

I am a woman



Conceived and arranged by
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I AM A WOMAN

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I AM A WOMAN

ACT I

JOURNEYS: Present, Past, Future

Characters	Description, Source & Author
LILLIAN.....	An introspective woman (40 and above) <i>Pentimento</i> , an autobiography by Lillian Hellman
ANNE.....	A romantic young girl <i>The Diary of Anne Frank</i> by Anne Frank
BRENDA.....	A hippie teenager <i>Lovers and Other Strangers</i> , a play by Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna
EVE.....	A contemporary woman <i>A Conversation Against Death</i> , a poem by Eve Merriam
POLLY.....	A street singer <i>The Three Penny Opera</i> , a musical by Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill, translated by Marc Blitzstein
BARBARA.....	A liberated senior citizen <i>The Liberated Orgasm</i> , a lecture adapted from the book by Barbara Seaman
CONSTANCE.....	A sensuous woman <i>Lady Chatterley's Lover</i> , a novel by D. H. Lawrence
LINA.....	An independent woman <i>Misalliance</i> , a play by G. B. Shaw
UNKNOWN WOMAN.....	A dependent woman <i>As You Desire Me</i> , a play by Luigi Pirandello

- MARIEA prostitute
In the Jungle of Cities, a play by Bertolt Brecht
 translated by Anselm Holo
- PATI.....An angry young girl
*I Have Only Been Alive 14 Years, So Where Am I
 Going to be 10 Years from Now*, a poem by
 Pati Trolander
- ANNE S.An aware mother
Little Girl My Stringbean My Lovely Woman, a
 poem by Anne Sexton
- PORTIAA bride, an heiress
The Merchant of Venice, a play by William
 Shakespeare
- SHEN TEA Chinese unwed mother
Good Woman of Setzuan, a play by Bertolt Brecht
- JUDYAn almost liberated housewife
I Want A Wife, from an article by Judy Syfers
- SALLY.....A frustrated wife
Cutting Loose, from an article by Sally Kempton
- ALICE.....A married woman in a love/hate relationship
Dance of Death, a play by August Strindberg
- SIDO.....An old woman at peace
In My Mother's House, a novel by Colette,
 adapted by Bert Green
- AURELIA.....A wise old eccentric
The Madwoman of Chaillot, a play by Jean
 Giraudoux, translated by Maurice Valency

Editors note: [] bracketed words are the artist's own.
 Occasional editing occurs throughout.

V.L.

ACT I

(A melancholy but strangely buoyant music begins. Just as the audience becomes aware of the music, the stage lights come up to reveal LILLIAN on the platform UC, dressed in a brown cape and wearing a slouch hat, her face behind a delicate silver mask. After a moment, slowly and deliberately she removes the mask and hangs it on the metal column. The music starts to fade.)

LILLIAN

Old paint on canvas, as it ages, sometimes becomes transparent. (Music out.) When that happens, it is possible, in some pictures, to see the original lines; a tree will show through a woman's dress, (She hangs up the umbrella she's been carrying.) a child makes way for a dog, (She hangs up the red wig she's been holding under her cape.) a large boat is no longer on an open sea. (She hangs up her bag, removes her hat and moves DL.) That is called pentimento (She places her hat on the metal unit and takes off the brown cape.) because the painter "repented," changes his mind. (She drapes the cape over the unit, revealing an identical cape of white underneath. She moves SR above the unit.) Perhaps it would be as well to say that the old conception, replaced by a later choice, is a way of seeing, and then seeing again. (She has removed and now drapes the white cape on the unit SR and then holding a blue scarf she moves in front of the SR Unit.) That is all I meant to say about the people in this evening. The paint has aged now and I wanted to see what was there for me once, (ANNE'S THEME, a child-like, music-box melody, approaches from the distance.) what is there for me now.

(She wraps the blue scarf around her neck as the lights fade to area DR. Only the blue scarf remains. LILLIAN has become ANNE.)

ANNE (Voiceover)

Sunday morning, just before 11 o'clock, 16 April 1944.

ANNE

(She sits on the unit and starts to write.) Darlingest Kitty, remember yesterday's date for it is a very important day in my life. Surely it is an important day for any girl when she receives her first kiss. Then it is just as important for me too. *(The music starts to fade.)* How did I suddenly come by this kiss? Well, I will tell you. *(Music out. She rises.)* Yesterday evening at eight o'clock I was sitting with Peter on his divan. *(She sits.)* It wasn't long before his arms went around me. "Let's move up a bit," I said. "Then I don't bump my head against the cupboard." He moved up, almost into the corner. I laid my arm under his and across his back, and he just about buried me, because his arm was hanging on my shoulder. Now we've sat like this on other occasions, but never so close as yesterday. He held me firmly against him, my left shoulder was against his chest, and already my heart began to beat faster, but we had not finished yet. He didn't rest until my head was on his shoulder and his against it. When I sat upright again, after about five minutes, he took my head in his hands and laid it against him once more. Oh, it was so lovely. I couldn't talk much, the joy was too great. He stroked my cheek and arm a bit awkwardly, played with my curls, and our heads lay touching most of the time. I can't describe the feeling that ran through me all the while. I was too happy for words and I believe he was as well. We got up about half-past eight. *(She rises.)* Peter took off his gym shoes, so that he wouldn't make noise when he went through the house and I stood beside him. How it came about so suddenly, I don't know, but before we went downstairs, he kissed me. Through my hair, half on my left cheek, half on

my ear. I tore downstairs without looking around, and am simply longing for tonight. *(She signs her name in the air as the lights change and rock music is heard.)* Yours, Anne Frank. *(She places the blue scarf on the unit and dances DC. The lights change again, focusing on DC and ANNE has become BRENDA.)*

BRENDA

Do you believe that the man is the love object and woman is the other? Did you read "The Second Sex" by Simone de Beauvoir? That's what Simone says but I don't agree with her. I have as much right to be the sex object as the man does. *(Music out.)* May I speak frankly? I have this friend. She met this guy at the zoo in Central Park on a Friday night. And they spent the whole weekend together. It was a very full two and a half days. You know what I mean by full? Yes, that's right, the sexuality was there but don't get me wrong, so was the spirituality. Did you read "The Prophet" by Kahlil Gibran? He says that you are me and I am you and we are one. Well, they were one. At his house, at her house, all over town they were one. He was supposed to call her Monday night. Well, a whole week goes by and he doesn't call. So she runs into him Friday night at the zoo again. Do you know what he said? [You're not going to believe this or maybe you will.] He said, let's go to my place. Can you imagine? He didn't even call. So she said, what kind of a girl do you think I am? [Jesus Christ.] He didn't even buy her a coke. If that doesn't depress you what does? May I speak frankly with you? I know we only met thirty minutes ago, but just what do I mean to you? Am I just a passing train in the middle of the night that you're having a transitory frolic with? Did you read "The Art of Loving" by Erich Fromm? Well, he says that he or she who gives of himself is rich. Would you stroke my hair, Jerry? Oh, do you know what I

feel like? I feel like the queen of the universe ... and the sea waves engulf me ... and the sea foam is warm ... warm ... kiss me, Jerry ... kiss me ...

(As she leans forward to be kissed, the lights fade into a spot. BRENDA becomes EVE.)

EVE

Have you got something in you, he whispered
For answer I gripped him around.
And then the ignorance again,
not realizing that it would actually break and bleed.
He pulled away from me panicked.
Why didn't you tell me.
And get something to put in from now on!
Then he laughed.

So I'm the first one.
That means you'll never forget me.
I didn't forget. Even with the others
And I was lucky and nothing happened
And I got married.
Lucky.
As good a word as any
As good as life or love.

(“The Wedding March” is heard on the sound track. EVE turns and marches UC as the light fades. The Wedding March turns into a raucous night club crowd. In the black, we hear POLLY on the microphone.)

POLLY

[Ladies and Gentlemen. *(Lights jump on UC to find POLLY in flaming red wig.)* Here she is, POLLY herself, in person, mind you. I'm going to tell you the story of my life. Wow!]

(The sound fades out.)

I used to believe in the days I was pure
And I was pure like you used to be
My wonderful someone will come to me some day
And then everything depends on me

If he's a fine man, if he's a rich man
Wears a fine cravat, smokes a cigar
And if he's gallant and treats me like a lady
Then I shall tell him—sorry

Chin up high, keep your powder dry
Don't relax or go too far
Look the moon is going to shine 'til dawn
Keep the little rowboat cruising on and on
You say perpendicular
[If you know what I mean]

Oh you can't just let a man walk over you
Cold and dignified is what you are
Such a whole lot of things can happen
So firmly say but sweetly—sorry

The first to appear was a young man from Kent
He was all that a man ought to be
The second was older and bolder I mean
And the third one was crazy for me

They were all rich men, they were all fine men
Wore silk cravats, smoked big cigars
And since they always made me feel a perfect lady
I said politely—sorry

I would sigh, keep my chin up high
Never relaxed or went too far
Well I let the moon go shining on
I let the rowboat cruise around 'til dawn

I stayed perpendicular
[If you know what I mean]

I could not just let a man walk over me
Perhaps my dignity went rather far
Such an interesting lot of things might have happened
I simply indicated—sorry

One day comes a man but what kind of a man
Do you know why he does what he does
He walked into my room and hung up his hat
And I just didn't know where I was

He was a lean man, he was a mean man
He didn't own a cravat, smoked no cigar
And God knows he never made me feel a lady
There just wasn't time for—sorry

Chin up high, my chin was down, my shoes
And I relaxed but far too far
Oh the way the moon kept shining on
The night was nice for rowing fur this girl was gone
Not so perpendicular

So you let a man just walk right over you
Who said dignified is what you are
Such a wonderful lot of terrible things did happen
And now it's you who can tell me *(She removes her wig and bows gallantly)*—sorry.

