A SHADOW OF HER OWN

QUOTATIONS

A Sampler from *The Devil's Dictionary* by Ambrose Bierce
[Spoiler alert: He may not have liked music!]

Accordion, n. An instrument in harmony with the sentiments of an assassin.

Bore, n. A person who talks when you wish him to listen.

Coward, n. One who in a perilous emergency thinks with his legs.

Degenerate, adj. Less conspicuously admirable than one's ancestors.

Friendless, adj. Having no favors to bestow. Destitute of fortune. Addicted to utterance of truth and common sense.

Magic, n. An art of converting superstition into coin.

Mythology, n. The body of primitive people's beliefs concerning its origin, early history, heroes, deities and so forth, as distinguished from the true accounts which it invents later.

Novel, n. A short story padded. [Elsewhere, Bierce has been credited with the shortest book review known: "The covers of this volume are entirely too far apart."]

Noise, n. A stench in the ear. Undomesticated music. The chief product and authenticating sign of civilization.

Opera, n. A play representing life in another world, whose inhabitants have no speech but song, no motions but gestures and no postures but attitudes. All acting is simulation, and the word *simulation* is from *simia*, an ape; but in opera the actor takes for his model *Simia audibilis* (or *Pithecanthropos stentor*) – the ape that howls.

Phonograph, n. An irritating toy that restores life to dead noises.

Saw, n. A trite popular saying, or proverb: [e. g.] Think twice before you speak to a friend in need.

Self-esteem, n. An erroneous appraisement.

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to my collaborator the late composer Evelyn Durso (1932- 2009) and her family, as well as to my beloved wife Barbara, on the 40th anniversary of *Shadow*.

I learned many years ago, from my love of opera, that in each musical theater work there are two or more dramatists: a single librettist or several and a composer. The libretto was constructed first, usually in consultation with the composer. But no matter how good a libretto is, the composer of the music is the principle dramatist. Many a mediocre libretto has been redeemed by a first class composer whether the opera's libretto is sung through or contains spoken language. Sung recitative (declaimed musical speech) or arias are not poetry, though they may be versified and poetic; they are meant to be sung when set to music, not recited. Mozart, Wagner, Strauss, Verdi and Puccini are the best models for musical dramatization in opera.

In American Musical Theater history, Jerome Kern, George Gershwin, Richard Rodgers and Stephen Sondheim proved their sustained mastering of musical dramatization in various collaborations. While George and Ira Gershwin, with DuBose and Dorothy Heyward, gave us our greatest native opera, *Porgy and Bess*, I believe Sondheim raised the American musical to its greatest heights in the 20th century. His words and music in his theater songs give us a quality of excellence in characterization which recalls the verbal art of Shakespeare and the musical art of Mozart but with a distinctly American accent.

In my collaboration with Evelyn, song lyrics usually came first after much discussion about the action of the song which would define the characters and advance the story. Evelyn then created music which amplified the essence of the lyrics while adding emotional content and dimension through memorable melody. In one instance, for the song "You're the First One," Evelyn gave me a melody first and I then wrote the lyric. I constructed the scenes and dialogue around the songs to our mutual satisfaction.

I was so impressed with Evelyn's music for *Shadow*'s songs that I presented her with my prized miniature wood-sculpted statue of Giacomo Puccini to honor her accomplishment.

Our collaboration was exciting, smooth and productive and based on mutual respect. She and her family extended their love to me and Barbara and I treated Evelyn as family. So the process of creating *Shadow* with Evelyn was a joy. She is missed but never forgotten. Her music lives on and I will continue to champion her musical creativity.

As I have written before, my wife Barbara is the one indispensable person in my life, my loving bride of nearly sixty years. In the forty years (!) since *Shadow* was first produced, she has made numerous efforts to bring the show to the attention of theatrical companies with the hope of a new production. She has never stopped believing in *Shadow* and the value of my and Evelyn's efforts. No agent could have done more or cared as much. Barbara's latest effort drew the interest of a theater group in San Francisco and necessitated the editing and reconstruction of the present version of this libretto for their review, along with digitized original cast recordings of all but two songs.

Alas, since 1982, *Shadow* could never compete with the Broadway musicals successfully created by the late Stephen Sondheim, as well as Andrew Lloyd Webber, Kander and Ebb and others. But public taste for musicals changes over time and it often reflects the social and/or political climate of its day. In 2022, the importance of the struggles of Ellen, the show's heroine, to make her mark in a man's world has received much attention. From the Women's Liberation movement to the Me Too movement, <u>women continue the battle to have their human dignity acknowledged and accepted, not denigrated or abused. And to have their professional aspirations and skills appreciated and rewarded, not ignored, minimized or rejected on the basis of their gender. These conditions remain an as yet to be fully realized dream</u>. I believe there is an audience for *Shadow* in our present time, including a younger one.

PREFACE

Origins

A Shadow of Her Own **was originally created in 1981 by Evelyn Durso and myself, after Marilyn McClean, director of the The New Hyde Park Players, offered to produce an original musical we would write for the spring of 1982. My collaboration with Evelyn on another project had already begun in 1979 at the New School's Musical Theater Workshop under the guidance of Aaron Frankel and Ken Jacobson.**

Our efforts in 1981 resulted in a musical melodrama set in 1896 New York City and variously called, ***You Can't Tell a Book By It's Cover***, ***American Herstory*** **and** ***Casting a Shadow***, **before** ***A Shadow of Her Own*** **was selected for copyright effective March 25, 1982. The show had three performances on June 3, 4 and 5, 1982 in New Hyde Park, New York, with Marilyn McClean directing and at the piano playing the score.**

A Woman Casts Her Shadow

A Shadow of Her Own **is a fictional account of the mudslinging and corruption of the 1896 U. S. Presidential election played out in New York City. It enacts a feminist manifesto aimed at male chauvinism, misogyny and sexual abuse, especially in journalistic circles. The main characters are Lucian Dan Cody and Ellen Bayne Collins, loosely based on aspects of the lives of short story writer/journalist Ambroise Bierce (1842-c.1914) and investigative journalist and author Nellie Bly (Elizabeth Cochrane, 1864-1922).**

What's in a Name?

I must point out that I had chosen the name Lucian for Cody's character before Evelyn told me that was her husband's first name. Kismet? Perhaps. Read more about an historical Lucian who may have been the source of my choice in the POSTSCRIPT below.

Evelyn and I reworked the script and songs until 1989. Since her untimely death in 2009, I have continued to tweak my libretto while assuring that her wonderful music remained intact.

A Collision Course for Journalists

Bierce was the sardonic journalist/fabulist and short story writer once employed by William Randolph Hearst and author of the caustically misogynistic *The Devil's Dictionary* (1881-1906). He worked for Hearst at the San Francisco Examiner, which published Bierce's most famous and frequently anthologized short story *An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge* on July 13, 1890. He also worked for Hearst in New York City and Washington, D.C. until 1909. Bierce was a "bitter" critic of religion, politics, women and marriage. He used his classical learning and native wit to skewer persons and institutions he disliked through fables, verses and any other literary form he had mastered.

His deeds and writings inform *Shadow*'s lead male character, Cody. In my ideal casting terms, think of the late Alfred Drake and Howard Keel or John Cullum and Kevin Kline in their prime. At this date, Hugh Jackman would be the one.

