

CLAIRE LUCE

READS

Shakespeare's



Venus and Adonis!

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MUSIC LP

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CLAIRE LUCE reads

SHAKESPEARE'S VENUS & ADONIS

SIDE 1

Beginning: "Even as the sun..."

SIDE 2

Beginning: "Nay, then, quoth Adon,...."

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FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9846

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Venus and Adonis

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CLAIRE LUCE

reads

VENUS AND ADONIS

by

William Shakespeare

(adapted for recording by Miss Luce)

Even as the sun with purple-colour'd face,
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he loved, but love he laugh'd to scorn:
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo him.

"Thrice fairer than myself" (thus she began)

'Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where never serpent
hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses.'

'And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red, and pale, with fresh variety;
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.'

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve, to do a goddess good:
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens--O, how quick is love!--
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove:
Backward she pushed him, as she would be
thrust,
And governed him in strength-though not in
lust.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fastened in her arms Adonis lies,
Pure shame and awed resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
Rain added to a river that is rank
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

'Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine--
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red--
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine:
What see'st thou in the ground? hold up thy head,
Look in mine eyes, there thy beauty lies.
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

'Art thou shamed to kiss? then wink again
And I will wink, so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
These blue-veined violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.'

I have been woo'd as I entreat thee now--
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow
Who conquers where he comes in every war:
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave
And begged for that which thou unasked shalt
have.'

'The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe; yet may'st thou well be tasted:
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted.

Fair flowers that are not gathered in their
prime
Rot, and consume themselves in little time.'

'Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself--be of thyself rejected--
Steal thine own freedom and complain on theft!
Narcissus so himself, himself forsook--
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

'Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth
beauty;
Thou wast begot; to get it, is thy duty.'

'Upon the earth's increase why should'st thou
feed
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead;
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.'

And now Adonis with a lazy spright
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His louring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapors when they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks, cries Fie! No more of
love!
The sun doth burn my face, I must remove.'

"Aye me 'quoth Venus, 'young and so unkind--
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone!
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun:
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs,
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my
tears.

'Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel?
Nay more than flint-for stone at rain relenteth:
Art thou a woman's son and canst not feel
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind
She had not brought forth thee, but died
unkind.'

'What am I, that thou shouldst deny me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair--but speak fair words, or else be
mute.

Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.'

'Fondling' she saith, 'since I have hemmed thee
here

Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be a park and thou shalt be my dear;
Feed where thou wilt-on mountain-or in dale;
Graze on my lips, and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower where the pleasant fountains lie.'

Now which way shall she turn--what shall she say--
Her words are done-her woes the more increasing-
The time is spent-her object will away.
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
'Pity' she cries, 'some favour, some remorse.'
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But lo, from forth a copse that neighbors by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy.
And forth she rushes, snorts and neighs aloud:
The strong-necked steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight he goes.

His ears up-pricked, his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stands on end-
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shows his hot courage, and his high desire.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her-
She answers him as if she knew his mind-
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her-
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind,
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

His testy master goeth about to take him,
When lo, the unback'd breeder, fully of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him-
With her the horse-and left Adonis there.
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Outstripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swol'n with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast;
And now the happy season once more fits
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels-

With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
His tenderer cheek receive's her soft hand's
print,
As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

Full gently now, she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a gale of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band,
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

'Give me my hand', saith he; 'why dost thou feel
it?'

'Give me my heart', saith she, 'and thou shalt
have it.'

O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can ne'er engrave it.'
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.'

'For shame' he cries, 'let go, and let me go,
My day's delight is past my horse is gone-
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so;
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone-
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.'

Thus she replies 'Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire:
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd,
Else, suffered, it will set the heart on fire!
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none;
Therefore no marvel, though thy horse be gone.

'Who sees his true love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?
Who is so faint, that dares not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

'I know not love', quoth he, 'nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar-and then will chase it.
'Tis much to borrow and I will not owe it;
My love-to love- is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs and weeps and all but with a
breath.'

'You hurt my hand with wringing, let us part;
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat.
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart,
To love's alarms, it will not ope the gate.
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your
flattery.
For where a heart is hard, they make no
battery.'

'What canst thou talk? quoth she, 'hast thou a
tongue?

O would thou hadst not-or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now pressed with bearing.
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
Ear's deep sweet musick, and heart's deep sore
wounding.'

