

SECTION FOUR

4.1 History of English Drama

INTRODUCTION

'How dramatic you are!' is your response when a friend exaggerates or overreacts. It means you are correctly using the adjective form of the word 'drama'. Drama is a performance which is essentially loud, exaggerated and larger than life. It is an audio visual medium. The audience sitting around, in front of, close to or in the last row of the theatre, should be able to hear and see the actor on stage. For example, a stage whisper is far louder than a whisper in real life. This would be an example of 'willing suspension of disbelief'. It can be defined as a willingness to accept the unreal. It may also mean sacrifice of realism and logic for the sake of enjoyment. The term was coined by the poet and aesthetic philosopher Samuel T. Coleridge. The term often applies to fictional works of the action, comedy, fantasy and horror genres. It refers to the willingness of the audience to overlook the limitations of a medium. Drama is a medium of expression, whereby performers express themselves artistically. The performance is based on a script which is in the form of dialogues, whereas a story or a novel is written in the narrative form. Poetry is language expressed in rhythm and metre. Drama is the specific mode of fiction represented in performance. A play, opera, mime and ballet are performed in a theatre, on radio or on television.

What is drama?

'Drama is a composition in verse or prose to be acted on the stage, in which a story is related by means of dialogue and action and is represented with, accompanying gesture, costume and scenery as in real life'.

- Shorter Oxford Dictionary

'Drama is a composition designed for performance in the theatre in which actors take the roles of the characters, perform the indicated action and utter the written dialogue'.

- A Glossary of Literary Terms by M.H. Abrams

The Elements of Drama:

The elements of drama are-

1. plot
2. characterization
3. dialogue
4. settings
5. stage directions
6. conflict
7. theme

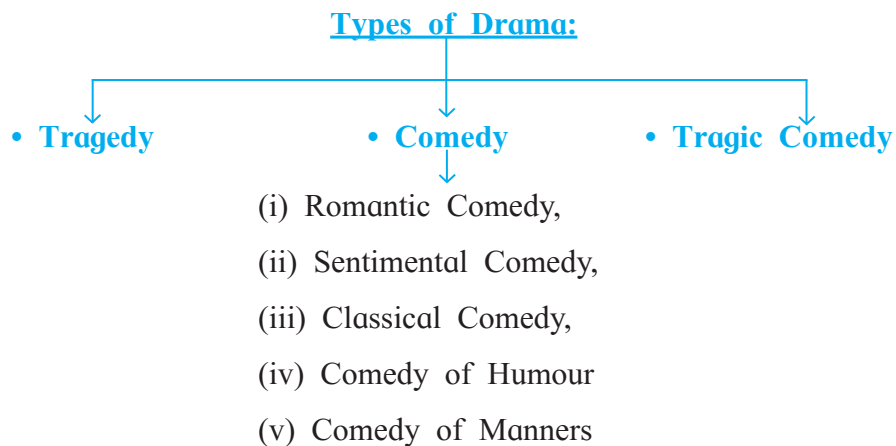
The four closely related areas of focus are-

1. The focus of the **scene**
2. The focus of the **audience**
3. The focus of the **character**
4. The focus of the **actor**

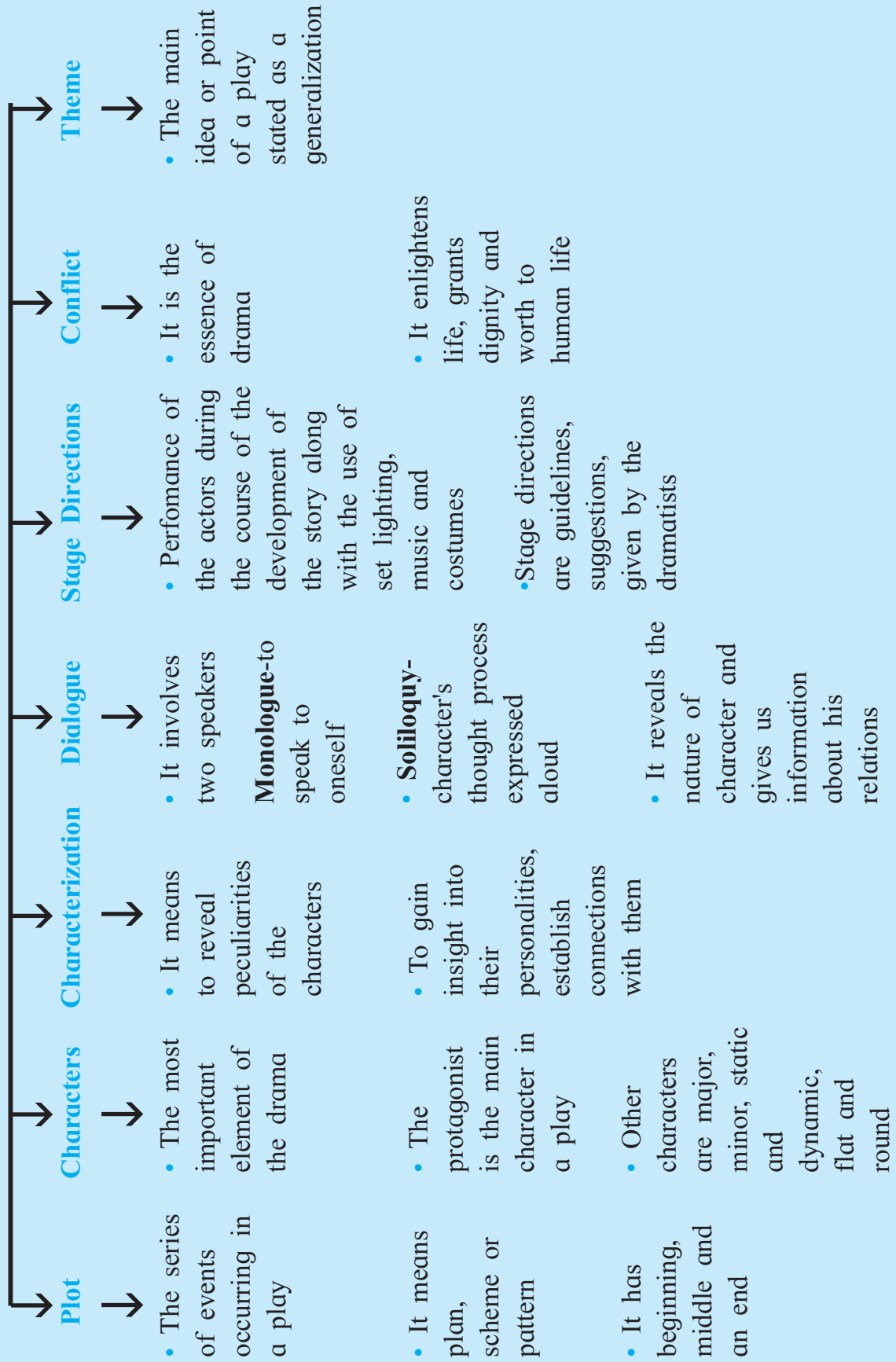
Objectives:

After studying this unit you will be able to :

- understand and identify drama as a genre of literature
- learn the definition of drama
- explain the difference between drama and other forms of literature
- explain the basic elements of drama
- understand the types of drama



The Elements of Drama



A Short History of Drama

- (I) **Introduction to English Theatre :** Drama has its origins in folk theatre. We therefore cannot consider drama merely as a part of literature. Words are the medium of literature as an art but drama is a multiple art using words, scenic effects, music, gestures of the actors and the organising talents of a producer. The dramatist must have players, a stage and an audience.

The beginnings of drama in England are obscure. There is evidence to believe that when the Romans were in England they established vast amphitheatres for the production of plays but when the Romans departed their theatre departed with them. Then there were minstrels. People enjoyed their performances. Gradually by the 10th century the ritual of the plays that itself had something dramatic in it, got extended into the rudiments of a play. Between the 13th and 14th century drama started having themes which were separated from religion. The words themselves were spoken in English, a longer dramatic script came into use, and they were called as Miracle plays. Later, these religious dramas were the Morality plays in which characters were abstract vices and virtues. These were allegories.

- (II) **Elizabethan and Restoration Theatre :** These Secular Morality plays have direct links with Elizabethan plays. The Renaissance imposed a learned tradition, classical in depth with themes of education, general moral problems and secular politics. The plays had nothing to do with religion. There were examples of both, comedy and tragedy. Thomas Kyd, Christopher Marlowe and William Shakespeare are the prime dramatists of this era. It was Kyd who discovered how easily blank verse might be converted into a useful theatrical medium which Shakespeare used brilliantly in all his plays. Tragedy developed in the hands of Kyd and Marlowe. Comedy had also proceeded beyond rustic humour. But by the nineties of the 16th century, the theatre in England was fully established but complicated conditions governed the activities of the dramatist.

The public theatre of the 16th century differed in many important ways from the modern theatre. It was open to sky, without artificial lighting, the stage was a raised platform with the recess at the back supported by pillars. There was no curtain and the main platform could be surrounded on three sides by the audience. Around the theatre there were galleries. In the 17th century the enclosed theatre gained importance. There was increasing attention to scenic device as theatre became private.

Shakespearian era came into existence in the 16th century to the public theatre. He wrote for the contemporary theatre, manipulating the Elizabethan stage with great resource and invention. But the genius of Shakespeare should not allow the rest of the drama of his age to be obscured. Contemporary to him was Ben Johnson, a classicist, a moralist and a reformer of drama.

In comedy, Johnson's genius is found at its best and his influence was considerable. The Restoration dramatists leaned strongly upon him.

Closing of theatres by the Puritans in 1642, brought this greatest of all periods in the history of English drama to an end. With the Civil wars no theatre existed between 1642 to 1660. The next phase which appeared after the Restoration produced a very different kind of dramatic literature. Dramatists like Chapman, Thomas Middleton, Webster and Dekker were at the forefront.

When Charles II came back with the Restoration of 1660, the theatres were reopened. The Restoration comedy achieved its peculiar excellence. Drama developed into class drama with upper-class ethos. It lasted beyond this period into the first decade of the 18th century. Comedy in the early 18th century declined into sentimentalism. It became Comedy of Manners. George Etherege was its most important exponent. From such depths the drama was rescued by Oliver Goldsmith and Richard Sheridan. With Sheridan, something of the brilliance of restoration dialogue returned into comedy but with more genial atmosphere. The characters were firmly presented with clarity, reminiscent of Johnson but with no depth in Sheridan's world, no new interpretation of human nature. In this he was nearer to Oscar Wilde than to Johnson.

(III) Modern Theatre : The modern theatre with its picture frame stage, its actresses taking female parts, its moveable scenery designed to create a visual image of the locale of each scene and its artificial light was developed during the Restoration period. There is clear influence of France in theatre, the audience and the themes.

The drama of the early 19th century was on the whole on the way to decline because of many causes. The theatre was home, mainly to irregular spectacle, melodrama and farce. A simple external reason can be found in the monopoly held by the two houses, Covent Garden and Drury Lane, for the performance of serious drama. The audiences which gathered to the 19th century theatre had not the intelligence or the imagination of the Elizabethan audience. The danger in the 19th century theatre was that, above all, it was unrelated to the life of the time. The changes in the structure of society had so modified the human personality itself that a new interpretation was essential.

Ibsen, the great Norwegian dramatist of the 19th century, dominates the modern drama. He developed modernist, realist, social and psychological dramas like *The Doll's house*, *Ghosts*, and *An Enemy of the People*. They are far more subtle in stagecraft and profound in thought than anything in the modern English theatre. But it was only George Bernard Shaw who was deeply influenced and affected by Ibsen's innovative contributions and

experimentation. He was the most brilliant playwrights of his times. He alone had understood the greatness of Ibsen and he was determined that his own plays should also be a vehicle for ideas. The responsibility of elevation of the English drama to the brilliance of the Norwegian, fell with Oscar Wilde and G. B. Shaw in the late 19th and early 20th century.

The 20th century showed a talent in the drama with which the 19th century could not compete. H. Granville Barker, John Galsworthy, St. John Ervine were some of the playwrights who explored contemporary problems. St. John Ervine had been associated with a group of Irish dramatists whose work was normally produced in the Abbey theatre in Dublin. Much that is best in the modern drama in English developed from this movement. One of its originators was Lady Gregory with W. B. Yeats and J. M. Synge. They were the most important dramatists of this Irish revival who used a sense of tragic irony, a violent species of humour and a rich and highly flavoured language.

T.S. Eliot experimented with Greek tragedy in the early forties of the 20th century. Other dramatists of the modern era, John Osborne, wrote on people who grew up after the Second World War. Kingsley Amis wrote about frustrated, anti-establishment young people. Osborne's 'Look Back in Anger' brought a new vitality to the theatre scene. It was more a cultural phenomenon than the work of literature. Other important playwrights of the modern era include Anton Chekhov, Bertolt Brecht, Eugene O'Neill, Arthur Miller, Tennessee William, Eugène Ionesco, Samuel Beckett and Harold Pinter.

(IV) Indian Theatre :

Earliest seeds of modern Indian Drama can be found in the Sanskrit Drama from the first century A.D. Mahabhasya by Patanjali provides a feasible date for the beginning of theatre in India. The major source of evidence is 'A Treatise on Theatre (NatyaShastra) by Bharat Muni is the most complete work of dramatology in the ancient world. It gives mythological account of the origin of theatre. Modern Indian drama however, has influences from all over the world, as well as Sanskrit and Urdu traditions.

