

TNT



BRONZE — ADOLF WOLFF



Cano
1918

ETYMONS

not so

DA DI ME

OMA DO RE TÉ

ZI MATA DURA

DI O. Q DURA

TI MA TOITURA

DI ZRATATITOILA

LA LA LAR-R-RITA

LAR-R-RITA

LAR-R-RITA

I love you

PN

ZAZZ

O MA QU

RRO RRO

RU K

ASHM ZT

PLGE

ZR KRN NMTOTO

NM E SHCHU

KM NE SCU

mi o do ré mi mi o

“marmelade”

Valeurs de la spirale

(Les 3 pts A, B, C, sont dans un même plan vertical.)

Observation - Trajectoire de la bille de combat

A. Zone de combat

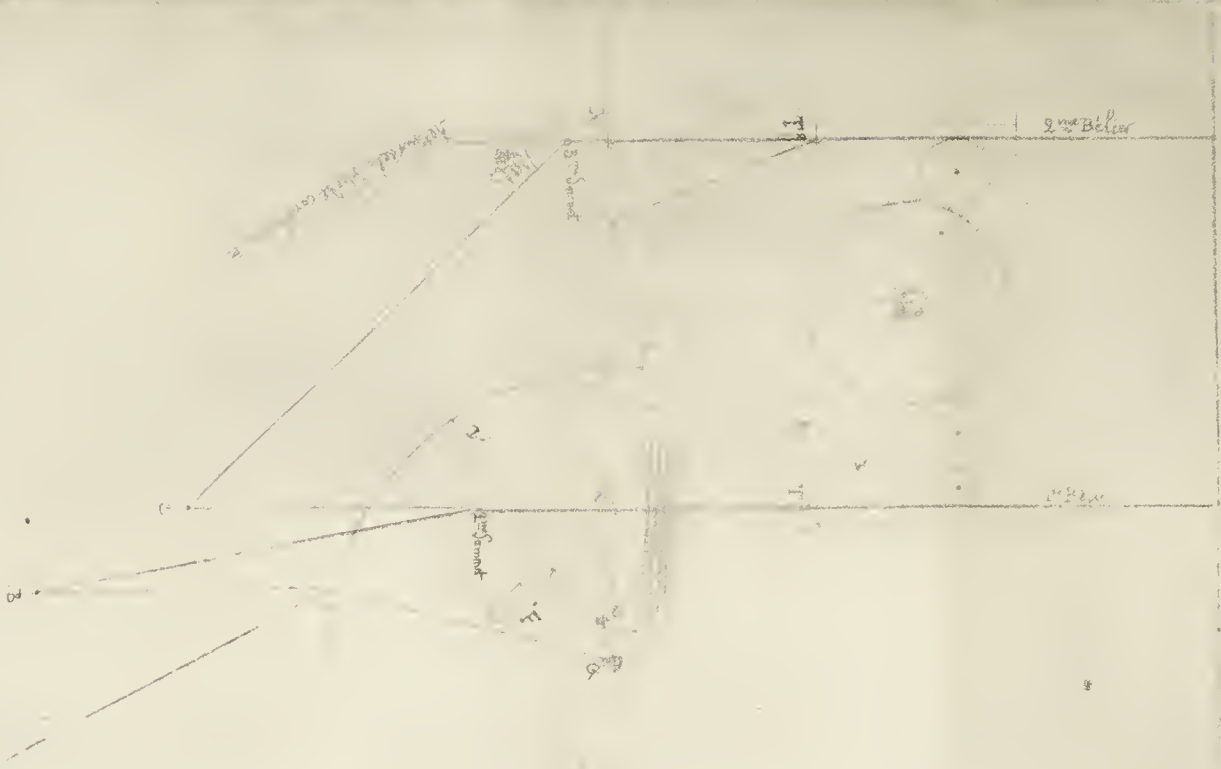
B. Zone de déclenchement

1er et 2e balle descendant après le choc de la bille de combat aux 2e et 3e sommets. Cette dernière entraîne le relèvement de la bille de combat. Les balles soulèvent le joueur de centre vers le haut au 2e point de départ sur ce commandement par le mise à nu.

passent en saut rouge agrippent tout le système horizontal. Les rôles de la spirale ascendante, remontent, par exemple, les balles

et les balles de déclenchement des balles qui partent et se déclenchent.

R et B. Position agrippée de la trajectoire rouge au 2e point de départ. Les balles de combat et de déclenchement sont portées en position de départ. D. (Relevé) au 2e point de départ. Les balles de déclenchement sont portées à la



Contract de base - Trajectoire de la bille de combat
 A. Zone de combat
 B. Zone de déclenchement
 C. Balle au 2e sommet déclenchement au 2e balle

1er et 2e balle descendant après le choc de la bille de combat aux 2e et 3e sommets. Cette dernière entraîne le relèvement de la bille de combat. Les balles soulèvent le joueur de centre vers le haut au 2e point de départ sur ce commandement par le mise à nu.

Les balles de déclenchement sont portées à la position de départ. Les balles de combat et de déclenchement sont portées à la position de départ. Les balles de déclenchement sont portées à la position de départ.

REPORT DE LA BILLE DE COMBAT

marcel Duchamp 1913

A PANTOMIME.

Persons: Three women, a man, an audience.

Scene: Behind the scenes in a dim light.

Behind a heavy curtain which is drawn over the entrance to the stage a woman, theatrically attired, stands motionless. She is evidently one of the actresses who takes part in this evening's performance. The woman is dressed in a costume that could be taken, by its extravagance of style, to be of the sixteenth century. It betokens a woman of high rank and breeding—perhaps a queen, for the train of the gown is ample and she wears a tiny ornament upon her forehead which looks like a diadem.