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth;
A smile recurses the wounding of a frown,
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, til clapping makes it red.

'Now let me say 'goodnight' and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.
'Goodnight' quoth she-and ere he says adieu
The honey fee of parting tendered is:
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace,
Incorporate then they seem, face grows to face.

Till breathless he disjoin'd and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drough
He with her plenty-pressed, she faint with
dearth,
Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so
high,
That she will draw his lips rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury, she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage,
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's
wrack.

Hot, faint and weary with her hard embracing
Like a wild bird being tamed with too much
handling,
Or, as the fleet-foot roe, thats tired with
chasing,
Or like the forward infant stilled with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,
Chiefly in love, whose love exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale-faced coward,
But then woos best when most his choice is
froward.

For pity now, she can no more detain him:
The poor fool prays her that he may depart;
She is resolved no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest
He carries thence, incaged in his breast.

'Sweet boy,' she says, 'this night I'll waste in
sorrow
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet tomorrow?
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?
He tells her no; tomorrow he intends

To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

'The boar', quoth she, whereat a sudden pale
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose
Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even so poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw;
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw;
The warm effects which she in him finds missing
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain, good queen, it will not be;
She hath essay'd as much as may be proved;
Her pleading hath deserved a greater fee;
She's Love--she loves--and yet she is not loved.
'Fie, fie' he cries, 'you crush me; let me go;
You have no reason to withhold me so.'

'Thou hadst been gone' quoth she, 'sweet boy,
ere this,
But that thou toldst me thou would hunt the boar;
O! Be advised! thou knowst not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tusks never sheathed, he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher bent to kill.

'His brawny sides with hairy bristles armed,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brambles, and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him part, through whom he
rushes.'

'Didst thou not mark my face--was it not white--
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eyes?
Grew I not faint--and fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants--and takes no rest,
But like an earthquake shakes thee on my
breast!'

'What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at the imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination:
I prophesy thy death--my living sorrow--
If thou encounter with the boar tomorrow!'

'Lie quietly and hear a little more!
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise!
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself, thou hear'st me moralize--
Applying this to that, and so to so,
For love can comment upon every woe.'

(Ah!) 'Where did I leave?' 'No matter where',
 quoth he;
 Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:
 The night is spent. 'Why, what of that?'
 'quoth she.
 'I am,' 'quoth he, 'expected of my friends,
 And now 'tis dark, and going, I shall fall--'
 'In night', quoth she, 'desire sees best of all.

Side II

'Nay, then,' quoth Adon, 'You will fall again
 Into your idle over-handled theme;
 The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
 And all in vain you strive against the stream;
 For by this black-faced night, desire's foul
 nurse,
 Your treatise makes me like you worse and
 worse!'

'What have you urged that I cannot reprove?
 The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger;
 I hate not love, but your device in love
 That lends embracements unto every stranger.
 You do it for increase O strange excuse,
 When reason is the bawd to lusts abuse!

'Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled
 Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name;
 Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
 Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
 Which the hot tyrant strains, and soon
 bereaves,
 As caterpillars do the tender leaves.'

'Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
 But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
 Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
 Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
 Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
 Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.'

With this, he breatheth from the sweet embrace
 Of whose fair arms which bound him to her breast,
 And homeward through the dark lawn runs apace,
 Leaves Love upon her back--deeply distressed;
 Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
 So glides he in the night from Venus' eye:

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
 Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
 Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
 Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
 So did the merciless and pitchy night
 Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

And now she beats her heart--whereat it groans,
 That all the neighbor caves, as seemingly troubled,
 Make verbal repetition of her moans;
 Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
 'Ay me!' she cries, and twenty times 'Woe, woe!'
 And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
 But idle sounds resembling parasites;
 Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every call,
 Soothing the humor of fantastic wits?

She says 'Tis so': they answer all 'Tis so';
 And would say after her, if she said 'No'.

Her song was tedious and outwore the night,
 For lover's hours are long, though seeming short;
 If pleased themselves, others then think delight:
 In such like circumstance, with such - like sport.
 Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
 End without audience, and are never done.

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
 And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
 The sun ariseth from his majesty;
 Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
 That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay,
 Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
 Wreath'd up in fatal folds just in his way,
 The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;
 Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
 Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
 But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
 Because the cry remaineth in one place,
 Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud,
 Finding their enemy to be so curst,
 They all strain courtesy who shall cope him
 first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
 Through which it enters to surprise her heart,
 Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
 With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part,
 Like soldiers, when their captain once doth
 yield,
 They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;
 Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
 She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,
 And childish error, that they are afraid,
 Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no
 more:
 And with that word--she spied the hunted
 boar.