HISTORY OF DRAMA

PERIODS IN HISTORY	TYPES OF PLAYS	CLASSICS (PLAYS)
MEDIEVAL PERIOD (11th to 15th Century Reign of Henry VI)	- Didactic plays - Mystery plays / Miracle plays - Cycle plays, Morality plays	- Robin Hood by Howard Pyle, Everyman etc.
RENAISSANCE PERIOD (1600 to 1700, Reign of Elizabeth I and James I)	- Tragi- Comedy - Melancholy - Revenge plays	- Romeo And Juliet (Tragedy), A Midsummer Night's Dream (Comedy), Henry IV (Historical) by Shakespeare - Dr. Faustus and Jew of Malta by Christopher Marlowe - Duchess of Malfi by John Webster - The Changeling by Thomas Middleton
RESTORATION PERIOD (1660 onwards, Reign of Charles II)	- Heroic drama - Pathetic drama - Restoration comedy	- All For Love (Tragedy) by John Dryden - The Way of The World (Comedy) by William Congreve
VICTORIAN PERIOD (1837 to 1901, Reign of Queen Victoria)	All types of plays were performed	- The Importance of being Earnest by Oscar Wilde - Candia by G.B. Shaw - A Doll's House - An Enemy of the People } by Henrik Ibsen
MODERN PERIOD (1901 TO 1945)	- Stream of consciousness, - Absurd plays, - Poetic drama, - Radio drama	- Pygmalion by G.B. Shaw - Murder In The Cathedral (poetic drama) by T.S. Eliot
POST MODERN ERA (1945 to 2000)	- Almost all types of dramas were performed - Kitchen sink drama	- Look Back In Anger by John Osborne - Waiting for Godot by Samuel Beckett

About One Act Play

The revised Coursebook for Std. XI focuses on language and literature. Students should be able to enjoy, appreciate and digest the various forms of literature. Literature provides a gateway to express emotions. This is a paradigm shift from studying general extracts of literature to understanding a specific genre of literature. With this intention, a One Act Play, as a genre, has been selected for close study to Std. XI.

A one-act play is not exactly a shortened play. It is a complete story that has to be performed on the stage in stipulated time. It has its own features and characteristics. The action is confined to a single place and the number of characters is limited. Simplicity of design and quick effect are its features. The prescribed one-act play will help the learners to understand the following features.

1. Plot- The plot of a one-act play is limited to a single interesting episode. The plot of any piece of literature is a story that has been woven into a closely related chain of events arranged in sequence. Aristotle says '**conflict is the soul of drama**'. We usually have conflict in a play. Modern plays of the '**Theatre of the Absurd**' are an exception to it.

2. Theme- A theme is the central idea around which the plot revolves. It is directly stated through the playwright's instructions, dialogues and other features. It focuses on the subject of the play. It can be implicit or explicit. There can be a number of sub-themes that portray human life. The theme helps to convey the message of the playwright.

3. Setting- Setting or location is a place where the story takes place. A drama is meant for stage performance, the location or setting is revealed through effective use of a variety of props. The unity of time, place and action has to be taken into consideration while setting the stage. The proper use of setting/props helps the play to be impactful.

4. Language- We all know that the 'pen is mightier than the sword' likewise words are the weapons of a writer. There is another language too. Have you enjoyed films of **Charlie Chaplin** who uses nonverbal communication very effectively through his body? It conveys emotions and underlying meanings profoundly. One act play has a profound effect due to its brevity of words. If the dialogues are witty, pungent and concise, they add to the overall impact of the play e.g. Shakespeare's Hamlet says 'To be or Not to be'. The dialogues of the playwright use techniques like projection, articulation and phrasing for effective communication. Poetic devices and figures of speech like imagery, symbolism, personification and humour embedded in wit, pun, irony, and paradox make the dialogues extremely powerful. The tone of the dialogue can be comic, ironic, light, playful, sad, serious, sinister, solemn, sombre, threatening etc.

5. Characters- There are a limited number of characters in one-act plays. There are two types of characters-main and supporting. E M Foster in his 'Aspects of the Novel' divides characters in two types: **Round:** the one that develops through the experiences and evolves as a dynamic persona and a **Flat** character is one who remains the same throughout the story. Flat characters are also known as **Caricatures** and recognized only through one characteristic. The story revolves around the main character or characters who face a dilemma or conflict.

Features of One Act Play:

1. has one or more scenes.
2. is concise in manner.
3. has a single dominant theme which produces singular effect.
4. treats problems of everyday life.
5. has a beginning, a middle and an end. The stages are as follows-

1	Exposition	is brief, introduction
2	Conflict	Development of drama, is a backbone
3	Climax	Turning point, Important part
4	Denouement	Brief, Often overlaps climax

6. gives introduction of stage direction.
7. creates mood or atmosphere.
8. has unity of time, place and action.
9. has simplicity of plot, concentration of action and unity of Impression.
10. has limited characters.
11. presents a question, answers of which are eagerly awaited by the audience.

Creativity

The course book aims not only at understanding and at studying the given genre but also at being creative to use the features of the same, to express feelings and ideas. Learners should try to produce the given content in their own language. They are expected to add some of their own imaginative beginnings or ends by using the features obtained from the given one act play. It will be an aid to create the citizens having linguistic proficiency. The learners are expected to study as well as enjoy exploring the richness of the language by studying a genre in detail.

Objective Test

1. Name any four periods of History of British Drama.

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2. List the four elements of drama.

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3. State a type of drama each from any four periods of history.

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4. Compare the features of a comedy and tragedy.

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5. State the difference between poetry and drama.

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6. State the difference between drama and novel.

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7. Define drama.

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8. Explain the term plot.

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9. Differentiate between characters and characterization.

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10. Enlist a few reasons for watching a drama live on the stage.

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4.2 The Rising of the Moon

Lady Gregory (Isabella Augusta Persee) was born in County Galway, Ireland. One of the moving spirits behind the establishment of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, she was a playwright of great technical skill. At the instance of her friend and sponsor, William Butler Yeats, who encouraged her to study the old history and folklore of Ireland, Lady Gregory has specially mastered the one-act form. Of her thirty one-act plays, Spreading the News, and The Rising of the Moon are the best known.



The Rising of the Moon reveals both great charm and skill of dramatic imagination and a closely observed Irish character. The play's charm mainly rests on the sustaining passions of Irish nationalism. The title, which is taken from the ballad on Shawn O'Farrell, is a symbol of the Irish uprising against the British. Lady Gregory's careful study of the Irish character, her skilful delineation of the individual characters and her perfect handling of the situation, are responsible for this one-act play's great charm and popularity.

The Rising of the Moon

- Scene** : Side of a **quay** in a seaport town. Some posts and chains. A large barrel. Enter three policemen. Moonlight.
(**Sergeant**, who is older than the others, crosses the stage to right and looks down steps. The others put down a pastepot and unroll a bundle of placards.)
- Policeman B** : I think this would be a good place to put up a notice. (He points to barrel.)
- Policeman X** : Better ask him. (Calls to Sergeant) Will this be a good place for a **placard**?
(No answer.)

quay : a plat-form lying alongside, or projecting into water for loading and unloading of ships

Sergeant : Police officer ranking below an inspector

Placard : a sign for public display, either posted on the wall or carried during a demonstration

- Policeman B** : Will we put up a notice here on the barrel? (No answer.)
- Sergeant** : There's a flight of steps here that leads to the water. This is a place that should be minded well. If he got down here, his friends might have a boat to meet him; they might send it in here from outside.
- Policeman B** : Would the barrel be a good place to put a notice up?
- Sergeant** : It might; you can put it there.
(They paste the notice up.)
- Sergeant** : (Reading it.) Dark hair—dark eyes, smooth face, height five feet five—there's not much to take hold of in that—It's a pity I had no chance of seeing him before he broke out of gaol. They say he's a wonder, that it's he makes all the plans for the whole organization. There isn't another man in Ireland would have broken **gaol** the way he did. He must have some friends among the gaolers.
- Policeman B** : A hundred pounds is little enough for the Government to offer for him. You may be sure any man in the force that takes him will get promotion.
- Sergeant** : I'll mind this place myself. I wouldn't wonder at all if he came this way. He might come slipping along there (points to side of quay), and his friends might be waiting for him there (points down steps), and once he got away it's little chance we'd have of finding him; it's maybe under a load of **kelp** he'd be in a fishing boat, and not one to help a married man that wants it to the reward.
- Policeman X** : And if we get him itself, nothing but abuse on our heads for it from the people, and maybe from our own relations.
- Sergeant** : Well, we have to do our duty in the force. Haven't we the whole country depending on us to keep law and order? It's those that are down would be up and those that are up would be down, if it wasn't for us. Well, hurry on, you have plenty of other places to placard yet, and come back here then to me. You can take the lantern. Don't be too long now. It's very **lonesome** here with nothing but the moon.

gaol : Jail, jailers

kelp : A large brown seaweed that typically has long, tough stalk

lonesome : Lonely, without any company

- Policeman B** : It's a pity we can't stop with you. The Government should have brought more police into the town, with him in gaol, and at **assize** time too. Well, good luck to your watch.
(They go out.)
- Sergeant** : (Walks up and down once or twice and looks at placard.) A hundred pounds and promotion sure. There must be a great deal of spending in a hundred pounds. It's a pity some honest man not to be the better of that.
(A ragged man appears at left and tries to slip past. Sergeant suddenly turns.)
- Sergeant** : Where are you going?
- Man** : I'm a poor ballad-singer, your honour. I thought to sell some of these (holds out bundle of ballads) to the sailors. (He goes on.)
- Sergeant** : Stop! Didn't I tell you to stop? You can't go on there.
- Man** : Oh, very well. It's a hard thing to be poor. All the world's against the poor!
- Sergeant** : Who are you?
- Man** : You'd be as wise as myself if I told you, but I don't mind. I'm one Jimmy Walsh, a ballad-singer.
- Sergeant** : Jimmy Walsh? I don't know that name.
- Man** : Ah, sure, they know it well enough in Ennis. Were you ever in Ennis, Sergeant?
- Sergeant** : What brought you here?
- Man** : Sure, it's to the assizes I came, thinking I might make a few shillings here or there. It's in the one train with the judges I came.
- Sergeant** : Well, if you came so far, you may as well go farther, for you'll walk out of this.
- Man** : I will, I will; I'll just go on where I was going. (Goes towards steps.)
- Sergeant** : Come back from those steps; no one has leave to pass down them to-night.

assize : The court which sat at intervals in each country of England and Wales to administer the civil and criminal law.

Find out the reason of the man for staying at the place.

The stranger stays with the Sergeant. Find a way by him to allow him.

- Man** : I'll just sit on the top of the steps till I see will some sailor buy a ballad off me that would give me my supper. They do be late going back to the ship. It's often I saw them in Cork carried down the quay in a hand-cart.
- Sergeant** : Move on, I tell you. I won't have any one lingering about the quay to-night.
- Man** : Well, I'll go. It's the poor have the hard life! Maybe yourself might like one, Sergeant. Here's a good sheet now. (Turns one over.) "Content and a pipe"—that's not much. "The Peeler and the goat"—you wouldn't like that. "Johnny Hart"—that's a lovely song.
- Sergeant** : Move on.
- Man** : Ah, wait till you hear it. (Sings:)
There was a rich farmer's daughter lived near the town of Ross;
She courted a Highland soldier, his name was Johnny Hart;
Says the mother to her daughter, "I'll go distracted mad
If you marry that Highland soldier dressed up in Highland plaid."
- Sergeant** : Stop that noise.
(Man wraps up his ballads and **shuffles** towards the steps)
- Sergeant** : Where are you going?
- Man** : Sure you told me to be going, and I am going.
- Sergeant** : Don't be a fool. I didn't tell you to go that way; I told you to go back to the town.
- Man** : Back to the town, is it?
- Sergeant** : (Taking him by the shoulder and shoving him before him.) Here, I'll show you the way. Be off with you. What are you stopping for?
- Man** : (Who has been keeping his eye on the notice, points to it.) I think I know what you're waiting for, Sergeant.
- Sergeant** : What's that to you?
- Man** : And I know well the man you're waiting for—I know him well—I'll be going. (He shuffles on.)

Write about the persuasive approach of the man?

shuffles : move/walk a by dragging one's feet.

- Sergeant** : You know him? Come back here. What sort is he?
- Man** : Come back is it, Sergeant? Do you want to have me killed?
- Sergeant** : Why do you say that?
- Man** : Never mind. I'm going. I wouldn't be in your shoes if the reward was ten times as much. (Goes on off stage to left). Not if it was ten times as much.
- Sergeant** : (Rushing after him.) Come back here, come back. (Drags him back.) What sort is he? Where did you see him?
- Man** : I saw him in my own place, in the County Clare. I tell you you wouldn't like to be looking at him. You'd be afraid to be in the one place with him. There isn't a weapon he doesn't know the use of, and as to strength, his muscles are as hard as that board (slaps barrel).
- Sergeant** : Is he as bad as that?
- Man** : He is then.
- Sergeant** : Do you tell me so?
- Man** : There was a poor man in our place, a Sergeant from Ballyvaughan.—It was with a lump of stone he did it.
- Sergeant** : I never heard of that.
- Man** : And you wouldn't, Sergeant. It's not everything that happens gets into the papers. And there was a policeman in plain clothes, too.... It is in Limerick he was.... It was after the time of the attack on the police **barrack** at Kilmallock.... Moonlight ... just like this ... waterside.... Nothing was known for certain.
- Sergeant** : Do you say so? It's a terrible county to belong to.
- Man** : That's so, indeed! You might be standing there, looking out that way, thinking you saw him coming up this side of the quay (points), and he might be coming up this other side (points), and he'd be on you before you knew where you were.
- Sergeant** : It's a whole troop of police they ought to put here to stop a man like that.
- Man** : But if you'd like me to stop with you, I could be looking down this side. I could be sitting up here on this barrel.