Presently an increasing sound of playing instruments is heard with sudden outbursts as if a climax were near. Or perhaps is it the actress' turn to appear. But there seems to be time yet. Meanwhile a slight moving back and forth of the curtain permits one to get a glimpse of her face which is very white with two deep pools for eyes, so dark they look.

Suddenly the sound of a falling body is heard, followed by a long, long cooing of some one's voice on the stage, finishing in sobs, and a small figure of a woman whose form is hidden in a broad cloak tumbles in behind the curtain almost on the other standing near. The attitude of the small figure is one of uncertainty and there seems to be an immense struggle going on within her, although one cannot see her face hidden in the cloak, but for the eyes big and light in color. She has one arm clasped tight over her breast—the other holds her cloak over part of her face. She catches the dark look of the other woman. Her glance softens and she bends low her head which at first was thrown back as if in pain. Her eyes feverishly search for something or somebody. Her hands still clasped tightly over her breast in apparent agony she staggers to a nearby stool for support. But not a sound escapes her covered mouth.

By this time the voice on the stage has died out and the woman who awaits her turn to appear in the play draws near to the one crouching on the stool. She lifts the head of the small woman ever

so gently and looks deeply into her face which is of a deathly appearance with eyes shut. Then she closes her own eyes, releases the head to its former position and stands as if paralyzed.

All this has taken but a few minutes, when a man, also in stage attire, doubtless an actor, rushes in from the footlights toward the small crouching figure, kneels by her, lifts with trembling hands the part of the cloak which covers her breast and letting it fall again, places his hands over his face moaning, "THIS IS NOT TRUE—I MUST BE DREAMING—O! O!" He takes the small form in his arms and makes blindly for a side exit.

A great noise of music and applause is heard coming from the other side of the curtain and then a tiny bell announcing the turn of the stately actress to appear. As pale as a ghost the woman, who in this evening's play appears as the queen, makes a few steps toward the curtain which she slightly opens. New applause is heard coming from an anxious audience. The applause dies out like thunder. Then the queen, as if she had made a final resolution, steps in, slowly at first still hesitating, always holding on to the velvet curtain with one hand the other raised slightly toward her face. One can see that she is undergoing an intense emotion. She actually lives, it appears, the part she is playing. Of a sudden she flings the curtain open, and makes one big rush for the middle of the foot-lights shouting, "SHE HAS KILLED HER—O GOD!" Her face which was so tragic at first now beams with joy as she leans over the form of a woman lying across the stage—dead. The music stops short.

Not knowing this to be the end the audience is silent as if at a funeral and it is only when the curtain before the foot-lights has fallen entirely that the spectators burst out into applause and hisses.

But the curtain does not go up.

ADON LACROIX.

REVOLVING DOORS

THE MEETING

Three beings meeting in one plane are contrasted, a yellow concave, a red convex, and a spiral blue. There is a mutual affection of color over the areas that two or three occupy together, resulting in a modification of their color but not in their form. Still it is possible to see the areas held in common as distinct additions. As in the other scenes the lines form a not too literal boundary for the planes.

SHADOWS

If three beams of light be thrown on an object from different angles, or if the object were turned to three different angles simultaneously in relation to a single beam of light, the resulting shadows would assume various proportions although their character remain the same. In the same way, if a form be invested with three colors at the same time and viewed from different angles, three distinct characters would result. They could be seen, however, only by imagination.

MIME

Two manners of creating a flame-like effect: by a radiation of bands of the spectrum starting from a common center and contained within a sector, and the other, by concentric bands of the spectrum. The center for both is the same, giving a personal interest. Arm bands carry out the intention to the surrounding space. The mood interpreted may be characterized as a laughing one.

