belong to that fraternity who crowd into the aisles, run down to the platform and stand agape, eyes turned upward, until the last encore.

(OVER)

PALMER (CONT'D)

I am one of that clamorous throng that rudely wedges its way into dressing rooms after each performance. I am star-struck!" However, there must be something more to it than just being a hero worshipper. Let us start at the beginning.

Mr. Hurok started out in New York in something which he prosaically calls a salesman in a hardware store. But he had a dream. And this is again my soap opera story. You may remember Schliemann who, behind the grocery counter read Homer and dreamed of excavating Troy. Mr. Hurok was a fan, but he practiced his future profession with what he vaguely calls managing neighborhood affairs. And what do you mean by that Mr. Hurok?

HUROK

Arranging concerts and lectures for the local community.

PALMER

Did you have any talent of your own?

HUROK

No, I prefer to know the professional people rather than to be one of them.

PALMER

Then you are not a disappointed professional. In those days you, of course, went to the theatre, concerts and operas and spent every penny on them.

HUROK

Yes - fifty cents for a ticket and I sat all the way up.

PALMER

In Paris they call that "paradise".

HUROK

But sometimes I got in free of charge too. AD LIB: Story of sneaking into the Metropolitan Opera House.

PALMER

All because he loved the opera. And in your little back seat you listened to Chaliapin and you realized that he was a great man.

HUROK

I made up my mind and I said I am going to manage that man some day.

Chaliapin was not a great success then, but you had made up your mind to manage him, and you also knew where your offices would be... right above the Brown Chophouse. Needless to say, as you know from my programs, these things came true. Emboldened by his success with neighborhood theatrical affairs and undeterred by being thrown out of the Met, Mr. Hurok sent a wire to Chaliapin, offering himself as his American manager. But the wire remained unanswered. He kept wiring him every three months because it took him that long to save enough money for the next wire. In the meantime, life went on with Mr. Hurok and slowly success came. The first well-known artist he presented was a young violinist called Zimbalist. This concert was a great success, also financially, and once more the usual wire went off to Chaliapin and strangely enough, this time an answer came.

(OVER)

The wire read: Meet me Grand Hotel in Paris, and so Mr. Hurok scraped up the money to go to France and a little while later stood opposite Chaliapin in the Grand Hotel in Paris. And then what happened?

HUROK

Chaliapin looked me over and we said to each other in Russian, "Well I am glad to see you!" and then I started to talk to him. "I am here to arrange a contract for you for touring the United States and Canada", I said. "The United States", replied Chaliapin, "my word was given never to return there". "Then why did you wire me to come," I asked. "I just wanted to see the man who was sending me wires for four years!" Of course, I was crushed so Chaliapin asked me what I was doing that night. I told him I was having dinner with Isaye and Melba.

(OVER)

HUROK (CONT'D)

Chaliapin called Isaye and changed the appointment and we all went to the home of Jules Massnet, who played the complete score of Don Quixote, an opera he had just written and dedicated to Chaliapin. But when I left Paris, I had a contract with Chaliapin.

PALMER

Needless to tell you, he did become Chaliapin's manager and brought him back to the United States and of course, he occupied those offices above the Brown Chophouse.

HUROK

But it took a war, a revolution and starvation to bring Chaliapin here.

PALMER

And so a dream came true, except Chaliapin did not prove at all a profit to Mr. Hurok.

HUROK

But I didn't care because he was such an extraordinary man.

PALMER

He lost so much money because Chaliapin would cancel concerts right and left, with no concern at all.

HUROK

I taught him a lesson though.

AD LIB STORY:

PALMER

Not only did you bring singers over from the continent, but you more than anyone else were responsible for first popularizing ballet in America. To whom would you say it was due that ballet has become so greatly popular in America?

HUROK

For the dance, Isadora Duncan, for the classical ballet, Anna Pavlova.

PALMER

I have never seen Pavlova dance but she had the reputation of being very cold ...

HUROK

She had much spirit. But she had so many qualities it is impossible to give you a good picture of her. She was never too tired to work. (OVER)

She traveled on one-night stands and would sometimes give 8 and 9 performances a week.

PALMER

As a person, how was she?

HUROK

She was a simple person. The dance was her life mostly.

PALMER

Was she married?

HUROK

No, never married, but there was time for a private life too.

PALMER

She died because she was simply worn out, isn't that right?

HUROK

She died with her shoes on. On the way to Holland she got a bad cold and she got double pleurisy, and died while the company was waiting for her performance.

PALMER

As an artist was she the exact opposite of Chaliapin! She was tremendously disciplined and a hard worker.

HUROK

So was Chaliapin when it came to his work. He was never late for a performance or a rehearsal.

PALMER

I would have loved to hear that incredible voice.

LEAD INTO COMMERCIAL

POND'S ANGEL FACE
TV COMMERCIAL
LILLI PALMER

SIGHT

CU of box

QD to cake make-up.

DISSOLVE TO tinted cream jar

DISSOLVE TO powder box

DISSOLVE TO CU of hands pick
up Angel Face and opens case.
Circles puff over Angel Face

CU of girl smoothing on
Angel Face

SOUND

Angel Face! More women are using
Angel Face this year than any
other make-up foundation! Angel
Face is the loveliest, most
flattering make-up there is.

Not a cake make-up! Angel Face
brings you soft, natural flattery
-- nevery masky or artificial.

Not a greasy foundation! Angel
Face never turns shiny on your
face.

No spilly, loose powder!

Angel Face just smooths over your
face like fragrant velvet...

...and stays on much longer than
powder! Because Angel Face is
foundation...and powder...all
in one! So much easier than any
make-up you've ever used -- and
so wonderfully, wonderfully
flattering.

SIGHT

Girl admiring herself in
mirror

DISSOLVE to hands - turns open
case around first - to show
design on back...and then -- to
show mirror and puff and Angel
Face

Closes case and slips into
handbag

Close-up of Mirror Case.

SOUND

Just a few touches of your Angel
Face puff...and your skin looks
soft and fresh as a rose petal!

And now Angel Face comes in this
adorable new ivory and golden
Mirror Case...complete with a
mirror...a puff...and soft
delicately-tinted Angel Face.
Everything you need to give
yourself a lovely, fresh, new
make-up anytime, anywhere!

It's slim enough to tuck in your
slimmest handbag...And it just
can't spill!

Angel Face in its lovely new
Mirror Case is only \$1 plus
tax, and comes in 6 exquisite
skin tones. Choose yours to-
morrow...I know you'll love it!

MISS PALMER

Next week I will talk to you
about _____.

AUF WIEDERSEHN

CUE MUSIC

HOLD ON LILLI PALMER 5 SECONDS

DISSOLVE TO PRODUCT AND SUPER

BALLOP READING:

POND'S

MAKERS OF POND'S CREAMS AND

POND'S ANGEL FACE

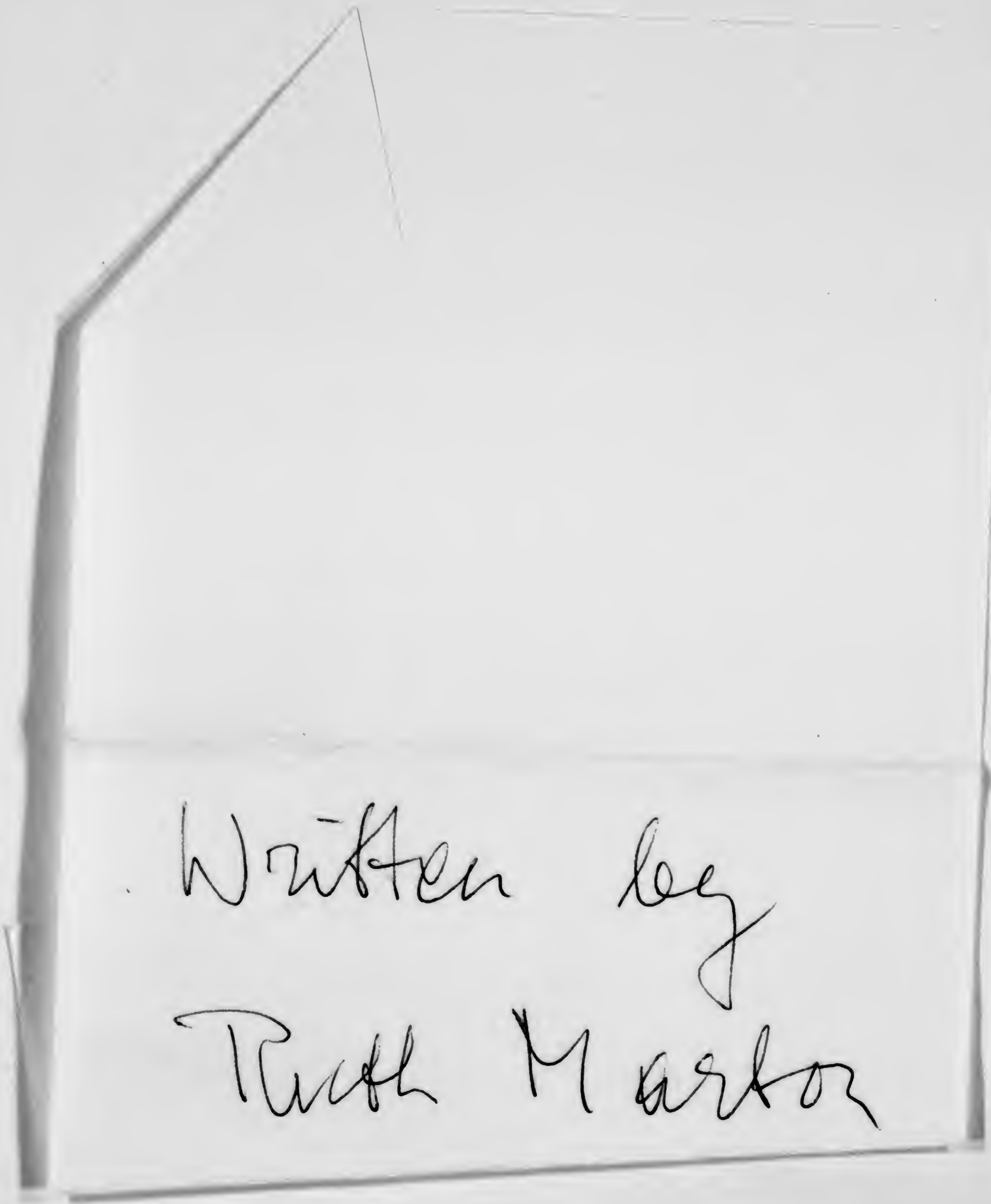
HAS PRESENTED

LILLI PALMER

PRODUCED BY CHARLES KEBBE

SETTING BY

ROLF GERARD



Written by
Ruth Markor

LILLI PALMER SHOW

June 14, 1951

DISSOLVE FROM BLACK

TO SHOT OF

Angel Face case closed

SOUND

Angel Face! A wonderful new kind of make-up! Angel Face is foundation and powder in one! It's every-thing you need for a velvety, sweet-tinted glamorous complexion...and so easy to use!

No wet sponge .

DISSOLVE TO CAKE make-up

No greasy foundation.

DISSOLVE TO JAR of foundation

No spilly, loose powder.

DISSOLVE TO compact case

DISSOLVE TO Angel Face
case open

Pond's Angel Face is foundation and powder in one! Just a touch of the soft, fluffy puff - and your face becomes an Angel Face!

DISSOLVE TO TITLES READING:

POND'S

MAKERS OF POND'S CREAMS AND

POND'S ANGEL FACE

PRESENTS

LILLI PALMER

DISSOLVE TO LILLI PALMER

PALMER

Hello. Tonight I am back in Austria again but not in Vienna. I shall take you to the Salzkammergut -- Salz means salt. It is so called because of its salt mines. The capital of the Salzkammergut is Salzburg, meaning fortress of salt. However, this fortress of salt is really the most delightful, unique little town. It was built in the 17th and 18th century - pure Baroque. In the center of the town is the famous Domplatz -- the Cathedral Square, of which I will tell you in a minute. Salzburg is usually called Mozart's town, because he lived there for a time and played for the Archbishop. Salzburg has always been an Archbishop's town and still is. The streets look exactly like a set of a Mozart Opera. Now about the Domplatz. This is the place where the famous performances of "Jedermann" took place. I had an extraordinary experience witnessing it before Hitler came.

(OVER)

PALMER (CONTINUED)

In the summer Reinhardt used to call from Salzburg and the great artists from all over the world answered and came flocking into Salzburg to perform as well as listen. Reinhardt himself had a chateau in Salzburg, called Leopoldskron. It is rather a fabulous place where dumbcluck visitors like I could press our noses to the gate and see flamingoes and peacocks stalking about and hear of the fabulous art treasures inside the castle. And if you were an autograph hunter you could just stand at the entrance of the Hotel Oesterreichischer Hof and gape and fill your book with all the great names in the art world. The highlight of the festival was always, aside from the Toscanini concerts, the performance of Jedermann, right in the Cathedral Square. And that is what I would like to talk about.

(OVER)

PALMER (CONTINUED)

Jedermann is a play by von Hofmannsthal. It means "everyman" and it is in short the story of everyman beset by evils. It is a symbolic morality play of great simplicity and beauty. Alexander Moissi used to play the leading part and all the stars of the German and Austrian stage played the minor parts. The stage was built in front of the Cathedral, slightly elevated, and on the Square the crowd sat and listened. I can't say that the acoustics were too good but I was so fascinated by the entire setting, that I didn't care -- I just sat and gaped. Then came the highlight of the play when Jedermann's death is announced to him and from the castle on the hill four huge trumpets would suddenly blare forth and through the air would come the call "Jedermann"....And if you didn't know that the sound came from the castle, it was the most eerie experience.

(OVER)

SHOW PHOTO

PALMER (CONTINUED)

All heads turned in all directions while those sounds came floating overhead -- it was the voice of God calling Jedermann. I believe the festivals have started again in Salzburg, but I wonder whether they still have that magic spell. Maybe you would like to go and see for yourself. I have said Salzburg, the fortress of salt, is the capital of the Salzkammergut, but which you must have heard a great deal. It has lovely green hills and many lakes. I am sure you have heard of St. Wolfgang, a little tiny village nestling on the S. Wolfgang See.

SHOW PHOTO

There was a musical which made all this famous a few years ago called "White Horse Inn". The White Horse Inn really exists, though the food you get there is not terribly good, I can tell you.

SHOW PHOTO

(OVER)

PALMER (CONTINUED)

The Squire of St. Wolfgang is a gnetleman by the name of Alexander Lernet-Holenia, who is Austria's leading poet and writer of today. He has written some 20 novels and just as many plays, and books of poetry and countless short stories. I have two favorites among his books. The first is called in this country "The Glory is Departed". It is a novel about the collapse of the Habsburg Empire--in fact, the collapse of the whole world. The other is called "Adventures of a Young Gnetleman in Poland". It is a very amusing story of a young man who disguises himself as a girl--AD LIB story.

A strange thing about Mr. Lernet-Holenia is that he doesn't like books, including his own, and he greatly approves of the French fashion of disposing of a book by either throwing it out of the window or out of a train, if you happen to be on one.

(OVER)

PALMER(CONTINUED)

I strongly disapprove of this habit. I love books. In fact, I have gone to the opposite lengths to acquire a library. When people lend me their books and put their names in it, for instance, like Johnny Jones, I insert underneath it "to his dear Lilli Palmer"! I now have a very large library! Now, Alexander Lernet-Holenia has a lovely house in St. Wolfgang and the American State Department has invited him just now to come to America to see what it is like here and tell the Austrians about it. And I have grabbed him quickly to talk about Austria and St. Wolfgang. Tell me, how is your English?

LERNET

Rather poor.

PALMER

I should have thought you would have learned excellent English over there in Salzkammergut by now -probably with a strong American accent!

(OVER)

PALMER (CONTINUED)

At least the waiters should speak fluent English --

LERNET

They believe they speak fluent English. The other day, a waiter wanted to suggest peaches and pears to some English-speaking guests -- AD LIB STORY.

PALMER

If I wanted to go from Salzburg to St. Wolfgang, how long would it take me?

LERNET

Three hours.

PALMER

Three hours! I thought it was very close.

LERNET

It is. Officially it takes only one hour, but an Austrian train needs three!

PALMER

How do people dress in St. Wolfgang?

LERNET

The natives dress like Americans, in jeans and pedal pushers.

PALMER

You mean if you see someone in a dirndl, then it's an American from Texas.

Seriously speaking for a second. Does St. Wolfgang still look the same or was it affected by the war?

LERNET

It's still the same. They tried to drop a bomb on it but they missed it by 3,000 feet at least.

PALMER

In the Salzkammergut the songs are very matter of fact.

AD LIB: about song.

How is life in Vienna today?

LERNET

It is almost like it always was. In fact, the Americans, the Russians and English and French like it so much they all don't want to leave it!

PALMER

Is there still the Austrian Imperial double-headed eagle all over the place?

LERNET

Yes. Of course every decent nation has an eagle emblem, America does too.

PALMER

The Austrians have their own special brand of charming decadence and I shall tell you a story of the Emperor Ferdinand and the eagle to prove my point. Emperor Ferdinand lived about a hundred years ago. One day the court decided that the Emperor should at least contribute an eagle to its hunting trophies. So they tied a dead eagle to a tree in the park of the castle Schoenbrunn. Someone came running to the emperor, shouting "Your Majesty, there is an eagle in the park!" So the Emperor went out to shoot him. Then he looked at the dead eagle and said nothing for quite a while.

LERNET

And then the Emperor said: "Now they all think this is an eagle.

(OVER)

LERNET (CONTINUED)

That's no eagle at all. A
real eagle has two heads!"

PALMER

Well, when will you return to
your double headed eagle?

LERNET

I shall stay here about six
or seven weeks. The State
Department is sending me all
over the country. But frankly,
I'd rather be in the shadow of
the American eagle, although
he has but one head.

PALMER

LEAD INTO COMMERCIAL

POND'S ANGEL FACE
TV COMMERCIAL
LILLI PALMER

SIGHT

CU of box

QD to cake make-up.

DISSOLVE TO tinted cream jar

DISSOLVE TO powder box

DISSOLVE TO CU of hands pick
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CU of girl smoothing on
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so wonderfully, wonderfully
flattering.

SIGHT

Girl admiring herself in mirror

DISSOLVE to hands - turns open case around first - to show design on back...and then -- to show mirror and puff and Angel Face

Closes case and slips into handbag

Close-up of Mirror Case.

SOUND

Just a few touches of your Angel Face puff...and your skin looks soft and fresh as a rose petal!

And now Angel Face comes in this adorable new ivory and golden Mirror Case...complete with a mirror...a puff...and soft delicately-tinted Angel Face. Everything you need to give yourself a lovely, fresh, new make-up anytime, anywhere!

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MISS PALMER

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MAKERS OF POND'S CREAMS AND

POND'S ANGEL FACE

HAS PRESENTED

LILLI PALMER

PRODUCED BY CHARLES KEBBE

SETTING BY

ROLF GERARD

15. Tuesday 11^h Fuchs und Nord

12^h Grover 140 49th St. Times Life Building
Rockefeller Plaza

12:15 Altmann

1:30 420 Lexington Ave

6:30 Malitz

16. Wednesday vom. Tropical

Altmann
Ci 7-0796

2:30 Atkinson 229 W 43^d St

5-7 Avlinq 400 E 57th St

8:15 Lecture

17. Thursday

12:30 Television Savoy Plaza

5th Ave 59th 11th floor

Barrymore Theatre
47th West

Château Room nachm. 8:30
@ Bds Bell Booth and Cable

18. Friday

10:45 Frances Malitz

12^h Rabir 46 West 57th St.

4th Annex House Cent. Park South, Lesi

19. Washington

PALMER

Hello. I have a guest today who does something very special. In fact, she is the only person in the whole world who does what she is doing. "Born of an art that is minute but not quaint, of a feminine severity and malice without meanness, of a fantasy curbed and armed by the most solid technique: such are the works of Catherine Barjansky". Catherine Barjansky started out like every other sculptor doing life-sized and sometimes larger than life-size things. But she did not feel that her work expressed her individuality. One day by chance, she hit exactly upon the thing that was to make her famous. The inspiration was a strange lady by the name of Ida Rubinstein -- in former days a famous dancer and dramatic actress. She met her one afternoon and was struck by her extraordinary appearance. She was too thin, too white and entirely unreal.

(OVER)

Catherine Barjansky went home and did her first sculpture of this too thin, too white and unreal creature in wax -- which was the only medium which would apply to that particular thing, wax, being more delicate and more sensitive than clay. And she sculptured out of wax a tiny piece of art. She clothed and draped the minute figure in velvet and satin and colored it, thereby creating a completely new form of art. She knew instantly that this was what she had been looking for. And from that day on she sculptured in wax miniature likenesses which she afterwards colored and in some cases draped. She sculptured practically all the thinking heads of Europe. Three years ago she wrote a fascinating book called PORTRAITS WITH BACKGROUNDS. In fact, right now she is working on its sequel, PORTRAITS WITH BACKGROUNDS IN AMERICA.

(OVER)

In her book she says that "...It is not as a critic nor as an historian that I have drawn these portraits of kings and commoners, of musicians and sculptors, of writers and scientists -- it is as an artist." At this moment she lives in a studio overlooking Central Park.

And now, here is Madame Barjansky whom I am dying to ask some questions. You have many pupils -- do you teach them your art?

BARJANSKY

No. I teach them just sculpturing -- life-sized. But I teach them in a special way. I try to make them see everything in outlines.

PALMER

How do others teach?

BARJANSKY

They give you a piece of clay and let you add to and carve it. This is impossible for students to do so I explain to them in a certain way how to start sculpturing. I never touch their work.

PALMER

I have had some sculpturing lessons myself - just a few - and that is why that interests me. I too was given a big piece of clay and told to add on and carve it. Have any of your pupils felt any inclinations towards making miniature heads?

BARJANSKY

I only teach to sculpture. It is tremendously difficult to do the miniature.

PALMER

Having sculptured so many famous and busy people, you must have many fascinating stories to tell about them. Let me see, for instance, the portrait of Einstein. How long did he sit for you?

SHOWS EINSTEIN PORTRAIT

BARJANSKY

About six times. But he did not actually pose for me. He just kept on working all the time. Sometimes I spoke with him. Once I asked him how he comes to the conclusions of this theories and if he calculates until he finds it.

(OVER)

He says it comes like an inspiration and then he calculates. But sometimes he calculates for a year or two and finds that there is no solution.

PALMER

Einstein said he was just lucky when he discovered his Theory of Relativity, which he did before he was 21 years old.

BARJANSKY

I would like to tell you the story about Einstein's reaction to the sculptures by the Queen of Belguim. AD LIB: Brief Story.

PALMER

SHOWS FREUD PORTRAIT

And here we have Freud. Did you do this in Vienna?

BARJANSKY

Yes.

PALMER

Did you have interesting conversations with him?

BARJANSKY

I met him in 1924. He came into the room and said, I have heard you are a wife and mother, but I see a young girl.

(OVER)

So I said, since you know everything, you must be right. And we both began to laugh.

PALMER

You showed him the Greco-like statue of King Solomon?

BARJANSKY

Yes. I was inspired for this statue by the music of Ernest Bloch. I had shown Freud a number of my portraits, but I could see that they didn't really interest him. But when he saw my statue of King Solomon he was quite fascinated and immediately said: "Does he look like your father?" I laughed and said, not at all, because my father was jolly and gay and had round cheeks. So Freud was very taken aback and said: "He must look like your grandfather". And I said yes. But to tell you the truth, my grandfather looked exactly like my father.

PALMER

What other sitters of yours did you say were fascinating.

SHOWS PHOTOGRAPH OF KING
SOLOMON

URNS TO AUDIENCE

BARJANSKY

SHOWS STATUETTE

The Queen of Naples.

PALMER

How did you do her statue?

BARJANSKY

She had been dethroned for 50 years and was living in Geneva and that is where I met her. As soon as I saw her I wanted to do her portrait. She was a very tall woman who looked like a ghost and her braids formed a crown around her head. She was always dressed in black and you could see enormous Royal pearls under the black tulle of her dress.

PALMER

Do you exhibit your work from time to time?

BARJANSKY

Yes. I had many exhibitions in Europe. My first was in Rome, and Colette did a lecture to introduce me.

PALMER

Did you give exhibitions in the United States?

BARJANSKY

Yes, in Washington, D.C. On November 19 of this year I will have an exhibit at the Newton Gallery. I will show about 45 or 50 of my miniatures.

PALMER

What portraits are you doing now?

BARJANSKY

I have just finished Edith Sitwell and I am going to do Marion Anderson.

SHOWS SITWELL PORTRAIT

LILLI PALMER SHOW

May 31, 1951

DISSOLVE FROM BLACK

TO SHOT OF

Angel Face case closed

SOUND

Angel Face! A wonderful new kind of make-up! Angel Face is foundation and powder in one! It's every-thing you need for a velvety, sweet-tinted glamorous complexion...and so easy to use!

DISSOLVE TO CAKE make-up

No wet sponge .

DISSOLVE TO JAR of foundation

No greasy foundation.

DISSOLVE TO compact case

No spilly, loose powder.

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DISSOLVE TO TITLES READING:

POND'S

MAKERS OF POND'S CREAMS AND

POND'S ANGEL FACE

PRESENTS

LILLI PALMER

DISSOLVE TO LILLI PALMER

PALMER

Hello. I thought it only fitting to have one more program about England, because great things are going on there at this moment. It seems to me there are festivals almost everywhere in Europe, but the Festival of Britain is not only a Festival of London, it is a Festival of every county, town, village and hamlet, and I will tell you why. It commemorates the 100th birthday of the very first world exhibition of any kind that ever took place. And that was held in London 100 years ago. It was Prince Consort Albert's idea -- the man with the beautiful nose-- who married Victoria. And I have by my side a gentleman who is better equipped than I am to talk about it, having been born in this "..... QUOTE FROM RICHARD II this England". Mr. Rex Harrison.

SOUND OF TRUMPETS

HARRISON

What on earth is that?

PALMER

That is the traditional flourish of trumpets with which every exhibition is opened - the first as well as this one.

HARRISON

I had a lot of fun looking up this early exhibition and comparing it with the present one. The chief piece de resistance of the 1851 exhibition was the building of a large structure made of glass called the Chrystal Palace. And do you know how that idea was conceived? A man by the name of Paxton, a railway executive, doodled happily away on a piece of paper and here is the famous and now historic doodle he did of this structure of glass which everybody thought impossible to achieve.

SHOWS PRINT

PALMER

They predicted it would be crushed by the first hail storm, it would collapse at the first shot of guns and finally it would disfigure London's landscape -- because they had to cut out ll precious elm trees. (OVER)

PALMER (CONTINUED)

However, this is what the building looked like when it was finally accomplished and to everybody's amazement neither hail storms nor guns seemed to shake its foundation.

SHOWS PRINT

HARRISON

I have gotten a hold of a catalog of the ancient exhibit and it is most amusing to look at the things the Victorian Britains were extremely proud of. For instance: Registered Alarm Bedstead. By means of a common alarm-clock hung at the head of the bed, and adjusted in the usual way to go off at the desired hour, the front legs of the bedstead, immediately the alarm ceases ringing, are made to fold underneath, the sleeper, without any jerk or the slightest personal danger, is placed on his feet in the middle of the room, where, at the option of the possessor, a cold bath can be placed, if he is at all disposed to ensure being rendered rapidly wide awake.

(OVER)

HARRISON (CONTINUED)

Also: Patent ventilating hats.

The principle of ventilating these hats being to admit the air through a series of channels out in thin cork, which is fastened to the leather lining, and a valve fixed in the top of the crown, which may be opened, and shut at pleasure to allow the perspiration to escape.

Cuffs, hand-spun and knitted from the wool of French poodle dogs -
And this appeals to me particularly -
- A special drinking glass with a partition for soda and acid 'to be mixed separately, the junction of the two streams effecting effervescence only at the moment of entering the mouth.'

PALMER

You see what you missed not having been alive in 1851? Now-a-days, of course, what you will see in the exhibition is something quite different.

(OVER)

PALMER (CONTINUED)

The old Crystal Palace has disappeared and instead built on a rather imposing site across the river are rather magnificent structures which show the progress of present science, including nuclear fission and more of such long words. One of the points of interest is the ancient shot tower still standing on its original site in the heart of the exhibition. There all the bullets were forged that made British victories at Waterloo, etc. Now this tower has a giant aerial on top, which is used for giving signals to the moon. I don't know what kind of signals we are getting back, however.

HARRISON

One of the things that I shall go for is the Eccentric's Corner. As you know, the British are fond of breeding eccentric people and at the exhibition we have an Eccentric Corner. AD LIB: Story on waving machine.

But the true attraction of the Festival of Britain and its exhibition of British actors, singers, and painters at their very best, and if you care for the theatre and want to see it acted at its best, you can see the most wonderful Shakespeare productions at Stratford, the place where he was born. And there are also the most wonderful musical and theatre performances in London and Edinburgh.

HARRISON

By the way, the music is performed in the new concert hall especially built for this Festival and, it seems, particularly to annoy Britain's leading conductors. Sir Thomas Beecham has already gone to print to say that certainly it is the ugliest thing he has seen from the outside and that he had no intention of going inside. However, the accoustics are said to be of a special nature.

(OVER)

PALMER (CONTINUED)

They are designed to show up every impurity in the orchestra so that if the oboe squeaks ever so slightly, it will cause hundreds of passionate music lovers to leave the hall in disgust. You will also be able to get a special drink there -- Ancient Mead. If you ever read about the doings of the stalwart ancient Britains they seemed to have gotten all the go they had in them - and they had plenty--from the thing called Mead brewed from honey and herbs.

HARRISON

I am going to try some Mead and see what it does to me.

To finish up with, here is the King of England's voice speaking at the opening of the Festival and telling us what it stands for:

"This Festival of Britain has been planned, like its great predecessor as a visible sign of national achievement and confidence. I see this Festival as a symbol of Britain's abiding courage and vitality".

PALMER

Well, you will soon be there to
drink your Mead in June.

HARRISON

O to be in England in June. Oh,
that was April wasn't it?

PALMER

You mean the Browning poem. Yes,
that was April but June will be
good too. Robert Browning must
have written that at the time of
the first exhibition. I found
there are a few lines that go
on after that and they are rather
nice...

O to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest bough and the
brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree hole are in
tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the
orchard bough
In England - now!

(OVER)

PALMER (CONTINUED)

And after April, when May
follows,

And the whitethroat builds, and
all the swallows!

Hark, where my blossom'd pear-
tree in the hedge

Leans to the field and scatters
on the clover

Blossoms and dewdrops -- at the
bent spray's edge--

That's the wise thrush! he sings
each song twice over,

Lest you should think he never
could recapture

The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough
with hoary dew,

All will be gay when noontide
wakes anew

The buttercups, the little
children's dower

- Far brighter than this gaudy
melon-flower!

LEAD INTO COMMERCIAL

POND'S ANGEL FACE
TV COMMERCIAL
LILLI PALMER

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CU of box

QD to cake make-up.

DISSOLVE TO tinted cream jar

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Face never turns shiny on your
face.

No spilly, loose powder!

Angel Face just smooths over your
face like fragrant velvet...

...and stays on much longer than
powder! Because Angel Face is
foundation...and powder...all
in one! So much easier than any
make-up you've ever used -- and
so wonderfully, wonderfully
flattering.

SIGHT

Girl admiring herself in mirror

DISSOLVE to hands - turns open case around first - to show design on back...and then -- to show mirror and puff and Angel Face

Closes case and slips into handbag

Close-up of Mirror Case.

SOUND

Just a few touches of your Angel Face puff...and your skin looks soft and fresh as a rose petal!

And now Angel Face comes in this adorable new ivory and golden Mirror Case...complete with a mirror...a puff...and soft delicately-tinted Angel Face. Everything you need to give yourself a lovely, fresh, new make-up anytime, anywhere!

It's slim enough to tuck in your slimmest handbag...And it just can't spill!

Angel Face in its lovely new Mirror Case is only \$1 plus tax, and comes in 6 exquisite skin tones. Choose yours tomorrow...I know you'll love it!

MISS PALMER

Next week I will talk to you
about _____.

AUF WIEDERSEHN

CUE MUSIC

HOLD ON LILLI PALMER 5 SECONDS

DISSOLVE TO PRODUCT AND SUPER

BALLOP READING:

POND'S

MAKERS OF POND'S CREAMS AND

POND'S ANGEL FACE

HAS PRESENTED

LILLI PALMER

PRODUCED BY CHARLES KEBBE

SETTING BY

ROLF GERARD

JUNE 21, 1951

CU PALMER PEERING THROUGH
TULIPS

PALMER

Hello. Tonight I am again at the Savoy Plaza Hotel and all those wonderful flowers you see were given to me by KLM, the Dutch Airline which will tell you where I am taking you tonight, to Holland. Holland is famous for many things, but hardly for the glamour and the beauty of its women, so -- I have brought you today a glamorous and beautiful Dutch girl! You will see in a minute that she photographs like a million dollars, but she had never wanted to become a film star. She is a journalist, giving heavy competition to our own Marguerite Higgins. But I shall not tease you any longer and introduce her right away. Here is Mrs. Reggie Kiek. Tell me Mrs. Kiek, what do you do with your long and flowing blond hair under battle conditions?

MRS. KIEK

Just let it flow.

PALMER

Doesn't it attract enemy fire?

KIEK

No, but it attracts other things.

PALMER

As to enemy fire -- what made you first decide to become involved in warlike activities? Have you always been a journalist?

KIEK

Ever since I was 15 years old.

PALMER

What did you journalize about?

KIEK

Mainly about flying.

PALMER

Are you a pilot?

KIEK

No, I was turned down.

PALMER

Were you given only assignments about flying?

KIEK

I reported about anything that was important.

PALMER

Where were you born?

KIEK

In Bossum.

PALMER

Is it a place with windmills, etc.?

KEIK

No, there is nothing there.

PALMER

Not even a museum full of
Rembrandt. That's very
disappointing.

KIEK

But I only stayed there one year.

PALMER

Where did you go?

KIEK

To Amsterdam.

PALMER

Let me ask you some stupid
questions about Amsterdam. Is it
a city with many waterways?

KIEK

Yes, there are many canals, which
are called Grachten.

PALMER

Grachten ... Dutch seems another
language sounding like a throat
disease such as Swiss and Danish.

KIEK

It sounds like a continuous fish
bone in your throat.

PALMER

Is Amsterdam different from Venice and Stockholm?

KIEK

Venice has mainly waterroads, but we have the Grachten as an addition to the normal streets. It was the quickest way of conveying things. We still use it for flower boats and any heavy kind of traffic

PALMER

Do the little boys swim in it?

KIEK

Yes, but they are not allowed to. It is rather dirty.

PALMER

Amsterdam is a city of tremendous culture. It is the place where we can see the famous Rembrandt painting, "The Nightwatch".

AD LIB story: Painted of 17 century. They wanted to commemorate regiments Rembrandt commissioned to do portrait of officers. Did something different. Painted them realistically. Lighted by lanterns, he painted what he saw Etc.

(OVER)

PALMER (CONTINUED)

Painting was not accepted. It proved his ruination. Is Amsterdam also a very gay city?

KIEK

It wasn't very gay, but for the Dutch, it was gay enough.

PALMER

What do you mean by that?

KIEK

They are a rather stolid kind of people.

PALMER

That is part of the ordinary conception of the Dutch, and it seems to be correct. They are rather heavy, thick set, solid, peaceful and square in appearance.

KIEK

They have a quiet sense of humor but nothing boisterous and gay

PALMER

Are there exceptions?

KIEK

No, I don't think so.

PALMER

Where would you go in Holland for fun?

KIEK

Over the border. But I have heard, and I know it is true that since the last war, with the advent of the American tourist, Holland has been brightened up.

PALMER

Where did you learn such excellent English?

KIEK

In England. In England they always thought I came from America because I spoke American slang.

PALMER

Did you learn it early in your youth?

KIEK

In Holland you start French at 8 and German and English at 9. So we have a smattering of about four languages before our teens.

PALMER

When did you meet Mr. Kiek, and is he also a journalist?

KIEK

When I was 18 I wrote for his paper without knowing him. AD LIB brief story of meeting.

(OVER)

KIEK (CONTINUED)

We married in England in 1940 during the war. We were rather careless with our papers and lost our marriage certificate, etc.

PALMER

Mrs. Kiek, in the course of events you were assigned to go to the Far East. Is that right?

KIEK

Yes. I was sent out for the London newspaper, Daily Mail, to the Far East and I worked there for the British in 1945 and stopped over in Burma, then went on to Java where the war was over officially, but we had the famous war after the war, the Indonesian Revolution.

PALMER

How did you feel about that?

KIEK

It was very exciting but very sad, and of course it gave me lots of material.

PALMER

Was anybody astonished to see a woman?

KIEK

I had none of this Marguerite Higgins trouble.

PALMER

Then I gather it was a bit of fun when you were put on ship.

KIEK

I was the first civilian woman to go on board a British Naval war ship. They did have several WRENS, though.

AD LIB: story of how she happened to ship out on naval ship.

PALMER

What are you doing here now?

KIEK

Officially nothing. But I am doing a lot of writing because my husband is covering about 36 newspapers.

PALMER

Your husband is an official correspondent -- is that right?

KIEK

Yes.

PALMER

Have you any children?

KIEK

No.

PALMER

I am going to drive through Holland next year and I hope I really get to know your country.

KIEK

You will like it.

PALMER

Have you met Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands?

KIEK

Yes, we met him frequently in London, because during the war the Dutch colony there was very small, so that we got rather close to him.

PALMER

Let us talk for a moment about Queen Juliana and say what a nice thing it is that the Dutch are so very fond of their queen. They transferred their affection from the Dowager Queen Wilhelmina to Juliana. Wilhelmina is a wonderful woman.

KIEK

She is a marvelous character. They always had respect for the queen and loved her, but now since she retired, she is showing herself in a much more motherly and womanly fashion.

PALMER

All royal families have to do
today is to lead a decent family
life and give spiritual guidance.

KIEK

When Wilhelmina was young, she was
invited to Germany by the Kaiser..
AD LIB STORY.

PALMER

Of course the flooding of Holland
by opening the dykes used to be
Holland's defense against
invaders.

PALMER

AD LIB: Story of little boy who
put his thumb through a hole in the
dyke to save the town. When one
thinks of Holland one thinks
immediately of ancient Dutch
painting, long flat stretches of
land, windmills in the back on
little hills, wonderful trees, very,
very exact, and tulips and the sky.
Isn't that the landscape of
Holland? LEAD INTO POEM.

POEM
PALMER

Lead into commercial.

Lilli Palmer Show

June 28, 1951

PALMER

Hello. Tonight is the last time I will be with you before going on my vacation for the summer and I am a little sad about it. I shall miss my weekly visits with you, but I shall return this fall and I hope you will be travelling with me again. In the meantime, I shall be travelling. I am going to Europe and I shall see many of the places I talked to you about. Remember my first program when I took you to England? I had my fellow witch, Pamela Brown, as my guest. Well, I shall be visiting the Festival of Britain and from there hop over to France -- to Paris -- to see how Paris is doing with her 2,000th anniversary. Remember my guest Monsieur de Manziarly and how we sang the song, La Seine...

INDICATION of SONG.....

Remember my program about Greece? I am going there in August and watch my guest Madame Paxinou play in Oedipus at the theatre in Delphi - Remember they will open on the night of the full moon...

I do hope you all envy me - I envy myself. And then, of course, Italy.

PALMER (CONTINUED)

And there I have a bit of news for you because I am going to take some films in Rome of various places which I like best. And you will accompany me on my walks about the "Eternal City" and maybe you will catch some of the breathtaking experiences I had when I saw Rome for the first time. And I shall talk to you particularly about people who are connected with Rome, for instance, Eleanore Duse. I shall take you to the house where she lives - the greatest actress of all times -- who died, of all places, in Pittsburgh. And I shall talk to you about her great rival, Sarah Bernhardt - the divine Sarah. I've got a record which I shall play for you ... And I might finish up with going to Salzburg. Remember I told you about the festival a couple of weeks ago, where they play "Everyman", by Hofmannsthal, on the Cathedral Square. And maybe some of you remember a very early program of mine in which I talked about Hofmannsthal, one of the outstanding poets of the 20th Century. On that program I recited a piece from one of his plays, "Death and the Fool".

You seemed to have liked that particularly because quite a number of you have asked me to do it again, and as I am very fond of it too, I would like to give it to you as my farewell for this season. Remember it is the story of a man, Everyman, who at the point of death is visited by the ghosts of the people that have played the leading parts in his life -- his mother, his friend, his enemy, and his girl. Imagine that the scene is dark and suddenly in the hallway stands the young girl and this is what she has to say to him.

POEM

"Twas beautiful!

Don't you think it more?

"Tis true, you hurt me deeply, deeply

But then, what is it that does not end in pain?

The happy days I've seen, are very few,

And these, that were as good as any dream!

The flowers at the window, my own flowers,

The little joggling spinnet, there the clothes press,

In which I laid away your letters, and

What little gifts you brought me...

...All these things--

Don't laugh at me--grew beautiful again,

And talked to me with living, loving lips

And then you cast me off,

Threw me aside, unthinking, cruel, as

A child, of playing wearied, drops his flowers.

Ah God, I did have naught to hold you!

Your letter came, the last, the dreadful one;

And then I wished to die. Not to distress you

Do I tell you this. One letter more

I meant to write in parting; no lament,

Not passionate, or fierce, unbridled grief,

But just to make you yearn a bit for me,

And teach you to feel homesick for my love,

I did not write that letter, no, why should I?

I could not know how much of your real heart

Was in all this, that so with glittering

And so with fever filled my senses full,

That through the day I walked as in a dream.

One does not die of these things. No, much later,

After long and weary misery 'twas granted

That I might lay me down and die. I prayed

That in your last hour I might come to you,

Not horrible, not to torment you then,

But as the cup of wine that one has drunk

And set aside, its fragrance vague recalls

A distant, half forgotten, gentle joy.

PALMER (CONTINUED)

Well, you know, the reason I have had a program at all was because a man came to me and asked me if I wanted to be an Angel Face. He turned out to be a man from Pond's who makes Angel Face makeup. To tell the truth, I didn't then know it was going to be a lot of fun, because it allowed me to talk to you about things that interested me and that fascinated me for years. So, I am particularly grateful to Angel Face.

LEAD INTO COMMERCIAL.

AR 25021 MUEHSAM FAMILY COLLECTION

24/26 SCRIPTS - DRAFTS 1951

Wunday

Liebstes Lillicheng

Man solls doch nicht fuer moeglich halten,
immer glaube ich, es ist nicht genug Material,
und dann sinds Seiten und Seiten. Der olle
Sibelius ist viel Schmusz, aber er ist wirklich
stinkfad. Die Anekdoten were the utmost I could
do!

Folgende brainstorms wuensche ich Dir ergebenst
zu unterbreiten: Walt Whitman, der ein tolles
Leben gehabt haben soll (ich kenns nicht) und der
fuer Hatfield vielleicht besser waere-- dann
koennte er ein Gedicht von Whitman lesen, als dem
groessten amerik. Lyriker, und Du eins von Goethe,
auf deutsch, sozusagen fuer Klang oder sowas...
Aber selbst wenn ohne Hatfield, ists vielleicht
eine Idee, ebenso wie Poe?

Dann einen mad guest-- but priceless (wenn sie
in NY ist, versuchte bereits, to find out):
Alma Mahler Werfel!!!! (Sie sah vor 10 Jahren
in Hollywood noch grossartig aus-- und so viel
stature ueberhaupt uns allen gewuenscht, von DEM
Leben zu schweigen!!! Verheiratet mit Mahler,
Gropius, Werfel-- jahrelang gelebt mit Kokoschka,
schlecht?)

Das Jensen Maedchen ist Mittwoch um 3 bei Dir.
Mit den songs.

Love,

RWR

The play Wunday Night
at the Theatre!

PALMER

Hello. Today I am going to tell you about a very interesting country and its most famous citizen-- a very old man indeed, since he is 87 years old. ~~As~~ As my guest I have someone here who is not quite as old and, though not as famous, nevertheless a very lovely representative of her country, and after all, she has another few years to get ahead!



Finland,
The great old man of his country/is Jean Sibelius. He was born in 1865 as ^{the} son of a physician and his childhood, quite in contrast to many other geniuses of music, was easy and without ~~any~~ struggle. It was a normal childhood, in a pleasant and cultured home which was probably one of the reasons that for all his life, Sibelius was a family man. ~~As~~ As his father had died when he was only 2½ years old, he was used to spending much of his early years with his grandparents and aunts and uncles ~~NEVERTHELESS~~ and loved them dearly ever after.

He started at about 5 to play a little on the piano but soon became more interested in studying the violin. ~~It~~ It was one of his saddest experiences, when in his early twenties he had to realize that his talent was not great enough ^{for him} to become a violin virtuoso. In school he was a dreamer and his moods often changed from one extreme to the other, but he was good-looking and well-liked and life had no serious problems for him. ~~But~~ ~~even~~ ^{ALREADY} in school his plant collection was the best in his class,

Rahner (cont.)

just as ^ANATURE should prove to be the ^{MAIN} source ² ~~was~~ of his inspirations ^{for} his music for all his life.

Though he was a tall and well-built man, ~~he~~ he showed no interest whatever ~~in~~ neither ^{IN} ball games, nor ^{IN} wrestling... His favorite sports were hunting and long hikes, and to this very day he takes a ~~long~~ walk every day at five in the morning-- to watch the sunrise... They called him the "Singer of the Land of the Thousand Lakes", and no one has done more to bring Finland nearer to the world than Sibelius did. His most famous work, ~~"Finlandia"~~ "Finlandia" is being played all over the world and has made people conscious of that strange country in the north of Europe which is still quite different ^{IN} its ways and customs from other parts of Europe and the world.

But before our guest shall tell us ~~more~~ about that, I should like to say a bit more about Sibelius.

He came to America ^{IN 1914} on a very short trip to conduct some of his works, ~~and~~ and he was overwhelmed by what he saw and by the cordial reception he received. He had not expected for people to be really familiar with his works, ~~which~~ ~~is~~ though his popularity in this country has even increased over the years. Today, Sibelius' ~~works~~ ¹⁵ in Europe and ~~is~~ played more ~~outside of Finland~~ ~~and~~ particular in America, than in Finland ^{land} itself! Sibelius ~~was~~ was very impressed with American contemporary music and remarked how wrong he had been, thinking that all the music America produced at that time, before the first World War, was ragtime!

When we hear his great symphonies, his powerful music, we are inclined to think of him as a man concerned with heroic problems, communicating mostly with nature and the figures of the saga's from his country's past. This isn't quite so. He is a man who loves to enjoy life-- his constant smoking of big cigars has become quite wellknown, as he himself puts it: "I am a slave to my cigars..." ~~He~~ He also loved parties and gaiety though, with his great absent-mindedness, sometimes got ~~him~~ ^{he} into strange ^{SITUATIONS} ~~things~~ [^]. He walked into a tea party one day, without realizing the party-- anybody's presence-- ^{any} ~~nothing~~, sat down at the piano, played for a while, and walked out again, without saying a word.... Or, as he loved to entertain, he was ^{ONCE} [^] having a group of friends at his house, among them a young man who had to leave early and did so, without saying goodbye to Sibelius. As it happened, the young man had to leave Helsinki on a short trip. On his return a couple of weeks later, he went to Sibelius' house. Again there was a party in progress. When Sibelius saw his young friend, he ^a exclaimed: "But where have you been all the time? I have been looking for you for hours!"

At the beginning of the century he built his own home, so as to live a less social life and concentrate on his work. He is still living in that house, "Ainolo", in Järvenpää north of Helsinki. In spite of ~~prohibition~~ some years ago, it was of course always well stocked with wines and liquor. During the visit of a friend one day, while

↓ prohibition

Palmer (cont.)

4

~~the~~ they were talking about all sorts of things, Sibelius rose, took his ~~own~~ hunting gun, ~~and~~ aimed at something outside in the garden, and fired two shots right through the window. Five minutes later, the maid appeared with tea and-- two glasses (two "shots") of rum!

Of course, he is ^{as} unpractical as most men-- and great artists for that matter. Once, on a trip to Paris, he remarked to a friend: "Why do you think I am losing a gold coin out of my pocket, every day of my life? It's really rather puzzling." When his friend suggested a hole in his pocket as the first possibility to be investigated, it turned out that that was exactly it! ~~He~~ would have never occurred to Sibelius to think of such a practical and simple solution himself!

His favorite composer is Beethoven but, when he was in Vienna as a very young man, he fell in love with Strauss waltzes which he ~~heard~~ heard conducted by the composer himself... He loved large cities anyway, such as Berlin, for instance, to which he returned time and again. He says: "In Big cities, are like the desert in a way-- one can disappear in the crowd and concentrate on oneself..."

~~Helsinki, apparently, is not~~

But now let me introduce to you the beautiful girl I ~~promised~~ promised you so that she can tell us about the country of Sibelius. Her name is Irja Jensen, and she is a young actress who came to ^{America} ~~this country~~

5

— when did you come to America, Irja?

JENSEN

A year and a half ago.

PALMER

Do you find it as overwhelming today, as Sibelius did almost 50 years ago?

JENSEN

Yes, indeed.

PALMER

Tell us a little about some of the differences. And tell us first a little about yourself. Your

JENSEN

father is a business man, isn't he, and your mother ^{used to be} ~~was~~ an actress too? Did they approve of your going on the stage?

JENSEN

~~xxxxx~~ Well, my mother did, but my father was terribly opposed to it, in fact, during my three-month trial period at the ^{Theatre} ~~Music~~ School, he even called the head of the school trying to sway their decision to admit me.

PALMER

Trial period? Don't you just enroll in a school?

JENSEN

No. There is a Theatre and Film School in Helsinki, which all the young actors and actresses attend. The City and the Government partly finance ~~the~~ ~~the~~ the Theatre School, whereas the Film School is entirely paid by the film companies. To be admitted, you must undergo a trial period...

PALMER

PALMER

And you were admitted! Did your father still object?

JENSEN

No, he felt better about the whole thing then.

PALMER

What do they teach in the school? Acting techniques, fencing, languages?

JENSEN

Yes. We don't learn French in school, but Swedish which in Finland is the second language everybody speaks. We study Finnish classics mostly, though also some of the classic plays from other countries. We do also walk-ons at the National Theatre ^{with} which ~~is connected~~ the school is connected. But I think our acting technique is rather different from the one in America: We learn to put all our emotions, everything we want to express into our eyes... We try to keep our face and hands ~~and~~ as ~~immobile~~ motionless as possible and let only the eyes speak.

PALMER

This is very interesting indeed. Tell me, I notice that you wear very little makeup-- do you find Finnish women different from American women?

JENSEN

Very much ^{so} ~~λ~~ For instance, nobody wears any makeup in Finland, not even lipstick, except for going out in the evening, ^{to} ~~to~~ parties etc.

PALMER

Do you have parties, the way we have them here in America?

JENSEN

We do have parties, but they are a little different,
^{TOD}
~~from those in America~~ For instance, we have a
great deal of hen parties, since women don't work
as often as they do here. Those are tea, or coffee
parties. The diplomats introduced cocktail parties,
and they are becoming gradually popular, but women
still drink very few cocktails, and never any high-
balls. Since we mostly also serve wine, they ~~never~~
balance one glass of wine ^{IN THEIR HANDS} all through a party...
But we do have a great deal of dinner-dances in
private homes, and since the war, women are dressing
more and more in formal evening gowns... You see,
for so long we couldn't...

PALMER

But I think you have also one more way of giving
a party-- and that one is entirely unknown in this
country!

JENSEN?

You mean a bath house party?

PALMER

Yes! You see, in Finland, steam baths are being
taken all the time-- by the whole family-- and
the neighbors are being invited to join, too! And
nobody wears a stitch of clothing!

JENSEN

That's right. Of course, in the city it is a little
different. Every ³⁰²⁴ ~~one~~ apartment houses have one
bath house for their tenants, however, they are
separate for men and women.

TO AUDIENCE

PALMER

Are they expensive?

JENSEN

Oh no. Perhaps a quarter for a bath.

Palmer

And how is it in the country? Do most people live in apartments or in the country or how?

JENSEN

In Helsinki ~~most~~ people live in apartments. But most people also have country houses and there, every house has its own bath house. So we ~~will~~ have a decide to ~~next~~ bath ~~house~~ today and tell our neighbors-- "Why don't you come to our bath house today, so that you won't have to heat yours." And they come, and since those bath houses have different levels, all the children bathe together, on the lowest level, and then the older ones, etc. By the way-- those bath houses are heated by pouring water ^{OVER} hot stones-- and the colder the water, the more steam is being developed...

PALMER

No wonder you don't need any makeup-- having steam baths every day-- what a boom to a complexion!

But there is something else, I wanted to ask you about. How is this business with winter/for 6 months and summer/the other ~~six~~ months? Is that really so?

JENSEN

Not quite. During the winter it isn't dark all the time, at least not in Helsinki, it's too much south for that. There is a normal day from about

JENSEN CONT.

10 to 3:30. ~~During~~ During the summer, for two weeks the second part of June, the sun doesn't set. It is a strange sight, because the sun doesn't really rise either-- it sort of wanders along the horizon. **AND DURING THAT TIME**
~~But then,~~ of course, there is never night.

LEAD INTO SONG

Additional notes on theatre: Repertoire theatre in every Finnish Hamlet-- quite like Germany and Austria. National Theatre also mostly repertoire (couldn't play en suite too long because there aren't enough people to see just one play), plays to a great extent Finish classics. Last play Irja saw in Helsinki 1 1/2 years ago: Streetcar. There are a lot of American plays translated. The theatre seems to be a very clannish affair. Sibelius' daughter (the one she knows) is one of the leading actresses (sophisticated comedy) of Finland, her husband is head of the National Theatre, etc. Her name is Ruth Snellman, but I didn't think this was too fascinating.

ONE SERIOUS SIBELIUS STORY:

After he had just accepted the young composer Bengt de Toerne as a pupil, Sibelius demanded that he look him straight into the eyes. Sibelius stared at him for a while and then, very slowly, gave the most incredibly correct character analysis of Toerne whom he had seen for the second time in his life.

Sibelius said once: "I am not legitimately married to the orchestra-- I am its lover."

FINLAND

PALMER

Have you ever seen a Fin? Any kind of a Fin, a male Fin, or a female Fin? Maybe you have-- but Fins are rare! They don't seem to get around much. I have seen my first Fin only a few days ago, and a very beautiful little Fin it turned out to be-- well worth waiting for!

My Fin has that kind of a face with the wide plains and the wonderful calm bone structure that we used to admire in Garbo and Bergman, and it seems to grow exclusively in those countries of the North-- Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Finland.

Well-- here is my Fin. She's a young actress, by name of Irja Jensen.

Irja, my mind, when I think of Finland, says: snow, more snow, Sibelius, hot baths, and folk songs, that's all. Let's tackle them one by one.

Sibelius! One of the greatest-- some say the only great living composer-- now 87 and still going strong! His immense talent fortified by rum and large cigars -- don't happen to know him, Irja?

JENSEN

Answers ad lib. She knows Sibelius slightly, knows his daughter better. His daughter, Ruth Snellman, is one of Finland's leading actresses; her husband is head of the National Theatre. Irja met her while studying at the Theatre School which all young actors and actresses attend.

PALMER

I've been told that Finland has an excellent National Theatre in Helsinki, its capital, which plays all the current theatrical successes from Broadway, London, Paris, etc. I must say, I would be fascinated to see STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE in Finnish, wouldn't you? I'm curious to know, Irja, why you came to America to try your luck here?

JENSEN

Answers ad lib, giving reasons for her choice of transplanting herself here.

PALMER

Now, let's get on to the hot baths. I hear they are Finland's great specialty and necessity. Since the winter is so long, and the many little villages are practically isolated by heavy snowfall, the villagers have found their relaxation and social gatherings since time immemorial, in their own bath houses. Is that true, Irja?

JENSEN

Tells the story of the Finnish bath house party. In Finland, steambaths are taken all the time, by the whole family, its neighbors and friends, if a party is given, and nobody wears a stitch of clothing. That is, of course, mainly true in the country. In town every three or four apartment houses have a bath house for their tenants, however, separate for men and women. But in the

JENSEN CONT.

country, neighbors take their turns to visit each other's bath houses to save having to heat their own all the time. The bath house consists of solid steps of stone which are heated. Then cold water is poured over the stones resulting in clouds of steam; the colder the water, the more steam. The structure is on separate levels, so that the children bathe on the lowest level, the older children one higher, and so on.

PALMER

This sounds very cozy to me. I wonder how it would appeal to Americans!

And now let's come to some folk songs. I heard one long ago, and will now sing it for you with an atrocious accent which, luckily, will be only painful to Irja. Maybe she'll join me?

Now this song is about..... (content of song) and then joined by Irja

SONG

PALMER

How's my Finnish? Thank you, Irja. Let me wish you all the luck for your career in America!

By now, Ludwig had withdrawn entirely from ~~reality~~ ^{the world}. He refused to see his ministers, and finally, reality began to crumble around him. His desperate efforts to get money to continue his building failed and finally, without ^{at last} ~~being~~ ^{even having been} examined once ~~however~~, he was declared insane. ^{incurable} Kainz though formulated it probably right: he was not mentally ill-- he was ill from loneliness... And until the end Kainz always said he had never ~~had~~ ^{noticed} the slightest sign of any mental illness... When Dr. von Gudden, ~~the~~ great authority on mental illness at the time, who lent his hand to the incredible crime of signing the declaration of Ludwig's insanity merely based on anecdotes about him and his certainly not normal but perhaps also not really abnormal behaviour, when Dr. Gudden approached the castle, with ^{his assistant} 4 wardens, straight jackets and what not, one of Ludwig's ~~the King's~~ faithful servants tried to save the beloved King by rousing all the peasants, menservants, shepherds of the neighboring country-- ~~the~~ ^{had} police even arrested the ^{first official} "commission" who had come to take their King away. But it was too late. New orders from Munich arrived, and Gudden told Ludwig... He was astonished at the King's calmness and consented to taking him for a walk early the next morning. They never returned. ^{The search was} ~~They~~ ^{short - the two} ~~had~~ bodies were found in the Lake, Gudden showing signs of a desperate struggle... Obviously, the King who was an excellent swimmer had tried

which had never shown him kindness or understanding. He roamed from castle to castle led by Gudden & doctor's based their verdicts. Great authority put solely on anecdotal hearsay. Next to Gudden's assistant cut out to castle. X wife axes - hatchets they came to defend him.

When we hear his great symphonies, his powerful music, we are inclined to think of him as a serious man, worried over life's problems and concerned with man's struggles. This isn't quite so.

1920

1920

1920

This precious stone set in the silver sea,
which serves it in the office of a wall,
or as a moat, defensive to a house,
against the envy of less happier lands;
this blessed plot, this earth,
this realm - this England.

PALMER

Hello. I thought it only fitting to have one more program about England, because great things are going on there at this moment. It seems to me there are festivals almost everywhere in Europe, but the Festival of Britain is not only a Festival of London, it is a Festival of every county, town, village and hamlet, and I will tell you why. It commemorates the 100th birthday of the very first world exhibition of any kind that ever took place. And that was held in London 100 years ago. It was Prince Consort Albert's idea--the man with the beautiful nose--who married Victoria. And I have by my side a gentleman who is better equipped than I am to talk about it, having been born in this ".... QUOTE FROM "RICHARD II" this England". Mr. Rex Harrison.

SOUND OF TRUMPETS

HARRISON

What on earth is that?

PALMER

That is the traditional flourish of trumpets with which every exhibition is opened--the first as well as this one.

HARRISON

I had a lot of fun looking up this early exhibition and comparing it with the present one. The chief piece de resistance of the 1851 exhibition was the building of a large structure made of glass ~~called~~ called the Crystal Palace. And do you know how that idea was conceived? A man by the name of ~~the~~ Paxton,

a railway executive, doodled happily away on a piece of paper and here is the famous and now historic doodle he did of this structure of glass which everybody thought impossible to achieve.

PALMER

They predicted it would be crushed by the first hail storm, it would collapse at the first shot of guns and finally it would disfigure London's landscape-- because they had to cut out all precious elm trees. However, this is what the building looked like when it was finally ~~finished~~ ACCOMPLISHED, and to everybody's amazement neither hail storms nor guns seemed to shake its foundation.

HARRISON

I have gotten a hold of a catalog of the ancient exhibit ~~and it is~~ and it is most amusing to look at the things the Victorian Britains were extremely proud of. For instance:
Registered Alarm Bedstead. By means of a common alarm-clock hung at the head of the bed, and adjusted in the usual way to go off at the desired hour, the front legs of the bedstead, immediately the alarm ceases ringing, are made to fold underneath, and the sleeper, without any jerk or the slightest personal danger, is placed on his feet in the middle of the room, where, at the option of the possessor, a cold bath can be placed, if he is at all disposed to ensure being rendered rapidly wide awake.

SHOWS PRINT

SHOWS PRINT

Also: Patent ventilating hats. The principle of ventilating these hats being to admit the air through a series of channels cut in thin cork, which is fastened to the leather lining, and a valve fixed in the top of the crown, which may be opened, and shut at pleasure to allow the perspiration to escape.

Cuffs, hand-spun and knitted from the wool of French poodle dogs -

And this appeals to me particularly -

~~And this appeals to me particularly -~~ A special drinking glass with a partition for soda and acid 'to be mixed separately, the junction of the two streams effecting effervescence only at the moment of entering the mouth.'

PALMER

You see what you missed not having been alive in 1851? Now-a-days, of course, what you will see in the exhibition is something quite different. The old Crystal Palace has disappeared and instead built on a rather imposing site across the river are rather magnificent structures which show the progress of present science, including nuclear fission more of such long words. One of ~~the~~ the points of interest is ~~the~~ the ancient spot tower still standing on its original site in the heart of the exhibition, ~~the~~ There are all the bullets were forged that made British victories at Waterloo, etc. ~~the~~ Now this tower has a giant aerial on top, which is used for giving signals to the moon. I don't know what kind of signals we are getting

PALMER

back, however.

HARRISON

One of the things that I shall go for is the Eccentric's Corner. As you know, the British are fond of breeding eccentric people and at the exhibition we have an Eccentric Corner.

AD LIB: Story on waving machine.

PALMER

But the true attraction of the Festival ~~is~~ ^{OF} Britain is its exhibition of British actors, singers, and painters at their very best, and if you care for ^{THE} theatre and want to see it acted at its best, you can see the most wonderful Shakespeare productions at Stratford, the place where he was born. ^{AND} There are also the most wonderful musical and theatre performances in London and Edinburgh.

