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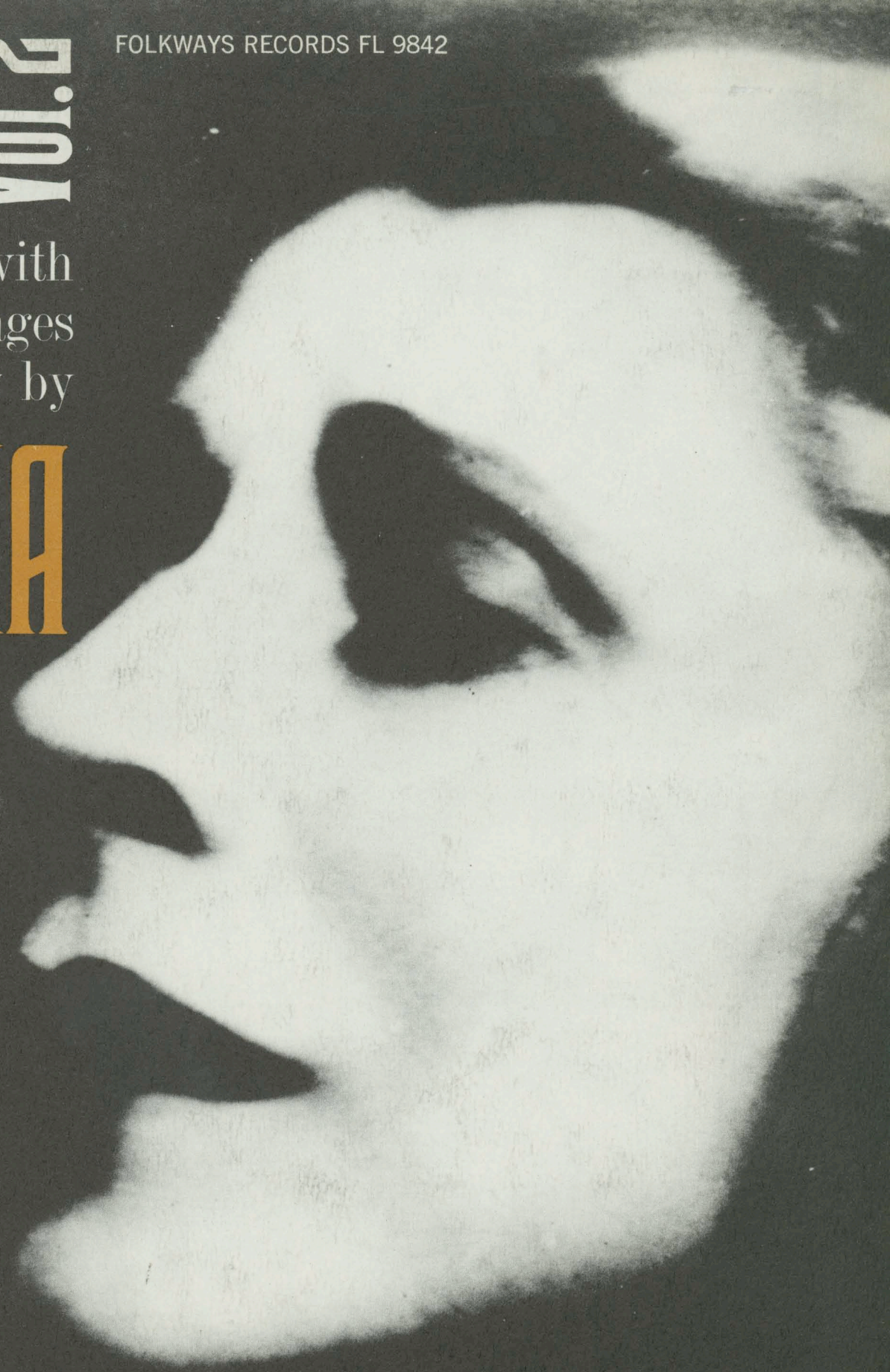
DEAR AUDIENCE Vol. 2

a guide to the enjoyment of theater with
scenes from great plays through the ages
....performed and with commentary by

