THE DESIGN AND EXECUTION OF THE SETTINGS FOR SHAW'S "ARMS AND THE MAN" FOR A SUMMER THEATRE WITH LIMITED STAGING FACILITIES

Thesis for the Degree of M. A.

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Elmer J. Dennis, Jr.

1955

This is to certify that the

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THE DESIGN AND EXECUTION OF THE SETTINGS FOR SHAW'S "ARMS AND THE MAN" FOR A SUMMER THEATRE WITH LIMITED STAGING FACILITIES

By

Elmer J. Dennis, Jr.

A THESIS

Submitted to the School of Graduate Studies of Michigan State University of Agriculture and Applied Science in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

MASTER OF ARTS

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1955

The purpose of this thesis was to try and establish the practicality of producing multi-set shows in a small summer theatre with limited staging facilities and financial resources.

The figures cited in the introduction indicated that even in the large well established summer theatres that have strong financial backing and excellent production facilities multi-set shows are the exception rather than the rule.

In resolving the problem set forth above, the designer and director decided upon a production of George Bernard Shaw's Arms and the Man because it satisfactorily met the following criteria set up for the production: 1. a play requiring more than two sets; 2. a popular comedy type of play; 3. a play by a noted playwright; and 4. a play whose characters could be cast from the resident company.

Chapter I deals with the designers approach to the problem of design. The questions that a designer must ask himself about the play and the important things that he must look for in the script as he formulates his initial design are given consideration.

Chapter II concerns itself with the playwright and his approach to theatre. In determining the playwright's attitude toward the type of settings used in production of his plays three sources were consulted; the playwright's own writings, the writings of others about the playwright, and the plays he has written.

Chapter III analyses the problems imposed by the play, the theatre, and the director as they were related to the Lake Michigan Playhouse production of Arms and the Man.

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Chapter IV is a discussion of the design for the production as the designer interpreted it. Among the points of consideration are: the designer's initial concept, the styles of designs used, the basic floor plans, the property requirements, and the lighting.

Chapter V is the playscript with technical cues indicated.

Chapter VI analyzes the technical problems of execution and production and the manner in which they were resolved.

Chapter VII sums up the designer's conclusions concerning the merits of the style of design used in this production.

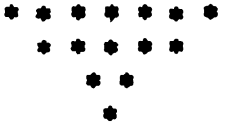
The Appendix includes the working drawings, floorplans, shift plots, lighting plots, set photographs, review and program.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

My sincere thanks to Mr. Donald Buell; Mr. Virgil Godfrey and Dr. Max Nelson for their invaluable aid and guidance in this project.

Thanks also to W. A. Gregory who made this project possible and to the members of the playhouse company who gave so generously of their time.

And to my wife, Margaret, a very special thanks for her faith and encouragement which knew no limits.



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INTRODUCTION

The problem of this thesis was to determine how effectively a play requiring three or more sets could be produced in the small summer theatre with a limited budget and staging facilities.

A survey of summer theatre programs listed in the New York Times[1] indicated that the major emphasis in the summer schedule was on recent Broadway productions requiring only one or two sets. Out of the more than one hundred and fifty theatres listed only one produced Arms and the Man while approximately one third of them produced I Am A Camera. This contrast was repeated over and over in the summer theatre circuit where such one-set Broadway hits as The Male Animal, My Three Angels and Bell, Book and Candle were produced repeatedly while such multi-set plays as Dark of the Moon, Pygmalion, and Green Grow the Lilacs were produced infrequently.

The above figures apply to the larger eastern and New England summer theatres which operate on ample budgets in well equipped theatres. The same situation holds true, however, for the many smaller summer theatres throughout the rest of the country. A study of pre-season publicity material circulated by a number of smaller Michigan summer theatre revealed that their schedule was substantially the same.[2]

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[1] New York Times, Sec. 2, p. 3, June 20, 1954.

[2] Schedule of plays, Barn Theatre, Augusta, Michigan, 1955. Oh, Men! Oh, Women!, Dial "M" for Murder, The Fifth Season, Guys and Dolls, The Country Girl, King of Hearts, The Caine Mutiny Court Martial, The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker, Gigi, Dear Charles, The Rainmaker, A Girl Can Tell, Reclining Figure, Tea and Sympathy

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The Lake Michigan Playhouse, which is a small two hundred seat theatre, might be considered typical for this type of theatre. Its production records for the five years in which it has operated indicated that the majority of the plays produced fell into the one-set classification. Three of the plays produced during this period required two sets, but no play requiring more than two sets had ever been produced in this theatre. The reasons for this lack of multi-set productions according to the director of the Playhouse were: 1. The Lake Michigan Playhouse is a small theatre with a maximum seating capacity of two hundred, and consequently the theatre operates on a very limited budget scaled to the capacity and average attendance; 2. the staging facilities of the theatre were very limited; and 3. the schedule on which a summer theatre is required to operate does not provide time for extensive construction of new and elaborate scenic pieces.

The designer felt that the situation as outlined by the director presented a challenging problem which should not be overlooked. A request was made to schedule a production requiring more than two sets to provide the designer with the opportunity to work out a solution to the problem of producing a play within the limitations of budget, staging facilities, and schedule described by the director.

Arms and the Man by George Bernard Shaw was the play chosen for production because it was well liked by both the designer and director, and fulfilled the following criteria: 1. a play requiring more than two sets; 2. a popular comedy type of play; 3. a play by a noted playwright; and 4. a play whose characters could be cast from the resident company.

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The purpose of this thesis is to show how limitations of budget, staging facilities, and schedule found in a small summer theatre such as the Lake Michigan Playhouse might be resolved while maintaining high artistic standards, and meeting the essential demands of the playwright and director for a play of multi-set requirements.

CHAPTER I

THE DESIGNER'S APPROACH TO *ARMS AND THE MAN*

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The designer, like any other skilled craftsman, should formulate some organized method of approach to the problems of stage design. For the Lake Michigan Playhouse summer theatre production of Arms and the Man, the designer felt that the criteria outlined by the noted Broadway designer Mordecai Gorelik would provide a logical approach to the design problems that would be encountered.

According to Gorelik the actual work of designing the set begins with the second reading of the script. The first reading should be for the enjoyment of reading a good play, but following this the designer should begin to look for his artistic idea. This idea does not always come immediately, but when it does, it forms the starting point for the finished design. "As long as the essential idea develops, it does not matter if the plan of production changes later for the designer can make corresponding changes in his scenic idea."[1]

After the preliminary reading the designer must analyze the script with great care. The analysis, at this point, should not place too great an emphasis on the author's description of the setting, no matter how detailed or clearly stated they may be; for the designer's primary interest is in developing a design which will reflect the theme

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[1]Mordecai Gorelik, "Designing the Play", Producing the Play, Ed. John Gassner, (New York: Dryden Press, 1941), p. 301.

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[2]Ibid., p. 303.

[3]Ibid., p. 303.

[4]Ibid., p. 304.

of the play.[2] As an aid in developing the basic design the designer should familiarize himself with the background of the playwright and the period in which the play was written.

Once the designer has become familiar with the script, conferences with the director are in order. In the beginning phase of the design, the designer's work is not very dissimilar from that of the director. Like the director, he must ask himself, "What will this show say or do to its audiences? How will my settings help to do or say it? How will the actors use my settings?"[3]

When the designer has answered the above questions satisfactorily, he is ready to apply himself to the more practical aspects of the design. Once he has the answers to these questions the "artistic idea" will begin to take shape. Among the things a designer must look for in the script are the entrances and exits, the time of the year, the times of the day, the lapses of time between scenes or during scenes, the succession of locales in a many-scened play, and the significant or important scenes in the play. Having these things in mind the designer proceeds to ask himself,

> What is the atmosphere of the locale? What quality does it have which makes it an intergral part of this author, what is notable about the historic period of the play or about its geographical location? What is the dramatic metaphor of each setting, and of the settings as a whole? What is the presumable history of the locale? What will be actors movements be like?[4]

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[2] Ibid., p. 303.

[3] Ibid., p. 303.

[4] Ibid., p. 304.

Having provided himself with the answers to the above questions, his search for a central dramatic image or "artistic idea" should be near an end. Additional research may be necessary to solidify his ideas, but the basic design should be well in mind at this point.

Being familiar with the script and the theme or basic idea on which the design will be based, the designer should give consideration to the specific problems of the playwright, the director, and the stage on which the play will be produced. With this accomplished the designer is ready to put the design into its final form.

In summary, the designer should approach the problem of stage design in an organized manner. The method that is used will vary depending upon the individual, but the end result should be a well planned production. For the Playhouse production of Arms and the Man, the design problems were approached as follows: 1. readings of the script; 2. a background study of the playwright; 3. conferences with the director on the basic theme or idea of the play; 4. an analysis of the problems brought on by the script, director and the stage on which the play will be produced; and 5. a discussion of the design as it finally evolved. Each of these points are to be considered in succeeding chapters.

CHAPTER II

THE PLAYWRIGHT

CHAPTER II

THE PLAYWRIGHT

As was noted in Chapter I, the wise designer makes a background study of the playwright and the period in which the play was written to aid him in formulating his basic concept of the design. This step is necessary because the designer has many styles of design from which to chose, and though he may not decide to use the style of the period in which the play was written, he must be able to decide whether or not the style he chooses is appropriate.

In making this study of George Bernard Shaw and his plays, the designer found that there were three major sources of information from which to draw. These were the writings of the playwright other than his plays, the writings of others about the playwright, and the plays themselves. This chapter will consider each of these sources in the order mentioned.

Shaw's own writings, consisting largely of criticisms, essays, and prefaces to his plays, offer the designer little with which to work. His remarks concerning stage design are scattered, brief, and buried in his writings on life and the arts. The few comments that Shaw did make specifically related to design were considered by the designer to be quite useful.

One of the most interesting of Shaw's remarks, concerning stage design, indicates his objections to the use of illusive scenery which is the usual type of scenic representation found on the stage today.

In illusive scenery the scene is really not complete in its details, although it must appear complete enough so that, to the eye of the audience, it appears to be the real thing.[1] The details are often only apparently realistic rather than actually so. Shaw states that this type of scenery

> .... is unconvincing; whilst the imaginary scenery with which the audience transfigures a platform or tribune like the Elizabethan stage or the Greek stage used by Sophocles, is quite convincing. In fact the more scenery you have the less illusion you produce. The wise playwright, when he cannot get absolute reality of presentation, goes to the other extreme, and aims at atmosphere and suggestion of mood rather than at direct simulative illusion.[2]

The designer felt that this was an interesting contrast to the usually detailed stage directions and realistic stage settings described in his plays. This does not mean, however, that Shaw did not favor realistic settings for his plays.

In another source Shaw stated that he felt realistic settings brought the theatre closer to "contemporary life."[3] He also remarked, that such settings were "worlds above flats, wings, and sky borders".[4] These comments are more consistent with the type of setting usually described by Shaw, but when viewed in light of the previous quotation

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[1]W. J. Friederich and J. H. Fraser, Scenery Design for the Amateur Stage, (New York: The Macmillan Co., 1950), p. 28.

[2]George Bernard Shaw, Prefaces, (London: Odhams Press Ltd., 1938), p. 111.

[3]George Bernard Shaw, Dramatic Opinions and Essays, (New York: Brentano's, 1917), Vol I, p. 277.

[4]Ibid., p. 277.

leads to the belief that Shaw is not as much against change, when a change is justified, as might be thought.

Given in support of this opinion is the following quotation from a letter written by Shaw to Lee Simonson in answer to his request for information in regards to his feelings about the design of Heartbreak House:

> .... So long as you do not alter or mask the positions of my people on the stage, or cut out an essential effect like the cutting off of the light and leaving the group in the dark, you may do your job in your own way. The more of your own you put in, the richer the play will be. You know, I take it, that comedy dialogue is impossible unless the faces of the speakers are seen quite distinctly. That is all you have to look out for as far as the author is concerned. For the rest, let yourself rip....[5]

At the time Arms and the Man was written, (1893) Shaw was under the influence of Ibsen and strongly against the romantic style of writing and the 'well made' play of the Scribe or Sardou pattern. He also felt that their method of presentation was as artifical as their writing. On this point he comments:

> In real life, I tell you, a human being is composed of many saints and many sinners, of many strengths and many weaknesses; but in the 'well made' play there are neither human beings nor any life at all, only puppets and mechanism; and except as mechanism, a diabolus ex machina is no more interesting than a deus ex machina, the employment of either being inexcusable in the work or a playwright who know his business, which is to persuade his audience that they are watching real things happening to real people.[6]

In addition to the above references the designer drew upon the

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[5]Lee Simonson, Part of a Lifetime, (New York: Duell, Sloan and Pierce Inc., 1943), pp. 51-52.

[6]Maurice Colbourne, The Real Bernard Shaw, (New York: Dodd Mead and Co., 1940), p. 40.

writings of Shaw's critics and biographers, who had as much or more to say concerning design as Shaw himself.

Hasketh Pearson reports that Shaw was never satisfied with being merely a playwright, and produced many of his own plays at the Court Theatre in London. In his description of Shaw the producer, he states,

> He designed his scenery, chose his casts, managed his stage managers, lectured his actors....abused them humorously, and won their affection.[7]

Evident from this report on Shaw is the fact that he was probably even more demanding as a producer than as a playwright. One source suggests that Shaw was unusual as a playwright because he did know his way around theatre, and one of the few where the director could not violate his floor plans too drastically without finding himself in trouble over and over again as he tried to make realistic action and motivating lines fit together.[8] The designer felt that this observation was an important factor to be considered, and so kept it well in mind throughout the planning of the design for Arms and the Man.

The majority of Shaw's plays are introduced with a lengthy description of the required setting. Henderson reports that these lengthy stage directions are a distinctly original contribution to the technology of modern realistic drama,....and brought about by the

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[7]Hasketh Pearson, G. B. S. A Full Length Portrait, (New York: Harper and Bros., 1942), p. 206.

[8]Friederich and Fraser, op. cit., p. 28

evolutionary trend of modern realistic art.[9] The significant aspect here would seem to be that Shaw did not approve of the direction in which the theatre of the time was headed and did what he could to redirect it. Apparently Shaw felt that detailed stage directions could do no harm, and would be a definite statement as to how he felt his plays should be produced.

In The Stage Is Set, Lee Simonson offers the opinion that the plays of Shaw demand a realistic type of setting because of the locale in which they are placed. Because of this "the designer will be forced to imitate to a greater or less degree, rooms which we habitually inhabit."[10] This viewpoint seemed quite in keeping with the impression gained from reading Shaw's stage directions, but on the other hand a very unexpected statement from a designer who belongs to the symbolistic school of design.[11]

The writings of the playwright and those who wrote about him, therefore, seem to be at odds with each other. Shaw in writing about his plays did not always favor the realistic approach, while his critics and producers seem to advocate realism as the best approach. Perhaps this seeming conflict is best resolved by William Irvine who summarizes Shaw's ideas concerning scenic requirements as follows:

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[9]Archibald Henderson, G. B. Shaw, His Life and Works, (Cincinnati: Steward and Kidd Co., 1911), p. 415.

[10]Lee Simonson, The Stage is Set, (New York: Harcourt Brace and Co., 1932), pp. 49-50.

[11]Mordecai Gorelik, "Designing the Play", Producing the Play, ed. J. Gassner (New York: Dryden Press, 1941), p. 343.

> First, that they be authentic to the time and nature of the play; second, that they be, insofar as possible pleasing and beautiful in themselves; and third, that they afford every opportunity to the actor.[12]

In this designer's opinion the above recommendations gave sufficient freedom in choosing a style of design for Arms and the Man as could be desired.

Although the information offered by Shaw and his critics was useful in formulating the basic concept of the design for Arms and the Man, much additional information concerning the practical aspects of of the setting was necessary before the final design could be achieved. This information came from the play itself.

Shaw was a master in the use of descriptive introductions. He used these descriptions to define the geographical location of the setting, the personal characteristics of the characters, the mood and atmosphere that must prevail, and the specific architectural peculiarities of the environment. The designer read many of Shaw's plays in order to acquaint himself with the general scenic requirements and to get an overall picture of his approach to production.

The following excerpts from Shaw's plays are offered as examples of his extensive and complete stage directions, and little changing method of production style.

As an example of how Shaw sets the geographical location of his plays, the description from Act I of Candida is offered.