HARRISON

By the way, the music is performed in the new concert hall especially built for this Festival and, ~~concert hall~~ it seems, particularly to annoy Britain's leading conductors. Sir Thomas Beecham has already gone to print to say that certainly it is the ugliest thing he has seen from the outside ^{THAT} and he had no intention of going inside. However, [^] the acoustics ~~are~~ are said to be of a special nature. They are ~~designed~~ designed to show up every impurity in the orchestra so that if the oboe squeaks ever so slightly, it will cause hundreds of passionate music lovers to leave the hall in disgust.

PALMER

You will also be able to get a special drink there--
Ancient Mead. If you ever read about the doings of
the stalwart ancient Britains they seemed to have
gotten all the go they had in them--and they had
plenty--from the thing called Mead brewed from honey
and herbs.

HARRISON

I am going to try some Mead and see what it does
to me.

To finish up with, here is the King of England's
voice speaking at the opening of the Festival and
telling us what it stands for:

"This Festival of Britain has been planned, like its
great predecessor, as a visible sign of national
achievement and confidence. I see this Festival as
a symbol of Britain's abiding courage and vitality-".

PALMER

Well, you will soon be there to drink your Mead in
June.

HARRISON

O to be in England ~~in~~ June. Oh, that was April
wasn't it?

PALMER

You mean the Browning poem. Yes, that was April but
June ~~is~~^{WILL} be good too. Robert Browning must have
written that at the time of the first exhibition.
I found there are a few lines that go on after that
and they are rather nice...

"O To be in England

Now that April's there,

And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England--now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossom'd pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops--at the bent spray's edge--
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
-Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

LEAD INTO COMMERCIAL

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19 acres.



Sparrows
Duke of Wellington
SHOWS PRINT

-3-

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~~Glass:~~

Also: Patent ventilating hats. The principle of ventilating these hats being to admit the air through a series of channels cut in thin cork, which is fastened to the leather lining, and a valve fixed in the top of the crown, which may be opened, and shut at pleasure to allow the perspiration to escape.

(2)

Cuffs, hand-spun and knitted from the wool of French poodle dogs -

And this appeals to me particularly -

~~Particular fun must have been~~
3)

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Punching rays
~~Run~~ out and getting
an echo off the
moon which reacts
on a cathode tube giving
what is technically
known as a blip - In fact exactly
like this infernal
machine - Television

Optional

Optional

PALMER

You will also be able to get a special drink there-- Ancient Mead. If you ever read about the doings of the stalwart ancient Britains they seemed to have gotten all the go they had in them--and they had plenty--from the thing called Mead brewed from honey and herbs.

HARRISON

I am going to try some Mead and see what it does to me.

To finish up with, here is the King of England's voice speaking at the opening of the Festival and telling us what it stands for:

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"O To be in England

Now that April's there,

The difference between 1851 & Today - 1851 was an industrial exhibition while the present event is a festival. The great difference between 1851 - present festival is that 1851 was mostly an industrial exhibition, whereas the present festival represents past achievements and present spirit.

And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England--now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossom'd pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops--at the bent spray's edge--
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Lest you should think he never could recapture
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And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
-Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

LEAD INTO COMMERCIAL

Count Rossi

Like Cavour, Count Theodor Rossi comes from Turin. His mission in life is to make the world a better place by providing it with wines, which he is most successful in doing, heading one of the biggest wine firms in the world, the Martini-Rossi concern that is supplying the world with most of its Vermouth and has given it Martinis.

Vermouth is a drink that has a 2000 years old family tree having been discovered before Christ. It is a wine spiced with herbs, and the ancient Greeks were probably the first to drink this kind of spiced wines.

The firm is owned by 4 Count Rossis, all cousins. Count Theodor Rossi is chairman of the board. His grandfather, who founded the firm, had 4 sons, they in turn very wisely had only 1 son each, thereby not disturbing the equilibrium and making administration of the firm much easier.

Count Rossi, apart from his activities as a businessman, is a keen sportsman, being one of the leading speedboatracers - he won the Detroit Gold Cup - an enthusiastic horseman, bobsleighrider and skier. He was Captain of the Italian Olympic Ski Team at Lake Placide in 1932.

He also is an inventor: Wines, glasses and - hats.

He has just invented a new cocktail ~~glass~~ glass, admirably suited for Vermouth. It is a square glass - in fact the first square glass on record.

Because of his love of mountaineering he started inventing hats. For glaciers and the snow he needs a hat with a very wide brim. The hats he got were very awkward to tuck away. He, therefore, invented a collapsible sun or snowhat (built on the principles of the opera hat) with a very wide firm brim, held in place by wiring. This ingenious contraption, baptised 'Flipflap' by Count Rossi can be folded so as to be put quite easily into a breastpocket.

(Count Rossi has wired to Italy for a Flipflap to present to you on the program - should it arrive in time. He thinks it will be a good thing as you are going to Italy, and so that there will be no difficulties about the size he has asked for 3)

Count Rossi owns a big castle in Tuscany and a boat. When on the boat he loves spearfishing, and he also loves to cook himself. "A man of the world must know how to cook" and he is an expert at it. He is best at making Ravioli, he says. It is an art. To do Ravioli properly for say 6 people will take you about 4 hours. He also experiments about in the kitchen to find out new preparations, new ways of making tasty dishes. He has just

worked out a new way of making veal with sweet Vermouth - a delicious dish, Count Rossi says, on which he is willing to stake his reputation.

He is a gourmet and a connoisseur of wines. As such he says that despite the huge quantities people used to eat at banquets in the olden days, eating habits have improved tremendously - a direct result of the discovery of America. For this momentous discovery has added to our diets such things as corn, stringbeans, peas, tomatoes - while to wines it has added: Ice. There are different qualities of ice, and the best ice in the world is in - America, also a fact that is little known, the coldest ice on earth! That is a result of American know-how, American refrigeration being much better than anywhere else.

His first impression of America, he said speaking as a connoisseur of wines, is that in 'the United States everything is on the rocks - except the finances' -

(to this Lilli might well add - 'and in Europe nothing is on the rocks - only the finances; and here you have the difference between America and Europe!')

There is, however, one American habit to which he objects strongly, and that is putting a lemon slice on top of a Martini. For generations, he says, wise men have diligently laboured to produce good Martinis - then first someone puts in an olive, that's all right because the olive is at the bottom of the glass, but then they put a lemon slice on top to draw all the flavour out of the Martini - by the time you lift the glass to your lips all the aroma has gone and you sip a concoction that shouldn't even be called a Martini.

By the way, Count Rossi, being the head of a big wine firm, you might like to introduce him and the whole subject with this little verse, which might be well suited:

'God made man,
Frail as a bubble;
God made love,
Love made trouble;
God made the vine;
Was it a sin
That man made wine
To drown trouble in?'

You might start the whole program by saying that you wanted to talk about Italy but it has narrowed down to Turin and to two Counts from Turin, one of whom has helped to create the Italian State, the other to make one of its choicest gifts famous all over the world: Camillo Benso di Cavour, the Unifier of Italy and Theo Rossi di Monterala, head of the biggest Vermouth firm in the world, the Martini-Rossi concern....

Brazil

Over the great portion of eastern South America, the immensity of Brazil beckons the adventurous as the most promising and one of the most amazing countries in the world today. Brazil is considerably larger than the United States, with a coastline of 4000 miles long and an interior still largely unexplored: The Green Hell of the Matto Grosso, one of the few regions of this earth of which hardly anything is known. Here the famous British explorer Colonel Fawcett disappeared in 1925, and ever since expeditions have tried to find out what has happened to him - much as Stanley searched after Livingstone. Fawcett was driven on by the belief that deep in the interior of the Amazon djungle there once existed a fabulous Lost City. Only recently yet another expedition has claimed to have conclusive proof that the Colonel was murdered by hostile Indians.

Brazil, it is believed has the largest population capacity in the world; its soil and raw materials could support 900 million people. Today it has a population of just under 50 million.

It was discovered as early as 1500 and after a time called Brazil because of the huge quantities of reddish dyewood which the Portuguese found there (brasa means live coal in Portuguese) Under a treaty between Spain and Portugal, concluded very wisely just before the discoveries got into full swing, the Portuguese were awarded all the land lying east of an imaginary line, running due North and South at about 1000 miles west of the Azores. Thus Brazil remained with Portugal and is today the only Portuguese speaking country on the South American Continent. It has another very prominent distinction: It is one of the few countries in the world that always has 'bloodless revolutions', somehow or other if things come to such a pitch that one party has to give way - it just does give way. It also is the only American country that has had a European royal family as rulers for some time, while independent. When Napoleon marched into Portugal the Braganzas fled to Brazil. In 1822 Brazil became independent and Dom Pedro I, son of the King of Portugal was proclaimed Emperor of Brazil. In 1831 his son Dom Pedro II followed him on the throne and remained Emperor until 1889, when in another of those famous bloodless revolutions Brazil became a Republic. Dom Pedro abdicated gracefully and remained an honoured and respected citizen for the rest of his life

Brazil has gone through quite a number of 'boons'. First there was the redwood boon, then there followed silver and gold discovery, then rubber, now it's coffee. Each boon led to another part of the huge country being settled. The most phantastic boon city is Manaus on the Amazon, 1200 miles from the coast and in the middle of the djungle. 50 years ago when the rubber boon

was in full swing, the town shot up. It was the richest city per capita in the world. It built the finest opera house in any Latin American country, it had the world's greatest virtuosi perform there- and champagne was bought in such quantities, that one millionaire when he had visitors, turned off the water in ~~his~~ the fountain of his entrance hall and substituted champagne. Today it is a provincial capital, but because of its geographical position still of some importance.

Rio de Janeiro

So called because it was discovered January 1, 1521; it is considered the most beautiful seaport in the world, with its famous Sugar Loaf, a rock of 1200 feet, many glorious beaches, of which the Copacabana has lend its name to many other institutions, and the hundreds of little islands in the Bay. Apart from its beauty ~~is~~ one of Rio's main attractions is its famous 'Carnaval' during the winter months. It is Brazil's main 'festa'. Celebrations begin right after Christmas with carnival balls and parades every Saturday and Sunday in ever increasing enthusiasm until the climax is reached on Shrove Tuesday. Nowhere in the world is it as dazzling and gay as in Rio. One of the most famous carnival songs is undoubtedly the 'samba'. One of the 'sights' of Rio is Petropolis, the summer capital, one hour from the city and high up in the mountains. It is called after Dom Pedro, who built his summer palace there, and because of the beauty of its garden like streets and avenues it is known as "The City of Flowers".

Rio is the only world capital that has to fight continually against nature. The encroaching jungle creeps cityward in a steady march that must be unremittingly stemmed. Great trees, countless flowers and thickly matted undergrowth surround this great metropolis on all sides and always seem to threaten to push ~~it~~ back into the Bay. On the other hand to stand on one of the peaks of the surrounding mountains and look down upon this luxuriant growth all around the sparkling city and the magnificent Bay in front of it, must be one of the most enchanting views that can be seen anywhere.

Mrs. Reggie Kiek

Mrs. Kiek is undoubtedly one of the most glamorous journalists about. Despite her looks and flowing blond hair, Mrs. Kiek has led an extremely adventurous life and ventured into regions where only few white people dared to go.

Her husband, incidentally, is a journalist, too. I think 'journalist couples' are comparatively rare.

Mrs. Kiek was born in Bossum, just outside Amsterdam, and her ambition in early childhood was to be a boy until she is 36, and then become a girl. This ambition remained with her until she was 16 and was due to a brother, 10 years older than she, and to his friends. Under his guidance she grew up to be a tomboy; at an early age she went hunting, mostly rabbit shooting, and fishing, and sometimes disappeared for a day or longer. Her great pleasure at that time - she was about 12 - was to find a spot frequented by poachers in order to poach on the poachers.

Her ancestors were all peaceful citizens, as far as she knows, and the reason for her adventurous life, she says, is the fact that she was the only girl in her brother's crowd. They always played 'cowboys and Indians'.... "I was the squaw who was tied to a stake and got clubbed over the head - and they really clubbed me. When I grew up I decided to take my revenge on that passive life."

When war broke out, she came to London and enlisted in Civil Defence. During the height of the blitz she was driving ambulances in London and also did rescue work. Neither in England, nor later in Indonesia, so she says, did anything ever happen to her. 'Nobody ever shot at me, only a firebomb exploded in my face once.'

During the war she also met Queen Wilhelmina quite often, and she knows several anecdotes of that formidable lady. The only, however, Mrs. Kiek remembered when I saw her, was one where the Queen received a few Dutch people, who had just escaped from Holland. The Queen invited them to tea and while her guests told their story, started pouring the tea. So engrossed did the Queen become in the adventures of her subjects that she forgot she was holding the teapot and kept merrily pouring on - by that time the tea was spilling over and pouring into the lap and on the dress of the woman sitting next to her. Nobody dared to tell the Queen, who went on until the pot was empty - then she was horrified.

Mrs.Kiek promised to try and think of some better ones by Tuesday.

Mrs. Kiek was the first Dutch - or indeed white - woman to venture into the Indonesian Interior in 1945. At that time she was writing for the Daily Mail and attached to the British Forces, who refused to accept any responsibility when she insisted on going on into the Interior. Her explanation why she wanted to go was, she wanted to get a good story.

That was in Java, but she also went to Sumatra and Borneo, ahead of everyone else.

She had married Robert Kiek, a Dutch journalist, in London, and he also was in Indonesia. Despite the dangers they had a pleasant surprise in Sumatra, where they went together. When they landed the local paper printed proudly in their version of English: "Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kiek who are both married together..."

'A very picturesque phrase' said Mrs.Kiek 'we were delighted, for this was the first time that we had been officially acknowledged as husband and wife. A most unfortunate thing had happened in London. The day after we were married our marriage certificate was bombed - it can lead to awful implications."

As for the rest of their trip through Sumatra, they were not allowed to speak Dutch, as Dutch citizens had been forbidden to enter. The natives were hostile but nothing happened. However, they had that unpleasant feeling that they were constantly being followed and that only a spark was required to set off an explosion. Nevertheless, on their return to Batavia, the Kieks disdained to live in the overcrowded Allied quarter of the town and, though it was a rather dangerous thing for Europeans to venture alone into the Asiatic part of town, took a house in the Indonesian part - once again the only Europeans. Times were so turbulent that an electrified wire had been fixed around the house.... "Not by us," Mrs.Kiek hastened to exclaim, "but by a Chinese who lived there before us. As a matter of fact I had the thing disconnected - after getting constantly shocks myself."

While in Batavia and while her husband was away on another assignment, Mrs.Kiek suddenly learnt that a small British warship was leaving on an official mission. No other correspondent was about, so Mrs.Kiek went along. It caused a minor sensation, for no woman had ever been allowed aboard a British warship about to sail under orders. A thin rope ladder was hanging down from the ship. Climbing up the ladder, she says, was like running the gauntlet. Dockers stared and Jacktars leaned overboard and 'she was piped aboard with wolf whistles.'

When the captain had recovered from the shock of seeing a woman - he had expected a correspondent! - he courteously offered her his cabin. Unlike Marguerite Higgins, Mrs.Kiek sees no point in having to share the men's hardships if she hasn't got to. "Of course, I accepted the cabin, " she said " it is much more comfortable." By that time, however, the Squadron commander had heard that a woman was aboard one of his ships and sent command to get her off at once.

Mrs. Kiek's captain got knowledge of the order before it reached him - he forthwith put to sea. He knew the ship wouldn't be ordered back if once outside the harbour. When they returned, the Squadron Commander was waiting as the ship docked. Though Mrs. Kiek was with the rest of the officers he ignored her completely. "But I had my story," Mrs. Kiek commented.

There is one story about Holland, Mrs. Kiek would like to clear up once and for all. "In America," she says, "a touching story is told of a little boy, Hans Brinker, aged around 7 or 8, who at one time of our history saved Holland from disaster. As you know most of Holland lies beneath sea level. Well, one of the most important dykes was about to break; a hole had been knocked into it already. But Hans Brinker, the brave little boy, put his finger into the hole - and thus saved Holland. That's the story. Of course, it never took place and everyone in Holland knows it - but because of the tourist trade and because every tourist asks after Hans Brinker, the Government has now officially put up a 'Statue to the little boy who saved Holland' - you can see we do cater for our guests!"

The Kieks, who have been back to Holland several times, arrived in the U.S. 3 years ago and will probably make America their home.

-

A few notes on Holland

Holland, the Low Lands, because of its position below sealevel, is protected by the most ingenious system of dykes ever worked out. For this reason Dutch drainage engineers have been sought after for centuries as the absolute masters at their craft. In this century the tremendous job of 'reclaiming' the Zuider Zee has been undertaken and is almost completed. Farm after farm is springing up on what was once an inland lake.

The dykes are not only Holland's protection against the water, they also for many hundred years, served as the Netherland's best defences. In the wars against Spain, in the wars against France, the Dutch opened their dykes and flooded their fields - and defeated the invaders. This system they hoped would also protect them against the Germans, but dykes and water are no defence against modern arms. The Germans, however, in a fit of madness during the last months of the war, opened the dykes and sat vast stretches under water, while at the same time systematically wrecking installations, railways and anything they could lay their hands on.

The Dutch have done one of the most amazing reconstruction jobs. Their country, right after the war, was one of the most devastated - today it is one of the most beautifully rebuilt places. Some of its towns were more thoroughly destroyed than even Berlin. I remember driving towards Rotterdam - there was a fringe of houses in the distance, which I took to be the outskirts of the town. We were driving through meadows at the time. I asked my friend when we would get to Rotterdam. "We are driving through the centre of Rotterdam now," was his reply. Of all the destruction I have seen, none was more horrible than to see actual meadows, where four years before there had been the centre of a thriving town - even ruins are better.

Holland is a painter's paradise - and always has been. The moment one steps ashore in Holland, one feels it, and even people who can't draw, have an urge to take a sketchbook. It is that enchanting atmosphere - the incredibly tidy, clean country, the dykes and little rivers, the fields and meadows - and everywhere in the distance the windmills. And in the winter you see people skating alongside the dykes and despite the flatness of the country, and the white snowblanket covering it, it is a colourful, delightful picture. When one has been in Holland one understands why this little country should have produced so many great painters. The Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam is one of the world's great, with its prize picture, Rembrandt's huge 'Nightwatch'.

Holland today is known as a little country, but at one period, at the time of Cromwell, it was a close rival of England, and it was touch and go who would rule the seas. At that time the Dutch Empire in Indonesia came into existence, as did the Dutch settlements in the Americas and in South Africa, the Boers.

Holland's greatest contribution to our cultural life today, is its architecture. The modern Dutch style has greatly influenced

architecture all over the world. The Stratford-on-Avon Theatre, for example, is modelled after the Utrecht Theatre.

Dutch modern architecture is not ultra modern, but very pleasingly modern, trying to combine the greatest modern conveniences with the best possible taste and above all comfort.

(I have obtained pictures, showing various examples of this Dutch architecture, as well as of old Dutch houses by way of contrast. I also got pictures showing how devastated Holland looked right after the war, and how beautifully it has been rebuilt - just in case we need them.)

January 21, 1951.

Dear Chuck---

Here is the material Manziarly gave me, including a couple of anecdotes I thought of on my own. I broke the whole thing down in dialogue-- not being sure how you wanted it, and I hope it meets with your approval.

By the way, Mr. Reader, the man who is working with Manziarly and who will be at the meeting Tuesday wanted to see this rough draft of the material. Is it all right for me to give it to him? I shall check with you on this Monday morning.

All the best,

PALMER

Hello! Tonight, as I promised you, I am going to talk to you about France. I have invited Monsieur Alexandre de Manziarly to be with us and, for a very special reason, speak to you about Paris. Monsieur de Manziarly, or Sacha, as he is known to his friends, is the Director of the French Government Tourist Office for the United States and Canada, after having been French Consul General in Los Angeles for many years. He lost his leg at the age of 18 during the first World War, he has lived in China for many years and from 1930 to 1937 in Geneva where he was connected with the League of Nations. At the start of World War II he was with the Ministry of Information in Paris and, after the fall of France, joined the Free French and became head of their Military Office in New York. From there he went to Los Angeles as Consul and later Consul General.

Now Sacha, tell us about Paris! I understand that Paris is celebrating her 2000th anniversary this year-- is that correct?

Manziarly

It is. Except of course that-- as ^{most} every woman-- she cheats a little about her age. Caesar mentions her first in the year 53 B.C., when he speaks of the 8000 Parisii who followed his

summons together with other Gallic tribes.
At that time Paris was called Lutetia, ~~though~~.

PALMER

And doesn't Paris still look wonderful-- at
her age! I was there last year FOLLOWS LILLI'S
OWN STORIES ABOUT PARIS INCLUDING ANECDOTE OF
HENRI IV "PARIS VAUT BIEN UNE MESSE!"
How is she going to celebrate her birthday?

MANZIARLY

The official program lasts from April to Sep-
tember. It's not going to be a gala affair for
just a few people, but a huge celebration for
everybody to join in. We shall begin, for instance
with a procession from every quartier...

PALMER

There are 20 quartiers-- or section of Paris
~~sections of the city, each of these sections of Paris~~
aren't they? *Here?*

MANZIARLY

Yes. Those delegation^{the} will meet in/City Hall.
A week later, we shall have a luncheon for 2000
elderly men and women with an enormous birthday
cake with 2000 candles and served by 2000 school
children... We shall have a contest of flower ~~in~~
decorated balconies--

PALMER

In all the streets of Paris? Are there that many
flowers? Since every apt, in Paris has its own
balcony...

MANZIARLY

I have worried about this too! But I suppose they'll

MANZIARLY (CONT.)

manage.

PALMER

What are the different quartiers going to do?

MANZIARLY

There will be parties at Montparnasse, where famous artists will open their workrooms to the public. A costume ball in the streets-- a Rabelaisian Fair at the Halles-- the market of Paris--

PALMER

You mean what they call le ventre de Paris, the tummy of Paris?

MANZIARLY

Yes. One of the climaxes of the celebration will be a concert for 10 000 people-- in the illuminated courtyard of the Louvre.

PALMER

At the Louvre! I know that it's the largest ~~palace~~ ^{palace} in the world-- I've always ~~been~~ ^{been} sorry for ~~the~~ ^{the} poor French Kings who had to eat their food cold because the distance between kitchen and dining rooms was just too big-- but has it ever accomodated such a big audience?

MANZIARLY

No, it hasn't. In fact, never before has the courtyard been used for a concert.

PALMER

What are they going to play?

MANZIARLY

They'll open with the trumpet music composed by Lully for the coronation of Louis XIV. And then they'll play the Symphonie Fantastique by Berlioz.

PALMER

Louis XIV-- Le Roi Soleil... Napoleon, the Middle Ages-- all the way back to Julius Caesar. What a history Paris has had!

MANZIARLY

Well, this is one of the reasons why we are going straight ahead with our plans for the Bi-Millenary, in spite of world conditions. The American Government has officially come out in favor of traveling, because it is an integral part of European rehabilitation and-- the understanding between peoples. In fact, the 18 countries of the Marshal Plan have gotten together for the first time in history and are preparing their propaganda for tourism not against each other but in complete understanding and unity.

PALMER

I also think it is good to sit back and reflect on what a city like Paris has gone through in those 2000 years of her existence. She was assieged and has reigned the world-- she was happy and she was desperate and all these periods have left

PALMER (CONT)
their marks but-- she survived!

MANZIARLY

The official ending of festivities will give us an idea of ~~the~~ today and of the past-- there will be a night party of "Boats of Yesterday and Today" on the Seine-- and I think one of the best ways to see Paris on her birthday will be from the Seine-- from one of the so-called fly boats...

PALMER

Et la Seine colule coule--

SONG

NEWS

from the **FRENCH NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE** in North America
A Service Agency of the French Ministry of Public Works, Transportation and Tourism

610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y. • Circle 5-8465

NORMAN READER, *Public Information Director*

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

DE MANZIARLY, FRENCH CONSUL GENERAL, TO HEAD FRENCH NATIONAL TOURIST
OFFICE IN NORTH AMERICA

Alexandre de Manziarly, veteran of World Wars I and II and French Consul General in Los Angeles, will become Agent General of the French ^{Government} ~~National~~ Tourist Office in North America on May 1 according to an announcement made today in Paris by Mr. Henry Ingrand, French Commissioner General for Tourism.

Mr. de Manziarly will succeed Philippe de Croisset who has been Agent General of the French National Tourist Office since July 1946 and who on May 1 joins the Conde Nast publications as European assistant to the president.

at
ie
Mr. de Manziarly's business and Army career includes service as an artillery officer with the French Army in 1916 during which time he was wounded and suffered amputation of his right leg. At the start of World War II he served with the French Ministry of Information and following the fall of France joined the De Gaulle forces as head of the French Military Office in New York. He continued in the latter post until 1945.

Between World Wars I and II, Mr. de Manziarly was a member of several industrial firms in France, served with the Banque de l'Indochine in China, and from 1930 to 1937 was connected with the League of Nations in Geneva. In February 1946 Mr. de Manziarly was appointed French Consul in Los Angeles and Consul General of France on January 1, 1949.

Mr. de Manziarly, who is unmarried, wears among his decorations the French Croix de Guerre and is an officer in the Order of the Legion of Honor. In his new post as Agent General of the French National Tourist Office in North America, Mr. de Manziarly will retain his rank of Consul General.

71 years
Friedrich Krieger
League of Nat.
Secretary

Head of French

Chief of Staff

War of 1914-1918

46th Division

rehabilitation

French Army

Corps

General de Gaulle was an officer in the Order of the Legion of Honor. In his own right as a General of the French National Tourist Office in North America, the de Gaulle will retain his rank of General.

FRENCH GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE
610 Fifth Avenue
New York 20, N. Y.
Circle 5-8465
NORMAN READER, Public Information Director

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Plans for the celebration of the 2000th birthday of Paris in 1951 were revealed to the press today by Jules Romains, celebrated French novelist and an "immortal" of the Academie Francaise, who is president of the Paris Bi-Millenary Committee.

Jules Romains, an honorary associate member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters in America, is the author of the 27-volume novel "Men of Good Will" as well as "Death of a Nobody," "Salsette Discovers America," and several plays including "Knock."

Speaking of the significance of the year-long festival at the headquarters of the French Cultural Service, 934 Fifth Avenue, Mr. Romains pointed out the spiritual and cultural inspiration of Paris to the entire world.

"Paris invites all America," he said, "to her 2000th Birthday as a huge family celebration and as a ceremony fraught with moral significance. We want these festivities to be brilliant and a source of pleasure. But this pleasure will have a good conscience."

Remarking that the Korean war had caused some hesitation in their plans, Romains said, "We soon realized that not to go ahead would seem to mean our free world was going into mourning. Quite the contrary! But we did tell our government we preferred less financial aid to celebrate our civilization in order that they might do a little more to save it!

MORE

"But economy will not lead to austerity, you may be sure. Paris will more than make up for it in gayety and charm.

"If we have erred in the date," he continued, "we have done it on the safe side. It was more than 2000 years ago, even, that Julius Caesar summoned the Gallic tribes to Paris, then called Lutetia, in 53 B.C. And even then Lutetia was a city capable of arming 8000 men!"

Mr. Romain was followed by Jean Marin, a member of the Council of Paris, and vice president of the birthday committee. He outlined an impressive and varied program for Paris' year-long birthday, which includes the following events:

Dec. 31, 1950

Launching of the 2000th birthday celebration. Ceremony at the City Hall linked with the arrival of the millionth passenger coming to Paris by air, thus establishing Paris' position in the era of aviation.

April 1951

First Sunday
(tentatively)

Converging on the City Hall from each of the arrondissements of Paris of 20 inaugural processions composed of officials, trade representatives and citizens.

Second Sunday
(tentatively)

Luncheon with 2000 birthday candles served to 2000 old men and women by school children of Paris.

Later in April

Ceremony at the Sorbonne with the entire University of Paris, the French Academy and the four other "classes" of the Institute of France.

End of April

Gala festival of Parisian songs of all times. Maurice Chevalier will sing for the first time the birthday song of the Bi-Millenary.

MORE

May 1951

- Early May Contest of flower decorated balconies and windows in all the streets of Paris,
- First half of May Concerts of church music through the centuries at the Ste. Chapelle. The famous stained glass windows will be illuminated from the exterior to show their brilliant colorings to the audience inside.
- Second half of May Paris students week.
- May 15 - June 15 Revival of the medieval fair of St. Germain in the famous quartier of St. Germain des Pres.
- May 31 Concert in the illuminated courtyard of the Louvre for a seated audience of 10,000. The Symphonie Fantastique of Berlioz will be played as well as trumpet music composed by Lulli for the coronation of Louis XIV.

June 1951

- June 4 - 8 Week of historic pageants in the Place Vendome.
- Early in June Night illumination of St. Cloud with water festivals.
- June 8 - 11 Week of Montparnasse organized by painters, with the workrooms of celebrated painters and sculptors open to the public.
- June 10 Rabelais Fair in the Halles, famous Paris market, with exhibition of foods, provincial customs, games and gastronomic dinner.
- June 15 Victor Hugo night.
- June 20 Night bicycle race in the streets of Paris from midnight to 3 A.M.

MORE

Late in June Climax in honor of Moliere of the special season of the Comedie Francaise.

July 1951

Early in July Artists' costume ball in Montparnasse.

July 8 Paris birthday. Homage to Paris by the French provinces, the whole French Union and capital cities of the world. This date has been chosen as the actual birthday itself and it is hoped that all the large cities of the world will associate themselves in the celebration of this date.

August 1951

Series of celebrations in the chateaux belt of Paris: Versailles, Fontainebleau, Chantilly, Compiègne, Rambouillet and the Abbaye of Royaumont.

September 1951

Sept. 25

"Boats of Yesterday and Today," a night water festival on the Seine during the Annual Boat Show.

Also, during all these months:

Trips on the Seine in the Bateaux Mouches will be organized to witness the various illuminations, celebrations and festivities.

Many important exhibitions concerning the life and growth of Paris will be on display in the various museums.

Theatres will have special attractions and at least one film will be produced especially for the occasion.

Horse racing with special night events.

A visit of three months in Paris will be offered as the prize to the winner of a contest among foreign students for the best essay on the Bi-Millenary.

PROPOSED PROGRAM OF THE PARIS BIMILLENARY CELEBRATION

DECEMBER 31, 1950

Launching of the Paris Bimillenary year. The occasion will be furnished by the arrival in Paris of the millionth airplane passenger. The theme of the launching will in fact be carried out in a very original ceremony, the details of which I unfortunately cannot furnish you with at this time (those organizing the ceremony wishing to keep their plans secret up to the last moment), but which will serve to place Paris in the Age of Aviation.

APRIL 1951

1. First Sunday in April - Opening of the celebration. Twenty groups of officials as well as representatives of the various trades and commercial enterprises of each of the twenty arrondissements or boroughs of Paris will leave simultaneously in procession from their respective borough halls, and will converge towards the Seine, meeting finally at the Paris City Hall.
2. Second Sunday in April - The two thousandth anniversary of Paris will be celebrated by a giant banquet to which will be invited 2000 elderly men and women of Paris. The meal will be served by Paris school children and will end with the cutting of an immense birthday cake decorated by 2000 candles.
3. Some time during the month of April, a very solemn ceremony will be held at the Sorbonne. The professors and students of the University of Paris, in the presence of the French Academy and the four other academies making up the Institute of France, will pay homage to Paris.
4. Another activity of the month of April will be a Parisian Song Festival illustrating the history of the Paris song, in which the most famous singers and librettists of Paris will participate. In line with this, I must tell you that the Paris Bimillenary will have its own song which Maurice Chevalier has been asked, and has agreed, to compose. Upon our return to Paris, Mr. Romain and I will hear the song, after which it will be released for performance.

MAY 1951

1. Throughout the month of May, balconies in all parts of the Capital will be covered with flowers, as Parisians from Montmartre to Montparnasse, from Neuilly to Vincennes, participate in a flowered-balcony competition. This event will be the crowning bouquet, so to speak, of the anniversary celebration.
2. Concerts of sacred music from its beginnings up to our times are also scheduled for May. Both ancient and modern instruments will be featured in these concerts which are to be held at the Ste Chapelle, a church built by St. Louis (King Louis IX) in the 13th century. Constructed almost entirely of high stained glass windows, the chapel will be illuminated from the exterior, creating the effect inside of brilliant sunlight diffused through the multi-colored panes.

3. Student week - Beginning May 15 and lasting for one month, one of the most famous medieval fairs of Paris - the St. Germain Fair - will be re-created. The fair will be held in the St. Germain des Prés district, a district famous these days for other reasons than its medieval prominence!

4. May 31 - For the first time in the history of Paris the great square court of the Louvre will be transformed into an outdoor concert hall seating 10,000 people. The concert will open with the trumpet calls composed by Lully for the coronation of King Louis XIV. Following this, two of Paris' greatest symphony orchestras, under the direction of one of the most prominent French conductors, will perform the Symphonie Fantastique of Berlioz. Throughout the concert, the court and the exterior of the Louvre will be lighted by powerful spotlights furnished by the French Navy.

JUNE 1951

1. June 1-8 - a week devoted to the history of the Place Vendome, the center of Paris elegance.

2. June 8-11 - Montparnasse Week. This quarter of Paris, dear to painters and sculptors, will be presented with a historical decoration recalling the principal periods of its fame. The young artists of present-day Montparnasse will act as guides through the studios of the famous painters and sculptors who have worked there.

Around this same date, an after-dark festival will be held on the lagoons of the park at St. Cloud.

3. June 10 - Rabelais Night. A grand affair to be held at the Halles, which, as you know, is the great central market of Paris. Food products from the environs of Paris and all the French provinces, which have made French cooking and wines famous, will be on display at the Halles. In the midst of these displays, spectacles like those given in the medieval theatre will be reproduced - jugglers, buffoons, troubadours etc. Delegations from all the French provinces, dressed in their local costumes, will participate in a parade, and a dinner will be served featuring all the specialties of the Halles - onion soup, broiled meats, pork sausages, cheeses from all parts of France, etc.

4. June 15-16 - Victor Hugo night.

5. June 20 - The great champion bicyclists of the world will participate in a 120 kilometer race which will take them past each of the twenty borough halls of Paris to the finish line in front of the Paris City Hall.

At the same time, folk festivals will be held in all parts of Paris.

6. The month of June will also witness, in an "Apotheosis of Molière", the culminating point of the special series of theatre programs prepared by the Comédie Française for the Bimillenary celebration.

7. Throughout the month, each of the centers of the Paris luxury industries will have its own particular week.

JULY 1951

1. At the beginning of July a night will be devoted to the artists of Montparnasse, the highlight of which will be a costume ball.
2. July 8 has been designated as the actual two-thousandth birthday of the city of Paris. It will be observed by a grand carnival whose theme will be "Homage to Paris from the French provinces, the French Union, and the capitals of the world". It is hoped that delegations from the French provinces as well as from foreign countries will attend, dressed in their native costumes.

AUGUST 1951

Ceremonies will be held in all the famous chateaux situated at a short distance from Paris - Versailles, Fontainebleau, Compiègne, Rambouillet, and the Abbey of Royaumont.

SEPTEMBER 1951

1. September 25 - An after-dark festival on the Seine carrying out the theme "Boats of Yesterday and Today".
2. It is probable that the month of September will also be marked by the participation in the Bimillenary celebrations of the Paris high fashion industry.

While all these various festivities are taking place, Paris will have prepared a special welcome for its visitors. A particular effort is being made in regard to exhibits, a number of which are now in the planning stage. I cannot as yet present you with a detailed program, but the following are the principal themes being considered:

- a) What the arts, letters, sciences and crafts owe to Paris.
- b) Urbanism in Paris over the centuries - how Paris was born, how it has developed, and how it will develop.
- c) The history of costumes.
- d) Paris as seen through the eyes of painters.
- e) Paris' identification papers - an exhibit of official or private documents which owe their being to the existence of the city of Paris.

In addition to these exhibits, and for the first time in the tourist history of the Capital, I believe, guided tours will be organized which will permit visitors to acquire in a few hours a chronological picture of the growth and development of Paris throughout the centuries of its existence. Starting out, for example, at the Roman arenas of Lutetia, which are found at the corner of St. Germain and St. Michel Boulevards, the sightseer would arrive at the Palais

de Chaillot, after having seen sections of the city which bear the imprint of the reigns of Philippe Auguste, Louis XIII, Louis XIV, Louis Philippe and so on.

The tours are to be conducted by guides trained at the Ecole du Louvre, and their explanatory remarks will be simultaneously translated into all the principal languages of the world.

I might add that in addition to these various activities, all Paris schools, from the primary through the higher levels, will conduct essay contests on the theme "Paris at 2000 Years". Similar contests will be held in the technical colleges, where students will compete in the production of fine handicraft articles with which to pay homage to their city.

In addition, the French Government is planning to sponsor an essay contest on Paris in foreign universities, offering as the prize a three-month trip to Paris.

And there, Ladies and Gentlemen, you have the broad outlines of the program which is being organized to celebrate the bimillenary of Paris. When all is said and done, the festivities really add up to one immense birthday party, a family celebration, a celebration among friends. I hope that Americans will come in large numbers to our birthday party, where among all the guests a special place has already been reserved for them. It is a place which is due those who, some six or seven years ago, did so much to prevent the grand old lady, Paris, from falling into that state in which she would never have had the possibility of reaching and celebrating her two-thousandth birthday.

①

The LILLI PALMER Show #/ 6

Guest: Miss Alexandra Orme

LILLI sings "Auf Wiedersehen"

titles

HAVE PLASTER BUST
OF CHOPIN ABOUT
ONE FOOT HIGH.

LILLI welcomes audience

then goes on to say that today she is going to talk about one of Europe's great countries, at one time fiercely proud, colorful and fascinating and the leader of Europe in the life and death struggle against the Mohammedans: Poland -

and she is also going to tell them about a young girl who single handed baptised a whole nation

bring them a poem by Poland's most famous poet

and introduce them to a Polish lady, who only recently escaped to America after writing a best seller in the pages of her cookery book.

LILLI goes on to say that to us Poland means usually Chopin, Paderewski, Madame Curie or Henryk Sienkewicz and Quo Vadis

(she says a few words about what impression Quo Vadis made on her when she first read it)

but in Poland, a romantic and poetic nation, a woman holds the place of honor and of love, one of the great women of all time: Queen Jadwiga.

She was born 600 years ago, and as a young woman- she died when she was 26- was a majestic looking person, a little corpulent, with long dark tresses- but the most remarkable feature about her was the expression of sadness she always had - a sadness which endeared her to the heart of every Pole, for she had given up her love to make Poland

happy.

She became Queen when she was not yet 13 and only a year later she was faced with a choice that changed the destiny of her country -

The 38 year old King of Lithuania, who was described by the minstrels at her Court as a 'hairy barbarian', threatened Poland with his heathen troops.

Only marriage with Jadwiga would stop the threat - but the young girl was in love with a young Austrian prince, William of Hapsburg, to whom she was engaged.

Hearing of the danger William joined her, and learning that the Lithuanian King was marching on Cracow, then the capital of Poland, the two lovers decided to escape.

At night, -William was waiting at a Convent for her- Jadwiga crept down the backstairs of her palace, came to the door -and found guards. They refused to let her through, but the girlqueen was resolute; she seized an axe and started to split open the door.

In this moment an old friend of her father's rushed to her side, fell on his kneed and implored her for the sake of Poland to give up her love and marry the Lithuanian.

In the end she agreed.

The next morning she went to the Cathedral alone, where she remained all day in desperate prayer - and even today there can be found an inscription there: "Here knelt Jadwiga"

Jadwiga married the 'hairy barbarian', whom she converted to Christianity, and soon afterwards, Jadwiga still in her teens, in an impressive ceremony at Wilna in deep winter, converted all Lithuania to Christianity.

Poland at that time was threatened by many enemies and disrupted by warring factions. Within a few years, the young Queen, riding at the head of her troops, defeated all enemies and united Poland.

Shortly before her death, she gave away her

Antworte: Hypothesen =
Schauer, ()
(Prägnanz)

jewels to found Cracow University, the second oldest European University.

(FOR OTHER STORIES, SEE NOTES ATTACHED)

LILLI continues that now she would like to bring them a poem by Adam Mickiewicz, who lived a hundred years ago and has become Poland's national poet. Like many patriotic Poles, and his contemporary Chopin, he was forced to flee after an unsuccessful revolt against the Russians, and went to Paris, like so many other exiles, where he lived almost till his death:

Poem

LILLI then goes on to say, a few months ago there was a book published that caused quite a sensation here; it was called 'Comes the Comrade' and is a rather humorous account of the advance of the Russian troops through Poland and Hungary. However, there were certain difficulties in writing the book - the Russians might not like it, so it was camouflaged as a cookery book-

LILLI joins MISS ORME

Conversation between LILLI and MISS ORME on how MISS ORME came to write the book and why she chose a cookery book. MISS ORME explains that apart from camouflage it was the only paper available and while she wrote amongst the cooking recipes, Russian soldiers occasionally used to come in, borrow the book, and tear out pages to write love letters- One of those letters is still in the book.

MISS ORME shows LILLI the Viennese cookery book, in which all this is written, including the Russian love letter

MISS ORME then talks about the gayness of

Euripi. Dichter der Griech
Kaufkärer. Alkestis
Troerinnen. Medea. Iph. auf Tauris
Weist myth. Nach
Sellen Geschichte. (Hsch,
Perseus, Freih. Kampf
d. Griech. 480)

Romische Ails mythen
Ails male Leben

488/7 erste Rom. 5
Dichter je 1 Stück
Cicero's siegte 87
Aristoph. polit Alleg.

Warsaw before the war and how dreadful it now looks -

'as if you stood on the other side of the 57th Street bridge and looking across to Manhattan could see both rivers, and a flat island, where today there are skyscrapers'

MISS ORME explains how she escaped from Hungary, where she then lived. She went to the Polish authorities and said she wanted to be repatriated. She received papers which entitled her to travel in Russian occupied territory only.

Aboard a bus in incredible conditions, she reached the Russian Zone of Vienna, and slipped across.

She also says she had great difficulty in smuggling her 'cookery book' out of Budapest. Finally a friend of hers introduced her to the English conductor Stamford Robinson, then visiting Hungary, who without much fuss agreed to take the book.

LILLI asks her whether she is writing a new book and MISS ORME talks about 'Vodka with tears', and goes on to say that she illustrates all her own books, that she started off in Poland by writing and illustrating fairy tales, and that she even illustrated the Hungarian de luxe edition of Omar Khayam -

LILLI and MISS ORME exchange confidences on the art of drawing and sketching

then LILLI leads over to Angelface

commercial

LILLI speaks about next week's program

'Auf Wiedersehen'

credits.

Frügl. v. ausser, bei. Solche vor. Neben
wählbarster völkischer Sied. so gut es nicht beschreiben
!!

Pericles 444-429
(395 an
Astrom
Sp.)
Byza. Reich
erobert 1204
Erob. der Türken
1461
für 400 Jahre
27 BC Alcibiades (gr. Provocat)
Theater Sp. 2:71

Welle. 3 Dichtungen + Stücke
(Tetralogie: 3 Tragoedien + 1 Satyrspiel)
Ephen vorant,

Euripi: führt Probe ein um
Voreich. der Handl. zu
erklären.

Aeschylus
Sophocles leidvolle Problematis
Eurip. Philosoph der Bühne

Dionysus ^{giving} religious character ~~to~~ ^{to} provide ~~the~~ ^{the} state
 of the amusement ~~and~~ ^{and} of the
 people was one of the ~~main~~ ^{main} ~~features~~ ^{features}
 of the ~~ancient~~ ^{ancient} ~~greek~~ ^{greek} ~~civilization~~ ^{civilization}.
 Great of it, 20000 people. Few books
 equip. to book + magazine + newspaper +
 cinema + radio etc.
 Only during annual festival of Dionysus
 they had ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~whole~~ ^{whole} city
 holiday - no laws - courts ~~closed~~ ^{closed}
 released etc. Tragedy + comedy from
 noon to night. Chief seats for priests
 reading tragic poets most profound
 influence on people - teachers
 writing considered author on questions
 of science or morality. The ~~ancient~~ ^{ancient} ~~greek~~ ^{greek} ~~tragedy~~ ^{tragedy}
~~introduced~~ ^{introduced} Euripides. Thespis is said to have
 introduced ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~tragedy~~ ^{tragedy}
 Aeschylus introduced ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~tragedy~~ ^{tragedy} ~~to~~ ^{to} make
 people worthy of the ~~colossal~~ ^{colossal} ~~being~~ ^{being}
 they represent. Lack of social position - ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~higher~~ ^{higher} ~~etc~~ ^{etc} ~~acc~~ ^{acc} ~~frequency~~ ^{frequency} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~tragedy~~ ^{tragedy} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~comedy~~ ^{comedy}
 with ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~help~~ ^{help} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~mechanical~~ ^{mechanical} ~~crane~~ ^{crane} ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~pulley~~ ^{pulley} ~~attached~~ ^{attached} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~stage~~ ^{stage} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~disappear~~ ^{disappear}
 Theatre of Athens on site of the ~~old~~ ^{old} ~~theatre~~ ^{theatre} ~~which~~ ^{which} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~built~~ ^{built} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~532~~ ⁵³² ~~BC~~ ^{BC}
 Tragedy from 'goats' (tragos) ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~word~~ ^{word} ~~tragedy~~ ^{tragedy} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~derived~~ ^{derived} ~~from~~ ^{from} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~word~~ ^{word} ~~trago~~ ^{trago} ~~which~~ ^{which} ~~means~~ ^{means} ~~goat~~ ^{goat} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~word~~ ^{word} ~~dia~~ ^{dia} ~~which~~ ^{which} ~~means~~ ^{means} ~~voice~~ ^{voice} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~word~~ ^{word} ~~melos~~ ^{melos} ~~which~~ ^{which} ~~means~~ ^{means} ~~song~~ ^{song} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~word~~ ^{word} ~~choros~~ ^{choros} ~~which~~ ^{which} ~~means~~ ^{means} ~~chorus~~ ^{chorus}
 Thespis: invention of impersonation - after chorus
 had been acting. ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~first~~ ^{first} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~perform~~ ^{perform} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~a~~ ^a ~~part~~ ^{part} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~tragedy~~ ^{tragedy} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~word~~ ^{word} ~~tragedy~~ ^{tragedy} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~derived~~ ^{derived} ~~from~~ ^{from} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~word~~ ^{word} ~~trago~~ ^{trago} ~~which~~ ^{which} ~~means~~ ^{means} ~~goat~~ ^{goat} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~word~~ ^{word} ~~dia~~ ^{dia} ~~which~~ ^{which} ~~means~~ ^{means} ~~voice~~ ^{voice} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~word~~ ^{word} ~~melos~~ ^{melos} ~~which~~ ^{which} ~~means~~ ^{means} ~~song~~ ^{song} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~word~~ ^{word} ~~choros~~ ^{choros} ~~which~~ ^{which} ~~means~~ ^{means} ~~chorus~~ ^{chorus}
 5th century BC 532 local

Nitroglycerin in the
friends pin, music learn bed
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his first a only

sister Beatrice Walter

wife per. no ide of cop.

story

195.14-44

195.14-44

Acad. Award - They is great prize
~~to be given to the author of the best~~
~~book published in the year~~
~~by the American Academy of Arts and Letters~~
The Academy of Arts and Letters
is a group of 40 distinguished
writers, artists, and scientists
who elect the winners of the
Pulitzer Prize. The Academy
was founded in 1904 and is
based in New York City. It
is one of the oldest and most
prestigious literary organizations
in the United States. The
Academy's members are elected
for life and are responsible
for the selection of the
winners of the Pulitzer Prize.
The Academy also sponsors
other literary awards, such as
the Bunting Institute and the
Pulitzer Prize in Music.

Photographs in album
are yours, yours are
not.

With respect to
the pictures
of the
of the
of the

Haig Arthur Elan

792.19-H

Gregor 792.1-6

weighed 1600 pound, was 9 metres long and 3.4 metres broad, 42 cm. high. It was so heavy that it had ~~dragged to be~~ out of the oven by horses and had to be cut with a knife 94 cm long.

In his youth he was a great athlete, excellent dancer and hunter.

At the coronation of Josef I as Holy Roman Emperor, he won first prize for throwing the lance and for pistol shooting from horseback; he also at that coronation fought a single combat with a bear, which he dispatched with two strokes of the sword.

Once he asked that a wild boar should be let loose in the courtyard of his castle, and while everybody run away, he stepped in to the courtyard and tried to kill the beast with his hunting knife. Missing the boar, he stepped aside, seized it with his left hand, drew his sword with his right and killed it.

There is also a gate in Dresden, with a big dent in it. It is said August made the dent with his thumb.

His prodigious strength led people to believe that he had been nourished with lion's milk.

He had so many mistresses that the visitor to Dresden before the war used to be shown a huge room in which only portraits of the royal mistresses hang.

He was a great lover of the arts, and made Dresden one of the most beautiful cities in Germany. He also laid the foundations of the Dresden opera.

Poland has always been famed for its reckless bravery. Sobieski conquered the Turks with his excellent cavalry, the Poles of 1939 tried the same against the Nazis, and the Polish cavalry, despising all danger carried out frontal attacks against heavy German tanks- and was completely wiped out.

Two Poles are especially dear to American hearts: Tadeusz Kosciuszko and Casimir Pulaski, who both fought in the American War of Independence. Kosciuszko became a Colonel of the Engineers under General Gates. Pulaski, by raising a detachment of cavalry volunteers became known as 'the father of the American cavalry' and on September 15, 1777 was appointed Brigadier General in command of the entire cavalry of the American forces.

Other Poles who have become famous in their adopted countries are: Joseph Conrad-Konrad Korzeniowski and Maria Skłodowska Curie.

chose Dublin

stuck in London
seen so to him + back home
March 1941

floating factory (Vaux)
3 boys + stewardess
must exit

Blitz on Atl

The only woman survivor
a - - escaped a circling
battle ~~only woman~~ but
doesn't like to be at. when
husband goes to coast.

or seasick in such
danger?

man with passy
Ebers beats wife
hope basket

24 hrs. in life boat
Am I lucky - yet

14 or 15 months the boys
at war with Atl.
contrab. + one still
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w/pt share - ash frag

House of Commons
House of Commons
House of Commons

Not the of Athens
House of Commons
House of Commons

House of Commons
House of Commons
House of Commons

she was drowned
publicly - clerk
brought - ghost!!
5 1/2 days on Aquillea

crashed out in U.S.
13 of May 1941
fan letter for Scott
miss note

Pond's
Exile
Companions in

THE LILLI PALMER SHOW

PALMER

Hello. Tonight I am going to speak to you about Greece, and since Greece ^{was} ~~is~~ not only the first culture of our Western World, but ~~is~~ has also given us the basis for our theatre of today, I have invited Miss Katina Paxinou, the leading actress of Greece, to be my guest.

The 5th century B.C. was the greatest time ~~is~~ in Greek history and for all that was achieved in so short a ^{Period} ~~time~~, those hundred years are perhaps the most important ones of human history. The philosophers Socrates, Plato, and Aristoteles wrote at that time, Phidias and Praxiteles sculpted their masterpieces, and the three great playwrights Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides revolutionized the theatre with their plays. The head of the Athenian State was Pericles who was not only an outstanding statesman, but particularly interesting to the woman of today. Up to his time, women were never permitted outside the home or in the presence of men at ~~the~~ dinners and banquets. They had to tend the children and the house-- that was all. Pericles was the first man to permit a woman, Aspasia, to preside at official banquets and participate in affairs of the state. Aspasia was not only very beautiful, but also brilliant-- she can really be called the first modern woman.

Miss Paxinou somewhat followed in her footsteps when, during the last war, she came to America to ask President Roosevelt for help for her country. Unfortunately, it was too late... So, when she was offered the part of Pillar in the picture For Whom the Bells Tolls, she accepted and, as you all know, won the Academy Award for her interpretation of the Spanish revolutionary. (Introducing): Miss Katina Paxinou. Did I understand you right that the Greeks had an equivalent of our so-called "Oscar"?

PAXINOU

Yes indeed! It was an ivy wreath and the first actor in the world, called Thespis, received it in 534 B.C.

To audience

PALMER

Up to that time, the Greek theatre had been exclusively devoted to the Dionysus Festivals. At the huge ^{open air} Bionysus amphitheatre in Athens, holding 20 000 people, plays ~~many of religious character~~ were performed by a chorus of men in goatskins and, as goat means tragoi in Greek, you can see where the word tragedy comes from-- it means song of the goats.

RELIGIOUS

PAXINOU

Thespis was the first actor in our sense, since he was no longer part of the chorus and he was also the first manager as we would say today. He took his tragedies and played them not only during the Dionysus Festivals, which means just once a year, but played in the market-place, from a wagon-- something never heard of before.

PALMER

The theatre at that time was quite different from ours. Plays were not only given in the evening, as it is rather customary with us, but tragedies as well as comedies were being played all day long from morning to night during the short time of the Festivals. Of course, we must realize that at that time there were neither magazines nor newspapers and very few books—since they had to be written by hand—and no cinema let alone television. So the theatre was the major source of entertainment in Greece. Therefore, during the Festivals, Athens enjoyed one big holiday—shops were closed, all business stopped, also the law-courts, in fact, even the prisoners were released from jail so that they may ~~be~~/join in!

PAXINOU

The Greek Government realized the tremendous educational value of the theatre and subsidized it from the very beginning, unless it forced a wealthy citizen, called "choregus", to back a play with his personal fortune! And many a play failed in the competition because its "angel" as you say on Broadway, his backer, had given it a poor production.

PALMER

For instance Sophocles Oedipus which we consider today perhaps the greatest play of that period, received only second prize against a group of plays by Philocles, nephew of Aeschylus. These competitions seem very strange to us today—could you explain them a little more to us?

PAXINOU

Ancient Greece loved competitions-- they competed for physical as well as for mental or artistic supremacy. So the playwrights competed ~~among themselves~~ too.

PALMER

You mean that the three giants Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides competed among themselves?

PAXINOU

Yes, they did. But not just ^{ONE SINGLE} play against ^{AN OTHER} play-- they had to be presented in groups of three plays and a following satyr play-- all dealing with the same problems and the same leading characters. Their subject by the way, was mostly taken from Greek mythology or folklore.

PALMER

What would you consider the basic difference of those three great playwrights who all lived at the same time and belong to the greatest of all time?

PAXINOU

Aeschylus could be called the writer of the heroic man, of superhuman struggle. He wrote ~~plays~~ Agamemnon, Prometheus, The Eumenides etc. And in order to make his actors look superhuman, taller than ordinary humans, he invented the cothurnus, a sort of high platform sole. The higher the platform, the more important was ~~the~~ the character. Naturally, since such a tall man would look awfully thin, the actors had to pad themselves considerably.

PALMER

It must have been rather difficult to walk on those platform shoes.

PAXINOU

It was, and accidents occurred often.

PALMER

And Sophocles?

PAXINOU

Sophocles, the author of Oedipus, Antigone, Elektra, could be called the writer of problematic-- of psychological plays.

PALMER

And wasn't he, like Shakespeare and Moliere, also his own stage-manager and director?

PAXINOU

Yes. Sometimes he also acted in his own plays, but, because he had a rather weak voice, only minor roles. But he was also the first to introduce painted designed and scenery-- which he/painted himself!

PALMER

~~the~~ Backstage mechanism was very highly developed anyway, wasn't it?

PAXINOU

Yes. Since in the tragedies as well as in the comedies the sudden appearing and disappearing of gods and mortals played a great role, they ~~also~~ early invented a machine, a sort of crane with a pully attached--

PALMER

-- to swing the actors up into the air?

PAXINOU

Yes!

PALMER

But you didn't tell us yet what the characteristic of Euripides' writing was?

PAXINOU

He could be called the philosopher of the stage...

PALMER

And then, of course, there was the famous writer of comedies, Aristophanes whose *Lysistrata* is being played again and again—and not so long ago right here in New York. But what is the theatre in Greece of today like?

PAXINOU

Well, in 1930, a group of young actors and directors got together and, with the help of the Greek Government, founded the National Theatre.

PALMER

Were you a member of this group?

PAXINOU

Oh yes—also my husband, Alexis Minotis, in fact, we shall return to Greece very soon, to put on the Festivals in Delphi.

PALMER

What are you going to play?

PAXINOU

Oedipus by Sophocles— with my husband playing *Oedipus* and also directing it, I shall do *Jokaste*— and write the incidental music.

PALMER

You are a composer, too?

PAXINOU

I started my career by studying music— in fact, Dmitri Mitropulos, the conductor, used to accompany me on the piano when I was singing lieder! Do you know that Mitropulos wrote an opera—

PALMER

An opera?

Paxinou

His onyl one. For the lyrics he used the play Sister Beatrice by Maeterlinck— without any idea of copyright of course. And we put on this opera— single-handed.
STORY.

~~PAXINOU~~ PALMER

I wanted to ask you what the National Theatre played mostly? Still the classics, or modern plays, too?

PAXINOU

Every summer we play the classics at the Dionysus Theatre in Athens—

PALMER

Still the same?

PAXINOU

Yes— and the theatre in Delphi. But we also play Shakespears, moliers, Shaw, Ibsen, Wilde and, among contemporary playwrights, O'Neill and Elmer Rice. And we have as guests the Comedie Francaise, the Old Vic, the Dublin Theatre—

PALMER

Do they play in their own language?

PAXINO

Oh yes. But when the National Theatre went to London in 1940, we played in English.

PALMER

Are there any other theatres in Athens, besides the National Theatre?

PAXINO

Yes-- though they are run somewhat differently from the theatres in New York. A manager hires his staff and all his actors for a whole year and then rents a theatre, if he doesn't own one, also for the whole year. He plays generally 7 or 8 plays during a year-- Broadway style, i.e. every play as long as the boxoffice permits it!

PALMER

BRIDGE TO EITHER GREEK POEM OR ARISTOPHANES OR SOPHOCLES FOR RECITING.

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PALMER

BRIDGE TO EITHER GREEK POEM OR ARISTOPHANES OR SOPHOCLES FOR RECITING.

Paul Gallico

Born in New York— Austrian mother, Italian father (musician). Loves fencing, books (his study is lined with them up to the ceiling), traveling in Europe. WANTS NO MENTIONING OF THE FACT THAT HE WAS A LEADING SPORTS WRITER. Has written more than 150 short stories for Esquire, Cosmopolitan, etc. Most famous novel: The Snow Goose (war story of Dunkirk). Best known motion pictures: Pride of the Yankees, The Clock.

Has a home in Salcombe, South Devon, where he once lived with 23 cats!

Commissioned to write some adventure stories in 1949, he went to Salcombe, but couldn't get to work at all, sat around listlessly until his wife asked him what he really wanted to write and he immediately said, "A children's story." "Write it," she said. And he, who always carefully plans and prepares his stories,

let THE ABANDONED write itself, while he went along.

IT WAS ORIGINALLY WRITTEN FOR CHILDREN.

He had always wanted to write a book CATS AT PLAY
^

AND HOW TO SCORE THEM, because, observing cats for many years had convinced him that there are definite rules to their games and that those rules are being followed very strictly. For instance, you give two cats a ping pong ball to play with. One cat plays with it all over the floor, while the other sits very quietly, observing, her paws tucked under. She will not move or join the chase after the ping pong ball. But should the ball roll closely enough to where she is sitting, she may quickly extend a paw, grab the ball— and from now on it's her for a stretch, while

now the other cat will not interfere with her playing! Or— and he uses this discovery in the delightful chapter "WHEN IN DOUBT— WASH" of THE ABANDONED— of two kittens play together, one can see that they follow a distinctive pattern which may come suddenly to a halt when one of them stops to wash. No decent cat will attack another cat who is in the process of her toilet... Asked about the story— in his book— of the two cats who caught mice and rats "to pay for their passage" on a ship and had them all lined up for the captain to see when they were discovered as stowaways, Gallico told the story of Limpy.

Limpy was a very wild cat living on their farm in New Jersey. Until the Gallicos had come along, she had been very good at taking care of herself except for the fact that once she had had her foot caught in a trap— hence the name. The Gallicos felt sorry for poor Limpy never knowing where her next meal would come from and slowly tamed her and gave her food which she would eat to such an extent that they were often afraid Limpy would literally bust. And for hours on end Limpy would sit with her nose against a window pane and look lovingly into the living-room, because she now had a dream and an ambition: she wanted to become a house cat. .. But since she was extremely unattractive and the Gallicos felt that their own three house cats, Chin, Chilla, and Wuzzy were more than enough trouble to carry back and forth from the New York apartment to the Jersey farm (getting hysterical every time they were driven through

the Holland tunnel), they didn't permit Limpy into the house. Finally, the Gallicos gave up the farm altogether and decided to take Limpy with them to New York and find another home for her. Chin, Chilla, and Wuzzy were very elegant and pampered cats-- the idea of mice simply bored them and never would it have occurred to them to look for them anywhere. The first day of Limpy's stay in New York, she surprised the Gallicos by dragging a dead mouse into the living-room-- THE mouse of the apartment-- Limpy's rent for a month... Nevertheless, they didn't want to keep her and offered her to some friends as a barn cat, for their large farm in the country. She was sent over, embellished by a blue silk ribbon tied around her neck and this must have done something to Limpy's morale-- just as a new hat or a new romance makes ~~x~~ even a plain woman lovelier, because those friends thought she was just too pretty to be a farm cat and at last Limpy's ambition was realized: she became a house cat. Within two years she had eaten herself to death.

Possibility of a discussion of why are women called cats and catty at times? Actually very strange, since cats are extremely loyal friends among themselves. Cats only show their claws when they are frightened, so do women-- when they feel insecure, they become catty. No woman who has the guy she wants is ever catty... Perhaps there should be a scratching post in every home...

Gallico was originally a dog lover but finds them now

that he has become accustomed to the quietness and the grace of cats, too ~~much~~ noisy, too tail-wagging, too irritating to live with.

Cats were first domesticated in Egypt, about 3000 B.C., because the Egyptians found them indispensable to protect their grain-- of such utmost importance in an agricultural country. Eventually they were even declared sacred. The many superstitions with cats may go back to those ancient times.

From Egypt cats were taken to Italy at an early date and, with the Romans, made their way to England.

Siamese cats were first introduced to England towards the end of the last century, and about the same time to America.

Biography
Paul Gallico

Paul Gallico was born in New York City in the year 1897. His mother was Austrian, his father an Italian pianist and composer who had emigrated to the United States three years previously.

With a brief pause in his education to do a hitch in the U.S. Navy as a Seaman in World War I, Gallico graduated from Columbia University in New York in 1921, where he captained his 'Varsity Crew in his final year.

