



## *The Colony*

by Pierre de Marivaux

Translated by Gillian Hanna

This file contains a scanned copy of the script for Gillian Hanna's translation of Marivaux's *The Colony*, which formed Act One of **Monstrous Regiment Theatre Company's** 1990 production of *The Colony Comes A Cropper*. Act Two, *Comes A Cropper*, was written by Robyn Archer to follow on from this. The scripts for both Acts are held in the company's archive at the V&A's Theatre and Performance Archives.

Full information about the show, including access to some of the music composed for it by Lindsay Cooper, is provided in its **Productions** page on the company's website: [www.monstrousregiment.co.uk](http://www.monstrousregiment.co.uk)

Marivaux had written a three-act play, *The New Colony*, in 1729, which was abandoned after a single performance. Twenty years later he returned to its theme and setting in a re-worked one-act play, *The Colony*. Published in 1750, it seems to have disappeared from sight for a century or two after a few private performances.

The file contains what is marked as the first draft of Hanna's translation.

Some revisions were made prior to the production, and included in handwritten additions to a copy of the script with lighting cues. Although of poor visual quality, this has been appended to the unrevised script.

Requests for permission to perform this translation should be addressed to: Alan Brodie Representation, Paddock Suite, The Courtyard, 55 Charterhouse Street, London EC1M 6HA ([www.alanbrodie.com](http://www.alanbrodie.com))

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N.B. FIRST DRAFT.

THE COLONY

by

Marivaux

Translated by Gillian Hanna

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Translation: c 1989 Gillian Hanna

VERY FIRST DRAFT!!

The New Colony

Characters:

Arthenice, a lady of the aristocracy.

Madame Sorbin, a working man's wife.

Monsieur Sorbin, Madame Sorbin's husband.

Timagene, an aristocrat.

Lina, Madame Sorbin's daughter.

Persinet, a young working man, Lina's suitor.

Hermocrate, another aristocrat.

A crowd of women, aristocrats and working class.

The scene is an island where all the characters find themselves shipwrecked.

Scene 1. Arthenice and Madame Sorbin.

Arthenice:            Now then! Madame Sorbin, or perhaps I should do better to call you my dear partner, for that is what you are, now that your fellows have invested you with the same power that my noble sisters have seen fit to bestow upon me. Let us take one another by the hand as a symbol of our unity, and henceforward let there be but one mind between us two.

Madame Sorbin:      (Giving her hand to Arthenice)

Resolution: There is but one woman here, and one thought.

Arthenice: Here are we, entrusted with the greatest responsibility ever given to our sex, and we find ourselves in the most favourable circumstances in which to dispute our rights in relation to the male sex.

Madame S: Aha! Gentlemen, this time you will have to reckon with us!

Arthenice: We have been forced to seek refuge with them on this island. Since we settled here, the government to which we owed allegiance has ceased to exist.

Madame S: Yes, what is required here is a completely new form of government, and this is the moment to bring it into being. We are in a position to demand justice, and to rid ourselves of that absurd humiliation to which we have been subjected since the dawn of time. Better to die than to endure such insults a moment longer!

Arthenice: Well done! And do you have the courage to match the dignity of your task?

Madame S: Listen here! Today, I care not a fig for my own life. The long and the short of it is, I am prepared to sacrifice myself; I will undertake the task. Madame Sorbin wishes to live in history not in the world.

Arthenice: I can promise you a name that will live eternally.

Madame Sorbin: In twenty thousand years' time we will still be the latest news.

Arthenice: And even if we ourselves do not succeed then our grand daughters will.

Madame S: I tell you, the male sex will never get over it. By the by, my dear inspiration, there is a certain Monsieur Timagene here who has been laying siege to your heart; is the siege still in progress? Has he managed to capture it? Take great care, that would be a dreadful example a human frailty.

Arthenice: What is this Timagene, Madame Sorbin? I have not given him a moment's thought since we embarked on our project. Take a lesson from me and stand firm.

Madame S: Who? Me? Where is the difficulty in that? I have only one husband and why should I worry about leaving him? After all, it isn't an affair of the heart.

Arthenice: Oh, I agree with you there!

Madame S: Now then! You know that the men will shortly be gathering in the tents to choose two from among their number to draw up new laws; the drum has been beaten to summon the assembly.

Arthenice: And so?

Madame S: And so? And so our only course is to beat our own drum to call upon the women to ignore these man made regulations; to immediately draw up our own fine law separating ourselves from the men, and we must do it while they still have no suspicion of what we are about.

Arthenice: That is precisely what I had in mind, except that we should put up our proclamation to the accompaniment of a trumpet blast rather than a roll of drums.

Madame S: Most excellent! A trumpet is a fine idea, and highly suitable.

Arthenice: Look, there go Timagene and your husband. They have not seen us.

Madame S: They must be on their way to the assembly. Do you think we should call them?

Arthenice: Why not? We will question them about what is going on.

(She calls Timagene)

Madame S: (She calls as well)

Hey! My good man!

## Scene Two

The characters as in the previous scene, with the addition of  
Monsieur Sorbin and Timagene.

Timagene: Ah! A thousand pardons, divine Arthenice, I had no  
idea you were so near at hand.

Monsieur S: What do you want, Missus, we're in a hurry?

Madame S: Keep your hair on..I wanted to see you, Monsieur  
Sorbin. Isn't there something you want to tell me -just  
a casual word in passing, or something more serious  
even?

Monsieur S: No. What on earth could I have to tell you? Except  
maybe what the weather's up to or what time it is.

Arthenice: And have you nothing to say to me, Timagene? Have  
any of you been discussing anything that might be of  
interest to women?

Timagene: No, I can't think of anything they should be worrying  
they should be worrying their pretty little heads  
over: the subject of women has not even been  
mentioned to the best of my knowledge.

Arthenice: Not even been mentioned? Well, that's all fine and  
delightful, isn't it?

Madame S: Never mind. Our proclamation will soon have you on  
your toes.

Monsieur S: What are you rabbiting on about? What proclamation?

Madame S: Oh nothing. I was just muttering to myself.

Arthenice: Now then, Timagene, and where are you two off to, so deep in thought?

Timagene: To the assembly. We have been summoned, I by the nobility and gentry, and this good fellow by the common people. They are threatening to appoint us to be the ones to draw up our new laws of government, and I must admit that I feel myself so unworthy of the task, that I am trembling at the very idea.

Madame S: What's this husband? You are going to draw up laws?

Monsieur S: Alas! That's what they are saying, and it's causing me a great deal of worry I can tell you.

Madame S: Why, Monsieur Sorbin? You may be a big lump of a thing and a bit slow witted, but as long as I've known you, you've always had a lot of good common sense, and that will stand you in good stead. Besides, I've feel sure that all the men will have the sense to ask us women to assist you.

Monsieur S: Oh do give over with all this woman nonsense. It's enough to make a cat laugh.

Madame S: Well I'm not laughing.

Monsieu S: Have you gone mad?



Madame S: Dear O dear, Monsieur Sorbin, what a rude little representative you are to be sure. Well, never mind, that will all be taken care of by law. I intend to draw up a few myself.

Monsieur S: (Laughs)  
You? Ha!Ha!Ha!Ha!

Timagene (Laughs)  
Ha!Ha!Ha!Ha!

Arthenice: And what is so amusing about that? She is perfectly right. She will draw up laws. As I will myself also.

Timagene: You, Arthenice?

Monsieur S: Laws! (Laughing)

Arthenice: Most certainly.

Monsieur S: (Laughing)  
Oh very good! Go on then, do. Amuse yourselves. Have your fun; but you'll have to save all these little jokes for some other time. It really is too funny for for the present time.

Timagene: Why? Any time is a good time for fun and games.

Arthenice: Fun and games, Timagene?

Madame S: Our little jokes, Monsieur Sorbin? Watch out, we'll give you little jokes.

Monsieur S: Let us leave these droll dames, Sir Timagene. We must be off. Farewell, dear wife. A thousand thanks for your kind assistance.

Arthenice: Just a moment! I have one or two thoughts I would like to deliver to His Lordship the Elected Representative of the Nobility.

Timagene: Speak then.

Arthenice: Now listen to what I have to say: All of us, great and small, high and low, nobles, bourgeois and common people have been forced to flee our native land to escape death or slavery at the hands of an enemy who has vanquished us.

Monsieur S: I can feel a sermon coming up. Why don't we postpone it to some other occasion. We don't have the time just now.

Madame S: Be quiet you rude man!

Timagene: We will hear you out.

Arthenice: Our ships took us to this wild country. A fine country.

Monsieur S: Our women babble too much.

Madame S: (Angry)

Not again!

Arthenice: So it was decided that we should remain here. We came all muddled up together, our fortune recognising no differences between us; therefore there was no-one among us who had the natural right to rule us; and since everything is in confusion we must have leaders, one or several, and we must have laws.

Timagene: Well, Madame, that is precisely what we are on our way to attend to.

Monsieur S: We are going to see to all that, and speedily. The men are waiting for us to do so.

Arthenice: Who is this 'us'? To whom are you referring when you say 'Us'?

Monsieur S: Well, good heavens, we are referring to us, ourselves, who else should we be referring to?

Arthenice: Pardon me, but who is going to frame these laws? From whom will they come?

Monsieur S: (Scornfully) :  
From us.

Madame S: From men!

Monsieur S: So it would seem.

Arthenice: These leaders, or perhaps this ruler, to whom will he owe allegiance?

Madame S: (Scornfully)  
To men!

Monsieur S: So it would seem.

Arthenice: And who will this leader be?

Madame S: A man.

Monsieur S: Well, who else should it be?

Arthenice: It's all men, men men, and never women. What do you think about that Timagene? It seems that the rather dull wits of your assistant are unable to grasp my meaning.

Timagene: I have to confess, Madame that I find myself equally perplexed as to the nature of the problem.

Arthenice: Perplexed? Well then allow us to enlighten you.

Monsieur S: (To his wife)  
Come on, tell us what you're on about.

Madame S: You've got the nerve to ask me? Oh go away!

Timagene: But dear lady...

Arthenice: But dear sir, you are beginning to annoy me.

Monsieur S: (To his wife)  
What does she mean?

Madame S: She means ~~why don't you~~ take that <sup>ugly mug</sup> ~~man's~~ face of yours off somewhere else.

Monsieur S: With whom are they so angry?

Madame S: It's always men, men men, and never women. And it never included us.

Monsieur S: And what else?

FIRST DRAFT

Madame S:           Huh! You're an idiot. that's what else.

Timagene:           You will cause me great pain, dear Lady, if you make  
                      me leave you without enlightening me as to why you  
                      are angry with me.

Arthenice:           Begone Sir! You will be enlightened on your return  
                      from your assembly.

Madame S:           The drum will tell you everything you need to know.  
                      No, a blast of the trumpet.

Monsieur S:          Flute, horn or trumpet, it's all one to me. Come along,  
                      Monsieur Timagene.

Timagene:           I am greatly troubled, My Lady, and I will return as  
                      soon as I can.

Scene Three

Madame Sorbin and Arthenice.

Arthenice:           Here is a new outrage to add to the list: they refuse  
                      to understand us.

Madame S:           What do you expect, it's just their ancient insolent  
                      habit they pass down from father to son. It rots  
                      their brains.

Scene Four

Madame Sorbin, Arthenice, Lina and Persinet.

Persinet: I throw myself at your mercy, O most worthy lady, my  
future mother-in-law. You have promised me the hand  
of the charming Lina, and I am impatient to join  
myself with her in Holy Wedlock. I love her so madly I  
can no longer bear to go on loving her without being  
married to her.

Arthenice: (To Madame Sorbin)

Take this young puppy away, Madame Sorbin. Present  
circumstances oblige us to break with all of his  
species.

Madame S: You are right. Such an association is not seemly.

Persinet: I await your reply.

Madame S: What are you doing Persinet?

Persinet: Alas! I am at your feet begging for mercy, and I am  
keeping the incomparable Lina company.

Madame S: Go back where you came from.

Lina: Go back? But where did he come from dear Mother?

Madame S: I want him to go away. He must go away. Circumstances  
demand that he goes away. This is an Affair of State.

Lina: He'll only follow behind us.

Persinet: Oh yes indeed, I would find true happiness in walking  
humbly behind you.

Madame S: No, you may not remain. I will not allow it. Take yourself off and do not dare to reappear until peace has been declared.

Lina: Farewell Persinet! Until we meet again! There's no point in making my mother even angrier than she is already by arguing.

Persinet: But who has broken the peace? Cursed war, until you are over I will retire to my solitary room and bewail my fate all alone.

(Scene Five)

Arthenice, Madame Sorbin , Lina.

Lina: Why are you so horrid to him, dear Mother? do you no longer wish him to love me nor to marry me?

Madame S: No, my daughter. We now find ourselves in a situation where love is completely idiotic.

Lina: Oh dear, what a shame!

Arthenice: And marriage, such as we have know it up until this moment, is nothing but a form of slavery which we intend to abolish dear child. For we must let her know what is going on, just to cheer her up a bit.

