

FROM SODOM TO STONEWALL  
The Queer Theatre Onstage  
Act I

Revised Script Sept 10, 2024

## **ACT I (13 Plays, 27 Roles + Quartet)**

### **CROSS-DRESSING**

1. Tragic version: Euripides, THE BAKKHAI, 403 B.C. Trans. L. Senelick  
Pentheus – Dionysos (2)
2. Comic version: Aristophanes, THESMOPHORIAZUSAI, 411 B.C. Trans. Fitts  
Mnesilochus – Euripides (2)
3. Romantic: John Lyly, GALLATHEA, 1587-88  
Phyllida – Gallathea (2)

### **THE ART OF SEDUCTION**

4. Christopher Marlowe, DIDO QUEEN OF CARTHAGE, 1594  
Jupiter – Ganymede (2)
5. Charles de Norciat, LES ESPRITS DE MOEURS AU XIIIIE SIECLE. Trans. L. Senelick.  
M'lle de Lesbosie – La Marquise de Palmarèze (2)
6. Sholem Asch, THE GOD OF VENGEANCE, 1907. Trans. Isaac Goldberg.  
Rifkele – Manke (2)
7. Joe Orton, ENTERTAINING MR SLOANE, 1964  
Sloan – Ed (2)

### **BUGGER .> SWISH**

8. Rochester? SODOM, OR THE QUINTESSENCE OF DEBAUCHERY, 1684?  
Bolloxinion – Borastus – Twely – Pockenello – Pine (4)
9. Mae West, THE DRAG, 1927  
Clem – Rosco – Duchess – Winnie – Rolly – Billy (6)

*[N.b. 10 a, b, c are counted as one scene]*

- 10a. Frederick Lonsdale, SPRING CLEANING, 1925  
Bobby (1)

### **THE AESTHETE**

- 10b. Aristophanes, THESMOPHORIASUZAI, 411 B.C. Trans. Dudley Fitts  
Agathon (1)
- 10c. Christopher Marlowe, EDWARD II, 1593  
Piers Gaveston (1)
11. Noël Coward, BITTER SWEET, 1925  
We All Wear a Green Carnation Quartet (4)

*I-1. Euripides, THE BAKKHAI, 403 B.C. Trans. L. Senelick  
Pentheus - Dionysos*

Dionysos  
You who are so eager to spy on what should not be spied on  
And long for what should not be longed for, in other words

Pentheus,  
Come out of the house, let me have a look at you.  
Decked out in the trappings of a woman, a follower of  
Bakkhos, a crazed maenad.  
And a voyeur of your mother and her gang;  
Why, you look like one of Kadmos's daughters.  
I seem to see two suns in the sky.  
And a double Thebes the seven-gated city;  
And I get the impression you are a bull walking ahead of me  
And I think your head has sprouted horns.  
Were you an animal all this time? For certainly now you are  
changed to a bull.

Dionysos  
The god, who used to be hostile to you, now walks with us  
As a peace-offering; consequently your vision has been  
corrected.

Pentheus  
Well, how do I look? Wouldn't you say the spitting image of  
Aunt Ino  
Or my mother Agaue?

Dionysos  
You could have fooled me.  
But a curl has come loose from its place.  
Let me tuck it beneath your turban as I did before.

Pentheus  
In the house, rocking my head back and forth  
And rolling with Bacchic joy I must have shaken it loose.

Dionysos  
Then let me serve as your dresser and  
Re-arrange it. But do keep your head straight.

Pentheus  
Come on! Smarten me up! I put myself entirely in your  
hands.

Dionysos  
 Your girdle is slack, and the pleats of your skirt  
 Hang crooked below your ankle.

Pentheus  
 I think so too, on the right side, wouldn't you say?  
 But on the left the dress clings casually to my calf.

Dionysos  
 You are going to call me your very best friend.  
 When, counter to all expectations, you see how well-behaved  
 the Bakkhai are.

Pentheus  
 Should I hold the joyrod in my right hand  
 Or the left, which looks more like a follower of Bakkhos?

Dionysos  
 You must raise it in your right hand, in time  
 With your right foot. I congratulate you on your change of  
 mind.

Pentheus  
 Will I be able to lift the forests of Kithairon  
 And all the Bakkhai on my shoulders?

Dionysos  
 You could if you wanted to; before you were not in your  
 Right mind, but now your mind is all it should be.

Pentheus  
 Should we take crowbars? Or should I tear up the cliffs with  
 my bare hands. Putting my shoulders or my arms to their crags.

Dionysos  
 Would you destroy the shrines of the nymphs  
 And the seat of Pan where he does his piping?

Pentheus  
 You're right; women should not be conquered  
 By brute force; I shall hide in the shadow of the pine-trees.

You shall hide in just the sort of hiding-place fit for  
 A peeping Tom who would keep secret watch on maenads.

Pentheus

Imagine! I can picture them now in the bushes.  
Naked as jay-birds, hugging tight in the voluptuous tangles  
of hot sex.

Dionysos

Quite right, your mission is to be a one-man vice squad.  
No doubt you'll catch them in the dirty deed, if they don't  
catch you first.

Pentheus

Parade me down the main streets of Thebes;  
For only I am man enough to dare this deed.

Dionysos

Only you bear the burden for this city, you alone;  
Which is why the appropriate ordeals are in store for you.  
Follow me; I am your guide and safeguard on the way there.  
But someone else will bring you back again.

Pentheus

The woman who gave me birth.

Dionysos

As an example to all.

Pentheus

That's why I go.

Dionysos

You shall be carried home...

Pentheus

That sounds like deluxe treatment

Dionysos

In your mother's arms.

Pentheus

You insist on pampering me to pieces.

Dionysos

To pieces, yes—in my own peculiar way.

Pentheus

I go to claim my just reward.

Dionysos

You're a very special person and you're about to have a very special experience. Which will bring you a fame towering to heaven. Stretch out your arms, Agaue and you her sisters, Daughters of Kadmos; I escort this youth To a great contest, whose winners will be myself And Bellowing Bromios. Wait and see what happens next.

I-2. Aristophanes, *THESMOPHORIAZUSAI*, 411 B.C. Trans. Dudley Fitts  
Mnesilochus-Euripides

MNESILOCHOS

Here I am. Take me. Do what you like.

EURIPIDES

You mean it?

Off with that cloak, then!

MNESILOCHOS

Off it goes. What next?

EURIPIDES

Well, those whiskers of yours; and lower down.

MNESILOCHOS

If you say so. Might as well go the whole hog.

EURIPIDES

Kind of you.

—Now, father-in-law, sit down here and stick out your cheek.

MNESILOCHOS

Ouch!

EURIPIDES

What's the matter?

Have I got to gag you?

MNESILOCHOS

Ouch! Suffering God!

EURIPIDES

Come back here! Where are you off to?

MNESILOCHOS

A sanctuary.

By God, I'm not going to stay here and get carved.

EURIPIDES

They'll laugh at you with half your face shaved clean.

MNESILOCHOS

Let them laugh.

EURIPIDES

Oh come now, for heaven's sake, think of me for a change.

MNESILOCHOS

I have no character.

All right. Go ahead.

EURIPIDES

Sit down.

—Stop fidgeting.

Puff your other cheek out.

MNESILOCHOS

Woof.

EURIPIDES

What do you mean, 'woof'? —There! That's a handsome job, if I *do* say so!

MNESILOCHOS

Who said a soldier's bearded like the pard?

EURIPIDES

Never mind that. / think you're dazzling.

Would you like to look at yourself?

MNESILOCHOS

Hand me that glass.

—My God, I'm looking at Kleisthenês!

EURIPIDES

Stand up.

Bend over. Here goes the rest of the foliage.

MNESILOCHOS

Stop! Must I be singed like a pig on a platter?

EURIPIDES

Bring a torch, boy, or a lamp to put under him.

—Stoop over. There. Keep your tail out of the flame.

MNESILOCHOS

I certainly will.

—Water! Water!

Ring the alarm! There's fire down below!

EURIPIDES

Keep cool.

MNESILOCHOS

When my poop's a howling holocaust?

EURIPIDES

Don't worry. The worst is over.

MNESILOCHOS

I believe you.

The crater's full of soot.

EURIPIDES

We'll sponge it out.

MNESILOCHOS

God pity the man who sponges *that* abyss.

EURIPIDES

Let's see. Which gown?

MNESILOCHOS

It smells darling, all right.

Now where's that breast gadget?

EURIPIDES

Here you are.

MNESILOCHOS

Is my slip showing?

EURIPIDES

You're all right. Now something ribbony for your head.

MNESILOCHOS

Does it suit me?

EURIPIDES

It's a dream.

Now a fur stole.

Well, my dear hermaphrodite,

I hope you'll remember to speak like a woman in there.

MNESILOCHOS

Goodneth me. I'll do my betht.

EURIPIDES

I'm sure of it.

Well, let's be going.

I-3. John Lyly, GALLATHEA, 1587-88  
Phyllida — Gallathea

[Ill.ii] *[Enter] Phyllida and Gallathea.*

PHYLLIDA.

It is pity that Nature framed you not a woman, having a face so fair, so lovely a countenance, so modest a behavior.

GALLATHEA.

There is a tree in Tylos whose nuts have shells like fire, and, being cracked, the kernel is but water.

PHYLLIDA.

What a toy is it to tell me of that tree, being nothing to the purpose! I say it is pity you are not a woman.

GALLATHEA.

I would not wish to be a woman, unless it were because thou art a man.

PHYLLIDA.

Nay, I do not wish thee to be a woman, for then I should not love thee, for I have sworn never to love a woman.

GALLATHEA.

A strange humor in so pretty a youth, and according to mine, for myself will never love a woman.

PHYLLIDA.

It were a shame, if a maiden should be a suitor (a thing hated in that sex), that thou shouldst deny to be her servant.

GALLATHEA.

If it be a shame in me, it can be no commendation in you, for yourself is of that mind.

PHYLLIDA.

Suppose I were a virgin (I blush in supposing myself one), and that under the habit of a boy were the person of a maid : if I should utter my affection with sighs, manifest my sweet love by my salt tears, and prove my loyalty unspotted and my griefs intolerable, would not then that fair face pity this true heart?

GALLATHEA.

Admit that I were as you would have me suppose that you are, and that I should with entreaties, prayers, oaths, bribes, and whatever can be invented in love, desire your favor, would you not yield?

PHYLLIDA.

Tush, you come in with "admit."

GALLATHEA.

And you with "suppose."

PHYLLIDA [*aside*].

What doubtful speeches be these! I fear me he is as I am, a maiden.

GALLATHEA [*aside*].

What dread, riseth in my mind! I fear the boy to be as I am, a maiden.

PHYLLIDA [*aside*].

Tush, it cannot be; his voice shows the contrary.

GALLATHEA [*aside*].

Yet I do not think it, for he would then have blushed.

PHYLLIDA.

Have you ever a sister?

GALLATHEA.

If I had but one, my brother must needs have two. But, I pray, have you ever a one?

PHYLLIDA.

My father had but one daughter, and therefore I could have no sister.

GALLATHEA [*aside*].

Ay me, he is as I am, for his speeches be as mine are.

PHYLLIDA [*aside*].

What shall I do? Either he is subtle or my sex simple.