From 1922 to 1936, Gallico devoted himself to journalism and became the highest paid and most widely read sports writer in the United States with a strange taste for experiment in experience. This led him into riding with automobile race track drivers, motorboat and airplane speed-champions of various sports on their own grounds in order to be able to write about what it was like to encounter the topnotchers. The briefest of these was when he entered the ring against Jack Dempsey, then heavy-weight champion of the world. Gallico lasted one minute and thirty-seven seconds, but his personal account of what it feels like to be knocked out by a champion, made him famous.

In 1936, Gallico resigned his editorship and sports column, wrote *FAREWELL TO SPORT*, a book that was the last word on the fabulous Golden Decade of Sport that he had witnessed and written about, and went to England to change his way of thinking and living. He bought a house on a hilltop in Salcombe, South Devon, overlooking the sea and Bolt Head and settled down with a Great Dane and twenty-three assorted cats to forget about sports and to write fiction.

Alternating between Salcombe, New York, San Francisco and Mexico, Gallico wrote more than a hundred and fifty short stories which appeared in American magazines, including his best known story which introduced him to English audiences, *THE SNOW GOOSE*, the famous war story of Dunkirk which Gallico wrote in San Francisco in 1940.

In 1944, he went to England as a War Correspondent for *Cosmopolitan Magazine* and later entered Paris with the liberating French and American armies.

Gallico considers Devonshire his second home and any time the bass are biting off shore he may be found there pursuing them with a light tackle. Although he has completely forsaken his youthful interest in sport, he has become a first class epeeist and fencer late in life, and a frequenter of the Salles d'Armes of London, New York and Paris.

He is married to Pauline, former Baroness Gariboldi, who shares his passion for cats, and who is his collaborator in the writing of moving picture originals and scripts.

Lillichen--

This may look a little thin to you, but it is the very best I can do with the material on hand. The book is very interesting though rather difficult to read.

By the way, I asked him how he pronounces his name: Ssigeti. ^(Erste Silbe betont.) (Scharfes "s"). In America they say Ssigetti.

If you find nothing "zum aufsagen" in Molnars plays, the leading contemporary Hungarian poet is Andreas Ady. I have so far been unable to find him in the Public Libraries, but, if you want him, we may be able to find him somewhere else-- Szigeti said he was translated into English.

Love,
Rud

P.S. The book was the only copy Szigeti had on hand and it's already promised to someone, so please be careful, as it has to be returned to him. By the way-- he is going to see "Bell, Book, and Candle" Tuesday night as a guest of the TV Show. (Chuck will pay for the tickets.)

JOSEPH SZIGETI

Many years ago, Shaw had told Szigeti, "You fiddlers no longer look the part. The only one who does look the part is-- Einstein!" There may be some truth in this statement, but when one was a Hungarian, one had to belong to either of the two professions which are Hungary's gift to mankind: playwrights and musicians. As natural as it was for Molnar to write, as natural it had been for Szigeti to become a musician. Everybody in his family had been a musician, in fact, they even had a ^{private} band of their own, composed of all the members of the family. The decision on what instrument little Joska was to learn rested on the following considerations: what was inexpensive, what was practical, what was right in physical size. In one word-- the violin. It was less expensive than a piano, it was more appropriate in size than a 'cello, and it had the additional advantage that, during the time young Szigeti's father gave music lessons in the parlor, Joska could practice in the kitchen. Many years later, this childhood habit came in rather handy. In Peiping, where the leading hotel was also the concert hall, once more there was only one place available to warm up for a concert-- the kitchen... Except that this time, the countless people working in the enormous kitchen of an international hotel, stopped in the middle of their work to listen....

It may have been this spending most of his youth in the kitchen that laid the ground for his hobby:

Food and cooking. He doesn't care about restaurants famous for their food, ~~however~~, he only loves the dishes his AMATEUR cook friends, such as the eminent conductor George Szell, for instance, invent and cook for him. Or what he himself conjures up (Szigeti Torte)... Or maybe this hobby started in Berlin where he gave his [']first concert at the age of 13. He also played then at many private parties and was once presented with a-- pineapple, instead of a fee. The first pineapple he or his father ever laid eyes upon-- and not knowing at all "how to attack the fragrant and prickly fruit of my labors..." (page 44).

His life story reads like one of the many different success stories having been told on the program. He describes it in his book, WITH STRINGS ATTACHED, written in English during those many trips all over the world, scrawled in longhand on snatches of paper, on the back of menus, on whatever was handy. A very poor boy with almost no education left his native country at the age of 13, as a prodigy violinist... And where did he settle down, almost 40 years later? In Palos Verdes, in Southern California!

There is a wealth of interesting material in the book, but very few "stories"-- he writes for instance of the differences in style of string players, between present and past generations, of tone (he was also the first ~~one~~ to play in this

country the famous "Swan" Stradivarius-- the master's last violin, made at the age of 93 (pages 258-60). He has introduced many contemporary composers to the world, Bartók, Bloch, Prokofief, etc. and many of their concerti are dedicated to him. Last December, an unusual tribute was paid to him: He played in a special concert at Carnegie Hall, with Mitropoulos and the NY Philharmonic, to celebrate the 25th anniversary of his first concert (under Stokowski in Philadelphia) in this country. But more important than this is to him the fact that one can turn on the radio ~~at~~ any time, ~~at~~ any station, and eventually will hear one of his records played...

He would like to speak about his impression of Sarah Bernhardt and Yvette Guilbert whom he both saw as a young boy in London-- he feels that the projection and power of concentration of a great actress is as intense as in playing a Bach Sonata or making a plea-- and watching thus becomes a lesson for any re-creative artist.

(I wonder if his story of travelling with Melba, since she is so wellknown in this country, may not be amusing. Pages 70-2 in his book.)

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It may have been this spending most of his youth in the kitchen that laid the ground for his hobby:

Food and cooking. He doesn't care about restaurants famous for their food, however, he only loves the dishes his AMATEUR cook friends, such as the eminent conductor George Szell, for instance, invent and cook for him. Or what he himself conjures up (Szigeti Torte)... Or maybe this hobby started in Berlin where he gave his first concert at the age of 13. He also played then at many private parties and was once presented with a— pineapple, instead of a fee. The first pineapple he or his father ever laid eyes upon— and not knowing at all "how to attack the fragrant and prickly fruit of my labors..." (page 44).

His life story reads like one of the many different success stories having been told on the program. He describes it in his book, WITH STRINGS ATTACHED, written in English during those many trips all over the world, scrawled in longhand on snatches of paper, on the back of menus, on whatever was handy. A very poor boy with almost no education left his native country at the age of 13, as a prodigy violinist... And where did he settle down, almost 40 years later? In Palos Verdes, in Southern California!

There is a wealth of interesting material in the book, but very few "stories"— he writes for instance of the differences in style of string players, between present and past generations, of tone (he was also the first one to play in this

country the famous "Swan" Stradivarius-- the master's last violin, made at the age of 93 (pages 258-60). He has introduced many contemporary composers to the world, Bartok, Bloch, Prokofief, etc. and many of their concerti are dedicated to him. Last December, an unusual tribute was paid to him: He played in a special concert at Carnegie Hall, with Mitropoulos and the NY Philharmonic, to celebrate the 25th anniversary of his first concert (under Stokowski in Philadelphia) in this country. But more important than this is to him the fact that one can turn on the radio ~~at~~ any time, ~~at~~ any station, and eventually will hear one of his records played...

He would like to speak about his impression of Sarah Bernhardt and Yvette Guilbert whom he both saw as a young boy in London-- he feels that the projection and power of concentration of a great actress is as intense as in playing a Bach Sonata or making a plea-- and watching thus becomes a lesson for any re-creative artist.

(I wonder if his story of travelling with Melba, since she is so wellknown in this country, may not be amusing. Pages 70-2 in his book.)

Walter -

I just wanted to
remind you that I
know Spain really quite
well, in case you
want any other
stories - about
bullfights perhaps
or something.

Love

Paul Robeson

GRECO, GOYA, VELASQUEZ

The Prado Museum in Madrid is quite different from the other great museums in Europe, such as the Louvre in Paris, or the National Gallery in London.

The half dozen beautiful Raphaels in the Louvre, for instance, are hung on the side walls of one of those incredibly huge halls of the Museum.

In Madrid, there are not just walls, but whole rooms filled with the paintings of ^{GREAT} ~~one~~ artist, there is the Velasquez Room, the Greco Room, the Goya Rooms-- and the effect is staggering. You walk into one of those rooms-- and you just stop breathing, overwhelmed by what your eyes see and cannot even grasp at first. You turn around ~~you~~-- you look to the right-- to the left-- Grecos everywhere, a dozen or more in one room, it somehow goes beyond human comprehension-- you don't know where to start looking-- you feel like shaking your head, it's too much!

I think that the first impression of the Greco Room at the Prado is the most exciting experience of any museum-- to be compared only with the Sistine Chappel in Rome...

The Velasquez Room is memorable for another reason. You marvel at the perfection attained by Velasquez. The flawlessness of those many paintings assembled in one room is ^{SO} ~~simply~~ overwhelming ~~in~~ ^{THAT,} ~~though,~~ in the final analysis, it becomes almost a little boring.

And then Goya. At first, when entering the Portrait Room, you think-- what, more Velasquez? More perfection? Then you discover differences even though, as an overall picture, the resemblance is striking. A court painter who knew his craft to the t. Then come the rooms harboring the designs for those unique tapestries-- the "genre" scenes, scenes of the people, informal, charming, lovable people painted in their everyday life, at play, at work. Then-- those same people shown at revolt: the famous revolutionary pictures. And then, after you have contemplated the strange man who has drawn such different expressions from his palette for the different social strata he has painted, you suddenly find yourself in the last room, a round room, and you are in an entirely different world again.

Terrifying grimaces stare at you from the murals covering the walls, weird forms, hardly to be called human-- strange colors, pale greens, grayish greens, subdued yellows, washed-out browns... You wander from wall to wall and you feel frightened, as though in a fever dream, as though in a nightmare. Those paintings are like nothing anyone has ever painted before, today we would call them psychoanalytical paintings, since they seem to be what was innermost

in Goya's soul, what has haunted him underneath, the forces he was wrestling with while painting portraits of princesses and kings, while showing revolutionary heroes, and the plain, everyday people of Spain... Those gruesome images in the last room had been painted by Goya for his own pleasure-- to decorate the walls of his own country house!



It was in Madrid a couple of years ago, at the hair dresser. We were both waiting for our appointment and I couldn't take my eyes off her, she was so beautiful, so lovely. 18 at the very utmost. When she disappeared in one of the rooms, they whispered into my ear, "the young daughter of the Duke de Pinohermoso..." Already the name sounded so romantic-- pino hermoso means beautiful pine tree... A little later I found myself with her in the same room-- she was getting a permanent, and even with all those metal clips and papers, her hair piled on top, she still looked stunning. We got into a conversation, in English, which she spoke quite well, having had an English governess, as she explained... When she learned that I ^{HAD} came from America, she asked me if I knew Hollywood-- and-- Gary Cooper...! And then she wanted to know if I had seen any bull fights. She loved bull fights and, since her father raised bulls for the great ^{CORRIDAS} ~~shows~~ in

Madrid and Barcelona, she knew all there was to know about the Spanish national passion. Her father, as some of the great names in Spain sometimes did, even performed himself in the arena. For benefits, he would appear in the most elegant and noble fashion a matador could fight a bull: on horseback, in the ancient manner, still nowadays done in the costume of the 18th century... (This is now called the "Portuguese Way" and occasionally done by professional bullfighters. It's particularly appealing to us bloody foreigners, since it cuts out the whole interlude with the picadores). While I was listening to that young girl speaking about bullfights in which I was very much interested, I realized how strange it was that ^{this young Spanish duchess} actually, ~~she~~ was so much more interested in hearing what I could tell her about Hollywood...

A few weeks later I remembered her again, and our conversation. This beautiful girl had become the sensation of Spain... All the newspapers were filled with her story. She had fallen in love with a real bullfighter, a real matador. Her parents, of course, had refused their consent to a marriage. Locked in her room, the girl had followed an age-old pattern: She had knotted her ^{BED} sheets into a rope, let herself out ~~the~~ the window at night, and thus eloped with her Prince Charming...

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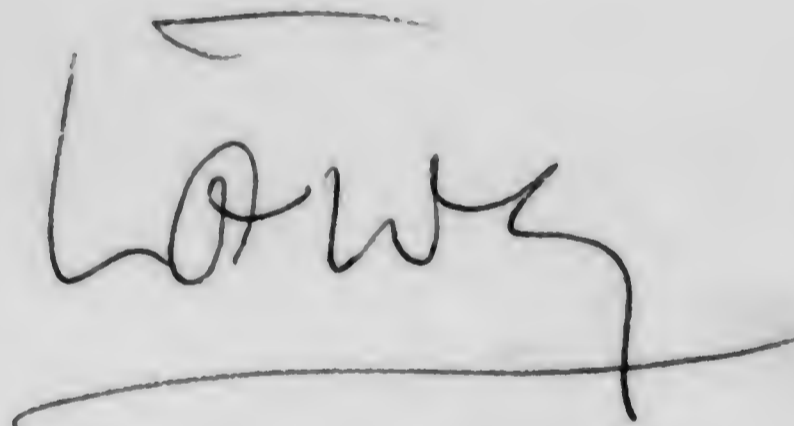
Gutes Lillichen* (Sternchen zur Verzierung)

Here is a script for you. I have constructed it very carefully, particularly as to general shape and breaking down the dialogue for the two guests, I hope you'll like it. I did leave all the details in it, so that you can decide what you want and what you don't want.

As to the poets, there is of course very little we will be permitted to say about their personal lives, therefore, I thought I'd give you more general stuff.

As to the showing of a Degas, please decide on Tuesday, if you want one. Wildenstein has one and so it will probably be easy to get it for the show. Bruce strongly favors this idea (it was his).

Have a good weekend and all my love,

Larry

LILLI PALMER

Hello. Tonight I am going to speak to you about France again. The last time I talked to you about Paris and I thought for quite a while ^{AS TO} ~~about~~ what you might like to hear ~~about~~ this time. France has a ~~surprising~~ staggering wealth of poets, philosophers, of history-- it was very difficult to choose. But since I have as my guests tonight the most famous dance couple of our time, I thought it might interest you to hear something about the particular ballet that has made them famous the world over and about the man who wrote the ballet and who himself is a fabulous figure of French art-- ~~he is~~ a poet, playwright, author, painter, motion picture director and ~~an~~ writer and I am sure you all know his name-- Jean Cocteau.

My guest tonight is Jean Babilée, and his wife and partner Nathalie Philippart. Some time ago, Cocteau wrote about Babilée that he is the only dancer who ~~there is~~ could be compared with no one less than Nijinsky... And Cocteau is one to know. When he was still a very young man, he spent all his time with Nijinsky and Diaghelew-- both then at the height of their fame. Cocteau was very troubled about his own work-- his poetry wasn't really interesting, nobody paid ^{ANY} ~~attention~~ attention to his paintings ~~either~~-- so one day he asked Diaghelew's advice as to what he should do. Diaghelew was a busy man, so he looked at Cocteau for a moment and simply said: Etonne-moi! Astonish me! From that day on Cocteau indeed astonished the world, because this

advice made him dare to do what he felt like doing, to paint the way he really wanted ^{TO} ~~it~~, to write what he really wanted to write about-- thus becoming one of the most brilliant and discussed men of France. And if you have seen his ^{motion} pictures, Beauty and the Beast, Blood of a Poet, Orpheus, etc., you know what I am talking about. You will understand his poetry, his surrealism, his surprising-- his ASTONISHING twists and ideas...

In 1946, a young dancer attracted much attention in Paris, by the name of Jean Babilée. His father is the leading French cancer specialist-- his whole family, from both sides, were nothing but physicians for generations. In fact, things were quite reversed at the Babilée's (Anmerkung: his real name is Gutman, but I think that won't make any difference)-- as young Jean refused to follow into his father's footsteps and ^{INSTEAD} insisted on becoming a "petit rat" at the Ballet of the Opera, his sister stepped in to save the family tradition-- it was she who became a physician...

Babilée ~~was~~ left the Opera when the Germans occupied Paris, to join the Maquis, so after the liberation, he and a group of young independent dancers founded the Ballet des Champs Elysées. It was then that Cocteau decided to write the ballet "Le jeune homme et la mort" for Babilée and ^{Nathalie Philippart,} ~~the young dancer~~ who had just become his wife. They have danced this Ballet all over Europe,

~~usually, when we think of Ballet, we picture some~~

~~thing like the Bolshoi or the Paris Opera, but~~

South America, and the Near East, and now for the first time, as guest stars ^{OF} ~~with~~ the Ballet Theatre, in New York. If you have read your newspapers, you know what a sensation they are-- Jean Babilée and Nathalie Philippart.

Tell me, is it right that you had almost given up ever to come to New York?

PHILIPPART

Yes! Five times, we had our bags packed-- and five times something happened at the last moment-- and we couldn't go.

PALMER

For instance?

PHILIPPART

Well-- once our impresario lost all his money at the races... Another time we got into a fight with Cuevas just before we were ready to leave, etc.

LILLI

But this time you made it. Exciting city, New York, isn't it?

BABILEE

We are having a wonderful time-- only too short...

PALMERA

Where do you go from here?

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ BABILEE

To Florence. We'll open there on May 5th with a new ballet, written for us by an Italian.

PALMER

But do tell me about Cocteau's "Jeune homme" and why, as I understand, it's so different from any other

PALMER
~~REVER~~(CONT.)

ballet. (TO AUDIENCE) Of course, speaking of the ballet, we mostly visualise what Degas has painted so beautifully. (SHOWING OF DEGAS PAINTING) But this is what the Babilees are dancing (PHOTOGRAPH).

~~The story is~~ BABILEE

The story is very simple. A young painter is waiting in his garret for the girl he loves. When she finally arrives, she not only doesn't respond to his love, but tortures him until his only way out is suicide. He hangs himself. ~~(BABILEE REALLY HANGS HIMSELF ON THE STAGE WHICH ALREADY~~

PALMER

Babilee really hangs himself every night, bringing down the house when he does so. Already Cocteau has wondered how he does it... ~~But to get on~~ ^{HOW DO YOU?}

BABILEE

^{I JUST HANG! WELL,}
the scene widens to the rooftops of Paris. A young woman enters the garret, a death mask covering her face. It is the girl who leads the young man away.

PALMER

Who wrote the music?

BABILEE

Bach. And this is where the whole thing became so different from anything ever done in ballet. The music was added afterwards-- just like in a movie! We rehearsed it entirely without music and the amazing thing is that, even if the gestures coincide with ^{SOMETIMES}

BABILEE (CONT.)

different passages of the music-- there is always perfect synchronisation every time...

PALMER

And your own Ballet, L'Amour et son amour which you are also dancing here, was this done the same way?

BABILEE

No. I first heard Ceasar Franck's music, and then wrote the Ballet. And we did rehearse it simultaneously!

PALMER

Do you and your wife always dance together?

BABILEE

Yes, we do.

PALMER

You know, I am playing opposite my husband for the first time on the stage, in Bell, Book, and Candle-- and I love it. Do you share a dressing room?

PHILIPPART

Always.

PALMER

Do you have fights?

PHILIPPART

Only about the lipstick which ~~just~~^{ALWAYS} seems to disappear at the last moment or something like that. Never about artistic problems. There we always have the same opinion.

BALMER

You have been dancing Le jeune homme for ~~the~~^{many} years now-- do you ever get bored with it?

PHILIPPART

No, not really. But when we do-- we play practical jokes. For instance, once when touring the English provinces, we suddenly rode right onto the stage on bicycles-- in the midst of a classic ballet-- without warning the other dancers who of course had fits of laughter...

PALMER

And the audience?

BABILEE

Was just stunned.

PALMER

I must think of something like that myself some day!

But I promised to let you go early so-- au revoir.

~~(TO AUDIENCE) They are dancing Le jeune homme tonight.)~~

I tried to persuade Babilee to recite some poetry for you-- he knows thousands of verses by Racine and the modern poets by heart, but he was too shy. So I shall bring you a poem and I have chosen....

by He belongs to the great trio of French poets of the past century, Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Verlaine who have influenced, in their short spans of lives, the poetry of Europe and America more than any one else who lived before or after them...

From the Romanticism prevailing up to their time, Baudelaire, just about a hundred years ago, was the first to write what could be called modern poetry, delving into the sub-conscious, using symbols... THEN

Rimbaud-- the prodigy who stunned Paris by his poems at 16 and gave up writing at 19 to become an explorer

and dying, still a young man, in Africa...

POEM

Additional notes on the Babilees.

He has a great collection of weapons-- sabres, épées, knives, etc. He is fascinated by bullfights, loves to motorcycle in Paris. He cannot remember faces nor names and is apt to walk up to complete strangers, believing they are great friends of his. As Philip-part has a phenomenal memory for faces, though she can't remember names or anything precise either, she will kick him under the table or let him know somehow that ~~in~~ those people he was just greeting were not at all his friends....

~~completextrangersxxx~~

She would love to travel, just with a little suitcase in a car-- without having to work-- pack, unpack etc. Both adore modern paintings.

They have a house near Bordeaux where they spend their summer, *swimming etc.*

She was born in Bordeaux, industrialist parents.

LILLI PALMER

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Ph. Born in Bordeaux
industrial. Wants to travel
1 suitcase - car - -

B. collects weapons, moody,
won't eat unless she
waters him

you & not
do Ballet + rhythm
+ last moment

Father doctor - sister doctor
he dancer tout les
jours - not necessary
for name

family industrial & ville
à Bordeaux
Ballets Th. Champs Elys.
19 2
quest artiste

Classical Ballet? Seen where?

Scenario f. Ball. Look like?

Hili

Reine au courses

5 times

Quintum
Cuevas

motorcycles

~~time~~

sabres

not ago

PALMER

Hello. Tonight, as I told you, I am going to speak to you about Brazil, and I am very happy to have with me the lady who is probably the most famous Brazilian in the world-- Bidu Sayao. Very little need to be said to introduce one of the Metropolitan Opera's favorite sopranos, and I am sure that all of you have heard her sing-- either at the Met, or during their broadcasts or on records. By the way, she is the only Brazilian singer of distinction, and here she is-- Bidu Sayao.

Tell me, Madame Sayao, you have sung in opera houses all over the world-- where is your favorite theatre?

SAYAO

This is rather difficult to decide. The most sumptuous one is probably La Scala in Milan, with its six balconies---

PALMER

Isn't this rather unusual? I thought opera houses usually have only 4 balconies?

Sayao

I think La Scala is the only theatre built this way, it has actually 1500 seats more than the Opera in Paris. x

PALMER

But as a building I believe that the Opera in Paris is the largest theatre in the world, they

ally Co 5-4252

Traveller Inc 6-0100

PALMER CONT.

always say, one can ^{dump} ~~take~~ the whole Comédie Francaise on the stage of the Opera and there would still be room left to walk around!

SAYAO

But I think the San Carlo Opera in Naples is even more beautiful than La Scala, and the most jewellike of them all is the small opera house in Zagreb, Yugoslavia. Of course, there are also the famous opera houses of Budapest and Vienna and the one with the most modern stage of all was in Berlin, ~~now~~ destroyed during the war though. Now the Teatro Colon in Buenos Ayres is the most modern opera ~~theatre~~ house, and the one in Rio de Janeiro is running a close second.

PALMER

I knew nothing about Brazil, but I have learned a great deal since talking to Madame Sayao. Of course, we all have seen pictures of the famous bay of Rio de Janeiro of which I have a picture here. Is it right that you were born right at the bay? SHOWING OF PICTURE.

SAYAO

POINTS TO WHERE SHE WAS BORN. Continues to explain picture. The famous mountain just outside of Rio which can be reached only by cable car, the white marble monument of Jesus which is lighted at night....

PALMER

Brazil is another country famous for ~~its~~ her beaut-

PALMER CONT.

iful woman. What do you think is the most striking difference between them and the women in North America?

SAYAO

Their exuberance. When we are happy, we are ecstatically happy and want to share our joy with everybody... And when we are sad, we want everybody to know our sorrow and weep with us...

PALMER

South American women are supposed to be very luxury loving, especially Brazilian women have this reputation. Do you agree?

SAYAO

Oh yes. ~~In~~ We have two great weaknesses-- which I share-- jewels and perfumes. But there is not just luxury in Brazil, we have a lot of music, folklore-- it's gay and colorful and sad and very sentimental and romantic. You sang a little Italian folksong the other day on your show-- do you know Portuguese?

PALMER

I'm afraid I don't.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~
SAYAO

Do you know our equivalent of the American, "Home Sweet Home"? It goes like this. A CAPELLA.

FOLKSONG

PALMER

Hello. As I told you last week, tonight I am not going any place-- I will stay right here in New York. I have as my guest a rather fabulous man, a man who is responsible for some of the great experiences we have had in the theatre, a man whose name is familiar to all of us but whom very few people ~~know~~ ever see. He is S. Hurok, the last of the great impresarios-- a dying out race of managers, promoters, friends and agents of artists... I am sure you all know the label "S. Hurok presents"-- because he has been presenting entertainment in New York and all over the country for the past 40 years. He has known many of the greatest performers of our time and it is with great pleasure that for a change I present-- Mr. S. Hurok. Tell me, Mr. Hurok, how does one become an impresario?

HUROK

By determination I guess. While I was selling hardware in a store on Chambers Street, I was dreaming of nothing but of managing some day the great artists whom I went to see whenever I could afford it, at the opera and on the stage. I started out on a very small scale, something like a manager of "neighbourhood affairs"-- and they turned out to be quite successful. At that time the great Russian basso Feodor Chaliapine had just come to New York. I was standing high up in "peanut heaven" as they call it in New York--

PALMER

PALMER

The French are more poetic and call it "au paradis"-- in paradise-- but it amounts to the same thing. What did Chaliapine sing then?

HUROK

Don Giovanni and Mefistofeles by Boito. I was entranced. When I came home, I wrote him a letter, care of the Metropolitan Opera, offering myself as his American manager. There was no answer. A year or so later, I wrote to him again. No answer. Meanwhile I was continuing with my hardware job and at the same time I was very busy as a budding impresario. After all, there were the evenings, Sundays, holidays, and lunch hours! My first great concert venture-- still prepared at odd hours-- was to present a young violinist who was already famous: Efrem Zimbalist. This concert was a great success, also financially, so I became rather bold and this time cabled to Chaliapine who was in Europe. "Meet me Grand Hotel Paris Chaliapine" was the reply I received presently... I had a little money saved ^{for} ~~for~~ my infant concert business-- it was quickly invested in a trip to Paris. And at last I stood face to face with the giant. And a giant he was-- 6 feet 4, in a baggy tweed suit, with penetrating gray eyes staring down at me... "I didn't think you'd look like this," he said. I asked him what he thought I'd look like. "Oh-- an old man, long beard-- hunchback perhaps..!"

HUROK CONT.

I quickly started to talk, outlining my plans for him-- cross country tour-- great style... I talked very fast and he listened patiently until I finally paused-- expectantly. He said nothing for a long time. Then came the blow. "I'll never go to the United States again," he said. I was stunned-- why had he then summoned me? "Oh, I just wanted to see the man who had the effrontery to write me for four years," he said. When he saw my desperate face, he laughed-- roars and roars of laughter. "Cheer up," he said. "Come with me to dinner to the house of a friend-- and listen to his new opera. And I shall present you as my new American manager." The friend was Jules Massenet, the composer, who had just finished the opera Don Quichote he had composed especially for Chaliapine.

PALMER

Of course, you really did become his manager later just as you had dreamed it, didn't you? What sort of a man was Chaliapine?

HUROK

He came from a poor family and worked as a stevedore with the Volga river men-- together with another giant who later became very famous: the poet Maxim Gorki.

PALMER

Do those Volga river men really sing while the work-
INDICATION OF SONG.

HUROK.

They really do. But there are also many other songs about the river Volga, its beauty, and the hard work of the stevedores-- and this was the beginning of the greatest basso the world has ever known. He was almost entirely self-made. With the exception of a very short period, he had had no voice training or dramatic coaching at all. But throughout the years he acquired great knowledge-- in many fields. He could, for instance, discuss medicine like a doctor...

PALMER

They always said of him that he had a heart as big as the world but that in small things he could be so stingy that it was terrible. Is that true?

HUROK

It is. We discussed this once-- he was very much aware of his stinginess in money matters. He told me the story of a great tenor he had known on the height of his fame and whom he later met again-- old and destitute. He did not want this to happen to him-- ever... And because he loved life and was extravagant on a grand scale, he tried to hold onto pennies...

PALMER

He had actually no regard for quantities-- ~~only~~ of whatever,-- only for quality. He was once asked why he would sing such a small role as ~~the~~ Don Basilio in the Barber of Seville, and he answered,

PALMER CONT.

"To a great artist there is no such thing as a small part. And to a small artist there are no big parts."

HUROK

in every detail

His passion for perfection/was incredible. Once, in Chicago, I presented him as Boris Godunow with a whole Russian ensemble. I was in the audience, waiting for the curtain to rise, but nothing happened. After ~~ten minutes~~ half an hour I rushed backstage to see what was wrong. And here was Chaliapine, carving designs with a pen knife at one of the windows-- for greater authenticity!!

PALMER

I heard him once as Boris Godunow, in Paris. It was a terribly hot summer night, but the Chatelet Theatre was filled to the brim. Chaliapine was obviously suffering from the heat, swathed in brocades and furs as he had to be... Sweat was streaming down his face which he mopped incessantly with an enormous printed handkerchief. There was only a little left of that fabulous voice, but one could still hear its unique quality and he had his audience spellbound. At the end of the opera, when Boris dies, Chaliapine's voice became such a whisper that you thought you no longer heard it and yet you did as clearly as if he sang fortissimo... His voice seemed suspended in air-- it was like a poem in itself-- as though a man was dying, his ~~very~~ soul had materialized into a voice... The audience was completely silent, one

PALMER CONT.

could not even hear them breathe. They were under such a spell that it took minutes until they recovered to applaud. It was an unforgettable experience. Two years later, Chaliapine himself was dead. ... But I have found an old recording of him, to give you an idea of his extraordinary voice... RECORD.

Aside from Chaliapine, whom do you consider the greatest artist you have managed?

HUROK

Pavlova.

PALMER

Pavlova... I have never seen her dance. Wasn't she in many ways the exact opposite of Chaliapine?

HUROK

She was. Chaliapine loved life-- and he lived it too. Pavlova was only hungry for life and love, and I think her great tragedy was that she was so devoted to her work that it devoured her entirely.

PALMER

She travelled with her own company all year long, all over the world. They say she ~~had~~ covered about 350 000 miles on her tours... There were just a few weeks of rest during the summer, before she started a new tour ~~this~~ ^{in the} fall, every year, one after the other. She ~~was~~

HUROK

She often dreamed of taking time ~~of~~ ^{off}, of doing nothing but enjoying the sun and tending flowers--

HUROK CONT.

of living. But then she signed another contract and it was once more work work work. She was not quite 46 years old when she died within a couple of days-- from pleurisy she had caught on ^a ~~the~~ train, because of fatigue, because of overwork.

PALMER

Why did people think she was cold and nun-like?

HUROK

They identified her with the mask a ballerina made her face into for the classical ballet. The severe hair-do, the white make-up, the white tutu-- everything was designed to make a ballerina appear not as a woman, but as a fairy tale queen from another world. And yet Pavlova was very much of this world! The enormous steaks she would eat-- her curiosity of life in the strange places she visited, her love of everything exotic... And then her passion for shoes! Whenever she arrived in a town, she had to go out at once and shop for shoes. She never owned less than 30 pairs-- a special trunk full! And how she loved to give presents! She was very strict with her girls-- for the sake of their work. But she was very sentimental about birthdays, Christmas, Eastern-- those were big occasions and gifts for everybody were planned months in advance. She once travelled to South Africa with a trunk full of Christmas presents and a tree in cold storage ^{CHRISTMAS} on the boat!

PALMER

And yet she was a very lonely woman. Her favorite ballet was Autumn Leaves. It was the story of a poet and the solitary flower of summer, ravished by the autumn wind. It referred to her girlhood in St. Petersburg where she had loved a young man who had drowned. It was to his memory that she had dedicated this ballet.

HUROK

And whenever she danced it her eyes were full of tears. She always went to her dressing room without speaking a word to anyone.

PALMER

Mr. Hurok, which ballet do you consider the leading ballet of today?

HUROK

The Sadlers Wells Ballet.

PALMER

OWN IMPRESSIONS OF SADLERS WELLS. And which among the American Ballets is your favorite?

HUROK

The City Center Ballet which I think is the beginning of an American Sadlers Wells.

PALMER

Hello. Tonight I have as my guest someone whom one can call a woman of many countries... When Catherine Barjansky was a very young girl, she left her native Russia to study in Munich-- and ever since she has lived all over Europe until she finally came to America and settled down here in New York. ~~Madame Barjansky~~ ^{She} started out as any sculptor, doing life-size portraits, in fact, for a while, hers were even larger than life-size. But somehow she felt that this wasn't quite the right way for her to express herself though she did not really know what she was searching for...

One day, at a party in Paris, she saw one of the great actresses and dancers of her time, Ida Rubinstein. Ida Rubinstein was too slender, too white, too exotic, too unreal in a way-- she was not just a great artist, she was art herself, as Madame Barjansky describes it in her memoirs. The next day, the sculptor went out and bought some wax, and for three days and three nights sculptured from memory her impression of Ida Rubinstein. She swathed the small wax figure in velvets and laces-- ^{and} the portrait was an instant sensation in Paris. And from that time on, Madame Barjansky had found her medium, WAX. She is the only reknown sculptor of our time who has revived this old old way of doing portraits-- miniature portraits in wax... Of course, she does other things too, but her great passion has remained the wax. Fortunately, for her sitters, she works very fast-- and I doubt that there is any sculptor

PALMER (CONT.)

living today who has made more portraits of famous people than Madame Barjansky. Actually, she has drawers full of those delicate wax heads, and I have asked her to bring a few along to show them to you and tell you about some of the people who posed for her.

Tell me, Madame Barjansky, I understand that you have about 40 students working in your studio (on Central Park South, overlooking the Park)-- are they all art students or also people who just love to sculpt.

BARJANSKY

Both. My youngest pupil is 8 years old and my oldest-- 69.

PALMER

Isn't 8 a little young for a child to tackle real grown-up sculpture?

BARJANSKY

I don't think so. Actually, I believe that anyone who is able to read and write, can also sculpture!

PALMER

You have taught so many famous people how to sculpt that you must have developed quite a method of your own-- have you?

BARJANSKY

Yes. EXPLAINS METHOD. (Anmerkung: she doesn't particularly care to talk about this, but I thought it would be interesting.)

PALMER

Madame Barjansky has among her pupils the Dowager Queen of Belgium, Elisabeth. She is a gifted sculptor, though very shy about her art. One day, Einstein was dining with her and King Albert at Laeken, the residence of the Belgian royal family, ^{OUTSIDE OF BRUSSELS.} Einstein told the Queen that he had heard about her sculpturing and would she show him something she had done. She brought out a portrait at which he looked very seriously, then asking whether she had done this by herself. "Oh yes," said the Queen. "Well," Einstein said, "you know, you didn't have to be a queen!"

Madame Barjansky, among the countless people known all over the world, who have posed for you, is Professor Einstein himself, isn't he? Please tell us how he consented to sit for you and your impressions of him...

BARJANSKY

STORY OF EINSTEIN? Working in Berlin, in an unheated attic above his apartment, galoshes on his feet and heavy ~~a/sweater~~ over-coat on.... Making never-ending calculations on sheets of paper which he then threw in the waste basket... Her impression that his body was present but his soul was really somewhere else... She asking him if he calculated first and then came to his conclusions afterwards, or if he first had an inspiration and then tried to explain it by calculation... The inspiration comes first and he may be working for years to discover that he could not sub-

BARJANSKY (CONT.)

~~STANTI~~ stantiate his inspiration.

One day, he was playing ^{TRIO} ~~quartet~~ with Alexandre Barjansky, Madame's famous cellist husband. It was very hot and Einstein suggested that the gentlemen take off their coats. To everybody's surprise, and long-suffering Mrs. Einstein's dismay, the scientist revealed strangely frayed shirt sleeves... What had happened to his shirt which had been quite good in the morning..? Well, he had felt so hot that he had simply chopped ^{the sleeves} ~~them~~/off!!

PALMER

I think you also brought us your portrait of another great mind of our time... Freud... Was it difficult to have him consent to pose for you?

BARJANSKY

No, not really. But when I showed him some of my portraits which I had brought along, I could feel that he didn't like them too well, though he kept saying, "very good, very good." ~~At~~ At last I showed him the photograph of a sculpture called King Salomon, which I had made after a concert of Ernest Bloch. Freud stared at it very intently and then said, "Does it look like your father?" I had to laugh and said no, because my father was jolly and gay and had round cheeks-- altogether different from my concept of the emaciated, greco-like King Salomon! But after a while, Freud suddenly said, "He must look like your grandfather!" And this time I did

not have the heart to tell him that my grandfather had looked very much like my father...

PALMER

And there is the charming story of Madame Barjansky's little son, which delighted Freud. The little boy had been watching his mother doing a portrait of the Austrian poet Schnitzler. "What is a poet?" the little boy asked. His mother explained. He considered her explanations for a while and then said, "You know, it must be very easy to be a poet. He just puts down in the morning what he dreamed at night..."

Well, Madame Barjansky is not only one of the leading woman sculptors of our time, but she is also a lecturer and a writer. In her fascinating book, *Portraits with Backgrounds*, she tells of the people who have posed for her in Europe, and now she is preparing a sequel, *Portraits with Backgrounds in America*. And we shall have a chance to see all the people of whom she writes in an exhibition here in New York in November. Whom are you doing now?

BARJANSKY

Right now I am doing the portrait of a little boy, one of my students. He was very disturbed at first, when he started to work with me, because he felt, sculpturing was sissy stuff. So I asked him, what he is being shown, when he first comes to a city where he has never been before. Is it the local Bank? No. Perhaps a department store? No. He

BARJANSKY (CONT.)

thought for a while and then he brightened up. He knew! The Museum! And what do you see in a Museum? Paintings-- and sculptures... And then he understood. Sculpture was important and not at all sissy. So then he asked me if I would do his portrait. I told him that I got lots of money for a portrait which he thought was quite all right-- he was prepared to pay me too. He could offer me his allowance for three weeks. How much is this, I inquired? Six dollars. So I am doing now my six-dollar portrait of a little boy...

Klein or Jung
Museum Kingston
Sierra
Portrait 6 & 8

write & since when
at first for myself
they were not many

which had to come
out

so you write now
Book of Sculpture
Portraits with back
grounds in America
West Exhibit Nov.

Jeder d les a (3)
Rasen sculpture
8 boy America

69. Tragen, hört
nicht gut Jacke,
Gesicht. Reruch
König, Belle.

Ein Mann
Calloscler, Sweat
his body - soul some
else ~~at~~ in spirit. -
Hear calculation

x Er sayd when we
~~and~~ if someone makes
a mistake it's soon
forgotten, but if a writer
blunders, it's kept for
Ever.

one ~~believes~~ ~~A B~~ ~~knows~~ ⁽⁴⁾
looks like ~~out of~~ ~~the~~
~~American~~
~~Answer~~ ~~At~~ ~~the~~
the ~~years~~ ~~out~~ in
years & pedal ~~pusher~~
is ~~not~~ ~~but~~
the ~~years~~ ~~out~~
following ~~the~~ ~~way~~
of the ~~Age~~ ~~Way~~
of life

And how far is ⁽⁵⁾
~~it supposed~~ ^{sub.} from
Vienna?

5 hours. And it
really takes only
5 though it would
be very difficult
if it would take

¹⁵
you are off there
I presume?
since I can't come

come A. America ⁽⁶⁾
all the time
~~Vietnam has to~~
~~do. Actually it's~~
~~still under pop.~~
~~in turn.~~
I do what the
Am. do - I
go to Vietnam
by the way ~~it's~~
the Engl, a French
an Russians

like it so much ^(T)
not that they
can never reach
my kind
A leave

It just rained
to me - does
Austria still have
the double-headed
eagle ever
if it still the
way.

of course ⁸ as
will every
decent nation
We see in
the double head,
egg — by the
way d. of at Kus
the st. of the
ferd. & the
egg,

Hein - he sat
me - he lived
ab. 100 years
ago -
well, one day
the court decided
he did, at
last contrived an
eagle, to his
uncle's profit.
& so they tried
an ~~dead~~ eagle

They had just ¹⁰
shot to a tree
in the park of
the castle ~~of~~
br. The hunter
someone can
mine & the Em
Shore - 7000
Tragedy this is
an error in
the Part! So
the emperor was

11
into the Park
As soon as it
So the hunters
let the eagle
drop to the ground.
But when they
brought the prey
to the camp, he
said ~~that~~ nothing
to quite a way.
And then he
shook his head

L said — ¹² N¹²
they all think
there is an eagle
That's no eagle
at all. A real
eagle has 2
heads 1"

P. Well, I hope
when I return
you will feel
quite comfortable

under the ¹³
shadows of the
wings
Frankly I'd
~~rather~~ feel
better ~~under~~
in the shadows
of the wings
of the sea, ~~each~~
although he has but
one head!

PALMER

Hello. Tonight I am back in Austria again, and I have as my guest Austria's leading poet, of ^{and author} today, ~~and playwright, and novelist.~~ ^{Alexander Lenet-Holevic.} He is so distinguished a representative of his country that the State Department invited him to come to America for a few weeks to see what it's like over here and tell the Austrians about it. ~~He~~ ~~is Alexander Lenet-Holevic,~~ ~~and~~ ~~he~~ is rather different from any of the authors I know or read about. ^{Because -} He is not particularly fond of books and positively dislikes his own! He says if anyone makes a mistake it's soon forgotten, but if a writer blunders, it's kept for eternity. If he finds himself among many books, for instance in a Public Library, he no longer understands why anyone would ever write another word, however, he usually feels compelled to sit down immediately and write a new book himself. Thus he has written about 20 novels, and just as many plays (all of them produced) and half a dozen books of poetry and novelettes, let alone countless short stories. But he has never kept one single copy of anything he ever wrote, in fact, he loves the French ~~xxxxxx~~ fashion of disposing of a book one just finished reading by throwing it out of the window of a train-- in case one happened to read it on a train, of course.

When I asked him what was going on in Austria today,

Oesterreichischer
Hof

Jedermann
von Hofmannsthal
Alexander Moissi

PALMER (CONT.)

he said, he didn't know. The Austrians find out all about their ^{OWN} country by reading the American newspapers. And you, I asked him? Well, he said, I think your papers are overwhelming. So I don't even ~~start~~ attempt reading them-- I just read between the lines.... But here is Alexander Lernet-Holenia.

Tell me, Mr. Lernet-Holenia, when did you arrive in New York?

LERNET-HOLENIA

About two weeks ago. But my first impression of the American way of life started already in Genoa.

PALMER

Isn't this a bit far away?

L.H.

Well, it was there that I went aboard the Independence-- a wonderful boat and I just fell in love with her air conditioning! Actually, I was very lucky. As you perhaps read in the papers, a ship had just blown up in Gibraltar. If we had been passing Gibraltar at that very moment, all our windows would have been shattered-- and good-bye air conditioning...

PALMER

And New York?

L.H.

~~It's~~ It's so marvelous that nobody knows me here. I feel like the Chalif in the stories of a Thousand

L.H. CONT.

and One Nights, walking around the streets. And then of course, I love the countryside-- I went to Connecticut and Long Island and I think it's enchanting.

PALMER

This is really a big compliment, because Mr. Lernet-Holenia lives in one of the most beautiful parts of Europe, the Salzkammergut. He is the country sire of St. Wolfgang and I am sure all of you know at once all about it when I tell you that the White Horse Inn is its famous hotel. (INDICATION OF SONG?) The Duke of Windsor stayed there for several months just before his marriage.. I guess everybody speaks English ~~there~~ pretty well now, with all those Americans around?

L.H.

At least, they think so. The other day, the waiter overheard some people speaking English, so when the question of the desert came up, he offered them bitches and bears---

PALMER

Instead of peaches and pears?? Tell me, how far is St. Wolfgang from Salzburg?

~~about an hour by train~~

L.H.

About an hour by train. But, unfortunately, the train needs $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours, until it finally arrives!

PALMER

Of course, Salzburg is as enchanted a little town

PALMER CONT.

as anyone can find anywhere. It's built in pure baroque style and it always seemed unreal to me to think that people lived in such a place every day of the year. Salzburg has also another distinction. The Salzburg Festivals were the first international festivals anywhere-- and it was because of their huge success that festivals have become the fashion of the day all over the world. I remember the famous performances of the old play "Everyman" in the square before the Cathedral -- and the castle Leopoldskron which the great theatrical producer Reinhardt rebuilt, it was a fabulous place with flamingos stalking about the park, with its ^{own} open air theatre... Now, by the way, Harvard University holds summer courses there. What is Salzburg like today-- is it still the same?

L.H.

Exactly. One still never knows what the people running around are in reality. Mostly, the peasants turn out to be Americans in dirndls ^{and short leather pants} and what looks like Americans in jeans and pedal pushers is nothing but the peasants following the American way of life.

PALMER

And how far is Salzburg from Vienna?

L.H.

5 hours. And it really takes only 5 hours though it would be typically Austrian if it would take 15.

PALMER

You are often there, I presume?

L.H.

Since I can't come to America all the time, I do what the Americans do-- I go to Vienna. By the way, the French and English and Russians like it so much too that they can never make up their minds to leave.

PALMER

It just occurred to me-- does Austria still have the double headed eagle everywhere-- on candy boxes as well as all over the post offices etc.?

L.H.

Oh yes-- as ~~well~~ every decent nation who ~~has~~ ^{must have} an eagle-- ~~EMBLI~~ America too. And of course, we even have the double-headed eagle. By the way, do you know the story of the Emperor Ferdinand and the eagle?

pALMER

No, I don't. He lived about a hundred years ago, didn't he?

LH.

Yes. Well, one day the Court decided that the Emperor should at last contribute an eagle to his hunting trophies, and so ~~they~~ ^{the hunters} tied an eagle they had just shot, to a tree in the Park of the castle Schoenbrunn. Someone came running to the Emperor, shouting, "Your Majesty, there is an eagle in the park!" So the Emperor went down to shoot it. The hunters let the eagle drop to the ground. But when

LH CONT.

they brought the prey to the Emperor, he said nothing for quite a while. Then he shook his head and said, "Now they all think this is an eagle. That's no eagle at all. A real eagle has two heads!" (Anmerkung, L.H. beendet diese Geschichte mit einer sehr komischen Geste, die die beiden Adlerkoepfe beschreibt!)

PALMER

Well, I hope when you return you will feel quite comfortable under the shadow of its wings...

L.H.

Frankly, I'd feel better in the shadow of the wings of the American eagle, although he has but one head!

PALMER

Hello. Tonight I am back in Austria again and I have as my guest ~~and~~ Austria's leading poet of today, and playwright and novelist-- and so distinguished a representative of his country he is that the ~~American Government~~ State Department of the United States invited him to come to America for a few weeks to see what it's like over here and tell the Austrians about it. He is Alexander Lernet-Holenia, and he is rather different from

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since he has about 20 novels to his credit, and just as many plays (all of them produced); and half a dozen books of poetry and novelettes, let alone countless short stories! ~~The only book he owns is Dante's Divine Comedy in Italian.~~ He is an extremely prolific reader too-- in French, English, German, Italian-- but every time he walks into Vienna's famous Library (one of the greatest in the world), he gets into a panic when he sees what has been written through the ages... He prefers the French fashion of disposing of a book one just finished reading by throwing it out of the window of a train-- in case one happened to read it on a train, of course. When I asked him what was going on in Austria today, he said, he didn't know. ~~Everybody~~ The Austrians find out

Werner
unter V. Paul
erat
er nicht
wird
weil
er
aber
er
nein
so

Rick

So he does not even
 start reading, but
 is reading *between*
 the lines

by reading ~~it~~ everything about their own country in the American newspapers. And you? I asked him. Well, he said, I think your papers are overwhelming. ~~Too fat to be read. Maybe~~ he ought to be called the author with the ~~horror~~ of the printed word-- ~~but~~ here he is-- Alexander Lernet-Holenia. Tell me, Mr. Lernet, ^{Holenia} when did you arrive in New York?

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LH CONT.

for a ride the other day, to

*Connecticut,
x to Long Island*

PALMER

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~~Lernet-Hotz~~ lives in one of the most beautiful
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the country sire of St. Wolfgang and I am sure
all of you know at once all about it when I tell
you that the White Horse Inn is its famous
hotel... (INDICATION OF SONG?) The Duke of
Windsor stayed there for several months just
before his marriage...

L.H.

The only trouble is that the Salzkammergut is
lovely for people who come there just sporadic-
ally, but for anybody to live in a summer resort
all year round it gets rather dull.

PALMER

How far is St. Wolfgang from Salzburg?

LH

About an hour by train.

*Aber der Zug
braucht 1/2 bis 1 Stunde*

PALMER

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PALMER CONT.

success that festivals have become the fashion of the day all over the world.... Reinhardt. Jedermann. Toscanini. Is Salzburg still the same?

L.H.

Not quite. It used to be very beautiful there in spring, when it was very quiet and serene and no rain-- as usual during the summer-- but now there are only two possibilities-- either Festivals or a Hungarian marketplace, because Salzburg has become one of the largest Hungarian towns, certainly the largest outside of Hungary.

Exactly. ^{and they are} That is why ^{that} you see ^{now} the people ^{around} ~~the~~ ~~are~~ ~~actors~~ in ~~their~~ ~~costumes~~ in reality. ~~Further~~ ~~the~~ Because ~~mostly~~ the peasants turn out to be American in cost. ~~But~~ a ~~the~~ ~~people~~ what

PALMER

Hello. Tonight is the last time I will be with you before going on my vacation for the summer, and I am a little sad about it... I shall miss those weekly visits with you... But I shall return this fall and I hope that you will then be travelling with me again...

Travelling... I am going to Europe and I shall see many of the places I talked to you about.

~~and I hope to bring back to you many interesting~~

Remember my first program, when I took you to England? I had my fellow witch Pamela Brown as my guest and I am looking forward to seeing her again-- both of us ^{TIFEN} just plain, ordinary people!

As I told you the other day, on my second program about England, we shall be visiting the Festival of Britain... AD LIB.

Remember Monsieur de Manziarly, my French guest with whom I talked about Paris, about her 2000th anniversary she is celebrating this year? We sang a little song together, called La Seine...

INDICATION OF SONG. Well, I shall have a look at Paris and see how the 2000-year old lady is doing-- and I think I shall find her as enchanting and as young as ever. And you may remember that she is cheating a bit about her age anyway! Do you remember my program about Greece? I am still hoping to go there this year... I have never been to Greece but I can't get out of my mind what Madame Paxinou told me about the Festivals in

Delphi-- remember? They will open on the night of the full moon, I believe the 17th of August, with Madame Paxinou playing in Oedipus, right in the old amphitheatre in Delphi...

And then, of course, Italy. I shall be spending there a lot of time ~~in Italy~~, and I have quite a bit of news for you, in connection with Italy which is one of my very favorite countries... When I will be back on the air this fall, after the first of October, I shall bring you some films I will have ~~done~~ ^{MADE} in Rome for you this summer! I shall interview some very interesting people there, people whose names are familiar to you and then perhaps the one or the other you have never heard about before. ~~I shall show you~~ You will accompany me on my walks about the "Eternal City", as Rome is called so often-- and it is indeed an eternal city... Maybe you can catch some of the breathtaking experience I had when I saw Rome for the first time... The Coliseum in the moonlight, the fountains at the Villa Borghese etc. AD LIB. I think I shall talk about Eleonore Duse, the greatest actress who ever lived, who was an Italian ^{WHO} and died in Pittsburgh in the twenties... And then there is Austria-- Salzburg and Vienna... Maybe I shall go there too, and see if there are still playing Jedermann on the Cathedral Square as I told you a couple of weeks ago. And I shall see what the country is like today which has brought

more
 1940
 1941
 1942

W. H. D.

Travel Bureau.
Foto on desk

Nizinsky

Belgium—Switzerland. They will see the
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me on my walks about the "Eternal City", as Rome

forth poets like Hugo von Hofmannsthal... He ~~is the author~~ wrote the play "Death and the Fool" from which I shall read to you again... You have seemed to have liked this passage best of all the poems I brought to you, and have asked for it again and again. As you may remember-- a young man is dying and his mother, his friend, and his girl come-- as shadows-- to speak to him once more. This is what his girl says:

POEM (4 minutes)

LEAD INTO COMMERCIAL APPROXIMATELY AS FOLLOWS:

Do you remember that I told you on my very first program how a man came to see me and asked me if I wanted to be an Angelface? He was a man from Pond's who produces Angelface make-up... Well, I didn't know what it was going to be like to be an angelface, and ~~told~~ ^{TALK TO} you about many ^{other} angelfaces, and one in particular-- the one made by Ponds. It was a lot of fun, to tell the truth, and it made me very happy that I could ~~tell~~ ^{SPEAK TO} you about the things that interested me-- about different countries-- about paintings, about literature, and that your response told me that ^{so} many of you are interested in what I had to say...

Remember ^{some of the things I told you} about

London

Vienna

Naples

Paris

Cherbourg

^{Greece}
Rome

80 1 rem. ²

Polen

80 90 rem. ~~to~~ be Angelface

CLD

Subseries G: Other Manuscripts, 1939-1961.

Subseries is in English and French.

0.75 linear foot

Arrangement:

Alphabetical.

Scope and Content:

In addition to her own writings, this subseries also lists some manuscripts acquired by Ruth Marton, most of which are scripts. *The Blank Wall* was presumably received by her while she worked on the production of Max Ophul's film *The Reckless Moment*, based on the novel *The Blank Wall*.

The origins of the other scripts are not as certain. Several of the manuscripts are by or concern individuals Ruth knew, including *Test 606* by John Huston; *Of Human Bondage* by Lester Cohen; *Voyage Home*, with a translation by Denver Lindley; *The Immortal Husband*, a comedy by James Merrill; and *The Shanghai Gesture*, a film in which Walter Huston starred in 1941.

Box	Folder	Title	Date
24	27	<i>The Blank Wall</i> by Henry Garson and Robert Soderberg - Final Draft	1949
24	28	<i>The Blank Wall</i> - First Estimating Draft	1949
24	29	<i>The Blank Wall</i> - Outline	1949
24	30	<i>The Blank Wall</i> - Revised Final Draft	1949
24	31	<i>The Blank Wall</i> - Revised Final Draft with Shooting	1949
24	32	<i>The Burning Bush</i> by Heinz Herald and Geza Herzog	n.d.
24	33	<i>The Deep Blue Sea</i> by Terence Rattigan	1951
24	34	<i>The Immortal Husband</i> by James Merrill	1954-1955
Box	Folder	Title	Date
25	1	<i>Judgment at Nuremberg</i> by Abby Mann	1961
25	2	<i>Laura</i> by Jay Dratler	1943
25	3	<i>Monsieur de France</i> by Jacques François	1955-1956?
25	4	<i>Monsieur de France</i> - Photos	n.d.
25	5	<i>Of Human Bondage</i> - Play by Lester Cohen	1934, 1954
25	6	<i>The Picture of Dorian Gray</i> - Play by Walter Hartley	1952
25	7	<i>The Shanghai Gesture</i> by John Colton	1941
25	8	<i>Test 606</i> by John Huston, Heinz Herald, and Norman Burnstine	1939

AR 25021 MUEHSAM FAMILY COLLECTION

24/27 THE BLANK WALL BY HENRY GARSON AND ROBERT SODERBERG -
FINAL DRAFT 1949

COLUMBIA PROD. NO. 964

(WALTER WANGER PICTURES, INC.)

THE BLANK WALL

THIS SCRIPT IS THE PROPERTY OF
COLUMBIA PICTURES CORP.

WHEN IT HAS SERVED YOUR PURPOSE
RETURN TO STENOGRAPHIC DEPT.

FINAL DRAFT
MARCH 1, 1949

AR 25021 MUEHSAM FAMILY COLLECTION

24/28 THE BLANK WALL- FIRST ESTIMATING DRAFT 1949

COLUMBIA PROD. NO. 964

(Walter Wanger Pictures, Inc.)

RUTH MARTON

THE BLANK WALL

THIS SCRIPT IS THE PROPERTY OF
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WHEN IT HAS SERVED YOUR PURPOSE
RETURN TO STENOGRAPHIC DEPT.

1st ESTIMATING DRAFT
FEB. 1, 1949

THE BLANK WALL

Screenplay by
Henry Garson and
Robert Soderberg
FIRST ESTIMATING DRAFT
February 1, 1949

AR 25021 MUEHSAM FAMILY COLLECTION

24/29 THE BLANK WALL-OUTLINE 1949

THE BLANK WALL

(OUTLINE)

January 12, 1949

THE BLANK WALL

- 1 DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES. FIFTH STREET. LUCIA'S car in traffic. Further on she slows down and peers out of the window. She sees
- 2 HOTEL ENTRANCE. "MIDTOWN HOTEL". Seedy place. Few men hanging around entrance.
- 3 FIFTH STREET. LUCIA'S car goes into parking lot by hotel.
- 4 STREET IN FRONT OF HOTEL. LUCIA comes from parking lot, pauses a moment in front of the entrance, and then goes in.
- 5 INTERIOR OF HOTEL LOBBY. LUCIA crosses lobby to desk. Hangers-on in lobby stare at her with interest. LUCIA asks DESK CLERK for TED DARBY. CLERK calls TED DARBY.
- 6 CLERK tells LUCIA MR. DARBY will meet her in the bar. LUCIA looks around for bar and sees "Cocktails" sign over door. She crosses toward it.
- 7 BAR. BARTENDER in process of setting bar up for day. Tells LUCIA he can't serve her for another fifteen minutes. She looks so uncomfortable, so he says, "Maybe, after all, you need one." She doesn't take the drink. DARBY comes into the bar and, as LUCIA is the only one in there, he goes to her directly.
- 8 BOOTH IN BAR (no drinks in scene). LUCIA tells DARBY he is not to see BEA any more. LUCIA says she found out about their secret romance, and she has found out

the type of man DARBY is, and he will not see her daughter again. DARBY charmingly gives up BEA. LUCIA relaxes until DARBY adds he'll give up BEA for a price. LUCIA says now she can come out in the open with BEA knowing of her romance with DARBY, because as soon as BEA knows about the "price" she'll break off with DARBY without any more said about it. LUCIA leaves. DARBY goes immediately to phone booth in bar.

9 PHONE BOOTH. DARBY dials long distance operator and asks for Balboa number.

10 DRIVEWAY OF HARPER HOUSE IN BALBOA. LATE AFTERNOON. LUCIA drives in. DAVID is outside working on what may or may not be an automobile. DAVID helps LUCIA in with her packages.

11 HARPER LIVING ROOM. DAVID and LUCIA come in from outside. MR. HARPER listening to race results on the radio. SYBIL in dining room just turns off vacuum cleaner. LUCIA is questioned as to why she went to Los Angeles without letting them know. LUCIA asks where BEA IS. Family tells she is upstairs. Look of concern over LUCIA'S face. As she leaves the room we can see LUCIA steeling herself for a difficult conversation with BEA.

12 BEA'S BEDROOM. She is working at easel. She looks angry. LUCIA'S VOICE calls her from outside of door. BEA tells her mother to come in. Her voice is cold and harsh. LUCIA wants to know why she is sulking in her room. BEA tells her mother that TED DARBY phoned her

from Los Angeles that morning and told her about the meeting. Every argument LUCIA presents to BEA about DARBY is undermined by BEA telling her mother DARBY on the phone predicted LUCIA would say everyone of these things. Their conversation moves from discussion to a heated argument between mother and daughter. LUCIA informs BEA she will stop at nothing to put an end to BEA and DARBY'S relationship. LUCIA forbids BEA to ever see DARBY again, and leaves the room. BEA stares resentfully after her. She is furious.

13 UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. As LUCIA leaves bedroom, sound of phone downstairs. DAVID'S voice calls up saying it's Washington on the phone. LUCIA quickly starts down the stairs.

14 LUCIA on phone. It is her husband calling from Washington and he tells her, business is taking him to Berlin immediately. MR. HARPER and DAVID get in on telephone, mixture of delight and dismay about his Berlin trip. It's an opportunity but will take him away from home for Xmas. BEA comes down to talk to her father. In her conversation she hits at her mother. LUCIA ends phone conversation by assuring her husband that nothing is seriously wrong with BEA and that he is not to worry while he is away. They managed once while he was at war and they can do it again.

15 LUCIA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. LUCIA, in a dressing gown, is surrounded by packages, most of which are wrapped. DAVID

knocks at her door. LUCIA hastily slides a few unwrapped packages under the bed and tells him to come in. DAVID enters. He's dressed for bed. DAVID sees letter LUCIA is writing to his father. LUCIA says she is assuring DAVID'S father again that everything will be ship-shape while he's gone. After DAVID leaves LUCIA stands up, stretches and turns out light on desk in front of large picture window overlooking Balboa Bay. She goes to her bed and turns down covers. CAMERA PANS BACK to window and through the window we see pier and boathouse. Someone at the end of the pier in front of the Harper house, strikes a match. A cigarette is lit, CAMERA PANS BACK to

16 LUCIA'S bedroom. She is sitting on the edge of the bed. She takes cold cream jar and just starts to dab some cold cream on her face when she hears sound of door opening quietly. She pauses until she hears sounds of footsteps stealthily going downstairs. She gets up and goes to her door.

17 UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. LUCIA looks downstairs and from her angle we see BEA heading for the front door downstairs. LUCIA goes downstairs.

18 FOOT OF STAIRS DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY. Argument between LUCIA and BEA about her going out to meet DARBY. Violent argument held down so it won't wake up rest of family. LUCIA orders BEA back to her room. They start up the stairs.

- 19 LUCIA'S bedroom. LUCIA comes in, closes the door, picks up the cold cream, but her hand is trembling so she puts it down. She goes to unfinished letter on desk, writes a little, and we can see she is still concerned about BEA. (Note: During scene SYBIL comes in and LUCIA assures her there is no trouble.) She goes and opens the door of her bedroom, and crosses the hall to door of BEA'S room.
- 20 BEA'S BEDROOM. LUCIA stands in the door and sees the room is empty. She quickly turns and goes across the hall to her room.
- 21 HARPER HOUSE. NIGHT. EXTERIOR. BEA crosses front yard and walks out toward boathouse at end of pier. She uses a flashlight just on the steps of the house.
- 22 END OF PIER OUTSIDE OF BOATHOUSE. BEA and DARBY meet at the end of the pier. BEA is tearfully happy to see him. Then she finds out he was not fooling about needing money. Her disillusionment is instant. She starts back for the house but DARBY grabs her. He is furious and she can't break away from him. She strikes DARBY with flashlight. He is knocked out. She runs back toward the house.
- 23 LUCIA'S BEDROOM. LUCIA has a light coat on and is rapidly putting on a pair of shoes as she hears slam of door downstairs.
- 24 DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY. BEA is leaning against front door trying to catch her breath and get over her panic.