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[12]William Irvine, The Universe of G. B. S. (New York: Whittlesey House, 1949), p. 202.

A fine October morning in the northeast suburbs of London, a vast district many miles away from the London of Mayfair and St. James' much less known there than the Paris of the Rue de Rivoli and the Champs Elysees, and much less narrow, squalid, fetid and airless in its slums; strong in comfortable, prosperous middle-class life; wide-streeted, muriad-populated; well-served with ugly iron urinals, radical clubs, tram lines, and a prepetual stream of yellow cars; enjoying in its main throughfares the luxury of grass-grown front gardens untrodden by the foot of man save as to the path from the gate to the hall door; but blited by an intolerable monotony of miles and miles of graceless, characterless brick houses, black iron railings, stony pavements, slaty roofs, and respectably ill-dressed or disreputably poorly-dressed people, quite accustomed to the place, and mostly plodding about somebody else's work.....

This desert of unattractiveness has its oasis. Near the outer end of the Hackney Road is a park of 217 acres, fenced in, not by railings, but by a wooden paling, and containing plenty of greensward, trees, a lake for bathing, flower beds with the flowers arranged carefully in patterns.....Where ever the prospect is bounded by trees or rising green grounds, it is a pleasant place. Where the ground stretches flat to the gray palings, with bricks and mortar, sky signs, crowded chimneys and smoke beyond, the prospect makes desolate sordid.

The best view of Victoria Park is from the front windows of St. Dominic's Parsonage, from which not a single chimney is visible...[13]

A second descriptive passage from Candida shows how Shaw's stage directions define the characters themselves.

In this room....the Reverend James Mavor Morell, does his work. He is sitting in a strong round-backed revolving chair at the right hand end of a long table, which stands across the window, so that he can cheer himself with the view of the park at his elbow. At the opposite end of the table, adjoining it, is a little table only half the width of the other, with a typewriter on it..... The large table is littered with pamphlets, journals, letters, nests of drawers, an office diary, postage scales, and the like..... Within reach of his hand is a stationary case, and a cabinet photograph in a frame. Behind him the right hand wall....is fitted with bookshelves, on which an adept eye can measure the parson's divinity and casuistry by a complete set of Browning's poems and

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[13]John Gassner, A Treasury of the Theatre, (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1950), p. 541.

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[14] Loc. cit.

[15] Bernard S...
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> Maurice's heological essays, and guess at his politics from a yellow-backed Progress and Poverty, Fabian Essays, a Dream of John Bull, Marx's Capital, and half a dozen other literary landmarks in Socialism. .... Altogether the room is the room of a good housekeeper, vanquished, as far as the table is concerned, by an untidy man, but elsewhere mistress of the situation.....[14]

A passage from Act III of Pygmalion gives an impression of the character of Mrs. Higgins without reading a single line of the dialogue.

> Mrs. Higgins was brought up on Morris and Burne Jones; and her room, which is very unlike her son's room in Wimpole Street, is not crowded with furniture and little tables and nicknacks. In the middle of the room there is a big ottoman; and this, with the carpet, the Morris wall-papers, and the Morris chintz window curtains, supply all the ornament, and are much too handsome to be hidden by odds and ends of useless things. A few good oil-paintings from the exhibitions in the Grosvenor Gallery thirty years ago (the Burne Jones not the Whistler side of them) are on the walls. The only landscape is a Cecil Lawson on the scale of a Rubens. There is a portrait of Mrs. Higgins as she was when she defied the fashion in her youth in one of the beautiful Rossettian costumes which, when caricatured by people who did not understand, let to the absurdities of popular estheticism in the eighteen-seventies.[15]

Shaw was equally adept in providing for the mood and atmosphere of his plays. The following passage from Heartbreak House indicates how he sets the mood for Act III in a few descriptive lines. The scene is in the garden of Captain Shotover's house.

> Hector....finds Lady Utterword laying voluptously in the hammock....in the circle of light cast by the electric arc, which is more like a moon in its opal globe..... It is a fine still night, moonless.[16]

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[14] Loc. cit.

[15] Bernard Shaw, Pygmalion, (Baltimore: Penguin Books, 1951), p. 11.

[16] Bernard Shaw, Heartbreak House, Great Catherine, and Playlets of the War, (New York: Brentano's, 1919).

Another short but effective atmospheric passage is found at the beginning of Act I, Pygmalion.

> ....Torrents of heavy summer rain. Cab Whistles blowing frantically in all directions. Pedestrians running for shelter into the portico of St. Paul's church..... All are peering out gloomily at the rain, except one man with his back turned to the rest, wholly preoccupied with a notebook in which he is writing.....[17]

A final selection shows how he elaborated on specific architectural pecularities which might be involved in the settings. This passage from Misalliance describes an elaborate and essential part of the setting.

> The house is in Surrey, on the slope of Hindhead; and Johnny, reclining, novel in hand, in a swinging chair with a little awning above it, is enshrined in a spacious half hemisphere of glass which forms a pavilion commanding the garden, and beyond it, a barren but lovely landscape of hill profile with fir trees, commons of bracken and gorse, and wonderful cloud pictures.
>
> The glass pavilion springs from a bridge like arch in the wall of the house, through which one comes into a big hall with tiled flooring which suggests that the proprietor's motion of domestic luxury is founded on the lounges of week-end hotels. The arch is not quite in the center of the wall..... Nearly in the middle of the glass wall of the pavilion is a door giving on the garden, with a couple of steps to surmount the hotwater pipes which skirt the glass. At intervals round the pavilion are marble pillars with specimens of Viennese pottery on them, very flamboyant in colour and florid in design..... In the side walls are two doors: one leading....to the interior of the house, the other on the opposite side and at the other end leading to the vestibule.[18]

These few selected examples of Shaw's descriptive introductions to each setting gives the designer an excellent idea of how thorough he was in working out a setting which exactly fit the play. Some of

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[17] Shaw, Pygmalion, op. cit., p. 11.

[18] George Bernard Shaw, "Misalliance", Theatre Arts, 27:36, September, 1943.

the introductions place more emphasis on one point than another, but all are very specific even to naming the pictures on the walls.

Along with these introductory passages Shaw added directions throughout the plays which specifically said how various parts of the setting and furniture were to be used. The following passages from Arms and the Man were selected from among the many good selections which might have been used as examples of how Shaw used the setting.

> A distant shot breaks the quiet of the night.....startling her (Raina) so that she scrambles out of bed and hastily blows out the candle....and hurries back to bed in the dark, nothing being visible but the glimmer of the light in the pierced ball before the image, the starlight seen through the slits at the top of the shutters. ....the shutters disappear, pulled open from without; ....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....the flame of a match is seen in the middle of the room.[19]

A few pages later Raina says, "I'll hide you. Here! behind the curtains". Several lines later Shaw adds, "A couple of shots are fired right under the window; and a bullet shatters the glass opposite Raina".[20] All of this action centers around the window and balcony that Shaw had described in the introduction to Act I. In only four pages he has used a large part of the practical aspects of the setting. Shaw, it would seem is keenly aware of his setting throughout his writing, and his many references to various parts of it would indicate that he feels that the setting should be used as well as seen.

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[19] Shaw, Arms and the Man, op. cit., p. 10.

[20] Shaw, Arms and the Man, op. cit., pp. 13-14.

In summary, the preceeding evidence would seem to indicate that most Shaw plays call for a realistic style of production. Realistic in the sense of apparent representation rather than actual. The playwright, through the introductions to his plays, seems to favor this style of production as do his critics. The designer, however, felt that Shaw would not think a production in some other style out of keeping with the play should conditions justify the change.

The basic scenic requirements for producing a Shaw play as outlined by Irvine were considered by the designer as being much more logical and realistic than the approach taken by some of the other critics. The designer also considered Irvine's statement that the settings should be authentic, pleasing and practical for the actors to work in much more in keeping with Shaw's philosophy of theatre than those of the other writers.

CHAPTER III

AN ANALYSIS OF THE SCENIC REQUIREMENTS IMPOSED BY THE PLAYWRIGHT, THEATRE AND DIRECTOR

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CHAPTER III

AN ANALYSIS OF THE SCENIC REQUIREMENTS IMPOSED BY THE PLAYWRIGHT, THEATRE AND DIRECTOR

I. THE SCENIC REQUIREMENTS OF THE SCRIPT

The first step in analyzing Arms and the Man for its scenic requirements was a careful reading of the script. The detailed description at the beginning of each act was found to be very valuable in formulating the general needs of the play.

Three settings are specified by Shaw for this play. The location of the action is the home and garden of Major Petkoff, which is located in a small town in Bulgaria near the Dragoman Pass. Act I takes place in Raina's bedroom, which is on an upper level of the house. The setting for Act II is the garden, located to the rear of the house. The final setting in Act III is Major Petkoff's library.

The general description for Act I as it was written by Shaw is as follows:

> 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 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 wodden 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 drawers, and another on the dressing table with a box of matches beside it.
>
> The window is hinged doorwise and stands wide open. Outside, a pair of wooden shutters, opening outwards, also stand open. On the balcony is 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 snowy 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, imperiously 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.

The setting for Act I as described by Shaw is a realistic interior, and the furnishings are listed in detail. If these items of decor were to be eliminated from the description, however, the actual description of the setting turns out to be a simple box set with two entrances. This fact was noted with interest by the designer, because the lack of structural details essential to the setting made the basic concept of a simplified setting easier to realize.

Act II of Arms and the Man takes place in the Petkoff garden several months later. The time is early spring and the war in which the Bulgarian army was involved in Act I is at an end.

> The sixth of March, 1886. In the garden of Major Petkoff'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.

The designer broke down the description of the setting for Act II as given by Shaw and found that it was composed of three distinct elements: 1. the furniture and fruit bushes; 2. the garden wall, gate to the stable, and the wall of the house; and 3. the landscape view showing the mountains and tops of the village in the valley below. This breakdown permitted the designer to watch for the non-essential elements in the setting as the script was read.

The setting for Act III is in the library of the Petkoff house after lunch of the same day. Shaw describes the setting as follows:

> 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 to the right hand window a square earthenware stove, a perfect tower of glistening 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.

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> This is a small kitchen table, with an old canister full of pens, an eggcup filled with ink, and a deplorable scrap of heavily used pink blotting paper.
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> 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 Bluntschi'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.

The description for the Act III setting was broken down into its component parts in the same manner as the other two acts. The designer noticed immediately when the furniture details were eliminated that the setting for Act III was basically the same as Act I. This important fact brought to mind the possibility of using the same setting for both Acts I and III.

With the required settings well in mind, the designer proceeded to reread the script, looking for those aspects of the action which were specifically involved with the setting as it was described.

One element that was observed from the reading was Shaw's use of acting areas. He has divided his settings into specific acting areas associated with the room furnishings. Act I was divided into two large areas by the furniture groupings. One area included the door,

chest, and bed, while the opposite side made use of the dressing table, ottoman, washstand, and window. These two general areas were broken down still further into five smaller areas. From left to right (Shaw evidently meant left from the audience viewpoint) the areas would be 1. the door and chest, 2. the bed, 3. the dressing table, 4. the window, and 5. the ottoman.

To indicate how Shaw made use of these areas, several scenes have been selected as illustrations. The window finds use several times during the act. As the curtain rises Raina is seen standing on the balcony as her mother enters and says, "Heavens, child! are you out in the night air instead of in your bed? You'll catch your death .....". A few pages later Louka enters with the remark, "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.". A line or two later Raina adds, "Leave the shutters so that I can just close them if I hear any noise". As an indication of the condition of the shutters Louka states, "If you should like the shutters open, just give them a push like this. One of them ought to be bolted at the bottom; but the bolt's gone". All of the use and mention of the window is a build up to the entrance of Captain Bluntschli early in the act. The room has been darkened with

> nothing being visible but the glimmer of the light in the pierced ball before the image, and the starlight seen through the slit at the top of the shutters.... 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.

There were several places in the remaining part of the act where the window was mentioned or used, but the examples given should suffice to indicate that Shaw did not put the window in the setting merely for decoration.

Shaw in the same manner made extensive use of the ottoman. On Catherine's first entrance Raina "pulls her mother down on the ottoman; and they kiss one another frantically". After Bluntschli's entrance he picks up Raina's cloak off the ottoman where she had placed it upon retiring. At the same time he throws his revolver down on the ottoman with the remark, "This is a better weapon than the revolver". Several pages later; "Riana walks with studied elegance to the ottoman and sits down. Unfortunately she sits on the pistol, and jumps up with a shriek". Again Shaw directs that Bluntschli "sits down on the ottoman, and takes his head in his hands". The ottoman is a very important piece of furniture to the setting and Shaw makes a great deal of use of it.

The bed also comes into use a number of times and becomes a very functional item of furniture. Before Bluntschli's entrance the script indicates that "she gets into bed and prepares to read herself to sleep". Not long after "she scrambles out of bed, and hastily blows out the candle on the chest of drawers..... She runs to the dressing table, blows out the light there, and hurries back to bed in the dark". There are also many instances when they merely use the bed as a place to sit. At the end of the act Raina leaves the room and when she returns with her mother Bluntschli is found asleep on the bed.

As was illustrated, the ottoman and bed play a very important part in the action of Act I. Their placement on the stage therefore must be given careful consideration if they are to function in the manner in which Shaw intended.

In reading through Act I the designer discovered that the only item in the room which was not actually used was the washstand. The chest and dressing table came into use several times as they were used to hold properties which were essential to the action. In directing the specific properties to be found on these two pieces of furniture, Shaw did not indicate one item that was not used during the course of the act.

Shaw indicated in Act II that there were to be two entrances left, each reached by a short flight of steps. One of these entrances was into the house and the other to a path that went around the house. On the right there was another entrance that lead to the stable yard. Between these entrances was found two furniture groupings; to the right near the stable entrance was located a garden bench, and in the middle of the garden a small table with two chairs. This furniture arrangement left the playing area uncluttered and clearly defined. The minimum amount of furniture required by Shaw for this act did not provide for more than three people to be seated on stage at any one time, nor did the action call for more than two or three persons to appear on stage at any one time.

The uncluttered aspect of the stage provided for the many scenes where only a small number of actors were involved, making it easier for

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[1] Eric Bentley
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the director to move them about during the scenes without being handicapped by a number of pieces of unnecessary furniture. The script indicated only a very few times when anyone was actually seated; for the most part the action was centered around the entrances and in the areas between the entrances and the table, center. Most of the scenes are relatively short and do not require that the actors be seated, in fact the action and interplay between them actually prevented it.

The designer appreciated the lack of furniture on the stage because of the small size of the stage on which it was necessary to to work. This seemingly small item made it possible for the designer to keep the floor plan very similar to the one Shaw described.

Act III returned the action to the interior of the Petkoff house later in the same day. For this room Shaw demands more in the way of furniture, and the reason seems obvious after reading through the play. The major portion of the act concerns itself with a discussion of the events of the preceeding acts and the resolution of the problem of who will marry whom. With this more typical Shavian writing it is absolutely necessary to provide adequate furniture groupings to satisfy the need for variety in the action.[1] Although there are exceptions, generally speaking Shaw usually has several scenes in his plays where very little happens except for long conversations between the characters.

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[1]Eric Bentley, The Playwright as Thinker, (New York: Reynal and Hitchcock, 1946), p. 152.

The furniture groupings for Act III as Shaw specifies them are as follows: a table with two chairs left; a window seat below the three large windows; a large ottoman similar to the one in Act I, and a chair by the stove, right. This arrangement allowed more than adequate seating for the number of persons on stage at any one time, since both the ottoman and window seat would accomodate several persons at a time if the director so desired. The groupings were such that they also made use of all the available acting areas on stage.

A few battered novels, some gift books, and trophies standing about on some hanging shelves completed the furnishings of the room. Apparently this is Shaw's way of poking fun at these people. The room is obviously lacking in books although it is supposed to be a library, and Raina speaks so proudly of their library in Act I., that the contrast is striking when one views the actual room.

Shaw, in this act as in the previous acts, indicated the use that should be made of each of the furniture groupings. The ottoman comes in for more than its share of the action because of the functional nature of its design. The stove as indicated does not serve any purpose other than decor and as motivation for the entrance of Nicola during his scene with Louka. The motivation in this case is an arm load of logs which he brings in for the stove. A resourceful director would have no difficulty devising some equally effective motivation for this entrance should the stove be eliminated.