Lina: Abolish marriage? Well, what will we have in its place?

Madame S: Nothing.

Lina: That's rather drastic.

Arthenice: Lina, surely you understand that until now women have always been subservient to their husbands?

Lina: Yes, My Lady, but it is not a custom that is an impediment to love.

Madame S: You are forbidden to love.

Lina: But when you feel it, how can it be taken away from you? I didn't take hold of love. Love took hold of me. And in any case, I want to submit myself to its yoke.

Madame S: What do you mean, submit? You have the soul of a servant, Good God. Submit? Is it possible that that word came out of a woman's mouth? I never want to hear you pronounce such a horror again, so I must tell you that we are in a state of rebellion.

Arthenice: Do not be angry with her. She was not present at our deliberations on account of her youth, but I'm sure she will see reason once reason has been explained to her. I assure you she will be delighted when she discovers that she has as much authority as her husband in their little household. And that when he says "I want this", she has the right to say "Well I don't".

Lina: (In tears)



I'd never have had to bother about all that. Persinet and I always want the same thing. We always agree about everything.

Madame S: You take care, you and your precious Persinet. If you don't start having more worthy feelings, I will expel you from the noble Company of Women. Stay here with me and my comrade and we will teach you to appreciate your own merit. And above all, dry your tears. They irritate your mother and insult our worth.

Arthenice: I see some of our friends approaching. It looks as if they want to speak with us. Let us find out what they want.

#### Scene Six

Arthenice, Madame Sorbin, Lina and four women, two of whom are carrying sashes of striped ribbon.

One of the

Representatives: Honoured companions, the sex which has appointed you to be its leaders and chosen you to be its defenders, has thought it proper, in the course of further deliberations, to bestow upon you these marks of your high station, which we now bring you. At the same

time, we are commanded to swear total obedience to you, once you have sworn eternal fidelity to our cause. These are two vital questions which we had overlooked.

Arthenice: Illustrious delegates, we would willingly have denied ourselves this pomp with which you bedeck us. Our own virtues would have been sufficient decoration. Those are the marks by which we should be recognised.

Madame S: Never mind, we'll accept them anyway. Then we'll have two sets of jewellery instead of just one.

Arthenice: However, we do accept the honour you pay us, and we will proceed with the taking of the proper oaths. It is most proper that you should have noticed that omission. I will begin.

(She takes the hand of one of the delegates)

I dedicate my life to the defence of the the rights of my oppressed sex. I consecrate my life to that glory. I swear by my honour as a woman, by the steadfast courage of heart that heaven has bestowed on me; let us not deceive ourselves as to where that courage came from. Finally, I swear by that spirit of rebellion which carried my through my marriage, and

which preserved me from the insult of having to obey my late husband - that great oaf. i have spoken. Now, Madame Sorbin.

Madame S: Come closer, my daughter. Listen to my words. Your name will live in history forever, simply because you were present at this momentous moment.

(She takes the hand of one of the delegates)

This is what I have to say: You will be equal to men. They will be your comrades and not your masters. A woman will be worth as much as a man. This will be so, or I will die in the attempt. I swear it by the most solemn oath I know. I swear it on this stubborn head of mine which will never bow or bend. There is no-one in the world who can boast that they have got the better of this head. Anyone can vouch that I am telling you the truth.

One of the Ds: Now hear what the women you represent will swear in their turn: We would rather see the end of the world, the destruction of humankind before we disobey your commands. Here comes one of our companions to pay her respects to you.

## FIRST DRAFT

### Scene Seven

The delegates. Arthenice, Madame Sorbin, Lina and the woman who appears.

Woman: I hasten here to render homage to our sovereigns and to place myself under their rule.

Arthenice: Let us embrace one another, my friends. Our mutual oath imposes grave duties upon us and to encourage you in the fulfilment of yours, I think I should now paint again for you a vivid image of the humiliation we have lived in until this moment. By doing this we will only be following the example of all Commanders-in-Chief.

Madame S: It is called exhorting one's troops on the eve of battle.

Arthenice: But decency demands that we should all be seated so as to be more comfortable.

Madame S: The benches are over there. All we need to do is carry them over here. (To Lina) Come along child, wake up!

Lina: Look, Persinet is over there. He's stronger than me. He will help me, if you don't mind.

One of the Women: What? You want us to make use of a man?

Arthenice: Why not? Let this man be our servant. It is a happy omen.

FIRST DRAFT

Madame S: Well said: that will give us a great deal of satisfaction in our present situation. (To Lina) Call that servant to come over here.

Lina: Persinet! Persinet!

Scene Eight

Persinet: (Running) What is it, my love?

Lina: Help me move these benches over here.

Persinet: With pleasure, my angel. No, no, don't lay a finger on them, your little hands are too delicate. Allow me to do it.

( He pulls the benches forward. After some polite exchanges, Arthenice and Madame Sorbin sit down first. Persinet and Lina sit down side by side)

Arthenice: I admire your impertinence, young man. Take yourself off. We have no further need of your services.

Madame S: Your duties here are finished. Now go away.

Lina: He hardly takes up any room, dear Mother. Look he's just sharing my place with me.

Madame S: You've been told. Off with you!

Persinet: Oh dear, this is very hard.

Scene Nine

Arthenice: (She coughs and then spits)

The oppression we suffer at the hands of those tyrants is made no more bearable by the fact that is has been going on since ancient times. We cannot wait any longer for men to put matters right of their own volition. Their laws provide for no punishment for the crime of having crushed us under their feet at this time. Unless we take things into our own hands, we will never have justice. They owe us that justice. Why they have even forgotten that they have denied us justice.!

Madame S: That's the way things are. You have only to open your eyes to see it.

Arthenice: The way things are now, it is universally believed that we have no common sense; so universally believed that no-one dreams of questioning it. We even believe it ourselves!

One of the Wom Well, what do you expect? From the cradle onwards, it is drummed into us: "You can't do anything; don't bother your pretty little heads over that; the only thing you're fit for is being good little girls." It was drummed into our mothers and they believed it, and they in turn drummed it into us. Our ears have been

filled with this nonsense. Our trouble is we're too sweet natured. And laziness comes into it as well. So they lead us along by the nose like little lambs.

Madame S: Well, I may be only a woman, but speaking personally I've never been able to stomach lamb.

Arthenice: "I may be only a woman", says Madame Sorbin. That's most excellently put!

Madame S: There you are you see, it's this lamb business again.

Arthenice: We must needs have developed a fine mistrust of our own intellect to have adopted that jargon. I'd love to hear a man talking about himself like that. Fine chance! However let us return to the truth of the matter: You say you are only a woman. Well now, what would you prefer to be that would be better?

Madame S: Oh no, I'll stick to being a woman. I'll stick to that. We have the best of the bargain. I bless the Heaven that made me a woman and I return heartfelt thanks for the honours with which it has showered me.

One of the Wom: Alas! That is the truth!

Arthenice: Let us examine our own merits. Not from pride, but to acknowledge them.

Lina: O you should hear Persinet over there. He's a person who has examined our merits.

FIRST DRAFT

One of the Women: Persinet has no business to be here. It indecent to mention him in this company.

Madame S: Be quiet, my child. Don't waggle your tongue here, waggle your ears. A thousand pardons, dear ladies. Pray continue, comrade.

Arthenice: Let us look at what we are. And please stop me if I run on too long. When you look straight at a woman, what do you see? In truth, now, would you not agree that the Gods made her the object of their most assiduous attentions?

One of the Women: The more I think about it, the more I'm convinced of it.

Other Woman: It is undeniable.

Other Woman: Absolutely undeniable.

Other Woman: It is a fact.

Arthenice: Look at her: there is the delightfulness of her eyes  
...

Woman: Enchantment ..

Arthenice: Allow me to finish.

Woman: We must not interrupt.

Other Woman: Yes. Let us listen.

Other Woman: Silence, please!

Other Woman: Our leader is speaking.

Other Woman: And she is speaking well.



FIRST DRAFT

Linas: Well, I haven't said a word.

Madame S: Will you be quiet! I am losing patience!

Arthenice: I will begin again. Look at her: there is the  
delightfulness of her eyes; her charms and beauty  
which appear in all sorts of different guises. You  
would be hard put to say which is the most  
attractive; her figure or her face. Who could even  
begin to describe the infinite variety of her charms?  
Our feelings would get the better of us, we would  
never be able to describe them adequately. (The women  
all draw themselves up. Arthenice continues)  
Woman has the most noble bearing, yet at the same  
time the gentleness of her demeanour is enchanting.  
(All the women look sweet)

Woman: You just have to look at us!

Madame S: Shhh!

Arthenice: Her beauty is a proud beauty, and yet at the same  
time it is so delicate. Such beauty commands respect  
that can never diminish; it inspires love that never  
dies. To say that woman is beautiful, or delightful is  
merely to begin the sketch of her portrait. To say  
that her beauty takes you by surprise, that it takes  
possession of the mind, softens the heart and

ravishes the senses is simply to say that when you describe her looks, you hardly begin to touch on her attributes.

Madame S: And what's so wonderful is to have all those lovely bits and pieces and not even care about them. That's what is so extraordinary. But I mustn't interrupt. I will be quiet now.

Arthenice: Let us turn now to women's intelligence, and take note how terrifying our minds seem to be to our oppressors. You can tell it from the great efforts the tyrants make to to extinguish it, to prevent us from making use of it. Our intelligence is deemed fit only for the spinning wheel, the distaff and the running of their household; for the petty bothers of the housewife. In fine, these gentlemen would condemn us to a life of frills and fiddle-dee-dee.

Woman: Truly, this cries out for vengeance.

Arthenice: Or else our intelligence is condemned to judging fashions, to being amused by their little supper parties, to inspiring pleasing passions in their breasts, to ruling over trifles, to being ourselves the foremost of these trifles. In sum, these are the only functions they allow us on this earth. We who brought them up, taught them manners, calmed the

FIRST DRAFT

ferocity of the their souls; we, without whom the earth would be inhabited by a tribe of savages unworthy to be called "man".

Woman: Oh those monsters! Ladies, let us outlaw supper parties from this day forward!

Other Woman: And if it's passion they're after, let them look elsewhere.

Madame S: To put it precisely, let them do the spinning now.

Arthenice: It is true that they call us charming creatures, that they liken us to the stars in heaven, endow us with the colours of roses and lilies, sing our praises in verses in which the sun, insulted, pales in shame when compared to our beauties; and all this is not inconsiderable, you will allow. And besides there are the transports, the ecstasies, the despairs with which they entertain us.

Madame S: Really! This is just like sweets that you would give to children.

Other Woman: Sweets that we have had to live on for more than six thousand years.

Arthenice: And what is the result of all this? In our foolishness we insist on having the loathsome honour of pleasing them; and we amuse ourselves by become flirts; for it must be admitted, that is what we are.

First DRAFT

Woman: Is that our fault? That is all they let us be.

Arthenice: Doubtless. But what is so astonishing is that our souls are so invincibly superior, so stubborn, that we rise above all that nonsense I was describing. Our souls burst forth and cut through all that baseness into which they thrust us. Yes, we may be flirts, but our very flirting is a wonder.

Woman: Everything we do is a marvel.

Arthenice: When I ponder the genius, the wisdom, the intelligence that each one of us expends in playing the flirt, the only field in which we are allowed to exercise that intelligence, I realise that it is immense. There is sufficient depth of mind to govern two worlds the size of ours. And all that intelligence is utterly wasted.

Madame S: (Angry) It never sees the light of day. O it's enough to make the angels weep.

Arthenice: So much intelligence is quite overwhelming to their tiny brains; they cannot stand it. So they shower us with with idiotic compliments out of vicious madness, not reason. Their reason has never showered us with anything but insults.

Madame S: Come on then! No quarter! I vow I will be ugly! Our

## First Draft

first law will be that we should all try to be ugly.

(To Arthenice) Don't you think so, comrade?

Arthenice: I agree.

Woman: We've all got to be ugly? I think that putting things a bit arsey versey.

Other Woman: I'll never agree to that either.

Other Woman: Whoever would agree to it if they were in their right mind? What! Deliberately make ourselves hideous to get our revenge on men? No! Quite the reverse! We should make ourselves more beautiful than ever if that's possible. Then they'll regret what they've lost even more.

Other Woman: Yes, then they'll sigh at our knees more than ever and die of misery when they see they're rejected. Now there's what you could call a more sensible kind of rebellion. I say you are wrong MAdame Sorbin, altogether wrong.

Madame S: Tsk! Tsk! Tsk! I tell you, to make ourselves more beautiful would be only to sink back into the mire. Out of twenty or thirty swains that lie dying at our knees there is only the occasional one or two that truly expire. Generally speaking they are all saved. those so-called corpses always get round us. I know our temperaments too well, and I think we should keep

FIRST DRAFT

our new law. We will make ourselves ugly. Besides, in the end it isn't such a great sacrifice, ladies, you won't be giving up any more than I myself.

Woman: Oh come on! It's all very well for you to say that. You haven't got that much to give up. Your time's nearly up anyway.

