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A Master's thesis consisting of 1. Acting book for the role of Nora Helmer in A doll's house; 2. Production log for the role of Raina in Arms and the man,

Edwards, Vivian-Lee.

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Boston University
BOSTON UNIVERSITY
SCHOOL OF FINE AND APPLIED ARTS
DIVISION OF THEATRE ARTS

A MASTERS THESIS CONSISTING OF

1. ACTING BOOK FOR THE ROLE OF NORA HELMER IN A DOLL'S HOUSE

2. PRODUCTION LOG FOR THE ROLE OF RAINA IN ARMS AND THE MAN directed by David Seacoe, March 1962

By

VIVIAN-LEE EDWARDS

Submitted in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for the Degree of Master of Fine Arts, June 1962.
BOSTON UNIVERSITY
SCHOOL OF FINE AND APPLIED ARTS
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ACTING BOOK FOR THE ROLE OF
NORA HELMER IN A DOLL'S HOUSE

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# TABLE OF CONTENTS

I. COPY OF THE LETTER TO THE FACULTY COMMITTEE
II. HISTORICAL BACKGROUND
III. ESSAY
IV. IMAGES
V. THEATRICALITY
VI. EXTERNAL RHYTHM AND TEMPO
VII. COSTUME
VIII. MAKE UP
IX. ANNOTATED SCRIPT OF A DOLL'S HOUSE
     WITH CORRESPONDING INNER MONOLOGUE
X. BIBLIOGRAPHY
Faculty Committee  
Division of Theatre Arts  
School of Fine and Applied Arts  
Boston University  
Boston, Massachusetts

Gentlemen:

I should like to request permission to prepare an acting book on the role of Nora Helmer in Henrik Ibsen's *A Doll's House*.

The study of this role would be a great challenge to me as Nora is a well written character with strong emotional crises which I would like to study to increase my own emotional freedom as an actress.

I hope this project will meet with your approval.

Respectfully,

Vivian-Lee Edwards
HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

Just as he was gaining recognition as a romantic playwright, Ibsen startled the world with his "new plays," the realistic, social dramas for which he is most famous.

These were the dramas of ideas challenging ideals. Society was faced with its hypocrisy and forced to answer for it.

The characters Ibsen drew were rounded characters. They departed from the current mode of the all good or all evil characters. The qualities of good and evil were both intrinsic to each of his characters. They thus took on dimension and appeared more realistic. They grew out of their individual backgrounds and were not suddenly thrown full-grown onto the stage to blunder through a series of contrived situations and imposed actions.

Ibsen, in a speech to students in Oslo in 1874, said, "All I have written ... I have mentally lived through ... nobody can poetically present that to which he has not to a certain degree and at least at times the model within himself."

Ibsen's life and experience does run throughout his plays, and the student can follow his development from his early, youthful romantic plays, poetry, and radical journalism, through the social dramas of his mature years as a writer with a need to challenge the social order of his day to the period

of his dramas of character culminating in his somewhat autobiographical The Master Builder and his final song of triumph with When We Dead Awake.

Ibsen was born in a Norwegian sea coast town, Skein, in 1828. His father was a successful merchant and his home a nice middle-class home. There were six children. When Ibsen was eight, his father's business failed and the family had nothing of its former wealth but a house in the country. To this home the family moved and there they lived for the next eight years. The family was spurned by its former friends and Ibsen was forced to attend poor schools, and he came at an early age to recognize the hypocrisy of the middle class.

Because he was poor he was unable to pursue a career as a painter which had interested him, so he decided to study medicine. His education had been inferior, however, and he did not have the background for medicine. He then became apprentice to a pharmacist in Grimstad, a town south of Skein. Here Ibsen remained for six years. He was forced to share a room with the young sons of his employer, so he sought the sea for a place to be alone. In it he found his only comfort. He turned for a while to a servant girl who was ten years his senior, and she bore a child of their union which he was forced to support for fourteen years.

After three years in Skein, things began to improve and Ibsen made friends, became interested in Cicero and composed his first tragedy, Catalina, in 1848.
Ibsen renounced his medical ambitions and attended lectures at the University in Christiana in philosophy and literature. He accepted a position in the little theatre in Bergen. The theatre gave him money to study in Dresden and Copenhagen preparatory to accepting a position with them as stage manager and playwright. During his studies he read an article by the German scholar, Hermann Hettner, admonishing playwrights to use the theory of psychoanalysis in their playwriting. This interested Ibsen, and he tried to use this in his next plays. He sought to transfer the large national conflict into the inner man.

The plays continued to fail, but Ibsen kept writing, and he wrote his first successful play, The Feast at Solaug, while he was at Bergen.

In 1857, he became the director of the Christiana Norwegian Theatre. Soon there after he married Susannah Thoreson. The five years spent at the Christiana theatre were years of disappointment and disillusionment. Ibsen applied several times for government stipends for travel as a result of his work, but he was continually refused. He began to doubt his work and became bitter with society for not accepting it. He wrote his first play of protest, Love's Comedy, as a result of this disillusionment. It too failed. Then the theatre at Bergen went bankrupt.

Ibsen's play, The Pretenders, won him a government stipend with its success, and Ibsen left Norway to travel. In Denmark
he was depressed by the defeat of the Danes by the Prussians and Austrians and by the failure of Norway to come to their aid. He went on through Germany and settled in Rome. He lived in Rome and later in Dresden, but he did not return to Norway for twenty-seven years.

Brand, written in 1865, enjoyed great acclaim. During the years 1876, through 1878, Ibsen was recognized and honored for his plays. He was awarded an honorary doctorate from the University of Upsula. He was Germany's favorite playwright with Pillars of Society playing in five theatres. Peer Gynt had a record run in Christiana.

The second phase of Ibsen's career had begun with the publishing in 1869, of his prose satire on political opportunism, The League of Youth. This was the beginning of his social drama.

When A Doll's House was produced in Christiana there was a storm of protest against Nora's leaving Helmer and her children. Ibsen was forced to write an alternate ending in which Nora stays in deference to her children. Ibsen was strongly opposed to this ending, but at that time there was no protection for his work, and he knew that if he did not write the alternate ending, someone else would. His comment was the following:

Our dramatic works are exposed to acts of violence at the hands of translators, theatrical directors, stage manangers, and actors at the smaller theatres. When my works are threatened I prefer, taught by experience, to commit the act of violence myself, instead of leaving them to be treated and "adapted" by less careful and less skillful hands.

2. Ibid, p. xix
However, he strongly opposed the use of the alternate ending.

In 1880, *A Doll's House*, Nora in German, was successfully produced in Munich without the alternate ending. In England due to the power of the licensor of plays, *A Doll's House* was banned as immoral, and its first English performance was a private one given in a Bloomsbury lodging house with Karl Marx's youngest daughter playing Nora and George Bernard Shaw playing Krogstad.

The reaction to *A Doll's House* was mild compared to the outraged response to *Ghosts*. This play was received as a comment on heredity and venereal disease.

In receiving the play on this level most of his peers missed the greatness of the play.

"Broadly conceived, then, *Ghosts* combines the bleakest realism with an intense protest against everything that shackles the individual in his pursuit of happiness and integrity."  

*An Enemy of the People* was the last of Ibsen's primarily social dramas. It was written in response to the criticism *Ghosts* received. In his social dramas Ibsen showed the damaging elements of society upon the individual.

These social dramas were the dramas which made Ibsen famous and for which he is best known particularly in English-speaking countries; however they were preparation for the development of Ibsen's great theme of individuality of his final period of drama of character.

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The Wild Duck, Rosmersholm, The Lady from the Sea, Hedda Gabler, The Master Builder, Little Eyolf, John Gabriel Borkman, and When We Dead Awaken are the character dramas which comprise his third period.

The Wild Duck represents an important change in direction for Ibsen. Thereafter he was to concentrate upon the drama of character rather than of social ideas. Social issues and problems still appeared in several of his plays, but they were qualified by the wisdom of one who treats such matters as a student of human nature. Beginning with The Wild Duck in 1884, Ibsen, who had introduced the social-problem play into the theatre of realism through his earlier prose works, created modern character drama in play after play...

In 1900, Ibsen suffered his first paralytic stroke, and on May 23, 1906, he died.

Ibsen is known primarily as the "father of realism."

Many people know no more of Ibsen than this label. They know nothing of Ibsen, the great poet, and of Ibsen's great goal and ideal portrayed through his drama. This goal and ideal was the self realization of the individual and its thread runs through his works. It is the theme of A Doll's House in which it is expressed realistically. It is expressed poetically in Brand and Peer Gynt. Ibsen expressed himself in many forms of writing. Cataline was written in iambic pentameter; other plays were in free verse; many were in prose. Through all his work the thread of Ibsen's ideal is seen to grow.

The conclusion of When We Dead Awaken is a last reminder that Ibsen struck for victory to the end, and also that... he was not a prosaid realist...

His prime concern in the realistic and symbolic

plays was the 'gay science' of human happiness for the sake of which he felt the necessity of destroying or remodeling old foundations in man's spirit and society. Hence, for example, his dynamiting of old concepts of duty, to which he opposed the concept of self-realization. 6

Through his characters and plays, Ibsen challenged the old society and the new playwrights and heralded the period of modern drama.

ESSAY

Nora Helmer comes from a small town in Norway. She met her husband there when he was sent as a lawyer to investigate some libelous newspaper articles slandering her father. He was successful in clearing her father's name and afterwards he married Nora and brought her to a larger city about one hundred miles from her childhood home.

Nora is very much in love with her husband whom she believes is the ideal husband. She desires to be an ideal wife and mother and please him and protect him in her feminine way. She wants to have darling, well-dressed children who share her happy, sheltered world. Nora is also somewhat afraid of her husband because when he becomes angry, he is apt to raise his voice and scold her and she cannot bear loud noises and she hates to be scolded. It sometimes makes her cry but more often it just makes her petulant. When she pouts, Torvald gives in and she knows he will, so she frequently uses this device to get over unpleasant domestic scenes quickly. Another trick she uses is that when she is cornered she will frequently tell little lies to get herself out of her predicament and if caught at lying, she will busy herself during her scolding and then change the subject as quickly as possible.

The one thing that irritates Nora more than all others is a patronizing attitude. She wants to be accepted as a responsible person with ideas worth listening to and with a mind of
her own. Actually due to the sheltered, pampered life she has led she does not possess original ideas or educated understanding. She has accepted the ideas and beliefs of first her father and then her husband. She has not questioned their opinions. She has instead devoted herself to playing with them. She has been their toy. She has been to Helmer a pretty, gay, dancing doll who has been an attractive prize to display in public and enjoy in private. She offers no challenge to thought, no opposition to will and is like a bird in a cage -- there when desired for company but no particular bother at other times. Her only fault according to Helmer is that she is a spendthrift.

Nora's claim to recognition and maturity is in her great secret which is that she has saved Torvald's life by successfully borrowing money for a necessary trip to Italy. Because he does not know of this great secret Nora can accept with amused indulgence the patronizing attitude that Torvald sometimes uses. Prior to the opening of the play she has been able to get what she wanted from him by using her feminine wiles and has never had to ask for something and explain rationally why it must be done and why she must be trusted and her judgement must be accepted as correct.

This is the problem she faces as A Doll's House progresses. She must keep Krogstad quiet and to do that she must convince Helmer that she should not relieve Krogstad of his bank position. She cannot tell Helmer the real reason because it would mar her
great secret. She has looked forward too long to having Torvald find out that she loved him enough to save his life against unbelievable odds and that she was able to secretly pay back the whole debt by herself. She has looked forward to the moment of shocked surprise, disbelief and the slow realization first that this has been done without his knowing it and then that she has loved him that much. She has awaited his tears of humble joy that such a treasure as she should be his, and her whole being has yearned to join her tears of relief and release with his in awe at the oneness of a beautiful marriage. To have this dream of eight years shattered by the crass reality of her criminal act of forgery, Krogstad’s power over her, and her husband’s obstinacy cause the conflict which brings Nora to realization.

Her life has been an idealistic dream into which very little reality was allowed to penetrate. Her husband was not Torvald Helmer, the person, but Torvald Helmer, the ideal husband. Her children were not young individuals to be shaped and trained for adulthood but "darling babies." She was the ideal wife — charming, pretty, companionable. Through a series of incidents each of these illusions is shown for what it is.

Torvald harshly condemns forgery leaving Nora to face her act as a crime. To the law the motive makes no difference. Nora cannot understand this and she begins to realize her ignorance of the outside world. Torvald condemns people who
have committed crimes and not accepted their punishment as morally ill and unfit to raise children, and Nora's concept of herself as a good mother is ruined.

That her appeal to men is a physical one is shown to her in Dr. Rank's declaration of love and later in her observance of Torvald's attitude to her after the party when he is thinking only of his desire unaware of the great problems she is facing and insensitive to her mood and desires.

Through these various experiences Nora feels her own limitations, but she is unaware of Torvald's true character believing the fault to lie solely in herself. It is when Torvald reads the letter and the "wonderful thing" does not happen that Nora begins to understand the fantasy of her marriage and of her life. She has believed that in his goodness and love for her Torvald would sacrifice anything to save her from harm. He would sacrifice his reputation, his position, his future to protect the one he loved from condemnation from a cold world which was unable to understand the "deep and perfect love."

Torvald's purely selfish reaction upon discovery of her act shocks Nora into a quiet, alert awareness, and she listens to him with increasing objectivity as he berates her for the deceit and stupidity which to her have been the sacrifice and love upon which she has based her marriage. His complete lack of understanding of her position brings reality into focus and she realizes that the man who is condemning her is a stranger
to her. When Krogstad's letter arrives and Helmer's name is saved, he says, "No, no -- I won't even look at it; (the forged note) I'll pretend it was all a horrible dream." (Act 3, page 72, Modern Library College Edition, 1960). Then he apologises for being harsh with her natural womanly ignorance and tells her it is all over and that they will forget the whole thing. He has forgiven her.

It is this attitude of pretending the whole thing did not happen and finally of forgiving her which is the climatic moment for Nora in which she decides she must leave. Helmer is seeking to forget as never-having-existed her claim to self respect. He is erasing the most beautiful thing she has ever done. In doing this he is rejecting Nora and the love she has offered throughout their marriage. In addition he is forgiving her. He is forgiving her for her one claim to individuality and is self righteously enjoying his magnanimity.

Nora leaves Helmer after trying to explain where they have failed and why she must leave.

It is the embryo of an individual who leaves her husband to face social misunderstanding and condemnation in order to fulfill her most sacred duty -- "my duty towards myself." (Act 3, p. 77)
IMAGES

My major animal image for Nora is that of a canary in a lovely cage who is happy in his little world but never free until her cage is opened and she flies out. Her purpose is to entertain which she does by singing and playing and being pretty. Her world is secure and pleasant and until she is aware of a larger world she is content. Nora is also a cocker spaniel, petted, loved, a well-trained dog who is good with the children and very little trouble. She has learned a few tricks and these please her owner and convince him that his cocker is better than the one up the street.

To the critics in 1879 Nora was the emancipated woman. She was a distortion of femininity who was forsaking her most sacred duties to her husband and her children. She was a defamation of everything religious, ethical, moral and womanly.

In reality she was a child, vain, naive, and delighted with her own cleverness.

The image I would like to leave with an audience if I were playing Nora is that of a child growing up. I would like them to see step by step the elements which force the first act of maturity. I would like them to identify with me in my happy world of make-believe and finally to accept the challenge of knowledge which transforms life from a merry, one-dimensional escape into a reality of extremes -- of great joy and great sorrow.
Theatricality

I believe *A Doll's House* should be played realistically. I would approach Nora in this way and in this way I believe she transcends a particular time in history and becomes a challenge for every individual. For this reason a modern translation such as Eva Le Gallienne's is essential.

External tempo and rhythm

Nora's rhythm comes from her youth and her love of life and her carefree naivety. It is complicated by the great problems she faces during the course of the play and she is for instance during the tarentella driven to a frenzy. She reminds me of a chipmunk. She can be very still for short periods of time, and when she moves she scampers.
Costume

The period of a Doll's House is Fin De Siecle. The setting of the play is Norway. Nora's dresses should be simple costumes of the period. I believe it is important that they be simple as Nora refers to the limited budget on which she shops. The dresses are not inexpensive but they should not appear too elaborate either. I see Nora in light colors with lace collars. Her clothes are dainty and feminine. In the first act I see her in a beige wool dress with a fur cape which she wears when she enters. In act 2 she is dressed for Christmas possibly in green wool party dress with lace at the neck and sleeves.

In the third act she wears her Italian tarantella costume which I picture in vivid, warm colors - red and yellow on a black ruffled peasant holiday costume. She also wears an everyday dress when she prepares to leave Torvald.
A Doll's House

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

1879
**ACT ONE**

SCENE: A comfortable room furnished with taste, but not expensively. In the back wall a door on the right leads to the hall; another door on the left leads to HELMER's study. Between the two doors a piano. In the left wall, center, a door; further downstage a window. Near the window a round table with an armchair and a small sofa. In the right wall upstage a door, and further downstage a porcelain stove round which are grouped a couple of armchairs and a rocking chair. Between the stove and the door stands a small table. Engravings on the walls. A whatnot with china objects and various bric-a-brac. A small bookcase with books in fancy bindings. The floor is carpeted; a fire burns in the stove. A winter day.

NORA: Be sure and hide the Christmas tree carefully, Helene, the children mustn't see it till this evening, when it's all decorated. (To the porter, taking out her purse) How much?

PORTER: Fifty, Ma'am.

NORA: Here you are. No—keep the change.

(The porter thanks her and goes. NORA closes the door. She laughs gaily to herself as she takes off her outdoor things. Takes a bag of macaroons out of her pocket and eats a couple, then she goes cautiously to the door of her husband's study and listens) Yes—he's home. (She goes over to the table right, humming to herself again.)

HELMER (From his study): Is that my little lark twittering out there?
Nora (busily undoing the packages): Yes, it is.

Helmer: Is that my little squirrel bustling about?

Nora: Yes.

Helmer: When did my squirrel get home?

Nora: Just this minute. (She puts the bag of macaroons back in her pocket and wipes her mouth.) Oh, Torvald, do come in here! You must see what I have bought.

Helmer: Now, don't disturb me! (A moment afterwards he opens the door and looks in—pen in hand.) Did you say "bought"? That—all that? Has my little spendthrift been flinging money about again?

Nora: But, Torvald, surely this year we ought to let ourselves go a bit! After all, it's the first Christmas we haven't had to be careful.

Helmer: Yes, but that doesn't mean we can afford to squander money.

Nora: Oh, Torvald, we can squander a bit, can't we? Just a little tiny bit? You're going to get a big salary and you'll be making lots and lots of money.

Helmer: After the first of the year, yes. But remember there'll be three whole months before my salary falls due.

Nora: We can always borrow in the meantime.

Helmer: Nora! (Goes to her and pulls her ear playfully) There goes my little featherbrain! Let's suppose I borrowed a thousand crowns today, you'd probably squander it all during Christmas week; and then let's suppose that on New Year's Eve a tile blew off the roof and knocked my brains out—

Nora (puts her hand over his mouth): Don't say such frightful things!

Helmer: But let's suppose it happened—then what?

Nora: If anything as terrible as that happened, I shouldn't care whether I owed money or not.

Helmer: But what about the people I'd borrowed from?

Nora: Who cares about them? After all they're just strangers.

Helmer: Oh, Nora, Nora! What a little woman you are! But seriously, Nora, you know my feelings about such things.
I'll have no borrowing—I'll have no debts! There can be no freedom—no, nor beauty either—in a home based upon loans and credit. We've held out bravely up to now, and we shall continue to do so for the short time that remains.

NORA (Goes toward the stove): Just as you like, Torvald.

HELMER (Following her): Come, come; the little lark mustn't droop her wings. Don't tell me my little squirrel is sulking!

(He opens his purse) Nora! Guess what I have here!

NORA (Turns quickly): Money!

HELMER: There you are! (He hands her some notes) Don't you suppose I know that money is needed at Christmas time.

NORA (Counts the notes): Ten, twenty, thirty, forty. Oh thank you, thank you, Torvald—this'll last me a long time!

HELMER: Better see that it does!

NORA: Oh, it will—I know. But do come here. I want to show you everything I've bought, and all so cheap too! Here are some new clothes for Ivar, and a little sword—and this horse and trumpet are for Bob, and here's a doll for Emmy—and a doll's bed. They're not worth much, but she's sure to tear them to pieces in a minute anyway. This is some dress material and handkerchiefs for the maids. Old Anne-Marie really should have had something better.

HELMER: And what's in that other parcel?

NORA (With a shriek): No, Torvald! You can't see that until this evening!

HELMER: I can't, eh? But what about you—you little squanderer? Have you thought of anything for yourself?

NORA: Oh, there's nothing I want, Torvald.

HELMER: Of course there is!—now tell me something sensible you'd really like to have.

NORA: But there's nothing—really! Except of course—

HELMER: Well?

NORA (She fingers the buttons on his coat; without looking at him): Well—if you really want to give me something—you might—you might—

HELMER: Well, well, out with it.
NORA: (Rapidly): You might give me some money, Torvald—just anything you feel you could spare; and then one of these days I'll buy myself something with it.

HELGER: But Nora—

NORA: Oh, please do, dear Torvald—I beg you to! I'll wrap it up in beautiful gold paper and hang it on the Christmas tree. Wouldn't that be fun?

HELGER: What's the name of the bird that eats up money?

NORA: The Spendthrift bird—I know! But do let's do as I say, Torvald—it will give me a chance to choose something I really need. Don't you think that's a sensible idea? Don't you?

HELGER: (Smiling): Sensible enough—providing you really do buy something for yourself with it. But I expect you'll fritter it away on a lot of unnecessary household expenses, and before I know it you'll be coming to me for more.

NORA: But, Torvald—

HELGER: You can't deny it, Nora dear. (Puts his arm round her waist) The Spendthrift is a sweet little bird—but it costs a man an awful lot of money to support one!

NORA: How can you say such nasty things—I save all I can!

HELGER: Yes, I dare say—but that doesn't amount to much!

NORA: (Hums softly and smiles happily): You don't know, Torvald, what expenses we larks and squirrels have!

HELGER: You're a strange little creature; exactly like your father. You'll go to any lengths to get a sum of money—but as soon as you have it, it just slips through your fingers. You don't know yourself what's become of it. Well, I suppose one must just take you as you are. It's in your blood. Oh, yes! such things are hereditary, Nora.

NORA: I only wish I had inherited a lot of Father's qualities.

HELGER: And I wouldn't wish you any different than you are, my own sweet little lark. But Nora, it's just occurred to me—isn't there something a little—what shall I call it—a little guilty about you this morning?

NORA: About me?

HELGER: Yes. Look me straight in the eye.
Act One

NORA (Looking at him): Well?

HELMER (Wags a threatening finger at her): Has my little sweet-tooth been breaking rules today?

NORA: No! What makes you think that?

HELMER: Are you sure the sweet-tooth didn't drop in at the confectioner's?

NORA: No, I assure you, Torvald—

HELMER: She didn't nibble a little candy?

NORA: No, really not.

HELMER: Not even a macaroon or two?

NORA: No, Torvald, I assure you—really—

HELMER: There, there! Of course I'm only joking.

NORA (Going to the table right): It would never occur to me to go against your wishes.

HELMER: Of course I know that—and anyhow—you've given me your word—(Goes to her) Well, my darling, I won't pry into your little Christmas secrets. They'll be unveiled tonight under the Christmas tree.

NORA: Did you remember to ask Dr. Rank?

HELMER: No, it really isn't necessary. He'll take it for granted he's to dine with us. However, I'll ask him, when he stops by this morning. I've ordered some specially good wine. I am so looking forward to this evening, Nora, dear!

NORA: So am I—And the children will have such fun!

HELMER: Ah! How nice it is to feel secure; to look forward to a good position with an ample income. It's a wonderful prospect—isn't it, Nora?

NORA: It's simply marvelous!

HELMER: Do you remember last Christmas? For three whole weeks—you locked yourself up every evening until past midnight—making paper flowers for the Christmas tree—and a lot of other wonderful things you wanted to surprise us with. I was never so bored in my life!

NORA: I wasn't a bit bored.

HELMER (Smiling): But it all came to rather a sad end, didn't it, Nora?

NORA: Oh, do you have to tease me about that again! How
could I help the cat coming in and tearing it all to pieces.

HELMER: Of course you couldn't help it, you poor darling! You meant to give us a good time—that's the main thing. But it's nice to know those lean times are over.

NORA: It's wonderful!

HELMER: Now I don't have to sit here alone, boring myself to death; and you don't have to strain your dear little eyes, and prick your sweet little fingers—

NORA (Claps her hands): No, I don't—do I, Torvald? Oh! How lovely it all is. (Takes his arm) I want to tell you how I thought we'd arrange things after Christmas. (The doorbell rings) Oh there's the bell. (Tidies up the room a bit) It must be a visitor—how tiresome!

HELMER: I don't care to see any visitors, Nora—remember that.

HELENE (In the doorway): There's a lady to see you, Ma'am.

NORA: Well, show her in.

HELENE: And the Doctor's here too, Sir.

HELMER: Did he go straight to my study?

HELENE: Yes, he did, Sir. (HELMER goes into his study. HELENE ushers in MRS. LINDE who is dressed in traveling clothes, and closes the door behind her.)

MRS. LINDE (In subdued and hesitant tone): How do you do, Nora?

NORA (Doubtfully): How do you do?

MRS. LINDE: You don't recognize me, do you?

NORA: No, I don't think—and yet—I seem to—(With a sudden outburst) Kristine! Is it really you?

MRS. LINDE: Yes; it's really I!

NORA: Kristine! And to think of my not knowing you! But how could I when—(More softly) You've changed so, Kristine!

MRS. LINDE: Yes I suppose I have. After all—it's nine or ten years—

NORA: Is it that long since we met? Yes, so it is. Oh, these last eight years have been such happy ones! Fancy your
Act One

being in town! And imagine taking that long trip in mid­
winter! How brave you are!

MRS. LINDE: I arrived by the morning boat.

NORA: You’ve come for the Christmas holidays, I suppose—
what fun! Oh, what a good time we’ll have! Do take off your
things. You’re not cold, are you? (Helping her) There; now
we’ll sit here by the stove. No, you take the arm­chair; I’ll
sit here in the rocker. (Seizes her hands) Now you look
more like yourself again. It was just at first—you’re a bit
paler, Kristine—and perhaps a little thinner.

MRS. LINDE: And much, much older, Nora.

NORA: Well, perhaps a little older—a tiny, tiny bit—not much,
though. (She suddenly checks herself; seriously) Oh, but,
Kristine! What a thoughtless wretch I am, chattering away
like that—Dear, darling Kristine, do forgive me!

MRS. LINDE: What for, Nora, dear?

NORA (Softly): You lost your husband, didn’t you;.
Kristine!
You’re a widow.

MRS. LINDE: Yes; my husband died three years ago.

NORA: Yes, I remember; I saw it in the paper. Oh, I did mean
to write to you, Kristine; But I kept on putting it off, and
all sorts of things kept coming in the way.

MRS. LINDE: I understand, dear Nora.

NORA: No, it was beastly of me, Kristine! Oh, you poor dar­
ing! What you must have gone through!— And he died
without leaving you anything, didn’t he?

MRS. LINDE: Yes.

NORA: And you have no children?

MRS. LINDE: No.

NORA: Nothing then?

MRS. LINDE: Nothing—Not even grief, not even regret.

NORA (Looking at her incredulously): But how is that possi­
bile, Kristine?

MRS. LINDE (Smiling sadly and stroking her hair): It some­
times happens, Nora.

NORA: Imagine being so utterly alone! It must be dreadful

in order to comfort

1. to apologize

2. to find out what happened
for you, Kristine! I have three of the loveliest children! I can't show them to you just now, they're out with their nurse. But I want you to tell me all about yourself—

MRS. LINDE: No, no; I'd rather hear about you, Nora—

NORA: No, I want you to begin. I'm not going to be selfish today. I'm going to think only of you. Oh! but one thing I must tell you. You haven't heard about the wonderful thing that's just happened to us, have you?

MRS. LINDE: No. What is it?

NORA: My husband's been elected president of the Joint Stock Bank!

MRS. LINDE: Oh, Nora—How splendid!

NORA: Yes; isn't it? You see, a lawyer's position is so uncertain, especially if he refuses to handle any cases that are in the least bit—shady; Torvald is very particular about such things—and I agree with him, of course! You can imagine how glad we are. He's to start at the Bank right after the New Year; he'll make a big salary and all sorts of percentages. We'll be able to live quite differently from then on—we'll have everything we want. Oh, Kristine! I'm so happy and excited! Won't it be wonderful to have lots and lots of money, and nothing to worry about!

MRS. LINDE: It certainly would be wonderful to have enough for one's needs.

NORA: Oh, not just for one's needs, Kristine! But heaps and heaps of money!

MRS. LINDE (With a smile): Nora, Nora, I see you haven't grown up yet! I remember when you were a frightful spendthrift.

NORA (Quietly; smiling): Yes; that's what Torvald always says. (Holding up her forefinger) But I haven't had much chance to be a spendthrift. We have had to work hard—both of us.

MRS. LINDE: You too?

NORA: Oh yes! I did all sorts of little, simple needlework, embroidery, crochet—that sort of thing. (Casually) And other things as well. I suppose you know that Torvald left th
Government service right after we were married. There wasn't much chance of promotion in his department, and of course he had to earn more money when he had me to support. But that first year he overworked himself terribly. He had to undertake all sorts of odd jobs, worked from morning till night. He couldn't stand it; his health gave way and he became deathly ill. The doctors said he absolutely must spend some time in the South.

MRS. LINDE: Yes, I heard you spent a whole year in Italy.

NORA: Yes, we did. It wasn't easy to arrange, I can tell you. It was just after Ivar's birth. But of course we had to go. It was a wonderful trip, and it saved Torvald's life. But it cost a fearful lot of money, Kristine.

MRS. LINDE: Yes, it must have.

NORA: Twelve hundred dollars! Four thousand eight hundred crowns! That's an awful lot of money, you know.

MRS. LINDE: You were lucky to have it.

NORA: Well, you see, we got it from Father.

MRS. LINDE: Oh, I see. Wasn't it just about that time that your father died?

NORA: Yes, it was, Kristine. Just think! I wasn't able to go to him—I couldn't be there to nurse him! I was expecting Ivar at the time and then I had my poor sick Torvald to look after. Dear, darling Papa! I never saw him again, Kristine. It's the hardest thing I have had to go through since my marriage.

MRS. LINDE: I know you were awfully fond of him. And after that you went to Italy?

NORA: Yes; then we had the money, you see; and the doctors said we must lose no time; so we started a month later.

MRS. LINDE: And your husband came back completely cured?

NORA: Strong as an ox!

MRS. LINDE: But—what about the doctor then?

NORA: How do you mean?

MRS. LINDE: Didn't the maid say something about a doctor, just as I arrived?

NORA: Oh, yes; Dr. Rank. He's our best friend—it's not a pro-
fessional call; he stops in to see us every day. No, Torvald hasn’t had a moment’s illness since; and the children are strong and well, and so am I. (Jumps up and claps her hands) Oh Kristine, Kristine! How lovely it is to be alive and happy! But how disgraceful of me! Here I am talking about nothing but myself! (Seats herself upon a footstool close to Kristine and lays her arms on her lap) Please don’t be cross with me—Is it really true, Kristine, that you didn’t love your husband? Why did you marry him, then?

MRS. LINDE: Well, you see—Mother was still alive; she was bedridden; completely helpless; and I had my two younger brothers to take care of. I didn’t think it would be right to refuse him.

NORA: No, I suppose not. I suppose he had money then?

MRS. LINDE: Yes, I believe he was quite well off. But his business was precarious, Nora. When he died it all went to pieces, and there was nothing left.

NORA: And then—?

MRS. LINDE: Then I had to struggle along as best I could. I had a small shop for a while, and then I started a little school. These last three years have been one long battle—but it is over now, Nora. My dear mother is at rest—She doesn’t need me any more. And my brothers are old enough to work, and can look after themselves.

NORA: You must have such a free feeling!

MRS. LINDE: No—only one of complete emptiness. I haven’t a soul to live for! (Stands up restlessly) I suppose that’s why I felt I had to get away. I should think here it would be easier to find something to do—something to occupy one’s thoughts. I might be lucky enough to get a steady job here—some office work, perhaps—

NORA: But that’s so terribly tiring, Kristine; and you look so tired already. What you need is a rest. Couldn’t you go to some nice watering-place?

MRS. LINDE (Going to the window): I have no father to give me the money, Nora.
Act One

NORA (Rising): Oh, please don't be cross with me!

MRS. LINDE (Goes to her): My dear Nora, you mustn't be cross with me! In my sort of position it's hard not to become bitter. One has no one to work for, and yet one can't give up the struggle. One must go on living, and it makes one selfish. I'm ashamed to admit it—but, just now, when you told me the good news about your husband's new position—I was glad—not so much for your sake as for mine.

NORA: How do you mean? Oh of course—I see! You think I...or...? MRS. LINDE: Yes—Torvald might perhaps help you.

NORA: And so he shall, Kristine. Just you leave it to me. I'll get him in a really good mood—and then bring it up quite casually. Oh, it would be such fun to help you!

MRS. LINDE: How good of you, Nora dear, to bother on my account! It's especially good of you—after all, you've never had to go through any hardship.

NORA: Not go through any—?

MRS. LINDE (Smiling): Well—Good Heavens—a little needlework, and so forth—You're just a child, Nora.

NORA (Tosses her head and paces the room): You needn't be so patronizing!

MRS. LINDE: No?

NORA: You're just like all the rest. You all think I'm incapable of being serious—

MRS. LINDE: Oh, come now—

NORA: You seem to think I've had no troubles—that I've been through nothing in my life!

MRS. LINDE: But you've just told me all your troubles, Nora dear.

NORA: I've only told you trifles! (Softly) I haven't mentioned the important thing.

MRS. LINDE: Important thing? What do you mean?

NORA: I know you look down on me, Kristine; but you really shouldn't. You take pride in having worked so hard and so long for your mother.

3. to apologise

4. to understand

5. to help

in order to impress
Mrs. Linde: I don't look down on anyone, Nora; I can't help feeling proud and happy too, to have been able to make Mother's last days a little easier—
Nora: And you're proud of what you did for your brothers, too.
Mrs. Linde: I think I have a right to be.
Nora: Yes, so do I. But I want you to know, Kristine—that I, too, have something to be proud of.
Mrs. Linde: I don't doubt that. But what are you referring to?
Nora: Hush! We must talk quietly. It would be dreadful if Torvald overheard us! He must never know about it! No one must know about it, except you.
Mrs. Linde: And what is it, Nora?
Nora: Come over here. (Draws her down beside her on sofa)
Yes, I have something to be proud and happy about too. I saved Torvald's life, you see.
Mrs. Linde: Saved his life? But how?
Nora: I told you about our trip to Italy. Torvald would never have recovered if it hadn't been for that.
Mrs. Linde: Yes, I know—and your father gave you the necessary money.
Nora (Smiling): That's what everyone thinks—Torvald too; but—
Mrs. Linde: Well—?
Nora: Papa never gave us a penny. I raised the money myself.
Mrs. Linde: All that money! You?
Nora: Twelve hundred dollars. Four thousand eight hundred crowns. What do you think of that?
Mrs. Linde: But, Nora, how on earth did you do it? Did you borrow it in the lottery?
Nora (Contemptuously): The lottery! Of course not! Any fool could have done that!
Mrs. Linde: Where did you get it then?
Nora (Hums and smiles mysteriously): H'm; tra-la-la-la.
Mrs. Linde: You certainly couldn't have borrowed it.
Nora: Why not?
Act One

MRS. LINDE: A wife can't borrow without her husband's consent.

NORA (Tossing her head): Oh I don't know If a wife has a good head on her shoulders—and has a little sense of business—

MRS. LINDE: I don't in the least understand, Nora—

NORA: Well, you needn't. I never said I borrowed the money. I may have got it some other way. (Throws herself back on the sofa) Perhaps I got it from some admirer. After all when one is as attractive as I am—

MRS. LINDE: What a mad little creature you are!

NORA: I'm sure you're dying of curiosity, Kristine—

MRS. LINDE: Are you sure you haven't been a little rash?

NORA: (Sitting upright again): Is it rash to save one's husband's life?

MRS. LINDE: But mightn't it be rash to do such a thing behind his back?

NORA: But I couldn't tell him—don't you understand that He wasn't even supposed to know how ill he was. The doctors didn't tell him—they came to me privately, told me his life was in danger and that he could only be saved by living in the South for a while. At first I tried persuasion; I cried, I begged, I cajoled—I said how much I longed to be a trip abroad like other young wives; I reminded him of my condition and told him he ought to humor me—and finally, I came right out and suggested that we borrow the money. But then, Kristine, he was almost angry; he said I was being frivolous and that it was his duty as my husband not to indulge my whims and fancies—I think that's what he called them. Then I made up my mind he must be saved in spite of himself—and I thought of a way.

MRS. LINDE: But didn't he ever find out from your father that the money was not from him?

NORA: No; never. You see, Papa died just about that time. I was going to tell him all about it and beg him not to give me away. But he was so very ill—and then, it was no longer necessary—unfortunately.
MRS. LINDE: And you have never confided all this to your husband?

NORA: Good heavens, no! That's out of the question! He's much too strict in matters of that sort. And besides—Torvald could never bear to think of owing anything to me! It would hurt his self-respect—wound his pride. It would ruin everything between us. Our whole marriage would be wrecked by it!

MRS. LINDE: Don't you think you'll ever tell him?

NORA (Thoughtfully; half-smiling): Perhaps some day—a long time from now when I'm no longer so pretty and attractive. No! Don't laugh! Some day when Torvald is no longer as much in love with me as he is now; when it no longer amuses him to see me dance and dress-up and act for him—then it might be useful to have something in reserve. (Breaking off) Oh, what nonsense! That time will never come! Well—what do you think of my great secret, Kristine? Haven't I something to be proud of too? It's caused me endless worry, though. It hasn't been easy to fulfill my obligations. You know, in business there are things called installments, and quarterly interest—and they're dreadfully hard to meet on time. I've had to save a little here and there, wherever I could. I couldn't save much out of the housekeeping, for of course Torvald had to live well. And I couldn't let the children go about badly dressed; any money I got for them, I spent on them, the darlings!

MRS. LINDE: Poor Nora! I suppose it had to come out of your own allowance.

NORA: Yes, of course. But after all, the whole thing was my doing. Whenever Torvald gave me money to buy some new clothes, or other things I needed, I never spent more than half of it; I always picked out the simplest cheapest dresses. It's a blessing that almost anything looks well on me—so Torvald never knew the difference. But it's been hard sometimes, Kristine. It's so nice to have pretty clothes—isn't it?

MRS. LINDE: I suppose it is.
Act One

NORA: And I made money in other ways too. Last winter I was lucky enough to get a lot of copying to do. I shut myself up in my room every evening and wrote far into the night. Sometimes I was absolutely exhausted—but it was fun all the same—working like that and earning money. It made me feel almost like a man!

MRS. LINDE: How much have you managed to pay off?

NORA: Well, I really don't know exactly. It's hard to keep track of things like that. All I know is—I've paid every penny I could scrape together. There were times when I didn't know which way to turn! (Smiles) Then I used to sit here and pretend that some rich old gentleman had fallen madly in love with me—

MRS. LINDE: What are you talking about? What old gentleman?

NORA: I'm just joking! And then he was to die and when they opened his will, there in large letters were to be the words: "I leave all my fortune to that charming Nora Helmer to be handed over to her immediately."

MRS. LINDE: But who is this old gentleman?

NORA: Good heavens, can't you understand? There never was any such old gentleman; I just used to make him up, when I was at the end of my rope and didn't know where to turn for money. But it doesn't matter now—the tiresome old fellow can stay where he is as far as I am concerned. I no longer need him nor his money; for now my troubles are over. (Springing up) Oh, isn't it wonderful to think of, Kristine. No more troubles! No more worry! I'll be able to play and romp about with the children; I'll be able to make a charming lovely home for Torvald—have everything just as he likes it. And soon spring will be here, with its great blue sky. Perhaps we might take a little trip—I might see the ocean again. Oh, it's so marvelous to be alive and to be happy!

(The hall doorbell rings.)

MRS. LINDE (Rising): There's the bell. Perhaps I had better go.
NORA: No; do stay! It's probably just someone for Torvald.

HELENA (In the doorway): Excuse me, Ma'am; there's a gentleman asking for Mr. Helmer—but the doctor's in there—and I didn't know if I should disturb him—

NORA: Who is it?

KROGSTAD (In the doorway): It is I, Mrs. Helmer.

(MRS. LINDE starts and turns away to the window.)

NORA (Goes a step toward him, anxiously; in a low voice):

You? What is it? Why do you want to see my husband?

KROGSTAD: It's to do with Bank business—more or less. I have a small position in the Joint Stock Bank, and I hear your husband is to be the new president.

NORA: Then it's just—?

KROGSTAD: Just routine business, Mrs. Helmer; nothing else.

NORA: Then, please be good enough to go into his study.

(KROGSTAD goes. She bows indifferently while she closes the door into the hall. Then she goes to the stove and tends the fire.)

MRS. LINDE: Who was that man, Nora?

NORA: A Mr. Krogstad—he's a lawyer.

MRS. LINDE: I was right, then.

NORA: Do you know him?

MRS. LINDE: I used to know him—many years ago. He worked in a law office in our town.

NORA: Yes, so he did.

MRS. LINDE: How has he changed!

NORA: He was unhappily married, they say.

MRS. LINDE: Is he a widower now?

NORA: Yes—with lots of children. There! That's better! (She closes the door of the stove and moves the rocking chair a little to one side.)

MRS. LINDE: I'm told he's mixed up in a lot of rather questionable business.

NORA: He may be; I really don't know. But don't let's talk about business—it's so tiresome.

(DR. HANK comes out of HELMER'S ROOM)

BANK (Still in the doorway): No, no, I won't disturb you? I'll in order to keep her to stay
in order to find who is there
1. to go to door

in order to see what he wants
1. to question him

in order to be a good hostess
1. to send him to Helmer

in order to change subject
1. to answer questions

2. to feign ignorance

in order to be good hostess
1. to welcome Dr.

2. to make conversation
Act One

...go in and see your wife for a moment. (Sees Mrs. Linde)

Oh, I beg your pardon. I seem to be in the way here, too.

NORA: Of course not! (Introduces them) Dr. Rank—Mrs. Linde.

RANK: Well, well, I've often heard that name mentioned in this house; didn't I pass you on the stairs when I came in?

MRS. LINDE: Yes; I'm afraid I climb them very slowly. They wear me out!

RANK: A little on the delicate side—eh?

MRS. LINDE: No; just a bit overtired.

RANK: I see. So I suppose you've come to town for a good rest—on a round of dissipation!

MRS. LINDE: I have come to look for work.

RANK: Is that the best remedy for tiredness?

MRS. LINDE: One has to live, Doctor.

RANK: Yes, I'm told that's necessary.

NORA: Oh, come now, Dr. Rank! You're not above wanting to live yourself!

RANK: That's true enough. No matter how wretched I may be, I still want to hang on as long as possible. All my patients have that feeling too. Even the morally sick seem to share it. There's a wreck of a man in there with Helmer now—

MRS. LINDE (Softly): Ah!

NORA: Whom do you mean?

RANK: A fellow named Krogstad, he's a lawyer—you wouldn't know anything about him. He's thoroughly depraved—rotten to the core—Yet even he declared, as though it were a matter of paramount importance, that he must live.

NORA: Really? What did he want with Torvald?