- From her angle we see LUCIA on the top of stairs.
LUCIA comes down the stairs.
- 25 DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY. BEA tells her mother what has happened. LUCIA tells her to go on upstairs. She'll go out and see if DARBY is still on the pier.
- 26 END OF PIER. DARBY gets up from floor of pier. He is angry as he rubs his forehead where he's been hit. He brushes his clothes off. He starts to walk off the pier. He goes wrong direction and starts to fall.
- 27 SHOT FROM WATER SHOWING FULL PIER. We see DARBY falling over pier onto float beside a small white boat below in the water. Immediately afterwards we see LUCIA coming out from the house toward the pier.
- 28 PIER. LUCIA comes out and looks around for DARBY. When she does not see him, she turns and goes back toward the house.
- 29 BEA'S BEDROOM. BEA is in bed, LUCIA is standing beside her, BEA is almost hysterical. We see a confused girl and a disturbed mother. LUCIA says she'll get something for her to help her sleep.
- 30 UPSTAIRS HALL. LUCIA comes out of BEA'S bedroom. She is surprised to see DAVID and MR. HARPER standing in doorway of DAVID'S room. They want to know what all the talking's been about all night long. LUCIA sharply tells them to go about their own business.
- 31 BATHROOM.. LUCIA comes into bathroom and goes to medicine cabinet. She fills a glass of water and takes down bottle of aspirin. It's empty.

- 32 EXTERIOR HARPER HOUSE. MORNING. LUCIA opens front door and steps out. She stands there smoking and enjoying the early morning.
- 33 WINDOW OF SYBIL'S ROOM. SYBIL opens window, she is still in her nightgown. She wants to know why MRS. HARPER is up so early. LUCIA comes into scene, tells SYBIL she couldn't sleep, she is going to take an early morning walk.
- 34 FULL SHOT OF PIER. LUCIA strides out on the pier.
- 35 LUCIA reaches head of ramp. She looks down and an expression of horror comes over her face.
- 36 THE FLOAT IN THE WATER FROM LUCIA'S ANGLE LOOKING DOWN. DARBY is stretched out in the boat.
- 37 HEAD OF RAMP. Panic-stricken she stares down at the body with unbelieving eyes. She moves down the ramp slowly.
- 38 THE FLOAT AT FOOT OF RAMP. LUCIA moves toward the body. We can see Darby is lying on an anchor, two prongs of which are free, the third is buried in his back. With fear she reaches down and touches him. She sees he is dead.
- 39 RAMP. LUCIA runs up the ramp.
- 40 THE PIER. LUCIA runs down the pier toward the house.
- 41 EXTERIOR HARPER HOUSE. LUCIA reaches front door, is about to open it and then stops. She looks upstairs. A frightened, thoughtful expression comes over her face. She turns.

- 42 THE PIER. With quickening steps LUCIA GOES out to end of pier. When she reaches the RAMP there is resolve in her expression. She looks quickly around the shore to see if anyone is up and watching her. She starts down the ramp.
- 43 FLOAT AT FOOT OF PIER. LUCIA gets DARBY'S body into boat. She tries to start outboard motor. It sputters and fails. She tries again and still the motor won't catch. Finally it catches. She casts off and heads out toward the bay.
- 44 THE BOAT. LUCIA in middle of Balboa Bay. She looks around not knowing what direction to go. She looks inland. From her angle we see canal going inland, passing under bridge of main highway.
- 45 THE BOAT. LUCIA is in the boat and has passed the south end of Balboa. She turns inland toward a canal which passes under the main highway bridged over it. She fearfully studies the road for traffic. A few trucks go over it.
- 46 FROM THE HIGHWAY BRIDGE OVER THE CANAL. LUCIA'S boat approaches it. Several cars pass between CAMERA and boat.
- 47 BOAT. LUCIA looks up fearfully as she guides the boat under the bridge. The boat then goes inland to a swampy backwater covered with reeds. No houses or human activity around. LUCIA takes DARBY'S BODY out of boat and hides it in the marsh.

- 48 BOAT. LUCIA is guiding boat back toward Balboa Island when she notices the bloody anchor. She turns the boat and heads out toward inlet to ocean.
- 49 BOAT IN OCEAN. LUCIA is well off shore when she lets motor idle. She unties anchor from rope and drops it in the ocean.
- 50 PIER AND BOAT HOUSE FROM LUCIA'S ANGLE IN RETURNING BOAT. DAVID is waiting for her.
- 51 RAMP AT END OF PIER. BOAT PULLS UP. LUCIA gets out and DAVID comes down to tie it. DAVID is angry because LUCIA has gone out without him. He does not notice the anchor is missing. LUCIA and DAVID go back to the house.
- 52 HARPER KITCHEN. Dinette table is set for breakfast. LUCIA and DAVID come in. SYBIL is thoughtful. MR. HARPER, at the table, is wondering why everything's been so uncoordinated around the house the past few days. DAVID is still complaining about the boat trip, but SYBIL silences him. LUCIA, holding herself to normalcy, excuses herself to change her clothes.
- 53 DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY. LUCIA meets BEA coming downstairs. Takes her arm and tells her to come upstairs with her.
- 54 LUCIA'S BEDROOM. As LUCIA changes her clothes, she asks BEA if BEA had ever told anyone about DARBY. BEA says no one knows. LUCIA tells her it's best then, to forget about him, and never talk about this again under any circumstances. BEA goes out. LUCIA, alone for the first time, is almost physically sick from the ordeal

54 she's just gone through. VOICE OF SYBIL from downstairs, calls to her and tells her breakfast is ready. She sees the letter on the desk. After some hesitation, she seals the letter, puts it in her pocket and leaves the room.

55 HARPER KITCHEN AND DINETTE. MR. HARPER and BEA at table when LUCIA comes in dressed. LUCIA inquires where DAVID is. She turns white when SYBIL says he rushed through breakfast and went out to the boat. DAVID comes into the kitchen. He announces someone swiped the anchor from the boat. LUCIA gets up and says she is going to mail letter to their father and also leave the car in the village to have serviced. Tells DAVID they'll get another anchor.

56 EXTERIOR ENTRANCE TO POST OFFICE IN THE VILLAGE. DAY. From angle of post office we see up the street a large car. The car stops and a man leans out and asks a question of passerby in the street. Passerby shakes his head, car moves toward CAMERA. It stops again and the man "NAGLE" asks another passerby who shakes his head. Approaching the post office and stopping again as LUCIA comes out of post office and goes to cab in front of post office. This time a passerby points out LUCIA to man in car. LUCIA, as she gets into cab, remarks to DRIVER whom she knows that her car is being serviced. At the time NAGLE'S car drives up beside cab and NAGLE gets from his car into back

- 56 seat with LUCIA. Before she can even protest, he says I want to see your daughter BEATRICE. She tells the cab driver to start, NAGLE beckons for his car to follow and he rolls up glass partition between driver and back seat.
- 57 REAR SEAT OF TAXI. NAGLE knows DARBY came to Balboa night before. He wants to know where DARBY is. LUCIA tells them they don't know DARBY, he says he'll talk to her daughter.
- 58 EXTERIOR HARPER HOUSE. Cab and car following pull up in front of Harper house. LUCIA threatens to call police if NAGLE doesn't go away. NAGLE gets into his car and drives off, after he notes down address.
- 59 HARPER KITCHEN. We see a roast ham being taken out of the oven. CAMERA PULLS BACK revealing SYBIL and LUCIA. SYBIL says I'm ready in ten minutes. CAMERA FOLLOWS LUCIA.
- 60 HARPER LIVING ROOM. LUCIA comes into living room, MR. HARPER is fussing with a white Xmas tree which is still bound and in the corner. He complains about white Xmas trees, pressed sawdust logs in fireplace and California in general. Indicate HARPER goes out to get kindle for fire. DAVID comes in, it's obvious he's been working on his car, he's not only smelling of grease and oil, but also covered with it. LUCIA shoots him upstairs to get cleaned up for dinner. VOICE OF BEA calling from upstairs asking what they're having for dinner. LUCIA yells up 'Ham!' BEA says

60 she can't have ham on her Vita Bell diet. Sound of
a slam upstairs, LUCIA walks toward downstairs hallway.

61 BEA'S BEDROOM. LUCIA enters and in an effort to be nice
to BEA, maybe she can go back to art school after
holidays. BEA protests against ever going to Los
Angeles again. LUCIA says maybe there is some place
in Laguna where she could study. Sound of tap on
door and SYBIL calling MRS. HARPER.

62 UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. LUCIA comes out of BEA'S room and
SYBIL tells LUCIA there's a man downstairs to see
her. LUCIA first wants SYBIL to send him away and
then thinking better of it starts down the stairs.

63 HARPER LIVING ROOM. MARTIN DONNELLY is standing
in the living room. He looks at some of the good
pieces of furniture appreciatively. As he hears
sounds of footsteps coming downstairs he moves out
of sight from the hallway. He glances up at mirror
and in mirror we see reflected

64 DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY. LUCIA reaches bottom of the
stairs and visibly pulls herself together for what-
ever the forthcoming interview may turn out to be.

65 LUCIA comes into living room. DONNELLY introduces
himself, and as SYBIL crosses downstairs hallway,
he adds he's a friend of LUCIA'S husband. When
SYBIL is out of sight, DONNELLY reveals he is there
to collect \$5,000.00 for letters BEA wrote to DARBY.
He convinces LUCIA they aren't quite school girl let-
ters and he reads one to her. He starts to read

- 65 another one. (Note: First sentence of second letter can have BEA telling DARBY that her mother has seen them in Los Angeles.) DONNELLY says these letters can be very embarrassing for LUCIA and her family. He also suggests that DARBY was planning to use them for blackmail himself, but, had given them to DONNELLY and his partner to hold until he paid back a debt, DARBY owed them. LUCIA falters and asks for time to think as MR. HARPER comes in the scene. In following scene LUCIA is trapped by the family coming in on DONNELLY. Horse tip here. HARPER even asks DONNELLY to stay to dinner as the table is practically ready for them to sit down at. DONNELLY uses house-hunting story to cover his meeting with LUCIA, the next morning. LUCIA indicates real estate agency to meet at in village. DONNELLY leaves.
- 66 OUTSIDE HARPER HOUSE. NIGHT. DONNELLY looking through window at family gathering around dinner table.
- 67 PICTURE OF BODY OF DARBY lying in marsh, over scene, voices of family "Mail here yet?" etc. CAMERA PULLS BACK revealing picture is on front page of newspaper. It's on desk in hallway. Mail around newspaper. Business with letters. MR. HARPER comes into scene and picks up newspaper, turns to racing results page as he starts up the stairs.

68 UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. MR. HARPER glancing at the paper as he moves toward bathroom door. LUCIA comes out of bedroom as he discovers news of the murder. Family gathers round as he reads. LUCIA takes BEA'S arm and heads for her room. BEA has grabbed the paper and has taken it with her.

69 BEA'S BEDROOM. BEA shocked reading all the things DARBY has been. Hysterical. LUCIA tells her to get her clothes on, "We'd better go outside and have a talk."

70 BOARDWALK BY BEACH. LUCIA and BEA are walking and BEA says she's got to get away. LUCIA says she'll see if she can send her up to Tahoe to Aunt Edna's.

71 LIVING ROOM HARPER HOUSE. BEA and LUCIA come in to find DONNELLY there. LUCIA sends BEA on upstairs and admits to DONNELLY she has forgotten her appointment with him that morning. If they were going to talk, LUCIA asks DONNELLY to take her to a drugstore first as she will have to make an important phone call outside of the house.

72 INTERIOR DRUGSTORE. Through window we see DONNELLY in parked car outside and LUCIA in telephone booth speaking to Aunt Edna who can't understand why BEA wants to be away from home at Xmas. Wants to know what's wrong as operator says three minutes are up. LUCIA doesn't have any ready change and she dashes up to counter. All clerks have customers and LUCIA walks toward door beckoning to DONNELLY. DONNELLY

- 72 comes in, giving her change. LUCIA goes back to phone booth. (Note: Sequence here of DONNELLY getting all of LUCIA'S packages.) When LUCIA comes out of phone booth, we indicate that trip for BEA is cancelled. DONNELLY carrying LUCIA'S packages out of drugstore. He says if they are pretending to look for a house, they'd better drive around for a while.
- 73 DONNELLY'S CAR. DRIVE ON HIGHWAY. LUCIA can't get money til Monday, we get a bit of DONNELLY'S background here. DONNELLY not sure if NAGLE will hold off til Monday. He does not want his half of the blackmail money any more.
- 74 LUCIA'S BEDROOM. LUCIA looking at bank balance and list of bills to be paid, checks debts with SYBIL, realizes no money in bank for letters. BEA comes in and is annoyed that trip is called off. Flounces out. LUCIA looking out of window sees strange man talking to MR. HARPER and DAVID at end of pier. LUCIA quickly moves out of room.
- 75 END OF PIER. LT. LEVY discussing case with HARPER and DAVID. LUCIA comes in, making DAVID go into house. All through inquiries we see LEVY knows more about LUCIA than he indicates. Talk about missing anchors. Wild bird hobby and ability of HARPER boat to go into shallow swamp. Over scene SYBIL calls LUCIA in for telephone call. LUCIA leaves scene.

76 DOWNSTAIRS PHONE. LUCIA talking to DONNELLY.

77 PHONE BOOTH IN BAR OF MIDTOWN HOTEL. DONNELLY says
he has to see her right away. He knows she can't
talk. Where he can meet her? LUCIA says boathouse
that night. DONNELLY hangs up. Race horse exchange
with someone at bar.

78 INTERIOR BOATHOUSE. NIGHT. DONNELLY standing there
when LUCIA comes in. DONNELLY tells her NAGLE must
have his money by Monday sharp. They arrange a
meeting Monday afternoon. LUCIA goes out, DONNELLY
plans to follow.

79 STREET IN FRONT OF HARPER HOUSE. NIGHT. DONNELLY
on way to his car sees NAGLE'S car behind his.
NAGLE'S driver says NAGLE told him to follow DONNELLY.

80 SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULT. LUCIA taking jewels out of
safety deposit box.

81 QUICK LOAN OFFICE. LUCIA can get no money.

82 PAWN SHOP. LUCIA raises \$1200.00.

83 PRIVATE DINING ROOM IN RESTAURANT. DONNELLY with
waiter setting up fine dinner, champagne and all.
LUCIA comes in. (Through scene complete dinner is
served but isn't touched.) LUCIA could not raise
all the money. DONNELLY says she doesn't have to,
police have gotten MURRAY for murder of DARBY.
LUCIA says she committed murder. He doesn't believe
her, she makes him promise to get MURRAY off. At
this point he says, "Don't worry about NAGLE ever
again." She leaves, waiter comes in, says he has
a good phone number - DONNELLY says no.

- 84 EXTERIOR HARPER HOUSE. NIGHT. LUCIA'S car drives up.
- 85 LIVING ROOM HARPER HOUSE. LUCIA comes in. Family upset because she's late. Dining table messy, SYBIL brings sandwich into living room. DAVID has date for BEA that night, BEA won't go, LUCIA alone with BEA, telling her not to let this DARBY thing wreck her life. SYBIL comes in and whispers to LUCIA that NAGLE is waiting in boathouse. LUCIA has SYBIL tell him to wait, taking a drink, continues urgent talk to BEA, over-scene sound of car honking and voices outside. DAVID comes in, BEA agrees to go with him. SYBIL with urgent gestures, LUCIA sees kids off.
- (Note: Before scene with BEA, scene with MR. HARPER wanting to know what's wrong with LUCIA. He goes upstairs afterwards.) LUCIA goes out.
- 86 PIER. LUCIA walking toward boathouse.
- 87 INTERIOR BOATHOUSE. LUCIA and NAGLE. NAGLE wants the money, becomes violent, grabs her as DONNELLY comes in. (Note: NAGLE has letters with him.) DONNELLY chokes NAGLE to death, makes LUCIA go inside - he'd take care of NAGLE.
- 88 DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY. LUCIA comes in, goes upstairs.
- 89 LUCIA'S BEDROOM. DARK. LUCIA looking out of window as SYBIL comes in. No need for words between them. SYBIL stays. Through window from LUCIA'S angle we see figure of DONNELLY carrying NAGLE down the pier. Over-scene here sound of car starting, and LUCIA remembers - my God the letters. Rushes out of room.

- 90 EXTERIOR HARPER HOUSE. NIGHT. LUCIA comes out of house and runs to her car, as DONNELLY'S car goes down the street.
- 91 LUCIA'S car following DONNELLY'S.
- 92 HIGHWAY. LUCIA'S CAR FOLLOWING DONNELLY'S.
- 93 DONNELLY'S CAR. DONNELLY looks up and sees car following him.
- 94 LUCIA'S CAR. She blinks her light.
- 95 DONNELLY'S CAR increases speed.
- 96 HIGHWAY. DONNELLY'S CAR shoots off the road to side street. LUCIA following.
- 97 SIDE STREET. The turn has been too sharp. DONNELLY'S car goes off the embankment and crashes, he's about to jump out as it rolls over and pins him down. LUCIA'S car pulls up.
- 98 CAR WRECK. LUCIA tries to help DONNELLY. Can't move car. DONNELLY gets letters from NAGLE'S body under car. Sirens in distance - they increase all through scene. LUCIA won't leave. He says when police come they'll get him out. She can't do anything. Hides that he's seriously hurt, she goes. DONNELLY, in great pain, as police come in. He tells them to get in touch with LEVY. He is MARTIN DONNELLY, responsible for DARBY and NAGLE.
- 99 DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY HARPER HOUSE. LUCIA comes in as phone rings. Family is there, LUCIA goes to phone, it's Berlin. Doorbell over scene. SYBIL passes

through family gathering around phone. SYBIL'S voice over scene, says LT. LEVY is here. As LUCIA gives the phone to DAVID and as she walks toward LEVY we hear sounds of family on phone all talking to their father. LEVY tells her the case is closed with DONNELLY'S death. Family yells for LUCIA to come to phone. She goes to phone with mixed emotions and says "Hello darling" to her husband.

FINIS

AR 25021 MUEHSAM FAMILY COLLECTION

24/30 THE BLANK WALL-REVISED FINAL DRAFT 1949

COLUMBIA PROD. NO. 964

(WALTER WANGER PICTURES, INC.)

THE BLANK WALL

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REVISED FINAL DRAFT

MARCH 11, 1949

THE BLANK WALL

Screenplay by
Henry Garson and
Robert Soderberg
REVISED FINAL DRAFT
March 11, 1949

AR 25021 MUEHSAM FAMILY COLLECTION

24/31 THE BLANK WALL-REVISED FINAL DRAFT WITH SHOOTING SCHEDULE 1949

COLUMBIA PROD. NO. 964

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RUTH MARTON

THE BLANK WALL

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REVISED FINAL DRAFT

MARCH 11, 1949

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24/32 THE BURNING BUSH BY HEINZ HAROLD AND GEZA HERZOG n.d.

"THE BURNING BUSH"

A Play in Three Acts

by

Heinz Herald

and

GEZA HERCZEG

Adapted

by

NOEL LANGLEY

PROGRAMME FOREWORD:

"The authors of this play have condensed facts in regard to time and place in order to meet the exigencies of the theatre: in no other respect have they altered the substance of the actual trial which took place in Nyiregyhaza, Hungary, in 1882-3."

CHARACTERS:

DR. KORNISS Presiding Judge
GUSTAV RUSSU Associate Judge
ERNST GRUDEN Associate Judge
STATE ATTORNEY SEYFFERT
DISTRICT ATTORNEY SUBSTITUTE DR. MARTIN
CHIEF INVESTIGATOR DR. BARY
BARON EMMERICH ONODY Member of Parliament

DR. KARL EOTVOES)
DR. BERNHARD FRIEDMANN) Counsel for the Defense
DR. ALEXANDER FUNTAK)
IGNATZ NEUMANN)

JOSEPH SCHARF)
ABRAHAM BUXBAUM)
LEOPOLD BRAUN)
LAZAR WEISZSTEIN)
HERMANN WOLLNER)
RABBI EMANUEL TAUB) Charged with the Murder
SAMUEL LUSTIG) of Esther Solymosi
ADOLF JUNGE)
ANSELM VOGEL)
JANKEL SMILOVICH)
ISAAK KLEIN)
JOSEF KOHN)

DAVID HERSKO) Raftsmen
JOSEF MATEJ)

COUNTY PHYSICIAN DR. SZABO)
DR. DERI, Physician of Tisza-Eszlar) Coroners
PROFESSOR SCHEUTHAUER, Anatomist of Budapest)
University)

MORITZ SCHARF, Sexton's son)
MRS. MARIA SOLYMOSI, Esther's mother)
SOPHIE, her daughter)
MRS. JULIANNA HURI, Esther's Aunt and Employer)
MRS. LENGYED) Witnesses
MISS DERI, Dr. Deri's daughter)
ANDREAS MELCHIOR, Labourer on Onody's Estate)
MRS. GROSSBERG)
DARINKA KISCH, Whore)

AUNT ILONA, Gypsy
MRS. BUXBAUM
POLICE SERGEANT
BAILIFF

THE DEFENDANTS' WIVES, POLICE CONSTABLES,
AUDIENCE OF ALL CLASSES, MOB.

Time: 1882-1883

THE BURNING BUSH

A C T I.

The action takes place in the large, baroque, domed hall of the Szaboles County House in Nyiregyhaza, East Hungary. Whitewashed walls, high windows with coloured glass, bearing the Hungarian crest and emblems. (The window panes which are broken in the second act, are substituted by plain white frosted glass in the third act.) The room has been specially prepared for the sensational trial. Half of the centre wall and the left side wall are occupied by a large platform, on which stand the tables of the District Attorney, the Judges, and the Attorneys for the Defense. The two District Attorneys sit front left; then come the first Associate Judge, the Presiding Judge, the second Associate Judge in front of the court clerk. Behind the President hangs a large picture of Emperor and King Franz Josef I, at the age of fifty. On the Judge's desk there is a Bible, a crucifix and one candle. Against the back wall are seated the four Attorneys for the Defense, in front of them on two benches the twelve defendants, next to them stand two police constables with planted bayonets. In front of the President's desk there is a second lower table with various corpora delicti -- knife, keys, lanterns, bowls, etc...

(In the second act, the faded, torn dress that belonged to Esther, a coloured peasant's handkerchief, dry paint wrapped in a handkerchief, etc...) In front of this table at a certain distance, about centre stage, is the witness stand. It is separated from the auditorium by rows of rising benches parallel with the Judge's desk. The first two rows are for lawyers, reporters and selected people. A number of police constables are stationed throughout the courtroom, mainly at the doors.

Doors behind the President and behind the Attorneys for the Defense. A large, heavy exit door on the right. A voluminous chandelier with kerosene lamps serves as illumination.

The first act plays during summer, daylight. The second and third acts, winter and artificial light.

As the curtain rises, the Presiding Judge, Dr. Korniss, followed by his two associates, enters the crowded courtroom. Everybody rises. The crowd is mixed. We see well-dressed high officials, a few men in uniform, ladies in elegant dresses of the eighties, reporters of all countries, among them even one Japanese. The back rows are occupied by more simple people. In the last rows there are even a few Jews, among them the exhausted and intimidated wives of the defendants.

PRESIDENT:

(About sixty years of age, white haired, tall. He speaks with great self-control, precisely, but in a monotonous, cool and superior tone.)

In the name of his apostolic Majesty, the King of Hungary, I herewith declare open the case against Joseph Scharf and his co-defendants.

(He sits down. Everybody follows suit.)

Before this Court proceeds with the testimonies; I have a matter of importance to bring before the public assembled here. In the brief time since the body was discovered and the crime brought to light; the horrifying and dastardly murder of fourteen-year old Esther Solymosi has evoked more controversy and disturbance than any such case in the history of our records. The world press has shown a most passionate interest in this case: the import of this trial has gone far beyond our native land, into distant countries.

(slight pause: he eyes the crowd coldly)

This courtroom has been thrown open freely to all representatives of newspapers everywhere: thrown open in the confidence that the privilege would not be abused. By the representatives of our newspapers, that confidence has been kept. By certain foreign representatives, that confidence has been grossly abused. This will be the first and last request I shall make to those gentlemen to whom we have permitted access to this court: let them report this case without malice or prejudice; or let them leave the task to those more fitted for the duty. If this request be disregarded, this courtroom will be cleared and the trial will proceed behind locked doors. That is all....

BAILIFF:

(At attention)

Your Honour, the twelve defendants are in court.

PRESIDENT:

Joseph Scharf -- rise.

(Joseph Scharf rises, also the other men, as they are called off)

Abraham Buxbaum, Lazar Weiszstein, Leopold Braun, Hermann Wollner, charged with murder... Emanuel Taub, Adolf Lustig, Solomon Weiss, Anselm Vogel, Jankel Berger, Joseph Kohn and Isaak Klein charged with complicity. Be seated!

(The defendants resume their seats. Turning)

The indictment is read by the Royal District Attorney Seyffert, District Attorney Paul Martin, Assistant.

(Glancing at the bench with the Attorneys for the Defense)

The Attorneys for the Defense -- Dr. Karl Eotvoes

(Eotvoes rises)

on behalf of Scharf, Buxbaum, Weiszstein, Braun and Woller: Dr. Bernhard Friedmann -

(Friedman rises)

for Emanuel Taub and Adolf Lustig.

(Movement in the audience)

A VOICE:

Jew!

(Friedmann is impassive. The President looks up disapprovingly.)

PRESIDENT:

Dr. Alexander Funtak and Dr. Ignatz Neumann for the others. The court is presided over by myself and my Associates, Ernst Gruden and Gustav Russu. Judge Barnabus Fejer will act as substitute if need be. Mr. District Attorney, you may proceed with your opening statement.

(The twelve accused Jews are seated in different positions; the old Rabbi sits erect, Scharf stares, Buxbaum is impassive, Lustig unconsciously shakes his head and utters sighs. Wollner, accustomed to sitting on this bench, smiles. However, oppression and despair is obvious in all of them)

SEYFFERT:

(rises)

Your Honours: members of the Royal Criminal Court. The murdered child Esther Solymosi, daughter of the widow Maria Solymosi, was, at the time of her death and twelve months prior to it, working as a domestic servant for Mrs. Julianna Huri. On April 1, of this year, Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-Two; the Saturday before Palm Sunday; Mrs. Huri, according to usual custom decided to have her house at Eszlar New-Village repainted for the Easter holidays, and despatched the child Esther to the merchant Joseph Kohlmayer at Eszlar Old-Village to buy five coppers' worth of blue paint. Between ten thirty

SEYFFERT: (Cont.)

and eleven a.m. Esther appeared at the shop, made her purchase and returned through the field to Eszlar New-Village. The child was never seen again, alive. The widow Solymosi, convinced that the Jews had killed her daughter, submitted a complaint to the police. On receipt of the complaint, Dr. Bary was sent to Tisza-Eszlar as special investigator. He commenced his duties immediately; negotiated, investigated and examined every Jew in the village --

(At this moment Baron Onody enters the courtroom noisily, followed by three friends, ushered by a Police soldier, and Seyffert breaks off involuntarily for a moment. Onody and his friends find room for themselves in the first row; Onody gestures airily to Seyffert to continue.)

-- in his search for Esther's corpse, for clothes, for blood-stains; he ransacks the entire neighbourhood; he follows trails below and above the earth, in water, on land and in the air; he penetrates into the inner sanctuaries of the Eszlar Synagogue; he disturbs the peace of the dead --

ONODY:

(in a half loud voice)

Bravo!

SEYFFERT:

(ignoring him)

He obtains a confession from Moritz Scharf, the son of the synagogue sexton, Joseph Scharf. This boy asserts that he heard his father bribe the beggar Wollner to bring the girl to the synagogue, where the Schochter butchered her. This evidence, however, damning as it is, is too vague for the Special Investigator, so he takes a radical step of arresting every Jew in Tisza-Eszlar, from among whom, by a process of elimination, these twelve have been brought to trial. They stand here accused of murder. The Special Investigator's work is now done save for one detail - there is still no evidence: no trace of the dead or alive Esther Solymosi, not so much as a scrap of the dress she was wearing at the time of her disappearance --

DR. BARY:

(interrupting sharply)

Objection!

SEYFFERT:

(now eloquent, with feeling,
turning to him)

In my capacity as District Attorney it is my duty to present the case for the prosecution with strict impartiality. If these men be proved guilty of murder, I shall request the extreme penalties upon the closing of the case -

(Defendant Lustig grcans)

SEYFFERT: (Cont.)

- but if the prosecution fails, I shall gladly and wholeheartedly advocate the reinstating of the defendants in society. The case is in its opening stages, but reasonable motive and all evidence are still missing. The first question I have to put, then, is: "What was the motive for this crime?"

ONODY:

(aloud)

Look it up in the Talmud.

SEYFFERT:

(observing that the President
has no intention of cautioning
Onody)

In certain newspapers - not only foreign; in this country too - a series of articles has appeared treating this murder as a proven fact and condemning the prisoners out of hand; basing the whole of their accusation on the superstition that Jews sacrifice Christian blood at their Easter rites. The public, which began by viewing the murder of Esther Solymosi impartially has, unaccountably and tragically, become so swayed and excited by these articles, that we are now faced with the dreadful possibilities of a pogrom. Movements against the Jews are already under way in Germany and Russia: Jewish shops are being wrecked...the terror and the superstitions, the torture and the bigotry of the Dark Ages are abroad again. I have only this to the court: individuals have committed this crime: individuals face us as defendants: until we are in possession of the facts, and all the facts, with not one hidden or held back, we cannot and dare not be influenced by rumours and prejudices which involve not individuals, but the suffering of an entire religion! Enlightenment is demanded for public safety, peace and order: enlightenment is wanted by the entire civilized world... and in the interests and furtherance of that enlightenment I stand ready to fulfill my duty as public prosecutor... demanding that we find the truth; the whole truth, devoid of all personal and party feeling; nothing but the truth!

(to the court)

I charge you with that task, gentlemen; it may not always prove easy!

(Onody snorts impatiently)

Your Honour, I ask permission to call our first witness.

PRESIDENT:

In thanking the District Attorney for his illuminating if unorthodox presentation of the facts of the case, I am disposed to suggest that the impartiality he so earnestly champions was very little in evidence in his own context; it would have been more customary, in my opinion, if all or any mitigating circumstances for the defendants had been left to the Counsel for the Defense. Before the witnesses are called, I wish to address them; will the witnesses please stand forward.

(The witnesses, who have been standing at the windows and walls as well as sitting in the auditorium, step up and take position.)

PRESIDENT:

(reading off the names)

Scharf!..

(Joseph Scharf rises from the defendants' bench. Moritz Scharf, his fourteen-year old son, steps forward. For a moment they face each other -- father and son. The President motions to Joseph Scharf to sit down.)

PRESIDENT:

The defendant may remain seated. I mean his son, witness Moritz Scharf.

(continues to read)

Mrs. Maris Solymosi, Mrs. Julianna Huri..

(he reads off the other witnesses in a mumble of rapid words; throws away the list, leans forward.)

I advise those of you who have not previously given testimony in a court of law that you will be speaking here under oath. Any breach of the truth or deliberate misconstruction of the true facts constitutes perjury, punishable by one to five years imprisonment. Due to the extraordinary gravity of this trial, moreover, no one witness shall discuss the evidence with another or with outsiders. Deviation from your written evidence, now in the hands of the court, will be looked upon with the most profound displeasure; it is unhappily too easy for a witness to become emotionally confused under the strain of examination; I charge you to keep clear minds and clear memories. You will now withdraw until you are called.

(The witnesses are about to go when EOTVOES, a grey-haired, sensitive faced man of dignity and breeding, rises quickly to his feet)

EOTVOES:

Your Honour. Before the witnesses withdraw, I too have something to say in connection with the oath they must take. It has come to my attention that these witnesses have been given assurance from a certain source -

(his eye touches Onody)

- that it is not a breach of oath for a Christian to give evidence damaging to the cause of a Jew --

ONODY:

(interrupting)

Nonsense!

EOTVOES:

(continuing unbroken)

- so if any witness has been gullible enough to believe this mockery of judicial sanction, I beg Your Honour to assure him that an oath remains an oath, whether the defendants be Jews, Gentiles, or Monsters, and that false testimony is the lowest and most degrading affront to justice that a man who is not already an enemy of society can commit!

PRESIDENT:

(sharp, austere)

It is not within my jurisdiction to instruct the witnesses in irrelevant issues --

EOTVOES:

This is not an irrelevant issue --

PRESIDENT:

The witnesses are dismissed!

(Onody claps: the courtroom begins to take it up)

Silence in the court! The testimony is open. The personal data of the defendants will be put on record first. Joseph Scharf!

(A Soldier leads Joseph Scharf to the Judge's desk and remains standing behind him.)

PRESIDENT:

(reading his records)

Joseph Scharf, age forty-nine, synagogue officer, of no means; married, father of a son; first offense. Detained in prison since April Seventh, Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-Two. Do you know by what cause you stand accused?

JOSEPH SCHARF:

Yes.

PRESIDENT:

(swiftly)

Do you admit the charges to be true?

JOSEPH SCHARF:

No! I did not know that in this day and age people existed --
(slowly shakes his head, incredulously)
- who still believe such nonsense --

PRESIDENT:

Be seated! Lazar Weiszstein!

(Motions to the soldiers to lead up the next defendant, and reads from the record rapidly)

Forty-eight, married, Schochter from Tisza Dabas..

PRESIDENT: (Cont.)
 Explain the meaning of "Schochter" to the court.

WEISZSTEIN:
 (humbly and expressionlessly)
 A "Schochter" is a man who slaughters animals according to the Jewish rites.

PRESIDENT:
 How is this slaughter performed?

WEISZSTEIN:
 I cut the windpipe and artery of whatever animal it may be with one stroke of the knife. Then it loses all its blood.

PRESIDENT:
 But you do not first stun the animal?

WEISZSTEIN:
 Our religion does not allow it.

ONODY:
 (audibly)
 Barbarians!

PRESIDENT:
 Do you know by what cause you stand accused?

WEISZSTEIN:
 Yes.

PRESIDENT:
 Do you admit the charges to be true?

WEISZSTEIN:
 No.

PRESIDENT:
 Sit down.

(Looks into records)
 Abraham Buxbaum.

(Buxbaum is led forward)
 Thirty-five, unmarried, Schochet from Tisza Eszlar, first offense... Do you admit the charges to be true?

BUXBAUM:
 I admit them to be so much rubbish!

(Laughter and annoyance in the courtroom)

PRESIDENT:
 I must warn the defendant against contempt of court! You will answer civilly or be fined.

(The Defendant Wollner, the beggar, laughs out loud. The President knocks on the table and motions to have Wollner taken up, while Buxbaum slowly returns to his seat.)

PRESIDENT:
So: You find humour in the charges? Who are you?

WOLLNER:
Hermann Wollner.

PRESIDENT:
Profession?

WOLLNER:
Shnorrer.

(laughter)

PRESIDENT:
Is that a profession?

WOLLNER:
Certainly -- every town has its shnorrers: but there's no money in it.

PRESIDENT:
Is this your first offense?

WOLLNER:
(Calmly)
No. Your Honour.

PRESIDENT:
How many previous?

WOLLNER:
Nine -- vagrancy and begging.

PRESIDENT:
Do you admit the charges to be true?

WOLLNER:
God help me, No!

(President motions him to sit down.
The aged Rabbi Taub is led up.)

PRESIDENT:
(reading off record)
Rabbi Adolf Taub, age seventy-eight...Rabbi... You are charged with complicity of murder. You know by what cause you stand accused. What do you plead?

TAUB:
(in a low voice)
I plead not guilty, for myself and for my brothers, Your Honour.

(then in a collected manner)
It is not possible for us to have committed this crime...
"Thou shalt not kill!" says the Almighty. It is in the sacred book.

TAUB: (Cont.)

(A few laugh. He looks round with
great dignity)

I am old. Only a few years are left to me. Why should I
lie?

(simply)

As true as there is only one God, as true it is that we are
innocent.

PRESIDENT:

(unmoved)

Next...

(While the President turns the leaves
of his record, Onody jumps up from
his seat and stands at the barrier.)

ONODY:

(In a loud, energetic voice)

As a member of Parliament, I am entitled to be examined at
a time which does not conflict with my official duties. My
Party has already placed before Parliament a petition
demanding protection against the Jewish race. It will be
voted upon tomorrow...My train is leaving in an hour. I
must ask that my deposition be taken immediately.

PRESIDENT:

(questioningly)

Any objections?

SEYFFERT:

As District Attorney I cannot submit to a disruption of the
procedure. However, the decision rests with the President --

FRIEDMANN:

On behalf of the Defense, I protest! I demand that the
regular examination of the defendants be continued. But
I would ask Baron Onody...

ONODY:

(turning his back)

I confine my attention to Christians.

EOTVOES:

(jumping up)

I am a member of Parliament myself, but in a court of law
there are no political privileges. We will both be absent
when your petition is rejected by the house tomorrow.

ONODY:

(rudely)

Rejected! You'll have to do some quick changing of horses
in midstream...

PRESIDENT:

(interrupting after consulting
briefly the other judges)

The court has decided, in consideration of Baron Onody's
urgent departure, to cross-examine him at once.

PRESIDENT: Cont.)

(extremely polite, to Onody)

Baron Onody, please tell the court your findings in this case.

ONODY:

(makes himself comfortable and takes up the position of a party speaker)

Your Honour! Gentlemen of the Court...

(with a hostile glance at Eotvoes)

The people who presume to ridicule my party's work for the Hungarian nation will be uncomfortably surprised in the near future! We have succeeded at last in awakening the public from its coma. We, and we alone, are responsible for the enlightenment of our citizens, for showing them the malignant growth nested in their midst. Don't forget: this is an incurable disease! Up to now Jews have been regarded only as profiteers, human leeches, living on peaceful men. Up to now we have not credited this sinister race, that crept like a plague into our towns and villages, with murder --

EOTVOES:

(interrupting impatiently)

Keep to the issue! You are on a witness stand, not an election platform!

PRESIDENT:

(sharply)

Order! Proceed, Baron Onody.

ONODY:

(glaring at Eotvoes)

I'll keep to the issue! The case of Tisza-Eszlar has its good side, as well as its bad! Little Esther Solymosi has not died in vain. Because of this case, as you will learn in tomorrow's session of Parliament, all Jews residing in the territory governed by the Hungarian crown shall be deprived of their citizenship, of their money and any other property robbed from our own people, and be ordered to leave this country! Is that keeping to the issue, Mr. Eotvoes?

(swinging round on Seyffert)

The District Attorney has asked for a motive. His saintly ignorance amazes me.

(shouting)

The motive is clear enough to everyone else! - The Jews have committed another ritual murder, that is all! But this time they have been found out: this time they had an avenging angel to deal with; my honourable friend Dr. Bary; who, for his pains has been attacked from a quarter which we least expected! - the State itself!

(This is to Seyffert. He now points at the Rabbi)

They quote their bible at me; but I know something of their bible too! I know that one of their Jewish angels came down with a flaming sword and killed every gentile child and left every Jewish child - the book of Exodus, Chapter Seven! -

ONODY: (Cont.)

And the same God that said "Thou shalt not kill," told Abraham to slit the throat of his OWN son - his own, mark you! - and only stopped him in the nick of time, by appearing as a burning bush!

(to the Rabbi)

Quote me something else from your precious Talmud, and I'll match you verse for verse! No; I know the Jews for what they are! I know they foster no other thought than to seize and dominate the nations into which they have crawled! I know their forbidden lusts and savage sacrifices!

"Individuals have committed this crime, individuals face us as defendants" - says the District Attorney -

(shouts)

- is he deaf and blind? True, twelve Jews are accused; but only because no court is big enough to hold their thousands upon thousands of invisible accomplices! I repeat: I know the Jews!

(switching suddenly to a soft voice)

- and I know my own, kind and simple Hungarian people, lovers of peace and truth. When these people; my own neighbours; came to me one after the other with their suspicions growing stronger and stronger: when the tragic shattered ghost that was once a happy mother came to me and, on her knees and in tears, begged me to give her justice; when fact after fact of damning evidence had gathered in abundance... then I know beyond any possible shadow of doubt that here was the most dreadful murder ever committed in cold blood, a murder that could only have been committed by creatures as devoid of all human instincts as the Jews! - a murder that will be the forerunner of a hundred more like it, unless we wipe every Jew from off the face of Hungary!

(to President)

That is all, Your Honour.

EOTVOES:

(jumping up)

All? Then what happened to the witness's material evidence? Or has he none?

ONODY:

(to President)

Must I answer?

PRESIDENT:

(regretfully)

The Attorney for the Defense has the right to question the witnesses.

ONODY:

(without turning to Eotvoes)

How can I be expected to have material evidence?

SEYFFERT:

In that case, all the witness knows is what others have told him?

Obviously!
ONODY:

SEYFFERT:
Does the witness know nothing from his own knowledge?

ONODY:
The murder was committed in a synagogue. It's not my habit to frequent synagogues.

SEYFFERT:
But you still believe that Esther Solymosi was murdered by the defendants?

ONODY:
Yes!

ONODY:
Who needs proof with Jews? -- They are Jews. That's proof enough for a good Christian.
(Applause in courtroom)

PRESIDENT:
Silence!
(He dismisses Onody with a polite, grateful gesture. To police constable, stationed at door)
Call Mrs. Maria Solymosi.

(Movement among the spectators)

POLICE CONSTABLE:
Your Honour, the witness has had an hysterical crying fit. The court physician is attending her.

PRESIDENT:
(looking into his papers)
Then we shall first hear Mrs. Julianna Huri.

POLICE CONSTABLE:
(calls into witness room)
Mrs. Julianna Huri!

MRS. HURI:
(Enters. She is better dressed than the other peasant women, about 45 years old, rather unpleasant, over-effusive and hypocritical. A brutal tone escapes her now and then. She starts bowing in the doorway)

Good morning --
(to President)
Good morning, Your Honour...

PRESIDENT:
You are Mrs. Julianna Huri, your maiden name was Olajos...

MRS. HURI:
 (curtsying)
 Yes, Sir, Your Honour.

PRESIDENT:
 (matter of fact)
 Widowed, born in Tisza-Eszlar, Catholic, 44 years of age...

MRS. HURI:
 (hurt)
 ...forty-three, if you will forgive me.

PRESIDENT:
 You are under oath to tell us all you know, concealing nothing. How were you related to the murdered...?

EOTVOES:
 (interrupting sharply)
 - Missing! -

PRESIDENT:
 (frowning at Eotvoes)
 - Obviously murdered Esther Solymosi?

EOTVOES:
 (insistently)
 It is yet to be proved that she was murdered.

PRESIDENT:
 I call you to order, Dr. Eotvoes.
 (to Huri)
 Continue.

MRS. HURI:
 It was like this. The dead father, God rest his soul, of my late husband, God rest his soul... and the dead grandmother, God rest her soul, of our little Esther, were brother and sister.

PRESIDENT:
 So she was only a blood relation of your deceased husband?

MRS. HURI:
 Yes, but like a daughter to me.

PRESIDENT:
 She was your servant?

MRS. HURI:
 Yes.

PRESIDENT:
 Was she paid?

MRS. HURI:
 Of course, Your Honour, she received...

PRESIDENT:
 (interrupting)
 How long had she been employed by you?

MRS. HURI:
 She came on April the First...

PRESIDENT:
 (surprised)
 The day of her disappearance?

MRS. HURI:
 (correcting herself)
 God forgive me. Of course I meant April the first of last year.

PRESIDENT:
 What sort of work did she do in your house?

MRS. HURI:
 Oh, well -- almost none --
 (talkative)
 I gave her twelve Gulden per year, lodging, food and a new pair of boots -- I felt so sorry for her family. My little son said to me: "Mummi, why not take Esther instead of a stranger, she is such a nice girl..."

EOTVOES:
 You were going to tell us about Esther's work.

PRESIDENT:
 (interrupts)
 Please answer the question.

MRS. HURI:
 (turns to him)
 Really there is nothing to tell, Sir.

EOTVOES:
 Did she clean house?

MRS. HURI:
 Yes -- but that was nothing to speak of.

EOTVOES:
 Did she wash dishes?

MRS. HURI:
 Of course - but there were never very many.

EOTVOES:
 Did she make the beds?

MRS. HURI:
 Yes -- but you can't call that work.

EOTVOES:
 Did you send her out shopping?

MRS. HURI:
Only once or twice a day.

EOTVOES:
Did she have to feed the animals?

MRS. HURI:
That was play to her. We only have a few geese and chickens, and one cow...

EOTVOES:
Did she have to milk the cow?

MRS. HURI:
(defensively)
She loved doing that more than anything else.

EOTVOES:
Did she take food to the fieldworkers?

MRS. HURI:
Only if there weren't more than five or six. Otherwise I helped her. It would have been too hard on the poor little girl. Once, when she was sick, I even let her stay home and all she had to do was play with my little son; he doesn't like to be left alone...
(remembers; hurt, to the President)
Isn't this the gentleman I don't have to answer, Your Honour?

PRESIDENT:
(quickly)
Certainly you have. Now tell the court what happened on April the first.

MRS. HURI:
(still ruffled by Eotvoes' questions)
People are always suspicious when you help poor relations --

EOTVOES:
(sharply)
You were asked what happened on April the first.

MRS. HURI:
(hurt)
Nothing happened. Not in my house, anyway. I told Esther to clean up, wash the dishes and then I would let her help me paint the house.
(gossipy)
Everybody paints their house for Easter and we had no paint, and Esther said: "Kohlmayer's shop has a big stock, we can get some there. I'll go and buy it," - so I gave her 5 coppers for the blue paint...

PRESIDENT:
What time did she leave?

MRS. HURI:
About ten in the morning. I couldn't be absolutely certain.

PRESIDENT:
How long does it take to reach Kohlmeyer's shop?

MRS. HURI:
About half an hour, but she used to dawdle on the way.

EOTVOES:
So she could have been back by eleven?
(Mrs. Huri nods)
When she had not returned by twelve, did you still not suspect anything?

MRS. HURI:
No. I thought that she might have got sick and gone home to her mother's.

PRESIDENT:
Was she in the habit of doing that?

MRS. HURI:
Now and then. I always told her: "Take your time, darling. Don't hurry. Go and visit your dear mother and sister as often as you please....!"

SEYFFERT:
Was Esther a happy child?

MRS. HURI:
(With exaggeration)
She was an angel! We all loved her, every one of us!

FRIEDMANN:
(rising)
I must ask one question, Mrs. Huri. Can you tell the court what is meant by an oath?

MRS. HURI:
An oath... an oath...
(looks worriedly at Bary)

PRESIDENT:
(ironically)
Do you demand from this witness a legal explanation?

FRIEDMANN:
No! I only want to know if she realizes what is expected of her.

MRS. HURI:
Certainly I know what is expected of me!

FRIEDMANN:
(more energetically)
Then you also know that God and men must hear the truth when you are under oath. Had you by any chance scolded Esther on that critical day? -

FRIEDMANN: (Cont.)
 (in a lower voice, listening)
 - or whipped her?

MRS. HURI:
 (suddenly bursting out)
 Whipped her? What a wicked accusation to make! I - whipped
 Esther?

(practically sobbing)
 The gentleman talks like the Jews...

EOTVOES:
 (quickly)
 What have the Jews ever done to you?

ONODY:
 They murdered Esther!
 (exclamations of approval, movement
 in courtroom)

PRESIDENT:
 (to courtroom)
 Silence!

EOTVOES:
 (insistently)
 What have you against the Jews? I asked you a question.

MRS. HURI:
 (wriggling)
 Well, everybody knows the Jews accuse and suspect anybody
 who isn't one of them. I, whipped Esther!
 (near tears)
 I treated her as if she was my own lost little daughter
 Julika herself. She never had to work when she didn't
 want to --

(As she talks the President throws
 quizzical glances at the Attorneys
 for the Defense and the District
 Attorney. Both parties agree
 through gestures that they have no
 further questions.)

PRESIDENT:
 (in a sharp tone, interrupting
 Mrs. Huri)
 That is all. You may go.

MRS. HURI:
 My respects, Your Honour; a good day, gentlemen.
 (Bowing and curtsying, she makes an
 exit. Onody motions to her
 approvingly; Bary nods, grinning)

PRESIDENT:
 Mrs. Solymosi...

POLICE CONSTABLE:

(calling out)

Mrs. Solymosi!

(Mrs. Solymosi enters, supported by the county physician Dr. Szabo. He is an elderly man, with a dry manner, meticulously dressed)

PRESIDENT:

(to Dr. Szabo)

Dr. Szabo, is the witness in a sufficiently fit condition to be questioned?

DR. SZABO:

I believe so. I have given her a sedative. Mostly nervous exhaustion.

(As Mrs. Solymosi approaches the Judge's stand, Dr. Szabo seats himself in the first row of the audience, still watching her. He nods to Bary.

PRESIDENT:

(very friendly)

Sit down, Mrs. Solymosi. We won't keep you longer than necessary. I want you to go back to April the first for a minute. Tell us what you remember.

MRS. SOLYMOSI:

(She is a gloomy woman of forty to forty-five, but looks older than her age. She has worked hard all her life. She speaks hesitantly)

That day I had a pain in my back. I used to go every Saturday to Mr. Scharf and carry the candlesticks from the synagogue into his house and any other work there was. Jews are not allowed to work on Saturday. But that day I could not go. I had a pain in my back. Maybe that's why they called Esther in...

PRESIDENT:

When did you last see Esther?

MRS. SOLYMOSI:

That morning.

PRESIDENT:

What did she tell you?

MRS. SOLYMOSI:

(tonelessly, as if reciting)

She said: "Mother, Aunt Julianna promised to give me two Gulden on account of my salary today. Around noon I will be back with the money. My dress is in rags. Please come with me to Schlesinger's and let's buy a new dress for Easter."

PRESIDENT:

What else did she say?

MRS. SOLYMOSI:

That's all.

SEYFFERT:

Was she happy, Mrs. Solymosi - or sad? - I mean, did you notice anything unusual about her mood?

MRS. SOLYMOSI:

(remembering)

She was very happy -- she and Shophie -- that's my other daughter -- they laughed and chatted together.

SEYFFERT:

Had Esther worked for anyone else before you sent her to Mrs. Huri?

MRS. SOLYMOSI:

Yes. For old Mrs. Valentin, two years. Then she stayed at home from January until April, the first.

SEYFFERT:

Then she was only eleven, when she went to work for Mrs. Valentin?

MRS. SOLYMOSI:

(glances at Bary)

Yes.

(Movement in the courtroom)

SEYFFERT:

Did she ever complain that Mrs. Huri treated her badly? Just recently, in particular?

ONODY:

(half aloud)

Now the District Attorney begins to "talk like the Jews."

FOTVOES:

(sharply)

I thought Baron Onody was in such a hurry to catch the Budapest Express? It must be overdue.

ONODY:

That's my affair.

SEYFFERT:

(nervously)

I must ask for quiet when I am questioning a witness.

ONODY:

Damn your impudence!

PRESIDENT:

Gentlemen...(to District Attorney)...Proceed.

SEYFFERT:
 (to Mrs. Solymosi)
 Did you understand my question?

MRS. SOLYMOSI:
 Yes.
 (hurt)
 Mrs. Huri treated my daughter as if she were her own child.

EOTVOES:
 Mrs. Solymosi, what salary did Mrs. Huri pay Esther?

MRS. SOLYMOSI:
 (embarrassed)
 I don't know for certain.

FRIEDMANN:
 (scandalized)
 You don't know for certain how much your daughter earned?

MRS. SOLYMOSI:
 There was no set arrangement. Maybe ten or twelve Gulden...

EOTVOES:
 Per month?

MRS. SOLYMOSI:
 (restless)
 Mrs. Huri did not pay regularly; she is a relative. Now and then she would give Esther one or two Gulden...

EOTVOES:
 Was it through Mrs. Huri that you learned of Esther's disappearance?
 (as she nods)
 When was that?

MRS. SOLYMOSI:
 Mrs. Huri came to me, it was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. She was very excited. I remember as if it was today, she said: "Maria, our little Esther did not return. Is she with you?" And I said "no."

SEYFFERT:
 Did you start looking for her right away?

MRS. SOLYMOSI:
 Of course. I was so upset...

SEYFFERT:
 And Mrs. Huri? Did she look for Esther too?

MRS. SOLYMOSI:
 Not right away.

SEYFFERT:
 What did she do?

MRS. SOLYMOSI:

She went to Kohlmayer's to pick up the paint Esther didn't get. She said tomorrow is Easter and she must hurry and paint the house if it's to be finished in time.

PRESIDENT:

Where did you look for Esther?

MRS. SOLYMOSI:

Everywhere. I went to the Tisza Shore, then to the village. When I could not find her anywhere, I went back home...

EOTVOES:

What did you do then?

MRS. SOLYMOSI:

I went to sleep.

PRESIDENT:

To sleep?

MRS. SOLYMOSI:

That night I had a dream. It was like this... I saw my Esther... without a head... The head was cut off. Then I heard her voice, as if it came from the cellar deep down: "Mother, the Jews have butchered me," she said.

PRESIDENT:

And then?

MRS. SOLYMOSI:

First thing the next day I went to see the white witch, Aunt Ilona - she is a Gypsy. I wanted to ask her what had happened to Esther. I had to pass the synagogue. As I thought of my dream I tried to hurry. But Mrs. Scharf stood in the doorway of her house that's next to the temple. She called after me. First I did not want to talk to her; all Jews give me the creeps; but then I thought: "A few words can't hurt!"

SEYFFERT:

What did Mrs. Scharf say to you?

MRS. SOLYMOSI:

She told me I shouldn't go to Aunt Ilona, because Gypsies only talk nonsense; and if I started talking too much, the Jews are sure to be suspected again, like in Hadjunanas years ago...

SEYFFERT:

Did you take her advice?

MRS. SOLYMOSI:

No, because I knew all I wanted to know, then. That night I went in secret to Aunt Ilona. Everyone believes what she says -- except the Jews -- and she said the same thing as I dreamed - she saw Esther too, with her head cut off --

(A fat elderly woman, in bright gipsy trappings, seated in one of the last rows, tries to attract attention. It is Aunt Ilona)

AUNT ILONA:

(in a loud, hoarse voice)

That's bible truth - I saw it, too!

PRESIDENT:

Silence! What is the meaning of this interruption?

MRS. SOLYMOSI:

Please, Your Honour, Aunt Ilona is here, she can tell everything.

(Aunt Ilona tries to get out of her row)

PRESIDENT:

(looking at the Attorneys for the Defense and at Seyffert)

Do the parties consider it necessary?

EOTVOES:

(ironically)

I think we have more than enough hocus-pocus to deal with as it is.

(muttering in court)

AUNT ILONA:

(Who has reached the witness stand)

Your Honour, take my oath! --

PRESIDENT:

(interrupts her)

It will not be necessary; you may go.

AUNT ILONA:

(furious, bursting out against Eotvoes)

The gentleman calls it hocus-pocus, does he? Well, let him take heed of this!

(like a witch, pointing at the accused Jews)

There are the murderers of Esther! They cut her throat... they sucked her blood... It was revealed to me! Each one of them I saw, as I see them now!

PRESIDENT:

Remove the witness.

ONODY:

(calls)

The people's voice is the voice of God!

EOTVOES:
 (loudly)
 Rubbish!

(excitement in courtroom. Aunt Ilona
 is taken out by Police constables)

PRESIDENT:
 Silence! Proceed with the examination.

EOTVOES:
 (when silence is restored --
 to Mrs. Solymosi)
 Mrs. Solymosi, is your dream, or what the Gypsy told you,
 the only reason you have to suspect the defendants of
 killing Esther?

MRS. SOLYMOSI:
 (stubbornly)
 Aunt Ilona was never wrong yet...
 (looking at Joseph Scharf with hatred)
 -- Even his own son has testified he is a murderer... I
 don't want more proof than that!

EOTVOES:
 That evidence does not belong here, Mrs. Solymosi. Your
 tragedy has evoked deep sympathy all over the country; even
 beyond the borders of Europe, and throughout the world.
 The grief of a mother touched the heart of the people. A
 German newspaper, for instance, has collected six thousand
 Talers, a charity institution two thousand... is that true?

MRS. SOLYMOSI:
 (blankly)
 I never heard of it.

EOTVOES:
 Have you not received the money?

MRS. SOLYMOSI:
 Not one copper.

EOTVOES:
 I find it relevant to establish - and I ask to have it put
 on record - that these large contributions and other
 individual sums did not reach the grief-stricken mother!
 (to Mrs. Solymosi. Urgently)
 There is one more thing I must ask you, Mrs. Solymosi.
 Your word, your testimony, as mother of the unfortunate
 victim, will have a powerful influence upon everyone who
 hears you, even on the judges. Murder is punishable by
 death. If you have any thought or inkling that your
 daughter might have disappeared through some unfortunate
 accident; no matter what it might have been; and not at
 the hands of these miserable people here -
 (points at the defendants)
 - you must say so to the court at once! If you are not
completely sure...

MRS. SOLYMOSI:

(In a harsh voice. She speaks quite loudly for the first time)

I am sure.

EOTVOES:

Thank you.

(to Friedmann)

It's useless...

ONODY:

(ironically)

Yes; useless to fight the truth!

(to the passing Mrs. Solymosi)

There is room for you here, Mrs. Solymosi!

(he draws her to the seat next to himself)

PRESIDENT:

(reads record)

Sophie Solymosi!

POLICE CONSTABLE:

(calling)

Sophie Solymosi!

(Sophie appears, sobbing. She wears the Sunday best of a Hungarian peasant girl, and high boots.)

PRESIDENT:

(looking at the record)

Seventeen years old. Sister of Esther Solymosi. Why are you crying, child?

SOPHIE:

(crying louder)

I am not crying...

PRESIDENT:

You are amongst friends: no one wants to hurt you; but your testimony is important, so you must try and answer. You were the last person who saw Esther.)

(Sophie nods, still crying)

Where did you last see her?

SOPHIE:

In front of my master's house.

SEYFFERT:

Who was your master?

SOPHIE:

One of those Jews over there -

(points at the defendants' bench)

Rabbi Taub...

(starts crying again)

PRESIDENT:
(sympathetically)
And that's where you saw your sister for the last time?

SOPHIE:
(cries)
Yes.

EOTVOES:
Did she say anything, that you especially remember?
(Sophie shakes her head)

PRESIDENT:
What was she wearing?

SOPHIE:
(sobbing)
She wore her dress.

PRESIDENT:
Which dress?

SOPHIE:
She only had one. It was all torn.

EOTVOES:
Was she barefoot?

SOPHIE:
Yes.

SEYFFERT:
What time was it when she said good-bye to you?

SOPHIE:
It might have been ten-thirty or a little later...

EOTVOES:
You did not see her again?

(Sophie shakes her head in silence,
then starts sobbing once more)

PRESIDENT:
(mildly)
You may go.
(looks up his record)
Next witness: Widow Stephan Lengyel.

(Mrs. Lengyel steps up. The President
gestures for her to begin)

MRS. LENGYEL:

(with the flow of a waterfall)

On Saturday before Easter Sunday when I passed near the Synagogue - it was twelve noon and I was hurrying to get home, because I was very hungry - I heard crying which seemed to come from the Jewish temple...

PRESIDENT:

(interrupting)

Not so fast...

MRS. LENGYEL:

(with a curtsy)

Yes, Sir. I approached closer, and then I could hear it quite plainly. It was not a dog or cat, it was a human being...

SEYFFERT:

Was it a child or an adult?

MRS. LENGYEL:

It sounded like the crying of a young girl.

EOTVOES:

The witness must have an exceptionally good ear - Has Chief Investigator Dr. Bary examined you?

MRS. LENGYEL:

(promptly)

Surely.

EOTVOES:

How many times?

MRS. LENGYEL:

Four or five.

EOTVOES:

Did you report to him of your own accord?

MRS. LENGYEL:

No. Mr. Onody asked me if I knew something about the case. Then I told him about the crying I heard coming out of the Synagogue. The next day Investigator Bary came to me...

PRESIDENT:

(Eotvoes)

What is the purpose of these questions?

EOTVOES:

(sharply)

To cast as much needed light upon the shady paths of providence - forgive me, I meant investigation.

ONODY:

(jumps up)
 I protest! I protest against these continual attacks against
 a representative of the State; an official, a special inves-
 tigator; who carries out his duty!
 (this strictly to Seyffert)
 - and I protest that the representative of justice, the
 District Attorney, does nothing to discourage these attacks -
 made by a Defense bought with Jewish money...!

EOTVOES:

(quietly)
 Incredible...

SEYFFERT:

(jumping up)
I object...

PRESIDENT:

Silence!

SEYFFERT:

I am within my rights, Your Honour! I protest against the
 disturbance of the trial -
 (gesturing toward Onody)
 - which comes perpetually from the same source -

ONODY:

(threateningly)
 And will continue till justice is done! What will you do
 about that?

PRESIDENT:

(anxiously, to stop further enmity)
 Objection overruled. Next witness!

(Onody subsides unwillingly, and
 Andreas Melchior, an awkward man
 in his early fifties, dressed in
 peasant's clothes, is led forward.
 The President reads from the records)

Andreas Melchior, fifty-two years of age, labourer on Baron
 Onody's estate.

MELCHIOR:

That's right, Your Honour!

PRESIDENT:

You reported an incident during the night that followed
 Esther Solymosi's murder?

MELCHIOR:

(nods)

I was on my way back to the farm to feed the cattle. I had been at the Inn of Tarkasz for quite a while and I had to pass the Synagogue. As I went along, lost in my own thoughts, I saw a light in the Jewish temple. I was startled. I was not prepared to find anyone still up in Tisza Eszlar.

EOTVOES:

How late was this?

MELCHIOR:

Shortly after midnight.

PRESIDENT:

What did you do?

MELCHIOR:

I got afraid. The whole village was excited because Esther had disappeared that day.

PRESIDENT:

Go on.

MELCHIOR:

I stopped. Then I heard a noise, as if someone was digging in the temple courtyard.

(pauses, as if trying to remember his speech)

In the temple courtyard. As if someone was digging...

PRESIDENT:

Yes?

BARY:

(sharply)

You heard singing?