Woman: It's not so surprising that you'd be prepared to your charms go so lightly.

Woman: No-one would ever mistake you for the Morning Star.

Lina: God's teeth, there isn't much chance you'd ever be taken for a heavenly body yourself!

Woman: O just hark to the little starling chattering her head off.

Madame S: Well, I'm flabbergasted. And what about the rest of you uppity minxes, do you all think your such great beauties?

Other Woman: Well if we all looked like you what would be the point of making ourselves ugly? There wouldn't be any need.

Other Woman: It's all very well for that Sorbin woman to talk.

Madame S: What? 'That Sorbin woman'? Are you calling me 'that Sorbin woman'?

Lina: How dare you talk to my mother like that. 'That Sorbin woman', indeed!

Madame S: Is no-one to be addressed in a polite fashion here?  
How could show such a lack of respect to me?

Arthenice: (To the other woman) You are in the wrong my dear. I  
think that Madame Sorbin's idea is very wise.

Woman: O I can easily believe that. It wouldn't affect you  
any more than it does her.

Arthenice: What is happening here? Are you attacking me now?

Madame S: Just look at them, these harridans with their  
fantasies of beauty. Yes, Madame Arthenice and I, who  
are worth more than the lot of you put together are  
making this law: We desire, order and ordain that  
we should go about scruffily dressed, with our hair  
looking as if we'd been dragged through a hedge  
backwards, and that we let our fair skins be tanned  
by the hot sun.

Arthenice: And to keep this bunch of little ninnies happy we will  
make an exception in their case. They will be  
permitted to tittivate themselves the best they can.

Madame S: Ah that is well said! Yes, cling to all your trinkets:  
your corsets and ribbons, your absurd simperings,  
your affectations. Go on, cram your elephantine feet  
into tiny little slippers to try and make them look  
smaller. Tart yourselves up, go on, tart yourselves  
up, it doesn't matter a damn.

FIRST DRAFT

Woman: Great Heavens, how vulgar she is! We made a fine choice there, did we not?

Arthenice: You may all depart. Your oaths bind you to obedience. I now declare this session closed.

Woman: Obedience? Well, look who's giving herself airs!

Woman: Our only remedy is to appeal against this. we should make a formal complaint.

Woman: Yes, let us make a formal complaint. We will elect a representative.

Madame S: I can hardly stop myself from hitting them.

Arthenice: Depart I say! Or I will place you under arrest.

Woman: (Going off with the others) It's all your fault ladies. I never wanted that common old witch. Nor that stuck up snob. I didn't want either of them. But of course no-one listened to me.

Scene Ten

Arthenice, Madame Sorbin and Lina.

Lina: Oh dear, mother, for the sake of peace, do let us keep our corsets and slippers.

Madame S: Shut your mouth. If you argue with me I'll dress you in a turnip sack.



Arthenice: We must restrain our anger. They are nothing but madwomen. We have a law to draw up. Let us go and prepare it.

Madame S: Let us go. (To Lina) And you wait here for the men to come out of their Assembly. And, I'm warning you, if Persinet turns up you are not to speak to him. Do I have your promise on that?

Lina: But ...Yes Mother.

Madame S: Come and fetch us the minute the men appear. The very minute.

Scene Eleven

Lina alone, then Persinet.

Lina: What a muddle! What a mess! When will I ever be married now? I don't know anything any more.

Persinet: Ah Lina, my darling Lina! Please will you explain this disaster that's fallen on my head. Why does Madame Sorbin chase me away? I'm still trembling like a leaf. I cannot endure it a moment longer. I think I am going to die.

Lina: Alas! The dear little man! If only I could talk to him in his anguish.

Persinet: Well you can! I'm right here in front of you.

FIRST DRAFT

Lina: But I have been forbidden to speak to him! And I'm not even supposed to look at him. I'm sure I'm being spied on!

Persinet: What! Deprive me of the heaven of your eyes!

Lina: It is true that perhaps he may speak to me. No-one has ordered me to stop him.

Persinet: Lina, my Lina, why do you stand so far away from me? If you don't have pity on me, I haven't much longer to live. If I am not to expire on the spot, I must have a glance from those glorious eyes.

Lina: If the only thing that can save my Persinet in this dreadful situation is a glance ..Oh! I don't care what my mother said, I can't just let him die.  
(She looks at him.)

Persinet: Ah, sweet medicine! It is doing me good already. I can feel the life coming back to me. Again, My love! One more glance from those orbs and I will be fully recovered.

Lina: And if one glance didn't do it, then I'd give him two or three or as many as it took.  
(She looks at him)

Persinet: Ah I feel a little life returning to me. (He revives)

FIRST DRAFT

Now tell me everything. Speak to me. Come a little nearer than that, there's no point in talking to thin air.

Lina: Persinet doesn't know that we are in revolt.

Persinet: In revolt against me?

Lina: And we're objecting to affairs of state.

Persinet: What have affairs of state got to do with it?

Lina: And the women are determined to rule the world and draw up laws.

Persinet: Am I stopping them?

Lina: He doesn't know that in a little while we are to be forced to break off all relations with men.

Persinet: But now with boys surely?

Lina: He doesn't know that in a little while we will be forced to be ugly and horrible to men to prevent them from deriving any pleasure from seeing us. And all this is going to be done by means of a proclamation and a blast of the trumpet.

Persinet: Well I defy all the trumpets and all proclamations in the world to stop you being beautiful.

Lina: And I won't have any more slippers or corsets and my hair will look as if I've been dragged through a hedge backwards and I might even have to wear a turnip sack. Can you imagine what I'll look like?

FIRST DRAFT

Persinet: You'll look like your own darling self my precious little heart.

Lina: O look! The men are coming out. I must run away and tell my mother. O Persinet! Persinet!

(She runs off)

Persinet: Wait for me! I'm coming with you! Ah! Cursed laws! I will appeal to these gentlemen.

Scene Twelve

Monsieur Sorbin, Hermocrate, Timagene and another gentleman. Persinet.

Hermocrate: No, Timagene, dear sir, we could not have made a better choice. The common people did not hesitate to name Monsieur Sorbin and the remainder of the citizens chose you unanimously. We are in good hands.

Persinet: Sirs, forgive my interruption! I throw myself at your feet Monsieur Sorbin. Affairs of state have me locked in mortal embrace. I am finished. You think you will have a son-in-law but you are mistaken. Madame Sorbin has court martialed me until peace is declared. You have also been court-martialed. Persons of our kind are no longer required. All men are banished. We are to be eliminated at the blast of a trumpet and I beg you to protect me against the uproar.

FIRST DRAFT

Monsieur S:           What are you talking about my son? What uproar is this?

Persinet:           It is a riot, a conspiracy, a hullabaloo. A harpies' chorus set up against the government of the realm. You should know that the women have got themselves together in a huddle to make themselves ugly. They're renouncing slippers. They're talking about changing the way they dress, of wearing turnip sacks and putting brambles in their hair to annoy us. I saw a huge conference, I pulled up the benches myself to make it easier for them to chat. I wanted to sit down but they chased me off like a common thief. It is the end of the world as we know it. And it's all because of these laws which the ladies want to draw up in partnership with you, and if you'll take my advice you'll give up half of that business to them, after all it's only right and just.

Timagene:           Is all this in the realms of possibility?

Persinet:           Anyway, what do laws amount to at the end of the day? They're nothing about trifles when you compare them to the tenderness of a woman.

Hermocrate:        Leave us young man.

FIRST DRAFT

Persinet: What has got into everyone? Wherever I go, there's always someone telling me to get lost. I don't understand what is going on.

Monsieur S: So this is what they were trying to tell us just now?

Timagene: So it would seem.

Hermocrate: Fortunately this little upset tends towards the comic rather than the dangerous.

Another Man: Doubtless.

Monsieur S: My wife is as stubborn as a donkey and I would lay good money that she's behind all this. Wait for me here. I will go and see what is happening. I'll sort out all this nonsense. I will simply adopt my most masterful voice. I will shut the good lady's trap for her. Do not go away gentlemen.

(He goes off to one side)

Timagene: What surprises me is that Arthenice should have taken part in all this.

Scene Thirteen

Timagene, Hermocrate, the other man, Persinet, Arthenice, Madame Sorbin, a woman with a drum and Lina holding a proclamation.

FIRST DRAFT

Arthenice: Gentlemen, have the goodness to answer our question. You are going to draw up the laws of our republic, why can we not work in harmony? What part do you intend us to play in these proceedings?

Hermocrate: No part, as is usual.

Other Men: He means the usual part that women play: to be married when you are girls, to obey your husbands when you are women and to take care of your households. We would never wish to take that away from you. That is your ordained part.

Madame S: Is that your last word? Beat the drum (To Lina) And you, go and nail the proclamation up on that tree.  
(A drum is beaten and Lina puts it up)

Hermocrate: Is this some kind of bad joke? Speak to them, Monsieur Timagene. Find out what they mean by all this.

Timagene: Would you care to explain yourself, dear lady?

Madame S: Read the proclamation. You'll find all the explanation you need on that.

Arthenice: It will apprise you of the fact that we wish to take part in your deliberations, that we wish to be consulted on every decision, and to share every sphere of action with you : whether it be matters of finance, justice or the exercise of arms.

## FIRST DRAFT

Hermocrate: Arms, Milady?

Arthenice: Yes, Sir, arms. Don't you know that the only reason we have been such milksops up to now is our education.

Madame S: God's blood! Just give us the arms and we will be more ferocious than you. It is my earnest desire that within the month we should be able to handle a pistol as dextrously as you. I myself shot a parrot a few days ago.

Arthenice: It's simply a question of practice.

Madame S: And in the Assembly we want to be Madame President, Madame Councillor, Madame Administrator and Madame M'Learned Friend.

A Man: Women lawyers?

Madame S: What's the problem? Do you think we can't talk as glib as the next man?

Arthenice: Surely no---one will dispute we have the gift of speech.

Hermocrate: Do not even dream of such a thing. The dignity of the Judiciary and the decorum of the courts would be utterly affronted by a court wig worn over a mob cap and ringlets!



Arthenice: What is this object of admiration, a 'court wig', Gentlemen ? Is it more important than any other kind of hairstyle? Anyway, it doesn't make a ha'porth of difference to the rules we live by, any more than it does to your Legal Code. Up till now, we've had your idea of Justice, not ours. And if we have a hand in making these laws, well you'll find out what we think of your Justice, and your precious court wig as well. You might find yourselves in a dunce's cap if you annoy us. And it wouldn't make a scrap of difference to any of your poor clients. Widows and orphans would be just as well off as they were before.

A Man: Well it wouldn't be the first dunce you've ever led us.

Arthenice: Oh, very witty! But really there is no more to be said. Read our Edict. Your notice of dismissal is appended to the bottom of the page.

Hermocrate: Sir Timagene, give your orders and deliver us from the howling of these termagants.

Timagene: Milady ...

Arthenice: Sir! I have only one more word to say, and you may learn something from it. There is no nation on earth which does not complain of the deficiencies of its Government. And what is the cause of these

deficiencies? It is that nowhere on earth is the intelligence of women put to use in the framing of laws. It is that you never make use of that half of human intelligence which we find in women's brains. You only ever employ your own male brain, which is, in any case, the feeblar of the two.

Madame S: There you have it in a nutshell. The dress is too short because you skimp on the material.

Arthenice: I say that the marriage which physically binds men and women together should also bind our thoughts. That wa the intention of the Gods when they created the world and their intention has never been fulfilled. That is the source of the law's imperfections. The universe suffers on account of this, and we do but serve the universe in resisting you. I have said my say. It would be pointless for you to reply. You must now decide your position. We will allow you one hour, after which the separation is irrevocable if you refuse to change your opinions. Follow me, Madame Sorbin, let us leave them.

Madame S: (As she leaves)

Our half of the world's intelligence says all the best to yours.

Scene Fourteen

Monsieur Sorbin enters as they are leaving. The same characters as the previous scene, with the addition of Persinet.

Monsieur S:        (Stopping Madame Sorbin)

Ah! Here you are at last, Madame Sorbin. I have been looking for you.

Arthenice:        Finish your business with him. I will return and fetch you in a little while.

Monsieur S:        (To Madame Sorbin)

I am really delighted to see you. Your carry-on is truly hilarious.

Madame S:         I'm so glad it gives you such pleasure, Monsieur Sorbin. All the better, as I've only just begun.

Monsieur S:        You told this boy that you no longer wished to keep company with persons of his sort. Pray do us the favour of explaining what you mean by that.

Madame S:         Why, bless you, I mean all persons who look like you, Monsieur Sorbin.

Monsieur S:        How can you say such a thing, Madame Minx?

Madame S:         I speak my mind as I want Monsieur Mousetrap de Mingo.

Timagene:         Please! Madame Sorbin! Surely it does not become a woman of good sense such as yourself to so entirely forget the duty she owes her husband?

FIRST DRAFT

Madame S: To the devil with his man's double talk! It is precisely because I am a woman of good sense that this is happening. You say I owe him something. Well he owes me the same thing. And when he pays me then I'll pay him. That is exactly what I came here to tell him.