GALLATHEA [*aside*],

I have known divers of Diana's nymphs enamored of him, yet hath he rejected all, either as too proud, to disdain, or too childish, not to understand, or for that he knoweth himself to be a virgin.

PHYLLIDA [*aside*],

I am in a quandary. Diana's nymphs have followed him, and he despised them, either knowing too well the beauty of his own face, or that himself is of the same mold. I will once again try him. [To Gallathea.] You promised me in the woods that you would love me before all Diana's nymphs.

GALLATHEA.

Ay, so you would love me before all Diana's nymphs.

PHYLLIDA,

Can you prefer a fond boy as I am before so fair ladies as they are Gallathea.

Why should not I as well as you ?

PHYLLIDA.

Come, let us into the grove and make much one of another, that cannot tell what to think one of another.

*Exeunt.*

I-4. Christopher Marlowe, DIDO QUEEN OF CARTHAGE, 1594  
Jupiter - Ganymede

*Here the curtains draw : there is discovered Jupiter dandling  
Ganymede upon his knee, and Hermes lying asleep.*

Jup. Come, gentle Ganymede, and play with me;  
I love thee well, say Juno what she will.

Gan. I am much better for your worthless love,  
That will not shield me from her shrewish blows!  
To day, whenas I fill'd into your cups,  
And held the cloth of pleasance whiles you drank.  
She reach'd me such a rap for that I spill'd,  
As made the blood run down about mine ears.

Jup. What, dares she strike the darling of my thoughts?  
By Saturn's soul, and this earth-threatening hair,  
That, shaken thrice, makes nature's buildings quake,  
I vow, if she but once frown on thee more.  
To hang her, meteor like, 'twixt heaven and earth.  
And bind her, hand and foot, with golden cords.  
As once I did for harming Hercules!

Gan. Might I but see that pretty sport a-foot,  
O, how would I with Helen's brother laugh,  
And bring the gods to wonder at the game!  
Sweet Jupiter, if e'er I pleas'd thine eye,  
Or seemed fair, wall'd-in with eagle's wings,  
Grace my immortal beauty: with this boon,  
And I will spend my time in thy bright arms.

Jup. What is't, sweet wag, I should deny thy youth ?  
Whose face reflects such pleasure to mine eyes,  
As I, exhal'd with thy fire-darting beams,  
Have oft driven bade the horses of the Night,  
Whenas they would have hal'd thee from my sight.  
Sit on my knee, and call for thy content,  
Control proud Fate, and cut the thread of Time:  
Why, are not all the gods a t thy command.  
And heaven and earth the bounds of thy delight?  
Vulcan shall dance to make thee laughing sport,  
And my nine daughters sing when thou art sad ;  
From Juno's bird I 'll pluck her spotted pride.

To make thee fans wherewith to cool thy face ;  
And Venus' swans shall shed their silver down,  
To sweeten out the slumbers of thy bed;  
Hermes no more shall show the world his wings,  
If that thy fancy in his feathers dwell,  
But, as this one, I 'll tear them all from him.

*[Plucks a feather from Hermes' wings.]*

Do thou but say, " their colour pleaseth me."  
Hold here, my little loye ; these linked gems.

*[Gives jewels.]*

My Juno ware upon her marriage-day,  
Put thou about thy neck, my own sweet heart,  
And trick thy arms and shoulders with my theft.

Gan. I would have a jewel for mine ear,  
And a fine brooch to put in my hat,  
And then I'll hug with you an hundred times.

Jup. And shalt have, Ganymede, if thou wilt be my love.

I-5. L'ESPRIT DES MOEURS AU XIII<sup>e</sup> SIÈCLE by Charles de Norciat 1759,1789  
Trans. Laurence Senelick

Act I, Scene 6

MADemoiselle de Lesbosie, LA MARQUISE DE PALMARÈZE.

*Mlle de Lesbosie promptly rises and makes a respectful curtsy to the Marquise.*

MARQUISE. My lovely friend, may that curtsy be the last for me, may the greatest equality prevail between us. Lesbosie, my lovely Lesbosie, daughter of a loyal gentleman, is a friend of Madame de Palmarèze: friendship will acknowledge no other title between us. So henceforth, charming child, think only of being at ease with me; suppress and banish all constraint; all I ask of you is affection.

MLLE DE LESBOSIE. The more indulgent Madam is, the less I should fail in profound respect....

MARQUISE. At the moment you're trying my patience.

LESBOSIE. I would not want to displease Madame the Marquise.

MARQUISE. Leave off the marquise in our private conversations; I forbid it. Quick, come and embrace me; come here. *(As Lesbosie obeys, the Marquise grabs her bosom.)* How fresh! How firm!... You blush... A leftover of village prudery: child that you are, am I not a woman?

LESBOSIE *(sighing)*. Happily, yes!

MARQUISE *(smiling)*. How am I take what you just said? Is it courtesy or an insult?

LESBOSIE *(kissing her hand)*. Insult my dear benefactress! Me! ah! madam, how little you know me!

MARQUISE. Which is to say that if I had the honor of putting there *(you can guess where the Marquise puts Lesbosie 's hand at the same time)*., something very different from what you are touching, I would be permitted to hope... *(One of the Marquises 's hands strays beneath her friend's petticoats.)* What flesh! Like satin! I would give a year of my life to be for a single night as handsome a boy as my rascally page.

LESBOSIE *(letting her do if)*. You would lose infinitely by the change, as beautiful as you are....

MARQUISE *(carrying on)*. I'm told I'm not so bad.

LESBOSIE. Desired...

MARQUISE. Yes, by all the men.

LESBOSIE. Well! isn't that state of perpetual triumph enough for you? A little village lass obtains some part of your affection and her useless charms have something to arouse bizarre desires in you?

MARQUISE. That's the truth. But those charms are not as useless as you think, and if you weren't such a greenhorn, a person could teach you lots of things...

LESBOSIE *{blushing}*. Alas! Since I've had the honor of serving you, have I not become very knowing?

MARQUISE *(smiling)*. What do you know? The ABC of pleasure, the basic principles.

LESBOSIE. Spare me, madam; I dare not raise my eyes to you.

MARQUISE. You catch my drift. Well! since you have so much perspicacity, I shall confess my mischief-making. Yes, my Lesbosie, I was the one who turned you over to charming Victor, being unable myself to pluck the precious flower of your virginity. I managed the whole of that little intrigue: will you forgive me?

LESBOSIE. Ah! how can I hold it against you?

MARQUISE. I only wanted your happiness, my tender friend.

LESBOSIE (*kissing her hand*). You never cease to give me proofs of it.

MARQUISE. Getting back to Victor. He was suitable in every respect for the first operation.

LESBOSIE. Operation is the right word, madam: it is a cruel favor to suffer the first time; it is true that those that follow are ineffable delights. [...]

MARQUISE. When you recovered, I noticed that you weren't in the least angry with the operator.

LESBOSIE. When one's heart is in the right place, isn't one delighted to have obliged?

MARQUISE. Delicious morality! (She kisses Lesbosie, and begins to tickle rather vivaciously the charms which she had been amusing herself with during their discussion.) How ravishing you two were, amorously grouped on the ottoman. [...] Jealous of Victor, I was about to cry out: Stop, audacious Victor! You take too much pleasure: I have to share it with you! (*The Marquise continues her finger game*)

LESBOSIE (*feeling a sweet and keen emotion*). But... but, madam...

MARQUISE (*affected as keenly*). What charming eyes! Ah! you rascal, you're going...

LESBOSIE (*letting herself be drawn to the ottoman*). Truly... you're making me... die. (*The Marquise, who has become impassioned during this chat, arranges herself suddenly so as to put her mouth on the part her finger had just aroused.*) O heaven! what are you after, madam? No, I won't allow...

MARQUISE (*easily fighting off this resistance*). Let me at it, you little prude!

LESBOSIE (*giving in*). Gods!... what is all this?... it's a dream... I ... I'm dying. (*There is a moment's silence, during which the Marquise observes with a kind of admiration Mlle de Lesbosie, intoxicated and immobile with pleasure.*)

MARQUISE (*waking her with a kiss*). If I had let you go on prattling, you might have wanted to prove to me that no one could make you happy but a Victor.

LESBOSIE. Ah! I am perfectly happy. But, madam, what do they call this enchanting foolery you've just taught me?

MARQUISE. Everyone gives this practice a made-up name.

LESBOSIE. Forgive me, madam, but I thought that your tongue...

MARQUISE. The mouth, my lovely friend, this charm par excellence, the seat and instrument of pleasure, slips lust into every locality, without any restriction, wherever it brings its caresses. [...] Tell me, child, would you be the girl to return the value you have received in the same coin?

LESBOSIE (*embarrassed*). I don't understand, madam. I owe you so many great obligations since I've had the pleasure of knowing you...

MARQUISE (*staring hard at her*). A moment ago, I mean; it's for that I would like to demand a little gratitude. (*Her eyes light up; she draws Mlle de Lesbosie to her breast and gives her a*

*passionate kiss; then, with a meaningful movement, she adds:)* If you aren't disgusted... do I make my meaning clear?

LESBOSIE (*embarrassed*). I think so; but...

MARQUISE (*somewhat serious*). You refuse?... I'm not so fresh, so attractive?

LESBOSIE (*aflame*). Perish the thought! Nothing in the world is as desirable as you... but... timidity... inexperience... people always fumble what they've never done before!

MARQUISE. Come, sweetheart, give it a try.

LESBOSIE (*eagerly*). Ah! with all my heart!

I-6. *Sholem Asch, THE GOD OF VENGEANCE, 1907. Trans. Isaac Goldberg.*  
*Rifkele - Manke*

*Rifkele thrusts her head through the window.*  
*She is in her night clothes, covered by a light*  
*shawl. She whispers cautiously:*

*Rifkele from above:*

Hush ! Speak more softly. I stole out of bed.  
 So that pa wouldn't hear. I 'm afraid, — that  
 he'll beat me.

*HuManke embraces her passionately:*

Come, Rifkele, I 'll wash your eyes in the  
 rainwater. The night is so beautiful, the rain  
 is so warm and the air is so full of' delightful  
 fragrance. Come.

Rifkele

I lay awake allnight. . . I heard you call me. . . You called me  
 so softly. . . And something drew me so irresistibly  
 to you. . . and I stole the key from the  
 Scroll. . . My heart pounded so wildly. . . So  
 wildly. . .

Manke

*{She leaves. Rifkele disappears*  
*from the window.}*

[...]

*Manke, speaks with restrained passion and love,*  
*— softly, but with deep resonance:*

Are you cold, Rifkele darling ? Nestle close to  
 me. . . Ever so close. . . Warm yourself next to  
 me. So. Come, let's sit down here on the  
 lounge. *(Leads Rifkele to a lounge; they sit*  
*down.)* Just like this. . . Now rest your face  
 snugly in my bosom. So. Just like that. And  
 let your body touch mine. . . It 's so cool. . . as if  
 water were running between us. *(Pause.)* I  
 uncovered your breasts and washed them with  
 the rainwater that trickled down my arms.  
 Your breasts are so white and soft. And the  
 blood in them cools under the touch, just like

white snow, — like frozen water. . . and their fragrance is like the grass on the meadows. And I let down your hair so. . . (*Runs her fingers through Rifkele's hair.*) And I held them like this in the rain and washed them. How sweet they smell. . . Like the rain itself. . . (*She buries her face in Rifkele's hair.*) Yes, I can smell the scent of the May rain in them. . . So light, so fine. . . And fresh. . . as the grass on the meadows. . . as the apple on the bough. . . So. Cool me, refresh me with your tresses. (*She washes her face in Rifkele's hair.*) Cool me, — so. But wait. . . I'll comb you as if you were a bride. . . a nice part and two long, black braids. (*Does so.*) Do you want me to, Rifkele? Do you?