MELCHIOR:

(with fresh energy, quickly)

Then all at once I heard singing coming from the temple...

EOTVOES:

Did you stop for long?

MELCHIOR:

No. I ran away.

ATTORNEY DR. FUNTAK:

(jumps up)

I bring to the attention of the court that the explanation for this has already been placed in the records. On the aforementioned Saturday, two strange Schochets, who are here --

(gesturing toward the defendants' bench)

-- among the defendants, had applied for the vacancy in the Tsza-Eszlar Synagogue, and the chanting of the Thora is one of their duties. That night they were rehearsing.

(ONODY laughs contemptuously)

PRESIDENT:

(ironically)

A midnight rehearsal seems rather unusual to me. Any further questions?

(Eotvoes and the District Attorney shake their heads)

Then let us proceed. Next witness!

(Margit Deri is already waiting in front of the witness box. She has been led in by a constable)

Margit Deri, age eighteen, from Tisza-Eszlar, daughter of physician Dr. Deri.

DR. DERI:

(A typical representative of provincial elegance, with pince-nez, and oily politeness. Rises from bench)

Yes, Your Honour!

PRESIDENT:

(Motions to him to sit down. To witness)

Miss Deri?

(Margit bows and smiles in acknowledgment. She is a pretty girl, coquettish, middle-class, but dressed quite smartly)

PRESIDENT:

What do you know about the case?

MARGIT:

On that Saturday...

PRESIDENT:

This is a personal observation?

MARGIT:

Yes.

PRESIDENT:

You may continue.

MARGIT:

(continuing, fluently)

We don't live far from the Jewish temple. Around noon I was busy watering the flowers outside our windows. Suddenly, I heard a scream. It came from the direction of the synagogue. I strained my ears. The scream was followed by a kind of whimpering, then everything was quiet. A few days later, Moritz Scharf came to visit us.

PRESIDENT:

The son of the defendant Scharf?

MARGIT:

Yes... Moritz is a nice boy. Now and then I send him on errands and sometimes he even goes shopping with me and carries my parcels. My girl friends and I never think of him as a Jew. Really, we all like him. I asked him why someone had screamed in the synagogue Saturday noon. First he was startled and would not talk, then he said that I had been mistaken. But when I insisted --

(coquettishly)

-- and was nice to him, he became confidential and told me everything. He said...

PRESIDENT:

(interrupting)

Thank you. He will testify himself. We only wanted to hear your own observations.

EOTVOES:

(to Margit, who is about to leave)

One moment: Did you go to the Investigator and tell him everything of your own free will, or did he come to you?

BARY:

(jumping up)

Your Honour, I have stood enough maligning from the Defense! I demand to be examined at once!

EOTVOES:

(vehemently)

And I demand that the cross-examination of the defendants continue. We have heard one irregular testimony already! This interference with court procedure is becoming absurd!

PRESIDENT:

(after conferring with his associates
for a moment)

The Court has decided to examine Chief Investigator Dr. Koloman Bary.

BARY:

(rises hastily and crosses to the stand)

Thank you.

(with a sweeping glance round the court)

It has been difficult for me to remain silent as long as I have. The gentlemen on the Defense bench have been too eloquent for me -- too eloquent for me, and their own good! Today they have been deliberately interpreting these testimonies as disconnected incidents, but these testimonies are only significant because they hang one upon the other; solid links in an unbreakable chain of evidence! Two men chanting a hymn at midnight is not important in itself; a fortune-teller's opinion cannot stand up against a logical order; Esther Solymosi's disappearance, the self-betrayal of the defendant Scharf's wife, the digging in the courtyard,
(he ticks each incident off on his fingers)

BARY: (Cont.)

- the crying of a child in the synagogue, and finally the accusation of the defendant's son himself, uttered against his own father and his own race; then, gentlemen, their significance is not as easily ridiculed and dismissed as the Defense would have you think with their supercilious airs and laboured innuendo! I handled this investigation as I handle all my official duties, with a conscientious will to get at the truth. I am not disposed to inform the court of the subterfuge, the evasion, the lies that met my efforts on every side; the deliberate chaos and disorder thrown in my path to confuse me. I performed my duty and I ask for no thanks or pretty speeches; it has been enough that certain public figures of importance, both politically and intellectually, have given me unstinted support and approval...

(he bows to Onody, who smiles and nods)

...with that I am more than content...

(excitedly)

...but what I was not prepared for, and what I refuse to submit to, is the persistent defamation that I am constantly subject to by my opponents in this trial -- opponents who have not hesitated to hinder me, spy on me, and even threaten me! --

EOTVOES:

(contemptuously)

Their names! Who has threatened you?

BARY:

(hotly)

When the appointed time comes for names, you shall have names, and more names than you expected!

EOTVOES:

Give me one, now!

BARY:

Not till I find the power behind them that paid the bribes - that even swayed the policies of newspapers!

EOTVOES:

The Jews again, no doubt?

BARY:

There is still a worse creature than the Jew, Mr. Eotvoes: the Christian who will take hush money from him!

EOTVOES:

(direct)

And what rating do you give the Christian who takes their blood?

BARY:

(savagely)

That insult is directed at me, I presume?

EOTVOES:

No, Mr. Bary. I am finally convinced that no one could insult a public official who takes such hasty and ill-considered steps in a most complicated and serious case --

BARY:

(hotly)

I have left no stone unturned, if that's what you mean!

EOTVOES:

(quickly)

In that case you must be in a position to tell this court where the body of Esther Solymosi can be found.

BARY:

(angrier and angrier)

My investigation has clearly shown that the Jews dismembered the corpse and buried it somewhere in their temple courtyard!

EOTVOES:

But you tore up their courtyard, and no trace of the body was found there; or was that perhaps a stone you left unturned?

BARY:

There was no trace of the body when I was finally able to search - they had wind of my intentions! The Jews are masters in the art of making things vanish!

EOTVOES:

(doggedly)

I still ask you what happened to the body, dismembered or intact!

ONODY

(with a harsh laugh)

They probably ate it!

SEYFFERT:

(nervously)

I protest against remarks in such tactless bad taste! This court has assembled to solve a vital and -

ONODY:

(rising)

We've heard enough from you!

SEYFFERT:

(turning to the President)

Your Honour, I protest -- ! !

ONODY:

(enraged, surging toward the District Attorney)

You protest! You protest! What right have you to protest, you damned lickspittling cur, you hireling of the Jews; you dirty little usurer!... You traitor to Hungary! --

ONODY: (Cont.)

(By now he has reached the table of the District Attorney and raises his crop, about to strike Seyffert in the face. Seyffert grabs a law book from the table to protect himself. Onody is stopped by two police constables who rush up from behind, and the crop hits the table. Great excitement in the courtroom. The Attorneys for the Defense jump up. The audience is aroused. Reporters rush out of the room to dispatch their wires. Even the defendants, the Jews, whisper excitedly to each other)

EOTVOES:

(indignant, shouting)

Your Honour, if the District Attorney himself has no protection against such unbelievable defiance of order -

(shouting)

- what hope have the defendants? I demand the immediate eviction of Baron Onody from this courtroom and the most rigid penalty for his breach of precedent!

PRESIDENT:

(nervously)

Baron Onody - I must ask you to explain...

ONODY:

(gruffly)

I apologize to Your Honour. I can only plead excess provocation. A man can be driven too far.

(There is dead silence in the room. The President leans over to one associate, whispers, then leans over to the other, whispers again, then nods)

PRESIDENT:

At this stage of the trial, the court believes it inadvisable for all the parties concerned to give this incident more importance than it merits. Order must be maintained. This Court is of the opinion that the witness, Baron Emmerich Onody, acted under impulse, and not with deliberation. The Court therefore accepts his apology -- the trial will proceed. Now follows...

(Seyffert rises. He is white as a sheet, and gathers his papers)

Mr. District Attorney. What does this mean?

SEYFFERT:

I take the liberty of tending to the honourable court of justice my resignation from the office of Chief Representative for the Prosecution.

(He exits. Silence)

PRESIDENT:

(quietly)

The resignation will be reported to the Ministry of Justice. The Assistant District Attorney, Dr. Martin, present in this courtroom, will assume the duties of Representative for the Prosecution.

(To the Attorneys for the Defense)

Does the Defense wish to address any further questions to Dr. Bary?

(Eotvoes, in lively conversation with his colleague, shakes his head in the negative)

PRESIDENT:

And the Prosecutor?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

(very politely)

I wish to ask only one question: Dr. Bary, has the recorded evidence fully convinced you that the murder was committed by the defendants?

BARY:

Utterly and completely beyond the remotest shadow of doubt!

MARTIN:

Then I wish to thank you, Sir, for your invaluable assistance. That is all.

(Bary bows and returns to his seat)

PRESIDENT:

Moritz Scharf!

(The tension in the courtroom heightens.

Low-voiced exclamations are heard:

"Here he comes!" "Quiet!" "How old is he?")

(Moritz Scharf enters. He is a handsome boy of fourteen, with an intelligent face, dressed in Jewish garb, but well groomed, with curls on his temples. He looks around, semi-curious, semi-timid, hesitates for a moment at door, then walks down the aisle with assured steps, and crosses to the Judge's desk. As he passes Bary, the latter nods to him in a friendly, approving manner. Moritz returns the glance. All eyes are on him. The twelve Jews on the defendants' bench have risen involuntarily as he enters and stare at him. Their gaze expresses tension, horror and disbelief, but still a certain touch of anguished brotherhood. As Moritz crosses to the witness stand, the defendants' heads follow him, drawn as by a magnet. Then they sink back onto their benches, exhausted. Joseph Scharf is the

only defendant who remains standing. He leans far forward and speaks softly)

JOSEPH SCHARF:

Moritz...

(Startled, Moritz Scharf glances at his father, but turns away immediately)

PRESIDENT:

(seriously)

Before we question you, Moritz, I must tell you that, by law, you cannot be forced to testify against your father. I must therefore ask you: Do you wish to tell us all you know about Esther Solymosi's murder, or not?

MORITZ:

(politely)

I wish to tell you all I know, Your Honour.

PRESIDENT:

Even if it incriminates your father?

MORITZ:

(his face hardens)

I only want to tell the truth, Your Honour.

JOSEPH SCHARF:

(softly)

Do you know the Fifth Commandment, my son?

(Moritz does not answer him)

PRESIDENT:

I must advise the defendant not to interrupt the examination.

JOSEPH SCHARF:

If a naughty child raise a knife to his father, may the father not stay his hand?

PRESIDENT:

He has not testified against you yet.

(then in a louder voice)

Sit down!

(Joseph Scharf slumps back onto the bench)

EOTVOES:

(quietly and persuasively)

Your Honour, there can be no doubt in anybody's mind that the situation of a son, a youth, charging his father with murder is a terrible one for both of them. I would request the court, after due consideration, to permit the defendant to ask an occasional question of the witness.

PRESIDENT:

Later.

(to Moritz)

How old are you, Moritz?

MORITZ:
I was fourteen on the twenty-fourth of Ellul...
(corrects himself)
...on the eleventh of June.

PRESIDENT:
Did you grow up in your father's house?
(Moritz nods)
Were you treated with love and kindness there?

MORITZ:
(with a glance filled with hatred into the
courtroom, in Mrs. Scharf's direction)
My stepmother was cruel to me.

EOTVOES:
And your father? Do you bear a grudge against him, too?

MORITZ:
(acting)
No. I know a father has the right to punish his child.

JOSEPH SCHARF:
(bursting out)
Punish you? What has possessed you, Moritz? What did I
not do to try and bring you up a good honest boy, like
other boys? I paid forty Gulden for your schooling....
And you no longer know the Fifth Commandment...

MORITZ:
(stubbornly)
I do know it!

JOSEPH SCHARF:
Then say it to the people!

MORITZ:
(evasively)
Thou shalt not take the Lord's name in vain.

JOSEPH SCHARF:
(lamentingly)
No, no, the Fifth Commandment! Say the Fifth Commandment!

MORITZ:
(to President)
Shall I answer him, Your Honour?
(President nods. Moritz continues, forced)
Thou shalt honour thy father and thy mother, that their
days be prolonged upon the earth...
(suddenly torn with misgiving)
Your Honour....

BARY:
(sharply)
What is this? A bible-class? Let's get on with the case!

JOSEPH SCHARF:

(tormented)

Let him say what he was going to say! Moritz, tell them you are really a good boy --

PRESIDENT:

(sharply)

I cannot permit the witness to be emotionally confused!

(Joseph Scharf sinks back onto his bench)

- His task is difficult enough as it is!

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

His Honour has given the witness to understand that he is not forced to testify. It was not, however, made clear to the witness that if he testifies, he must tell everything he knows against his father.

PRESIDENT:

(to Moritz, kindly)

You understand what the District Attorney said?

MORITZ:

Yes, Your Honour!

PRESIDENT:

And you still agree to answer the questions?

MORITZ:

(beamingly)

Yes, Your Honour.

ATTORNEY FRIEDMANN:

In the first testimony you gave at the arraignment, you declared that you knew nothing about Esther Solymosi's murder? Is that true?

MORITZ:

(after a moment's hesitation)

Yes, Sir.

FRIEDMANN:

Why did you say it?

MORITZ:

I was ordered to say it.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY:

You were ordered to testify that you knew nothing of Esther's murder?

MORITZ:

(firmly)

Yes, Sir.

EOTVOES:

Who ordered you to do that?

MORITZ:
My stepmother.

EOTVOES:
When?

MORITZ:
When we were in the investigator's office.

EOTVOES:
(smiling ironically)
So - in the investigator's office and in his presence, your stepmother ordered you not to testify regarding the murder?

MORITZ:
Yes - she whispered it to me.

EOTVOES:
And the investigator did not hear her?

MORITZ:
(smiling fatuously)
She talked in Hebrew. Nobody understood but me.

EOTVOES:
Why did you correct your testimony later?

MORITZ:
I was told that I would be imprisoned for life unless I told the truth.

EOTVOES:
Who told you that?

MORITZ:
The Investigator.

EOTVOES:
(very deliberately)
Then it was under pressure, believing that you would be imprisoned for life, that you told the story of Esther's murder.

MORITZ:
(as if he learned it by heart)
I did not testify under any pressure. The investigator was always friendly to me. Everyone in the Komitat House where I am staying now, has always been kind to me. I was never scolded or whipped as I was at home.

EOTVOES:
You said that very nicely indeed. Is it word for word the way it was drilled into you?

PRESIDENT:

(bangs the table)

I forbid the Defense to place such questions -- this is contempt of court.

EOTVOES:

I apologize.

(seriously, turning to Moritz)

You still live in the Komitat House?

MORITZ:

Yes.

EOTVOES:

What are your plans for the future -- I mean when this trial is over -- if your father should no longer be -

(hesitates)

- in a position to provide for you?

MORITZ:

(impudently)

I shall be provided for!

EOTVOES:

So you know that?

MORITZ:

Yes, I do.

EOTVOES:

Who told you?

MORITZ:

(childishly)

The Minister of Justice himself.

EOTVOES:

(incredulously)

The Minister of Justice called on you personally?

MORITZ:

(cornered)

No, but I found a letter from him in my room.

EOTVOES:

In your room at the Komitat House?

MORITZ:

(nods)

Yes on the table. It said that the Minister would provide for me and give me a job as a clerk when I'm old enough.

EOTVOES:

(sarcastically)

And you believed it? You believed that the Minister of Justice would write a note like that?

MORITZ:

(near tears)

Yes, because he did! It's true!

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

(strictly)

I must protest against the overbearing methods of the Defense toward this child. I request Your Honour to instruct the only eye-witness, Moritz, to name the defendants who actually took part in the crime and then order him to tell us the entire procedure exactly as he remembers it.

PRESIDENT:

Moritz, name those men among the defendants whom you saw murder Esther Solymosi.

(Moritz makes a helpless gesture toward the defendants, then he hesitates and turns away)

I understand that you find it difficult to charge your own father, but you must put all personal feelings behind you... your duty is to yourself... Point out the men!

(Moritz has regained his self-control and crosses to the defendants. His eyes still rest on the ground. Halfway there, he falters again. The President leans forward, warningly)

Moritz!

(Slowly Moritz raises his eyes and points at Buxbaum, then at Weizenstein, then at Braun and Wollner. He is about to raise his finger to point at his father. But at the last moment he drops his hand and looks at the ground)

The defendants Buxbaum, Weizenstein, Braun and Wollner will rise - and also defendant Joseph Scharf.

(The five men rise heavily)

Were these the men who committed the murder?

(Moritz nods. At this moment defendant Buxbaum, a huge man, steps forward, before the constable can stop him, halts in front of Moritz, looks at him for a second then spits into the boy's face. Moritz winces and covers his face with his hands, as if he expected to be struck)

PRESIDENT:

(aroused, shouting)

Defendant Buxbaum! I will have you chained! I sentence you to four weeks solitary confinement! How dare you...

(His voice breaks in the middle of the sentence. Buxbaum calmly returns to the defendants' bench and sits down. This scene has caused great excitement among the audience. We hear exclamations: "Poor child!" "The scoundrels!" "Incredible!")

ONODY:

(In a loud voice)

That's what happens if Jews are treated like human beings! They should have been killed outright!

(Exclamations of agreement)

PRESIDENT:

(unsteady with indignation)

Moritz, you stand here under the protection of the court. You need fear nothing. You may rest assured that there will be no more attacks made upon you! Come closer to me and tell the court now what you know about the murder.

MORITZ:

(recovered by now, steps forward, after throwing one more nervous glance at the defendants. He steps in front of the Judge's desk and speaks fluently)

On April the first, Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-Two, on the Schabbes before Palm Sunday, several strange Jews came to Tisza-Eszlar. They were those two Shochets -- I am not quite sure what their names are -- and a beggar, Hermann Wollner

(pointing at Wollner)

-- that one! My father, who had still some work to do in the synagogue, looked out of the window and saw Esther Solymosi pass by. "Go out," he told the beggar, "and call that girl in to remove the candlesticks!" Then he ordered me to leave. I went home -- we live next door to the synagogue -- and waited for my father to come to dinner. Mother and my little brother Samu were also waiting; we were all hungry. A quarter of an hour passed, and then another. I was surprised that I did not see Esther leave. I called to mother and told her I would go back to the synagogue to fetch father. "Don't bother," my mother shouted after me, "he will come when he is ready!" When I tried to open the door leading to the vestibule of the synagogue, I found it locked. Suddenly I heard a soft scream, and then a whimper as if someone was being smothered. Quickly I bent down to the keyhole and saw the three Shochets and the beggar standing around the table: on the table lay Esther...

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

(interrupting)

And your father? Where was he?

MORITZ:

(with difficulty)

He was there too. He stood next to the men, near the girl's feet.

PRESIDENT:

(tense)

Go on with your testimony.

MORITZ:

The beggar placed a bowl under Esther's throat. Weiszstein and the other Shochets held her tight. She was white as a ghost.

(correcting himself)

No, her face was red, as if she was choking. She was shivering all over.

PRESIDENT:

Was she dressed?

MORITZ:

All she wore was a shirt, but that had been pushed up round her neck. I could see all her body.

PRESIDENT:

And then?

MORITZ:

Buxbaum had a huge knife, which he usually kills the oxen with...

(correcting himself again)

...with which he usually kills the oxen...

MARTIN:

(holding up a knife from the table of material evidence)

Was this it?

MORITZ:

Yes, that's the one. He made a big gash in her neck with it.

(pointing at his throat)

Here, right across. It made me feel sick, but I couldn't stop watching.

PRESIDENT:

And then what happened?

MORITZ:

The blood came out in a big spurt and the beggar caught it in the bowl.

(The audience is extremely tense, following Moritz' description: there is profound silence in the courtroom. The door behind the Judge's desk opens and a constable enters. He bends down to the Judge and whispers)

PRESIDENT:

(annoyed)

What is it? I cannot be disturbed...

(Police constable continues to whisper into his ear)

PRESIDENT:

(looks up, surprised)

Here in court?

(Police constable nods)

PRESIDENT:

I am forced to interrupt Moritz Scharf's testimony. Circumstances have arisen that will help clear the case considerably. The Police Sergeant from Tisza-Dabas has come with an important announcement to make to the court. Are both parties agreeable to examine him immediately?

(District Attorney and Attorneys for the Defense nod in agreement. The President motions and Police Sergeant Farkas is led in. He wears the uniform of the eighties, a feather brush on his high military cap, spurs on his boots, rifle, sabre. His uniform is covered with dust. He stands at attention.

You may speak.

FARKAS:

Your Honour, I report the arrest of two men connected with this case -

PRESIDENT:

Who are they?

FARKAS:

Two raftsmen from Tisza-Nomodi. They discovered a female corpse in the Tisza River at Disza-Dabas this morning.

(a gasp runs round the court)

One of the raftsmen, David Hersko...

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

(interrupting sharply)

A Jew?

FARKAS:

Yes, Sir.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

(makes a note)

Thank you. Continue!

FARKAS:

I was actually present on the river bank when Hersko pulled the corpse from the water with his oar and hoisted it onto the raft. I ordered them to land immediately. The other raftsman, Joseph Matej wanted to throw the corpse back into the Tisza, but I stopped him. I asked how they had found the corpse, and they said it had been entangled in the river weeds just below the surface: and that it must have been washed down from some place further up-stream. I examined the corpse and thought it corresponded with the description of the missing Esther Solymosi....

EOTVOES:

Where is it now?

FARKAS:

In a cart outside the Courthouse. I took the liberty of bringing it here immediately...

(At this moment Mrs. Solymosi rises from her bench and utters a scream. A few men rush up. However, she frees herself and hurries out, followed by Mrs. Huri and Sophie.)

PRESIDENT:

(energetically banging the table, calling for quiet. Then he turns to the Gendarme Sergeant)

And the raftsmen? Where are they?

SERGEANT:

They are in the witness room, waiting.

PRESIDENT:

(to constable)

Have them brought here at once!

(David Hersko and Joseph Matej enter. Hersko is a small, heavy-set redhaired Jew with a sly face. Matej an unusually tall man, slightly imbecilic. They cross to the Judge's desk and stop. Farkas stands behind them. Although they are witnesses they look as if they were arrested)

PRESIDENT:

(to Hersko)

I believe you are Hersko.

HERSKO:

(willingly)
Yes, Sir! Fifty-Four years, Jewish, raftsmen from
Marmarosch-Sziged, no previous offense.

(A few people smile)

PRESIDENT:

(to Matej)
And you?

MATEJ:

Yes.

PRESIDENT:

Yes, what?

MATEJ:

(dumbly)
I am Joseph Matej. I thought they told Your Honour who I
was.

PRESIDENT:

Age?

MATEJ:

Forty-two or so...

PRESIDENT:

Religion?

(Matej is silent and the President
misunderstands his silence)

Jewish?

MATEJ:

My God, no!
(laughter in courtroom)
I'm a Catholic.

PRESIDENT:

Which of you prefers to tell us how you found the corpse?

(Hersko and Matej look at each other,
dumbfounded. They are silent)

Hersko, speak!

HERSKO:

Well, on Friday evening we were just going to land near
Tisza-Dabas and stay there until Monday.

PRESIDENT:

Until Monday?

HERSKO:

Yes. Schabbes is my day of rest and Sunday Matej's. Just as we were approaching the shore I saw something stuck in the weeds. Matej was busy cooking supper, so I took one of our long oars and tried to get it loose. I didn't think it was going to be a dead woman!

PRESIDENT:

Did you tell Matej immediately?

HERSKO:

Yes, but he was annoyed about it and wanted me to throw it back into the river. At this moment the officer saw us from the shore and told us to land right away. Then the three of us dragged the dead girl ashore and put her on the grass.

PRESIDENT:

Was it the corpse of a young girl?

HERSKO:

Yes, Your Honour.

(Matej nods, in dead earnest)

PRESIDENT:

(to Farkas)

And the marks of identification - hair, colour, age, colour of dress -- correspond to those of Esther Solymosi?

FARKAS:

Yes, Your Honour. Of course the corpse has been in the water for several weeks...

PRESIDENT:

Yes, yes, but you were still able to distinguish that the girl had a great gash in her neck though?

SERGEANT:

(shaking his head)

No, Your Honour. The corpse showed no mutilation whatever.

PRESIDENT:

(calls out, surprised)

None? No cut on the throat? Are you certain?

SERGEANT FARKAS:

Quite certain, Your Honour.

EOTVOES:

(jumps up)

Your Honour! The mother of Esther Solymosi is even now inspecting the body. She, better than anyone present, will know whether it is her own child or not! The investigator has informed us -

(sarcastically)

- that Esther Solymosi's body was dismembered after the murder. The chief material witness -

(gesturing toward Moritz, who stands near the witness stand, terrified)

- has testified that she was killed by a huge gash across the throat! If it should now transpire that her body was in no way mutilated -

(in a louder voice)

- the case against the defendants will collapse like a pricked balloon --

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

(interrupting)

- I must remind the Defense that the corpse has not yet been identified as Esther Solymosi; and that any such anticipation is out of order!

ONODY:

Another Jewish trick, that's all!

PRESIDENT:

(to constable)

Sergeant, go downstairs and request Mrs. Solymosi to present herself before the court at once!

(Sergeant near exit door leaves hurriedly. A profound silence reigns in the courtroom. We hear a voice beginning to pray. It is old Rabbi Taub; "Boruch atoh adonaih olohenu..." The other Jews, as in the synagogue, join in, whispering. Slowly they rise, in bent position, their heads lowered. The prayer becomes louder and louder. Finally there is a hollow chorus. They hit their chests with their fists. The door opens. Deep silence reigns once more. Even the Jews' prayer is interrupted. Mrs. Solymosi, supported by her daughter and Mrs. Huri, enters and walks down the centre aisle to the Judge's desk.)

PRESIDENT:

(gravely)

Mrs. Solymosi, have you seen the body of this child?

(Mrs. Solymosi stops. She utters a sob, then nods her head)

Do you identify it as the body of your daughter?

MRS. SOLYMOSI:

(in a hollow voice)

Yes. It is my daughter.

ONODY:

(savagely)

She's mad!

(to the President)

Your Honour, you can't accept that as testimony! I demand it be struck off the records! By God, I'll see that it's struck off the records, if I have to rewrite every Statute in Hungarian law!

PRESIDENT:

(rises, gathers his papers. His voice is strained)

The trial is adjourned until the court announces its findings.

EOTVOES:

(As the Judges exit)

Baron Onody.

ONODY:

(savagely)

What?

EOTVOES:

I'm afraid you've missed your train.

C U R T A I N .

A C T I I.

The same - six months later. It is a winter afternoon, and the courtroom is in semi-twilight. Officials go about lighting the oil lamps. A fire is burning in a large white-tiled stove; the people are in heavy, warm clothing, except for the Jews, who look half-starved and exhausted. They sit huddled in their seats, their thin, tattered clothes held tightly around them. The curtain rises on an uproar; Onody, Bary and the spectators are doing their best to shout down Eotvoes and unnerve him.

EOTVOES:

(shouting above the din)

I demand to be heard! You cannot strangle truth by shouting it down; you only give it added strength!

(Cries of "Hang the Jews!" "Let him speak!"
"Down with Eotvoes - bribed by the Jews!" etc.)

EOTVOES:

(angrily)

If Baron Onody is resolved that this shall be a farce and not a trial, let us at least see the farce through to its illogical conclusion!

ONODY:

We have!

EOTVOES:

Not yet!

A VOICE FROM THE CROWD:

Eotvoes, Eotvoes! The gentile King of the Jews!

OTHER VOICES:

When the shoes began to wear
All the Jews began to swear!

(Eotvoes turns to the President and gestures his defeat. The President swings his bell.)

PRESIDENT:

Silence!

(The courtroom slowly becomes silent)

I have warned the spectators, not once, but many times, that my patience is growing short. I will permit no further disruption of procedure from any quarter. In the interests of the case, I must now request of both parties that a decision be reached with all possible expediency...

(The defendant Buxbaum has been sitting all the time with his head buried in his hands. Trembling, he now looks up and nudges his neighbour. The neighbour shakes his head with fear. Buxbaum straightens up and is about to grab the bottle of water which stands on the District Attorney's table. A police constable gives him a shove that makes him fall back onto his seat. He starts to moan.)

BUXBAUM:

(in a low voice)

Water ...

PRESIDENT:

(looks up disapprovingly, then motions to constable)

Let the defendant drink.

(constable obeys)

The Counsel for the Defense may speak.

EOTVOES:

(points to Buxbaum, who cowers into his previous position)

What you have just witnessed speaks more eloquently than I could. The defendants have been imprisoned for six months. They have been separated from their families, from contact with the outside world, and even from their own counsel. They were locked in a cell hardly large enough to house three people; they have not been permitted the only food their creed allows them to eat; they stand before you, frozen, starved and beaten for a crime the prosecution has still not proved against them! And why? Why? At the end of the last session of this trial the body of Esther Solymosi was washed ashore on the Tisza bank, not dismembered, without the famous throat incision so clearly described by the District Attorney's only witness, the fourteen year old Moritz Scharf. Your Honours, once more I refer to the unlawful imprisonment of the defendants: I request that they be dismissed immediately.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

(rises slowly)

I object to the motion of the defense!

(A hushed "bravo" in the courtroom. At this moment a hollow sound is heard; the defendant Buxbaum has slipped off the bench. Excitement in the courtroom. Mrs. Buxbaum rushes forward, concerned over her husband. The elegant ladies seated in the first rows watch the scene through their lorgnettes.)

A GIRL:

(calls)

Is he dead?

A MAN'S VOICE:

((laughingly)

Not yet!

PRESIDENT:

Take him out and call the court physician.

(Two constables more or less carry out the heavy Buxbaum. His wife shoves after them, whimpering.)

EOTVOES:

(softly, more to himself)

First blood to the hunters!

PRESIDENT:

(motions to the District Attorney to continue)

The District Attorney may proceed.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

(with simulated great calm)

I emphatically deny the charge by the defense that we have tortured innocent men. I demand that the request for their release be rejected by this court and the trial proceed!

EOTVOES:

The law prescribes a quick execution of the guilty, but not a slow killing of the innocent!

PRESIDENT:

(swings his bell and calls)

Mr. Eotvoes, you have had ample time to voice your objections; it is now the District Attorney's turn to speak.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

(proceeding)

I thank Your Honour. So far from wasting our time in the last six months, we have succeeded at last in completing our evidence and in blocking the legal loopholes so artfully created by the criminals for their own self-

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN: (Cont.)
 preservation and the preservation of their friends. I
 propose the cross-examination of the Chief Investigator,
 Dr. Bary.

(He sits down)

PRESIDENT:

(confers with his associates for a moment)

The court rejects the proposal of the counsel to discharge
 the defendants. The District Attorney's request to examine
 the investigator is granted. Dr. Bary is present in the
 courtroom.

(Eotvoes laughs bitterly)

Come forward, please!

BARY:

(walks to the Judge's desk, opens a
 portfolio which he carries under his
 arm - produces a stack of documents.
 These he places in front of the President)

BARY:

I submit herewith the result of my investigations made
 during the recess of this court. These are the depositions
 of all witnesses and suspects examined during the last six
 months. They prove that the investigation has not wasted a
 single day, but has fully complied with its duty. They
 will reveal all criminal attempts

(motioning with his head toward the defendants'
 bench)

..... to conceal the guilt of the accused. I request the
 reading of the record

EOTVOES:

(jumps up)

I object! These depositions whipped out of thin air by the
 investigator are of no relevance. The finding of the
 unmutilated corpse of Esther Solymosi automatically closed
 the case for the defense! If new evidence, or new facts
 have been found during the recess of this court - a recess
 in which the defense was forced to rest while the District
 Attorney and the Investigator exploited it to the utmost -
 I demand that every witness who has made a deposition -

(pointing at the stack of papers)

- so carefully and diligently recorded in these papers,
 appear personally in this courtroom.

BARY:

(with a sneer)

The defense obviously bases its request on the fond hope
 that such witnesses are figments of my imagination.

(to Eotvoes)

You will be disappointed!

EOTVOES:

(to President)

Your Honours, I request that the witnesses come forward and
 testify in open court.

PRESIDENT:

(to Bary - politely)

Kindly hold yourself available, sir. Your valuable help is still needed. These records will be read only in case a witness cannot be found, has passed away or is beyond reach, of the court. Otherwise, the witnesses -

(bowing ironically in Eotvoes' direction)

- named and previously summoned will be examined here in person. As the first

(he points at a document, opened by one of the Associates)

ASSOCIATE JUDGE:

(reads)

County Physician Dr. Ladislaus Deri.

(Deri steps forward)

PRESIDENT:

As the only resident physician of Tisza-Eszlar I assume that you attend all members of the community

DERI:

(whom we saw in the First Act - interrupting)

With the exception of Jews. With them I have only unavoidable professional contacts in the interests of public health. They are a veritable breeding ground for disease and epidemics -

PRESIDENT:

But you know every resident of Tisza-Eszlar?

DERI:

Thoroughly!

PRESIDENT:

And you remember the deceased Esther Solymosi?

DERI:

Of course!

PRESIDENT:

Were you the first to examine the body swept ashore at Tisza-Dabas?

DERI:

Yes.

PRESIDENT:

It is unnecessary to remind you that you are here under oath. However, I would ask you to realize the importance of your answer: Was the body you examined that of Esther Solymosi?

(The excitement in the courtroom has increased)

DERI:

(takes off his glasses - cleans them - then speaks)

No, it was not.

EOTVOES:

(stunned)

What!!!

DERI:

I said - No!

(Excitement among the audience. The attorneys for the defense exchange glances. District Attorney Martin plays with his pencil, disinterested, but triumphant. Bary smiles. The accused Jews are startled, then dejection descends upon them.)

EOTVOES:

(trying to control his anger)

On what is your opinion based, Dr. Deri?

DERI:

It was impossible that the corpse I examined was that of a peasant girl. Country girls, like Esther Solymosi, go barefoot for the larger part of the year. The deceased had delicate feet which proved she was accustomed to wearing shoes. Also her fingers were narrow and unhardened. The nails had a special shine, found only on women who are manicured. It is out of the question that the dead girl had done any hard physical work.

EOTVOES:

Was the deceased a virgin?

DERI:

Yes.

EOTVOES:

At least you are sure of that?

DERI:

(striking a pose)

Medical science of today can easily establish ...

EOTVOES:

(interrupts him)

Medical science, yes, but your autopsy was made without the aid of a medical institute - under great disadvantages. I think it would be circumspect to allow yourself a margin of doubt. The deceased had been in the water for a long period.

DERI:
 (somewhat irritated)
 Certainly, for several weeks, but that makes no difference -
 (angrily)
 If I needed a margin of doubt, Mr. Eotvoes, I would have
allowed for it!

EOTVOES:
 How old did you judge this girl to be at the time of her
 death?

DERI:
 (still irritated)
 Fourteen - perhaps fifteen, at the most.

EOTVOES:
 Thirteen at the least?

DERI:
 (sarcastic)
 If I said yes, that would establish the body as that of
 Esther Solymosi in your eyes, I suppose?

EOTVOES:
 (quietly)
 Not necessarily. No more questions.

PRESIDENT:
 (on reading the record)
 County Physician Dr. Georg Szabo.

DR. SZABO:
 (steps forward, nods to Dr. Deri with
 the condescending air of a superior)
 Present.

DR. DERI:
 Good afternoon, sir!

PRESIDENT:
 Your colleague, Dr. Deri, has just stated that the corpse
 found in the Tisza could not have been that of Esther
 Solymosi.

(Szabo nods)
 Do you share his opinion?

DR. SZABO:
 (pleasantly, broadly)
 I share his opinion.

PRESIDENT:
 Did you know the child Esther Solymosi?

DR. SZABO:
 Not while she was alive.

EOTVOES:

(sharply, ironically)

But you know her well enough, now she is dead, to know that this corpse cannot be hers? How can you maintain that with any sort of conviction in a court of law where accurate testimony is demanded?

DR. SZABO:

(smoothly)

I'm not a lawyer, Mr. Eotvoes, you can't get a rise out of me! I know enough of Esther Solymosi through the records to assure the court that the corpse I examined could not have been hers, for the very simple reason that it is the corpse of a twenty year old woman fully matured!

DR. FRIEDMANN:

(interrupting)

Impossible! Dr. Deri has just told us that the age was fourteen or fifteen at the most!

DR. DERI:

(nervously)

If my colleague estimates twenty, I naturally bow to his superior knowledge ... fifteen or sixteen, perhaps even eighteen -

EOTVOES:

(interrupts sarcastically)

In fact, if we go on at this rate, she will soon be a woman in her forties. I'm sure Dr. Bary hopes so!

DR. DERI:

When a corpse has been lying in the water for weeks, it is really difficult to establish the exact age.

DR. SZABO:

(rudely)

The woman in question could not have been in the water over three days! Therefore I was in a position to judge her to be twenty years old.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

I request that the County Physician's testimony be made a matter of record. If the corpse in question was actually only three days in the water, it could not have been that of Esther Solymosi, who disappeared six weeks prior to the discovery of the body in the Tisza River. I also find it valuable to establish that Dr. Szabo maintains the corpse to be that of a girl at least twenty years old. At the same time Dr. Deri's statement should be kept in mind; he said the body was that of a person belonging to the better class, who had never done any hard physical labour.

EOTVOES:

(ironically)

The District Attorney believes in picking and choosing his facts: but what about the contradictions? Why should they fail to qualify for the records?

PRESIDENT:

(interrupts him)

Back to the case. Have any of the gentlemen further questions for the County Physician?

EOTVOES:

Yes! As Dr. Szabo now declares the deceased to be twenty years old, I would ask him to tell me whether she was a virgin or not.

DR. SZABO:

(in a lecturing tone)

Today's standpoint...

EOTVOES:

(interrupting ironically)

.... Back to the textbooks again! -

DR. SZABO:

(proceeding)

.... leaves no room for doubt. She was not a virgin. On the contrary, if I may say so with all due delicacy, the examination showed that she frequently

(becomes silent)

EOTVOES:

Thank you. All that remains now is for you two gentlemen to decide which of you is right and which is wrong!

(Two constables lead the defendant Buxbaum in through a door in the background; he is taken to his place. He sits down, heavily. The other Jews next to him show concern and the constables return to their places. The following dialogue is carried on simultaneously with this entrance.)

DR. DERI:

(to Dr. Szabo)

I have already bowed to Dr. Szabo's superior knowledge. My opinion was given in good faith; but even doctors are not infallible, gentlemen.

(Laughter in the court)

EOTVOES:

(coldly)

In view of the fact that the two physicians have suddenly come to an agreement, although they previously contradicted each other on nearly every point, I must request a faculty verdict from the Budapest University. Meanwhile, the mother, who should know her own child best of all, has testified in this courtroom that the corpse was that of her daughter. The court may remember that she did so without indecision or uncertainty, a mother's instinct cannot be dismissed by a professional dissertation without due consideration. I request that Mrs. Solymosi be called.

PRESIDENT:

Is Mrs. Solymosi present?

MRS. SOLYMOSSI:

(rises)

Yes.

DR. DERI:

(approaching the Judges after a low-voiced conversation with Dr. Szabo)

Your Honour! After a detailed discussion with my honourable colleague, County Physician Dr. Szabo, I would like to explain that the apparent minor differences of opinion between us were mainly based on misunderstandings. Now my honourable colleague and I share the same opinion covering all points and are one in accord that the corpse was not that of Esther Solymosi. May we therefore be permitted to leave the court?

PRESIDENT:

Does the District Attorney or the Defense wish to place any further questions to the experts?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

(confidently)

No more questions.

(Eotvoes shakes his head, annoyed.
Both physicians leave, chatting in
a friendly manner)

PRESIDENT:

Mrs. Solymosi, kindly step forward.

(General tension as Mrs. Solymosi walks up
the aisle. The Attorneys for the Defense
exchange triumphant glances)

PRESIDENT:

Mrs. Solymosi, you declared before this trial was adjourned that the body found in the Tisza and brought here was that of your daughter.

MRS. SOLYMOSI:

Yes.

PRESIDENT:

Are you still of the same opinion?

MRS. SOLYMOSI:

No.

(Whispers and soft exclamations
in the courtroom)

PRESIDENT:

Not to misconstrue this important question - the body found in the Tisza was not that of your daughter?

MRS. SOLYMOSI:

No, it wasn't.

EOTVOES:

Then why did you tell this court that it was?

MRS. SOLYMOSI:

I made a mistake.

EOTVOES:

Is it possible for a mother to make a mistake when her dead child is shown to her?

MRS. SOLYMOSI:

(disturbed)

Well, I did make a mistake.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

The astonishing fact that a mistake was made will be explained later. Actually it was possible, because at the time - I will say this now without further questioning of witnesses - a certain likeness between the deceased and Esther had been purposely created. Although the dead girl was not Esther Solymosi - she wore her clothes.

EOTVOES:

(scornfully)

.... and a mother's eye was deceived? Rubbish!

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

Her eye was deceived by the shock of being confronted with a corpse. Mrs. Solymosi realized her mistake very shortly afterwards.

EOTVOES:

Then why did she not come forward and correct her testimony?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

(triumphantly)

Because certain Jews from Tisza-Eszlar offered her large sums of money to keep quiet - but not only money - they even threatened her. This evidence only recently came to light, or, rest assured, you would have heard of it sooner!

FRIEDMANN:

That's impossible!

EOTVOES:

(shouts)

Why? Why, impossible? Put yourselves in the position of those tortured and intimidated people! Who fought for them? No one except a few poverty-stricken friends! Who fought against them? A strong political party, the machinery of justice, the entire power of the state! What is so strange about their offering this woman money? - money to stick to the truth! - in an effort to defend themselves against this gentleman ...

(he points at Bary, who still stands
in the vicinity of the Judge's desk)

... who was moving heaven and earth to make her deny her testimony and send these men to their death?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

(hard, loud)

The fact remains that Mrs. Solymosi was offered 200 gulden to remain silent and identify the deceased as her daughter.

PRESIDENT:

Is this true, Mrs. Solymosi?

MRS. SOLYMOSI:

Yes.

EOTVOES:

(repeats it contemptuously)

Yes. Now I understand the reason for the six months' adjournment!

(to the court, angrily)

For miles about no one has heard of the disappearance of another girl. Do you actually believe that the disappearance of such a person would have remained unknown? Do you believe that corpses of young ladies float up and down the Tisza every day of the week?

ONODY:

(calls)

There are plenty of whores in the Budapest hospitals, and plenty of Jewish doctors who wouldn't shrink from a little body-snatching on the side!

EOTVOES:

(ignoring the interruption)

For six long months, with human lives in the balance, this investigation has deliberately distorted and confused the issues, littered its depositions with racial fanaticism, and contradicted itself time and again. In the face of evidence actually given in this court, without coercion, it still uses every weapon at its command to suppress the proven fact that the body found in the Tisza river is, and can only be, Esther Solymosi's!

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

(jumps up)

With Dr. Eotvoes' eloquence still ringing in your ears, ladies and gentlemen, we will end this comedy once and for all. Call Raftsmen David Hersko and Joseph Matej to the witness stand, please!

(The President nods in agreement. A constable opens the door and ushers in Horsko and Matej. They are chained together and give the impression of being terrified)

FRIEDMANN:

(jumping up)

I demand that the witnesses be unchained! This is a new infringement of the law....

PRESIDENT:

(questioning)

Mr. District Attorney?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

The chains may be removed - but only here in the courtroom, as long as the raftsmen act in the capacity of witnesses.

EOTVOES:

What charge has been brought against them?

(A constable removes the chains)

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

They are accomplices in the crime.

EOTVOES:

They too!!

PRESIDENT:

(reading from his documents)

David Hersko ... your character is known to us ... you are a Jew ...

(Hersko nods)

When were you arrested?

HERSKO:

(shy)

Two months ago.

PRESIDENT:
(looks at his records)
On the second of September. You are charged with ...
(looks at him questioningly)
Speak for yourself!

HERSKO:
I am charged with smuggling a corpse and misdirecting the
authorities ...

PRESIDENT:
(still turning the leaves of his record)
Correct! The same charge applies to Matej.
(Matej is silent and motionless)
Hersko, you will tell the court the events which led to
your arrest.

HERSKO:
(softly)
I confessed already ... to the Investigator, Dr. Bary.

PRESIDENT:
You are requested to repeat it here in court.

HERSKO:
(looking to the ground - murmurs)
Here? -- in front of everybody? ... Everything is written
down in the book. I've put my name to it.

PRESIDENT:
(losing his patience)
You force me to have your confession read by the court.

HERSKO:
(with a timid glance at the accused Jews)
That would be better, Your Honour! Everything is said
there so nicely, one thing after another. I am a poor
raftsman. I cannot talk well.

PRESIDENT:
(nervously)
No one expects you to talk well. All that is asked of
you is the truth ...

HERSKO:
But the truth is in that paper ...

(the President realizes that he cannot
cope with Hersko, motions to Martin)

ASSISTANT JUDGE RUSSU:

(reads from the records)

This is David Hersko's testimony ... during the middle of June of this year a well-dressed gentleman came up and talked to me and Matej. This happened at a deserted spot of the Tisza bank, north of Tisza-Eszlar, where we usually stop our rafts and take a rest. That gentleman took us to a cart which stood near-by in the bushes, removed a blanket and showed us a nude female corpse. He persuaded us to tie the body under our raft and float it a few miles downstream, as far as Tisza-Dabas, where the following evening a woman dressed in brown would meet us with a parcel. He told us that this parcel would contain clothes, which we were to put on the corpse...

EOTVOES:

(excited)

Are we expected to believe that you actually went through with this horrible deed? -- this nightmare?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

(to Hersko)

Answer him!

HERSKO:

(nods)

Yes, we took the corpse under our raft to Tisza-Dabas, received the clothes from the woman in brown, and dressed up the dead girl. Then we dumped the corpse into the river and acted as if we had just found it.

EOTVOES:

(earnestly)

Why? What made you do it? What cause did you think you were furthering?

HERSKO:

I thought it would be all right. The gentleman who put us on the job was a very high class Jew. He gave me 100 gulden, but I handed it over to Matej. I did not want to take money for it.

EOTVOES:

(to Matej)

Did you receive 100 gulden?

MATEJ:

(startled)

Who? Me?

(recollects)

Yes, I received 100 gulden.

EOTVOES:

Hersko, you have still not given the court a motive for this deed.

HERSKO:

The gentleman gave me 100 gulden.

EOTVOES:

But you didn't want it! You gave it to Matej - you've just said so!

HERSKO:

(flustered)

The gentleman told me that the whole world was up in arms about Esther Solymosi being killed and that it was my duty to do something to remove the suspicion from the Jews.

EOTVOES:

And for that reason you agreed to do it? And I am supposed to believe this story, although you yourself are a Jew?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

(loudly)

The procedure is clear as daylight; the stranger, the woman dressed in brown, Hersko himself, all had but one motive, to help their fellow-believers. The Jews committed a second crime to cover up their first!

EOTVOES:

Hersko, when did you give this testimony to the Investigator, Dr. Bary?

HERSKO:

Four days ago -- last Friday.

EOTVOES:

And you've been arrested since September second -- that is, seventy-eight days ago? Therefore your confession was obtained seventy-four days after your arrest?

(Hersko nods)

And when did Matej confess?

PRESIDENT:

(as Matej does not answer - he turns the leaves of the records)

On October fifth.

EOTVOES:

That is more than forty days before Hersko.

(to Hersko)

How often were you cross-examined by Dr. Bary during these forty days.

HERSKO:

Every day, even Sundays, even on our Sabbath, and at nights...

EOTVOES:

(stating)

And the result of this seventy-eight days of inquisition is contained in this confession.

(with a cold smile)

Matej did not take as long.

BARY:

(vehemently)

Your Honour, I object to the insinuations so clearly expressed by the Attorney for the Defense and I ask again for protection against them!

ONODY:

(interrupting)

Quite right! Speak, Your Honour!

PRESIDENT:

(strictly)

Attorney for the Defense, I am repeatedly forced to call you to order! Once more you have attacked the worthy Investigator ...

EOTVOES:

(interrupting)

I have concerned myself solely with facts; Mr. Bary must be free to write his own interpretations into them. Matej was made to confess --

(sarcastically)

-- or shall I say his signature was obtained within thirty-five days, whereas Hersko took seventy-eight days. When I consider the different characters of the two defendants, the lapse of time is obvious.

(turning to Hersko)

Could you describe the "high-class gentleman" and the "woman dressed in brown" who gave you these instructions?

HERSKO:

(in a reciting tone)

The gentleman had gray hair, wore a dark suit, was of medium build, had a heavy golden watch chain, squinted with his left eye and spoke with a Jewish accent -- the woman wore a high-necked, simple brown dress, was about forty years old and quite fat.

EOTVOES:

Would you recognize the two?

HERSKO:

(throws a quick glance at Bary who nods surreptitiously, then in a timid voice)

Certainly

EOTVOES:

(louder)

Then I demand that the trial be adjourned until these two witnesses are produced in this court! We must reveal the truth, only the truth and nothing but the truth; and it will not be found in the copy-book depositions so conveniently assembled by the investigation! Until this anonymous gentleman and the woman dressed in brown have been found, this trial cannot proceed on any basis of regularity or justice!

ONODY:

(jumps up)

Then carry on with it alone! To me the trial was over long ago - and to every other Hungarian Christian whose pockets aren't lined with Jewish money!

(to President significantly)

I will await your verdict with interest, Your Honour!

(he leaves the courtroom to a murmur of approval; others leave with him)

EOTVOES:

(quietly)

It would be a most fitting gesture of sympathy if Mr. Bary would also leave.

PRESIDENT:

Once more I call you to order, Sir! The Court rejects the requested adjournment. The smuggling of the corpse has been proven in detail by the confessions of the two raftsmen, Hersko and Matej. They will be chained again and led back to prison.

(Hersko and Matej are chained together and led out by a constable)

The court will proceed with the evidence.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

One moment, please! Investigator, Dr. Bary --

(bowing politely in his direction)

-- has made a further discovery. The witness Sophie Solymosi sister of the murdered Esther, will please take the witness stand.

PRESIDENT:

(nods - then calls)

Sophie Solymosi!

(Sophie crosses quickly to the witness stand. Her appearance is changed. She looks practically coquettish. She is dressed better. Her former sadness has completely vanished.)

SOPHIE:

Here I am, Your Honour!

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

(turning the pages of his records)

On October twenty-eighth, you appeared before the Investigator and gave some new testimony. Please repeat what you told him!

SOPHIE:

(lively and fluently)

Yes, Sir. During the night of Friday, May twenty-fifth -- a week before they --

(gesturing toward the defendants)

-- murdered my poor sister, God save her soul -- I was awakened by a noise outside my bedroom door. It was almost dawn. My master, the old Rabbi Taub, and that one over there, Sexton Scharf, came to my bed. I was afraid, but they told me to be quiet and nothing would happen to me. Then the Rabbi turned back my covers and Scharf bent over me. He held a tape measure, and he started to measure me. I lay trembling and did not move. My fright was so great that I could not speak. Scharf checked the measurements and said to the Rabbi: "She is too large. We cannot use her." Then I heard Scharf whispering to the Rabbi: "But she has a sister who is younger. She would be right" My master covered me again and said that I should go back to sleep and forget all about it. He also promised to give me two gulden the following morning ...

FRIEDMANN:

(excited)

And why didn't you tell us all this at your first cross-examination?

SOPHIE:

Because I was afraid. At the door Scharf turned around and threatened me. He said they would kill me if I breathed one word.

FRIEDMANN:

Did you see the investigator lately?

BARY:

Your Honour, may I be permitted to observe that the witness, Sophie Solymosi, was naturally greatly affected by her sister's death and the dreadful scene which she has just described to us. All she came to me for, was advice, and it was slow work to extract from her the testimony you have just heard.

PRESIDENT:

Defendant Taub, rise! Do you admit what Sophie Solymosi, your servant girl, has just testified?

RABBI TAUB:

(he has risen. His white hair gives him a dignified appearance. He speaks in a calm voice)

As truly as I trust that God will one day summon me, this girl lied.

BARY:

(savagely)
What injustice! What perjury! And you never so much as
tapped upon her door, did you?

RABBI TAUB:

(gently)
I knocked on her door that morning, that is true. It was
Sabbath and I had to rise early to be the first in the
temple. As our religion forbids us to do any work on
Sabbath, however small the task may be, I had to awaken
her to help me. Further, nothing happened. I could answer
no more truthfully to my God.

(he sits down)

BARY:

(sneers)
As one Jew to another, I suppose?

EOTVOES:

I must protest emphatically against the procedure of this
case. This gentleman, Investigator Bary --

(points)

-- has been constantly present at the trial, contrary to
all regulations, although he is only a witness; since the
adjournment, he has persisted in interrupting and disorgani-
zing the procedure whenever he chooses --

PRESIDENT:

(interrupting sharply)

I prohibit any criticism of the Court's conduct. Moreover,
I command the Defense to confine their protests to matters
warranting them in the eyes of the Court. Mr. Eotvoes may
find it necessary to submit his complaints to a higher office
in Budapest later. Until then, any reflection upon the pro-
cedure of this trial is a reflection upon myself!

EOTVOES:

(with emotion)

It was not, and has never been, my intention to cast any
reflection upon the presiding judge: but I am fighting for
the lives of people whom I believe to be innocent, and I
criticize the methods of the investigation and the prosecu-
tion with every justification. Since the beginning of the
investigation, the boy, Moritz Scharf, has been isolated
from his parents, relatives and friends, and detained under
observation by the Investigator, Dr. Bary, in the Komitat
house. Is Moritz a witness or is he a defendant? If he is
a defendant then his place is -

(gestures)

-- on that bench with the others. If he is a witness, why
is he systematically isolated from the outside world -- by
the outside world, I am excluding, of course, Messrs. Bary,
Onody and their immediate associates. After his father was
arrested, his grandmother, who lives in a distant Hungarian
village, offered to take him into her house. She did not

EOTVOES: (Cont.)

even receive an answer from the court. The time has come, however, when the whole machinery of this prosecution hinges upon his sole testimony. I would like to know what has happened in the meantime -- what has happened to him. I want him to face the defendants, I want him to face his own father again. Here, under our very eyes, let him proceed with the accusation he brought against these men, and which was interrupted by the adjournment of this case! Let him be brought here; let him at least be out of the reach of the Investigator long enough to complete the testimony he began so willingly!

PRESIDENT:

Moritz Scharf is at this moment waiting in a separate room of the courthouse. Call him in.

(A constable leaves and returns immediately, leading in Moritz Scharf. By now Moritz has the appearance of a groomed, well-dressed, Hungarian lad. The curls on his temples have been cut off. His Jewish caftan has been replaced by a bright, Hungarian garb. He looks well fed and more self-assured. The accused Jews nudge each other, noticing his changed appearance and his new clothes. Joseph Scharf stares at his son, then utters a deep sigh and bows his head. All eyes are directed at Moritz, the elegant ladies again raise their lorgnettes. Moritz smiles, and without paying any attention to the stares, walks swiftly to the Judge's stand; but he throws a quick glance at Bary, who acknowledges it with a nod and a smile.)

PRESIDENT:

Moritz Scharf, since you were last before this court, many things have undergone change. Remember only, then, that upon your testimony here depend the lives of the accused. You know from the Bible the punishment for giving false witness against one's kin?

MORITZ:

Yes, Your Honour, I know.

PRESIDENT:

Certain rumours have been spread, rumours of a malicious character, suggesting that your confession was forced out of you by the Investigator. Is that true?

MORITZ:

(brightly)

No, I've told everything of my own accord.

EOTVOES:

And yet there are people who reported hearing screams and sobs escaping from Dr. Bary's room the night you made your confession. Were they, also, of your own accord?

(Moritz remains silent)

ATTORNEY DR. FUNTAK:

Why did this very important cross-examination -- I mean the one when you made your confession -- take place at night?

(Moritz remains silent - Funtak turns to the President)

Are all our questions to be met with silence?

PRESIDENT:

Let me remind you, Moritz: Speak when you know the right answer, but when you don't know it, remain silent.

EOTVOES:

It is both urgent and vital that the witness tell us the circumstances under which he made his confession that night. The right answer to that should be simple enough. We merely ask for the facts.

MORITZ:

Am I to speak, Your Honour?

PRESIDENT:

(nods)

Of course.

MORITZ:

At nine o'clock I was very tired and went to bed. First I had been questioned in Tisza-Eszlar, then they transported me on a peasant's cart to Nyiregyhaza. Here I was examined once more. Then they gave me some food, but I did not touch it, as unkosher meat nauseated me at the time.

(as a hurried afterthought)

It doesn't now, of course. During the night I was awakened. I had to get dressed in a hurry and was taken to the Investigator's room. At first I denied everything, because my mother had ordered me to. But I was very tired and wanted to go back to sleep. Dr. Bary told me it would be much better to confess everything; because then everybody, including my father, would be released from prison sooner. But if I remained silent, I'd be kept locked up my whole life. That's why I confessed.

EOTVOES:

And you maintain that you told the whole truth to the Chief Investigator at the time?

MORITZ:

I told the whole truth.

FRIEDMANN:

(insistently)

Only because the Investigator told you that otherwise you would be imprisoned for the rest of your life, not because you were tortured, or whipped?

MORITZ:

Nobody tried to hurt me; then, or at any other time!

EOTVOES:

So as soon as you confessed, it was put down in writing and you signed it yourself?

MORITZ:

Yes.

DR. FUNTAK:

Immediately?

MORITZ:

Immediately.

EOTVOES:

Your Honour, please tell him that not only does he have to speak the whole truth here, but that he will not be forced to return to the protection of Dr. Bary unless he chooses to of his own free will.

PRESIDENT:

You heard what the Attorney for the Defense has just said?

MORITZ:

I am quite content to let things stay as they are.

EOTVOES:

Do you know the Investigator, Dr. Bary, well?

MORITZ:

Yes, very well.

EOTVOES:

You see him often then?

MORITZ:

(nods enthusiastically)

Oh, yes, every day. He has never been anything but very friendly to me!

EOTVOES:

And what happened after you signed your confession?

MORITZ:

I was let out of prison and put in the Komitat House. They have given me a very beautiful room, with an enamel stove in it.

FRIEDMANN:
Are your lessons being continued?

MORITZ:
Oh yes, every day.

FRIEDMANN:
You still learn the Scriptures and Hebrew?

MORITZ:
(laughs)
Of course not. I am learning Hungarian and multiplication table!

EOTVOES:
So you like your new life better than living with your parents?

MORITZ:
I like staying at the Komitat House.

FRIEDMANN:
And you still believe that the Jews murdered Esther Solymosi?

MORITZ:
(stubbornly)
I know they did.

RABBI TAUB:
(rises)
Your Honour, may I address a few words to the boy?

PRESIDENT:
(throwing a questioning glance at the District Attorney, who shrugs his shoulders)
Very well. Be brief!

RABBI TAUB:
Do you know the commandment: Thou shalt not kill?

MORITZ:
Yes, I know it.

RABBI TAUB:
And in spite of it, you believe that we, who live according to the commandments, have killed Esther?

MORITZ:
Yes, because you needed her blood.

RABBI TAUB:
Don't you know that in the Jewish religion blood is sacred? That the Jews are even prohibited from tasting the blood of an animal?

MORITZ:

But the blood of a Christian girl isn't sacred to a Jew.

RABBI TAUB:

Who told you that?

MORITZ:

I've read it in books.

RABBI TAUB:

In books you've found in your father's house?

MORITZ:

No, in books some one gave me in the Komitat House,

(During this scene old Scharf has
watched his son with a fixed stare.
Now he hides his face in his hands)

RABBI TAUB:

I taught you the sacred doctrine. I taught you that God does not want us to work on Sabbath. Is the servant of God allowed to take a knife in his hand on that day? Is he allowed to cut?

MORITZ:

(cornered)

I don't know. Possibly

RABBI TAUB:

How can it be possible?

MORITZ:

It is possible that your God allows it in a case like that.

PRESIDENT:

(who has showed signs of
impatience, continues)

You were summoned here to describe to us the end of Esther's murder committed in the Tisza-Eszlar synagogue. What happened after the Shochet Buxbaum made the cut in her throat?

MORITZ:

The two strange Shochets held her to the table and her blood trickled into a bowl that was held by the Jew Wollner.
(he points toward Wollner)

FRIEDMANN:

Did the blood trickle down or did it spurt?

MORITZ:

It trickled down into the bowl.

(very quickly)

First it spurted, then afterwards it trickled.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

What was your father doing at the time?

MORITZ:

(shy)
He held the girl's feet.

ATTORNEY NEUMANN:

Did she die instantly?

MORITZ:

She rattled in her throat.

NEUMANN:

For long?

MORITZ:

For a few moments, then she stopped wriggling and lay still.

PRESIDENT:

And what happened then?

MORITZ:

The beggar pulled down her shirt and started to dress her body.

PRESIDENT:

Go on!

MORITZ:

The door to the inner chamber opened and Rabbi Taub and a few others came in.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

Did they say anything?

MORITZ:

The Rabbi muttered a few Hebrew words, which I did not understand.

EOTVOES:

I thought you understood Hebrew.

MORITZ:

(patly)
I do, but I was too far away to hear anything clearly.

EOTVOES:

What happened to the corpse? As far as we know, there was no place in the synagogue where the body of a practically grown girl could have been successfully hidden.

MORITZ:

(shrugs his shoulders)
I don't know. I was afraid they would come out and find me, I had been there for maybe an hour already. So I ran away. I could not see what they did with the corpse.

EOTVOES:

But where did you think they might have taken it?

EOTVOES:

The decision lies with the Court!

PRESIDENT:

(confers with his associates, nods.
His tone becomes more polite)

Any further questions, Mr. District Attorney?

(District Attorney Martin shakes his head)

Defendant Scharf, the court permits you to address your son.

(Joseph Scharf rises and slowly approaches
so that he is only two steps away from
Moritz. He tries to speak, he must start
two or three times before he succeeds in
forming a word. Then he says softly.)

JOSEPH SCHARF:

(above a whisper)

Moritz Who am I?

MORITZ:

(looks away)

My father.

JOSEPH SCHARF:

Why are you doing this to me?

MORITZ:

(looking at the ground)

I'm not doing anything to you.

JOSEPH SCHARF:

Then what have I done to you?

MORITZ:

(hesitantly)

You haven't done anything to me.

SCHARF:

Then why do you want to kill me?

MORITZ:

I don't! I had to tell the truth!

JOSEPH SCHARF:

No. No, no . . . bad people have influenced you. What did
they do to you that made you turn against us? Won't you
tell it to your father?

(he moves still closer to Moritz -
who retreats to the Judge's desk)

Moritz, how do you stand? You are leaning against the
President's desk!

(Moritz straightens up. Softly)

Moritz, cast wickedness from you: tell them you have been
bad - no one will punish you. Tell them today, now.
Everything will be all right. We shall be able to go home
and live like before.