Persinet: Oh pay up, Monsieur Sorbin, pay up. Let's all pay up.

Monsieur S: The impudent baggage!

Hermocrate: This escapade will last five minutes at the most, you'll see.

Madame S: Perhaps you think we don't have the courage to see it through? Oh! No such thing! Our preparations have been made, everything has been decided, our bags are packed.

Timagene: But where will you go?

Madame S: Onward, ever onward.

Timagene: What will you live on?

Madame S: On fruits, shoots, roots; on shellfish; on thin air. If necessary we will learn to fish. We will turn back into savages. And our lives will end in a blaze of honour and glory; not the ridiculous humiliation to which you would subject persons of our fine qualities.

Persinet: Persons who are the object of my utmost admiration.

FIRST DRAFT

Hermocrate: This will end in the madhouse. (To Monsieur Sorbin) Well then, give her her answer.

Monsieur S: What am I supposed to do? This is sheer lunacy. I will attempt to return to good sense. Madame Sorbin, do you know what kind of wood I burn to keep myself warm?

Madame S: Oh listen to the poor man blethering. Only he would drivel on about wood. The old foggy!

Monsieur S: Blethering old foggy? And who do you think you're talking to, if you don't mind? Am I not the elected representative of the people? Am I not your husband, you master, the head of the household?

Madame S: You are indeed, you are ...Is this catalogue of your attributes supposed to make me quake in my boots? I know what you are better than you do yourself. I advise you to beware. I would say that you're skating on thin ice here, my friend. You are the elected representative of the men, and I of the women. You are my husband. I am your wife. You are the master, I am the mistress. As to who is the head of the household, well if you were to look at it honestly, you'd have to admit there are two heads. You are one and I am the other. I think that makes us quits.

Persinet: Truly, she speaks pearls of wisdom.

Monsieur S:

However, the respect that a woman ...

Madame S:

However, respect is an ass. Let us make an end of all this, Monsieur Sorbin, elected representative, husband, master and head of the household. That is all very fine and good, but it would be much better if you were to listen to what I have to say; and it is the last time I will say it. We say that the world is like a farm. The Gods on high are the owners of the farm and since the beginning of time, you men on your own have been the farmers. We say that is not just. Give us our rightful share of the farm. If you govern, we will govern. If you obey, we will obey. Let us share equally the gain and the loss. Let us all be both masters and servants. Do this, my woman. Do that, my man. That is how we should speak to each other. That is the mould in which our laws should be cast. We desire it, we demand it, we are determined upon it. Don't you desire it too? I announce, and hereby give you due warning, that your wife, whom you love, whom you should love, who is your companion, your friend and not your little housemaid, unless you are her little houseboy; I hereby give you notice that she is yours no longer. She is leaving you, she is breaking up the household and returning the front door key to

you. I have spoken for myself. I have spied my daughter over there. I will now call her, and she can speak on her own behalf. Come along, Lina. Come here. I have done my duty, now you must do yours. Give us your opinion on these events.

Scene Fifteen

As before, with Persinet and Lina.

Lina: My dear Mother, in my opinion ...

Timagenes: The poor child is shaking like a leaf at what you are forcing her to do.

Madame S: You have put your finger on it; she is still only a child. Courage, my daughter, speak clearly and loudly.

Lina: My dear Mother, in my opinion we are, as you have said, ladies and mistresses, and we are on an equal footing with these gentlemen. I think we should work with them on the drawing up of the laws, and furthermore, I think we should draw lots, as they say, to decide which of us should be king or queen. If this is not possible, then each side should go off on their own, we women to the right, the men to the left, and manage as best as we can. Have I covered everything, Mother?

Madame S: You've forgotten the point that deals with lovers.

FIRST DRAFT

Lina: That's because it's the hardest to get hold of. You still believe that love is for idiots.

Madame S: You're not being asked for my opinion, but for your own.

Lina: Alas! My own is that we should take my beloved along with us when we go.

Persinet: Ah, she is so good-hearted, of such a loving nature.

Lina: Yes, but I have been ordered to bid you farewell. Farewell for ever and without end.

Persinet: Mercy on me!

Monsieur S: Heaven help us! My wife, in all honesty, do you really see this as a recipe for a good life?

Madame S: Come along, Lina. Make a final curtsy to Monsieur Sorbin, whom we no longer recognise, and let us be gone without a backward glance.

(They leave)

Scene Sixteen

The characters as in the previous scene, except the women, who left at the end of the scene.

Persinet: This schism will be the death of me. I don't think I will be able to last until suppertime.

Hermocrate: I think you feel like weeping Monsieur Sorbin?

Monsieur S: I don't feel like it, Lord Hermocrate, I'm doing it.



FIRST DRAFT

Persinet: If you want to see huge wet tears, you only have to look at me.

Monsieur S: The little fanatics! I'm fonder of them than I'd realised. We will have to fight them, but I must say it quite goes against my grain.

Timagene: Your tenderness is understandable.

Persinet: Is there anyone who could fail to adore the fair sex?

Hermocrate: Young man, leave us.

Persinet: You are the most stubborn of everyone, Lord Hermocrate. Look at Monsieur Sorbin, he is the softest hearted of men; look at me, suffering the worst tortures from my desire to please; and here is Monsieur Timagene who thinks it's alright. There are no tigers in this company. You are the only one who has claws, and if it weren't for you, we would share the farm with them.

Hermocrate: Just a moment, gentlemen, we will come to an accommodation with them if that is what you desire. I can see that violent methods do not appeal to you. An idea has occurred to me. Would you trust me to deal with this matter?

Timagene: Certainly. Do what you think fit. We invest you with all our powers.

FIRST DRAFT

Monsieur S: And if it is allowed, I hand you all my responsibilities as well.

Hermocrate: Run after them, Persinet. Call them back. Hurry, they haven't gone far.

Persinet: Oh mercy me, I will run like the wind, I will leap like a gazelle!

Hermocrate: And when you've done that, bring me a small table and the wherewithal for writing.

Persinet: As swift as lightning!

Timagene: Would you like us to retire?

Hermocrate: Yes, but as we are at war with the savage inhabitants of this island, make sure to keep watch. In a few minutes I want both of you to come back and tell us that that there are hordes of them coming down from the mountains to attack us. Just say that and nothing else. You can also bring a few armed men with you, looking as if they're preparing for battle.

(Persinet comes back with a table on which there is ink, paper and pen)

Persinet: (Putting the table down)

The divinities and following me and here are your writing materials, Sir Lawyer! Try to get it all down on paper.

FIRST DRAFT

Timagene:           Let us go.

Scene Seventeen

Hermocrate, Arthenice, Madame Sorbin.

Hermocrate:        (To Arthenice)

You have carried the day, Milady. Your strength of purpose has triumphed, for you would have deprived us of the happiness of living with you, and we would never have been able to maintain our opposition if all the women of the colony were like the noble Arthenice: her sharpness of intellect, her courtesy, her charms and her breeding would have brought the matter to a swift close. But I must be honest with you: the character of your partner Madame Sorbin, who is to share the power to enact laws with you, caused us to draw back at first. Not that we do believe her to be a woman of merit in her own way, but the lowliness of her background, which is the cause of a certain, how shall I put it, vulgarity ...shall we say ..

Madame S:           Good God! This low person with his lowly background ...

Hermocrate: It is not I who says these things. I am merely recounting to you what was generally thought. Some people even said that they thought the courteous Arthenice must have had a lot of trouble to put up with you.

Arthenice: (Aside to Hermocrate).

I warn you not to make her angry.

Hermocrate: As far as I myself am concerned, I make no accusations against you. My task is merely to tell you on behalf of these gentlemen that you will have a part in all our deliberations, and I am empowered to draw up the relevant article of law in your presence. But now, before I begin, tell me if there is anything particular that you still demand.

Arthenice: There is only one article of law that I insist on.

Madame S: Me too. There is one thing I don't like and that I wish to see abolished: the gentry. I want to do away with it so there can be an end to 'lowly backgrounds'. No more of that twaddle.

Arthenice: What, Madame Sorbin, you would abolish the aristocracy?

Hermocrate: I must say I'd rather favour such an abolition myself.

Arthenice: You Hermocrate?

FIRST DRAFT

Hermocrate: Forgive me, Milady. I have two small reasons. I am myself of the middle class, and I am a philosopher.

Madame S: Your two reasons will be satisfied. I command, by virtue of the powers invested in me, that from this time forward, there will be no difference between those called Arthenice and Sorbin. And that it will be considered as fine a thing to be called Hermocrate or Thingamajig as Timagene. What's in a name? Is it a name that brings us honour and glory?

Hermocrate: Forsooth, she reasons like Socrates. Speak, Madame, and I will write it down.

Arthenice: I will never consent to such a thing. I was born to certain advantages and I wish to keep them, if you don't mind Madame Menial.

Madame S: Oh come on, comrade, you're too intelligent to be a snob.

Arthenice: You're as vulgar as they said you were!

Madame S: Oh do be quiet. You're behaving like a spoilt child howling for its rattle.

Hermocrate: Now then ladies. Perhaps the best thing would be to pass over this article since it is in dispute. We can come back to it later.

Madame S: Tell us what yours is, then, Lady: Elected Aristocracy.

FIRST DRAFT

Arthenice: It is a touch more judicious than yours, Sorbin. It concerns love and marriage. Any infidelity disgraces a woman's name. I want men to be treated in the same way.

Madame S: No, that is worthless and I veto it.

Arthenice: What I say is worth nothing?

Madame S: Nothing at all. Less than nothing.

Hermocrate: Now on that point I could not agree with you, Madame Sorbin. Even though I am a mere male, it seem to me to be equitable.

Madame S: I will not have it. Men do not have our strength of character, so I am indulgent towards their weaknesses. The world has put fidelity round their necks like a harness, I think it should stay there. Otherwise they would never know how to carry on. And as far as women are concerned, well I think we should have even more shame heaped on us. The more shame, the more reason to behave honourably; the more the world will be forced to acknowledge the grandeur of our virtue!

Arthenice: Oh really, now she's going too far!

Madame S: Lady, I'm talking as a woman of lowly background. You see, us lowly women, we're not in the habit of changing our lovers and husbands at the drop of a

FIRST DRAFT

hat. It's not the same for high born ladies, they scoff at the moral order and behave the way men do. But my article will soon bring them to heel.

Hermocrate: What is your answer, Milady. What should I write down?

Arthenice: Ooh! How could one ever reach an agreement with this fish-wife?

Scene Eighteen

The same characters as before, Timagene, Monsieur Sorbin and some armed men.

Timagene: (To Arthenice)  
Milady, we have just seen a horde of savages rushing down on to the plain to attack us. We have already assembled the men. Make haste yourself to gather the women, and you and Madame Sorbin shall be our generals today. This is your introduction into the military arts. Here are the arms we have brought for you.

Madame S: I appoint you the commander in this engagement. The men will still be captains until we have learned the use of arms.

Monsieur S: But at least come and take part in the battle.

FIRST DRAFT

Arthenice: This woman's disgusting vulgarity has sickened me. I hereby renounce an enterprise which would be quite unrealisable if she had anything to do with it.

Madame S: I reconcile myself with you men on account of this woman's idiotic notions about the nobility. Come, my husband, I forgive you. Go off to battle, and I will go back to our home.

Timagene: I am overjoyed to see this business come to an end. Do not perturb yourselves, dear ladies. Take shelter from the war just now, and later on, when we come to establish our laws and customs we will consider your rights.



THE COLONY  
COMES A  
CROPPER

LX PLOT BOOK.

N.B. FIRST DRAFT.

THE COLONY

by

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Weds 1-08

VEDY FIRST DRAFT!!


The New Colony

Characters:

- A Arthenice, a lady of the aristocracy.
- M Madame Sorbin, a working man's wife.
- Mn Monsieur Sorbin, Madame Sorbin's husband.
- T Timagene, an aristocrat.
- L Lina, Madame Sorbin's daughter.
- P Persinet, a young working man, Lina's suitor.
- H Hermocrate, another aristocrat.
- A crowd of women, aristocrats and working class.

The scene is an island where all the characters find themselves shipwrecked.

Scene 1. Arthenice and Madame Sorbin.

Arthenice: Now then! Madame Sorbin, or perhaps I should do better to call you my dear partner, for that is what you are, now that your fellows have invested you with the same power that my noble sisters have seen fit to bestow upon me. Let us take one another by the hand as a symbol of our unity, and henceforward let there be but one mind between us two. 

Madame Sorbin: (Giving her hand to Arthenice)

Madame S: Resolution: There is but one woman here, and one thought.  $\Delta$

Arthenice: Here are we,  $\theta$  entrusted with the greatest responsibility ever given to our sex, and we find ourselves in the most favourable circumstances in which to dispute our rights in relation to the male sex.

Madame S: Aha! Gentlemen, this time you will have to reckon with us!

Arthenice: We have been forced to seek refuge with them on this island. Since we settled here, the government to which we owed allegiance has ceased to exist.