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
 Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
 A second fear through all her sinews spread,
 Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:
 This way she runs, and now she will no further,
 But back reitres, to rate the boar for murder.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,
 And asks the weary caitiff for his master,
 And there another licking of his wound,
 'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
 And here she meets another, sadly scowling,
 To whom she speaks, and he replies with
 howling.

When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,
 Another flap-mouthed mourner, black, and grim,
 Against the welkin volleys out his voice,
 Another and another, answer him,

Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratched ears, bleeding as they
go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on death.

'Hard-favor'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful force of love'--thus chides she death,--
"Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost
thou mean
To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath,
Who when he lived, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?"

'If he be dead,--O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it;--
O yes, it may--thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit;
Thy mark is feeble age, but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's
heart.'

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopp'd
The crystal tide, that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropped;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver
rain,
And with his strong course, opens them
again.

By this far off she hears some huntsman holloa;
A nurse's song ne'er pleased her babe so well:
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labor to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prisoned in her eye like pearls in glass,
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;
Adonis lives--and Death is not to blame.
It was not she that called him all to nought;
Now she adds honors to his hateful name.
She calls him King of Graves, and grave for
kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

'No, no', quoth she, 'sweet Death, I did but jest--
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear
Whenas I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
Then, gentle shadow--truth I must confess,--
I rail'd on thee-fearing my love's decease.

Thus hoping Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate,
And that his beauty may the better thrive,

With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and
stories
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

'O Jove', quoth she, 'how much a fool was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind,
To wail his death who lives, and must not die,
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For her being dead, with him is beauty
slain,
And, beauty dead, black Chaos comes again!

As falcons to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light,
And in her haste, unfortunately, spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight.
Which seen, her eyes are murdered with the
view--
Like stars ashamed of day, themselves
withdrew.

Or as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there all smothered up in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep-dark cabins of her head:

And being opened, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank, whose wonted lily-white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was
drenched:
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf,
or weed,
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to
bleed.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem
three,
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach
should be:
His face seems twain, each several limb is
doubled,
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being
troubled.

Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or anything ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colors fresh and
trim;
But true-sweet beauty lived and died with him.

'To see his face, the lion walked along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.'

'But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;

Sun' in London in which she danced everything from ballet to tap-dancing...then began a serious acting career in 'Of Mice and Men' (author, Pulitzer prize-winner John Steinbeck) in New York and London. She then rose to important heights as a Shakespearean actress, the first American to play for an entire season at the Shakespeare Memorial Theater at Stratford-on-Avon, England where her interpretations of Cleopatra (Antony and Cleopatra) Beatrice (Much Ado About Nothing) and Viola (Twelfth Night) were acclaimed by the London critics as "memorable performances". She will also be remembered for her Katherine, the Shrew in the New York City Center production of 'The Taming of the Shrew'. She has recently completed an extensive tour of the Universities in a one-woman show of the classics of more than a dozen of the great roles of the theatre, among them, Camille-Lady Macbeth-Salome-Maeterlinck's Mary Magdalene-Mary, Queen of Scots (Schiller) and Shaw's Saint Joan.

She has performed in scores of summer theatre productions such as Bell, Book and Candle-The Millionairess and Don Juan in Hell (G.B. Shaw) Anna Christie-The Doll's House- A Streetcar Named Desire-The Heiress- and others too numerous to mention. In fact, she was presented with a "Show Business" award as the actress playing the most diverse roles in the theatre. She is well-known too, to television audiences for her portrayals in 'The Queen Bee'-'Becky Sharp'-'Peer Gynt'-Reflected Glory-By Candlelight and numerous others. Her first Hollywood film was 'Up the River' in which she co-starred with Spencer Tracy and Humphrey Bogart-and has made several films in England. In the world of art she has been recognized too by the critics for her oil paintings of theatre and the ballet, having had three successful one-man shows at the Arthur Newton Gallery in 57th Street.

At the moment she is participating in a stage adaptation of Virginia Woolf's 'The Waves' and is preparing a television series culled from her "Diary of an Actress".