JOSEPH SCHARF:

(in a whisper)

Then I am lying?

MORITZ:

(looks to the ground, then raises
his eyes to his father's face)

Yes, you are!

(Joseph Scharf slowly returns to his place.
He is a broken man as he takes his seat)

EOTVOES:

(jumps up to continue)

The witness Moritz Scharf has just told us that he locked the synagogue door; the same door through which he observed the crime for over an hour by his own admission. I would like to ask him whether it was the door that leads onto the street?

MORITZ:

Yes, it was the outside door.

EOTVOES:

And during this whole hour no one disturbed you? No one passed by?

(Moritz shakes his head)

In what position did you stand?

MORITZ:

Bent over.

EOTVOES:

For a whole hour? You were able to stand it without getting cramps? In that case nothing of the event escaped you?

MORITZ:

I looked through the keyhole the whole time.

EOTVOES:

I ask the court to take full note of the witness' reply.
(comes to centre of court)

Your Honours, in spite of the fact that during the recent anti-Jewish riots, the synagogue of Tisz-Eszlar was completely demolished, I am still able to prove that the witness' testimony does not correspond with the truth. The Defense anticipated these circumstances sufficiently to procure the temple door from Tisza-Eszlar, as well as the table upon which the so-called ritual murder took place. Both objects are in the adjoining room and can be brought before the court immediately. The handle of the synagogue door is so low that only a much shorter boy than Moritz could have looked through the keyhole in a bent position. This witness could only have made his observations kneeling down. I propose to set up the table

and the door at the exact angle to each other that they were originally, and the court can then decide whether Moritz, looking through the keyhole in a bent position was able to watch all, or any, of the incidents he has described in such detail.

BARY:

I protest most strongly. This is juggling evidence to the point of farce!

EOTVOES:

If you had protested when Baron Onody's disciples wrecked and plundered the temple, there would be no need to reconstruct the scene here, now. As it is, we have no choice but to do the best we can with the material at our disposal.
(to the court, with irony)

Dr. Bary's duties have made him so familiar with the synagogue prior to its destruction that his expert knowledge of it may at last be of use to us.

PRESIDENT:

(helplessly looking at the District Attorney)
What do you think, Mr. District Attorney?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

I am of the same opinion as the Investigator but I have no wish to hinder the defense. I therefore cannot object to their request. I feel, nevertheless, that this procedure will throw very little, if any, light upon the evidence. The defense may proceed with its demonstration.

(Obeying Eotvoes' gesture, two constables bring in the temple door and place it in front of the Judge's desk. It is a heavy old wooden door, medium size. The rather large, mounted keyhole under the door handle is very low. Eotvoes measures the distance between the door and the table which has just been brought in. The Junior Attorney Neumann assists him. Then he throws a questioning glance at Rabbi Taub and Sexton Scharf.)

EOTVOES:

Is this right?

(Both nod)

NEUMANN:

(explains)

This, gentlemen, is the actual door of the synagogue and this is the table in question - left, there was a window - behind the table, the entrance to the inner chamber.

EOTVOES:

(smiling politely at Bary)

Does the Investigator approve the distances as correct?

BARY:

(annoyed)
I don't remember well enough.

(Eotvoes crosses to the table with the material evidence, picks up Esther's dress, faded by the water, and places it on the table instead of the corpse)

EOTVOES:

Permit me, Your Honour?

(President nods - pointing at the dress)

This dress of the deceased, gentlemen, will play the part of Esther Solymosi: still alive at that moment.

(upon this he steps back, scrutinizes the entire picture and says)

So -- I now call upon the five men who are charged with Esther Solymosi's murder, to come forward please!

(he walks up and down, gesticulating like a stage director)

I now request the witness Moritz Scharf to point out where each of these men stood!

(Moritz steps up slowly, as if contemplating)

Buxbaum! Scharf! Braun! Weiszstein! Wollner! --

(Moritz indicates where each man is to stand and they take their places. Eotvoes takes the butcher's knife and the bowl which are still lying on the table with the evidence. He gives the bowl to Wollner and presses the knife into Buxbaum's hands)

BUXBAUM:

(murmurs in Hebrew to himself)

Adonaj Elohenu ...

(During the last scene the disturbance in the courtroom has augmented. A general humming is heard. A few people have risen. Several young men in the last rows have even stepped onto the benches to get a better view. The reporters shove to the foreground and make notes)

EOTVOES:

And now, if the witness will take his place at the keyhole we will re-construct the murder in detail --

(A Bailiff opens the door behind the Judge's desk and whispers something to the President.)

PRESIDENT:

(to Eotvoes)

One moment!

(The President has a lively conversation with his two Associates. All three rise and form a group)

PRESIDENT:

(grabs the bell that stands on his desk and rings energetically)

Ladies and Gentlemen. I have just been informed that there are disturbances in the town. People in the streets have been attacked, Jewish flats have been broken into and shops demolished. Those of the public assembled here are at liberty to withdraw now. If they remain, I charge them to see to it that the procedure of this trial continues without interruption or molestation.

(He sits down, and so do his Associates. The reporters return to their seats, reluctant. A few people rise and exit)

EOTVOES:

May I ask Your Honour if this court is in a position to assure us that the irresponsible element of the street will not make this courtroom their ultimate objective?

PRESIDENT:

The building is guarded by constables. I have instructed the police to send whatever additional forces can be spared. You may proceed with the re-construction.

EOTVOES:

(bows and turns to Moritz)

These men are now in the exact positions they occupied at the time the crime was committed?

(Moritz nods, then looks at his father, indicates he is not in exact position. Moritz approaches him and Scharf shrinks back from him; thus accidentally lands at the end of the table, below the feet of the fictitious corpse. Braun and Weiszstein are at the right and left of the table, Wollner behind the table where the body's head was meant to be. Both strange shochets stand like blocks of wood. Wollner's knees are trembling - he practically collapses.)

MORITZ:

(muttering to himself)

That's right ... no, not yet -- one, that one, stood more to the end of the table ...

(He walks up to Weiszstein and leads him half a step back. Then he examines the position of the dress, which Eotvoes has carelessly thrown on the table. Carefully, he places it straight. Then mutters again)

MORITZ: (Cont.)

That's right now.

(During this, from off stage, a rising noise from the crowd can be heard, approaching. Soon a few exclamations can be distinguished. Then commands. A Policeman's voice calling for order is heard. It is drowned out by other voices. A stone smashes a window pane and lands in the courtroom in front of the Judge's desk. A new and terrific excitement has come over the audience. Judges, Attorneys for the Defense, and the District Attorney try to maintain calm. The defendants, who have remained cowering on the bench, are terrified and move closer to one another. From the last rows of the courtroom the crying and whimpering of the Jewish women is heard.)

PRESIDENT:

(in a powerful voice)

Let there at least be silence in this courtroom! Proceed!

EOTVOES:

(in a calm, disinterested voice -
he sounds almost gay)

Moritz, show Shochet Buxbaum how he held the knife!

(The noise outside has increased. We can hear a crowd ascending the courthouse steps. A banging against the door. The constables take up their positions. They raise their rifles and plant their bayonets. Moritz approaches Buxbaum, hesitates for a moment, then raises Buxbaum's hand to a certain height, as if Buxbaum were about to cut. At this moment the doors to the court are broken open. The insurgents, town people and colourfully clad peasants, are fighting the police cordon, forcing them back, and begin overflowing into the courtroom. The Presiding Judge, District Attorney, Attorneys for the Defense, jump up, as do a number of people in the audience. Hysterical cries of women are heard. The President gesticulates wildly, but he cannot make himself heard.

Death is written over the face of the Jews on the defendants' bench. They are grouped around Rabbi Taub. Only those enacting the scene -- Joseph Scharf, Buxbaum, Wollner, Weiszstein, Braun and Moritz -- stand motionless, as if petrified. Buxbaum is still holding up the knife.

The police constables now form a chain and begin to drive back the insurgents. A few policemen stand with levelled rifles. From below comes the steady roar of a huge mob; several stones fly into the courtroom; glass is smashed and scattered over the floor.

The Jews who were enacting the murder scene now shrink back slowly until they reach the Judge's desk. Eotvoes and the other Attorneys for the Defense take up defensive positions in front of the accused Jews. In the struggle between the police and the mob, some of the insurgents smash the synagogue door and table, tear up Esther's dress. Some of the benches as well as the table of the counsel are overturned.

Finally the police receive re-enforcement and gain the upper hand. Slowly, step by step, they press the mob as well as the attending public out of the courtroom - leaving behind a scene of devastation.

The Attorneys for the Defense lift up their table themselves and reassemble their papers. The Jews who were enacting the murder scene slowly return to the defendants' bench. Only Joseph Scharf and Moritz remain in front of the Judge's stand.

From below come revolver shots and screams; the shouting can be heard receding. The crowd is being chased away. The constables and their bayonets, whose shadows flicker on the walls of the now practically deserted courtroom, give the following scene an uncanny, ghostly character.)

PRESIDENT:

(in a hoarse voice, commanding silence)
Let us proceed with the trial!

(Joseph Scharf slowly approaches his son, but stops halfway. Moritz looks to the ground)

JOSEPH SCHARF:

(indicating the destruction with a trembling and vague gesture)
Now do you see what you have done? Now ... will you speak the truth? This is only a beginning of what is to come!
Moritz ... Moritz! Return to God!

MORITZ:

(shakes his head)
No -- I can't, I won't --!

JOSEPH SCHARF:

(collapses to his knees)

Then I must kneel in front of you! These few miserable Jews here are not the only ones to suffer -- there are thousands outside and tens of thousands - the world; the world will shake with the lies you have told! Speak, Moritz, speak! An entire people is being destroyed!

MORITZ:

(screaming)

Let them be destroyed: all of them! I only told the truth!! I hate the Jews! I hate them! I hate them!

(Joseph Scharf drags himself onto a bench that is lying turned over in the right corner. Isolated from the others, he is thus practically seated on the floor. Suddenly a sharp noise is heard. Scharf has torn his coat from top to bottom, right through the middle.)

PRESIDENT:

(looking up)

What was that?

RABBI TAUB:

(rising)

He has torn his coat.

PRESIDENT:

Why? For what reason?

RABBI TAUB:

(in a low voice)

His son has just died.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

A few days later. Late evening. The defendants, court, Counsel for the Defense; audience, everybody gives the appearance of weariness, as if the session had been going on for many hours. The water bottles are half empty; on the tables in front of the Counsel for the Defense, the District Attorney and the Judges, the stacks of records have piled up. The devastation created at the end of the second act has been cleared away. The press reporters work at a feverish tempo. Wires, notes are dispatched through messengers.

PROFESSOR SCHEUTHAUER, a man of about sixty, with a gray Van Dyke beard, glasses, wearing a black frock coat, stands at a blackboard which bears a sketch of the Tisza river -- the stretch between Tisza-Eszlar and Tisza-Dabas. Close to Professor Scheuthauer stand the physicians Dr. Szabo and Dr. Deri who have been summoned once more.

PROFESSOR SCHEUTHAUER:

(Draws a cross on the blackboard)

This gentlemen, is the course of the river-Tisza. Here is the village of Tisza-Eszlar! You observe the winding course of the river down to Tisza-Dabas.

(He makes another cross)

Taking into consideration the current, time of the year, a few whirlpools and other handicaps, I would estimate that the female corpse in question needed four to six weeks to cover this stretch. It is possible that the body was swept into this forked through --

(points to a place on blackboard)

-- and entangled in the low branches of the trees growing on the Tisza bank. If this happened, the body would have been detained there for some time - almost indefinitely.

PROFESSOR SCHEUTHAUER: (Cont.)

I was summoned to this court in the capacity of anatomical expert of the Budapest medical faculty to give accurate testimony. It is not easy to make accurate statements about a corpse that has been lying in the river for so long a period. I can, however, assert with authority that the body lay in the water about four to six weeks before it was found.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

Your testimony rather drastically contradicts the testimonies of the physicians who previously examined the corpse, Professor. County Physician Dr. Szabo and Dr. Deri unanimously agreed that the dead girl lay in the water only a few days.

PROFESSOR SCHEUTHAUER:

(cool)

Dr. Szabo is one of my pupils, and I believe my experience slightly exceeds his. Dr. Deri is unknown to me. I regret that even their combined statements are of insufficient weight to warrant my altering my original testimony.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

Dr. Szabo, do you wish to make any comments?

DR. SZABO:

Yes. If the deceased had lain in the water four to six weeks, the corpse would have been eaten away by fish.

PROFESSOR SCHEUTHAUER:

You refer no doubt to sharks and octopi?

DR. SZABO:

(angrily)

No, Sir, I don't!

PROFESSOR SCHEUTHAUER:

(to the court)

I have examined corpses which had lain in rivers and even seas for months -- nibbled a little, perhaps, but intact -- certainly intact enough to be identified beyond legal doubt!

PRESIDENT:

(to Dr. Deri)

What is your opinion, Dr. Deri?

DR. DERI:

(evasively)

As Professor Scheuthauer has said himself, it is extremely difficult to be entirely accurate: one can but surmise --

PRESIDENT:

But it must be possible to establish whether a corpse has lain in the water several weeks or three days!

DR. DERI:

(laughs dumbly)

I'm afraid only the deceased herself could tell us that for certain...

PROFESSOR SCHEUTHAUER:

(cannot restrain himself any
longer - to the President)

It is possible, Your Honour. To quote one particular instance, the decomposition of the upper part of the body was further advanced than that of the lower half - a definite proof that it protruded from the water and was exposed to sun and air...

EOTVOES:

Then you accuse the physicians, Dr. Szabo and Dr. Deri, of voicing an erroneous opinion?

PROFESSOR SCHEUTHAUER:

I accuse no one, I merely repeat that my statement is correct.

(Dr. Szabo laughs. Dr. Deri politely follows suit. Professor Scheuthauer eyes them sharply.)

Nor can professional blunders be concealed by a guffaw.

DR. SZABO:

(annoyed)

I'm no longer your pupil, Professor Scheuthauer... I am quite free to laugh at obsolete analyses.

PRESIDENT:

Silence, please, gentlemen! It is late -- nearly one o'clock. I wish to conclude this trial today. Mr. Eotvoes... your questions.

EOTVOES:

(to Professor Scheuthauer)

Will you tell us the approximate age of the corpse you examined?

PROFESSOR SCHEUTHAUER:

About fourteen or fifteen -- sixteen at the most.

DR. SZABO:

(bursting out)

That's not true! It's absurd - !

PROFESSOR SCHEUTHAUER:

(loudly)

Sixteen at the most!

ONODY:

(calls)

Who paid your bribe? The Jews again?

(Murmurs of approval among the audience -
Bary nods)

DR. SZABO:

I reject Professor Schauthauer's statements utterly. And I preserve the right to ask him for satisfaction. My examinations -

(bowing to Deri)

- and those of my honourable colleague, Dr. Deri, have been carefully compiled. Professor Scheuthauer appears to have confused us...

(pointing to defendants' bench)

... with those gentlemen over there. We are not defendants!

PROFESSOR SCHEUTHAUER:

You may be, yet! There are such things as Medical Courts!

(Noise among audience. Threats are heard against Professor Scheuthauer)

ONODY:

(calling to Bary)

Who is this jacksnapes that comes from Budapest to teach us all our business?

PROFESSOR SCHEUTHAUER:

Believe me, I take no pleasure in appearing against my own profession! I can also understand that experts are liable to make mistakes...

(gesturing toward the other two doctors)

But these gentlemen, have made too many mistakes; too many! They have testified that the dead girl belonged to the better classes. The texture of the skin on her feet was supposed to prove it. Well, water is known to make any skin soft and smooth when a body has been submerged beyond a certain period. It was maintained that the body had manicured finger nails. I took the trouble to make a test under the microscope.

(he points to a microscope, which is erected on the table containing the material evidence.)

You are at liberty to inspect the result: upon that slide is a small section of the finger, sufficiently enlarged to prove that the pink surface regarded as a manicured nail is actually the skin under the nail. The nails themselves were removed by the water long ago.

EOTVOES:

(ironically to Dr. Szabo and Dr. Deri)

May we call upon the honoured colleagues to examine the slide and give us their comments?

(Szabo and Deri turn away, annoyed.)

Turning to Scheuthauer)

By this same token, then, do you consider it possible that the corpse could have been tied under the raft in the manner described by the raftsmen Hersko and Matej without attracting notice? Especially as other raftsmen were constantly in the close vicinity?

PROFESSOR SCHEUTHAUER:

I consider it improbable. A body in that state of decomposition would have come to the surface and spread a very strong odor.

EOTVOES:

To sum up, Professor Scheuthauer, you maintain that the corpse found in the Tisza River was the body of a fourteen or fifteen year old girl, who under no circumstances belonged to the better classes?

(Professor nods)

Further, you are convinced that the deceased had lain in the water for about six weeks - since the time of Esther Solymosi's disappearance, in fact.

(Professor nods again)

And finally, you believe that the substitution of another body as described by raftsmen Hersko and Matej sounds extremely improbable?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

What does the Defense hope to establish with these questions? Hersko and Matej have confessed in this court...

PRESIDENT:

(nervously)

In view of the advanced hour, I must request both parties to omit irrelevant questions.

EOTVOES:

I would be the first to admit that much valuable time has been wasted in this trial, but I must resent the insinuation that the Defense is in any way to blame. In spite of the "advanced hour," I request that the witness Moritz Scharf face the expert.

(President utters a sign, looks questioningly at District Attorney)

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

(annoyed)

For what good it will do!

PRESIDENT:

(calls in a toneless voice)

Moritz Scharf!

MORITZ:

(Who has been sitting next to Dr. Bary)

Yes, Your Honour?

PRESIDENT:

You are to answer the expert's questions.

EOTVOES:

(with assumed politeness to Dr. Szabo
who stands with his back turned)

Dr. Szabo, if I remember correctly, you maintained that it was possible for Esther Solymosi to have been murdered in the synagogue in the manner described by Moritz Scharf?

DR. SZABO:

(rudely)

I did, and still maintain it!

EOTVOES:

(to Professor Scheuthauer)

Would it have been possible for Esther Solymosi to have been killed by an incision in the throat as described by Moritz Scharf?

PROFESSOR SCHEUTHAUER:

Certainly, if the artery was severed.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

Would that require a deep incision?

PROFESSOR SCHEUTHAUER:

(shakes his head)

Oh, no, perhaps half an inch or so...

(turns to Moritz)

How did the blood flow out of the wound?

MORITZ:

(stammers)

It flowed... into the bowl... held by the Jewish beggar under her neck.

PROFESSOR SCHEUTHAUER:

So it flowed downward?

MORITZ:

Yes, that's right...

PROFESSOR SCHEUTHAUER:

In that case, the artery could not have been injured. Otherwise the pressure of the circulation would have ejected the blood in all directions... very much like a fountain.

EOTVOES:

And as long as the artery itself was not severed, death could not follow:

PROFESSOR SCHEUTHAUER:

Yes, indeed, through the bleeding of the veins inside the throat.

EOTVOES:

How long would it take?

PROFESSOR SCHEUTHAUER:

At least half an hour.

EOTVOES:

(triumphantly)

But death, according to the witness, was practically instantaneous!

PROFESSOR SCHEUTHAUER:

Either the blood spurted in all directions - or it flowed slowly into the bowl - in which case death could only occur after some time...

(During the last speeches an unrest is felt in the audience. Some people greet the expert's words with hissing, curses and words of indignation. In the pause that follows, District Attorney Martin rises and hurries to Professor Scheuthauer.)

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

I would like to ask the Professor whether it is true that besides his activity as lecturer at the Budapest University, he is otherwise employed, or receives additional fees?

PROFESSOR SCHEUTHAUER:

(surprised)

Certainly! I am frequently authorized to give expert judgment.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

On behalf of the Insurance Company "Hungarian Alliance"?

PROFESSOR SCHEUTHAUER:

(nods)

Yes. An insurance company frequently needs incontestable medical analyses --

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

(smiling)

I am aware of that. Have you ever been received by Mr. Weiszenfeld, President of the insurance company, in person?

PROFESSOR SCHEUTHAUER:

Of course. In view of the importance of my work --

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

Then you know that Weiszenfeld is a Jew? And, besides, president of the Budapest Worship Community?

PROFESSOR SCHEUTHAUER:

What has that to do with my opinion as an expert?

(Exclamations in the audience:
 "He takes money from Jews!"
 "Then it's all clear!"
 "Some expert!"
 Onody laughs raucously.)

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:
 (ironically)
 Nothing whatever, Professor!.. Of course, nothing at all!...

EOTVOES:
 (jumps up - his voice trembles)
 This is unheard of! A great scientist is held up to
 ridicule and slander!

PROFESSOR SCHEUTHAUER:
 (smiles, unmoved)
 Do not distress yourself, Mr. Eotvoes; these gentlemen are
 not in a position to change my scientific views or affect
 my personal integrity!

ONODY:
 I'd be more careful if I were paid by Jews!

DR. FRIEDMANN:
 Libel!

ONODY:
 (to Friedmann)
 ...and still more careful, if I were a Jew myself!
 (makes the sign of the cross)
 God forbid!
 (laughter)

DR. FRIEDMANN:
 I've no business with you, Baron Onody. I was appealing
 to the Court.

ONODY:
 You were, were you? Well, after the parliamentary election
 you'll have no more business with this or any other Court.

(Noise)

PRESIDENT:
 Quiet, gentlemen!
 (to Professor Scheuthauer)
 Does the medical expert have any further statements?

PROFESSOR SCHEUTHAUER:
 (shakes head; with restraint and dignity)
 Under such circumstances as these, none of any importance.

(The President nods to Professor Scheuthauer to withdraw. The Professor leaves the courtroom, all eyes on him. Most glances are antagonistic. Bary and Onody look at each other as if to say: "This expert hasn't done us any harm." Dr. Szabo and Dr. Deri had stepped aside as the Professor walked past them, ignoring him. Now they return to the auditorium, politely inviting each other to be seated. Moritz resumes his place next to Bary. The President gestures and the blackboard is removed.)

PRESIDENT:

The testimonial evidence is closed.

EOTVOES:

(jumps up)

Your Honours! In view of the belated hour of this trial, it has been made the responsibility of the Defense to save time! For this reason, I did not question the expert any further. His opinion, while clear and uncontrovertable in its present form, could have been amplified and detailed until the truth of it was clear to every man in this court whose mind is seeking after truth, and not destruction! I have stood down and allowed a great man go from this courtroom humiliated and insulted. I have let him go, because now the stage is set for the first appearance in this court of proof positive; not circumstantial evidence, but proof positive that the corpse found in the Tisza River is that of Esther Solymosi.

(Exclamations in courtroom:

"Quiet!" "Shut up!" "New evidence!"

"As if the old was not enough!"

"Defendant of the Shochets!"

ONODY:

(calls)

What's up your sleeve this time? Another paid expert? Or a bribed witness for a change?

EOTVOES:

Your Honour! The Defense is in a position to give full detail. We have found the key figure of the so-called corpse smuggling.

(pause)

It is the woman in brown...The woman who gave Hersko the package containing the clothes. Her name is Josephine Grossberg! And I demand her presence here in the witness stand!

PRESIDENT:

Where is she?

EOTVOES:

In prison, Your Honour - here in the Komitat House -
Women's Section, Second Floor, Call number seven.

(Bary has jumped up. He is
white as a ghost)

PRESIDENT:

In prison? Chief Investigator, what do you say...

BARY:

(exclaims)

By God, we descend to practical jokes! Is there no limit to
the twists and turns the Defense is perpetually resorting to?
Is this trial to go on for ever?

EOTVOES:

(to President)

I would ask the Investigator to spare us his convulsions and
present us with the witness Josephine Grossberg!

PRESIDENT:

(to Bary)

Mr. Investigator, kindly order...

BARY:

(exclaims passionately)

Your Honour, I cannot order any such thing! Upon my word...

(laughter among the Counsel for the Defense)

... upon my official oath there is no witness in prison
whose name is Josephine Grossberg!

EOTVOES:

(involuntarily)

What? But --

PRESIDENT:

Thank you, Dr. Bary.

(reprimandingly to Eotvoes)

Respect for the court should have detained the Defense from
making irresponsible demands upon the Chief Investigator.
The hour is already advanced enough; I call upon the
Prosecutor to present the Court with the closing articles
of the case.

DR. FRIEDMANN:

(protesting)

But the case is not --

(Eotvoes restrains him, pulls him
back into his chair.)

As District Attorney Martin rises,
Eotvoes whispers to Dr. Neumann
who leaves the courtroom)

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

Your Honours! At the last minute, truth has played into the hands of the Prosecution, which makes it easy for me to conclude this case. We have just heard that Counsel has invented a witness who does not actually exist. A woman -- the woman dressed in brown involved in the smuggling of the corpse -- who, if she is a witness at all, would be a witness for the Prosecution; is supposed to have been found, and has been detained illegally as prisoner upon trial!

Your Honours, these are the methods through which the Defense has attempted to hinder the procedure of law and justice throughout this trial. During the course of this trial an anonymous group of people has tried to shelter the defendants, veil their crimes, and destroy the motives for their action. However, they have not succeeded in misleading the seekers after truth. The Jewish Shochets who assembled in the Tisza-Eszlar synagogue that Saturday came to perform the dreadful murder of the fourteen year old Esther Solymosi, prescribed by their sinister rites. There was even an attempt to ridicule the inspiration of a mother, who recognized in the accused Jews the murderers of her child...

(Mrs. Solymosi bursts into tears)

A whole network of lies and forgeries has been exhibited - a construction crowned by the substitution of the uninjured body of a strange girl, dressed in Esther's clothes. Witness upon witness has appeared in this court and incriminated the guilty... impartial, well-meaning people, who only testified to serve the truth. They have all helped to verify Moritz Scharf's testimony -- our crown witness, who saw the execution of the dreadful deed with his own eyes from beginning to end.

Your Honours, do not be too swayed by the so-called medical experts who have appeared here - let us hope in vain - to shatter the statement of our honorable local physicians. At this moment the eyes of the entire country, the entire world, are turned upon us. The Court should realize the importance of this moment, and find courage to pass the verdict that they know in their hearts is the only verdict - that of guilty!

I demand that Abraham Buxbaum, Lazar Weiszstein, Leopold Braun, Hermann Wollner and Joseph Scharf be hanged by the neck until they are dead, for the premeditated murder of Esther Solymosi, as prescribed by Paragraph 281 of the Penal Code... and that Rabbi Taub, Adolf Lustig and Anselm Vogel, charged for aiding and abetting, receive lifelong imprisonment as prescribed by Paragraph 284. All defendants must carry the joint cost of the procedure and lose their citizenship for life. I request the Court to recognize my motion.

(The District Attorney sits down. Enthusiastic applause. During this speech, the accused Jews sit in silence and resignation. Now and then the sobs of their wives are heard coming from the background. As the District Attorney asks the death sentence against his father, Moritz presses his hands over his face.

Meanwhile Dr. Neumann has appeared in the door leading into the courtroom. He holds it open and is about to usher someone into the room. The Police Constable at door tries to stop him. Eotvoes looks at Neumann quizzically. Neumann nods his head.)

PRESIDENT:

(after the enthusiasm dies out; raises his bell and says without much conviction)

I have requested the audience to refrain from demonstrations. I call upon the Counsel for the Defense, Dr. Karl Eotvoes.

EOTVOES:

Thank you. I must request the immediate attention of the Court. Here in the doorway leading to the courtroom stands Darinka Kisch...

(reads the name off a slip of paper)

...who awaits immediate examination.

PRESIDENT:

Impossible!

(Tension in the auditorium. A few indignant exclamations:
"A whore!" "What next!" "Reject!"
"Reject!"

EOTVOES:

(shouting them down)

Should the Court reject our motion, all present Attorneys for the Defense will be forced to resign at this last hour. Such an act will have grave and far reaching consequences, the responsibility for which will not rest with us. I await the decision of the Court!

(there is dead silence)

ONODY:

(furiously, to President)

What is this? Is this Court going to subject itself to intimidation? The motion is out of order! Let them resign, and be damned to them!

PRESIDENT:

(At the beginning of Eotvoes' speech, he shook his head in denial. Now he confers with his associates for a moment - then he speaks, annoyed and uneasy)

The Court does not wish to deprive the defendants of their Counsel before the trial is over. Therefore, the cross-examination of the witness is granted!

(Exclamations of annoyance among the audience. Onody glares savagely at Eotvoes)

PRESIDENT:

(sharply to police constable at door)
Call in witness Darinka Kisch!

(The police constable lets in Darinka Kisch, who quickly crosses to Judge's desk. She is a girl in her middle twenties, pretty but coarse. She is dressed in bright colours, but wears her clothes with a certain swing. However, her elegance has a cheap touch. On her curly, somewhat un-combed head, is perched a coquettish little hat. A few of the men in the audience, whom she greets in a friendly manner, turn away shocked. As she passes Bary, she intimately slaps his shoulder. He brushes off her hand. A few people laugh)

PRESIDENT:

Your Name?

DARINKA:

Darinka.

PRESIDENT:

Is that your full name?

DARINKA:

It's the one everyone knows me by. At the police station, I am Darinka Kisch.

PRESIDENT:

Married?

DARINKA:

Off and on.

PRESIDENT:

Age?

(Darinka remains silent)

How old are you?

DARINKA:
Am I under oath?

PRESIDENT:
Yes!
(monotonously)
I forgot to remind you that you are going to be sworn in as a witness.

DARINKA:
(hesitantly)
Twenty-nine.

PRESIDENT:
Occupation?

DARINKA:
(looks around, embarrassed -
then whispers to President)
Must I say it?

PRESIDENT:
(looks at her sharply)
No, it isn't necessary.
(laughter)
Quiet, please.
(to Darinka)
Tell us all you know about the case.

DARINKA:
The case... You mean Esther's death?

PRESIDENT:
Yes.

DARINKA:
All I know is that certain gentlemen don't like the Jews.
That's why the poor people have to sit here...

PRESIDENT:
(interrupts her)
Your viewpoints don't interest us. We were told that you have some relevant information.

ONODY:
(calls to Bary)
At least we know where the Defense get their cues!

BARY:
(laughing)
Not all the time. The witness spends some of her nights in prison...

EOTVOES:
(evenly)
Your Honour, may I question the witness?

PRESIDENT:

(who has nervously been playing with
the stacked up records on his table)

Please proceed...

EOTVOES:

(to Darinka)

Is this your first offense?

(Darinka laughs)

I want to know if you have ever been imprisoned?

DARINKA:

Only about once a week... sometimes over week-ends. It's
really a nuisance. Those are my best business days.

EOTVOES:

When were you imprisoned the last time?

DARINKA:

Last Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. The police said I was
drunk. That's what they call additional offense - so they
put me in jail for three days.

EOTVOES:

Where were you imprisoned?

DARINKA:

Right here in the Komitat House. Women's Section, Second
Floor, Cell number eight.

EOTVOES:

Did you hear anything exceptional during these days?

DARINKA:

You hear a lot of things...

(gossipy)

You should know what goes on in prison, especially since
this affair with the Jews.

EOTVOES:

What did you hear?

DARINKA:

Sobbing and crying, night after night.

(chatty)

In our prison there were a lot of people you'd never expect.
Before this trial here started, even Esther's sister Sophie
spent a night with us...

EOTVOES:

Did you see her?

DARINKA:

Yes, the morning she was dismissed. She was all swelled up
with crying!

EOTVOES:

(murmurs)
Indeed...

(aloud)
And who was in the cell next to yours while you were in prison last week?

(Darinka hesitates)
You remember - you spoke about her in the tavern the night before yesterday?

(Eotvoes smiles at Darinka and then at Dr. Neumann)

DARINKA:

Last week the cell next to me was occupied by an elderly woman.

EOTVOES:

How was she dressed?

DARINKA:

She wore a brown dress.
(Bary half rises, then sits again, chewing his lip)

EOTVOES:

Did you speak to her several times?

DARINKA:

Yes, when we were taken to the dining hall, and also through the wall.

EOTVOES:

Why is she imprisoned?

DARINKA:

(quickly)
How should I know? She doesn't know herself. She comes from Tisza-Dabas. She was told that they were looking for a woman dressed in brown. So she came here and called on the Investigator...

EOTVOES:

Did she tell you her name?

DARINKA:

Yes, Josephine Grossberg.

BARY:

(jumping up)
This is fantastic!...

PRESIDENT:

(sharply to Bary)
Dr. Bary, you had just testified under your official oath that a certain Mrs. Josephine Grossberg was not arrested!

BARY:

(jumps up)

I was correct, Your Honour! The arrested woman is not called Josephine, she is Mrs. Joseph Grossberg. So many names are...

EOTVOES:

Suppose we deal with the Investigator when we come to him?

(to Darinka)

Continue, Miss Kisch.

ONODY:

(half aloud to Bary)

You bloody fool! You'd better start thinking!

DARINKA:

(who has not liked the
interruption - continues)

Well, she told me the Investigator that she was the woman in the brown dress; the woman with the package; the woman from Tisza-Dabas! She wanted to tell how everything took place. But the Investigator was angry and told her to keep quiet. She had no business to come to him without a summons. He said it was an impudence; so he put her in prison.

BARY:

(shouting)

This is the testimony of a whore!

DARINKA:

Fine talk!

EOTVOES:

(excited)

I demand the immediate summons of Mrs. Josephine Grossberg from the women's prison in this building.

BARY:

I object, Your Honour! The testimony is not relevant!

(President nods to Eotvoes; then
motions to the constable stationed
at door)

EOTVOES:

Just a moment! As it will be necessary for the witness Grossberg to confront the imprisoned raftsmen David Hersko, I request that he too be brought from prison!

PRESIDENT:

(to Police Constable)

Have them both appear!

DARINKA:
 (who has remained on witness
 stand timidly to President)
 I heard that witnesses here are paid. Do I get a little
 something.

PRESIDENT:
 (formally)
 The law prescribes that all witnesses receive their
 traveling expenses. But you had none. As far as I know,
 Attorney Neumann brought you from the street, where one
 can always find you. Otherwise the court pays a compensa-
 tion for professional losses. This can't be the case with
 you...
 (looks at his watch)
 It is already one thirty...

DARINKA:
 That's just it.
 (pointing to Neumann)
 The gentleman over there called me away from "The Black
 Hussar" - I was visiting with a rich farmer...

PRESIDENT:
 (disgusted)
 How much do you want?

DARINKA:
 What I've lost.

PRESIDENT:
 How much?

DARINKA:
 Two Gulden.

PRESIDENT:
 (motioning to Bailiff)
 Let her have two Gulden as witness fee.
 (to Darinka)
 You may go now.

(Darinka leaves, smiling. She cannot
 refrain from nodding to a few friends
 in the audience. In the doorway she
 meets Mrs. Grossberg. The woman wears
 her brown dress and has obviously been
 aroused from sleep. A constable
 accompanies her.)

DARINKA:
 Hi, Mrs. Grossberg!

MRS. GROSSBERG:
 (blinking on account of the light)
 Good evening. Who is it sent for me?

DARINKA:
(pointing at the Judges)
They did, and you can make them pay you for it, too! Good luck!

(As she leaves, she shoves Mrs. Grossberg further into the room, Mrs. Grossberg proceeds hesitantly)

PRESIDENT:
You are Mrs. Josephine Grossberg from Tisza-Dabas?

MRS. GROSSBERG:
That's right, Josephine Grossberg, Klein by maiden name.

PRESIDENT:
When were you arrested?

MRS. GROSSBERG:
(faltering)
On the second of November.

PRESIDENT:
Upon what charge?

MRS. GROSSBERG:
Our little Rosika had scarlet fever. We called Dr. Deri who is the nearest doctor, but he sent word that he does not attend Jews. So we called on old Dr. Baroza...

PRESIDENT:
(annoyed)
What has that to do with our case?

MRS. GROSSBERG:
(not quite awake yet, whining)
Please, don't be cross, Sir. They all shout at me... It was Dr. Baroza who was the first to tell me the story.

PRESIDENT:
What story?

MRS. GROSSBERG:
That they're looking for a woman dressed in brown from Tisza-Dabas.

PRESIDENT:
Didn't you read it in the paper?

MRS. GROSSBERG:
I can't read. With the doctor it was like this: I wore my brown dress, he noticed it and asked me if I knew the raftsmen David Hersko.

PRESIDENT:

And you answered?

MRS. GROSSBERG:

Yes, I said, I know him well. Then he asked me whether I had handed him a package at the Tisza Shore some time last June.

EOTVOES:

(tense)

And what did you answer?

MRS. GROSSBERG:

Certainly, I had. After this Dr. Baroza told me to go to the Investigator at once and tell him.

EOTVOES:

And did you?

MRS. GROSSBERG:

First I didn't want to, my husband was against it. "Don't get mixed up in other people's affairs," he said, "it never turns out well."

(she sighs)

and by God, he was right...

PRESIDENT:

Keep to the point.

MRS. GROSSBERG:

The old doctor talked me into it. He advised me to wear the brown dress and report to the Investigator. If I didn't do it, I'd never stop worrying, he said. So I went...

EOTVOES:

(to Constable at door)

Has David Hersko arrived?

POLICE CONSTABLE:

(opens door - calls out)

Hersko!

(Hersko is led in by a police constable. It is obvious he dressed in a hurry. On seeing Mrs. Grossberg he is startled)

EOTVOES:

Hersko, do you recognize this woman?

HERSKO:

(inaudibly)

Yes.

EOTVOES:

It is the woman who handed you a package with clothes on the Tisza shore?

(Hersko nods)

PRESIDENT:

Did the package contain the clothes of the deceased Esther Solymosi?

(Hersko remains silent)

MRS. GROSSBERG:

(calls)

What clothes? They were Hersko's things which I was supposed to mend. Every time he sailed up the Tisza River he would bring them to me for mending and when he returned I'd wait on shore with the package for him to pick up and pay me for it!

(Excitement among audience)

EOTVOES:

Hersko! Is that true? The package contained nothing that belonged to the deceased Esther?

HERSKO:

(after a moment's pause - low)

Yes...

EOTVOES:

(excited)

Why did you give a false testimony?

HERSKO:

What could I do! I didn't want to! But they kept at me and kept at me. I didn't get any food. I was whipped. I'm only a poor Jew, but I wanted to live.

(he looks at Bary, terrified)

Perhaps I shouldn't even have told you this much!...

EOTVOES:

There'll be no more whippings - this court can promise you that!

PRESIDENT:

(upset)

How could you lie to us like that, Hersko! You were testifying under oath.

HERSKO:

My father has been dead for twenty years - but if he --
(points at Bary)

-- had told me to testify that my old man had committed a theft yesterday - I would have sworn to it.

(Bary half rises as if to leave the court)

PRESIDENT:

(quickly)

The Investigator will please remain seated.

(to Hersko)

So the package contained only your own belongings?

HERSKO:

One suit and four shirts. I gave her a Gulden for it. That's the truth. All the rest is lies to make trouble for the Jews.

PRESIDENT:

Take Hersko back to prison. Mrs. Grossberg is dismissed. She may go home.

(Both are led out.)

EOTVOES:

Moritz Scharf!

MORITZ:

Yes.

(steps forward, shaking, but with a bold face)

EOTVOES:

(to Moritz, who stands on witness stand)

Moritz, you told us about Esther's murder in the synagogue. Can you still remember everything exactly?

(Moritz swallows and then nods,
half defiantly)

Answer just one question: When did the murder take place?

MORITZ:

It was around noon.

EOTVOES:

Are you sure of that?

MORITZ:

(with some of his old swagger)

Yes, the church clock struck twelve.

EOTVOES:

That is all. You may sit down.

(Moritz, rather puzzled at not
being grilled, returns to his
seat with relief)

EOTVOES:

Your Honours, I still have one more point to make. I wish to re-question the victim's sister, Sophie Solymosi. Please call her out of the witness room.

(President motions to a Police
Constable, who leads in Sophie
Solymosi)

EOTVOES:

My child, the case will be closed tonight. It is the defendants' last hour, and also your last hour to tell this court the truth. We have just heard of the strange methods used by the Chief Investigator to confront his witnesses. We also know that you spent one night in prison and that you cried when you left. What happened that night?

SOPHIE:

(trembling)

I was cross-examined.

EOTVOES:

By Investigator Bary?

SOPHIE:

Yes.

EOTVOES:

(looks into her eyes - stresses every word)

And what did you tell him that you concealed later on?

(Sophie cries)

Answer!

SOPHIE:

The Investigator said it wasn't necessary to tell! And so did my mother...

EOTVOES:

(interrupting quickly)

What were you not supposed to tell?

SOPHIE:

That I met Esther a second time.

(The courtroom rustles excitedly)

EOTVOES:

You met her a second time? Where was she going?

SOPHIE:

Mrs. Huri had sent her back to Kohlmayer's shop. She was supposed to exchange the paint.

EOTVOES:

Did you speak to her?

SOPHIE:

(nods)

She was crying.

EOTVOES:

Why?

SOPHIE:

Mrs. Huri had beaten her because she brought back the wrong paint. And kicked her so that she fell on the ground. She also refused to give her the two Gulden for the new dress.

EOTVOES:

Was Esther running away from Mrs. Huri?

SOPHIE:

(tears running down her face - nods)
Yes, she said she couldn't stand it any longer, she would rather jump in the river...

MRS. HURI:

(has jumped up, she searches for words - then screams)
Stop this minute! You're lying! You wicked, naughty girl! Tell them what a liar you are! Your Honour, I'm a good woman! I'm a Christian! I never so much as touched Esther, may God be my witness! It's all filthy lies!

PRESIDENT:

Silence! Remove yourself from this court and remain in the witness room until you are needed!

MRS. HURI:

(going out, hysterically)
You'll be sorry! Dragging my name in the mud! I'll have justice! Liars!
(shakes her fist at Sophie as she exits)

SOPHIE:

(buries her face in her hands and cries)

EOTVOES:

(gently)
One thing more, Sophie. Do you remember how late it was when you met Esther the second time?

SOPHIE:

It was noon.

EOTVOES:

Twelve sharp?

SOPHIE:

Yes. At first I couldn't understand what Esther said, the church clock was striking twelve.

(Silence in courtroom)

PRESIDENT:

(in a low voice betraying a
certain excitement)

You may go, Sophie.

(Sophie leaves, crying. At the door
she hesitates, as if she did not dare
to go near her mother. Exhausted she
let herself fall onto the last bench
of the auditorium.)

PRESIDENT:

Mr. District Attorney, any further comments?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTIN:

(in low voice)

No. That is all. Your Honour.

PRESIDENT:

Counsel for the Defense Dr. Eotvoes?

EOTVOES:

(rises - all eyes are on him.

In a quiet voice)

Your Honours. I wish it were in my power, now, before
another hour has passed, to wipe forever from the pages
of this country's records each and every word of this
tragic case. Unfortunately, neither I, nor any man, has
that power: the world must know of it, and the world
must judge us accordingly - not by how the mistake was
made: for every nation can make mistakes: but by how
the mistake is remedied, and how the aggressors vindicated
themselves. That must now and here be our solemn task and
duty. When this trial opened, I was of the opinion that
Esther Solymosi was still alive, or at least I considered
this possibility. Today my opinion has changed. Today,
even I believe that Esther is dead and that she had
actually lost her young life the very day of her disap-
pearance. When her sister Sophie saw her vanish behind
the dam of the river bank, from which the Tisza Eszlar
Synagogue is visible, the poor girl met death. But she
did not meet death, prearranged by the Jewish murderers.

She faced it voluntarily, of free choice. Her sad life
that has attempted to be kept dark for so long and that
has been forced into the open at the end of the trial
drove her to this fatal step.

No impartial person, I think, could have really believed
that the Jews enticed Esther to enter the synagogue --
although she was not expected there, -- to be slaughtered
and robbed of her outflowing blood. I admit that murderers
exist among Jews, as among any of the religions. But that
a murder should be committed in religious fanaticism or
even as a ritual ceremony is less likely to be prescribed
by the Jewish Faith than by any other doctrine.

EOTVOES: (Cont.)

This religion is also the foundation stone of our faith. Don't forget it! To suspect it would also mean to insult Christianity!

Nevertheless these accusations that Jews need Christian blood for some unknown and sinister rite are extremely ancient. Even as far back as the 13th century, Pope Gregor IX pronounced them as an absurd invention. But the history of ritual murders, which is simultaneously an index of Jewish suffering, was never silenced in spite of the Pope's words. Pope Innocenz, Emperor Frederick III, the Polish King Stephan and many others occupied themselves with it. During the ill-famed, sinister time of inquisition the persecution of Jews reached its peak. But it has never ceased until today. The middle ages, Gentlemen, is not only a period described by history books.

(Onody rises)

You are leaving us, Baron Onody?

ONODY:

(on his way to the door, turns:
in a low, savage voice)

This case was closed by the speech of the Prosecutor. A blow has been struck against the foundations of Hungary: the unity of a nation has been undermined. I shall soon be in authority to see that such judicial outrages will never occur again, and I give you my oath on it; and I promise you further this Jewish trash will still be exterminated - the defendants with their supporters, the Counsel, with the Court -

PRESIDENT:

(nervously)

Your privileges do not permit you to attack the methods of this Court -

ONODY:

YOU! I'll have you down from there before you know it -
(to Eotvoes)

- and you and I have only just begun conclusions with each other! Have a good time - all of you, while you can!
(he turns to go)

BARY:

(anxiously, rising)

Baron Onody! Permit me to accompany you!

ONODY:

(turns back, sneers)

Clean up your own mess, you damn bungler!
(exits)

PRESIDENT:

(after a pause)

Continue, Dr. Eotvoes.

EOTVOES:

The Baron has been more outspoken than even I could have been. He and the political class he represents would have used this court as a fuse to set the world alight with massacres and pogroms.

(he turns and faces Bary accusingly, addressing this next speech directly to him. A low, audible hiss goes up from the courtroom, and Bary blanches, sways nervously. The President holds up his hand to silence the hiss.)

For that reason I would bring a little light upon their method, that the world may know of it in full perspective. A young, ambitious investigator was sent to Tisza-Eszlar, a man closely connected with the agitating party. He was meant to deliver a constructed crime and he delivered it. He did not shrink from anything. Every testimony was swayed, imposed upon and forged until it fitted into his carefully planned campaign. I would demand that this wretched creature be dealt with without pity or mercy, except that it is not such as he that threatens the peace and tolerance of this earth, but his masters, for whom he serves merely as a means towards an end, to be betrayed and deserted when he can no longer serve a useful purpose -- and in that alone he has received his bitterest punishment. Seeing him as you see him now, I would not deny you your pity of him, mixed as it is with revulsion and disgust.

There is but one more point for me to make: the most dreadful case in this trial to many of us; the most forsaken of God's creatures, to me: the crown witness Moritz Scharf. A youth of fourteen who charged his fellow-believers, even his own father with a gruesome murder and gave it every appearance of truth; a child who was persuaded, drilled and then intimidated until the accusation was glib and letter-perfect. Here the greatest sin of all was committed. A soul, still in adolescence, was put to destruction. A silly bewildered boy was turned Judas by means of candy and a whip. He was taught to despise his own race, denounce his parents, hate his religion. What has the future in store for him now? What will they offer him that will atone for the loss of his soul? More candy? More whippings? He was promised protection and security by his benefactors...

(Moritz Scharf has risen, as if magnetized. He is staring at Eotvoes)

EOTVOES: (Cont.)

This court has had full opportunity to observe the nature of his benefactors in the person of Baron Onody. This court can therefore speculate as well as I as to what his ultimate reward would have been.

(suddenly loud)

He will knock at a strange door to collect his traitor's fee, and the door will be slammed in his face! Moritz Scharf's name will be spoken with abhorrence for a long time.

(Moritz buries his face in his hands and bursts out sobbing -- Eotvoes now speaks directly to the audience)

As I look round this room, I see already nothing but contempt for this boy - but a few days ago, the same contempt was there not for him, but the men you were willing to believe guilty, and be done with it. If blood had been spilt, your hands would be no less guilty than the judge who gave the verdict. Evil can only breed in hatred, injustice and oppression: by the same token that you persecute these creatures you mock all Christianity. So did they mock their God, who taught this boy to perjure himself in the eyes of men -- and in this boy, is the fruit of the persecution of his race. When an entire people suffers in silence there are bound to be individuals who try to break free - whether it is in revolt and anger, or through slyness and cunning!...but, now, what shall we say of the innocent?

Look towards the defendants' bench! I do not even ask in words that they be acquitted, lest I insult this court - but how much, or little, will their acquittal console or compensate for all the miseries and horrors the world has subjected them to? It has been said that behind these defendants stand an invisible crowd of their fellow-believers. That is true. All of us, who have ears to hear with, since this trial began, have heard the prayers uttered by Jews throughout the world. The prayers of the mistreated and oppressed, their pleas that their enemies should lose their power, their supplications for enlightenment and liberation. Gentlemen, if, in these days filled with controversy and intolerance, we have managed to bring a little compassion and humanity to our fellow-beings on earth, this trial was not in vain. When you form your verdict, listen to your inner voice. Follow that inner voice, Your Honours.

(A second's pause)

I wish I could put a motion to acquit an entire people! - instead, I await your decision without misgiving.

(to President, with a bow, quietly)

That is all, Your Honour.

(Everybody is silent, influenced by Eotvoes' speech. Sudden vehement applause, only a few hisses.)

PRESIDENT:

(rises and says, clearing his throat)
The court withdraws to decide its verdict.

(Accompanied by his two associates he leaves through the door behind his desk. A buzz of excited talk breaks out, a customary crowd noise, indicating great tension. The Attorneys for the Defense congratulate Eotvoes and shake his hand! Groups form themselves, everybody discusses the case: only the defendants, who have also risen, stand close together, silent. A few reporters, holding sheets of paper, rush to the exit.

The people form into groups which allow Moritz Scharf a wide clearing centre stage. Like a beaten dog, he looks around shyly. Hesitantly he steps up to Bary. But Bary turns his back brusquely. Helplessly, Moritz looks around in all directions. He approaches a few well-dressed people, but they pay no attention to him. Then he creeps to another group. The same fate awaits him there. He crosses to the door, but a Police Constable bars his way. He stands alone in the centre of the room, shunned by the groups, who have drawn away from him deliberately. Suddenly he utters a sob, dashes to the window and tries to pull it open. When he does not succeed, he throws himself in a suicidal mood against the pane. He falls back, blood trickles down his forehead. Unable to move, he remains lying on the floor, sobbing wildly. A few women scream, but not a soul comes to his assistance. On the contrary, everyone instinctively withdraws still further. Joseph Scharf looks at his son, then slowly crosses toward him. As he stands above him, he pulls out a handkerchief and dabs Moritz' forehead, wiping off the blood. A Police Constable, who tried to hinder Scharf from leaving the defendants' bench, has followed him and stands a few steps aside, watching the scene, but does not interrupt the father.

At this moment the Judges return to the courtroom and approach their desk. Quickly everyone returns to his seat, only Moritz also has risen awkwardly, remains standing near the window, cowering against the wall. The judges put on their caps, everybody rises.)

PRESIDENT:

(in a measured voice)

In the name of his Apostolic Majesty the King of Hungary, the Court pronounces the verdict in the case of Joseph Scharf and confederates: All defendants are acquitted and dismissed. The costs of the trial will be born by the State.

(he and the other Judges remove their caps. Extreme excitement descends over the courtroom. The acquitted Jews smile, but remain motionless)

PRESIDENT:

(in a warmer, more private tone to the Jews)

At this late hour, before you leave the courtroom, I have a few words to address to you. You are now free men again. You will return to your families, your shops, your fellow-citizens. Behave peacefully and calmly; that the recent miseries of racial hatred, now silenced, may not be aroused again. It is not the world, or the state, or your judges, who are responsible for the tortures suffered by you, it is merely the fault of unpredictable circumstance. Try, utterly and completely, to obliterate this last year of your lives. Bear your fate without a grudge. This is my advice to you. The case is closed.

(As the President turns, the hubbub breaks out again. Everywhere there are vehement discussions, the audience begins to file out from the courtroom. The Judges, Counsel for the Defense and District Attorney begin to leave. The accused Jews seem to have come back to life once more. They shake hands, embrace each other, congratulate one another. Their wives and friends have left the back rows of the auditorium and make their way toward them. Touching, happy sobbing is heard.)

RABBI TAUB:

(steps to Moritz - simply)

Moritz. Come home!

MORITZ:

(stands motionless, his eyes glued to the floor)

RABBI TAUB:

It is hard to forgive. But even harder to accept forgiveness. Come, my child!

(he leads the reluctant boy to his father)

PRESIDENT:

(leans over and addresses Eotvoes, who is about to gather his papers)

Dr. Eotvoes. You have done a great work...not only for this Court, but for the furtherance of righteousness and law throughout the world.

EOTVOES:

(with a bow)

I thank you, Your Honour. We all have our duty. I have done mine to the best of my powers. I wish I could feel it will have lasting effect.

PRESIDENT:

Why should it not?

EOTVOES:

(points to the group of Jews)

Look at them now... they believe themselves free. They embrace and laugh like free men. Poor devils. Theirs is a trial that can never end in acquittal. A thousand years from now, their case will still be dragging on, without end; unless the bullies of the world can find a better scapegoat; or we find an end to the bullies of the world: I wish them peace and joy in their little hour of respite.

PRESIDENT:

(quietly and with directness)

Dr. Eotvoes. Are you a Jew?

(Eotvoes turns slowly and faces the President, then quietly bends over his desk and begins to collect his papers, a faint smile on his lips.)

THE CURTAIN SLOWLY FALLS

END.

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September 1951.

C H A R A C T E R S

HESTER COLLYER

MRS. ELTON

PHILIP WELCH

ANN WELCH

MR. MILLER

WILLIAM COLLYER

FREDERICK PAGE

JACKIE JACKSON

ACT I: Morning

ACT II: Afternoon

ACT III: Evening

The action passes during the course of a day in
September in the sitting-room of a furnished
flat in the North-West of London

CHARACTERS

Yes Mr. Welch
What's the matter?
Not as I know that.

HESTER COLLIER

MRS. ETON

PHILIP WELCH

AND WHICH

MR. WELCH

WILLIAM COLLIER

WILLIAM COLLIER

JACOB LARSON

ACT I

ACT II

ACT III

ACT IV

The action passes during the course of a day in September in the straggling of a furnished flat in the North-end of London.

ACT V

ACT I

The sitting room of a furnished flat in the north-west of London. It is a big room for it is on the first floor of a large and gloomy Victorian mansion, converted to flats after World War I, but it has an air of dinginess, even of squalor, heightened by the fact that it has, like its immediate badly-blitzed neighborhood, so obviously "come down in the world."

There is a door backstage R., leading on to the first floor landing of the house, and another downstage L., leading into the bedroom. There is another small door, R. of landing door evidently put in when the house was converted and which gives access to a tiny kitchen.

There is a window R., curtained at the moment, and in the left wall is a fireplace, originally designed for coal, but now occupied by a gas fire. On the floor in front of this, dimly seen in the darkened room, lies Hester Collyer, with her head, covered by a rug, very close to the unlit stove.

There is the sound of voices on the landing outside. A young man (PHILIP) can be heard calling and a woman (MRS. ELTON) answering.

Mrs. Elton! Mrs. Elton! Philip (Off)

Yes, Mr. Welch? Mrs. Elton (Off)

I think it's coming from here. Philip (Off)

From Number Three? I'll just come up.
(There is a pause, and then another voice (ANN'S) can be heard from further away)

What's the matter? Ann (Off)

Escape of gas, darling. Don't Philip (Off) light a match or anything, will you?

Well, it's not us, I know that. Ann (Off)

No, it's in here - Philip (Off)
(2 rings on door bell)

~~Isn't there any answer?~~ *Can't you get an answer Mr Welch. Here let me*
(Ring)

Mr. Page? ... (Knock)

Mrs. Page? (Knock) (There is no reply) (Off)

It's all right. I've got the pass key.
(There is the sound of a key in the lock, and the door opens, revealing

The sitting room of a furnished flat in the north-west of London. It is a big room for its size on the first floor. The room is furnished with a table, chairs, a sofa, and a fireplace. The room is bright and airy, and the view from the window is very pleasant. The room is the only one of its kind in the flat.

Left something on - bricked waste

one of these days - that's what'll happen

There is a door leading to the first floor landing. The door is open, and the landing is visible. The landing is a small room with a door leading to the kitchen. The kitchen is a small room with a sink, a stove, and a window. The kitchen is bright and airy, and the view from the window is very pleasant. The kitchen is the only one of its kind in the flat.

Oh heavens

There is a window in the room, and in the left wall is a fireplace, originally designed for coal but now occupied by a gas fire. On the floor in front of this, directly in front of the window, is a rug, very close to the wall, covered by a rug, very close to the wall. The rug is a small one, and the window is a small one. The window is a small one, and the rug is a small one.

It wasn't on -

There is the sound of voices on the landing outside. A young man (PHILIP) can be heard calling and a woman (MRS. ETON) answering.

PHILIP (OFF)

Mrs. Eton Mrs. Eton

Mrs. Eton (OFF)

Yes, Mr. Welch?

PHILIP (OFF)

I think it's coming from here.

Mrs. Eton (OFF)

From Number Three? I'll just come up. (There is a pause, and then another voice (ANN'S) can be heard from further away)

ANN (OFF)

What's the matter?

PHILIP (OFF)

Escape of gas, darling. Don't light a match or cigarette, will you?

ANN (OFF)

Well, it's not us, I know that.

PHILIP (OFF)

No, it's in here - (2 rings on door bell)

Mrs. Eton (OFF - calling)

Isn't there any answer? Can't you get on down to the door? (Rings)

Mr. Payer ...

(Knock)

Mrs. Payer?

(Knock) (There is no reply) (OFF)

It's all right. I've got the pass key.

(There is the sound of a key in the lock, and the door opens, revealing

MRS. ELTON on the threshold. She is caretaker-housekeeper to the flats, and is in the middle fifties. Behind her is PHILIP WELCH, aged about twenty-four and, from his clothes, an office worker)

Mrs. Elton (cont'd)

Phew! It's here all right. They must have left something on. Wicked waste -
(She goes into the room)

Philip

Careful, Mrs. Elton. Put something over your mouth -

Mrs. Elton

Oh, it's not as bad as that. Coming from the kitchen I expect -

(She reaches the window, draws the curtains briskly and flings up the window)

Left his cooker on all night, I shouldn't be surprised. Come in late a bit the worse for you know what, and makes himself a cup of tea - and turns on all the taps in sight. Someone'll blow this whole house up one of these days - that's what'll happen -

(While muttering she has been going towards the kitchen door. She opens it and peers inside. Meanwhile PHILIP has taken a step or two inside the room, and now sees the prostrate HESTER by the fire)

Philip

My God!

(He runs up to her; calling urgently)

Mrs. Elton!

Put her head on floor

Mrs. Elton

(Emerges from the kitchen)

It's not in here -

Philip

Mrs. Elton! Quick. Get a doctor or someone -

(He raises Hester's head away from the fire, and pulls the rug off her)

Mrs. Elton

Oh heavens!

Turn chair UL

Philip (Fumbling for the gas faucet)

Where does this thing turn off?

Mrs. Elton

Mrs. Page! Mrs. Page!

(She takes Hester's hand)

She's not dead, is she?

Philip

I don't know. I don't think so.

(In a panic)

This isn't turned off. I can't turn it off.

Mrs. Elton

Here! Let me! It is off.

(She turns the faucet both ways)

It wasn't on.

Philip

It must have been.

itself off at the meter

point in doing a thing like this

Philip are you in there?

We'll be late for the office

Is anything wrong?

Good?

She's breathing

Philip (faint)

It's not in here - (faint)

Mrs. Elton (faint)

On heaven's (faint)

Philip (faint)

Mrs. Elton (faint)

Philip (faint)

Mrs. Elton (faint)

Philip (faint)

~~Mrs. Elton~~

~~It's the meter then. It must have switched itself off at the meter.~~

We must

Help me get her to the window. ~~You take her feet.~~ Better turn that chair round to face it.

Mrs. Elton

Oh the poor thing! Why did she have to go and do it? What's the point in doing a thing like this?

Philip

(He is himself supporting her shoulders. We see now that she is dressed in a crumpled day dress. MRS. ELTON takes her feet and between them THEY carry her towards the window)

Let's get her into that chair. ~~Better turn it round to face the window~~

(He points to an armchair near the window) ~~It's all right. You get her.~~

Feet of
couch

Mrs. Elton

This'll mean the police. In twenty-three years Mr. Elton and me have never had a speck of trouble in these flats, and now - Mrs. Page - of all people (MRS. ELTON does as he bids. PHILIP lowers HESTER into the chair. ANN, Philip's young wife, also an office worker, appears on the landing outside)

Ann (Calling)

Philip? Are you in there?

Philip

Yes. Don't come in.

Ann (Off)

We'll be late for the office -

Philip

You go on. Tell them I'll get there as soon as I can.

Ann (Off)

Is anything wrong?

(She comes into the room)

Philip (Savagely)

I said not to come in.

Ann (She runs over to Hester)

Gas?

Philip

~~(Slightly surprised at his wife's composure)~~

Yes.

Mrs. Elton

She's breathing.

Philip

Where's the nearest doctor?

Mrs. Elton

Dr. Brown. No - he's on his holiday. I know. Mr. Miller. I'll get him.

Miller's not a doctor.

Oh lord.

before the gas had any effect.

Where's her husband?

get hold of him somehow.

Finished, Freddy, finished.

Ann: What do you mean?

Philip: They've got one of those shilling in the slot affairs where the gas turns off automatically after a time. I don't suppose they've been using the fire in that number you see, and she must have forgotten.

Ann: What a lot of luck

Dr. Brown. No - he's on his holiday. I know. Mr. Miller. I'll get him.

Ann
Mr. Miller upstairs, you mean?

Mrs. Elton (On her way to the door)
Yes. Mr. Miller! Mr. Miller!

Ann
But he's not a doctor.
(MRS. ELTON has run out, and we can hear her calling "Mr. Miller! Mr. Miller!" as she goes upstairs)
She's hysterical, Philip. Mr. Miller's not a doctor -
(PHILIP has gone back to the gas fire, while ANN stays at the armchair)

Philip
See this?
(He picks up a little empty bottle from the floor)
Aspirin. Empty.

Ann
Oh Lord!

Philip
And here's the glass.
(He picks up a glass)
She ground them in here. Look.

Ann
She must have wanted to dope herself, before the gas had any effect.

Philip
The gas was off. The tap was turned on, but the gas was off. It must have run out in the meter -

Ann
Where's her husband?

Philip
I don't know.
(He opens the bedroom door and looks inside)
The bed hasn't been slept in.

Ann
We ought to get hold of him somehow.