BLANCHE YURKA



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Dear Audience

VOLUME II

photo by Albert Petersen

A guide to the enjoyment of theatre with scenes from great plays through the ages performed, and with commentary, by

Blanche Yurka

SIDE I, Band 1: INTRODUCTION TO MOLIÈRE

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, artificial, stylized comedy came into full flower. Molière in France and William Congreve in England wrote delightful satirical commentaries on the foibles and follies of their contemporaries. One of the best known of Molière's plays, The Misanthrope, is a character study of a man thoroughly disenchanted with the standards of behavior to which the lady of his heart and her frivolous friends conform. There is very little plot to the play. Its interest stems from the badinage exchanged among members of a society in which manners were far more important than morals, and where the ability to destroy a friend's reputation with a finely barbed phrase was a distinct social asset.

Célimène, the heroine of The Misanthrope, is a coquette who enjoys her power to wound quite as much as her power to charm. Both these talents have created a stir in the little aristocratic world in which she lives. And in the brief scene which follows, we see her using her wit against Arsinoé, an older and obviously much less popular member of the little circle in which Célimène reigns as queen.

The scene is laid in the drawing room of Célimène's house in Paris where a reception has been in progress. Arsinoé arrives as the last guests are leaving. She immediately begins her attack.

THE MISANTHROPE--ACT III, SCENE V

ARSINOÉ

They could not have left at a more convenient time. I have come, Madame, to give you some advice, as a matter of duty.

CÉLIMÈNE

How very glad I am to see you! Shall we sit down?

ARSINOÉ

It is not necessary. I come to prove to you, by advice which closely touches your reputation the friendship which I feel for you. Yesterday I was with some people of rare virtue, where the conversation turned upon you. There your conduct, which is causing some stir, was unfortunately, Madame, far from being commended. Your coquetry and the disturbance it creates were criticised rather more freely and more severely than I could have wished. You can easily imagine whose part I took. I did all I could to defend you. I exonerated you, and vouched for the purity of your heart, and the honesty of your intentions. But as you know there are things in life which one cannot well defend, although one may have the greatest wish to do so; and I was at last obliged to admit that the way in which you live----that in the eyes of the world it has a doubtful look; not that I believe that decency is in any way outraged. Heaven forbid that I should harbor such a thought! Madame, I believe you to be too sensible not to take in good part this useful counsel, and to ascribe it only to the inner promptings of an affection that takes an interest in your welfare.

CÉLIMÈNE

Madame, such counsel lays me under an obligation; and far from taking it amiss, as I see you prove yourself my friend by acquainting me with the stories that are current of me, I shall follow so nice an example, by informing you what is said of you. In a house the other day, where I paid a visit, I met some people of exemplary merit, who, while talking of the proper duties of a well spent life, turned the topic of conversation upon you, Madame. There your prudishness and your too fervent zeal were, alas, not at all cited as good example. Your eternal harping on wisdom and honor, your mincings and mouthings at the slightest shadow of indencency, which an innocent, though ambiguous word may convey; that lofty esteem in which you hold yourself, your acrid censuring of things which are quite pure and harmless; all this, if I may speak frankly to you, Madame, was blamed unanimously. I undertook your defense against everyone. I positively assured them that it was a scandal to talk so; but the general opinion went against me. They came to the conclusion that you would do well to concern yourself less about the actions of others, and take a little more pains with your own; that one ought to look a long time at one's self before thinking of condemning other people, and that even then, it would be better to leave it to those whom heaven has ordained for the task. Madame, I believe you too to be too sensible not to take in good part this useful counsel, and to ascribe it only to the inner promptings of an affection that feels an interest in your welfare.

ARSINOÉ

By the very sting of this retort, Madame, I see how my honest and sincere advice has hurt you.

CÉLIMÈNE

On the contrary, Madame, if we were reasonable, these mutual counsels would become customary. It depends entirely on you whether we shall tell each other, between ourselves, what we hear, you of me, I of you. There is a time for coquetry, there is one also for prudishness----one may, out of policy, take to it when youthful attractions have faded away. I do not say that I shall not follow your example one day; those things come with old age; but twenty, Madame, as everyone knows, is not an age to play the prude.