The following illustrations indicate the extensive and varied use Shaw desired for the table and ottoman. The opening of the act

finds Bluntschli and Sergius sitting at the table working over some papers and maps.

> SERGIUS: 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).

Several pages later Louka enters and says to Bluntschli, "For you. (She empties the salver with a fling on to the table). The messenger is waiting". After a scene between Bluntschli, Raina and Sergius, Shaw indicates the following action: "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".

During a scene between Raina and Bluntschli "She sits down on the ottoman looking straight before her with her hands clasped around her knee. Bluntschli, quite touched, goes to the ottoman with a particularly reassuring and considerate air, and sits down beside her". In the following scene between Louka and Nicola the script states that "he puts the logs down, and seats himself comfortably on the ottoman." A few pages later Sergius enters and sits on the ottoman, "sprawling magnificently".

These illustrations are only a few of the many times these two items of furniture were mentioned in the dialogue and stage directions. A careful study of the script indicates that when Shaw describes the elements of a setting he fully intends that these elements should be used. The illustrations given in the preceeding pages point out how

important the furniture groupings are to Shaw as he specifically directs their use throughout the script.

Shaw's stage directions consider other aspects of the play as well as the settings. Quoted in Chapter II was the statement by Shaw that he felt the faces of the speakers should be seen quite distinctly. From this one could assume that he is greatly interested in the visual aspects of the production as they are reflected in the lighting.

In Arms and the Man Shaw is not specific as to the lighting requirements, but he does outline them in general terms in the introduction to each act as well as describing the use of the candles throughout Act I.

The description that precedes Act I and notes within the act itself indicate the following lighting effects:

> Night: ....through an open window....a peak of the Balkans, wonderfully white and beautiful in the starlit snow..... Above the bed.... a light.... in a pierced metal ball suspended by three chains..... The room is lighted by a candle on the chest of drawers, and another on the dressing table.....

Shaw also gives direction for the use of the above mentioned candles. At the end of the opening scene Raina climbs into bed;

> 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,.... 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.... and the starlight seen through the slits at the top of the shutters. ....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 the black upon it. The shutters close immediately; and the room is dark again. .... Then there is a scratch; and the flame of a match is seen in the middle of the room.

Raina cries out and "the match is out instantly". A voice commands, "Strike a light....", and Raina lights the candle on the chest of drawers. From this point the candles stay lit for the rest of the Act.

Drawing on the above description, the designer finds three requirements are necessary to light Act I. First there must be specific illumination of the areas where the candles are located. Second, there must be enough general illumination to see the actors faces anywhere on stage, but it must not be strong enough to destroy the effect of the candle light. Third there must be a light source outside the window to light Raina when she stands on the balcony.

Act II requires lighting of a more general nature than the specific lighting required for the candles of Act I. Shaw indicates that "it is a fine spring morning" in the Petkoff garden. From this the designer knows that the stage will require a general overall illumination of much stronger intensity than that of Act I. The color also will be different since they will be the cooler tones of daylight contrasted with the warmer color of the candle light of the first act.

The lighting for Act III is much the same as for Act II, except that the intensity will be less. The script indicates that the light in the room is "mellowing afternoon light". Apparently Shaw felt that the windows would provide sufficient motivation for the light in the room because he did not provide for any source of light within the room.

The above details are those from which the designer must work to light the production. They are simple but sufficient and allow the

designer plenty of leeway in planning a set up that will work with the equipment at hand.

A third and very important problem that is confronted in designing the settings for Arms and the Man is that of style. Because of the multiplicity of styles in use in theatre today and the lack of a clear interpretation of what elements make up a style the problem becomes even more confused. The nomenclature affixed to the various styles of theatre is felt by Simonson to be no more than lables used by the critics to catalog our burden of culture.[2] Mordecai Gorelik feels that the careless use of such terms has been more confusing than helpful to the theatre.[3]

Simonson suggests that the plays of Shaw demand a realistic type of setting because of the locales in which they are set.[4] Realism, however, is a word that means many things to many people and as such has probably been misused more than any other word in theatre.[5] That Shaw's description seems to indicate a realistic type of setting there is little doubt. The problem is to what degree of realism must a designer resort to fulfill Shaw's requirements.

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[2]Lee Simonson, The Art of Scenic Design, (New York: Harper and Brother, 1950), p. 47.

[3]Mordecai Gorelik, New Theatres for Old, (New York: Samuel French, 1952), p. 26.

[4]Simonson, The Stage is Set, (New York: Harcourt Brace and Co., 1932), p. 49.

[5]Gorelik, Loc. cit.

For Arms and the Man Shaw's descriptions indicate the need of realism to a degree that will impress upon the audience that the Petkoff house is nothing more than a garish display of wealth. In this case the wealth is not great in comparison to western society's standards, but rather, is the wealth of an uncultured society that is accustomed to a rather low standard of living.

In Act I Shaw indicates that the "ornamental textile fabrics in the room are oriental and gorgeous", while the dressing table is a "common pine table". The novels are "paperbacked" cheap editions, but the fur mantle which Raina wears is "worth, on a moderate estimate, about three times the furniture of the room." This is a room then that does not need to be lifted out of some Bulgarian house, but does need enough realism to emphasize the contrast in the taste of the Petkoff family. The character of the family as drawn by Shaw is of great aid to the designer in working out the specific details of the design because they point out the type of environment in which they would surround themselves.

Shaw describes Catherine Petkoff as:

> a woman over forty, imperiously 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.

This description together with Raina's remark, "I belong to the family of the Petkoffs, the richest and best known in our country" is an indication of their attempt to display a style of living which is new to them.

This attempt at a way of life new to them is further brought out by Shaw in the following lines from Act I:

> 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 room full 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.

Several lines in Act II furnish additional clues to the character of the Petkoffs and the house they live in.

> PETKOFF: And how have you been, my dear?
> CATHERINE: Oh, my usual sore throats: thats 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 cigaret) I dont believe in going too far with these modern customs. All this washing cant be good for the health: its 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 dont 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: Whats 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 dont hang out their washing to dry where visitors can see it; so youd better have all that (indicating the clothes on the bushes) put somewhere else.

These passages from the first two acts, and Shaw's description from the third act on the actual lack of a library gives an indication of the manner in which the Petkoff's live and the extent of their values.

Henderson in his biography of Shaw states that,

> Shaw is entitled to call his play realistic. In essence Arms and the Man is a romantic comedy with a delightfully satric slant. The "realistic" details are really Shaw's comedic touches in the exposure of illusions of warfare, of love, of romantic idealism.[6]

The general scenic requirements for Shaw's plays do not in all aspects agree with the requirements of Arms and the Man. A study of the script indicates that the elements that are specified are quite necessary, for the most part, to the action of the play. But the settings as described and the lines of the script do not indicate that the degree of realism required for most of Shaw's plays is necessary for Arms and the Man.

The designer felt that the satiric slant of the play would lend itself very nicely to a less realistic style of production than is usually seen on the stage in connection with a Shaw play, providing that none of the essential requirements of the setting as described by Shaw were eliminated. Realistic in this case means the apparent

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[6]Archibald Henderson, Bernard Shaw, (New York: D. Appleton and Co., 1932), p. 472.

reality of illusion rather than the faithful reproduction of naturalism.

Part I of this chapter has considered three aspects of Shaw's script for Arms and the Man: 1. the general floor plan including furniture groupings and the acting areas; 2. the lighting specified by Shaw; and 3. the general style of production indicated by the script. From the analysis of this information the designer decided that the setting could be done in a style less demanding of the facilities available. The following section will indicate the part that the physical layout of the theatre played in formulating this decision.

II. THE SCENIC REQUIREMENTS IMPOSED BY THE PHYSICAL LIMITATIONS OF THE PLAYHOUSE

Consideration having been given to the script in the preceding section, attention must now be focused on the theatre in which the production was given.

Before the designer can give any serious thought to the final design of the setting he is going to put on the stage, he must know the physical limitations of the stage itself. "His designs correspond to stage conditions; at their best they are not only limited but inspired by the special conditions of the stage."[7] If the setting is to be practicable it must meet the specific technical demands of the stage on which it will be used.[8]

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[7]Mordecai Gorelik, "Designing the Play," Producing the Play, ed. John Gassner, (New York: Dryden Press, 1941), p. 308.

[8]Samuel Selden and H. D. Sellman, Stage Scenery and Lighting,

The technical demands of which a designer must be aware are: 1. the size and shape of the auditorium and stage, 2. the size of the proscenium opening and sight lines from the auditorium, 3. the shifting facilities available, and 4. the lighting equipment at hand.[9]

The size and shape of the stage of the Lake Michigan Playhouse is anything but ideal for a theatrical production.

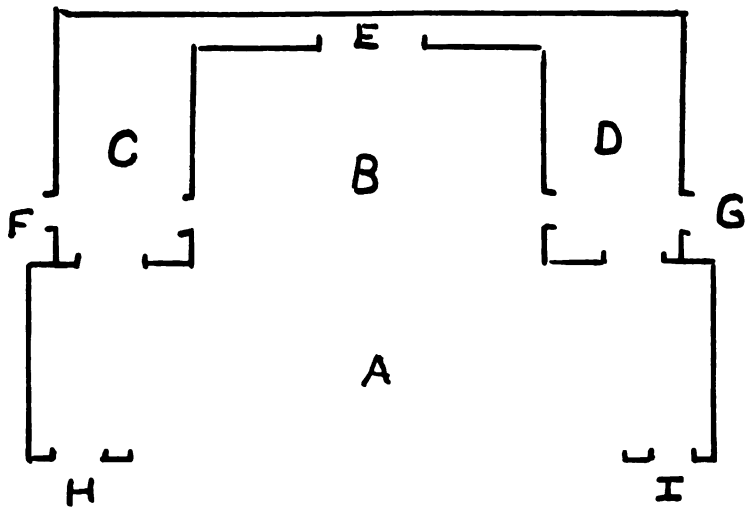

FIGURE 1

The available off stage space is meager and the unusual shape limits, to a great extent, the type of setting that can be used. As can be seen in Figure 1 the general shape of the stage is an inverted "T". This unorthodox shape does not lend itself well to any type of realistic setting except a shallow box set. Exterior settings are next

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(New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc., 1936), p. 13.

[9]Ibid.

to impossible because of a lack of depth across the full width of the stage.

The useable stage space consists of Areas A and B as indicated in Figure 1. Area A measures thirty-two feet by eleven feet, and area B measures sixteen feet by eleven feet. This gives a total depth in the center of the stage of twenty-two feet, which leaves five feet of area A available as off stage space on each side of the stage.

One unusual aspect of the stage is the ceiling over areas A and B. Both are arched ceilings but that over area B is several feet lower than that over area A. This difference has always presented a problem on stage since the standard flat used is twelve feet in height. In order to clear the ceiling a flat of this size cannot be placed closer than two feet to the side walls of area B. This leaves only twelve feet of maximum width in that area for use by the designer in his settings.

The areas marked C and D are separated by walls from the rest of the stage. These areas each measure five feet by twelve feet and serve as dressing rooms and property storage space for the productions. As can be seen in Figure 1, there are three possible means of getting on to the stage area from each of these rooms.

Area E is a passage way which serves to connect areas C and D, and also as a means of getting on to the stage from the up center position. This passage way is twenty-seven inches in width which makes it practically useless for any other purpose than a crossover back stage.

Four entrances to the stage are indicated in Figure 1 by the letters F, G, H, and I. Doors F and G open directly outdoors, while H and I open on the auditorium. These entrances are in reality fire exits and required by local fire laws. This arrangement provides no end of difficulties for the designer because the area leading to these doors must be kept clear at all times. With only five feet of off-stage space on either side of Area A it is difficult to provide backings for entrances and still keep the area clear.

The auditorium of the Playhouse is the same width as area A of the stage, thrity-two feet. The depth of the auditorium, including the lounge, is forty-five feet. This area provides room for two hundred seats without crowding. An additional number of folding chairs can be placed in the lounge area to take care of over-capacity crowds. On the right side of the lounge is located the entrance hall and box office, while on the left side is a small refreshment stand. Other areas of the building which are limited to the playhouse staff are a make-up and storage room over the lounge area, and a basement shop which covers approximately one third of the fore part of the building. This shop is used only for building properties and small units of scenery because there is no way in which larger units and flats can be moved in or out.

The second demand of the theatre which the designer must consider is that the size of the proscenium opening and the sight lines from the auditorium. The opening for the Lake Michigan Playhouse stage measures twenty-two feet wide by ten feet high. Seating arrangement

in the auditorium provided for three aisles, one on each side and one down the center. Allowing three feet for the side aisles leaves the extreme side seats only two feet outside the line of the proscenium opening. This arrangement makes the sight lines of the Playhouse almost perfect. The designer felt that this was fortunate since a maximum use of the proscenium opening was possible in the design for Arms and the Man.

With sight lines which were almost perfect the designer found it possible to run the set walls straight up stage from the proscenium opening without being lost completely to sight by more than six people in the extreme outside seats in the first three rows. According to Gorelik, the problem of sight lines is one of the most fundamental requirements with which the designer has to deal. Faulty sight lines are common in many theatres and few settings are fully visable from all angles.[10] Since this condition is commonly found in the commercial theatre the designer felt fortunate in being able to design the settings without the necessity of working around the problem of faulty sight lines.

Consideration of the shifting facilities on the stage of the Lake Michigan Playhouse entails two major problems: 1. all scenery must be shifted by hand; 2. the lack of adequate backstage space in which to shift or store scenery. As was noted earlier in this chapter, unless an extremely shallow set is used, backstage space is at a premium. The low ceilings prevent the installation of a grid system and

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[10]Gorelik, op. cit., p. 316.

so eliminates any possibility of flying scenery. The lack of offstage space in the wings also prevents any use of stage wagons to facilitate shifting. This complete lack of shifting facilities was one of the major problems which the designer had to solve in providing three settings for Arms and the Man.

The final element of the Playhouse facilities which the designer had to consider was that of lighting. Fortunately the stage was adequately equipped with lighting instruments and dimming equipment. To light the upper areas of the stage, a pipe on which fourteen instruments were mounted was hung three feet in back of the proscenium opening. To light the downstage area, spotlights were mounted in an opening on the upper level of the Playhouse. This opening is thirty feet from the proscenium and fifteen feet above the stage floor. The lighting angle was flat, but was sufficient for general downstage area lighting.

The dimming equipment consisted of two dimmer boards hooked through an inter-connecting panel. One board was of the portable piano box variety and contained the master switch and three drum type resistance dimmers. These dimmers were of one, three thousand and two, two thousand watt capactiy. The second board was of the portable Powerstat variety and was hooked into the master switch of the resistance board. This board consisted of three, two thousand watt inter-locking dimmers which were not connected to any type of master control. The thirteen thousand watts of dimming capacity provided by these two boards was barely adequate, but proved to be quite flexible when used in conjunction with the inter-connecting panel.

The inner-connecting panel consists of forty-eight outlets in pairs. Each pair of outlets is controlled by its own switch. These individual switches are set in groups of three with each group being controlled by a master switch. This whole system is divided into four twelve outlet circuts which lead to the dimmers. Three of these circuits were connected to the Powerstat unit and one to the three thousand watt resistance dimmer. This arrangement left two dimmers available for any special lighting setups, making the lighting sufficiently flexible for most productions on this stage.

The limitations which the designer faced in designing for the Lake Michigan Playhouse stage can be summarized as follows: the stage area itself was not of sufficient size and shape to be considered minimum for more than the average one set play; shifting facilities were none; with no overhead grid system and no space in which to use wagons; and storage space for scenery and props backstage was meager. The advantages of the stage were the excellent sight lines and an adequate lighting system. With these technical requirements in mind the designer proceeded to consider the final aspect of the production which would influence the design; the specific requirements of the director.

III. SPECIFIC REQUIREMENTS OF THE DIRECTOR

One important aspect of the designer's job is to work closely with the director to produce a coordinated prodution. Conferences with the director are an important element in scene design, for no setting can be properly integrated with the production as a whole unless the

director and designer come to an agreement on the meaning and style of the production.