Rifkele *nodding*:

Yes.

Manke

You'll be the bride. . . a beautiful bride. . . It's Sabbath eve and you are sitting with your papa and mamma at the table. . . I — I am your sweetheart. . . your bridegroom, and I've come as your guest. Eh, Rifkele? Do you like that game?

Rifkele *nodding*:

Yes, I do.

Manke

Wait, now; wait. Your father and mother have gone to sleep. The sweethearts meet here at the table. . . We are bashful. . . Eh?

Rifkele *nodding*:

Yes, Manke.

Manke

Then we come closer to one another, for we are bride and bridegroom, you and I. We embrace. (*Places her arm around Rifkele.*) Ever so tightly. And kiss, very softly. Like this.

*(Kisses Rifkele.)* And we turn so red, —• we're so bashful. It's nice, Rifkele, isn't it?

Rifkele

Yes, Manke. . . Yes.

Manke *lowering her voice, and whispering into Rifkele's ear:*

And then we go to sleep together. Nobody sees, nobody hears. Only you and I. Like this.

*(Clasps Rifkele tightly to herself.)* Do you want to sleep with me tonight like this? Eh?

Rifkele *looking about nervously:*

I do. . . I do. . .

Manke *drawing Rifkele closer:*

Come. . . Come. . .

Rifkele *softly:*

I'm afraid of my father. He'll wake up and. .

Manke

Wait, Rifkele, wait a second. *(Reflects for a moment.)* Do you want to go away from here with me! We'll be together days and nights at a time. Your father won't be there, nor your mother. . . Nobody'll scold you. . . or beat you. . . Come, Rifkele, — do you want to ?

Rifkele *trembling with excitement:*

And papa won't hear?

Manke

No, no. He won't hear. He's sleeping so soundly. . . There, can't you hear him snoring? . . . *(Runs over to Hindel's compartment and seizes Hindel by the arm.)* Have you got a place ? Come ! Take us away at once !

I-7 Joe Orton, ENTERTAINING MR SLOANE, 1964

Sloane - Ed

ED: I must apologize for her behaviour. She's not in the best of health

SLOANE: She seems all right.

ED: You can't always go on appearances. She's ... well I wouldn't say unbalanced. No, that'd be going too far. She suffers from migraine. That's why it'd be best if you declined her offer of a room.

SLOANE: I see.

ED: When are you going?

SLOANE: But I like it here.

ED: I dare say you do. The fact is my sister's taking on too many responsibilities. She's a charming woman as a rule. Charming. I've no hesitation in saying that. Lost her husband. And her little kid. Tell you did she?

SLOANE: She mentioned it.

ED: [wary]: What did she say? '

SLOANE: Said she married young. ,

ED: She married a mate of mine - a valiant man - we were together in Africa.

SLOANE: In the army?

ED: You're interested in the army, eh? Soldiers, garrison towns, etc. Does that interest you?

SLOANE: Yes.

ED: Good, excellent. How old are you?

SLOANE: Twenty.

ED: Married?

SLOANE: No.

ED: [laughs] : Wise man, eh? Wise man. [Pause.] Girl friends?

SLOANE: No.

ED: No. You're a librarian?

SLOANE: No.

ED: I thought she said -

SLOANE: I help out at Len's . . . the tobacconist. Give him a hand. I'm not employed there.

ED: I was told you were.

SLOANE: I help out. On Saturdays.

ED: I see. I've been mistaken. [Silence.] Well, as I just said ... I don't think it'd suit you. What with one thing and another. [Pause.] To show there's no hard feelings I'll make it worth your while. Call it a gift..

SLOANE; That's decent of you.

ED: Not at all. [Pause.] I'd like to give you a little present. Anything

.you care to name. Within reason.

SLOANE: What's within reason? -

ED [laughs]: Well. . . no ...Jags . [Laughs.] . . . no sports cars. I'm not going as far as that.

SLOANE [relaxing]: I was going to suggest an Aston Martin.

ED: [walks from the window looking for an ashtray. He does not find one]: I wish I could give you one, boy. I wish I could. [Stubs out his cigarette into a glass seashell on the sideboard.] Are you a sports fan? Eh? Fond of sport? You look as though you might be. Look the . . .

outdoor type, I'd say,

SLOANE: I am.

ED: I'd say you were. That's, what struck me when, you walked in. That's what puzzled me. She gave me the impression you were . . . well, don't be offended... I had the notion you were a shop assistant.

SLOANE: Never worked in a shop in my life. .

ED:: No. [Pause.] I see you're not that type. You're more o f a...as, you might say...the fresh air type.

SLOANE: I help out on Saturdays for a mate o f mine. Len. You might know him. Lifeguard at the baths one time. Nice chap.

ED:: You're fond o f swimming?

SLOANE: I like a plunge now and then.

ED: Bodybuilding? '

SLOANE: We had a nice little gym at the orphanage. Put me in all the teams they did. Relays . . . .

[EDlooks interested.]

...s o c c e r ,..

[ED nods.] -

... pole vault, ...long distance...

[ed opens his mouth.] . . .

... 100 yards, discus, putting the shot.

[ED rubs his hands together.]

Yes, yes. I'm an all rounder. A great all rounder. In anything you cate to mention. Even in life.

[ED lifts up a warning finger.]

... yes I like a good work out now and then.

ED: I used to do a lot o f that at one time. With my mate ... We used to do all what you've just said. [Pause.] We were young. Innocent, too. [Shrugs. Pats his pocket. Takes out a packet of cigarettes. Smokes.]

All over now. [Pause.] Developing your muscles, eh? And character.

[Pause.] ... Well, well, well. [Breathless.] A little bodybuilder

are you? I bet you are ... [Slowly.] . . . do you . . . [Shy.] exercise regular?

SLOANE: As clockwork.

ED: Good, good.. Stripped?

SLOANE: Fully.

ED: Complete. [Striding, to the window.] How invigorating. .

SLOANE: And I box. I'm a bit of a boxer.

ED: Ever done any wrestling?

SLOANE: On occasions.

ED: So, so.

SLOANE: I've got a full chest. Narrow hips. My biceps are -

ED: Do you wear leather ... next to the skin? Leather jeans, say?

Without ... aah ...

SLOANE: Pants?

ED: [laughs]: Get away! [Pause.] The question is are you clean living?

You may as well know I set great store by morals. Too much of this casual bunking up nowadays. Too many lads being ruined by birds. I don't want you messing about with my sister.

SLOANE: I wouldn't. ,

ED: Have you made overtures to her?

SLOANE: No.

ED: Would you?

SLOANE: No.

ED: Not if circumstances were ripe?

SLOANE: Never.

ED: Does she disgust you?

SLOANE: Should she?

ED: It would be better if she did.

SLOANE: I've no interest in her.

[Pause.]

ED: I've a certain amount of influence. Friends with money. I've two cars. Judge for yourself. I generally spend my holidays in places where the bints have got rings through their noses. [Pause.] Women are like banks, boy, breaking and entering is a serious business. Give me your word you're not vaginalatrous?

SLOANE: I'm not.

ED: [Pause]: I'll believe you. Can you drive?

SLOANE: Yes.

ed: I might let you be my chauffeur.

SLOANE: Would you?

ED [laughs]: We'll see ... I could get you a uniform. Boots, pants, a guaranteed 100 per cent no imitation j a c k e t... an ... er ... a white brushed nylon T -sh irt.. . with a little leather cap. [Laughs.] Like that? [SLOANE nods. Silence.]

Kip here a bit. Till we get settled. Come and see me. W e 'll discuss, salary arrangements and any other business. Here's my card.

## I-8. SODOM, OR THE QUINTESSENCE OF DEBAUCHERY, 1684?

Bolloxinion - Borastus - Twely - Pockenello - Pine

BOLLOXINION [King of Sodom]

As for the Queen her Cunt no more invites  
Clad with the filth of all her nasty whites  
Come, we miss-spend our time, we know not how  
The choice of Buggery is wanting now.

BORASTUS [Buggermaster General]

I could advise you, Sir, to make a pass  
Once more at loyal Pockenello's arse.  
Besides, Sir, Pine has such a gentle skin,  
It would tempt a Saint to thrust his Pintle in.

TWELY [Pimp of Honor 1]

When last, great Sir, your pleasure did vouchsafe  
To let poor Twely's hand your Pintle chafe  
You gently mov'd it to my arse, when loe  
Arse did that deed, which kind Hand could not do.

BOLLOXINION

Pine I remember how my sperm did flow,  
Twely, I'm in arrears to thy rewards  
But lefs be active, whilst the time affords;  
Now Pockenello for a mate I'll choose  
His arse shall for a moment be my spouse.

POCKENELLO [Prince, favortie of the King]

That spouse shall, mighty Sir, tho it be blind.  
Prove to my Lord, both dutiful and kind,  
't Is all I wish, that Pockenello's Arse  
May still find favour from your Royal Tarse.

BOLLOXINION

And next with Twely, I will have a Touch  
And Pine-----

PINE [Pimp of Honor 2]

-----Ob Sir you honour us too much,  
As harbingers into your mighty Lust,  
It was enough, that us you did intrust;  
But as from heaven, you can make us blest  
Thd we're unworthy, when we have done our best

## BOLLOXINION

Can your perfections dare to claim a right?  
Those, whom my pleasures serve, I will requite;  
Henceforth Borastus, set the Nation free,  
Let conscience have its force of Liberty.  
I do proclaim, that Buggery may be us'd  
Thrô all the Land, so Cunt be not abus'd  
That, the proviso, this shall be your Trust (to Borastus)  
All things shall to your order be adjust.  
To Buggeranthos, let this charge be given  
And let him bugger all things under heaven.

I-9. Mae West, THE DRAG, 1927

Clem - Rosco — Duchess - Winnie - Rolly — Billy (All in drag)

CLEM: Riding around all day in that goddamn car—I'm so stiff. I'll have to try a couple of splits and back bends to straighten myself out. (ROSCO and the DUCHESS have seated themselves in rather artistic poses. The DUCHESS takes out powder puff.)

ROSCO: Say, Clem, did the Duchess ever meet Roland?

CLEM: No, but if she takes out that goddamn powder puff again—she won't be here to meet him.

DUCHESS: Oh, shut up.

CLEM: You've had that thing out forty times in the last twenty minutes. You took it out in front of that cop, too. What the hell do you think—that I want to be locked up with you?

DUCHESS: Oh, wasn't he grand!

CLEM: You wouldn't think he was so grand if he sat your fanny in jail.

DUCHESS: Say—the cops, they like me. They all know me from Central Park.

WINNIE: Ha! ha!

ROLLY: What about you, Duchess?

DUCHESS: Oh, my goodness. I've got the most gorgeous new drag. Black satin, very tight, with a long train of rhinestones.