SIDE I, Band 2: INTRODUCTION TO CONGREVE

Across the Channel in England, somewhat later, William Congreve was depicting the polished speech and manners of high society, using a delicate style of dialogue similar to that of Molière.

Millamant, the heroine of his most successful play, The Way of The World, is another fashionable beauty who has been spoiled and petted by a vast number of suitors. Of these Mirabell is the most persistent. And in this dialogue between them, we learn what an 18th century lady would expect of her husband should she consent, albeit reluctantly to enter the confines of matrimony. Mirabell speaks first:

From: THE WAY OF THE WORLD

MIRABELL

Do you lock yourself from me, to make my search more curious? Or is this pretty artifice contrived to signify that here the chase must end, for you can fly no further.

MRS. MILLAMANT

Vanity! No -- I'll fly, and be followed to the last moment. Though I am upon the very verge of matrimony, I shall expect you should solicit me as much as if I were wavering at the gate of a Monastery, with one foot over the threshold. I'll be solicited to the very last, nay, and afterwards.

MIRABELL

What, after the last?

MRS. MILLAMANT

Oh, I should think I was poor and had nothing to bestow, **if I were reduced to** an inglorious ease, and freed from the agreeable fatigues of solicitation.

MIRABELL

But do you not know, that when favors are conferred upon tedious solicitude, that they diminish in their value, and that both the giver loses grace, and the receiver lessens his pleasure?

MRS. MILLAMANT

It may be, in things of common application; but never sure in love. Oh, I hate a lover that can dare to think he draws a moment's air, independent of the bounty of his mistress! Ah! I'll never marry, unless I am first made sure of my will and pleasure.

MIRABELL

You would have 'em both before marriage?

MRS. MILLAMANT

Don't be impertinent -- Ah! My dear liberty, shall I leave **thee?** My faithful solidtude, my darling contemplation, must I **then bid you adieu?** Ay - adieu -- my morning thoughts, agreeable wakings, indolent slumbers, all ye douceurs, ye sommeils du matin adieu? -- I can't do it, 'tis more than impossible -- positively, Mirabell, I'll lie abed in a morning as long as I please. And d'ye hear, I won't be called names after I'm married; positively I will not be called names.

MIRABELL

Names!

MILLAMANT

Ay, as wife, spouse, my dear, joy, jewel love, sweetheart, and all the rest of that nauseous cant, in which men and their wives are so fulsomely familiar -- I shall never bear that; **Good** Mirabell, let us not be familiar **nor fond, nor kiss** before folk! Let us never visit together, nor go to the play together; but let us be very strange and well-bred; let us be as strange as if we had been married a great while; and as well-bred as if we were not married at all.

MIRABELL

Have you any more conditions to offer? Hitherto your demands are pretty reasonable.

MRS. MILLAMANT

Trifles! As liberty to pay and receive visits to and from whom I please; to write and receive letters, without interogatories or wry faces on your part; to wear what I please to choose conversation with regard only to my own taste; to have no obligation upon me to converse with wits I don't like, because they are your acquaintance; or to be intimate with fools, because they may be your relations. Come to dinner when I please; dine in my dressing rooms when I'm out of humour, without giving a reason. To have my closet inviolate; to be sole empress of my tea-table, which you must never presume to approach without first asking leave. And lastly, wherever I am, you shall always knock at the door before you come in. These articles subscribed, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a wife.

SIDE I, Band 3: THE RIVALS

The Rivals, has three heroines. Of these, by far the most delightful is Mrs. Malaprop--the "old she-dragon" as she is called by one of her niece's suitors.

Like all heroines, Mrs. Malaprop is in love. But she is in love with words -- madly, ecstatically -- hydrostatically, as she might have said -- in love with the sound of words, regardless of their meaning. She proves this as she explains to Sir Anthony Absolute, whose son is a suitor for her niece's hand, what she considers to be a proper education for a young lady of good breeding.