*The man and the Sergeant need each other's support. Find such examples.
The man tries to enforce the Sergeant in favour of the criminal Find the sentence from the text.*

barrack : police accomonodation

- Sergeant** : And you know him well, too?
- Man** : I'd know him a mile off, Sergeant.
- Sergeant** : But you wouldn't want to share the reward?
- Man** : Is it a poor man like me, that has to be going the roads and singing in fairs, to have the name on him that he took a reward? But you don't want me. I'll be safer in the town.
- Sergeant** : Well, you can stop.
- Man** : (Getting up on barrel.) All right, Sergeant. I wonder, now, you're not tired out, Sergeant, walking up and down the way you are.
- Sergeant** : If I'm tired I'm used to it.
- Man** : You might have hard work before you to-night yet. Take it easy while you can. There's plenty of room up here on the barrel, and you see farther when you're higher up.
- Sergeant** : Maybe so. (Gets up beside him on barrel, facing right. They sit back to back, looking different ways.) You made me feel a bit queer with the way you talked.
- Man** : Give me a match, Sergeant (he gives it and man lights pipe); take a draw yourself? It'll quiet you. Wait now till I give you a light, but you needn't turn round. Don't take your eye off the quay for the life of you.
- Sergeant** : Never fear, I won't. (Lights pipe. They both smoke.) Indeed it's a hard thing to be in the force, out at night and no thanks for it, for all the danger we're in. And it's little we get but abuse from the people, and no choice but to obey our orders, and never asked when a man is sent into danger, if you are a married man with a family.
- Man** : (Sings)—
As through the hills I walked to view the hills and shamrock plain,
I stood awhile where nature smiles to view the rocks and streams,
On a matron fair I fixed my eyes beneath a fertile vale, As she sang her song it was on the wrong of poor old Granuaile.
- Sergeant** : Stop that; that's no song to be singing in these times.

Find the life of the singer that is mentioned in the extract.

- Man** : Ah, Sergeant, I was only singing to keep my heart up. It sinks when I think of him. To think of us two sitting here, and he creeping up the quay, maybe, to get to us.
- Sergeant** : Are you keeping a good lookout?
- Man** : I am; and for no reward too. Amn't I the foolish man? But when I saw a man in trouble, I never could help trying to get him out of it. What's that? Did something hit me?
(Rubs his heart.)
- Sergeant** : (Patting him on the shoulder.) You will get your reward in heaven.
- Man** : I know that, I know that, Sergeant, but life is precious.
- Sergeant** : Well, you can sing if it gives you more courage.
- Man** : (Sings)—
Her head was bare, her hands and feet with iron bands were bound,
Her pensive strain and plaintive wail mingles with the evening gale,
And the song she sang with mournful air, I am old Granuaile.
Her lips so sweet that monarchs kissed....
- Sergeant** : That's not it.... "Her gown she wore was stained with gore." ... That's it—you missed that.
- Man** : You're right, Sergeant, so it is; I missed it. (Repeats line.) But to think of a man like you knowing a song like that.
- Sergeant** : There's many a thing a man might know and might not have any wish for.
- Man** : Now, I daresay, Sergeant, in your youth, you used to be sitting up on a wall, the way you are sitting up on this barrel now, and the other lads beside you, and you singing "Granuaile"?...
- Sergeant** : I did then.
- Man** : And the "Shan Bhean Bhocht"?...
- Sergeant** : I did then.
- Man** : And the "Green on the Cape?"

The wavelength of the man and the Sergeant goes together find the evidences from the text.

The discussion about patriotic songs goes on. Find the points from the extract.

- Sergeant** : That was one of them.
- Man** : And maybe the man you are watching for to-night used to be sitting on the wall, when he was young, and singing those same songs.... It's a queer world....
- Sergeant** : Whisht!... I think I see something coming.... It's only a dog.
- Man** : And isn't it a queer world?... Maybe it's one of the boys you used to be singing with that time you will be arresting to-day or tomorrow, and sending into the dock....
- Sergeant** : That's true indeed.
- Man** : And maybe one night, after you had been singing, if the other boys had told you some plan they had, some plan to free the country, you might have joined with them ... and maybe it is you might be in trouble now.
- Sergeant** : Well, who knows but I might? I had a great spirit in those days.
- Man** : It's a queer world, Sergeant, and it's little any mother knows when she sees her child creeping on the floor what might happen to it before it has gone through its life, or who will be who in the end.
- Sergeant** : That's a queer thought now, and a true thought. Wait now till I think it out.... If it wasn't for the sense I have, and for my wife and family, and for me joining the force the time I did, it might be myself now would be after breaking gaol and hiding in the dark, and it might be him that's hiding in the dark and that got out of gaol would be sitting up where I am on this barrel.... And it might be myself would be creeping up trying to make my escape from himself, and it might be himself would be keeping the law, and myself would be breaking it, and myself would be trying maybe to put a bullet in his head, or to take up a lump of a stone the way you said he did ... no, that myself did.... Oh! (Gasps. After a pause.) What's that? (Grasps man's arm.)
- Man** : (Jumps off barrel and listens, looking out over water.) It's nothing, Sergeant.

There is a reference of a criminal. Find sentences in the context and write.

- Sergeant** : I thought it might be a boat. I had a notion there might be friends of his coming about the **quays** with a boat.
- Man** : Sergeant, I am thinking it was with the people you were, and not with the law you were, when you were a young man.
- Sergeant** : Well, if I was foolish then, that time's gone.
- Man** : Maybe, Sergeant, it comes into your head sometimes, in spite of your belt and your **tunic**, that it might have been as well for you to have followed Granuaile.
- Sergeant** : It's no business of yours what I think.
- Man** : Maybe, Sergeant, you'll be on the side of the country yet.
- Sergeant** : (Gets off barrel.) Don't talk to me like that. I have my duties and I know them. (Looks round.) That was a boat; I hear the oars.
(Goes to the steps and looks down.)
- Man** : (Sings)—
O, then, tell me, Shawn O'Farrell,
Where the gathering is to be.
In the old spot by the river
Right well known to you and me!
- Sergeant** : Stop that! Stop that, I tell you!
- Man** : (Sings louder)—
One word more, for signal token,
Whistle up the marching tune,
With your **pike** upon your shoulder,
At the Rising of the Moon.
- Sergeant** : If you don't stop that, I'll arrest you.
(A whistle from below answers, repeating the air.)
- Sergeant** : That's a signal. (Stands between him and steps.) You must not pass this way.... Step farther back.... Who are you? You are no ballad-singer.

quay : a stone or metal platform of harbour.

tunic : a loose garment.

pike : an infantry weapon with a pointed steel or iron head on a long wooden shaft.

- Man** : You needn't ask who I am; that placard will tell you. (Points to placard.)
- Sergeant** : You are the man I am looking for.
- Man** : (Takes off hat and wig. Sergeant seizes them.) I am. There's a hundred pounds on my head. There is a friend of mine below in a boat. He knows a safe place to bring me to.
- Sergeant** : (Looking still at hat and wig.) It's a pity! It's a pity. You deceived me. You deceived me well.
- Man** : I am a friend of Granuaile. There is a hundred pounds on my head.
- Sergeant** : It's a pity, it's a pity!
- Man** : Will you let me pass, or must I make you let me?
- Sergeant** : I am in the force. I will not let you pass.
- Man** : I thought to do it with my tongue. (Puts hand in breast.) What is that?
(Voice of Policeman X outside:) Here, this is where we left him.
- Sergeant** : It's my comrades coming.
- Man** : You won't betray me ... the friend of Granuaile. (Slips behind barrel.)
(Voice of Policeman B:) That was the last of the placards.
- Policeman X** : (As they come in.) If he makes his escape it won't be unknown he'll make it.
(Sergeant puts hat and wig behind his back.)
- Policeman B** : Did any one come this way?
- Sergeant** : (After a pause.) No one.
- Policeman B** : No one at all?
- Sergeant** : No one at all.
- Policeman B** : We had no orders to go back to the station; we can stop along with you.
- Sergeant** : I don't want you. There is nothing for you to do here.

The Sergeants reaction surprises the audience. Write your opinion.

- Policeman B** : You bade us to come back here and keep watch with you.
- Sergeant** : I'd sooner be alone. Would any man come this way and you making all that talk? It is better the place to be quiet.
- Policeman B** : Well, we'll leave you the lantern anyhow. (Hands it to him.)
- Sergeant** : I don't want it. Bring it with you.
- Policeman B** : You might want it. There are clouds coming up and you have the darkness of the night before you yet. I'll leave it over here on the barrel. (Goes to barrel.)
- Sergeant** : Bring it with you I tell you. No more talk.
- Policeman B** : Well, I thought it might be a comfort to you. I often think when I have it in[Pg 91] my hand and can be flashing it about into every dark corner (doing so) that it's the same as being beside the fire at home, and the bits of bogwood blazing up now and again.
(Flashes it about, now on the barrel, now on Sergeant.)
- Sergeant** : (Furious.) Be off the two of you, yourselves and your lantern!
(They go out. Man comes from behind barrel. He and Sergeant stand looking at one another.)
- Sergeant** : What are you waiting for?
- Man** : For my hat, of course, and my wig. You wouldn't wish me to get my death of cold?
(Sergeant gives them.)
- Man** : (Going towards steps.) Well, good-night, comrade, and thank you. You did me a good turn to-night, and I'm obliged to you. Maybe I'll be able to do as much for you when the small rise up and the big fall down ... when we all change places at the Rising (waves his hand and disappears) of the Moon.
- Sergeant** : (Turning his back to audience and reading placard.) A hundred pounds reward! A hundred pounds! (Turns towards audience.) I wonder, now, am I as great a fool as I think I am?

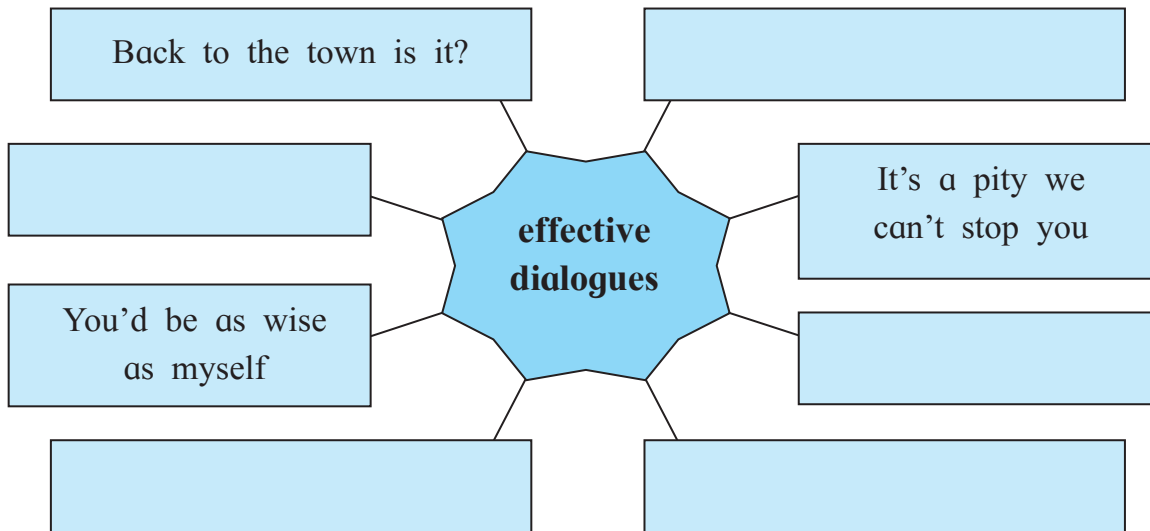
(Curtain)

The Sergeant support the man by misguiding his comrades. Write your views.

Write your opinion about the man and the Sergeant.

BRAINSTORMING

- (A1) There are some dialogues which are short, but quite effective. They give us enjoyment and add beauty to the main story. Find some more from the text.



(A2) Theme

(i) Comment on the given statement after reading the given dialogue-

- a. And if we get him itself, nothing but abuse on our heads for it from the people, and maybe from our own relations-
you may begin like this

We do not think about society at large

- b. It's a pity some honest man not to be better of that

- c. I wouldn't be in your shoes if he reward me ten times as much. People generally fall victim to incentives. Some people stick to values. They

- d. But when I saw a man in trouble, I could never help trying to set him out of it.

Its human to help others. Here the statement tells us that

(ii) The priorities of the Sergeant are shifted. Complete the given table by using the given clues.

priorities of the Sergeant	priorities at the end of the play
in the begining	patriotism
law and duty	-

(iii) Find sentences from the play related to the given points.

a. Loyalty in Irish Nationalism:

(1) May be Sergeant you'll be on the side of the country yet.

(2)

(3)

(4)

b. Tension between different loyalties

(1) It's little we get but abuse from the people, and no choice but to obey our orders.

(2)

(3)

(4)

(A5) The description of the character is given below. Identify the character from the play. Find some sentences which support your choice.

(a) He is a brave but irresponsible person.

Ans- The character is the Sergeant.

He is brave - I don't want it. Bring it with you, He is irresponsible
Sergeant (after a pause) - no one.

(b) He is a major character. He dominates in the story.

(1)

(2)

(c) He is smart as well as barve.

(1)

(2)

(d) He is the centre of the play.

(1)

(2)

(e) He is obedient and simple.

(1)

(2)

4.3.(A) A Midsummer-Night's Dream

William Shakespeare: *There has never been as great a name in English literature as that of William Shakespeare (26 April 1564-23 April 1616 – 52 years) Shakespeare – a playwright, poet and actor nick named Bard of Avon – considered as England's National poet, contributed 38 plays, 154 sonnets and two epic poems in a short span of 25 years. His plays are categorized into (i) Histories (ii) Comedies and (iii) Tragedies. His great comedies, Merry wives of Windsor, Merchant of Venice, Comedy of Errors, Much Ado About Nothing, Midsummer Night's Dream, As you Like It should be read as a group because of their shared theme.*



A Midsummer Night's Dream was written around 1595 as an entertainment / entertainer at the marriage of some great nobleman, and was later performed in a public theatre. It embodies the Elizabethan era-which believed in witches and spirits, an inevitable part of this drama. These elements and dramatic material are used here along with songs, dances, clever ideas, mistaken identities etc. The play forces the reader to land in to the beautiful land of imagination where all adventures seem possible in its fictitious fairy world. By the end of the play, Shakespeare makes us think about the way human beings think act and love, once again underlining his deeper awareness of human nature.