RANK: I've no idea; I gathered it was some Bank business.

NORA: I didn't know that Krog—that this man Krogstad had anything to do with the Bank?

RANK: He seems to have some sort of position there. (To Mrs. Linde) I don't know if this is true in your part of the country—but there are men who make it a practice of prying about in other people's business, searching for individuals of doubtful character—and having discovered...
their secret, place them in positions of trust, where they can keep an eye on them, and make use of them at will. Honest men—men of strong moral fiber—they leave out in the cold.

MRS. LINDE: Perhaps the weaklings need more help.

RANK (Shrugs his shoulders): That point-of-view is fast turning society into a clinic.

NORA, deep in her own thoughts, breaks into half-stifled laughter and claps her hands.

RANK: Why should that make you laugh? I wonder if you've any idea what "society" is?

NORA: Why should I care about your tiresome old "society"? I was laughing at something quite different—something frightfully amusing. Tell me, Dr. Rank—will all the employees at the Bank be dependent on Torvald now?

RANK: Is that what strikes you as so amusing?

NORA (Smiles and hums): Never you mind! Never you mind! (Walks about the room) What fun to think that we—that Torvald—has such power over so many people. (Takes the bag from her pocket) Dr. Rank, how about a macaroon?

RANK: Well, well—Macaroons, eh? I thought they were forbidden here.

NORA: These are some Kristine brought—

MRS. LINDE: What! I—

NORA: Now, you needn't be so frightened. How could you possibly know that Torvald had forbidden them? He's afraid they'll spoil my teeth. Oh, well—just for once! Don't you agree, Dr. Rank? There you are! (Puts a macaroon into his mouth) You must have one too, Kristine. And I'll have just one—just a tiny one, or at most two. (Walks about again) Oh dear, I am so happy! There's just one thing in all the world that would give me the greatest pleasure:

RANK: What's that?

NORA: It's something I long to say in front of Torvald.

RANK: What's to prevent you?

NORA: Oh, I don't dare; it isn't nice.
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Rank: What's to prevent you?

Nora: Oh, I don't dare; it isn't nice.
Act One

MRS. LINDE: Not nice?
HANK: It might be unwise, then; but you can certainly say to us. What is it you so long to say in front of Torvald?
NORA: I'd so love to say “Damn!—damn!—damn it all!”
HANK: Have you gone crazy?
MRS. LINDE: Good gracious, Nora—
HANK: Go ahead and say it—here he comes!

NORA (Hides the macaroons): Hush—sh—sh.

(HELMER comes out of his room; he carries his hat and overcoat.)

NORA (Going to him): Well, Torvald, dear, did you get rid of him?
HELMER: He has just gone.
NORA: Let me introduce you—this is Kristine, who has just arrived in town—
HELMER: Kristine? I'm sorry—but I really don't—
NORA: Mrs. Linde, Torvald, dear—Kristine Linde.
HELMER: Oh yes! I suppose you're one of my wife's school friends?

MRS. LINDE: Yes; we knew each other as children.
NORA: Imagine, Torvald! She came all that long way just to talk to you.
HELMER: How do you mean?
MRS. LINDE: Well, it wasn't exactly—
NORA: Kristine is tremendously good at office-work, and her great dream is to get a position with a really clever man—
HELMER: Very sensible, Mrs. Linde.
NORA: And when she heard that you had become president of the Bank—it was in the paper, you know—she started off at once; you will try and do something for Kristine, won't you, Torvald? For my sake?
HELMER: It's by no means impossible. You're a widow, I presume?
MRS. LINDE: Yes.
HELMER: And you've already had business experience?

in order to hide guilt
1. to quiet them in order to see if
Krogstad's gone
1. to question Helmer in order to help Kris
1. to introduce her

2. to flatter him

3. to recommend her

4. to plead
MRS. LINDE: A good deal.
HEDER: Then, I think it's quite likely I may be able to find
a place for you.
NORA (Clapping her hands): There, you see! You see
HEDER: You have come at a good moment, Mrs. Linde.
MRS. LINDE: How can I ever thank you—?
HEDER (Smiling): Don't mention it. (Puts on his overcoat)
But just now, I'm afraid you must excuse me—
RANK: I'll go with you. (Fetches his fur coat from the hall and
warms it at the stove.)
NORA: Don't be long, Torvald, dear.
HEDER: I shan't be more than an hour.
MRS. LINDE (Putting on her outdoor things): Yes; I must go
and find a place to live.
HEDER: We can all go out together.
NORA (Helping her): How tiresome that we're so cramped for
room, Kristine; otherwise—
MRS. LINDE: Oh, you mustn't think of that! Goodbye, dear
Nora, and thanks for everything.
NORA: Goodbye for the present. Of course you'll come back
this evening. And you too, Dr. Rank—eh? If you're well
enough? But of course you'll be well enough! Wrap up
warmly now! (They go out talking, into the hall; children's
voices are heard on the stairs) Here they come! Here they
come! (She runs to the outer door and opens it. The nurse,
ANNE-MARIE, enters the hall with the children) Come in,
come in—you darlings! Just look at them, Kristine. Aren't
they sweet?
RANK: No chattering in this awful draught!
HEDER: Come along, Mrs. Linde; you have to be a mother
to put up with this!
(DR. RANK, HEDER, and MRS. LINDE go down the stairs;
ANNE-MARIE enters the room with the children; NORA comes
in too, shutting the door behind her.)
NORA: How fresh and bright you look! And what red cheeks!
Like apples and roses. (The children chatter to her during
in order to be a good
wife and hostess and
mother
1. to send them off

2. to apologise for lack
   of room

3. to invite them back

4. to show off children

5. to play
Act One

what follows) Did you have a good time? Splendid! You gave Emmy and Bob a ride on your sled? Both at once? You are a clever boy, Ivar! Let me hold her for a bit, Anne-Marie. My darling little doll-baby. (Takes the smallest from the nurse and dances with her) All right, Bobbie! Mama will dance with you too. You threw snowballs, did you? you should have been in on that! Never mind, Anne; I'll undress them myself—oh, do let me—it's such fun. Go o' into the nursery, you look half-frozen. There's some hot coffee in there on the stove. (The nurse goes into the room on the left, Nora takes off the children's things and throws them down anywhere, while the children all talk together) Not really! You were chased by a big dog? But he didn't bite you? No; dogs don't bite tiny little doll-babies! Don't touch the packages, Ivar. What's in them? Wouldn't you like to know! No. No! Careful! It might bite! Come on, let's play. What will we play? Hide-and-seek? Let's play hide-and-seek. Bob, you hide first! Do you want me to? All right! I'll hide first then. (She and the children play, laughing and shouting, all over the room and in the adjacent room to the left. Finally Nora hides under the table; the children come rushing in, look for her, but cannot find her, hear her half-suppressed laughter, rush to the table, lift up the cover and see her. Loud shouts of delight. She creeps out, as though to frighten them. More shouts. Meanwhile there has been a knock at the door leading into the hall. No one has heard it. Now the door is half-opened and Kroghsd appears. He waits a little—the game continues.)

Krogstad: I beg your pardon, Mrs. Helmer—

Nora (With a stifled scream, turns round and half jumps up): Oh! What do you want?

Krogstad: Excuse me; the outer door was ajar—someone must have forgotten to close it—

Nora (Standing up): My husband is not at home, Mr. Krogstad.

Krogstad: I know that. in order to get rid of

Krogstad

1. to see who's there

2. see what he wants
A Doll's House

NORA: Then, what do you want here?

KROGSTAD: I want a few words with you.

NORA: With—? (To the children, softly) Go in to Anne-Marie.

What? No—the strange man won't do Mama any harm; when he's gone we'll go on playing. (She leads the children into the right hand room, and shuts the door behind them; uneasy, in suspense) You want to speak to me?

KROGSTAD: Yes, I do.

NORA: Today? But it's not the first of the month yet—

KROGSTAD: No, it is Christmas Eve. It's up to you whether your Christmas is a merry one.

NORA: What is it you want? Today I can't possibly—

KROGSTAD: That doesn't concern me for the moment. This is about something else. You have a few minutes, haven't you?

NORA: I suppose so; although—

KROGSTAD: Good. I was sitting in the restaurant opposite, and I saw your husband go down the street—

NORA: Well?

KROGSTAD: —with a lady.

NORA: What of it?

KROGSTAD: May I ask if that lady was a Mrs. Linde?

NORA: Yes.

KROGSTAD: She's just come to town, hasn't she?

NORA: Yes. Today.

KROGSTAD: Is she a good friend of yours?

NORA: Yes, she is. But I can't imagine—

KROGSTAD: I used to know her too.

NORA: Yes, I know you did.

KROGSTAD: Then you know all about it. I thought as much.

Now, tell me: is Mrs. Linde to have a place in the Bank?

NORA: How dare you question me like this, Mr. Krogstad—you, one of my husband's employees! But since you ask—you might as well know. Yes, Mrs. Linde is to have a position at the Bank, and it is I who recommended her. Does that satisfy you, Mr. Krogstad?

KROGSTAD: I was right, then.

NORA (Walks up and down): After all, one has a little influence...
Act One.

ence, now and then. Even if one is only a woman it doesn’t always follow that—people in subordinate positions, Mr. Kroghstad, ought really to be careful how they offend any-

Krogstad: —has influence?

Nora: Precisely.

Krogstad (Taking another tone): Then perhaps you’ll be so kind, Mrs. Helmer, as to use your influence on my behalf?

Nora: What? How do you mean?

Krogstad: Perhaps you’ll be good enough to see that I retain my subordinate position?

Nora: But, I don’t understand. Who wants to take it from you?

Krogstad: Oh, don’t try and play the innocent! I can well understand that it would be unpleasant for your friend to associate with me; and I understand too, whom I have to thank for my dismissal.

Nora: But I assure you—

Krogstad: Never mind all that—there is still time. But I ad-

Nora: But, Mr. Kroghstad, I have no influence—absolutely none!

Krogstad: Indeed! I thought you just told me yourself—

Nora: You misunderstood me—really you did! You must know my husband would never be influenced by me.

Krogstad: Your husband and I were at the University to-

Nora: Don’t you dare talk disrespectfully about my husband,
or I’ll show you the door!

Krogstad: The little lady’s plucky.

Nora: I’m no longer afraid of you. I’ll soon be free of all this—after the first of the year.

Krogstad (In a more controlled manner): Listen to me, Mrs. Helmer. This is a matter of life and death to me. I warn you I shall fight with all my might to keep my position in the Bank.

6. to find out

7. to convince of in-

8. to chastise

9. to show contempt
KROGSTAD: It's not just the salary; that is the least important part of it—It's something else—Well, I might as well be frank with you. I suppose you know, like everyone else, that once—a long time ago—I got into quite a bit of trouble.

NORA: I have heard something about it, I believe.

KROGSTAD: The matter never came to court; but from that time on, all doors were closed to me. I then went into the business with which you are familiar. I had to do something; and I don't think I've been among the worst. But now I must get away from all that. My sons are growing up, you see; for their sake I'm determined to recapture my good name. This position in the Bank was to be the first step; and now your husband wants to kick me back into the mud again.

NORA: But I tell you, Mr. Krogstad, it's not in my power to help you.

KROGSTAD: Only because you don't really want to; but I can compel you to do it, if I choose.

NORA: You wouldn't tell my husband that I owe you money?

KROGSTAD: And suppose I were to?

NORA: But that would be an outrageous thing to do! (With tears in her voice) My secret—that I've guarded with such pride—such joy! I couldn't bear to have him find it out in such an ugly, hateful way—to have him find it out from you! I couldn't bear it! It would be too horribly unpleasant!

KROGSTAD: Only unpleasant, Mrs. Helmer?

NORA (Vehemently): But just you do it! You'll be the one to suffer; for then my husband will really know the kind of man you are—there'll be no chance of keeping your job then!

KROGSTAD: Didn't you hear my question? I asked if it were only unpleasantness you feared?

NORA: If my husband got to know about it, he'd naturally pay you off at once, and then we'd have nothing more to do with you.
KROGSTAD (Takes a step towards her): Listen, Mrs. Helmer.
Either you have a very bad memory, or you know nothing about business. I think I'd better make the position clear to you.

NORA: What do you mean?

KROGSTAD: When your husband fell ill, you came to me to borrow twelve hundred dollars.

NORA: I didn't know what else to do.

KROGSTAD: I promised to find you the money—

NORA: And you did find it.

KROGSTAD: I promised to find you the money, on certain conditions. At that time you were so taken up with your husband's illness and so anxious to procure the money for your journey, that you probably did not give much thought to details. Perhaps I'd better remind you of them. I promised to find you the amount in exchange for a note, which I drew up.

NORA: Yes, and I signed it.

KROGSTAD: Very good. But then I added a clause, stating that your father would stand sponsor for the debt. This clause your father was to have signed.

NORA: Was to? He did sign it.

KROGSTAD: I left the date blank, so that your father himself should date his signature. You recall that?

NORA: Yes, I believe—

KROGSTAD: Then I gave you the paper, and you were to mail it to your father. Isn't that so?

NORA: Yes.

KROGSTAD: And you must have mailed it at once; for five or six days later you brought me back the document with your father's signature; and then I handed you the money.

NORA: Well? Haven't I made my payments punctually?

KROGSTAD: Fairly—yes. But to return to the point: That was a sad time for you, wasn't it, Mrs. Helmer?

NORA: It was indeed!

KROGSTAD: Your father was very ill, I believe?

NORA: Yes—he was dying.
And he did so soon after, didn't he?

Nora: Well...

Krogstad: Now tell me, Mrs. Helmer: Do you happen to recollect the date of your father's death: the day of the month, I mean?

Nora: Father died on the 29th of September.

Krogstad: Quite correct. I have made inquiries. Now here is a strange thing, Mrs. Helmer—(Produces a paper) something rather hard to explain.

Nora: What do you mean? What strange thing?

Krogstad: The strange thing about it is, that your father seems to have signed this paper three days after his death!

Nora: I don't understand...

Krogstad: Your father died on the 29th of September. But look at this: his signature is dated October 2nd! Isn't that rather strange, Mrs. Helmer? (Nora is silent) Can you explain that to me? (Nora continues silent) It is curious, too, that the words 'October 2nd' and the year are not in your father's handwriting, but in a handwriting I seem to know. This could easily be explained, however; your father might have forgotten to date his signature, and someone might have added the date at random, before the fact of your father's death was known. There is nothing wrong in that. It all depends on the signature itself. It is of course genuine, Mrs. Helmer? It was your father himself who wrote his name here?

Nora (After a short silence, throws her head back and looks defiantly at him): No, it wasn't. I wrote father's name.

Krogstad: I suppose you realize, Mrs. Helmer, what a dangerous confession that is?

Nora: Why should it be dangerous? You will get your money soon enough!

Krogstad: I'd like to ask you a question: Why didn't you send the paper to your father?

Nora: It was impossible. Father was too ill. I had asked him for his signature, he'd have wanted to know what the money was for. In his condition I simply could not tell him...
Act One

that my husband's life was in danger. That's why it was impossible.

KROGSTAD: Then wouldn't it have been wiser to give up the journey?

NORA: How could I? That journey was to save my husband's life. I simply couldn't give it up.

KROGSTAD: And it never occurred to you that you weren't being honest with me?

NORA: I really couldn't concern myself with that. You meant nothing to me—In fact I couldn't help disliking you for making it all so difficult—with your cold, business-like essence and conditions—when you knew my husband's life was at stake.

KROGSTAD: You evidently haven't the faintest idea, Mrs. Helmer; what you have been guilty of. Yet let me tell you that it was nothing more and nothing worse that made me an outcast from society.

NORA: You don't expect me to believe that you ever did a brave thing to save your wife's life?

KROGSTAD: The law takes no account of motives.

NORA: It must be a very bad law, then!

KROGSTAD: Bad or not, if I produce this document in court, you will be condemned according to the law.

NORA: I don't believe that for a minute. Do you mean to tell me that a daughter has no right to spare her dying father worry and anxiety? Or that a wife has no right to save her husband's life? I may not know much about it—but I'm sure there must be something or other in the law that permits such things. You as a lawyer should be aware of that. You don't seem to know very much about the law, Mr. Krogstad.

KROGSTAD: Possibly not. But business—the kind of business we are concerned with—I do know something about. Don't you agree? Very well, then; do as you please. But I warn you: if I am made to suffer a second time, you shall keep me company. (Bows and goes out through the hall.)

NORA (Stands a while thinking, then tosses her head): What in order to justify self

1. to evaluate threat

8. to expose his ignorance
nonsense! He’s just trying to frighten me. I’m not such a fool as all that! (Begins folding the children’s clothes. 
Pauses) And yet—? No, it’s impossible! After all—I only did it for love’s sake.

CHILDREN (At the door, left): Mamma, the strange man has gone now.

NORA: Yes, yes, I know. But don’t tell anyone about the strange man. Do you hear? Not even Papal

CHILDREN: No, Mamma; now will you play with us again?

NORA: No, not just now.

CHILDREN: But Mamma! You promised!

NORA: But I can’t just now. Run back to the nursery; I have so much to do. Run along now! Run along, my darlings! (She pushes them gently into the inner room, and closes the door behind them. Sits on the sofa, embroiders a few stitches, but soon pauses) No! (Throws down the work, rises, goes to the hall door and calls out) Helene, bring the tree in to me, will you? (Goes to table, right, and opens the drawer; again pauses) No, it’s utterly impossible!

HELENE (Carries in the Christmas tree): Where shall I put it, Ma’am?

NORA: Right there; in the middle of the room.

HELENE: Is there anything else you need?

NORA: No, thanks; I have everything.

(HELENE, having put down the tree, goes out.)

NORA (Busy dressing the tree): We’ll put a candle here—and some flowers here—that dreadful man! But it’s just nonsense! There’s nothing to worry about. The tree will be lovely. I’ll do everything to please you, Torvald; I’ll sing for you, I’ll dance for you—(Enter HELMER by the hall door, with a bundle of documents.)

NORA: Oh! You’re back already?

HELMER: Yes. Has somebody been here?

NORA: No. Nobody.

HELMER: That’s odd. I just saw Krogstad leave the house.

2. to reassure self

in order to keep visit secret

1. to tell kids to be quiet

2. to get rid of kids

3. to busk self with the tree

in order to forget

in order to keep visit secret

1. to appear calm

2. to lie
Act One

NORA: Really? Well—as a matter of fact—Krogstad was here for a moment.

HELMER: Nora—I can tell by your manner—he came here to ask you to put in a good word for him, didn’t he?

NORA: Yes, Torvald.

HELMER: And you weren’t supposed to tell me he’d been here—You were to do it as if of your own accord—isn’t that it?

NORA: Yes, Torvald; but—

HELMER: Nora, Nora! How could you consent to such a thing! To have dealings with a man like that—make him promises! And then to lie about it too!

NORA: Little bird;—

HELMER: Didn’t you tell me that nobody had been here? (Threatens with his finger) My little bird must never do that again! A song-bird must sing clear and true! No false notes! (Puts arm around her) Isn’t that the way it should be? Of course it is! (Lets her go) And now we’ll say no more about it. (Sits down before the fire) It’s so cozy and peaceful here! (Glances through documents.)

NORA (Busy with the tree, after a short silence): Torvald!

HELMER: Yes.

NORA: I’m so looking forward to the Stenborgs’ fancy dress party, day after tomorrow.

HELMER: And I can’t wait to see what surprise you have in store for me.

NORA: Oh, it’s so awful, Torvald!

HELMER: What is?

NORA: I can’t think of anything amusing. Everything seems so silly, so pointless.

HELMER: Has my little Nora come to that conclusion?

NORA (Behind his chair, with her arms on the back): Are you very busy, Torvald?

HELMER: Well—

NORA: What are all those papers?

HELMER: Just Bank business.

in order to get out of mess

1. to lie

2. to deny

in order to find out about her crime

1. to get Helmer in a good mood
science his life becomes a tissue of lies and deception. He's forced to wear a mask—even with those nearest to him—his own wife and children even. And the children—that's the worst part of it, Nora.

NORA: Why?

HELMER: Because the whole atmosphere of the home would be contaminated. The very air the children breathed would be filled with evil.

NORA (Closer behind him): Are you sure of that?

HELMER: As a lawyer, I know it from experience. Almost all cases of early delinquency can be traced to dishonest mothers.

NORA: Why—only mothers?

HELMER: It usually stems from the mother's side; but of course it can come from the father too. We lawyers know a lot about such things. And this Krogstad has been deliberately poisoning his own children for years, by surrounding them with lies and hypocrisy—that is why I call him demoralized. (Holds out both hands to her) So my sweet little Nora must promise not to plead his cause. Shake hands on it. Well? What's the matter? Give me your hand. There! That's all settled. I assure you it would have been impossible for me to work with him. It literally gives me a feeling of physical discomfort to come in contact with such people.

(NORA draws her hand away, and moves to the other side of the Christmas tree.)

HELMER (Rises and gathers up his papers): I must try and look through some of these papers before dinner. I'll give some thought to your costume too. Perhaps I may even find something to hang in gilt paper on the Christmas tree! (Lays his hand on her head) My own precious little song-bird! (He goes into his study and closes the door after him.)

NORA (Softly, after a pause): It can't be—! It's impossible. Of course it's impossible!

ANNE-MARIE (At the door, left): The babies keep begging to come in and see Mamma. (She enters.)
'NORA: No, no! Don't let them come to me! Keep them with you, Anne-Marie.

ANNIE-MARIE: Very well, Ma'am. (Shuts the door.)

NORA (Pale with terror): Harm my children—Corrupt my home! (Short pause. She throws back her head) It's not true! I know it's not! It could never, never be true!

CURTAIN

ACT TWO

SCENE: The same room. In the corner, beside the piano, stands the Christmas tree, stripped and with the candles burnt out. NORA's outdoor things lie on the sofa. NORA, alone, is walking about restlessly. At last she stops by the sofa, and picks up her cloak.

NORA (Puts the cloak down again): Did someone come in? (Goes to the hall and listens) No; no one; of course no one will come today, Christmas Day; nor tomorrow either. But perhaps—(Opens the door and looks out) No, there's nothing in the mailbox; it's quite empty. (Comes forward) Oh nonsense! He only meant to frighten me. There won't be any trouble. It's all impossible! Why, I— I have three little children!

(ANNIE-MARIE enters from the left, with a large cardboard box.)

ANNIE-MARIE: Well—I found the box with the fancy dress clothes at last, Miss Nora.

NORA: Thanks; put it on the table.

ANNIE-MARIE (Does so): I'm afraid they're rather shabby.
NORA: If I had my way I'd tear them into a thousand pieces!
ANNE-MARIE: Good gracious! They can be repaired—just have a little patience.
NORA: I'll go and get Mrs. Linde to help me.
ANNE-MARIE: I wouldn't go out again in this awful weather! You might catch cold, Miss Nora, and get sick.
NORA: Worse things might happen—How are the children?
ANNE-MARIE: The poor little things are playing with their Christmas presents; but—
NORA: Have they asked for me?
ANNE-MARIE: They're so used to having Mamma with them.
NORA: I know; but, you see, Anne-Marie, I won't be able to be with them as much as I used to.
ANNE-MARIE: Well, little children soon get used to anything.
NORA: You really think so? Would they forget me if I went away for good?
ANNE-MARIE: Good gracious!—for good!
NORA: Tell me something, Anne-Marie—I've so often wondered about it—how could you bear to part with your child—give it up to strangers?
ANNE-MARIE: Well, you see, I had to—when I came to nurse my little Nora.
NORA: Yes—but how could you bear to do it?
ANNE-MARIE: I couldn't afford to say "no" to such a good position. A poor girl who's been in trouble must take what comes. Of course he never offered to help me—the wicked sinner!
NORA: Then I suppose your daughter has forgotten all about you.
ANNE-MARIE: No—indeed she hasn't! She even wrote to me—once when she was confirmed and again when she was married.
NORA (Embracing her): Dear old Anne-Marie—you were a good mother to me when I was little.
ANNE-MARIE: But then my poor little Nora had no mother of her own!
NORA: And if ever my little ones were left without—you'd
lump on them, wouldn't you?—Oh, that's just nonsense! (Shakes the box) Go back to them. Now I must—just you wait and see how lovely I'll look tomorrow!

ANNE: My Miss Nora will be the prettiest person there!

(She goes into the room on the left.)

NORA: (Takes the costume out of the box, but soon throws it down again): I wish I dared go out—I'm afraid someone might come. I'm afraid something might happen while I'm gone. That's just silly! No one will come. I must try not to think—This muff needs cleaning. What pretty gloves—they're lovely! I must put it out of my head! One, two, three, four, five, six—(With a scream) Ah! They're here! (Goes toward the door, then stands irresolute. MRS. LINDE enters from the hall, where she has taken off her things.)

NORA: Oh, it's you, Kristine! There's no one else out there, is there? I'm so glad you have come!

MRS. LINDE: I got a message you'd been asking for me.

NORA: Yes, I just happened to be passing by. There's something I want you to help me with. Sit down here on the sofa. Now, listen: There's to be a fancy dress ball at the Stenborgs' tomorrow evening—they live just overhead—and Torvald wants me to go as a Neapolitan peasant girl, and dance the tarantella; I learned it while we were in Capri.

MRS. LINDE: So you're going to be all dressed up, are you?

NORA: Torvald wants me to. Look, here's the costume; Torvald had it made for me down there. But it's all torn, Kristine, and I don't know whether—

MRS. LINDE: Oh, we'll soon fix that. It's only the trimming that has come loose here and there. Have you a needle and thread? Oh, yes. Here's everything I need.

NORA: It's awfully good of you!

MRS. LINDE (Sewing): So you're going to be all dressed up, Nora—what fun! You know—I think I'll run in for a moment—just to see you in your costume—I haven't really thanked you for last night. I had such a happy time!
Act Two

NORA (Rises and walks across the room): Somehow it didn't seem as quiet as usual. I wish you'd come to town a little earlier, Kristine. Yes—Torvald has a way of making things so gay and cozy.

MRS. LINDE: Well—so have you. That's your father coming out in you! But tell me—is Doctor Rank always so depressed?

NORA: No; last night it was worse than usual. He's terribly ill, you see—tuberculosis of the spine, or something. The father was a frightful man, who keptmistreating and all that sort of thing—that's why his son has been an invalid from birth—

MRS. LINDE (Lets her sewing fall into her lap): Why, Nora what do you know about such things?

NORA (Moving about the room): After all—I've had three children; and those women who look after one at childbirth know almost as much as doctors; and they love to gossip.

MRS. LINDE (Goes on sewing; a short pause): Does Doctor Rank come here every day?

NORA: Every single day. He's Torvald's best friend, you know—always has been; and he's my friend too. He's almost like one of the family.

MRS. LINDE: Do you think he's quite sincere, Nora? I mean—isn't he inclined to flatter people?

NORA: Quite the contrary. What gave you that impression?

MRS. LINDE: When you introduced us yesterday, he said he had often heard my name mentioned here; but noticed afterwards that your husband hadn't the faintest notion who I was. How could Doctor Rank—?

NORA: He was quite right, Kristine. You see Torvald is so meek, tremendously that he won't share me with anyone who wants me all to himself, as he says. At first he used to get terribly jealous if I even mentioned any of my other friends back home; so naturally I gave up doing it. But he often tells me Doctor Rank about such things—he likes to hear about them.

MRS. LINDE: Listen to me, Nora! In many ways you are still a
child. I'm somewhat older than you, and besides, I've had much more experience. I think you ought to put a stop to all this with Dr. Rank.

NORA: Put a stop to what?

MRS. LINDE: To the whole business. You said something yesterday about a rich admirer who was to give you money—

NORA: One who never existed, unfortunately. Go on.

MRS. LINDE: Has Doctor Rank money?

NORA: Why yes, he has.

MRS. LINDE: And he has no one dependent on him?

NORA: No, no one. But—

MRS. LINDE: And he comes here every single day?

NORA: Yes—I've just told you so.

MRS. LINDE: It's surprising that a sensitive man like that should be so importunate.

NORA: I don't understand you—

MRS. LINDE: Don't try to deceive me, Nora. Don't you suppose I can guess who lent you the twelve hundred dollars?

NORA: You must be out of your mind! How could you ever think such a thing? Why, he's a friend of ours; he comes to see us every day! The situation would have been impossible!

MRS. LINDE: So it wasn't he, then?

NORA: No, I assure you. Such a thing never even occurred to me. Anyway, he didn't have any money at that time; he came into it later.

MRS. LINDE: Perhaps that was just as well, Nora, dear.

NORA: No—it would never have entered my head to ask Dr. Rank—Still—I'm sure that if I did ask him—

MRS. LINDE: But you won't, of course.

NORA: No, of course not. Anyway—I don't see why it should be necessary. But I'm sure that if I talked to Doctor Rank—

MRS. LINDE: Behind your husband's back?

NORA: I want to get that thing cleared up; after all, that's behind his back too. I must get clear of it.

MRS. LINDE: That's just what I said yesterday; but—
Act Two

NORA (Walking up and down): It's so much easier for a man to manage things like that—
MRS. LINDE: One's own husband, yes.
NORA: Nonsense. (Stands still) Surely if you pay back everything you owe—the paper is returned to you?
MRS. LINDE: Naturally.
NORA: Then you can tear it into a thousand pieces, and burn it up—the nasty, filthy thing!
MRS. LINDE (Looks at her fixedly, lays down her work, and rises slowly): Nora, you are hiding something from me.
NORA: You can see it in my face, can't you?
MRS. LINDE: Something's happened to you since yesterday morning, Nora, what is it?
NORA (Going towards her): Kristine—! (Listens) Hush! Here comes Torvald! Go into the nursery for a little while. Torvald hates anything to do with sewing. Get Anne-Marie to help you.
MRS. LINDE (Gathers the things together): Very well; but I shan't leave until you have told me all about it. (She goes out to the left, as HELMER enters from the hall.)
NORA (Runs to meet him): Oh, I've missed you so, Torvald, dear!
HELMER: Was that the dressmaker—?
NORA: No, it was Kristine. She's helping me fix my costume. It's going to look so nice.
HELMER: Wasn't that a good idea of mine?
NORA: Splendid! But don't you think it was good of me to let you have your way?
HELMER: Good of you! To let your own husband have his way! There, there, you crazy little thing; I'm only teasing. Now I won't disturb you. You'll have to try the dress on, I suppose.
NORA: Yes—and I expect you've work to do.
HELMER: I have. (Shows her a bundle of papers) Look. I've just come from the Bank—(Goes towards his room.)
NORA: Torvald.
HELMER (Stopping): Yes?
NORA: If your little squirrel were to beg you—with all the heart—

HELMER: Well?

NORA: Would you do something for her?

HELMER: That depends on what it is.

NORA: Be a darling and say 'Yes', Torvald! Your squirrel would skip about and play all sorts of pretty tricks—

HELMER: Well—out with it!

NORA: Your little lark would twitter all day long—

HELMER: She does that anyway!

NORA: I'll pretend to be an elf and dance for you in the moonlight, Torvald.

HELMER: Nora—you're surely not getting back to what we talked about this morning?

NORA (Coming nearer): Oh, Torvald, dear, I do most humbly beg you—!

HELMER: You have the temerity to bring that up again?

NORA: You must give in to me about this, Torvald! You must let Krogstad keep his place!

HELMER: I'm giving his place to Mrs. Linde.

NORA: That's awfully sweet of you. But instead of Krogstad—couldn't you dismiss some other clerk?

HELMER: This is the most incredible obstinacy! Because you were thoughtless enough to promise to put in a good word for him, am I supposed to—?

NORA: That's not the reason, Torvald. It's for your own sake. Didn't you tell me yourself he writes for the most horrible newspapers? He can do you no end of harm. Oh! I'm so afraid of him—

HELMER: I think I understand; you have some unpleasant memories—that's why you're frightened.

NORA: What do you mean?

HELMER: Aren't you thinking of your father?

NORA: Oh, yes—of course! You remember how those awful people slandered poor father in the newspapers? If you hadn't been sent to investigate the matter, and been so kind and helpful—he might have been dismissed.
HELMER: My dear Nora, there is a distinct difference between your father and me. Your father's conduct was not entirely unimpeachable. But mine is; and I trust it will remain so.

NORA: You never know what evil-minded people can think up.

We could be so happy now, Torvald, in our lovely, peaceful home—you and I and the children! Oh! I implore you, Torvald—!

HELMER: The more you plead his cause, the less likely I am to keep him on. It's already known at the Bank that I intend to dismiss Krogstad. If I were to change my mind, people might say I'd done it at the insistence of my wife—

NORA: Well—what of that?

HELMER: Oh, nothing, of course! As long as the obstinate little woman gets her way! I'd simply be the laughing-stock of the whole staff; they'd think I was weak and easily influenced—I should soon be made to feel the consequences.

Besides—there is one factor that makes it quite impossible for Krogstad to work at the Bank as long as I'm head there.

NORA: What could that be?

HELMER: His past record I might be able to overlook—

NORA: Yes, you might, mightn't you, Torvald—?

HELMER: And I'm told he's an excellent worker. But unfortunately we were friendly during our college days. It was one of those impetuous friendships that subsequently often prove embarrassing. He's tactless enough to call me by my first name—regardless of the circumstances—and feels quite justified in taking a familiar tone with me. At any moment he comes out with "Torvald!" this, and "Torvald!" that! It's acutely irritating. It would make my position at the Bank intolerable.

NORA: You're surely not serious about this, Torvald?

HELMER: Why not?

NORA: But—it's all so petty.

HELMER: Petty! So you think I'm petty!

NORA: Of course not, Torvald—just the opposite; that's why—

HELMER: Never mind; you call my motives petty; so I must be in—petty too! Petty! Very well!—We'll put an end to this now.
A Doll's House

—once and for all. (HELMER goes to the door into the hall and calls HELENE.)

NORA: What do you want?

HELMER (Searching among his papers): I want this thing settled. (HELENE enters) Take this letter, will you? Get a messenger and have him deliver it at once! It's urgent. Here's some money.

HELENE: Very good, Sir. (Goes with the letter.)

HELMER (Putting his papers together): There, little Miss Obstinacy.

NORA (Breathless): Torvald—what was in that letter?

HELMER: Krogstad's dismissal.

NORA: Call her back, Torvald! There's still time. Call her back! For my sake, for your own sake, for the sake of the children, don't send that letter! Torvald, do you hear? You don't realize what may come of this!

HELMER: It's too late.

NORA: Too late, yes.

HELMER: Nora, dear; I forgive your fears—though it's not exactly flattering to me to think I could ever be afraid of any spiteful nonsense Krogstad might choose to write about me! But I forgive you all the same—it shows how much you love me. (Takes her in his arms) And that's the way it should be, Nora darling. No matter what happens, you'll see—I have strength and courage for us both. My shoulders are broad—I'll bear the burden.

NORA (Terror-struck): How do you mean?

HELMER: The whole burden, my darling. Don't you worry any more.

NORA (With decision): No! You mustn't—I won't let you!

HELMER: Then we'll share it, Nora, as man and wife. That is as it should be. (Petting her) Are you happy now? There! Don't look at me like a frightened little dove! You're just imagining things, you know—

NORA: 7. to find out what he's done

HELMER: 8. to beg

NORA: in order to devise plan

HELMER: 1. to grasp situation

NORA: to spare Helmer my guilt
Act Two

Ilke! (Turns round in doorway) And when Rank comes, just tell him where I am. (He nods to her, and goes with his papers to his room, closing the door.)

Nora (Bewildered with terror, stands as though rooted to the ground, and whispers): He'd do it too! He'd do it—in spite of anything! But he mustn't—never, never! Anything but that! There must be some way out! What shall I do? (The hall bell rings) Dr. Rank—I Anything but that—anything, anything but that!

(Nora draws her hands over her face, pulls herself together, goes to the door and opens it. Rank stands outside hanging up his fur coat. During the following scene, darkness begins to fall.)

Nora: How are you, Doctor Rank? I recognized your ring. You'd better not go in to Torvald just now; I think he's busy.

Rank: How about you? (Enters and closes the door.)

Nora: You know I always have an hour to spare for you.

Rank: Many thanks. I'll make use of that privilege as long as possible.

Nora: What do you mean—as long as possible?

Rank: Does that frighten you?

Nora: No—but it's such a queer expression. Has anything happened?

Rank: I've been expecting it for a long time; but I never thought it would come quite so soon.

Nora: What is it you have found out? Doctor Rank, please tell me!

Rank (Sitting down by the stove): I haven't much time left. There's nothing to do about it.

Nora (With a sigh of relief): Oh! Then—it's about you—?

Rank: Of course. What did you think? It's no use lying to one's self. I am the most miserable of all my patients, Mrs. Helmer. These past few days I've been taking stock of my position—and I find myself completely bankrupt. Within a month, I shall be rotting in the church-yard.

Nora: What a ghastly way to talk!
RANK: The whole business is pretty ghastly, you see. And
the worst of it is, there are so many ghastly things to be
gone through before it's over. I've just one last examination
to make, then I shall know approximately when the final
dissolution will begin. There's something I want to say to
you: Helmer's sensitive nature is repelled by anything ugly.
I couldn't bear to have him near me when—
NORA: But Doctor Rank—
RANK: No, I couldn't bear it! I won't have him there—I shall
bar my door against him— As soon as I am absolutely
certain of the worst, I'll send you my visiting-card marked
with a black cross; that will mean that the final horror has
begun.
NORA: Doctor Rank—you're absolutely impossible today! And
I did so want you to be in a good humor.
RANK: With death staring me in the face? And why should I
have to expiate another's sins! What justice is there in that?
Well—I suppose in almost every family there are some
such debts that have to be paid.
NORA (Stopping her ears): Don't talk such nonsense! Come
along! Cheer up!
RANK: One might as well laugh. It's really very funny when
you come to think of it—that my poor innocent spine
should be made to suffer for my father's exploits!
NORA (At table, left): He was much addicted to asparagus-
tips and paté de foie gras, wasn't he?
RANK: Yes; and truffles.
NORA: Oh, of course—truffles, yes. And I suppose oysters
too?
RANK: Oh, yes! Masses of oysters, certainly!
NORA: And all the wine and champagne that went with them!
It does seem a shame that all these pleasant things should
be so damaging to the spine, doesn't it?
RANK: Especially when it's a poor miserable spine that never
had any of the fun!
NORA: Yes, that's the biggest shame of all.
RANK (Gives her a searching look): H'm—
Act Two

NORA (a moment later): Why did you smile?
RANK: I wasn't, you were the one that laughed.
NORA: No; you were the one that smiled, Doctor Rank.
RANK (Gets up): You're more of a rogue than I thought you were.
NORA: I'm full of mischief today.
RANK: So it seems.
NORA (With her hands on his shoulders): Dear, dear Doctor Rank, don't go and die and leave Torvald and me.
RANK: Oh, you won't miss me long! Those who go away—
NORA: What do you mean—new interests?
RANK: That'll happen to you and Helmer when I am gone. You seem to have made a good start already. What would that Mrs. Linde doing here last evening?
NORA: You're surely not jealous of poor old Kristine!
RANK: Yes, I am. She will be my successor in this house. When I'm gone she'll probably—
NORA: Sh—hh! She's in there.
RANK: She's here again today? You see!
NORA: She's just helping me with my costume. Good heavens, you are in an unreasonable mood! (Sits on sofa) Now do try to be good, Doctor Rank. Tomorrow you'll see how beautifully I'll dance; and then you can pretend I'm doing it all to please you—and Torvald too, of course—that's understood.
RANK (After a short silence): You know—sitting here, talking to you so informally—I simply can't imagine what would have become of me, if I had never had this house to come to.
NORA (Smiling): You really do feel at home with us, don't you?
RANK (In a low voice—looking straight before him): And to be obliged to leave it all—
NORA: Nonsense! You're not going to leave anything.
RANK (In the same tone): And not to be able to leave behind
A Doll's House

...one even the smallest proof of gratitude; at most a fleeting regret—an empty place to be filled by the first person who comes along.

NORA: And supposing I were to ask you for—No—
RANK: For what?
NORA: For a great proof of your friendship.
RANK: Yes?—Yes?
NORA: No, I mean—if I were to ask you to do me a really tremendous favor—
RANK: You'd really, for once, give me that great happiness?
NORA: Oh, but you don't know what it is.
RANK: Then tell me.
NORA: I don't think I can, Doctor Rank. It's much too much to ask—it's not just a favor—I need your help and advice as well—
RANK: So much the better. I've no conception of what you mean. But tell me about it. You trust me, don't you?
NORA: More than anyone. I know you are my best and truest friend—that's why I can tell you. Well then, Doctor Rank, there is something you must help me prevent. You know how deeply, how intensely Torvald loves me; he wouldn't hesitate for a moment to give up his life for my sake.
RANK (Bending towards her): Nora—do you think he is the only one who—?
NORA (With a slight start): Who—what?
RANK: Who would gladly give his life for you?
NORA (Sadly): I see.
RANK: I was determined that you should know this before I went away. There'll never be a better chance to tell you. Well, Nora, now you know, and you must know too that you can trust me as you can no one else.
NORA (Standing up; simply and calmly): Let me get by—
RANK (Makes way for her, but remains sitting): Nora—
NORA (In the doorway): Bring in the lamp, Helene. (Crosses to the stove) Oh, dear Doctor Rank, that was really horrid of you.
NORA: No—but the fact of your telling me. There was no need to do that.

RANK: What do you mean? Did you know—?

(HELENE enters with the lamp; sets it on the table and goes out again.)

RANK: Nora—Mrs. Helmer—tell me, did you know?

NORA: Oh, how do I know what I knew or didn’t know. I really can’t say— How could you be so clumsy, Doctor Rank? It was all so nice.

RANK: Well, at any rate, you know now that I stand ready to serve you body and soul. So—tell me.

NORA: (Looking at him): After this?

RANK: I beg you to tell me what it is.

NORA: I can’t tell you anything now.

RANK: But you must! Don’t punish me like that! Let me be of use to you; I’ll do anything for you—anything within human power.

NORA: You can do nothing for me now. Anyway—I don’t really need help. I was just imagining things, you see. Really! That’s all it was! (Sits in the rocking chair, looks at him and smiles) Well—you’re a nice one, Doctor Rank! Aren’t you a bit ashamed, now that the lamp’s been lit?

RANK: No; really not. But I suppose I’d better go now—for good?

NORA: You’ll do no such thing! You must come here just as you always have. Torvald could never get on without you!

RANK: But how about you?

NORA: You know I always love to have you here.

RANK: Yes—I suppose that’s what misled me. I can’t quite make you out. I’ve often felt you liked being with me almost as much as being with Helmer.

NORA: Well—you see— There are the people one loves best—and yet there are others one would almost rather be with.

RANK: Yes—there’s something in that.
A Doll's House

NORA: When I was still at home, it was of course Papa whom I loved best. And yet whenever I could, I used to slip down to the servants' quarters. I loved being with them. To begin with, they never lectured me a bit, and it was such fun to hear them talk.

RANK: I see; and now you have me instead!

NORA (Jumps up and hurries toward him): Oh, dear, darling Doctor Rank. I didn't mean it like that! It's just that now, Torvald comes first—the way Papa did. You understand—

(HELENE enters from the hall.)

HELENE: I beg your pardon, Ma'am—(Whispers to Nora, and gives her a card.)

NORA (Glancing at card): Ah! (Puts it in her pocket.)

RANK: Anything wrong?

NORA: No, nothing! It's just—it's my new costume—

RANK: Isn't that your costume—there?

NORA: Oh, that one, yes. But this is a different one. It's one I've ordered—Torvald mustn't know—

RANK: So that's the great secret!