(Blackout. We hear the sounds of a luncheon meeting. The lights come up on BARBARA, standing SL, the bag over her shoulder, a microphone in her hand.)

BARBARA

[Hello, I am Barbara. Welcome to our annual Spring lecture, sponsored by the Liberated Female Senior Citizen

Committee. This afternoon let us review the physiology of the female sex cycle. No. It's never too late, Darling.] Stage One is called excitement. Within ten to thirty seconds after erotic stimulation starts, the vaginal lining is moistened with a lubricating fluid. Nipples erect, the breasts begin to swell. Some women start to develop a measleslike rash, sex flush, across their bodies. [Don't worry about it, it will go away.] Stage Two is called plateau. The tissues surrounding the outer third of the vagina engorge and swell, the deeper portion of the vagina balloons out to form a cavity. [You can't win.] The uterus enlarges, the tissues surrounding the outer third of the vagina now reduce their diameter [or adjust to circumstances one might say] in order to grip the penis better. The labia minora turn pink or bright red. When a woman develops sex skin reaction, she is almost certain to go to orgasm. Stage Three is called orgasm. The typical orgasm lasts only ten or fifteen seconds, if that long. [A lot of fuss 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and it's over.] Pulse and breathing become more rapid and blood pressure climbs. The woman experiences a series of rhythmic muscular contractions. A mild orgasm involves three to five contractions. An intense one, as many as fifteen. [Good luck, everybody.]

(She throws a kiss to the audience. The lights change and a gentle, sensuous jazz music is heard. BARBARA hangs up the microphone and sits on the unit leaving the bag by the unit. She has become CONSTANCE.)

CONSTANCE

It seemed she was like the sea, nothing but dark waves rising and heaving, heaving like a great swell. Slowly her whole darkness was in motion and she was an ocean rolling its dark dumb mass and far down inside her the deeps parted and rolled asunder in long far travelling billows. Closer and

closer plunged the palpable unknown, further and further rolled the waves of herself away from herself and suddenly, in a soft, shuddering convulsion the quick of all her plasm was touched. She knew herself touched. She was gone, she was not, she was born, a woman.

(The music fades, the lights change, she takes the edge of the brown cape in her lap and CONSTANCE becomes LINA.)

LINA

You seem to think of nothing but making love. All the conversation here is about love-making. *(She moves DC, trailing the brown cape.)* As if because I am a woman it were my profession to be made love to. *(The lights change with her.)* And then [he] comes and asks me to marry [him]. [He] will do the straight thing by me. [He] will give me a home, a position. [He] tells me that my present unmarried position is not one for a nice woman. I am an honest woman: I earn my own living. I am a free woman: I live in my own house. I am strong: I am skillful: I am brave: I am independent: I am unbought: I am all that a woman ought to be and [he] dares to ask me to come and [marry him], take my bread from [his] hand, to ask [him] for pocket money, [to be his woman, his wife]. I would sooner be a clown. Or sink yet lower and be an actress or an opera singer imperilling my soul by the wicked lie of pretending to be somebody else.

(We hear a mournful, electronic version of ANNE'S THEME and she wraps herself in the brown cape. The lights fade to a spot and LINA has become THE UNKNOWN WOMAN.)

UNKNOWN WOMAN

Look at me! Right into my eyes. Deep within them. They have no longer seen for me, these eyes, they are no longer mine. They have been like this ... in yours always so that

there might be born in them out of your eyes, my own image, as you saw me. I came here, I wanted nothing, nothing, not even to live for myself, not even to breathe the air for myself. I gave myself to you utterly. I said to you: "Here I am, I am yours. There is nothing left in me of my own. *(Music out.)* Take me and make me. Make me as you desire me.

(MARIE'S THEME is heard: cold, metallic. The lights rise to full stage and THE UNKNOWN WOMAN becomes MARIE, shivering under her brown cape.)

MARIE

I'm cold. These trees—they look as if they were covered with human shit ... and the sky is so close you could touch it. Yes, "Bitter Fruit" ... that's what loving has turned out to be ... Others have their good days and nights, loving: [Here I am] I'm shrinking and shriveling, my body is full of stains. I lay in bed with a man who is like a beast. I gave myself to him many times. I couldn't get any warmer. He smoked a pipe in between times. And I loved you. Every minute I spent there between those papered walls I got so wild thinking about [you] that he believed it was love, and wanted to stop me. Then I made myself sleep, away into the dark. I don't owe you anything, and yet my conscience is crying out that I have wasted my body. And that it belongs to you, though you don't want it. I'm such a coward. I must have lost my courage, too, with my innocence. Maybe I should go down to the water to wash myself clean. I'm not ready for that yet. I'm only half of everything. I don't even love, it's just my vanity. Maybe it's just that I'd do anything, the most evil things, just to get under a roof. *(Music out. She puts her hand out.)* Give me your money. I'm a whore, I'll live off it. *(She takes the money.)* I won't say thank you. It's a straightforward business transaction, no one has to say thanks.

(As MARIE moves UC, we hear the sound of a teletype machine and the lights black out.)

PATI *(In the black)*

Crotch Crawlers

Mother Rapers of the World

(Lights come on UC and MARIE has become PATI, holding the cape over her shoulder in one hand with a microphone in the other.)

Come out of that stinking womb

That is no part of the woman that gave you birth

Realize a few things about me

(I am sick of playing your game)

You say that I, a woman, should be more sensitive,

And day by day I grow more sensitive

To the ways which you oppress me

At the same time, I, a woman

Am by nature a bitch

Well your coldness

It turns me bitchier by the hour

Self-fulfilling prophecy:

Women are evil, sneaky and

Wicked.

Shit.

You are the one who asked for it

Tomorrow a couple of Father Fuckers

May be on your Ass.

(I have been alive 14 years, how am I going to feel 10 years from now?)

(Blackout. The sound continues until the lights come up DR. PATI has become ANNE S. sitting on the unit DR, holding a microphone.)

ANNE S.

My daughter, at eleven almost twelve is like a garden.

Oh darling! Born in that sweet birthday suit

and having owned it and known it for so long,

now you must watch high noon enter-

noon, that ghost hour

Oh, funny little girl—this one under a blueberry sky,

this one! How can I say that I've known

just what you know and just where you are?

What I want to say, Linda,

Is that there is nothing in your body that lies.

All that is new is telling the truth.

I'm here, that somebody else, an old tree in the background.

Darling,

Stand still at your door,

sure of yourself, a white stone, a good stone—

as exceptional as laughter

(PORTIA'S THEME is heard in the distance.)

you will strike fire,

That new thing!

(The lights change as she hangs up the microphone and drapes the white cape around her and ANNE S. becomes PORTIA.)

PORTIA

You see me Lord Bassanio where I stand,

Such as I am.

Yet for myself alone

I would not wish myself much better, yet for you,

I would be trebled twenty times myself,

A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich,

Only to stand high in your account,

I would in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,

Exceed amount. Yet the full sum of me
Is sum of something which to term in gross
Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpracticed
Happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted.

(She takes her ring from her finger and offers it.)
I give them thee with this ring.

(PORTIA'S THEME becomes SHEN TE'S THEME and the lights rise to full stage. She drops the white cape from her shoulders, puts her hand over her womb and PORTIA becomes SHEN TE.)

SHEN TE

Oh joy! A new human being is on the way! The world awaits him. In the cities people are going to say: he's got to be reckoned with, this new human being!

SHEN TE (Voiceover)

A Chinese mother teaches her child to live.

SHEN TE

(Imagining her little boy, she introduces him to the audience.)
This my son, the well-known flyer [like his American father]. Say, "Welcome to the conqueror of unknown mountains, and unreachable regions. Who brings us our mail across the impassable deserts!" *(She gets up.)* Take a look at the world, my son. *(She leads him by the hand to SL.)* That's a tree. Tree, yes. Say, "Hello tree!" And bow. Like this. *(She bows.)* Now you know each other. *(She looks SR.)* And look here comes the water seller. *(She moves SC.)* He's a friend, give

him your hand. A cup of fresh water for my little son, please. *(She pays the water-seller and holds the cup for her child.)* Yes, it is a warm day. *(She looks SL.)* Oh, here comes the police. We'll have to make a circle round him. *(She and the child circle out of the policeman's way.)* Perhaps we can pick a few cherries in rich Mr. Pung's garden. You like cherries? Just like children with fathers. But we mustn't be seen. *(She hides the child under her skirt and then moves DC in the garden, and lets the boy out. He rushes to the tree but she restrains him.)* No, no, you can't go straight to them like that. We must learn to be reasonable. *(He kicks her in the shin and she grabs hold of him.)* Well, have it your own way. Can you reach? *(He can't. She plucks two cherries.)* Where should you put them? Your mouth is the best place. *(She eats one herself.)* Mmm, they're good. *(Music out.)* Oh, here comes the policeman. We must run back to the street. *(They run in a circle US to SR.)* Calm now, so no one will notice us. *(Music begins. She sings as they walk SL.)*

"Once a plum—'twas in Japan—
Made a conquest of a man,
But the man's turn did come
(She sits SL.)
For he gobbled up the plum."

(An airplane passes overhead. She follows its flight; then her hand covers her womb again. Fade to black. After a moment we hear a suburban doorbell, not unlike "Avon Calling." The lights come up full stage. SHEN TE has become JUDY, DC, wearing the slouch hat and the bag over her shoulder.)