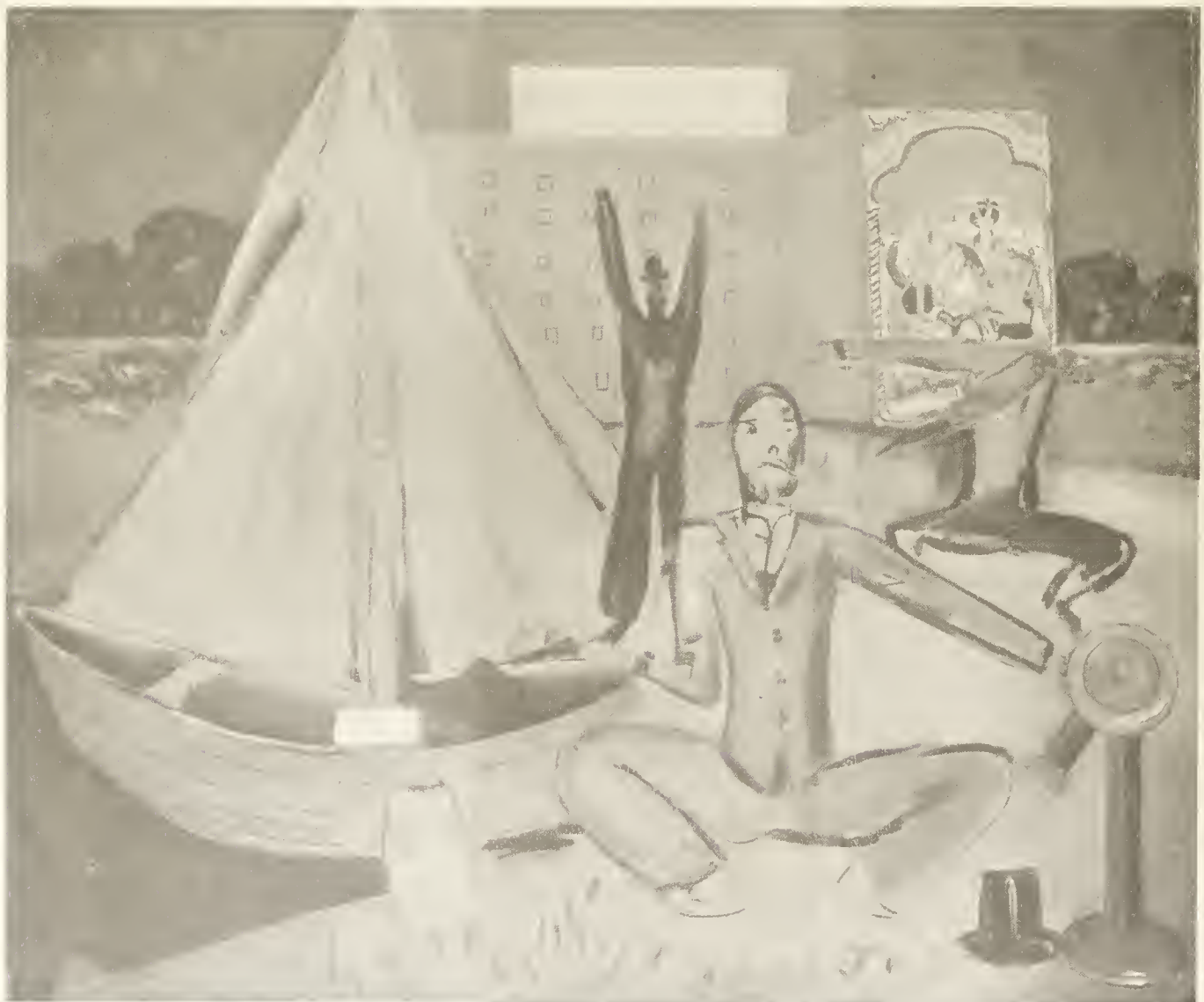
DECANTER

In this case the retort is tilted purely in a spirit of enjoyment; the mold that is produced by the contents is quite adventitious, but carried out with all the deliberation of a preconceived design. It acquires courage from its sudden change of function:—built to reject, it becomes an instrument of acceptance.

THE DRAGONFLY

The lozenges of different-colored wills to ascension are a fairly accurate record of the creature's struggle. The silver is a convention for what is unfulfilled. If the creature consulted its will only, it was bound to be dashed against the unknown. The base is always there for preservation.

MAN RAY.



PHYSICAL CULTURE

LOUIS BOUCHÉ

VACUUM TIRES: A FORMULA FOR THE DIGESTION OF FIGMENTS

à la la

When the shutter from a dry angle comes between the pin and a special delivery it appears at blue. Likewise in concert with strings on any other flow the clock of third evenings past Broadway is alarming, because it is written in three-four time to chewing gum; if you upset the garter, the r remains west, or to the left of flesh, as in revolving or Rector's. The whole effect is due to blinds, drawn in arithmetic to a sketch of halves, which are smoked into double disks. By such a system of instantaneous tickets a given volume of camera, analyzed for uric acid, leaves a deposit of ten dollars, and the style decrees that human surfaces be worn for transparencies, the price mark being removed from the lapel.

If, however, the showcases are on trolleys, bottles must be corked for the make-up of negroes. Or if a goitre appears in the elevation of the host, a set of false teeth, picked for the high lights by burnt matches, must be arranged at once in three acts. For the first provide electric fixtures that are tuned to cork tips. For the second consideration is flour, thirds being a key that is rarely advertised. Notwithstanding the thermometer into which the conductor spits, the telephone meets in extremes. A window will change the subject for standing room only.

Yet in spite of a Sunday ceiling to the same schedule, condensed into the bucket of a Melba lip-stick, the traffic-cop will empty the ladder to an equal number of rounds. This bandage is the legislature of taxis to taxidermists, hanging the dessert for bricklayers to little remains of cube root. The up town exit may, or may not, be in manuscript, but as a result of the binomial theorem of closing time, the water-mains, whenever they are directed to funerals, will make a vacuum flash.

WALTER CONRAD ARENSBERG



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019 with funding from
Getty Research Institute