> Designer and director are, or should be, alter egos. The director's general conception of a performance, its rhythm, tone, tempo, and pattern of movement, determines the essential design of a production. A designer's scheme of setting the stage and lighting it determines how a play can be performed. A director's suggestions may be general, or concrete or incomplete. Many may be given to the director by the designer. The success of a production depends on how successfully the two are able to collaborate, on the degree to which a designer's and director's imagination coalesce.[11]

Many complicated problems arise out of a situation such as described above for the finished production is the work of the director designer, and playwright who often is not present to explain his interpretation of the play.

The problem of unity develops even more complicating factors when the playwright is a man of Shaw's caliber and reputation, for he has definite ideas as to the meaning of his plays. The stage directions of Shaw's plays are long and detailed. Few elements are ever overlooked, for Shaw was not one to deal in vague generalities when it came to describing his characters, their actions, and environment.

In conference with the director three important aspects of Arms and the Man had to be agreed upon: 1. the general floor plan and furniture locations; 2. the style in which the settings would be executed; and 3. the lighting that would be used, particularly in Act I.

One of the first problems which had to be resolved in discussing the floor plans was the number of sets which would be used in the

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[11]Lee Simonson, The Art of Scenic Design, (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1950), p. 31.

production. Shaw describes three entirely different settings in his stage directions for Arms and the Man. Both director and designer agreed that the play could be produced in two settings by using either the Act II or Act III setting suffice for both acts. The general consensus of opinion on this point, however, was that this would not completely fulfill the requirements of the play as it was written by Shaw. To eliminate either setting would mean that some of the lines and action would have to be cut entirely or rewritten. As was indicated by one source quoted in Chapter II,[12] any action of this type would not have been in keeping with the desires of Shaw for he disliked anyone tampering with his scripts.

The designer also desired to produce the play with the settings as described by Shaw to show how a play with difficult scenic requirements might be produced in a summer theatre with limited facilities without any major alteration of the playwright's specifications.

With the director and designer in agreement that the play should be produced in three settings, the decision was made to go along with Shaw as far as the Playhouse facilities would permit.

Once the number of settings had been determined the next step was to decide upon a general floor plan for each. The designer pointed out that in order to put three settings on the Playhouse stage they would have to be confined to Area A (Figure 1) in order to provide sufficient backstage space for production needs. The director was

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[12]W. J. Friederich and J. H. Fraser, Scenery Design for the Amateur Stage, (New York: The Macmillan Co., 1950), p. 28.

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The designer was of the opinion, at this point, that it would be possible to keep the original plan of the settings as described by Shaw thus eliminating the possibility of changing any of the essential action described by him. The ground plans as they were broken down in part two of this chapter were quite simple with few architectural requirements other than the doors. This factor was felt to be sufficient indication that they would work into the design regardless of the style chosen for the production.

In discussing the style in which the play would be produced the major factor that had to be considered was not to be realistic or nonrealistic, but rather the degree of realism that was necessary to maintain the satiric flavor of the play as Shaw had written it. Both the director and designer felt that the satiric slant of Shaw's writing would justify a stylized type of production involving simplified or selected realism. This meant that the settings would be constructed of small, light, easily shifted units which occupy a minimum amount of backstage space when not in use. The details of this style of design as it evolved will be discussed in Chapter IV.

With tentative style of production in mind the problem of lighting remained to be considered. The director was of the opinion that the lighting should be as similar to that proposed in the script as

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With tentative style of production in mind the problem of lighting remained to be considered. The director was of the opinion that the lighting should be as similar to that proposed in the script as

possible, especially in Act I where Shaw had written specific lighting effects. (The designer agreed that in order to maintain the mood and atmosphere of Act I the lighting would have to be essentially the same as indicated in the script, for much of the success of the act depends on the lighting.) As for the other two acts the lighting was of such a general nature that it presented no forseeable problems.

These then were the problems presented to the designer by the director: 1. design the production in three settings as prescribed by Shaw, 2. provide as much clear area as possible on stage, 3. maintain the same major furniture groupings specified by Shaw inso far as possible, 4. simplify as necessary, to keep the setting practical for the playhouse stage and within the limited budget alloted, but maintain a style in keeping with the script as it was written by Shaw, 5. light the production according to the demands of Shaw.

CHAPTER IV

THE DESIGN OF THE SETTINGS

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THE DESIGN OF THE SETTINGS

Upon first reading the script, the designer noticed that Shaw described the settings as being influenced by both Europe and the Orient. Bulgaria, being situated in the east of Europe, was very close to Turkey and Asia Minor and so logically would tend to absorb some of its culture and architecture. The European influences would no doubt come principaly from Bulgaria's western neighbors Austria, Hungary, and Roumania. Shaw makes several references to Vienna and Budapest in the dialogue while discussing the opera, fashions, and the ladies' yearly trip to these cities.

4 The designer received the impression that the oriental influence of the furnishings contrasting with occidental wallpaper and cheap pine table as described in Act I was a deliberate attempt by Shaw to heighten the effect of his satire against romantic idealism. As Shaw so effectively puts it the room is a combination of "half rich Bulgarian, half cheap Viennese".

The initial concept of the design for the Playhouse production of Arms and the Man was visualized as three sets using the above mentioned combination of occidental and oriental influences. After many rough sketches and ground plans, however, the three set approach appeared to be impossible on the Playhouse stage if the use of three complete sets was involved.

Not wanting to abandon the original plan of using the three sets as described by Shaw, the designer contemplated the possibility of using only two sets, but designing the Act I setting in such a manner that it could be changed sufficiently to serve as the library in Act III.

This plan was considered the most logical approach to the problem since it would cut both the cost of the settings and the required storage space by one third. The designer felt that the best method of accomplishing this multiple use of the scenery was by the construction of a unit setting.

Working from a sketch which involved the use of a door unit and several arches supported by pillars the designer recognized the possibility of constructing them in such a way that the pillars could be removed and the arches inverted to produce a completely different setting. With this idea in mind, the possibility of also using the same setting for Act II was envisioned. Since the Act II setting in its simplest form was nothing more than a garden wall it would be a simple matter to remove the arches completely leaving the basic flats to serve as this wall. This move would again cut production costs and help relieve the backstage storage problem to the point where the designer felt that the Playhouse stage could accomodate the necessary scenery and properties needed for the production.

The design was outlined to the director in its rough form and accepted by him as an excellent solution to the problem of producing a multi-set play on the Playhouse stage. With the basic design idea agreed upon by the designer and director, the next step was to work out the final design and technical problems involved in its execution.

The design problem seemed to resolve itself as follows: to put three settings on the stage with a minimum use of scenery; to keep the scenery simple and easy to shift by hand in a limited amount of time; to eliminate the need to reshift dead scenery during scene changes; and to maintain the "half rich, half cheap" flavor of the settings recommended by Shaw.

The unit setting would consist of a number of standard sized wall flats and arch units which could be arranged in various combinations to provide the needed settings for each act. The major problem evolving out of this type of setting was to keep the settings detailed enough to fulfill the realistic requirements of the script and at the same time generalized enough to be ambiquous and, therefore, usable in both interior and exterior settings without looking out of place.

The style of the design was envisioned as a combination of two styles, generally called simplified realism and stylism. A great deal of ambiguity exists among twentieth century designers as to exact definitions of the various styles of scene design employed by these very designers. Therefore, no one set of definitions can be considered a definition source. However, the ambiguity lies in the details used to achieve the various styles of design rather than in the basic idea underlying the style, with the result that when designers speak of simplified realism or stylism they are referring to styles of staging that can be defined as to basic concept but defy definition as to detail used to achieve the style. Realism on the stage is not the realism of actual life--it is the result of a careful and deliberate

selection of those details which will contribute to the desired effect and the exclusion of those details which might be present in real life but which do not contribute to the design. Thus stage realism can be thought of as a simplification of the realism of life. Simplified realism goes a step further away from the real of life in that the selection of detail included in the design is still more strict. Thus the designer seeks more to suggest place than to portray place. In this type of setting the selection of details must be more carefully made in order to get the most characteristic elements of the particular locale. The approach to this type of design revolves around the reducing of the major elements of the setting to basic forms, lines and colors to suggest the possibility of a complete whole. The background for this type of setting is usually a sky drop or cyclorama.

The advantages of this type of setting for the stage with limited equipment is that it requires fewer scenery elements, thereby saving expense, time in building, and storage space. Shifting is also reduced to a minimum.

> For the designer, the use of simplified realism is always a challenge, because any experienced hand knows that it is far easier to clutter the stage with a multitude of items than to create an interesting impression of the whole with a minimum of details.[1]

The second style used in conjunction with simplified realism was that of stylism. In approaching this type of design the forms of the setting are changed from realistic to non-realistic. This is done because the designer feels that the change will interpret the play in a more individualistic style. The motivation for the change must come

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[1] W. J. Friederich and J. H. Fraser, Scenery Design for the Amateur Stage, (New York: Macmillan Co., 1950), p. 12.

from the script, and should add some commentary to the theme of the play. In the case of Arms and the Man this commentary involves the satiric but good natured ribbing of primitive Bulgaria and the shattering of romantic idealism.

This style of design requires that the designer recognize the exaggerated treatment of people, places or ideas which are not completely taken from real life, and help the audience to recognize the same thing by exaggerating the settings to underline this treatment. In stylism the style of presenting the object is emphasized more than the object itself. The emphasis is usually attained in the same manner as simplified realism, through the conventionalization of the basic forms, line, and color.

The use of a combination of stylization and simplified realism is not uncommon. The designer uses the one style in eliminating all unnecessary elements of the setting, and frequently slips into the other style in interpreting the essential items of the scene.

The general form of the settings as the designer saw them are as follows: Act I would consist of a wall and an inverted arch unit right, a French window unit center flanked by a wall and arch unit similar to the one right, and a double door unit left; Act II would be the wall units used in Act I minus the arch units, and supplemented by several smaller wall units to replace the door and window; Act III would use the door from Act I stage right and the rest of the setting would be the wall and arch units, with the arch units in a normal position and supported by pillars.

The designer felt that using the arches in an inverted position for Act I would give the room a definite feminine characteristic as well as a certain splendor brought about by their upward sweeping motion. This would be in direct contrast to the lofty appearance of the Act III set with the arches mounted on the pillars and the openings between giving the suggestion of windows. The walls along with the espalier trees was considered realistic enough to set the locale for Act II.

In keeping with the stylized design of the setting the color needed to be one that would be suitable for all three acts. Since part of the units were to be used in the garden setting some neutral color was felt to be best because it would not be obtrusive in either interior or exterior setting. The designer therefore decided to paint all of the scenery a light beige. This color was chosen because it was warm and would suit the comedy element of the play better than some cooler neutral color. No spattering or other means of obtaining the illusion of texture were to be used because the stark flatness of the walls would seem to fit the satiric feeling of the play better.

Having determined the general form the settings would take, the next step was to lay out the floor plan for each act to determine the exact number of basic flats, arches, doors, and special scenery details that would be needed. At this time the tentative arrangement of the furniture was sketched on the floor plan for the director's approval. With this step of the design accomplished the designer was able to determine the amount of space that would be necessary for backstage purposes.

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From the rough ground plans, the minimum amount of backstage space that could be allotted would be area B as indicated in Figure 1. The allotment of this space as storage area limited the designer to area A for the settings.

Since a stylized type of setting utilizing cut down wall sections was to be used in the production, it was necessary to enclose area A with draperies to keep the backstage area from the view of the audience. Three choices were open to the designer as to the color of these draperies, since gray, tan, and black cyclaramas were available. The designer felt that the black was more suitable for Acts I and III, but that the tan would be better for Act II. Because the stage facilities would not permit the flying of scenery only one color could be used. The designer decided upon the black "cyc" since it would be better suited for the major part of the play.

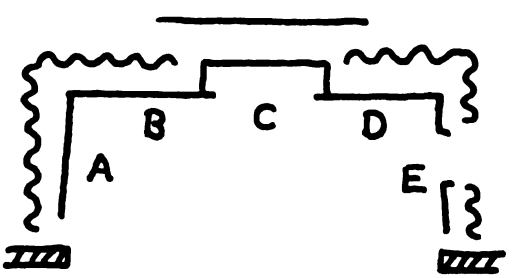

Figure 2

Figure 2 indicates the floor plan of Act I as was used in the production. Shaw's direction demanded two entrances for this act; a door E leading to the rest of the house and a French window C with balcony overlooking the street. This latter unit was special for Act I

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The placement of the window unit upstage center divided the rear wall into three clearly defined sections. Since all three settings would make use of the maximum amount of stage space available the designer decided to divide the walls into a modular plan of eight foot sections. This modular plan meant that all wall sections, arch units, and doors would be of the same width, and therefore interchangeable with each other any place in the setting. Although the eight foot sections would not extend to the proscenium opening on the sides of of the sets the opening left was not disturbing to the balance of the settings as a whole. The black drapery visible in this area, was also visible above the wall sections and served to keep the setting unified.

The Act II floor plan was very similar to that of Act I, with the entrances located in approximately the same positions. Although stage area used for this Act was the same as for Act I, the acting area within the wall was much less. This was brought about by the need for space between the garden walls and the "cyc" for entrances and exits. To provide this space the designer moved the basic wall flats A, B, and D (Figure 2) away from the "cyc" and used four smaller flats in place of the French window and door unit.

The stage directions by Shaw suggested that a part of the house should be showing on stage. The designer, however, felt that this was not essential to the action and therefore could be eliminated from the setting. Since the location of the house was adequately established

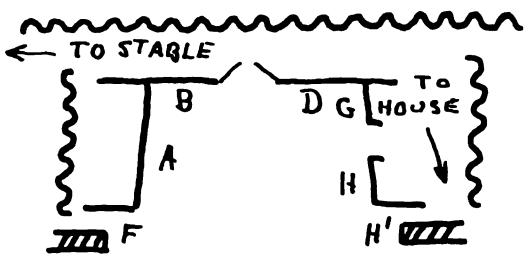

Figure 4.

through the dialogue and the entrances and exits, the house was as well represented being off stage. The setting was non-realistic to the degree that the landscape background was replaced by the black "cyc" thus the elimination of the house as an actual part of the setting was in keeping with the stylized design.

To further the feeling of a garden, but staying within the stylized form of the setting, two artifical espalier trees were placed up center, right and left of the center entrance. These provided additional color for the setting as well as giving it a touch of the south of Europe where espalier trees are ordinarily found.

The only entrance required by the script for Act III is shown in Figure 6. This entrance was opposite that of Act I, but used the same door unit. To provide for the correct hinging of the doors on both sides of the stage a double door unit was designed.

Five pillars and an additional wall flat and arch unit I which were used only in Act III were added to the setting, these pillars were used to support the arch units above wall sections A, B, D, and I. Space for the books and decorative props indicated by Shaw was provided

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ACT II

Figure 5.

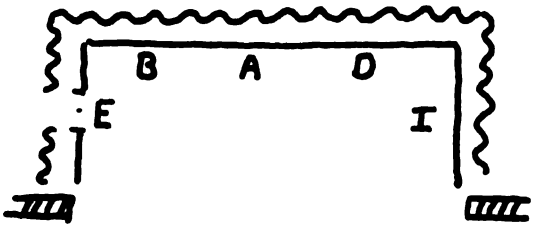

Figure 6.

for in the setting through a ledge at the top edge of the wall sections A, B, and D.

A comparison of the floor plans for the three acts revealed that the scenery shift from one act to another could be accomplished with a minimum movement of scenery. The three settings consisted of only twenty pieces of scenery as follows: eight wall flats, four arches, one French window, one door unit, five pillars and two gates. This scenery, as it was used in each act, breaks down in the following order: Act I, three wall flats, three arches, French window unit, and the double door unit. All of these pieces were built on the modular plan incorporated in the design of the setting. Act II used the same three wall flats plus four smaller wall flats and the two gates. As was indicated earlier the four smaller wall flats were necessary to provide space between the "cyc" and the setting and were used only in this act. Act III retained the three larger wall flats and in addition used the four arches, another of the larger wall flats, five pillars and the double door unit.