Madame S: Yes, what is required here is a completely new form of government, and this is the moment to bring it into being. We are in a position to demand justice, and to rid ourselves of that absurd humiliation to which we have been subjected since the dawn of time. Better to die than to endure such insults a moment longer!

Arthenice: Well done! And do you have the courage to match the dignity of your task?

Madame S: Listen here! Today, I care not a fig for my own life. The long and the short of it is, I am prepared to sacrifice myself; I will undertake the task. Madame Sorbin wishes to live in history not in the world.

Arthenice: A I can promise you a name that will live eternally.

Madame Sorbin: In twenty thousand years' time we will still be the latest news.

Arthenice: X And even if we ourselves do not succeed then our grand daughters will.

Madame S: I tell you, the male sex will never get over it. By the by, my dear inspiration, there is a certain Monsieur Timagene here who has been laying siege to your heart; is the siege still in progress? Has he managed to capture it? Take great care, that would be a dreadful example of human frailty.

Arthenice: + What is this Timagene, Madame Sorbin? I have not given him a moment's thought since we embarked on our project. Take a lesson from me and stand firm. X

Madame S: Who? Me? Where is the difficulty in that? I have only one husband and why should I worry about leaving him? We are not talking about a love affair after all. X

Arthenice: How right you are

Madame S: ☐ Now then! You know that the men will shortly be gathering in the tents to choose two from among their number to draw up new laws; the drum has been beaten to summon the assembly.

Arthenice: And so?

Madame S: <sup>Δ</sup> And so? And so our only course is to beat our own drum to call upon the women to ignore these man made regulations; to immediately draw up our own fine law separating ourselves from the men, and we must do it while they still have no suspicion of what we are about.

Arthenice: That is precisely what I had in mind, except that we should put up our proclamation to the accompaniment of a trumpet blast rather than a roll of drums.

Madame S: Most excellent! A trumpet is a fine idea, and highly suitable.

Arthenice: Look, there go Timagene and your husband. They have not seen us.

Madame S: They must be on their way to the assembly. Do you think we should call them?

Arthenice: Why not? We will question them about what is going on. Timagene.

(She calls Timagene)

Madame S: (She calls as well) [To Sorbin]

Hey! My good man!

Ahh!

Timagene:

⊗ MUSIC. Approx 11 sec.s.

Scene Two

SCENE 2

The characters as in the previous scene, with the addition of Monsieur Sorbin and Timagene.

Timagene: Ah! A thousand pardons, divine Arthenice, I had no idea you were so near at hand.

Monsieur S: What do you want, wife we're in a hurry?

Madame S: Now then, now then... I wanted to see you, Monsieur Sorbin. Isn't there something you want to tell me - just a casual word in passing, or something more serious even?

Monsieur S: No. What on earth could I have to tell you? Except maybe what the weather's up to or what time it is.

Arthenice: And have you nothing to say to me, Timagene? Have any of you been discussing anything that might be of interest to women?

Timagene: No, I can't think of anything thye should be worrying they should be worrying their pretty little heads over: the subject of women has not even been mevtioned to the best of my knowledge.

Arthenice: Not even been mentioned? Well, that's all fine and delightful, isn't it?

Madame S: Never mind. Our proclamation will soon have you on your toes.

Monsieur S: + What are you griffing on about? What proclamation?

Madame S: Oh nothing. I was just muttering to myself. *[aside to self]*

Arthenice: *A* Now then, Timagene, and where are you two off to, so deep in thought?

Timagene: To the assembly. We have been summoned, I by the nobility and gentry, and this good fellow, by the common people. They are threatening to appoint us to be the ones to draw up our new laws of government, and I must admit that I feel myself so unworthy of the task, that I am trembling at the very idea.

Madame S: What's this husband? You are going to draw up laws?

Monsieur S: Alas! That's what they are saying, and it's causing me a great deal of worry. I can tell you.

Madame S: Why, Monsieur Sorbin? You may be a big lump of a thing and a bit slow witted, but as long as I've known you, you've always had a lot of good common sense, and that will stand you in good stead. Besides, I've feel sure that all the men will have the sense to ask us women to assist you.

Monsieur S: Oh do give over with all this woman nonsense. It's enough to make a cat laugh.

Madame S: Well I'm not laughing.

Monsieu S: Have you gone mad?



Madame S: Dear O dear, Monsieur Sorbin, what a rude little representative you are to be sure. Well, never mind, that will all be taken care of by law. <sup>Δ</sup> I intend to draw up a few myself.

Monsieur S: (Laughs)

You? Ha!Ha!Ha!Ha!

Timagene (Laughs)

Ha!Ha!Ha!Ha!

Arthenice: And what is so amusing about that? She is perfectly right. She will draw up laws. As I will myself also.

Timagene: You, Arthenice?

Monsieur S: Laws! (Laughing)

Arthenice: Most certainly.

Monsieur S: (Laughing)

Oh very good! Go on then, do. <sup>Amuse</sup> Amuse yourselves. Have your fun; but you'll have to save all these little jokes for some other <sup>occasion.</sup> It really is too funny for for the present time.

Timagene: Why? Any time is a good time for fun and games.

Arthenice: Fun and games, Timagene?

Madame S: Our little jokes, Monsieur Sorbin? Watch out, we'll give you little jokes.

Monsieur S:

Let us leave these *consequences*, Sir Timagene. We must be off. Farewell, dear wife. A thousand thanks for your kind assistance. <sup>Δ</sup>

Arthenice:

+ Just a moment! I have one or two thoughts I would like to deliver to His Lordship the Elected Representative of the Nobility. <sup>Θ</sup>

Timagene:

Speak then. <sup>Θ</sup>

Arthenice:

Now listen to what I have to say: All of us, great and small, high and low, nobles, bourgeois and common people have been forced to flee our native land to escape death or slavery at the hands of an enemy who has vanquished us.

Monsieur S:

I can feel a sermon coming up. Why don't we postpone <sup>W</sup>  
it to some other occasion. We don't have the time just now. X

Madame S:

Be quiet you rude man!

Timagene:

We will hear you out.

Arthenice:

Our ships took us to this wild country. A fine country.

Monsieur S:

Our women babble too much.

Madame S:

(Angry)

Not again!

Arthenice: So it was decided that we should remain here. We came all muddled up together, our fortune recognising no differences between us; therefore there was no-one among us who had the natural right to rule us; and since everything is in confusion we must have leaders, one or several, and we must have laws.

Timagene: Well, Madame, that is precisely what we are on our way to attend to.

Monsieur S: We are going to see to all that, and speedily. The men are waiting for us to do so.

Arthenice: Who is this 'us'? To whom are you referring when you say 'Us'?

Monsieur S: Well, good heavens, we are referring to us, ourselves, who else should we be referring to?

Arthenice: Pardon me, but who is going to frame these laws? From whom will they come?

Monsieur S: (Scornfully)

From us.

Madame S: From men!

Monsieur S: So it would seem.

Arthenice: These leaders, or perhaps this ruler, to whom will he owe allegiance?

Madame S: (Scornfully)

To men!

Monsieur S: So it would seem.

Arthenice: And who will this leader be?

Madame S: A man.

Monsieur S: Well, who else should it be?

Arthenice: It's all men, men men, and never women. What do you think about that Timagene? It seems that the rather dull wits of your assistant are unable to grasp my meaning.

Timagene: I have to confess, Madame that I find myself equally perplexed as to the nature of the problem.

Arthenice: Perplexed? Well then allow us to enlighten you.

Monsieur S: (To his wife)

Come on, tell us what you're on about.

Madame S:

How dare you ask me such a thing Oh go away! ☆

Timagene: But dear lady...

Arthenice: But dear sir, you are beginning to annoy me. \*

Monsieur S: (To his wife)

What does she mean?

Madame S:

She means ~~why don't you~~ take that <sup>satyrizing</sup> ~~man's face~~ of yours off somewhere else. ○

Monsieur S: With whom are they so angry? [to Timagene] +

Madame S: It's always men, men men, and never women. And it never included us.

○ Monsieur S: And what else?

Madame S: Huh! You're an idiot, that's what else.

Timagene:  $\Delta$  You will cause me great pain, dear Lady, if you make me leave you without enlightening me as to why you are angry with me.

Arthenice: Begone Sir! You will be enlightened on your return from your assembly.

Madame S: The drum will tell you everything you need to know.

Monsieur S: Flute, horn or <sup>Drum</sup>, it's all one to me. Come along, Monsieur Timagene.

Timagene:  $\times$  I am greatly troubled, My Lady, and I will return as soon as I can.  $\square$

MUSIC Approx 10secs

### Scene Three

Madame Sorbin and Arthenice.

Arthenice:  $\odot$  Here is a new outrage to add to the list: they refuse to understand us.

Madame S: What do you expect, it's just that age old habit of theirs. They pass <sup>insolence</sup> down from father to son. It rots their brains.

MUSIC  $\star$  During music  
Approx 10secs

Scene Four

Madame Sorbin, Arthenice, Lina and Persinet.

ENTER P + L  $\Delta$ 

Persinet: I throw myself at your mercy, O most worthy lady, my

future mother-in-law. You have promised me the hand  
of the charming Lina, and I am impatient to join  
myself with her in Holy Wedlock. I love her so madly I  
can no longer bear to go on loving her without being  
married to her.

Arthenice: (To Madame Sorbin)

☐ Take this young puppy away, Madame Sorbin. Present  
circumstances oblige us to break with all of his  
species.

Madame S: You are right. Such an association is not seemly.

Persinet: I await your reply.

Madame S: What are you doing Persinet?

Persinet: Alas! I am at your feet begging for mercy, and I am  
keeping the incomparable Lina company.

Madame S: Go back where you came from.

Lina: O Go back? But where did he come from dear mother?

Madame S: I want him to go away. He must go away. Circumstances  
demand that he goes away. This is an affair of state.

Lina: He'll only follow behind us.

Persinet: Oh yes indeed. I would find true happiness in walking  
humbly behind you.

Madame S:

No, you may not remain. I will not allow it. Take yourself off and do not dare to reappear until peace has been declared. ☆

Lina:

Farewell Persinet! Until we meet again! There's no point in making my mother even angrier than she is already by arguing. X

Persinet:

But who has broken the peace? Cursed war, until you are over I will retire to my solitary room and bewail my fate all alone. +

MUSIC

(Scene Five)

Athenice,

~~Madame Sortin, Lina~~

Lina:

○ Why are you so horrid to him, dear Mother? do you no longer wish him to love me nor to marry me?

Madame S:

No, my daughter, <sup>I don't.</sup> We now find ourselves in a situation where love is a complete nonsense. X

Lina:

Oh dear, what a shame!

Athenice:

And marriage, such as we have know it up until this moment, is nothing but a form of slavery which we intend to abolish dear child. For we must let her know what is going on just to cheer her up a bit.

Lina:

Abolish marriage? Well, what will we have in its place? O

Madame S:

Nothing.

Lina:

That's rather drastic.

Arthenice: Lina, surely you understand that until now women have always been subservient to their husbands?

Lina: Yes My Lady, but it is not a custom that is an impediment to love.

Madame S: You are forbidden to love.

Lina: But when you feel it, how can it be taken away from you? I didn't take hold of love. Love took hold of me. And in any case, I want to submit myself to its yoke.

Madame S: *Submit?* What do you mean, submit? You have the soul of a servant, Good God. Submit? Is it possible that that word came out of a woman's mouth? I never want to hear you pronounce such a horror again, so I must ~~tell you that~~ we are in a state of rebellion. *X*

Arthenice: Do not be angry with her. She was not present at our deliberations on account of her youth, but I'm sure she will see reason once reason has been explained to her. I assure you she will be delighted when she discovers that she has as much authority *as her* husband in their little household. *And that* when he says "I want this", she has the right to say "Well I don't".

Lina: *(In tears)*



Lina: I'd never have had to bother about all that. Persinet  
and I always want the same thing. We always agree  
about everything.

Madame S: You take care, you and your precious Persinet. If you  
don't start having more worthy feelings, I will expel  
you from the noble Company of Women. Stay here with  
me and my comrade and we will teach you to  
appreciate your own merit. And above all, dry your  
tears. They irritate your mother and insult our  
worth.

MUSIC

Arthenice: Madame Sorbin, the drum has been beaten, and the  
women are assembling for our meeting.

Arthenice: But decency demands that we should all be seated so  
as to be more comfortable.

Madame S: The benches are over there. All we need to do is  
carry them over here. (To Lina) Come along child, wake  
up!

Lina: Look, Persinet is over there. He's stronger than me.  
He will help me, if you don't mind.

Madame Sorbin: What? You want us to make use of a man?

Arthenice: Why not? Let this man be our servant. It is a happy  
omen.

FIRST DRAFT

16

Madame S: ⊕ Well said: that will give us a great deal of satisfaction in our present situation. (To Lina) Call that servant to come over here.

Lina: △ Persinet! Persinet!

Scene Eight

Persinet: □ (Running) What is it, my love?