<https://archive.org/details/tnt1919unse>

CARREFOUR

III HEURES

Les voitures roulent et s'arrêtent

brusquement

LES LIGNES LUES

DEVANT MES YEUX

PASSENT ENCORE

un
re
ve
rb
èr
e
im
me
ns
e
se
dressé

mauves violettes
amas d'oranges
vertes feuilles

l'appel morne
d'une corne
affole
un homme
noir

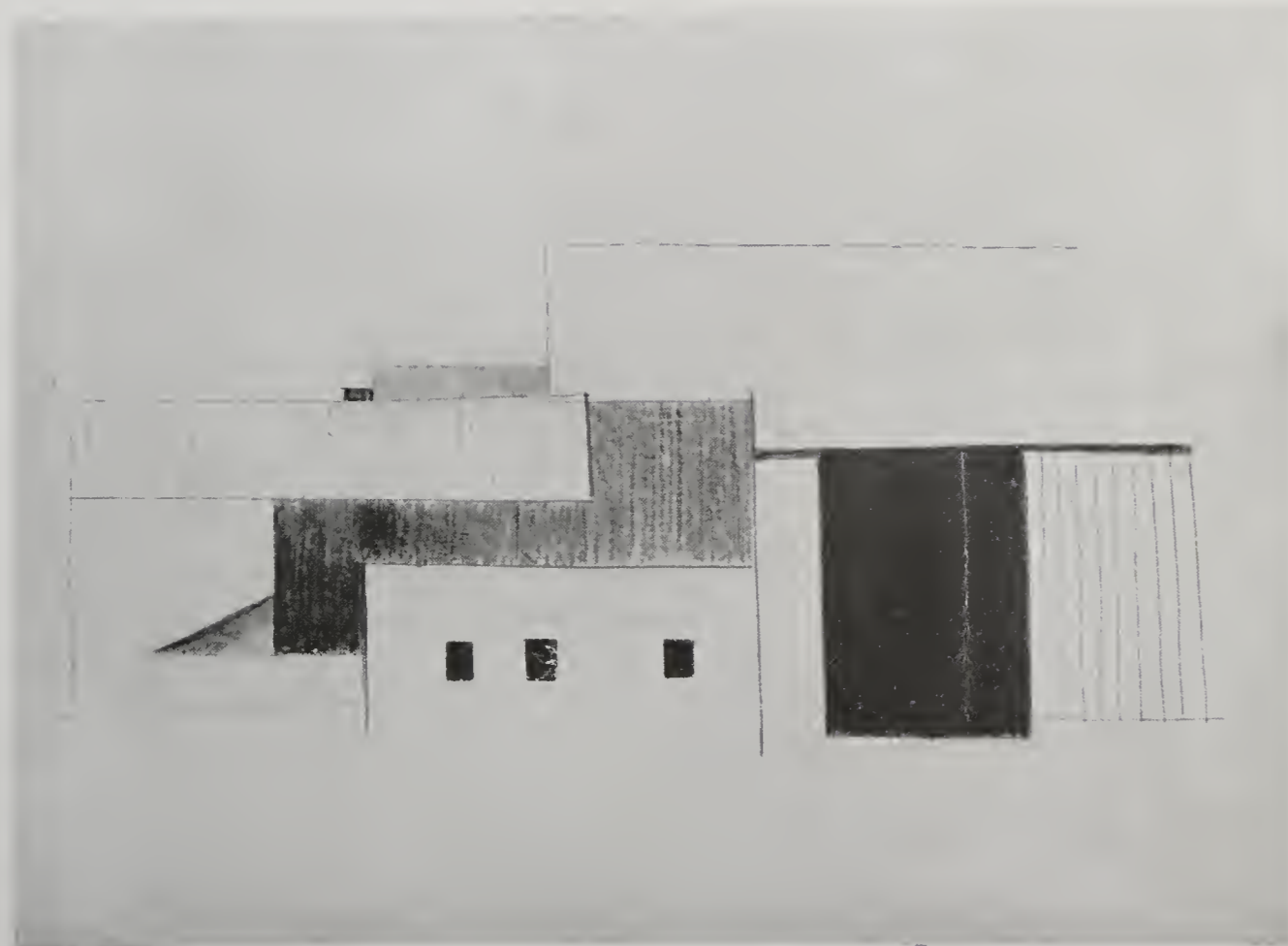
MAIS LE RETARD

Trois enfants

courent

l'un crie

PHILIPPE SOUPAULT



DRAWING

CHARLES SHEELER

THE MALICE OF SHADOWS.

I.

The footsteps of secrets
Had stirred all evening:
The comings and goings of things
No lips had uttered.

The nodding of heads,
The gestures of fingers,
A rustling
In and around behind the arras—
Pulled to and fro
By the passing of secrets.

The shadows found them—
Shifting, restless,
Plucking at silence,
Pulling at the arras.
The black amorphous shadows
Wrapped them.

II.

Thru the yellow window curtains
The black sheen of the river
Held only
The reflection of the moon
And the reflection of the stars.
The turgid flowing of the river
Could not erase them.

Softly the shadows crawled
Between the balcony and the room,
Between the balcony and the river,
Licking away the pride
Of the reflections in the river.

And night hovered,
The crafty night,
Like the twisted beak
Of a parroquet.

MITCHELL DAWSON.

楊 樹 葉 兒
 擘 拉 拉
 小 孩 兒 睡 覺 找 他 媽
 乖 乖 寶 貝 兒 你 睡 罷
 螞 虎 子 來 了 我 打 他

FROM THE CHINESE

Purple or not purple
 The big fruit of the eggplant
 In the eighth moon
 Lord Rabbit is worshipped
 White cakes—brown cakes
 The picture of the moon
 Is worshipped and placed in the middle
 The soy beans are in disorder
 The cockscomb flowers are of deepest red
 The peel of the melon offered to the moon
 is dark
 The Lord Moon eats and laughs heartily
 Tonight the moonlight is brighter than
 usual.

Gilt wood mace
 Silvered wood mace
 The husband strikes the castanets
 The wife sings
 They have been singing
 Till broad daylight
 And she has borne a child
 And there was no place to lay him
 So they have laid him on the kitchen stove
 Where he is sipping
 The rice gravy.

There is a small girl
 Who does not feel ashamed
 And calls the flowerseller her uncle
 Uncle-Uncle
 Give me a flower of the red pomegranate
 I will put it in my bosom
 I will put it in my sleeve
 And all the ground shall be strewn with
 flowers.

Goat's dung crushed by the foot
 You are my second brother
 I am your first brother
 Go and buy a bottle of wine
 We will both drink it
 When I am drunk
 I will beat my wife
 And then
 With flute players and drummers
 I will marry another.

LEAVES OF TEA

The mule
Stands
Still
Head bowed
As in thought
But
Perhaps
Too wise
To think.

Things of the spirit?
Nay!
Give me things of the flesh
For things of the spirit
There's all eternity.

The young woman
By the Mirror
The swan
On the lake
Both
Fussing with their
Feathers.

I brought my mistress a pomegranate
On the persian cushioned couch
In the dim rose light
I fed her
Seed by seed
And with each seed
A kiss.

Rivers
The loose threads
Of the sea's
Fabric.

A curtain of silence
Raised slowly
By invisible hands.

A guilty conscience
Moaning
In the night
It is the wind
That blows.

The potatoes
The cabbages
The turnips
All done sir
The angels said
If you are thru
Said the Lord
You may run along
And play
So they made
The flowers.