Philip
Yes, but how?

Ann (Excitedly)
She's opened her eyes.
(PHILIP joins ANN at the chair)
Mrs. Page! Mrs. Page!

Hester
(Speaking in a low, thick murmur, the words barely distinguishable)
Finished - Freddy - finished -

Philip
Mrs. Page - it's all right - everything's all right, now -

being happy - We sleep
Forgive her God writing it was.

Ann
Mr. Miller yesterday, you mean?
Yes, Mr. Miller! Mr. Miller!

But he's not a doctor.
(Mrs. Snow has run out, and we can hear her calling "Mr. Miller!"
"Miller" as she goes upstairs)
She's hysterical, Philip. Mr. Miller's not a doctor -
(Philip has gone back to the gas fire, while Ann stays at the window)

Ann (sighs)

Philip

See that?
(He picks up a little empty bottle from the floor)
Aspirin. Empty.

Ann

Oh Lord!

Philip

And here's the glass.
(He picks up a glass)
She ground them in here. Look.

Ann

The mint have wanted to stop herself, before the gas had any effect.

Philip

The gas was off. The tap was turned on, but the gas was off. It must have run out in the water.

Ann

There's her husband!

Philip

I don't know.
(He opens the bedroom door and looks inside)
The bed hasn't been slept in.

Ann

We ought to get hold of his number.

Philip

Yes, but how?

Ann (sighs)

She's opened her eyes.
(Philip joins Ann at the chair)
Mrs. Snow! Mrs. Snow!

Ann (sighs)

Philip

(Speaking in a low, thick murmur, the words barely distinguishable)
Finished - Freddy - finished -

Philip

Mrs. Snow - it's all right - everything's all right, now -

Hester (With a low moan)

You - must understand - how happy - like sleep - Freddy - sleep - forgive bad writing - poor Freddy - poor darling Freddy -

(She moans again, as if in a bad dream, and closes her eyes, shaking her head)

Ann

Don't worry, Mrs. Page. You mustn't worry. You're among friends -

(MR. MILLER, unshaven and in shabby dressing-gown, comes in hurriedly, followed by MRS. ELTON. HE is about forty and when he speaks it is possible to detect a slight German accent. He is carrying a battered instrument case. He goes over to the chair and pushes ANN and PHILIP rather brusquely out of the way, before kneeling down in front of Hester. With quick deft movements HE makes an obviously practised and professional, if cursory, examination)

Ann

She came to, a moment ago, and talked. She kept on saying Freddy. And something about being happy - like sleep -

Philip

And then she said something about bad writing.

Ann

Forgive her bad writing, it was.

Philip

I didn't hear forgive. I just heard - bad writing. We found this

(PHILIP holds up the empty aspirin bottle)
on the floor.

(MILLER takes the bottle, glances at it, nods. MILLER has paid no attention to Ann and Philip. HE suddenly slaps Hester's face hard. SHE opens her eyes, bewildered. MILLER holds the aspirin bottle up before her eyes)

Miller

How many?

(HESTER closes her eyes. MILLER slaps her again)

How many?

Hester (Quite clearly)

Twelve.

(She closes her eyes again)

Miller (To Mrs. Elton)

Where's the bedroom?

Mrs. Elton (Hustling to open the door)

In here.

Miller

Help me, please.

(MILLER and PHILIP carry her to the door) (To Ann)

Bring my case, would you please.

(He goes, with his burden, into the bedroom. ANN picks up his case and goes in after him)

A glass of warm water please, Mrs. Elton.

Go straight away - - -
Seems to know his job all night.

That's her husband I suppose

I've never had the look of him

Then where is he?

Yes of course

We should have thought of that

in pencil - very faint

[The following text is a dense block of mirrored bleed-through from the reverse side of the page, appearing upside down. It includes names like 'MILLER', 'HESTER', 'PHILIP', and various phrases such as 'I don't bear forgive', 'How many?', 'Twelve', 'where's the bedroom?', and 'Help me, please.']

Mrs. Elton

Yes, straight away.

(She comes back into the sitting-room, and goes into the kitchen)

Philip

Look, darling, hadn't you better get on to the office? It's all right for me, but I don't like the idea of you being late.

AnnThey'll understand. There's never much in on Mondays. ~~He seems to be his~~
~~self-right.~~ *but care in door*
Just down~~Let's hope it's just a stampered suicide.~~
~~Philip (looking at the bedroom door)~~
*compare her with*Ann

Poor soul. I wonder what made her do it. Freddy - that's her husband, I suppose?

X show to fireplace
Philip
I think so, yes. I've seen his letters downstairs. Frederick Page, Esquire.Ann

I've never liked the look of him.

PhilipShe said "poor darling Freddy." That doesn't sound as if he'd deserted her, or anything.Ann

Then where is he?

Philip

Husbands do, you know, occasionally go off on business without taking their wives.

(MRS. ELTON comes out of the kitchen with a glass of warm water. She crosses to the bedroom door, knocks and goes in. ANN goes over to her husband)

Ann

I wish we could help, somehow.

(She is looking at the fireplace and notices something. She goes quickly over and takes a letter off the mantelpiece)

Yes. Of course.

Philip

What?

Ann (Holding up the letter)Suicide note. ~~He should have thought of that.~~Philip

Who's it addressed to?

Ann (Reading)

Freddy. It's in pencil - very faint.

~~"Forgive my bad writing." I expect that's in it. She'd probably taken the aspirin.~~

Mrs. Elton

Should we open it?

Yes, straight away.

The police, oh dear -

Look, darling, hadn't you better get on to the police? I don't like the idea of you being late.

Will have to give evidence

get jailed for it don't they -

Not yet anyway.

I did.

Need to warm it up.

Ann

I wonder what made her do it. Fredy - that's her husband.

Philip

I think so, yes. I've seen his letters downstairs.

Ann

I've never liked the look of him.

Philip

She said "your darling Fredy". That doesn't sound as if he'd deserted her, or anything.

Ann

Then where is he?

Philip

Husbands do, you know, occasionally go off on business without taking their wives.

(Mrs. ELTON comes out of the kitchen with a glass of warm water. She crosses to the bedroom door, knocks and goes in. Ann goes over to her husband.)

Ann

I wish we could help, somehow. (She is looking at the fireplace and notices something over and takes a letter off the mantelpiece) Yes. Of course.

Philip

What?

Ann (folding up the letter)

Slide note. We should have thought of that.

Philip

Who's it addressed to?

Ann (reading)

Fredy, it's in pencil - very faint.

Philip

"Forgive my bad writing." - I expect she's in it. She'd probably taken the aspirin.

Should we open it?

Ann

No. It may be wanted by the police.

Philip

The police? Oh dear.

Ann

I suppose we ought to ring them up.

Philip (Unhappily)

(SHE puts it back quickly on the mantelpiece)

Ann

It's a sordid business, isn't it, a suicide? I wonder if they think of that when they do it - police and coroners and things. I suppose we'll have to give evidence.

Philip

If there's an inquest, yes. But let's pray it doesn't come to that.

Ann

Attempted suicide is a crime, anyway, isn't it? People get gaoled for it, don't they?

Philip

Yes.

Ann

Well, then, you mustn't ring up the police. Not yet anyway.

Philip

~~We ought to get somebody to look at it though. I wish to God her husband would come. By the way, that letter - please, he hadn't deserted her. She~~
Put ~~it~~ back exactly where you found it.

How letter

Ann

I did.

Philip

No. Only a bit of it was showing. It was half behind that clock -
(ANN gingerly puts the letter in the indicated position. MRS. ELTON comes out of the bedroom) (To Mrs. Elton)
How is she?

Mrs. Elton

He didn't say, but she's looking better. He's given her an injection of something that made her sick. I've got to make some black coffee.

(She goes back into the kitchen, PHILIP follows her to the door) (Off)
There's some here ready. I'll just need to warm it up -

Philip (Calling after her)

Mrs. Elton, ~~perhaps~~ think we ought to get hold of Mr. Page. Have you any idea where he might be?

(MRS. ELTON appears at the door with a percolator in her hand)

Mrs. Elton

No. I can't say I have.

No I can't say I have
for more than a night usually,
or used to be anyway,
isn't that what they call it,
relations in London we could get hold of.

I can't say I do.
asked for him - not for her.
I can't remember.

Should we open the door?
No. It may be wanted by the police.
Ann
The police are here.
I suppose we ought to ring them up.
(She puts it back in the wardrobe)
Ann
It's a terrible mistake, isn't it, a mistake I wonder if they think of that
when they do it - police and coroners and others. I can't say I do.
give evidence.
If there's an inquest, yes. But let's first see what comes to that.
Ann
Attempted suicide is a crime, isn't it? People get hanged for it.
Don't they?
Yes.
Well, then, you might ring up the police. Not yet anyway.
Ann
We ought to get in touch with someone, though. I want to get her message
would come. By the way, that letter from the doctor's secretary has
expected him. But he back mostly means you found it.
Ann
I did.
No. Only a bit of it was missing. It was half missing that block -
(Ann eagerly puts the letter in the unlocked chest. Mrs. ELLIOT
comes out of the bedroom) (to Mrs. ELLIOT)
How is she?
Mrs. ELLIOT
It didn't say, but she's looking better. She's given her an injection of some-
thing that made her sleep. I've got to give some black coffee.
(She goes back into the bedroom. I'll follow her to the door) (O.S.)
There's some more ready. I'll just have to warm it up -
Ann (calling after her)
Mrs. ELLIOT, we must think we ought to get hold of Mr. Paine. Have you any idea
where he might be?
(Mrs. ELLIOT appears at the door with a detector in her hand)
Mrs. ELLIOT
No. I can't say I have.

~~Does he go away often?~~

Philip

~~Now and then. Not for more than a week usually -~~

Philip

Where does he work?

Mrs. Elton

I don't know that he does work - not regularly that is. He's often here all day, I know that. I believe he's something to do with aeroplanes - or used to be, anyway.

Philip

Selling them?

Mrs. Elton

No. Flying them, I think. Test pilot - isn't that what they call it?

Philip

Yes. ~~You don't know which company?~~

Mrs. Elton

~~No. ~~Philip~~~~, I don't think he's doing it any more -
(She goes back into the kitchen)

Ann

She must have some relations in London we could get hold of.

Philip

Yes.

(He goes to the kitchen door again. Calling)

Mrs. Elton, do you know if Mrs. Page has any relations in London?

(MRS. ELTON reappears and comes in, leaving the kitchen door open)

Mrs. Elton

No. I can't say I do.

Philip

Can you think of any particular friend then? Haven't you ever heard her talk about anybody?

Mrs. Elton

No. Always kept herself very much to herself, Mrs. Page.

Ann

She must have had visitors -

Mrs. Elton

Hardly ever, and they always asked for him - not for her.

Philip

What were their names?

Mrs. Elton

I can't remember.

Philip

Do try and help, Mrs. Elton. This is desperately important.

It's the shock.

There is her husband of course

I haven't said anything.

I ought to tell her husband about this?

Philip

Philip

Philip

Philip

Philip

Philip

Philip

Philip

Philip

Does he go away often?

Where does he work?

I don't know that he goes away often. I don't know what he does for a living. I don't know where he works.

Philip says?

Mr. Philip says I think. Yes, I think. Yes, I think. Yes, I think.

Yes, I think. Yes, I think. Yes, I think.

Mr. Philip says I think. Yes, I think. Yes, I think.

She must have some relations in London, she said.

Yes.

(He goes to the kitchen door, looking at the door, and says, "I don't know what he does for a living. I don't know where he works.")

Mr. Philip says I do.

Can you think of any particular person who has ever heard her talk about anybody?

Mr. Philip says I do.

She must have had visitors in London.

Hardly ever, and they always talked to her in the house.

What were their names?

I can't remember.

Do try and help, Mr. Philip, this is very important.

Mrs. Elton
I'm sorry, Mr. Welch. It's the shock.

Philip *at corner of kitchen*
Yes, yes, of course. But now look. Think hard. Don't you know of anyone connected with Mrs. Page we might get into touch with?

Ann
Solicitor - bank manager -
(Pause. MRS. ELTON frowns in concentration)

Mrs. Elton (At length)
There is her husband, of course -

Philip (With a hopeless gesture)
I know - but we haven't an idea where he is - *Walk away from her*

Mrs. Elton
I didn't mean -
(She looks alarmed)
No, I can't think of anyone.
(She turns to go back into the kitchen)

Ann (Sharply)
Mrs. Elton. What did you mean by "There is her husband"?
(MRS. ELTON turns slowly)
Phil: Isn't Mr. Page her husband? What's her real name?

Mrs. Elton
I haven't said anything.

forwards her
Philip
Look, Mrs. Elton, if the police come, it'll all have to come out anyway. You don't need to tell us anything you don't want to; but I do think that if you know her real husband you ought to ring him up and tell him what's happened.

Mrs. Elton
I don't know her real husband. And what I do know I promised faithfully I'd never tell a living soul. It was all because I picked up her ration book one day, and then she told me straight out quite simply all about it - how she hadn't been able to get herself a divorce. Poor lamb - she thought Mr. Elton would turn her out. I found her that evening packing her things. I told her not to be silly. As if I'd tell Mr. Elton a thing like that. It's none of his business, or mine, or anyone else's, come to that.
(She goes into the kitchen. PHILIP and ANN exchange a glance)

Ann
I'm sure I'm right now, Philip. This man Page has deserted her, and she had no one to turn to. She's probably quarrelled with her family, and her friends have dropped her, most likely -
(MRS. ELTON emerges with a cup on a tray)

Mrs. Elton
So you think I ought to tell her husband about this?

Philip
Well, yes, Mrs. Elton. It seems to me the only thing to do.

Sir William Collier

Think you love Philip?

don't tell him you work for the Home Office

Did he seem upset

I'm sorry, Mr. White, it's the book.

For, part of course, but you look, I think you know of it.

Philip

Yes

Selection - but you work for the Home Office.

Yes

There is no mention of course -

Philip

I am - but he seems to be in that way -

Yes

I don't mean -

(The book is wrong)

But I don't think of course

(The book is wrong)

Yes, Philip

Let's see if you can find it

Yes, Philip

Yes, Philip

I don't mean to say

Philip

Look, Mr. White, it's the book, it's the book, it's the book.

Let's see if you can find it

Yes, Philip

Yes, Philip

I don't mean to say

Philip

Let's see if you can find it

Yes, Philip

Yes, Philip

I don't mean to say

Philip

Let's see if you can find it

Yes, Philip

Yes, Philip

I don't mean to say

Philip

Let's see if you can find it

Yes, Philip

Mrs. Elton

All right. You do it. I wouldn't know how. Her name is Collyer -
(Spelling it)

C O L L Y E R, and her husband's name's in the papers quite often. She showed me once. They call him Mr. Justice Collyer - so I suppose he's a judge.

Ann

William Collyer.

Mrs. Elton

That's right. Sir William Collyer.
(She goes into the bedroom)

Philip (Awed)Gosh! *(Looks at phone)*

Ann

Do you think you dare, Philip?

Philip

I don't see why not.

(He has grasped a telephone book and is looking through it)

Ann (In a panic)

Whatever you do, don't tell him you work for the Home Office.

Philip (He looks at his watch)

Quarter past nine. We ought to get him at his home. Here we are - Collyer - William - there are two, but one's in Balldoolea, Eaton Square - that's the one.

(He dials a number) (ANN waits by his side, alarmed and excited)

(At length)

Hullo. Could I speak to Sir William Collyer, please?.... No, I'd rather not give my name. Just tell him that it's very urgent indeed, and that it concerns his wife... His wife... Yes. I'll wait.

(He takes ANN'S hand and presses it affectionately. He is evidently rather enjoying his strong male act and knows that he is impressing Ann)

Hullo! Sir William Collyer? I'm afraid I have some serious news for you. Your wife has been concerned in - in an accident... It's rather difficult to tell you that on the telephone... Well, if you insist. Gas poisoning, and an overdose of drugs... No, but very ill... No. She doesn't know I'm telephoning. He's not here... 27 Weybridge Villas, Ladbroke Grove... Yes. Flat Number Three first floor... You'll find the front door open. Yes. There's a doctor - that's to say, she's being given medical attention now.

(He rings off)

He's coming straight round.

Ann

Did he seem upset?

Philip

It was rather difficult to tell. He asked if Page was here.

(MRS. ELTON comes out of the bedroom)

I've rung him up, Mrs. Elton. He's coming round.

Mrs. Elton (Slowly)

I only hope we've done the right thing.

Ann

I think we have.

All right, you do it. I wouldn't know how. But name is Collier -
 (Speaking to)
 O O I T H, and not husband's name's in the papers quite clear. She showed
 me once. They call him Mr. Justice Collier - or I suppose he's a judge.

I think we have
 or no five guineas.
 Have you a cigarette?

WILLIAM COLLIERS

That's right. Sir William Colliers
 (The door was shut behind)

Good! (Laughing)

Do you think you have, William?

I don't say any more.
 (He has crossed a telephone wire and is looking through it)

Whatever you do, don't tell him you were for the House of Commons.

William the look of his words
 Quarter past nine. We ought to get him at his home. Here we are - Collier -
 William - there are two out of it in the street. James Spence - that's the name
 (He says a name) (The name is not his name, it is a name and a name)

William. Good! I mean to Sir William Colliers, James... No, I'd rather not
 give my name. That will tell him that you're a very great person, and that it can
 come his name... He will... I'll work.

(The name William's name and address is not given. He is extremely
 rather enjoying the young wife and her name that he is speaking to
 William Sir William Colliers. I'm afraid I have some serious news for you.
 You will have been concerned in - in an accident... This rather difficult to
 tell you that on the telephone... Well, it's not terrible. The policeman, and an
 overdose of things... No, but very all... No. The doctor's name I'm telephoning.
 He's not here... 27 Westbridge Villas, Ladbroke Grove... Yes. That's what three
 that's to say, you'll find the front door open. Yes. There's a doctor -
 (He says it)

He's coming straight round.

Did he come round?

It was rather difficult to get. He called at eight. He was here.
 (Mrs. Linton comes out of the bedroom)
 I've rung him up, Mrs. Linton. He's coming round.

I only hope we've done the right thing.

I think we have.

How is she? *Mrs. Elton* Philip

Ann
Mrs. Elton
Sitting up now. Drank her coffee quite peacefully. Of course - still very weak.

Ann
Ann
Don't you think we ought to get her a proper doctor?

Mrs. Elton
Mrs. Elton
I've got far more faith in Mr. Miller than in any proper doctor thank you very much. He's done a sight more for Mr. Elton than any of those Harley Street specialists ever did - five guineas or no five guineas.

Philip
How is - Mr. Elton?

Mrs. Elton
Mrs. Elton
He'd be much better if it weren't for this damp weather. Shocking bad for arthritis, it's been. I've been fixing his pillows all night long.

(She goes to the door)

Well, I haven't started on my hall yet. Give me a shout if I'm wanted, will you.

(PHILIP and ANN nod. MILLER comes out of the bedroom)

Will you be wanting me for anything more?

Miller
Miller
No, Mrs. Elton.

Mrs. Elton
Mrs. Elton
I'll leave this door on the latch.
(She goes out)

Miller (To Philip)
Miller (To Philip)
Have you a cigarette?

Philip
Yes, indeed.
(He brings out a small packet. MILLER takes a cigarette and lights it)
My name is Welch. I live upstairs in five. This is my wife.
(MILLER nods to Ann)

Miller
Miller
Are you friends of hers?

Ann
Ann
No. My husband found Mrs. Page this morning and we were just waiting around to see if there's anything we can do.

Miller
Miller
There is nothing you can do.

Ann (Appalled)
Ann (Appalled)
You don't mean she's dying?

Miller (Smiling)
Miller (Smiling)
On the contrary.

Philip

On the contrary

How is she? *How is she?*

gas poisoning are very slight *Sitting up now. Frank has called her several times. week.*

She wanted to die / suppose

Don't you think we ought to get her a proper doctor?

I'm not a doctor.

I've got far more faith in the Miller than in any other doctor I know. I've seen a right man for it. Miller lives at 1200 Hurley Street. Specialists over did - five kinds of no five kinds.

Philip

How is - Mr. Miller?

He'd be much better if it weren't for this damp weather. Shocking bad for arthritis, it's been. I've been fixing his pillows all night long.

Well, I haven't started on my half yet. Give me a sheet if I'm wanted, will you.

(MILLER and ANN nod. MILLER comes out of the bedroom.) Will you be wanting me for anything more?

Miller

No, Mrs. Miller.

I'll leave this door on the latch. (She goes out.)

Have you a cigarette?

Philip

Yes, indeed. The bottle out a small packet. MILLER takes a cigarette and lights it. He says to Philip, I live upstairs in four. This is my wife. (MILLER nods to Ann.)

Miller

Are you friends of hers?

No. My husband found her here this morning and we were just waiting around to see if there's anything we can do.

There is nothing you can do.

(Ann (sighing))

You don't mean she's dying?

Miller (sighing)

On the contrary,

She'll recover?

Philip

Miller

Sixty grains of aspirin are hardly enough to kill a healthy child, and the symptoms of gas poisoning are very slight -

Philip

That's because the gas gave out at the meter?

Miller

Yes. She couldn't have bungled it worse, could she? I must go back to my breakfast and I'm sure there is no reason whatever for your staying here any longer. Good morning.

Ann

But is she really all right?

Miller

I've told you. After twenty-four hours in bed she will be completely recovered.

Ann

Yes - her body. But what about her mind?

Miller (Amused)

You make that distinction? Her mind is perfectly sound. There is no trace whatever of any psychotic symptoms which might justify a certificate of insanity.

Ann

Yes - but she did try to kill herself, didn't she?

Miller

It would seem so.

Ann

Well - what made her do that?

Miller (After a slight pause)

She wanted to die, I suppose.

Philip

But mightn't she try to do it again, Doctor?

Miller

I'm not a doctor.

Philip

No. Don't you think she might try to do it again?

Miller

I'm not a prophet either. In fact I make a fairly respectable living out of other people's pretensions to prophecy. Still, if you want me to be a punter for once, I would say that she probably will try again, and try again very soon

Ann (Indignantly)

But isn't there anything we can do about it?

No (Exit)

some here last night I think.

do you remember?

better sitting up thank you.

That's because the gas gave out at the meters.
 Yes. The couldn't have brought it back, could they? I must go back to my
 breakfast and the gas there is no reason whatever for your staying out and
 longer. Good morning.

But is she really all right?
 I've told you. After twenty-four hours in bed she will be completely recovered.
 Yes - her body. Her mind about her mind?
 You make that distinction. Her mind is generally sound. There is no trace
 whatever of any psychotic symptoms which might justify a certificate of in-
 sanity.

Yes - but she did try to kill herself, didn't she?
 It would seem so.

Well - what was her life like?
 She wanted to die, I suppose.

But wouldn't she try to do it again, wouldn't she?
 I'm not a doctor.

No. Don't you think she might try to do it again?
 I'm not a prophet either. In fact I take a fairly responsible living out of
 other people's prophecies in progress. Still, if you want me to be a witness
 for once, I would say that she probably will try again, and try again very soon.
 But isn't there anything we can do about it?

Handwritten scribble

No. (He goes out)

Miller *knows all about*

Well, there's a callous swine, Philip for you. *then all*

Ann *say go back now need it*

He's phoney, that man. I'm certain he is. He was just trying to impress us with all that stuff about psychoses and things. Of course she's ill. Of course she needs looking after.

(The bedroom door opens and HESTER comes out. She is in a dressing-gown, but has tidied her hair, and put on make-up. Now that we see her under more normal circumstances we find that she is in the middle thirties with a thoughtful, remote face that has no pretensions to great beauty)
Ought you to be out of bed?

Hester

I came for a cigarette. There were some here last night, I think.

Philip

Have one of these.
(He extends his packet)

Hester

No, I won't smoke yours. I know I brought a packet in with me.
(She searches on the table)

Ah yes. Here they are.

(She takes a cigarette. PHILIP lights it for her)

Thank you. You're Mr. Welch, aren't you? We met downstairs once, do you remember?

Philip

Yes, that's right.

Hester

And is this Mrs. Welch?

Ann

Yes.

Hester

How do you do? Sorry. Do you mind if I sit down? I'm still feeling a little strange.

(She sits down)

Ann

Don't you think you ought to go back to bed?

Hester

No. I feel much better sitting up, thank you.

Philip

You've been very ill, you know.

Hester

Oh no. Just a bit dopey, that's all. Idiomatic accident, wasn't it? I'm terribly sorry for all the trouble I've caused -

11-1
trouble I've caused

The meter

It's been very kind of you -

MILLER

No. (He goes out)

Phillip

Well, there's a callous swine, for you.

Ann

He's phoney, that man. I'm certain he is. He was just trying to impress me with all that stuff about psychoses and things. Of course she's ill. Of course she needs looking after. (The bedroom door opens and HESTER comes out. She is in a dressing-gown) but she dished her hair, and put on eye-glasses. How dare she! How dare she! Here normal circumstances we find that she is in the kitchen, and with a thoughtful, remote face that has no pretensions to great beauty. Ought you to be out of bed!

Hester

I came for a cigarette. There were some here last night, I think.

Phillip

Have one of these. (He reaches for a packet)

Hester

No, I won't smoke yours. I know I brought a packet in with me. (She searches on the table)

Phillip

That's yours. You're Mr. Miller, aren't you? He met Constance once, do you remember?

Phillip

Yes, that's right.

Hester

And in this time, Phillip?

Ann

Yes.

Hester

How do you do? Sorry. Do you mind if I sit down? I'm still feeling a little strange. (She sits down)

Ann

Don't you think you ought to go back to bed?

Hester

No. I feel much better sitting up, thank you.

Phillip

You've been very ill, you know.

Hester

Oh no. Just a bit fever. I had a little influenza, wasn't it? I'm terribly sorry for all the trouble I've caused -

Philip and Ann (Murmuring)

That's quite all right.

Hester

I don't know how it could possibly have happened. I'd been out to a cinema, by myself. I came back here and I remember thinking it was a bit chilly and I turned on the gas fire to light it, and after that, as they say in novels, I knew no more. I couldn't find the matches, I suppose, and the fumes must have put me out -

Ann (Rather crossly)

It was lucky for you that you didn't put a shilling in the meter first.

Hester

The meter?

Philip

Yes. The gas cut off automatically.

Hester

Oh. That's what happened, is it?

(After a pause)

Yes. That was lucky.

(She leans back in the chair and closes her eyes)

Ann

Are you sure you're feeling all right?

Hester (Opening her eyes)

Perfectly all right, thank you.

Ann

Don't you think you ought to see a proper doctor?

Hester

Haven't I just seen a proper doctor?

Ann

No. He's just an amateur. Bookmaker's clerk or something.

Hester

A strange hobby for a bookmaker's clerk. He seemed very efficient. Horribly efficient. Look, I'm sure I'm keeping you both, and there's really no need to stay. It's been very kind of you.

Philip

Well -

(He looks at Ann for support)

The fact is I have something to tell you.

(HESTER'S eyes are wandering over the room. ANN is watching her)

Ann

Are you looking for something?

Hester

Yes. I think I left a letter lying around somewhere.

(ANN goes to the mantelpiece and takes the letter from behind the clock)

Philip and Ann (Intermittent)

That's quite all right.

going to tell me something.

I don't know how it could possibly have happened. I'd been out to a cinema, by myself. I came back here and I remember thinking it was a nice chilly day and I turned on the gas fire to light it, and after that, as far as I know, I have never seen him since. I couldn't find the matches, I suppose, and I don't know how he got in.

I hope not.

Go on.

They're both dead now.

What did you tell him.

him his address?

[Faint, mostly illegible text from the reverse side of the page, including names like 'Philip', 'Ann', and 'Hester', and phrases like 'I don't know how it could possibly have happened', 'I came back here and I remember thinking it was a nice chilly day', 'I turned on the gas fire to light it', 'I couldn't find the matches', 'I don't know how he got in', 'I hope not', 'Go on', 'They're both dead now', 'What did you tell him', 'him his address?']

Ann

Is this it?
 (She hands it to her)

Hester (Gazing at it casually)

Yes.
 (She slips it into her dressing-gown pocket. Politely to Philip)
 You were going to tell me something.

Philip

You may be very angry with me.

Hester

I hope not.

Philip

I hope not, too. When we found you this morning you seemed - very ill - almost at death's door, in fact.

(HESTER glances at the fireplace, but says nothing. PHILIP continues after a pause)

Well, Mr. Page was away, and we didn't know where to get hold of him -

Hester

You should have asked me. He's at the King's Head Hotel, at Sunningdale.

Ann (Quickly)

Are you expecting him back this morning?

Hester

No, he's playing golf.

(Smiling)

I'm a golf widow, you know, Mrs. Welch. Every week-end I'm deserted. It's shocking.

(To Philip)

Go on.

Philip (Desperately)

Well, I felt it my duty to get in touch with someone. We didn't know where your parents lived -

Hester

No. They're both dead anyway.

Philip

Or any of your friends. So I'm afraid I took it on myself to ring up - Sir William Collyer.

(There is a pause)

Hester

What did you tell him?

Philip

That there'd been an accident.

Hester

Did you give him this address?

Philip

Yes. He's coming round.

How soon?

It was Mrs Elton who told you

That's very kind of you -

kind and I'm grateful

to anyone else that is

know Fred's Page?

In this it? (She hands it to her)

Yes.

You were going to tell me something.

Philip

You may be very angry with me.

Hester

I hope not.

Philip

I hope not, too. When we found you were not at home, I went to the door, in there. (Hester glances at the fireplace, but says nothing after a pause) Well, Mr. Page was away, and we didn't know where to get hold of him -

Hester

You should have asked me. He's at the King's Head Hotel, at Southampton.

Ann (quietly)

Are you expecting him back this morning?

Hester

No, he's staying with (Sally)

I'm a girl widow, you know, Mrs. Welch. Every week-end I'm expected. It's shocking.

(To Philip)

Go on.

Philip (hesitatingly)

Well, I felt it my duty to get in touch with someone. We didn't know where your parents lived -

Hester

No. They're both dead anyway.

Philip

Or any of your friends. So I'm afraid I got it on myself to ring up - Sir William Collyer. (There is a pause)

Hester

What did you tell him?

Philip

That there'd been an accident.

Hester

Did you give him this address?

Philip

Yes. He's coming round.

Hester

How soon?

Philip

He said, at once.

(HESTER looks at the bedroom door, as if meditating whether she has time for flight)

I'm sorry if I've done wrong. I couldn't know, you see.

Hester

No, you couldn't.

Ann (Loyally)

It was mainly my responsibility, Lady Collyer. I told Philip he ought to ring up.

Hester

Yes, I see. Do you mind not using that name?

Ann

I'm sorry.

Hester

It was Mrs. Elton who told you?

PhilipShe slipped it out by accident. ~~I~~ may say your secret is absolutely safe with both Ann and myself.

Hester (With a faint smile)

My guilty secret? That's very kind of you.

Philip (Stiffly)Well, I think we must be going. Come along, Ann.
(ANN and PHILIP go to the door)

Hester

Goodbye. You've been very kind and I'm grateful.

PhilipThere's no need. Let me know if there's anything I can do, won't you? *going*

Hester

There is something you can do. Don't breathe a word of this stupid - accident - to anyone - to anyone else, that is.

Philip

I won't.

Hester

Do you know my - do you know Freddy Page?

Philip

No.

Hester

If ever you should meet him you will, above all, be particularly careful not to mention anything of this to him, won't you? It might - it might alarm him - quite unnecessarily.

Goodbye
Went to the room at 11:30

Hester

How sorry?

Philip

He said, at once.
(HESTER looks at the bedroom door, as if meditating whether she has time for Philip.)

I'm sorry if I've done wrong. I couldn't know, you see.

Hester

No, you couldn't.

Ann (loyally)

It was really my responsibility, Lady Collyer. It could Philip because coming up.

Hester

Yes, I see. Do you mind not using that name?

Ann

I'm sorry.

Hester

It was Mrs. Allen who told you?

Reminded by Mrs. Allen

Philip

She slipped it out by accident. I don't know how she got it with both Ann and myself.

Hester (with a kind smile)

My guilty secret? That's a very kind of you.

Philip (loyally)

Well, I think we must be going. (Ann rings, Ann.)
(ANN and PHILIP go to the door.)

Hester

Goodbye. You've been very kind and I'm grateful.

Philip

There's no need. Let me know if I can do anything. I would, wouldn't you?

Hester

There is something you can do. Don't mention a word of this accident - accident - to anyone - to anyone else, that is.

Philip

I won't.

Hester

Do you know any - do you know, Philip, I say?

Philip

No.

Hester

If ever you should meet him you will, however, be particularly careful not to mention anything of this to him, won't you? It might - it might harm him - quite unnecessarily.

Ann
We won't say a word - either of us.

Hester
Thank you. Goodbye.

Philip
Goodbye.

Ann
Goodbye - Mrs. Page.
(She follows PHILIP out. HESTER, at door, calls)

Hester
Mrs. Elton!

Mrs. Elton (Off)
Coming, dear.
(MRS. ELTON comes in, leaving the door ajar)
You're up. I'm sure you shouldn't be.

Hester
Mrs. Elton, if Sir William Collyer comes, I don't want to see him.

Mrs. Elton
I'm sorry about that. They got it out of me -

Hester
Yes. I know.

Mrs. Elton
What shall I tell him?

Hester
Anything you like - provided I don't have to see him.

Mrs. Elton
Yes, dear. I understand. Would you like me to make you some more coffee?

Hester
No, thank you, Mrs. Elton. There's nothing I want at all.

Mrs. Elton
When's Mr. Page coming home?

Hester
I don't know. Sometime this evening, I expect.

Mrs. Elton
I'll come and sit with you, if you like, until then. I've just got to finish my work -

Hester
It's very kind of you, Mrs. Elton, but I shall be perfectly all right alone.

Mrs. Elton (Doubtfully)
Will you, dear? Are you sure?

Hester
 Yes. You can trust me.

Mrs. Elton
 Oh, I didn't mean that -

Hester (Gently)
 Didn't you?

Mrs. Elton (Angrily)
 Whatever possessed you to do a dreadful thing like that?
 (Pause)

Hester (Lying back with her eyes closed)
 Whatever possessed me? The devil I suppose.

Mrs. Elton
 I should just think it was. Are you a Catholic?

Hester (Sleepily)
 No. I didn't mean that kind of devil. Or is it the same kind? Anyway when you're between any kind of devil and the deep blue sea, the deep blue sea sometimes looks very inviting. It did last night.

Mrs. Elton
 I can't make you out. You're not a wicked woman - and yet what you did last night was wicked - wicked and cruel. Now supposing it had been Mr. Page and not you that we'd found lying there this morning, how would you have felt?

Hester
 Very, very surprised.

Mrs. Elton
 Nothing more?

Hester
 Oh yes. A lot more. A whole universe more.
 (With a faint smile)
 But he's not lying there Mrs. Elton. He's playing golf.
 (Pause. MRS. ELTON is looking at her puzzled)
 And when he comes back from golf, he must know nothing of what happened last night. Do you understand, Mrs. Elton? Nothing.

Mrs. Elton
 If that's the way you want it.

Hester
 That's the way I want it.
 (Pause)

Mrs. Elton
 It's not money, is it, dear?

Hester
 No. It's not money.

Mrs. Elton
 Because if it is, I was going to say - about this flat -

Hester

It's very kind of you, Mrs. Elton, and I'm deeply grateful. But I couldn't possibly accept it. I know we owe you a month's rent - but it will be paid, I promise you, in a day or two - As a matter of fact I've got someone who's very interested in those two pictures there.

(She points to two pictures on the wall)

Mrs. Elton

Oh yes. Very nice.

(Pointing to one)

That's a pier, isn't it?

Hester

Weymouth Pier.

Mrs. Elton (Politely)

Oh yes. You can tell at once. Very clever. How much would you get for a thing like that?

Hester

Well - for the two I'm asking twenty-five pounds.

Mrs. Elton

Are you, really? Well, I never.

(After a slight pause)

Excuse me asking you, won't you - but is Mr. Page in a job just now?

Hester

Not exactly. Not at the moment. But - he has interests in the city - you know.

Mrs. Elton

(Who has evidently heard this one before)

Oh yes? Well, perhaps he'll get himself something steady soon. It shouldn't be too hard these days -

(COLLYER - a forceful-looking figure in the middle forties, dressed in short morning coat and striped trousers - stands on the threshold)

Collyer

Mrs. Page?

Mrs. Elton

I'm sorry, sir -

(COLLYER and HESTER stare at each other without speaking)

Mrs. Page is too ill to -

Hester

It's all right, Mrs. Elton. Thank you.

(MRS. ELTON shrugs her shoulders and departs. COLLYER and HESTER still stare at each other. HESTER'S alarm now that she is finally confronted with her husband, seems to have dissipated)

Collyer

Are you all right?

Hester

Quite all right.

Collyer
What happened?

Hester
How much did that boy tell you on the telephone.

Collyer
Enough to spare you any necessity of lying to me.

Hester
I must be careful what I say. Attempted suicide is a crime, isn't it?

Collyer
Yes.

Hester
And I'm speaking to a judge.

Collyer
You're speaking to your husband.

Hester
Shall we say a nervous crise?

Collyer
Nonsense. You're as sane a person as any in the world.

Hester
Perhaps I've changed since I left you, Bill. No, I'd better not say that. It might give you the opportunity of saying "I told you so."

Collyer
You misjudge me.

Hester
Misjudge a judge. Isn't that lèse-majesté?
(There is a pause while HESTER stares at him)

Collyer
Why didn't you let me know you were in London?

Hester
The last time I saw you you told me you never wanted to hear from me again.

Collyer
The last time I saw you I didn't know what I was saying. How long have you been back from Canada?

Hester
Oh, three or four months now. Freddy lost his job you see - that's to say he gave it up - it wasn't a very good one - and we neither of us liked Ottawa very much.

Collyer
Why didn't you answer my letter?

Hester
I never got a letter.

Collyer

Oh, didn't you? I addressed it to the aircraft firm in Ottawa, and put "please forward" -

Hester

Oh. We left rather hurriedly, you see. And I - forgot to leave a forwarding address. What did you say in the letter, Bill?

Collyer

Just that you could have your divorce if you still wanted it.

Hester

Oh!

Collyer

Not getting a reply I'm afraid I've taken no steps -

Hester

No. That was generous of you, Bill. Still I should have thought what you said before about the scandal would be even more operative now that you're a judge.

Collyer

What I said before was exaggerated. I wanted to put every difficulty in your way that I possibly could.

Hester

Sit down, Bill, now you're here. It's nice to see you again. Have a cigarette?

Collyer (Ignoring the proffered packet)

No, thank you. Has he deserted you?

Hester

He's playing golf at Sunningdale. He plays there alot, these days. I wonder you haven't run into him.

Collyer

I haven't been to Sunningdale since -

Hester

You feel so strongly?

Collyer

You know I do.

Hester

I know you did - but after all this time? I suppose ten months isn't very long. I keep thinking it's so much longer.

Collyer

Has it seemed so much longer?

Hester (Quietly)

Yes, Bill. Almost a lifetime.

(Pause)

Collyer

Is he being unfaithful to you?

No. Hester

He still loves you? Collyer

As much as he did ten months ago. Hester (After a slight pause)

And you still love him? Collyer

Yes, Bill. I still love him. Hester

Is it money? Collyer

No. It isn't money. Hester

He's still got a job? Collyer

Not as a test pilot. He gave that up some time ago. He's - he's working in the city now, you know. Hester

In a job in which they allow him to play golf on Mondays? Collyer

Well - it's a sort of free-lance job, you see. Hester

Yes. I see. What salary - Collyer

You're on the wrong track, Bill. All right. We do owe a month's rent, but money had nothing to do with it. Hester

What was it then? Collyer

Bill, I'm not in the witness box and you'll never get me to confess that I had any reason for trying to kill myself last night. Any logical reason, that is. Hester

But you did try to kill yourself? Collyer

While the balance of my mind was temporarily disturbed. Isn't that the legal phrase? Hester

What was it that disturbed the balance of your mind? Collyer

Hester
Oh dear, oh dear, I don't know. A great tidal wave of illogical emotions.

Collyer
Can't you give a name to those emotions?

Hester
Yes, I suppose so. Anger, hatred and shame, - in about equal parts, I think.

Collyer
Anger - at Page?

Hester
Yes.

Collyer
And hatred?

Hester
Of myself, of course.
(Pause)
Shame at being alive.

Collyer
I see.

Hester
Do you?

Collyer
No, I suppose I don't. Can I do anything to help?

Hester
No, Bill. Nobody can.

Collyer
Well - at least I've found you again.

Hester
Were you looking so very hard?

Collyer
No. You see, rather foolishly I thought my indifference would hurt your vanity.

(HESTER only smiles in reply)
You must understand that I'm very inexperienced in matters of this kind.

Hester (Gently)
So am I, Bill. Almost as inexperienced as yourself.
(She touches his arm sympathetically. HE takes hold of a wrist-watch she is wearing)

Collyer
I'm glad you still wear it.

Hester
What?
(Remembering with an effort)
Oh yes, of course. An anniversary present, wasn't it?

Collyer

Our seventh.

Hester (Awkwardly)

It was a good party we gave that night.

(COLLYER nods)

All our nicest friends were there. I read Sibyl's new book. I didn't think it was as good as her last. Tell me, is David very pompous now he's Solicitor-General?

Collyer

No. Not very.

Hester

Is Alice still as gay as ever?

(COLLYER nods)

Oh, dear, I made a speech that night, didn't I?

Collyer

Yes. Old Lord Marsden was wildly impressed.

Hester

I could always impress your erudite friends, when put to it. That's what comes of being a clergyman's daughter. I only wish I were as successful with Freddy's.

Collyer

Aren't you?

Hester

Oh no. On pub crawls I'm a terrible fish out of water.

Collyer

Pub crawls?

Hester

You needn't look so shocked, Bill. There's nothing more respectable than pub crawls. More respectable or more unspeakably dreary.

(Pause)

Collyer

Hester -

Hester

Yes?

Collyer

It doesn't matter. The question I was going to ask you is too big to put into a single sentence.

Hester (Slowly)

Perhaps the answer could be put into a single word.

Collyer

We might disagree on the choice of that word.

Hester

I don't expect so. There are polite words and impolite words. They all add up to the same emotion. (Pointing to a picture) That's my latest.

Collyer
Very nice. What were you angry with Page about?

Hester
Oh, lots of things. Always the same things.

Collyer
What?

Hester
That word we were talking about just now. Shall we call it love? It saves a lot of trouble.

Collyer
You said just now his feelings for you hadn't changed.

Hester
They haven't, Bill. They couldn't, you see. Zero minus zero is still zero.
(Pause)

Collyer
How long have you known this?

Hester
From the beginning.

Collyer
But you told me.

Hester
I don't know what I told you, Bill. If I lied, I'm sorry. You must blame my conventional upbringing. You see I was brought up to think that in a case of this kind it's more proper for it to be the man who does the loving.
(Pause)

Collyer
But how, in the name of reason, could you have gone on loving a man who, by your own confession, can give you nothing in return?

Hester
Oh, but he can give me something in return, and even does, from time to time.

Collyer
What?

Hester
Himself.

Collyer (Stares at her)
Perhaps you're right, Hester. Perhaps there is no one who can help you.

Hester (Mockingly)
Except myself, you were going to say.

Collyer
Yes, I was.

Hester
I thought you were. I rather like that, don't you?

(COLLYER looks at the picture)

Collyer

Yes, are you selling it?

Hester

Oh yes, I suppose so - if anyone will buy it.

Collyer

I'll buy it.

Hester (With a hint of anger)

No, you won't.

Collyer

Why not?

Hester

Because I don't want you to - that's why not.

Collyer

Hester - don't be childish. I like that picture and I'm prepared -

Hester

Leave the subject, do you mind? I wanted your opinion - not your money -
(There is a ring on the doorbell) (Calling)
Who is that?

Miller (Off)

Miller.

Hester (To Collyer)

This is the man who looked after me this morning. I'd better let him in.
(COLLYER nods. HESTER opens the door. MILLER comes in, now dressed, but
untidily)

Miller

I told you to stay in bed.

Hester

Thanks to your ministrations, Mr. Miller. I feel perfectly all right now.
This is Sir William Collyer - Mr. Miller.
(THE MEN nod to each other)

Miller (Turning to Hester)

Come down to the light and let me have a look.
(He examines her eyes)

Tongue.

(HESTER extends her tongue) (MILLER feels her pulse)

Yes. You have a strong constitution.
(With a slight smile)

You should live to a ripe old age.

Hester (Matching his irony)

Barring accidents, of course.

Miller

Barring accidents, of course.
(He turns to go. COLLYER stops him)

Collyer
Mr. Miller. I'm very grateful to you for all you did for my - for Mrs. Page -

Miller
You needn't be, Sir William. I did very little for - Mrs. Page.

Collyer (Bristling a little)
I take it, Mr. Miller, that you're not a qualified practitioner?

Miller
You take it quite correctly.

Collyer
I only ask because a qualified doctor, in a case of this rather delicate kind, is strictly bound by a certain code.

Miller
Yes, I've heard of it. It's much the same as the English schoolboy's code, isn't it? No sneaking.

Collyer (Heavily)
I congratulate you on your knowledge of our idioms, Mr. Miller.

Miller
I've spoken no other language since 1938, except for a year in the Isle of Man. Don't worry, Sir William. Or you - Mrs. Page. I won't sneak. I left a bottle of antiseptic in your bedroom. May I get it?

Hester
Please.
(HE goes into the bedroom)

Collyer
I don't think I like the look of him. I'm worried.

Hester
He looks too much like a blackmailer to be one.

Collyer
I don't share your confidence. Damn it! We ought at least to have offered him a fee -

Hester
He wouldn't accept it. You'd insult him -

Collyer
I wonder. It's a fair test.
(MILLER emerges from the bedroom with a bottle in his hand)
Mr. Miller - if you were a qualified practitioner there is one other thing you would do.
(MILLER looks at Collyer enquiringly. MILLER gives no sign of having understood. COLLYER takes out his wallet and pulls out a five pound note, which he politely extends to Miller)

Miller
(After a pause, with a faint smile)
Thank you. I'll send you a receipt.
(He takes the note and goes out)

(COLLYER makes an expressive gesture at Hester)

Hester

You win.

Collyer

The study of human nature is, after all, my profession. If you have any trouble from him, please get in touch with me at once.

Hester (Wearily)

Yes, Bill.

Collyer (He looks at his watch)

I must go. I have to be in court in fifteen minutes.

Hester

Did you come in the car?

Collyer

Yes.

Hester

Still the Austin?

Collyer

No. A new one. Or rather an older one - but a Rolls.

Hester

Oh. I must have a look at it.

(She goes to the window and peers through. She darts back immediately)
Oh Lord! You brought Flitton -

Collyer

Yes.

Hester

I wonder who he thought you were going to visit in this low neighborhood. You didn't tell him?

Collyer

Of course not.

Hester

How is he?

Collyer

Very well.

Hester

I miss him. I miss them all. Even Miss Wilson. I bet she's been pounding that typewriter with a positive paean of triumph since I left.

Collyer

There is, perhaps a certain added flourish to her style.

(Pointing to the picture)

You know, I do like that picture.....very much.

Hester (She joins him at the picture)

You shall have it.

(Pause)

Collyer (Quietly)

Thank you very much. What a very handsome present! Which reminds me - many happy returns of yesterday.

Hester

Thank you.

(Indicating the picture)

Will you take it or shall I send it?

Collyer (After a slight pause)

May I call for it?

Hester

When?

Collyer

What time are you expecting Page?

Hester

Oh, not till about seven.

Collyer

I'll come to tea.

Hester

About five?

Collyer

Five-twenty.

Hester

Right.

Collyer

Goodbye.

Hester

Goodbye.

Collyer

I wish you'd try to find a way I could help you.

(Pause)

Hester

I will try to find a way.

(COLLYER smiles at her and goes. HESTER, left alone, takes a cigarette from her pocket. Then, having lit it, she goes to the window, concealing herself behind the curtains, but looking out. HESTER sighs. Then she goes to the sofa, lies down on it (her back to the door) and picks up a book. After a moment she puts the book down on her lap and stares sightlessly ahead. The door opens and FREDDY PAGE comes in. He is in his late twenties or early thirties, with that sort of boyish good looks that do not indicate age. He carries a suitcase and a bag of golf clubs. The latter he deposits in a corner with a rattle. It is plain that HESTER has heard him come in, but she does not turn her head. During the ensuing scene she never looks at him at all, until the moment indicated later)

Freddy

Hullo, Hes. How's tricks? I've just done 93 M.P.H. down the Great West. Jackie Jackson gave me a lift - Alvis - smashing job. We gave up the idea of playing golf. It started to rain. It's pouring down at Sunningdale. By the way, a bloody great Rolls was just moving off from here as I came in. I wonder whose it is, do you know?

(HESTER, still staring ahead of her, does not reply)

Do you think old Elton's lashed out and invested his life savings? Shouldn't be surprised, considering what he must make out of us.

Hester

Did you have a good week-end?

Freddy

Not bad. Won both my matches. I took a fiver off Jackie. Match - bye and bye-bye. He was livid. I wanted to double the stakes - but he wouldn't wear it.

Hester

How much did you win altogether?

Freddy

Seven.

Hester

Can I have some of it - for Mrs. Elton?

Freddy

I thought you were going to sell those pictures. Is there any coffee left?

Hester

I'm not now.

Freddy

Why not?

Hester

I've given one away.

Freddy (Mildly)

That was a bloody silly thing to go and do, wasn't it?

Hester

Yes. I suppose it was.

Freddy

Oh hell! All right. You can have three. I need the rest for lunch. I'm taking a South American to the Ritz! Get me giving lunch parties at the Ritz!

Hester

What South American?

Freddy

Bloke I met at golf yesterday. Aircraft business. I got myself given the old intro to him - you know - one of England's most famous test pilots, D.F.C. and bar, D.S.O., all the old ex-Spitfire Bull. He seemed impressed.

Hester

So he should.

Freddy

Funny thing about gongs, when you think what a lottery they were. They don't mean a damn thing in war - except as a line-shoot, but in peace time they're quite useful. This bloke's worth bags of dough, Hes. He's got some sort of tieup with Vickers over here I think. He might fix something.

Hester

I hope so.

Freddy

Anyway he ought to be good for a touch. I say - do you know you haven't looked at me once since I came in?

Hester

Haven't I, Freddy?

Freddy

Why's that?

Hester

I can remember what you look like.

Freddy (With a guilty look)

I haven't done anything, have I?

Hester (Smiling)

No, Freddy. You haven't done anything.

Freddy

You're not peeved about last night, are you? You see, the blokes wanted to play again to-day, and if I'd let 'em down -

Hester

That's all right.

Freddy

You were funny on the phone, too, I remember. There wasn't any special reason you wanted me back to dinner last night, was there?

(HESTER, still not looking at him, does not reply. She gets up from the sofa, her back to him. A sudden thought strikes FREDDY)(Explosively)

Oh my God!

(After an embarrassed pause)

Many happy returns!

Hester

Thank you, Freddy.

Freddy

Blast! I remembered it on Saturday too. I was going past Barkers' and I thought, it's too late to get her a present now, I'll have to find a shop open on Sunday. Cigarettes, or something. Had you arranged anything special for dinner?

Hester

No, nothing special. Just a steak and a bottle of claret.

Freddy

We'll have it to-night.

Hester

Yes.

Freddy

Come on now, Hes. No more sulks, please. I've said I'm sorry. I can't say more, can I?

Hester

No. You can't say more.

Freddy (Coaxingly)

Come on, now. Give us a shot of those gorgeous blue orbs. I haven't seen 'em for two whole days -

(HESTER turns round and looks at him)

This is me. Freddy Page. Remember?

Hester

I remember.

(HE kisses her. Instantly SHE responds, with an intensity of emotion that is almost ugly. After a moment HE pushes her away and smacks her playfully)

Freddy

Naughty to sulk with your Freddy. Go and get dressed. We'll have a quick one at the Belvedere to celebrate.

Hester (At the bedroom door)

Do you want me to lunch with your South American?

Freddy

No. Better not. I can shoot a better line without your beady eyes on me.

Hester

They were gorgeous orbs a moment ago.

Freddy

They get beady in company. Go on, darling. Hurry.

Hester (Who has been staring at him fixedly)

Yes.

Freddy (Jocularly)

Still love me?

Hester (Steadily)

I still love you.

(She goes out leaving the door open. She is taking off her dressing-gown as she speaks and hanging it up on a hook on the door)

Darling, where are you going to be between five and six?

Freddy

Nowhere special. Why?

Hester

Do you mind being out? I've got someone coming in I want to see alone.

Freddy

A customer?

Hester

Yes.

Freddy

O.K. I'll go to that new club down the road.

Hester (Smiling)

And don't get sozzled, either. Remember our dinner.

Freddy

You shut up.

(SHE disappears, leaving the door open. FREDDY feels in his pocket for a cigarette, and brings out an empty package) (Calling)
Darling - I'm out of cigarettes. Have you got any?

Hester (Off, calling)

There are some in my dressing gown pocket.

Freddy

Right!

(He goes to the bedroom door and fumbles in the pocket of Hester's dressing gown. He brings out a letter first, and then the packet. He is about to replace the letter when he glances at the envelope. He raises his eyebrows, and brings the letter into the room. Sitting down, he lights a cigarette, and then tears open the letter, and begins to read)

Hester (Off)

Have you got them?

Freddy

(His brows knit over the letter, which is a long one)
What? Yes. I've got them.
(He continues to read)

CURTAIN

END OF ACT I

THE DEEP BLUE SEA

ACT II

ACT II

SCENE: The same. It is now about five o'clock in the afternoon. FREDDY is sprawling in the attitude in which we have already seen him in one armchair, while his friend, JACKIE JACKSON, reclines in another. There is a bottle of whisky on the table, and a siphon, and both MEN are holding glasses.

Freddy (In an injured tone)

But it's too bloody silly, old boy - just because I forgot her birthday.

(JACKIE makes a sympathetic sound. FREDDY morosely takes another gulp of whisky)

My God - if all the men who forgot their wives' birthdays were to come home and find suicide notes waiting for them, the line of widowers would stretch from here to - to John o' Groats.

Jackie

Further, old boy.

Freddy

You can't go further.

Jackie

Well - from here to John o' Groats and back - and ending up at the Windmill, then.

Freddy (Angrily)

Shut up, Jackie. I asked you round for help and advice and not to let loose a flood of corny wisecracks.

Jackie

Sorry, Freddy, only the way you tell it, it sounds so idiotic. Are you sure it wasn't a joke, just to scare you?

Freddy

I've told you it wasn't.

(FREDDY has risen and is taking Jackie's glass from his willing hand for replenishment)

Jackie

Oh - thanks, old chap.

Freddy

I got the whole story out of old Ma Elton. She definitely tried to gas herself and would have succeeded if there'd been a shilling in the blasted meter -

(He has replenished both glasses generously)

Jackie

Well - that shows she couldn't have been too serious about it.

(Taking glass from Freddy)

Oh, thanks. Cheers.

Freddy

Where's your imagination? If you're in a state of mind where you're going to try and bump yourself off, you don't think about things like meters.

Jackie (Judiciously)

Well, I would.

Freddy

That from the man who once wrote off three Spits by forgetting to put his ruddy undercart down.

Jackie

That was different. I wasn't trying to bump myself off.

Freddy

You gave a fairly good imitation of it -

Jackie (Bridling)

At the Court of Inquiry it was definitely established -

Freddy

Oh shut up, Jackie. We're talking of something a good deal more important -

Jackie

Well, you started it. All I said was - about the meter -

Freddy

I know what you said about the meter. But you're wrong. I've been into the whole thing, and you can take it from me that she did definitely try, last night, to kill herself.

Jackie

And all because you forgot her birthday? But that's the sort of black I'm always putting up with Liz.

Freddy

I know, old boy. I tell you, it knocked me ruddy flat.

Jackie

I can imagine.

Freddy (Explosively)

My God, aren't women the end!

Jackie (Nodding sympathetically)

Where is she now?

Freddy

Out looking for me, I shouldn't wonder.
(He collects Jackie's glass again)

Jackie

No thanks.
(FREDDY replenishes his glass as he speaks)

Freddy

She was having her bath. After I'd read that letter I ran downstairs to Ma Elton and after that I just did a bunk. I had to have a drink quick, and anyway I was damned if I was going in to Hes and fall on my knees and say my darling I have grievously sinned in forgetting your birthday; if I promise you I'll never do it again, will you promise me you'll never gas yourself again. I mean the whole thing's too damn idiotic -

There must be something else. Jackie

There isn't anything else. Freddy

Another girl? Jackie (Tentatively)

There never has been. Freddy

Had a lot of rows lately? Jackie

No. As a matter of fact these last few months I've been thinking we've been getting on better than before. Freddy

There must have been some rows. Jackie (Evidently remembering Liz)

Very minor ones. Nothing like the real flammers we had when we first started. Freddy

What were they about? Jackie

Usual things. Freddy (Uncomfortably)

(JACKIE waits for him to continue)

Damn it, Jackie, you know me. I can't be a ruddy Romeo all the time.

Who can? Jackie

According to her the whole damn human race - male part of it, anyway. Freddy

What does she know about it? Jackie

Damn all. A clergyman's daughter, living in Oxford, marries the first man who asks her and falls in love with the first man who gives her an eye. Freddy

(After a slight pause)

Hell, it's not that I'm not in love with her too, of course I am. Always have been and always will, I guess. But - well - moderation in all things - that's always been my motto.

(At the table)

Have another.

Only a spot. Jackie

I've got nothing on my conscience in that respect. I never gave myself that sort of a build-up with her. She knew what she was taking on. Freddy (Pouring himself one)

Jackie

You don't think it's the marriage question that's upset her?

Freddy

No. I'm the one that gets upset by that - not her. Personally I can't wait for that divorce. All this hole in the corner stuff gets me down.

Jackie

Doesn't it get her down too? I mean - a clergyman's daughter?

Freddy

She jumped that fence a year ago. I was the one that wanted to wait. She didn't. That was the first of our flammers.

(He moodily sips his drink, lost in thought)

My God, it's so damned unfair. Supposing she'd pulled it off last night, do you realize what everyone would have said? That I'd bust up a happy marriage, and then driven Hes to suicide. I'd have been looked on as a ruddy murderer. Did she think of that, I wonder? Who the hell would have believed what I've just told you now?

Jackie (With unconscious irony)

Anyone who knows you.

Freddy

Yes, but this would have been front page stuff. All over the ruddy News of the World. Think of that. And this read out in court.

(He flourishes the letter)

My God, I'd have been lucky to have got out without being lynched. The Coroner would certainly have added a rider - I was thinking at lunch to-day at the Ritz - I'd never have been able to go into any restaurant again, without people nudging and pointing -

Jackie

Yes, I know. By the way, how did that go off - your lunch with Lopez?

Freddy (Savagely)

Do you mind not changing the subject? Or if I'm boring you with this story, just say so and we'll have a cosy little chat about the weather.

Jackie

I'm sorry. Only wanted to know if he'd offered you anything. That's all. Go on about Hes, then.

Freddy (Muttering)

Hell. This is really getting me down. Sorry, Jackie. Didn't mean to bite your head off.

Jackie

That's all right.

Freddy

Lopez? Yes, he offered me a job all right.

Jackie

Good show.

Freddy (Sullenly)

Test pilot - South America.

Jackie

Oh Lord! I don't suppose you want to go to South America.

Freddy

I don't want to go anywhere - as a test pilot.

Jackie

They say you were the tops.

Freddy

I was - a year ago. Since then - things have changed a bit.

(He points to his glass)

This stuff isn't exactly what the doctor ordered, for nerve or Judgment. Besides I'm too ruddy old. You're finished in that racket at twenty-five. I wouldn't last a week. I want something chairborne - not airborne - I've had flying for life.

(He rises to get another drink)

Want one?

Jackie

No, thanks. Do you think you ought to?

Freddy

I know I ought to. Why? Am I drunk?

Jackie

No. It's only that I gather you've been at it most of the morning.

Freddy

And I shall be at it most of the evening too. I shall be at it until I've forgotten that this

(He indicates the letter)

ever existed.

(He gets himself a drink and slumps back into his chair. In speech and in manner he is not drunk, but from now on he is beginning to show some of the wildness and excitability of the habitual drinker who has had about his complement)

Jackie

(Pointing to the letter in Freddy's hand)

Doesn't that give you any more clues?

Freddy

Read it and see.

Jackie

No. I don't think so.

Freddy

Squeamish, aren't you?

Jackie

Well - a thing like that - it's a bit - private isn't it?

Freddy

Blasted private, it would have been read out in court, by the Coroner, wouldn't it?

Jackie

There is that, I suppose.

Freddy

There is that, you suppose. All right. Here it is. I'm the Coroner. You're the public. Now listen:

(Reading)

"My darling - a moment ago, before I took the aspirin, I knew exactly what I wanted to say to you. I have run through this letter in my mind so very often and it has always been most eloquent and noble and composed. Now - those moving, pretty words just don't seem to be there. I think it's because, this time, I know I really am going to die - "

Jackie

Look, old boy, don't go on. Knowing Hes as I do, I'd really rather not hear the rest -

Freddy

You're damn well going to hear the rest. I've got to read this to someone.

Jackie

Still it's addressed to you and no one else.

Freddy

No one else - except, of course, the readers of all the Sunday papers. Now, listen, blast you.

(Reading)

"I know that, in the morning, when you read this letter, any feelings you ever had for me, and you had some, will be driven out of your heart for ever. Poor Freddy - poor darling Freddy. I'm so sorry." Sorry? All right. Here's your clue.

(Reading)

"You'll want to know why, and I'd so much like to make you understand, because if you understood you might forgive. But to understand what I'm doing now, you must feel even a small part of what I'm feeling now, and that I know you can never do. Just accept that it isn't your fault - it really isn't, Freddy - believe that. You can't help being as you are - I can't help being as I am. The fault lies with whichever of the gods had himself a good laugh up above by arranging for the two of us to meet -

(HESTER comes in quietly. JACKIE sees her and signals to FREDDY who does not notice)

Forgive my bad writing. I think perhaps the drug is beginning - "

Hester (In a cool voice)

Hullo, Jackie.

Jackie

Hullo!

Hester

How are you?

Jackie

Very well, thanks, Hes.

Hester

Where have you two been all afternoon?

Jackie (Acutely embarrassed)
I haven't been with Freddy. I was at home, and he rang up. Asked me over for a chat -

Hester
I see.
(To Freddy)
Where were you, Freddy?

Freddy
A lot of places.

Hester
I've been to most of them.

Freddy
I thought you might.

Hester
Can I have that letter?

Freddy
Why?

Hester
It belongs to me.