Cochrane was the intrepid journalist who worked for Joseph Pulitzer and practiced early investigative reporting, taking an undercover assignment (feigning insanity) to expose abuses in the New York City Women's Lunatic Asylum in 1887. Bly's article, *Ten Days in a Madhouse*, caused a sensation and resulted in needed reforms. She published a book about the escapade later that year. Two years later, she traveled around the world alone (covering nearly 25,000 miles) from November 14, 1889 until 72 days later, breaking Jules Verne's fictional 80 days by Phileas Fogg. Her book about that adventure was published in1890. Between 1890 and 1895 she left journalism to write eleven novels serialized in *The New York Family Story Paper*.

Elizabeth Cochrane married an elderly millionaire businessman, Robert Seaman (40 years her senior), in 1895 at age 31. Her husband's death in 1904 and the death of Edward Gilman, Seaman's employee and Elizabeth's secret lover, in 1911 ultimately forced her to try and run Seaman's business alone which eventually failed.

Her deeds and writings inform *Shadow*'s lead female character, Ellen. In ideal casting terms, think of the late Doretta Morrow, Rebecca Luker, Barbara Cook, Dolores Grey or Bernadette Peters and Patti Lupone in their prime. At this date, Laura Benanti or Katrina Lenk could be the one.

Although there is no record of Bierce and Cochrane ever meeting, their exploits likely were known to each other. One interesting parallel at the early stages of her professional career and the end of his life exists. They both went into Mexico and made headlines: she at age twenty-one in1886 and he at age 71 in 1913 when he disappeared without a trace.

See the POSTSCRIPT below for more details about the careers of Cochrane and Bierce.

A Title to Twist Patriarchal Mandates

A historical note about the origins of *Shadow*'s issues and title. All underlining is mine for emphasis and my own comments on quotes are bracketed.

Due to elemental fears that emancipated women could not be repressed in Germany, circa the late 1890s, Emperor Kaiser Wilhelm II uttered a patriarchal dictum by defining the role and place of women in the Fatherland. This statement was quoted in an 1899 publication, *The Westminster Gazette*, a Liberal newspaper based in London. It appeared as part of a story called *The American Lady and the Kaiser. The Empress's four K's.* Talking to American suffragettes, Wilhelm attributes the sentiment to his wife, Augusta Victoria, in an alliterative four-word decree: "Kinder, Kuche, Kirche, Kleider or Children[(motherhood], Kitchen [cooking], Church [obedience to a male Godhead], Clothing," [for darning and making apparel as a non-professional seamstress]. In short, subjugation of women to Patriarchal misogyny, a historically German ethos for centuries and rampant across much of the known world. The United States was certainly no exception.

***Shadow*'s title was inspired by a Ricard Strauss German opera. During the Great War, composer Strauss wrote music to poet Hugo von Hofmannsthal's libretto for the opera *Die Frau ohne Shatten* (*The Woman Without a Shadow*). The libretto was based on a complex fairy tale about conjugal love, or love blessed by the birth of children. Only women who cast a shadow can bear children. Women who do not want children lose their shadow. *A Shadow of My Own* inverted the thrust of the patently patriarchal opera to welcome the breaking of the chains of female bondage from male domination fantasies and practices.**

It's notable that the Second Conference of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance (IWSA) took place in June 1904 in Berlin Germany. Susan B.

Anthony called the meeting to order on June third and was unanimously declared the first member of the newly founded organization. After women's suffrage was achieved the IWSA eventually became the International Alliance of Women (AIW) in 1946 and was granted general consultative status to the United Nations Economic and Social Council in 1947. The AIW remains an international force for the promotion of women's rights and gender equality.

Contrasting Feminine Views on Careers and Marriage

In *Shadow*'s case, the heroine, Ellen, does not want to cast a shadow for human procreation. For her, a shadow is the symbol of fulfillment through successful investigative journalism by a woman in a profession dominated by misogynistic men. Her young cousin in *Shadow*, romantically inclined Katy Bell Collins, states her ambitions in their newspaper office vis-a-vis Ellen's in the Act I, Scene 5 song "Grey Old Maid," quoted below:

LET ME REMIND YOU IT'S LEAP YEAR
AND THAT I'M COMING OF AGE
I'VE FOUND BUT LITTLE TO REAP HERE
BY WASTING MY YOUTH FOR A WAGE

FOR I LIKE TO ROUGE MY FACE
WEAR LOTS OF IRISH LACE
DREAM OF A WARM EMBRACE
FROM A STRONG YOUNG BLADE

ONE DAY I'LL FIND A MAN
MARRY AND RAISE A CLAN
I DON'T EVER PLAN
TO BE A GREY OLD MAID

YOU CHERISH YOUR INDEPENDENCE
CHALLENGING MEN NIGHT AND NOON
NEWSPRINT WILL BE YOUR DESCENDANTS
WHILE YOU SHRIVEL UP LIKE A PRUNE

BUT I LIKE TO ROUGE MY FACE
WEAR LOTS OF IRISH LACE
DREAM OF A WARM EMBRACE
FROM A STRONG YOUNG BLADE

ONE DAY I'LL FIND A MAN
MARRY AND RAISE A CLAN
I DON'T EVER PLAN
TO BE A GREY OLD MAID

Ellen's contrasting position, already clear, is definitively stated in the Act II, Scene 5 song "That Kind of Life is Not for Me." At this point in the show, Ellen has experienced sexual seduction and betrayal by Cody and is responding to Katy's decision to marry a young man she only recently met:

IT'S TRUE THAT I'VE BEEN BLIND
TO WHAT'S IN YOUR HEART AND MIND
YOU'RE SOMEONE WHO CAN
BUILD YOU'RE WORLD AROUND A MAN
THAT'S NOT MY PLAN

NO THAT KIND OF LIFE IS NOT FOR ME
THE FUTURE'S MINE TO SHAPE ALONE
I KNOW JUST HOW BITTERSWEET LOVE CAN BE
AND I MEAN TO STAY FREE

YOU HAVE A WOMAN'S VOICE
AND YOU'VE MADE YOUR OWN FREE CHOICE
YOU'VE GOT TO BE TRUE
TO THE VOICE INSIDE OF YOU
AND I DO TOO

SO THAT KIND OF LIFE IS NOT FOR ME
I'M RESTLESS AS THE RIVER FLOWS
I KNOW JUST HOW BITTERSWEET LOVE CAN BE
AND I MEAN TO STAY FREE

A SHADOW OF MY OWN

SYNOPSIS

Story line: A woman emerges from a man's shadow to cast her own.

TIME: Summer 1896; PLACE: In and around New York City

The Presidential Campaign of 1896 (William Jennings Bryan vs William McKinley) serves as a backdrop to this musical melodrama. Ellen Bayne Collins, an attractive, unmarried and career-minded journalist, wants desperately to get her big break and lift herself out of the anonymity she's mired in. Ellen is employed by Joseph Danziger, publisher of the New York Eagle newspaper. He sends Ellen to cover a gathering of journalists celebrating the publication of Lucian Dan Cody's book, *Lucifer's Lexicon*. Cody is a renowned journalist/satirist for publisher William Kane Murdock's American Eagle newspaper. Cody is tall, handsome, unmarried and a notorious misogynist. Cody puts Ellen down at the meeting with his definition of A WOMEN'S PLACE (AIS1) and the impending conflict between them is defined.

Their second clash is not face to face as the rival publishers begin a contentious editorial campaign: Danziger supporting McKinley, Murdock supporting Bryan, for president. Ellen sings her anonymous editorials to combat Cody's: SUPPORT OUR CANDIDATE (A1S2). Ellen then overhears Danziger and an editor discuss an impending publicity campaign to send a reporter around the world. There will be a launching by air-balloon from City Hall. The sensational daily bylines will appear above highlights of the presidential campaign news. Danziger will decide which man to send on this assignment. Ellen vows that she instead will be the choice, thus ending her anonymity by casting A SHADOW OF MY OWN (AIS2). Ellen begins by convincing Danziger to give her the chance to spy on the Democrats: I'M THE BEST ONE FOR THE JOB (AIS3).