NORA: Yes, of course it is! Go in and see him, will you? He's in his study. Be sure and keep him there as long as—

RANK: Don't worry; he shan't escape me. (Goes into Helmer's room.)

NORA (To Helene): He's waiting in the kitchen?

HELENE: Yes, he came up the back stairs—

NORA: Why didn't you tell him I was busy?

HELENE: I did, but he insisted.

NORA: He won't go away?

HELENE: Not until he has spoken to you, Ma'am.

NORA: Very well, then; show him in; but quietly, Hélène—and don't say a word to anyone; it's about a surprise for my husband.

HELENE: I understand, Ma'am. (She goes out.)

NORA: It's coming! It's going to happen after all! No, no! It can't happen. It can't!

(Shes goes to Helmer's door and locks it. Helene opens in order to get rid of Dr. Helmer in order to keep Dr. and Helmer out to tell Rank of "new costume" in order to get rid of Krog., 1. to ask Helene in order to convince Krogstad not to tell
Act Two

the hall door for Krogstad, and shuts it after him. He wears
a traveling-coat, boots, and a fur cap.)

NORA (Goes towards him): Talk quietly; my husband is at
home.

KROGSTAD: What's that to me?

NORA: What is it you want?

KROGSTAD: I want to make sure of something.

NORA: Well—what is it? Quickly!

KROGSTAD: I suppose you know I've been dismissed.

NORA: I couldn't prevent it, Mr. Krogstad. I did everything
in my power, but it was useless.

KROGSTAD: So that's all your husband cares about you? He must
realize what I can put you through, and yet, in spite of that,
he dares to—

NORA: You don't imagine my husband knows about it?

KROGSTAD: No—I didn't really suppose he did. I can't imagine
my friend Torvald Helmer showing that much courage.

NORA: I insist that you show respect when speaking of my
husband, Mr. Krogstad!

KROGSTAD: With all due respect, I assure you! But am I right
in thinking—since you are so anxious to keep the matter
secret—that you have a clearer idea today than you had
yesterday, of what you really did?

NORA: Clearer than you could ever give me!

KROGSTAD: Of course! I who know so little about the law—!

NORA: What do you want of me?

KROGSTAD: I just wanted to see how you were getting on, Mrs.
Helmer. I've been thinking about you all day. You see—
even a mere money-lender, a cheap journalist—in short,
someone like me—is not entirely without feeling.

NORA: Then prove it; think of my little children.

KROGSTAD: Did you or your husband think of mine? But that's
not the point. I only wanted to tell you not to take this
matter too seriously. I shan't take any action—for the pres-
cent, at least.

NORA: You won't, will you? I was sure you wouldn't!

1. to keep him quiet

2. to see what he wants

3. to assure him of my effort

4. to intimidate Krogstad

5. to see what he wants

6. to plead
KROGSTAD: It can all be settled quite amicably. It needn’t be made public. It needn’t go beyond us three.
NORA: But, my husband must never know.
KROGSTAD: How can you prevent it? Can you pay off the balance?
NORA: No, not immediately.
KROGSTAD: Have you any way of raising the money within the next few days?
NORA: None—that I will make use of.
KROGSTAD: And if you had, it would have made no difference. Even if you were to offer me the entire sum in cash—I still wouldn’t give you back your note.
NORA: What are you going to do with it?
KROGSTAD: I shall simply keep it—I shall guard it carefully. No one, outside the three of us, shall know a thing about it. So, if you have any thought of doing something desperate—
NORA: I shall.
KROGSTAD: —of running away from home, for instance—
NORA: I shall!
KROGSTAD: —or perhaps even something worse—
NORA: How could you guess that?
KROGSTAD: —then put all such thoughts out of your head, too; but I didn’t have the courage—
NORA (Tonelessly): I haven’t either.
KROGSTAD (Relieved): No; you haven’t the courage either, have you?
NORA: No! I haven’t, I haven’t!
KROGSTAD: Besides, it would be a very foolish thing to do. You’ll just have to get through one domestic storm—and then it’ll all be over. I have a letter for your husband here in my pocket—
NORA: Telling him all about it?
KROGSTAD: Sparing you as much as possible.
NORA (Quickly): He must never read that letter. Tear it up,
Act Two

Mr. Krogstad! I will manage to get the money somehow—

KROGSTAD: Excuse me, Mrs. Helmer, but I thought I just told you—

NORA: Oh, I'm not talking about the money I owe you. Just tell me how much money you want from my husband—I will get it somehow!

KROGSTAD: I want no money from your husband.

NORA: What do you want then?

KROGSTAD: Just this: I want a new start; I want to make something of myself; and your husband shall help me do it. For the past eighteen months my conduct has been irreproachable. It's been a hard struggle—I've lived in abject poverty; still, I was content to work my way up gradually, step by step. But now I've been kicked out, and now I shall not be satisfied to be merely reinstated—taken back on sufferance. I'm determined to make something of myself, I tell you. I intend to continue working in the Bank—but I expect to be promoted. Your husband shall create a new position for me—

NORA: He'll never do it!

KROGSTAD: Oh, yes he will; I know him—he'll do it without a murmur; he wouldn't dare do otherwise. And then—you'll see! Within a year I'll be his right hand man. It'll be Nils Krogstad, not Torvald Helmer, who'll run the Joint Stock Bank.

NORA: That will never happen.

KROGSTAD: No? Would you, perhaps—?

NORA: Yes! I have the courage for it now.

KROGSTAD: You don't frighten me! A dainty, pampered little lady such as you—

NORA: You'll see, you'll see!

KROGSTAD: Yes, I dare say! How would you like to lie there under the ice—in that freezing, pitch-black water? And in the spring your body would be found floating on the surface—hideous, hairless, unrecognizable—

NORA: You can't frighten me either. People don't do that
sort of thing. Mrs. Helmer: And, anyway, what would be the use? I'd still have your husband in my power.

NORA: You mean—afterwards? Even if I were no longer—?

KROGSTAD: Remember—I'd still have your reputation in my hands! (NORA stands speechless and looks at him) Well, I've given you fair warning. I wouldn't do anything foolish, if I were you. As soon as Helmer receives my letter, I shall expect to hear from him. And just remember this: I've been forced back into my former way of life—and your husband is responsible. I shall never forgive him for it. Good-bye, Mrs. Helmer.

(Goes off through the hall. NORA hurries to the door, opens it a little and listens.)

NORA: He's gone. He didn't leave the letter. Of course he didn't—that would be impossible! (Opens the door further and further) What's he doing? He's stopped outside the door. He's not going down the stairs. Has he changed his mind? Is he—? (A letter falls into the box. KROGSTAD's footsteps are heard gradually receding down the stairs. NORA utters a suppressed shriek, and rushes forward towards the sofa table; pause) It's in the letter-box! (Shrinkingly up to the hall door) It's there!—Torvald, Torvald—now we are lost!

(MRS. LINDE enters from the left with the costume.)

MRS. LINDE: There, I think it's all right now. If you'll just try it on—?

NORA. (Hoarsely and softly): Come here, Kristine.

MRS. LINDE: (Throwing down the dress on the sofa): What's the matter with you? You look upset.

NORA: Come here. Do you see that letter? Do you see it—in the letter-box?

MRS. LINDE: Yes, yes, I see it.

NORA: It's from Kroestad—

MRS. LINDE: Nora—you don't mean Kroestad lent you the money!

NORA: Yes; and now Torvald will know everything.

MRS. LINDE: It'll be much the best thing for you both, Nora.
Act Two. of

NORA: But you don't know everything. I committed forgery—
MRS. LINDÉ: Good heavens!
NORA: Now listen to me, Kristine; I want you to be my witness—
MRS. LINDÉ: How do you mean "witness"? What am I to—?
NORA: If I should go out of my mind—that might easily happen—
MRS. LINDÉ: Nora!
NORA: Or if something should happen to me—something that would prevent my being here—
MRS. LINDÉ: Nora, Nora, you're quite beside yourself!
NORA: In case anyone else should insist on taking all the blame upon himself—the whole blame—you understand—
MRS. LINDÉ: Yes, but what makes you think—?
NORA: Then you must bear witness to the fact that that isn't true. I'm in my right mind now; I know exactly what I'm saying; and I tell you nobody else knew anything about it; I did the whole thing on my own. Just remember that.
MRS. LINDÉ: Very well—I will. But I don't understand at all.
NORA: No—of course—you couldn't. It's the wonderful thing—It's about to happen, don't you see?
MRS. LINDÉ: What "wonderful thing"?
NORA: The wonderful—wonderful thing! But it must never be allowed to happen—never. It would be too terrible.
MRS. LINDÉ: I'll go and talk to Krogstad at once.
NORA: No, don't go to him! He might do you some harm.
MRS. LINDÉ: There was a time—he would have done anything in the world for me.
NORA: He? !
MRS. LINDÉ: Where does he live?
NORA: How do I know—? Yes—(Feels in her pocket) Here's his card. But the letter, the letter—!
HELMER (From his study; knocking on the door): Nora!
NORA (Shrieks in terror): Oh! What is it? What do you want?
HELMER: Don't be frightened! We're not coming in; anyway, you've locked the door. Are you trying on?

2. to free Helmer from guilt

3. to find card
4. to keep Helmer out
NORA: Yes, yes; I'm trying on. I'm going to look so pretty, Torvald.

MRS. LINDE (Who has read the card): He lives just round the corner.

NORA: But it won't do any good. It's too late now. The letter is in the box.

MRS. LINDE: I suppose your husband has the key?

NORA: Of course.

MRS. LINDE: Kroegstad must ask for his letter back, unread. He must make up some excuse—

NORA: But this is the time that Torvald usually—

MRS. LINDE: Prevent him. Keep him occupied. I'll come back as quickly as I can. (She goes out hastily by the hall door.)

NORA (Opens Helmer's door and peeps in): Torvald!

HELMER (In the study): Well? May one venture to come back into one’s own living-room? Come along, Rank—now we shall see—(In the doorway) Why—what's this?

NORA: What, Torvald, dear?

HELMER: Rank led me to expect some wonderful disguise.

RANK (In the doorway): That's what I understood. I must have been mistaken.

NORA: Not till tomorrow evening! Then I shall appear in all my splendor!

HELMER: But you look quite tired, Nora, dear. I'm afraid you've been practicing too hard.

NORA: Oh, I haven't practiced at all yet.

HELMER: You ought to, though—

NORA: Yes—I really should, Torvald! But I can't seem to manage without your help. I'm afraid I've forgotten all about it.

HELMER: Well—we'll see what we can do. It'll soon come back to you.

NORA: You will help me, won't you, Torvald? Promise! I feel so nervous—all those people! You must concentrate on me this evening—forget all about business. Please, Torvald, dear—promise me you will!

HELMER: I promise. This evening I'll be your slave—you
Act Two

sweet, helpless little thing—! Just one moment, though—I want to see—(Going to hall door.)
NORA: What do you want out there?
HELMER: I just want to see if there are any letters.
NORA: Oh, don’t, Torvald! Don’t bother about that now!
HELMER: Why not?
NORA: Please don’t, Torvald! There aren’t any.
HELMER: Just let me take a look—(Starts to go.)

(NORA, at the piano, plays the first bars of the tarantella.)

HELMER (stops in the doorway): Aha!

NORA: I shan’t be able to dance tomorrow if I don’t rehearse with you!
HELMER (Going to her): Are you really so nervous, Nora, dear?
NORA: Yes, I’m terrified! Let’s rehearse right away. We’ve plenty of time before dinner. Sit down and play for me, Torvald, dear; direct me—guide me; you know how you do!
HELMER: With pleasure, my darling, if you wish me to. (Sits at piano.)

(NORA snatches the tambourine out of the box, and hurriedly drapes herself in a long parti-colored shawl; then, with a bound, stands in the middle of the floor and cries out.)

NORA: Now play for me! Now I’ll dance!

(HELMER plays and NORA dances. RANK stands at the piano behind HELMER and looks on.)

HELMER (Playing): Too fast! Too fast!
NORA: I can’t help it!
HELMER: Don’t be so violent, Nora!
NORA: That’s the way it should be!
HELMER (Stops): No, no; this won’t do at all! (Rises)
NORA (Laughs and swings her tambourine): You see! What did I tell you?
RANK: I’ll play for her.
HELMER (Rising): Yes, do—then I’ll be able to direct her.
(Rank sits down at the piano and plays; Nora dances more and more wildly. Helmer stands by the stove and adds more frequent corrections to her; she seems not to hear. Her head breaks loose, and falls over her shoulders. She does not notice it, but goes on dancing. Mrs. Linde enters and finds spellbound in the doorway.)

Mrs. Linde: Ah—!

Nora (Dancing): We're having such fun, Kristine!

Helmer: Why, Nora, dear, you're dancing as if your life were at stake!

Nora: It is! It is!

Helmer: Rank, stop! This is absolute madness. Stop, I say!

(Rank stops playing, and Nora comes to a sudden standstill.)

Helmer (Going toward her): I never would have believed it.

You've forgotten everything I ever taught you.

Nora (Throwing the tambourine away): I told you I had!

Helmer: This needs an immense amount of work.

Nora: That's what I said; you see how important it is! You must work with me up to the very last minute. Will you promise me, Torvald?

Helmer: I most certainly will!

Nora: This evening and all day tomorrow you must think of nothing but me. You mustn't open a single letter—mustn't even look at the mail-box.

Helmer: Nora! I believe you're still worried about that wretched man—

Nora: Yes—yes, I am!

Helmer: Nora—Look at me—there's a letter from him in the box, isn't there?

Nora: Maybe—I don't know; I believe there is. But you're not to read anything of that sort now; nothing must come between us until the party's over.

Rank (Softly, to Helmer): Don't go against her.

Helmer (Putting his arm around her): Very well! The child shall have her way. But tomorrow night, when your dance is over—
NOBA: Then you'll be fast to seat me, Ma'am!

(HELENE appears in the doorway, right)

HELENE: Dinner is served, Ma'am.

NORA: We'll have champagne, Helene.

HELENE: Very good, Ma'am. (Goes out.)

HELMER: Quite a feast, I see.

NORA: Yes—a real feast! We'll stay up till dawn drinking champagne! (Calling out) Oh, and we'll have macaroons, Helene—lots of them! Why not—for once?

HELMER (Setting her hand): Come, come! Not so violent! Be my own little lark again.

NORA: I will, Torvald. But now—both of you go in—while Kristine helps me with my hair.

RANK (Softly, as they go): Is anything special the matter? I mean—anything?

HELMER: No, no; nothing at all. It's just this childish fear I was telling you about. (They go out to the right.)

NORA: Well?

MRS. LINDE: He's gone out of town.

NORA: I saw it in your face.

MRS. LINDE: He'll be back tomorrow evening. I left a note for him.

NORA: You shouldn't have bothered. You couldn't prevent it anyway. After all, there's a kind of joy in waiting for the wonderful thing to happen.

MRS. LINDE: I don't understand. What is this thing you're waiting for?

NORA: I can't explain. Go in and join them. I'll be there in a moment.

(MRS. LINDE goes into the dining room. NORA stands for a moment as though pulling herself together; then looks at her watch.)

NORA: Five o'clock. Seven hours till midnight. Twenty-four hours till the next midnight and then the tarantella will be over. Twenty-four and seven? I've thirty-one hours left to live.

(HELMER appears at the door, right.)

5. to celebrate in order to find out news
1. to get rid of Helmer and Dr.

2. to question Kris in order to plan suicide
1. to get rid of Kristine

2. to determine amount of time left in order to gain comfort
1. to rush to Helmer
SCENE: The same room. The table, with the chairs around it, has been moved to stage-center. A lighted lamp on the table. The hall door is open. Dance music is heard from the floor above. MRS. LINDE sits by the table absent-mindedly turning the pages of a book. She tries to read, but seems unable to keep her mind on it. Now and then she listens intently and glances towards the hall door.

MRS. LINDE (Looks at her watch): Where can he be? The time is nearly up. I hope he hasn't—(Listens again) Here he is now. (She goes into the hall and cautiously opens the outer door; cautious footsteps are heard on the stairs; she whispers) Come in; there is no one here.

KROGSTAD (In the doorway): I found a note from you at home. What does it mean?

MRS. LINDE: I simply must speak to you.

KROGSTAD: Indeed? But why here? Why in this house?

MRS. LINDE: I couldn't see you at my place. My room has no separate entrance. Come in; we're quite alone. The servants are asleep, and the Helmers are upstairs at a party.

KROGSTAD (Coming into the room): Well, well! So the Helmers are dancing tonight, are they?

MRS. LINDE: Why shouldn't they?

KROGSTAD: Well—why not!
MRS. LINDE: Let's have a talk, Krogstad.
KROGSTAD: Have we two anything to talk about?
MRS. LINDE: Yes. A great deal.
KROGSTAD: I shouldn't have thought so.
MRS. LINDE: But then, you see—you have never really understood me.
KROGSTAD: There wasn't much to understand, was there? A woman is heartless enough to break off with a man, when a better match is offered; it's quite an ordinary occurrence.
MRS. LINDE: You really think me heartless? Did you think it was so easy for me?
KROGSTAD: Wasn't it?
MRS. LINDE: You really believed that, Krogstad?
KROGSTAD: If not, why should you have written to me as you did?
MRS. LINDE: What else could I do? Since I was forced to break with you, I felt it was only right to try and kill your love for me.
KROGSTAD (Clenching his hands together): So that was it! And you did this for money!
MRS. LINDE: Don't forget I had my mother and two little brothers to think of. We couldn't wait for you, Krogstad; things were so unsettled for you then.
KROGSTAD: That may be; but, even so, you had no right to throw me over—not even for their sake.
MRS. LINDE: Who knows? I've often wondered whether I did right or not.
KROGSTAD (More softly): When I had lost you, I felt the ground crumble beneath my feet. Look at me. I'm like a shipwrecked man clinging to a raft.
MRS. LINDE: Help may be nearer than you think.
KROGSTAD: Help was here! Then you came and stood in the way.
MRS. LINDE: I knew nothing about it, Krogstad. I didn't know until today that I was to replace you at the Bank.
KROGSTAD: Very well—I believe you. But now that you do know, will you withdraw?
Mrs. Linde: No, I'd do you no good by doing that.

Krogstad: "Good" or not—I'd withdraw all the same.

Mrs. Linde: I have learnt to be prudent, Krogstad—I've had to. The bitter necessities of life have taught me that.

Krogstad: And life has taught me not to believe in phrases.

Mrs. Linde: Then life has taught you a very wise lesson. But what about deeds? Surely you must still believe in them?

Krogstad: How do you mean?

Mrs. Linde: You just said you were like a shipwrecked man, clinging to a raft.

Krogstad: I have good reason to say so.

Mrs. Linde: Well—I'm like a shipwrecked woman clinging to a raft. I have no one to mourn for, no one to care for.

Krogstad: You made your choice.

Mrs. Linde: I had no choice, I tell you!

Krogstad: What then?

Mrs. Linde: Since we're both of us shipwrecked, couldn't we join forces, Krogstad?

Krogstad: You don't mean—?

Mrs. Linde: Two people on a raft have a better chance than one.

Krogstad: Kristine!

Mrs. Linde: Why do you suppose I came here to the city?

Krogstad: You mean—you thought of me?

Mrs. Linde: I can't live without work; all my life I've worked, back as far back as I can remember; it's always been my one joy. Now I'm quite alone in the world; my life is empty—aimless. There's not much joy in working for one's self. You could help me, Nils; you could give me something and someone to work for.

Krogstad: I can't believe all this. It's an hysterical impulse—a woman's exaggerated craving for self-sacrifice.

Mrs. Linde: When have you ever found me hysterical?

Krogstad: You'd really be willing to do this? Tell me honestly—do you quite realize what my past has been?

Mrs. Linde: Yes.

Krogstad: And you know what people think of me?
Act Three

MRS. LINDE: Didn't you just say you'd have been a different person if you'd been with me?

KROGSTAD: I see it.

MRS. LINDE: Mightn't that still be true?

KROGSTAD: You really mean this, Kristine, don't you? I can see it in your face. Are you sure you have the courage—?

MRS. LINDE: I need someone to care for, and your children need a mother. We two need each other, Nils. I have faith in your fundamental goodness. I'm not afraid.

KROGSTAD (Seizing her hands): Thank you—thank you, Kristine. I'll make others believe in me too—I won't fail you! But—I'd almost forgotten—

MRS. LINDE (Listening): Hush! The tarantella! You must go!

KROGSTAD: Why? What is it?

MRS. LINDE: Listen! She's begun her dance; as soon as she's finished dancing, they'll be down.

KROGSTAD: Yes—I'd better go. There'd have been no need for all that—but, of course, you don't know what I've done about the Helmers.

MRS. LINDE: Yes, I do, Nils.

KROGSTAD: And yet you have the courage to—?

MRS. LINDE: I know you were desperate—I understand.

KROGSTAD: I'd give anything to undo it!

MRS. LINDE: You can. Your letter's still in the mail-box.

KROGSTAD: Are you sure?

MRS. LINDE: Quite, but—

KROGSTAD (Giving her a searching look): Could that be it? You're doing all this to save your friend? You might as well be honest with me! Is that it?

MRS. LINDE: I sold myself once for the sake of others, Nils; I'm not likely to do it again.

KROGSTAD: I'll ask for my letter back unopened.

MRS. LINDE: No, no.

KROGSTAD: Yes, of course. I'll wait till Helmer comes; I'll tell him to give me back the letter—I'll say it refers to my dismissal—and ask him not to read it—

MRS. LINDE: No, Nils; don't ask for it back.
KROGSTAD: But wasn't that actually your reason for getting me to come here?

MRS. LINDE: Yes, in my first moment of fear. But that was twenty-four hours ago, and since then I've seen incredible things happening here. Helmer must know the truth; this wretched business must no longer be kept secret; it's time those two came to a thorough understanding; there's been enough deceit and subterfuge.

KROGSTAD: Very well, if you like to risk it. But there's one thing I can do, and at once—

MRS. LINDE (Listening): You must go now. Make haste! The dance is over; we're not safe here another moment.

KROGSTAD: I'll wait for you downstairs.

MRS. LINDE: Yes, do; then you can see me home.

KROGSTAD: Kristine! I've never been so happy! (KROGSTAD goes out by the outer door. The door between the room and the hall remains open.)

MRS. LINDE (Arranging the room and getting her outdoor things together): How different things will be! Someone to work for, to live for; a home to make happy! How wonderful it will be to try—I wish they'd come—(Listens) Here they are! I'll get my coat—(Takes bonnet and cloak. HELMER's and NORA's voices are heard outside, a key is turned in the lock, and HELMER drags NORA almost by force into the hall. She wears the Italian costume with a large black shawl over it. He is in evening dress and wears a black domino, open.)

NORA (Struggling with him in the doorway): No, no! I don't want to come home; I want to go upstairs again; I don't want to leave so early!

HELMER: Come—Nora dearest!

NORA: I beg you, Torvald! Please, please—just one hour more!

HELMER: Not one single minute more, Nora darling; don't you remember our agreement? Come along in, now; you'll catch cold. (He leads her gently into the room in spite of her resistance.)

MRS. LINDE: Good evening.
NORA: Kristine!

HELMER: Why, Mrs. Linde! What are you doing here so late?

MRS. LINDE: Do forgive me. I did so want to see Nora in her costume.

NORA: Have you been waiting for me all this time?

MRS. LINDE: Yes; I came too late to catch you before you went upstairs, and I didn't want to go away without seeing you.

HELMER (Taking NORA's shawl off): And you shall see her, Mrs. Linde! She's worth looking at I can tell you! Isn't she lovely?

MRS. LINDE: Oh, Nora! How perfectly—!

HELMER: Absolutely exquisite, isn't she? That's what everybody said. But she's obstinate as a mule, is my sweet little thing! I don't know what to do with her! Will you believe it, Mrs. Linde, I had to drag her away by force?

NORA: You'll see—you'll be sorry, Torvald, you didn't let me stay, if only for another half-hour.

HELMER: Do you hear that, Mrs. Linde? Now, listen to this: She danced her tarantella to wild applause, and she deserved it, too, I must say—though, perhaps, from an artistic point of view, her interpretation was a bit too realistic. But never mind—the point is, she made a great success, a phenomenal success. Now—should I have allowed her to stay on and spoil the whole effect? Certainly not! I took my sweet little Capri girl—my capricious little Capri girl, I might say—in my arms; a rapid whirl round the room, a low curtsey to all sides, and—as they say in novels—the lovely apparition vanished! An exit should always be effective, Mrs. Linde; but I can't get Nora to see that. Phew! It's warm here. (Threws his domino on a chair and opens the door to his room) Why—there's no light on in here! Oh no, of course—Excuse me—(Goes in and lights candles.)

NORA (Whispers breathlessly): Well?

MRS. LINDE (Softly): I've spoken to him.

NORA: And—?

MRS. LINDE: Nora—you must tell your husband everything—
NORA (Tonelessly): I knew it!

MRS. LINDE: You have nothing to fear from Krogstad; but you must speak out.

NORA: I shan't.

MRS. LINDE: Then the letter will.

NORA: Thank you, Kristine. Now I know what I must do.

Hush—!

HELMER (Coming back): Well, have you finished admiring her, Mrs. Linde?

MRS. LINDE: Yes, and now I must say good-night.

HELMER: Oh—must you be going already? Does this knitting belong to you?

MRS. LINDE (Takes it): Oh, thank you; I almost forgot it.

HELMER: So you knit, do you?

MRS. LINDE: Yes.

HELMER: Why don't you do embroidery instead?

MRS. LINDE: Why?

HELMER: Because it's so much prettier. Now watch! You hold the embroidery in the left hand—so—and then, in the right hand, you hold the needle, and guide it—so—in a long graceful curve—isn't that right?

MRS. LINDE: Yes, I suppose so—

HELMER: Whereas, knitting can never be anything but ugly. Now watch! Arms close to your sides, needles going up and down—there's something Chinese about it!—That really was splendid champagne they gave us.

MRS. LINDE: Well, good-night, Nora; don't be obstinate any more.

HELMER: Well said, Mrs. Linde!

MRS. LINDE: Good-night, Mr. Helmer.

HELMER (Accompanying her to the door): Good-night, good-night; I hope you get home safely. I'd be only too glad to—but you've such a short way to go. Good-night, good-night. (She goes; HELMER shuts the door after her, and comes forward again). Well—thank God we've got rid of her; she's a dreadful bore, that woman.

NORA: You mustn't blame Torvald.

HELMER: In order to get inevitable over
Act Three

HELMER: I? Not in the least.
NORA: But, aren't you sleepy?

But what about you? You seem to be very tired and sleepy.
NORA: Yes, I am very tired. But I'll soon sleep now.
HELMER: You see! I was right not to let you stay there any longer.
NORA: Everything you do is always right, Torvald.
HELMER (Kissing her forehead): There's my sweet, sensible little lark! By the way, did you notice how gay Rank was this evening?
NORA: Was he? I didn't get a chance to speak to him.
HELMER: I didn't either, really; but it's a long time since I've seen him in such a jolly mood. (Gazes at Nora for a while, then comes nearer her) It's so lovely to be home again—to be here alone with you. You glorious, fascinating creature!
NORA: Don't look at me like that, Torvald.
HELMER (Following): You're still under the spell of the tarantella—and it makes you even more desirable. Listen! The other guests are leaving now. (More softly) Soon the whole house will be still, Nora.
NORA: I hope so.
HELMER: Yes, you do, don't you, my beloved? Do you know something—when I'm out with you among a lot of people—do you know why it is I hardly speak to you, why I keep away from you, and only occasionally steal a quick glance at you; do you know why that is? It's because I pretend that we love each other in secret, that we're secretly engaged, and that no one suspects there is anything between us.
NORA: Yes, yes; I know your thoughts are always round me.
HELMER: Then, when it's time to leave, and I put your shawl

3. to discourage Helmer's advances
round your smooth, soft, young shoulders—round that beautiful neck of yours—I pretend that you are my young bride, that we’ve just come from the wedding, and that I’m taking you home for the first time—that for the first time I shall be alone with you—quite alone with you, in all your tremulous beauty. All evening I have been filled with longing for you. As I watched you swaying and whirling in the tarantella—my pulses began to throb until I thought I should go mad; that’s why I carried you off—made you leave so early—

NORA: Please go, Torvald! Please leave me. I don’t want you like this.

HELMER: What do you mean? You’re teasing me, aren’t you, little Nora? Not want me—I Aren’t I your husband—?

(A knock at the outer door.)

NORA (Starts): Listen—!

HELMER (Going toward the hall): Who is it?

RANK (Outside): It is I; may I come in a moment?

HELMER (In a low tone, annoyed): Why does he have to bother us now! (Aloud) Just a second! (Opens door) Well! How nice of you to look in.

RANK: I heard your voice, and I thought I’d like to stop in a minute. (Looks round) These dear old rooms! You must be so cozy and happy here, you two!

HELMER: I was just saying how gay and happy you seemed to be, upstairs.

RANK: Why not? Why shouldn’t I be? One should get all one can out of life; all one can, for as long as one can. That wine was excellent—

HELMER: Especially the champagne.

RANK: You noticed that, did you? It’s incredible how much I managed to get down.

NORA: Torvald drank plenty of it too.

RANK: Oh?

NORA: It always puts him in such a jolly mood.

HELMER: Why shouldn’t one have a jolly evening after a hard spent day?
Act Three

HELMER: Well-spent! I'm afraid mine wasn't much to boast of!

RANK (Slapping him on the shoulder): But mine, was, you see?

NORA: Did you by any chance make a scientific investigation, Doctor Rank?

RANK: Precisely.

HELMER: Listen to little Nora, talking about scientific investigations!

NORA: Am I to congratulate you on the result?

RANK: By all means.

NORA: It was good then?

RANK: The best possible, both for the doctor and the patient—certainty.

NORA (Quickly and searchingly): Certainty?

RANK: Absolute certainty. Wasn't I right to spend an evening after that?

NORA: You were quite right, Doctor Rank.

HELMER: I quite agree! Provided you don't have to pay for it tomorrow.

RANK: You don't get anything for nothing in this life.

NORA: You like masquerade parties, don't you, Dr. Rank?

RANK: Very much—when there are plenty of amusing disguises—

NORA: What shall we two be at our next masquerade?

HELMER: Listen to her! Thinking of the next party already!

RANK: We two? I'll tell you. You must go as a precious talsman.

HELMER: How on earth would you dress that?

RANK: That's easy. She'd only have to be herself.

HELMER: Charmingly put. But what about you? Have you decided what you'd be?

RANK: Oh, definitely.

HELMER: Well?

RANK: At the next masquerade party I shall be invisible.

HELMER: That's a funny notion!

RANK: There's a large black cloak—you've heard of the in-
visible cloak, haven't you? You've only to put it around you and no one can see you any more.

HELMER (With a suppressed smile): Quite true!

RANK: But I almost forgot what I came for. Give me a cigar, will you, Helmer? One of the dark Havanas.

HELMER: Of course—with pleasure. (Hands cigar case.)

RANK (Takes one and cuts the end off): Thanks.

NORA (Striking a wax match): Let me give you a light?

RANK: I thank you. (She holds the match. He lights his cigar at it) And now, I'll say good-by!

HELMER: Good-by, good-by, my dear fellow.

NORA: Sleep well, Doctor Rank.

RANK: Thanks for the wish.

NORA: Wish me the same.

RANK: You? Very well, since you ask me—Sleep well. And thanks for the light. (He nods to them both and goes out.)

HELMER (In an undertone): He's had a lot to drink.

NORA (Absently): I dare say. (Helmer takes his bunch of keys from his pocket and goes into the hall) Torvald! What do you want out there?

HELMER: I'd better empty the mail-box; it's so full there won't be room for the papers in the morning.

NORA: Are you going to work tonight?

HELMER: No—you know I'm not.—Why, what's this? Someone has been at the lock.

NORA: The lock—?

HELMER: Yes—that's funny! I shouldn't have thought that the maids would—Here's a broken hair-pin. Why—it's one of yours, Nora.

NORA (Quickly): It must have been the children—

HELMER: You'll have to stop them doing that—There! I got it open at last. (Takes contents out and calls out towards the kitchen) Helene?—Oh, Helene; put out the lamp in the hall, will you? (He returns with letters in his hand, and shuts the door to the hall) Just look how they've stacked up. (Looks through them) Why, what's this?
Act Three

NORA (At the window): The letter! Oh, Torvald! Nora.

HELMER: Two visiting cards—from Rank.

NORA: From Doctor Rank?

HELMER (Looking at them): Doctor Rank, physician. They were right on top. He must have stuck them in just now, as he left.

NORA: Is there anything on them?

HELMER: There's a black cross over his name. Look! What a gruesome thought. Just as if he were announcing his own death.

NORA: And so he is.

HELMER: What do you mean? What do you know about it? Did he tell you anything?

NORA: Yes. These cards mean that he has said good-bye for ever. Now he'll lock himself up to die.

HELMER: Oh, my poor friend! I always knew he hadn't long to live, but I never dreamed it would be quite so soon—I and to hide away like a wounded animal—

NORA: When the time comes, it's best to go in silence. Don't you think so, Torvald?

HELMER (Walking up and down): He'd become so a part of us. I can't imagine his having gone for good. With his suffering and loneliness he was like a dark, cloudy background to our lives—it made the sunshine of our happiness seem even brighter—Well, I suppose it's for the best—for him at any rate. (Stands still) And perhaps for us too, Nora. Now we are more than ever dependent on each other. (Takes her in his arms) Oh, my beloved wife! I can't seem to hold you close enough. Do you know something, Nora. I often wish you were in some great danger—so I could risk body and soul—my whole life—everything, everything, for your sake.

NORA (Tears herself from him and says firmly): Now you must read your letters, Torvald.

HELMER: No, no; not tonight. I want to be with you, my beloved wife.

NORA: With the thought of your dying friend—?

HELMER: Of course—You are right. It's been a shock to both

3. to keep him from opening letter

4. to explain cards

in order to get it over with

1. to get rid of Torv
of us. A hideous shadow has come between us—thoughts of death and decay. We must try and throw them off. Until then—we'll stay apart.

NORA (Her arms round his neck): Torvald! Good-night! Good-night!

HELMER (Kissing her forehead): Good-night, my little songbird; Sleep well! Now I'll go and read my letters. (He goes with the letters in his hand into his room and shuts the door.)

NORA (With wild eyes, gropes about her, seizes HELMER's domino, throws it round her, and whispers quickly, hoarsely, and brokenly): I'll never see him again. Never, never, never. (Threw her shawl over her head) I'll never see the children again. I'll never see them either—Oh the thought of that black, icy water! That fathomless—! If it were only over! He has it now; he's reading it. Oh, not yet—please! Not yet Torvald, good-bye—! Good-bye to you and the children!

(She is rushing out by the hall; at the same moment HELMER flings his door open, and stands there with an open letter in his hand.)

HELMER: Nora!

NORA (Shrieks): Ah—!

HELMER: What does this mean? Do you know what is in this letter?

NORA: Yes, yes, I know. Let me go! Let me out!

HELMER (Holds her back): Where are you going?

NORA (Tries to break away from him): Don't try to save me, Torvald!

HELMER (Falling back): So it's true! It's true what he writes? It's too horrible! It's impossible—it can't be true.

NORA: It is true. I've loved you more than all the world.

HELMER: Oh, come now! Let's have no silly nonsense!

NORA (A step nearer him): Torvald—!

HELMER: Do you realize what you've done?

NORA: Let me go—I won't have you suffer for it! I won't have you take the blame!
ACT THREE

HELGER: Well, you stop this play-acting! (Locks the outer door) You'll stay here and give an account of yourself. Do you understand what you have done? Answer me! Do you understand it?

NORA (Looks at him fixedly, and says with a stiffening expression): I think I'm beginning to understand for the first time.

HELGER (Walking up and down): God! What an awakening! After eight years to discover that you who have been my pride and joy—are no better than a hypocrite, a liar—worse than that—a criminal! It's too horrible to think of! (NORA says nothing, and continues to look fixedly at him) I might have known what to expect. I should have foreseen it. You've inherited all your father's lack of principle—be silent!—all of your father's lack of principle, I say!—no religion, no moral code, no sense of duty. This is my punishment for shielding him! I did it for your sake; and this is my reward!

NORA: I see.

HELGER: You've destroyed my happiness. You've ruined my whole future. It's ghastly to think of! I'm completely in the power of this scoundrel; he can force me to do whatever he likes, demand whatever he chooses; order me about at will; and I shan't dare open my mouth! My entire career is to be wrecked and all because of a lawless, unprincipled woman!

NORA: If I were no longer alive, then you'd be free.

HELGER: Oh yes! You're full of histrionics! Your father was just the same. Even if you "weren't alive," as you put it, what good would that do me? None whatever! He could publish the story all the same; I might even be suspected of collusion. People might say I was behind it all—that I had prompted you to do it. And to think I have you to thank for all this—you whom I've done nothing but pamper and spoil since the day of our marriage. Now do you realize what you've done to me?

NORA (With cold calmness): Yes.
It’s all so incredible, I can’t grasp it. But we must cry and come to some agreement. Take off that shawl. Take it off, I say! Of course, we must find some way to appease him—the matter must be hushed up at any cost. As far as we two are concerned, there must be no change in our way of life—in the eyes of the world, I mean. You’ll naturally continue to live here. But you won’t be allowed to bring up the children—I’d never dare trust them to you—God have to say this to the woman I’ve loved so tenderly. There can be no further thought of happiness between us. We must save what we can from the ruins—we can’t appearances, at least—(A ring; HELMER starts) What can that be? At this hour! You don’t suppose he—I could he—I. Hide yourself, Nora; say you are ill.

(NORA stands motionless. HELMER goes to the door and opens it.)

HELENE (Half dressed, in the hall): It’s a letter for Mrs. Helmer.

HELMER: Give it to me. (Seizes the letter and shuts the door.)

It’s from him. I shan’t give it to you. I’ll read it myself.

NORA: Very well.

HELMER (By the lamp): I don’t dare open it; this may be the end—for both of us. Still—I must know. (Hastily tears the letter open; reads a few lines, looks at an enclosure; with a cry of joy) Nora! (Nora looks inquiringly at him) Nora—I can’t believe it—I must read it again. But it’s true—it’s really true! Nora, I am saved! I’m saved!

NORA: What about me?

HELMER: You too, of course; we are both of us saved, both of us. Look!—he’s sent you back your note—he says he’s sorry for what he did and apologizes for it—that due to a happy turn of events he—Oh, what does it matter what he says! We are saved, Nora! No one can harm you now. Oh, Nora, Nora—; but let’s get rid of this hateful thing. I’ll just see—(Glances at the I.O.U.) No, no—I won’t even look at it; I’ll pretend it was all a horrible dream. (Tears the I.O.U. and both letters in pieces. Throws them into the fire)
Act Three

HELMER: How you must have suffered! And you saw no way out but—No! We'll forget the whole ghastly business. We'll just thank God and repeat again and again: It's over; all over! Don’t you understand, Nora? You don’t seem to grasp it: It's over. What’s the matter with you? Why do you look so grim? My poor darling little Nora, I understand; but you mustn't worry—because I’ve forgiven you, Nora; I swear I have; I've forgiven everything. You did what you did because you loved me—I see that now.

NORA: Yes—that’s true.

HELMER: You loved me as a wife should love her husband. You didn’t realize what you were doing—you weren't able to judge how wrong it was. Don’t think this makes you any less dear to me. Just you lean on me; let me guide you and advise you; I'm not a man for nothing! There’s something very endearing about a woman’s helplessness. And try and forget those harsh things I said just now. I was frantic; my whole world seemed to be tumbling about my ears. Believe me, I’ve forgiven you, Nora—I swear it—I’ve forgiven everything.

NORA: Thank you for your forgiveness, Torvald. (Goes out, to the right.)

HELMER: No! Don't go. (Looking through the doorway) Why do you have to go in there?

NORA (Inside): I want to get out of these fancy-dress clothes.

HELMER (In the doorway): Yes, do, my darling. Try to calm down now, and get back to normal, my poor frightened little song-bird. Don’t you worry—you’ll be safe under my wings—they’ll protect you. (Walking up and down near the door) How lovely our home is, Nora! You’ll be sheltered here; I’ll cherish you as if you were a little dove I’d rescued from the claws of some dreadful hawk. You’ll see—you poor fluttering little heart will soon grow calm again. To-

in order to decide what to do

1. to understand his reaction

in order to leave

TURNING POINT for NORA

1. to change clothes
All this will appear in quite a different light—
I won't have to keep on saying I've forgiven you—you'll be able to sense it. You
don't really think I could ever drive you away, do you?
That I could even so much as reproach you for anything?
You'd understand if you could see into my heart. When a
man forgives his wife whole-heartedly—as I have you—it
fills him with such tenderness, such peace. She seems to
belong to him in a double sense; it's as though he'd brought
her to life again; she's become more than his wife—she's
become his child as well. That's how it will be with us,
Nora—my own bewildered, helpless little darling. From
now on you mustn't worry about anything; just open your
heart to me; just let me be both will and conscience to you.

(Nora enters in everyday dress) What's all this? I thought
you were going to bed. You've changed your dress?

NORA: Yes, Torvald; I've changed my dress.

HELMER: But what for? At this hour?

NORA: I shan't sleep tonight.

HELMER: But, Nora dear—

NORA (Looking at her watch): It's not so very late—Sit
down, Torvald; we have a lot to talk about. (She sits at one
side of the table.)

HELMER: Nora—what does this mean? Why that stern ex­
pression?

NORA: Sit down. It'll take some time. I have a lot to say to
you.

(HELMER sits at the other side of the table.)

HELMER: You frighten me, Nora. I don't understand you.

NORA: No, that's just it. You don't understand me; and I
have never understood you either—until tonight. No, don't
interrupt me. Just listen to what I have to say. This is to be
a first settlement, Torvald.

HELMER: How do you mean?

NORA: (After a short silence): Doesn't anything special strike
you as we sit here like this?

HELMER: I don't think so—why?
Act Three: I.

NORA: It doesn’t seem to you, does it, that though we’ve been married for eight years, this is the first time that we two—man and wife—have sat down for a serious talk?

HELMER: What do you mean by serious?

NORA: During eight whole years, no—more than that—ever since the first day we met—we have never exchanged so much as one serious word about serious things.

HELMER: Why should I perpetually burden you with all my cares and problems? How could you possibly help me to solve them?

NORA: I’m not talking about cares and problems. I’m simply saying we’ve never once sat down seriously and tried to get to the bottom of anything.

HELMER: But, Nora, darling—why should you be concerned with serious thoughts?

NORA: That’s the whole point! You’ve never understood me—A great injustice has been done me, Torvald; first by Father, and then by you.

HELMER: What a thing to say! No two people on earth could ever have loved you more than we have!

NORA (Shaking her head): You never loved me. You just thought it was fun to be in love with me.

HELMER: This is fantastic!

NORA: Perhaps. But it’s true all the same. While I was still at home I used to hear Father airing his opinions and they became my opinions; or if I didn’t happen to agree, I kept it to myself—he would have been displeased otherwise. He used to call me his doll-baby, and played with me as I played with my dolls. Then I came to live in your house—HELMER: What an expression to use about our marriage!

NORA (Undisturbed): I mean—from Father’s hands I passed into yours. You arranged everything according to your tastes, and I acquired the same tastes, or I pretended to—I’m not sure which—a little of both, perhaps. Looking back on it all, it seems to me I’ve lived here like a beggar, from hand to mouth. I’ve lived by performing tricks for you, Torvald. But that’s the way you wanted it. You and Father
A Doll's House

have done me a great wrong. You've prevented me from becoming a real person. Have you been happy here? Have you been happy here?

HELMER: Nora, how can you be so ungrateful and unreasonable! Haven't you been happy here?