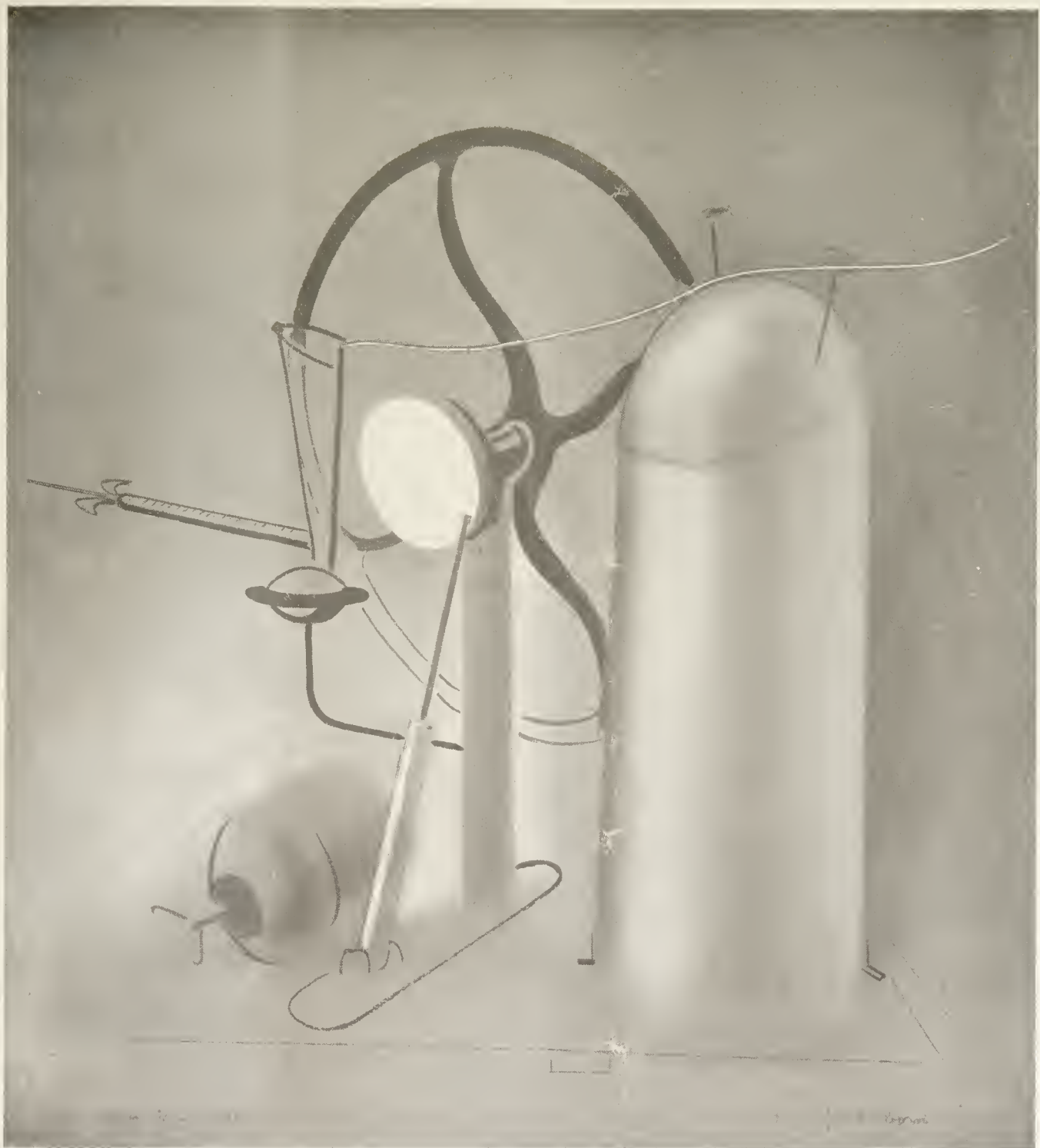
Pale virgins
Ascending
Spiral stairs
Of unending
Longing.

“I’m going to the movies”
Mumbles the babe—
As the navel string
Is being severed.

Whilst the angels
Adjusted
The halo
The Saint blushed
Perhaps
The thought
That he was
“Putting one over.”

The day said
Let there be
Silence
And it was
Night.

With an imbecile smile
I stare into the pit
Into which I have dropped
My yesterdays.



MAN RAY

MY FIRST-BORN

THE THEATRE OF THE SOUL.

A MONODRAMA IN ONE ACT

By Nikolai Evrcinof

(Translated by Marie Potapenko and Christopher St. John)

CHARACTERS

THE PROFESSOR.

M1, The Rational Entity of the Soul.

M2, The Emotional Entity.

M3, The Subliminal Entity.

M1's CONCEPT OF THE WIFE.

M2's CONCEPT OF THE WIFE.

M1's CONCEPT OF THE DANCER.

M2's CONCEPT OF THE DANCER.

THE PORTER.

The action passes in the soul in the period of half a second.

The prologue takes place before the curtain. A blackboard. Chalks.

The PROFESSOR enters from the wings, stops before the blackboard, and after having bowed to the audience, takes his chalk and begins his demonstration.