MRS. MALAPROP

What would I have a young woman know? Observe me, Sir Anthony----I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning. I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman. For instance--I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or Algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, **or any such inflammatory** branches of learning. Nor will it be necessary for her to handle any of your Mathematical, Astronomical, **or** Diabolical instruments. But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge of accounts: and, as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries. Above all, she should be perfect mistress of orthodoxy--**that** is, she should not mispronounce and mis-use words as our young ladies of the present day constantly do: and that she might reprehend the meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a young woman know: And I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

SIDE I, Band 4: INTRODUCTION TO IBSEN

In the 19th century, especially in the last two decades, great changes took place. They stemmed largely from the impact of the plays of Henrik Ibsen.

Heroics were left behind, and the problems of the average man became the arena in which Ibsen fought for social reforms. His realism--searching the soul-secrets of his characters--laid the foundations of the theatre as we know it today.

(INTRODUCTION TO HEDDA GABLER)

The play "Hedda Gabler" is an outstanding example of his craftsmanship. In her he created the first of the ruthlessly selfish heroines who have become familiar in the contemporary theatre.

Hedda, left penniless after her father's death, has married, for lack of a better offer, George Tesman, a simple-minded, scholarly pedant, for whom she barely conceals her contempt. Returning from her honeymoon, she renews her flirtation with Judge Brack, a wealthy, elderly admirer whose assiduous attentions were always carefully calculated to stop just short of marriage. But his worldly sophistication is a welcome change for Hedda after the boredom of her wedding-trip.

Hedda, prior to her marriage, had been deeply involved emotionally with Eilert Lovborg, a gifted but unstable writer, who had been able to conquer his weaknesses through the steadying influence of Thea, a friend of Hedda's school days.

Hedda's jealousy of her friend's influence over Lovborg drives her to destroy the manuscript of his latest book -- a book which Lovborg had counted on to rehabilitate his tarnished reputation.

Lovborg does not dream that Hedda has done this. Blaming himself for the loss of the precious manuscript (he has no other copy) he contemplates suicide. Hedda has given him one of General Gabler's old pistols, not dreaming that this act will involve her inextricably in the death of the unhappy man.

But Judge Brack, who has brought the news of Eilert Lovborg's suicide, brings home to Hedda the danger of her position.

(SECOND HEDDA GABLER SCENE)

Brack is sipping his after-dinner coffee as Hedda speaks:

HEDDA

Oh! What a sense of freedom it gives one, this act of Eilert Lovberg's! To know

that a deed of deliberate courage is still possible in this world--a deed of spontaneous beauty!

BRACK

Eilert Lovborg was more to you than you, perhaps, are willing to admit to yourself. Am I wrong?

HEDDA

I don't answer such questions. I only know that Eilert Lovborg has had the courage to live his life after his own fashion...And then, that he should have the will and the strength to turn away from the banquet of life--so early!

BRACK

I am sorry, Mme Hedda, but I fear I must dispel an amiable illusion. Eilert Lovborg did not shoot himself voluntarily.

HEDDA

Not voluntarily?

BRACK

No. The thing did not happen exactly as I told it.

HEDDA

What are the facts?

BRACK

First: that he is already dead.

HEDDA

At the hospital?

BRACK

Yes, without regaining consciousness.

HEDDA

What more have you concealed?

BRACK

This: the event did not happen at his lodgings. Eilert Lovborg was found shot in Mlle. Diane's boudoir.

HEDDA

That is impossible, Judge Brack. He wouldn't have been there again today.

BRACK

He was there this afternoon. He went there to demand the return of something which they had taken from him, he said. I thought he meant the manuscript. But now I hear he destroyed that himself.

HEDDA

And there--there he was found?

BRACK

Yes, there--with a pistol in his breast-pocket, discharged. The ball had lodged in a vital spot.

HEDDA

In the breast--yes.

BRACK

No-----in the bowels.

HEDDA
(Pause--then a bitter laugh)

Oh--what curse is it that makes everything I touch turn ludicrous and sordid and mean?

BRACK

But there is another disagreeable feature in the affair, Mme Hedda. The pistol he carried....

HEDDA

Well, what of it?

BRACK

He must have stolen it.