JUDY

I belong to the classification of people known as wives. I am a wife. And not altogether incidentally, I am a mother too. Not too long ago, a male friend of mine arrived on the scene

fresh from a recent divorce. He had one child, who is with his ex-wife, naturally, and he is now looking for another wife. As I thought about him while ironing one evening it suddenly occurred to me that I too would like to have a wife. Why do I want a wife? I would like to go back to school so that I can become economically independent and support myself and I want a wife to take care of the children while I go to school. I want a wife who will keep the house clean, sees that my clothes are washed, ironed, mended, replaced when need be and kept in their proper place so that I can find what I need the minute I need it. I want a wife who is sensitive to my sexual needs, who makes love to me passionately and eagerly when I feel like it, who sees that I am satisfied ... I want a wife who assumes the complete responsibility for birth control because I do not want any more children ... I want a wife who will remain sexually faithful to me so that I do not have to clutter up my intellectual life with jealousies ... and I want a wife who understands that my sexual needs entail more than strict adherence to monogamy ... I must, after all, be able to relate to people as fully as possible ... If by chance I find another person more suitable to me than the wife I already have ... I want the liberty to replace my present wife with another one ... Naturally I will expect ... a fresh new life ... my wife will take the children and be solely responsible for them so that I am left free ... My God, who *wouldn't* want a wife???????

(Blackout. The lights return SL. JUDY has become SALLY lounging on the unit DL, the hat and bag are beside her.)

SALLY

I used to lie in bed beside my husband and wish I had the courage to bash in his head with a frying pan. I would do it while he slept, since awake he would overpower me, disarm me. If I only dared, I would mutter to myself through

clenched teeth, pushing back the realization that I didn't dare, not because I was afraid of seriously hurting him—I would have loved to do that—but because even in the extremity of my anger I was afraid that if I cracked his head with a frying pan, he would *leave* me.

(Blackout. In the darkness we hear an electronic heartbeat. The lights come up slowly to full stage. ALICE is sitting in SALLY's place.)

ALICE

I have been sitting in this tower a lifetime ... imprisoned, guarded by this man I always hated and hate so utterly now ... that the day he dies ... I am going to laugh aloud ... Why haven't we separated ... there hasn't been a single day that we haven't tried to separate, once we did—for 5 years—in our own home. Now we know that only death can part us. So we wait for him as our deliverer. *(The heartbeat stops.)* It is a hatred without cause, without reason and also without end ... *(The heartbeat continues and she strides around the stage restlessly.)* Maybe he loves me—that doesn't stop him from hating me. ... Oh, I wish this house would catch fire ... I wish the seas would rise, and sweep us all away. *(The heartbeat quickens, intensifies and then suddenly stops causing her to stop UC.)* Ah, the captain has had a stroke ... is he dead? *(The heartbeat returns. It is irregular, dissonantly musical.)* Not yet ... I will dance on your body ... *(She dances near the body, which is SC.)* The entry of the Bozar ... and the tower will open its gates ... and the sentry with drawn sword ... *(She grabs the umbrella from the column UC.)* will be guarding him ... not me ... him ... not me ... *(She circles the stricken captain ending up standing on the SR unit, holding the closed umbrella high.)* You got what you deserve ... at last that tongue has stayed ... it can lie no more ... brag no more and wound no

more ... you who believe in God, would you thank him for me ... where is your strength now ... that great brain of yours is gone now ... out with the carcass, out with it. *(She moves UC and motions the body out.)* And open the windows, the place must be aired. *(She moves to the DL unit.)* I am going to bathe ... to wash myself clean if it is still possible. *(ALICE becomes twisted with pain, eyes and mouth wide with anguish. On the SOUND TRACK we hear a distant scream. It is over. ALICE returns to her body. Silence.)* Strange ... now when he is dead ... I too feel inclined to speak well of him ... Riddles, Riddles ... *(She moves DC.)* Do you feel the peace in this house? ... The wonderful peace of death ... as wonderful as the moment of solemn unrest when a child is coming into the world ... I can hear the silence ... And I feel that my own life is coming to an end ... and I am going towards dissolution *(ALICE'S THEME, melodic, fragile, womanly. She opens the umbrella and holds it over her head.)* My husband ... my only love ... I saw him ... as a young man ... I just saw him ... I see him now ... As he was when he was twenty ... when I first met him ... Oh, ... I must have loved that man ... and hated ... yes ... God help us all.

(The lights change and as she lowers the umbrella a mantle-clock strikes eleven and ALICE'S THEME fades away reluctantly. She folds the umbrella and moves to the DR unit. She puts the

umbrella down and picks up the white cape. She sits on the unit and draws the white cape over her lap and ALICE becomes SIDO.)

SIDO

What time is it? Eleven already? He'll be here any minute. Give me the Eau de Cologne and the rough towel and the little bottle of violet scent too. Here, undo my two braids. I did them very tightly last night so I would have a wave this

morning. Ah, my hair is so lifeless ... it's so difficult to retain the character of one's sex after a certain age. I look like an elderly, indigent poet! Don't bother to deny it! In my decline there are only two things that distress me: that I can no longer wash my little blue saucepan for boiling milk myself and the sight of my poor hand on the sheet. You'll understand one day, my darling daughter, that one keeps forgetting old age up to the very brink of the grave. I say to myself every day, "I'm going to die tonight, tomorrow, no matter when." But I'm not always thinking of how old age has altered me, *(We hear ANNE'S THEME as if in a memory.)* and it's only when I look at my poor hand that I realize that I'm not twenty any longer. Isn't that the funniest thing? *(She listens.)* Is that the gate at the top of the hill? Don't tell him that I had three attacks in the night. First, because I forbid you to and secondly if you don't I'll give you the silver bracelet with the little turquoises. I don't want to hear any of your reasons, they bore me. It has nothing to do with honesty. I know better than you do what honesty is. At my age there is only one virtue left, not to make people unhappy. *(The music has faded.)* Am I flushed? I ought not to have talked so much. Close the shutter a little. And then [my darling daughter], lend me your powder puff.

(She reaches for the powder puff. The lights start to fade. As she powders her face, gypsy music is heard in the distance. As if in response to the music, the light stops fading and grows to full stage. SIDO has become AURELIA. She rises and swirls the white cape.)

AURELIA

To be alive is to be fortunate. Doesn't always look so good in the morning. *(She moves SL, places the white cape on the unit, puts on the hat and picks up the bags and moves SC.)* When you

take your hair out of the drawer, and your teeth out of the glass of water. Especially if you have been dreaming that you are a little girl on a pony looking for strawberries in the woods. (*She puts her hat on and takes a cigar from her bag and lights it.*) But all you need in order to feel the call of life again is a letter in the mail giving you your instructions for the day. You write it to yourself the day before, that's the safest. (*She moves SR, puts the bag down, moves and puts on the brown cape.*) And when you have washed your face with rosewater and powdered it, not with this awful powder they sell these days, but with a cake of pure white starch; and put on your pins, brooches, pearls, bracelets and earrings; in short, when you are dressed for your coffee and have had a good look at yourself, not in the mirror naturally (*She moves DR, picks up the umbrella and the scarf.*), but in the side of the brass gong that once belonged to Admiral Courbet, then I feel armed and ready to begin again. (*Now she is dressed. Hat, cape, bag, umbrella.*) Aha! life is beginning to interest you. It is beautiful, beautiful. (*She wraps the blue scarf around her as ANNE did in the beginning. She looks out into the audience.*) And now you two kiss each other quickly. Well it's been one hour since you've known each other, loved each other and met each other. Kiss each other quickly. Look at him. He hesitates. His happiness frightens him. How like a man. Oh, darling kiss him quickly, kiss him. If you let a single instant wedge itself between you and him it will become a month, a year, a century. Oh, make them kiss each other, all of you. Before it is too late. (*She moves UC and picks up the microphone.*) In a moment his hair will turn white and there will be another madwoman in Paris. (*The vibrant, happy gypsy music fills the theatre. They have kissed each other.*) Bravo! Bravo! Bravo! If only I had done that 30 years ago. You see how simple it all is. Of course there are people all over the world who want to destroy everything. I am speaking

primarily of the male sex of course. Nowadays, a man doesn't take your hand, he gives you his paw. However, there is nothing that can go so wrong in this world that a sensible woman cannot set it right in the course of an evening! (*She lifts the closed umbrella triumphantly.*) [Up the revolution!]

(*Blackout. The gypsy music continues to play as the house lights come up to end Act One.*)

I AM A WOMAN

ACT II

JOURNEYS: Present, Past, Future

Characters	Description, Source & Author
REVOLUTIONARY	A ballsy feminist Interview: <i>Ramparts</i> Magazine by Anonymous
PROFESSOR FREUD	A feminist impersonator <i>Freudianisms</i>
QUEENIE	A feminist <i>Queenie</i> , the novel by Hortense Calisher
NORA S.	A feminist <i>Interview with G.I.</i> , by Nora Sayre
SALLY	A wife breaking away <i>Cutting Loose</i> , an article by Sally Kempton
NORA	<i>A Doll's House</i> , a play by Henrik Ibsen adapted by Viveca Lindfors
LOUISE	An artist <i>An Interview with Louise Nevelson</i> , The New York Times by Roy Bongartz
MARILYN	A movie star <i>Marilyn</i> , an article by Gloria Steinem
ALEXANDRA	An aging movie star <i>Sweet Bird of Youth</i> , a play by Tennessee Williams
BETTY	A feminist authority <i>The Feminine Mystique</i> , a book by Betty Friedan
HUNGARIAN MOTHER	An old mother <i>The Boy Changed Into a Stag</i> Clamors at the <i>Gate of Secrets</i> , Hungarian Quarterly

- THE BOY THAT CHANGED
INTO A STAG*The Boy Changed Into a Stag Clamors at the
Gate of Secrets, Hungarian Quarterly*
- GERMAN MOTHER.....*Song of a German Mother, a poem by
Bertolt Brecht*
- MRS. MANSON.....A mother of a criminal
*Interview, Mrs. Charles Manson,
The Los Angeles Times*
- PATRICIAA lover of a criminal
*In Defense of Charles Manson,
The Los Angeles Times*
- SYLVIAA poet
Spinster, a poem by Sylvia Plath
- MOTHER
COURAGEA hustler in wartime
*Mother Courage and Her Children, a play by
Bertolt Brecht and Paul Dessau,
translated by George Tabori*
- GERMAN MOTHER.....*Song of a German Mother, a poem by
Bertolt Brecht*
- NGO THI.....A Vietnamese freedom fighter
Paris Peace Conference, 1968, by NGO THI
- TRANSLATOR.....*Paris Peace Conference, 1968, by NGO THI*
- ESTELLEA lecturer
*Sex Hormones and Creative Ability,
a book by Dr. Estelle Ramey*
- ANNE.....*The Diary of Anne Frank by Anne Frank*
- HELEN.....A singer
*I Am Woman, a song by Reddy and Burton,
sung by Helen Reddy*
- FRAN.....A free woman
The Black Woman, a novel by Fran Sanders

- ANAIS.....A mature, spirited woman
Diary of Anaïs Nin, by Anaïs Nin

ACT II

(The house goes out. Suddenly tremendous applause bursts out on the SOUND TRACK. Quickly, the entire stage is lit and REVOLUTIONARY enters UR and moves DC wearing brown cape, hat and umbrella, and the blue scarf as an ascot, leading the rally.)