CLEM: Wait until you see the creation I'm wearing, dearie. Virginal white, no back, with oceans of this and oceans of that, trimmed with excitement in front. You know I'm more of the flapper type, not so much like a canal boat.

DUCHESS: Creation—ha! That old thing. I knew that three years ago.

CLEM (Very angry): For Chris' sake sit. This big bitch thinks nobody has anything or looks like anything but her.

DUCHESS: Oh, shut up.

ROLLY: Say, how about a little drink? (Rings bell.)

CLEM: Yes! How about a little drink?

DUCHESS; I don't mind a little drink once in a while.

CLEM: Why you big Swede. You'd take it through a funnel if anybody would give it to you.

WINNIE: Funnel? That's nothing. I'd take it through a hose. Whoops.

(Enter PARSONS.)

ROLLY: What will it be, Scotch or Rye?

ROSCO: Rye. (WINNIE ad libs. CLEM chooses Scotch to be different).

ROLLY (Entering). Scotch and Rye.

DUCHESS: Say, I was at a party the other night—when was that—last week, one day.

ROSCO: Oh. I heard about that, over at Peter Pan's.

CLEM (Tells all about party): It was a great party but the place was raided and when they backed up the wagon, they got all but one and she jumped out the window. That must have been you.

DUCHESS (Goes to piano): Do you mind?

ROLLY: Go right ahead.

DUCHESS: What will I play?

ROSCO: Play "Humoresque."

DUCHESS: I don't like that.

CLEM: Play "The Woman Who Stole My Gal."

D U C H E S S : I don't know that.

CLEM (Repeats the line 'Don't know that. I don't like that'): That's what I can't understand. Somebody sits down at the piano. They'll ask you what to play. You tell them, then they play something entirely different. What did you want to ask for?

DUCHESS: Oh, shut up! That one's always giving advice or trying to tell you what to do. Give your mouth a holiday. (Then he starts to play. WINNIE "whoops." CLEM and ROSCO add comedy to the tune the DUCHESS plays.)

WINNIE: Beautiful voice! Wonderful voice! Gorgeous voice!

ROLLY: Wonderful! Beautiful touch!

CLEM: You should feel my beautiful touch, dearie. (Laughs.)

BILLY: (Enters): Is that your taxi outside by the water plug? If he don't move, the cop will give him a ticket.

ALL: All right, Billy, I'll take care of him.

CLEM (Rises): Oh heavens, he ought, to know enough to keep away from a fire plug. I'll have to get him a book of regulations.

DUCHESS: Maybe he's in love and can't think.

CLEM: Then you must have been in love all your life.

WINNIE: Whoops.

ROLLY: What, did you come in a taxi?

CLEM: Oh, Rolly, I forgot to tell you about that handsome brute of a taxi driver. Don't get suggestive. We rode in a taxi. (DUCHESS, ROLLY and ROSCO laugh. CLEM repeats): I forgot to tell you, dearie, about this handsome brute of a taxi-driver. Let me tell you. Yesterday, you know Dave, that sentimental moll, the one who used to be crazy about you. Well; she calls me up and asked me to come right over, she's hysterical. Well, I goes over and there was the poor queen ready to jump out of the window. Of course, I knew what was the matter. She needed a jab. She's been taking heroin and morphine by the barrels. The trouble with her is she's sensitive of what she is. Now, I don't give a goddamn who knows it. Of course, I don't go flouncing my hips up and down Broadway picking up trade or with a sign on my back advertising it. (Laughs.) But of course. I don't pass anything up either, dearie. I'm out to have a good time as well as the next...

WINNIE: You'd be a fool if you did.

ROSCO: What about Dave, what happened to her?

CLEM: Well, I took her to the doctor's. Some doctor on Park Avenue she wanted to go to. I took a taxi and took her over and left her there. I must call her up today and see how she is. So that's how I met the taxi driver and he's been riding me ever since. (ROLLY has a peculiar expression on his face during CLEM's story.)

CLEM: Dish the dirt, because you won't be able to dump that bird so easy.

(Bell rings. PARSONS crosses stage.)

ROLLY (Looks at wristwatch): If it's Mr. Grayson, have him come in. (To the others.) Now, be a little careful, no wise cracks.

CLEM: Well dearie, perhaps we'd better be going and leave you alone. I understand how it is. Come on, molls, I suppose my boyfriend's getting nervous waiting out there anyway. (They take their hats and coats.)

ROLLY: No hurry. That's that young engineer who is putting up the new structure for the Kingsbury iron works.

CLEM: Now, I must meet him.

DUCHESS (Takes out powder puff): I just love engineers. (CLEM takes powder puff and throws it in a vase.)

## I-10a. Frederick Lonsdale, SPRING CLEANING

[Bobby Williams enters. He is an effeminate boy of twenty -two. Very over-dressed.]

Bobby: Darling ! (Kisses her hand).  
How sweet you look I (Picks up cushion)  
Oh, how divine! What a perfectly  
gorgeous cushion! I must get some like this  
at once. May I have a cigarette, darling?  
None of you will ever know how  
upset I am. I've had a terrible row with my  
hosier. I've been trying to get a certain colour undervest  
for ages, and the brute got them for me,  
but because Reggie Vale liked them he gave  
them to him. You've no idea what terrible  
things I said to the beast. I'm furious.

10b. Christopher Marlowe, EDWARD II, 1593  
Piers Gaveston

GAVESTON

These are not men for me;  
I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,  
Musicians, that with touching of a string  
May draw the pliant king which way I please:  
Music and poetry is his delight;  
Therefore I'll have Italian masks by night,  
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows;  
And in the day, when he shall walk abroad,  
Like sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad;  
My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,  
Shall with their goat-feet dance the antic hay;  
Sometime a lovely boy in Dian's shape,  
With hair that gilds the water as it glides  
Crowns of pearl about his naked arms.  
And in his sportful hands an olive-tree.  
To hide those parts which men delight to see,  
Shall bathe him in a spring; and there, hard by,  
One like Actaeon, peeping through the grove,  
Shall by the angry goddess be transform'd.  
And running in the likeness of an hart,  
By yelping hounds pull'd down, shall seem to die:  
Such things as these best please his majesty.

I-10c. Aristophanes, THESMOPHORIASUZAI, 411 B.C.

(AGATHON resumes his couch. Attendants cluster about him with incense, fans, bottles.)

MNESILOCHOS

By the gods and goddesses of copulation,  
that was a delightful melody  
All womanish along the tongue and kissy, I swear,  
it went straight to my arse. --Young man,  
whoever you are, permit me to address you  
in the style of Aischylos:

‘What woman, or what man, or both  
Combin.d, with cosmetic art  
Bewrays the stigma of his youth  
I’ th’ costume of a virile tart?’

I understand the lyre, of course; but what  
are you doing with a hair-net? A bottle  
of gymnasium oil, yes; but why the girdle?  
Why a hand-mirror and a sword at the same time?  
What are you, you recumbent paradox? A man?  
Show me; or, if that makes you blush,  
where are your Spartan boots, your cavalry cloak?  
Or are you a woman? If so, where are your breasts?  
No answer. Bashful. If I want to find out,  
I suppose I’ll have to read your Collected Poems.

AGATHON

Greybeard, greybeard, your malicious envy  
bombards my ears, but I heed it not at all.  
However, if you must know,  
I wear this particular costume by design.  
A dramatist embarked upon his art  
should prepare for the voyage; and since’ my best plays  
are female, my manner suggests the Heroine.  
Do you follow me?

MNESILOCHOS

More or less. I take it  
You’re barearse when you go to work on a Phaidra.

AGATHON

Again, a male r0e calls for male properties.  
Thus art makes up for natural defect

I-11. Noel Coward *We All Wear a Green Carnation* Lyrics 1923  
 Bitter Sweet the Musical - We All Wear a Green Carnation Lyrics  
 Music and lyrics by Noël Coward.

QUARTET:

Bad boys are we,  
 Exquisitely free  
 From the dreary and quite absurd  
 Moral views of the common herd.

We like porphyry bowls,  
 Chandeliers and stoles,  
 We're most spirited,  
 Carefully filleted 'souls'.

Pretty boys, witty boys, too, too, too  
 Lazy to fight stagnation,  
 Haughty boys, naughty boys,  
 all we do is to pursue sensation.  
 The portals of society  
 Are always opened wide,  
 The world our eccentricity condones,  
 A note of quaint variety  
 We're certain to provide,  
 We dress in very decorative tones.  
 Faded boys, jaded boys,  
 Womankind's Gift to a bulldog nation,  
 In order to distinguish us  
 From less enlightened minds,  
 We all wear a green carnation.  
 We believe in Art,  
 Though we're poles apart  
 From the fools who are thrilled by Greuze.  
 We like Beardsley and Green Chartreuse.  
 Women say we're too bored to bill and coo,  
 We smile wearily,  
 It's so drearily true

Pretty boys, witty boys, you may sneer  
 At our disintegration,  
 Haughty boys, naughty boys, dear, dear, dear  
 swooning with affectation.  
 Our figures sleek and willowy,

Our lips incarnadine,  
May worry the majority a bit.  
But matrons rich and billowy  
Invite us out to dine,  
And revel in our phosphorescent wit,  
Faded boys, jaded boys,  
come what may,  
Art is our inspiration,  
And as we are the reason  
for the 'Nineties' being gay,  
We all wear a green carnation.

Pretty boys, witty boys.  
Yearning for Permanent adulation.  
Haughty boys, naughty boys, every pore  
Bursting with self-inflation.  
We feel we're rather Grecian,  
As our manners indicate,  
Our sense of moral values isn't strong.  
For ultimate completion  
We shall really have to wait  
Until the Day of Judgment comes along.  
Faded boys, jaded boys, each one craves  
Some sort of soul salvation,  
But when we rise reluctantly  
But gracefully from our graves,  
We'll all wear a green carnation.

FROM SODOM TO STONEWALL  
The Queer Theatre Onstage  
Act II

Revised Script Sept 10, 2024

## **ACT II (8 Plays, 14 (?) Roles)**

### **TRAGIC LOVE**

1. Tsuruya Namboku IV et al., THE SCARLET PRINCESS OF EDO. 1817. Trans. D. Keene.  
Seigen – Shiragiku (2)
2. Gabriel Mourey, LAWN TENNIS, 1891. Trans. L. Senelick  
Camille – Elaine (2)

### **BLACKMAIL**

3. Ferdinand Bruckner, THE CRIMINALS, 1928. Trans. L. Senelick.  
Frank – Ottfried (2)

### **COMING OUT**

4. Jo Ijssel-De Schepper Bekker, MUSTN'T DO IT!, 1922. Trans. L. Senelick.  
Mother – Son (2)

### **INTERGENERATIONAL SEX**

5. Roger Gellert, QUAIN HONOUR, 1958

### **TEEN-AGE ROMANCE**

6. Ferdinand Bruckner, YOUTH IS A DISEASE, 1926. Trans. L. Senelick  
Désirée – Marie (2)
7. Frank Wedekind, SPRING AWAKENING, 1891. Trans. L. Senelick.  
Ernst – Hänschen (2)
8. Klaus Mann, ANJA AND ESTHER, 1925. Trans. L. Senelick.  
Anja – Esther (2)

II-1 Tsuruya Namboku IV et al., THE SCARLET PRINCESS OF EDO. 1817. Trans. D. Keene.