By impersonating a daft old nun at Tammany Hall, Ellen listens in on Murdock and Cody who are hosting the debauched Senator Richard ("Silver Dick") Jones, Bryan's campaign manager. Jones has secretly come to New York to surreptitiously bribe voters with silver dollars on Bryan's behalf. Cody is given the task of keeping Jones out of trouble. Cody's efforts to dissuade the Senator from womanizing (WOMEN ARE POISON TO MEN (AIS4), miss their mark. Ellen notes Cody's plan to appease Jones' libido, escapes undetected, and provides her paper with a caustic headline about the Senator's secret arrival.

Ellen and her young roommate/cousin Katy Bell Collins, bicker over Katy's career. Katy makes her future intentions clear: she will not become A GREY OLD MAID (AIS5). She does agree to attend a luncheon meeting at The Woman's Press Association Club. Ellen, as president of the club, has invited Cody to be the guest speaker, unbeknownst to the membership. Cody's godson, James Martino, visiting from San Diego, comes to the meeting and is attracted to Katy. The ensuing confrontation, expected by Ellen, sparks a heated debate HERSTORY (AIS6) from which Katy and James escape. James then tells Katy how her fragrance, hair, eyes and lips remind him of THE WINES OF SAN DIEGO (AIS7), before Ellen finds them and forbids them to see each other again.

Cody's column, THE ASCENT TO PARADISE (AIS8) satirizes Ellen and her group of fledgling newspaperwomen and enrages Ellen. Recalling Cody's plans to entertain Senator Jones, Ellen responds by impersonating a prostitute at a Tenderloin bordello: THE TART'S TANGO (AIS9). She snares the unsuspecting Jones by enticing him: YOU CAN'T TELL A BOOK BY IT'S COVER (AIS9) exposing his indiscretion in her dressing room with a telling photograph and headline expose' in Danziger's morning newspaper. Cody, having deduced that Ellen is the culprit, is forced to conspire with Murdock to seduce and ultimately ruin her. Cody's plan: GIVE THE WOMAN HER DUE (AIS10) is carried out aboard his yacht, as he tells Ellen he has lost his position, and then apologizes to her: YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE (AIS11), admitting "Now you are my peer," before he sweeps her into a GILDED WALTZ (AIS11). End of ACT I.

ACT II

Ellen returns home early the next morning to reveal to a surprised Katy that she's infatuated with a man: SAILING (AIIS1). An encouraged Katy continues to see James secretly and he proposes marriage: I LONG FOR YOU (AIIS2). Ellen resumes her affair with Cody singing her own version of YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE (AIIS3) to Cody's music and conspires with him, she thinks, to undermine Bryan's campaign: OUR SECRET AFFAIR (AIIS3). Cody now appears to support her feminist views.

At a meeting with Murdock, a conflicted Cody protests SHE BORES ME (AIIS4) and claims the seduction has not taken place. Murdock vows to slander Ellen anyway and indirectly ruin McKinley's campaign. He demands fictional accounts of the conquest from Cody.

Meanwhile, Danziger informs Ellen of news which convinces her that Cody's been using her. Cody, planning to tell Ellen the truth and leave New York with her on his yacht,

reflects on his true feelings for Ellen: YOU ARE THE EARTH WATER WIND AND FIRE (AIIS6). He prepares a letter to Murdock, implying blackmail, if Ellen is condemned. Ellen bursts in, damning and excoriating Cody for his treachery.

The hopeful young lovers now find Ellen vehemently opposed to their marriage. Suddenly, Cody breaks in upon the meeting. Confusion leads to understanding and embarrassment. Ellen dismisses Cody, but Katy and James vow to proceed: OUR DESTINY (AIIS7). Ellen overhears their declaration and reluctantly gives her blessing to the marriage, although it's not her choice: THAT KIND OF LIFE IS NOT FOR ME (AIIS7). James asks Cody to be his best man and tells him Ellen will be the maid of honor at his wedding to Katy (AIIS8).

Murdock blasts Cody for his letter and warns him not to show up at the rally for Bryan at Madison Square Garden (AIIS9). At the rally, the candidate is about to speak when Ellen, seated with Danziger, interrupts in a flashing time motion pantomime sequence depicting explosive accusations and proofs, previously supplied by Cody. The rally becomes a riot. Murdock and Jones descend upon Ellen and Danziger. Murdock spots Cody and in desperation screams for his help to silence Ellen. Cody confronts Ellen, only to be decisively dismissed. She and Danziger triumphantly exit the chaotic assembly.

Agreeing to be civil, Cody and Ellen are witnesses at the wedding of Katy and James (AIIS10). At its conclusion, Cody begs forgiveness and asks Ellen to marry him (Reprises last stanza of YOU ARE THE EARTH WATER WIND AND FIRE, AIIS10). She declines, reprising the last stanza of THAT KIND OF LIFE IS NOT FOR ME, AIIS10. Ellen then mounts the basket of an air balloon singing A SHADOW OF MY OWN (Full reprise, AIIS10). She then ascends in triumph beaming, arms outstretched, as the sun behind her casts her shadow over Cody. FINIS.

A SHADOW OF HER OWN

MUSICAL NUMBERS, SCENES, LOCATIONS AND CHARACTERS

MUSICAL NUMBERS AND SCENES

SONG TITLE	PLACE	LOCATION
OVERTURE		
A WOMAN'S PLACE	AISI	AMERICAN EAGLE OFFICE
SUPPORT OUR CANDIDATE	AIS2	RIVAL EAGLE OFFICES
A SHADOW OF MY OWN	A1S2	DANZGER'S OFFICE
I'M THE BEST ONE FOR THE JOB	A1S3	DANZIGER'S OFFICE
WOMEN ARE POISON TO MEN	A1S4	TAMMANY HALL
GREY OLD MAID	A1S5	N Y EAGLE OFFICE
HERSTORY	A1S6	WOMEN'S PRESS CLUB
THE WINES OF SAN DIEGO	A1S7	MADISON SQUARE PARK
ASCENT TO PARADISE	A1S8	DANZIGER'S OFFICE
TART'S TANGO (music only)	A1S9	MADAME MOUSTACHE'S BORDELLO
YOU CAN'T TELL A BOOK BY IT'S COVER		
GIVE THE WOMAN HER DUE	A1S10	MURDOCK'S OFFICE
RAGTIME PIANO (music only)	A1S11	CODY'S YACHT
YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE (CODY)		
THE GILDED WALTZ (music only)		
END OF ACT I		

ENTR'ACTE MUSIC

ACT II

SONG TITLE	PLACE	LOCATION
SAILING	**A11S1**	**THE COLLINS' HOME**
I LONG FOR YOU	**A11S2**	**OUTDOOR CAFE**
YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE (Ellen's version)	**A11S3**	**CODY'S YACHT**
OUR SECRET AFFAIR		
SHE BORES ME	**A11S4**	
YOU ARE THE EARTH WATER WIND AND FIRE	**A11S6**	
OUR DESTINY	**A11S7**	**THE COLLINS' HOME**
THAT KIND OF LIFE IS NOT FOR ME		
THE RALLY MARCH (music only)	**A11S9**	**MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**
YOU ARE THE EARTH, etc. (Reprise, partial)	**A11S10**	**CITY PLAZA BALLOON LAUNCH**
THAT KIND OF LIFE IS NOT FOR ME (Reprise, partial)		
A SHADOW OF MY OWN (Reprise, full, with several lyric changes)		
END OF ACT 11 FINIS		