Freddy
There might be two views about that. It's got my name on the envelope.

Hester
An undelivered letter belongs, I should say, to the sender.
(HESTER stands with her hand out, facing FREDDY. He gives her the letter and moves away from her. SHE tears it up methodically and throws the pieces into the wastepaper basket. Then SHE takes the bottle of whisky and goes over to a cupboard)

Freddy
What are you doing?

Hester
Tidying up.

Freddy
Well, it's my bottle. I paid for it.
(He takes it away from her and puts it back on the table)

Hester (Lightly to Jackie)
Did you have a good game yesterday, Jackie?

Jackie
Yes, thanks.

Hester
I hear Freddy beat you. He must be getting rather good.

Jackie
Off that handicap, he is. It's a crying scandal. Look, Hes - I really think - I ought to be dashing along.

Hester

No, don't go, please. Freddy'll be going out in a minute or two and I expect he'd like you to go with him.

(To Freddy)

Darling, you hadn't forgotten about being out at five, had you?

Freddy

Yes. I had. What's the time now?

Hester

Getting on.

(She goes to the two pictures she has given to her husband, and takes them down from the walls)

Freddy

And of course you don't want your respectable art-lover to see me in my present state.

Hester

I don't know anything about your present state, Freddy. I told you this morning I wanted you to be out.

Freddy

(Pointing to the pictures which SHE is now holding)

I thought you'd given that away.

Hester

I have. I'm going to wrap it up.

Freddy

Then what are you going to sell this bloke?

Hester (At door, with a bright smile)

Whatever he wants to buy.

(She goes out with the picture, into bedroom)

Freddy (Derisively, at the closed door)

Ha! Ha!

Jackie (Concerned)

Look, Freddy old boy, I do think you ought to go and talk to her. I'll disappear -

Freddy

I've got time enough to talk to her. I've got a whole blasted lifetime to talk to her. You stay.

(He pours himself a drink)

Jackie

Well, go easy on the Scotch, old boy.

Freddy

I've told you. I need it. Delicious oblivion.

Jackie

Look, Freddy, old boy, I don't want to be rude, but you don't think perhaps, you might be dramatising this thing a bit too much?

Freddy

Dramatising? She's the one that's dramatising. That cool, calm, collected act just now - you saw it. That's dramatising - she enjoys that. I'm just a poor bloke who's having a couple of drinks because he's feeling ruddy miserable -

Jackie

I don't expect she can be feeling exactly happy herself - whatever you say about her act just now.

Freddy

I suppose if she were Liz and you were in my place, you'd smother her with tender embraces -

Jackie

I think I'd talk to her about it. I'd ask her what the trouble was, and what I could do to put it right -

Freddy

What the hell's the use of that? You heard that letter. Poor Freddy. You can't help being as you are. She's put her finger on it, all right. What am I supposed to do to put that little trouble right? Pretend to be something different? That'd be a lot of help, wouldn't it?

Jackie

A few white lies -

Freddy

Oh, don't be such a clot - a few white lies - damn it man, talk sense. Do you think she's as easily fooled as that? You seem to see this as the sort of problem that that woman deals with in her advice column in the Daily Whatsit - a little domestic tiff that can be put right with a few kind words and a loving peck. Hes tried to kill herself last night.

Jackie (Murmuring sadly)

I'm sorry, old boy. Perhaps I'm a bit out of my depth.

Freddy

Out of your depth? I should bloody well think you are. I'm out of my depth too, and it's a sensation I don't care for. My God, how I hate getting tangled up in other people's emotions. It's the one thing I've tried to avoid all my life, and yet it always seems to be happening to me. Always.

(After a pause)

You remember Dot during the war? I brought her down to the squadron a couple of times.

Jackie

Yes. I liked her a lot. A load of fun -

Freddy

A load of fun, until she started messing about with my service revolver.

Jackie

She didn't -

Freddy

No. She didn't hurt herself or me or anyone else. Still you can imagine the fun got a bit sour after that. And then there was -

(He stops)
It doesn't matter. Too many emotions. Far too ruddy many. I loathe 'em.

Jackie

A sort of "homme fatal," eh?

Freddy (Quietly)

It's not so funny, you know, Jackie. It's not so funny. Hes says I've got no feelings and perhaps she's right, but anyway I've got something inside that can get hurt - the way it's hurt now. I don't enjoy causing other people misery. I'm not a ruddy sadist. My sort never gets a hearing. We're called a lot of rude names, and nobody ever thinks we have a case. But look at it this way. Take two people "A" and "B". "A" loves "B" - "B" doesn't love "A", or at least not in the same way. He wants to, but he just can't. It's not his nature. Now "B" hasn't asked to be loved. He may be a perfectly ordinary bloke, kind, well-meaning, good friend, perhaps even a good husband if he's allowed to be. But he's not allowed to be - that's my point. Demands are made on him which he just can't fulfil. If he tries, he's cheating, and cheating doesn't help anyone. Now if he's honest and doesn't try - well, then he's called a skunk and a heartless cad, and juries bring in ruddy riders. I mean - where are you?

(He finishes his drink)

Come on. We'd better get weaving.

(There is a ring at the door. FREDDY goes to open it. MILLER is outside)

Miller

Excuse me. Is Mrs. Page in?

Freddy

No, not at the moment. You're Mr. Miller, aren't you?

Miller

Yes. You are Mr. Page?

Freddy

That's right. Come on in. I want to talk to you.

Miller

Thank you.

Freddy

You looked after my wife, this morning, didn't you?

Miller

Yes. I looked after Mrs. Page.

Freddy (Introducing)

This is Jackie Jackson. Mr. Miller.

(The TWO MEN nod to each other. To Miller)

Care for a drink?

Miller

Thank you.

Freddy

I'd like to know how much she said to you. Mrs. Elton says you were with her alone. Oh! you needn't worry about him. He knows all about it.

She said nothing. Miller

Nothing about why she did it? Freddy

Nothing. Miller
(FREDDY hands him a drink)

Do you know why she did it? Freddy

No. Miller

If you like I'll tell you. Freddy

No, Freddy - Jackie (Interposing)

She did it because I'd forgotten her birthday. Freddy

Yes. Miller

You don't look surprised. Freddy

I'm not. I assumed it was something of the kind. Miller

Something so trivial? Freddy

Nothing can be called trivial that induces an operative desire to die. Miller

But forgetting a birthday - Freddy

Yes. That is trivial. Miller

A riddler - this bloke. All right. What's the real reason, then? What's behind this triviality? Freddy

I don't think you need me to tell you that. Miller

I'd like to hear it, anyway. Freddy

Yourself, I should suppose. Miller

Freddy
Which just about makes me a ruddy murderer.

Miller (Politely)
A ruddy near-murderer.

Jackie (Interposing)
Look - I don't think you ought to say a thing like -

Freddy
Shut up, Jackie. I can take it.

Jackie
But he doesn't know the facts -

Freddy
The facts? What the hell do the facts matter? It's what's behind the facts that matters, isn't that so, Mr. Miller?

Miller
Yes.

Freddy
And what's behind the facts is me.

Miller
I imagine so.

Freddy
Little murdering me.
(MILLER nods)
All right, what would you do about it if you were me?

Miller
That's a stupid question. Nature has not endowed me with the capacity for inspiring suicidal love.

Freddy
Aren't you lucky?

Miller
Yes, I suppose I am.

Freddy
And what about a poor bloke who has this capacity for inspiring suicidal love - what does he do about it.

Miller
Refuse to love at all, I'd say.
(There is a pause. FREDDY turns to the bottle of whisky)

Freddy
Have another drink.

Miller
Thank you.

Freddy
My God - we've had this bottle.

(He is pouring the last few drops into Miller's glass)
 What you've just said is a load of tripe.

Miller

Very possibly. As this gentleman has already pointed out, I know nothing of the facts.

Freddy

One of the facts is that this character has no intention, at this stage in his life, of turning himself into a bloody hermit.

Miller

No. I imagine he hasn't.

Freddy

You're damn right, he hasn't, old boy. Look - let's continue this argument down the road. The new club opens at four.

Jackie

I really think I ought to get back, Freddy. Liz'll be wondering -

Freddy (Ironically)

Liz'll be wondering.

(Waving at Jackie)

Portrait of a happily married man, Mr. Miller. A man who can be fairly certain of coming home and not finding his loving wife lying in front of a gas fire -

Hester

Oh, hullo!

(Hester comes in, the pictures now neatly wrapped and tied. She puts them away in a corner, without speaking)

Miller

Good afternoon.

Jackie

Just on my way, Hes.

Hester

Must you go?

Jackie

I must, I'm afraid. You're turning us out of the flat anyway, aren't you?

Hester (Pleadingly)

Yes. But I hoped you'd keep Freddy company.

Jackie

I'm afraid I can't, Hes. I've got people coming in.

Freddy

Bad luck, darling. No nurse for poor little Freddy-weddy - Unless, of course, Mr. Miller here would like to volunteer for the job.

Miller

I'm afraid I have some work to do.

Freddy

What sort of work? Curing other people's love problems?

Miller
No. Sending out the latest prices for the St. Leger.

Freddy
You a bookie?

Miller
Yes.

Freddy
I should never have thought so. What price Makeshift?

Miller
A hundred to seven.

Freddy
I'll have fifty to three-ten. That's to say if you'll accept me as a client -
(MILLER takes out a notebook and makes a note)

Miller
I'll submit your name to my proprietor.

Freddy
That's not you?

Miller
Oh no. I'm only one of his many assistants.

Jackie (At the door)
Well, cheerio, Freddy.
(To Miller)
Goodbye.

Hester
Give my love to Liz.

Freddy
You'd better not give her my love, Jackie. From all accounts it's pretty lethal.

Jackie
Goodbye.

Hester (To Jackie)
Goodbye.
(JACKIE goes. HESTER waits at the door for Freddy. On his way there HE stops at the table, picks up the bottle and deposits it in the wastepaper basket)

Freddy
Just tidying up.
(He walks on to the door)

Hester (Trying to conceal her anxiety)
Freddy - I don't know that you should go out, you know.

Freddy
I thought you wanted me out. Your customer -

Hester

Well, Mrs. Elton can give him a message. He can come back some other time. Why don't you go and have a good lie down?

Freddy

No. I'm a good boy. When I'm told to go - I go.

(He fumbles in his pockets. To Miller)

Can you lend me a shilling?

(MILLER produces a shilling and gives it to him. FREDDY throws it on the table by door)

Just in case I'm for dinner.

(He goes out. Though drunk his legs are (and have been through the previous scene) supporting him fairly steadily)

Hester (Urgently)

Do you know where he's going?

Miller

To the new club down the road.

Hester

Are you really working, or was that an excuse?

Miller

I'm really working.

Hester

Oh.

(She moves anxiously to the window)

Miller

He'll be happier by himself than with me, you know.

Hester

Why do you say that?

Miller

Because I seem to have become the embodiment of his conscience.

Hester

(Bitterly)

His conscience? You seem to have found something in him that I've missed.

Miller

They say the eyes of love are blind.

Hester

They say that about the loved one's failings - not about his virtues. And my eyes aren't blind. They can see, quite well.

Miller

Too well.

(HESTER looks at him)

To love with one's eyes open sometimes makes life very difficult.

Hester

Even - unbearable.

Miller
 No. I said very difficult.

Hester
 I don't like him being alone.

Miller
 Very well, I shall volunteer.

Hester
 Thank you very much, Mr. Miller, I'm very grateful.

Miller
 There's no need.
 (He has a canvas in his hand)
 Did you paint this?

Hester
 Yes.

Miller
 I only ask because it doesn't seem to be at all in the style of the others.

Hester
 Oh, well, I did that when I was seventeen.

Miller
 Indeed.
 (He examines it)
 Interesting. Did you go to Art School?

Hester
 No.

Miller
 A pity. There is a delicacy and freshness about this which is very striking.

Hester
 Hurry to Freddy, please, Mr. Miller. I'm very anxious.
 (There is a ring at the door. HESTER goes to it and opens it. COLLYER is on the threshold. He comes in)
 You're early.

Collyer
 I know. I came straight from court.
 (COLLYER frowns and slightly indicates Miller. HESTER stops)

Miller
 I'm going, Sir William. I have an errand to perform for - Mrs. Page. Oh, by the way -
 (He takes an envelope from his pocket and hands it to Collyer)
 I was just about to put this in the post.
 (He goes)

Hester
 I ought to have asked you to phone me. Freddy came back unexpectedly and he's only just gone out. What's that? Your receipt?
 (COLLYER opens the envelope and takes out a five-pound note)

Collyer

I imagine so. This is a piece of insolence. He's written on the back: "For quasi-professional services, received with thanks. K. Miller."

(HESTER smiles as COLLYER puts the note back in his case)

Collyer

Yes. I suppose the laugh is on me. What was the errand he was going to perform?

Hester

It doesn't matter. I promised you tea, didn't I?

Collyer

Don't bother about tea. Moments are precious. I don't want you to waste them over a kettle in the kitchen.

(Continuing)

It's all right for me to stay for a few minutes, isn't it?

Hester

Yes, Bill, I think so.

Collyer

I saw Page just now -

Hester

Oh! Did he see you?

Collyer

No. I was in the car, just turning into this street. I put a newspaper up. He couldn't possibly have seen me. Besides he was quite obviously drunk.

Hester

Oh? What makes you think that?

Collyer

His passage down the street was rather erratic.

Hester (Brightly)

I don't think it could have been Freddy you say, Bill. He only left this flat a moment ago -

Collyer (Reproachfully)

Hester -

(He indicates the glasses on the table)

Hester

He'd been having a drink with a friend.

(COLLYER picks out of the wastepaper basket the empty bottle, whose head is showing. Angrily)

Really, Bill, even a judge can let his imagination run away with him.

(She takes the bottle and puts it away in the kitchen)

Collyer

How long has it been going on?

Hester

How long has what been going on?

Collyer

In the old days he hardly touched alcohol.

Hester (Shortly)

Is that so? I don't remember.

Collyer

Of course you remember. At Sunningdale he didn't drink at all. He used to say it was bad for his judgment as a pilot.

Hester

Very well, then, Bill. If in the last ten months Freddy's taken to drink, it's I who've driven him to it.

Collyer (Equally quietly)

And he who's driven you to suicide.

Hester

No. I drove myself there.
(Pause)

Collyer

Hester, what's happened to you?

Hester

Love, Bill, that's all - you know - that thing you read about in your beloved Jane Austen and Anthony Trollope. Love. "It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven." No. That's wrong, isn't it? "It comforteth like sunshine after rain - "

Collyer

Rather an unfortunate quotation. Go on with it.

Hester

I can't. I've forgotten.

Collyer

"Love comforteth like sunshine after rain and
Lust's effect is tempest after sun."

Hester

"Tempest after sun?" That would be very apt, wouldn't it, if that were all I felt for Freddy.

Collyer

In sober truth, Hester, isn't it?

Hester (Angrily)

Oh, God, Bill, do you really think I can tell you the sober truth about what I feel for Freddy? I've got quite a clear mind -- too clear, I've just been told - and if it were only my mind that were involved... But in sober truth, Bill - in sober truth neither you nor I nor anyone else can explain what I feel for Freddy. It's all too big and confusing to be tied up in such a neat little parcel and labelled lust. Lust isn't the whole of life,

(With a bitter laugh)

and Freddy is, you see. The whole of life - and of death, too, it seems. Put a label on that, if you can -

(She turns abruptly)

God! I wish Freddy hadn't drunk all the whisky.

Collyer

Would you like to go out?

Hester

No. I'd better stay in and await developments.

Collyer

What developments?

Hester

Oh - quite a large variety are apt to offer themselves when Freddy's on the rampage -

(A pause)

Collyer (At length)

What made us choose Sunningdale that summer?

Hester

It was your idea. You wanted the golf.

Collyer

You weren't keen, I remember. You'd have preferred the sea.

Hester (Absently)

Yes.

(Pause)

Collyer

You know you never told me exactly how it first happened.

Hester

No. I suppose I didn't. It was that day you were playing for the President's Cup.

(While she speaks she does not look at Collyer. It is almost as though she were talking to herself)

Collyer

Oh yes, I remember.

Hester

I came up to the golf club to fetch you to go on to that party at the Hendersons'. You were still out playing. Freddy was there alone. He'd been chucked for a game and was rather bad-tempered. I'd met him several times before - of course but I'd never paid much attention to him. I didn't even think he was even particularly goodlooking, and that R.A.F. slang used to irritate me slightly I remember. It's such an anachronism now, isn't it - as dated as gadzooks or Odds my life?

Collyer

He does it for effect, I suppose.

Hester

No. He does it because his life stopped in 1940. He loved 1940. Freddy's never been really happy since he left the R.A.F.

(After a slight pause)

Well .. that day you were a long time over your game.

Collyer

Yes we were badly held up, I remember.

Hester

Freddy and I sat on the verandah together for about an hour. For some reason he talked very sincerely and rather touchingly about himself - how worried he was about his future, how his life seemed to have no direction or purpose, how he envied you - the brilliant lawyer -

Collyer

That was good of him.

Hester

Oh, he meant it sincerely. Then quite suddenly he put his hand on my arm and murmured something very conventional, about envying you for other reasons besides your career. I laughed at him and he laughed back at me, like a guilty small boy. He said, "I really do, you know, it's not just a line. I really think you're the most attractive girl I've ever met." Something like that. I didn't really listen to the words, because anyway I knew then in that tiny moment when we were laughing together so close that I had no hope. No hope at all.

(Pause)

Collyer

It was that night that you insisted on coming up to London with me, wasn't it?

Hester

Yes.

Collyer

You didn't want to come back to Sunningdale the next week-end either, I remember -

Hester

No.

Collyer

No, I made you come. We had a row about the Hendersons coming to dinner and finding no hostess -

Hester

Bill, you mustn't distress yourself about that. I wouldn't have escaped by hiding in London.

(Pause)

Collyer

When, exactly -

Hester

It was in September. You remember I went up to London with him to see a play?

Collyer

But that meeting in the clubhouse was in June.

Hester

June the twenty-fourth.

Collyer

Well, during those two months, why didn't you talk to me about it?

Hester

What would you have said to me if I had?

Collyer

What I say now. That this man you say you love is morally and intellectually a mile your inferior and has absolutely nothing in common with you whatever. That what you're suffering from is no more than an ordinary and rather sordid infatuation and that it's your plain and simple duty to exert every effort of will you're capable of in order to return to sanity at once.

(HESTER nods quietly. There is a pause)

And how would you have answered that?

Hester

By agreeing with you, I suppose. But it wouldn't have made any difference.

Collyer (At length)

If we'd been able to have a child, how much difference would it have made?

Hester (After a pause)

Isn't reality enough to occupy us, Bill?

Collyer

Meaning, I suppose, that it would have made no difference at all?

Hester

That's not what I said.

(COLLYER moodily rises)

Collyer

It's fantastic to think what may have been caused by my decision to rent that damn villa.

Hester

Bill, I've told you not to distress yourself with that sort of thought. Freddy and I would have met anyway. Look, I think it's time you were going.

Collyer (Ironically)

You believe in affinities?

Hester (Simply)

I believe it was fated that Freddy and I should meet.

Collyer

As it's turned out, a pretty evil fate.

Hester

Well, if there are good affinities there must be evil ones too, I suppose.

Don't forget your present, after all the trouble I've been to wrapping it up.

(She goes to the parcel and picks it up. A key is suddenly turned in the door and it is thrown open, revealing FREDDY. He stands for a time in the doorway, looking from Collyer to Hester. Then he comes in and closes the door behind him. He appears to have sobered up a little)

Freddy

I thought it might be. Not many people who come to this place have a big black Rolls.

Hester

Where's Miller?

Freddy

Miller?

Hester
 Didn't you see him at the Club.

Freddy
 I never went to the Club. And that's the same chauffeur, isn't it?

Collyer
 Yes.

Hester
 Bill came to see me because someone telephoned to him about my accident.

Freddy
 Yes.
 (To Collyer)
 You've heard about her - accident, have you?

Collyer
 Yes.

Freddy
 Did you ever forget her birthday?

Collyer
 No.

Freddy
 No. I shouldn't think you were a forgetful type. You're a judge now, aren't you?

Collyer
 Yes.

Freddy
 Still making packets of money?

Collyer
 A certain amount.

Freddy
 Still love Hes?

Hester (Sharply)
 Don't listen to him, Bill. He's drunk. Freddy, go and lie down.

Freddy
 See how I'm bullied. I bet you were never bullied like that.

Hester
 Freddy, please, try and behave yourself -

Freddy
 Am I behaving badly? I'm only asking the judge here a simple question. I'd rather like to know the answer. Still, I suppose it doesn't really matter -
 (He goes into the bedroom. We hear the key turning in the lock)

Hester (Turns to Collyer)
 I'm sorry, Bill.

Collyer

That's all right.

Hester

I think perhaps you'd better go.

Collyer

Yes.

(HESTER is not looking at him, but at the bedroom door)
The answer to that question is yes, you know.

Hester (Not having understood)

What?

Collyer

The question Freddy asked me just now. The answer is yes.
(Pause)

Hester

Bill - please don't.

Collyer

I'm sorry.
(Indicating bedroom)
Sure you can cope with the - situation?

Hester

Oh heavens, yes. This is nothing.

Collyer

He's changed a lot. He looks quite different.

Hester

He hasn't been well lately.

Collyer

No.
(He stretches out his hand)
Well, goodbye.

Hester

I'm sorry, Bill. I'm so sorry. Is there anything more I can say?

Collyer

I don't think so.
(He smiles at her. HESTER kisses him suddenly on the cheek)

Hester

Goodbye, Bill.
(COLLYER smiles at her again and goes. HESTER closes the door behind him and then goes quickly to the bedroom door. She knocks. Calling)
Freddy, let me in, darling.

(There is no answer. She knocks again)

Freddy - don't be childish. Let me in.

(There is no answer. HESTER walks away from the door and goes to get a cigarette. As she is lighting it FREDDY emerges from the bedroom. He has changed into a blue suit)

You're looking very smart. Going out somewhere?

Yes. Freddy

Where? Hester

To see a man, about a job. Freddy

What man? Hester

Lopez. I've just called him. Freddy

Lopez? Hester

The South American I had lunch with. Freddy

Oh yes. Of course, I'd forgotten. How did it go off? Hester

It went off all right. Freddy

Oh good. You think you'll get the job? Hester

Yes, I think so. He made a fairly definite offer. Of course it's up to his boss. Freddy

Let's have a look at you. Hester
(She inspects him)

Oh, darling, you might have changed your shirt.

Well, I hadn't a clean one. Freddy

No. Nor you had. The laundry's late again. I'll wash one out for you tomorrow. Hester

Yes. Does it look too bad? Freddy

No. It'll pass. Your shoes need a clean. Hester

Yes. I'll give them a rub. Freddy

No. Take them off. I'll do them. Hester
(She goes towards the kitchen)

Somehow or other you always manage to get shoe polish over your face - Lord knows how.

(She disappears into the kitchen. FREDDY takes his shoes off. HESTER comes back with shoe brushes and a tin of polish. She takes the shoes from him and begins to clean them. There is a fairly long silence)
Well, what's the job?

Freddy (Muttering)

Yes. I suppose I must tell you.
(HESTER gives him a quick glance)

Hester

Yes, Freddy. I think I'd like to know.

Freddy

Look, Hes. I've got to talk for a bit now. It's not going to be easy, so don't interrupt, do you mind? You always could argue the hind leg off a donkey - and just when I've got things clear in my mind I don't want them muddled up again.

Hester

I'm sorry, Freddy. I must interrupt at once. The way you've been behaving this afternoon, how could you have things clear in your mind?

Freddy

I'm all right now, Hes. I had a cup of black coffee, and after that a bit of a walk. I know what I'm doing.

Hester

And what are you doing, Freddy?

Freddy

Accepting a job in South America as a test pilot.

Hester

Test pilot? But you've said a hundred times you could never go back to that. After that crash in Canada you told me you had no nerve or judgment left.

Freddy

They'll come back. I had too many drinks that time in Canada. You know that.

Hester

Yes, I know that. So did the Court of Inquiry know that. Does this man Lopez know that?

Freddy

No, of course not. He won't hear either. Don't worry about my nerve and judgment, Hes. A month or two on the wagon and I'll be the old ace again - the old dicer with death.

Hester (Sharply)

Don't use that idiotic R.A.F. slang.

(More gently)

Do you mind? This is too important -

Freddy

Yes. It is important.

Hester
Whereabouts in South America?

Freddy
Somewhere near Rio.

Hester
I see.
(She continues to clean the shoes mechanically)
Well, when do we start?

Freddy
We don't.

Hester
We don't?

Freddy
You and I don't, Hes. That's what I'm trying to tell you. I'm going alone.

Hester (At length)
Why, Freddy?

Freddy
If I'm to stay on the wagon, I've got to be alone.

Hester (In a near whisper)
Have you?

Freddy
Oh hell - that's not the real reason. Listen, Hes, darling.
(There is a pause while he paces the room as if concentrating desperately on finding the words. HESTER watches him)
You've always said, haven't you, that I don't really love you? Well, I suppose, in your sense I don't. But what I do feel for you is a good deal stronger than I've ever felt for anybody else in my life, or ever will feel, I should think. That's why I went away with you in the first place, that's why I've stayed with you all this time, and that's why I must go away from you now.

Hester (At length)
That sounds rather like a prepared speech, Freddy.

Freddy
Yes. I suppose it is a bit prepared. I worked it out on my walk. But it's still true, Hes. I'm too fond of you to let things slide. That letter was a hell of a shock. I knew often you were a bit unhappy - you often knew I was a bit down too. But I hadn't a clue how much the - difference in our feelings had been hurting you. It's asking too damn much of any bloke to go on as if nothing had happened when he knows now for a fact that he's driving the only girl he's ever loved to suicide.

Hester (In a low voice)
Do you think your leaving me will drive me away from suicide?

Freddy (Simply)
That's a risk I shall just have to take, isn't it? It's a risk both of us will have to face.
(Pause)

Hester
 Freddy - you mustn't scare me like this.

Freddy
 No scare, Hes. Sorry, this is on the level.

Hester
 You know perfectly well you'll feel quite differently in the morning.

Freddy
 No, I won't, Hes. Not this time.
 (Pause)
 Besides I don't think I'll be here in the morning.

Hester
 Where will you be?

Freddy
 I don't know. Somewhere. I think I'd better get out tonight.

Hester
 No.

Freddy
 It's better that way. I'm scared of your arguing.
 (Passionately)
 I know this is right, you see. I know it, but with your gift of the gab, you'll muddle things up for me again, and I'll be lost.

Hester
 I won't, Freddy. I won't. I promise I won't. But you must stay to-night. Just to-night.

Freddy (Unhappily)
 No, Hes.

Hester
 Just to-night, Freddy. Only one night.

Freddy
 No. Sorry, Hes.

Hester
 Don't be so cruel, Freddy. How can you be so cruel?

Freddy
 Hes - this is our last chance. If we miss it, we're done for. We're death to each other, you and I.

Hester
 That isn't true.

Freddy
 It is true, darling, and you've known it longer than I have. I'm such a damn fool and that's been the trouble, or I should have done this long ago. That's it, you know. It's written in great bloody letters of fire over our heads - "You and I are death to each other."

(HESTER is unrestrainedly weeping. FREDDY comes over to her and picks up his shoes)

Hester

I haven't finished them.

Freddy

They're all right.

(He begins to put them on)

I'm sorry, Hes. Oh God, I'm sorry. Please don't cry. You don't know what it does to me.

Hester

Not now. Not this minute. Not this minute, Freddy?

(FREDDY finishes putting on his shoes, and then turns away from her, brushing his sleeve across his eyes. Going to him)

You've got all your things here. You've got to pack -

Freddy

I'll send for them.

Hester

You promised to come back for dinner.

Freddy

I know. I'm sorry about that.

(He kisses her quickly and goes to the door)

Hester (Frantically)

But you can't break a promise like that, Freddy. You can't. Come back just for our dinner, Freddy. I won't argue, I swear, and then if you want to go away afterwards -

(FREDDY goes out. HESTER runs to the door after him)

Don't go. Freddy, come back. Don't leave me alone to-night. Not to-night. Freddy, don't leave me alone to-night.

(She has followed him out as)

THE CURTAIN FALLS

END OF ACT II

THE DEEP BLUE SEA

ACT III

ACT III

SCENE: The same. It is about eleven at night.

HESTER is sitting in an armchair, staring towards the window R. She remains in this attitude for several moments and then suddenly the telephone bell rings, she jumps to her feet and runs over to the table.

Hester

Hullo! Oh! No he's not in, I'm afraid ... Yes, it is. Who is that? ... Oh, yes! Good evening! ... I don't know exactly when he'll be back ... What's the time now? ... Eleven? Is it as late as that? ... Oh, no! I wasn't asleep - just reading. ... Yes, I expect him in quite soon ... It's about golf? ... Yes, I'll get him to ring you. He knows your number, doesn't he? ... Quite all right. Goodnight.

(There is a ring at the door. HESTER goes to open it. MRS. ELTON is outside)

Yes, Mrs. Elton?

Mrs. Elton

Hullo, dear. Just thought I'd pop up and see how you were.

(Looking round)

Mr. Page not in?

Hester

No.

Mrs. Elton

Don't you want the fire on? It's turned quite cold all of a sudden.

Hester

No, thank you.

Mrs. Elton

Fancy not drawing the curtains.

(She does so. ANN WELCH puts a tentative head round the door)

Ann

Oh. Excuse me.

Hester

Good evening.

Ann

Good evening, Mrs. Page. I just wondered if Philip was here, by any chance -

Hester

Philip? Oh, your husband. No. Why should he be?

Ann

I thought perhaps Mr. Page was back and -

Hester (Excitedly)

Is he with him?

Ann

Yes, I think so.

Hester

Where?

Ann

Well, I don't know. I didn't want to go with them because I had some work to do. Still, they've been gone nearly two hours now and -

Hester (To Ann)

How did you meet him?

Ann

We were having our dinner at the Belvedere - and Mr. Page was in the bar and then he came up and sat at our table.

Hester

I see.

Ann

Of course we hardly know him at all, you know, but he was very nice and friendly and said he wanted company, and he gave us a brandy each, and then, after that, he asked Philip to go on with him to this club for a few moments.

Hester

Which new club?

Ann

I'm afraid I can't remember the name.

Hester

How was he?

Ann

Well, do you mean was he...?

Hester

Drunk, yes!

Ann

I wouldn't actually say drunk. Of course that was two hours ago. Philip doesn't drink at all, of course, so that's all right. The only thing is... I know it's awfully silly of me... but I'm not very good at being left alone.

Hester (With a faint smile)

No, of course not, Mrs. Welch. I understand. Well, you mustn't worry. I expect your husband will be back very soon.

Ann

Oh yes. I expect so. If he comes in here, send him straight up, won't you?

Hester

I will. Good night.
(ANN turns to go)

Ann

Good night.
(Ann closes the door as she goes)

Hester (Calling)

Mrs. Elton? Mrs. Elton, do you remember the name of the new club?

Mrs. Elton

No, dear. I don't, I'm afraid.

Hester (Suddenly)

I remember a card came?

(She searches little pile of cards on mantelpiece)
The Crow's Nest.

Mrs. Elton

That's right. I knew it was something like that.

(She watches HESTER sympathetically as she finds the number and begins to dial)

Hester

Hullo? ... Oh, is Mr. Page there? ... Page... Yes, that's right...Yes? Oh. How long ago? ... Half an hour. I see. Do you know where he went? No. That's all right... If he comes back will you tell him his wife called -

(Frantically)

no - waiter - don't tell him anything - anything at all... Yes, that's right. Goodnight.

(She rings off. MRS. ELTON shakes her head)

Mrs. Elton

I can't understand how he could go and do a thing like that - leaving you alone to-night after what happened -

Hester (Abruptly)

Mrs. Elton - haven't you got some work to do?

Mrs. Elton (Quietly)

Yes, dear. Plenty.

(She goes to the door)

Hester

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be unkind.

Mrs. Elton

Oh, you don't need to tell me. You couldn't mean to be unkind. You're not that sort. I'll let you into a little secret. You're my favourite tenant.

Hester

Am I?

Mrs. Elton (Nodding)

Sad, isn't it, how one always seems to prefer nice people to good people, don't you think?

(She has opened the door. MILLER, wearing an overcoat is outside.

He is carrying a rather large leather bag)

Oh, good evening, Mr. Miller. You're back from your work early?

Miller

Yes.

(To Hester)

How are you to-night, Mrs. Page?

Hester

Quite well, thank you. Do you usually work as late as this?

Miller

Sometimes.

Hester

What have you got in that formidable looking bag?

Miller

It is nothing. Nothing at all.
(He goes up the stairs)

Mrs. Elton

Oh, Mr. Miller, I don't like to ask you but I wonder if you'd just have a look at Mr. Elton to-night. He's bad again.

Miller (Off)

I'll come down in five minutes.

Mrs. Elton

Thank you ever so much. I'm very grateful. You shouldn't have asked him that about the bag, dear. He hates to tell.

Hester (Abstractedly)

I'm sorry. I wasn't really curious. Just talking for the sake of talking.
(She is staring at the telephone)

Mrs. Elton

If I were you, dear, I wouldn't use that thing again to-night.

Hester

Perhaps you're right.
(She sits down)

Mrs. Elton

Why not go to bed? I'll bring you a nice warm drink -
(HESTER shakes her head)
Or I'll get Dr. Miller to give you one of his sleeping pills -

Hester

He is a doctor, of course, isn't he?

Mrs. Elton

Well. He was.

Hester

I see. I knew he'd been in trouble.

Mrs. Elton

How, dear?

Hester

Fellow-feeling, I suppose.

Mrs. Elton

Yes, he was in trouble once. Bad trouble.
(HESTER nods)

Don't say I told you, will you? Poor Mr. Miller! I'm sorry for him. So ashamed of people knowing -

Hester

Did he tell you about it?

Mrs. Elton

No, dear. Just after he'd come here there was a letter for him addressed to "Kurt Muller, M.D." - and then of course I remember the case, because there'd been quite a lot in the papers about it. Of course I didn't let on to him I knew, but he guessed I did all right, because one day when I was saying how tidy he always kept his room, "Well," he said, "Mrs. Elton, I suppose tidiness is the only lesson I ever did learn in jail." Just like that. That was the only time he ever mentioned it, but it was quite soon after that he volunteered to look after Mr. Elton. I think it's a wicked shame the way they've treated him. Imagine a man like that being a bookmaker's clerk. There's waste for you, if you like.

Hester

Why did he take the job?

Mrs. Elton

Because beggars can't be choosers, dear, and if a patient of his that was a bookie takes pity on him - well, he's got to eat, hasn't he? Anyway I can tell you what's in that bag if you really want to know. He goes and works every night in a hospital for infantile paralysis - unpaid, of course. That was his speciality before - apparently he was working on some sort of treatment -

Hester

Won't he ever get back on the Medical Register?

Mrs. Elton

Oh no. Not a hope, I should say, dear. You know what they're like, and what he did, wasn't - well - the sort of thing people forgive very easily. Ordinary normal people, I mean.

Hester

You've forgiven it, Mrs. Elton.

Mrs. Elton

Oh well, I see far too much of life in this place to get upset by that sort of thing. It takes all sorts to make a world, after all - doesn't it? There was a couple once in number eleven -

(She stops suddenly)

I can hear him on the stairs.

(She opens the door. MILLER is descending the stairs)

I'll go down and get Mr. Elton ready, shall I?

Miller

Yes.

Mrs. Elton

I wonder if you'd be kind enough to give Mrs. Page one of your sleeping pills.

Miller

I'd thought of that myself.

Mrs. Elton

Good.

(To Hester)

Well, goodnight, dear. If you want anything just give me a ring. I'll be up with Mr. Elton most of the night anyway.

Hester

Good-night, Mrs. Elton.

(SHE goes. MILLER comes into the room, takes a bottle from his pocket, and shakes out two pills which he hands to Hester)

Hester

Thank you, Doctor.

Miller

I've asked you before not to call me that.

Hester

I keep forgetting. I'm sorry.

Miller

Are you going to bed now?

Hester

In a moment.

Miller (Turning to go)

Don't let that moment be too long.

Hester

Everyone is very solicitous of me this evening.

Miller

Are you surprised? Voices carry on the stairs of this house.

Hester

Freddy's and mine?

(MILLER nods)

Everyone heard us, I suppose. All the respectable tenants nudging each other and saying there's that woman's drunken boy friend walking out on her. Serve her right.

Miller

I didn't say that. But then, of course, I may not be a respectable tenant.

Hester (Simply)

What should I do?

Miller

What makes you think I can tell you?

Hester

How near did you come to the gas fire, once?

(Pause)

Miller (Violently)

Mrs. Elton, eh?

Hester

You mustn't be angry with her. She's your friend. Besides why should you mind my knowing. Am I such a respectable tenant?

Miller (Abruptly)

You ask my advice. Take those pills and sleep tonight, in the morning - go on living.

Hester

Good-night, Mrs. Elton.

(SHE goes. MILLER comes into the room, takes a bottle from his pocket, and shakes out two pills which he hands to Hester)

Hester

Thank you, Doctor.

Miller

I've asked you before not to call me that.

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I keep forgetting. I'm sorry.

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Miller (Abruptly)

You ask my advice. Take those pills and sleep tonight, in the morning - go on living.

(There is a ring at the door. HESTER opens it. COLLYER is outside, dressed in a dinner jacket)

Hester

Bill -

Collyer

I don't apologise. I've got to see you -

(He comes in, glancing at Miller as he does so. HE nods to him)

Miller (To Hester)

Yes. That is the most specific advise I can give you, I'm afraid. Goodnight.

(He goes out. COLLYER silently hands her an opened letter which he has been holding in his hand. HESTER draws in her breath sharply as she sees the handwriting. She reads it through quickly)

Hester

When did it come?

Collyer

I don't know. It was found about twenty minutes ago. I gather he dropped it in the box without ringing the bell. It is true, I suppose?

Hester (Wearily)

Yes. It's true.

(She hands the letter back)

Collyer

When?

Hester

This afternoon. Just after you'd left.

Collyer

What was the reason?

Hester

What happened last night. That's why he was drunk this afternoon. He said we were death to each other -

Collyer

In vino veritas.

Hester

He wasn't so drunk when he said that.

Collyer

Then he has more perception than I gave him credit for. What's he going to do?

Hester

He's taken a job as a test pilot in South America.

Collyer

I see.

(Glancing at the letter)

I rather like the phrase: "Sorry to have caused so much bother." It has a nice ring of R.A.F. understatement -

(He tears it up and throws it into the wastepaper basket)

I'm awfully sorry for you, Hester.

Hester (Her back to him)
That's all right. It was bound to happen one day, I suppose.

Collyer
I have a faint inkling of how you must be feeling at this moment.

Hester (Hard and bright)
Oh, I'll get over it I imagine. You're looking very smart. Where have you been?

Collyer
At home. I had some people in to dinner.

Hester
Oh, who?

Collyer
Olive, the Ridgefields, an American judge and his wife -

Hester
Was Olive in good form?

Collyer
Fairly. She said one very funny thing.

Hester
What was it?

Collyer
Damn, I've forgotten. No, no, no! I remember. Now I come to think of it, it's not all that funny. It must have been the way she said it. She told the American judge he had a face like an angry cupid -

Hester
An angry cupid? I can just hear her -
(She starts to laugh, and then continues longer than the joke appears to warrant)

An angry cupid!
(The laugh suddenly turns into sobs, desperately but unsuccessfully trying to control her emotion, COLLYER sits beside her)

Collyer
Hester, please. If only I could say something that would help.
(HESTER is succeeding now in recovering herself)
I know it's small comfort to you at this moment, but this must be for the best. You yourself spoke of an evil affinity, didn't you?
(HESTER, wiping her eyes, does not reply. COLLYER looks round the room)

Hester
I'm awfully sorry, Bill. I couldn't help it -

Collyer
You must get out of this flat as soon as possible. In fact I don't think you should be left alone in it at all.

Hester
I'll be all right.

Collyer
I'm not so sure. I think you'd better leave here to-night.

Hester
To-night?

Collyer
You were alone here last night, weren't you?

Hester
Where could I go?

Collyer
Well - I could make a very tentative suggestion - in fact it's the suggestion that Page makes in that letter.

Hester
No, Bill. That's impossible.

Collyer
Why? Have you forgotten what I told you this afternoon?

Hester (Her voice rising)
Stop it, Bill - please.
(HE is silenced by the note of strain in her voice. SHE gets up, a little unsteadily and goes to a cupboard)
I expect you'd like a drink, wouldn't you?

Collyer
A good idea.

Hester
Oh dear! I'd forgotten that Freddy had finished the whisky.

Collyer
It doesn't matter.

Hester
Wait a moment. Here's something.
(She brings out a bottle of wine)
Claret, I'm afraid I uncorked it last night. It's from the local grocer. I don't know what your fastidious palate will make of it.

Collyer
I'm sure it's delicious.
(He opens the bottle. SHE gives him two glasses. HE fills them)
Well? What shall the toast be?

Hester
The future, I suppose.

Collyer
May I say our future?

Hester (Gravely)
No, Bill. Just the future.
(THEY drink in silence)
Is it all right?

Very good.
 (After another pause)
 And what's the future to be?

Collyer

I haven't thought yet.

Hester

Don't you think you should?

Collyer

Hester

I'll stay on here until I can find somewhere else. I'll try and take a studio, if I can - then I'll be able to work harder. If I can't sell my paintings, I'll get a job -

Collyer

What sort of job?

Hester

There must be something I can do.

Collyer (Quietly)

And you contemplate living alone for the rest of your life?

Hester

I don't contemplate anything, Bill. I'm not exactly in a contemplative mood.

Collyer

When you are, I'd like you to contemplate a very different future -

Hester (Angrily)

Bill, please, I've asked you -

Collyer (Equally angrily)

Hester, for God's sake, don't you realise what I'm offering you?

Hester

And don't you realise how difficult for me it is to refuse?

Collyer

Then why do you refuse?

Hester

Because I must. I can't go back to you as your wife, Bill, because I no longer am your wife. We can't wipe out this last year as if it had never happened. Don't you understand that?

Collyer

I only understand that I'm even more in love with you now than I was on our wedding day.

Hester (Quietly)

You weren't in love with me on our wedding day, Bill. You aren't in love with me now, and you never have been.

Collyer

Hester!

Hester

I'm simply a prized possession that has now got more prized for having been stolen, that's all.

Collyer (Hurt)

What are you saying?

Hester (Upset)

Bill, you force me to say these things. Do you think I enjoy hurting you, of all people? I think you'd better go now, and we can talk some other time, when we both feel calmer.

Collyer

We must talk now. You say I wasn't in love with you when I married you?

Hester

I know you weren't.

Collyer

Then why do you suppose I married you? What else did you have to offer me?

Hester (Interrupting)

I know, Bill, I know. You don't need to remind me of what a bad match I was. I was always only too conscious of it. Oh, I'm not denying you married me for love.

(Continuing)

For your idea of love. And so did I, for my idea. The trouble is they weren't the same ideas. You see, Bill, I had more to give you - far more - than you ever wanted from me.

Collyer

How can you say that? You know I wanted your love.

Hester

No, Bill. You wanted me simply to be a loving wife. There's all the difference in the world.

Collyer

Do you think I believed that story just now about a studio, or a job? Do you think I don't know exactly how you visualise your future?

(HESTER remains silent)

You'll never give him up, Hester. You can't. If you send me away now, you're lost.

(HESTER still remains silent. In a quieter voice)

Hester, my darling, you can say what you like about my feelings for you but I'm offering you your only chance of life. Why can't you accept? It worked quite happily - once.

Hester

Yes, it did.

Collyer

Well, then -.

(He kisses her, but there is no response)

Hester

You see, Bill, I'm not any longer the same person. You'd better go. I'll be all right.

(Pause. COLLYER turns slowly and collects his hat)

Collyer
You'll still want your divorce then?

Hester
Yes, Bill, I think it would be best.

Collyer
There'll be a lot to discuss now - business things.

Hester
Yes. I suppose there will.

Collyer
At the moment, are you really all right for money?

Hester
Yes, Bill, thank you - perfectly all right.

Collyer
Goodbye, then.

Hester
Goodbye.

(HE looks at her for quite a time, as if turning several things over in his mind that he would like to say. Then he turns his back abruptly and goes out. HESTER makes the slightest gesture - unseen by him - as if to restrain him, then stands staring at the closed door. She goes across to the window and through the drawn curtains watches him go out. A key is gently pushed into the lock and turned, and PHILIP WELCH opens the door. He looks nervously round the apparently empty room, and comes furtively in. HESTER appears and sees him at once. She stops dead)

~~ready~~ -

Philip
Oh.

~~Chamber~~ X 17 Graham
two faces

Hester
How did you get in?

Philip
It's Page... you see, he lent me a key... He wanted me to pick up his suitcase. He's got all his washing things in it, apparently, and says he needs them for to-night.

Hester
Where's he going to-night?

Philip (Uncomfortably)
I don't know.

Hester
Where is he now?

Philip
Er - I don't know what the place is called.

Where is it? Hester

Somewhere in the West End. Philip

Greek Street? Hester

I don't know. Philip (Stubbornly) *Run away,*

I see. How long have you been with him? Hester

Since nine. Philip

And he can do a lot of talking in three hours - especially when he's drunk. Hester

He's not drunk. At least what he says makes sense. Philip

Does it? Hester

choze down - Philip (In slightly avuncular tones)
Lady Collyer - may I say something?
(Continuing)
Page has been very frank with me, very frank indeed ... although I didn't invite his confidence... I know the whole situation, and I do understand what you must be feeling at this moment -

Do you, Mr. Welch? Hester (Slightly amused)

I've been in love too, you know. In fact about a year ago I nearly had a bust-up in my marriage - over a sort of infatuation I had for a girl - quite the wrong sort of type, really, and it would have been disastrous - but I do know what it means to have to give someone up whom you - think you love. Look - do you think this is awfully impertinent of me? *JB Wm* Philip

Not at all. Hester
(Hester, with a faint smile, shakes her head)

Well, I do think you ought to - sort of - try and steel yourself to what I'm quite sure is the best course for both of you. Gosh, I know how hard it is, *named to prove* but I do remember, with this girl - she was an actress you know, although she wasn't well-known or anything - I just sat down all alone one day and said to myself - look, on the physical side, she's everything in the world you want. On the other side - what is she? Nothing. So what I did was to write her a letter - and then I went away for a fortnight all by myself - and of course I had hell, but gradually things got sort of clearer in my mind, and when I got back I was out of the wood. Philip (Emboldened)

Hester
I'm so glad. Where was it you went?

Philip
Lyme Regis.

Hester
A very pretty spot. I know it.

Philip *up to find place*
Of course I think for you some place like Italy or the South of France would be better.

Hester
Why better than Lyme Regis?

Philip
Well, complete change of atmosphere, you know - nice weather, nobody you know, and lots of time to think things out. And I know if you do think things out *to* *could* honestly, you'll see how awfully petty the whole thing really is - when you get it in perspective. I mean, without trying to be preachy or anything, it is really the spiritual values that count in this life, isn't it? I mean the physical side is really awfully unimportant - objectively speaking, don't you think?

Hester (Gravely)
Objectively speaking. Well, it's very kind of you, Mr. Welch, to give me this advice. I'm very grateful.

Philip
Oh, that's all right. I'm glad you didn't fly at me for it. You see Page has been telling me about it all, and I was really awfully interested, because a thing like this it's - well - it throws a sort of light on human nature, really.

Hester
Yes. I suppose it does.

Philip
Well, may I have the bag now, please?

Hester
It's through that door.

(HE gets it)
Where did Freddy tell you to take that bag? To a station or somewhere, or back to the White Angel?

Philip *as closing door*
Back to the White Angel -
(Pause. Lamely)
Back to where he is.

Hester (Quietly)
Would you mind putting the bag down there and going now.

Philip
I'm afraid I can't do that. I promised him I'd bring it to him, you see. Well, goodbye.

(He turns towards the door. HESTER is there before him and quickly turns

towards fireplace

a key in the lock. She removes the key and puts it in her pocket, as she goes towards the telephone, where she turns up a telephone book)

Hester

I'm sorry for that melodramatic gesture, but I've got to detain you for a moment or two, I'm afraid. I won't keep you long. There's the remains of a bottle of claret there, if you'd like it.

Philip

No, thank you.

(He takes out his Yale key)

Hester

I'm afraid that key's no use - they're separate locks.

Philip (Stiffly)

Look, I really do think -

Hester

Sit down, Mr. Welch. You've a splendid chance now of resuming your study of human nature.

(She is dialing a number. PHILIP stands watching her)

Hullo... I want to speak to Mr. Page...

(Louder)

Page... Oh he is?... Mrs. Jackson... No, Jackson... Yes.

(To Philip)

There's an awful lot of noise in there. ^{Turn away} Hullo? ... Darling, it's Hester - don't ring off. No scene, I promise... I promise, I promise. I just wanted to know about the job...

(Louder)

The job... Did you see the man? ... Oh good... Oh good... Well done. I see. How soon? ... As soon as that? ... Oh, Freddy... No, I'm sorry. It was just hearing you say it like that - ...

(Louder)

It was just hearing you say it... Look darling, your messenger is here for your bag - only it hasn't got half of what you want for three days. Where are you going to until you leave? ... No, that's all right. Don't tell me, if you don't want to. I only meant country or town?... Now, let's think. You've got your flannels in the bag, so you'll just want your tweed coat... All right. What did you want done with the rest of your things? ... Oh, when did you post it?... I'll get it to-morrow then... The cloakroom at Charing Cross... I see... Yes. I'll do that... Look, Freddy, there's one last thing I wanted you to do for me... I said there was one last thing I wanted you to do. Come and collect your bag yourself... Just to say goodbye, that's all. No. I won't, I won't. I promise I won't. I swear to you, on my most sacred word of honour, I won't try and make you stay. I won't even talk, if you don't want me to. You can just take your bag and go... I want to see you again, that's all... Freddy, trust me, trust me, for pity's sake... Freddy, don't ring off - don't -

(She looks blankly at the receiver, and then replaces it. She stares at it a moment, evidently wondering whether to dial again, and then decides it would be useless. She goes slowly to the door, puts the key in the lock and unlocks it, indicating to Philip with a gesture that he is free to go)

Philip (Hesitating)

Didn't you say something about a tweed coat.

Hester

Did I? Oh yes. It's hanging up on that door.

(HE gets it from the bedroom)

Philip
Well - goodnight. *to door.*

Hester
Goodnight, Mr. Welch. Oh, by the way, your wife is rather worried about you. Perhaps you'd better slip up and see her before you go out again.

Philip
Yes. I will.
(Earnestly) *Down to her*
You're all right alone, aren't you? I mean, you're not going to do anything silly to-night - You must have learnt your lesson from last night.

Hester
Yes. I've learnt my lesson.

Philip
I'm awfully sorry - really I am.

Hester
Thank you.

Philip
I think he ought to have come to fetch his things himself.

Hester
So do I.

Philip
Although of course I understood him not wanting to come round when he thought you might try and stop him, but - still - after you gave him your sacred, solemn word of honour just now -
(HESTER has not previously been looking at Philip. She now turns slowly to face him)

Hester
It might add a little to your appreciation of spiritual values, Mr. Welch, if I told you that I hadn't the smallest intention of keeping my sacred solemn word of honour. If Freddy had come here to-night, I would have made him stay. Of course he knew that perfectly well, and that's why he wouldn't come.
(PHILIP, shocked, stares at her in silence. HESTER looks up at him)
You've got exactly the same expression on your face that my father would have had if I'd said that to him. He believed in spiritual values, too, you know - and the pettiness of the physical side - Take the bag to Freddy now. Have you got enough money for a taxi?

Philip
Yes, thank you.
(At the door)
Can I - should I give Page any sort of message from you or anything?
(Pause)

Hester (Quietly)
Just my love.
(PHILIP goes. HESTER goes to window, shuts it, locks it and pulls curtains. Then searches her handbag, on the sofa, for a shilling. There isn't one. She gets 1/- from the telephone table where FREDDY had thrown

it in Act II. SHE puts it in the gas meter and hears it drop. Now she locks the door and puts the rug on the floor to stop the air getting in. Next she takes one of the claret glasses into kitchen and comes back with it full of water. She picks up the aspirin bottle on the table. It is empty. She takes the two tablets that Miller gave her earlier in the Act out of her pocket. She is about to take them when there is a knock on the door, followed by the rattling of the door handle)

Who is it? Hester (Impatiently)

Miller. Miller (Off)

I'm just going to bed. What do you want? Hester

I want to see you. Miller (Off)

Won't it keep to the morning? Hester

No. Miller (Off)

(HESTER, impatiently goes to the door, pulls the rug up and throws it on to the sofa where it falls to the floor. She unlocks the door and lets MILLER in. Indicating key)

Determined not to be disturbed?

I usually lock my door at night. Hester

It's lucky you didn't last night. Miller

I was just going to take your pills. Hester (Indicating the glass of water)

So I see. Miller

Do you think they're strong enough, Doctor? Could you let me have another two or three in case they don't work? Hester

(MILLER, without replying, picks up the rug from the floor and puts it on the sofa. Then, watched by HESTER, HE strolls to the gas fire and with a casual flick of his foot, kicks on the tap. He kicks it off)

I said could you let me have -

I heard you. The answer is no. Miller

Why not? Hester

I've been involved enough with the police. I don't want to be accused now of giving drugs to a suicidal patient. Miller

(He holds out his hand)

Hester
Aren't you letting your imagination run away with you, Doctor?

Miller
No. I want those pills back, please.

Hester
Why?

Miller
If you put a rug down in front of a door, it's wiser to do it when the lights are out.

Hester (Angrily)
Why are you spying on me? Why can't you leave me alone?

Miller
I'm not trying to decide for you whether you live or die. That choice is yours - and you have quite enough courage to make it for yourself.

Hester (Bitterly)
Courage?

Miller
Oh, yes! Courage! It takes courage to condemn yourself to death.

Hester
That's not true!

Miller
Most suicides die to escape. You're dying because you feel unworthy to live. Isn't that true?

Hester (Wildly)
How do I know what's true? I only know that after to-night I won't be able to face life any more.

Miller
What is there so hard about facing life. Most people seem to be able to manage it.

Hester
How can anyone live without hope?

Miller
Easily. To live without hope can mean to live without despair.

Hester
Those are only words.

Miller
Words can help if your mind can only grasp them. Your Freddy has left you. He's never going to come back again - never in the world - never.

Hester
I know. I know. That's what I can't face.
(She falls on her knees onto downstage end of sofa)

Miller

Yes you can. That word "never". Face that and you can face life. Get beyond hope. It's your only chance.

Hester

What is there beyond hope?

Miller

Life. You must believe that. It's true. I know.

Hester

You can still find some purpose in living.

Miller

What purpose?

Hester

You have that work of yours at the hospital -

Miller

For me the only purpose in life is to live it. My work at the hospital is a help for me in that. That is all ... If you looked perhaps you might also find some help for yourself.

Hester

What help?

(HE makes a gesture towards the paintings)

Miller

Haven't you your work, too?

Hester

Oh, that! There's no escape for me through that.

Miller

Not through that - or that.

(With a wide gesture he indicates the later paintings)

But perhaps through that.

(He points to the early painting)

I'm not an art expert, but I believe there was talent here. Just a spark, that's all, which with a little feeding, might have become a little flame. Not a great fire, which could have illumined the world - oh no - I'm not saying that. But the world is a dark enough place for even a little flicker to be welcome. I'd like to buy that.

(HESTER goes across to the picture and takes it down. She hands it to him)

How much?

Hester

It's a gift.

(HE has pulled out his wallet and removes two \$1 notes. MILLER puts the notes on the table)

Miller

Look, I'm going to put these notes down here. It's what I can afford to give you - not what I think the picture's worth. If you're determined not to sell it, slip the note into an envelope and address it to me. I shall understand, and be sorry. Goodnight.

Hester
Goodnight, Doctor.

Miller
Not doctor, please.

Hester
Goodnight, my friend.

Miller
I could wish that you meant that. It might be that my need for friends was as great as yours.

Hester
What makes you so sure that I don't mean it?

Miller
I hope that I may be given a proof that you do by to-morrow morning. Surely I would have a right to feel sad if I were to lose a new-found friend - especially one whom I so much like and respect.

Hester
Respect?

Miller
Yes, respect.

Hester
Please don't be too kind.
(HE approaches her quickly and takes her shoulders)

Miller
Listen to me. To see yourself as the world sees you may be very brave, but it can also be very foolish. Why should you accept the world's view of you as a weak-willed neurotic better dead than alive? What right have they to judge? To judge you they must have the capacity to feel as you feel. And who has? One in a thousand? You alone know how you have felt. And you alone know how unequal the battle has always been that your will has had to fight.

Hester
"I tried to be good, and failed." Isn't that the excuse that all criminals make?

Miller
When they make it justly, it's a just excuse.

Hester
Does it let them escape their sentence?

Miller
Yes, if the judge is fair - and not blind with hatred for the criminal - as you are for yourself.

Hester
If you could find me one extenuating circumstance - one single reason why I should respect myself - even a little.
(The door opens and FREDDY appears on the threshold)

Hullo. Freddy

Hullo. Hester

That reason you must find for yourself.
(He goes) Miller (To Hester)

Did I interrupt something? Freddy

No. Not really. Hester

He seems quite a good bloke, old Miller. Freddy

Yes. He does. Did you come for your bag? Hester

Yes. Freddy

That boy took it with him. Hester

Oh. Well, he'll leave it at the Angel. I'll get it all right. Freddy

Come in, Freddy. Don't stand in the door.
(FREDDY shuffles in)
How are you feeling now? Hester

All right. Freddy

Thank you for coming. Hester

That's O.K. I shouldn't have sent the kid anyway, I suppose. Freddy

Had any food? Hester

Yes. I had a bite at the Belvedere. What about you? Freddy

Oh, I'll get myself something later.
(There is a pause, while FREDDY still watches her apprehensively)
When exactly are you off to Rio? Hester

Thursday. I told you. Freddy

Hester
 Oh yes, of course. By boat?

Freddy
 Oh no. Flying.

Hester
 Oh yes, of course. By the Azores, isn't it?

Freddy
 No. London, West Africa - then across to Natal.

Hester
 Sounds exciting.

Freddy
 Oh, I don't know. Oh, by the way -
 (Continuing)
 About the rent - those clubs'll fetch £30 or £40 quid. They'll take care of
 old Ma Elton and the few odd bills.

Hester
 Won't you need them?

Freddy
 No. I can't fly them.

Hester
 I'll pack the rest of your things tonight and get them round to Charing Cross
 in the morning.

Freddy
 There's no hurry.
 (Another pause)
 What are you going to do, Hes?

Hester
 I'm not quite sure yet, Freddy. I'll probably stay on here for a bit.

Freddy
 I dropped a note in at Bill's house. He'll probably be round.

Hester
 He's been round.

Freddy
 Oh. Are you -?

Hester
 No.

Freddy
 I'm sorry.

Hester
 It's all right. It wouldn't have worked.

Freddy
 No, I suppose not. I didn't know. You'll go on with your painting, will you?

Hester
 Yes. I think so. As a matter of fact I might even go to an Art School, and
 start from the beginning again.

Freddy

Good idea. It's never too late to begin again. Isn't that what they say?

Hester

Yes. They do.

(There is a long pause. FREDDY seems to be waiting for HESTER to say something, but she stands quite still, looking at him)

Freddy (At length)

Well -

Hester (In a clear calm voice)

Well, goodbye, Freddy.

Freddy

Goodbye, Hes.

(He moves to the door. HESTER still does not move. FREDDY turns, waiting for her to say something. SHE does not. HE suddenly walks up to her)

Thank you for everything.

Hester

Thank you, too.

Freddy

I'm going to miss you, Hes.

(He kisses her. SHE accepts the embrace without in any way returning it. After a moment, FREDDY releases her, goes quickly to the door and turns round)

Hester

Goodbye.

(HE goes out, closing the door. HESTER stands quite still for a second. Hester looks round the room. Then she goes to the coat hooks and takes down Freddy's clothes. She brings them and piles them on the sofa. She reaches down a suitcase off a shelf. Then lights the gas-fire. After lingering at the fire for a moment, she returns to Freddy's clothes and continues to pack)

THE END

Good idea. It's never too late to begin again. Jan's that what you say?

Hester

Yes. They do. (There is a long pause. FREDDY seems to be waiting for HESTER to say something, but she stands still, looking at him.)

Freddy (At length)

A x B

Well -

28 for 60

Hester (a clear calm voice)

29
30
31

Well, goodbye, Freddy.

A

1 for 27

Goodbye, Hester. (He waves to the door. HESTER still does not move. FREDDY turns, waits for her to say something. SHE does not. FREDDY walks up to her.)

B

4 for 36

~~32~~

Thank you for everything.

Hester

29

87

Thank you, too. 78

32
96

76

I'm going to miss you, Hester. (He kisses her. SHE accepts the embrace without in any way returning it. After a moment, FREDDY releases her, goes quickly to the door and turns round.)

Hester

Goodbye.

(HE goes out, closing the door. HESTER stands quite still for a second. Hester looks round the room. Then she goes to the coat hooks and takes down Freddy's clothes. She brings them and piles them on the sofa. She reaches down a witness off a shelf. Then lights the gas-lamp. After lingering at the fire for a moment, she returns to Freddy's clothes and continues to pack.)

THE END

Good then. It's never too late to begin again. Ian's that what they say?

Hester

Yes. They do. (There is a long pause. HESTER seems to be waiting for HESTER to say something, but she stands quite still, looking at him)

Fredy (At length)

A x B

Well -

28 for 60

29
30
31
32

Well, goodbye, Fredy.

A 1 for 27

Goodbye, see. (He moves to the door. HESTER still does not move. FREDY turns, waiting for her to say something. She does not. He looks up at her.)
Thank you for everything.

B - 4 for 36

29

87

Thank you, too. 78

76

32
96

I'm going to miss you, see. (He kisses her. She accepts the embrace without in any way returning it. After a moment, FREDY releases her, goes quickly to the door and turns round)

Hester

Goodbye.

(He goes out, closing the door. HESTER stands quite still for a second. Hester looks round the room. Then she goes to the coat hooks and takes down Fredy's clothes. She hangs them and then runs on the sofa. She reaches down a suitcase off a shelf. Then she looks at the suitcase. After lingering at the fire for a moment, she returns to Fredy's clothes and continues to pack)

THE END

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24/34 THE IMMORTAL HUSBAND BY JAMES MERRILL 1954-1955

THE IMMORTAL HUSBAND

a comedy by

James Merrill

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JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG

By

ABBY MANN

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