COLOR SKETCH

ACT III

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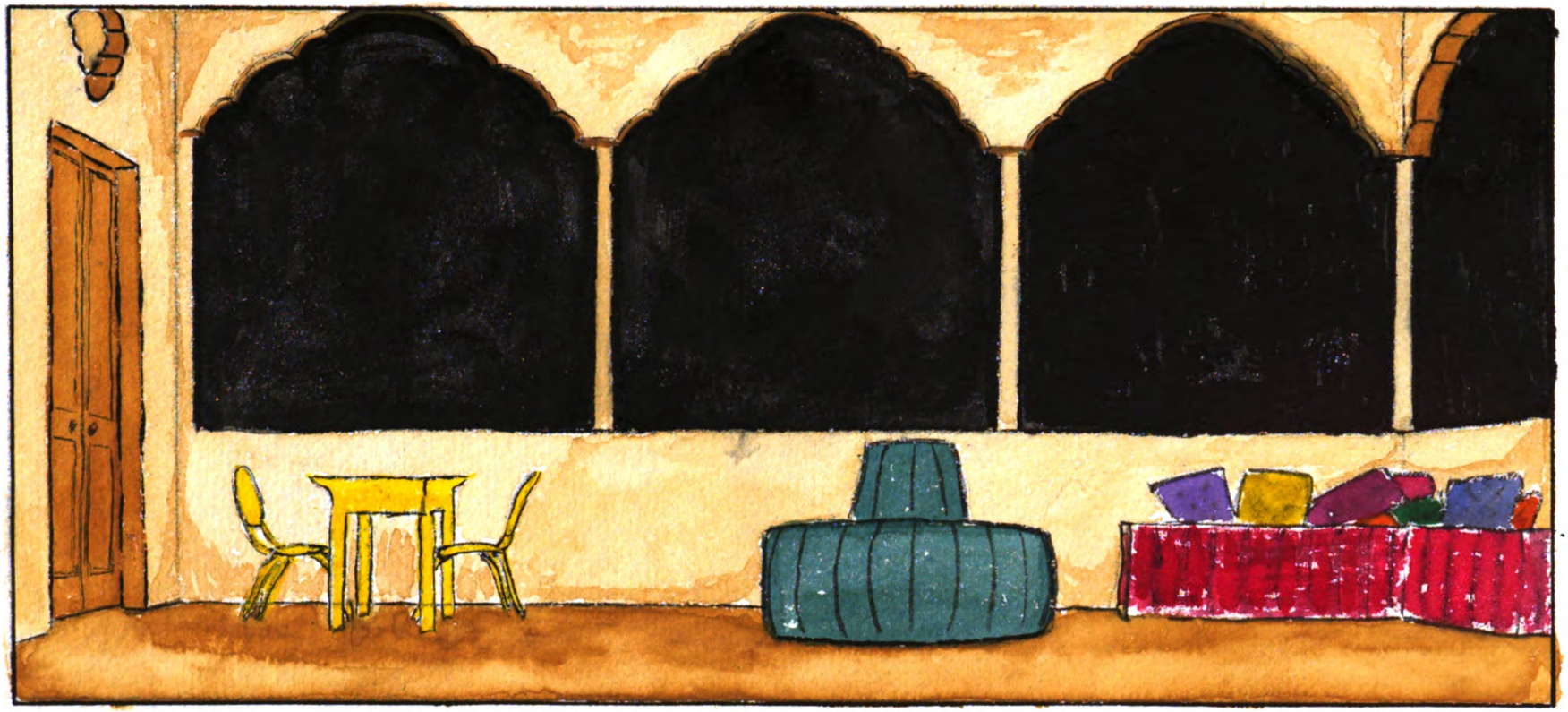

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The furniture used in the three settings was much as it was indicated by Shaw with a few exceptions. These exceptions ocurred in Acts I and III.

The furniture for Act I consisted of a canopied bed, a night stand, a chest of drawers, and an ottoman with a center back rest. The dressing table and washstand also listed in the script by Shaw were eliminated because they were not essential to the action and would have taken up space on an already limited stage area. The bed was located stage right running parallel to the footlights, with the night stand next to the wall on the down stage side. The ottoman was placed left of center with the chest behind it left of the French window and against the upstage wall.

Each of the above mentioned pieces of furniture were essential to the action of the play as Shaw wrote it. The bed and ottoman were the functional items of furniture for the actors use and most of the action was centered around them throughout Act I. The nightstand was used to hold the candles used as light motivation for the right side of the stage. All of the properties used in the act were on the chest of drawers as were the candles used to motivate the stage left lighting.

The bed and ottoman had to be custom built for the production as it was impossible to locate any furniture that would serve their purpose on stage. The chest and night stand were both borrowed pieces and proved very satisfactory in use on stage. In order to achieve Shaw's desired oriental-occidental contrast, the bed and ottoman were designed with a definite oriental flavor while the chest and night

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stand were European pieces of the French provencial period. In order to enhance the appearance of the set and to achieve the oriental effect desired, the bed was covered with a gold brocade material and the pyramid shaped top and back were covered with a varigated red, white and blue material. The side drapes of the canopy and the window draperies were of the same striped material. A dark green corduroy material which blended very well with the colors used in the other furniture and draperies was used to cover the ottoman.

Act II furniture consisted of a table, two chairs and a bench. This was as Shaw had designated except for one chair which had to be eliminated because of the confined playing area on the stage. The chair was not considered essential to the action of this act since most of the scenes were played between only two people. There was no time in the act when more than two people had to be seated at the table even when the scene consisted of more than two persons. With this condition existing the director felt that the removal of the chair would be of considerable aid in blocking the action.

The location of the furniture was the same as Shaw had directed in the script. The bench was placed stage right against the wall, while the table was placed slightly left of center with a chair on each side. In choosing this furniture the designer decided upon an expensive looking garden type which would carry through from Act I the contrast between the expensive but not always consistent taste of the Petkoff's. The contrast was more fully brought out in the dialogue which revealed to the audience their rather primitive standard of living.

For Act III the furniture consisted of a table and two chairs placed stage right opposite the door, an ottoman (the same one used in Act I) placed left of center, and a window seat up left. Eliminated from the setting was the stove and another chair indicated by Shaw. The designer and director felt that the furniture used provided sufficient seating for the actors, and that the extra stage area gained by not using these two items was of far more value to the director in planning the action.

The table and chairs used were not matched and obviously out of place in the room as Shaw had indicated they should be. The table was painted a light gray and the chairs a bright yellow, giving an additional touch of color to the setting and emphasizing the contrast desired in this furniture grouping. The ottoman was the same one used in Act I, but a fringe was added to the bottom to change the appearance slightly. The window seat added much color to the left side of the stage with its pleated red satin covering and many pillows of various bright colors and patterns. On the ledges along the upstage wall of the set was a hooka and various pieces of oriental art work which were intended to carry through to Act III the oriental-occidental contrast used in Act I. The electric bell described by Shaw and mentioned in the dialogue was mounted on the pillar upleft of center. This item added another little touch to the incongruity of the situation.

One of the last problems with which the designer had to deal was that of lighting the production. In Arms and the Man Shaw indicated in the script what the general lighting requirements would be for

each of the acts. In Act I the lighting was motivated entirely by candle light. This meant that specific lighting of the various areas would be more important than general illumination. Since the time of the act was night there would be no need for much light motivated by the French window. There were several times, however, when the light outside the window did play an important part in creating atmosphere.

The lighting for Act II presented the designer with an entirely different lighting problem; for the scene is the garden which required a more general and unmotivated light than Act I. Fortunately the lighting for Act III was very similar to that of Act II. Although the scene was an interior the only motivating source of light was that which came through the windows. The main difference in the lighting of these two acts was in the time of day represented. Act II was the bright daylight of morning while Act III required the mellowing light of late afternoon. Had the lighting of these two acts not been similar the designer would have had a much more difficult lighting problem, because of the limited number of instruments available with which to light the production.

This chapter covers the initial planning of the design, discussion of the styles used in the design, the basic floorplan, property requirements, and lighting. The specific technical problems that developed in the execution of the design, and during the production are discussed in Chapter VI.

CHAPTER V

THE PLAYSCRIPT WITH TECHNICAL CUES

ARMS AND THE MAN

By

George Bernard Shaw

Technical Cues

Sound _____

Lights _____

Properties _____

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 drawers, and another on the dressing table with a box of matches beside it.

The window is hinged doorwise 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 snowy 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, imperiously 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

ACT I

OPENING CURTAIN

Figure 8.

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 ee). 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? Youll 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 Slivnitza! 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 father 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--headed 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.

RAINA 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?

RAINA Our 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 youll never tell him.

CATHERINE Dont ask me for promises until I know what I'm promising.

RAINA Well, it came into my head just as he was 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! 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 theyre 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.

Warn Lights

LOUKA Yes, madam. (She fastens them).

Warn Sound

RAINA Dont 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 dont 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 shew 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! Dont call out; or youll 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 made 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 distrubing 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 dont 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 cant 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 dont 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) Dont mention it.

RAINA (anxiously) What will you do?

THE MAN (grimly) The first man in will find out. Keep out of the way; and dont look. It wont 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 cant.

RAINA I can. I'll hide you. (She drags him towards the window). Here! behind the curtains.

THE MAN (yielding to her) Theres 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.

She stamps at him. He disappears hastily. She takes off her cloak, and throws it across the foot of the bed. Then, with a sleepy, disturbed air, she opens the door. Louka enters excitedly.

Warm Sound

LOUKA One of those beasts of Serbs has been seen climbing up the waterpipe to your balcony. Our men want to search for him; and they are so wild and drunk and furious. (She makes for the other side of the room to get as far from the door as possible). My lady says you are to dress at once and to--(She sees the revolver lying on the ottoman, and stops, petrified).

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 dare come in 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 Dont leave my mother, Louka, until the soldiers go away.

Louka glances at Raina, at the ottoman, at the curtain; then purses her lips secretively, 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. Dont 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: youve 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 dont mind my waiting just a minute or two, do you?

RAINA (putting on her most genteel society manner) Oh, not at all. Wont 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) Dont 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 pistol) No use, dear young lady: there's nothing in it. It's not loaded. (He makes a grimace at it, and drops it disparagingly into his revolver case).

RAINA Load it by all means.

THE MAN Ive no ammunition. What use are cartridges in battle? I always carry chocolate instead; and I finished the last cake of that hours ago.

RAINA (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: isnt it contemptible? (Hungrily) I wish I had some now.

RAINA. 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) Youre 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 good humor, 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! Dont do things so suddenly, gracious lady. It's mean to revenge yourself because I frightened you just now.

RAINA (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 havnt 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?

RAINA (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, theyd play all sorts of tricks on me.

RAINA (a little moved) I'm sorry. I wont 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 youve just beaten us? Sheer ignorance of the art of war, nothing else. (Indignantly) I never saw anything so unprofessional.

RAINA (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 couldnt believe my eyes when I saw it.

RAINA (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?

RAINA 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.

RAINA (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.

RAINA Why should he pull at his horse?

THE MAN (impatient of so stupid a question) It's running 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 theyre mere projectiles, and that it's no use trying to fight. The woulds are mostly broken knees, from the horses cannoning together.

RAINA Ugh! But I dont believe the first man is a coward I know he is a hero!

THE MAN (goodhumoredly) Thats what youd have said if youd seen the first man in the charge today.

RAINA (breathless, forgiving him everything) Ah, I knew it! Tell me. Tell me about him.

THE MAN He did it like an operatic tenor. 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.

RAINA You dared to laugh!

THE MAN Yes; but when the sergeant ran up as white as a sheet, and told us theyd sent us the wrong ammunition, and that we couldnt 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 Ive been in one or two very tight places. And I hadnt even a revolver cartridge: only chocolate. We's 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 courtmartialled 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 committed suicide; only the pistol missed fire: thats all.

RAINA (deeply wounded, but steadfastly loyal to her ideals) Indeed! Would you know him again if you saw him?

Warm Sound

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 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: thats 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 didnt laugh, I assure you. At least I didnt 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 kissed it and looks him straight in the face before returning to the chest of drawers to replace it. He follows her, apologizing). Perhaps I8m 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 comic gesture of despair) It's no use, dear lady: I cant 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: youre always right. I know how good youve 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 cant! I darent! 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).

RAINA (disarmed by pity) Come: dont 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.

RAINA (softly and wonderingly, catching the rhythm of his weariness) Are you as sleepy as that?

THE MAN Ive not had two hours undisturbed sleep since I joined. I havnt closed my eyes for forty-eight hours.

RAINA (at her wit's end) But what am I to do with you?

THE MAN (staggering up, roused by her deperation) 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).

RAINA (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). Theyll 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 shant see the light when I open the shutters. And keep away from the window, whatever you do. If they see me theyre sure to have a shot at me.

RAINA (clinging to him) Theyre 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, dont you?

THE MAN I really dont 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 hypnotized rabbit, his fatigue gaining fast on him. She releases him, and addresses him patronizingly). 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. Dont scold me.

RAINA I forgot. It might make you cry. (He nods, quite seriously. She pouts and then resumes her patronizing 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 windoes. 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 dont 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 Dont 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 couldnt 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.

THE MAN Eh? Falling aslee--? Oh no: not the least in the world: I was only thinking. It's all right: I'm wide awake.

RAINA (severely) 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, slee--(The words trail off into a murmur. He wakes again with a shock on the point of falling). Where am I? Thats 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) Wheres danger? Mus' find it. (He starts off vaguely round the room in search of it). What am I looking for? Sleep--danger--dont 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 fact). 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.

RAINA (looking at the ottoman) He's gone! I left him here.

CATHERINE Here! Then he must have climbed down from the—

RAINA (seeing him) Oh! (She points).

CATHERINE (scandalized) Well! (She strides to the bed, Rains following until she is opposite her on the other side). He's fast asleep. The Brute!

RAINA (anxiously) Sh!

CATHERINE (shaking him) Sir! (Shaking him again, harder) Sir&! (Vehemently, shaking very hard) Sir!!!

RAINA (catching her arm) Dont, 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 I

"He's fast asleep. The brute."

Figure 9.

ACT II

The sixth of March, 1886. In the garden of Major Petkoff'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, shewing 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, envroaches 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.

DIMMERS
I and II to 10
III - IV - V to 8

Louka, smoking a cigaret, 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 termperament and low but clear 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 youre young: youre young!

LOUKA Yes; and you like me the better for it, dont you? But I know some family secrets they wouldnt 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 cigaret, and stamps on it). Child: you dont 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 wouldnt have the master know for a thousand levas. I know things about him that she wouldnt 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 thats 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 dont know, she can depend on you to hold your tongue and serve the family faithfully. Thats what they like; and thats how youll make most out of them.

LOUKA (with searching scorn) You have the soul of a servant, Nicola.

NICOLA (complacently) Yes: thats 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 hous) Youll 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 Ive come; and get me some fresh coffee.

NICOLA It's coming, sir. (He goes to the house door. Louka, with fresh coffee, a clean dup, 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 havnt run away with you, have they?

LOUKA No, sir.

PETKOFF Thats right. Have you brought me some cognac?

LOUKA (putting the bottle on the table) Here, sir.

PETKOFF Thats 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 didnt consult me. What could I do? (She sits down and turns away from him) But of course we saw to it that the treaty was an honorable one. It declares peace--

CATHERINE (outraged) Peace!

PETKOFF (appeasing her) --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. Thats what I would have done.

PETKOFF I dont doubt in 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: thats all.

PETKOFF (with conviction) That comes from washing your neck every day. Ive often told you so.

CATHERINE Nonsense, Paul!

PETKOFF (over his coffee and cigaret) I dont believe in going too far with these modern customs. All this washing cant 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 dont 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 didnt tell them that we have an electric bell in it? I have had one put up.

PETKOFF Whats 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. Ive learnt that while you were away.

PETKOFF Well, I'll tell you something Ive learnt too. Civilized people dont hang out their washing to dry where visitors can see it; so youd better have all that (indicating the clothes on the bushes) put somewhere else.

CATHERINE Oh, thats absurd, Paul: I dont believe really refined people notice such things.

SERGIUS (knocking at the stable gates) Gate, Nicola!

PETKOFF Theres Sergius. (Shouting) Hollo, Nicola!

CATHERINE Oh, dont shout, Paul: it really isnt nice.

PETKOFF Bosh! (He shouts louder than before) Nicola!

NICOLA (appearing at the house door) Yes, sir.

PETKOFF Are you deaf? Dont 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).

PETKOFF 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 Rains. Besides, the country should insist on having at least one native general.

PETKOFF Yes; so that he could throw away whole brigades instead of regiments. It's no use, my dear: he hasnt 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 imaginative barbarian has an acute critical faculty which has been thrown into intense activity by the arrival of western civilisation 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 disillusions 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.

ACT II

"My dear Sergius!"

Figure 10.