PROFESSOR. Ladies and Gentlemen,—When the unknown author of "The Theatre of the Soul," the

play that is going to be presented to you this evening, came to me some weeks ago with the manuscript, I confess that the title of his work did not inspire me with much confidence. "Here," I thought, "is another of the many little sensational plays with which the theatre is deluged." I was all the more agreeably surprised to gather from this reading that "The Theatre of the Soul" is a genuinely scientific work, in every respect abreast with the latest developments in psychophysiology. As you know, the researches of Wundt, Freud, Theophile Ribot and others have proved in the most conclusive way that the human soul is not indivisible, but on the contrary is composed of several selfs, the natures of which are different. Thus if M represents I myself (*He writes on the board.*)

$$M = M1 + M2 + M3 \dots Mn.$$

Fichte lays down the principle that if M is the "entity self," the world is not M. That is lucidity itself, gentlemen! According to the dicta of modern science,

however, if the world is not "M," neither is the entity self. That is quite clear, is it not, gentlemen? Thus I, myself or M—is not a simple quantity, because it comprises several entities. I have come to the conclusion that there are three entities, M1, M2, M3. M1 is the rational self—the REASON, if you prefer to call it so. M2 is the emotional self, or, as we may call it, FEELING. M3 is the psychical self, or the ETERNAL. This is easy to understand, I think. These three "M's" or "selves" constitute the great integral self.

(*He writes: "M1+M2+M3=M, the entire personality."*)

You will ask me now, perhaps, where the component elements, of which the complete personality is composed, are situated. The ancients believed that they were situated in the liver, but the author of the work which is to be presented to you holds, and with far better reason I think, that the human soul manifests itself in that part of the physical breast which a man instinctively strikes when he wishes to emphasize his good faith, or even when he uses such expressions as "I am distressed to the soul," or "I rejoice with my whole soul," or "My soul burns with indignation." Consequently the scene of the human soul appears to us like this:

(*He draws a plan on the board with different coloured chalks and proceeds to explain it.*)

This plan, ladies and gentlemen, represents, as no doubt you can see, a large heart, with the beginning of its main red artery. It makes from 55 to 125 pulsations a minute, and lies between the two lungs which fill and empty themselves from fourteen to eighteen times a minute. Here you see a little system of nerves, threads of nerves, pale in colour, and constantly agitated by vibration which we will compare with a telephone. Such is the scene in which the "entity self" plays its part. But, ladies and gentlemen, science does not confine itself to explaining things. It also offers us consolation. For instance, it is not enough to say, "I've done a foolish thing." One ought to know which of the three entities is responsible. If it is M2, or the emotional self, no great harm is done. If it is the psychical entity, the matter need not be taken very seriously either. But if it is the rational self it is time to be alarmed. At this point, ladies and gentlemen, I feel myself under the necessity of suspending my explanations and of giving way to the author, to the artists, and to you, ladies and gentlemen, who I know will prove yourselves worthy critics of this admirable little work.

(*The PROFESSOR retires.*)

The board is removed. The curtain goes up, and the interior of the human soul is seen, as it has been described by the PROFESSOR. On the scene, that is to say on the Diaphragm, the three entities, who bear a close resemblance to each other, are discovered. All three are dressed in black, but their costumes differ. M1 wears a frock-coat. M2 an artist's blouse and a red tie. M3 a well-worn travelling dress. The other differences between the three entities are indicated as follows: M1 is a person who wears spectacles and has a quiet, sober manner, his hair is slightly grey and carefully brushed. His lips are thin. M2 has a very youthful manner. His gestures and movements are quick, lively and a little exaggerated. His hair is untidy, his lips are full and red. M3 wears a black mask. He slumbers in the foreground, his bag under his arm, in the attitude of a traveller, worn out by fatigue.

M2. (*At the telephone.*) Hullio! What? You can't hear me? I am speaking loud enough! What?

It makes your ear vibrate? That is because your nerves are overstrained. Now listen. Brandy! Do you hear? Brandy!

M1. Don't forget that it is you who are forcing him to drink a third bottle for no reason except that you want to pass the time somehow. Poor heart! Look how it is beating!

M2. You would prefer it to be always in a state of stupor, like the sub-conscious! A charming sort of existence!

M1. If the heart goes on beating like that, it will not be for long.

M2. Well, what does that matter? Sooner or later it must stop.

M1. Now you are quoting my exact words.

M2. And why not? You sometimes talk sense.

M1. Please don't touch the nerves. You have been told already that—

(*Each time that the nerves are touched, a low jingling sound is heard.*)

M2. (*With anger.*) Told me! Who has told me? And by what right? Who the devil dares order me about as if I were a servant? I am a poet. Love, passion, that is I! Without me, what would there be here but dust and mildew . . . a museum, a cemetery? . . . Everything is nothing—without passion.

M1. You talk like a fool.

M2. It's the absolute truth. Whose fault is it if we drink?

M1. It is not you, of course, who are always crying out for brandy.

M2. And if I do, isn't it forced on me? Isn't it because in your society there is nothing for our poor being to do but hang himself?

M1. Come now! You know very well that it is you, not I, who are the cause of all his misfortunes. Yes, you, the emotional self. What are you but a selfish libertine, a wreck of a man? Have you ever had any taste for study, ever taken any interest in noble, intellectual work, ever reflected on the idea of moral dignity?

M2. You are nothing but a pedant, a wretched academic dry-as-dust.

M1. Yet I despise you, O emotional self.

M2. And I despise you as much, O rational entity.

(*He passes his hand over the nerves with a big sweeping movement.*)

M1. Stop that. You shall not touch my nerves.

M2. By what right do you interfere? Allow me to remind you that we possess these nerves in common, and that when I touch them it is my nerves which become on edge as well as yours! When, thanks to you, my nerves are numbed, I become as stupid as an ox . . . as stupid, that is to say, as you. You shall not prevent my touching them. I like them taut and strained. Then they become like Apollo's lute, and on them I can play the hymn to love and liberty! (*He plays on the nerves. The heart begins to beat more strongly. Speaking at the telephone.*) Brandy!

M1. (*Snatching away the telephone.*) Valerian!

M2. (*Snatching away the telephone.*) Brandy!

M1. (*Again possessing himself of it.*) Valerian—do you hear? What? There is none left? Then go to the chemists. Valerian—30 drops in a glass of water. (*He leaves the telephone. The two entities walk up and down. They meet.*) Are you calm now?