Lina: Help me move these benches over here.

Persinet: \* With pleasure, my angel. No, no, don't lay a finger on them, your little hands are too delicate. Allow me to do it.

(He pulls the benches forward. After some polite exchanges, Arthenice and Madame Sorbin sit down first. Persinet and Lina sit down side by side)

Arthenice: + I admire your impertinence, young man. Take yourself off. We have <sup>convened a meeting of the women and have</sup> no further need of your services.

Madame S: Your duties here are finished. Now go away.

Lina: He hardly takes up any room, dear Mother. Look he's just sharing my place with me.

Madame S: ? You've been told. Off with you!

Persinet: Oh dear, this is very hard. ☆

MUSIC

16

Scene SixArthenice, Madame Sorbin, ~~Luina~~ —

Arthenice: Illustrious delegates, we would willingly have denied ourselves this pomp with which you bedeck us. Our own virtues would have been sufficient decoration. Those are the marks by which we should be recognised.

Madame S; ⊕ Never mind, we'll accept them anyway. Then we'll have two sets of jewellery instead of just one.

Arthenice: However, we do accept the honour you pay us, and we will proceed with the taking of the proper oaths.

I will begin. \*

~~(She takes the hand of one of the delegates)~~  
puts sash on

I dedicate my life to the defence of the the rights of my oppressed sex. I consecrate my life to that glory. I swear by my honour as a woman, by the steadfast courage of heart that heaven has bestowed on me; let us not deceive ourselves as to where that courage came from. Finally, I swear by that spirit of rebellion which carried me through my marriage and

which preserved me from the insult of having to obey  
my late husband - that great oaf. I have spoken. Now,  
Madame Sorbin.  $\Delta$

Madame S:  
puts on sash.

Come closer, my daughter. Listen to my words. Your  
name will live in history forever, simply because you  
were present at this momentous moment.  $\wedge$

(She takes the hand of one of the delegates)

This is what I have to say: You will be equal to men.  
They will be your comrades and not your masters. A  
woman will be worth as much as a man. This will be so,  
or I will die in the attempt. I swear it by the most  
solemn oath I know. I swear it on this stubborn head  
of mine which will never bow or bend. There is no-one  
in the world who can boast that they have got the  
better of this head.  $\times$   
Any woman here will tell you that this is the truth.  $\times$

$\star$  One of the Ds: I hasten here to render homage to our  
sovereigns, and to place myself under their  
rule. Hear what the women you represent will  
swear in their turn: we would rather see the end  
of the world, the destruction of human kind before  
we disobey your commands.

FIRST DRAFT

Scene Seven [No Stop for Music]The ~~voice of~~ Arthenice, Madame Sorbin, Lina and the woman who appears.

Arthenice:

Let us embrace one another, my friends. <sup>△</sup> Our mutual oath imposes grave duties upon us and to encourage you in the fulfilment of yours, I think I should now paint again for you a vivid image of the humiliation we have lived in until this moment. By doing this we will only be following the example of all Commanders-in-Chief.

Madame S:

It is called exhorting one's troops on the eve of battle.

Music

FIRST DRAFT

Scene Nine

Arthenice: (She coughs and then spits)

The oppression we suffer at the hands of these tyrants is made no more bearable by the fact that is has been going on since ancient times. We cannot wait any longer for men to put matters right of their own volition. Their laws provide no punishment for the crime of having crushed us under their feet.

~~the~~ Unless we take <sup>these matters</sup> into our own hands, we will never have justice. They owe us that justice. Why they have even forgotten that they have denied us justice!

Madame E: That's the way things are. You have only to open your eyes to see it.

Arthenice: The way things are now, it is universally believed that we have no common sense; so universally believed that no-one dreams of questioning it. We even believe it ourselves!

A. Ml.

One of the Wom  $\Delta$  Well, what do you expect? From the cradle onwards, it is drummed into us: "You can't do anything; don't bother your pretty little heads over that; the only thing you're fit for is being good little girls." It was drummed into our mothers and they believed it, and they in turn drummed it into us. Our ears have been

FIRST DRAFT

filled with this nonsense. Our trouble is we're too sweet natured. And laziness comes into it as well. So they lead us along by the nose like little lambs. +

Madame S: Well, I may be only a woman, but speaking personally I've never been able to stomach lamb.

Arthenice: "I may be only a woman", says Madame Sorbin. That's most excellently put!

Madame S: There you are you see.

Arthenice: We must needs have developed a fine mistrust of our own intellect to have adopted that jargon. I'd love to hear a man talking about himself like that. Fine chance! X

*You say you are only a woman. Well now, what would you prefer to be that would be better?*

Madame S: Oh no, I'll stick to being a woman. I'll stick to that. We have the best of the bargain. I bless the heaven that made me a woman and I return heartfelt thanks for the honours with which it has showered me.

CAR: DELEGATE

One of the Womans! That is the truth!

*Same Middle age stuff.*

(NO MASK)

Arthenice: Let us <sup>now</sup> examine our own merits. Not from pride, but to acknowledge them.

Lina: X O you should hear Persinet over there. He's a person who has examined our merits.

FIRST DRAFT

CAR: DEL

One of the Wom: Persinet has no business to be here. It indecent to  
[NO MASK] mention <sup>his name</sup> in this company.

Madame S:

Be quiet, my child. Don't waggle your tongue here,  
waggle your ears. A thousand pardons, dear ladies.  
Pray continue, comrade.

Arthenice:

Let us look at what we are. And please stop me if I  
run on too long. When you <sup>simply</sup> look at a woman,  
what do you see? In truth, now, would you not agree  
that the Gods made her the object of their most  
assiduous attentions?

CAR: M1 [sex]

One of the Wom: The more I think about it, the more I'm convinced of  
it.

A: M1 [OLD W]  
Other Woman:

It is undeniable.

+ C: M1  
Other Woman:

Absolutely undeniable.

A: M1 [OLD W]  
Other Woman:

It is a fact.

Arthenice:

Look at her: there is the delightfulness of her eyes

CAR: M1 [sex]  
Woman:

Enchantment ...

Arthenice:

Allow me to finish.

AN: M1 [OLD W]  
Woman:

x We must not interrupt.

CAR: DEL [NO MK]  
Other Woman:

Yes. Let us listen.

AN: M1 [OLD W]  
Other Woman:

Silence please!

CAR: M1 [DEL]  
Other Woman:

Our leader is speaking.

AN: [OLD W]  
Other Woman:

And she is speaking well.



FIRST DRAFT

Lina:

Well, I haven't said a word.

Madame S:

Will you be quiet! I am losing patience!

Arthenice:

I will begin again. Look at her: there is the delightfulness of her eyes; her charms and beauty which appear in all sorts of different guises. You would be hard put to say which is the most attractive; her figure or her face. Who could even begin to describe the infinite variety of her charms? Our feelings would get the better of us, we would never be able to describe them adequately. (The women all draw themselves up. Arthenice continues)

Woman has the most noble bearing, yet at the same time the gentleness of her demeanour is enchanting. (All the women look sweet)

CAR: M (SEX)

Woman:

You just have to look at us!

Madame S:

Shhh!

Arthenice:

Her beauty is a proud beauty, and yet

it is so delicate. Such beauty commands respect that can never diminish. It inspires love that never dies. To say that woman is beautiful or delightful is merely to begin the sketch of her portrait.

FIRST DRAFT

Madame S: And what's so wonderful is to have all those lovely bits and pieces and not even care about them. That's what is so extraordinary. But I mustn't interrupt. I will be quiet now.

Chenice: Let us turn now to women's intelligence, and take note how terrifying our minds seem to be to our oppressors. You can tell it from the great efforts the tyrants make to to extinguish it, to prevent us from making use of it. Our intelligence is deemed fit only for the spinning wheel, the distaff and the running of their household; for the petty bothers of the housewife. In fine, these gentlemen would condemn us to a life of frills and fiddle-dee-dee.

Truly, this cries out for vengeance.

Or else our intelligence is condemned to judging fashions, to being amused by their little supper parties, to inspiring pleasing passions in their breasts, to ruling over trifles, to being ourselves the foremost of these trifles. In sum, these are the only employments they allow us on this earth. We who brought them up, taught them manners, calmed the

FIRST DRAFT

[Arthenice contd]

ferocity of the their souls; we, without whom the  
earth would be inhabited by a tribe of savages  
unworthy to be called "man". (Clap)

A: MI (OLD W)  
Woman:

Oh those monsters! Ladies, let us outlaw supper  
parties from this day forward!

CAR: MI (SEX)  
Other Woman:

X And if it's passion they're after, let them look  
elsewhere.

Madame S:

To put it precisely, let them do the spinning now. (Clap)

Arthenice:

It is true that they call us charming creatures, that  
they liken us to the stars in heaven, endow us with  
the colours of roses and lilies, sing our praises in  
verses in which the sun, insulted, pales in shame when  
compared to our beauties; and all this is not  
inconsiderable you will allow!

Madame S:

Really! This is just like bonbons that you would give  
to children.

CAR: DEL  
Other Woman:

Bonbons that we have had to live on for more than  
six thousand years. CLAP

Arthenice:

And what is the result of all this? In our  
foolishness we insist on having the loathsome honour  
of pleasing them and we amuse ourselves by becoming  
flirts; for it must be admitted that is what we are.

First DRAFT

CAR. MI [50X]

Woman:

Is that our fault? That is all they let us be.

Arthenice:

souls are so invincibly  
 rise above all that nonsense I was describing. Our  
 souls burst forth and cut through all that baseness  
 into which they thrust us. Yes, we may be flirts, but  
 our very flirting is a miracle.  
 Everything we do is a marvel.

A : MI [OLD.W]

Woman:

Arthenice:

Doubtless

When I ponder the genius, the wisdom, the intelligence  
 that each one of us expends in playing the flirt, the  
 only field in which we are allowed to exercise that  
 intelligence, I realise that it is immense. There is  
 sufficient depth of mind to govern two worlds the  
 size of ours. And all that intelligence is utterly  
 wasted.

Madame S:

(Annoy) It never sees the light of day. O it's enough  
 to make the angels weep.

Arthenice:

So much intelligence is quite overwhelming to their  
 tiny brains: they cannot stand it. So they shower us  
 with nonsensical compliments out of lascivious desire,  
 not reason. Their reason has never showered us with  
 anything but insults.

Madame S:

Come on then! No quarter! I vow I will be ugly! Our

First draft

(Madame S. contd)

first law will be that we should all try to be ugly.

(To Arthenice) Don't you think so, comrade?

Arthenice: I agree.

4 CAR. M2 [SILLY YOUNG] Woman:

What? We've all got to be ugly? I think that putting things a bit topsy turvy

A: M2 [SILLY YOUNG] Other Woman:

I'll never agree to that either.

CAR. M2 [SILLY YOUNG] Other Woman:

Whoever would agree to it if they were in their right mind? What! Deliberately make ourselves hideous to get our revenge on men? No! Quite the reverse! We should make ourselves more beautiful than ever if that's possible. Then they'll regret what they've lost even more.

A: M2 [SILLY YOUNG] Other Woman:

Yes, then they'll sigh at our knees more than ever and die of misery when they see they're rejected. Now there's what you could call a more sensible kind of rebellion. I say you are wrong Madame Sorbin,

+ altogether wrong.

Madame S:

~~Tut Tut Tut~~ I tell you, to make ourselves more beautiful would be only to sink back into the mire. Out of twenty or thirty swains that lie expiring at our knees there is only the occasional one or two that truly die. Generally speaking they are all saved those so-called corpses always get round us. I know our temperaments too well, and I think we should keep

FIRST DRAFT

[Madame S. contd]

our new law. We will make ourselves ugly. Besides, in the end it isn't such a great sacrifice, ladies, you won't be giving up any more than I myself.

✓ CAR: M2 [SILLY YOUNG] Woman:

Oh come on! It's all very well for you to say that. You haven't got that much to give up. Your time's nearly up, anyway.

○ A: M2 [SILLY YOUNG] Woman:

It's not so surprising that you'd be prepared to your charms go so lightly. <sup>let</sup>

✓ CAR: M1 [SEX] Woman:

No-one would ever mistake you for the Morning Star.

Lina:

⊖ God's teeth, there isn't much chance you'd ever be taken for a heavenly body yourself!

✓ CAR: M1 [SEX] Woman:

⊖ S O just hark to the little starling chattering her head off.

○ Madame S:

Well, I'm flabbergasted. And what about the rest of you uppity minxes, do you all think your such great beauties?

✓ CAR: M2 [SILLY YOUNG] Other Woman:

⊖ Well if we all looked like you what would be the point of making ourselves ugly? There wouldn't be any need.

□ A: M2. [SILLY YOUNG] Other Woman:

It's all very well for that Sorbin woman to talk.

Madame S:

What? "That Sorbin woman"? Are you calling me "that Sorbin woman"? X

Lina:

How dare you talk to my mother like that. That Sorbin woman, indeed!

Madame S: Is no-one to be addressed in a polite fashion here?

How could <sup>you</sup> show such a lack of respect to me?