Theme

The dominant theme in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' is Love. Shakespeare tries to portray how people tend to fall in love with those who appear beautiful to them. Though attraction towards beauty might appear to be love, but real love is much more than mere physical attraction.

Plot of the play

In the Palace

Theseus wins Hippolyta in war. They are to be married with great pomp in four day's time. He instructs Philostrate to arrange for the celebration with great revelry.

Egeus marches with Hermia, Lysander, Demetrius, to complain that Hermia disobeys him and stubbornly refuses to marry Demetrius and is in love with Lysander. The Duke Theseus urges her to obey her father but she refuses him. The Duke gives her three alternatives to marry Demetrius or become a nun or to suffer a death sentence. The Duke of Athens – Theseus – gives her time to think this over until the day of his own marriage.



Lysander and Hermia decide to elope to the Woods and get married. Demetrius who used to love Helena (Hermia's friend), has rejected her love and is now interested in Hermia. Hermia reveals her secret plan to her dear friend Helena in order to comfort her. Hermia has made a last ditch attempt to win back the love of Demetrius for Helena who reveals to Demetrius that Hermia plans an elopement with Lysander to the woods. Demetrius decides to follow Hermia, and Helena decides to follow Demetrius.

Quince's cottage : A group of workmen from Athens wish to perform, a play at the Duke's wedding. Quince is in charge of the direction, production and rehearsal of that play. Bottom one of the over enthusiastic, talkative, self-appointed active worker from the group wants to play every role of the play- 'Pyramus and Thisby'. They all plan to meet in the Woods for the rehearsal.

In the Woods : A different world unfolds in the Woods – The king of faeries – Oberon and Queen of Faeries – Titania are having a fight over the custody of an Indian boy as to who shall own him. In order to teach a lesson to Titania – Oberon hatches a plan with the help of Puck Oberon orders Puck to bring the magic potion – 'Love in Idleness' the juice of which if poured on the eyelids of a sleeping person, makes him/her fall madly in love with the first person he/she sees after waking up. He thus plans to madden Titania and get the custody of the Indian boy. Now, you can very well imagine what tricks Puck – a mischief spirit is going to play with this magic potion in the forests.

As Demetrius enters the wood, followed by Helena Oberon notices his cold behavior with Helena and decides to develop feelings for her in the heart of Demetrius and orders Puck to apply the juice on his eyelids and marches into another part of the wood and applies the love potion on the eyelids of his sleeping wife. Soon arrives the eloping couple Tired, they too sleep in the same wood. Taking Lysander for Demetrius Puck squeezes the juice on his eyelids. Helena, who enters the wood following Demetrius, proves to be the first person Lysander sees after waking up and falls in love with her instantly.

Puck, who is appalled by the awful acting of Bottom, bewitches him by transforming his head into that of an ass. Titania sees ass headed Bottom and one can guess the result.

In another part of the wood : Puck wins praise by Oberon for his affair of Titania –Bottom. But as Oberon realizes Puck's mistake of using the love potion for Lysander instead of Demetrius, he himself squeezes it on the eyelids of Demetrius and sends Puck to fetch Helena which leads the fierce quarrel between Hermia and Helena as also between Lysander and Demetrius for Helena.

Oberon then gets the muddle sorted out by setting the wrong right in case of all Athenians by removing the spell of potion from Lysander, restoring his love for Hermia. Oberon also feels the need to release Titania from this spell as he feels sorry for her and his purpose of obtaining the Indian boy is also served .He orders Puck to restore Bottom's head.

Theseus, Hippolyta and Egeus enter and see the four Athenians. It is the day of declaration of Hermia about her decision. But the Duke relents to see the love between Demetrius and Helena and happily allows Hermia marry Lysander.

In the final scene the joyous lovers appear on the scene and Theseus decides it is time to plan the festivities and chooses to see hilarious play 'Pyramus and Thisbe' performed. At the end Oberon and Titania with their fairies and elves come to sing dance and bless the marriage. Thus the play 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' ends on a happy note.

Synopsis of the Extract

Act III Scene ii : Another Part of the Wood- Oberon enters wondering what Titania saw first when she waked. Puck comes to report what has happened, and is praised by Oberon for his part in the affair of Titania and Bottom. But when Demetrius and Hermia appear and quarrel, Oberon realizes that Puck has anointed the wrong Athenian. Demetrius lies down to sleep and Hermia goes away, so Oberon sends Puck to find Helena and bring her, while he himself re-anoints the eyes of Demetrius so that he will fall in love with the right girl, but when Helena arrives she is accompanied by Lysander, still protesting his love, and she is yet more provoked when Demetrius awakes and declares he adores her. The cross-purposes are worsened when Hermia comes on the scene: Lysander and Demetrius both loving Helena; she now believing neither; Lysander rudely shaking off his betrothed Hermia; Helena and Hermia quarrelling fiercely. The two young men go off to fight for Helena; the two young women continue their quarrel until Helena, saying 'my legs are longer', runs away. Oberon sends Puck to clear up the muddle and when all four of the bewildered mortals are again near one another and all asleep, he squeezes juice on Lysander's eyes saying 'When thou wak'st', / Thou tak'st / True delight / In the sight / Of thy former lady's eye'.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.

EGEUS, father Hermia.

LYSANDER, in love with Hermia.

DEMETRIUS, in love with Hermia.

PHILOSTRATE, master of the revels to Theseus

QUINCE, a carpenter.

SNUG, a joiner.

BOTTOM, a weaver.

FLUTE, a bellows-mender.

SNOUT, a tinker.

STARVELING, a tailor.

HIPPOLYTA, queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.

HERMIA, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.

HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

OBERON, king of the fairies.

TITANIA, queen of the fairies.

PUCK, or Robin Goodfellow.

PEASEBLOSSOM, fairy.

COBWEB, fairy

MOTH, fairy

MUSTARDSEED, fairy

(Act III - SCENE II)

Other fairies attending their King and Queen. Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

(Another part of the wood.)

Enter OBERON

OBERON : I wonder if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was, that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.
Here comes my messenger.

(Enter PUCK)

How now, mad spirit?
What **night-rule** now about this haunted grove?

PUCK : My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and **consecrated** bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of **patches**, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian **stalls**,
Were met together to rehearse a play
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that **barren** sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport,
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake,
When I did him at this advantage take:
An ass's **nole** I fixed on his head.
Anon his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my **mimic** comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that **the creeping fowler eye**,
Or **russet-pated choughs**, many in sort,
(Rising and cawing at the gun's report)
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky,
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;

Glossary:

- **night-rule:** This has been variously defined as 'revelry', 'frolic', 'noisy sport', etc. But Oberon may use the term half-playfully for 'dark deeds', as when we ask a friend 'Well, what dark deeds have you been up to?'
- **consecrated:** dedicated to her use only; sacred.
- **patches:** clowns; fools. (Patch was then a frequent name for a domestic Fool, i.e. professional Jester. Cardinal Wolsey's. Fool was called Patch, as a personal name.)
- **stalls:** work-benches.
- **barren:** stupid; brainless.
- **nole:** head; noddle.
- **Anon:** quickly.
- **mimic:** comic actor.
- **the creeping fowler eye:** Wild geese keep a close watch on the hunter who is creeping up to shoot them; eye is used here as- a verb_ (to eye =to watch; to look closely at).
- **russet-pated choughs:** birds of the crow family with reddish-, brown (or grey) heads.
- **sever:** separate from each other.

And at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
 He murder cries, and help from Athens calls,
 Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
 Made senseless things begin to do them wrong.
 For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch:
 Some sleeves, some hats; from **yielders** all things catch.
 I led them on in this distracted fear,
 And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
 When in that moment, (so it came to pass)
 Titania wak'd, and straightway loved an ass.

OBERON : This falls out better than I could devise.
 But hast thou yet **latch'd** the Athenian's eyes
 With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

PUCK : I took him sleeping, (that is finish'd too)
 And the Athenian woman by his side;
 That, when he wak'd, **of force she must be ey'd**.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA

OBERON : Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

PUCK : This is the woman: but not this the man.

DEMETRIUS : O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

HERMIA : Now I but chide: but I should use thee worse,
 For thou, (I fear) hast given me cause to curse.
 If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
 Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
 And kill me too.
 The sun was not so true unto the day
 As he to me; Would he have stolen away
 From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
 This whole earth may be bored, and that the moon

- **stamp:** Ordinarily this means a noise made by bringing a 11 foot heavily on to the ground; but here it must mean some- thing like 'trick' (i.e. giving Bottom an ass's head).
- **yielders:** those who yield (i.e. give up, surrender) the articles mentioned.
- **latch' d:** leached (i.e. anointed, moistened).
- **of force she must be ey' d:** inevitably (perforce) she will be seen.
- **Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe:** Speak so bitterly to no one but your bitter enemy.
- **may be bored:** may have a hole driven right through it.

May through the centre creep and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the **Antipodes**.

It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so **dead**, so grim.

DEMETRIUS : So should the murder'd look; and so should I,
Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty.
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder **Venus** in her glimmering sphere.

HERMIA : What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

DEMETRIUS : I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

HERMIA : Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O, once tell true: tell true, even for my sake:
Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake?
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave **touch**!
Could not a worm, **an** adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, (thou serpent) never adder stung.

DEMETRIUS : You spend your passion on a **mispris'd** mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

HERMIA : I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

DEMETRIUS : An if I could, what should I get therefore?

HERMIA : A privilege, never to see me more:
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

(Exit.)

DEMETRIUS : There is no following her in this fierce vein.
Here therefore for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow

- **Antipodes**: the opposite side of the earth (where it is noon while it is night here).
- **dead**: pale and bloodless.
- **Venus**: the evening star.
- **touch**: feat.
- **mispris' d**: mistaken; and see misprision in line 90.
- **An**: and; (or) even.

For **debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe**:
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his **tender** here I make some stay.
(Lies down and sleeps.)

OBERON : What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight.
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

PUCK : Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, **confounding** oath on oath.

OBERON : About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find,
All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer,
With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear,
By some illusion see thou bring her here:
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

PUCK : I go, I go, **look** how I go,
Swifter than arrow from **the Tartar's bow**.

(Exit.)

OBERON : Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with **Cupid's archery**,
(Squeezes the flower - juice on DEMETRIUS' eyelids)
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter PUCK

PUCK : Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,

- **debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe**: sleeplessness due to sorrow.
- **tender**: tendence = attention and care.
- **confounding**: confusing and breaking.
- **look**: be sure.
- **cheer**: countenance.
- **loi Tartar's bow**: weapon used by the Asian warriors who invaded Europe in the 13th century.
- **Cupid's archery**: the love shafts of the god of love. (Cupid : Roman God of Love)

And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a **lover's fee**.
Shall we their **fond pageant** see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

OBERON : Stand aside. The noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

PUCK : Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be **sport alone**:
And those things do best please me
That befall prepost'rously.

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA

LYSANDER : Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears.
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born.
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?

HELENA : You do advance your cunning more and more,
When truth kills truth, O **devilish-holy** fray!
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows to her and me (put in two scales)
Will even weigh; and both as light as **tales**.

LYSANDER : I had no judgement when to her I swore.

HELENA : Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

LYSANDER : Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

DEMETRIUS : (**Awakening**)

O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?

- **a lover's fee**: love requited.
- **fond pageant**: silly behaviour.
- **sport alone**: fun by itself.
- **devilish-holy**: a conflict between two truths (truth being holy) is devilish because it may destroy one or both.
- **tales**: untrue stories.

Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure **congealed** white, high **Taurus'** snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, **turns to a crow**
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

HELENA : O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment.
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must **join in souls** to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and **superpraise** my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena.
A **trim** exploit, a manly enterprise,
To **conjure** tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

LYSANDER : You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this you know I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part:
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do till my death.

HELENA : Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

DEMETRIUS : Lysander, keep thy Hermia: I will none,

- **Crystal is muddy:** i.e. though crystal is brilliantly clear, Helena's eyes are (figuratively) so much more brilliant that, in comparison, crystal seems muddy.
- **congealed:** frozen solid.
- **Taurus:** a mountain range in Turkey.
- **turns to a crow:** turns as black as a crow.
- **join in souls:** Several suggestions have been made for altering this phrase, but it means 'joining with other persons'. Souls as a synonym for persons is familiar in dialect.
- **superpraise:** praise excessively.
- **trim:** fine (Helena uses the word ironically and scornfully).
- **conjure:** summon.

If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as **guest-wise** sojourn'd,
And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.

LYSANDER : Helen, it is not so.

DEMETRIUS : Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest to thy peril thou **aby** it dear.
Look where thy love comes: yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA

HERMIA : **Dark night**, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes.
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why, unkindly, didst thou leave me so?

LYSANDER : Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

HERMIA : What love could press Lysander from my side?

LYSANDER : Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena, who more **engilds** the night
Than all yon **fiery oes and eyes of light**.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

HERMIA : You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

HELENA : Lo, she is one of this **confederacy**!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three
To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired, have you with these contriv'd

- **as guest-wise**: in the manner of a guest; temporarily.
- **aby** : pay a heavy penalty for.
- **Dark night... makes** : darkness, which makes eyes useless, quickens the sense of hearing.
- **engilds**: brightens.
- **fiery oes and eyes of light**: The stars and planets in the sky; oes = round objects. There is perhaps an intentional pun here on os and is.
- **confederacy**: plot.