NORA: No, never. I thought I was; but I wasn't really.

HELMER: Not—not happy!

NORA: No; only merry. You've always been so kind to me. But our home has never been anything but a play-room. I've been your doll-wife, just as at home I was Papa's doll-child. And the children in turn, have been my dolls. I thought it fun when you played games with me, just as they thought it fun when I played games with them. And that's been our marriage, Torvald.

HELMER: There may be a grain of truth in what you say, even though it is distorted and exaggerated. From now on things will be different. Play-time is over now; tomorrow lessons begin.

NORA: Whose lessons? Mine, or the children's?

HELMER: Both, if you wish it, Nora, dear.

NORA: Torvald, I'm afraid you're not the man to teach me to be a real wife to you.

HELMER: How can you say that?

NORA: And I'm certainly not fit to teach the children.

HELMER: Nora!

NORA: Didn't you just say, a moment ago, you didn't dare trust them to me?

HELMER: That was in the excitement of the moment! You mustn't take it so seriously!

NORA: But you were quite right, Torvald. That job is beyond me; there's another job I must do first: I must try and educate myself. You could never help me to do that; I must do it quite alone. So, you see—that's why I'm going to leave you alone.

HELMER (jumping up): What did you say—?

NORA: I shall never get to know myself—I shall never learn to face reality—unless I stand alone. So I can't stay with you any longer.
Act Three

HELMER: Nora! Nora!

NORA: I am going at once. I'm sure Kristine will let me stay with her tonight—

HELMER: But, Nora—this is madness! I shan't allow you to do this. I shall forbid it!

NORA: You no longer have the power to forbid me anything. I'll only take a few things with me—those that belong to me. I shall never again accept anything from you.

HELMER: Have you lost your senses?

NORA: Tomorrow I'll go home—to what was my home, I mean. It might be easier for me there, to find something to do.

HELMER: You talk like an ignorant child, Nora—I

NORA: Yes. That's just why I must educate myself.

HELMER: To leave your home—to leave your husband, and your children! What do you suppose people would say to that?

NORA: It makes no difference. This is something I must do.

HELMER: It's inconceivable! Don't you realize you'd be betraying your most sacred duty?

NORA: What do you consider that to be?

HELMER: Your duty towards your husband and your children—I surely don't have to tell you that!

NORA: I've another duty just as sacred.

HELMER: Nonsense! What duty do you mean?

NORA: My duty towards myself.

HELMER: Remember—before all else you are a wife and mother.

NORA: I don't believe that anymore. I believe that before all else I am a human being, just as you are—or at least that I should try and become one. I know that most people would agree with you, Torvald—and that's what they say in books. But I can no longer be satisfied with what most people say—or what they write in books. I must think things out for myself—get clear about them.

HELMER: Surely your position in your home is clear enough? Have you no sense of religion? Isn't that an infallible guide to you?
I don't see, Torvald—I don't really know what religion is.

**Helmer:** Nora! How can you say that?

**Nora:** All I know about it is what Pastor Hansen told me when I was confirmed. He taught me what he thought religion was—said it was this and that. As soon as I get away by myself, I shall have to look into that matter too, try and decide whether what he taught me was right—or whether it's right for me, at least.

**Helmer:** A nice way for a young woman to talk! It's unheard of! If religion means nothing to you, I'll appeal to your conscience; you must have some sense of ethics, I suppose? Answer me! Or have you none?

**Nora:** It's hard for me to answer you, Torvald. I don't think I know—all these things bewilder me. But I do know that I think quite differently from you about them. I've discovered that the law, for instance, is quite different from what I had imagined; but I find it hard to believe it can be right. It seems it's criminal for a woman to try and spare her old, sick, father, or save her husband's life! I can't agree with that.

**Helmer:** You talk like a child. You have no understanding of the society we live in.

**Nora:** No, I haven't. But I'm going to try and learn. I want to find out which of us is right—society or I.

**Helmer:** You are ill, Nora; you have a touch of fever; you're quite beside yourself.

**Nora:** I've never felt so sure—so clear-headed—as I do tonight.

**Helmer:** "Sure and clear-headed" enough to leave your husband and your children?

**Nora:** Yes.

**Helmer:** Then there is only one explanation possible.

**Nora:** What?

**Helmer:** You don't love me any more.

**Nora:** No; that is just it.

**Helmer:** Nora—What are you saying!
NORA: It makes me so unhappy, Torvald; for you've always been so kind to me. But I can't help it. I don't love you any more.

HELMER (Mastering himself with difficulty): You feel "sure and clear-headed" about this too?

NORA: Yes, utterly sure. That's why I can't stay here any longer.

HELMER: And can you tell me how I lost your love?

NORA: Yes, I can tell you. It was tonight—when the wonderful thing didn't happen; I knew then you weren't the man I always thought you were.

HELMER: I don't understand.

NORA: For eight years I've been waiting patiently; I knew, of course, that such things don't happen every day. Then, when this trouble came to me—I thought to myself: Now! Now the wonderful thing will happen! All the time Krogstad's letter was out there in the box, it never occurred to me for a single moment that you'd think of submitting to his conditions. I was absolutely convinced that you'd defy him—that you'd tell him to publish the thing to all the world; and that then—

HELMER: You mean you thought I'd let my wife be publicly dishonored and disgraced?

NORA: No. What I thought you'd do, was to take the blame upon yourself.

HELMER: Nora—!

NORA: I know! You think I never would have accepted such a sacrifice. Of course I wouldn't! But my word would have meant nothing against yours. That was the wonderful thing I hoped for, Torvald, hoped for with such terror! And it was to prevent that, that I chose to kill myself.

HELMER: I'd gladly work for you day and night, Nora—go through suffering and want, if need be—but one doesn't sacrifice one's honor for love's sake.

NORA: Millions of women have done so.

HELMER: You think and talk like a silly child.

NORA: Perhaps. But you neither think nor talk like the man I
want to share my life with. When you'd retreated from your fright—and you never thought of me, only of yourself—when you had nothing more to fear—you behaved as though none of this had happened. I was your little lark again, your little doll—whom you would have to guard more carefully than ever, because she was so weak and frail. (Stands up) At that moment it suddenly dawned on me that I had been living here for eight years with a stranger and that I'd borne him three children. I can't bear to think about it! I could tear myself to pieces!

HELDER (Sadly): I see, Nora—I understand; there's suddenly a great void between us—Is there no way to bridge it?

NORA: Feeling as I do now, Torvald—I couldn't be a wife to you.

HELDER: But, if I were to change? Don't you think I'm capable of that?

NORA: Perhaps—when you no longer have your doll to play with.

HELDER: It's inconceivable! I can't part with you, Nora. I can't endure the thought.

NORA (Going into room on the right): All the more reason it should happen. (She comes back with outdoor things and a small traveling-bag, which she places on a chair.)

HELDER: But not at once, Nora—not now! At least wait till tomorrow.

NORA (Putting on cloak): I can't spend the night in a strange man's house.

HELDER: Couldn't we go on living here together? As brother and sister, if you like—as friends.

NORA (Fastening her hat): You know very well that wouldn't last, Torvald. (Puts on the shawl) Good-bye. I won't go in and see the children. I know they're in better hands than mine. Being what I am—how can I be of any use to them?

HELDER: But surely, some day, Nora—?

NORA: How can I tell? How do I know what sort of person I'll become?
Act Three

HELMER: You are my wife, Nora, now and always.

NORA: Listen to me, Torvald—I've always heard that when a wife deliberately leaves her husband as I am leaving you, he is legally freed from all responsibility towards her. At any rate, I release you now from all responsibility. You mustn't feel yourself bound, any more than I shall. There must be complete freedom on both sides. Here is your ring.

Now give me mine.

HELMER: That too?

NORA: That too.

HELMER: Here it is.

NORA: So—it's all over now. Here are the keys. The servants know how to run the house—better than I do. I'll ask Kristine to come by tomorrow, after I've left town; there are a few things I brought with me from home; she'll pack them up and send them on to me.

HELMER: You really mean it's over, Nora? Really over? You'll never think of me again?

NORA: I expect I shall often think of you; of you—and the children, and this house.

HELMER: May I write to you?

NORA: No—never. You mustn't! Please!

HELMER: At least, let me send you—

NORA: Nothing!

HELMER: But, you'll let me help you, Nora—

NORA: No, I say! I can't accept anything from strangers.

HELMER: Must I always be a stranger to you, Nora?

NORA (Taking her traveling-bag): Yes. Unless it were to happen—the most wonderful thing of all—

HELMER: What?

NORA: Unless we both could change so that—Oh, Torvald! I no longer believe in miracles, you see!

HELMER: Tell me! Let me believe! Unless we both could change so that—?

NORA:—So that our life together might truly be a marriage.

Good-bye. (She goes out by the hall door.)
A DOLL'S HOUSE

Production book
Nora Helmer

Presented in partial fulfillment of requirements for the degree of Master of Fine Arts Boston University by Vivian-Lee Edwards
INNER MONOLOGUE

ACT ONE

It's good to be home with all these wonderful things. I must show Torvald right away. Let's see, Helene, hide the Christmas tree. It would be terrible if the children saw it plain and ugly.

I can afford to let him keep the change. It's so exciting! Now I must show these things to Torvald if he's home. I'd better have a macaroon to celebrate before I call him. He's so silly about macaroons.

Ah - I can hear him shuffling papers. I think I'll make lots of noise and make him curious.

Torvald, Torvald, Torvald. You're too careful. Money is to spend and now we'll have lots. I'll tease you until I get it, Torvald, so you might as well give in right now.

Torvald, stop it! That's horrible. I won't think about it and I think it's terrible of you to mention it and I don't care what happens to anybody.

There's no need to scold, Torvald. I don't like it and there's no need.

Oh Torvald, money. $40. Dear Torvald, You are so sweet and love me so much and I love you too.

Look, Look, Look. I'm quite saving and I get good buys too. Aren't you proud of what I've bought?
There’s a flaw in that fabric I really should have checked more carefully. I mustn’t be too anxious for bargains.

I’ll bet you’re dying of curiosity, Torvald. Maybe I can get more money. I must pay off Krogstad and I’m almost through.

Tease me all you want, Torvald. I’m really quite clever if you only knew.

What do you know? What are you talking about?

Are there crumbs on my dress? No I’m sure I wiped them all off.

Torvald, I’m so excited about tonite, and I’m so excited about your new job and having money.

You never knew how hard I was working. It’s all a great part of my wonderful secret.

Torvald I’m so happy. I’m going to re-do the house and make everything lovely.

Who’s coming now?

How does she know my name? She looks so familiar. It’s her eyes I know I’ve seen those eyes.

(Kristine makes a face)

Kristine. How could I forget that silly face we used to make whenever Mr. Stockman wasn’t looking. Kristine, Kristine, Kristine! I’m so glad to see you.

My word, she looks terrible. Poor Poor Kristine. You haven’t taken the care I have.

I’m so glad to see you. Why are you here? What would bring Kristine all this way in the winter?
Now you look more like yourself. What has made her so much older?

Oh, her husband. I forgot all about him and here I am shattering. What a thoughtless wretch I am. Poor Kristine. And I didn’t write either. I am really awful.

Poor thing she must have been so lonely. I’m lucky to have had my Torvald and my children — why Kristine doesn’t even know about my children. She’ll love them.

Now, remember you’re a hostess. She doesn’t want to hear about you now. Don’t be silly, of course she does and I’m going to tell her about Helmer. She’ll be so happy.

Oh — Kristine, of course you don’t know about my big secret either. No one does. I’m not the same little Nora.

I can tell her a little because she’s my best friend.

Kristine, you don’t know Torvald and what a hard worker he is and how he loves me and what a hard time we had that first year.

Imagine!

I can’t tell her everything. I must keep my secret.

Oh It was a hard time. You call me lucky to have the money, but you don’t know and you don’t know how awful it was. Poor Papa.

That trip saved his life and I am responsible.

What do you mean? What doctor?

Oh. Dr. Rank. That’s funny. I never really think of him as a doctor.
Oh Kristine, everything is wonderful. We'll have money to pay off that debt soon and I'll be free with no cares.
I'm so happy.

Nora, you're awful. You've been thinking only of your happiness and poor Kristine is not happy. Poor thing to have an unhappy marriage. Why marry someone you don't like. Kristine never had much money and always had to be very careful at school I remember.

And he left no money when he died? I thought you married him because he had money. What did you do?

What fun to work and have a little school and a shop. But it would be awful to have to support a whole family. I think I know what you felt like - like I feel now.

Kristine, how funny you are. You don't have any fun. You've lost all your excitement. You need a rest and you'd be the old Kristine again.

You needn't be nasty. I'm sorry I hurt your feelings.

What could Torvald do to help? Of course. He's to be head of a lot of people. He can give Kristine a job. I'll convince him.

Kristine, I'll tell you. I'm not a child any more. Kristine is my best friend and she'd never tell and we never kept any secrets from each other. Besides it'll make her happy to know my great secret and she has been unhappy. I'll show her that I have a secret too. People laugh at me and think I'm young but they don't know me at all.
(Tells secret)

Now one person knows and can understand me and what I have gone through.

Now I can tell her how hard it's been with these plain clothes when I longed for pretty ones. And about my rich old man.

Kristine, you are funny. Can't you see I'm joking?

What's he doing here. I can't see him now!

Let's not talk about him.

These are my two closest friends. Now they are meeting. Isn't that fun.

What do you know about Krogstad? Is he working under Torvald? Then Torvald is his employer. Oh, this is the best thing yet. I'm so happy I should like to do something all together scandalous and exciting. I'd like to say Damn Damn Damn it all.

Oh dear, here comes Torvald.

Now I can get Kristine's job for her.

See Kristine, Torvald loves me too much to refuse me anything I ask for.

My babies are coming—now you can see them, Kristine.

Who's there?

What do you want? Go away.

He wants Torvald.

I must get the children out.

You can no longer control me Mr. Krogstad. You are in my power. I have great influence with my husband you see.
What have I said. I can't beg for him. I must get him to leave me alone. I'm not afraid of him.

He has no power over me . . . unless he tells Torvald. He wouldn't do that. It would ruin my whole secret.

He'd get no satisfaction from it. Torvald would just pay him off, but it would ruin my whole secret.

What is he talking about?

Oh dear. What can I do about the date? I don't care. I'll just let him know what kind of a person I really am and then he'll be careful what he says and does. When he finds out how much love I had to sacrifice as I have, he'll leave me alone.

What an ignorant man. What law would call what I did wrong. It was a great example of love and good not evil.

I always thought he was ignorant.

Just go away.

I know what he's doing. He's just trying to frighten me but I won't let him.

It couldn't be true, could it? No! No law can condemn something you do for loves sake. What an awful man.

I'm not in the mood to play now. They mustn't tell Torvald Krogstad was here. I must remain calm.

I'll do the tree to forget about that horrid man. I wish Torvald were here to make me happy again.

And here he is, my Torvald.

Torvald, don't scold me. I can't bear to be scolded. I'm not in the mood.
I must get Torvald's reassurance about what I did without letting him know. I must get him in a good mood.

You see. Even if the act itself were wrong, you forgive because the motive is pure.

I can't admit it. Punishment - what kind of punishment?
That's not what I did. I'm not deceptive. Still it is a secret. But it can't hurt.

I can't be hurting my children. I'd know if I were bad.
Go away, Torvald, I don't want to think about it any more.
I know it's not true.
No, I can't see them. I might hurt them.
That's silly - I don't hurt my children - I love them.
It isn't true because I love them.
ACT TWO

My children could get along without me. Other children have done it without ill effects. I grew up without a mother. Anne Marie would be a better mother than I would anyway. If it becomes necessary for me to do something drastic to save Torvald's name, the children will be in good hands - but that's nonsense! He was just trying to frighten me.

If worse comes to worse I can ask Dr. Rank for the money. He is Torvald's best friend - and my friend too. He'd understand what I had to do and then I could pay off the debt. It would be all right since he is Torvald's best friend.

Torvald always gives me my way if I play with him. I'll dance and play and do anything you want, Torvald, but please, please, please don't dismiss Krogstad. You must take me seriously for once. It is important that I be understood. It is not a little matter Torvald, if you love me; if you want to save our marriage and my life, please don't take Krogstad's job. Torvald you must must must take me seriously.

Torvald, you are very very sweet, but why don't you dismiss another clerk. It is essential that Krogstad keep his job. Trust me, Torvald. Please trust me. It's for your own good that I ask it. What can I tell you to make you understand that this is important? It has nothing to do with my promising to put in a good word for him, Torvald. It is for your sake. Can't you believe me? He can hurt you. He can say . . .
Yes, Yes Torvald. I remember how those awful men said terrible things about father. Torvald, they almost ruined him, you know that. It was malicious. Torvald, the same thing could happen to you. I'm so afraid. I have to be careful to say the right things so I can convince him of the danger. If he believes it is my remembering father this is good because what happened to father was horrible. Torvald, if you hadn't come and made that investigation there is no telling what horrible things people would have said about father. We could be so happy - 9

Oh, Torvald, how can you be that way. What is wrong with doing something your wife suggests when she is right. You really disturb me sometimes. You are patronizing and pedantic and dangerously so.

Torvald! You are not dismissing Krogstad because he calls you by your first name. How petty!

Yes, if you are firing him because of stupid pride - I mustn't get angry. I must explain to him -

No, Torvald, you are anything but petty, dear. That is why I mentioned that. It would be a very petty reason to discharge him especially since he is such a danger to us and since I know you are not petty, that is why I mention it.

Torvald, what was that letter? What do you mean "put a stop to this?"

Torvald, believe me - trust me, I know what I am saying. For your sake, my sake, the childrens sake, have faith in my word and call Helene back. Torvald, Torvald, Torvald do you not
see. I am telling you something important. Listen to me.

Oh God! Torvald mustn’t hear the burden of my guilt. He would. He’d take it all upon himself and ruin his name to save me. He loves me that much. Oh God! He mustn’t do it. I will do something. There is something I can do. There must be a way out.

Dr. Rank — Dr. Rank — He’ll give me the money. I’ll ask him. I shouldn’t — but I must go something to get rid of Krogstad.

I must be very natural with Dr. Rank. Welcome him, have him stay with me.

Does he know. What does he mean. Is he not coming to see us anymore because he knows. He’s been suspecting it for a long time. What does he know. I must find out.

Oh — then it’s about you.

Nora, you silly goose. You are too frightened. I wish he didn’t have to talk about morbid things. I haven’t much time. He is off on a very depressed mood again and will talk about his death and won’t listen to me. Please don’t be morbid, Dr. Rank.

Oh — I guess I shall have to humour you a little as I humour Torvald. Oh, your father caused all this by his dreadful eating, didn’t he. It always shows when you eat too many goodies you know. I must get him into a good mood. I’ll bet it was truffles that did it? Oh, truffles are deadly all right. He’s perking up. And champagne — mmm you really have to watch
champagne - too bad. It's so good. It's too bad the best things cause one terrible after effects.

Yes, now that really is too bad. All that champagne that has caused you all this pain and you didn't even get to drink it yourself. At last, he's warming up.

You smiled, Dr. Rank, Why?

No, you were the one that smiled, Dr. Rank.

Oh, I am full of all sorts of mischief today. It is so good to see you and talk to you, My dear, dear Dr. Rank. Don't die, I - or rather Torvald and I shouldn't know how to get along without you.

Really? What do you mean? If I went away would everyone soon forget about me?

Dr. Rank, you are jealous of poor Kristine. How silly you are. She is here fixing my costume so I can dance for you and Torvald of course tomorrow night. You can believe it is all for you.

Yes, you do feel at home here, don't you, Dr. Rank. You belong here with us. You are our very dearest friend. Don't think morbid thoughts, Dr. Rank. You are not going to leave us.

Oh - he wants to - Dr. Rank suppose I were to ask you for - no, no I mustn't. And yet he offered and said he wanted to leave a great proof of gratitude. Dr. Rank, suppose I were to ask a really, really great favor of you. Dr. Rank, you don't know what a big favor it is. I really need your help and advice. It is not just a favor and it isn't proper for me to ask
Yes, yes that's the reason I can tell you because I can trust you. Dr. Rank, I must tell you about a very serious thing that Torvald is going to do if I don't stop him by preventing the issues coming to a head. You must help me prevent this thing from happening.

I must explain to him so he will understand how much I need his help to pay Krogstad and to keep Torvald from trying to take the blame for my guilt. You know, Dr. Rank, how much Torvald loves me - how deeply and intensely, he wouldn't hesitate a moment to give his life for me.

Who would what? No, Dr. Rank. Please not that. Oh, I see. Well, that takes care of that. Really I don't see why this had to come up.

If he has to love me too the least he could do is show enough good taste not to mention it. After all he is Torvald's best friend. Well, I must put a stop to this.

Dr. Rank, it was horrid of you - to tell me this. I don't know whether I knew it or not but I could push it out of my mind until it was said. Now I am forced to face it. Really, Dr. Rank. Everything was so nice until you said that. It was clumsy of you. Now I can tell you nothing. You can't help me at all - it changes our whole relationship. I'm being harsh on him - but really.

Please forget it, Dr. Rank, it was nothing anyway.

You'll do no such thing. I mean Torvald couldn't get along without you. It would be so boring with no one to talk to but
Torvald. All he wants to do is play.

You know I always love to have you here. I love Torvald best you see—I must make him understand our relationship—but I enjoy being with you. How can I explain it? It's like when I was a child I loved papa best because he was papa. But I liked to be with the servants because they talked to me and didn't just want to play. I was a person to them and they listened to me, but papa and Torvald always pat my head and laugh gently at me. They don't listen when I have something to say and sometimes it is very important. They lecture me but never listen to me.

Oh, Dr. Rank, you understand what I mean.

Oh dear, He's here, He's here. What shall I do.

Dr. Rank, go and see Torvald. Nothing is wrong. What can I tell him—my new costumes—this is my old one—but a new one to surprise Torvald is here. It's a great secret.

Yes, yes it is. Now go to Torvald and keep him there.

He mustn't know.

Helene, why didn't you get rid of him? I have company. Does he insist on seeing me?

Show him in, Helene, but be very quiet. It's a secret. I mustn't let Helene know either. It's a surprise for my husband. She is a nice but ignorant maid and will accept anything I say.

It really is going to happen. It can't happen ... I must get rid of him quickly.

(Krogstad tells Nora she is in his power and leaves the letter)
That horrid man. He can't leave the letter. He won't. I cannot bear to have Torvald find out my great and wonderful secret through such an awful way. He certainly doesn't know Torvald. If only there was another way to save Torvald, but there isn't. He will hear my secret and be moved by the love I have for him. Oh, I so want him to know what I have done for him but I am so afraid now because he would never let Krogstad ruin my name. He would take it all upon himself. If I am gone even Krogstad will leave things alone. When he sees that he is responsible for my death, he will be sorry, and even if he isn't Torvald will have him in his power because he will be guilty of murder. His driving me to this is much more horrible than anything he could accuse me of. The law would surely see that. I only wanted to save my husband's life and did what I did because I had to. He is depriving Torvald of his wife and my three children of their mother. He must know that that is a great crime. He will never drop that letter in the box. He's stopped outside the door. I know he has changed his mind. He's going to leave. He's ... Oh! There is no hope for us now. We are lost.

(Kristine enters)

Kristine, Kristine. Look. There in the letter box. That letter is from Krogstad. Oh Kristine, we are lost we are lost. I can't let Torvald take the blame and ruin his future. I will take it all upon myself. Kristine, now Torvald will know. It's all in that letter. Don't you understand, I committed
forgery and Torvald will take the blame. Listen to me, Kristine, I am in my right mind now. Please don't interrupt me just listen. If anything happens to me - anything at all remember I am in my right mind now and I tell you I did every-thing. If anyone else should try to take the blame, it is not true. I am the only one who knew anything about it. Remember, I told you when I first came that no one knew anything about it. Remember that.

Oh Kristine, the wonderful, wonderful, terrible thing is about to happen and I must stop it. It is wonderful - too wonderful and too terrible.

Oh no, Kristine. You mustn't. He might hurt you. What could you do? I don't know where he lives. Oh, I have his card, but Kristine I didn't know you knew him. Could you really do something?

Oh, what is it? What do you want? You can't come in. Please, I'm trying on, Torvald. I'm going to be beautiful for you, Torvald. I am going to be lovely and charming and dance and act and play for you. Don't come in Torvald.

Go away now. Kristine, There's nothing you can do. Torvald will come out now and the letter is in the box and he will open it.

Oh Kristine, can you do anything? I'm not sure I have the courage for the other right now - not if there is a chance. If I can only keep Torvald away from the letter box. Oh hurry, Kristine.
Torvald, Torvald, come and help me practice. I can't remember anything. I can't do it without you, Torvald. Please help me right now. I'm so very nervous. Promise me, Torvald, that you won't do another thing tonight. I can't do it without your individual attention, Torvald. Little sky larks can't sing all by themselves without someone to give them help, Torvald. Little squirrels aren't all furry and pretty and playful without a lot of care, my dear, darling, Torvald, so promise me you will just pet and teach your little squirrel tonight and won't do anything else - not even open your mail, not even look at your mail box. Because there's nothing there anyway. Torvald, listen to me! My dear, darling Torvald, there's nothing there, so come help me.

Hear the music Torvald, hear it. Come play for me. Come and play and play and play and I will dance and dance and dance faster and faster and faster. I can't go slower, Torvald, it goes faster and faster and faster and around and around and around.

You see, I've forgotten all you ever taught me, Torvald, play for me and teach me. Around and around and faster and faster and wilder and wilder. The dance of the tarantula. Torvald, help me. No you mustn't. I must dance and dance and dance. Oh where is Kristine and where is Krogstad. Please come back and get your letter. Please come back and get your letter. Please come back and get your letter. Round and round and faster faster please come back and get your letter
please come back and get your letter please come back and get your letter

Kristine!

Dance dance dance. It's so much fun.

I told you I had. You will have to spend every moment with me. You must you must you must. Kristine cannot help me. I knew she couldn't. I shall do it alone. I shall keep Torvald away from the mail box. You mustn't open a single letter, you mustn't even look at the mail box.

Yes, I am afraid, Torvald. I don't know whether there's a letter or not but I am afraid and you mustn't look or read anything. Nothing must spoil the party. Nothing must come between us until the party's over. Then, then Torvald, I'll set you free from Krogstad's power. Then I'll have the courage.

Until then we will play. Let's have champagne tonight and macaroons. Lots of them lots of them lots of them. It doesn't matter what we eat or what we do so lets eat what we want.

Kristine, Kristine what happened. I must talk to you. I must know.

Go into dinner. Kristine will help me fix my hair for dinner. Go in go in go in.

What did he say, Kristine? What did he say?

I knew it. I knew it, Kristine. I saw it in your face. There is nothing you can do. There is a kind of joy in waiting but I won't be here when it happens. I will have given everything to show Torvald how much I love him, and he will remember
me as having more love than any one and will teach the children
of my love for him and them when they are old enough to under-
stand. Poor poor babies, I mustn't think about them. I must
think only of what I have to do. Torvald will spend every
minute with me from now until tomorrow. It's five o'clock.
Six seven eight nine ten eleven twelve. That's seven hours
until midnight. 24 hours until the next midnight and by then
the tarantella will be over. 24 and 7 is 31. I've 31 hours
left. 31 hours to live. Oh Torvald, Torvald, Torvald, you'll
never know how much I love you I love you I love you......
Oh Torvald, Here I am.
ACT THREE

Torvald, no. I’m not ready to come home. Please let me stay a little longer -- just an hour -- the party is still going. Why do we have to leave so early. Please, Torvald, you will be sorry you didn’t let me stay.

Kristine! Why is she here? What does she know? Has she talked to him? Is there a chance? Go away, Torvald, quit talking like that and go away. I have to find out. Don’t touch me, Torvald. Please let me talk to Kristine.

Well, Kristine? What did he say?

I knew it. I knew it inside. I know what I must do and no one can help me. No one can ever help me on the big things. They sit back and laugh at me and think I cannot do anything of any consequence. Kristine knows I can, but she doesn’t understand it and she doesn’t begin to know all I can do and will do before I am through. No one does. I wish it were over. I wish I had already said good-bye to Torvald and that I could rest. I just want to rest and not be bothered by all this pressure that everyone is forcing on me. I just want everything to be warm and black and to forget. I wish it were over. Kristine is going. I’ll never see her again. Just a few more minutes with you, Torvald.

Please Torvald, don’t look at me like that. You must be tired. Please, Torvald, don’t talk to me. Just go away and let me go. Don’t look at me like that tonight, Torvald. I couldn’t bear your panting and your wet mouth and your hot body
Torvald, I am your doll. Don't touch me. Just let me go.
Torvald, I can't bear to think of that tonight. Please please, don't touch me. I don't know you like this. You don't seem to realize me and what I am about to do. Can't you see that I don't want you like this tonight? You are forgetting all about me and who I am, Torvald. You are forgetting how much I love you and thinking only of your own passion and I can't bear for you to touch me when you're like that. I've never seen you so unconscious of me before. Please Torvald, not now. I don't want you to talk like that to me. Just go away. I have to get away. If you stop me, I'll never have the courage to do it. Leave me, Torvald, I don't want you like this. I must get rid of him.

Listen Torvald.

Thank you, thank you Dr. Rank. You came at the right time for us.

Ah, Dr. Rank, did you find out? Did you make the last examination?

Ah, Torvald, you don't know me as well as you think. You don't even know what we're talking about. Dr. Rank? Shall I congratulate you? Is it certain? Then we will both be missing at the next masquerade. Well, Dr. Rank, what should you and I go as to the next masquerade? We shall both wear that invisible cloak, Dr. Rank. You do not know me either. I'm sure you'll hear of my death by someone before you die.

Well, good-bye, Dr. Rank. Sleep well. I will tell you if
you can understand me. Perhaps there is a bond between those who are about to die. Wish me the same. No, you don't know me. You don't know what I am going to do.

Torvald what are you doing out there. He's got it. It's in his hand now and nothing will stop it.

No, Torvald. The letter. Don't make it any harder than it is. Take the letter and go.

Oh, Dr. Rank's cards. Well, Torvald, he is announcing his death. He won't come see you anymore. He is shutting himself up to die. He is going to go quietly. When the time comes, that is best you know.

Torvald, quit talking to me. Please don't touch me. Let me go.

No, Torvald. I must go now. You must read your letters. You must let me go now. I cannot hope any more. I have to go now while I can. It cannot wait any longer. Go read your letters, Torvald. We cannot be together with the thought of your dying friend. You must go read your letters now. Oh Torvald, Good night. I love you. Good night, my darling husband. Good night good night good night.

Now I must run. I must run. I'll never see him again, I'll never never never see him again, I'll never hear his voice and feel his hardness and strength and smell his smell and feel the way his hands are and taste his skin and know his warmth. I must run. His coat. His rough coat. I must hurry. The children. My little babies. I muaht think of them. I
mushn't think of anything. The cold black water. If it were
only over. He's reading it now. I mushn't stay here. I must
run. Not yet Torvald, not yet not yet not yet. Good-bye my
Torvald behind that door. Good-bye to you and the children.
Ah! Why wasn't I faster. Let me go. Let me go. Please, if I
stay I won't be able to do it. Torvald please. Don't
try to stop me. Don't try to save me and ruin yourself,
Torvald. It isn't what I want. Just let me go. I know what
I must do. Don't try to save me Torvald.

Yes, my darling Torvald, it is true. Always remember
that. I loved you more than all the world.

Torvald? What do you mean. That I shouldn't try to run
away. That I shouldn't protect you? No, Torvald, it's what
I want. I won't have you take the blame.

Torvald? Torvald, you don't think I'm playing now?

An account of myself? I don't understand. You aren't
playing yourself, Torvald, are you? Don't you see how I have
loved you? Torvald?

Torvald! Don't. You're hurting me. You're hurting me.
Don't shake me. I can hear you and you're hurting me. Torvald,
What's wrong with you? I don't know you like this. I don't
know you at all. I don't understand what's wrong. You haven't
understood me? I don't know you. You're not my Torvald.

Who is he? I don't know him. Maybe I am beginning to
understand for the first time. My Torvald would take the burden
upon himself. He would see how much I love him. He would know
all the things I did for him. He would take me in his arms and
he would cry -- tears of amazement that a love as deep and full
as mine exists. My husband, weeping in my arms in gratitude
that I loved him enough to save him in spite of himself. My
Torvald begging me to forgive him for making it so hard on me
when I tried to get him to take me south. My Torvald holding
me close and letting me cry out all the years of buying poor
clothes and having nothing and secretly making all those
payments and my Torvald understanding what that awful Krogstad
made me suffer, and kissing away my tears and finding a way for
us. My Torvald saying it was his doing and not my own. I
was not responsible he had done it all. All the blame must
fall to me. No one shall say a word against my lovely, little
wife. She is a truly great person. She has loved me more
than you contemptuous people can ever know. She is a fine
mother and the most wonderful wife any man could ever have.

You are not my Torvald. You are selfish and mean and
haven't once thought of what I went through. You've thought of
nothing but yourself. You are not my Torvald. You are not the
man I have loved and believed in.

I've been nothing to you but the instrument of your
pleasure -- your dancing toy in front of other people and your
private toy alone.

Hush it up? Yes. You would. You are not brave enough to
face the beauty of my love's sacrifice. You are just what
Krogstad said you were and I do not know you at all.
Yes, keep it. Read it yourself. Not one thought about me.
Not one.
You're saved. What about me. Remember me, Torvald?
A horrible dream. All the love of my life. Eight years of working for you -- all a horrible dream. It's over, it's over? You've forgiven me. You've forgiven me? Oh, Torvald, Torvald, I can't believe it. My helplessness, your forgiveness, Oh Torvald. Thank you for your forgiveness.
I know now. Imagine my being so completely and utterly blind. Oh Torvald, shut up. I can't bear to hear you saying those stupid things. For God's sake quit forgiving me and let me get out of here. You are a child, Torvald. You are a child. Before I leave I must try to explain to you as I would explain to a child.

Yes, Torvald, I have changed my dress. Now sit down. I have to talk to you. Please Torvald, sit down. I have a lot to say to you and I don't have time to waste. Torvald you do not understand me. You are right to say so. You have never understood me and I have never realized it. We have never spoken to each other except as sky lark and bird cage keeper. Torvald. We have never said a serious word to one another. You have never told me anything of a serious nature. I have been your doll. I have always been a doll. There has never been anyone who understood me. Papa played with me as a doll. I was a squirrel and a sky lark to you. Kristine thought I was a child, and Dr. Rank? I thought he understood me better
than all of you, but he didn't know me either. I have never thought about things myself. The servants ran the house.
You ran our family and you ran both our lives. Your ideas were my ideas. If I disagreed I pushed it to the back of my mind and didn't say anything. Torvald, you were right that I am not fit to teach the children. I must first teach myself, You are not qualified to do that. I must do it myself. By myself. I must leave you, Torvald.

It is very hard for me to explain this to you as you plainly don't understand me. But try to. I must learn for myself what I think about everything. I thought you were one thing and I was mistaken. I have learned a lot about you and about myself and about life tonight, and I must mull them out for myself.

I will spend tonight with Kristine and then go back to my old home. Don't write to me or send me anything or visit me. You are free, Torvald. Society will say that I am wrong, but I do not know but that it is society that is wrong. At any rate You need not worry. They will say that I was wrong and you were right and you will be free. I free you too. Here is your ring.

I cannot live with you, Torvald, because I do not know you and because I do not love you. Please try to understand this. My first duty is to myself. I must become what I am, I must find what I am. Torvald, I don't know what I am and I don't know what I think and I must find out.
It is not easy for me to leave, but we have no marriage and I do not know you. The only thing that could ever bring us together again would be if the miracle of miracles could happen, but you see Torvald, that is the old Nora talking. Dreaming and making a miracle. Well, I can no longer believe in miracles.

So that our life together could be truly a marriage.

Good-bye.
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BOSTON UNIVERSITY
SCHOOL OF FINE AND APPLIED ARTS
DIVISION OF THEATRE ARTS

Acting book
for
Raina Petkoff
in
Arms and the Man
by
George Bernard Shaw

Submitted by
Vivian-Lee Edwards

Prepared as partial fulfillment for the Master of Fine Arts requirements.
TABLE OF CONTENTS

Letter to Faculty Committee
Historical Background
Essay
Bibliography
Rehearsal Log
Hindsight and Conclusions
Script Analysis
Copy of the Program
Pictures of the Production
The Faculty Committee  
Division of Acting and Directing

Gentlemen:

I would like to request permission to present as my acting thesis role as a part of my requirements for my Master of Fine Arts degree Raina in George Bernard Shaw's Arms and the Man.

Raina is a complex young girl striving to find what is real in life and what the world around her is all about. She presents an acting challenge because she is constantly being challenged, forced to evaluate, and required to recognize the things she is learning and use them in her relations with the other characters.

She has an emotional freedom of her culture and a rhythmic movement which will be a physical and vocal challenge to me as an actress.

I hope this role will meet with your approval.

Sincerely,

Vivian-Lee Edwards
HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

Victorian theatre was an ineffectual theatre of bastardized Shakespeare, melodrama and farce. It was a theatre of absolutes. Shaw’s early period as a dramatist was a rebellion against these absolutes.

Shaw came into the theatre after failing as a novelist with five unpublished novels. He had come from Ireland to London in 1876, twenty years after his birth in Dublin. He was the son of a drunkard businessman and a talented musician. His family had a name but there was no money to give the family the position of its name, and the boy found himself unable to associate with wealthier children because they were socially inferior. This was a paradox to Shaw. When a talented craftsman who kept his father’s business together much better than his father ever could have was shunned socially because he was illiterate, the child questioned the validity of the social structure.

He worked for five years as a clerk in Dublin and disliked it intensely but was considered a good clerk nevertheless and was respected in his office. In 1876 he came to London and began to look for employment. His mother had moved to London and he lived with her for the next twenty years until his marriage.

He became an ardent supporter of socialism and in 1883
joined the new Fabian Society. He became the leading pamphleteer and orator for that group of socialistic intellectuals. From 1885, to 1894, he was a book, art and music critic.

Shaw as a socialist and as a critic was fighting the hypocrisy and absolute, artificial systems of the Victorian age.

The struggle between human vitality and artificial system which is the basis of Shavian comedy finds its chief manifestation in the inner light of genuine conscience and healthy impulse against conventional ethics. The conventional ethics of modern life Shaw finds to be identical with those of stage melodrama.

In 1883, Shaw wrote his first play which he had begun some years before with William Archer. Archer had been displeased by the way Shaw was handling the plot which Archer gave him so the play was put into a drawer and the collaboration ended. When the Independent Theatre asked Shaw to submit something, he finished and submitted *Widower's Houses*, which was presented. The play created a great stir on opening night but was otherwise unsuccessful.

*Widower's Houses* shows in embryonic form the Shavian approach and the Shavian style. Shaw refuses to follow the current style of English drama and write a play about a very evil man who has earned his money the wrong way and a pure idealist who leads his heroine into the light so that she idealistically leaves her bad father. His approach to drama is instead similar to that of Ibsen. Shaw learned from Ibsen

and fought with Ibsen for the social, problem play although
his comic vision made the finished works very different. Both
Shaw and Ibsen looked beyond the action to the implications
of the action. Shaw created environments involving a certain
social class, educational level, aesthetic orientation and then
imposed his circumstances upon the characters and allowed them
to react as individuals.

But the obvious conflicts of unmistakable good with
unmistakable evil can only supply the crude drama
of villain and hero, in which some absolute point
of view is taken, and the dissentients are treated
by the dramatists as enemies to be piously glorified
or indignantly vilified. In such cheap wares I do
not deal . . . I have allowed every person his or
her own point of view.2

An important development in Shaw's style is seen in his
third play, Mrs. Warren's Profession, written in 1893. This
is the element of conversion. Shaw had found that the unreality
of the melodrama which is the romantic illusion of life was
not confined to the stage. The chivalric code which Cervantes
had assailed in the sixteenth century although modified by
time was still a major force in Victorian England. Shaw sought
to convert the public to a realistic approach to life.

Vivie in Mrs. Warren's Profession is educated during the course
of the play. Bently says, "For the first of many times in
Shavian drama the core and culmination of the play is a
personal crisis, a disillusionment, almost a conversion. A
soul is born."3

The first three plays Shaw called "unpleasant" because
all their subjects were unpleasant. Arms and the Man was

2. Prefaces, Bernard Shaw, (London: Constable and Company
L. Ltd, 1934) p. 697.
3. Bernard Shaw, Eric Bentley, (New York: New Directions
Shaw's first "pleasant" play. He describes the circumstances leading to its composition.

In 1894, some public-spirited person, then as now unknown to me, declared that the London theatres were intolerable, and financed a season of plays of the "new" order at the Avenue Theatre...

I, having nothing but "unpleasant" plays in my desk, hastily completed a first attempt at a pleasant one, and called it Arms and the Man. It passed for a success; that is, the first night was as brilliant as could be desired; and it ran from the 21st April to the 7th July.

The management lost money on the production. The critics thought Bluntschli and Shaw both villains for questioning the glory and beauty and honor of war. Shaw countered by writing an answer to their criticism in which he quotes top military personnel of both England and the United States who had no illusions about the glory of war. Shaw summed up his defense of Arms and the Man by saying,

I demand, moreover, that when I deal with facts into which the critic has never inquired, and of which he has no personal experience, he shall not make his vain imaginings the criterion of my accuracy. I really cannot undertake, every time I write a play, to follow it up by a textbook on mortgages, or soldiering, or whatever else it may be about, for the instruction of gentlemen who will neither accept the result of my study of the subject (lest it should destroy their cherished ideals), nor undertake any study on their own account.

Arms and the Man shocked people's illusions about war and was considered to be primarily about war. The Victorian theatre public did not look beyond this surface satire to the satire on romantic illusions in all phases of life. Raina's romantic ideals and actions were approved. The audience shared Catherine's respect and admiration of Sergius and

considered Raina and Sergius a beautiful and ideal couple. This led the audience right into Shaw's trap. He was then able to disillusion them just as his characters were disillusioned.

This technique of Shaw's can be traced throughout the play, but it will suffice the purposes of this paper to point up an outstanding example. The best instance of this is in the second act in romantic love scene between Raina and Sergius. Shaw has given Sergius a romantic entrance and built up to Raina's entrance. Then the scene drops from its romantic ascent for a moment as Sergius tells the story of Bluntschli and the young Bulgarian girl. Raina forces him back onto the romantic level by appearing to be insulted at the crudity. Catherine and Petkovff leave and the scene continues its build of sticky sweetness to the peak of high exalted love. Raina leaves to get her hat. Sergius turns feeling full of this exalted emotion and his eye catches the tail of Louka's apron. In the following scene the romantic male becomes a bit of a realist and forgets spiritual exaltation for physical relief. The Victorian audience sees a character with two sides to his personality and Shaw carries it even farther as Sergius in an awareness of himself and dissatisfaction with the higher love asks himself as he holds Louka

What would Sergius, the hero of Slivnitza, say if he saw me now? What would Sergius, the apostle of the higher love, say if he saw me now? What would the half dozen Sergiuses who keep popping in and out of this handsome figure of mine say if they caught us here?6

The audience is seeing the failure of the romantic love is supposed to acknowledge the foolishness of Sergius and Raina and the wisdom of Raina's final choice. Then carrying it home they should see their own romantic foolishness and face the world realistically.

Shaw's rebellion against idealism is the central element of his early works. It is seen in his Quintessence of Ibsenism as well as in his early plays from Widower's Houses through Captain Brassbound's Conversion. It is a campaign with which Shaw is involved in varying degrees in his later works.