Arthenice: (To the <sup>A: M2</sup> woman) You are in the wrong my dear. I

think that Madame Sorbin's idea is very wise.

A: M2 [SILLY YOUNGER] Woman: O I can easily believe that. It wouldn't affect you

any more than it does her.

Arthenice: What is happening here? Are you attacking me now?

Madame S:

Madame Arthenice and I, who are worth more than the <sup>whole</sup> lot of you put together are

making this law. We desire, order and ordain that

we should go about <sup>badly</sup> ~~badly~~ dressed, with our hair

looking as if we'd been dragged through a hedge

backwards, and that we let our fair skins be tanned

by the hot sun.

Arthenice: And to keep this bunch of little rinnies happy we will

make an exception in their case. They will be

permitted to <sup>beautify</sup> themselves the best they can.

Madame S:

Ah that is well said! Yes, cling to all your trinkets:

your corsets and ribbons, your absurd simperings,

your affectations. Go on, cram your elephantine feet

into tiny little slippers to try and make them look

smaller. Deck yourselves up, go on deck yourselves

up, it doesn't ~~make a~~ <sup>make a</sup> ~~half~~ <sup>half</sup> ~~worth~~ <sup>worth</sup> of difference.

FIRST DRAFT

CAR: M1. (SEX.)

Woman:

+ Sweet Heaven! how vulgar she is! We made a fine  
choice there, did we not?

Arthenice:

You may all depart. Your oaths bind you to obedience.

I now declare this session closed.

A: M2 (SILLY YOUNG)

Woman:

Obedience? Well, look who's giving herself airs!

A: M1 (OLD W.)

Woman:

Our only remedy is to appeal against this. we should  
make a formal complaint.

CAR: M2 (SILLY YOUNG)

Woman:

Yes, let us make a formal complaint. We will elect a  
representative.

Madame S:

I can hardly stop myself from hitting them.

Arthenice:

Depart I say! Or I will place you under arrest.

CAR: GENE DEB

Woman:

(NO HK)

It's all your fault ladies.

I never wanted that common old witch. Nor that stuck  
up snob. I didn't want either of them. But of course  
no-one listened to me. □

MUSIC + general "hibub"

△

Scene Ten

Arthenice, Madame Sortin and Lina.

Lina:

Oh dear, mother, for the sake of peace, do let us  
keep our corsets and slippers.

Madame S:

Shut your mouth. If you argue with me I'll dress you  
in a turnip sack.



NOT DRAFT

Arthenice:

Let us restrain our anger. They are nothing but scatter brained  
fools. We have a law to draw up. Let us go and  
prepare it.

Madame S:

Let us go. And you wait here for the men to  
come out of their Assembly. And, I'm warning you. If  
Persinet <sup>appears</sup> you are not to speak to him. Do I  
have your promise on that?

Lina:

But ...Yes Mother.

Madame S:

Come and fetch us the minute the men appear. The  
very minute. <sup>Δ</sup>

MUSIC

Scene Eleven

Lina alone, then Persinet.

Lina:

▽ What a muddle! What a mess! When will I ever be  
married now? I don't know anything any more.

Persinet:

□ Ah Lina, my darling Lina! Please will you explain this  
disaster that's fallen on my head. Why does Madame  
Sorbin chase me away? I'm still trembling like a leaf.  
I cannot endure it a moment longer. I think I am  
going to die.

Lina:

Alas! The dear little man! If only I could talk to him  
in his anguish. <sup>Δ</sup>

Persinet:

Well you can! I'm right here in front of you.

## FIRST DRAFT

Lina: But I have been forbidden to speak to him! And I'm not even supposed to look at him. I'm sure I'm being spied on!

Persinet: What! Deprive me of the heaven of your eyes?

Lina: It is true that perhaps he may speak to me. No-one has ordered me to stop him.

Persinet: Lina, my Lina, why do you stand so far away from me? If you don't have pity on me, I haven't much longer to live. If I am not to expire on the spot, I must have a glance from those glorious eyes.

Lina: If the only thing that can save my Persinet in this dreadful situation is a glance ..Oh! I don't care what my mother said, I can't just let him die.

(She looks at him.)

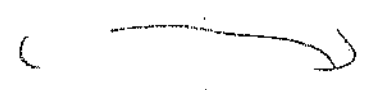
Persinet: Ah, sweet medicine! It is doing me good already. I can feel the life coming back to me. Again, My love! One more glance from those orbs and I will be fully recovered.

Lina: And if one glance didn't do it, then I'd give him two or three or as many as it took.

(She looks at him)

Persinet: Ah I feel a little life returning to me. (He revives)

## FIRST DRAFT

Persinet (contd)  Δ. Now tell me everything. Speak to me. Come a little nearer than that, there's no point in talking to them in the air.

Lina: Persinet doesn't know that we are in revolt.

Persinet: In revolt against me?

Lina: And we're objecting to affairs of state.

Persinet: What have affairs of state got to do with it?

Lina: And the women are determined to rule the world and draw up laws.

Persinet: Am I stooping them?

Lina: He doesn't know that in a little while we are to be forced to break off all relations with men.

Persinet: ☆ But ~~not~~ with boys surely?

Lina: He doesn't know that in a little while we will be forced to be ugly and horrible to men to prevent them from deriving any pleasure from seeing us. And all this is going to be done by means of a proclamation and a blast of the trumpet.

Persinet: Well I defy all the trumpets and all proclamations in the world to stop you being beautiful.

Lina: And I won't have any more slippers or corsets and my hair will look as if I've been dragged through a hedge backwards and I might even have to wear a turnip sack. Can you imagine what I'll look like?

FIRST DRAFT

Persinet: You'll look like your own darling self my precious little heart.

Linat: O look! The men are coming out. I must run away and tell my mother. O Persinet! Persinet! ▽

(She runs off)

Persinet: Wait for me! I'm coming with you! Ah! Cursed laws! I will appeal to these gentlemen. *12 - 14*

Scene Twelve:

*MUSIC*

*2*

Monsieur Sorbin, Hermocrate, Timogene and another gentleman, Persinet.

Hermocrate: No, Timogene, dear sir, we could not have made a better choice. The common people did not hesitate to name Monsieur Sorbin and the remainder of the citizens chose you unanimously. We are in good hands.

Persinet: ☐ Sirs, forgive my interruption! I throw myself at your feet Monsieur Sorbin. Affairs of state have me locked in mortal embrace. I am finished. You think you will have a son-in-law but you are mistaken. Madame Sorbin has court martialed me until peace is declared. You have also been court-martialed. Persons of our kind are no longer required. All men are banished. We are to be eliminated at the blast of a trumpet and I beg you to protect me against the uproar.

FIRST DRAFT

Monsieur S. What are you talking about my son? What uproar is this?

Persinet: It is a riot, a conspiracy, a hullabaloo. A harpies' chorus set up against the government of the realm. You should know that the women have got themselves together in a huddle to make themselves ugly<sup>+</sup>. They're renouncing slippers. They're talking about changing the way they dress, of wearing turnip sacks and putting brambles in their hair to annoy us. I saw a huge conference. I pulled up the benches myself to make conversation easier. I wanted to sit down but they chased me off like a common thief. It is the end of the world as we know it. And it's all because of these laws which the ladies want to draw up in partnership with you, and if you'll take my advice you'll give up half of that business to them, after all it's only right and just.

Timagane: Is all this in the realms of possibility?

Persinet: Anyway, what do laws amount to at the end of the day? They're nothing about trifles when you compare them to the tenderness of a woman.

Hermocrate: Leave us young man.

Persinet:

What has got into everyone? Wherever I go there's  
always someone telling me to <sup>disappear</sup> ☐ I don't  
understand what is going on.

Monsieur S:

So this is what they were trying to tell us just now?

Timogene:

So it would seem.

Hermocrate:

+ Fortunately this little upset tends towards the comic  
rather than the dangerous. X

Monsieur S:

My wife is as stubborn as a donkey and I would lay  
good money that she's behind all this. Wait for me  
here. <sup>A</sup> I will go and see what is happening. <sup>Δ</sup> I'll sort  
out all this nonsense. I will simply adopt my most  
masterful voice. I will shut the good lady's trap for  
her. Do not go away gentlemen. <sup>A</sup>

(He goes off to one side)

Timogene:

What surprises me is that Arthenice should have taken  
part in all this.

## ★ MUSIC

### Scene Thirteen

Timogene, Hermocrate, the other man, Persinet, Arthenice, Madame

Sorbin,

Lina holding a

proclamation. + drum

FIRST DRAFT

Arthenice:

Gentlemen have the goodness to answer our question  
You are going to draw up the laws of our republic,  
Why can we not work in harmony? What part do you  
intend us to play in these proceedings?

Hermocrate:

Timagene

No part, as is usual. \*

He means the usual part that women play: to be  
married when you are girls, to obey your husbands  
when you are women and to take care of your  
households. We would never wish to take ~~that~~ away X  
from you. That is your ordained part.

Madame S:

Is that your last word? Beat the drum (To Lina)



(A drum is beaten and Lina puts it up)

Hermocrate:

Is this some kind of bad joke? Speak to them,  
Monsieur Timagene. <sup>□</sup> Find out what they mean by all  
this.

Timagene:

Would you care to explain yourself, dear lady?

Madame S:

Read the proclamation. You'll find all the explanation  
you need on that.

Arthenice:

It will apprise you of the fact that we wish to take  
part in your deliberations, that we wish to be  
consulted on every decision, and to share every  
sphere of action with you: whether it be matters of  
finance, justice or the exercise of arms.

FIRST DRAFT

38

Hermocrater

Arms Milady?

Arthenice.

○ Yes Sir, arms. Don't you know that the only reason we have been such milksops up to now is our education.

Madame S:

+ God's blood! Just give us the arms and we will be more ferocious than you. It is my earnest desire that within the month we should be able to handle a pistol as well as you. I myself shot a parrot a few days ago.

Arthenice:

It's simply a question of practice.

Madame S:

ℓ And in the Assembly we want to be Madame President, Madame Councillor, Madame Administrator and Madame  
□  
H'Learned Friend.

~~Hermocrater~~  
Hermocrater

Women lawyers?

Madame S:

△ What's the problem? Do you think we can't talk as glib as the next man?

Arthenice:

Surely no--one will dispute we have the gift of speech.

Hermocrater:

Do not even dream of such a thing. The dignity of the Judiciary and the decorum of the courts would be utterly affronted by a court wig worn over a mob cap and ringlets!



First DRAFT

Arthenice:

▽ What is this object of admiration, a 'court wig',  
Gentlemen? Is it more important than any other kind  
of hairstyle?

Up till now, we've had your  
idea of Justice not ours. And if we have a hand in  
making these laws, well you'll find out what we think  
of your Justice, and your precious court wig as well.  
You might find yourselves in a dunce's cap if you  
annoy us. And it wouldn't make a scrap of difference  
to any of your poor clients. Widows and orphans would  
be just as well off as they were before. ☆

Arthenice:

But really there is no more to be  
said. Read our Edict. Your notice of dismissal is  
appended to the bottom of the page.

Hermocrater:

Sir Timagene, give your orders and deliver us from  
the howling of these termagants. △

Timagene:

Milady ... □

Arthenice:

Sir! I have only one more word to say, and you may  
learn something from it. There is no nation on earth  
which does not complain of the deficiencies of its  
Government. And what is the cause of these

FIRST DRAFT

(Athenice contd)

deficiencies? It is that nowhere on earth is the intelligence of women put to use in the framing of laws. It is that you never make use of that half of human intelligence which we find in women's brains. You only ever employ your own male brain, which is, in any case, the feebler of the two.

Madame S:

There you have it in a nutshell. <sup>▽</sup> The dress is too short because you skimp on the material.

Athenice:

I say that the marriage which physically binds men and women together should also bind our thoughts. That was the intention of the Gods when they created the world and their intention has never been fulfilled. That is the source of the law's imperfections. The universe suffers on account of this, and we do but serve the universe in resisting you. I have said my say. It would be pointless for you to reply. <sup>⊙</sup> You must now decide your position. We will allow you one hour, after which the separation is irrevocable if you refuse to change your opinions. Follow me, Madame Sorbin, let us leave them.

Madame S:

(As she leaves)

Our half of the world's intelligence says all the best to yours.

☒ Music

Scene Fourteen

Monsieur Sorbin enters as they are leaving. The same character as the previous scene, with the addition of Perinet.

Monsieur S: (Stops Madame Sorbin)

Ah! Here you are at last, Madame Sorbin. I have been looking for you.

Arthenice: Finish your business with him. I will return and fetch you in a little while. ☐

Monsieur S: (To Madame Sorbin)

I am really delighted to see you. Your carry-on is truly hilarious.

Madame S: I'm so glad it gives you such pleasure, Monsieur ~~Sorbin~~. All the better, as I've only just begun.

Monsieur S: △ You told this boy that you no longer wished to keep company with persons of his sort. Pray do us the favour of explaining what you mean by that.