REVOLUTIONARY (Voiceover)

Up the Liberation!
Margaret Mead for President!
Jesus was a Feminist!
Blessed is the womb that bore you!
Arise Sisters and break your chains!

REVOLUTIONARY

[Thank You ... Thank You.] *(The sound fades out.)*
I was always getting my ass pinched or something. If anybody pinches me nowadays I don't ask no questions—I sock 'em hard! *(She karate chops the enemy and watches him fall to the ground.)* Fuck that shit, man. *(Turns back to audience.)*
When I worked for the underground press, I was a revolutionary typist because I didn't have the balls to open my mouth and tell. "Hey, you schmuck, let me write that article. I can do it 10 times better than you." The worst thing about this attitude is that women are just so much meat, while I talk revolution so some guy he's thinking: I'll ball her tonight; I don't think this chauvinism has been struggled with hard enough by revolutionary men and I am

not going to have anything to do with those guys who talk revolution and then oppress people (*She moves to the unit SR, stands on it and holds her umbrella high in the air like a victory sword.*) because no men are free until all women are free.

(Blackout. Teenage girls cheer wildly on the sound track. Full stage light comes back and REVOLUTIONARY has now become PROFESSOR FREUD, DL, delivering a lecture, and smoking a cigar.)

PROFESSOR FREUD

As we learn from psychoanalytic work, women regard themselves as wronged from infancy ... undeservedly cut short and set back and the embitterment of so many daughters against their mothers derives in the last analysis from their reproach against them for having brought them into the world as women instead of as men. Shame which is considered a feminine characteristic par excellence, but is far more a matter of convention than is supposed, has as its purpose, we believe, the concealment of genital deficiency. The effect of penis envy has its share, furthermore, in the physical vanity of women, so that they are bound to value their charms more highly as a late compensation for their original sexual inferiority.

(Blackout.)

QUEENIE (Voiceover)

Down with Freudian analysis: No more male analysts!

(A special comes up, FREUD becomes QUEENIE standing on the unit SR.)

QUEENIE

Why is a penis such a serious thing? It's just you men who envy penises. The one you can never be sure of is there;

until it's there. Then of course you admire it and envy yourself because in between times all a man can do is admire his penis image and pretend that we do. Penis envy is really male. *(Blackout.)*

NORA S. (Voiceover)

Women unite against male chauvinist pigs!

(A special comes up, and QUEENIE becomes NORA S. standing on the unit SR)

NORA S.

... Someone mentioned a friend who had refused to wring a chicken's neck during basic survival training. His colonel had shouted, "If you can't strangle a chicken, how can you ever make love to a woman?"

(Blackout.)

NORA S. (Voiceover)

Free women to free the world!

(Full stage lights come up and NORA S. has become PROFESSOR FREUD, lecturing SL.)

PROFESSOR FREUD

When primitive man institutes a taboo, he fears a danger. It cannot be disputed that the general principle underlying the regulations and avoidances of woman is a dread of woman ... Perhaps this fear is founded on the difference of woman from man ... on her inexplicable, eternally mysterious and strange nature, which thus seems hostile ... The great question that has never been answered and which I have never been able to answer, despite my thirty years of research into the feminine

soul, is what does a woman want?

(Blackout.)

SALLY (Voiceover)

Up from under! Women on top!

(A special comes up. FREUD has become SALLY in the same position. She is taking the brown cape off.)

SALLY

When men imagine a female uprising *(She puts the cape on the DL unit)* they imagine a world in which women rule men the way men have ruled women. Their guilt which is the guilt of every ruling class, will allow them to see no middle ground. *(She takes off the hat and puts it on the unit. Fade out. We hear NORA'S THEME, electronic, pulsing: a conflict of fragility and tremendous force. The light comes up and SALLY has become NORA, DC, cloaked in the white cape.)*

NORA

I want to be understood, I want to be understood by someone who wants to understand me, who needs it for himself. Give me back my ring. *(She reaches.)* I am a doll to you. It was the same with my father. This home, our home is a doll's house. Only I can't play the games any longer. I have a stone in my stomach. I have to learn to value myself. You do. I have watched you. You have knowledge, you are educated. I want it too. Please give me back my ring. *(She receives the ring and draws it to her breast.)* I will think of you often and the children. I love them. I think. I don't know, I don't even know that. I have water in my veins, colored water, and the color is borrowed from you. I want blood. I want my own blood!

(The music swells and plays for a few beats and as the lights change, NORA painfully frees herself from the cape and becomes LOUISE.)

LOUISE

Once upon a time there were two frogs. They fell into a pail of milk. One screamed "Help" and drowned. The other started to tread water. In the morning *she* was on top of butter. *(She laughs and moves to the unit SR where she throws the white cape.)* I never had any doubt that I would fulfill myself as an artist and I'd rather work 24 hours a day in my studio than do anything I know. It's living. It's pure water. In school, I was always cold, except for in the art room. There I felt warm. My body just warmed itself in that room. It wasn't a question of learning art either. How can you learn something you already know? If I feel the thinnest pages of a book between my fingers, I know whether there are two or three or four or five pages. We start out with the conviction of fulfilling our beings. Horses, trees fulfill themselves. *(She sits on the unit and takes blond wig from the bag.)* Why shouldn't people?

(She gets the audience's attention with the wig. The lights change and the sound of a crowd at a movie premier is heard and LOUISE becomes MARILYN holding the blond wig.)

MARILYN

A sex symbol becomes a thing—I just hate to be a thing. *(Sound out.)* I don't mind making jokes, but I don't like being looked upon as one. People say I Marilyn Monroe walk all wiggly and wobbly. I don't know what they mean. I learned to walk when I was ten months old. I have walked that way ever since. I react to men but I don't do it in order to prove

that I am a woman. Besides if that part about me being a sex symbol is true, it ought to help at the box office ... but I don't want to be too commercial about it. I want to be an artist with integrity. I'm going to take my time. I'm going to breathe a little—I'm not in a hurry—I'm going to look for the real inside center of me and then I'm going to look out at the world in a new way. I don't want to make money, I just want to be wonderful.

(She reaches up joyfully, the blond wig in one hand. The lights start to fade and MARILYN becomes ALEXANDRA, who puts the wig on and screams at the image of herself. Full stage lights bump on.)

ALEXANDRA

Oh my God. I just remembered the thing I didn't want to remember. The goddamned end of my life. The stuff, give me the stuff. *(She snaps her fingers, impatient for the marijuana.)* For years they all told me that it was ridiculous of me to feel that I couldn't go back to the screen or the stage as a middle-aged woman. *(She moves to L.)* They told me I was an artist, not just a star whose career depended upon youth. But I knew in my heart that the legend of Alexandra de Lago couldn't be separated from an appearance of youth. *(She violently throws the wig.)* There's no more valuable knowledge than knowing the right time to go. I knew it. I went at the right time to go. RETIRED? Where to? To what? To that dead planet the moon. There's nowhere else to retire to when you retire from art because, believe it or not, I was once an artist. So I retired to the moon, but the atmosphere of the moon doesn't have any oxygen in it. I began to feel breathless, in that withered, withering country, of time coming after time not meant to come after, and so I discovered—haven't you fixed it yet?—I discovered this—*(She takes the joint.)* and other practices like it, to put to sleep

(She draws on the marijuana.) the tiger that raged in my nerves. Why the unsatisfied tiger in the nerves jungle? Why is anything anywhere unsatisfied and raging? Ask somebody's good doctor. But don't believe his answer, because it isn't the answer. If I had just been old, but, you see, I wasn't old *(She picks up the wig, looks at it ironically and tucks it under her arm.)* I just wasn't young ... not young, young. I just wasn't young anymore. But you see I couldn't get old with that tiger still in me raging. Stars in retirement sometimes give acting lessons. Or take up painting, paint flowers on pots, or landscapes. I could have painted the landscape of the endless, withering country in which I wandered like a lost nomad. I could have painted deserts and nomads. If I could paint ... and then the young lovers ... Yes, finally you. But you come after the comeback. The glorious comeback, when I turned fool and came back. The screen's a very clear mirror. There's a thing called a close-up—you stand still and your head, your face, is caught in the frame of the picture with a light blazing on it and all your terrible history screams while you smile ... after that close-up they gasped ... *(In the background we hear the crowd at the premiere.)* ... people gasped. I heard them whisper, their shocked whispers. Is that her? Is that her? Her? ... *(She moves to the unit DR.)* I made the mistake of wearing a very elaborate gown to the premiere *(She picks up the white cape.)*, a gown with a train that had to be gathered up as I rose from my seat and began the interminable retreat of the city of flames, up, up, up the unbearably long theatre aisle *(She has moved DC, dragging the white cape behind her.)* gasping for breath and still clutching up the regal white train of my gown, all the way up the forever ... length of the aisle and behind me some, small unknown man grabbing at me, saying, stay, stay! At the top of the aisle I turned and struck him *(We no longer hear the crowd.)* the train fell *(She drops the white cape.)*, I forgot it, and I started to

run down the marble stairs ... I tripped of course, and rolled, rolled like a sailor's drunken whore down to the bottom ... hands, merciful hands without faces assisted me to get up. After that? Flight, just flight, not interrupted until I woke up this morning. You can't retire with the out-crying heart of an artist still crying out in your body, in your nerves, in your what? Heart? Oh, no, that's gone, that's ... Well, sooner or later, at some point in your life, the thing that you lived for is lost or abandoned, and then ... you either die, or you find something else. This is my something else ...