WHO'S WHO IN THE THEATRE

LUCE, Claire, actress; b. Syracuse, New York, U.S.A.; d. of Frederick Luce and his wife Maud (Hinds); e. Vermont and Rochester; m. Clifford Warren-Smith (dec.); studied dancing at the Denishawn School in New York, with Michel Fokine and Florence Colebrook Powers; made her first appearance in public in the ballet of a Russian opera, "Snow Maiden," managed by Sol Hurok; first appeared on the regular stage at the Longacre Theatre, 15 Aug., 1923, in "Little Jessie James"; appeared at the Times Square Theatre, New York, Sept., 1924, as Clair in "Dear Sir"; at the Music Box, Dec., 1924, appeared in "The Music Box Revue"; for a time a dancer with Texas Guinan's troupe; during 1925 appeared at the Casino de Paris, Paris, in *revues*; at Palm Beach, 1926, appeared in Ziegfeld's "Palm Beach Nights"; at the Globe, New York, June, 1926, appeared in "No Foolin'" (Ziegfeld's *revue*); at the New Amsterdam, Aug., 1927, in "The Ziegfeld Follies of 1927"; made her first appearance in London, at Golders Green, 26 Nov., 1928, as Bonny in "Burlesque," appearing in the same part at the Queen's, Dec., 1928; after her return to America, appeared at Atlantic City, Aug., 1929, as Nora Mason, in "Scarlet Pages," and appeared in the same part at the Morosco, New York, Sept., 1929; Booth, Dec., 1931, played Judy Gelett in "Society Girl"; Ethel Barrymore, Nov., 1932, in "Gay Divorce"; and played the same part at the Palace, London, Nov., 1933; at Daly's, May, 1934, played Nina Popinot in "Vintage Time"; Mar., 1935, Susette in "Love and Let Love"; Gaiety, May, 1935, Maricousa in "Gay Deceivers"; Adelphi, Feb., 1936, appeared in "Follow the Sun"; Daly's, June, 1937, Nadja von Eckner in "No Sleep for the Wicked"; Music Box, New York, Nov., 1937, Curley's Wife in "Of Mice and Men," which she also played at the Gate, London, Apr., 1939, and subsequently at the Apollo, May, 1939; at the Open Air Theatre, Southwark Park, July, 1941, and at Regent's Park, Aug., 1941, played Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew," and subsequently Princess Katherine in "King Henry V"; she then toured for E.N.S.A., for eight months, playing Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew," Anna Christie, Nora in "A Doll's House," and Sadie Thompson in "Rain"; subsequently toured as Evira in "Blithe Spirit," for the U.S.O.; at the Stratford-on-Avon Memorial Theatre, Apr.-Sept., 1945, appeared with great success as Viola in "Twelfth Night," Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing," Mistress Ford in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and Cleopatra in "Antony and Cleopatra," scoring a memorable success in the last-mentioned part; at the Westminster Theatre, Jan., 1946, played Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, in "Golden Eagle"; "Q" May, 1946, and subsequently on tour played Becky Sharp in "Vanity Fair," and played this part at the Comedy, Oct., 1946; returned to America, and next appeared at the Booth, New York, as Tanis Talbot in "Portrait in Black"; Lyceum, Apr., 1950, Rose Raymond in "With a Silk Thread"; at Somerset, Mass., July, 1950, played Effie in "The Devil Also Dreams"; New York City Center, Apr., 1951, played Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew"; Music Box, May, 1952, appeared as Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing"; toured from 1956-9 in a one-woman show called "Fashions in Love"; Theatre '58, Dallas, Jan., 1958, Lucy Greer in "And So, Farewell"; Maidman, New York, Apr., 1960, in a one-woman show called "These Are My Loves"; has made numerous summer stock appearances in "Boston '49," "An Evening of G. B. Shaw," Donna Ana in "Don Juan in Hell," Epifania in "The Millionairess," "Bell, Book and Candle," "Time of the Cuckoo," "A Streetcar Named Desire," "The Heiress," Mrs. Venable in "Suddenly, Last Summer," "Shanghai Gesture," "Tonight at 8.30," "The Fourposter," her own adaptation of "The Lady of the Camellias," Desdemona in "Othello," etc.; first appeared in films, 1930, in "Up the River," and has since appeared in several pictures; has also made numerous television appearances. *Recreation:* Painting (has had three one-woman exhibitions)

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