CAST OF CHARACTERS

ELLEN BAYNE COLLINS (C2, C4, D) *	**NY EAGLE JOURNALIST, 30 MEZZ0 SOPRANO/SOPRANO BRUNETTE**
LUCIAN DAN CODY	**AMERICAN EAGLE JOURNALIST, 45-50 BARITONE/BASS BARITONE**
KATY BELL COLLINS (C5, 6, D) *	**ELLEN'S COUSIN, 18 MEZZO SOPRANO, BLONDE**
JAMES MARTINO (C1, 3, 6) *	**CODY'S GODSON, 22, TENOR**
WILLIAM KANE MURDOCK (C1, 2, 5, 6) *	**PUBLISHER OF THE AMERICAN EAGLE, 35, TENOR**
JOSEPH DANZIGER (C2, 3, 6) *	**PUBLISHER OF THE NY EAGLE, 60, BARITONE/BASS BARITONE (Chorus only)**
RICHARD "SILVER DICK" JONES (C1, 6) *	**US SENATOR FROM NEVADA 55, BARITONE (Chorus only)**
MADAME MOUSTACHE * (C4, 5, 6)	**MADAME OF TENDERLOIN BORDELLO, 45, phony French accent, SOPRANO (Chorus only)**

*** C**	**CHORUS/DANCE NUMBERS**
DOUBLE IN CHORUS	**1. A WOMAN'S PLACE**
	2. SUPPORT OUR CANDIDATE
	3. WOMEN ARE POISON TO MEN
	4. HERSTORY
	5. SHE BORES ME
	6. CASTING A SHADOW OF MY OWN, REPRISE
D	
DOUBLE IN DANCE	**THE TART'S TANGO**

CAST OF CHARACTERS

FRANCIS GATZ (C1, 3, 6) *	**CODY'S FACTOTUM, 18, TENOR (Chorus only)**
DOOLEY (C2, 6) *	**DANZIGER'S EDITOR and MURDOCK'S STOOGE, 35, BARITONE (Chorus only)**
WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN (C4, 5, 6) *	**PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE, 36 BARITONE/BASS (Chorus only)**
CHORUS/DANCERS (C4, 5, 6, D) *	**3-4 FEMALES, VOCAL MIX**

*** C**	**CHORUS/DANCE NUMBERS**
DOUBLE IN CHORUS	**1. A WOMAN'S PLACE**
	2. SUPPORT OUR CANDIDATE
	3. WOMEN ARE POISON TO MEN
	4. HERSTORY
	5. SHE BORES ME
	6. CASTING A SHADOW OF MY OWN, REPRISE
D	
DOUBLE IN DANCE	**THE TART'S TANGO**

A SHADOW OF HER OWN

LIBRETTO

OVERTURE

The overture highlights music from Act I. It opens and concludes with a bold statement of the 11 musical notes after the verse and from the opening line, first stanza, of "Give the Woman Her Due": SHE'S BEEN THE MOST SELF-CONFIDENT OF HER BREED.

ACT I, SCENE I

[We are at a gathering of journalists in an office of The American Eagle newspaper. Lucian Dan Cody is addressing the group of eight men who shield Ellen Bayne Collins standing behind them. Cody holds up a book and speaks. The men each have a copy of the book but not Ellen]

CODY: **In short, gentlemen, this is a work to rival Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary*. But *Lucifer's Lexicon* has a satirical bite that is as distinctly American as its author, Lucian Dan Cody. While the nation is distracted this summer with the Presidential Campaign, this significant book will become the literary event of 1896. The *Lexicon* has been printed by William Kane Murdock, publisher of The American Eagle, New York's oldest daily newspaper, for whom Mr. Cody is the principle journalist.**

ELLEN: **[Coughing loudly until there is silence.] Excuse me, Mr. Cody.**

CODY; **[Surprised and annoyed] Yes, madam.**

ELLEN: **It's Miss, and I didn't get a copy of your book.**

CODY: **Madam, this is a prepublication event for gentlemen of the press only. Copies will be available for public sale next week.**

ELLEN: **[Frustrated] I'm not a madam, Mr. Cody . . .**
[general laughter]

CODY: **[Infuriated] Then what is it, single woman?!**

ELLEN: **I am reporter Ellen Bayne Collins, representing The New York Eagle.**

CODY: **[Now devilishly amused] So, is this how a rival publisher treats this auspicious occasion? Danziger sends a goose to a gathering of eagles. Woman, you do not belong here, you are out of place. Gentlemen turn to page 35 for the definition of her place.**

[He sings "A WOMAN'S PLACE" with the male chorus joining in on each title line. Ellen fumes through each stanza.]

WHEN YOUR DAYS WORK'S BEEN TAXING
AND YOU RELISH RELAXING
IN SLIPPERS WITH WHISKEY SERVED NEAT
A WOMAN'S PLACE IS THERE AT YOUR FEET

WHEN YOU'RE READY FOR DINING
AND YOUR PALATE IN PINING
FOR GARLIC THE KISSING-SWEET CLOVE
A WOMAN'S PLACE IS THERE AT YOUR STOVE

THEN YOU RETIRE TO YOUR STUDY
SHE'LL BRING CIGARS AND BRANDY FOR YOUR TEA
THAT WILL MAKE YOU WARM AND RUDDY
FOR THE NEXT PLACE SHE SHOULD BE

WHEN ITS TIME FOR UNDRESSING
AND YOUR PASSION IS PRESSING
YOU ON 'TIL DESIRE HAS FLED
A WOMAN'S PLACE

ELLEN: **[Furious]**

IS NOT IN YOUR BED

A WOMAN'S PLACE IS NOT TO SERVE YOU
THAT'S DEBASING AND GROTESQUE
WOULDN'T IT UNNERVE YOU
IF HER PLACE WERE AT YOUR DESK

CODY: **THERE'S NOTHING FOR WHICH YOU'RE EQUIPPED LESS**
THAN BEING A PEER IN A MAN'S PRESS
IT'S THE BASIC ESSENTIALS
LIKE PROVEN CREDENTIALS
WHICH YOU DO NOT POSSESS

YOU ARE A SHODDY NOBODY [Ellen blushes and tears up]

I SEE THAT THE TRUTH LEAVES YOU SPEECHLESS

SO THIS JUDGE AND JURY MAY RECESS

YOUR CREDULITY'S CRUMBLED

YOU'RE PROPERLY HUMBLED

AND SILENTLY PROFESS

YOUR DEFEATED AND TEAR-STAINED FACE

REFLECTS A WOMAN'S PLACE

[Cody and the men point and laugh at Ellen as they file out. Ellen gets her composure back]

ELLEN: **Mr. Cody beware! I can fall no further but you shall plummet from the top of Mount Everest if it's the last thing I do!**
[Blackout]

SCENE 2

[The office of Joseph Danziger, publisher of The American Eagle on stage right; the office of William Kane Murdock, publisher of The New York Eagle on stage left. Danziger and an associate editor are talking. Ellen is eavesdropping outside Danziger's office]

DANZIGER: **We will begin the attack on Bryan with a series of strong editorials. [Ellen bursts in]**

ELLEN: **Oh! Excuse me. Mr. Danziger, here are the editorials you asked me to edit for you.**

DANZIGER: **[Annoyed and a little embarrassed]**

Thank you, Miss Collins. Now please excuse us.