To bait me with this foul derision?
 Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
 The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
 When we have **chid the hasty-footed time**
 For parting us—O, is all forgot?
 All schooldays' friendship, childhood innocence?
 We, Hermia, like two **artificial gods**,
 Have with our needles created both one flower,
 Both on one **sampler**, sitting on one cushion,
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
 Had been **incorporate**. So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
 But yet an **union in partition**:
 Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
 So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
 Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
 And will you **rent** our ancient love asunder,
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

HERMIA : I am amazed at your passionate words.

I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.

HELENA : Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
 To follow me and praise my eyes and face?
 And made your other love, Demetrius,
 (Who e'en but now did spurn me with his foot)
 To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
 Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this

- **chid**: chidden; rebuked.
- **the hasty-footed time**: time seemed to go fast when they were together so that parting came too soon.
- **artificial gods**: creators of works of art.
- **sampler**: a piece of cloth on which coloured designs, verses, etc. are made in needlework.
- **incorporate**: united; all one.
- **union in partition**: two in one (i.e. two persons, but one in affection).
- **Two of the first... heraldry**: an heraldic term, meaning two uses of the colour first mentioned in the description of the design on a coat of arms.
- **rent**: tear; rend.

To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
 Deny your love (so rich within his soul)
 And tender me (forsooth) affection,
 But by your setting on, by your consent?
 What though I be not **so in grace** as you,
 So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
 But miserable most, to love unloved?
 This you should pity rather than despise.

HERMIA : I understand not what you mean by this.

HELENA : Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks:
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back:
 Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up.
 This sport, **well carried**, shall be **chronic'd**.
 If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
 You would not make me **such an argument**.
 But fare ye well: 'tis partly my own fault:
 Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

LYSANDER : Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse,
 My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

HELENA : O excellent!

HERMIA : Sweet, do not scorn her so.

DEMETRIUS : If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

LYSANDER : Thou canst compel no more than she entreat.
 Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.
 Helen, I love thee, by my life, I do:
 I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
 To prove him false that says I love thee not.

DEMETRIUS : I say I love thee more than he can do.

LYSANDER : If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

DEMETRIUS : Quick, come!

HERMIA : Lysander, whereto tends all this?

- **so in grace**: so much in favour; so well-liked.
- **Make mouths upon me**: make rude grimaces.
- **well carried**: if cleverly carried out.
- **chronic'd**: recorded; written down.
- **such an argument**: the subject of such scorn.

LYSANDER : Away, you **Ethiope**!

DEMETRIUS : No, no; he'll . . .
Seem to break loose: take on as you would follow,
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go!

LYSANDER : Hang off, thou cat, thou **burr**! vile thing, let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!

HERMIA : Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,
Sweet love—

LYSANDER : Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed med'cine! hated potion, hence!

HERMIA : Do you not jest?

HELENA : Yes, sooth; and so do you.

LYSANDER : Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

DEMETRIUS : I would I had your bond, for I perceive
A weak **bond** holds you: I'll not trust your word.

LYSANDER : What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

HERMIA : What? can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was **erewhile**.
Since night you lov'd me; yet since night you left me:
Why then, you left me (O, the gods forbid)
In earnest, shall I say?

LYSANDER : Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt:
Be certain: nothing truer: 'tis no jest
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

- **Ethiop**: black face, but actually a scornful reference to her dark hair.
- **burr**: a clinging thing (from the seeds of certain plants which are surrounded by spiky hairs which attach themselves to suitable surfaces).
- **bond... bond**: pledge... fetter.
- **erewhile**: before.

HERMIA : O me! you juggler! you **canker-blossom**!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

HELENA : Fine, i'faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

HERMIA : Puppet? why so? ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urged her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted **maypole**? speak:
How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

HELENA : I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst:
I have no gift at all in shrewishness:
I am a **right maid** for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something **lower** than myself,
That I can match Hermia

HERMIA : Lower! hark, again.

HELENA : Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your **stealth** unto this wood.

- **canker-blossom**: a flower blighted by a worm lodged in the bud.
- **maypole**: lanky and skinny creature (figuratively, from the wooden maypole, which is tall and thin).
- **a right maid**: just like a girl.
- **lower**: shorter.
- **stealth**: stealing away.

He follow'd you: for love I follow'd him;
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too.
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further, let me go.
You see how simple and how **fond** I am.

HERMIA : Why, get you gone: who is't that hinders you?

HELENA : A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

HERMIA : What, with Lysander?

HELENA : With Demetrius.

LYSANDER : Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena.

DEMETRIUS : No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

HELENA : O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd!
She was a vixen when she went to school:
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

HERMIA : 'Little' again? Nothing but 'low' and 'little'!
Why will you **suffer her to flout** me thus?
Let me come to Hermia:

LYSANDER : Get you gone, you dwarf;
You **minimus**, of hind'ring **knot-grass** made;
You bead, you acorn.

DEMETRIUS : You are too **officious**
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone: speak not of Helena,
Take not her part. For, if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt **aby** it.

LYSANDER : Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

- **fond**: foolish.
- **suffer her to flout**: allow her to mock.
- **minimus** : (Latin) smallest of all.
- **knot-grass**: a weed which creeps and makes entangling roots.
- **officious**: meddling; interfering.
- **aby**: pay a heavy penalty for

DEMETRIUS : Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, **cheek by jowl**.
(**Exeunt LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS.**)

HERMIA : You, mistress, all **this coil is 'long of you**:
Nay, go not back.

HELENA : I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray:
My legs are longer though, to run away. (Exit.)

HERMIA : I am amaz'd, and know not what to say. (Exit.)

OBERON (To PUCK) : This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

PUCK : Believe me, **king of shadows**, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And so far am I glad it so did **sort**,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

OBERON : Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry **welkin** cover thou anon
With drooping fog as black as **Acheron**,
And lead these **testy** rivals so astray
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander **sometime frame thy tongue**,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong:
And sometime **rail thou** like Demetrius:
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep

- **cheek by jowl**: closely, side by side, as one's cheek is by one's jaw.
- **this coil is 'long of you**: this trouble is because of you.
- **king of shadows**: fairy king, fairies being non-human and therefore spirits or shadows with no physical substance.
- **sort**: come about; occur.
- **welkin**: sky.
- **Acheron**: In ancient mythology a name for Hades, the dark underworld of the dead.
- **testy**: bad-tempered.
- **sometime frame thy tongue**: sometimes imitate his voice.
- **rail thou**: use violent language.

With leaden legs and **batty** wings doth creep:
 Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
 Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
 To take from thence all error with his might,
 And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.
 When they next wake, all this derision
 Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision,
 And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league whose date till death shall never end.
 Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
 I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy:
 And then I will her charmed eye release
 From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

PUCK : My Fairy Lord, this must be done with haste,
 For **night's swift dragons** cut the clouds full fast,
 And yonder shines **Aurora's harbinger**:
 At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
 Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,
 That in **crossways** and floods have burial,
 Already to their **wormy beds** are gone:
 For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
 They wilfully themselves exile from light,
 And must for aye **consort with** black-brow'd night.

OBERON : But we are spirits of another sort.
 I with the morning's love have oft made sport.
 And like a forester the groves may tread
 Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
 Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
 Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
 But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
 We may effect this business yet ere day. **(Exit.)**

- **batty**: bat-like.
- **With league... never end**: united for life.
- **night's swift dragons**: In ancient mythology, the chariot of night was drawn by dragons.
- **Aurora's harbinger**: The forerunner of the dawn (called Aurora in Roman mythology) i.e. the morning star.
- **crossways**: In 'earlier times, criminals were buried at cross- roads.
- **wormy beds**: graves.
- **consort with**: keep company with.

PUCK : Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town:
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER

LYSANDER : Where art thou, proud Demetrius? Speak thou now.

PUCK : Here, villain, drawn and ready. Where art thou?

LYSANDER : I will be with thee straight.

PUCK : Follow me, then,
To plainer ground. (Exit Lysander, as following the voice.)

Enter DEMETRIUS

DEMETRIUS : Lysander! speak again:
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

PUCK : (imitating LYSANDER'S voice)
Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, **recreant**; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod. **He is defil'd**
That draws a sword on thee.

DEMETRIUS : Yea, art thou there?

PUCK : Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here. (Exeunt.)

Re-enter LYSANDER

LYSANDER : He goes before me and still dares me on:
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.

- **Neptune:** the ocean (of which Neptune was the god in ancient mythology).
- **recreant:** turncoat.
- **He is defil'd I That draws a sword on thee:** A sword was regarded as a weapon of honour used only against brave opponents; it would therefore be disgraceful (defiling) to draw it to chastise a coward.

The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. (**Lies down.**)
Come, thou gentle day!
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. (**Sleeps.**)

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

- PUCK** : Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why comest thou not?
- DEMETRIUS** : Abide me, if thou darest; for well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And darest not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?
- PUCK** : Come **hither**: I am here.
- DEMETRIUS** : Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by daylight see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness **constraineth** me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited.
(**Lies down and sleeps.**)

Re-enter HELENA.

- HELENA** : O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours! Shine comforts from the east,
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest:
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.
(**Lies down and sleeps.**)
- PUCK** : Yet but three? Come one more;

- **hither** (archaic word) : to or towards this place
- **constraineth** (archaic word) : to impose limitations or restrictions on someone else to act in a certain way.

Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, **curst** and sad:
Cupid is **a knavish lad**,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Re-enter **HERMIA**.

HERMIA : Never so weary, never so in **woe**;
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with **briers**;
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
(Lies down and sleeps.)

PUCK : On the ground
Sleep sound:
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy. [Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eyes.
When thou wakest,
Thou takest
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his **mare** again, and all shall be well.
(Exit.)

- **curst** (archaic word): to curse
- **a knavish lad** : a mischievous boy
- **woe** : great sorrow
- **Bedabbled**: sensuous
- **briers**: wild shrubs
- **mare**: an adult female horse

BRAINSTORMING

Characters

- (1) **Choose the odd one out :**
- (i) Bottom, Moth, Mustardseed, Cobweb
 - (ii) Flute, Snug, Quince, Cobweb
- (You can create many such combinations)

- (2) **Match the columns :**

A	B
(1) Theseus	(1) Robin Goodfellow
(2) Titania	(2) Queen of the Amazons
(3) Puck	(3) Duke of Athens
(4) Hippolyta	(4) Faeries
(5) Cobweb, Moth	(5) Queen of the Faeries

- (3) **Draw a character sketch of Oberon as an enemy of his wife but a friend of the lovers.**
- (4) **Comment on the loving pair of Lysander and Helena from the point of view of developing their character sketch.**

Setting

- (1) **Correct the given sentences with justification.**
- (i) The play is restricted to only a part of the woods.
 - (ii) Since there is a reference to the Indian boy, there are some scenes from India too.
- (2) **The characters are a part of the stage setting. How does this reflect when the characters of the play range from the Duke and the Indian boy to the faeries?**
- (3) **What changes in the stage setting would you suggest.**
- (4) **Comment on the versatility and the aptness of the stage settings, as per the requirement of the play “A Midsummer-Night’s Dream!”**

Plot

- (1) **State whether the following statements are True or False:**
- (i) Lysander and Demetrius fall in love with Helena as a result of the love potion.
 - (ii) Oberon transforms Bottom's head into that of an ass.
 - (iii) Titania falls in love with an ass.
 - (iv) Both Demetrius and Lysander fight for Hermia.

(2) Give reasons :

Oberon and Titania fight for the custody of the Indian boy because -

(i) Oberon wants

(ii) Titania wants

(3) The consequences of Oberon's jealousy for Titania are comic rather than tragic. Comment.

(4) There were some reasons why Theseus was initially against but later gave consent for the marriage of Helena with Lysander. Explain.

Form

(1) Select the correct options :

A Midsummer-Night's Dream is a _____

(a) poetic drama

(b) comedy of errors

(c) comedy based on fantasy

(d) a character play

(e) a revenge tragedy

(f) belongs to realm of dreams

(2) Find 2/4 expressions of humour from the extract.

(3) "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" is one of the best examples of Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors. Comment.

Theme

(1) Shakespeare is acknowledged as the greatest writer because he understood human nature better than anyone else. Explain the statement in context of the play.

(2) Prove with the theme of the play / extract that the deeper human emotion which profoundly interested Shakespeare was **jealousy**.

Language

(1) Interpret the following lines in simple English.

Puck : I'll follow you.

Bottom : The Finch, the sparrow.

(2) Comment on the literary device, used in the following lines:

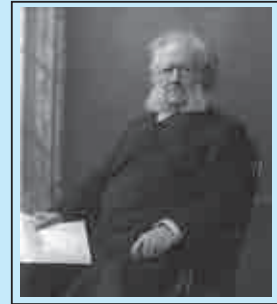
Titania : Be kind and courteous to this gentleman....

Titania : Come wait upon him : lead him to my bower.

(3) Shakespeare's poetry has come to be valued for its own sake on the stage. Comment with reference to the play 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.'

4.3.(B) An Enemy of the People

Henrik Johan Ibsen (20 March 1828 – 23 May 1906), was a Norwegian playwright, theatre director and poet. As one of the founders of modernism in theatre, Ibsen is often referred to as "the father of realism" and one of the most influential playwrights of his time. In 1869, he began to write prose plays. Some critics would say that at this point in his life, Ibsen abandoned poetry and took up realism. In 1877, he began what became a series of five plays in which he examines the moral faults of modern society. In order of appearance, the plays were *The Pillars of Society*, *A Doll's House*, *Ghosts*, *An Enemy of the People*, and *The Wild Duck*.



Like all of Ibsen's plays, *An Enemy of the People* was originally written in Norwegian and is full of untranslatable wordplay. Specifically, a number of the character's titles exists only in Norwegian bureaucracy.