Catherine is hardly less enthusiastic about him then 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 full 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.

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, Sergius. 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, isnt 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: 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!

PETKOFF (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 youre 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.

PETKOFF They wouldnt 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 Pirot, and given it up.

PETKOFF 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?

PETKOFF A volunteer, of course: keen on picking up his profession. (Chuckling) We shouldnt have been able to begin fighting if these foreigners hadnt shewn 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 ablebodied men for two hundred worn out chargers. They werent 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. Bourgiois to his boots!

PETKOFF (grinning) Sergius: tell Catherine that queer story his friend told us about how he escaped after Slivnitza. 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, with earnest humility) I beg your pardon. I have behaved abominably. Forgive me, Raina. (She bows reservedly). And you too, madam. (Catherine bows graciously 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! Thats 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 Philippopolis: theres 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, cant 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: theres 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 her hands on his shoulders as she looks 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 inspired me. I have gone through the war like a knight in a tournament with his lady looking down at him!

RAINA 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).

RAINA (returning his embrace) My lord and my—

SERGIUS Sh—sh! Let me be the worshipper, dear. You little know how unworthy even the best man is of a girl's pure passion!

RAINA 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 mimutes, it will seem five hours. (Raina 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 mischievously, with his left hand akimbo on his hip. Finally, striking the ground with his heels in something 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 doffee pot).

SERGIUS (taking her hand) Thank you, Louka.

LOUKA (pretending to pull) Oh, sir, you know I didnt 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 arm 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 (liking straight into her eyes) No.

LOUKA Then stand back where we cant be seen. Have you no common sense?

SERGIUS Ah! thats 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 dont want your kisses. Gentlefolk 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 ou 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 Ha! ha! 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? thats 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?

ACT II

"Who is my rival?"

Figure 11.

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, nerveless, 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 dont know. I never saw him. I only heard his voice through the door of her room.

SERGIUS Damnation! How dare you?

LOUKA (retreating) Oh, I mean no harm: youve 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 sor 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: youre hurting me.

SERGIUS That doesnt 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 (whimpering 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 dont care, now Ive found out that whatevery clay I'm made of, youre 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 hardily; 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?

SERGIUS (rudely crossed in his chivalry, throws it off with a bitter laugh, and says slightingly) 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.

SERGIUS (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 the 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. Whats the matter? (Gaily) Have you been flirting with Louka?

SERGIUS (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 goes quickly to her, and kisses her hand remorsefully. Catherine 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 doesnt 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.

SERGIUS I shall not be long. Wait for me just five minutes. (he runs up the steps to the door).

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 couldnt ever speak again!

CATHERINE Dont 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!

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, arnt they?

LOUKA Yes, madam.

CATHERINE (decisively) Bring the gentleman out here at once. (Peremptorily) And be very polite to him. Dont 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 stable yard). Tell Nicola to bring his bag here after him. Dont 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 ties 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 Bluntschli. She stands aside at the top of the steps to let him pass before she goes in again. He is the man of the midnight 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 Bluntschli: I am very glad to see you; but you must leave this house at once. (He raises his eyebrows). My husband has just returned with my future son-in-law; and they know nothing. If they did, the consequences would be terrible. You are a foreigner: you do not feel our national animosities as we do. We still hate the Serbs: the effect of the peace on my husband has been to make him feel like a lion baulked of his prey. If he discovers our secret, he will never forgive me; and my daughter's life will hardly be safe. Will you, like the chivalrous gentleman and soldier you are, leave at once before he finds you here?

BLUNTSCHLI (disappointed, but philosophical) At once, gracious lady. I only came to thank you and return the coat you lent me. If you will allow me to take it out of my bag and leave it with your servant as I pass out, I need detain you no further. (He turns to go into the house).

CATHERINE (catching him by the sleeve) Oh, you must not think of going back that way. (Coaxing him across to the stable gates) This is the shortest way out. Many thanks. So glad to have been of service to you. Good-bye.

BLUNTSCHLI But my bag?

CATHERINE It shall be sent on. You will leave me your address.

BLUNTSCHLI True. Allow me. (He takes out his cardcase, and stops to write his address, keeping Catherine in an agony of impatience. As he hands her the card, Petkoff, hatless, rushes from the house in a fluster of hospitality, followed by Sergius).

PETKOFF (as he hurries down the steps) My dear Captain Bluntschli—

CATHERINE Oh Heavens! (She sinks on the seat against the wall).

PETKOFF (too preoccupied to notice her as he shakes Bluntschli's hand heartily) Those stupid people of mine thought I was out here, instead of in the--haw!--library (he cannot mention the library without betraying how proud he is of it). I saw you through the window. I was wondering why you didnt come in. Saranoff is with me: you remember him, dont you?

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 youve 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 dont in the least know how to do it.

BLUNTSCHLI (suddenly attentive and businesslike) Philippopolis? The forage is the trouble, I suppose.

PETKOFF (eagerly) Yes: thats 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, dont 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 didnt think that you were the chocolate cream soldier, Captain Bluntschli.

BLUNTSCHLI (laughing) I assure you I did. (Stealing a shimisical 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 shews 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 amazement. 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 youll overlook it. (He bows, and is going to the steps with the bag, when Petkoff addresses him angrily).

PETKOFF Youd 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: dont 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--(He is stifled by the caresses of his wife and daughter, who hang round his neck, petting him).

CATHERINE (together) Now, now, now, it mustnt be angry.
RAINA Wow, wow, wow: not on your first
He meant no harm. Be good to please me, dear.
Sh-sh-sh-sh!
day at home. I'll make another ice pudding.
Tch-ch-ch!

PETKOFF (yielding) Oh well, never mind. Come, Bluntschli: lets have no more nonsense about going away. You know very well youre not going back to Switzerland yet. Until you do go back youll stay with us.

RAINA Oh, do, Captain Bluntschli.

PETKOFF (to Catherine) Now, Catherine: it's of you he's afraid. Press him: and he'll stay.

CATHERINE Of course I shall be only too delighted if (appealingly) Captain Bluntschli really wishes to stay. He knows my wishes.

BLUNTSCHLI (in his driest military manner) I am at madam's orders.

SERGIUS (cordially) That settles it!

PETKOFF (heartily) Of course!

RAINA You see you must stay.

BLUNTSCHLI (smiling) Well, if I must, I must.

Gesture of despair from Catherine.

ACT III

Opening Curtain

Figure 12.

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 shews 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 glistening 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, and an eggcup filled with ink, and a deplorable scrap of heavily used pink blotting paper.

DINNER
I + II to V
III-IV-V to 6

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 awestruck 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. 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.

PETKOFF (looking up from his paper to watch how they are getting on at the table) Are you sure I cant help in any way, Bluntschli?

BLUNTSCHLI (without interrupting his writing or looking up) Quite sure, thank you. Saranoff and I will manage it.

SERGIUS (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 havnt been campaigning, Catherine: you dont know how plwasant it is for us to sit her, after a good lunch, with nothing to do but enjoy ourselves. Theres 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 Ive 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, youre mistaken. Thats 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 isnt there.

CATHERINE Done, Paul!

PETKOFF (excited by the prospect of a gamble) Come: heres 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) Dont be foolish, Paul. An Arabian mare will cost you 50,000 levas.

RAINA (suddenly coming out of her picturesque revery) 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 wasnt there. Age is beginning to tell on me. I'm getting hallucinations. (To Nicola) Here: help me to change. Excuse me, Bluntschli. (He begins changing coats, Nicola acting as valet). Remember: I didn't take that bet of yours, Sergius. Youd better give Raina that Arab steed yourself, since youve roused her expectations. Eh, Raina? (He looks round at her; but she is again rapt in

the landscape. With a little gush of parental affection and pride, he points her out to them, and says) She's dreaming, as usual.

SERGIUS Assuredly she shall not be the loser.

PETKOFF So much the better for her. I shant come off so cheaply, I expect. (The change is now complete. Nicola goes out with the discarded coat). Ah, now I feel at home at last. (He sits down and takes his newspaper with a grunt of relief).

BLUNTSCHLI (to Sergius, handing a paper) Thats the last order.

PETKOFF (jumping up) What! Finished?

BLUNTSCHLI Finished.

PETKOFF (inflating his chest and thumping it) Ah well, I think weve done a thundering good day's work. Can I do anything more?

BLUNTSCHLI You had better both see the fellows that are to take these. (Sergius rises) Pack them off at once; and shew them that Ive marked on the orders the time they should hand them in by. Tell them that if they stop to drink or tell stories--if theyre five minutes late, theyll have the skin taken off their backs.

SERGIUS (stiffening indignantly) I'll say so. (He strides to the door). An if one of them is man enough to spit in my face for insulting him, I'll buy his discharge and give him a pension. (He goes out).

BLUNTSCHLI (confidentially) Just see that he talks to them properly, Major, will you?

PETKOFF (officiously) Quite right, Bluntschli, quite right. I'll see to it. (He goes to the door importantly, but hesitates on the threshold). By the bye, Catherine, you may as well come too. Theyll 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, Petkoff holding the door for her and following her).

BLUNTSCHLI 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?

BLUNTSCHLI Washed; brushed; good night's sleep and breakfast. Thats all.

RAINA Did you getbback safely that morning?

BLUNTSCHLI Quite, thanks.

RAINA Were they angry with you for running away from Sergius's charge?

BLUNTSCHLI (grinning) No: they were glad; because theyd 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.

BLUNTSCHLI Capital story. But I only told it to one of them: a particular friend.

RAINA On whose discretion you could absolutely rely?

BLUNTSCHLI Absolutely.

RAINA Hm! 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).

BLUNTSCHLI (deeply concerned, and half incredulous) No! You dont mean that, do you?

RAINA (turning, with sudden earnestness) I do indeed. But they dont know that it was in this house you took refuge. If Sergius knew, he would challenge you and kill you in a duel.

BLUNTSCHLI Bless me! then dont tell him.

RAINA Please be serious, Captain Bluntschli. Can you not realize what it is to me to deceive him? I want to be quite 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.

BLUNTSCHLI (sceptically) You mean that you wouldnt like him to find out that the story about the ice pudding was a--a--a--You know.

RAINA (wincing) Ah, dont talk of it in that flippant way. I lied: 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 andlooks doubtfully and somewhat severely at her). Do you remember the first time?

BLUNTSCHLI I! No. Was I present?

RAINA Yes; and I told the officer who was searching for you that you were not present.

BLUNTSCHLI True. I should have remembered it.

RAINA (greatly encouraged) Ah, it is natural that you should forget it first. It cost you nothing: it cost me a lie! A lie!

She sits down on the ottoman, looking straight before her with her hands clasped around her knee. Bluntschli, quite touched, goes to the ottoman with a particularly reassuring and considerate air, and sits down beside her.

BLUNTSCHLI 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.

RAINA (rising in indignant protest) And so he becomes a creature incapable of faith and of gratitude.

BLUNTSCHLI (making a wry fact) Do you like gratitude? I dont. If pity is akin to love, gratitude is akin to the other thing.

RAINA Gratitude! (Turning on him) If you are incapable of 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 youd told only two lies in your whole life. Dear young lady: isnt that a rather short allowance? I'm quite a straight-forward man myself; but it wouldnt last me a whole morning.

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.

RAINS (gasping) I! I!!! (She points to herself incredulously, meaning "I, Raina Petkoff tell lies!" He meets her gaze unflinchingly. 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 eman 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, isnt 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 youve 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-oh! 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 doesnt 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! isnt it? (Distractedly) Oh! what shall I do?

BLUNTSCHLI Ah, I see. You wrote something on it. That was rash.

RAINA (vexed 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 cant be quite sure. You see, I couldnt carry it about with me all the time: one cant 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 thats the surest place to get looted in modern warfare. So I pawned it.

RAINA Pawned it!!!

BLUNTSCHLI I know it doesnt 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) Thats the Swiss national character, dear lady. (He returns to the table).

RAINA Oh, I wish I had never met you. (She flounces 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 delivery that reached me was three weeks ago. These are the subsequent accumulations. Four telegrams: a week old. (He opens one). Oho! Bad news!

RAINA (rising and advancing a little remorsefully) Bad news?

BLUNTSCHLI 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).

RAINA Oh, how very sad!

BLUNTSCHLI 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?

RAINA (timidly) Nine thousand hotels?

BLUNTSCHLI 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.

RAINA (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 wouldnt 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) Ive 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?

LOUKA (proudly) My own fashion.

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! dont be so contrary with me. Ive 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. Theres ten levas more. The Swiss gave me that for backing up the mistress' and Raina's lies about him. He's no fool, he isnt. 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 youll 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 seats herself regally in Sergius's chair).

NICOLA (picking up his logs, and going to the stove) Ah, wait til 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 coldly) Ive 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 wont do at all, unless when we're alone. It's too sharp and impudent; and impudence is a sort of familiarity: it shews affection for me. And dont you try being high and mighty with me, either. Youre like all country girls: you think it's genteel to treat a servant the way I treat a stableboy. Thats only your ignorance; and dont you forget it. And dont 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: youve got to know your place: thats the secret of it. And you may depend on me to know my place if you get promoted. Think it over, 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 coldblooded wisdom. Go and put those logs in the fire: thats 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. Thats 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) Ffff! 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 Dont 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. Psha! 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 iedas. 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 doen 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 nobel 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 (recoiling) 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 steadfast) The Swiss will kill you, perhaps. He has beaten you in love. He may beat you in war.

SERGIUS (tormentedly) Do you think I believe that she—she! 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.

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.

BLUNTSCHLI (staring, but sitting quite at his ease) Oh, thank you: thats 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! dont talk to me about Bulgaria. You dont know what fighting is. But have it your own way. Bring your sabre along. I'll meet you.

SERGIUS (fiercely 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 dont 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 dont know: he hasnt told me. Better not interfere, dear young lady. No harm will be done: Ive often acted as sword instructor. He wont be able to touch me; and I'll not hurt him. It will save explanations. In the morning I shall be off home; and youll never see me or hear of me again. You and he will than 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) Ha! 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 indignantly) Stuff! Rubbish! I have received no favors. Why, the young lady doesnt 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—

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. Couldnt 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, Louka! 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 tone) 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 doesnt matter. I didnt ask the reason when you cried on; and I dont ask the reason now that you cry off. I'm a professional soldier! I fight when I have to, and am very glad to get out of it when I havnt to. Youre 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. Youve no magnetism: youre not a man: youre 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 youve found that life isnt 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 Dont you know that theyre engaged?

SERGIUS Nicola! Are fresh abysses opening? Nicola!

RAINA (sarcastically) A shocking sacrifice, isnt 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: youre 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): dont 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, dont you?

SERGIUS (grinning savagely) He does: he does. Swiss civilization nursetending 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 mustnt 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--

SERGIUS (interrupting her slightingly) Oh, I remember: the ice pudding. A paltry taunt, girl!

Major Petkoff enters, in his shirtsleeves.

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) Thats all right. (He notices Louka). Anything the matter, Louka?

LOUKA No, sir.

PETKOFF (genially) Thats 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) Aha! 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 Wel, 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 exterously 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 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, Ive found something funny. Whats 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 puzzeled, 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 theres 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 dont 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 creams 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: fo you remember how those two women went on this morning when we mentioned it? (Sergius smiles cynically. Petkoff confronts Raina severely). Youre a nice young woman, arnt 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 rpoudly) 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!

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 Ive 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 (sprining 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.

ACT III

"What does this mean?"

Figure 13.

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) Dont blame me: Ive 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!

BLUNTSCHLI --yes: thats the coat 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 dont 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. Heres 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 Thats 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.

RAINA (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.

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 (overwhelmed) 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: youre 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 man 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 pairs of sheets and blankets, with two thousand four hundred eider-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 The, Captain Bluntschli, since you are my daughter's choice—

RAINA (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?

RAINA (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 wont 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 I did not give them to the Emperor of Switzerland.

BLUNTSCHLI Thats 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.

RAINA (succumbing with a shy smile) To my chocolate cream soldier.

BLUNTSCHLI (with a boyish laugh of delight) Thatll do, Thank you. (He looks at his watch and suddenly becomes businesslike). Time's up, Major. Youve managed those regiments wo well that youre sure to be asked to get rid of some of the infantry of the Timok division. Send them home by way of Lom Palanka. Saranoff: dont 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!