[Ellen leaves but stays outside to eavesdrop again]

EDITOR: **Why is that woman editing editorials? She's been let go by every small local press in New York City for her flagrant disregard of protocol and overreaching ambition. She begs you for a job and in six months . . .**

DANZIGER: **Calm down! If she were an organ grinder's monkey, I would not hesitate to hire her, or use her brains, if it suited my purpose. She is bright. I have some ideas about how to best needle Cody and Murdock into refocusing their venom away from McKinley. Ellen may be useful yet. [Blackout]**

[In the following optional SCENE 2 introduction, backdrops with props hidden behind Cody by a rear curtain in SCENE I emerge after the blackout and as the curtain opens to full light. The opened curtain reveals a giant American Eagle against a rear curtain, wings spread, half of which is colored silver (left) and half of which is colored gold (right).

The entire company is divided into two equal parts set on either side of the Eagle: Democrats (Silver), Republicans (Gold). Each group consists of marchers carrying banners and placards,

newspaper publishers, primary journalists and candidates. Each candidate is represented in caricature with a large paper mache head, and is bridled with reins held by the publisher. Bryan holds a cross of gold in his right hand and a silver paint brush in his left. McKinley holds a gold dinner pail in his left hand with a gold brush in his right.

Each of the publishers stand below and behind the candidates further downstage, holding up the reins attached to the candidates. Two desks are set at the edge of the stage – one at stage left, and one at stage right, facing the audience. On the front of Cody's desk (stage left) will be a sign reading <u>THE AMERICAN EAGLE</u>, and underneath the word, <u>EDITORIALS</u>. In front of Collins' desk, (stage right) will be a sign reading <u>THE NEW YORK EAGLE</u>, and underneath, the word, <u>EDITORIALS</u>]

CODY: **In the immortal words of William Jennings Bryan: "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold." [Cheers from his side]**

[Bryan paints the Eagle with his left hand and raises the cross with his right. Ellen then counters with McKinley's campaign slogan]

ELLEN: **"William McKinley, the advance agent of prosperity. A full dinner pail for all." [Cheers from her side)]**

[Spots on Cody and Murdock]

MURDOCK: **Cody, we'll begin the attack on McKinley with a series of your strong editorials.**

CODY: **[Sings Support Our Candidate in parlando style]**

MCKINLEY'S THE PAWN OF THE WALL STREET BANKERS
AND THE WORKING MAN'S IN THEIR STRANGLE HOLD

THEY CONTROL THE OIL THE RAILROADS AND THE TANKERS
WITH THE RICH MAN'S POWER OF GOLD

[Spots on Danziger and editor sneering. Ellen sings her editorials. With each chorus all participant's sing]

ELLEN: **BILL BRYAN'S ORATION IS VAPOROUS GAS**
THAT CLOUDS HIS SILVER-BACKED LIES
HE SPEAKS FOR THE DEMOCRAT'S SILVER-SPOON CLASS
DON'T BE FOOLED BY HIS POOR MAN'S DISGUISE

ALL: **THEIR GILDED EAGLE'S A VULTURE TO BEWARE**
WHILE OUR EAGLE'S NOBLE WISE AND FAIR
OUR LAND AGAIN WILL BE GRAND AND GREAT
IF YOU WILL SUPPORT OUR CANDIDATE

CODY: **MCKINLEY WON'T TALK OF THE TIES THAT BIND HIM**
AS HE CAMPAIGNS FROM HIS ROCKING CHAIR
IT'S THE SNIPING PRESS OF DANZIGER BEHIND HIM
WITH THEIR BLACK LIES CHOKING THE AIR

ELLEN: **MURDOCK THE PUBLISHER SILVER-MINE KING**
HAS UNDERHANDED DESIGNS
OF BRYAN'S ELECTION HIS ARTICLES SING
TO INCREASE THE NET WORTH OF HIS MINES

ALL: **THEIR GILDED EAGLE'S A VULTURE AT THE CORE**
WHILE OUR EAGLE WILL YOUR TRUST RESTORE
OUR LAND AGAIN WILL BE GRAND AND GREAT
IF YOU WILL SUPPORT OUR CANDIDATE

[Nasty glances and raised fists are exchanged by the men. Blackout Cody and Murdock. Spot on Ellen eavesdropping on the editor and Danziger)

EDITOR: **Now she'll want a byline for sure!**

DANZIGER: **Her work will remain anonymous. There will be no bylines. Now, bring me up to date on the publicity-project.**

EDITOR: **[Rapidly, in sales-pitch style]**

We'll aim for August: New York Eagle reporter travels around the world, alone, to challenge the eighty-day record of Phileas Fogg. Launching by air-balloon from city hall; brass bands, parade, fireworks.

Then daily headlines from overseas with sketches and interviews, including one with Jules Verne. Campaign coverage appears right below the adventures of . . . which man will you be sending on this assignment?

DANZIGER: **I will not decide that until I am sure I have the best one for the job. That is a long time for a man to be away from home and family, and there will be an element of danger. Go ahead with the preparations. I will make my decision within two weeks.**

EDITOR: **I almost envy the son-of-a-bitch! He could become as famous as Abe Lincoln.**

[Blackout. Spot to Ellen. We hear Danziger's voice repeating "best one for the job" and "her work will remain anonymous . . . anonymous . . . anonymous." Ellen sings A Shadow of My Own]

ELLEN:

AT TIMES LIKE THIS
MY AMBITIONS SEEM IN VAIN
CAN I FACE MORE YEARS
OF FRUSTRATION AND PAIN?

AND LET CODY AND DANZIGER
STAY ON TOP AND CROW
WHILE I'M IGNORED BELOW?
NO NO NO

IN THAT BALLOON I WANT TO FLY
LIKE AN EAGLE SOARING ALL ALONE
TO SPREAD MY WINGS ACROSS THE SKY
WHILE CASTING A SHADOW OF MY OWN

AROUND THE WORLD I'LL SEEK MY FAME
AS I CROSS THE OCEANS ALL
ALONE
AND EVERYONE WILL READ
MY NAME
WHILE I CAST A SHADOW OF MY OWN

MY CAREER'S ABOUT TO BEGIN
NO MORE TEARS OVER WHAT HASN'T BEEN
CODY JUST WATCH ME NOW
I'LL TAKE YOUR PLACE I VOW

WHEN I RETURN THEY'LL WELCOME ME
LIKE A JOAN OF ARC TO CLAIM HER THRONE
AND EV'RY MAN WILL HONOR ME
FOR CASTING A SHADOW OF MY OWN

THE MAYOR WILL GIVE ME THE KEY
THEY'LL UNVEIL A STATUE OF ME
THAT CASTS A LONG SHADOW
AT LAST MY OWN SHADOW ALL CAN SEE
A SHADOW THAT MAKES HERSTORY

[Blackout]

SCENE 3

[Joseph Danziger's office. Ellen storms in, waving papers]

ELLEN: **This is not the assignment I deserve! What about the campaign?**

DANZIGER: **[Not angry but firm]**
Ellen, writing editorials is one thing, but in covering this race I may be forced to employ tactics I normally avoid. I will not give you such a job!

ELLEN: **Nonsense! Don't you think I can handle it?**

DANZIGER: **That is not the point. I am talking about investigative reporting.**

ELLEN: **You mean spying!**

DANZIGER: **[Rising and throwing up his hands in frustration]**

You are inexperienced in this kind of journalism, and it could be dangerous!