M2. What are you?

M1. You can see for yourself.

(*They both approach the subconscious entity. A silence.*)

M2. What is he?

M1. Supremely quiescent, as always. Don't disturb his peace. If you do, it is you who will suffer for it. (*At the telephone.*) Have you taken your drops?

Good. I will try and make him listen to reason. But the fact is, I don't grasp the principal point. This woman has attracted you by the originality of her talent, and if, in addition, she has—Very well! But for that to abandon wife and children . . . excuse me, it is not a solution. At least, unless we are to embrace polygamy . . . the ideal of a savage, more capable of appreciating the curve of a leg and the line of a back than the wondrous architecture of an immortal temple—I mean the soul. . . .

M2. Oh! what do all your opinions—and beliefs matter to me? She is beautiful. What's the use of reasoning?

M1. The brute beast doesn't reason certainly, but man—to whom the logic of feeling should be familiar—*(To the telephone as he passes.)*

M2. Good heavens! How dull, how insensible you are . . . and what anguish I endure from being bound to so colourless, so insipid a companion. . . .

M1. You used not to talk like this:

M2. You're right there. I even loved you when we worked together harmoniously. I shall never forget the service you rendered me when I was consumed with love for Annette! To get the better of that very cautious young woman, and to cheat the vigilance of her parents—that was—Oh, on that occasion you showed no lack of cleverness! But of late you have become not merely less intelligent, but as dull as a rusty razor.

M1. Thank you for the compliment! I am not sensitive. Also I am aware that brandy has something to do with your opinion of me.

M2. Oh, God, how beautiful she is! You must have forgotten how beautiful, how gay! Yes, I know she is only a café chantant singer—but what of that? You can't remember her face, her figure . . . her whole lovely personality. . . . I will show her to you. *(He summons up from the left the seductive concept of the singer.)* Sing as you sang yesterday, beloved beautiful one. As you sang yesterday, the day before yesterday, a week ago, last Sunday. Sing, I beg you. *(To M1, who has turned his back on the woman's image.)* Oh! why don't you help me?

(The first concept of the singer. She sings and dances to the rhythm of the heart which beats joyously.)

Is it you?

Is it you?

Are you the nice young fellow

Who the other day was near me—

So near me in the darkness of the train?

I could not see you then,

For it was much too dark,

But I should like to know

Is it you?

Is it you?

Whom my kisses so sweet

Made so madly in love?

In the train the other day

A gentleman sat near me.

I turned my head to look at him

But at that very moment

The light went out.

Into my arms then my maddened neighbor throws himself,

I kiss him ardently, embrace him, but since that day

Vainly I have searched for him.

Longing, I say to every man I see,

"Is it you?"

Is it you?

Are you the nice young fellow

Who the other day was near me—

So near me in the darkness of the train?"

M2. *(Enchanted.)* Oh, rapture! The whole universe is not worth such joy! Those legs, those feet! Dear God, what carpet in the wide world is fit for the touch of those lovely feet, so lovely that they make me weep? . . . Dance on me! Dance in me! Swing to and fro, angelic censer! *(He embraces her feet, her hands.)*

M1. What lunacy—what folly! Leave her! It is all imagination. She is not like that. You kiss a painted face, you caress false hair. She is forty if she's a day. Leave her! All that you see and feel is false. See her as she is, see reality! *(At the beginning of his speech, the first concept of the woman vanishes R. whence M1 summons the second concept of the singer, ludicrously aged and deformed.)* Look! Look, if you would know the truth. Look at the divine feet—hard and coarse! Look at the exquisite head! *Tête de veau au naturel . . . without the wig and the curls. (He lifts off the wig and displays an almost bald head.)* Take out those star-like teeth! *(She takes out her plate.)* Now sing!

(She sings out of tune, with a nasal twang, and executes some steps with the grace of an old hack being led to the shambles.)

M2. No, no, this is not reality. This is not the truth! *(To second concept.)* Go away! Get out of this! *(He pushes her out with violence.)*

M1. Ah! you are angry. Then you acknowledge you are wrong.

M2. I acknowledge nothing of the kind. You have played some trick on me—you—

M1. You know quite well that the creature on whom you are pouring out this mad passion is not worthy to unloose the shoe-strings of the woman whom you are going to deceive and betray. And why? I ask you why? *(He summons from the R. the first concept of the wife, who is nursing a child.)* Because she has always been gentle and kind to you? Because she has nursed your child? Her singing is not that of the café chantant, I know, but listen! Listen to the lullaby that she is crooning to your little one—that is, if your ear is not now too gross to hear a sound so pure. Her voice is tired, you say. Ah! she has been singing for three long nights—nights that she has passed without sleep, waiting, hoping, despairing, aching for you to come home. *(The first concept of the wife sings the lullaby in a low voice.)*

Sleep, my little one, sleep;

The pain will soon go, my love.

Be patient, what did'st thou say?

"Daddy! Where is my daddy?"

Daddy will come to thee soon;

Daddy works hard, my darling,

But soon he will come with a toy,

A beautiful toy for thee!

A wooden horse, would'st thou like?

Gee-up, gee-up, a horse to ride.

Good Daddy, kind Daddy—gee-up!

Sleep, my little one, sleep!

M2. *(Roughly.)* I've had enough of this silly farce. There is no truth in it. It's a got-up affair. It's all vulgar sentimentality. *(He violently pushes away the first concept of the wife.)* Go away from here, you heroine of melodrama. . . . She is not what you pretend. I know her too well. She has poisoned my whole life. There is no poetry in her, no joy, no passion. She is prose itself, the baldest, the most banal prose, in spite of her heroic attitudes! The eternal housemaid—that's what she is.