(She takes a deep pull on the "joint" as the lights fade to black. After a moment, the lights come up SL. ALEXANDRA has become BETTY who is sitting on the unit. The white cape and the wig are on the floor by her.)

BETTY

If women do not use their human energy and ability in some meaningful pursuit (which necessarily means competition, for there is competition in every serious pursuit in our society) they will fritter away their energy in neurotic symptoms, unproductive enterprise, or destructive "love." The few exceptional women that did learn, despite the dire warnings of the feminine mystique to compete, not as women, but as human beings have paid a price and have in a sense, become mutations. These mutations have suffered and surmounted their identity crisis. Until all women learn to carry more of the battle of the world instead of being a burden themselves, their wasted energy will continue to be destructive to their husbands, to their children and to themselves.

(Fade to black. The STAG SUITE plays and continues throughout the following scene. The lights come up SC, BETTY has become the HUNGARIAN MOTHER. She is wrapped in the brown cape.)

HUNGARIAN MOTHER (Voiceover)

The mother called to her own son, from far off cried,
the mother called to her own son, from far off cried,
went to the front of the house: from there she cried,
unwound her heavy knot of hair
dusk wove to a shimmering, thick bride's veil
a priceless pall that flowed down to her ankles
a flag, tasseled black, for the wind
the fire damp dusk that smelled of blood.

HUNGARIAN MOTHER

Come back, my son, I'm always knocking against things,
I have bruise-stains under my eyes, on the skin of
my brow ...
objects charge and butt me like angry rams, the light's
broken the
switch gives me shocks, blood crawls in this skin of
veins as though the beak of a stone-bruised bird ...

... come back, my son, come back
for I'm spell bound,
haggard, and full of visions—
they flicker from my decaying glands
as the winter morning cock-crow
pings off the frozen shirts hung on a fence, I call you,
your mother come back, my son, come back—
for I'm just two green gritty eyes,
bubbles of light; like a dragonfly,
I am two huge eyes without a face ...

(She draws the brown cape across her face and disappears. The lights change and the HUNGARIAN MOTHER becomes THE BOY CHANGED INTO A STAG.)

THE BOY CHANGED INTO A STAG (Voiceover)

The boy listened, he tossed his head,
with nostrils like pails he
sniffed, his dewlap quivering—
his veined ears pricked at the sound of that crying voice ...

He swung his head that way
hearing the familiar voice cry,
suddenly stiffened with fear—

Now the boy shouted back
bellowing, stretching his neck
the boy shouted back
a stag's voice wildering through the fog—

THE BOY CHANGED INTO A STAG

Mother, mother
I can't go back
mother, my mother
don't call me back
my nurse, my nurture
mother, mother
marvelous foaming spring
mother, my mother my one silky flower
my bird of gold
mother, mother
don't call me back

If I were to go back
my antlers would get you,
my horns: tip to tip

I'd toss your old body—
... Mother, mother
if I found you

I'd scorch you to
a blackened stump
I'd burn you to a lump
of greasy clay,
I'd roast you to chunks
of charred black meat.

Mother, mother if I went back
I'd set fire to the house then I'd gallop off the burial plot
and with delicate nose and all four hooves, I'd dig up my
father—
I'd tear off the lid of his coffin with my teeth—
I'd scatter his bones,
Mother, mother, don't call me back,
Mother, mother, I can't go back,
Mother, mother, if I did go back,
I'd kill you.

(He's close to the ground and he looks as if he is holding a rifle as the lights fade to black. We hear the GERMAN MOTHER over the SOUND TRACK.)

GERMAN MOTHER (Voiceover)

My son, I gave you the jack-boots
And the brown shirt came from me
For had I known what I now know
I'd have hanged myself
I'd have hanged myself from a tree.

(The lights come up SR, the BOY CHANGED INTO A STAG has become CHARLES MANSON'S MOTHER sitting on the unit. The blue scarf is loose and over her shoulders. She is clutching the bag in her hands.)

MRS. MANSON

Let me tell you right now. Until Charles Manson went to California when he was 21 years old, he had never worked a day in his whole life. But he had a way with people so I don't believe any of that stuff about his hypnotizing those girls in his family. It was just his personality and the effects of dope they all took. I'm awfully upset. I still believe that if those jurors would just talk to Charles for 15 minutes they could all see he's mentally ill. He needs treatment, he has for years. I don't know what to do now ... just start worrying I suppose. What kind of a mother doesn't love all her own children?

(Again we hear the electronic version of ANNE'S THEME. The lights change and MRS. MANSON becomes PATRICIA. She takes the blue scarf off and twists it.)

PATRICIA (Voiceover)

Testimony in defense of Charles Manson.

PATRICIA

There was talking ... a man was there ... the gun went off again ... I remember tying somebody's hands ... I remember looking up and seeing Sadie fighting with two women and I just got up and started fighting. I had a knife in my hand and one of the women took off through the back door. I don't know where they got those fingerprints. I certainly never touched the door. We fought on the grass. I remember stabbing her, stabbing and stabbing. Oh Man! and we left. *(The music has stopped.)* ... What is there to describe? We were just there and it was right. We went back to the ranch. I went to sleep.

(The lights change and we hear on the SOUND TRACK:

STABBING, STABBING, STABBING. She gets up and moves towards SL, with the bag over her shoulder.)

SYLVIA (Voiceover)

And round her house she set
such a barricade of barb and check
Against mutinous weather
As no mere insurgent man could hope to break
With curse, fist, threat,
Or love either.

(PATRICIA, putting the scarf on as a babouska, has become MOTHER COURAGE who steps on the SL unit.)

MOTHER COURAGE

[All right. Everybody sing now.]

(The lights come up suddenly to full stage as MOTHER COURAGE leads a chorus.)

MOTHER COURAGE (and voices)

Christians awake ... it's spring again
The snow retreats ... the dead remains
If you're alive ... don't sleep no more
Get off your ass and go to war ...

MOTHER COURAGE

(Moving DC)

Come all you soldiers ... stop the drumming
Hey captain let them take a rest
Here's Mother Courage and she is coming
With boots and bullets ... be my guest
Your men will march through fire and water

But only got two feet to spare
 So if you send them off to slaughter
 Give them at least good boots to wear ...
(Shouts. She leads the chorus again, this time on microphone. UC.)
 [Sing with me now ... come on everybody ... come on!]

MOTHER COURAGE (and voices)

Christians awake ... it's spring again
 The snow retreats ... the dead remains
 If you're alive ... don't sleep no more
 Get off your ass and go to war ...
(She raises the scarf high in the air. The lights fade to a special UC. The SOUND TRACK plays THE GERMAN MOTHER'S SONG as MOTHER COURAGE becomes her.)

THE GERMAN MOTHER (Voiceover)

I saw you wear your brown shirt
 and did not complain or entreat,
 For I did not know what I now know
 It was your winding sheet.
(NGO THI speaking Vietnamese is heard on the SOUND TRACK. THE GERMAN MOTHER hangs up her bag and microphone on the UC column and as she moves DL she drapes the scarf around her waist.)

TRANSLATOR (Voiceover)

Paris Peace Conference. 1968. Testimony of a North
 Vietnamese Freedom Fighter.
(She picks up the microphone from the DL unit and becomes the TRANSLATOR.)

TRANSLATOR

In 1965 my mother was harvesting in the fields and was hit
 by a bullet on a search and destroy mission ... I ran towards
 her ... she stared at me ... I knew she wanted to tell me
 something ... but she just stared at me until she died ... We
 were three orphans ... I was thirteen ... My brothers used to
 ask my mother to sleep with them every night ... They asked
 why mother did not sleep with them anymore ... I had to
 explain ... I was pained and angry at the same time ... I felt I
 must avenge ... I found out where the guerrillas were ... My
 family were not the only ones to suffer ... You cannot
 imagine the torture ... I couldn't imagine anyone being so
 cruel ... They put poisonous snakes in the trousers of the
 girls and tied the ends ... The snakes wriggled into the in-
 ternal organs of the girls to force them to give information
 ... The snake had no way to go out ... Many girls died ...
 They took pregnant women and thrust the bayonet into their
 bellies ... I saw a fetus still moving alive and saw with my
 own eyes a soldier tear it in two and throw it into flames. I
 saw such things ... I can tell you more ...

(The SOUND TRACK stops abruptly. The microphone goes dead. The TRANSLATOR becomes NGO THI.)

NGO THI

I am sorry I cannot tell you more ... I had to fight two, three
 times, each day ... I am happy to meet you ... and wish you
 would work very intensely for peace ... Good morning and
 best wishes for happiness to you and your families ...

(As the lights change, she bows, hangs up the microphone. We hear ANNE'S THEME, gently, in the distance. And then we hear ESTELLE over ANNE'S THEME.)

ESTELLE (Voiceover)

At this stage we must all ask ourselves—is this the woman's revolution, or is this an attempt led by some women to make a revolution for humanity, to bring back to all human beings the essential nature of their potential, to allow warmth and tears to men and independence and drive to women?