HEDDA

That's not true! He did <u>not</u> steal it--

BRACK

No other explanation is possible. He <u>must</u> have stolen it -- Because every <u>other</u> explanation ought to be impossible.

HEDDA

Indeed?

BRACK

Eilert Lovborg was here this morning, was he not?

HEDDA

Yes.

BRACK

Were you alone with him?

HEDDA

Part of the time.

BRACK

Did you leave the room whilst he was here?

HEDDA

No.

BRACK

Try to recollect. Were you not out of the room a moment?

HEDDA

Yes, perhaps just a moment--out in the hall.

BRACK

And where was your pistol case during that time?

HEDDA

The case stood there on the writing table.

BRACK

Have you looked since to see whether both pistols are there?

HEDDA

No.

BRACK

Well, you needn't. I saw the pistol found in Lovborg's pocket, and I recognized it at once as the one I saw here yesterday.

HEDDA

Have you it with you?

BRACK

No; the police have it.

(PAUSE) HEDDA

And what will the police <u>do</u> with it?

BRACK

Search until they find the owner.

HEDDA

Do you think they will succeed?

BRACK (insinuatingly)

No--Hedda Gabler--not as long as <u>I</u> say nothing.

HEDDA

And supposing the pistol was not stolen, and the owner discovered?--What then?

BRACK

Well, Hedda--then comes the scandal. The scandal--of which you are so mortally afraid. You will be brought before the Court--you and Mlle. Diane. She will have to explain whether it was an accidental shot--or murder---Did the pistol go off as he was trying to take it out of his pocket? Or did she tear it out of his hand, shoot him, then push it back into his pocket? That would be quite like Mlle. Diane!

HEDDA

But what have <u>I</u> to do with all this repulsive business?

BRACK

You will have to answer the question: Why did you give Eilert Lovborg the pistol? And what conclusions will people draw from the fact that you did give it to him?

HEDDA

That is true. I did not think of that.

BRACK

Well, fortunately there is no danger, so long as <u>I</u> say <u>nothing</u>.

(PAUSE)

HEDDA

So I am in your power--Judge Brack; from this time forward. Subject to your will--your demands---

BRACK

Dearest Hedda, believe me, I shall not abuse my advantage.

HEDDA

No--I cannot endure the thought of that! Never!

BRACK

People generally get used to the inevitable.

HEDDA

Perhaps! (She goes into the next room. Presently a shot is heard. As the door is opened, revealing Hedda's dead body on the sofa, Judge Brack gasps:

"GOOD GOD! People don't do such things."

SIDE II, Band 1: INTRODUCTION TO OSCAR WILDE

"Importance of Being Earnest"

Yet, during the same years in which realism took over, the smartly cynical wit of Oscar Wilde flooded the English stage with laughter. The artificialities of his plays echoed the comedies of the preceding centuries and his delightful epigrams were and still are one of the delights of English literature.

His method in his plays seems simple. Serious matters he usually treats with frivolous lightness, trivial matters with the utmost seriousness. This is the keynote of the following scene from the Importance of Being Earnest. Lady Bracknell, a domineering Victorian dowager, cross examines Jack Worthing, an attractive young man about the town, who has just become engaged to her daughter Gwendolyn.

LADY BRACKNELL

No, Mr. Worthing--you are not engaged. An engagement should come upon a young girl as a surprise--pleasant or unpleasant as the case may be. It is hardly a matter she could be allowed to arrange for herself. Now I have a few questions to put to you--

I feel bound to tell you that your name is not on my list of eligible young men, although I have the same list as the dear Duchess of Bolton; in fact, we work together. However I am quite ready to enter your name, should your answers be what a really affectionate mother requires. Do you smoke?

WORTHING

Yes, I must admit, I smoke.

LADY BRACKNELL

I am glad to hear it. A young man should have an occupation of some sort; there are far too many idle young men in London as it is. Now I am of the opinion that a young man who desires to marry should know everything or nothing. Which do you know?

WORTHING

I know nothing, Lady Bracknell.