In Arms and the Man one can see the beginnings of major Shavian theories. There is the satire on romance and melodrama which is seen later more fully developed in The Devil's Disciple and Captain Brassbound's Conversion. This relates primarily to Shaw's early works in which he was satirizing the contemporary drama of such men as Henry Arthur Jones and Arthur Wing Pinero.

There is also, however, in Raina as early glimpse of Shaw's motherly woman whose one concern is the Life Force. This woman is culminated in Ann Whitfield in Man and Superman, but there are beginning traces of her in Raina. Raina wants to find a husband whom she believes to be the right or ideal man. Failing to find anyone who satisfied her completely, she has waited until she is twenty-three years old and she is still unmarried. However, the force of nature within her, the need for fulfillment, is stronger than the ideals which
she has used for her criteria in judging men. She has agreed to marry Sergius and has convinced herself that he is ideal. She, as a woman controlled by this motivating factor in nature, must control and used and dominate everyone as a means to her end of self-fulfillment. This force is not a conscious desire but an underlying essential need in her life. Raina is too strong a personality to allow her life to pass without achieving her goal. Raina would say that she wants the ideal husband. Shaw would say that the husband is merely an instrument to the woman's fulfillment. This concept of the Life Force is not fully formed in Raina. She has too many illusions about life and about herself to qualify as the well-developed, Shavian motherly woman. However, she has the control over other people which Ann has. She has learned how to use people for her ends. In the beginning of the play she is a child with the powers of a clever child; at the end of the play she has emerged as a woman who will not be further fooled, bullied or disillusioned by the Bulgarians of the east. She hasn't the control over Bluntschli, however, that Shaw's later woman exerts over John Tanner.

*Arms and the Man* is important in the canon of Shaw's plays because it shows the origin and development of some of his major theories and because it was his first success.

The *Man of Destiny, Candida, You Never Can Tell, The Devil's Disciple, Caesar and Cleopatra,* and *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* are the remaining plays in his first period.
Edmund Fuller in his biography, George Bernard Shaw, sums up the work of the early period with the following statement:

The theatre to which this series of plays was offered was saturated with specious romance, which it confused with love; it titillated itself with a mild prurience and cautious sensuality which it believed were studies of sex; it confused revenge with justice; it was undergirded by conventionality, which it mistook for morality; it accepted posturing as a substitute for courage. Any aspersions cast upon these "values" were regarded as heresy. Point for point, Shaw had assaulted each and everyone of these attitudes and their combined corollaries with the succession of plays in this first group. 7

Having assaulted the decadence of his society, Shaw in his second period seeks to provide a social and philosophical reform. His plays in this period from Man and Superman through St. Joan cover the years 1901-1923. Here we see his concept of the Life Force in Man and Superman along with the concept of the Superman himself. Shaw says that the Superman is not a superman who rules the world as a dictator but a superior race of men. He states that the world will not be better for all our progress until man himself becomes better. Man has progressed most in his creation of new and more advanced means of destruction. His governments have their day without eliminating poverty and cruelty. The peasant of modern times is not so different from the peasant of several hundred years ago. The weapons of man, however, have shown the creative power. Man is able to kill in many advanced ways.

Shaw offers a plan for the governing of mankind in Major Barbara. He shows the need for the physical power and realism of Andrew Undershaft, the munitions maker. He also presents Adolphus Cusins, the professor of Greek, who represents the intellectual power, and he presents the spiritual power in Barbara Undershaft, a Salvation Army major, the daughter of Undershaft and engaged to Cusins. Undershaft speaks for Shaw in deploring the crime of poverty and offers as a remedy his industrial town with its beautiful houses and well-fed workmen. Barbara, who has been disillusioned with the Salvation Army because it will accept her father's ill-earned money, sees the town and decides to devote herself to saving the souls of the men here. Cusins accepts Undershaft's offer that he inherit the munitions works. Cusins says that the physical power of Undershaft is the safeguard of the poor and ignorant against the wealth and education of the aristocracy. The concept of the ideal oligarchy is presented with the union of physical power, intellectual power and spiritual power as the trinity that rules Shaw's millennial kingdom.

In Getting Married and Misalliance Shaw presented his philosophy on marriage and on parent-child relations.

In Androcles and the Lion he comments on the religious search which has its key in Lavinia's conviction that she must "continue to strive for the coming of the God who is not yet."

In the preface of Androcles and the Lion Shaw speaks of
Christianity and affirms the fact that it has never yet been tried. The Ghandi's and Christ's are rare. The Crusaders who murder their fellow men because they call their God by a different name are many. This theme comes to full bloom in St. Joan as Joan asks, "O God that madest this beautiful earth, when will it be ready to receive Thy saints? How long, O Lord, how long?"  

*Pygmalion* reveals Shaw's plea for a new, phonetic alphabet to simplify the English language.

In *Heartbreak House* Shaw indict society. It is a play concerning the leisure class before World War I. This leisure, cultured class had assumed the control of government and yet did not know how to govern or live creatively or constructively.

*Back to Methuselah* goes beyond *Man and Superman* in its appeal for a superman and beyond *Major Barbara* in its search for a new religion. The battle of the artist man who must sacrifice everything to his art against the Life Force is succeeded as Shaw presents the aim of man as an attempt to worship the creator not the creation. Man has gone beyond man and become the Ancient, and the superman, with a direct line to Life.

*St. Joan* deals with the problem of the extraordinary man, the genius, the saint. This is the man or woman who is an important step in the evolution of the superman and yet who seems destined to be killed by his inferiors. This play

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marks the end of the second period. This period is rich with Shaw's philosophy, his religion, his artistic vision. This period marks the peak of his writing.

The third period from the Apple Cart through In Good King Charles's Golden Days was denouement to Shaw's great work. The climax of his thinking and artistic expression had been reached in the second period. This third group consists of The Apple Cart, Too Good to be True, On the Rocks, The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles, The Millionairess, Geneva, and In Good King Charles's Golden Days. Examination of these plays is not really vital to this study.

Shaw moved from iconoclast to reformer to prophet in the span of his long literary and theatrical life. He was not merely a propagandist who used the theatre as his lecture hall. He did not believe, however, in art as decoration. Art must educate to be worth the effort of creating it.

Shaw through his art educated the English-speaking world to his works and replaced the ineffectual play-writing of the Victorian period with a canon which stands as the greatest since Shakespeares'.
ESSAY

Raina Petkoff is an idealistic girl from a newly rich Bulgarian family just prior to the turn of the century. To understand the girl it is necessary to become familiar with some of the ideals of the country at this time.

Bulgaria, whose inhabitants are the descendants of the Bulgar tribes who intermarried with the Slavic people, is a country which has been a pawn of greater nations with little national identity. When this play takes place, Bulgaria has had its independence for only a short time. The country which has had no class but the peasant class now is beginning to form a social structure with wealth and ancestry as the requirements for nobility. Catherine tried to impress Bluntschli with the family's long history by telling him that "we can go back for almost twenty years."

The Petkoff family has wealth and social position as the wealthiest and best known family in Bulgaria. Raina has been impressed by her mother with her social standing. She has been raised in the small town of Kostenbrod in which her family is the wealthiest family in town; the only family even similar in prestige is that of Sergius. She is a pretty girl and has always been complimented and indulged to the end that she is selfish and spoiled.

Raina has seen her mother manipulate her father from the time she was a child and the art of charming him into
giving her anything she wanted was one of the first she learned. She did not ask her mother when she wanted something unless she was able to appeal to her mother as needing it for social reasons. However, most often it was easier and more satisfactory to kiss and pet and cajole and in the end if necessary cry to get her way from her father. Although he had a tremendous temper, Raina was almost always able to escape his wrath by looking so upset that he felt great guilt at having even thought harsh thoughts and in the end petted her and gave her what she wanted. On the one or two rare occasions in her childhood when she had gone too far and he had given vent to his rage, she had avoided him for days and been so utterly dejected and hurt and tearful that he quickly learned control regarding her.

Her mother, however, was a different story. Raina learned young also that the same tricks that worked on father were totally ineffective when tried on mother. She adapted to the situation and usually didn't cross her mother. Raina as a child imitated and looked up to her mother because her mother's influence was the strongest in her life.

Raina is twenty-three at the time of the play and she has never really grown up. She still accepts her mother's judgement that their family is sophisticated and that her goal in life should be to marry a very respectable man and
live the life of a lady. At the opening of the play she has been betrothed for almost a year to a most respectable gentleman and the only really eligible bachelor of good standing around. This is Sergius. Sergius is her mother's idol. He is to Catherine the ideal man, the ideal hero, the ideal husband and Raina should be grateful to her, Catherine, for charming Sergius and impressing him with the family which all had great bearing on his decision to marry Raina. Raina herself put him off for a year before she would accept him because he was so hard for her to really talk to and because she secretly entertained thoughts that perhaps there was something more that a man should have to make an ideal husband. She appealed to Catherine to take her to Vienna to see if there was anyone she might meet there that would be better and the family took a month's trip to that great cultural city. They traveled by train on the only railroad in Bulgaria. Raina after this trip which although unsuccessful in terms of finding a husband gave her confidence in her sophistication. She had traveled and she was quite cosmopolitan. She was no one in Vienna that she wanted to marry which was not surprising as the Bulgarian nobility were little better than peasants to the Viennese. She then returned home determined to accept Sergius as he was handsome and noble and as she was twenty-two which was past the normal marrying age.
Raina believes she loves Sergius. Her love is rewarded when Sergius wins the cavalry charge. Her Mother's news of the great battle progds to Raina that Sergius is noble and splendid and truly the ideal man. The successful cavalry charge proves that there is a romantic world which exists for those who have the imagination and romance to see and to live it.

The arrival of the Swiss mercenary soldier who cares more for the preservation of his own skin than for the glory of fighting and dying for his ideals. The soldier quickly perceives Raina's romanticism and disillusionments her at every opportunity. The big shock is the discovery that Sergius won his famous cavalry charge against an unarmed enemy. Raina is hurt by Bluntschli's cutting blows, but she rationalizes by telling herself that he is simply jealous because his side lost the war and because the gallant Bulgarians won. She is also angry at his casual attitude toward her great sacrifice in saving him. She has saved him because beneath her facade of hatred for an enemy, she could not bear to be responsible for having someone killed. Bluntschli needs her. She is important and her action in the matter of his safety is the only thing that can save him.

Bluntschli takes advantage of her kindness and allows her to save him. Whenever she assumes her noble attitude and treats him like an enemy, he appeals to her feminine,
maternal nature and she forgets her facade and behaves naturally. This facade has become a conditioned response with Raina and she assumes it with everyone. She is most natural with her mother but even with her there is usually an element of facade as this is what her mother wants and has trained her to do. This facade is most obvious when she is challenged. This is why Bluntschli brings out every bit of phony gentility she can muster.

Raina loves to dominate people and situations and at the end of the first act she is happy because she has saved the Chocolate Cream Soldier against his will or so she believes. She is not aware that she had done exactly as he wanted her to do. She believes that she has fought his stubborn will and determination to climb back down the water pipe and saved his life. She believes that he could never have been saved without her which is true and that he needed her to give him courage which is not true.

During the period between the incident with Bluntschli and his return Catherine has admonished Raina to never speak of the incident and indeed to forget it completely. Raina has of course remembered it as her most cherished memory. This was the exciting time when a poor, wounded soldier appealed to her, a fair maiden, for help and she overcame her national sentiments and saved him as an ideal maiden would. However, beautiful as this memory is there
is reality to face with the return of Sergius. He is her
affianced husband and he is the hero of all Bulgaria.
All the women in the town worship Sergius and Raina is the
envy of them all. This pleases Raina greatly and she
wants to prove herself worthy of Sergius. The Chocolate
Cream Soldier was exciting but Sergius is real and the
marriage is arranged and he is wound around her little
finger. She can get anything she wants from him and he
worships the ground on which her lovely little feet tread.
She has resigned herself to putting the Chocolate Cream
Soldier out of her mind until she learns that Sergius and
her Father have met him and learned the story of his escape
after Slivnitsa. She and her Mother both conceal the
truth quickly. Raina's secret now becomes more exciting
because she must conceal it from her Father and Sergius
even more carefully. She is also pleased although she
feigns anger because the Chocolate Cream Soldier has told
this story to his friends. She enjoys being talked about.
She would be angry if she were forgotten.

In the higher love scene between Sergius and Raina
each of them tries to act as he believes the other wants
him to act. Each believes the other is too good for him
and seeks to worship him thus making himself worthy of the
other's love. Each finds this relationship tiring and
unsatisfactory. Raina finds herself thinking of the fact
that Sergius is holding her in an uncomfortable position
instead of being caught up in the glory of the higher love. The arrival of Louka is actually a blessing because the two of them could not go on pretending indefinately and they have no real basis of communication. When they run out of romantic phrases, they have very little to say to each other. Raina secretly wishes to shock Sergius and bring him back to earth. Sergius obviously is not satisfied with Raina as he turns to Louka for his pleasure. Raina expresses her dissatisfaction with Sergius in her scene with her mother in act two in which she says, "I sometimes wish you could marry Sergius instead of me. You would just suit him. You would pet him and spoil him and mother him to perfection. I always feel the desire to do or say something dreadful to him, to shock his propriety, to scandalize the five senses out of him." Raina gets tired of pretending with Sergius, of lauding his greatness, of petting him. He offers no challenge.

When the Chocolate Cream Soldier returns, Raina is thrilled. She knows he has come back to see her and he is a challenge to her. She does not want the story to come out as a mere slip of the tongue. She wants Bluntschli to declare his love to her and challenge Sergius to a duel and offer up his life if necessary in an attempt to win her love. In the scene in the library alone with Bluntschli for the first time since the Slivnitza incident she tries to get a declaration of love from Bluntschli by employing
all the means which work so well on Sergius. Bluntschli
laughs at them and at her for trying to use them. This
puts her on the defensive and she tries all the harder
and becomes more and more noble until by failing to give
an inch Bluntschli forces her to stop her ineffective
methods and ask, "How did you find me out?" She forsakes
her noble facade and appeals to him as a woman to a man
which takes him by surprise and gets for her his shy
declaration of love when he says, "I am your ardent
admirer." At this point Raina makes the mistake of
bringing up the matter of the portrait she placed in the
pocket of the coat Bluntschli wore to escape. Bluntschli
is surprised to hear of the portrait and declares he
never received it. Raina realizes the consequence of her
Father finding the portrait with its inscription and the
embarrassment it would cause her and in her anger at herself
lashes out at Bluntschli. Thus the love scene is broken
as Raina seeks to find a way to get the picture before her
father finds it all the while blaming Bluntschli for not
finding it and for thinking the whole problem is unimportant
and most of all for laughing at her in his patronizing way
when he should have been on his knees to her in humble
contrition.

They are interrupted by the arrival of Louka, whom
Raina hates. Louka has messages for Bluntschli and one of
them is a telegram informing him of the death of his father.
Raina feels great remorse at having been angry at Bluntschli and goes to comfort him as she believes that he needs her but he takes the matter in stride and goes in a business-like manner to give his fellow orders about starting home. Raina is left with Louka, who makes an insulting remark about Bluntschli and implies that she personally knows that Sergius is a better man. Raina has been suspicious of Sergius and Louka earlier in the day and now she is determined to find Sergius and chastise him for flirting with Louka. She is afraid to say anything to Louka. Louka is insolent to her at every opportunity and Raina can only maintain her dignity by using her social position as her superiority over Louka. She has appealed to her Mother to fire Louka but servants are hard to find and her Father is particularly attached to Louka and resists every mention of her being fired, so Raina is unable to do anything to Louka and must pretend that she is in complete control of her servant.

When she finds Sergius he is with Captain Bluntschli and they are agreeing to duel and Raina is thrilled because she knows they are going to fight over her. However, her joy is short lived. Bluntschli declares he doesn’t know why they are fighting and he also leads Raina to believe that he is married. She then realizes she must try to recapture Sergius but he complicates any thought of this by accusing her of having an affair with Bluntschli and by revealing to her in a quick interchange of suspicion on
her part and affirmation on his that it was Louka, who was his informant as to the story of Bluntschli and Raina. Raina's suspicions concerning Louka and Sergius are correct; Sergius is not the ideal hero she has tried to worship; she is disillusioned and she is furious. She will not let Sergius go without cutting him down to size and she delights in tormenting him with Louka's engagement to Nicola. If Sergius is going to give her up for Louka, he is going to be able to hold no exalted illusions about Louka. She appeals to Bluntschli to back her up as she perversely plays with Sergius ideals exposing him as a common man with human faults and leaving him to castigate himself as she knows he will. Bluntschli is determined to patch things up between them and leads Raina against her will to sit on the sofa beside the suffering Sergius. Raina is struck by the humor of Sergius suffering and smuggles up to him with a sensual purr to frustrate him more completely.

Bluntschli in his business-like manner decides to talk the whole thing out and Sergius goes out to find Louka, who Raina has said would be listening at the door. Sergius in an attempt to prove that Louka is not that low walks proudly out to find her and finds her listening at the door. Raina is elated as now everyone will condemn Louka and apologise to her. This does not happen as Louka is treated with respect by Bluntschli which galls Raina to the point that she stoops to the alley cat level and rushes
at Louka in a rage and in her fury spits at her. Louka receives this insult by laughing and then accepting it as a lady and Raina is in a white, hair-pulling rage when her father enters and she and all the rest must control themselves and appear casual.

In the scene which follows the whole story of the Chocolate Cream Soldier is revealed and Raina is exposed and shamed by her most faithful follower, her father. This is the low point for her as she says in explanation of her acts, "Major Sarancoff has changed his mind, and when I wrote that on the photograph, I did not know that Captain Bluntschli was married."

The situation improves abruptly Bluntschli declares that he is not married and has never been married. Raina then can hope and plan to capture Bluntschli after all. She is furious at the deceit of Nicola as he frees Louka to marry Sergius and Bluntschli's acceptance of Louka as a lady and Sergius apology to Louka anger her intensely. Besides the fact that Louka is being accepted as an equal she is getting attention which Raina would like focused on herself.

The entire situation comes to a head when Catherine enters and demands an explanation. Louka places the Bluntschli-Raina relationship in the open and Bluntschli, who is surprised by their inference hastens to free Raina by reasoning with them all. Raina is hoping that he is about to make a public proposal when he shocks them all be declaring
that she is only seventeen and couldn't be expected to take the whole thing seriously. Raina with scorching superiority sets him straight about her age and his stupidity and with what dignity she has left returns to the sofa leaving Bluntschli stunned. He recovers quickly and asks her father for her hand in marriage since she is not the child he had once thought she was. She is delighted as she has succeeded in getting what she wanted when a further complication arises. Catherine refuses for her because Bluntschli does not have position enough and Petkoff refuses because Bluntschli does not have wealth enough. Bluntschli of course does have position and wealth which far exceeds anything the Petkoff's have ever imagined and Catherine and Petkoff listen in awe as Bluntschli declares his assets. Upon hearing of Bluntschli's wealth and position both parents accept him with delight.

It is then that Raina realizes what her parents are -- status seekers and social climbers who are trying to arrange a marriage for their daughter based on the artificiality of social standing and wealth irrespective of personalities and realistic compatibility. Raina with new awareness defies her parents, defies her culture and defies the respectable Bluntschli as she says in answer to Sergius question, "What says the lady?" "The lady says that he can keep his tablecloths and his omnibuses, I am not here to be sold to the highest bidder," Bluntschli replies, "I won't take that answer. I appealed to you as a fugitive, a beggar, and a starving man.
You accepted me. You gave me your hand to kiss, your bed to sleep in, and your roof to shelter me." Raina makes her position completely clear to everyone by answering, "I did not give them to the Emperor of Switzerland." Bluntschli affirms her belief in him and acknowledges her position as correct by agreeing with her unconditionally for the first time in the play when he says, "That's just what I say."

The contract is sealed and the man and woman both know that only the formality of the spoken agreement remains. He asks her, "Now tell us whom did you give them to." She replies, "To my chocolate cream soldier." The engagement is formally announced with those words and Bluntschli leaves for Switzerland to settle his business promising to return in a fortnight.

Raina within the course of the play has evaluated her ideals and her idealistic man and rejected them for the reality of life and the realistic man. She has learned that reality is much more pleasant than a sterile, romantic world. Real people speak to one another and in their communication a bond is formed. The romantic people speak to themselves admiring the sound of the musical, memorized phrases. The romantic lover dares not look at the object of his affection lest he see a freckle or other blemish. His love is perfect and is most satisfactory when absent. The realistic lover sees the freckle and accepts it as it is part of his love whose charm lies in her human frailty as well as in her human strength. He may find the freckle attractive as it is a
characteristic distinguishing his love from the many other women whom he sees.

Raina accepts the strengths and weaknesses of Bluntschli. She sees that he needs her warmth to soften his machine efficiency. She sees that his straight-forward means of communication are much more satisfactory than the out-moded phrases of the chivalric code.

Raina realizes the sheltered and limited world in which she has been raised. She sees the foolishness of her parents and rebels. In her rebellion and with her new-found awareness it is the fugitive, the beggar, and the starving man whom she accepts. It is the man who appeals to her honestly and dimly who wins her, and it is through appealing to him honestly and simply that she is able to fulfill her desire and win the right man for her husband.
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REHEARSAL LOG

Friday, February 16, 1962  Auditions
February 18, 1962, Sunday  First read thru

Tonight we met at Dave's for our first read thru. It was a very warm, friendly atmosphere, and I felt great warmth toward the whole cast. I like the people with whom I will be working so much.

Dave gave us a little historical background for the play, and we looked at a map of the Balkans and saw the place where the battle Slivnitzza was and where we live. We also looked at some romantic paintings to decide what made painting romantic. We listened to the "1812 Overture" to get the spirit of the romantic through the music.

Then we read through the first two acts discussing points as they came up.

I am going to have to be careful to not play one dimension only of Raina. She has a complex personality and there is a danger because she appears shallow at times but actually is not.

I must immerse myself in this romanticism and her beliefs and her doubts so that I don't try to make a comment myself.

The play is so enjoyable that I can hardly wait to sink my teeth into it.

I am going to begin my preparation for the role by reading Byron and the other romantic poets and by visiting
the library to fill myself full of the romantic ideals which Raina loves.

Another thing I must find out about is Bulgaria itself and the climate and countryside and people.

We discussed the elements of the great emotionalism of these people which might cause the play to become heavy if it were not balanced by Shaw's British wit.

Dave's obvious preparation and understanding and his concept of the play and of directing certainly have my respect.

I am quite excited with the whole project.

February 19, 1962

Last night I spent an hour or so reading romantic poetry. I started with Byron because Raina mentions him but I also read Keats, Shelley, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. I read them aloud because I find if I don't I get nothing of what they say. So much of the beauty is in the sound. I find also that after reading several poems, my interest lags because of the sameness and perhaps a saturation with superlative. Maybe this will develop into something Raina can use.

Today I looked at romantic paintings and got caught up particularly in the beauty and emotion of women trying to save men from war as displayed in one painting. Nudes are another of my artistic loves and I found some from the eighteenth century French period which were beautiful. Now
I need to listen to some more romantic music as music speaks to the emotions louder than anything.

Thursday, February 21, 1962

Why did I come outside?
What do I want?
What do I know about the war?
What was the going away celebration like?
How long has the army been gone?
What have they been doing?
Has anyone ever challenged my ideas?
Who is the "our" of "our ideas"?

Why do I want the shutters left open?
When does Raina put on dark before the Russian officer comes in?
What is my action in the long scene with Bluntschli?
It must be more than just to insult him.
Ours is the only 2 story house
Is that what I am saying?
What's the story of the opera of "Ernani"?
Listen to it if possible -
Good grief, Haven't I had the cloak on at all?
What's the deal with Sergius and the soldiers and horses?
What's forage?
What is the higher love?

Elements of it?

Is it always this much work to be in love? With Sergius
I must be so perfect. It's tiring.

What do I think of my mothers relation to Sergius?
Why do I want to scandalize Sergius?
What does "as if he could help himself" mean? If refers to my dominant mother I guess
What's a hookah?

Glorious world - glory in killing wretched fugitives

My hero my hero. The hero of the battle is mine!

Why did I keep Sergius waiting?

I live not in myself, but I become Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling
The bodiless thought -
The spirit of each spot -
Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart
With a pure passion?

Lord Byron from "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage"

Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;
Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds creep
From leaf to leaf; tis sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

Lord Byron from "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage"
I listened to Tchaikowsky
"1812 Overture"
"Cupriccio Italian"

"During the 1st half of the 19th century there took place a considerable intellectual renaissance in Bulgaria, a movement fostered by wealthy Bulgarian merchants of Bucharest and Odessa. In 1829 a history of Bulgaria was published . . . , in 1835 the first school was established in Bulgaria, and many others soon followed. It must be remembered that not only was nothing known at that time about Bulgaria and its inhabitants in other countries, but the Bulgars had themselves to be taught who they were. The Bulgarian people in Bulgaria consisted entirely of peasants; there was no Bulgarian upper, or middle or intelligent or professional class; those enlightened Bulgars who existed were domiciled in other countries; the church was in the hands of the Greeks, who vied with the Turks in supressing Bulgarian nationality."

Committees of Odessa Bucarest

educational immediate political
religious emancipation by
gradual reform war-like means

1870 Bulgarian Exarchate established

The Exarch resided in Constantinople

In 1878 Ignatchev dictated the terms of the Treaty of San Stefano by which a principality of Bulgaria was created. Bulgaria resented Russia after her liberation.

Bulgarians are proud they are not purely Slar but Bulgars too. Serbians look down on mixture of blood.

There is an oriental railway linking Bulgaria with Budapest Vienna.

Bulgaria exports cereals.

An ultra democratic constitution was set up.

Prima Alexander of Braltenburg - Germanic.

1885 successfully entered Philopopoles to get back to southern Bulgaria

Nov. 13 King Milan of Serbia declared war and began to march on Sofia.

Nov. 18 Slivnicza - 20 mi N.N. of Sofia

Pirot taken Nov. 27

Marched on Nish when Austria intervened

March 3, 1886 treaty

Sunday, February 25, 1962

Friday at the library I talked to Dave and he said to go ahead and memorize the script, so I did that tonite.

I had worked some on the first scene, but I didn't know it too well. I had read the play so much that memorization was very easy. Of course it is not at all set. I need to be cried dreadfully. I wish we could begin.

Tuesday, February 27, 1962

Romantic idealism versus reality

All characters are somewhat deluded. Sergius prime example.

What do I know about the world and what do I find out?
The man is Bluntschli.

Tomorrow - scene in Act 1
Act 3 library alone
Walk thru; discuss them
2 musical styles intertwine -
Tchaikovsky - Romantic
Mozart - realistic

Tuesday, February 27, 1962

Rehearsed at Dave's. All there except Pat Jobe. We got the scene breakdowns to know how he was numbering the scenes as Shaw doesn't break his scripts into scenes. We read through and many new things opened up to us. I must be careful in the higher love scene not to ask for laughs. I think I will be aware enough and I'm sure Dave will be. This show could so easily go too far if we are not truthful at all times.

I felt some good moments with Bluntschli tonight. He looked at me. That helps so much.

We listened to Gliere's "The Red Poppy" and I felt all kinds of happy, feminine images. I was at a ball - a big formal dance - back in college. I was descending a marble staircase - curved - in a full flowing soft blue chiffon gown with my long, black, thick, hair flowing down my back and all eyes were turned toward me as I floated down the stairs into the arms of the most handsome man in the room.

I felt like Cinderella at the ball with dainty glass
slippers and grace of movement and delicate, exquisite beauty

I am the prima ballerina.

I am beautiful and my love is the most noble, handsome man in all the world with deep blue loving eyes.

February 26, 1962   Scene 3

We worked on scene 3 this afternoon and this evening.

As the last scene ends I am worshipping my picture of Sergius and planning what I shall wear and what I shall do and what it will be like when he returns triumphant from the battle. All my friends will envy me. I will be the talk of the town as will Sergius of course. We will be the ideal couple / have a lovely wedding.

The shot of arrival of Bluntschli are as if a burgler comes in the night and you hear a noise and don't know what to do really. Finally you muster your courage and speak to find out who it is. Your mind is alert and you are sizing up the situation and deciding what to do.

I want to get rid of Bluntschli but in order to do that I must formulate a plan and see what he has in mind too.

I'm standing in nylon chiffon shorty pajamas and a whole company of soldiers are going to burst in my bedroom and see me. (Image when Bluntschli points up her dress)

When he needs help I feel motherly toward him. He's a little boy whose enemies are going to beat him up. I must protect him.

(she sits on revolver)

This is an adventure. You have surreptitiously come
into my dorm room and someone saw you coming in and the dorm mother came to check and I fooled her. It is an exciting and romantic adventure.

When Bluntschli disillusioned me about the Cavalry charge I need to gain reassurance that Sergius is really noble. Perhaps the "operatic tenor" wasn't Sergius. I must try using the picture that way.

We went through the scene line by line trying different things to get the meaning of the lines and the relationship between Bluntschli and Raina.

March 1, 1962

Akin to West in 1860's
Vigorous, energetic people
People on the way up
This play needs much energy.
Switzerland is the greatest chocolate making country in the world.

We worked on scene 11. I had been having a hard time finding an action for part of it - the Sergius will kill you in a duel and also the "lie" section. Through the rehearsal it worked best when I played it trying to get sympathy from Bluntschli in order to get a declaration of love from him. To get a declaration of love is my overall action for that scene.

To get a declaration of love
To drop him in order to get a declaration of love
obstacle - when I accuse him he admits guilt thus potentially closing the subject.

to warn him in order to get dec of love
to impress him in order to get a declaration of love
to insult him to make him deny charges
to intimidate him in order to avoid being trapped
to question in order to find out about his perception
to explain
to find out how he feels about Serg
to find out what he thinks of me
to insult him to justify myself
to question him to find photo
to insult him to make him apologize
to find out in order to sympathise
to leave the room in order to hide emotion from Louka

Very good rehearsal. I want to get on my feet. This play moves my body and setting is so inhibiting. Found out what I want in this scene. Tried several different actions particularly on the warning of Bluntschli. This seems to work best.

March 2, 1962

Afternoon

Blocked scenes 2, 3, and 11. We got off to a slow start because we were going over scene 2 for interpretation as well as blocking. Movement releases me so much in this play. I just cannot stand stiff. Bluntschli is so hard
for me to move because he is big. He provides a real, wonderful physical obstacle when I am trying to maneuver him around in order to protect him.

Why did I keep Sergius waiting a whole year?

March 3, 1962

Blocked scenes 6, 8, 9 and 10

I had a big discussion on a new interpretation of Bluntschli which Jim had thought of and with which I disagreed violently. We called Dave to settle it and it all worked out. After our blocking rehearsal, Jim and I rehearsed our scenes together privately. I was expecting company at home so we only got in about 40 minutes of private rehearsal together but we can work on our scenes again next week. At this point Raina's grand scenes are working but the quick transitions into the real Raina are foggy. There is a basic communication particularly with Bluntschli as I have worked with him most but the fear of the first act is not there and the thinking my way from beat to beat is somewhat hampered because I am holding my book and get involved and then forget my lines.

I feel a wonderful childish yet maternal relationship toward my father. Oh - for my mother to get to work on that relationship. I feel contemptious and jealous of Louka, and Sergius causes in me a great conflict of love and a sort of fear and at times disgust. He is so elevated I am afraid to disappoint him and yet at times I feel, "Oh
come off it. You can't be real!" My relationship toward Nicola is very undeveloped. Right now I hardly know that he exists. This I think is a usable feeling toward him but I also need to have a relationship toward him that is fuller as he has served the family since I was 13.

Movement is helping me greatly - particularly in the "noble attitude and thrilling voice" scenes. Raina sweeps or she floats but she seldom walks.

March 4, 1962    Sunday

Worked to find a psychological gesture. Ballet slippers help. I "floated" up and down the stairs and curtseyed and found something in the extended hand to the chivalrous gentleman. I must ask Mr. Kazanoff about it as I am not sure it is a psychological gesture. Dave said he thought it might be.

I also read through again and wrote down some of the actions that have evolved in rehearsals. I also worked on lines.

March 5, 1962    Monday evening

Met with Catherine for the first time tonight. In the afternoon I worked on lines. Worked on scenes one, two.

I can't get away with too much with my mother, but I can get whatever I want from my father. Perhaps "my little pet girl" "is a pet name from childhood. I think so.

I hadn't thought too much about this but I am really getting old maidish. The marrying age is about 18 we
figured because my mother is around 40 and I am 23. Because we live in a small town there was no one for me to marry. I wanted to meet someone in Bucharest or better yet Vienna, but I was a peasant there though I don't know it. I met Sergius in Bulgaria - the circumstances of the meeting and our courtship are unclear to me now. Possibly I met him because he was a major and my father was too. I must explore this.

Look for article in fall "Post" on romantic love.

I talked to Mr. Kazanoff about my psychological gesture and he said what I had done was wrong. It is the inner being that gives the impetus for the gesture not the mask.

Tuesday, March 6, 1962

Tonight we worked on the second act after the arrival of Sergius. This includes the higher love scene which we worked on for movement. I have trouble when I get too close to Sergius as I have to look straight up to see his face and it is terribly unromantic. We still don't have movement that suits us here.

Scene 8 I feel like a whistling tea pot steaming and steaming and then whistling softly - then louder and louder until the pressure inside blows the top off. However, Raina doesn't blow the top off in this scene in a violent tea kettle way but in a deliberate, perverse way.

Scene 9 when I meet Bluntschli for the second time went well. The blocking is very helpful. I had trouble
motwating one cross as I was trying to relate it to Catherine. Now I relate it to Bluntschli and it works.

Wednesday, March 7, 1962

Act 1 - lines Scenes 6, 7, 14

Act one is hard and very slow. We don't pick up our cues at all because we are still struggling with lines. Dave helped us with reasons for a couple of things that were bothering us. I was having a terrible time with the "Do you stuff your pockets with chocolate like a schoolboy even in the field" line. I didn't feel enough shock and surprise and I didn't know what I was trying to do to him. Dave suggested that it was all a part of my action to insult him to prove my own superiority. It worked much better.

At 6:30 we went through scene 6 which is Sergius' entrance and the higher love scene. Both John and I feel unsure toward each other as we don't understand our relationship. Dave and John were discussing some new facets of Sergius tonite, so I went home.

Thursday, March 8, 1962

This afternoon Bluntschli and I worked on Scene 11 in act 3. I was tired and I seemed to have little energy on our first run thru. Dave also said that I was playing attitudes instead of talking and listening. We went through it again and this time I was still playing attitudes particularly "noble attitude" and "thrilling voice." If I would concentrate on intimidating Bluntschli instead of on being noble, I would
end up more believably noble. We went through it one more time and it was a little better. I need to really try to get a declaration of love from Bluntschli.

Then we went through scene 3. It is more believable. One thing I have noticed is that my small actions may be clear to me but they don't contribute to the whole. Bluntschli baits me and I take the bait and then he chops me down and then he baits me and then chops - again and again, I must find those places and let this happen more fully.

We discussed the pretension of having "the blue closet" like a blue room or something. Other pretensions which are evident in the play are the electric bell, the decoration in my room, the reaction to washing, the library, and my facade.

Dave gave me a martyr and a Christ image to me today to contrast myself with Christ as a martyr in scene 11.

Tonight Sybil, Dave's wife, came to tell us that Dave has the measles or something of the sort. We are to continue rehearsing as usual.

John and I rehearsed the higher love scene several times prior to the act 2 run thru. Then we took a run thru which was our first run thru of the whole act. Most of us were working without our books. Again I must work to concentrate on my actions instead of my attitudes. I am trying to play my actions. I am doing better in this act than any other at present I think. I must work on simple action exercises tonight. A lot of the problem now is that I
am working without my book for the first time.

Pat and I went over our bit at the end of the act in which we quiet Petkoff together. It is a musical thing Dave says so we were working on our timing.

Earlier in the evening I worked on my offstage beat on the balcony at the beginning of the show. I felt things beginning to happen with it.

I just went thru my scene with Catherine. Why do I decide to defy him?

I am dissatisfied with Sergius because it is such an effort to live up to his ideals of courtship.

Sergius and I did an improvisation to establish relationship. It established the physical desire and captured a nobility toward each other and the higher love scene was much improved when we did it afterwards.

Jim suggested that maybe I was trying to make him jealous.

I should attack him about his gossipping to find out.

March 10, 1962

Play action

My sarcasm is not as bitter as S

I must determine reality of truth in order to live in a changing world.

What truth?

What discoveries?

What do I learn about life during course of play?
Movement

1. extend movement
2. work on control

The situation is not very real; everything is planned.
I need energy and vitality.

Jim and I went through act one twice this morning before our scheduled rehearsal. It had more life and vigor and energy than ever before. I felt quite encouraged by it. My actions seem to work pretty well now.

Sunday, March 11, 1962

What do I learn during the action of the play.

Soldiers are afraid to die and will stoop to any level to defend themselves. Survival is more important than chivalry.

War is not romantic.

The first man in a cavalry charge is either a fool or a coward with a foolish horse.

Soldiering is a trade.

You can't trust men to keep quiet. People will always disappoint one; unmitigated trust is unrealistic. The higher love - whatever it is - is tiring and unsatisfying.

My sacrifices for Bluntschli were not extraordinary.

Pawning gratitude is passive and negative.

Men are aware that women are not perfect.

Men and women can communicate as people. There is a
relation of honesty possible between men and women.

Noble, ideal heroic men are phony as I suspected they were.

No one is perfect.
To be a "gentleman" or "lady" is not everyone's ideal or the highest calling in life.
Sergius is a sexually motivated, two-faced fraud.
Life is neither a glorious exultation nor a farce, but a serious Business.
The world is not such an innocent place after all.
Even Bluntschli is a fraud.
Bluntschli is not what I want if he is going to appeal to me on Sergius' materialistic, rivalry terms.
I want the men who first realized what I was and liked me for myself. He is much better for me than a pseudo here.
I would rather have a real fugitive, beggar, and starving man who understood, respected, and needed me than an exalted phony to whom I would be a pampered trophy.

Sunday, March 11, 1962

Tonight I worked on my actions, trying out new ones for the ones which have not worked too well. I became more aware of Reine's strength and strong will and reaction of protecting herself by assuming an offensive attitude.

Monday, March 12, 1962

To marry the right man. This is my action throughout the play and in the course of the play my change is in
finding who the right man is. I have been having trouble because I have had weird actions like to protect myself which when I try to play them don't seem active enough to act on me. Act 3 which we did tonight just doesn't have the actions I want in some places. I keep trying things and slowly I am finding some that work but others leave me cold. Dave gave me the image of my father, Petkoff's, temper as also my temper in my angry scenes. I need to let go and let him have it. It worked well.

Raina is a cat. She has feline grace in her movements of ideal behavior. She springs and claws to save herself when someone attacks and when she is attacking she waits for the proper moment and pounces with claws bared. She is a woman on the prowl and like a cat rubbing against the leg of his master her body longs, particularly in the opening beat, for physical contact.

March 13, 1962

Today we worked on act one. We just worked on scene 3 between Bluntschli and Raina. We cleaned up a lot of things that had gotten messy while Dave was gone. In the evening we worked on act 1 again as a run thru. Catherine was unable to be there, so the first scene didn't really have any believability. I'd like to have the opening beat music so I could know how long I will have on the balcony.

I was not pleading with my mother to keep the soldiers out. I need to be sure I keep the soldiers out - to try
anything to keep them out.

We also worked in the evening on scene 11 which has been a big pain. Dave helped me with the second beat of the scene in which I must assume that Bluntschli remembers in detail my saving his life. It is a stronger impetus to try to get his sympathy when I discover he has forgotten. Then instead of trying to gain his sympathy on the "Do you know you are insulting me" beat I am trying to intimidate him to make him reverse his position.

March 14, 1962       Wednesday

Act 2

I was not called until late afternoon. We worked on the higher love scene and really choreographed it because it had never been comfortable physically. John is so much taller than I that I found myself staring straight up on the Sergius, I think we too have found the higher love. It lost all meaning and beauty because I was so uncomfortable. It is so much better now. I turn away when I am asking him for the affirmation of love and then I turn and lean into him. I bring him to me on "I trust you, I love you" which feels right for the first time.

Tonight we ran through the act. The Raina - Catherine scene has nothing and I was misinterpreting Catherine's line about Sergius not being a soldier at the beginning of the act. I thought she was speaking to me but she was not; she was speaking to Sergius and cheating on seeing him. It
makes a big difference. We worked on the Catherine, Raine scene and I am now using Petkoff's chair as a Bluntschli symbol to take out my anger and frustration upon. My fear that I will have to tell Sergius about the chocolate cream soldier is as if I had been stupid and entertained a male guest in my room and be became aggressive and I had to tell my husband about how this had all happened and really wanted to avoid ever mentioning the situation. I must get him to forget that subject.

Very valuable rehearsal. My actions for this act seem to work except at the very first after my entrance when we were all confused about Sergius telling why he isn't a soldier. I think it will work now that we know the relationships in the scene and I am aware that Catherine is not addressing her comment to me.

We listened and moved and danced to romantic music tonite. Sergius and I captured that "feeling full" of the romantic love and did our higher love scene with a musical background and also moved into natural improvs as we walked and danced to the music.

Thursday, March 15, 1962

Mr. Kazanoff came

Go back thru scene 3 and find what I like about Bluntschli.

Jot down 50 qualities I find in Raina and justify them in lines. Seduce him in scene 11.
It lacks womanliness.

Candida image - a charming woman

At end of play I am not a little girl succumbing with a shy smile but a woman.

It needs to be earthier.

50 Qualities

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We worked and worked over scene 11. One major problem was in determining whether I was trying to keep Sergius or to get Bluntschli. We finally have it. At the beginning I want to trap him to keep him quiet. Next I want to warn him to keep him quiet then I want to shame him to keep him quiet. When it comes to the gratitude bit I want to shame him to make him worship me. When he finds me out the relationship changes and I act toward him as a woman. I try to arouse him to get a declaration of love. I say he doesn’t like me to get him to say he does. This scene was a problem
because Jim didn't believe I was showing warmth for him. He wanted more of a kittenish Raina and my new Raina was a panther. Then I am hurt as Bluntschli laughs at me and the hurt is real because he has laughed at my womanliness. In the Louka scene Abby brought up the fact of suspicion at her line. My scarf which I use during that scene helps. I really feel we have the essence of the scene at last and Raina is becoming an adult.

March 16, 1962 Friday

Dave and I talked and decided Raina loves Bluntschli at the end of act 1 and particularly in scene 11. She is only bound to Sergius by convention.

Scene 11

Play on him

Get his sympathy

Use my wiles to get a declaration - first half
get his sympathy by childish methods;
second half get his sympathy by adult methods.

March 17, 1962 Saturday

We worked on Act 3. The ending is coming so clearly now. Catherine and Petkoff are about to frustrate my plan and I must stop them. I'm not too upset about Louka and Nicola not being engaged really because at that point my action is to get Bluntschli. I'm mad but I'm not hurt by it.

Dave has me spitting at Louka at one point where I am really dirtying my hands and of course everyone in the cast
spits beautifully to demonstrate but me. It is an art I have not yet cultivated and it is invariably a flop when the moment comes. I must work on it. Raina has gone through many phases. First she was a nice child. Then she became a real brat. Now I think I have the essence of her. She is a child in the beginning and a woman at the end. Her change is from blind idealism to a realistic approach to life. Her super objective is to marry the right man. By "right man" I mean that she must find out during the course of the play the kind of man who is really suited to her. She must determine the life she wants. She rejects the life exalted when the chocolate cream soldier points out her artificiality for what it is. In him she has met a man who will commune with her on an adult level. This is scene in the latter half of scene 11 in which Raina uses her feminine wiles to get what she wants from Bluntschli and might be successful, if Louka did not interrupt.