The holder of the truth, the man who can see the essence of the situation, is bound to be unpopular, even if the masses catch up with his ideas in due course. That is why Stockmann finally sums up, the oft-quoted line: 'The strongest man in the world is he who stands alone!'

Theme

An Enemy of the People, a realistic play by Ibsen, boldly tackles the municipal politics of a Norwegian town and exposes the hypocrisy and cowardice of the Progressives and the Democrats. Like all the plays in this series, moral conflict is a significant element. It deals with the extent to which individual desires and beliefs are compromised by society. In particular, the play focuses on the ways in which an individual can be ostracized by the society he is trying to help. The problems of the play's hero, Dr. Stockmann, are not far removed from the problems that Ibsen experienced after the publication of *Ghosts*. In a letter written around the time of the play's composition, Ibsen noted: "Dr. Stockmann and I got on excellently together; we agree on so many subjects."

Dr. Stockmann, the central character of the play eventually wins his point, even though by that time he is ahead of the masses.

You will find this play still relevant to our times as Ibsen attacks the social evils of his times, notably the status of women and the squeamishness of the nineteenth century about the open discussion of moral problems.

Plot

The protagonist of the play Dr. Stockmann, a medical officer of the municipal baths, suspects that the bath water is contaminated. He is proven right after clinical tests. Therefore he wants to publish an article and expose the corruption. However, Peter Stockmann, his brother and the mayor of the town and the Chairman of the Bath committee, warns him of terrible consequences for him and his family if he publishes the article. Hovstad, the editor of People's Messenger and Aslaksen, the printer, are hand in glove with Peter and decide not to publish the article. So Dr. Stockmann decides to hold a town meeting which turns disastrous, in which town people shout, "He is an enemy of the people." His home is pelted with stones, windows are smashed, he becomes the target of people's ire. His contract as medical officer is terminated, his daughter Petra is removed from her job as a teacher, his landlord wants to evict him and his family from their home. But he stands firm in the face of difficulties and ignores Peter's advice to leave the town for a few months. His wife is afraid that people might drive him out of the town. But Dr. Stockmann replies that he intends to stay and make the people understand "that considerations of expediency turn morality and justice upside down." What is convenient is not always morally right. He ends by proclaiming, "The strongest man in the world is he who stands alone."

Synopsis of the extract

Dr. Stockmann has discovered that the new baths built in his town are infected with a deadly disease and instructs the town to repair or close the baths. The Mayor, who is Dr. Stockmann's brother, does not believe the report and refuses to close the baths because it will cause the financial ruin of the town.

Dr. Stockmann tries to take his case to the people, but the mayor intercedes and explains to the people how much it will cost to repair the baths. He explains that the Doctor is always filled with wild, fanciful ideas. In a public meeting, he has his brother declared enem of the people. The doctor decides to leave the town, but at the last minute comes to the realization that he must stay and fight for the things he believes to be right.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Dr. Thomas Stockmann, Medical Officer of the Municipal Baths.

Mrs. Stockmann, his wife.

Petra (their daughter) a teachk,er.

Ejlif & Morten (their sons, aged 13 and 10 respectively).

Peter Stockmann (the Doctor's elder brother), Mayor of the Town and Chief Constable, Chairman of the Baths' Committee, etc.

Morten Kiil, a tanner (Mrs. Stockmann's adoptive father).

Hovstad, editor of the "People's Messenger."

Billing, sub-editor.

Captain Horster.

Aslaksen, a printer.

Men of various conditions and occupations, a few women, and a troop of schoolboys—the audience at a public meeting.

The action takes place in a coastal town in southern Norway,

ACT III

(SCENE.—The editorial office of the "People's Messenger." The entrance door is on the left-hand side of the back wall; on the right-hand side is another door with glass panels through which the printing room can be seen. Another door in the right-hand wall. In the middle of the room is a large table covered with papers, newspapers and books. In the foreground on the left a window, before which stands a desk and a high stool. There are a couple of easy chairs by the table, and other chairs standing along the wall. The room is dingy and uncomfortable; the furniture is old, the chairs stained and torn. In the printing room the compositors are seen at work, and a printer is working a handpress. HOVSTAD is sitting at the desk, writing. BILLING comes in from the right with DR. STOCKMANN'S manuscript in his hand.)

Billing : Well, I must say!

Hovstad : (still writing). Have you read it through?

Billing : (laying the MS. on the desk). Yes, indeed I have.

Hovstad : Don't you think the Doctor hits them pretty hard?

Billing : Hard? Bless my soul, he's crushing! Every word falls like—how shall I put it?—like the blow of a sledgehammer.

- Hovstad** : Yes, but they are not the people to throw up the sponge at the first blow.
- Billing** : That is true; and for that reason we must strike blow upon blow until the whole of this aristocracy tumbles to pieces. As I sat in there reading this, I almost seemed to see a revolution in being.
- Hovstad** : (turning round). Hush!—Speak so that Aslaksen cannot hear you.
- Billing** : (lowering his voice). Aslaksen is a chicken-hearted chap, a coward; there is nothing of the man in him. But this time you will insist on your own way, won't you? You will put the Doctor's article in?
- Hovstad** : Yes, and if the Mayor doesn't like it—
- Billing** : That will be the devil of a nuisance.
- Hovstad** : Well, fortunately we can turn the situation to good account, whatever happens. If the Mayor will not fall in with the Doctor's project, he will have all the small tradesmen down on him—the whole of the Householders' Association and the rest of them. And if he does fall in with it, he will fall out with the whole crowd of large shareholders in the Baths, who up to now have been his most valuable supporters—
- Billing** : Yes, because they will certainly have to fork out a pretty penny—
- Hovstad** : Yes, you may be sure they will. And in this way the ring will be broken up, you see, and then in every issue of the paper we will enlighten the public on the Mayor's incapability on one point and another, and make it clear that all the positions of trust in the town, the whole control of municipal affairs, ought to be put in the hands of the Liberals.
- Billing** : That is perfectly true! I see it coming—I see it coming; we are on the threshold of a revolution!
- (A knock is heard at the door.)
- Hovstad** : Hush! (Calls out.) Come in! (DR. STOCKMANN comes in by the street door. HOVSTAD goes to meet him.) Ah, it is you, Doctor! Well?
- Dr. Stockmann. You may set to work and print it, Mr. Hovstad!
- Hovstad** : Has it come to that, then?
- Billing** : Hurrah!
- Dr. Stockmann. Yes, print away. Undoubtedly it has come to that. Now they must take what they get. There is going to be a fight in the town, Mr. Billing!
- Billing** : War to the knife, I hope! We will get our knives to their throats, Doctor!

Dr. Stockmann. This article is only a beginning. I have already got four or five more sketched out in my head. Where is Aslaksen?

Billing : (calls into the printing-room). Aslaksen, just come here for a minute!

Hovstad : Four or five more articles, did you say? On the same subject?

Dr. Stockmann. No—far from it, my dear fellow. No, they are about quite another matter. But they all spring from the question of the water supply and the drainage. One thing leads to another, you know. It is like beginning to pull down an old house, exactly.

Billing : Upon my soul, it's true; you find you are not done till you have pulled all the old rubbish down.

Aslaksen (coming in). Pulled down? You are not thinking of pulling down the Baths surely, Doctor?

Hovstad : Far from it, don't be afraid.

Dr. Stockmann. No, we meant something quite different. Well, what do you think of my article, Mr. Hovstad?

Hovstad : I think it is simply a masterpiece.

Dr. Stockmann. Do you really think so? Well, I am very pleased, very pleased.

Hovstad : It is so clear and intelligible. One need have no special knowledge to understand the bearing of it. You will have every enlightened man on your side.

Aslaksen : And every prudent man too, I hope?

Billing : The prudent and the imprudent—almost the whole town.

Aslaksen : In that case we may venture to print it.

Dr. Stockmann. I should think so!

Hovstad : We will put it in tomorrow morning.

Dr. Stockmann. Of course—you must not lose a single day. What I wanted to ask you, Mr. Aslaksen, was if you would supervise the printing of it yourself.

Aslaksen : With pleasure.

Dr. Stockmann. Take care of it as if it were a treasure! No misprints—every word is important. I will look in again a little later; perhaps you will be able to let me see a proof. I can't tell you how eager I am to see it in print, and see it burst upon the public—

Billing : Burst upon them—yes, like a flash of lightning!

Dr. Stockmann. —and to have it submitted to the judgment of my intelligent fellow townsmen. You cannot imagine what I have gone

through today. I have been threatened first with one thing and then with another; they have tried to rob me of my most elementary rights as a man—

Billing : What! Your rights as a man!

Dr. Stockmann. —they have tried to degrade me, to make a coward of me, to force me to put personal interests before my most sacred convictions.

Billing : That is too much—I'm damned if it isn't.

Hovstad : Oh, you mustn't be surprised at anything from that quarter.

Dr. Stockmann. Well, they will get the worst of it with me; they may assure themselves of that. I shall consider the "People's Messenger" my sheet-anchor now, and every single day I will bombard them with one article after another, like bombshells—

Aslaksen : Yes, but

Billing : Hurrah!—it is war, it is war!

Dr. Stockmann. I shall smite them to the ground—I shall crush them—I shall break down all their defenses, before the eyes of the honest public! That is what I shall do!

Aslaksen : Yes, but in moderation, Doctor—proceed with moderation.

Billing : Not a bit of it, not a bit of it! Don't spare the dynamite!

Dr. Stockmann : Because it is not merely a question of water-supply and drains now, you know. No—it is the whole of our social life that we have got to purify and disinfect—

Billing : Spoken like a deliverer!

Dr. Stockmann : All the incapables must be turned out, you understand—and that in every walk of life! Endless vistas have opened themselves to my mind's eye today. I cannot see it all quite clearly yet, but I shall in time. Young and vigorous standard-bearers—those are what we need and must seek, my friends; we must have new men in command at all our outposts.

Billing : Hear hear!

Dr. Stockmann : We only need to stand by one another, and it will all be perfectly easy. The revolution will be launched like a ship that runs smoothly off the stocks. Don't you think so?

Hovstad : For my part I think we have now a prospect of getting the municipal authority into the hands where it should lie.

Aslaksen : And if only we proceed with moderation, I cannot imagine that there will be any risk.

Dr. Stockmann : Who the devil cares whether there is any risk or not! What I am

doing, I am doing in the name of truth and for the sake of my conscience.

- Hovstad** : You are a man who deserves to be supported, Doctor.
- Aslaksen** : Yes, there is no denying that the Doctor is a true friend to the town—a real friend to the community, that he is.
- Billing** : Take my word for it, Aslaksen, Dr. Stockmann is a friend of the people.
- Aslaksen** : I fancy the Householders' Association will make use of that expression before long.
- Dr. Stockmann** : (affected, grasps their hands). Thank you, thank you, my dear staunch friends. It is very refreshing to me to hear you say that; my brother called me something quite different. By Jove, he shall have it back, with interest! But now I must be off to see a poor devil—I will come back, as I said. Keep a very careful eye on the manuscript, Aslaksen, and don't for worlds leave out any of my notes of exclamation! Rather put one or two more in! Capital, capital! Well, good-bye for the present—goodbye, goodbye! (They show him to the door, and bow him out.)
- Hovstad** : He may prove an invaluable useful man to us.
- Aslaksen** : Yes, so long as he confines himself to this matter of the Baths. But if he goes farther afield, I don't think it would be advisable to follow him.
- Hovstad** : Hm!—that all depends—
- Billing** : You are so infernally timid, Aslaksen!
- Aslaksen** : Timid? Yes, when it is a question of the local authorities, I am timid, Mr. Billing; it is a lesson I have learned in the school of experience, let me tell you. But try me in higher politics, in matters that concern the government itself, and then see if I am timid.
- Billing** : No, you aren't, I admit. But this is simply contradicting yourself.
- Aslaksen** : I am a man with a conscience, and that is the whole matter. If you attack the government, you don't do the community any harm, anyway; those fellows pay no attention to attacks, you see—they go on just as they are, in spite of them. But local authorities are different; they can be turned out, and then perhaps you may get an ignorant lot into office who may do irreparable harm to the householders and everybody else.
- Hovstad** : But what of the education of citizens by self government—don't you attach any importance to that?
- Aslaksen** : When a man has interests of his own to protect, he cannot think of everything, Mr. Hovstad.