(The lights change once more as she sits SL. She lays the blue scarf gently around her neck and becomes ANNE.)

ANNE

I have often been downcast, but never in despair. I regard our hiding as a dangerous adventure, romantic and interesting at the same time. In my diary I treat all our privations as amusing.

ANNE (Voiceover)

Wednesday, late afternoon, May 3, 1944

I have made up my mind now to lead a different life from other girls and, later on, different from ordinary housewives. My start has been so very full and that is the sole reason why I can laugh at the humorous side of the most dangerous moments. I am young and I'm strong and I possess many buried qualities. *(She rises carrying the white cape.)* I am young and strong and am living a great adventure: I can't go on grumbling the whole day long. I have been given a lot, a happy nature, a great deal of cheerfulness and strength. Every day I feel that I am developing inwardly, that the liberation is drawing nearer and how beautiful nature is, how good the people are about me. Why, then, should I be in despair?

(On the SOUND TRACK we hear Helen Reddy singing I AM WOMAN. The light brightens to full stage as ANNE moves DC and becomes HELEN. She speaks out the lyrics as she hears the song.)

WOMAN + ACTRESS = ME

An Afterword by Viveca Lindfors

Long ago, in order to survive perhaps ... I created two images of women for myself ... *one* the wife, the mother, the friend, always loving, dependent only on personal relationships ... the *other* the actress, the lover, the breadwinner, always active, dependent only upon work and the wish to "change the world." Those two images, far apart in their goals ... in a constant tug of war with each other, left me, the real woman, neglected, frustrated, ambivalent, incapable of intimacy. Today I am aware that I was not alone in my struggle ... my entire sex is in search of new, healthy images ... I see the women in the audience, standing at the end of the play, as the woman in white swirls her cape around her triumphantly in celebration of being alive ... I see them greeting her back; and later during the open dialogues following the performance I hear them asking the constantly repeated question: "Why did you do this evening? And how?" As if they needed to affirm for themselves the possibility of total fulfillment ... I identify with them all ... and I tell them about my journey ...

Winter and spring 1971 when Paul and I began the work was the beginning of a turbulent and significant time in my life, as an actress and even more so as a woman. My 18-year-old marriage was breaking up and G.T. soon left for a life without me—the girl the age of my daughter ... I was devastated and suffered from the female illness: if a man loves you, you are worthy; if he doesn't, you are worthless. That same fall, my mother died ... she left a note behind saying, "I wanted to be joyful but I couldn't." I felt desperate ... helpless ... old ... I was 498 ... I wanted to die with her. In spite of fame, fortune, four marriages, three children, and life on two continents, I reacted no differently to being without a

man than any woman ... no differently than my mother ... I had little choice but to continue their struggle and with the prerogative of an artist I used my search out of a dilemma while creating a play. Under the protection of the work I dared ask myself the questions so much in the air, what is conditioning ... what is me ... what is health ... and what is neurosis? As an actress, although highly respected and in demand in spite of my age (unemployment figures for actresses over thirty-five are staggering), I had found it increasingly more difficult to get parts that stimulated and excited me ... my first experience dealing with my dilemma and taking my career into my own hands had not been successful ... I had been co-founder and artistic director together with G.T. for the Berkshire Theatre Festival ... we produced a glorious season (73% box office) yet we failed and did not continue ... the blame lies with many people, but I will take responsibility for my part ... I worked twenty-four hours a day to set up the season and yet, in competition with men, gave up my rights and turned the leadership over to them ... although they might have wanted that, there was no need to feed their presumption ... and when they were unsuccessful, I furiously blamed them ... I call it the Lady Macbeth syndrome—the woman living out her desires through the man—pushing and manipulating him, while hiding behind him. Betty Friedan says in the Second Act, “Until all women learn to carry more of the battle of the world ... their wasted energy will continue to be destructive to their husbands, to their children and to themselves.” That ghastly summer led to conflicts between me and G.T. that were never resolved.

I then turned to the universities and toured the college circuit for three years with my own group, “The Strolling Players.” Although successful this time, I was still aware of a slight feeling that I didn’t have the right to take charge. To make it easier on myself, I developed an evening all alone, “V.L. On Brecht.” It was well received and the agent suggested I put together another. I knew I wanted to express myself as a woman and began to look for

a literary figure to center the evening around, influenced by the male success of Hal Holbrook’s Mark Twain and Emlyn Williams’ Charles Dickens. Perhaps I wasn’t as attuned to women writers as I am today, or perhaps I just wanted to act certain glorious parts I would soon be too old for ... in any event I quickly gave up the idea and began to assemble my favorite monologues, poems, newspaper clippings. I called the evening I AM A WOMAN, and tried it out in a few places ... Kevin Kelly of the *Boston Globe* saw it in Provincetown and gave it a rave review ... I began to have visions of projections, of costumes, of music, of lights, of props ... I knew the script needed work ... I decided to look for a director and co-arranger. I went to Paul Austin. He had directed one of the evenings with “The Strolling Players” ... I had been impressed with him ... he had allowed me to go freely with all my impulses as an actress ... yet, he projected the clarity of the play ... he was sensitive and respected me without a moment losing his own authority. “I would love to,” he said. Later, I heard him explain to an interviewer, “When 51% of the population is being treated as a minority, there are a great many social and personal crimes being committed, there is no choice but to try to change this.”

I have often been criticized for not choosing a woman director for the show ... no doubt we women must help each other create new territories ... but at the time I was not ready for such a choice. On NBC’s special, “The Changing Relationship Between Men and Women,” I said to Barbara Walters, “In the old days, if I had a dinner date with a woman and a man would ask me out, I would say yes to him without even checking with her. The worst part is that she would understand, that we both would take for granted that *our sex would come second* ... it is bound to affect our opinion of ourselves.” “What are you doing about it?” she asked. “I went to work on my attitude,” I said. I get many comments on that dialogue. I have since discovered the simple fact that women are human beings like men!!! There is a whole new awareness of sisterhood in the air ... a wireless service from the east to the west,

from south to north ... women are calling each other, writing each other, helping each other ... pursuing and pushing each other. The competition that used to exist between us, undermining our strength, is cracking up like dry clay under the warmth of our newly found respect for each other. Women have, in fact, been essential to the success of this production.

There is no reason to discriminate against men ... the victim does not have to act like the criminal in order to gain equality ... we can afford to break the pattern, we can give up the game of revenge ... any game for that matter. I often used my sexuality to get what I wanted as a woman or as an actress, to protect my performance from the dominance of a director ... flattering him, making it look as if it were his idea, rather than mine, when it came to a creative moment. At this point, I was through with all games ... the price of hypocrisy had been too high! It had poisoned my marriage. At the time, I was in a group ... one of the analysts put his finger on it right away: "You want a straight relationship with your husband." He was right ... but not only with G.T. ... with men or women ... director or producer ... mother or father ... sister or brother ... lover or friend. "Talk to me like the woman that I am, look at me with no preconceived notions about how I should act or feel, and I shall try to do the same with you," says Fran Sanders toward the end of the performance.

It took some time for Paul and me to arrive at this ... the road was rocky. I remember one argument: "You always think that I am taking advantage of you because you are a woman," he said. I answered, "You always *do* take advantage of me, *because* I am a woman." We stood glaring at each other, both of us knowing that we had spoken a truth. "When my allergy hits your allergy, bang! Watch out!" I used to say to G.T. ... our marriage did not survive. Paul and I, trying to understand the movement from two points of view, drawing knowledge from it but as *equals*, overcame the allergy ... and we began to experience an unspoken sense of faith in each other's talent and taste ... a human intimacy without the mingling

of sexuality ... or games. Today, Paul and I are better partners, better friends, better artistic collaborators than ever.

We met in January twice a week, exchanging thoughts, materials, ideas ... Paul suggested we read everything about the women's movement ... I was less interested ... after all, I was a "sexy dame" and the movement was for "freaks" ... I soon found out how conditioned I was. We were unbelievably lucky in many ways. To begin with we had thought of the title I AM A WOMAN as a temporary one ... afraid it suggested something too sentimental, too old-fashioned. Little did we realize that the word "woman" would be so radically re-defined in the next six months that it would become one of the "hottest" words in the English vocabulary. As if on cue, articles began to appear, poetry, novels, anthologies, about women, by women. *Ms.* magazine came out with its first issue ... women were finally speaking for themselves, raising their voices, exposing handwritten diaries, hidden under napkins, among the kitchen silver or the children's toys ... I read, I listened, I watched, I was astonished ... it went click, click, click ... and I, together with millions of other women all over the world, began to understand myself.

We decided not to write any of the material but rather let each piece take us into unexpected places more complex than we would have been able to invent ourselves. My own need to re-examine my past, as well as a desire to restore my own ability to love, also influenced us in the choice of story-line and material. Reading about Anne Frank's first kiss ... images came back to me of a Nordic summer night, dark water, a canoe, a red-haired boy ... there were no doubts, no questions. I realized I longed for that feeling again.

People were marvelous ... making suggestions, sending us poetry, scenes, clippings ... my files kept growing ... I often felt overwhelmed by the work and except for Paul's methodic confidence, I might have copped out ... the sitting in front of the typewriter, the despairing feeling of seeing endless amounts of

paper, often with a slight change here, a slight addition there, made me feel very inadequate. As an actress, I was used to getting to the core of my work by doing it over and over again ... not until I realized that the system was the same did it get easier (not so different from cleaning house ... one room at a time ... and don't take no for an answer from the plumber if the basement is flooded ... if worse comes to worse, you can do it yourself.) The story line became clearer ... the first part of the journey took the woman into the past, with voices of the present piercing themselves through, moving the story forward ... the second part took her into the present, making her see into the future ... and so, in spite of an aching back and a stiff neck, we got the manuscript to the typist ... it had taken us six months to complete ... it was returned a few days later ... what joy! What satisfaction! There it was in front of me: a clean copy of I AM A WOMAN.