LADY BRACKNELL

I am delighted to hear it. I do not believe in tampering with natural ignorance. Ignorance is like a delicate exotic flower--touch it and the bloom is gone. Of course, the whole theory of modern education is radically unsound. Fortunately, in England, at any rate, education produces no effect whatsoever. What is your income?

WORTHING

Between seven and eight thousand a year.

LADY BRACKNELL

Land or investments?

WORTHING

Investments, chiefly.

LADY BRACKNELL

That is satisfactory. **What with the duties** expected of one during one's lifetime, and the duties exacted after one's death land has ceased to be either a profit or a pleasure. You have a townhouse I hope? A girl with a simple, unspoiled nature like Gwendolyn's could hardly be expected to live in the country.

WORTHING

I own the house at 149 Belgrade Square--but it's let by the year to Lady Bloxham.

LADY BRACKNELL

Lady Bloxham? I don't know her.

WORTHING

She goes about very little. She is a lady quite advanced in years.

LADY BRACKNELL

Oh? Now-a-days that is no guarantee of character. 149 Belgrade Square; the unfashionable side, yes--I was afraid of that. However, that could be altered.

WORTHING

The fashion, or the side?

LADY BRACKNELL

Both, if necessary. And now, for minor matters. Your parents--are they living?

WORTHING

I have lost both my parents.

LADY BRACKNELL

Both? That almost seems like carelessness! Who was your father? Obviously a man of some wealth.

WORTHING

I really don't know. I said I had lost my parents, Lady Bracknell--It would be nearer the truth to say that my parents seem to have lost me. I was found.

LADY BRACKNELL

Found?

WORTHING

The late Mr. Thomas Cardew, an elderly gentleman of charitable disposition, found me and gave me the name of Worthing because he happened to have a first class ticket for Worthing in his pocket at the time.

LADY BRACKNELL

And where did this charitable possessor of a first class ticket find you?

WORTHING

In a handbag.

LADY BRACKNELL

A handbag?

WORTHING

Yes, Lady Bracknell, in a handbag. A somewhat large black leather handbag, with handles on it; an ordinary handbag, in fact.

LADY BRACKNELL

In what locality did your James or Thomas Cardew come across this ordinary handbag?

WORTHING

In the Victoria station. It was given him in mistake for his own. (Pause)

LADY BRACKNELL

My dear Mr. Worthing, I must confess that I am somewhat bewildered by what you have told me. To be born, or at any rate bred, in a handbag, whether it had handles or not, seems to me to display a contempt for the ordinary decencies of family life. As for the particular locality in which the handbag was found--a cloakroom in a railway station might be used to conceal a social indiscretion--has probably been used for that purpose before--but it can hardly be regarded as a basis for an assured position in good society. I would therefore strongly advise you, Mr. Worthing, to try to acquire some relations as soon as possible--and to make a definite effort to produce at least one parent, of either sex, before the season is quite over. Until then, Mr. Worthing, good day.

SIDE II, Band 2: INTRODUCTION TO CANDIDA SCENES

George Bernard Shaw

George Bernard Shaw was one of the most enthusiastic champions of Ibsen's genius, using his powerful pen to awaken public and players alike to the importance of the new playwright's works.

Shaw, too, when he began to write plays, attacked the smugness of middle-class concepts of morality. He brought to his task a courage which echoed Ibsen, plus a sharp wit, comparable to that of Wilde.

In Candida, one of his early and best-known plays, he gave to the theatre what seemed at the time a new kind of heroine: the practical, middle-class housewife, busily peeling onions as she resolves the domestic problems of her good-looking overworked parson-husband, James Morrell.

But Candida's womanly charm has not been lost in the routine of her domestic

chores and the gifted young poet, Eugene Marchbanks, who has been their house guest for some time, has fallen genuinely in love with her. He longs to free her from what seems to him the horror of her commonplace environment.

The play shows us the battle of ideas through which the poet and the parson each hopes to win the woman they both adore. In the first scene, Candida is seated before the fire in her husband's study, trying to woo him out of his morose preoccupation, never dreaming that it has jealousy as its foundation.