- Hovstad** : Then I hope I shall never have interests of my own to protect!
- Billing** : Hear, hear!
- Aslaksen** : (with a smile). Hm! (Points to the desk.) Mr. Sheriff Stensgaard was your predecessor at that editorial desk.
- Billing** : (spitting). Bah! That turncoat.
- Hovstad** : I am not a weathercock—and never will be.
- Aslaksen** : A politician should never be too certain of anything, Mr. Hovstad. And as for you, Mr. Billing, I should think it is time for you to be taking in a reef or two in your sails, seeing that you are applying for the post of secretary to the Bench.
- Billing** : I—!
- Hovstad** : Are you, Billing?
- Billing** : Well, yes—but you must clearly understand I am only doing it to annoy the bigwigs.
- Aslaksen** : Anyhow, it is no business of mine. But if I am to be accused of timidity and of inconsistency in my principles, this is what I want to point out: my political past is an open book. I have never changed, except perhaps to become a little more moderate, you see. My heart is still with the people; but I don't deny that my reason has a certain bias towards the authorities—the local ones, I mean. (Goes into the printing room.)
- Billing** : Oughtn't we to try and get rid of him, Hovstad?
- Hovstad** : Do you know anyone else who will advance the money for our paper and printing bill?
- Billing** : It is an infernal nuisance that we don't possess some capital to trade on.
- Hovstad** : (sitting down at his desk). Yes, if we only had that, then—
- Billing** : Suppose you were to apply to Dr. Stockmann?
- Hovstad** : (turning over some papers). What is the use? He has got nothing.
- Billing** : No, but he has got a warm man in the background, old Morten Kiil—"the Badger," as they call him.
- Hovstad** : (writing). Are you so sure he has got anything?
- Billing** : Good Lord, of course he has! And some of it must come to the Stockmanns. Most probably he will do something for the children, at all events.
- Hovstad** : (turning half round). Are you counting on that?
- Billing** : Counting on it? Of course I am not counting on anything.
- Hovstad** : That is right. And I should not count on the secretaryship to the

- Bench either, if I were you; for I can assure you—you won't get it.
- Billing** : Do you think I am not quite aware of that? My object is precisely not to get it. A slight of that kind stimulates a man's fighting power—it is like getting a supply of fresh bile—and I am sure one needs that badly enough in a hole-and-corner place like this, where it is so seldom anything happens to stir one up.
- Hovstad** : (writing). Quite so, quite so.
- Billing** : Ah, I shall be heard of yet!—Now I shall go and write the appeal to the Householders' Association. (Goes into the room on the right.)
- Hovstad** : (sitting at his desk, biting his penholder, says slowly). Hm!—that's it, is it. (A knock is heard.) Come in! (PETRA comes in by the outer door. HOVSTAD gets up.) What, you!—here?
- Petra** : Yes, you must forgive me—
- Hovstad** : (pulling a chair forward). Won't you sit down?
- Petra** : No, thank you; I must go again in a moment.
- Hovstad** : Have you come with a message from your father, by any chance?
- Petra** : No, I have come on my own account. (Takes a book out of her coat pocket.) Here is the English story.
- Hovstad** : Why have you brought it back?
- Petra** : Because I am not going to translate it.
- Hovstad** : But you promised me faithfully.
- Petra** : Yes, but then I had not read it, I don't suppose you have read it either?
- Hovstad** : No, you know quite well I don't understand English; but—
- Petra** : Quite so. That is why I wanted to tell you that you must find something else. (Lays the book on the table.) You can't use this for the "People's Messenger."
- Hovstad** : Why not?
- Petra** : Because it conflicts with all your opinions.
- Hovstad** : Oh, for that matter—
- Petra** : You don't understand me. The burden of this story is that there is a supernatural power that looks after the so-called good people in this world and makes everything happen for the best in their case—while all the so-called bad people are punished.
- Hovstad** : Well, but that is all right. That is just what our readers want.
- Petra** : And are you going to be the one to give it to them? For myself, I do not believe a word of it. You know quite well that things do not happen so in reality.

- Hovstad** : You are perfectly right; but an editor cannot always act as he would prefer. He is often obliged to bow to the wishes of the public in unimportant matters. Politics are the most important thing in life—for a newspaper, anyway; and if I want to carry my public with me on the path that leads to liberty and progress, I must not frighten them away. If they find a moral tale of this sort in the serial at the bottom of the page, they will be all the more ready to read what is printed above it; they feel more secure, as it were.
- Petra** : For shame! You would never go and set a snare like that for your readers; you are not a spider!
- Hovstad** : (smiling). Thank you for having such a good opinion of me. No; as a matter of fact that is Billing's idea and not mine.
- Petra** : Billing's!
- Hovstad** : Yes; anyway, he propounded that theory here one day. And it is Billing who is so anxious to have that story in the paper; I don't know anything about the book.
- Petra** : But how can Billing, with his emancipated views—
- Hovstad** : Oh, Billing is a many-sided man. He is applying for the post of secretary to the Bench, too, I hear.
- Petra** : I don't believe it, Mr. Hovstad. How could he possibly bring himself to do such a thing?
- Hovstad** : Ah, you must ask him that.
- Petra** : I should never have thought it of him.
- Hovstad** : (looking more closely at her). No? Does it really surprise you so much?
- Petra** : Yes. Or perhaps not altogether. Really, I don't quite know
- Hovstad** : We journalists are not much worth, Miss Stockmann.
- Petra** : Do you really mean that?
- Hovstad** : I think so sometimes.
- Petra** : Yes, in the ordinary affairs of everyday life, perhaps; I can understand that. But now, when you have taken a weighty matter in hand—
- Hovstad** : This matter of your father's, you mean?
- Petra** : Exactly. It seems to me that now you must feel you are a man worth more than most.
- Hovstad** : Yes, today I do feel something of that sort.
- Petra** : Of course you do, don't you? It is a splendid vocation you have chosen—to smooth the way for the march of unappreciated truths, and new and courageous lines of thought. If it were nothing more

- than because you stand fearlessly in the open and take up the cause of an injured man—
- Hovstad** : Especially when that injured man is—ahem!—I don't rightly know how to—
- Petra** : When that man is so upright and so honest, you mean?
- Hovstad** : (more gently). Especially when he is your father I meant.
- Petra** : (suddenly checked). That?
- Hovstad** : Yes, Petra—Miss Petra.
- Petra** : Is it that, that is first and foremost with you? Not the matter itself? Not the truth?—not my father's big generous heart?
- Hovstad** : Certainly—of course—that too.
- Petra** : No, thank you; you have betrayed yourself, Mr. Hovstad, and now I shall never trust you again in anything.
- Hovstad** : Can you really take it so amiss in me that it is mostly for your sake—?
- Petra** : What I am angry with you for, is for not having been honest with my fathre. You talked to him as if the truth and the good of the community were what lay nearest to your heart. You have made fools of both my father and me. You are not the man you made yourself out to be. And that I shall never forgive you—never!
- Hovstad** : You ought not to speak so bitterly, Miss Petra—least of all now.
- Petra** : Why not now, especially?
- Hovstad** : Because your father cannot do without my help.
- Petra** : (looking him up and down). Are you that sort of man too? For shame!
- Hovstad** : No, no, I am not. This came upon me so unexpectedly—you must believe that.
- Petra** : I know what to believe. Goodbye.
- Aslaksen** : (coming from the printing room, hurriedly and with an air of mystery). Damnation, Hovstad!—(Sees PETRA.) Oh, this is awkward—
- Petra** : There is the book; you must give it to some one else. (Goes towards the door.)
- Hovstad** : (following her). But, Miss Stockmann—
- Petra** : Goodbye. (Goes out.)
- Aslaksen** : I say—Mr. Hovstad—
- Hovstad** : Well well!—what is it?
- Aslaksen** : The Mayor is outside in the printing room.

- Hovstad** : The Mayor, did you say?
- Aslaksen** : Yes he wants to speak to you. He came in by the back door—didn't want to be seen, you understand.
- Hovstad** : What can he want? Wait a bit—I will go myself. (Goes to the door of the printing room, opens it, bows and invites PETER STOCKMANN in.) Just see, Aslaksen, that no one—
- Aslaksen** : Quite so. (Goes into the printing-room.)
- Peter** : Stockmann. You did not expect to see me here, Mr. Hovstad?
- Hovstad** : No, I confess I did not.
- Peter** : Stockmann (looking round). You are very snug in here—very nice indeed.
- Hovstad** : Oh—
- Peter** : Stockmann. And here I come, without any notice, to take up your time!
- Hovstad** : By all means, Mr. Mayor. I am at your service. But let me relieve you of your—(takes STOCKMANN's hat and stick and puts them on a chair). Won't you sit down?
- Peter** : Stockmann (sitting down by the table). Thank you. (HOVSTAD sits down.) I have had an extremely annoying experience to-day, Mr. Hovstad.
- Hovstad** : Really? Ah well, I expect with all the various business you have to attend to—
- Peter** : Stockmann. The Medical Officer of the Baths is responsible for what happened today.
- Hovstad** : Indeed? The Doctor?
- Peter** : Stockmann. He has addressed a kind of report to the Baths Committee on the subject of certain supposed defects in the Baths.
- Hovstad** : Has he indeed?
- Peter** : Stockmann. Yes—has he not told you? I thought he said—
- Hovstad** : Ah, yes—it is true he did mention something about—
- Aslaksen** : (coming from the printing-room). I ought to have that copy.
- Hovstad** : (angrily). Ahem!—there it is on the desk.
- Aslaksen** : (taking it). Right.
- Peter** : Stockmann. But look there—that is the thing I was speaking of!
- Aslaksen** : Yes, that is the Doctor's article, Mr. Mayor.
- Hovstad** : Oh, is THAT what you were speaking about?
- Peter** : Stockmann. Yes, that is it. What do you think of it?

- Hovstad** : Oh, I am only a layman—and I have only taken a very cursory glance at it.
- Peter** : Stockmann. But you are going to print it?
- Hovstad** : I cannot very well refuse a distinguished man.
- Aslaksen** : I have nothing to do with editing the paper, Mr. Mayor—
- Peter** : Stockmann. I understand.
- Aslaksen** : I merely print what is put into my hands.
- Peter** : Stockmann. Quite so.
- Aslaksen** : And so I must— (moves off towards the printing-room).
- Peter** : Stockmann. No, but wait a moment, Mr. Aslaksen. You will allow me, Mr. Hovstad?
- Hovstad** : If you please, Mr. Mayor.
- Peter** : Stockmann. You are a discreet and thoughtful man, Mr. Aslaksen.
- Aslaksen** : I am delighted to hear you think so, sir.
- Peter** : Stockmann. And a man of very considerable influence.
- Aslaksen** : Chiefly among the small tradesmen, sir.
- Peter** : Stockmann. The small tax-payers are the majority—here as everywhere else.
- Aslaksen** : That is true.
- Peter** : Stockmann. And I have no doubt you know the general trend of opinion among them, don't you?
- Aslaksen** : Yes I think I may say I do, Mr. Mayor.
- Peter** : Stockmann. Yes. Well, since there is such a praiseworthy spirit of self-sacrifice among the less wealthy citizens of our town—
- Aslaksen** : What?
- Hovstad** : Self-sacrifice?
- Peter** : Stockmann. It is pleasing evidence of a public-spirited feeling, extremely pleasing evidence. I might almost say I hardly expected it. But you have a closer knowledge of public opinion than I.
- Aslaksen** : But, Mr. Mayor—
- Peter** : Stockmann. And indeed it is no small sacrifice that the town is going to make.
- Hovstad** : The town?
- Aslaksen** : But I don't understand. Is it the Baths—?
- Peter** : Stockmann. At a provisional estimate, the alterations that the Medical Officer asserts to be desirable will cost somewhere about twenty thousand pounds.

- Aslaksen** : That is a lot of money, but—
- Peter** : Stockmann. Of course it will be necessary to raise a municipal loan.
- Hovstad** : (getting up). Surely you never mean that the town must pay—?
- Aslaksen** : Do you mean that it must come out of the municipal funds?—out of the ill-filled pockets of the small tradesmen?
- Peter** : Stockmann. Well, my dear Mr. Aslaksen, where else is the money to come from?
- Aslaksen** : The gentlemen who own the Baths ought to provide that.
- Peter** : Stockmann. The proprietors of the Baths are not in a position to incur any further expense.
- Aslaksen** : Is that absolutely certain, Mr. Mayor?
- Peter** : Stockmann. I have satisfied myself that it is so. If the town wants these very extensive alterations, it will have to pay for them.
- Aslaksen** : But, damn it all—I beg your pardon—this is quite another matter, Mr. Hovstad!
- Hovstad** : It is, indeed.
- Peter** : Stockmann. The most fatal part of it is that we shall be obliged to shut the Baths for a couple of years.
- Hovstad** : Shut them? Shut them altogether?
- Aslaksen** : For two years?
- Peter** : Stockmann. Yes, the work will take as long as that—at least.
- Aslaksen** : I'm damned if we will stand that, Mr. Mayor! What are we householders to live upon in the meantime?
- Peter** : Stockmann. Unfortunately, that is an extremely difficult question to answer, Mr. Aslaksen. But what would you have us do? Do you suppose we shall have a single visitor in the town, if we go about proclaiming that our water is polluted, that we are living over a plague spot, that the entire town—
- Aslaksen** : And the whole thing is merely imagination?
- Peter** : Stockmann. With the best will in the world, I have not been able to come to any other conclusion.
- Aslaksen** : Well then I must say it is absolutely unjustifiable of Dr. Stockmann—I beg your pardon, Mr. Mayor.
- Peter** : Stockmann. What you say is lamentably true, Mr. Aslaksen. My brother has unfortunately always been a headstrong man.
- Aslaksen** : After this, do you mean to give him your support, Mr. Hovstad?
- Hovstad** : Can you suppose for a moment that I—?
- Peter** : Stockmann. I have drawn up a short resume of the situation as it

appears from a reasonable man's point of view. In it I have indicated how certain possible defects might suitably be remedied without outrunning the resources of the Baths Committee.

- Hovstad** : Have you got it with you, Mr. Mayor?
- Peter** : Stockmann (fumbling in his pocket). Yes, I brought it with me in case you should—
- Aslaksen** : Good Lord, there he is!
- Peter** : Stockmann. Who? My brother?
- Hovstad** : Where? Where?
- Aslaksen** : He has just gone through the printing room.
- Peter** : Stockmann. How unlucky! I don't want to meet him here, and I had still several things to speak to you about.
- Hovstad** : (pointing to the door on the right). Go in there for the present.
- Peter** : Stockmann. But—?
- Hovstad** : You will only find Billing in there.
- Aslaksen** : Quick, quick, Mr. Mayor—he is just coming.
- Peter** : Stockmann. Yes, very well; but see that you get rid of him quickly. (Goes out through the door on the right, which ASLAKSEN opens for him and shuts after him.)
- Hovstad** : Pretend to be doing something, Aslaksen. (Sits down and writes. ASLAKSEN begins foraging among a heap of newspapers that are lying on a chair.)
- Dr. Stockmann** : (coming in from the printing room). Here I am again. (Puts down his hat and stick.)
- Hovstad** : (writing). Already, Doctor? Hurry up with what we were speaking about, Aslaksen. We are very pressed for time today.
- Dr. Stockmann** : (to ASLAKSEN). No proof for me to see yet, I hear.
- Aslaksen** : (without turning round). You couldn't expect it yet, Doctor.
- Dr. Stockmann** : No, no; but I am impatient, as you can understand. I shall not know a moment's peace of mind until I see it in print.
- Hovstad** : Hm!—It will take a good while yet, won't it, Aslaksen?
- Aslaksen** : Yes, I am almost afraid it will.
- Dr. Stockmann** : All right, my dear friends; I will come back. I do not mind coming back twice if necessary. A matter of such great importance—the welfare of the town at stake—it is no time to shirk trouble, (is just going, but stops and comes back.) Look here—there is one thing more I want to speak to you about.
- Hovstad** : Excuse me, but could it not wait till some other time?