CHAPTER VI

AN ANALYSIS OF THE TECHNICAL PROBLEMS OF EXECUTION AND PRODUCTION

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AN ANALYSIS OF THE TECHNICAL PROBLEMS OF EXECUTION AND PRODUCTION

The purpose of this chapter is to give consideration to the major problems that developed in the execution of the settings and the technical organization of the production. The problems in the order that they will be discussed involve construction of the scenery, shifting of the scenery and properties, procurement of properties, use of sound effects, and lighting the production.

The construction of the scenery, though basically quite simple, provided the designer with problems that might not have developed under other circumstances. The first problem to consider was the need to keep down the overall cost of the production, a matter of particular importance to the small theatre that operates within a very limited budget.

Past productions in this theatre, for the most part, required only realistic interior settings which could be put up from standard flats on hand. This type of setting usually did not require much special construction, thereby keeping the cost of the technical phase of the production to a minimum. Arms and the Man, on the other hand, required the construction of completely new scenery because of its style of design. As already noted in Chapter IV, the design for this production of Arms and the Man involved the use of a stylized type of setting. Because this style uses only selected or simplified realistic elements of scenery special construction was required for the

entire production.

The first step in approaching the construction phase of the production was the inventory of materials on hand so that a tenative budget could be established. The inventory revealed that sufficient lumber from stock and salvage from old flats was available for the basic construction of the needed scenery. The only items which were not on hand and not possible to salvage were the composition board needed for the arch and door units, the muslin with which to cover the new construction, and five wood "two by fours" for the supporting pillars used in Act III. Since this type of lumber was seldom used in scenery construction, there was none on hand nor was the purchase deemed advisable. This left the designer with the problem of acquiring this item in some other manner.

The Playhouse, having the support of the City of Grand Haven, found it possible to borrow certain materials from time to time when they could be used without destroying the value of the material for re-use by the city. Since the two-by-fours would not be damaged except for a few screw holes where hinges were attached, the city was willing to lend them to the Playhouse for this production.

Careful planning and management throughout the entire production process indicated that the scenery budget could be met for less than twenty dollars.

Arms and the Man, because of its multi-set requirements, needed more construction time than was usually alloted a regular Playhouse production. The designer felt that this extra time was essential for

two reasons: 1. the small Playhouse group doubled in almost every production as both actors and crew, and 2. this production required a great deal of special construction which had to be done by hand tools because the Playhouse was not equipped with power tools.

The most difficult problem faced during the construction process was in the building of the arch units, the window for the door unit, and the profile piece for the top of the French window. Each of these pieces were cut from four by eight foot sheets of composition board. Since the Playhouse owned no power tools all of these pieces were cut with hand tools Applying the thickness to each of these pieces was a time consuming process. All of the many supporting blocks were cut by hand and the forming of the curves had to be done very carefully to keep from breaking the composition board. Construction of the three foot six inch by eight foot flats and their supporting stage jacks was not difficult but time consuming because of the lack of power tools. The door unit and French window had been built previously for other Playhouse productions with the plan in mind of using them in Arms in the Man. This saved many hours of construction time which is at a premium in summer theatre work.

Another problem with which the designer had to cope was that of assembling the completed scenery. Since the design of the setting incorporated the use of basic pieces of scenery to be used in all three acts, a hinging plan was needed which would permit these pieces to be inter-changeable with each other. To provide for rapid shifting all of the hinges were of the loose pin variety.

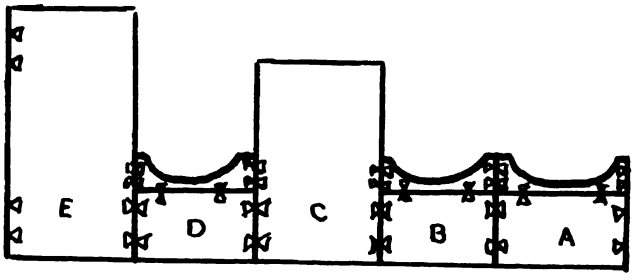
In order to be absolutely sure that the hinges on each of the pieces of scenery would match with any one of the other pieces extremely accurate measurements were necessary in locating the points where the hinges were to be attached.

An example of how intricate the hinging process was is shown in the way the arch units were used in Acts I and III. In Act I the arches were in an inverted position and hinged to each other, to the door unit, and French window at the sides. On the bottom these units hinged to the wall flats. For Act III each of these arches was used in a normal position and was attached to the top of the pillars and to the door unit. Figure 14 gives a complete diagram of how the assembly was accomplished.

To complete the assembly necessitated the use of a large floor area where the secnery could be laid out flat in the position it would be used in each of the three acts. The only large area available in the Playhouse was the auditorium. This part of the construction was therefore delayed until the production preceeding the present play had closed. This delay, though not desirable on a tight production schedule, was unavoidable and had to be worked into the overall plan.

Problems of shifting the scenery had been given consideration in the design of the setting. All of the scenery was designed to be as light and easily shifted as possible. The fact that the Playhouse lacked many facilities made the problem of shifting a very important factor in the design. The designer, knew that a large part of the stage crew would be female, and so worked on the premis that the successful shifting of the scenery would depend on how easily and quickly

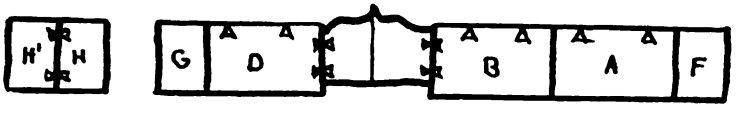
Scenery Assembly Diagram



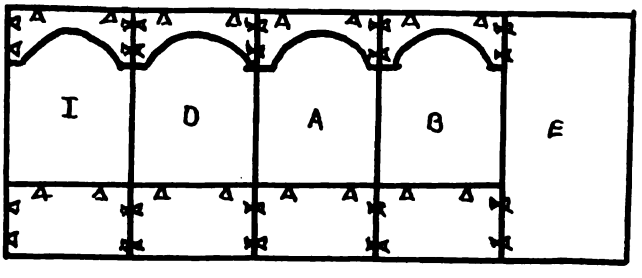
Act I

⧖ = LOSE PIN HINGES

ALL VIEWS FROM REAR ELEVATION



Act II



Act III

Figure 14.

it could be handled under these conditions. The advice given by Mordecai Gorelik was kept in mind by the designer at all times.

> Ingenuity is a cardinal virtue in a scene designer; indeed it is not only a virtue but a prime necessity. ....It is in the matter of shifting that ingenuity is taxed to the utmost. The problem of scene shifting, along with that of sight lines, is basic to the art of scene design. Methods of scene shifting must be reliable, labor-saving, and swift. More than that, they must not hurt the artistry of the settings. Indeed it is a sign of the true scenic artist that he makes a virtue of necessity, getting artistic qualities out of the very limitations which the shifting problem imposes upon him.[1]

To insure the rapid shifting of the settings, each scene was designed so that only a minimum amount of scenery would have to be moved in any one scene. The design as developed was well suited for the rapid shifts. The major problem was to move the properties off and on the stage without getting them in the way of the scenery as it was being shifted.

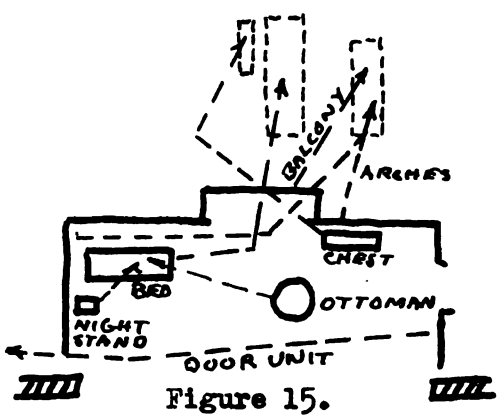


Figure 15.

The shift from Act I to Act II was as follows: the window backing went directly up center and was stacked against the back wall of area B (see Figure 15); the balcony moved to the stage left side of area B; the window unit stacked against the backing up center: the arch units followed and were stacked on the balcony. While the scenery

[1]Mordecai Gorelik "Designing the Play", Producing the Play, ed. John Gassner, (New York: Dryden Press, 1941), p. 321.

was being struck the small props were removed from the stage with the furniture following in this order: the bed moved directly up center with the night stand and ottoman on the bed; the chest was struck immediately after the bed and stood to the right of the bed. With the property strike completed the stage right wall unit was moved up against the back wall so that the door unit left could be shifted right to be in readiness for Act III.

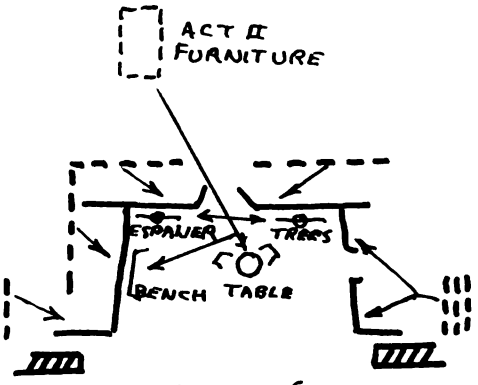


Figure 16

To complete the shift to Act II the three remaining wall units were moved into their proper position, and at the same time the three smaller wall units moved in from right and left where they were stored during Act I. The furniture consisting of the bench, table and two chairs were moved on through the up center entrance followed by the espalia trees and small props. After all of the furniture and small props were on stage the two gates were attached completing the setting. The total time required for the complete shift was four minutes. The designer felt that this was exceptionally good timing for the shift with the congested conditions which existed backstage.

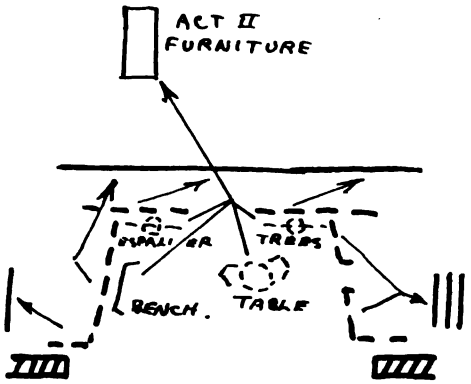


Figure 17.

The shift from Act II to Act III was more difficult and required more time because of the assembly problem brought about by the restricted stage area in which the crew had to work. Because of the minimum number of properties and furniture used in Act II the strike of these articles was handled swiftly. After the property strike, the stage area was kept clear to facilitate the assembly of wall units B and D. Only one unit at a time could be assembled because of the previously mentioned lack of space. The assembly procedure was as follows: wall unit B was laid flat on the floor and pillars one and two and arch unit B were attached; the assembled unit was then raised into position. The same procedure was followed for unit D. After these two units were in place the door unit E and the pre-assembled wall unit I were moved into place. This completed the shifting of the set except for wall and arch unit A which was left out until the furniture had been placed on the stage.

To put arch unit A into place after the properties were set required the use of two step ladders backstage. The arch was lifted

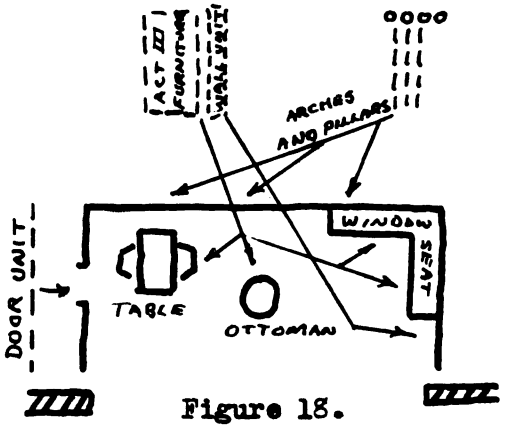


Figure 18.

into position and pin hinged between units B and D which had pillars two and three in common with unit A. While this was being done the corners E and I were pinned and the temporary support for the pillar in corner I was removed. This support was necessary because unit D and unit I had pillar four in common, which was used in the assembly of unit D. As soon as the two units were pinned together the temporary support was no longer needed for unit I.

In working out the scene shifts the designer made a list of each piece of scenery and properties that had to be shifted during each scene change. The lists were then arranged according to the order that each item would have to be moved. Once this was accomplished each of the eleven persons who would be involved was assigned the items to be moved and the order in which to move them. When the assignments had been made several rehearsals were held to find out where difficulties might be encountered and changes made in the shift sequence. The first two rehearsals were intentionally kept at a very slow pace for the crew to become familiar with the routine and to spot

the weak points in the original shift sequence. The following rehearsals were speeded up and the crew began working toward making the shift as rapidly as possible. Some minor changes in the traffic pattern were made once the speed factor entered into the shifts, but most of the major changes had been worked out in the first two rehearsals. Both of the shifts took less than ten minutes each during the actual production, and excellent record considering the limited area in which the crew was forced to work.

The securing of properties for the production provided some problems which could only be solved through special construction in the Playhouse shop. Most of the furniture used in Playhouse productions was loaned by local patrons in Grand Haven. Since the requirements for this production were unusaul only part of the furniture could be secured in this manner. The specific type of furniture required by Shaw, particularly the canopied bed and the ottoman, was not found in the average home.

After several days of searching the following usable items had been located: the chest and night stand used in Act I, a bench and two chairs for Act II, and two chairs for Act III. The bed, ottoman, bed stool, and the two tables had to be built specially for the production.

The bed was constructed out of an old table which was altered to the necessary size of three by seven feet. The original legs were cut to give the bed a height of twenty-eight inches, and extensions seven feet long were added at the head. To these extensions was

added a pyramid shaped framework which was covered to form the canopy. Although the actual construction was of a rough nature the covering of the bed and the drapery of the canopy completely enclosed it from the audiences' view.

The stool for the bed was constructed from half of a nail keg which was padded on the top and covered on the sides with material matching the bed covering.

Construction of the ottoman was more difficult because of its size and oval shape, but it was accomplished with odds and ends of material from the lumber bin. The overall dimensions were sixty-eight inches long by fifty-four inches wide. A center post of the same oval shape was set in the center of the ottoman, and was approximately one third the size. Both the ottoman and the center post were fifteen inches high.

The two tables were reconstructed from old tables which belonged to the Playhouse. The Act II table was of bent wire legs with a two foot circular top. It was made to look in design as much like the garden chairs being used as possible. For the Act III table no actual structural changes were made. An effort was made to make it look as much out of place as possible, by painting it to contrast with the chairs being used.

The problems arising out of sound effects for Arms and the Man were few, and confined to Act I. Effects needed were gun shots, loud knocking on a door, and shouting from off stage. The last two effects presented no problems for the designer, but some difficulties were

encountered with the gun shots. Original plans called for the use of recorded gun shots, but this was found to be impractical because of the sequence of the shots. An alternative solution was to use blank cartridges which could be fired as the production requirements demanded. The first rehearsal in which the gun shots were used proved that the stage area was too small to provide the effect of the shots coming from outside the house. The solution to the problem was to fire the blanks outside the stage entrance, but this brought the local law enforcement agencies into the picture. Because of previous difficulties encountered with residents in the area anticipated complaints would probably be filed about the noise involved. To protect the interest of the Playhouse a permit was requested from both the local police and the sheriff's office. The permit was granted with no difficulty and the resulting effects were satisfactory for the production.

Lighting for the production required a night scene lighted by candles in Act I, morning in the Petkoff garden for Act II, and late afternoon in the library for Act III. Act I was the only act that required any special effects in the way of lighting. As mentioned in Chapter II, the designer and director had decided to use real candles rather than the electric variety. The latter would have been a better choice because of the danger involved in using an open flame on stage, but more difficult to handle.

The actors had to extinguish and relight the candles several times during the course of Act I. This would have required a separate dimmer for each of the candles to create the effect necessary. The

Playhouse equipment was limited in the number of dimmers available making it impossible to handle each of the candles on an individual basis. Also there was the possibility of error in timing since the light board was not situated so that the operator could watch the stage to time the dim down and dim up, as the candles were extinguished and relighted.

Metal shades were used with the candles to minimize the danger from the open flame, but even this precaution did not provide for the unexpected as was discovered opening night.

Near the end of Act I when Bluntschli was alone on the stage one of the candles, located stage right, collapsed unexpectedly. Fortunately it was noticed immediately and extinguished before any trouble could develop.

The Act I lighting was primarily area lighting. The areas covered were stage right where the bed and night stand were located and up left where a second set of candles was located on the chest. Fill in lighting was used between the areas to cover the ottoman located center stage. No general illumination was felt to be necessary since the time was night and the only light motivation was the candles.