ELLEN: **[Sings I'm the Best One For The Job]**

I DON'T KNOW THE MEANING OF FEAR
I CAN SMELL ANY STORY THAT'S NEAR
AND I MEMORIZE ALL I SEE AND HEAR
I'M THE BEST ONE FOR THE JOB

I'LL WORK TWENTY HOURS A DAY
IN THE ROLES I MAY NEED TO PORTRAY
AND I'M WILLING TO WORK FOR HALF MY PAY
I'M THE BEST ONE FOR THE JOB

I'M THIRTY AND NOT THE MARRYING KIND
NO SUITOR NO HUSBAND NO CHILDREN TO MIND
I PROMISE THE BEST INVESTIGATION
YOU'LL HAVE IT OR HAVE MY RESIGNATION

I'LL WORK UNDER COVER FOR YOU
AS I SPY ON THAT SILVERITE CREW
AND I KNOW THAT WILL MEAN NO BYLINE TOO

I WON'T SNIVEL I WON'T SOB
I'M THE BEST ONE FOR THE JOB.

[Danziger falls into chair, exhausted and resigned. Blackout]

SCENE 4

(Tammany Hall, that evening. Murdock and Dooley stand downstage center in spots. Everything else is in darkness)

MURDOCK: **Remember Dooley, we're not to be disturbed!**

Nobody else gets in, including you.

DOOLEY: **I got it, Mr. Murdock.**

[Murdock leaves. From stage left Ellen, dressed as an old hunched nun, enters slowly, walking with a cane and carrying a large carpet bag. She walks up to Dooley and looks up at him]

Good ev'nin', Sister.

ELLEN: **[Ignoring his greeting]**

Is this Tammany Hall, my son?

DOOLEY: **That it is, Sister. Ain't it a bit late to be out alone?**

ELLEN: **Eh?**

DOOLEY: **Yes, this is Tammany Hall!**

ELLEN: **Then, I'd be wantin' to see Willie.**

DOOLEY: **Willie, Sister? Do ya mean, Mr. Murdock?**

ELLEN: **Eh?**

DOOLEY: **[Shouting]**

I said, Mr. Murdock?

ELLEN: **I don't know any Murdock, my son. I mean Willie Tweed.**

DOOLEY: **Tweed?**

ELLEN: **I've come for the monthly tithe, in the ev'nin', as always.**

[Crossing herself]

Mr. Tweed, bless his heart, fills me bag for the poor of St. Agnes' Parish.

DOOLEY: **Sister, Mr. Tweed's been dead an' in heaven for these last eighteen years.**

ELLEN: **Eh?**

DOOLEY: **[Shouting] I say, he's dead!**

ELLEN: **Dead? Oh, merciful God!**

DOOLEY **Oh! Sweet Jesus, what's the matter?**

ELLEN: **[Emoting extravagantly] It's me heart! Oh, me heart!**

[Dooley, overwhelmed, turns left and right, she moans]

Dr. O'Bannion … please get Dr. O'Bannion!

DOOLEY: **[In a panic]**

Where is he?

ELLEN: **Eh?**

DOOLEY: **Where will I find him?**

ELLEN: **East 14th Street … number 20. Please hurry!**

[Dooley seats her on a chair. He is about to knock on the meeting room door. She moans loudly]

ELLEN: **Hurry!**

[Dooley runs out, repeating the address. Ellen gets up quickly, pulls out a watch, saying aloud "15 minutes." Lights come up on the meeting room, with a spot on Ellen. She goes to the meeting room door to peek in and listen. Inside, the men are drinking and chatting. Murdock calls the meeting to order]

MURDOCK: **Gentlemen, our guest has just arrived, albeit secretly, from Washington. He needs no introduction to those of us who have followed the fortunes of "free silver" in the Congress for many years. I give you the Senator from Nevada, Richard "Silver Dick" Jones.**

[Applause. The Senator stands, holding a drink]

SENATOR: **Thank you. Now, first things first: we've had the whiskey, where are the women?**

MURDOCK: **[Visibly upset]**

Plenty of time for that later, Senator.

[Thinking quickly]

Captain Cody's in charge of entertainment. He's the ladies' man!

SENATOR: **Well, Cody, where are the women?**

CODY: **[Shooting daggers at Murdock]**

Senator, a woman's heart, like our opponent's campaign, resembles a lump of fool's gold: worthless and hollow to the core, with the harsh echo of brass where a warm heartbeat should be!

[Laughter and some applause]

SENATOR: **[Looking dubiously at Cody]**

Well, we couldn't be more agreed on McKinley's campaign.

[Assuming the orator's stance]

I think it's truly fortunate that those of us chosen by God as the champions of His fairest creation …

[Rhapsodically]

the pure, white metal, should also, by His grace, be engaged in minin' it!

[Applause]

I have come to New York to quietly spread some bright new silver dollars among the poor workin' class of voters, to help insure Bryan's victory in the enemy's territory! Thank you!

[Applause]

Now, back to drinkin'. An' Cap'n Cody, fetch up some of them hard-hearted women!

[Laughter from all but Cody and Murdock. Drinks are poured, while Murdock pulls Cody aside near where Ellen can hear]

MURDOCK: **We've got to do something about this cowboy Casanova! Bryan's practically an evangelist! I have too much at stake to have this damn fool ruin the campaign's public image. I'm making you responsible for his behavior.**

CODY: **[Enraged but silent, he moves out of Ellen's earshot to Jones]**

Senator, I'll show you New York's nightlife. But you'll need a safe place to stay. I have a yacht, secluded and secure; it's yours.

SENATOR: **Yacht? I ain't no sailor, Cap'n. Jus' put me in the saddle an' let me ride.**

CODY: **I've stocked plenty of whiskey.**

SENATOR: **An' women?**

CODY: **Women?**

[Moving to where Ellen can overhear what follows]

CODY: **[Sings "Women Are Poison to Men." All Cody's verses are sung in parlando style, except for the last words of each verse stanza before the chorus stanza which are sung out. Each chorus after the first is fully sung by all.]**

WE COURT AND MARRY ONLY TO INCREASE OUR GENERATION
OR PAY TO SATISFY AN URGENT NEED
WIVES DEMAND OUR SLAVISH VENERATION
PARAMOURS AND WHORES WANT GOLD TO SATISFY THEIR GREED

WOMEN HAVE ONE THING IN COMMON MATES
BE THEY MARY OR ALICE OR GWEN
THE CHARACTERISTIC WHICH PREDOMINATES
WOMEN ARE POISON TO MEN

IN ITALIAN THE LOVELY LADY'S LA BELLA DONNA
IN ENGLISH BELLADONNA'S THE DEADLY PLANT NIGHTSHADE
IN EITHER CASE HER KISS WILL SEND YOU HELL A "GONNA"
THUS THE SIMILARITY BETWEEN POISON PLANT AND MAID

WOMEN HAVE ONE THING IN COMMON MATES
BE THEY PHEASANT OR PARTRIDGE OR HEN
THE CHARACTERISTIC WHICH PREDOMINATES
WOMEN ARE POISON TO MEN

AN ITALIAN PRINCESS WITH A FIGURE DIVINE
HAD MANY SUITORS WITH WHOM SHE WOULD DINE
BUT WHEN LUCREZIA BORGIA WAS BORED
SHE POURED A SPECIAL WINE
AND HER GUESTS ASSUMED A POSTURE RIGID AND SUPINE