- Dr. Stockmann** : I can tell you in half a dozen words. It is only this. When my article is read tomorrow and it is realised that I have been quietly working the whole winter for the welfare of the town—
- Hovstad** : Yes but, Doctor—
- Dr. Stockmann** : I know what you are going to say. You don't see how on earth it was any more than my duty—my obvious duty as a citizen. Of course it wasn't; I know that as well as you. But my fellow citizens, you know—! Good Lord, think of all the good souls who think so highly of me—!
- Aslaksen** : Yes, our townsfolk have had a very high opinion of you so far, Doctor.
- Dr. Stockmann** : Yes, and that is just why I am afraid they—. Well, this is the point; when this reaches them, especially the poorer classes, and sounds in their ears like a summons to take the town's affairs into their own hands for the future...
- Hovstad** : (getting up). Ahem! Doctor, I won't conceal from you the fact—
- Dr. Stockmann** : Dr. Stockmann. Ah I—I knew there was something in the wind! But I won't hear a word of it. If anything of that sort is being set on foot—
- Hovstad** : Of what sort?
- Dr. Stockmann** : Well, whatever it is—whether it is a demonstration in my honour, or a banquet, or a subscription list for some presentation to me—whatever it is, you must promise me solemnly and faithfully to put a stop to it. You too, Mr. Aslaksen; do you understand?
- Hovstad** : You must forgive me, Doctor, but sooner or later we must tell you the plain truth—
(He is interrupted by the entrance Of MRS. STOCKMANN, who comes in from the street door.)
- Mrs. Stockmann** : (seeing her husband). Just as I thought!
- Hovstad** : (going towards her). You too, Mrs. Stockmann?
- Dr. Stockmann** : What on earth do you want here, Katherine?
- Mrs. Stockmann** : I should think you know very well what I want.
- Hovstad** : Won't you sit down? Or perhaps—
- Mrs. Stockmann** : No, thank you; don't trouble. And you must not be offended at my coming to fetch my husband; I am the mother of three children, you know.
- Dr. Stockmann** : Nonsense!—we know all about that.
- Mrs. Stockmann** : Well, one would not give you credit for much thought for your wife and children today; if you had had that, you would not have gone and dragged us all into misfortune.

- Dr. Stockmann** : Are you out of your senses, Katherine! Because a man has a wife and children, is he not to be allowed to proclaim the truth—is he not to be allowed to be an actively useful citizen—is he not to be allowed to do a service to his native town!
- Mrs. Stockmann** : Yes, Thomas—in reason.
- Aslaksen** : Just what I say. Moderation in everything.
- Mrs. Stockmann** : And that is why you wrong us, Mr. Hovstad, in enticing my husband away from his home and making a dupe of him in all this.
- Hovstad** : I certainly am making a dupe of no one—
- Dr. Stockmann** : Making a dupe of me! Do you suppose I should allow myself to be duped!
- Mrs. Stockmann** : It is just what you do. I know quite well you have more brains than anyone in the town, but you are extremely easily duped, Thomas. (To Hovstad.) Please do realise that he loses his post at the Baths if you print what he has written.
- Aslaksen** : What!
- Hovstad** : Look here, Doctor!
- Dr. Stockmann** : (laughing). Ha-ha!—just let them try! No, no—they will take good care not to. I have got the compact majority behind me, let me tell you!
- Mrs. Stockmann** : Yes, that is just the worst of it—your having any such horrid thing behind you.
- Dr. Stockmann** : Rubbish, Katherine!—Go home and look after your house and leave me to look after the community. How can you be so afraid, when I am so confident and happy? (Walks up and down, rubbing his hands.) Truth and the People will win the fight, you may be certain! I see the whole of the broad-minded middle class marching like a victorious army—! (Stops beside a chair.) What the deuce is that lying there?
- Aslaksen** : Good Lord!
- Hovstad** : Ahem!
- Dr. Stockmann** : Here we have the topmost pinnacle of authority! (Takes the Mayor's official hat carefully between his finger-tips and holds it up in the air.)
- Mrs. Stockmann** : The Mayor's hat!
- Dr. Stockmann** : And here is the staff of office too. How in the name of all that's wonderful—?
- Hovstad** : Well, you see—
- Dr. Stockmann** : Oh, I understand. He has been here trying to talk you over. Ha-

ha!—he made rather a mistake there! And as soon as he caught sight of me in the printing room. (Bursts out laughing.) Did he run away, Mr. Aslaksen?

Aslaksen : (hurriedly). Yes, he ran away, Doctor.

Dr. Stockmann : Ran away without his stick or his—. Fiddlesticks! Peter doesn't run away and leave his belongings behind him. But what the deuce have you done with him? Ah!—in there, of course. Now you shall see, Katherine!

Mrs. Stockmann : Thomas—please don't—!

Aslaksen : Don't be rash, Doctor.

(DR. STOCKMANN has put on the Mayor's hat and taken his stick in his hand. He goes up to the door, opens it, and stands with his hand to his hat at the salute. PETER STOCKMANN comes in, red with anger. BILLING follows him.)

Peter Stockmann : What does this tomfoolery mean?

Dr. Stockmann : Be respectful, my good Peter. I am the chief authority in the town now. (Walks up and down.)

Mrs. Stockmann : (almost in tears). Really, Thomas!

Peter Stockmann : (following him about). Give me my hat and stick.

Dr. Stockmann : (in the same tone as before). If you are chief constable, let me tell you that I am the Mayor—I am the master of the whole town, please understand!

Peter Stockmann : Take off my hat, I tell you. Remember it is part of an official uniform.

Dr. Stockmann : Pooh! Do you think the newly awakened lionhearted people are going to be frightened by an official hat? There is going to be a revolution in the town tomorrow, let me tell you. You thought you could turn me out; but now I shall turn you out—turn you out of all your various offices. Do you think I cannot? Listen to me. I have triumphant social forces behind me. Hovstad and Billing will thunder in the "People's Messenger," and Aslaksen will take the field at the head of the whole Householders' Association—

Aslaksen : That I won't, Doctor.

Dr. Stockmann : Of course you will—

Peter Stockmann : Ah!—may I ask then if Mr. Hovstad intends to join this agitation?

Hovstad : No, Mr. Mayor.

Aslaksen : No, Mr. Hovstad is not such a fool as to go and ruin his paper and himself for the sake of an imaginary grievance.

Dr. Stockmann : (looking round him). What does this mean?

- Hovstad** : You have represented your case in a false light, Doctor, and therefore I am unable to give you my support.
- Billing** : And after what the Mayor was so kind as to tell me just now, I—
- Dr. Stockmann** : A false light! Leave that part of it to me. Only print my article; I am quite capable of defending it.
- Hovstad** : I am not going to print it. I cannot and will not and dare not print it.
- Dr. Stockmann** : You dare not? What nonsense!—you are the editor; and an editor controls his paper, I suppose!
- Aslaksen** : No, it is the subscribers, Doctor.
- Peter Stockmann** : Fortunately, yes.
- Aslaksen** : It is public opinion—the enlightened public—householders and people of that kind; they control the newspapers.
- Dr. Stockmann** : (composedly). And I have all these influences against me?
- Aslaksen** : Yes, you have. It would mean the absolute ruin of the community if your article were to appear.
- Dr. Stockmann** : Indeed.
- Peter Stockmann** : My hat and stick, if you please. (DR. STOCKMANN takes off the hat and lays it on the table with the stick. PETER STOCKMANN takes them up.) Your authority as mayor has come to an untimely end.
- Dr. Stockmann** : We have not got to the end yet. (To HOVSTAD.) Then it is quite impossible for you to print my article in the "People's Messenger"?
- Hovstad** : Quite impossible—out of regard for your family as well.
- Mrs. Stockmann** : You need not concern yourself about his family, thank you, Mr. Hovstad.
- Peter Stockmann** : (taking a paper from his pocket). It will be sufficient, for the guidance of the public, if this appears. It is an official statement. May I trouble you?
- Hovstad** : (taking the paper). Certainly; I will see that it is printed.
- Dr. Stockmann** : But not mine. Do you imagine that you can silence me and stifle the truth! You will not find it so easy as you suppose. Mr. Aslaksen, kindly take my manuscript at once and print it as a pamphlet—at my expense. I will have four hundred copies—no, five or six hundred.
- Aslaksen** : If you offered me its weight in gold, I could not lend my press for any such purpose, Doctor. It would be flying in the face of public opinion. You will not get it printed anywhere in the town.

- Dr. Stockmann** : Then give it me back.
- Hovstad** : (giving him the MS.) Here it is.
- Dr. Stockmann** : (taking his hat and stick). It shall be made public all the same. I will read it out at a mass meeting of the townspeople. All my fellow-citizens shall hear the voice of truth!
- Peter Stockmann** : You will not find any public body in the town that will give you the use of their hall for such a purpose.
- Aslaksen** : Not a single one, I am certain.
- Billing** : No, I'm damned if you will find one.
- Mrs. Stockmann** : But this is too shameful! Why should every one turn against you like that?
- Dr. Stockmann** : (angrily). I will tell you why. It is because all the men in this town are old women—like you; they all think of nothing but their families, and never of the community.
- Mrs. Stockmann** : (putting her arm into his). Then I will show them that an old woman can be a man for once. I am going to stand by you, Thomas!
- Dr. Stockmann** : Bravely said, Katherine! It shall be made public—as I am a living soul! If I can't hire a hall, I shall hire a drum, and parade the town with it and read it at every street-corner.
- Peter Stockmann** : You are surely not such an errant fool as that!
- Dr. Stockmann** : Yes, I am.
- Aslaksen** : You won't find a single man in the whole town to go with you.
- Billing** : No, I'm damned if you will.
- Mrs. Stockmann** : Don't give in, Thomas. I will tell the boys to go with you.
- Dr. Stockmann** : That is a splendid idea!
- Mrs. Stockmann** : Morten will be delighted; and Ejlif will do whatever he does.
- Dr. Stockmann** : Yes, and Petra!—and you too, Katherine!
- Mrs. Stockmann** : No, I won't do that; but I will stand at the window and watch you, that's what I will do.
- Dr. Stockmann** : (puts his arms round her and kisses her). Thank you, my dear! Now you and I are going to try a fall, my fine gentlemen! I am going to see whether a pack of cowards can succeed in gagging a patriot who wants to purify society! (He and his wife go out by the street door.)
- Peter Stockmann** : (shaking his head seriously). Now he has sent her out of her senses, too.

Glossary :

dingy	: dull, colour less
compositor	: one who arranges keys text into a composing machine
sledge hammer	: heavy hammer used for breaking rocks
mince	: cut, chop, crumble
salvation	: deliverance, escape, rescue
alderman	: an elected member of a city council / next in status to the Mayor
hypocrite	: fraud, deceiver, pretender
trivial	: unimportant, little, worthless
subscription	: membership fee, donations, contribution
trembling	: shake, shiver, vibrate

Character:

1. Mayor Peter Stockmann is a contrast to Dr. Thomas Stockmann. Justify.
2. Write the character sketch of Dr. Stockmann.
3. Read the given extract (Act III)

(i) Complete the following table.

Sr. No.	Character	Supportive Character	Incident
1.	Dr. Stockmann	(a) (b)	(a) (b)
2.	Peter Stockmann	(a) (b) (c)	(a) (b) (c)
3.	Aslaksen	(a) (b)	(a) (b)

(ii) Match the column A with column B.

Sr.No.	A	B
1.	Dr. Thomas Stockmann	Opportunist
2.	Katherine	Vulnerable
3.	Peter Stockmann	Honest and upright
4.	Petra	Coward
5.	Hovstad	timid but supportive
6.	Billing	Cunning and corrupt
7.	Aslaksen	Courageous

Plot:

- 1. Describe the climax scene in your own words. Write your comments on it.**
- 2. Describe in your own words the incident when Hovstad's real intention to help Dr. Stockmann is exposed.**
- 3. Write down the consequences of the following occurrences with the help of the play.**
 - Dr. Thomas Stockmann wants an article exposing social evils to be printed in the newspaper.
 - Mayor Peter Stockmann persuades Mr. Hovstad and Mr. Billing from printing the article.
 - Alaksen declares that he would not print Dr. Stockmann's article.
 - Katherine encourages Dr. Stockmann to proceed in his attempts in the cause of public attempts.

Setting:

- 1. The setting of the act is the office of the newspaper 'The Herald'. Explain how it is the proper background for the theme of the play.**
- 2. Explain the use of the following property in the development of the play.**
 - Hat
 - Stick
 - An envelope containing the letter
- 3. Explain the following statements with reference to the context.**
 - And then, once the ring's broken, we'll get to work and show the public every day just how incompetent the Mayor is!
 - From now on The Herald shall be my artillery.
 - You ought to be ashamed of yourself.
 - Because your father can't do without my help.
 - And it's by no means the small sacrifice the town will have to make.