She speaks:

CANDIDA

You've done enough writing for today. Leave Prossy to finish it and come and talk to me. Yes, I must be talked to sometimes! Now, you're beginning to look better already. Why don't you give up this tiresome over-working--going out every night lecturing and talking? It does no good: They don't mind what you say to them one little bit. Of course they agree with you; but what's the use of people agreeing with you if they go and do just the opposite of what you tell them the moment your back is turned? Look at our congregation at St. Dominic's! Why do they come to hear you talking about Christianity every Sunday? Why, just because they've been so full of business and money-making for six days that they want to forget all about it and have a rest on the seventh, so they can go back fresh and make money harder than ever! You positively help them at it instead of hindering them.

MORELL

There must be some good in the fact that they prefer St. Dominic's to worse places on Sundays.

CANDIDA

Oh, the worse places aren't open; and even if they were, they daren't be seen going into them. Besides, James, dear, you preach so splendidly that it's as good as a play for them. Why do you think the women are so enthusiastic?

MORELL

Candida!

CANDIDA

Oh, I know! You silly boy: you think it's your socialism and your religion; but if it was that, they'd do what you tell them instead of only coming to look at you. They all have Prossy's complaint.

MORELL

Prossy's complaint?

CANDIDA

Yes, Prossy and all the other secretaries you ever had. Why does Prossy condescend to wash up the things, and to peel potatoes and abase herself in all manner of ways for six shillings a week less than she used to get in a city office? She's in love with you, James; that's the reason. They're all in love with you. And you are in love with preaching because you do it so beautifully. And you think it's all enthusiasm for the Kingdom of Heaven on earth; and so do they. You dear silly!

MORELL

Candida: what dreadful, what soul-destroying cynicism! Are you jesting? Or--can it be?--are you jealous?

CANDIDA

(With curious thoughtfulness) Yes, I feel a little jealous sometimes. Not jealous of anybody. Jealous for somebody who is not loved as he ought to be.

MORELL

Me?

CANDIDA

You! Why, you're spoiled with love and worship: you get far more than is good for you. No, I mean Eugene.

MORELL

(Startled) Eugene!

CANDIDA

It seems unfair that all the love should go to you, and none to him, although he needs it so much more than you do. What's the matter? Am I worrying you?

MORELL

(Hastily) Not at all. You know that I have perfect confidence in you Candida; in your goodness, your purity.

CANDIDA

What a nasty, uncomfortable thing to say to me! Oh, you are a clergyman, James--a thorough clergyman.

MORELL

(Heartstricken) So Eugene says.

CANDIDA

(With a lively interest) Eugene's always right. He's a wonderful boy: I have grown fonder and fonder of him all the time I was away. Do you know, James, that though he hasn't the least suspicion of it himself, he is ready to fall madly in love with me?

MORELL

(Grimly) Oh, he has no suspicion of it?

CANDIDA

Not a bit. Some day he will know--when he is grown up and experienced, like you. And he will know that I must have known. I wonder what he will think of me then.

MORELL

No evil, Candida. I hope and trust, no evil.

CANDIDA

(Dubiously) That will depend.

MORELL

(Bewildered) Depend!

CANDIDA

Yes: it will depend on what happens to him. Don't you see? It will depend on how he comes to learn what love really is--I mean, on the sort of woman who will teach it to him. If he learns it from a good woman, then it will be all right: he will forgive me. But suppose that he learns it from a bad woman, as so many men do, especially poetic men, who imagine all women are angels! Suppose he only discovers the value of love when he has thrown it away and degraded himself in his ignorance. Will he forgive me then, do you think?

MORELL

Forgive you for what?

CANDIDA

Don't you understand? I mean, will he forgive me for not teaching him myself? For abandoning him to bad women for the sake of my goodness--my purity, as you call it? Ah, James, how little you understand me, to talk of your confidence in my "goodness" and "purity"! I would give them both to poor Eugene as willingly as I would give my shawl to a beggar dying of cold, if there were nothing else to restrain me. Put your trust in my love for you, James, for if that went, I should care very little for your sermons--mere phrases that you cheat yourself and others with every day.

MORELL

His words!

CANDIDA

Whose words?

MORELL

Eugene's.