Seigen - Shiragiku

[SEIGEN gently helps SHIRAGIKU to his feet. The boy looks back longingly; SEIGEN shakes his head, points instead to the rock, takes the boy's hand, and leads him slowly onto the stage. The temple bell tolls. SHIRAGIKU starts with fright, then sinks to his knees. SEIGEN and SHIRAGIKU look into each others eyes. Each places a hand on the signpost for support. Close to tears, they pose.]

SEIGEN [emotionally] ; My dearest Shiragiku. To go on living, knowing we are the playthings of Karma and that fellow priests are making light of our love, is impossible. I should die alone but cannot, inflicting, in my weakness, misery on a budding flower. Do not hate me, please.

SHIRAGIKU [gently reproving] : Dearest Master Seigen, how could I hate you, who lavished affection on me, a mere page, and filled my heart with happiness? I am the one who should die, for I aroused your R e v e r e n c e 's desire willingly. May I be reborn a maiden so we can live together in future lives as man and wife.

[SHIRAGIKU looks appealingly at the priest. SEIGEN takes SHIRAGIKU'\* hands tenderly in his.]

SEIGEN: How pitiful your words are. I, who once served the Lord of Oshu, Date Chikahira, was then known as Shimizu Kiyoharu. My younger brother, Shinobu Sota, became an evil person as he grew older, until I had to leave my master's service, severing forever a brother's ties. Three years passed and I became a monk at Hasedera Temple in Kamakura. Indeed, it is the Karma of past lives that when we met I seethed with desire, faltering in my duties to Lord Buddha. From dawn throughout the day I yearned for you, waiting for each night when I could in secret ecstatically receive your love. How I regret that my illicit passion should have led you to this pathetic fate!

[SEIGEN places an arm protectively around SHIRAGIKU's shoulders.]

SHIRAGIKU [childishly earnest] ; I am prepared. Do not pretend regrets, beloved Master Seigen. We have exchanged eternal vows, our hearts' desires inscribed here . . .

[SHIRAGIKU takes from his breast a small, lacquered incense case wrapped in purple silk. SEIGEN reacts seeing it.]

SEIGEN: Next to my heart I, too, carry this . . . [Takes out the lid to SHIRAGIKU's case, also wrapped in purple silk.] Disciples of the Buddha cannot write a pledge of love with the blood of cut fingers nor fix upon their bodies a sign as others do. Instead, our names inscribed upon an incense case, to bind our love forever . . .

[In the darkness they cannot read the inscriptions. Just then the moon appears from behind the clouds. Nami Oto wave pattern crescendos. SEIGEN leads SHIRAGIKU by the hand partway up the rock steps. They pose, bodies bent backward, each with an arm placed gently around the other's waist. Holding his lacquered case up to catch the moonlight, SHIRAGIKU reads]

SHIRAGIKU: "Kiyō" for "Sei" and "haru" for "gen," your true name, Kiyoharu inscribed on this case.

SEIGEN: On its lid, the brush has traced the name "Shiragiku"—White Chrysanthemum—in strokes unchanging through the years. Sharing the same precious object symbolizes our shared love.

[They look at each other feelingly. SEIGEN resolutely slaps the lacquered lid, quickly folds the cloth over, and puts it away inside his kimono. Taking SHIRAGIKU's hand, he leads him slowly, tenderly, to the top of the towering rock. SHIRAGIKU draws back from the cliff edge instinctively. He falls weakly to his knees and clings to SEIGEN.]

SHIRAGIKU: Our resting place is the ocean's swirling waters. Reverend Seigen!

SEIGEN: Dearest Shiragiku!

[SEIGEN kneels beside the boy. They embrace. SHIRAGIKU presses the / priest's hands to his cheeks. They wipe away their tears, compose themselves, turn toward the dark seat and clasp their hands in prayer.]

SHIRAGIKU: "Namu Amida Butsu." Buddha Merciful All Hail.

[Nami Oto wave pattern crescendos. SHIRAGIKU clutches the incense case in his left hand, rises suddenly, and without a word leaps from the rock into the sea below. Loud batan tsuke beats. A splash of water flying up from the sea behind the rocks drenches SEIGEN.)

SEIGEN: You have jumped, my child. How could you? I join you, dear rash Shiragiku!

[Nami Oto swells. He rushes to the cliff edge, then falls back shuddering.] I would die for you without a thought, but . . . the cliff is so high, I'm terrified.

[Shaking, he hugs his shoulders. He teeters at the cliff edge, torn between love for SHIRAGIKU and fear of death. Then he sinks to the ground, powerless to fulfill his vow. Drum pattern changes to ominous Usu Doro, "Suspenseful Drum Roll," presaging the appearance of a spirit. A pale green ball of fire—the "soul fire" of the dead SHIRAGIKU—rises from the water and hovers in the air unseen by SEIGEN over his head. In tears, SEIGEN clasps his hands and prays.]

SEIGEN: "Namu Amida Butsu. Namu Amida Butsu." Buddha Merciful All Hail.

[SEIGEN falls forward as the curtain is slowly pulled closed]

II-2 Gabriel Mourey, *LAWN TENNIS*, 1891. Trans. L. Senelick  
Camille – Elaine

Scene 6

CAMILLE, ELAINE.

(As soon as they are alone, they look at one another face to face. An irresistible force pushes Elaine towards Camille.)

CAMILLE (a cry). Elaine! (And she pulls her to sit on a garden bench, then resumes). You!...It's you!... Oh! is it really you? You see... it feels impossible that I have you here... at last... here... beside me... your hands in mine... Elaine...

ELAINE (drily). You wanted to see me, speak to me? What do you have to say to me?

CAMILLE. I ... I... I don't know any more... (Elaine tries to get up.) Don't go.... I'm so happy. I can't think straight... it acted like a stab in my breast... when you came in... (She takes her by the hand.)

ELAINE (trying to pull away). Camille!...

CAMILLE. My head is spinning... my blood is boiling. It has been so long!... And this is your hair... your hair!... These are your eyes... your eyes!... These are your lips... these are your lips... Elaine... you see, I'm weeping like a little girl... (She sobs.) With happiness... I thought I had lost you forever...

ELAINE (gently, despite herself). Camille...

CAMILLE. And find you again!... Look at me... Yes... it's you all right... Ah! (She rolls her head on Elaine's breast.) If only I could die!... Look at me! No, not like that... joyfully... triumphantly. I love you.

ELAINE. Be still, what if someone heard you.

CAMILLE (over-excited). I love you. And so what if someone hears me... I'd like to shout it to the whole world.. .I love you... we love one another... What a victory!

ELAINE. Footsteps! someone's coming!...

CAMILLE. No, we are alone. Actually... there was a moment...when your husband was here...

ELAINE. You told him... Oh, I should have suspected...

CAMILLE. Are you crazy... I love you too much for that. Even so, it would have been lovely to fling in his face: "Yes, she was mine, before she was yours. It is the taste of my

kisses you find on her mouth... on her eyes... inside her ears... her hair... all over her flesh... I was there first!

ELAINE. You would do that?... Oh!...

CAMILLE. Yes! when I saw you kiss him just now... why... Never mind, I love you too much to betray you. (She tries to embrace her )

ELAINE. No... no... that's enough... Camille. I hate you: you have sullied my soul... I hate you...

CAMILLE. You're lying! don't lie. Everything proves to me you're lying... your eyes... this delirium... those tears choking you... Georges' confession, just now [that you seem haunted by another being]...

ELAINE (overcome). My God!

CAMILLE. You're lying. Just think... there's not one of your nerves... not a single drop of your blood that doesn't miss me... doesn't call to me... doesn't desire me... which isn't mine. Mine!... don't say no...

ELAINE. Always that past. But it's all over, over and done with, Camille, you know it. I don't belong to myself any more, I am married... Georges...

CAMILLE. Don't speak that name to me, for pity's sake. Georges! I hate your husband... I hate him with a blind hatred... and I have shall my revenge some day.

ELAINE. What are you saying? You're crazy!...

CAMILLE. Ah, if you hadn't been so cowardly!... but no... you let yourself be taken afterwards. And by him!... I wasn't there!... How had I been so stupid as to leave you... I come back months later... a martyr... I meet you... you avoid me... A week of damnation... And you were going to let me leave without a word... It had to be Georges your husband who brought us together... Georges your husband who throws me into your arms... oh! oh!

(She bursts out laughing.)

ELAINE. I forbid you...

CAMILLE (calmed down). Excuse me... I'm losing my mind...

ELAINE. Goodbye, Camille.

CAMILLE (stares at her with a terrible gaze). Stay; I insist.

ELAINE. No... goodbye. (Imperious gesture from Camille. - She sits down again.)  
What's the point?

CAMILLE. You are all I have in the world. Ah, if you were willing! Here... sit here... right next to me... I don't want to trouble you any more... Your poor Camille begs your pardon. Forgive me, forgive me. (She slides to her knees.) Leave me... here... as before... I'll be good... here. (Long silence. Then, with tears of regret in her voice.) Won't you remember an evening like this, beneath the same trees?... The twilight was filled with love... We were walking like two great passion flowers... our desires disturbed the serenity of heaven... It was the night of our first kiss on the mouth...

ELAINE (entreating). Enough... Camille, for pity's sake... You're hurting me!...

CAMILLE. And our runs in the moonlights... our embraces on summer nights... in the flowery grass... and those whole nights in the white room, and so much sleeping in one another's embrace...

ELAINE. Yes... I remember... We wore the same outfits... like two twin sisters.

CAMILLE. When we mingled our hair together... gold and black... like the miraculous melting together into a single head... and our mouths melted into one another like rich fruit... Elaine!...

ELAINE. God!... your voice in those days... your aroma... your voice... I won't listen to you any more... be still... be still...

CAMILLE (in a low voice). Answer me... does he love you the way I loved you, this Georges? Say it... in a whisper... No. (Victoriously.) You see... you see.. Ah!

ELAINE. You frighten me.

CAMILLE. Elaine, look into my eyes...

ELAINE. No.

CAMILLE. Look into my eyes! Again! Again!

(Long silent scene during which Camille, leaning over Elaine's face, seems to hypnotize her. Elaine submits without moving and gives in.)

ELAINE (very quietly). No ... no... I don't want to.

Camille sits beside her, almost on top of her, takes Elaine's head in her hands and covers it with kisses.)

ELAINE (vaguely). Camille... I love you...

CAMILLE (pressing her gently in her arms with spasmodic tenderness). Oh... oh... my place in your neck... there... there... my place... Elaine...

ELAINE (as if from afar). Georges!... (Camille puts her hand over her lips.)

CAMILLE. Elaine! (She undoes the top of Elaine's blouse, uncovers her bosom, glues her lips to it). Ah... ah!... Elaine... you hear me! - Adored soul... adored flesh... I was dead... and now I am alive again... How lovely the sunlight is!... Nature never changes!... Neither do we!... My God!... Elaine!

ELAINE (leaps up abruptly, sits down again). Where are we?... You?... here!... What are you doing here?... Where did you come from? Go away...

CAMILLE (with a bound). I want you!..

ELAINE. (struggles). Go away!

CAMILLE. Elaine!