Two dimmer circuits were used to control these lights which consisted of a total of eight instruments, six on stage and two in the beams. One of the dimmers controlled the stage right area lights covering the bed, and the other controlled the stage left and center area lights focused on the ottoman and chest. Each of the areas could be dimmed as the candles motivating the light in these areas were put out and relighted.

A dark number seventy two amber gelatin[3] was used in the stage lights and a light number one hundred twenty pink gelatin was used in the two beam lights. Because of the dark gelatin in the stage lights these instruments could not be used in the lighting of the other two acts.

The Act II and III lighting used the remaining twelve instruments plus the two beam lights used in Act I. Because these two acts were motivated only by natural daylight there was no need for a change of color between acts. The contrast between the bright morning light of Act II and the mellowing afternoon light of Act III was created by a change of intensity in the lighting. The areas were cross lighted in so far as possible with the minimum number of instruments available using light pinks and straws for the warm colors and steel blue for the cool color. All of these instruments were on dimmers two of which were the same dimmers used in Act I. This re-use of dimmers was made possible without replugging through the use of the transfer case. The dimmers could be changed from one instrument to another merely by throwing one switch off and another on, thereby making the dimmer setup very flexible.

In summary the technical problems encountered were: 1. the construction of all new scenery with only hand tools and the problems of assembling the basic pieces; 2. the necessity of building a large part of the furniture because of its special function in the play; 3.

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[2]Gelatins were purchased from Mid West Stage Lighting Co., Chicago.

the problem of developing an effective sound effect for the gun shots; and 4. the technical problems involved in lighting the production with limited equipment, particularly in Act I where candles were required.

CHAPTER VII

CONCLUSIONS

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CONCLUSIONS

The purpose of this thesis, as indicated in the introduction, was to devise a method of producing multi-set shows in the small summer theatre with limited facilities and financial resources.

As a result of extensive planning and consideration of the production problems of Arms and the Man, the designer decided upon a unit type of setting using a combination of stylization and simplified realism in its design. This type of setting was composed of basic sized units of scenery which could be used interchangeably. The flexibility of this type of setting made it possible to use a minimum amount of scenery while meeting the needs of several sets.

The advantages of this type of setting for the small summer theatre are as follows: 1. it eliminated the need for backstage storage space for extra pieces of scenery not being used in all acts; 2. most of the scenery was of a much smaller size than the conventional flats and therefore easier to move by hand in the absence of any type of shifting facilities; 3. the construction of the set was easier to execute in the limited time available for a summer theatre production.

Among the more serious disadvantages was that of adaptability. The unit set is a possible solution for those plays which will lend themselves to stylization and simplification in production, but it would not serve as well for plays requiring a more realistic treatment. Another major disadvantage was found in assembly and shifting. Since

all of the units were designed to be inter-changeable the hinging for each unit had to be very accurate so that they could be put together easily and quickly. This phase of the execution required more time than had been anticipated; however, experience in handling this type of set would help eliminate or lessen this problem. The major complication that developed in shifting the scenery was that of traffic. With most of the scenery used in the production on stage at all times a great deal of well planned organization and rehearsal was needed to keep the shifts flowing smoothly. The moving of the scenery to its various positions and the changing of properties had to be dovetailed exactly to eliminate delays in the shifts.

As for its use in Arms and the Man, at the Lake Michigan Playhouse, the designer felt that this type of set was an excellent solution to the problems invoked for this particular theatre. The scenery, for the most part, was on stage at all times leaving the small backstage area available for the storage of the properties required for the three settings. The use of basic arches and wall units made the change from an interior to an exterior and back to an interior again very easy to accomplish. The arbitrary use of a black cyc for the background to all three settings was a great aid in the use of this type of setting, since it focused attention on the sets, and helped to unify them.

The unit type of setting was much easier to light since in actuality the problem was in lighting only one set rather than three. This was true because the same scenery was used in all three acts and

and the basic color of the setting and the background never changed. This eliminated the necessity of having a great number of lighting instruments or changing color medium during the scene shifts. Any changes in mood or atmosphere created by the lighting could be made by the number of instruments used and the intensity at which they were set.

This particular production proved that many of Shaw's multi-set plays, as well as those of other playwrights, could be adequately mounted without an elaborate production layout or great financial resources. The actual cost of settings and properties for this production was approximately twenty dollars, a sum which would hardly stain the budget of even the smallest of summer theatres.

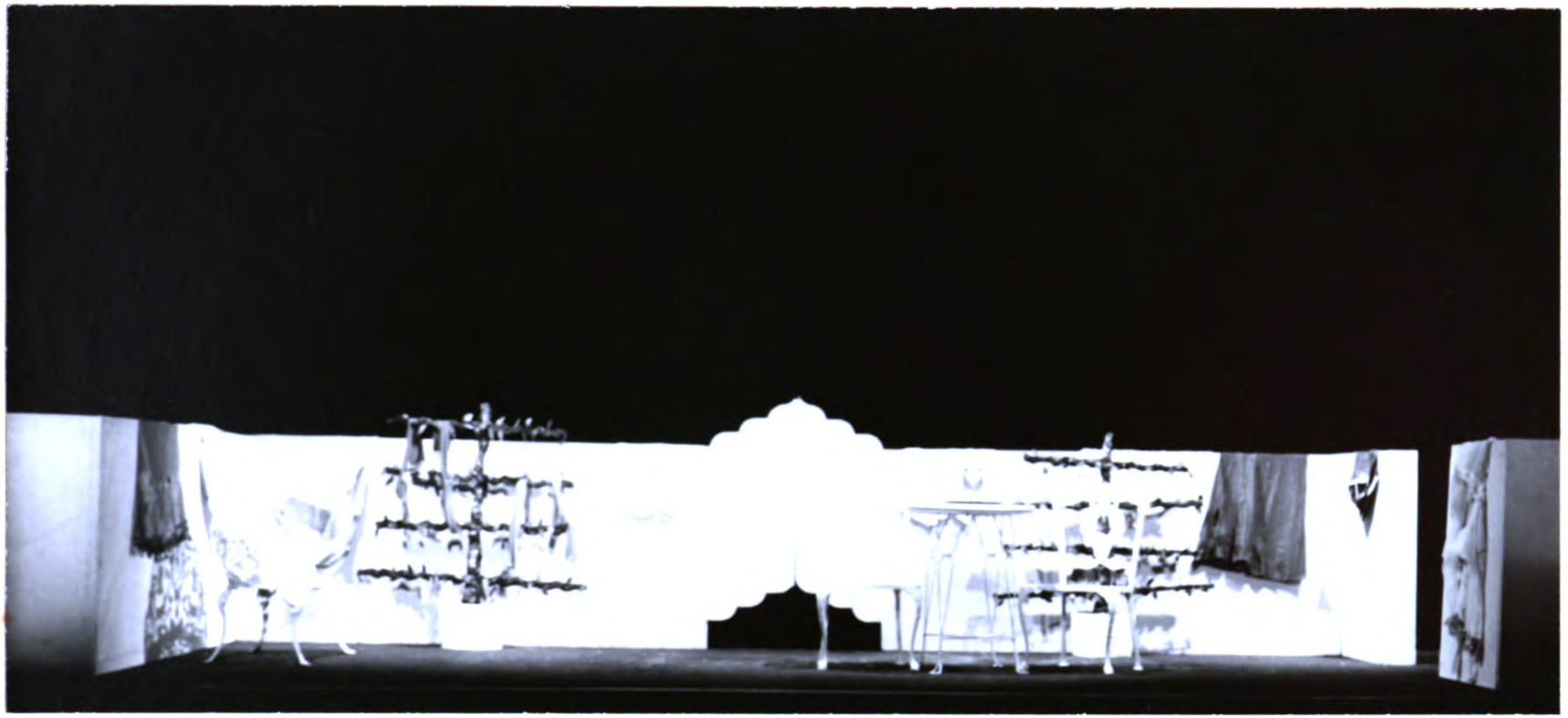
APPENDIX

ACT I

SETTING

ACT II

SETTING



ACT III

SETTING

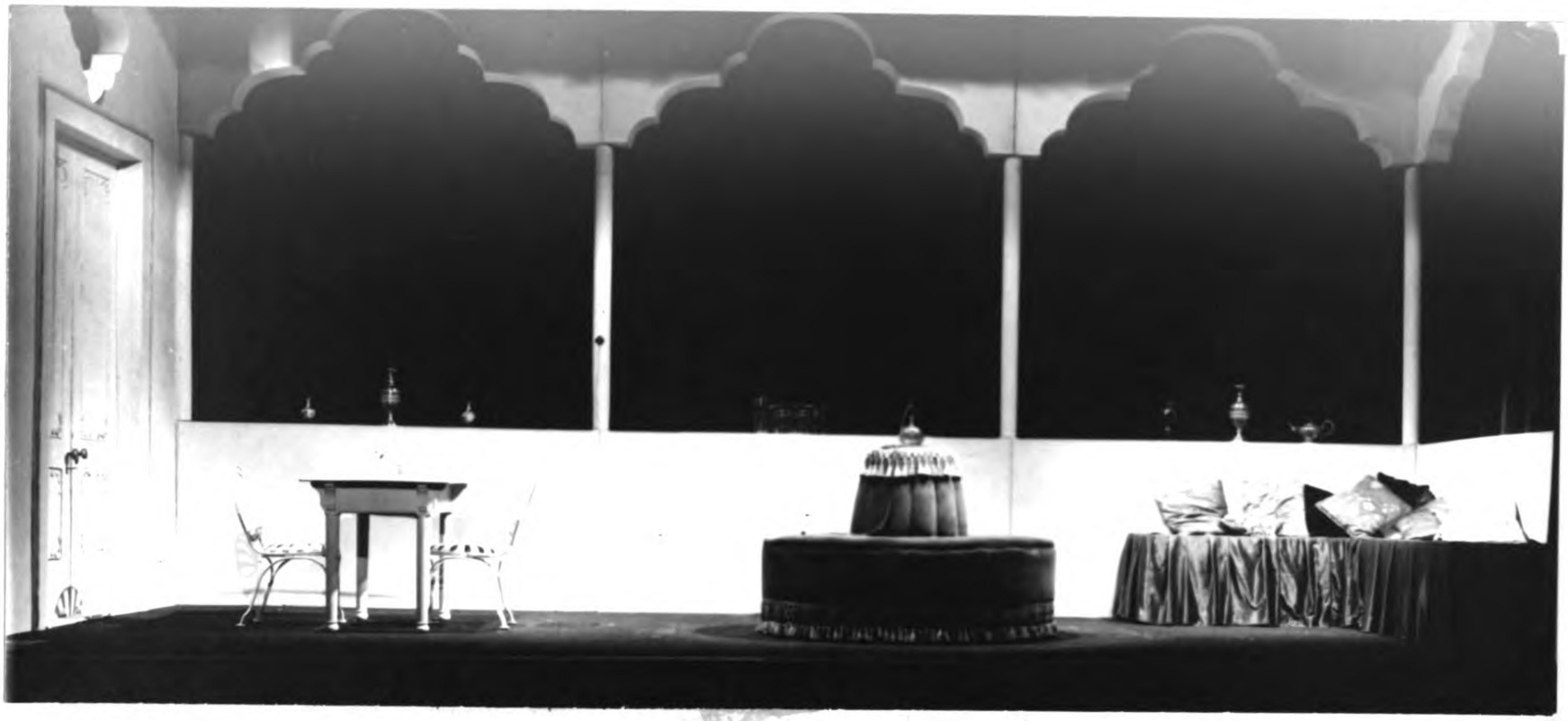


PLATE I

STAGE PLAN

PLATE II

GROUND PLANS

ACTS I - II - III

PLATE III

ELEVATION DRAWINGS

DOOR UNIT AND FRENCH WINDOW

PLATE IV

WINDOW DETAIL FOR

DOOR UNIT

PLATE V

PROFILE DETAIL FOR

FRENDH WINDOW

PLATE VI

ELEVATION DRAWINGS

FLATS, ARCHES, GATES

PLATE VII

DETAIL OF FRENCH WINDOW

PILLARS AND BRACE JACKS

PLATE VIII

ACT I STRIKE PLOT

PLATE IX

ACT II SET PLOT

PLATE X

ACT II STRIKE PLOT

PLATE XI

ACT III SET PLOT

PLATE XII

ACT I LIGHT PLOT

PLATE XIII

ACT II LIGHT PLOT

PLATE XIV

ACT III LIGHT PLOT

REVIEW

July 28, 1954

"Arms And The Man" Proves Treasure Trove of Humor

By Betty Chastain

George Bernard Shaw's hilarious comedy satire "Arms and the Man" opened Tuesday night at the Lake Michigan Playhouse and was found to be a treasure trove of fun ranging from subtle wit to earthy humor.

Louise Mudge, appearing as young Raina Petkoff, was alternately haughty and affected, flirtatious and demure in this role as the Bulgarian girl who hero-worships her fiance only to find that the "higher love" is nothing but a pretense. Miss Mudge was truly charming in her portrayal and her voice was particularly fine, both in tone and diction.

Lee Speich, taking the role of Raina's mother, Catherine, did an especially good characterization of the woman who felt so keenly the importance of position and background. Her stage presence was completely in accordance with her role and her manner and voice were especially well suited. In addition to her fine portrayal, Miss Speich is to be complimented on an excellent job as costumer for the period play.

Appearing as Major Petkoff, Edwin Bockstiegel, local minister, was completely convincing. His manner and voice thoroughly belied his age as he portrayed the middle-aged Bulgarian, fond of his wife and daughter, though usually not understanding them, and perhaps fonder still of his life in the army. He played the role excellently and was well-received by the audience for his humorous characterization.

John Gregory, as Captain Bluntschli — a Swiss mercenary who gets assistance from the Petkoff women as he flees from pursuing soldiers — was charming and debonair in the role through which Shaw tells the others that life is not really a sham, but something real and vibrant. Gregory was particularly good in the first act, when disheveled and exhausted, he climbed into Raina's room to seek refuge.

As Sergius Saranoff, Raina's fiance, Bill Feaster seemed to throughly enjoy his role as a many-sided personality trying to discover his real self. His swagger and nearly overbearing charm were a delight, and one felt relieved to discover that he could find himself a true man, following his heart instead of his slightly off-base intellect.

Pat Coffman, as Raina's maid, Louka, nearly stole the show with her spirit and fire. Her role as the servant with dreams of higher living and courage to fight for them, gave Miss Coffman full field to use facial expressions and her movements were completely graceful. She was especially fine in her spit-fire scenes with Sergius, and seemed to brighten the stage with every entrance.

As Nicola, faithful family servant, Hal Chastain showed full command of his role. His posture was notably good as he seemed to stand serviley in front of the family and almost swagger in Louka's presence. Ron Black appeared briefly and credibly as the officer in search of the Swiss.

The three-set show was exceptionally well-designed by Elmer Dennis as his thesis in design. The sets were well-executed and attractive.

"Arms and the Man," under the able direction of Bill Gregory, continues through the week with curtain at 8 p.m.

LAKE MICHIGAN PLAYHOUSE

PROGRAM

ARMS AND THE MAN

"Arms and the Man"

By

George Bernard Shaw

July 27 – July 31

Directed *by* W. A. Gregory

Settings and Lighting *by* E. J. Dennis

Lake Michigan Playhouse

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VITA

Elmer J. Dennis Jr. was born in Flint, Michigan November 24, 1927. He attended the Flint public school system graduating from Northern High School in June 1946. Upon graduation he enlisted in the Air Force and served three years in the United States and Alaska. In the fall of 1949 he enrolled in Michigan State University and graduated with a B. S. in June of 1952. During his undergraduate years he majored in theatre and served in various capacities in over twenty productions. Immediately after graduation he assumed the duties of designer-technical director at the Lake Michigan Playhouse summer theatre where he remained for three summers. In the fall of 1952 he enrolled in the graduate school of Ohio State University. After one quarter he transferred back to Michigan State as a graduate student. In the spring of 1953 he was married to Margaret Andersen, an undergraduate student at Michigan State. While pursuing his M. A. degree during the 53-54 school year he served as a graduate assistant in technical theatre. Upon completing all class work for the degree, he accepted a position as designer for the Stephens College Playhouse in Columbia, Missouri for a one year period. During the summer of 1955 he returned to Michigan to complete the remaining work on his M. A. degree.