(He summons the second concept of the wife—a very ordinary and slovenly bourgeois. Her untidy hair is done in an unbecoming knot. She wears a dirty dressing-gown, stained with coffee, and open at the breast.)

2ND CONCEPT OF THE WIFE. (*Violently.*) This is a nice business! If my parents only knew the life I lead with this low brute. What surprises me is that he hasn't got the sack from the office long ago—a drunkard like him! Without that cursed brandy he wouldn't have an idea in his silly head. . . . My gentleman has condescended to give me children. Now he goes about making love to women who don't have children . . . or if they do, kill them for the sake of their precious figures. My gentleman loves the fine arts—the theatre—that is the theatre which he finds in some wretched hole of a cafe chantant . . . where he can drink with a lot of low women with faces daubed with paint—creatures I wouldn't touch with a pair of tongs. . . . It's more than likely that one fine day, he'll come home and poison his children, the brainless sot. . . . But for me he would have pawned everything we have long ago—to the shirts on our backs. An atheist who refuses to kneel down or cross himself before the blessed Sacrament. He's as stupid as he can be, but that doesn't prevent him from talking philosophy—a lot of nonsense about liberty, the duties of a citizen, and so on. Liberty! Liberty to make a beast of himself. I'll liberty you, you wretch. . . .

M2. Yes, that is the real she—the real heroine! That is the creature whom I dare not leave for the sake of the divine being who intoxicates me like a magic potion, who provides the only reason for my still wishing to exist in this dreadful world!

(*As he says this he summons up the first concept of the singer. She sings and dances a can-can, gradually driving into a dark corner L. the second concept of the wife. Then she herself has to retreat before the first concept of the wife, who advances, a menacing but imposing figure, noble in sorrow.*)

1ST CONCEPT OF THE WIFE. (*To the singer.*) Go! I implore you to go. You have no right here.

M1. None. . . . She speaks the truth.

1ST CONCEPT OF THE WIFE. Since you do not love him, since you would not make the smallest sacrifice for him . . . since you have had many others in your life like him . . . leave him alone, leave him in peace, if you still have any heart, any decency. I need him—I need his support—his affection. Oh, don't take him from me—Don't tear him away from his family to whom he owes—

1ST CONCEPT OF SINGER. (*Interrupting mockingly and laughing.*) I know all those phrases by heart. I've heard them so often. They mean nothing.

1ST CONCEPT OF WIFE. Go away, do you hear? Don't drive me too far—

1ST CONCEPT OF SINGER. So now you're going to threaten me, are you? Why, may I ask? Why do you hate me? Is it because I have beautiful legs and firm breasts, or because my words fly like birds and leap like champagne corks?

M2. (*Applauding.*) Bravo! Bravo!

1ST CONCEPT OF THE WIFE. What do you want but his money, you creature for sale—

1ST CONCEPT OF SINGER. What's that? A creature for sale, am I? What are you then? Didn't you sell yourself when you married him? Take it back—take it back, I say, or I'll—

(*She advances threateningly on the first concept of the wife.*)

1ST CONCEPT OF THE WIFE. You shall go—Yes, you shall go!

(*They close with one another, and fight. The anguished heart palpitates noisily during their struggle. Violent curses and frenzied threats are heard, such as "You shameless wretch!" "You beast!" "You're only a harlot!" "I'll teach you!" "You bloody church-goer!" After vanishing from view for a moment in the dark corner L. they reappear more bitter and violent than ever now as the second concepts. The wife has the singer's transformation between her teeth. After a second change of personality, they reappear on the scene. The victory is with the singer, who is seen with the prostrate wife under her knee. The wife disengages herself, and, weeping, escapes L., followed by the laughter of the singer and the bravos of M2. Then M1, indignant, boxes the singer's ears, who runs to the back of the scene uttering plaintive howls like a whipped cur, M2, losing all control, throws himself on M1, and strangles him.. The heart stops for a minute. Two or three nerves touched during the struggle snap. M2, seeing that his adversary is dead, throws himself at the feet of the singer.*)

M2. Come, my queen, come. My beloved, now you are mine, mine in everything, mine for ever. oh, my life, my joy, my love! . . . Come to me.

THE SINGER. (*1st Concept.*) No, you dear little silly. Oh, no! It has only been a joke. Money first . . . love afterwards. And from what I see—there's a sight more love here than money. . . . And how are you going to get any? No—no, no! I am not for you, my boy. It was all a joke.

(*She disappears L.*)

(*M2 stands thunderstruck in a despairing attitude. A cafe concert air, of an exciting, irritating type, is heard in the distance. The first concept of the wife is seen. She fixes her large sorrowful eyes on M2. It is difficult to see whether she is nursing her sick child, or making reproachful signs to M2.*)

M2. (*Madly hurling himself at the telephone.*) Quick! Quick now. It's all over. There is nothing. . . . I have come to the end of everything. . . . With what strength I have left I implore you to do it quickly. The revolver is in the right-hand pocket. Quickly, oh, more quickly! It will not hurt, believe me, not much. . . . Fire between the fourth and fifth ribs. . . . What? You are afraid? There is nothing to be afraid of. It will be all over in a moment. Quick

(*There is a short pause, during which M3 wakes up abruptly and throws an uneasy glance round him. A loud report like a cannon shot is heard. The sound echoes through the vault of the soul. A great hole opens in the diaphragm from which pour out ribbons of blood. Darkness half hides the scene. M2 struggling convulsively falls under the heart drowned in the streamers of red ribbon. The heart has stopped beating. The lung has ceased to respire. A pause. M3 trembles and stretches himself wearily. A Porter carrying a lighted lantern enters.*)

THE PORTER. This is Everyone's town. You have to get out here, sir. You change here.

M3. Thank you, yes. I have to change here.

(*He puts on his hat, takes his bag, and follows THE PORTER, yawning.*)

CURTAIN.