In the first act the overall action for me is to save Bluntschli. In the second act it is to determine which man I want. The overall action in the third act is to get a declaration of love from Bluntschli.

Nicola and I had a beautiful moment today when I take the coat from him. We had never really communicated on that line before. It was good.

Sunday, March 18, 1962

Tryouts for The Crucible messed up most of our rehearsal
time but we did do a little bit of work on parts of act 3. It was good working on the set.

Tonight I worked on my breathing, my voice, ruhato, and melody. I am not taking full advantage of my vocal instrument. I must begin concentrated voice exercises. I also went through and checked all my actions, my business, my blocking and went through some things Dave had mentioned. I also practised spitting. I'm getting good. Tomorrow is tech.

Monday, March 19, 1962

Well, tech was not too bad. After the first act we were able to run thru pretty simply without a lot of stops. My problem is I was unrelaxed. I was working too hard. I was worrying about my voice and as a result it was not relaxed. I need to let go more and really blast Bluntschli and Sergius. I get close and then in fear lest it be phony I don't let it follow through. Relax Relax Relax Relax and have fun. In addition to this I now have a cold which makes my voice thoroughly unmelodic.

Wednesday, March 21, 1962

Rehearsal notes

Act 1

1. less movement in opening

2. I have a little plan - don't worry about me

3. we must do as we are told - condescending

4. voice awful - too too high
5. my hero - good
6. watch Louka more in Act 1 with Russian soldier
7. handle pistol like a dead fish
8. don't be little girlish
9. here is my hand poised
10. contact with Catherine - After Rah-ra at the end of act

Act 2
1. set off - higher love reverent, breathy
2. poor father - I have him wrapped around my finger

Act 3
1. Scene 11
   Dave was bored with my voice
   I need variety, range, low register
2. tempo on end of 11 bad
3. work on end of 11 - I wish I'd never met you
   hit it harder - I wish I'd never met you
4. then true remorse at his death
5. what does any soldier care/not right
6. why are you going to fight
   thrilled - silly little kitten
   no concern involved
7. tearing picture - good

Thursday, March 22, 1962

Wednesday my voice was shrill and terrible and I was livid at myself. There is no excuse for that. Dave wants
more the lady in the first act. Thursday I worked to get the lady instead of the little girl. I was far better than I had ever been before. I felt quite encouraged. My voice was pleasant and with variety and it all was much more successful. In the evening we worked over scenes and changed one cross in scene 11 which makes it easier. I am quite anxious for the thing to come now as I enjoy it now.

March 23, 1962

Critique Performance

This afternoon Jim and Dave and I worked over a couple of problem spots in the first act. It was mostly business for Jim.

Tonight was the critique performance and the house was wonderfully responsive. The whole show went better than it ever has and we all had a lot of vitality. My first scene with Catherine was awkward as she didn't touch me to break my balcony reverie and the transition was fuzzy. The higher love scene went all right but it still has never been really right. My voice was bad and unsupported because my throat was tired when I finished. Dave said it was too high in places.

The curtain call was really a mess. I can't bear sloppy curtain calls and ours was terrible. The audience was applauding so much that we knew we could get more than one curtain call. However, the lights were not given the signal for a second curtain call so they brought the stage
down slowly to tell us that was all. It was rather confusing as we knew the audience wanted to give us another curtain call. As a result half of us left the stage and the other half were just on their way when the house lights went up.

I went up to my dressing room and took my time getting ready for my critique. Dave was down with the student critique which the cast was not allowed to attend.

An hour or so later I met with the faculty in Dr. Ehrenspenger's office. Present were Dr. Ehrenspenger, Mr. Hersch, Mr. Gifford, Mr. Kazanoff, Mr. Watts, and Dave. They asked me what I thought of the performance. Dr. Ehrenspenger asked me what I had done at Redlands. Mr. Gifford didn't comment. Mr. Watts said he enjoyed it thoroughly. Mr. Hersch suggested that I wear jewelry.

Mr. Kazanoff said he thought Raina existed in bits and pieces and that I needed to find a central key to tie her into a fully realized person. Mr. Hersch suggested that her desire to dominate and her need to be the center of attention might help serve as a key. I discussed my growth within the role and my relationships as Raina to the characters within the play. Mr. Kazanoff said the opening scene didn't work - how well I know - and suggested that I might play it as being surprised that we won the battle at Slivnitza. That in itself is a great help. It is so basic but I had forgotten. We were not supposed to win the battle at all. That gives me something to work with.
Oh, my scene with Louka tonight in which I spit at her was the best it's ever been. Her eyes were so fiery and full of superiority that I not only wanted to spit at her I wanted to pull her hair, bite, kick and all the rest. When she just stood there and laughed, I thought I'd scream.

Rehearsal tomorrow starts at 10.

Saturday, March 24, 1962

Today we heard Dave's notes and then rehearsed selected scenes. We worked on the higher love scene and broadened the comment so it is now played as lovers striving to do the right romantic thing but both uncomfortable in the roles they are playing. We went through the end of the first act with new business for Catherine. We drag it terribly. We went through the breakfast scene and also the third act and I worked from the point of view of desiring attention and being upset when I didn't get it. Mr. Hersch had said that Raina would make the most of every entrance and exit, so I capitalised on them. It helped us much to let myself indulge in all the selfishness of the spoiled child that Raina is. I wore a bracelet which jangles which gave me another object. Nothing is really that set of the new stuff that I have done. I need a run through to set it.

Dave seems to think the things I have been working on have been an improvement. Monday will tell.

Monday, March 26, 1962

Tonight although the house was very different and much
less responsive my performance was up from Friday. The things I had worked on helped me and my third act particularly was the best it has ever been.

The beginning of the third act worked well because I was trying to do something instead of just setting there inactively watching.

Dave said that this performance was much improved.

Tuesday, March 24, 1962

Well, it's over! The performance this afternoon went well. The Catherine scenes and the higher love scenes are the scenes that I would work on if we were continuing to do the show. This I think are my weakest scenes. The Catherine scenes are hard particularly the first act scene because we don't talk and listen to each other. The higher love scene I think is a matter of interpretation. We have done it so many ways I no longer know what I'm trying to do.

The critique was short and painless. I don't know why I let myself worry about such things. No one is expecting perfection from me but me, but I always get so upset when I can't do perfectly what I think I should. Well, anyway, I went into Dr. Ehrenspgerger's office for my second critique this afternoon. Dr. Ehrenspgerger, Mr. Thorman, Mr. Hérsch, Mr. Kazanoff, and Dr. Machlin were present. Dr. Ehrenspgerger asked me how I approach a role. Mr. Kazanoff asked who Raina is and if I thought I had achieved her. I said I thought on the whole I had although there were scenes which
I know still are not right. Dr. Machlin told me my breathing was shallow. This made me absolutely furious because there is no excuse for my breathing being bad but I knew that she was right.

The faculty was very nice and Mr. Hirsch told me that I had passed unconditionally. He suggested that I could come in and talk to him about the role tomorrow. Mr. Kazanoff said the same.

Wednesday and Thursday

Final comments in discussions

Mr. Kazanoff:

He missed the reality of the character as a fully formed individual. This relates to the balance between the pasteboard figures and the real people. Neither extreme is right.

Mr. Hirsch:

He said that I was tense and needed to relax and accept my abilities without constantly tearing myself down.

Mr. Thorman:

We really didn't talk much about the role. His major comment was that I was much relaxed for me but was still very tense.
HINDSIGHT

In Arms and the Man I believe I made great strides as an actress. I was pleased with my progress in the areas which I believe to be my major weaknesses.

I believe my major problem is that I am inhibited as an actress. I was working in this production to free myself and allow things to happen. My tendency has always been to find an intellectual, literary concept of the play and the character and to try to play that concept. As a result I am playing attitudes instead of actions. There is no real communication between me and the other people in the play because I am neither listening to them nor talking to them. Another result of this approach is physical tension. The finished product may have an outer polish but it has little inner reality.

I was determined in this production to overcome this problem. I was working to break through my intellectual defense mechanism and become involved in Raina as Raina.

To do this I worked to find actions to play instead of the results of actions. I made a conscious effort to work slowly and not seek a finished performance at the second rehearsal. I discovered in this process that I had a series of actions that were potentially good but which were not working because I was busy concentrating on them -- on what they were -- instead of simply doing them. In the middle of
a scene I would find myself thinking, "What's my action now?" and being quite upset if I could not remember it. My director was a great help to me because he kept stopping me and asking me what I was doing to someone at that particular point. Then he would tell me to just relax and do it instead of working so hard. Then things would begin to happen.

Finally I realized that if I talked to the other person and tried to do things to him and watched his response to what I said I was actually playing my action. It took me a long time to realize that I didn't have to have any little memorized phrase flashing through my mind throughout the entire play. When I finally realized this the role naturally opened itself up to me.

I learned to relax myself physically through the use of objects. The energy that I was wasting in tension I would consciously focus on an object. I handled every prop I could justify and those that were usable I incorporated into my business. There were many I was forced to discard. Objects were a great help to me in playing an action. I found they relaxed me enabling me to talk and listen at the same time producing a physical property which could be used to emphasize what I was trying to do.

I learned to use images and as ifs to make the action of a scene personal. My director was very helpful in giving images in rehearsals to help clarify moments for me.

There are many things that were not satisfactory to me in the performance. I was disgusted with my voice. My
breathing was bad and my range was unnecessarily limited. I did not concentrate on vocal work as I believed vocal technique to be one of my minor problems. If I had worked on my voice more, it would have been all right. This area was neglected.

The problem which I believe to be the greatest in this production is that of style. I think it is largely a directorial problem; however the actors must be able to carry out the director's concept. In the early rehearsals I wrote in my log, "I must be careful not to comment myself." By the end of the rehearsal period I was commenting in certain places as a part of the director's concept. This example shows the change in style which evolved during the rehearsal period. We began by working for reality and afterwards we translated the action into the style of the play. We were trying to achieve a balance between the pasteboard figures and the real people. As the performance period progressed we were closer to character consistency, but I would have liked another week of performance at least to work on specific problems.

The higher love scene was the most difficult and least satisfactory scene stylistically. We tried it realistically; we tried it romantically; we tried it as a parody on romantic love scenes. It was this final approach that we used in performance. For me this scene never really was justified as a pure parody as it was the only scene in the play in which
I was playing the comment instead of the action. Scene eleven had similar difficulties and was tried many ways, and with it I believed we succeeded. It worked because I was doing things to Bluntschli. It was larger than life as was the whole play but we were still playing off each other. This was more difficult in the higher love scene because Raina and Sergius don't ever really communicate although they try to. We were playing the resulting lack of communication instead of the action to communicate.

Another scene I would work on is the opening scene with Catherine. I don't believe the problem in that scene was style. I think it was a lack of inner reality from both Catherine and myself. Catherine missed the first rehearsals and I think our relation suffered from it. My scenes with her on the whole were my least satisfactory scenes except for the special problems of the higher love scenes.

The greatest advantage in this production for me was that I was able to find a way to approach a role that worked for me. I learned to combine the positive elements of my former training with the positive elements of my training at Boston University.

My problem is not in learning my limitations but in putting the constant thought of them aside and allowing myself freedom to relax and work. This was reaffirmed in this production. Only when I ceased to chastise myself on my inability to reach perfection was I able to make mistakes.
and laugh at them and try again. This attitude of kindness toward myself is a major element in my evolving approach to a role. It brings about freedom and helps break down my inhibitions as an actress.

These discoveries and affirmations have made the character of Raina the most satisfying and satisfactory role I have done.
ARMS AND THE MAN

A PLEASANT PLAY

BY

BERNARD SHAW

PENGUIN BOOKS
BALTIMORE - MARYLAND
ARMS AND THE MAN

ACT I

Night: A lady's bedchamber in Bulgaria, in a small town near the Dragoman Pass, late in November in the year 1885. Through an open window with a little balcony a peak of the Balkans, wonderfully white and beautiful in the starlit snow, seems quite close at hand, though it is really miles away. The interior of the room is not like anything to be seen in the west of Europe. It is half rich Bulgarian, half cheap Viennese. Above the head of the bed, which stands against a little wall cutting off the left hand corner of the room, is a painted wooden shrine, blue and gold, with an ivory image of Christ, and a light hanging before it in a pierced metal ball suspended by three chains. The principal seat, placed towards the other side of the room and opposite the window, is a Turkish ottoman. The counterpane and hangings of the bed, the window curtains, the little carpet, and all the ornamental textile fabrics in the room are oriental and gorgeous; the paper on the walls is occidental and paltry. The washstand, against the wall on the side nearest the ottoman and window, consists of an enamelled iron basin with a pail beneath it in a painted metal frame, and a single towel on the rail at the side. The dressing table, between the bed and the window, is a common pine table, covered with a cloth of many colours, with an expensive toilet mirror on it. The door is on the side nearest the bed; and there is a chest of drawers between. This chest of drawers is also covered by a variegated native cloth; and on it there is a pile of paper backed novels, a box of chocolate creams, and a miniature easel with a large photograph of an extremely handsome officer, whose lofty bearing and magnetic glance can be felt even from the portrait. The room is lighted by a candle on the chest of draw-
ARS AND THE MAN
ers, and another on the dressing table with a box of matches beside it.

The window is hinged floorwise and stands wide open. Outside, a pair of wooden shutters, opening outwards, also stand open. On the balcony a young lady, intensely conscious of the romantic beauty of the night, and of the fact that her own youth and beauty are part of it, is gazing at the starry Balkans. She is in her nightgown, well covered by a long mantle of furs, worth, on a moderate estimate, about three times the furniture of the room.

Her reverie is interrupted by her mother, Catherine Petkoff, a woman over forty, impetuously energetic, with magnificent black hair and eyes, who might be a very splendid specimen of the wife of a mountain farmer, but is determined to be a Viennese lady, and to that end wears a fashionable tea gown on all occasions.

CATHERINE [entering hastily, full of good news] Raina! She pronounces it Rah-eena, with the stress on the i. Raina! She goes to the bed, expecting to find Raina there. Why, where—? [Raina looks into the room.] Heavens, child! are you out in the night air instead of in your bed? You'll catch your death. Louka told me you were asleep.

RAINa [dreamily] I sent her away. I wanted to be alone. The stars are so beautiful! What is the matter?

CATHERINE. Such news! There has been a battle.

RAINa [her eyes dilating.] Ah! [She comes eagerly to Catherine.]

CATHERINE. A great battle at Slivnitz! A victory! And it was won by Sergius.

RAINa [with a cry of delight] Ah! [They embrace rapturously] Oh, mother! [Then, with sudden anxiety] Is it her safe?

CATHERINE. Of course! he sends me the news. Sergius is the hero of the hour, the idol of the regiment.

RAINa. Tell me, tell me. How was it? [Ecstatically] Oh, mother! mother! mother! [She pulls her mother down on the ottoman; and they kiss one another frantically].
CATHERINE [with surging enthusiasm] You cant guess how splendid it is. A cavalry charge! think of that! He defied our Russian commanders—acted without orders—led a charge on his own responsibility—heeded it himself—was the first man to sweep through their guns. Cant you see it, Raina: our gallant splendid Bulgarians with their swords and eyes flashing, thundering down like an avalanche and scattering the wretched Serbs and their dandified Austrian officers like chaff. And you, you kept Sergius waiting a year before you would be betrothed to him. Oh, if you have a drop of Bulgarian blood in your veins, you will worship him when he comes back.

RAINAI. What will he care for my poor little worship after the acclamations of a whole army of heroes? But no matter: I am so happy! so proud! [She rises and walks about excitedly]. It proves that all our ideas were real after all.

CATHERINE [indignantly] Our ideas real! What do you mean?

RAINAI. Ous' ideas of what Sergius would do. Our patriotism. Our heroic ideals. I sometimes used to doubt whether they were anything but dreams. Oh, what faithless little creatures girls are! When I buckled on Sergius's sword he looked so noble: it was treason to think of disillusion or humiliation or failure. And yet—and yet—[She sits down again suddenly] Promise me you'll never tell him.

CATHERINE. Don't ask me for promises until I know what I'm promising.

RAINAI. Well, it came into my head just now that, holding me in his arms and looking into my eyes, that perhaps we only had our heroic ideas because we are so fond of reading Byron and Pushkin, and because we were so delighted with the opera that season at Bucharest. Real life is so seldom like that! I indeed never, as far as I knew it then. [Remorsefully] Only think, mother: I doubted him: I wondered whether all his heroic qualities and his soldiership might not prove mere imagination when he went into a real battle. I
had an uneasy fear that he might cut a poor figure there beside all those clever officers from the Tsar's court.

Catherine. A poor figure! Shame on you! The Serbs have Austrian officers who are just as clever as the Russians; but we have beaten them in every battle for all that.

Raina [laughing and snuggling against her mother] Yes: I was only a prosaic little coward. Oh, to think that it was all true! that Sergius is just as splendid and noble as he looks! that the world is really a glorious world for women who can see its glory and men who can act its romance! What happiness! what unspeakable fulfilment!

They are interrupted by the entry of Louka, a handsome proud girl in a pretty Bulgarian peasant's dress with double apron, so defiant that her servility to Raina is almost insolent. She is afraid of Catherine, but even with her goes as far as she dares.

Louka. If you please, madam, all the windows are to be closed and the shutters made fast. They say there may be shooting in the streets. [Raina and Catherine rise together, alarmed]. The Serbs are being chased right back through the pass; and they say they may run into the town. Our cavalry will be after them; and our people will be ready for them, you may be sure, now they're running away. [She goes out on the balcony, and pulls the outside shutters to; then steps back into the room].

Catherine [businesslike, housekeeping instincts aroused] I must see that everything is made safe downstairs.

Raina. I wish our people were not so cruel. What glory is there in killing wretched fugitives?

Catherine. Cruel! Do you suppose they would hesitate to kill you—or worse?

Raina [to Louka] Leave the shutters so that I can just close them if I hear any noise.

Catherine [authoritatively, turning on her way to the door] Oh no, dear: you must keep them fastened. You would be sure to drop off to sleep and leave them open. Make them fast, Louka.
LOUKA. Yes, madam. [She fastens them].

RAINA. Don't be anxious about me. The moment I hear a shot, I shall blow out the candles and roll myself up in bed with my ears well covered.

CATHERINE. Quite the wisest thing you can do, my love.

Good night.

RAINA. Goodnight. [Her emotion comes back for a moment]. Wish me joy [They kiss]. This is the happiest night of my life—if only there are no fugitives.

CATHERINE. Go to bed, dear; and don't think of them.

[She goes out].

LOUKA [secretly to Raina] If you would like the shutters open, just give them a push like this [she pushes them: they open: she pulls them to again]. One of them ought to be bolted at the bottom; but the bolt's gone.

RAINA [with dignity, reproving her] Thanks, Louka; but we must do what we are told. [Louka makes a grimace].

Goodnight.

LOUKA [carelessly] Goodnight. [She goes out, swaggering].

Raina, left alone, takes off her fur cloak and throws it on the ottoman. Then she goes to the chest of drawers, and adores the portrait there with feelings that are beyond all expression. She does not kiss it or press it to her breast, or show it any mark of bodily affection; but she takes it in her hands and elevates it, like a priestess.

RAINA [looking up at the picture] Oh, I shall never be unworthy of you any more, my soul's hero: never, never, never. [She replaces it reverently. Then she selects a novel from the little pile of books. She turns over the leaves dreamily; finds her page; turns the book inside out at it; and, with a happy sigh, gets into bed and prepares to read herself to sleep. But before abandoning herself to fiction, she raises her eyes once more, thinking of the blessed reality, and murmurs] My hero! my hero!

A distant shot breaks the quiet of the night. She starts, listening; and two more shots, much nearer, follow, startling her so
that she scrambles out of bed, and hastily blows out the candle on the chest of drawers. Then, putting her fingers in her ears, she runs to the dressing table, blows out the light there, and hurries back to bed in the dark, nothing being visible but the glimmer of the light in the pierced ball before the image, and the starlight seen through the slits at the top of the shutters. The firing breaks out again: there is a startling fusillade quite close at hand. Whilst it is still echoing, the shutters disappear, pulled open from without; and for an instant the rectangle of snowy starlight flashes out with the figure of a man silhouetted in black upon it. The shutters close immediately; and the room is dark again. But the silence is now broken by the sound of panting. Then there is a scratch; and the flame of a match is seen in the middle of the room.

RAINA [crouching on the bed] Who's there? [The match is out instantly]. Who's there? Who is that?

A MAN'S VOICE [in the darkness, subduedly, but threateningly] Sh—sh! Don't call out; or you'll be shot. Be good; and no harm will happen to you. [She is heard leaving her bed, and making for the door]. Take care: it's no use trying to run away.

RAINA. But who—

THE VOICE [warning] Remember: if you raise your voice my revolver will go off. [Commandingly]. Strike a light and let me see you. Do you hear. [Another moment of silence and darkness as she retreats to the chest of drawers. Then she lights a candle; and the mystery is at an end. He is a man of about 35, in a deplorable plight, bespattered with mud and blood and snow, his belt and the strap of his revolver case keeping together the torn ruins of the blue tunic of a Serbian artillery officer. All that the candlelight and his unwashed unkempt condition make it possible to discern is that he is of middling stature and undistinguished appearance, with strong neck and shoulders, roundish obstinate looking head covered with short crisp bronze curls, clear quick eyes and good brows and mouth, hopelessly prosaic nose like that of a strong minded baby, trim soldierlike
carriage and energetic manner, and with all his wits about him in spite of his desperate predicament: even with a sense of the humor of it, without, however, the least intention of trifling with it or throwing away a chance. Reckoning up what he can guess about Raina: her age, her social position, her character, and the extent to which she is frightened, he continues, more politely but still most determinedly] Excuse my disturbing you; but you recognize my uniform? Serb! If I'm caught I shall be killed. [Menacingly] Do you understand that?

RAINA. Yes.

THE MAN. Well, I don't intend to get killed if I can help it. [Still more formidably] Do you understand that? [He locks the door quickly but quietly].

RAINA. [disdainfully] I suppose not. [She draws herself up superbly, and looks him straight in the face, adding, with cutting emphasis] Some soldiers, I know, are afraid to die.

THE MAN [with grim goodhumor] All of them, dear lady, all of them, believe me. It is our duty to live as long as we can. Now, if you raise an alarm—

RAINA [cutting him short] You will shoot me. How do you know that I am afraid to die?

THE MAN [cunningly] Ah; but suppose I don't shoot you, what will happen then? A lot of your cavalry will burst into this pretty room of yours and slaughter me here like a pig; for I'll fight like a demon; they shant get me into the street to amuse themselves with: I know what they are. Are you prepared to receive that sort of company in your present undress? [Raina, suddenly conscious of her nightgown, instinctively shrinks and gathers it more closely about her neck. He watches her and adds pitilessly] Hardly presentable, eh? [She turns to the ottoman. He raises his pistol instantly, and cries] Stop! [She stops]. Where are you going?

RAINA [with dignified patience] Only to get my cloak.

THE MAN [passing swiftly to the ottoman and snatching the cloak] A good idea! I'll keep the cloak; and you'll take care that nobody comes in and sees you without it. This is a
better weapon than the revolver: eh? [He throws the pistol down on the ottoman].

RAINA [revolted] It is not the weapon of a gentleman!

THE MAN. It's good enough for a man with only you to stand between him and death. [As they look at one another for a moment, Raina hardly able to believe that even a Serbian officer can be so cynically and selfishly unchivalrous, they are startled by a sharp fusillade in the street. The chill of imminent death hushes the man's voice as he adds] Do you hear? If you are going to bring those blackguards in on me you shall receive them as you are.

Clamor and disturbance. The pursuers in the street batter at the house door, shouting Open the door! Open the door! Wake up, will you! A man servant's voice calls to them angrily from within This is Major Petkoff's house: you can't come in here; but a renewal of the clamor, and a torrent of blows on the door, end with his letting a chain down with a clank, followed by a rush of heavy footsteps and a din of triumphant yells, dominated at last by the voice of Catherine, indignantly addressing an officer with What does this mean, sir? Do you know where you are? The noise subsides suddenly.

LOUKA [outside, knocking at the bedroom door] My lady! my lady! get up quick and open the door. If you don't they will break it down.

The fugitive throws up his head with the gesture of a man who sees that it is all over with him, and drops the manner he has been assuming to intimidate Raina.

THE MAN [sincerely and kindly] No use, dear: I'm done for. [Flinging the cloak to her] Quick! wrap yourself up: they're coming.

RAINA. Oh, thank you. [She wraps herself up with intense relief].

THE MAN [between his teeth] Don't mention it.

RAINA [anxiously] What will you do?

THE MAN [grimly] The first man in will find out. Keep out

1. to find out his plan

2. to shame him

3. to wrap myself up

in order to save him
of the way; and don't look. It won't last long; but it will not
be nice. [He draws his sabre and faces the door, waiting].
RAINA [impulsively] I'll help you. I'll save you.
THE MAN. You can't.
RAINA. I can. I'll hide you. [She drags him towards the
window]. Here! behind the curtains.
THE MAN [yielding to her] There's just half a chance, if you
keep your head.
RAINA [drawing the curtain before him] S-sh! [She makes
for the ottoman].
THE MAN [putting out his head] Remember—
RAINA [running back to him] Yes?
THE MAN. Nine soldiers out of ten are born fools.
RAINA. Oh! [She draws the curtain angrily before him].
THE MAN [looking out at the other side] If they find me, I
promise you a fight; a devil of a fight.
RAINA [as if annoyed at being disturbed] They shall not
search here. Why have they been let in?
CATHERINE [coming in hastily] Raina, darling, are you
safe? Have you seen anyone or heard anything?
RAINA. I heard the shooting. Surely the soldiers will not
come here?
CATHERINE. I have found a Russian officer, thank Heaven:
he knows Sergius. [Speaking through the door to someone
outside] Sir! will you come in now. My daughter will receive
you.
A young Russian officer, in Bulgarian uniform, enters, sword in hand.

Officer [with soft feline politeness and stiff military carriage]
Good evening, gracious lady. I am sorry to intrude; but there is a Serb hiding on the balcony. Will you and the gracious lady your mother please to withdraw whilst we search?

Raina [petulantly] Nonsense, sir: you can see that there is no one on the balcony. [She throws the shutters wide open and stands with her back to the curtain where the man is hidden, pointing to the moonlit balcony. A couple of shots are fired right under the window; and a bullet shatters the glass opposite Raina, who winks and gasps, but stands her ground; whilst Catherine screams, and the officer, with a cry of Take care! rushes to the balcony].

The officer [on the balcony, shouting savagely down to the street] Cease firing there, you fools: do you hear? Cease firing, damn you! [He glares down for a moment; then turns to Raina, trying to resume his polite manner]. Could anyone have got in without your knowledge? Were you asleep?

Raina. No: I have not been to bed.

The officer [impatiently, coming back into the room] Your neighbors have their heads so full of runaway Serbs that they see them everywhere. [Politely] Gracious lady: a thousand pardons. Goodnight. [Military bow, which Raina returns coldly. Another to Catherine, who follows him out].

Raina closes the shutters. She turns and sees Louka, who has been watching the scene curiously.

Raina. Don't leave my mother, Louka, until the soldiers go away.

Louka glances at Raina, at the ottoman, at the curtain; then purses her lips secretly, laughs insolently, and goes out. Raina, highly offended by this demonstration, follows her to the door, and shuts it behind her with a slam, locking it violently. The man immediately steps out from behind the curtain, sheathing his sabre. Then, dismissing the danger from
his mind in a businesslike way, he comes affably to Raina.

THE MAN. A narrow shave; but a miss is as good as a mile.

Dear young lady: your servant to the death. I wish for your sake I had joined the Bulgarian army instead of the other one. I am not a native Serb.

RAINA [haughtily] No: you are one of the Austrians who set the Serbs on to rob us of our national liberty, and who officer their army for them. We hate them!

THE MAN. Austrian! not I. Don't hate me, dear young lady. I am a Swiss, fighting merely as a professional soldier. I joined the Serbs because they came first on the road from Switzerland. Be generous: you've beaten us hollow.

RAINA. Have I not been generous?

THE MAN. Noble! Heroic! But I'm not saved yet. This particular rush will soon pass through; but the pursuit will go on all night by fits and starts. I must take my chance to get off in a quiet interval. [Pleasantly] You don't mind my waiting just a minute or two, do you?

RAINA [putting on her most genteel society manner] Oh, not at all. Won't you sit down?

THE MAN. Thanks [He sits on the foot of the bed].

Raina walks with studied elegance to the ottoman and sits down. Unfortunately she sits on the pistol, and jumps up with a shriek. The man, all nerves, shies like a frightened horse to the other side of the room.

THE MAN [irritably] Don't frighten me like that. What is it?

RAINA. Your revolver! It was staring that officer in the face all the time. What an escape!

THE MAN [vexed at being unnecessarily terrified] Oh, is that all?

RAINA [staring at him rather superciliously as she conceives a poorer and poorer opinion of him, and feels proportionately more and more at her ease] I am sorry I frightened you. [She takes up the pistol and hands it to him]. Pray take it to protect yourself against me.

THE MAN [grinning wearily at the sarcasm as he takes the

in order to gain upper hand

1. to cut off intimacy

2. to insult him
pistol] No use, dear young lady: there's nothing in it. It's not loaded. [He makes a grimace at it, and drops it disparingly into his revolver case].

RAIN. Load it by all means.

THE MAN. I've no ammunition. What use are cartridges in battle? I always carry chocolate instead; and I finished the last cake of that hours ago.

RAIN [outraged in her most cherished ideals of manhood] Chocolate! Do you stuff your pockets with sweets—like a schoolboy—even in the field?

THE MAN [grinning] Yes: isn't it contemptible? [Hunggrily] I wish I had some now.

RAIN. Allow me. [She sails away scornfully to the chest of drawers, and returns with the box of confectionery in her hand]. I am sorry I have eaten them all except these. [She offers him the box].

THE MAN [ravenously] You're an angel! [He gobbles the contents]. Creams! Delicious! [He looks anxiously to see whether there are any more. There are none: he can only scrape the box with his fingers and suck them. When that nourishment is exhausted he accepts the inevitable with pathetic goodhumor, and says, with grateful emotion] Bless you, dear lady! You can always tell an old soldier by the inside of his holsters and cartridge boxes. The young ones carry pistols and cartridges: the old ones, grub. Thank you. [He hands back the box. She snatches it contemptuously from him and throws it away. He shies again, as if she had meant to strike him].

UGH! Don't do things so suddenly, gracious lady. It's mean to revenge yourself because I frightened you just now.

RAIN [ loftily] Frighten me! Do you know, sir, that though I am only a woman, I think I am at heart as brave as you.

THE MAN. I should think so. You haven't been under fire for three days as I have. I can stand two days without shewing it much; but no man can stand three days: I'm as nervous as a mouse. [He sits down on the ottoman, and takes his head in his hands]. Would you like to see me cry?
RAINAJ,[alarmed]No.

THE MAN.If you would, all you have to do is to scold me just as if I were a little boy and you my nurse. If I were in camp now, they'd play all sorts of tricks on me.

RAINAJ[a little moved] I'm sorry. I won't scold you. [Touched by the sympathy in her tone, he raises his head and looks gratefully at her: she immediately draws back and says stiffly] You must excuse me: our soldiers are not like that. [She moves away from the ottoman].

THE MAN. Oh yes they are. There are only two sorts of soldiers: old ones and young ones. I've served fourteen years: half of your fellows never smelt powder before. Why, how is it that you've just beaten us? Sheer ignorance of the art of war, nothing else. [Indignantly] I never saw anything so unprofessional.

RAINAJ[ironically] Oh! was it unprofessional to beat you?

THE MAN. Well, come! is it professional to throw a regiment of cavalry on a battery of machine guns, with the dead certainty that if the guns go off not a horse or man will ever get within fifty yards of the fire? I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw it.

RAINAJ[eagerly turning to him, as all her enthusiasm and her dreams of glory rush back on her] Did you see the great cavalry charge? Oh, tell me about it. Describe it to me.

THE MAN. You never saw a cavalry charge, did you?

RAINAJ. How could I?

THE MAN. Ah, perhaps not. No; of course not! Well, it's a funny sight. It's like slinging a handful of peas against a window pane: first one comes; then two or three close behind him; and then all the rest in a lump.

RAINAJ[her eyes dilating as she raises her clasped hands ecstatically] Yes, first One! the bravest of the brave!

THE MAN [prosaically] Hm! you should see the poor devil pulling at his horse.

RAINAJ. Why should he pull at his horse?

THE MAN [impatient of so stupid a question] It's running

in order to keep him from crying

1. to comfort him

in order to gain the upper hand

2. to challenge him

in order to hear about Sergius

3. to question him
away with him, of course: do you suppose the fellow wants
to get there before the others and be killed? Then they all
come. You can tell the young ones by their wildness and
their slashing. The old ones come bunched up under the
number one guard: they know that they're mere projectiles,
and that it's no use trying to fight. The wounds are mostly
broken knees, from the horses cannoning together.

RAINAI. Ugh! But I don't believe the first man is a coward.
I know he is a hero!

THE MAN [goodhumoredly] Thats what you'd have said if
you'd seen the first man in the charge today.

RAINAI [breathless, forgiving him everything] Ah, I knew it!
Tell me. Tell me about him.

THE MAN. He did it like an operatic terior. A regular
handsome fellow, with flashing eyes and lovely moustache,
shouting his war-cry and charging like Don Quixote at the
windmills. We did laugh.

RAINAI. You dared to laugh!

THE MAN. Yes; but when the sergeant ran up as white as
a sheet, and told us they'd sent us the wrong ammunition,
and that we couldn't fire a round for the next ten minutes,
we laughed at the other side of our mouths. I never felt so
sick in my life; though I've been in one or two very tight
places. And I hadn't even a revolver cartridge: only choco­
late. We'd no bayonets: nothing. Of course, they just cut
us to bits. And there was Don Quixote flourishing like a
drum major, thinking he'd done the cleverest thing ever
known, whereas he ought to be courtmartialed for it. Of
all the fools ever let loose on a field of battle, that man must
be the very maddest. He and his regiment simply com­
mitted suicide; only the pistol missed fire: that's all.

RAINAI [deeply wounded, but steadfastly loyal to her ideals]
Indeed! Would you know him again if you saw him?

THE MAN. Shall I ever forget him!

She again goes to the chest of drawers. He watches her with
a vague hope that she may have something more for him

2. to challenge him

3. to question him

in order to embarrass him

1. to show him picture
ARMAND THE MAN

to eat. She takes the portrait from its stand and brings it to him.

RAINA. That is a photograph of the gentleman—the patriot and hero—to whom I am betrothed.

THE MAN [recognizing it with a shock] I'm really very sorry. [Looking at her] Was it fair to lead me on? [He looks at the portrait again] Yes: that's Don Quixote: not a doubt of it. [He stifles a laugh].

RAINA [quickly] Why do you laugh?

THE MAN [apologetic, but still greatly tickled] I didn't laugh, I assure you. At least I didn't mean to. But when I think of him charging the windmills and imagining he was doing the finest thing—[He chokes with suppressed laughter].

RAINA [sternly] Give me back the portrait, sir.

THE MAN [with sincere remorse] Of course. Certainly. I'm really very sorry. [He hands her the picture. She deliberately kisses it and looks him straight in the face before returning to the chest of drawers to replace it. He follows her, apologizing]. Perhaps I'm quite wrong, you know: no doubt I am. Most likely he had got wind of the cartridge business somehow, and knew it was a safe job.

RAINA. That is to say, he was a pretender and a coward! You did not dare say that before.

THE MAN [with a comical gesture of despair] It's no use, dear lady: I can't make you see it from the professional point of view. [As he turns away to get back to the ottoman, a couple of distant shots threaten renewed trouble].

RAINA [sternly, as she sees him listening to the shots] So much the better for you!

THE MAN [turning] How?

RAINA. You are my enemy; and you are at my mercy. What would I do if I were a professional soldier?

THE MAN. Ah, true, dear young lady: you're always right. I know how good you've been to me: to my last hour I shall remember those three chocolate creams. It was unsoldierly; but it was angelic.

RAINA [coldly] Thank you. And now I will do a soldierly
thing. You cannot stay here after what you have just said about my future husband; but I will go out on the balcony and see whether it is safe for you to climb down into the street. [She turns to the window].

**THE MAN** [changing countenance] Down that waterpipe! Stop! Wait! I can't! I daren't! The very thought of it makes me giddy. I came up it fast enough with death behind me. But to face it now in cold blood—! [He sinks on the ottoman]. It's no use: I give up: I'm beaten. Give the alarm. [He drops his head on his hands in the deepest dejection].

**RAIN A** [disarmed by pity] Come: don't be disheartened. [She stoops over him almost maternally: he shakes his head]. Oh, you are a very poor soldier: a chocolate cream soldier! Come, cheer up! it takes less courage to climb down than to face capture: remember that.

**THE MAN** [dreamily, lulled by her voice] No: capture only means death; and death is sleep: oh, sleep, sleep, sleep, undisturbed sleep! Climbing down the pipe means doing something—exerting myself—thinking! Death ten times over first.

**RAIN A** [softly and wonderingly, catching the rhythm of his weariness] Are you as sleepy as that?

**THE MAN** [staggering up, roused by her desperation] Of course. I must do something. [He shakes himself; pulls himself together; and speaks with rallied vigor and courage]. You see, sleep or no sleep, hunger or no hunger, tired or not tired, you can always do a thing when you know it must be done. Well, that pipe must be got down: [he hits himself on the chest] do you hear that, you chocolate cream soldier? [He turns to the window].

**RAIN A** [anxiously] But if you fall?

**THE MAN**. I shall sleep as if the stones were a feather bed. Goodbye. [He makes boldly for the window; and his hand is
on the shutter when there is a terrible burst of firing in the street beneath).

**RAINA** [rushing to him]: Stop! [She seizes him recklessly, and pulls him quite round]. They'll kill you.

**THE MAN** [coolly, but attentively]: Never mind: this sort of thing is all in my day's work. I'm bound to take my chance. [Decisively] Now do what I tell you. Put out the candle; so that they shan't see the light when I open the shutters. And keep away from the window, whatever you do. If they see me they're sure to have a shot at me.

**RAINA** [clinging to him]: They're sure to see you: it's bright moonlight. I'll save you. Oh, how can you be so indifferent! You want me to save you, don't you?

**THE MAN**. I really don't want to be troublesome. [She shakes him in her impatience]. I am not indifferent, dear young lady, I assure you. But how is it to be done?

**RAINA**. Come away from the window. [She takes him firmly back to the middle of the room. The moment she releases him he turns mechanically towards the window again. She seizes him and turns him back, exclaiming] Please! [He becomes motionless, like a hypnotised rabbit, his fatigue gaining fast on him. She releases him, and addresses him patronisingly]. Now listen. You must trust to our hospitality. You do not yet know in whose house you are. I am a Petkoff.

**THE MAN**. A pet what?

**RAINA** [rather indignantly]: I mean that I belong to the family of the Petkoffs, the richest and best known in our country.

**THE MAN**. Oh yes, of course. I beg your pardon. The Petkoffs, to be sure. How stupid of me!

**RAINA**. You know you never heard of them until this moment. How can you stoop to pretend!

**THE MAN**. Forgive me: I'm too tired to think; and the change of subject was too much for me. Don't scold me.

**RAINA**. I forgot. It might make you cry. [He nods, quite seriously. She pouts and then resumes her patronising tone].
I must tell you that my father holds the highest command of any Bulgarian in our army. He is [proudly] a Major.

THE MAN [pretending to be deeply impressed] A Major! Bless me! Think of that!

RAINA. You shewed great ignorance in thinking that it was necessary to climb up to the balcony because ours is the only private house that has two rows of windows. There is a flight of stairs inside to get up and down by.

THE MAN. Stairs! How grand! You live in great luxury indeed, dear young lady.

RAINA. Do you know what a library is?

THE MAN. A library? A roomful of books?

RAINA. Yes. We have one, the only one in Bulgaria.

THE MAN. Actually a real library! I should like to see that.

RAINA [affectedly] I tell you these things to shew you that you are not in the house of ignorant country folk who would kill you the moment they saw your Serbian uniform, but among civilized people. We go to Bucharest every year for the opera season; and I have spent a whole month in Vienna.

THE MAN. I saw that, dear young lady. I saw at once that you knew the world.

RAINA. Have you ever seen the opera of Ernani?

THE MAN. Is that the one with the devil in it in red velvet, and a soldiers' chorus?

RAINA [contemptuously] No!

THE MAN [stifling a heavy sigh of weariness] Then I don't know it.

RAINA. I thought you might have remembered the great scene where Ernani, flying from his foes just as you are tonight, takes refuge in the castle of his bitterest enemy, an old Castilian noble. The noble refuses to give him up. His guest is sacred to him.

THE MAN [quickly, waking up a little] Have your people got that notion?

RAINA [with dignity] My mother and I can understand
that notion, as you call it. And if instead of threatening me with your pistol as you did you had simply thrown yourself as a fugitive on our hospitality, you would have been as safe as in your father's house.

THE MAN. Quite sure?

RAINA [turning her back on him in disgust] Oh, it is useless to try to make you understand.

THE MAN. Don't be angry; you see how awkward it would be for me if there was any mistake. My father is a very hospitable man: he keeps six hotels; but I couldn't trust him as far as that. What about your father?

RAINA. He is away at Slivnitza fighting for his country. I answer for your safety. There is my hand in pledge of it. Will that reassure you? [She offers him her hand].

THE MAN [looking dubiously at his own hand] Better not touch my hand, dear young lady. I must have a wash first.

RAINA [touched] That is very nice of you. I see that you are a gentleman.

THE MAN [puzzled] Eh?

RAINA. You must not think I am surprised. Bulgarians of really good standing—people in our position—wash their hands nearly every day. So you see I can appreciate your delicacy. You may take my hand. [She offers it again].

THE MAN [kissing it with his hands behind his back] Thanks, gracious young lady: I feel safe at last. And now would you mind breaking the news to your mother? I had better not stay here secretly longer than is necessary.

RAINA. If you will be so good as to keep perfectly still whilst I am away.

THE MAN. Certainly. [He sits down on the ottoman].

Raina goes to the bed and wraps herself in the fur cloak. His eyes close. She goes to the door. Turning for a last look at him, she sees that he is dropping off to sleep.

RAINA [at the door] You are not going asleep, are you? [He murmurs inarticulately: she runs to him and shakes him]. Do you hear? Wake up: you are falling asleep.
ARMS AND THE MAN

THE MAN. Eh? Falling asleep—? Oh no; not the least in the world: I was only thinking. It's all right: I'm wide awake.

RAINAHseverely] Will you please stand up while I am away. [He rises reluctantly]. All the time, mind.

THE MAN [standing unsteadily] Certainly. Certainly: you may depend on me.

Raina looks doubtfully at him. He smiles weakly. She goes reluctantly, turning again at the door, and almost catching him in the act of yawning. She goes out.

THE MAN [drowsily] Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep—[The words trail off into a murmur. He wakes again with a shock on the point of falling}. Where am I? That's what I want to know: where am I? Must keep awake. Nothing keeps me awake except danger: remember that: [intently] danger, danger, danger, dan—[trailing off again: another shock] Where's danger? Must find it. [He starts off vaguely round the room in search of it]. What am I looking for? Sleep—danger—don't know. [He stumbles against the bed]. Ah yes: now I know. All right now. I'm to go to bed, but not to sleep. Be sure not to sleep, because of danger. Not to lie down either, only sit down. [He sits on the bed. A blissful expression comes into his face]. Ah! [With a happy sigh he sinks back at full length; lifts his boots into the bed with a final effort; and falls fast asleep instantly].