We had been assured a workshop in Hartford in October ... pressure of a deadline at this point was essential to start clarifying the work ... we were to begin rehearsals in August ... ahead of us was the editing, the shaping of it into a two-hour theatrical evening. To find the rhythm of the play, to be able to experiment with a piece here, a piece there, we wanted to work on our feet. I spent June and July memorizing the script. I didn't mind ... I remembered having read about an English actress who learned a poem a day, exercising her brain like an athlete exercises his muscles. That summer I taught a workshop at the New School, in New York ... I called it A Day On Your Craft. Gui Andrisano taught the dance class ... (he later helped us with the movement in the play) ... and Joe Scott taught voice. In the brochure for the class, I wrote, "I have no other tools but myself, my voice, my body, my inner self, my soul ... I must exercise them every day in order to grow ... that is my commitment." I heard that summer, "I want to live the life I sing about," ... it felt good to practice what I preached.

I was in better shape when we met in August ... Paul decided

to use sound as a theatrical device ... a bridge taking the woman from one island to another ... an explanation, a setting of a mood ... keeping the journey in perpetual motion ... we asked David Horowitz to write the score ... he came to rehearsals, he sat, he listened, he wrote but he never watched me ... a few days later, he played a piece of music on his synthesizer, not only beautiful but essential to the story line. We were equally lucky to find Joe Eula to design the costume ... he showed up one morning at my studio in the Mercer Arts Center, (the building collapsed a year later—I still have visions of the woman in white, the survivor, rising out of the debris of West Broadway—luckily, we were in Rochester when it happened). Joe came armed with a large sketch pad and an unbelievable amount of creativity ... he sketched me over and over again ... one of the drawings became the artwork symbolizing the show. Lovingly, he created a costume for the working actress as well as for the woman on her journey ... leotards with a skirt tied around the waist, a brown travelling cape with a slouch hat ... he selected the props, some old and some new, sparingly with the eye of the artist ... helping me create images of the 36 women ... the hat for the wife as well as Professor Freud; the money bag for the whore as well as Mother Courage; the wigs, the red and the blonde, for the entertainers, the role-players; the white cape for the woman at peace; the blue scarf for the purity of Anne Frank's spirit; and last but not least, the silver mask, designed by his friend, Elsa Peretti, symbolizing the movement of the play, *the removal of the mask*, the acceptance of self. I can still see Joe standing in the costume shop in Hartford, steam coming out of the dye-pots ... pieces of material hanging around him, tones from deep rose to light flesh color, to be dried, to be checked under the lights, to be examined, to be tried over and over again ... the artist and the scientist at work.

In Hartford, we gave four performances over a period of two weeks ... in my experience, getting in front of the audience leads to the core of the performance quicker than a week of rehearsals. We learned a tremendous amount ... with the money we made we paid

for the costumes and part of the sound ... this became our method to mount the show, and by the time we opened in New York, the physical production had been totally financed by us through the work. Rita Fredricks joined us to take care of the business end of the production, and later, Bob MacDonald ... we formed a corporation—I AM A WOMAN. I am often amazed how complicated even a one-woman show can get, both from a technical as well as legal point of view. My favorite fantasy for an ad is a picture of all the people behind the show ... accountants, lawyers, producers, assistant producers, girl Fridays, agents, press agents, designers, costumers, photographers, printers, secretaries, typists, etc. etc., with me, someplace ... almost lost among them ... but not quite.

We wrote to all the regional theaters offering the production, and the Seattle Repertory Company became our first date. We spent as much time as we could (we had to make a living as well) during the next four months putting the show into performance shape. In March, we arrived in Seattle ... I was impressed with the theatre situated in the middle of the festival grounds ... a beautiful place for the people of Seattle to celebrate, to learn, to identify, to be moved, to be astonished ... and I was grateful for the opportunity to perform there. In Seattle, we experienced some difficulties in selling the show ... people are prejudiced against a one-woman evening ... images of freaky elderly unsuccessful actresses touring the provinces reading poetry in flowing gowns come to mind ... I understood, for I too had been conditioned ... today, I look at them as courageous lonely forerunners of the movement ... *mutations*. After many personal appearances and interviews the image began to change and the box office picked up. Our opening was glorious, the reviews were raves ... word of mouth took care of the rest. By the end of the run, my performance as well as the show itself had become more precise, and as always in my life, I restored myself through the work. I shudder to think of women going through, as I had, the break-up

of a marriage, finding themselves without a man, a lifetime partner, at the age of 50 ... with no other involvements to draw from ... but things are changing. After one of the performances, I met with a group of women from NOW ... we talked about the movement ... I said, "I am happy it came at this time in my life; fifteen years from now it might have been too late." A lovely white-haired lady around 65 stepped forward, hugged me and said, "No, Darling, it wouldn't." We both laughed. I thought of her when I worked on the character of "Barbara" as she performs the lecture on the female orgasm ... "It's never too late, Darling," I ad-libbed. We left Seattle in an exuberant mood ... Cleveland had come through with an offer for a week ... the Arena Stage in Washington for three ... I arrived in New York thinner, tired but happy ... meeting me at the airport was a new man in my life.

Cleveland went beautifully ... again, word of mouth had sold the show ... by now we realized that it was to be our strongest ally. From Cleveland we went straight to the Arena Stage where a year earlier I had done "Dance of Death" by the great Swedish playwright, August Strindberg. In the production, I had experienced a vitality, a black humor, a kind of dissecting honesty that removed the heaviness of the play for me. I had seen it through the eyes of *his* generation (the generation of my mother and father) and came to realize that *our* time is too aware to excuse pity and *weltschmerz*. It is often said that Strindberg is anti-female. He was a writer and tried deeper than most men to understand the battle between the sexes. Paul and I chose Alice to illustrate the prison of a love-hate relationship as experienced brutally and honestly by a Strindberg woman ... his conditioned *masterrace* upbringing at times blurred his sense of fairness—as it had my father's, as it had Freud's.

I have experienced since childhood the stubborn moment when the man feels it's his right, and nobody else's, to run the show ... some do it with a fist, some with charm, some by writing a play, some by love, some by walking out, some by drinking, some by

feeling rejected—when there is no need for rejection ... an almost spasmodic reaction interfering with his growth in becoming a man with his woman—no longer a boy with his mother, or a father with his daughter. But it takes two to play the game ... I remember a dialogue after a performance in a Swedish school ... a young Social Democrat monopolized the conversation: “Women’s Lib is an American invention. We don’t need it in Sweden,” he said. “Yes, socialistically Sweden is ahead of the U.S., but perhaps not on a deeper level ... everything cannot be solved through rules and regulations, and we can learn from each other,” I tried to tell him. He did not want to listen, too involved in his own need to compete, above all, to prove he was right. Finally, I said, “Perhaps someone else would like to talk.” But no one did and soon the dialogue was over. As I put my props together, six young girls came up on stage. “Can we speak with you for ten minutes?” they asked. “Why did you wait so long? I have to leave now,” I said. “We didn’t want to interrupt him, he needs to talk things out, he is always like that, there’s nothing to be done,” they answered. It is unbelievably hard for women to stand up for their newly found selves—deeply afraid, as we are, of losing the love in us. Many women today are putting themselves on ice until they are able to function according to their own standards. During an open dialogue in Rochester, a girl answered a man in the audience who told her, “You are not the only one with problems, we have them too.” “Yes,” she said, “but I am too fragile at the moment to listen to yours.” But it was a man in the audience one night who asked, “Do you believe it is possible to have intimacy without possessiveness?” It was very quiet in the house ... I took a deep breath and answered, “Yes, for me it is a must.”

In Washington, the dialogues became a life saver ... one reviewer, a major one, attacked the show and me violently ... it was so obviously an anti-female attack that it turned into an asset ... he talked about my sagging breasts, my age and my Swedish accent ... there was nothing I could do about any of them ... I was in a panic

... that night, I had to go on portraying Anne at 14 and Brenda at 16. My lover called me from New York: “Fight the bastard, mobilize the women, use it!” he said ... it was very helpful, particularly coming from a man. I suddenly found my fury ... the house was small (for the first time) ... the atmosphere was cold ... when I got to that gorgeous freaky lady, the Madwoman of Chaillot, I ad-libbed, “It doesn’t always look so good in the morning, especially if you have read your review in the *Washington Post*.” The house roared and broke into applause ... the ice was broken. During the open dialogue we discussed the effect of a review and the right of an audience to demand that a reviewer live up to the standards of their city—that they can do something about it, that power can shift. Letters began to bombard the newspaper, audiences began to build. The women in particular came to my rescue ... they marched, they threatened. Barrette Blackington organized her own picket crowd in front of the *Washington Post* and demanded equal space for a brilliant reply she had written ... she got it ... and in Washington, D.C., sisterhood became a reality to me.

Today, I have played over 350 performances, almost every one followed by a dialogue ... and I have shared with the audience ... men as well as women ... a deep desire to accept the basic need for equality.

At Nazareth College, in Rochester, our last date before New York, we completed the physical production. We had been using a temporary set but now we were ready to commission a final one. Through Anaïs Nin we became familiar with Suzanne Benton’s work as a sculptress and we asked her to do our set ... Suzanne, like Joe and David, wanted to attend rehearsals ... she kept sketching me ... she must have done hundreds ... “I want to see you in the statue,” she explained ... the way you move, your hands, your cape.” A few weeks later in her studio in Connecticut, when I saw the “Tower” as she calls it, I understood ... miraculously shaped into the metal I saw women’s faces, hands, crotches, the drape of

the cape. Another artistic dimension was added to the journey. I loved watching her work, dressed in a heavy apron, mask and gloves, attacking the iron with a blowtorch, the fire spitting out of her hands ... I have come to realize that my mother was a talented painter ... but her work was treated as a child's is when brought home from school ... she took the cue from society and never dared to commit herself. Suzanne too was a housewife for fifteen years, embarrassed to ask her husband for money for a coat ... a feminist today, she is an independent blossoming artist with a growing reputation. I had been even luckier ... I remember my first dance class at the age of 5 ... the day I was accepted at the Royal Dramatic Theatre School at the age of 16 ... and remember that warm feeling as if coming home to a place where I knew I could express myself ... *my way* ... I had experienced that feeling early ... time and time again.