ELAINE. Go away!... I'll call someone... Let me go!... Don't touch me!... I'm afraid... there's blood on her hands.

CAMILLE (terrifying). Elaine!... Come!

ELAINE. No, no, no... you horrify me!... Go away!... Don't touch me!... I am with child!

CAMILLE (utters a cry of rage). Oh!... then you do love him, that man! (She caresses Elaine's neck, her arms with her hands, then squeezes). Your neck!... my place in your neck!... God... blood... your blood! Elaine!... (And since she has hurt her with her nails, she presses her mouth to the wound) Elaine...

ELAINE (choking). Georges!...

CAMILLE. With child!... A-a-ah! (She strangles her.)

ELAINE (faintly). Georges!...

CAMILLE. That name!... (Very gently, her mouth against the mouth of the writhing Elaine.) Yes. ..I am here... here I am... Georges... your Georges... who loves you...

ELAINE (expiring). Farewell!... I love you!...

CAMILLE. Dead!... God!...

Guest (bounds in). Anyone for tennis?

II-3 Ferdinand Bruckner, THE CRIMINALS, 1928. Trans. L. Senelick.  
Frank — Ottfried

FRANK [uneasy] : I couldn't wait for you any longer.

OTTFRIED: Shall we sit down?

FRANK: Spit it out.

OTTFRIED: If we don't consider this calmly, we will do something stupid.

FRANK: Easy for you to be calm.

OTTFRIED: And you're acting as if you were going to be executed. It's just a simple matter of a subpoena to be a witness.

FRANK: Ottfried.

OTTFRIED [quietly]: Unfortunately, there's no way out of it.

FRANK: What about the money?

OTTFRIED: What money?

FRANK: I gave the hairdresser a hundred and eighty marks so that Schimmelweis wouldn't mention me.

OTTFRIED : You mean the hundred and twenty marks from before?

FRANK: No. Three days ago, Tuesday, he got a hundred and eighty marks because Schimmelweis declared he'd have me called as a witness otherwise. The gold watch, the books, the onyx cuff links—they're all gone.

OTTFRIED: I'd keep an eye on that hairdresser. Who knows how much he kept for himself.

FRANK: I can't take it to him myself.

OTTFRIED: With blackmailers you never know the right thing to do.

FRANK: I'll take my life.

OTTFRIED: Of course that would be the most painless solution.

FRANK: I don't know any more what I should do.

OTTFRIED: Think it over.

FRANK: I rack my brains. I can't sleep any more. The last ten days. I'm afraid I'm going insane.

OTTFRIED: The main thing—the witness box is not the prisoner's dock.

FRANK: That'll be the next step. There'll be no end to it.

OTTFRIED: Just deny the whole business

FRANK: But I was seen in the bathing cabin with Oskar.

OTTFRIED: You weren't being very cautious.

FRANK: That Schimmelweis knows all the details.

OTTFRIED: Perhaps Oskar himself prattled a bit?

FRANK: You!

OTTFRIED [laughs]: I don't mean to tease you.

FRANK: He is the only thing that keeps me going.

OTTFRIED: Nevertheless, you now have to avoid him.

FRANK: Better a bullet.

OTTFRIED: At least until the subpoena.

FRANK: I can hardly wait an hour to be together with him.

OTTFRIED: In any case, you've been warned. [Casually.] Could you let me have five hundred marks?

FRANK: Impossible.

OTTFRIED: Then let it slide.

FRANK: But I'm going to go to prison.

OTTFRIED: That depends on your testimony.

FRANK: What are the five hundred marks for?

OTTFRIED: A great big gag to shove in Schimmelweis's mouth.

FRANK: You think so?

OTTFRIED: Then he'll definitely keep it shut.

FRANK: But he's had me called as a witness.

OTTFRIED: His lawyer came up with that.

FRANK: How can I raise five hundred marks?

OTTFRIED: It would be a good thing.

FRANK: Could you borrow it somehow?

OTTFRIED [laughs]: I've had to tell my mother fibs about my studies for two hours to pry ten marks loose from her. And I don't get them till tomorrow.

FRANK: What if I report the fellow myself?

OTTFRIED: Then you're admitting to the crime.

FRANK: But it isn't a crime. It's a love like any other.

OTTFRIED: [laughs.] So I'm told.

FRANK: Will they call you as a witness too?

OTTFRIED: He didn't try to blackmail me. Since it's against the law, I don't let him see a thing.

FRANK: That law is itself a crime.

OTTFRIED: Did you leave a letter to Oskar at the sports club?

FRANK: I haven't seen him in four days.

OTTFRIED: Avery explicit letter.

FRANK: How do you know that?

OTTFRIED: There's been talk. How could you let it lie around?

FRANK: While I was writing, I suddenly saw Oskar walking across the lawn. So I ran to him.

OTTFRIED: Be sure and get hold of the letter. The letter is dangerous. [Casually.] Get your hands on a thousand marks.

FRANK: What for?

OTTFRIED: A thousand.

FRANK [laughs]: And five hundred for Schimmelweis, so fifteen hundred. Fifteen hundred marks.

OTTFRIED: No silly laughs. How do you know how much you might have to pay for the letter.

FRANK: Where am I going to get fifteen hundred marks? You're crazy. You take me for a millionaire?

OTTFRIED: You're screaming at me as if I wanted the money for myself.

FRANK: There are limits to everything.

OTTFRIED [threatening] You want to reproach me with that?

FRANK: I'm only saying that there are limits to everything.

OTTFRIED : Then sort it out by yourself.

[OTTFRIED makes to go.]

FRANK: I'm not a millionaire, my dear.

OTTFRIED: This is ridiculous. You're exploiting my friendship.

FRANK [astonished]: When did I ever exploit your friendship?

OTTFRIED: Six months ago I revealed to you your true nature. I introduced you to the sports club. You thanked me for it all. I was near to starting something with you, when you saw Oskar at the sports club, and you were done for.

FRANK: Are you angry with me?

OTTFRIED: I am merely stating facts. I remained your good friend. Whenever one of us had to pay for something, I did it.

FRANK: I don't understand.

OTTFRIED: When the two of us or a threesome with Oskar went out, I always paid the check. And who paid for the automobile excursions, and once didn't I even settle your tailor's bill?

FRANK: I paid you back for the tailor later on.

OTTFRIED: What about the hotels? While you were having a good time, I was living on air.

FRANK: Ottfried!

OTTFRIED: So it tends to annoy me when you indulge in innuendo.

FRANK: What innuendo?

OTTFRIED: Drop it.

FRANK: What innuendo?

OTTFRIED: Have I ever asked you for anything? What do I care about your millions.

FRANK: I have never accused you of it.

OTTFRIED: Drop it. Have you grasped the situation?

FRANK: Fully.

OTTFRIED: That's all I want. Once you know your enemy, you know

how to defend yourself.

FRANK: Thank you kindly.

OTTFRIED: Good-bye.

FRANK: Are you angry with me?

OTTFRIED: Don't be ridiculous. Watch out for yourself.

FRANK [quietly]: I'll get the fifteen hundred marks.

OTTFRIED: Good-bye.

FRANK: Why are you in such a hurry?

OTTFRIED: I don't want to have anything more to do with the matter.

FRANK: You're leaving me in the lurch?

OTTFRIED: Then you need me?

FRANK: Ottfried, don't leave me alone now.

OTTFRIED: If only I weren't so good to you!

FRANK: I'll pawn the silverware. In this house nobody knows when something goes missing.

OTTFRIED: Your mother doesn't notice either?

FRANK: She has other things to worry about. [Pulls a revolver out of his pocket]: You know what this is.

OTTFRiED [coldly]: I have no understanding of such things.

FRANK: Ottfried?

OTTFRIED: Yes.

FRANK [pauses]: You have no understanding of such things.

OTTFRIED: No. Just a couple of months ago you were brimming over with life. I never would have fallen for you otherwise.

You're unrecognizable.

FRANK: Alfred says so too.

OTTFRIED: Good-bye—

FRANK: Ottfried—

OTTFRIED: Yes?

FRANK [pauses]: Take this with you. [Gives OTTFRIED the revolver.]  
Are you satisfied now? Sometimes I really think that things  
can't go on.

OTTFRIED: At closer inspection, things always go on.

[The stage goes dark.]

II-4 Jo Ijssel-De Schepper Bekker, MUSTN'T DO IT!, 1922. Trans. L. Senelick.

Mother – Son (Walt)

MOTHER: Walt, what is it now? —What's the meaning of this now?

(SON is silent.)

MOTHER: Walt, can't you answer?

SON: I... I don't know .

MOTHER: That's all we ever hear nowadays. You've got to stop being so dodgy, you hear. I insist on an honest answer. I'm your mother: don't I have a right to my children's trust?— All right, I know there are things you would rather keep for others, so I'm no closer to an answer. But enough is enough and now I want to know what's going on. (Silence, gently) Well, Walt?

SON: Oh dear. Mother, I can't tell you.

MOTHER: (Simply) Not your own mother? Is there anything you can't tell your mother? Haven't I done my very best to keep up with you, educate myself and try not to lag too far behind you? I never had the education you had. When I read books, I have no.-no way to discriminate; I can't understand why you find some things so beautiful. But you know, Walt, I'm always willing to talk it over with you and often when I have things explained to me, I understand and find them beautiful too. —I have become better educated through you.

SON: Because it was latent in you.

MOTHER: That may well be. —But my intention was not to lose you, to behave so that you could always sit and talk to your mother about whatever was going on with you, your interests. —Especially when I saw, Walt, that you had a feeling for the arts. And as soon as I realized that, I talked your father into letting you take up music. There was a time when I wouldn't have done that; I would have sided with your father and said: learn a trade, art's a waste of time. But I've grown closer to you, I keep trying to move forward with you and I have begun to understand so much more. It hasn't been easy... But that's not what I meant to say, Walt, because you know all about that: I live entirely in you and through you and for you as well...so do things have to be like this now? Am I now

to be shoved aside and shut out, just like that?

SON: No, Mother, that's not what I mean, you mustn't take it like that. Lisa and I know perfectly well how you—well, how can I put it? how different you are from Father.

MOTHER: (Mildly reproachful) Your father loves you so much!

SON: Well yes, but he never understood you.

MOTHER: I know very well what you mean, my dear. —Anyway, let's not discuss it.

SON: And it's not that we don't trust you.

MOTHER: Then what?

SON: It's too hard to explain. I can't easily account for it myself.

MOTHER: Is it something to do with Lisa? Why was she crying?

SON: Because I... mentioned Charles.

MOTHER: What did you say about Charles?

SON: I asked if she was sure that he loved her.

MOTHER: You think he doesn't?

SON: (After some hesitation) Yes.

MOTHER: Why?

SON: Because... (Falls silent)

MOTHER: Now, Walt, you can trust me. Tell me everything.

SON: (In doubt) Everything? What if you don't understand? I don't entirely understand myself.

MOTHER: I will understand all right, dear—or else I'll learn to understand.

SON: You remember what Charles and I used to be like?

MOTHER: What do you mean? —Yes, something about your friendship did give me pause, something intense... Is that what you mean?

SON: Yes, you and I had lot of talks about it.

MOTHER: Yes, I couldn't help it. I think that sort of friendship, where you can't be without one another for a minute, is something, something...

SON: Unnatural.