WOMEN HAVE ONE THING IN COMMON MATES
BE THEY PORTRAITS IN PASTEL OR PEN
THE CHARACTERISTIC WHICH PREDOMINATES
WOMEN ARE POISON TO MEN

THEN THERE'S THE PROSTITUTE WITH SKIN LIKE PUREST CREAM
WHO FOR A PRICE FULFILLS MEN'S LUSTY DREAM
BUT BEWARE THE VENUS WHO POLLUTES HER LOVER'S BLOODSTREAM
AN EXPERIENCE MEANT TO BE ETHEREAL
BECOMES SOMETHING HORRIBLY VENEREAL

YES WOMEN HAVE ONE THING IN COMMON MATES
BE THEY CHRISTIAN OR STUDENTS OF ZEN
THE CHARACTERISTIC WHICH PREDOMINATES
WOMEN ARE POISON TO MEN

SENATOR: **Cap'n, that's a heap of bullshit! Havin' survived four marriages, I'm one stud that ain't ready for pasture. This cowboy plans on dyin' in the saddle with his boots off? Forget the yacht, I'm lookin' for sex, not seagulls!**

CODY: **[Resigned] Very well, Senator. I'll arrange an evening of pleasure for you at Madame Moustache's.**

SENATOR: **That's more like it! Frenchies, eh?**

CODY: **Shall we say Saturday night?**

SENATOR: **Two days! Do I have to wait [hat long?**

CODY: **I promise you, Senator, it will be well worth the wait.**

SENATOR: **Okay, Cody. But don't disappoint me!**

[The senator walks over to the other men to chat. Ellen removes the nun's habit, revealing her usual dress. She turns the carpetbag inside out the stuffs the habit in. Casually, she slips away. Cody, annoyed, takes Murdock aside]

CODY: **How long will he be here?**

MURDOCK: **About four weeks, until Bryan arrives.**

CODY: **Four weeks? How can I cover this campaign and wet-nurse this …**

MURDOCK: **You'll find a way. Remember, I have the banknote on your yacht!**

[Blackout. Spot on Dooley as he comes running up with the doctor. Both are surprised to find Ellen gone. Murdock, Cody and Jones enter]

DOOLEY: **She's gone!**

MURDOCK: **Who's gone?**

DOOLEY: **The nun looking for Boss Tweed.**

MURDOCK: **[Admonishing Dooley]**

Why didn't you tell me about this?

DOOLEY: **She was just a harmless, crazy old nun.**

[We hear Ellen's voice, offstage, speaking the headline banner result of her work. All listen, immobile]

ELLEN: **SILVERITE SENATOR, "SILVER DICK" JONES IN NEW YORK TO FINANCE BRYAN'S CAMPAIGN. BRYAN'S BIGGEST BACKER SLIPS STEALTHILY INTO CITY BY NIGHT. WHAT DOES THIS PARTNERSHIP PORTEND FOR THE FUTURE OF AMERICA? IS IT FREE SILVER TO BUY VOTES AND THE ELECTION?!**

[The senator pantomimes violent reaction to the lines; Murdock accuses Dooley. Cody, alone, muses silently over the matter. Blackout]

SCENE 5

[Office of THE NEW YORK EAGLE, later that morning. Katy is seated at her desk, going through some papers. James enters, carrying a briefcase. He is tall and handsome. He seems confused, and looks around, as if lost. He sees Katy, smiles, and walks over to her desk]

KATY: **[Startled]**

Sir? May I help you?

JAMES: **[Staring into her eyes]**

I'm looking for Mr. Lucian Cody.

KATY: **Well, you've certainly come to the wrong place! This is THE NEW YORK EAGLE. THE AMERICAN EAGLE is at NUMBER 24, further down the street.**

JAMES: **Thank you very much, Miss … ?**

KATY: **[Coyly]**

I'm not in the habit of giving complete strangers my name, sir. Good day.

[James turns, as if to go but hesitates]

Well, you are a stranger to me, sir.

JAMES: **Yes, I arrived just this morning. My first trip to New York.**

KATY: **Welcome!**

[She smiles and lowers her eyes]

Miss Katy Bell Collins.

JAMES: **I'm very pleased to meet you, Miss Collins. My name …**

[Ellen enters. Katy reacts]

KATY: **You are very welcome, sir. Good day.**

JAMES: **[Understanding]**

Thank you. Good day.

[He leaves smiling]

ELLEN: **Katy, what did that young man want?**

KATY: **Nothing, Ellie. He was lost. Don't forget, today you have a luncheon meeting at the Women's Press Association Club.**

ELLEN: **I'd be very pleased if you joined me. Mr. Danziger approved.**

KATY: **[Coolly]**

I'm not interested.

ELLEN: **[Forcefully]**

But you should be! You're bright and ambitious.

[Katy gives her an impatient glance]

Yes! And not because you're a relative. This is an excellent chance for you. We have to start thinking seriously about your future.

KATY: **[Again, the glance]**

I have been.

ELLEN: **Good! Meeting other women with similar interests will be …**

KATY: **[Interrupting, sings "Grey Old Maid"]**

LET ME REMIND YOU IT'S LEAP YEAR
AND THAT I'M COMING OF AGE
I'VE FOUND BUT LITTLE TO REAP HERE
BY WASTING MY YOUTH FOR A WAGE

FOR I LIKE TO ROUGE MY FACE
WEAR LOTS OF IRISH LACE
DREAM OF A WARM EMBRACE
FROM A STRONG YOUNG BLADE

ONE DAY I'LL FIND A MAN
MARRY AND RAISE A CLAN
I DON'T EVER PLAN
TO BE A GREY OLD MAID

ELLEN: **But your career!**

KATY: **YOU CHERISH YOUR INDEPENDENCE**
CHALLENGING MEN NIGHT AND NOON
NEWSPRINT WILL BE YOUR DESCENDANTS
WHILE YOU SHRIVEL UP LIKE A PRUNE

ELLEN: **What?!**

KATY: **BUT I LIKE TO ROUGE MY FACE**
WEAR LOTS OF IRISH LACE
DREAM OF A WARM EMBRACE
FROM A STRONG YOUNG BLADE

ONE DAY I'LL FIND A MAN
MARRY AND RAISE A CLAN
I DON'T EVER PLAN
TO BE A GREY OLD MAID

ELLEN: **[Upset]**

Katy! How dare you pass judgment on me! What do you know about life?

KATY: **My mother was already married when she was my age!**
And I was twelve-years-old when she reached yours!

ELLEN: **Marriage is one choice a woman has in life, but not the only one. I'm not trying to change your mind about marriage. I just want you to come to a meeting. I promise you'll find it stimulating.**

KATY: **[Contrite but with reluctance]**

Very well.

[Blackout]

SCENE 6

[Women's Press Association Club later that afternoon. Ellen, Katy and other women are present. Ellen presides over a rostrum. All of the other women are ages 35 to 40 and dressed conservatively. They are in the midst of a heated discussion)

ELLEN: **Ladies! Ladies! Please come to order!**

MEMBER: **Ellen Bayne Collins, we have a right to know who the guest speaker is.**

ELLEN: **Our guest is one of the most respected and controversial journalists in the nation.**

MEMBER: **Really? I don't know of any woman with that stature!**

[A general murmur of consent]

ELLEN: **[Glaring at her and ignoring the remark]**

Ladies, there is one order of business before our guest arrives. You already know of my cousin and protege', Miss Katy Bell Collins. Well, she has joined us today. Katy has aspirations to our profession. Katy.