We were now ready for New York. Unfortunately we wasted eight months through the incompetence of a commercial Broadway producer ... everything became money and business ... I found myself caught in an ugly power struggle ... I didn't like myself ... the haggling almost killed the baby. Brecht wrote "Mother Courage" anticipating that women might come into power and like men, misuse it ... becoming victims of greed and ego ... for our biological sex does not protect us from that cancer. In the final moment of the play, we see Mother Courage, a pathetic wreck of a body, pulling a pathetic wreck of a wagon ... she is alone, the children dead, the lover gone ... she can't stop counting ... her tongue spasmodically sliding around her lips ... her fingers greedily touching the nonexistent money ... her eyes pointlessly rolling like an idiot's ... unable to see the sky, the trees or another human being ... the machine has taken over. Brecht wanted the audience to shudder in fear of becoming like her, recognizing themselves in her as I had, and hopefully stop the "violation of self" (the working title for the section in the Second Act which ends with Mother Courage). He also wrote, "A human being is a good thing." The

actress in the production must contribute to getting these messages across. "Verfremdung" (objectivity) is the word Brecht uses in his theories on acting ... his way to explain an artist's total use of self ... Brecht died of a heart attack at the age of 57 ... he was a passionate man ... the more passion the more need for objectivity. I remind myself of that when I work on his characters. I do not think of my brain as a separate part of me ... I am a thinking body, passionate or cool or whatever ... but always in one piece ... no split between my emotional and my intellectual life ... no split anywhere. I credit much of my knowledge today to Lee Strasberg and The Actor's Studio ... I "lived" there for 4 years ... and I remember my old drama teacher in Stockholm telling us (that is all I remember of her teaching), "Go out and *live*, girls." The word "exist" has come up in my sessions with I.B. (my analyst) between the moon and the sun, we have the right to exist ... on stage ... in life.

In October, we faced our mistake of trying to produce the play in a conventional fashion ... and when Gene Frankel at the Theatre of Space offered us a workshop production, which would enable us to keep artistic control, we accepted. We put up \$2000 ourselves and found a friend, Alan Mandel, who gave us another \$1000. We asked Michael Molley to paint our scrim with darkened skies and the sunlight that follows ... and last but not least we asked Beverly Emmons to add her eye to the journey ... she painted the stage brilliantly with her lights making us "see and see again." Those words used by Lillian Hellman to describe the process of *pentimento* in the introduction to her book explaining her need "to see what was there for me once, what is there for me now." ... so similar to the need of the woman in the play, to so many women today, to mine ... those words we read two days before the opening, two years after we had begun the work ... they became our introduction and the script was finally frozen.

Since there was little money in the budget for ads, the women again came to our rescue: Dorothy, Jen, Kathy, Susan, Mary and

many more ... they did everything from running errands to being my dresser ... to pasting posters all over New York, legally and illegally ... driving their cars with balloons and posters in the windows ... even running the light board when the electrician dropped out. It all paid off. We opened and the critics arrived one by one ... *The New York Times* gave us a rave ... interviews began to appear ... soon we played to standing room only ... from then on, we haven't really stopped. After a four-month run in New York, we went on a nationwide tour, and later that year an invitation came through from Sweden, the country where I was born, to play in regional theaters as well as schools. "Viveca Lindfors is showing her breasts for 1,500 Kronen in schools," was the headline that met me when I arrived ... when I left, eight weeks later, there were only write-ups about the artist ... the woman ... and a highly theatrical evening. I was as celebrated as I had been when I was a young film star (a sex symbol?) ... in eight weeks they had realized the change that had taken me 25 years to come to.

I am on tour with I AM A WOMAN ... "Art makes the unbearable bearable," I had written in my diary sitting by my mother's deathbed ... I am thinking as I lie here how my life has changed during these last four years ... the split is healing ... I am closer to myself ... tonight when the melancholy but strangely buoyant music begins ... I, the actress, the woman ... will take my place on the stage in the dark ... as the lights slowly come up ... the journey will continue ...

St. Louis—October, 1975

PRODUCTION NOTES

Although I AM A WOMAN was created for one person, it can be performed quite easily by as many people as desired. Other actors can be used, not only to play various characters, but also to provide environments for the different selections through the use of sounds and gestures either singly or in groups. Since part of the play's interest lies in how much we are all one in a world of our own making, groupings of actors can be used as scenic architectural units in various scenes. It is conceivable that a group of actors could be the sculptures in Louise Nevelson's studio and shortly thereafter become the primeval forest that is the world of the *Boy Changed Into a Stag*. Other actors can also become silent partners in the scenes. For example, Monroe can be speaking to Ibsen's Nora, a resonance which could only help to further the play's intent. Moreover, since all the characters in the play have the search for woman's fulfillment in common, the possibilities for interaction of differing numbers of characters involving themselves in scenes other than their own are manifold. Then too, since the play seeks the oneness in all of us, more than one actor can share a single characterization. For instance, Revolutionary and the Vietnamese Freedom Fighter can share their portrayals as can, say, Mother Courage and Mrs. Manson. The rhythmic use of these approaches in combinations can make for a highly imaginative and rewarding production for any number of actors.

Paul Austin

SOUNDTRACK

Strolling Players, Inc., 172 East 95th Street, New York, New York 10028 can furnish the special tape for the production of this play. The rental for the use of this tape (which is in addition to royalty on the play itself) is \$20 for each performance.

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To all the artists and writers who have contributed to the clarity and beauty of the evening ... to their representatives who patiently have answered our endless requests for permissions ... to *Hartford Repertory Company* who offered us the first workshop production ... to Rita Fredricks who helped us getting it on its feet ... to the regional theaters such as the *Seattle Repertory Company*, the *Cleveland Playhouse*, the *Arena Stage* in Washington who believed in us as artists ... to the *Washington Post* who gave us the one and only anti-female review and thus made us gain support from the women's movement ... to H.T., a liberated male ... to Gene Frankel who offered us the workshop production in New York ... to Bob MacDonald who stuck it out with the business end of it, come rain or shine (and often it was pouring) ... to Doug Laidlaw, the stage manager, the irreplaceable ... to Phil Giambri, master of our first sound tape ... to Janet Gifford, indispensable assistant and friend ... to Natalie Slohm, a super woman, record producer ... to Margo Lane and CBC and to Norman Campbell for directing our TV special so creatively ... to Jerry Lurie who had the patience and manners of a legal angel, even when meeting the devil ... to G.T., to Harris, to Jane, to Bob, to Jeff who supported the idea way back ... to I.B. who kept heads together and apart ... to mothers and fathers and sisters and brothers, sons and daughter and grand-daughters, to husbands and lovers and agents and friends, and enemies too ... one way or another they all contributed.

New York

Viveca Lindfors and Paul Austin

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International Creative Management for an excerpt from *LOVERS AND OTHER STRANGERS* by Renee Taylor and Joe Bologna.

Eve Merriam for "A Conversation Against Death" by Eve Merriam.

Josephine B. Dims, Trustee, *ESTATE, MARC BLITZSTEIN* excerpt from *THE THREE PENNY OPERA* by Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weil, translated by Marc Blitzstein.

McIntosh and Otis, Inc. and Ziegler Associates for an excerpt from "The Liberated Orgasm" by Barbara Seaman.

Margery Vosper, Ltd. for an excerpt from D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterly's Lover*.

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Grove Press, inc. for the excerpt from *JUNGLE OF CITIES* by Bertolt Brecht. Translated by Anselm Hollo. Published by Grove Press, inc. 1966. Reprinted by permission.

Pati Trolander for her poem "I Have Been Alive 14 Years, How Am I Going to Feel 10 Years from Now?"

The Sterling Lord Agency for "Little Girl, My Stringbean" by Anne Sexton.

University of Minnesota Press for an excerpt from *THE GOOD WOMAN OF SETZUAN* (Seven Plays) by Bertolt Brecht.

Judy Syfers for an excerpt from "I Want A Wife" *Ms. Magazine*, December, 1971.

Esquire Magazine, July 1970, for an excerpt from "Cutting Loose" by Sally Kempton.

Bert Green for his adaptation from "In My Mother's House" by Colette.

Mme. Nino Tallon Karlweis for the excerpt from "THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT" by Jean Giraudoux.

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Nora Sayre for "Interview with G.I."

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Gloria Steinem for an excerpt from "Marilyn" *Ms. Magazine*, August, 1972.

New Directions Publishing Corp., excerpt, Princess Monologue, Act One, Scene One from SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH. THE THEATRE OF TENNESSEE WILLIAMS, VOL. IV. Copyright © 1959 by Two Rivers Enterprises, Inc. All Rights Reserved. Reprinted by permission of New Directions Publishing Corporation.

Betty Friedan for an excerpt from *The Feminine Mystique* by Betty Friedan.

Ferenc Juhász for "The Boy Changed into a Stag."

Bertha Case for Stefan Brecht for excerpts from SONG OF A GERMAN MOTHER and MOTHER COURAGE AND HER CHILDREN by Bertolt Brecht.

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Olwyn Hughes for "Spinster" by Sylvia Plath.

Dr. Estelle Ramey for an excerpt from "Sex Hormones and Creative Ability" by Estelle Ramey.

Fran Sanders for an excerpt from "The Black Woman" by Fran Sanders.

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Gunther Stuhlman for an excerpt from *Diary of Anais Nin*.

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