MOTHER: Well, yes—that's it...

SON: You said so at the time and you remember how angry it made me?

MOTHER: Yes. I understand that too. You had no... impure intentions.

SON: No, not at the time. A t least...

MOTHER: Walt! Why... (Whispering) what then?

SON: (Weeping) Mother, I'm too ashamed. You don't know what this does to me. And I am...I am not guilty....

MOTHER: How ...do you mean that?

SON: It's not my fault. It was born in me.

MOTHER: (Incredulous and indignant) Born in you!

SON: I don't know how to put it. The fault is nature's. It is a curse hanging over me.

MOTHER: But Walter, my dear, I don't understand... how did you come to have such thoughts?

SON: Thoughts? —They aren't thoughts.

MOTHER: But you're not... Walt—you haven't...done things...

SON: (Forcefully) No. Don't think that about me.

MOTHER: But you said yourself: they aren't thoughts.

SON: No, they're not thoughts. They are...nature...or rather, unnature. But it's something that doesn't just inhere in thoughts or in actions either; it's something that fills my whole being, that lives inside me on its own and has lived in me from the day I was born.

MOTHER: (Incredulous) My dear! What nonsense!

SON: Mother, it's something I can do nothing about; something you must never reproach me for.

MOTHER: Of course I won't!

SON: No, that's not true. That's not what I mean. You don't have the right to reproach me...

MOTHER: In the first place, I have never done so...

SON: Not in the past, and that made me watchful and reticent. I started analyzing myself; I looked for the cause and—and I began to feel ashamed too. Oh, it's awful when you feel ashamed for something that's not your fault.

MOTHER: But for heaven's sake, Walt! When you became aware that you were going wrong...

SON: I didn't go wrong; I'm not going wrong. There's nothing else I can do.

MOTHER: But I don't understand, I still can't understand.

SON: I feel I...belong to another species.

MOTHER: Another spe... But Walt, you should be ashamed.... That's utter nonsense.

SON: Don't be so quick to say something is nonsense just because you don't understand it.

MOTHER: Shut your mouth!

SON: No, you wanted to hear this. This is the truth. Now I'll tell you. I've been beating around the bush and keeping silent too long. I really am glad you forced me to speak.

MOTHER: Oh! How horrible!

SON: But not wicked, mother, not wicked.

MOTHER: I...don't know that.

SON: I tell you it's born in one. It lives inside one.

MOTHER: Oh no it doesn't! How can that be! You must fight against it.

SON: I can't oppose my whole nature. You can't oppose the fact that you are a woman and feel and think like a woman.

MOTHER: My God, that is something entirely different.

SON: After all I got it from you and Father.

MOTHER: What are you saying...? For shame! How dare you!

SON: Because I was born of the two of you.

MOTHER: Yes, but... But that's no reason to shift the blame on us for everything you've done wrong.

SON: I've done nothing wrong and I don't shift blame on you.

MOTHER: Oh, God, Walt! I don't know what to say about all this. It's so taken me by surprise-but I find it—yes, I cannot help it, my dear, but I find it disgusting, abhorrent.

SON: It is that too.

MOTHER: Can't you do something about it, since you admit it yourself?

SON: If you only knew how I've tried! How I've fought against it! But it's nothing...wicked, nothing I can change. Nothing that I can discard and reform, because it's part and parcel of my soul. Yes, I don't know how I can explain it, but you might just as well say to me: breathing is bad for you; you must resist it.

MOTHER: No, no, that's where you're wrong. I'm afraid that you are being too easy on yourself. It is always painful to admit to bad habits and resist them. Everyone is quick to beg off, to say: I can't do anything about it, it's just a part of me.

SON: That's true, but believe me now, this really is too much a part of my being. So I can't do anything about it. “

MOTHER: Oh, Walter! Now that you know how horrible

I find it. I don't understand...don't understand.

SON: It is a curse, a crime against me.

MOTHER: Be quiet.

SON: Ha! Why?

MOTHER: You mustn't say such things.

SON: Then you should sing praises to Providence!

MOTHER: (Sternly) Walt, be quiet! I won't listen to that kind of talk.

SON: But if you only realized how it torments me! Then you yourself would rise up in rebellion. Faced with such...monstrous creations how can you still praise a righteous God!

MOTHER: (Broken) How bitter you are, my dear.  
—Wretched boy!

SON: Wretched, yes, that's the right word.

MOTHER: If only I could help—but I—I don't know what advice to give, I don't know any solution. I don't understand it. God, how can so many dreadful things come crashing down all at once? Just a moment ago we were still so happy.

SON: You were—I wasn't.

MOTHER: Oh, my boy... (Pause) I don't know about these things, Walt – Maybe it's terribly stupid of your mother. I have never, even in my imagination, heard of such things. – But every so often these days you read about it in the papers. What's it called?

SON: Homosexuality.

MOTHER: Yes, it's come to be considered a crime. Every day there are trials, criminal cases. It ends up in prison.

SON: It used to be considered a crime. But it is not a crime. It is something that demands the right to exist.

MOTHER: How long have you known about it?

SON: Actually from the time I was twelve.

MOTHER: So long and you never spoke of it?

SON: I would never have been able to. Only now I understand that it was living inside me then; that I was different from other boys. I was not a boy.

MOTHER: (Raising her hand to ward it off) God, Walt, that sounds so unnatural, don't say things like that.

(SON shrugs and is silent.)

MOTHER: How can I begin to understand all this? Who can I talk it to about it? ...I don't know, I don't know.

SON: I don't know much about it myself; I wish I could find someone, an educated person you could talk to...

Maybe Pastor Bruinsma.

MOTHER: No. Oh no!

SON: Why not? It is not sinful.

MOTHER: Maybe not—but I don't feel I can talk to Pastor Bruinsma about such things. A doctor instead—

SON: Do that then.

MOTHER: Maybe...

SON: So long as you don't talk to Father about it.

Promise me that.

MOTHER: No, all right. Or actually—I don't know, Walt, whether I can do that. I'm obliged to inform your father.

SON: Oh, Mother, please, don't do it. That would be unbearable.

MOTHER: I'll see—I'll see about it. Let me think it over.

SON: Oh, no, I have to know....

MOTHER: Goodness, Walt, I'll do it so that your Father... God, I don't know how but trust me.

SON: Father can be too rough.

MOTHER: He doesn't mean to be.

SON: No—but in this case I won't be able to bear it.

MOTHER: I can understand that. I won't talk about it the same...the same way I do with you. After all I'm still too unfamiliar with the subject myself. (Falls silent) Is that the reason, Walt, why Charles is avoiding you? Does it have anything to do with...that?

SON: Yes—

MOTHER: How so? I don't understand....

SON: It's just a supposition. I may have noticed, earlier, that he...is just like me...perhaps, to a lesser degree.

MOTHER: {More and more appalled} Walter! No! That's horrible, what you just said. —Do you know it for a fact?

SON: No, I only fear it is so.

MOTHER: Then why would he want to marry Lisa?

SON: (Shrugging) To protect himself from himself, perhaps—or from the world...

MOTHER: {Stammering} Oh, no. Oh, no.

SON: I don't know it for a fact.

(While Mother sits with her head in her hands, we hear Father come home, whistling.)

MOTHER: {Startled} There is Father. What should I do? God, God, what should I do? I can't look him in the face right now. Or Lisa either. I have to recover first. —

Tell him that I had a headache and went to bed. Good night, Walt! {Strokes his hair}

SON: {Holding up his face} Good night. Mother!

{MOTHER gives Son a hesitant kiss. —She exits. —He looks after her, deeply hurt. —FATHER comes in whistling.}

{Curtain}

## II-5 Roger Gellert, QUAIN T HONOUR, 1958

TULLY: How can it be wrong ? What possible harm can it do us or anyone else ?

HALLOWES: I don't say it will leave any permanent effects if we behave sensibly about it.

TULLY: No, you're still treating it as a mishap. Tell me why it should be. You say yourself that these relationships are natural at school.

HALLOWES: Attraction! said was natural. Affection. Not physical contact.

TULLY: But, sir, you can't say desire was given us only to increase the birth-rate.

HALLOWES: That is its primary function.

TULLY: Yes, but there's rather a generous supply of encouragement, isn't there? It's not all needed to produce babies, so why restrict the surplus to women ? Especially when there aren't any about.

HALLOWES: You have done a very horrible thing.

Pause.

TULLY: Do you really think it's so horrible, sir?

HALLOWES: Why—

TULLY: [breaking in]: Sir—can I speak quite frankly to you?

HALLOWES: You know you can.

TULLY: Well, sir—would you feel horror if you were in bed with a boy—Hamilton, for instance ?

Pause.

HALLOWES: The case would never arise.

TULLY: No, I know. But the thought—you can imagine it, sir ? Does it fill you with loathing ?

HALLOWES: No. Not with loathing. No human being fills me with that.

TULLY: Physical revulsion, then?

HALLOWES : No. There is nothing unclean in the human body. A boy's body can be a supremely beautiful thing. Of course it can.

TULLY: And I couldn't resist taking it in my arms. Do you blame me for that?

HALLOWES: [with an effort] Of course I'm not blaming you, my dear boy. It's not for us to blame people for weaknesses. What I do blame you for is not even having wished to resist it.

TULLY: But I knew there was no harm—

HALLOWES: How can you say you knew?

TULLY: And when you come down to it, sir—what do you find wrong in the thing itself?—putting aside the question of younger boys for the moment—

HALLOWES: All right—for the moment.

TULLY : Suppose it's between two boys of the same age, who aren't virgins, and there's no question of influencing—would you call it a bad thing—in itself?

HALLOWES: [after a moment's hesitation] But you carefully put aside the vital point—the effect on the younger boy. You've got to shoulder that; every act has its consequence. You can't pretend Hamilton was equally responsible for what happened between you. You used persuasion.

TULLY: Well—

HALLOWES: You prevailed upon him, knowing very well how powerless he was against you. That's a terrible and cruel thing to do.

TULLY: But you talk as if I'd somehow overpowered him—

HALLOWES: Of course you overpowered him—your intellect, your age, your physical advantage. He had no choice.

TULLY: He had a choice, and he chose to do it.

HALLOWES [grimly]: You certainly show no inclination to shoulder the blame, Tully.

TULLY : Oh, lord, sir, I wasn't meaning that.

HALLOWES: I'm glad to hear it.

TULLY: You mustn't punish him, sir. Not that I admit that there's anything to punish, but in any case I'm responsible.

HALLOWES: Indeed you are. For forcing him to take the part of a woman, for your personal gratification.

TULLY: That isn't true.

HALLOWES: It is true, and I find it unforgivable. Surely you know the sort of pathetic half-men that are the logical development of that situation—men with painted faces and womanish gestures? I've seen them, if you haven't. Ruined human lives, a misery to themselves and a joke to others. Suppose in ten years' time Hamilton were to be like that—could you forgive yourself?

TULLY: [angry, almost shouting] No, I couldn't. But he won't be. He's more of a man than he was, not less.

HALLOWES: Was he manly when he submitted to you?  
Really, Tully!

TULLY [furious]: Why do you assume that every sexual  
act must have a male and a female to it ?