Madame S: Why, bless you, I mean all persons who look like you, Monsieur Sorbin.

Monsieur S: How can you say such a thing, Madame Minx?

Madame S: I speak my mind as I want Monsieur Mousetrap de Mingo.

Timogene: Please! Madame Sorbin! Surely it does not become a woman of good sense such as yourself to so entirely forget the duty she owes her husband?

FIRST DRAFT

Madame S:

To the devil with his man's double talk! It is precisely because I am a woman of good sense that this is happening. You say I owe him something. Well he owes me the same thing. And when he pays me then I'll pay him. That is exactly what I came here to tell him.

Persinet:

Oh pay up, Monsieur Sorbin, pay up. Let's all pay up.

Monsieur S:

The impudent baggage!

Hermocrates:

This escapade will last five minutes at the most, you'll see.

Madame S:

Perhaps you think we don't have the courage to see it through? Oh! No such thing! Our preparations have been made, everything has been decided, our bags are packed.

Timogene:

But where will you go?

Madame S:

+ Onward, ever onward.

Timogene:

What will you live on?

Madame S:

On plants, <sup>on</sup> berries, <sup>on</sup> ~~on~~ <sup>on</sup> shellfish; on thin air. If necessary we will learn to fish. <sup>We will learn to hunt.</sup> We will rediscover life in the wild. And our lives will end in a blaze of honour and glory; not the ridiculous humiliation to which you would subject persons of our fine qualities.

Persinet:

Persons who are the object of my utmost admiration.

## FIRST DRAFT

Hermocrates: A This will end in the doohouse. (To Monsieur Sorbin) Well then, give her her answer.

Monsieur S: ~~A~~ What am I supposed to do? This is sheer lunacy. I will attempt to return to good sense. Madame Sorbin, do you know what kind of wood I burn to keep myself warm?

Madame S: Oh listen to the poor man blethering. Only he would drivel on about wood. The old fogey!

Monsieur S: Blethering old fogey? And who do you think you're talking to, if you don't mind? Am I not the elected representative of the people? Am I not your husband, your master, the head of the household?

Madame S: ~~e~~ You are indeed, ~~you are~~....Is this catalogue of your attributes supposed to make me quake in my boots? I know what you are better than you do yourself. I advise you to beware. I would say that you're skating on thin ice here, my friend. You are the elected representative of the men, and I of the women. You are my husband. I am your wife. You are the master, I am the mistress. As to who is the head of the household, well if you were to look at it honestly, you'd have to admit there are two heads. You are one and I am the other. I think that makes us quits.

Persinet: Truly, she speaks pearls of wisdom.

Monsieur S:

However, the respect that a woman ...

Mariane S:

However, respect is an ass. Let us make an end of all this, Monsieur Gorbin, elected representative, husband, master and head of the household. That is all very

fine and good, but it would be much better if you were to listen to what I have to say; and it is the last time I will say it. We say that the world is like a farm. The Gods on high are the owners of the farm and since the beginning of time, you men on your own have been the farmers. We say that is not just. Give us our rightful share of the farm. If you govern, we will govern. If you obey, we will obey. Let us share equally the gain and the loss. Let us all be both masters and servants. Do this, my woman. Do that, my man. That is how we should speak to each other. That is the mould in which our laws should be cast. We desire it, we demand it, we are determined upon it.

Do you not Don't you desire it too? I announce, and hereby give you due warning, that your wife, whom you love, whom you should love, who is your companion, your friend and not your little housemaid, unless you are her little houseboy; I hereby give you notice that she is yours no longer. She is leaving you, she is breaking up the household and returning the front door key to

FIRST DRAFT

[Madame Scant]

you. - have spoken for myself I have spied my  
daughter over there. I will now call her, and she can  
speak on her own behalf. Come along, Lina. Come here. ~~As~~  
I have done my duty, now you must do yours. Give us  
your opinion on these events.

Δ MusicScene Fifteen

As before, with Persinet and Lina.

Lina: My dear Mother, in my opinion ...

Tinagene: The poor child is shaking like a leaf at what you are  
forcing her to do.Madame S: You have put your finger on it; she is still only a  
child. Courage, my daughter, speak clearly and loudly.

Lina: My dear Mother, in my opinion we are, as you have  
said, ladies and mistresses, and we are on an equal  
footing with these gentlemen. I think we should work  
with them on the drawing up of the laws, and  
furthermore, I think we should draw lots,  
to decide which of us should be king or queen. If this  
is not possible, then each side should go off on their  
own, we women to the right, the men to the left, and  
manage as best as we can. Have I covered everything,

Mother?

Madame S: You've forgotten the point that deals with lovers.

FIRST DRAFT

Lina: That's because it's the hardest to get hold of. You still believe that love is a nonsense.

Madame S: You're not being asked for my opinion, but for your

OWN.

Lina: Alas! My own is that we should take my beloved along with us when we go.

Persinet: Ah, she is so good-hearted, of such a loving nature.

Lina: Yes, but I have been ordered to bid you farewell.

Farewell for ever and without end.

Persinet: Mercy on me!

Monsieur S: Heaven help us! My wife, in all honesty, do you really see this as a recipe for a <sup>happy</sup> life?

Madame S: Come along, Lina. Make a final curtsy to Monsieur Sorbin, whom we no longer recognise, and let us be gone without a backward glance.

(They leave)

Δ HALL C

### Scene Sixteen

The characters as in the previous scene, except the women, who left at the end of the scene.

Persinet: X This <sup>separation</sup> will be the death of me. I don't think I will be able to last until suppertime.

Hermocrate: I think you feel like weeping Monsieur Sorbin?

Monsieur S: I don't feel like it, Lord Hermocrate, I'm doing it.



FIRST DRAFT

Persinet: † If you want to see huge wet tears you only have to look at me.

Monsieur S: ^ The little fanatics: I'm fonder of them than I'd realise. We will have to fight them, but I must say it quite goes against my grain.

Timagene: Your tenderness is understandable.

Persinet: ~~Is there anyone~~ who could fail to adore the fair sex?

Hermocrate: Young man, leave us.

Persinet: Δ You are the most stubborn of everyone, Lord

Hermocrate. Δ Look at Monsieur Sorbin, he is the softest hearted of men; look at me, suffering the worst tortures from my desire to please, and here is Monsieur Timagene who thinks it's alright. There are no tigers in this company. You are the only one ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> claws, and if it weren't for you, we would share the farm with them.

Hermocrate: □ Just a moment, gentlemen, we will come to an accommodation with them if that is what you desire. I can see that violent methods do not appeal to you. An idea has occurred to me. Would you trust me to deal with this matter?

Timagene: \* Certainly. Do what you think fit. We invest you with all our powers.

FIRST DRAFT

Monsieur B: *And if* it is allowed, I hand you all my responsibilities as well.

Hermocrate: Run after them, Persinet. Call them back. Hurry, they haven't gone far.

Persinet: Oh mercy me, I will run like the wind. *I will leap like a gazelle!*

Hermocrate: + And when you've done that, bring me a small table and the wherewithal for writing.

Persinet: As swift as lightning! *o*

Timogene: ~ Would you like us to retire?

Hermocrate: X Yes, but as we are at war with the savage inhabitants of this island, make sure to keep watch. In a few minutes I want both of you to come back and tell us that there are hordes of them coming down from the mountains to attack us. Just say that and nothing else. *o* You can also bring a few armed men with you, looking as if they're preparing for battle.

(Persinet comes back with a table on which there is ink, paper and pen)

Persinet: ☐ (Putting the table down)  
The divinities *are* following me and here are your writing materials, Sir Lawyer! Try to get it all down on paper.

FIRST DRAFT

Timogene: Let us go.

✓ MUSIC.

Scene Seven: (end)

Hermocrate, Artherice, Madame Sorbin.

Hermocrate: (To Artherice)

□ You have carried the day, Milady. Your strength of purpose has triumphed. For you would have deprived us of the happiness of living with you, and we would never have been able to maintain our opposition if all the women of the colony were like the noble Artherice: her sharpness of intellect, her courtesy, her charms and her breeding would have brought the matter to a swift close. But I must be honest with you: the character of your partner Madame Sorbin, who is to share the power to enact laws with you, caused us to draw back at first. Not that we do not believe her to be a woman of merit in her own way, but the lowliness of her background, which is the cause of a certain, how shall I put it, vulgarity ..shall we say ..

Madame S: Good God! This low person with his lowly background ...

Hermocrate: It is not I who save these things. I am merely recounting to you what was generally thought. Some people even said that they thought the courteous Arthenice must have had a lot of trouble to put up with you.

Arthenice: (Aside to Hermocrate)

△ I warn you not to make her angry.

Hermocrate: As far as I myself am concerned, I make no accusations against you. My task is merely to tell you on behalf of these gentlemen that you will have a part in all our deliberations, and I am empowered to draw up the relevant article of law in your presence. But now, before I begin, tell me if there is anything particular that you still demand.

Arthenice: ☆ There is only one article of law that I insist on.

Madame S: + Me too. There is one thing I don't like and that I wish to see abolished: the gentry. I want to do away with it so there can be an end to lowly backgrounds. No more of that twaddle.

Arthenice: What, Madame Sorbin, you would abolish the aristocracy?

Hermocrate: I must say I'd rather favour such an abolition myself.

Arthenice: You Hermocrate?

FIRST DRAFT

Hermocrate: Forgive me, Milady. I have two small reasons. I am myself of the middle class, and I am a philosopher.

Madame S: + Your two reasons will be satisfied. I command, by virtue of the powers invested in me, that from this time forward, there will be no difference between those called Arthenice and <sup>those called</sup> Sordin. And that it will be considered as fine a thing to be called Hermocrate <sup>as</sup> or Thingamajig as Timagene. What's in a name? Is it a name that brings us honour and glory?

Hermocrate: Forsooth, she reasons like Socrates. Speak, Madame, and I will write it down.

Arthenice: ① I will never consent to such a thing. I was born to certain advantages and I wish to keep them, if you don't mind Madame Menial.

Madame S: Oh, <sup>really</sup> <sup>really</sup> comrade, you're <sup>far</sup> too intelligent to be so stuck up.

Arthenice: — You're as vulgar as they said you were!

Madame S: Oh do be quiet. You're behaving like a spoilt child howling for its rattle.

Hermocrate: / Now then ladies. Perhaps the best thing would be to pass over this article since it is in dispute. We can come back to it later.

Madame S: Tell us what yours is, then, Lady Elected Aristocracy.

## FIRST DRAFT

check

Arthenice: It is a truth more odious than yours, Sorbin. It concerns love and marriage. ~~Infidelity~~ <sup>brings disgrace on a</sup> woman but not a man. I want men + women to be treated equally.

Madame S: No, that is worthless and I veto it.

Arthenice: What I say is worth nothing?

Madame S: Nothing at all. Less than nothing.

Hermocrate: Now on that point I could not agree with you, Madame Sorbin. Even though I am a mere male, it seem to me to be equitable.

Madame S: I will not have it. Men do not have our strength of character, so I am indulgent towards their weaknesses. The world has put fidelity round their necks like a harness, I think it should stay there. Otherwise they would never know how to carry on. And as far as women are concerned, well I think we should have even more shame heaped on us. The more shame, the more reason to behave honourably; the more the world will be forced to acknowledge the grandeur of our virtue!

Arthenice: Oh really, now she's going too far!

Madame S: Lady, I'm talking as a woman of lowly background. You see, us lowly women, we're not in the habit of changing our lovers and husbands at the drop of a

FIRST DRAFT

[Madame S contd]

hat. It's not the same for high born ladies. they  
scuff at the moral order and behave the way men do.  
But my article will soon bring them to heel.

Hermocrate: What is your answer, Milady. What should I write  
down?

Arthenice: Ooh! How could one ever reach an agreement with this  
fish-wife

MUSIC ☆

Scene Eighteen

The same characters as before, Timogene, Monsieur Sorbin

Timogene: (To Arthenice)  
Milady, we have just seen a horde of savages rushing  
down on to the plain to attack us. We have already  
assembled the men. Make haste yourself to gather the  
women, and you and Madame Sorbin shall be our  
generals today. This is your introduction into the  
military arts. Here are the arms we have brought for  
you.

Madame S: I appoint you the commander in this engagement. The  
men will still be captains until we have learned the  
use of arms.

Monsieur S: But at least come and take part in the battle.

FIRST DRAFT

54

Antenor:

✱ This woman's disgusting vulgarity has sickened me. I  
herely renounce an enterprise which would be quite  
unrealisable if she had anything to do with it.

Madame St.

I reconcile myself with you men on account of this  
woman's idiotic notions about the nobility. Come, my  
husband, I forgive you. Go off to battle, and I will  
go back to our home.

Timagene:

I am overjoyed to see this business come to an end.

Do not perturb yourselves, dear ladies. Take shelter

from the war just now, and later on, when we come to

establish our laws and customs, we will give careful consideration

to the question of your rights.

ON END OF MUSIC

ON & LIGHT FLASH  
AS LAST ACTOR LEAVES

AT END OF INTERVAL CHANGE