Catherine comes in, followed by Raina.

RAINAHlooking at the ottoman] He's gone! I left him here.
CATHERINE In order to remain proper.
1. to make him stand

RAINAHseeing him] Oh! [She points].
CATHERINE [scandalized] Well! [She strides to the bed, Raina following until she is opposite her on the other side].
He's fast asleep. The brute!

RAINAHanxiously] Shl

CATHERINE [shaking him] Sir! [Shaking him again, harder]
Sirl! [Vehemently, shaking very hard] Sirl!
RAINAs [catching her arm] Don't, mamma; the poor darling is worn out. Let him sleep.

CATHERINE [letting him go, and turning amazed to Raina] The poor darling! Raina! [She looks sternly at her daughter]. The man sleeps profoundly.
ACT II

The sixth of March, 1886. In the garden of Major Peikoff's house. It is a fine spring morning; the garden looks fresh and pretty. Beyond the paling the tops of a couple of minarets can be seen, showing that there is a valley there, with the little town in it. A few miles further the Balkan mountains rise and shut in the landscape. Looking towards them from within the garden, the side of the house is seen on the left, with a garden door reached by a little flight of steps. On the right the stable yard, with its gateway, encroaches on the garden. There are fruit bushes along the paling and house, covered with washing spread out to dry. A path runs by the house, and rises by two steps at the corner, where it turns out of sight. In the middle, a small table, with two bent wood chairs at it, is laid for breakfast with Turkish coffee, pot, cups, rolls, etc.; but the cups have been used and the bread broken. There is a wooden garden seat against the wall on the right.

Louka, smoking a cigarette, is standing between the table and the house, turning her back with angry disdain on a man servant who is lecturing her. He is a middle-aged man of cool temperament and low but sleek and keen intelligence, with the complacency of the servant who values himself on his rank in servitude, and the imperturbability of the accurate calculator who has no illusions. He wears a white Bulgarian costume: jacket with embroidered border, sash, wide knickerbockers, and decorated gaiters. His head is shaved up to the crown, giving him a high Japanese forehead. His name is Nicola.

NICOLA. Be warned in time, Louka: mend your manners. I know the mistress. She is so grand that she never dreams that any servant could dare be disrespectful to her; but if she once suspects that you are defying her, out you go.

LOUKA. I do defy her. I will defy her. What do I care for her?

NICOLA. If you quarrel with the family, I never can marry you. It's the same as if you quarrelled with me!
LOUKA. You take her part against me, do you?

NICOLA [sedately] I shall always be dependent on the good will of the family. When I leave their service and start a shop in Sofia, their custom will be half my capital: their bad word would ruin me.

LOUKA. You have no spirit. I should like to catch them saying a word against me!

NICOLA [pityingly] I should have expected more sense from you, Louka. But you're young: you're young!

LOUKA. Yes; and you like me the better for it, don't you? But I know some family secrets they wouldn't care to have told, young as I am. Let them quarrel with me if they dare!

NICOLA [with compassionate superiority] Do you know what they would do if they heard you talk like that?

LOUKA. What could they do?

NICOLA. Discharge you for untruthfulness. Who would believe any stories you told after that? Who would give you another situation? Who in this house would dare be seen speaking to you ever again? How long would your father be left on his little farm? [She impatiently throws away the end of her cigarette, and stamps on it]. Child: you don't know the power such high people have over the like of you and me when we try to rise out of our poverty against them. [He goes close to her and lowers his voice]. Look at me, ten years in their service. Do you think I know no secrets? I know things about the mistress that she wouldn't have the master know for a thousand levas. I know things about him that she wouldn't let him hear the last of for six months if I blabbed them to her. I know things about Raina that would break off her match with Sergius if—

LOUKA [turning on him quickly] How do you know? I never told you!

NICOLA [opening his eyes cunningly] So that's your little secret, is it? I thought it might be something like that. Well, you take my advice and be respectful; and make the
mistress feel that no matter what you know or don't know, she can depend on you to hold your tongue and serve the family faithfully. That's what they like; and that's how you'll make most out of them.

LOUKA [with searching scorn] You have the soul of a servant, Nicola.

NICOLA [complacently] Yes: that's the secret of success in service.

A loud knocking with a whip handle on a wooden door is heard from the stable yard.

MALE VOICE OUTSIDE. Hollo! Hollo there! Nicola!

LOUKA. Master! back from the war!

NICOLA [quickly] My word for it, Louka, the war's over. Off with you and get some fresh coffee. [He runs out into the stable yard].

LOUKA [as she collects the coffee pot and cups on the tray, and carries it into the house] You'll never put the soul of a servant into me.

Major Petkoff comes from the stable yard, followed by Nicola. He is a cheerful, excitable, insignificant, unpolished man of about 50, naturally unambitious except as to his income and his importance in local society, but just now greatly pleased with the military rank which the war has thrust on him as a man of consequence in his town. The fever of plucky patriotism which the Serbian attack roused in all the Bulgarians has pulled him through the war; but he is obviously glad to be home again.

PETKOFF [pointing to the table with his whip] Breakfast out here, eh?

NICOLA. Yes, sir. The mistress and Miss Raina have just gone in.

PETKOFF [sitting down and taking a roll] Go in and say I've come; and get me some fresh coffee.

NICOLA. It's coming, sir. [He goes to the house door. Louka, with fresh coffee, a clean cup, and a brandy bottle on her tray, meets him]. Have you told the mistress?
LOUKA. Yes: she's coming.
Nicola goes into the house. Louka brings the coffee to the table.

PETKOFF. Well: the Serbs haven't run away with you, have they?

LOUKA. No, sir.

PETKOFF. That's right. Have you brought me some cognac?

LOUKA. Here, sir.

PETKOFF. That's right. [He pours some into his coffee].

Catherine, who, having at this early hour made only a very perfunctory toilet, wears a Bulgarian apron over a once brilliant but now half worn-out dressing gown, and a colored handkerchief tied over her thick black hair, comes from the house with Turkish slippers on her bare feet, looking astonishingly handsome and stately under all the circumstances. Louka goes into the house.

CATHERINE. My dear Paul: what a surprise for us! [She stoops over the back of his chair to kiss him]. Have they brought you fresh coffee?

PETKOFF. Yes: Louka's been looking after me. The war's over. The treaty was signed three days ago at Bucharest; and the decree for our army to demobilize was issued yesterday.

CATHERINE. [springing erect, with flashing eyes] Paul: have you let the Austrians force you to make peace?

PETKOFF. [submissively] My dear: they didn't consult me. What could I do? [She sits down and turns away from him]

CATHERINE. [outraged] Peace!—but not friendly relations: remember that. They wanted to put that in; but I insisted on its being struck out. What more could I do?

CATHERINE. You could have annexed Serbia and made Prince Alexander Emperor of the Balkans. That's what I would have done.

PETKOFF. I don't doubt it in the least, my dear. But I
should have had to subdue the whole Austrian Empire first; and that would have kept me too long away from you. I missed you greatly.

CATHERINE [relenting] Ah! [She stretches her hand affectionately across the table to squeeze his].

PETKOFF. And how have you been, my dear?

CATHERINE. Oh, my usual sore throats: that's all.

PETKOFF [with conviction] That comes from washing your neck every day. I've often told you so.

CATHERINE. Nonsense, Paul.

PETKOFF [over his coffee and cigarette] I don't believe in going too far with these modern customs. All this washing can't be good for the health: it's not natural. There was an Englishman at Philippopolis who used to wet himself all over with cold water every morning when he got up. Disgusting! It all comes from the English: their climate makes them so dirty that they have to be perpetually washing themselves. Look at my father! he never had a bath in his life; and he lived to be ninety-eight, the healthiest man in Bulgaria. I don't mind a good wash once a week to keep up my position; but once a day is carrying the thing to a ridiculous extreme.

CATHERINE. You are a barbarian at heart still, Paul. I hope you behaved yourself before all those Russian officers.

PETKOFF. I did my best. I took care to let them know that we have a library.

CATHERINE. Ah; but you didn't tell them that we have an electric bell in it? I have had one put up.

PETKOFF. What's an electric bell?

CATHERINE. You touch a button; something tinkles in the kitchen; and then Nicola comes up.

PETKOFF. Why not shout for him?

CATHERINE. Civilized people never shout for their servants. I've learnt that while you were away.

PETKOFF. Well, I'll tell you something I've learnt too. Civilized people don't hang out their washing to dry where
visitors can see it; so you'd better have all that [indicating the
clothes on the bushes] put somewhere else.

Catherine. Oh, that's absurd, Paul; I don't believe really
refined people notice such things.

Sergius [knocking at the stable gates] Gate, Nicola!

Petrhoff. Theres Sergius. [Shouting] Hollo, Nicola!

Catherine. Oh, don't shout, Paul; it really isn't nice.

Petrhoff. Bosh! [He shouts louder than before] Nicola!

Nicola [appearing at the house door] Yes, sir.

Petrhoff. Are you deaf? Don't you hear Major Saranoff
knocking? Bring him round this way. [He pronounces the
name with the stress on the second syllable: Sarahnoff].

Nicola. Yes, Major. [He goes into the stable yard]

Petrhoff. You must talk to him, my dear, until Raina
takes him off our hands. He bores my life out about our not
promoting him. Over my head, if you please.

Catherine. He certainly ought to be promoted when he
marries Raina. Besides, the country should insist on having
at least one native general.

Petrhoff. Yes; so that he could throw away whole bri-
gades instead of regiments. It's no use, my dear: he hasn't
the slightest chance of promotion until we're quite sure that
the peace will be a lasting one.

Nicola. [at the gate, announcing] Major Sergius Saranoff!
[He goes into the house and returns presently with a third chair,
which he places at the table. He then withdraws].

Major Sergius Saranoff; the original of the portrait in Raina's
room, is a tall romantically handsome man, with the physical
hardihood, the high spirit, and the susceptible imagination of an
untamed mountaineer chieftain. But his remarkable personal
distinction is of a characteristically civilized type. The ridges of
his eyebrows, curving with an interrogative twist round the
projections at the outer corners; his jealously observant eye; his
nose, thin, keen, and apprehensive in spite of the pugnacious
high bridge and large nostril; his assertive chin would not be
out of place in a Parisian salon, shewing that the clever imagi-
native barbarian has an acute critical faculty which has been thrown into intense activity by the arrival of western civilization in the Balkans. The result is precisely what the advent of nineteenth century thought first produced in England: to wit, Byronism. By his brooding on the perpetual failure, not only of others, but of himself, to live up to his ideals; by his consequent cynical scorn for humanity; by his jejune credulity as to the absolute validity of his concepts and the unworthiness of the world in disregarding them; by his wincings and mockeries under the sting of the petty disillusionments which every hour spent among men brings to his sensitive observation, he has acquired the half tragic, half ironic air, the mysterious moodiness, the suggestion of a strange and terrible history that has left nothing but undying remorse, by which Childe Harold fascinated the grandmothers of his English contemporaries. It is clear that here or nowhere is Raina's ideal hero. Catherine is hardly less enthusiastic about him than her daughter, and much less reserved in shewing her enthusiasm. As he enters from the stable gate, she rises effusively to greet him. Petkoff is distinctly less disposed to make a fuss about him.

PETKOFF. Here already, Sergius! Glad to see you.
CATHERINE. My dear Sergius! [She holds out both her hands].
SERGIUS [kissing them with scrupulous gallantry] My dear mother, if I may call you so.
PETKOFF [drily] Mother-in-law, Sergius: mother-in-law! Sit down; and have some coffee.
SERGIUS. Thank you: none for me. [He gets away from the table with a certain distaste for Petkoff's enjoyment of it, and posts himself with conscious dignity against the rail of the steps leading to the house].

CATHERINE. You look superb. The campaign has improved you, Sergius. Everybody here is mad about you. We were all wild with enthusiasm about that magnificent cavalry charge.
SERGIUS [with grave irony] Madam: it was the cradle and the grave of my military reputation.
ARMs AND THE MAN

catherine: How so?

sergius. I won the battle the wrong way when our worthy Russian generals were losing it the right way. In short, I upset their plans, and wounded their self-esteem. Two Cossack colonels had their regiments routed on the most correct principles of scientific warfare. Two major-generals got killed strictly according to military etiquette. The two colonels are now major-generals; and I am still a simple major.

catherine. You shall not remain so, Sergi us. The women are on your side; and they will see that justice is done you.

sergius. It is too late. I have only waited for the peace to send in my resignation.

petkoff [dropping his cup in his amazement] Your resignation!

catherine. Oh, you must withdraw it!

sergius [with resolute measured emphasis, folding his arms] I never withdraw.

petkoff [vexed] Now who could have supposed you were going to do such a thing?

sergius [with fire] Everyone that knew me. But enough of myself and my affairs. How is Raina; and where is Raina?

raina [suddenly coming round the corner of the house and standing at the top of the steps in the path] Raina is here.

She makes a charming picture as they turn to look at her. She wears an underdress of pale green silk, draped with an overdress of thin ecru canvas embroidered with gold. She is crowned with a dainty eastern cap of gold tinsel. Sergius goes impulsively to meet her. Posing regally, she presents her hand: he drops chivalrously on one knee and kisses it.

petkoff [aside to Catherine, beaming with parental pride] Pretty, isn't it? She always appears at the right moment.

catherine [impatiently] Yes; she listens for it. It is an abominable habit.

Sergius leads Raina forward with splendid gallantry. When they arrive at the table, she turns to him with a bend of the head:

in order to impress Sergius

1. to make an entrance
he bows; and thus they separate, he coming to his place and she going behind her father's chair.

RAINA [stooping and kissing her father] Dear father! Welcome home!

PETROFF [patting her cheek] My little pet girl. [He kisses her. She goes to the chair left by Nicola for Sergius, and sits down].

CATHERINE. And so you're no longer a soldier, Sergius.

SERGIUS. I am no longer a soldier. Soldiering, my dear madam, is the coward's art of attacking mercilessly when you are strong; and keeping out of harm's way when you are weak. That is the whole secret of successful fighting. Get your enemy at a disadvantage; and never, on any account, fight him on equal terms.

PETROFF. They wouldn't let us make a fair stand-up fight of it. However, I suppose soldiering has to be a trade like any other trade.

SERGIUS. Precisely. But I have no ambition to shine as a tradesman; so I have taken the advice of that bagman of a captain that settled the exchange of prisoners with us at Piroet, and given it up.

PETROFF. What! that Swiss fellow? Sergius: I've often thought of that exchange since. He over-reached us about those horses.

SERGIUS. Of course he over-reached us. His father was a hotel and livery stable keeper; and he owed his first step to his knowledge of horse-dealing. [With mock enthusiasm] Ah, he was a soldier: every inch a soldier! If only I had bought the horses for my regiment instead of foolishly leading it into danger, I should have been a field-marshal now!

CATHERINE. A Swiss? What was he doing in the Serbian army?

PETROFF. A volunteer, of course: keen on picking up his profession. [Chucking] We shouldn't have been able to begin fighting if these foreigners hadn't shown us how to do it: we knew nothing about it; and neither did the Serbs. Egad, there'd have been no war without them!
RAINA. Are there many Swiss officers in the Serbian Army?

PETKOFF. No. All Austrians, just as our officers were all Russians. This was the only Swiss I came across. I'll never trust a Swiss again. He humbugged us into giving him fifty able-bodied men for two hundred worn out chargers. They weren't even eatable!

SERGIUS. We were two children in the hands of that consummate soldier, Major: simply two innocent little children.

RAINA. What was he like?

CATHERINE. Oh, Raina, what a silly question!

SERGIUS. He was like a commercial traveller in uniform. Bourgeois to his boots!

PETKOFF [grinning] Sergius; tell Catherine that queer story his friend told us about how he escaped after Slivnitzza. You remember. About his being hid by two women.

SERGIUS [with bitter irony] Oh yes: quite a romance! He was serving in the very battery I so unprofessionally charged. Being a thorough soldier, he ran away like the rest of them, with our cavalry at his heels. To escape their sabres he climbed a waterpipe and made his way into the bedroom of a young Bulgarian lady. The young lady was enchanted by his persuasive commercial traveller's manners. She very modestly entertained him for an hour or so, and then called in her mother lest her conduct should appear unmaidenly. The old lady was equally fascinated; and the fugitive was sent on his way in the morning, disguised in an old coat belonging to the master of the house, who was away at the war.

RAINA [rising with marked stateliness] Your life in the camp has made you coarse, Sergius. I did not think you would have repeated such a story before me. [She turns away coldly].

CATHERINE [also rising] She is right, Sergius. If such women exist, we should be spared the knowledge of them.

PETKOFF. Pooh! nonsense! what does it matter?

SERGIUS [ashamed] No, Petkoff: I was wrong. [To Raina,
I beg your pardon. I have behaved abominably. Forgive me, Raina. [She bows reservedly]. And you too, madam. [Catherine bows gravely and sits down. He proceeds solemnly, again addressing Raina] The glimpses I have had of the seamy side of life during the last few months have made me cynical; but I should not have brought my cynicism here: least of all into your presence, Raina. I— [Here, turning to the others, he is evidently going to begin a long speech when the Major interrupts him].

PETKOFF. Stuff and nonsense, Sergius! That's quite enough fuss about nothing: a soldier's daughter should be able to stand up without flinching to a little strong conversation. [He rises]. Come; it's time for us to get to business. We have to make up our minds how those three regiments are to get back to Philippolis: there's no forage for them on the Sofia route. [He goes towards the house]. Come along. [Sergius is about to follow him when Catherine rises and intervenes].

CATHERINE. Oh, Paul, can't you spare Sergius for a few moments? Raina has hardly seen him yet. Perhaps I can help you to settle about the regiments.

Sergius [protesting] My dear madam, impossible: you—
CATHERINE [stopping him playfully] You stay here, my dear Sergius: there's no hurry. I have a word or two to say to Paul. [Sergius instantly bows and steps back]. Now, dear [taking Petkoff's arm]: come and see the electric bell.

PETKOFF. Oh, very well, very well.

They go into the house together affectionately. Sergius, left alone with Raina, looks anxiously at her, fearing that she is still offended. She smiles, and stretches out her arms to him.

Sergius [hastening to her] Am I forgiven?

RAINa. [placing his hands on her shoulders and looking up at him with admiration and worship] My hero! My king!

Sergius. My queen! [He kisses her on the forehead].

RAINa. How I have envied you, Sergius! You have been out in the world, on the field of battle, able to prove yourself there worthy of any woman in the world; whilst I have had
to sit at home inactive—dreaming—useless—doing nothing
that could give me the right to call myself worthy of any man.

SERGIUS. Dearest: all my deeds have been yours. You in-
spired me. I have gone through the war like a knight in a
tournament with his lady looking down at him!

RAINIA. And you have never been absent from my thoughts
for a moment. [Very solemnly] Sergius: I think we two have
found the higher love. When I think of you, I feel that I
could never do a base deed, or think an ignoble thought.

SERGIUS. My lady and my saint! [He clasps her reverently].

RAINIA. [returning his embrace] My lord and my—

SERGIUS. Sh-sh! Let me be the worshipper, clear. You
little know how unworthy even the best man is of a girl's
pure passion!

RAINIA. I trust you. I love you. You will never disappoint
me, Sergius. [Louka is heard singing within the house. They
quickly release each other]. I cant pretend to talk indifferently
before her: my heart is too full. [Louka comes from the house
with her tray. She goes to the table, and begins to clear it, with
her back turned to them]. I will get my hat; and then we can
go out until lunch time. Wouldnt you like that?

SERGIUS. Be quick. If you are away five minutes;

RAINIA runs to the top of the steps, and turns
there to exchange looks with him and wave him a kiss with both
hands. He looks after her with emotion for a moment; then
turns slowly away, his face radiant with the loftiest exaltation.
The movement shifts his field of vision, into the corner of which
there now comes the tail of Louka's double apron. His attention
is arrested at once. He takes a stealthy look at her, and begins to
twirl his moustache mischiefously, with his left hand akimbo
on his hip. Finally, striking the ground with his heels in some-
thing of a cavalry swagger, he strolls over to the other side of the
table, opposite her, and says] Louka: do you know what the
higher love is?

LOUKA [astonished] No, sir.

SERGIUS. Very fatiguing thing to keep up for any length
of time, Louka. One feels the need of some relief after it.

LOUKA [innocently] Perhaps you would like some coffee, sir? [She stretches her hand across the table for the coffee pot].

SERGIUS [taking her hand] Thank you, Louka.

LOUKA [pretending to pull] Oh, sir, you know I didn't mean that. I'm surprised at you.

SERGIUS [coming clear of the table and drawing her with him] I am surprised at myself, Louka. What would Sergius, the hero of Slivnitza, say if he saw me now? What would Sergius, the apostle of the higher love, say if he saw me now? What would the half dozen Sergiuses who keep popping in and out of this handsome figure of mine say if they caught us here? [Letting go her hand and slipping his dexterously round her waist] Do you consider my figure handsome, Louka?

LOUKA. Let me go, sir. I shall be disgraced. [She struggles: he holds her inexorably]. Oh, will you let go?

SERGIUS [looking straight into her eyes] No.

LOUKA. Then stand back where we can't be seen. Have you no common sense?

SERGIUS. Ah! that's reasonable. [He takes her into the stable yard gateway, where they are hidden from the house].

LOUKA [plaintively] I may have been seen from the windows: Miss Raina is sure to be spying about after you.

SERGIUS [stung: letting her go] Take care, Louka. I may be worthless enough to betray the higher love; but do not you insult it.

LOUKA [demurely] Not for the world, sir, I'm sure. May I go on with my work, please, now?

SERGIUS [again putting his arm round her] You are a provoking little witch, Louka. If you were in love with me, would you spy out of windows on me?

LOUKA. Well, you see, sir, since you say you are half a dozen different gentlemen all at once, I should have a great deal to look after.

SERGIUS [charmed] Witty as well as pretty. [He tries to kiss her].
LOUKA [avoiding him] No: I don't want your kisses. Gentlemen are all alike: you making love to me behind Miss Raina's back; and she doing the same behind yours.

SERGIUS [recoiling a step] Louka!

LOUKA. It shews how little you really care.

SERGIUS [dropping his familiarity, and speaking with freezing politeness] If our conversation is to continue, Louka, you will please remember that a gentleman does not discuss the conduct of the lady he is engaged to with her maid.

LOUKA. It's so hard to know what a gentleman considers right. I thought from your trying to kiss me that you had given up being so particular.

SERGIUS [turning from her and striking his forehead as he comes back into the garden from the gateway] Devil! devil!

LOUKA. Hal hal! I expect one of the six of you is very like me, sir; though I am only Miss Raina's maid. [She goes back to her work at the table, taking no further notice of him].

SERGIUS [speaking to himself] Which of the six is the real man? That's the question that torments me. One of them is a hero, another a buffoon, another a humbug, another perhaps a bit of a blackguard. [He pauses, and looks furtively at Louka as he adds, with deep bitterness] And one, at least, is a coward: jealous, like all cowards. [He goes to the table]. Louka.

LOUKA. Yes?

SERGIUS. Who is my rival?

LOUKA. You shall never get that out of me, for love or money.

SERGIUS. Why?

LOUKA. Never mind why. Besides, you would tell that I told you; and I should lose my place.

SERGIUS [holding out his right hand in affirmation] No! on the honor of a—[He checks himself, and his hand drops, nervously, as he concludes sardonically]—of a man capable of behaving as I have been behaving for the last five minutes. Who is he?

LOUKA. I don't know. I never saw him. I only heard his voice through the door of her room.
A R M S A N D T H E M A N

Sergius. Damnation! How dare you?

Louka [retreating] Oh, I mean no harm: you've no right to take up my words like that. The mistress knows all about it. And I tell you that if that gentleman ever comes here again, Miss Raina will marry him, whether he likes it or not. I know the difference between the sort of manner you and she put on before one another and the real manner.

Sergius shivers as if she had stabbed him. Then, setting his face like iron, he strides grimly to her, and grips her above the elbows with both hands.

Sergius. Now listen you to me.

Louka [wincing] Not so tight: you're hurting me.

Sergius. That doesn't matter. You have stained my honor by making me a party to your eavesdropping. And you have betrayed your mistress.

Louka [writhing] Please—

Sergius. That shews that you are an abominable little clod of common clay, with the soul of a servant. [He lets her go as if she were an unclean thing, and turns away, dusting his hands of her, to the bench by the wall, where he sits down with averted head, meditating gloomily].

Louka [whispering angrily with her hands up her sleeves, feeling her bruised arms] You know how to hurt with your tongue as well as with your hands. But I don't care, now I've found out that whatever clay I'm made of, you're made of the same. As for her, she's a liar; and her fine airs are a cheat; and I'm worth six of her. [She shakes the pain off hardly; tosses her head; and sets to work to put the things on the tray].

He looks doubtfully at her. She finishes packing the tray, and laps the cloth over the edges, so as to carry all out together. As she stoops to lift it, he rises.

Sergius. Louka! [She stops and looks defiantly at him]. A gentleman has no right to hurt a woman under any circumstances. [With profound humility, uncovering his head] I beg your pardon.
LOUKA. That sort of apology may satisfy a lady. Of what use is it to a servant?

SBRGIUS [rudely crossed in his chivalry, throws it off with a bitter laugh, and says slightly] Oh! you wish to be paid for the hurt! [He puts on his shako, and takes some money from his pocket].

LOUKA [her eyes filling with tears in spite of herself] No: I want my hurt made well.

SBRGIUS [sobered by her tone] How?

She rolls up her left sleeve; clasps her arm with the thumb and fingers of her right hand; and looks down at the bruise. Then she raises her head and looks straight at him. Finally, with a superb gesture, she presents her arm to be kissed. Amazed, he looks at her; at her arm; at her again; hesitates; and then, with shuddering intensity, exclaims Never! and gets away as far as possible from her.

Her arm drops. Without a word, and with unaffected dignity, she takes her tray, and is approaching the house when Raina returns, wearing a hat and jacket in the height of the Vienna fashion of the previous year, 1885. Louka makes way proudly for her, and then goes into the house.

RAINA. I'm ready. What's the matter? [Gaily] Have you been fighting with Louka?

SBRGIUS [hastily] No, no. How can you think such a thing?

RAINA [ashamed of herself] Forgive me, dear: it was only a jest. I am so happy today.

He runs quickly to her, and kisses her hand remorsefully.

GATHERING comes out and calls to them from the top of the steps.

CATHERINE [coming down to them] I am sorry to disturb you, children; but Paul is distracted over those three regiments. He doesn't know how to send them to Philippopolis; and he objects to every suggestion of mine. You must go and help him, Sergius. He is in the library.

RAINA [disappointed] But we are just going out for a walk.

SBRGIUS. I shall not be long. Wait for me just five minutes. [He runs up the steps to the door].

in order to find out about Sergius and Louka
1. to tease
2. to protest

in order to resume ideal relationship
1. to apologise
ARMS AND THE MAN

RAINA [following him to the foot of the steps and looking up at him with timid coquetry] I shall go round and wait in full view of the library windows. Be sure you draw father's attention to me. If you are a moment longer than five minutes, I shall go in and fetch you, regiments or no regiments.

SERGIUS [laughing] Very well. [He goes in].

Raina watches him until he is out of her sight. Then, with a perceptible relaxation of manner, she begins to pace up and down the garden in a brown study.

CATHERINE. Imagine their meeting that Swiss and hearing the whole story! The very first thing your father asked for was the old coat we sent him off in. A nice mess you have got us into!

RAINA [gazing thoughtfully at the gravel as she walks] The little beast!

CATHERINE. Little beast! What little beast?

RAINA. To go and tell! Oh, if I had him here, I'd cram him with chocolate creams til he couldn't ever speak again!

CATHERINE. Don't talk such stuff. Tell me the truth, Raina. How long was he in your room before you came to me?

RAINA [whisking round and recommencing her march in the opposite direction] Oh, I forget.

CATHERINE. You cannot forget! Did he really climb up after the soldiers were gone; or was he there when that officer searched the room?

RAINA. No. Yes: I think he must have been there then.

CATHERINE. You think! Oh, Raina! Raina! Will anything ever make you straightforward? If Sergius finds out, it will be all over between you.

RAINA [with cool impertinence] Oh, I know Sergius is your pet. I sometimes wish you could marry him instead of me. You would just suit him. You would pet him, and spoil him, and mother him to perfection.

CATHERINE [opening her eyes very widely indeed] Well, upon my word!

3. to tell plan

in order to get even

1. to insult Bluntschli

in order to assert independence

1. to defy mother
RAINA [capriciously: half to herself] I always feel a longing to do or say something dreadful to him—to shock his propriety—to scandalize the five senses out of him. [To Catherine, perversely] I dont care whether he finds out about the chocolate cream soldier or not. I half hope he may. [She again turns and strolls flippantly away up the path to the corner of the house].

CATHERINE. And what should I be able to say to your father, pray?

RAINA [over her shoulder, from the top of the two steps] Oh, poor father! As if he could help himself! [She turns the corner and passes out of sight].

CATHERINE [looking after her, her fingers itching] Oh, if you were only ten years younger! [Louka comes from the house with a salver, which she carries hanging down by her side]. Well?

LOUKA. Theres a gentleman just called, madam. A Serbian officer.

CATHERINE [flaming] A Serb! And how dare he—[checking herself bitterly] Oh, I forgot. We are at peace now. I suppose we shall have them calling every day to pay their compliments. Well: if he is an officer why dont you tell your master? He is in the library with Major Saranoff. Why do you come to me?

LOUKA. But he asks for you, madam. And I dont think he knows who you are: he said the lady of the house. He gave me this little ticket for you. [She takes a card out of her bosom; puts it on the salver; and offers it to Catherine].

CATHERINE [reading] "Captain Bluntschli"? Thats a German name.

LOUKA. Swiss, madam, I think.

CATHERINE [with a bound that makes Louka jump back] Swiss! What is he like?

LOUKA [timidly] He has a big carpet bag, madam.

CATHERINE. Oh Heavens! he's come to return the coat. Send him away: say we're not at home: ask him to leave his
address and I'll write to him. Oh stop: that will never do.

Wait! [She throws herself into a chair to think it out. Louka
waits]. The master and Major Saranoff are busy in the
library, aren't they?

LOUKA. Yes, madam.

CATHERINE [decisively]. Bring the gentleman out here at
once. [Peremptorily] And be very polite to him. Don't delay.
Here [impatiently snatching the salver from her]: leave that
here; and go straight back to him.

LOUKA. Yes, madam [going].

CATHERINE. Louka]

LOUKA [stopping] Yes, madam.

CATHERINE. Is the library door shut?

LOUKA. I think so, madam.

CATHERINE. If not, shut it as you pass through.

LOUKA. Yes, madam [going].

CATHERINE. Stop [Louka stops]. He will have to go that
way [indicating the gate of the stables yard]. Tell Nicola to
bring his bag here after him. Don't forget.

LOUKA [surprised]. His bag?

CATHERINE. Yes; here as soon as possible. [Vehemently] Be
quick! [Louka runs into the house. Catherine snatches her apron
off and throws it behind a bush. She then takes up the salver and
uses it as a mirror, with the result that the handkerchief tied
round her head follows the apron. A touch to her hair and a
shake to her dressing gown make her presentable]. Oh, how?
how? how can a man be such a fool! Such a moment to
select! [Louka appears at the door of the house, announcing
Captain Bluntschi. She stands aside at the top of the steps to
let him pass before she goes in again. He is the man of the mid-
night adventure in Raina's room, clean, well brushed, smartly
uniformed, and out of trouble, but still unmistakably the same
man. The moment Louka's back is turned, Catherine swoops
on him with impetuous, urgent, coaxing appeal]. Captain
Bluntschi: I am very glad to see you; but you must leave
this house at once. [He raises his eyebrows]. My husband has
d with my future son-in-law; and they know they did, the consequences would be terrible.

reigner: you do not feel our national animosities I still hate the Serbs: the effect of the peace on has been to make him feel like a lion baulked If he discovers our secret, he will never forgive 'daughter's life will hardly be safe. Will you,

valorous gentleman and soldier you are, leave at he finds you here?

[disappointed, but philosophical] At once, I. I only came to thank you and return the coat . If you will allow me to take it out of my bag with your servant as I pass out, I need detain her. [He turns to go into the house].

[catching him by the sleeve] Oh, you must not ing back that way. [Coaxing him across to the This is the shortest way out. Many thanks. So been of service to you. Good-bye.

But my bag?

It shall be sent on. You will leave me your

True. Allow me. [He takes out his cardcase, his address, keeping Catherine in an agony of As he hands her the card, Pechoff, hatless, rushes se in a fluster of hospitality, followed by Sergius].

[as he hurries down the steps] My dear Captain

Oh Heavens! [She sinks on the seat against the too preoccupied to notice her as he shakes Bluntheartily] Those stupid people of mine thought I e, instead of in the—hawl—library [he cannot library without betraying how proud he is of it]. rough the window. I was wondering why you in. Saranoff is with me: you remember him,
Sergius [saluting humorously, and then offering his hand with great charm of manner] Welcome, our friend the enemy! Petkoff. No longer the enemy, happily. [Rather anxiously] I hope you've called as a friend, and not about horses or prisoners.

Catherine. Oh, quite as a friend, Paul. I was just asking Captain Bluntschli to stay to lunch; but he declares he must go at once.

Sergius [sardonically] Impossible, Bluntschli. We want you here badly. We have to send on three cavalry regiments to Philippopolis; and we don't in the least know how to do it.

Bluntschli [suddenly attentive and businesslike] Philippopolis? The forage is the trouble, I suppose.

Petkoff [eagerly] Yes: that's it. [To Sergius] He sees the whole thing at once.

Bluntschli. I think I can shew you how to manage that.

Sergius. Invaluable man! Come along! [Towering over Bluntschli, he puts his hand on his shoulder and takes him to the steps, Petkoff following].

Raina comes from the house as Bluntschli puts his foot on the first step.

Raina. Oh! The chocolate cream soldier!

Bluntschli stands rigid. Sergius, amazed, looks at Raina, then at Petkoff, who looks back at him and then at his wife.

Catherine [with commanding presence of mind] My dear Raina, don't you see that we have a guest here? Captain Bluntschli: one of our new Serbian friends.

Raina bows: Bluntschli bows.

Raina. How silly of me! [She comes down into the centre of the group, between Bluntschli and Petkoff]. I made a beautiful ornament this morning for the ice pudding; and that stupid Nicola has just put down a pile of plates on it and spoilt it. [To Bluntschli, winningly] I hope you didn't think that you were the chocolate cream soldier, Captain Bluntschli.

Bluntschli [laughing] I assure you I did. [Stealing a whimsical glance at her] Your explanation was a relief.
PETKOFF [Suspiciously, to Raina] And since when, pray, have you taken to cooking?

CATHERINE. Oh, whilst you were away. It is her latest fancy.

PETKOFF [testily] And has Nicola taken to drinking? He used to be careful enough. First he shows Captain Bluntschli out here when he knew quite well I was in the library; and then he goes downstairs and breaks Raina's chocolate soldier. He must—[Nicola appears at the top of the steps with the bag. He descends; places it respectfully before Bluntschli; and waits for further orders. General amusement. Nicola, unconscious of the effect he is producing, looks perfectly satisfied with himself. When Petkoff recovers his power of speech, he breaks out at him with] Are you mad, Nicola?

NICOLA [taken aback] Sir?

PETKOFF. What have you brought that for?

NICOLA. My lady's orders, major. Louka told me that—

CATHERINE [interrupting him] My orders! Why should I order you to bring Captain Bluntschli's luggage out here? What are you thinking of, Nicola?

NICOLA [after a moment's bewilderment, picking up the bag as he addresses Bluntschli with the very perfection of servile discretion] I beg your pardon, captain, I am sure. [To Catherine] My fault, madame: I hope you'll overlook it. [He bows, and is going to the steps with the bag, when Petkoff addresses him angrily].

PETKOFF. You'd better go and slam that bag, too, down on Miss Raina's ice pudding! [This is too much for Nicola. The bag drops from his hand almost on his master's toes, eliciting a roar of] Begone, you butter-fingered donkey.

NICOLA [snatching up the bag, and escaping into the house] Yes, Major.

CATHERINE. Oh, never mind. Paul; don't be angry.

PETKOFF [blustering] Scoundrel! He's got out of hand while I was away. I'll teach him. Infernal blackguard! The sack next Saturday! I'll clear out the whole establishment—
ARMS AND THE MAN

is stifled by the caresses of his wife and daughter, who hang
and his neck, petting him].

[aside together] Now, now, now, it mustnt be

angry. He meant no harm. Be good to

please me, dear. Sh-sh-sh-sh!

first day at home. I'll make another ice

pudding. Tch-ch-ch!

[yielding] Oh well, never mind. Come, Bluntschli:

I have no more nonsense about going away. You know

well you're not going back to Switzerland yet. Until

do go back you'll stay with us.

[aside] Oh, do, Captain Bluntschli.

[to Catherine] Now, Catherine: it's of you he's

id. Press him: and he'll stay.

[sealingly] Captain Bluntschli really wishes to stay. He

wants my wishes.

[in his driest military manner] I am at madam's

[cordially] That settles it!

[heartily] Of course!

[aside] You see you must stay.

[smiling] Well, if I must, I must.

gesture of despair from Catherine.

in order to pacify father

1. to pet father

in order to get
Bluntschli

1. to get him to stay
ACT III

In the library after lunch. It is not much of a library. Its literary equipment consists of a single fixed shelf stocked with old paper-covered novels, broken backed, coffee stained, torn and thumbed; and a couple of little hanging shelves with a few gift books on them; the rest of the wall space being occupied by trophies of war and the chase. But it is a most comfortable sitting room. A row of three large windows shows a mountain panorama, just now seen in one of its friendliest aspects in the mellowing afternoon light. In the corner next the right-hand window a square earthenware stove, a perfect tower of gleaming pottery, rises nearly to the ceiling and guarantees plenty of warmth. The ottoman is like that in Raina's room, and similarly placed; and the window seats are luxurious with decorated cushions. There is one object, however, hopelessly out of keeping with its surroundings. This is a small kitchen table, much the worse for wear, fitted as a writing table with an old canister full of pens, an eggcup filled with ink, and a deplorable scrap of heavily used pink blotting paper.

At the side of this table, which stands to the left of anyone facing the window, Bluntschli is hard at work with a couple of maps before him, writing orders. At the head of it sits Sergius, who is supposed to be also at work, but is actually gnawing the feather of a pen, and contemplating Bluntschli's quick, sure, businesslike progress with a mixture of envious irritation at his own incapacity and awe-struck wonder at an ability which seems to him almost miraculous, though its prosaic character forbids him to esteem it. The Major is comfortably established on the ottoman, with a newspaper in his hand and the tube of his hookah within easy reach. Catherine sits at the stove, with her back to them, embroidering. Raina, reclining on the divan, is gazing in a daydream out at the Balkan landscape, with a neglected novel in her lap.

The door is on the same side as the stove, farther from the window. The button of the electric bell is at the opposite side, behind Bluntschli.

main action Act 3:
1. to pose
2. to try to catch Bluntschli's eye

in order to attract attention
PETKOFF [looking up from his paper to watch how they are getting on at the table] Are you sure I can't help in any way, Bluntschli?

BLUNTSCHLI [without interrupting his writing or looking up] Quite sure, thank you. Saranoff and I will manage it.

SARANOFF [grimly] Yes; we'll manage it. He finds out what to do; draws up the orders; and I sign em. Division of labor! [Bluntschli passes him a paper]. Another one? Thank you. [He plants the paper squarely before him; sets his chair carefully parallel to it; and signs with his cheek on his elbow and his protruded tongue following the movements of his pen]. This hand is more accustomed to the sword than to the pen.

PETKOFF. It's very good of you, Bluntschli: it is indeed, to let yourself be put upon in this way. Now are you quite sure I can do nothing?

CATHERINE [in a low warning tone] You can stop interrupting, Paul.

PETKOFF [starting and looking round at her] Eh? Oh! Quite right. [He takes his newspaper up again, but presently lets it drop]. Ah, you haven't been campaigning, Catherine: you don't know how pleasant it is for us to sit here, after a good lunch, with nothing to do but enjoy ourselves. There's only one thing I want to make me thoroughly comfortable.

CATHERINE. What is that?

PETKOFF. My old coat. I'm not at home in this one: I feel as if I were on parade.

CATHERINE. My dear Paul, how absurd you are about that old coat! It must be hanging in the blue closet where you left it.

PETKOFF. My dear Catherine, I tell you I've looked there. Am I to believe my own eyes or not? [Catherine rises and crosses the room to press the button of the electric bell]. What are you shewing off that bell for? [She looks at him majestically, and silently resumes her chair and her needlework]. My dear: if you think the obstinacy of your sex can make a coat out of two old dressing gowns of Raina's, your waterproof,
and my mackintosh, you're mistaken. That's exactly what the blue closet contains at present.

_Nicola presents himself._

CATHERINE. Nicola: go to the blue closet and bring your master's old coat here: the braided one he wears in the house.

NICOLA. Yes, madame. [He goes out].

PETKOFF. Catherine.

CATHERINE. Yes, Paul.

PETKOFF. I bet you any piece of jewellery you like to order from Sofia against a week's housekeeping money that the coat isn't there.

CATHERINE. Done, Paul.

PETKOFF [excited by the prospect of a gamble] Come: here's an opportunity for some sport. Wholl bet on it? Bluntschli: I'll give you six to one.

BLUNTSCHLI [imperturbably] It would be robbing you, Major. Madame is sure to be right. [Without looking up, he passes another batch of papers to Sergius].

SERGIUS [also excited] Bravo, Switzerland! Major: I bet my best charger against an Arab mare for Raina that Nicola finds the coat in the blue closet.

PETKOFF [eagerly] Your best char—

CATHERINE [hastily interrupting him] Don't be foolish, Paul. An Arabian mare will cost you 50,000 levas.

RAINA [suddenly coming out of her picturesque reverie] Really, mother, if you are going to take the jewellery, I don't see why you should grudge me my Arab.

Nicola comes back with the coat, and brings it to Petkoff, who can hardly believe his eyes.

CATHERINE. Where was it, Nicola?

NICOLA. Hanging in the blue closet, madame.

PETKOFF. Well, I am d—

CATHERINE [stopping him] Paul!

PETKOFF. I could have sworn it wasn't there. Age is beginning to tell on me. I'm getting hallucinations. [To Nicola] Here; help me to change. Excuse me, Bluntschli. [He begins
ARMs AND THE MAN

[giving coats, Nicola acting as valet]. Remember: I didn't
that bet of yours, Sergius. You'd better give Raina that
steed yourself, since you've roused her expectations.
Raina? [He looks round at her; but she is again rapt in
landscape. With a little gush of parental affection and pride,
points her out to them, and says] She's dreaming, as usual.
Sergius. Assuredly she shall not be the loser.

TKOFF. So much the better for her. I shan't come off so
ply, I expect. [The change is now complete. Nicola goes
with the discarded coat]. Ah, now I feel at home at last.
sits down and takes his newspaper with a grunt of relief].

UNTSCHLI. [to Sergius, handing a paper] That's the last

TKOFF. [jumping up] What! Finished?

UNTSCHLI. Finished.

TKOFF. [with childlike envy] Haven't you anything for me

UNTSCHLI. Not necessary. His signature will do.

TKOFF. [inflating his chest and thumping it] Ah well, I
we've done a thundering good day's work. Can I do
thing more?