CANDIDA

(Delighted) He is always right. He understands you; he understands me; he understands Prossy; and you, James ----you understand nothing.

SIDE II, Band 3:

In the final scene of the play, Candida faces a crisis. The quarreling of the two men has reached a climax, and they demand that she choose between them, that she decide whose strength, whose ideals are most essential to her happiness.

But Candida, wiser than either of them, knows that her decision will rest upon something quite different. It will rest upon which of the two men needs her most. She was, you see, that kind of woman. So she walks in upon them in the midst of their quarrelling and addresses them both:

CANDIDA

Let us sit and talk comfortably over it like three friends. Sit down, James, dear; Eugene - you remember what you told me about yourself, how nobody has cared for you since your old nurse died: how those clever fashionable sisters and successful brothers of yours were your mother's and

father's pets: how miserable you were at Eton: how your father is trying to starve you into returning to Oxford: how you have had to live without comfort or welcome or refuge, always lonely, and nearly always disliked and misunderstood, poor boy! ----Now I want you to look at this other boy here, my boy--spoiled from his cradle. We go once a fortnight to see his parents. You should come with us, Eugene, and see the pictures of the hero of that household. ---James as a baby; the most wonderful of all babies! James holding his first school prize, won at the ripe age of eight! James as the captain of his eleven! James in his first frock coat! James under all sorts of glorious circumstances! You know how strong he is--(I hope he didn't hurt you!)--How clever he is--how happy. Ask James' mother and his three sisters what it cost to save James the trouble of doing anything but be strong and clever and happy. Ask me what it costs to be James' mother and three sisters, and wife, and mother-to-his-children, all in one. Ask Prossy and **Maria** how troublesome the house is even when we have no visitors--to help us slice the onions. Ask the tradesmen who want to worry James and spoil his beautiful sermons who it is that puts them off. When there is money to give, he gives it; when there is money to refuse, I refuse it. I build a castle of comfort and indulgence and love for him, and stand sentinel, always, to keep little, vulgar cares out. I make him master here, tho' he doesn't know it, and could not tell you a moment ago how it came to be so. ---Yet when he thought I might go away with you, his only anxiety was what should become of me! And to tempt me to stay, he offered me--his strength for my defense, his industry for my livelihood, his position for my dignity, his--Ah! I'm mixing up your beautiful sentences and spoiling them, am I not, darling?---Am I your mother and sisters to you, Eugene? You're not going like that?

EUGENE

I know the hour when it strikes! I no longer desire happiness. Life is nobler than that!

CANDIDA

One last word, Eugene. How old are you?

EUGENE

As old as the world now. This morning I was eighteen.

CANDIDA

Eighteen! Will you, for my sake, make a little poem out of the two sentences I am going to say to you? And will you promise to repeat it to yourself whenever you think of me?

EUGENE

Say the sentences.

CANDIDA

When I am thirty, she will be forty-five. -- When I am sixty, she will be seventy-five.

EUGENE

In a hundred years, we'll be the same age. But I have a better secret than that in my heart. Let me go.

CANDIDA

Goodbye, Eugene----Ah, James!

SIDE II, Band 4:

In closing this sharing with you of some of the great moments in the theatre down through the ages, I have purposely ended with a work by George Bernard Shaw --because it is Shaw who might be said to bridge the past and the present. He attacked the stale formulas of the past and crusaded for a vital theatre of ideas.

The power of Shaw's arguments are reflected often in the vitality of some of our modern playwrights.

And whose plays are likely to become the classics of the future? Who can say? Only you, dear audience--and time.

A writer creates a masterpiece; but only you, the audience, can make of it a classic--something which will be valued by you and future generations.

As Shaw himself says, in the final lines which close his monumental play, BACK TO METHUSELA:

"Of Life...there is no end...of its many starry mansions many are still unbuilt...It is enough that there is a beyond."

Blanche Yurka as Hedda in "Hedda Gabler".

Blanche Yurka as Lady Bracknell in "The Importance of Being Earnest".

Blanche Yurka (center) as Mrs. Malaprop in "The Rivals", with Thayer David (as Sir Anthony), and Lydia Languish.

LITHO IN U.S.A.