HALLOWES: But naturally it does—

TULLY: [raging on] For that matter, why shouldn't he be  
the active one and me the passive ? Well, if you want to  
know, when Hamilton and I lie together, there's no  
submitting, there's no top dog and substitute bitch—

HALLOWES: TULLY, I'm not a bit interested—

TULLY: No, you'd rather shut your eyes and assume it to  
be horrible. How can you be fair if you won't look ?

HALLOWES: You can lecture me if it makes you feel  
better, Tully.

TULLY: I'm sorry. But, sir, what are you going to do  
with Hamilton ?

HALLOWES: Help him, that's all I can do. There's a lot  
to put right.

TULLY: I don't like the sound of that much, sir.

HALLOWES: [angry at last] It's not very important what  
you think. You've done enough for that boy. You've  
played your part; you have no more concern in him.  
He stays; you go.

TULLY: I'm glad he can stay, anyway.—Or am I? I  
don't mind you poisoning his mind against me—well,  
I mean, I do mind, like hell, but I suppose it can't be  
helped. But poisoning him right through, teaching  
him to be meek and long-suffering again—and God  
knows his suffering will be long—you can't, you can't—

HALLOWES: I can, and with God's grace I will.

II-6 Ferdinand Bruckner, YOUTH IS A DISEASE, 1926. Trans. L. Senelick

Desiree – Marie

[DESIREE , in a nightgown, opens the door, falls into MARIE 's arms.]

DESIREE: Kiss me.

MARIE : You.

[MARIE kisses DESIREE .]

DESIREE [with great affection] : Forgive me, Marion.

MARIE : You.

[MARIE and DESIREE sit on the bed, pressed against one another.]

DESIREE [smiles]: Let's die together.

MARIE : Don't die.

DESIREE : Help me, Marion.

MARIE [sobbing]: Don't die.

DESIREE : That's all I can do, little sister.

MARIE [kisses DESIREE ] : I'll stay with you.

DESIREE : Let's die together. I know everything already.

MARIE : No one ever knows everything.

DESIREE : I already feel drugged. As if the oxygen mask were placed over my face. I hold you in my arms, as if in a mist.

MARIE : I'll carry you to your bed.

DESIREE : It's only one little step.

MARIE : Don't talk.

DESIREE : I'm already halfway to the other side. One little step. Do it, Marie. Pour the Veronal in my glass.

MARIE [imploring]: Not another word.

[MARIE falls to her knees.]

MARIE : Daisy.

DESIREE : Help me, mother, help me.

MARIE [upset]: Not another word, for pity's sake.

DESIREE [more alert]: Will you do it? I'm ready for it. I was in my bed, dreaming of you.

MARIE : We'll sit side by side and keep still.

DESIREE : How silly, to go on the streets !

MARIE [desperate]: It wasn't silly.

DESIREE : Thanks for holding me back.

MARIE [almost entreating]: We'll go down together. I'll go with you.

DESIREE [smiles]: I don't need the street any more. I don't need the boxer any more. Marion, you'll stay with me. [Kisses MARIE .] I dreamed that you would help me.

MARIE : Don't talk about that any more.

DESIREE : You called to me. You knocked on the door and woke me up. Say you'll do it. Say yes, even if you won't.

MARIE : Why do you keep torturing me?

DESIREE : Just say yes. It will comfort me.

MARIE [quietly] : Yes.

DESIREE , Thank you.

MARIE : I'm going to carry you to bed now.

DESIREE : Look into my eyes.

[MARIE takes DESIREE in her arms.]

MARIE : Come.

DESIREE : Beautiful, strong eyes.

[MARIE begins to carry DESIREE toward her room.]

MARIE : You are going to sleep now.

DDESSIRE : You're beautiful, Marion.

[ DESIREE suddenly embraces MARIE.]

DESIREE : Forgive me.

MARIE : I'll sit beside you until you fall asleep.

MARIE [offstage]: Are you all right?

DESIREE [offstage]: I love you, Marion.

MARIE [offstage]: I'm putting out the light.

[Dark in the next room.]

MARIE : Sleep, baby.

DESIREE [offstage, very quietly]: I love you.

MARIE [after a brief pause]: Are you asleep?

[ DESIREE gives no answer.]

II-7 Frank Wedekind, *SPRING AWAKENING*, 1891. Trans. L. Senelick.

Ernst – Hänschen

SPRING AWAKENING  
 A Children's Tragedy  
 By Frank Wedekind  
 Translated by Laurence Senelick

*Act 3, scene 6*

*A vineyard. The sun is setting behind the mountain peaks in the west. The clear peal of bells rises from the valley below. By the topmost vine-trellis Hänschen Rilow and Ernst Röbel are sprawled in the dry grass beneath overhanging rocks.*

ERNST. -- I've been working too hard.

HÄNSCHEN. Don't let it get us down! - Too bad time's up.

ERNST. There they hang but you can't manage any more - and tomorrow they'll be pressed.

HÄNSCHEN. Feeling tired is as hard to bear as feeling hungry.

ERNST. Oh, I can't eat another thing.

HÄNSCHEN. Just this shiny muscatel!

ERNST. My elasticity goes only so far.

HÄNSCHEN. If I bend the vine down, it'll swing back from mouth to mouth. Neither of us has to move. We can bite off the grapes and let the stalk snap back to the vine.

ERNST. You no sooner make up your mind when, look, that vanishing vigor dawns again.

HÄNSCHEN. Not to mention the flaming firmament - and the vesper bells. - That's about all I want from the future.

ERNST. - Sometimes I picture myself as a benign pastor - with a pleasant, motherly housewife, a well-stocked library and clerks and honors on every side. All you have to do is think for six days and open your mouth on the seventh. When you go for a walk, you give your hand to schoolboys and girls and when you get home the coffee is steaming, cake is served and the maids bring in apples from the garden. - Can you imagine anything lovelier?

HÄNSCHEN. I imagine half-closed eyelashes, half-open lips and Turkish draperies. - I don't believe in strong emotions. Our elders pull long faces to hide their stupidity. When they're alone they call each other nitwits same as us. I know it. - When I'm a millionaire I'll raise a monument to the good Lord. - Imagine the future as a milkshake with sugar and cinnamon. One fellow knocks it over and starts bawling, another stirs it all together and sweats. Why not skim the cream? - Or don't you think the art can be learned?

ERNST. - Let's skim!

HÄNSCHEN. The leftovers will be chicken feed. — I've pulled my head out of so many nooses by now -

ERNST Let's skim, Hänschen! — Why are you laughing?

HÄNSCHEN. Are you're starting over again already?

ERNST. But one of us has to.

HÄNSCHEN. Thirty years from now, if we remember, on some evening like this, it may seem too beautiful for words!

ERNST. And the way things are happening all on their own!

HÄNSCHEN. Why not?

ERNST If a person happened to be alone - he'd feel like crying!

HÄNSCHEN. Let's not be sad! (He kisses him on the mouth.)

ERNST (kisses him back). I left the house intending just to talk to you and go back home.

HÄNSCHEN. I was waiting for you. - Virtue isn't a bad suit of clothes, but it best fits an impressive figure.

ERNST. It's too loose on our bodies right now. - I would have been concerned if I hadn't met you. - I love you, Hänschen, as I've never loved a living soul -

HÄNSCHEN. Let's not be sad! - Thirty years from now, if we remember, we might laugh at this! — But now it's all so beautiful. The mountains are glowing; the grapes dangle into our mouths, and the evening breeze caresses the rocks like a playful seducer...

II-8 Klaus Mann, ANIA AND ESTHER, 1925. Trans. L. Senelick.  
Ania -- Esther

ESTHER (By ANIA, on the chairback) Ania . . .  
is there anything wrong with you?

ANIA No, no... What makes you think that?  
I'm quite well.

ESTHER Sometimes suddenly I get so  
worried about you . . . that you might die  
all of a sudden . . .

ANIA You mustn't worry. . . . You shouldn't  
worry about anything . . .

ESTHER But if you were dead, what would I  
do then? I think I could commit the most  
monstrous crimes and go away from here  
and throw myself into all sorts of things ...  
if you were dead.

ANIA We must go inside with the  
others. Can you hear, they've started  
eating.

ESTHER And how quickly it's got dark! ...  
Listen!

(Outside a voice is calling something like Hallo  
or Yoo-hoo - a kind of shout or cry for help.)

ESTHER (Suddenly trembling) What was that?

ANIA A boy's voice. . . .

ESTHER But it was nobody from the hospice  
shouting. I know that much . . . .

ANIA You're trembling.

ESTHER Am I? . . . Yes, I don't know myself  
what's got me so upset. But it's over now.  
. . . Actually I wanted to tell you  
something; that's why I asked you to stay.  
It's nothing much . . . nothing important  
really. . . . Just a passage in an old book

that I wanted to tell you about. I haven't told anyone about it until today . . . none of the others . . . or the old man either. . . . But I've been thinking about it for weeks. Like music, you know, it runs in my head. But I haven't told anyone. It comes from such an old book. . . . It's all about the stars.

ANIA The stars . . . ?

ESTHER It says that the stars sprinkled through the night are like shimmering tears. (Suddenly ecstatic, almost crying out.) What an infinite grief there must be in those eyes to make them weep . . . (Quietly again, shrinking back into herself) . . . says the old book. . . . Now that I've said it, I'm freezing. . . . But isn't it beautiful? . . . The dear stars as God's tears, the tears of a mournful God.

ANIA (Very slowly) Don't you believe that God is cheerful too, immensely cheerful . . . immeasurably cheerful... ?

ESTHER But we know nothing about it . . . we mortals know nothing. Or only very seldom; . . . or almost never. . . .

ANIA (Gets up, walks slowly to the door) But now we have to join the others.

ESTHER (Runs after her, stops her right in the middle of the room) Stop . . . wait just a moment. . . . I would like to tell you something else too, in haste, something I've been thinking about so much lately . . . something quite different. . . . I was wondering whether the two of us, you and I, will ever be made saints . . . saints, yes, by the church, by the Pope himself. . . the Old Man will certainly put in a recommendation, he's supposed to be a close friend of the Pope's. Then we shall be St Ania and St Esther. Then we shall stand silver over the farmhouse doors. Then old women in their hoods will pray to us and

so will skinny fair-haired schoolgirls and the boys too. Then our faint voices will be much heeded by gentlemen. And when we die, there will be a great to-do among the angels . . . they will flap their stiff plumage to give their new comrades a festive welcome. . . . Then whatever we do will be holy . . . (Suddenly very quiet) . . . including the things we're always doing with one another. (Another, almost jubilant outburst) Because we'll be saints!

ANIA (Strokes her hair) Would you really like that so much?

ESTHER And you, I do believe, are one already. I truly believe that you are one already, you are so meek, so very full of meekness, much more than ordinary people can be. Sometimes you resist - but even your resistance is full of meekness. (Very quietly, close to her) For me you are like a saint. A dark saint. A dark silver saint. Saint Ania. My own Saint Ania. My Ania.

ANIA (In a sudden and deeply ardent passion clasps Esther 's hand) I don't know . . . saint. . . saint. . . I don't understand the word any more. Now the words stop . . . now they sink . . . deep . . . (She kisses her hands.)

ESTHER Let's not join the others now. . . . Come . . . come with me now . . . into the garden . . . into the night. . . into the garden . . . come . . . come . . . (Their embracing figures disappear into the shadows.)