UNTSCHLI. You had better both see the fellows that are
like these. [Sergius rises] Pack them off at once; and shew
that I've marked on the orders the time they should
them in by. Tell them that if they stop to drink or tell
—if they're five minutes late, they'll have the skin
off their backs.

Sergius. [stiffening indignantly] I'll say so. [He strides to the
. And if one of them is man enough to spit in my face
out him, I'll buy his discharge and give him a pen-
[He goes out].

UNTSCHLI. [confidentially] Just see that he talks to them
dly, Major, will you?

TKOFF. [officiously] Quite right, Bluntschi, quite right.
be to it. [He goes to the door importantly, but hesitates
threshold]. By the bye, Catherine, you may as well
come too. They'll be far more frightened of you than of me.

Catherine [putting down her embroidery] I daresay I had better. You would only splutter at them. [She goes out, Petroff holding the door for her and following her].

Bluntschi. What an army! They make cannons out of cherry trees; and the officers send for their wives to keep discipline! [He begins to fold and docket the papers].

Raina, who has risen from the divan, marches slowly down the room with her hands clasped behind her, and looks mischievously at him.

Raina. You look ever so much nicer than when we last met. [He looks up, surprised]. What have you done to yourself?

Bluntschi. Washed; brushed; good night's sleep and breakfast. That's all.

Raina. Did you get back safely that morning?

Bluntschi. Quite, thanks.

Raina. Were they angry with you for running away from Sergius's charge?

Bluntschi [grinning] No: they were glad; because they'd all just run away themselves.

Raina [going to the table, and leaning over it towards him]. It must have made a lovely story for them: all that about me and my room.

Bluntschi. Capital story. But I only told it to one of them: a particular friend.

Raina. On whose discretion you could absolutely rely?

Bluntschi. Absolutely.

Raina. Hmm! He told it all to my father and Sergius the day you exchanged the prisoners. [She turns away and strolls carelessly across to the other side of the room].

Bluntschi [deeply concerned, and half incredulous] No! You don't mean that, do you?

Raina [turning, with sudden earnestness] I do indeed. But they don't know that it was in this house you took refuge. If Sergius knew, he would challenge you and kill you in a duel.
ARMS AND THE MAN

LUNTSCHLI. Bless me! then dont tell him.

AINA. Please be serious, Captain Bluntschli. Can you realize what it is to me to deceive him? I want to be perfect with Sergius: no meanness, no smallness, no deceit. My relation to him is the one really beautiful and noble part of my life. I hope you can-understand that.

LUNTSCHLI [sceptically] You mean that you wouldnt let him to find out that the story about the ice pudding was a—– You know.

AINA [winning] Ah, dont talk of it in that flippant way. I know it. But I did it to save your life. He would have killed you. That was the second time I ever uttered a falsehood. [Bluntschli rises quickly and looks doubtfully and gravely at her.] Do you remember the first time?

LUNTSCHLI. I! No. Was I present?

AINA. Yes; and I told the officer who was searching for that you were not present.

LUNTSCHLI. True. I should have remembered it.

AINA [greatly encouraged] Ah, it is natural that you should not have done it first. It cost you nothing; it cost me a lie! A lie! I sit down on the ottoman, looking straight before her, my hands clasped around her knee. Bluntschli, quite grave, goes to the ottoman with a particularly reassuring and deferent air, and sits down beside her.

LUNTSCHLI. My dear young lady, dont let this worry you. Remember: I'm a soldier. Now what are the two things that happen to a soldier so often that he comes to think nothing of them? One is hearing people tell lies [Raina recoils]; the other is getting his life saved in all sorts of ways by all sorts of people.

AINA [rising in indignant protest] And so he becomes a true incapable of faith and of gratitude.

LUNTSCHLI [making a wry face] Do you like gratitude? If pity is akin to love, gratitude is akin to the other.

AINA. Gratitude! [Turning on him] If you are incapable of

4. to gain sympathy

5. to shame him
gratitude you are incapable of any noble sentiment. Even
animals are grateful. Oh, I see now exactly what you think
of me! You were not surprised to hear me lie. To you it was
something I probably did every day! every hour! That is
how men think of women. [She paces the room tragically].

BLUNTSCHLI [dubiously] Theres reason in everything. You
said you told only two lies in your whole life. Dear young
lady: isnt that rather a short allowance? I'm quite a straight­
forward man myself; but it wouldnt last me a whole morn­
ing.

RAINA [staring haughtily at him] Do you know, sir, that you
are insulting me?

BLUNTSCHLI. I cant help it. When you strike that noble
attitude and speak in that thrilling voice, I admire you; but
I find it impossible to believe a single word you say.

RAINA [superbly] Captain Bluntschli!

BLUNTSCHLI [unmoved] Yes?

RAINA [standing over him, as if she could not believe her
senses] Do you mean what you said just now? Do you know
what you said just now?

BLUNTSCHLI. I do.

RAINA [gaping] I I!!! [She points to herself incredulously,
meaning "I, Raina Petkoff tell lies!" He meets her gaze un­
flinchingly. She suddenly sits down beside him, and adds, with
a complete change of manner from the heroic to a babyish
familiarity] How did you find me out?

BLUNTSCHLI [promptly] Instinct, dear young lady. Instinct,
and experience of the world.

RAINA [wonderingly] Do you know, you are the first man
I ever met who did not take me seriously?

BLUNTSCHLI. You mean, dont you, that I am the first man
that has ever taken you quite seriously?

RAINA. Yes: I suppose I do mean that. [Cosily, quite at
her ease with him] How strange it is to be talked to in such
a way! You know, Ive always gone on like that.

BLUNTSCHLI. You mean the—?
RAINA. I mean the noble attitude and the thrilling voice. [They laugh together]. I did it when I was a tiny child to my nurse. She believed in it. I do it before my parents. They believe in it. I do it before Sergius. He believes in it.

BLUNTSCHLI. Yes: he's a little in that line himself, isn't he?

RAINA [startled] Oh! Do you think so?

BLUNTSCHLI. You know him better than I do.

RAINA. I wonder—I wonder is he? If I thought that—!

[Discouraged] Ah, well; what does it matter? I suppose, now you've found me out, you despise me.

BLUNTSCHLI [warmly, rising] No, my dear young lady, no, no, no a thousand times. It's part of your youth: part of your charm. I'm like all the rest of them: the nurse, your parents, Sergius: I'm your infatuated admirer.

RAINA [pleased] Really?

BLUNTSCHLI [slapping his breast smartly with his hand, German fashion] Hand aufs Herz! Really and truly.

RAINA [very happy] But what did you think of me for giving you my portrait?

BLUNTSCHLI [astonished] Your portrait! You never gave me your portrait.

RAINA [quickly] Do you mean to say you never got it?

BLUNTSCHLI. No. [He sits down beside her, with renewed interest, and says, with some complacency] When did you send it to me?

RAINA [indignantly] I did not send it to you. [She turns her head away, and adds, reluctantly] It was in the pocket of that coat.

BLUNTSCHLI [pursuing his lips and rounding his eyes] Oh-o-ohl I never found it. It must be there still.

RAINA [springing up] There still! for my father to find the first time he puts his hand in his pocket! Oh, how could you be so stupid?

BLUNTSCHLI [rising also] It doesn't matter: I suppose it's only a photograph: how can he tell who it was intended for? Tell him he put it there himself.
RAINA [bitterly] Yes: that is so clever! Isn't it? [Distractedly]
Oh! what shall I do?
BLUNTSCHLI. Ah, I see. You wrote something on it. That was rash.

RAINA [exced almost to tears] Oh, to have done such a thing for you, who care no more—except to laugh at me—oh! Are you sure nobody has touched it?

BLUNTSCHLI. Well, I can't be quite sure. You see, I couldn't carry it about with me all the time: one can't take much luggage on active service.

RAINA. What did you do with it?

BLUNTSCHLI. When I got through to Pirot I had to put it in safe keeping somehow. I thought of the railway cloak room; but that's the surest place to get looted in modern warfare. So I pawned it.

RAINA. Pawned it!!!

BLUNTSCHLI. I know it doesn't sound nice: but it was much the safest plan. I redeemed it the day before yesterday. Heaven only knows whether the pawnbroker cleared out the pockets or not.

RAINA [furious; throwing the words right into his face] You have a low shopkeeping mind. You think of things that would never come into a gentleman's head.

BLUNTSCHLI [phlegmatically] That's the Swiss national character, dear lady. [He returns to the table].

RAINA. Oh, I wish I had never met you. [She frounces away, and sits at the window fuming].

LOUKA comes in with a heap of letters and telegrams on her salver, and crosses, with her bold free gait, to the table. Her left sleeve is looped up to the shoulder with a brooch, shewing her naked arm, with a broad gilt bracelet covering the bruise.

LOUKA [to Bluntschli] For you. [She empties the salver with a fling on to the table]. The messenger is waiting. [She is determined not to be civil to an enemy, even if she must bring him his letters].

BLUNTSCHLI [to Raina] Will you excuse me: the last postal in order to get it back
1. to find out where it is
2. to insult him for not caring
3. to find out what he did with the coat
4. to insult him in order to appear composed and dignified before Louka
1. to play with my bracelet
delivery that reached me was three weeks ago. These are the subsequent accumulations. Four telegrams: a week old. [He opens one]. Oh! Bad news!

RAINAA [rising and advancing a little remorsefully] Bad news?

BLUNTSCHELL. My father's dead. [He looks at the telegram with his lips pursed, musing on the unexpected change in his arrangements. Louka crosses herself hastily].

RAINAA. Oh, how very sad!

BLUNTSCHELL. Yes: I shall have to start for home in an hour. He has left a lot of big hotels behind him to be looked after. [He takes up a fat letter in a long blue envelope]. Here's a whacking letter from the family solicitor. [He puts out the enclosures and glances over them]. Great Heavens! Seventy! Two hundred! [In a crescendo of dismay] Four hundred! Four thousand! Nine thousand six hundred!!! What on earth am I to do with them all?

RAINAA [timidly] Nine thousand hotels?

BLUNTSCHELL. Hotels! nonsense. If you only knew! Oh, it's too ridiculous! Excuse me: I must give my fellow orders about starting. [He leaves the room hastily, with the documents in his hand].

LOUKA [knowing instinctively that she can annoy Raina by disparaging Bluntschli] He has not much heart, that Swiss. He has not a word of grief for his poor father.

RAINAA [bitterly] Grief! A man who has been doing nothing but killing people for years! What does he care? What does any soldier care? [She goes to the door, restraining her tears with difficulty].

LOUKA. Major Saranoff has been fighting too; and he has plenty of heart left. [Raina, at the door, draws herself up haughtily and goes out]. Aha! I thought you wouldn't get much feeling out of your soldier. [She is following Raina when Nicola enters with an armful of logs for the stove].

NICOLA [grinning amorously at her] I've been trying all the afternoon to get a minute alone with you, my girl. [His countenance changes as he notices her arm]. Why, what fashion is that of wearing your sleeve, child?
ARMS AND THE MAN


NICOLA. Indeed! If the mistress catches you, she'll talk to you. [He puts the logs down, and seats himself comfortably on the ottoman].

LOUKA. Is that any reason why you should take it on yourself to talk to me?

NICOLA. Come! don't be so contrary with me. I've some good news for you. [She sits down beside him. He takes out some paper money. Louka, with an eager gleam in her eyes, tries to snatch it; but he shifts it quickly to his left hand, out of her reach]. See! a twenty leva bill! Sergius gave me that, out of pure swagger. A fool and his money are soon parted. There's ten levas more. The Swiss gave me that for backing up the mistress' and Raina's lies about him. He's no fool, he isn't. You should have heard old Catherine downstairs as polite as you please to me, telling me not to mind the Major being a little impatient; for they knew what a good servant I was—after making a fool and a liar of me before them all! The twenty will go to our savings; and you shall have the ten to spend if you'll only talk to me so as to remind me I'm a human being. I get tired of being a servant occasionally.

LOUKA. Yes: sell your manhood for 30 levas, and buy me for 10! [Rising scornfully] Keep your money. You were born to be a servant. I was not. When you set up your shop you will only be everybody's servant instead of somebody's servant. [She goes moodily to the table and sits herself regally in Sergius's chair].

NICOLA [picking up his logs, and going to the stove] Ah, wait till you see. We shall have our evenings to ourselves; and I shall be master in my own house, I promise you. [He throws the logs down and kneels at the stove].

LOUKA. You shall never be master in mine.

NICOLA [turning, still on his knees, and squatting down rather forlornly on his calves, daunted by her implacable disdain] You have a great ambition in you, Louka. Remember: if any luck comes to you, it was I that made a woman of you.
LOUKA. You!

NICOLA [scrambling up and going to her] Yes, me. Who was it made you give up wearing a couple of pounds of false black hair on your head and reddening your lips and cheeks like any other Bulgarian girl! I did. Who taught you to trim your nails, and keep your hands clean, and be dainty about yourself, like a fine Russian lady! Me: do you hear that? me! [She tosses her head defiantly; and he turns away, adding more coolly] I've often thought that if Raina were out of the way, and you just a little less of a fool and Sergius just a little more of one, you might come to be one of my grandest customers, instead of only being my wife and costing me money.

LOUKA. I believe you would rather be my servant than my husband. You would make more out of me. Oh, I know that soul of yours.

NICOLA [going closer to her for greater emphasis] Never you mind my soul; but just listen to my advice. If you want to be a lady, your present behaviour to me won't do at all, unless when we're alone. It's too sharp and impudent; and impudence is a sort of familiarity: it shows affection for me. And don't you try being high and mighty with me, either. You're like all country girls: you think it's genteel to treat a servant the way I treat a stableboy. That's only your ignorance; and don't you forget it. And don't be so ready to defy everybody. Act as if you expected to have your own way, not as if you expected to be ordered about. The way to get on as a lady is the same as the way to get on as a servant: you've got to know your place: that's the secret of it. And you may depend on me to know my place if you get promoted. Think over it, my girl. I'll stand by you: one servant should always stand by another.

LOUKA [rising impatiently] Oh, I must behave in my own way. You take all the courage out of me with your cold-blooded wisdom. Go and put those logs in the fire: that's the sort of thing you understand.
Before Nicola can retort, Sergius comes in. He checks himself a moment on seeing Louka; then goes to the stove.

SERGIUS [to Nicola] I am not in the way of your work, I hope.

NICOLA [in a smooth, elderly manner] Oh no, sir: thank you kindly. I was only speaking to this foolish girl about her habit of running up here to the library whenever she gets a chance, to look at the books. That's the worst of her education, sir: it gives her habits above her station. [To Louka] Make that table tidy, Louka, for the Major. [He goes out sedately].

Louka, without looking at Sergius, pretends to arrange the papers on the table. He crosses slowly to her, and studies the arrangement of her sleeve reflectively.

SERGIUS. Let me see: is there a mark there? [He turns up the bracelet and sees the bruise made by his grasp. She stands motionless, not looking at him: fascinated, but on her guard]

Does it hurt?

LOUKA. Yes.

SERGIUS. Shall I cure it?

LOUKA. [instantly withdrawing herself proudly, but still not looking at him] No. You cannot cure it now.

SERGIUS [masterfully] Quite sure? [He makes a movement as if to take her in his arms].

LOUKA. Don't trifle with me, please. An officer should not trifle with a servant.

SERGIUS [indicating the bruise with a merciless stroke of his forefinger] That was no trifle, Louka.

LOUKA. [flinching; then looking at him for the first time] Are you sorry?

SERGIUS [with measured emphasis, folding his arms] I am never sorry.

LOUKA [wistfully] I wish I could believe a man could be as unlike a woman as that. I wonder are you really a brave man?

SERGIUS [unaffectedly, relaxing his attitude] Yes: I am a
brave man. My heart jumped like a woman’s at the first shot; but in the charge I found that I was brave. Yes: that at least is real about me.

LOUKA. Did you find in the charge that the men whose fathers are poor like mine were any less brave than the men who are rich like you?

SERGIUS [with bitter levity] Not a bit. They all slashed and cursed and yelled like heroes. Pshaw! the courage to rage and kill is cheap. I have an English bull terrier who has as much of that sort of courage as the whole Bulgarian nation, and the whole Russian nation at its back. But he lets my groom thrash him, all the same. Thats your soldier all over! No, Louka: your poor men can cut throats; but they are afraid of their officers; they put up with insults and blows; they stand by and see one another punished like children: aye, and help to do it when they are ordered. And the officers!! Well [with a short harsh laugh] I am an officer. Oh, [fervently] give me the man who will defy to the death any power on earth or in heaven that sets itself up against his own will and conscience: he alone is the brave man.

LOUKA. How easy it is to talk! Men never seem to me to grow up: they all have schoolboy’s ideas. You dont know what true courage is.

SERGIUS [ironically] Indeed! I am willing to be instructed. [He sits on the ottoman, sprawling magnificently].

LOUKA. Look at me! How much am I allowed to have my own will? I have to get your room ready for you: to sweep and dust, to fetch and carry. How could that degrade me if it did not degrade you to have it done for you? But [with subdued passion] if I were Empress of Russia, above everyone in the world, then! Ah then, though according to you I could shew no courage at all, you should see, you should see.

SERGIUS. What would you do, most noble Empress?

LOUKA. I would marry the man I loved, which no other queen in Europe has the courage to do. If I loved you, though you would be as far beneath me as I am beneath
you, I would dare to be the equal of my inferior. Would you dare as much if you loved me? No: if you felt the beginnings of love for me you would not let it grow. You would not dare: you would marry a rich man's daughter because you would be afraid of what other people would say of you.

SERGIUS [bounding up] You lie: it is not so, by all the stars! If I loved you, and I were the Czar himself, I would set you on the throne by my side. You know that I love another woman, a woman as high above you as heaven is above earth. And you are jealous of her.

LOUKA. I have no reason to be. She will never marry you now. The man I told you of has come back. She will marry the Swiss.

SERGIUS [recollecting] The Swiss!

LOUKA. A man worth ten of you. Then you can come to me; and I will refuse you. You are not good enough for me. [She turns to the door.] SERGIUS [springing after her and catching her fiercely in his arms] I will kill the Swiss; and afterwards I will do as I please with you.

LOUKA [in his arms, passive and Taunted] The Swiss will kill you, perhaps. He has beaten you in love. He may beat you in war.

SERGIUS [tormented] Do you think she believe that she—shel whose worst thoughts are, higher than your best ones, is capable of trifling with another man behind my back?

LOUKA. Do you think she would believe the Swiss if he told her now that I am in your arms?

SERGIUS [releasing her in despair] Damnation! Oh, damnation! Mockery! mockery everywhere! everything I think is mocked by everything I do. [He strikes himself frantically on the breast]. Coward! liar! fool! Shall I kill myself like a man; or live and pretend to laugh at myself? [She again turns to go]. Louka! [She stops near the door]. Remember: you belong to me.

LOUKA [turning] What does that mean? An insult?
Sergius [commandingly] It means that you love me, and that I have had you here in my arms, and will perhaps have you there again. Whether that is an insult I neither know nor care: take it as you please. But [vehemently] I will not be a coward and a trifler. If I choose to love you, I dare marry you, in spite of all Bulgaria. If these hands ever touch you again, they shall touch my affianced bride.

Louka. We shall see whether you dare keep your word. And take care. I will not wait long.

Sergius [again folding his arms and standing motionless in the middle of the room] Yes: we shall see. And you shall wait my pleasure.

Bluntschli, much preoccupied, with his papers still in his hand, enters, leaving the door open for Louka to go out. He goes across to the table, glancing at her as he passes. Sergius, without altering his resolute attitude, watches him steadily.

Louka goes out, leaving the door open.

Bluntschli [absently, sitting at the table as before, and putting down his papers] That's a remarkable looking young woman.

Sergius [gravely, without moving] Captain Bluntschli.

Bluntschli. Eh?

Sergius. You have deceived me. You are my rival. I brook no rivals. At six o'clock I shall be in the drilling-ground on the Klissoura road, alone, on horseback, with my sabre. Do you understand?

Bluntschli [staring, but sitting quite at his ease] Oh, thank you: that's a cavalry man's proposal. I'm in the artillery; and I have the choice of weapons. If I go, I shall take a machine gun. And there shall be no mistake about the cartridges this time.

Sergius [flushing, but with deadly coldness] Take care, sir. It is not our custom in Bulgaria to allow invitations of that kind to be trifled with.

Bluntschli [warmly] Pooh! don't talk to me about Bulgaria. You don't know what fighting is. But have it your own way. Bring your sabre along. I'll meet you.
SERGIUS: [Heraldedly delighted to find his opponent a man of spirit] Well said, Switzer. Shall I lend you my best horse?  

BLUNTSCHLI. No; damn your horse! thank you all the same, my dear fellow. [Raina comes in, and hears the next sentence. I shall fight you on foot. Horseback's too dangerous; I don't want to kill you if I can help it.  

RAINA [hurrying forward anxiously] I have heard what Captain Bluntschli said, Sergius. You are going to fight. Why? [Sergius turns away in silence, and goes to the stove, where he stands watching her as she continues, to Bluntschli] What about?  

BLUNTSCHLI. I don't know: he hasn't told me. Better not interfere, dear young lady. No harm will be done: I've often acted as sword instructor. He won't be able to touch me; and I'll not hurt him. It will save explanations. In the morning I shall be off home; and you'll never see me or hear of me again. You and he will then make it up and live happily ever after.  

RAINA [turning away deeply hurt, almost with a sob in her voice] I never said I wanted to see you again.  

SERGIUS [striding forward] Hal! That is a confession.  

RAINA [haughtily] What do you mean?  

SERGIUS. You love that man!  

RAINA [scandalized] Sergius!  

SERGIUS. You allow him to make love to you behind my back, just as you treat me as your affianced husband behind his. Bluntschli: you knew our relations; and you deceived me. It is for that that I call you to account, not for having received favors I never enjoyed.  

BLUNTSCHLI [jumping up indignantl] Stuff! Rubbish! I have received no favors. Why, the young lady doesn't even know whether I'm married or not.  

RAINA [forgetting herself] Oh! [Collapsing on the ottoman] Are you?  

SERGIUS. You see the young lady's concern, Captain Bluntschli. Denial is useless. You have enjoyed the privilege of being received in her own room, late at night—
ARMS AND THE MAN

BLUNTSCHLI [interrupting him pepperily] Yes, you blockhead! she received me with a pistol at her head. Your cavalry were at my heels. I'd have blown out her brains if she'd uttered a cry.

SERGIUS [taken aback] Bluntschli! Raina: is this true?

RAINA [rising in wrathful majesty] Oh, how dare you, how dare you?

BLUNTSCHLI. Apologize, man: apologize. [He resumes his seat at the table].

SERGIUS [with the old measured emphasis, folding his arms] I never apologize!

RAINA [passionately] This is the doing of that friend of yours, Captain Bluntschli. It is he who is spreading this horrible story about me. [She walks about excitedly].

BLUNTSCHLI. No: he's dead. Burnt alive.

RAINA [stopping, shocked] Burnt alive!

BLUNTSCHLI. Shot in the hip in a woodyard. Couldn't drag himself out. Your fellows' shells set the timber on fire and burnt him, with half a dozen other poor devils in the same predicament.

RAINA. How horrible!

SERGIUS. And how ridiculous! Oh, war! war! the dream of patriots and heroes! A fraud, Bluntschli. A hollow sham, like love.

RAINA [outraged] Like love! You say that before me!

BLUNTSCHLI. Come, Saranoff: that matter is explained.

SERGIUS. A hollow sham, I say. Would you have come back here if nothing had passed between you except at the muzzle of your pistol? Raina is mistaken about your friend who was burnt. He was not my informant.

RAINA. Who then? [Suddenly guessing the truth] Ah, Loukal my maid! my servant! You were with her this morning all that time after—after—Oh, what sort of god is this I have been worshipping! [He meets her gaze with sardonic enjoyment of her disenchantment. Angered all the more, she goes closer to him, and says, in a lower, intenser
Do you know that I looked out of the window as I went upstairs, to have another sight of my hero; and I saw something I did not understand then. I know now that you were making love to her.

Sergius [with grim humor] You saw that?

Raina. Only too well. [She turns away, and throws herself on the divan under the centre window, quite overcome].

Sergius [cynically] Raina: our romance is shattered. Life's a farce.

Bluntschli [to Raina, whimsically] You see: he's found himself out now.

Sergius [going to him] Bluntschli: I have allowed you to call me a blockhead. You may now call me a coward as well. I refuse to fight you. Do you know why?

Bluntschli. No; but it doesn't matter. I didn't ask the reason when you cried on; and I don't ask the reason now that you cry off. I'm a professional soldier! I fight when I have to, and I am very glad to get out of it when I haven't to. You're only an amateur; you think fighting's an amusement.

Sergius [sitting down at the table, nose to nose with him] You shall hear the reason all the same, my professional. The reason is that it takes two men—real men—men of heart, blood and honor—to make a genuine combat. I could no more fight with you than I could make love to an ugly woman. You've no magnetism: you're not a man: you're a machine.

Bluntschli [apologetically] Quite true, quite true. I always was that sort of chap, I'm very sorry.

Sergius. Psha!

Bluntschli. But now that you've found that life isn't a farce, but something quite sensible and serious, what further obstacle is there to your happiness?

Raina [rising] You are very solicitous about my happiness and his. Do you forget his new love—Louka? It is not you that he must fight now, but his rival, Nicola.

Sergius. Rival! [bounding half across the room].
RAINA. Don't you know that they're engaged?
SERGIUS. Nicola! Are fresh abysses opening? Nicola!
RAINA [sarcastically] A shocking sacrifice, isn't it? Such beauty! such intellect! such modesty! wasted on a middle-aged servant man. Really, Sergius, you cannot stand by and allow such a thing. It would be unworthy of your chivalry.
SERGIUS [losing all self-control] Viper! Viper! [He rushes to and fro, raging].
BLUNTSCHLI. Look here, Saranoff: you're getting the worst of this.
RAINA [getting angrier] Do you realize what he has done, Captain Bluntschli? He has set this girl as a spy on us; and her reward is that he makes love to her.
SERGIUS. False! Monstrous!
RAINA. Monstrous! [Confronting him] Do you deny that she told you about Captain Bluntschli being in my room?
SERGIUS. No; but—
RAINA [interrupting] Do you deny that you were making love to her when she told you?
SERGIUS. No; but I tell you—
RAINA [cutting him short contemptuously] It is unnecessary to tell us anything more. That is quite enough for us. [She turns away from him and sweeps majestically back to the window].
BLUNTSCHLI [quietly, as Sergius, in an agony of mortification, sinks on the ottoman, clutching his averted head between his fists] I told you you were getting the worst of it, Saranoff.
SERGIUS. Tiger cat!
RAINA [running excitedly to Bluntschli] You hear this man calling me names, Captain Bluntschli?
BLUNTSCHLI. What else can he do, dear lady? He must defend himself somehow. Come [very persuasively]: don't quarrel. What good does it do?
RAINA, with a gasp, sits down on the ottoman, and after a vain effort to look vexedly at Bluntschli, falls a victim to her sense of humor, and actually leans back babyishly against the writhing shoulder of Sergius.
sergius. Engaged to Nicola! Ha! ha! Ah well, Bluntschli, you are right to take this huge imposture of a world coolly.

raina [quaintly to Bluntschli, with an intuitive guess at his state of mind] I daresay you think us a couple of grown-up babies, don't you?

sergius [grinning savagely] He does: he does. Swiss civilization nurturing Bulgarian barbarism, eh?

bluntschli [blushing] Not at all, I assure you. I'm only very glad to get you two quieted. There! there! let's be pleasant and talk it over in a friendly way. Where is this other young lady?

raina. Listening at the door, probably.

sergius [shivering as if a bullet had struck him, and speaking with quiet but deep indignation] I will prove that that, at least, is a calumny.

[He goes with dignity to the door and opens it. A yell of fury bursts from him as he looks out. He darts into the passage, and returns dragging in Louka, whom he flings violently against the table, exclaiming] Judge her, Bluntschli. You, the cool impartial man: judge the eavesdropper.

Louka stands her ground, proud and silent.

bluntschli [shaking his head] I mustn't judge her. I once listened myself outside a tent when there was a mutiny brewing. It's all a question of the degree of provocation. My life was at stake.

louka. My love was at stake. I am not ashamed.

raina. [contemptuously] Your love! Your curiosity, you mean.

louka [facing her and returning her contempt with interest] My love, stronger than anything you can feel, even for your chocolate cream soldier.

sergius [with quick suspicion, to Louka] What does that mean?

louka [fiercely] I mean—


major petkoff enters, in his shirtsleeves.

in order to determine Bluntschli's attitude

1. to observe us objectively

in order to hurt Sergius

1. to expose Louka

in order to degrade Louka

1. to insult her

2. to spit on her
PETKOFF. Excuse my shirtsleeves, gentlemen. Raina: somebody has been wearing that coat of mine; I'll swear it. Somebody with a differently shaped back. It's all burst open at the sleeve. Your mother is mending it. I wish she'd make haste: I shall catch cold. [He looks more attentively at them]. Is anything the matter?

RAINA. No. [She sits down at the stove, with a tranquil air].

SERGIUS. Oh no. [He sits down at the end of the table, as at first].

BLUNTSCHLI [who is already seated] Nothing. Nothing.

PETKOFF [sitting down on the ottoman in his old place] That's all right. [He notices Louka]. Anything the matter, Louka?

LOUKA. No, sir.

PETKOFF [genially] That's all right. [He sneezes] Go and ask your mistress for my coat, like a good girl, will you?

Nicola enters with the coat. Louka makes a pretence of having business in the room by taking the little table with the hookah away to the wall near the windows.

RAINA [rising quickly as she sees the coat on Nicola's arm] Here it is papa. Give it to me Nicola; and do you put some more wood on the fire. [She takes the coat, and brings it to the Major, who stands up to put it on. Nicola attends to the fire].

PETKOFF [to Raina, teasing her affectionately] Ah! Going to be very good to poor old papa just for one day after his return from the wars, eh?

RAINA [with solemn reproach] Ah, how can you say that to me, father?

PETKOFF. Well, well, only a joke, little one. Come: give me a kiss. [She kisses him]. Now give me the coat.

RAINA. No: I am going to put it on for you. Turn your back. [He turns his back and feels behind him with his arms for the sleeves. She dexterously takes the photograph from the pocket and throws it on the table before Bluntschli, who covers it with a sheet of paper under the very nose of Sergius, who

in order to avoid a scene

1. to appear calm and natural

in order to get photo

1. to get coat

2. to reproach father

3. to put on coat for him

4. to pass photo to Bluntschli
looks on amazed, with his suspicions roused in the highest degree. She then helps Petkoff on with his coat. There, dear! Now are you comfortable?

Petkoff. Quite, little love. Thanks [He sits down; and Raina returns to her seat near the stove]. Oh, by the bye, I've found something funny. What's the meaning of this? [He puts his hand into the picked pocket]. Eh? Hallo! [He tries the other pocket]. Well, I could have sworn—[Much puzzled, he tries the breast pocket]. I wonder—[trying the original pocket]. Where can it—? [He rises, exclaiming] Your mother's taken it!

Raina [very red] Taken what?

Petkoff. Your photograph, with the inscription: "Raina, to her Chocolate Cream Soldier: a Souvenir." Now you know there's something more in this than meets the eye; and I'm going to find it out. [Shouting] Nicola!

Nicola [coming to him] Sir!

Petkoff. Did you spoil any pastry of Miss Raina's this morning?

Nicola. You heard Miss Raina say that I did, sir.

Petkoff. I know that, you idiot. Was it true?

Nicola. I am sure Miss Raina is incapable of saying anything that is not true, sir.

Petkoff. Are you? Then I'm not. [Turning to the others] Come: do you think I don't see it all? [He goes to Sergius, and slaps him on the shoulder]. Sergius: youre the chocolate cream soldier, arnt you?

Sergius [starting up] I! A chocolate cream soldier! Certainly not.

Petkoff. Not! [He looks at them. They are all very serious and very conscious]. Do you mean to tell me that Raina sends things like that to other men?

Sergius [enigmatically] The world is not such an innocent place as we used to think, Petkoff.

Bluntschli [rising] It's all right, Major. I'm the chocolate cream soldier. [Petkoff and Sergius are equally astonished].
The gracious young lady saved my life by giving me chocolate cream when I was starving: shall I ever forget their flavour? My late friend Stolz told you the story of Pirot. I was the fugitive.

PETKOFF. You! [He gasps]. Sergius: do you remember how those two women went on this morning when we mentioned it? [Sergius smiles cynically. Petkoff confronts Raina severely]. You're a nice young woman, aren't you?

RAINa. [bitterly] Major Saranoff has changed his mind. And when I wrote that on the photograph, I did not know that Captain Bluntschli was married.

BLUNTSCHLI [startled into vehement protest] I'm not married.

RAINa. [with deep reproach] You said you were.

BLUNTSCHLI. I did not. I positively did not. I never was married in my life.

PETKOFF [exasperated] Raina: will you kindly inform me, if I am not asking too much, which of these gentlemen you are engaged to?

RAINa. To neither of them. This young lady [introducing Louka, who faces them all proudly] is the object of Major Saranoff's affections at present.

PETKOFF. Louka! Are you mad, Sergius? Why, this girl's engaged to Nicola.

NICOLA. I beg your pardon, sir. There is a mistake. Louka is not engaged to me.

PETKOFF. Not engaged to you, you scoundrel! Why, you had twenty-five levas from me on the day of your betrothal; and she had that gilt bracelet from Miss Raina.

NICOLA. [with cool unction] We gave it out so, sir. But it was only to give Louka protection. She had a soul above her station; and I have been no more than her confidential servant. I intend, as you know, sir, to set up a shop later on in Sofia; and I look forward to her custom and recommendation should she marry into the nobility. [He goes out with impressive discretion, leaving them all staring after him].

PETKOFF [breaking the silence] Well, I am—hm!
ARMS AND THE MAN

SERGIUS. This is either the finest heroism or the most crawling baseness. Which is it, Bluntschli?

BLUNTSCHLI. Never mind whether it's heroism or baseness. Nicola's the ablest man I've met in Bulgaria. I'll make him manager of a hotel if he can speak French and German.

LOUKA [suddenly breaking out at Sergius] I have been insulted by everyone here. You set them the example. You owe me an apology.

Sergius, like a repeating clock of which the spring has been touched, immediately begins to fold his arms.

BLUNTSCHLI [before he can speak] It's no use. He never apologizes.

LOUKA. Not to you, his equal and his enemy. To me, his poor servant, he will not refuse to apologize.

SERGIUS [approvingly] You are right. [He bends his knee in his grandest manner] Forgive me.

LOUKA. I forgive you. [She timidly gives him her hand, which he kisses]. That touch makes me your affianced wife.

SERGIUS [springing up] Ah! I forgot that.

LOUKA [coldly] You can withdraw if you like.

SERGIUS. Withdraw! Never! You belong to me. [He puts his arm about her].

Catherine comes in and finds Louka in Sergius' arms, with all the rest gazing at them in bewildered astonishment.

CATHERINE. What does this mean?

SERGIUS releases Louka.

PETKOFF. Well, my dear, it appears that Sergius is going to marry Louka instead of Raina. [She is about to break out indignantly at him: he stops her by exclaiming testily] Don't blame me: I've nothing to do with it. [He retreats to the stove].

CATHERINE. Marry Louka! Sergius: you are bound by your word to us!

SERGIUS [folding his arms] Nothing binds me.

BLUNTSCHLI [much pleased by this piece of common sense] Saranoff: your hand. My congratulations. These heroics of
yours have their practical side after all. [To Louka] Gracious young lady: the best wishes of a good Republican! [He kisses her hand, to Raina's great disgust, and returns to his seat].

Catherine. Louka: you have been telling stories.

Louka. I have done Raina no harm.

Catherine [haughtily] Raina!

Raina, equally indignant, almost snorts at the liberty.

Louka. I have a right to call her Raina: she calls me Louka. I told Major Saranoff she would never marry him if the Swiss gentleman came back.

Bluntschli [rising, much surprised] Hallo!

Louka [turning to Raina] I thought you were fonder of him than of Sergius. You know best whether I was right.

Bluntschli. What nonsense! I assure you, my dear Major, my dear Madame, the gracious young lady simply saved my life, nothing else. She never cared two straws for me. Why, bless my heart and soul, look at the young lady and look at me. She, rich, young, beautiful, with her imagination full of fairy princes and noble natures and cavalry charges and goodness knows what! And I, a commonplace Swiss soldier who hardly knows what a decent life is after fifteen years of barracks and battles: a vagabond, a man who has spoiled all his chances in life through an incurably romantic disposition, a man—

Sergius [starting as if a needle had pricked him and interrupting Bluntschli in incredulous amazement] Excuse me, Bluntschli: what did you say had spoiled your chances in life?

Bluntschli [promptly] An incurably romantic disposition. I ran away from home twice when I was a boy. I went into the army instead of into my father's business. I climbed the balcony of this house when a man of sense would have dived into the nearest cellar. I came sneaking back here to have another look at the young lady when any other man of my age would have sent the coat back—

Petkoff. My coat!
Berlin. — Yes: that's the sort I mean—would have sent it back and gone quietly home. Do you suppose I am the sort of fellow a young girl falls in love with? Why, look at our ages! I'm thirty-four: I don't suppose the young lady is much over seventeen. [This estimate produces a marked sensation, all the rest turning and staring at one another. He proceeds innocently] All that adventure which was life or death to me, was only a schoolgirl's game to her—chocolate creams and hide and seek. Here's the proof! [He takes the photograph from the table]. Now, I ask you, would a woman who took the affair seriously have sent me this and written on it "Raina, to her Chocolate Cream Soldier: a Souvenir"? [He exhibits the photograph triumphantly, as if it settled the matter beyond all possibility of refutation].

PETKOFF. That's what I was looking for. How the deuce did it get there? [He comes from the stove to look at it, and sits down on the ottoman].

BLUNTSCHLI [to Raina, complacently] I have put everything right, I hope, gracious young lady.

RAINAA [going to the table to face him] I quite agree with your account of yourself. You are a romantic idiot. [Bluntschli is unspeakably taken aback]. Next time, I hope you will know the difference between a schoolgirl of seventeen and a woman of twenty-three.

BLUNTSCHLI [stupefied] Twenty-three! Raina snaps the photograph contemptuously from his hand; tears it up; throws the pieces in his face; and sweeps back to her former place.

SERGIUS [with grim enjoyment of his rival's discomfiture] Bluntschli: my one last belief is gone. Your sagacity is a fraud, like everything else. You have less sense than even I! [Bluntschli overwheled] Twenty-three! Twenty-three! [He considers]. Hm! [Swiftly making up his mind and coming to his host] In that case, Major Petkoff, I beg to propose formally to become a suitor for your daughter's hand, in place of Major Saranoff retired.
RAINA. You dare!
BLUNTSCHLI. If you were twenty-three when you said those things to me this afternoon, I shall take them seriously.
CATHERINE (loftily polite) I doubt, sir, whether you quite realize either my daughter's position or that of Major Sergius Saranoff, whose place you propose to take. The Petkoffs and the Saranoffs are known as the richest and most important families in the country. Our position is almost historical: we can go back for twenty years.
PETKOFF. Oh, never mind that, Catherine. [To Bluntschli] We should be most happy, Bluntschli, if it were only a question of your position; but hang it, you know, Raina is accustomed to a very comfortable establishment. Sergius keeps twenty horses.
BLUNTSCHLI. But who wants twenty horses? We're not going to keep a circus.
CATHERINE [severely] My daughter, sir, is accustomed to a first-rate stable.
RAINA. Hush, mother: you're making me ridiculous.
BLUNTSCHLI. Oh well, if it comes to a question of an establishment, here goes! [He darts impetuously to the table; seizes the papers in the blue envelope; and turns to Sergius]. How many horses did you say?
SERGIUS. Twenty, noble Switzer.
BLUNTSCHLI. I have two hundred horses. [They are amazed]. How many carriages?
SERGIUS. Three.
BLUNTSCHLI. I have seventy. Twenty-four of them will hold twelve inside, besides two on the box, without counting the driver and conductor. How many tablecloths have you?
SERGIUS. How the deuce do I know?
BLUNTSCHLI. Have you four thousand?
SERGIUS. No.
BLUNTSCHLI. I have. I have nine thousand six hundred airs of sheets and blankets, with two thousand four hundred der-down quilts. I have ten thousand knives and forks,
and the same quantity of dessert spoons. I have three hundred servants. I have six palatial establishments, besides two livery stables, a tea garden, and a private house. I have four medals for distinguished services; I have the rank of an officer and the standing of a gentleman; and I have three native languages. Shew me any man in Bulgaria that can offer as much!

PETKOFF [with childish awe] Are you Emperor of Switzerland?

BLUNTSCHLI. My rank is the highest known in Switzerland: I am a free citizen.

CATHERINE. Then, Captain Bluntschli, since you are my daughter's choice—

RAINAl [mutinously] He's not.

CATHERINE [ignoring her]—I shall not stand in the way of her happiness. [Petkoff is about to speak] That is Major Petkoff's feeling also.

PETKOFF. Oh, I shall be only too glad. Two hundred horses! Whew!

SERGIUS. What says the lady?

RAINAl [pretending to sulk] The lady says that he can keep his tablecloths and his omnibuses. I am not here to be sold to the highest bidder. [She turns her back on him].

BLUNTSCHLI. I won't take that answer. I appealed to you as a fugitive, a beggar, and a starving man. You accepted me. You gave me your hand to kiss, your bed to sleep in, and your roof to shelter me.

RAINAl. I did not give them to the Emperor of Switzerland.

BLUNTSCHLI. That's just what I say. [He catches her by the shoulders and turns her face-to-face with him]. Now tell us whom you did give them to.

RAINAl [succumbing with a shy smile] To my chocolate cream soldier.

BLUNTSCHLI [with a boyish laugh of delight] That'll do. Thank you. [He looks at his watch and suddenly becomes businesslike]. Time's up, Major. You've managed those in order to 

1. to refuse parent's bargaining

2. to denounce parents

3. to refuse Bluntschli's for wealth

4. to accept
regiments so well that you're sure to be asked to get rid of some of the infantry of the Timok division. Send them home by way of Lorn Palanka. Saranoff: don't get married until I come back: I shall be here punctually at five in the evening on Tuesday fortnight. Gracious ladies [his heels click] good evening. [He makes them a military bow, and goes].

SERGIUS. What a man! Is he a man!
Boston University
School of Fine and Applied Arts
Division of Theatre Arts
*Graduate Thesis Production

ARMS AND THE MAN
by
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Directed by
DAVID THOMAS DEACON

March 26 and 27, 1962

CAST

Raina
Catherine
Louka
The Man, Captain Bluntschli
Russian Soldier
Nicola
Major Petkoff
Major Sergius Saranoff

Vivian Lee Edwards
Patricia Jobe
Abby Kenigsberg
James Martindale
Donald Ross
Sheldon Freedman
Walter Scholz
Jon Cullum

Act I Raina’s bedroom, late November, 1885, in Bulgaria
Act II Petkoff’s garden, three months later
Act III Petkoff’s library, later that same day

PRODUCTION STAFF

Production Manager
Stage Manager
Assistant Stage Manager
Set Designer
Costume Designer
Crew Chief

William Allin Storrer
Veda Whisnant
Barbara Fleischer
Douglas Schmidt
Barbara Hirth
David Barber

TECHNICAL STAFF

Faye Dunaway, Stephen Mindich, Susan Murdock, Toby Tulin,
Abby Wendroff, Koy Kelley, David Scatter, Thomas Worth,
Aili Paal, Paula Unger, Patricia McGregor, Penelope Hays,
Joyce Kelner, Diane Fritz, Dorothea Hecht.

*As partial fulfillment for the Master of Fine Arts degree requirements.