[Katy glares, then smiles daggers at Ellen]

KATY: **A pleasure to meet you, ladies. Thus far, I'm very impressed with your … maturity. I …**

[She stops, having seen Cody and James enter the room]

ELLEN: **Welcome to our group, Mr. Cody.**

[Ellen sees James and is startled. The membership are shocked and gasp as Cody and James proceed to the rostrum. Katy is now excited]

CODY: **Good afternoon, ladies. First, let me thank you for your invitation. I took the liberty to bring a dear friend of mine, Mr. James Martino, who's visiting from San Diego, California.**

[James bows, smiling]

ELLEN: **On behalf of the Women's Press Association, New York City Chapter, I welcome you and your friend. Please be seated.**

[James has been staring at Katy and hasn't listened]

Sir?

[Cody elbows James to sit. Cody stands]

CODY: **Miss Collins, I have a busy schedule, may we begin?**

ELLEN: **Mr. Cody, the topic for discussion is a woman's place in professional journalism. You and I have already discussed this matter, but I wanted the group to hear it from the source.**

CODY: **[Suspicious, but taking the bait]**

In the interest of brevity, I define it in a single syllable: NONE!

MEMBERS: **[Leaping to their feet, fuming]**

What? Well, I never! … The nerve of that man! … etc.

ELLEN: **[Pounding the gavel, enjoying herself]**

Please come to order! Ladies be seated! With all due respect, Mr. Cody, that's a rather narrow point of view!

CODY: **You find the truth unattractive? Well, I find as I look at you and your cohort, Miss Collins, that contrary to the old adage, one can tell a book by it's cover.**

ELLEN: **[Banging her gavel)]**

Mr. Cody you are out of order and I . . .

CODY: **On the contrary, it is you women who are out of order: the order of Primates, the Genus of Homo Sapiens, thinking man! You and your pack of "modern women" would defy Scripture and history!**

ELLEN and chorus: Scripture? History?

CODY: [Sings in parlando style, emphasizing the last line]

IN THE DRAMA OF LIFE
ADAM CAME FIRST
RESEMBLING HIS CREATOR
NEXT HIS SPARE-RIBBED AND SIMPLE WIFE
TO SERVE AS HIS SEED'S INCUBATOR

ELLEN: SO, ADAM WAS THE FATHER OF THE HUMAN RACE
AND EVE WAS ONLY BEARER OF HIS CLAN
NO THE REAL TRUTH IS SOMETHING MEN CAN'T FACE
WHICH IS IN THIS WORLD WE BRING FORTH LIFE AS ONLY WOMEN CAN

CHORUS: HERSTORY HERSTORY IT'S TIME TO TELL HERSTORY

THERE IS NO HIM IN HEREDITY
MEN DENY THEIR FEMALE PEDIGREE
WHO SAYS THAT GOD'S A HE AND NOT A SHE
HISTORY HISTORY
WELL IT'S TIME TO TELL HERSTORY

CODY: Blasphemy! <u>Her</u>esy! And as for your profession: [Sings]

WHEN EVE SINNED AGAINST MAN
ADAM BECAME A CUCKOLDED OLD FELLOW
SHE THE OLDEST CAREER BEGAN
COME IN WELCOME TO EVE'S BORDELLO

ELLEN: DID EVE COMMIT FIRST SIN IN FABLED PARADISE
WAS ADAM LURED INTO HER OPEN ARMS
NO 'TWAS SATAN'S SEDUCTION A MAN'S VICE
THAT ALL MEN PRACTICE WHEN TEMPTING WOMEN WITH THEIR SERPENT'S CHARMS

CHORUS: HERSTORY HERSTORY
IT'S TIME TO TELL HERSTORY

THERE'S ONLY HISS IN HISTORY
MAN SLID DOWN THAT CUR-SED APPLE TREE
LUCIFER IS A HE AND NOT A SHE
THAT'S HERSTORY NOT HISTORY
AND IT'S TIME TO TELL HERSTORY

[The women circle around Cody while repeating the last chorus. James and Katy escape unnoticed. Ellen folds her arms and gloats. Blackout]

SCENE 7

[Madison Square Park minutes later. James and Katy arrive at a park bench and sit]

JAMES: **I was wondering what you were doing there. Thank you for coming to my rescue.**

KATY: **I had seen and heard enough. [Puzzled] You're a friend of Mr. Cody's?**

JAMES: **Actually, he's my godfather. Lucian was a good friend of my parents in California. He baptized me. He worked at a newspaper in San Francisco for Mr. Murdock. They both came east while I went south to San Diego with my parents. We worked at a winery. I stayed on after they returned to San Francisco to bring their skills to Sonoma and Napa.**

KATY: **A devil of a godfather. [Coyly baiting him] Then you're a woman-hater too!**

JAMES: **No! We don't see eye to eye on the subject of women. [Baiting her in return] And Ellen Collins is your relative?**

KATY: **[Reluctantly] My first cousin. I came to live with her when mother passed away. We're both from Pennsylvania. There was no one else.**

JAMES: **Well, California's a beautiful state and San Francisco's a wild, exciting city.**

KATY: **A sinful city, I hear!**

JAMES: **Oh, no. It's . . .**

KATY: **[Excited] You've been there lately?**

JAMES: **[Defensively] Only when papa sent me there to learn new ways to cultivate grapes for the vineyards in San Diego. The finest wines come from San Diego.**

JAMES: **[Sings "The Wines of San Diego"]**

THE WINES OF SAN DIEGO
HAVE AROMAS OF SWEET-SCENTED DEW

AND IF YOU'LL PERMIT ME *PREGO*
A BOUQUET WHICH REMINDS ME OF YOU

TAKE *PARFUMA FIORI*
BLESSED WITH THE FRAGRANCE OF FLOWERS
FILLED WITH MYSTERIOUS POWERS
LIKE YOUR ENCHANTING PERFUME

THE WINES OF SAN DIEGO
SHINE LIKE GOLD WHEN THE SUN PASSES THROUGH
AND IF YOU'LL PERMIT ME *PREGO*
A CHAMPAGNE WHICH REMINDS ME OF YOU

TAKE *IL CAPO PLATINO*
BRILLIANT WITH GLISTENING SUNBEAMS
SPARKING A THOUSAND AND ONE DREAMS
LIKE YOUR ILLUSTRIOUS HAIR

KATY: **ARE THERE ANY WINES IN YOUR SAN DIEGO**
THAT CAPTURE THE BLUE OF YOUR EYES
I MEAN SKIES

JAMES: **NO BUT IF SOME DAY**
YOU SHOULD PASS THAT WAY
I'LL SHOW YOU A GRAPE
THAT'S THE COLOR AND SHAPE
OF YOUR EM'RALD EYES

THE WINES OF SAN DIEGO
BLUSH IN SUNLIGHT THE WAY RUBIES DO
AND IF YOU'LL PERMIT ME *PREGO*
A ROSE' WHICH REMINDS ME OF YOU

TAKE *PROMESSO IL BACIO*
LUSCIOUS WITH PINKNESS OF CHERRY
HOLDING A PROMISE THAT'S VERY
LIKE YOUR DELECTABLE LIPS
AND MEANT TO BE TASTED YOUNG

[James moves closer to Katy and holds her hands. They are about to kiss when James bolts upright at the sight of Ellen charging into view]

ELLEN: **Katy Bell Collins I'll have a word with you! [Grabs Katy's arm, pulling her away] And you, sir, are no longer welcome in our company. [Blackout]**

SCENE 8

[Danziger's office next morning. Ellen stands across from him, beaming]

DANZIGER: **So, you bested Cody and Murdock?**

ELLEN: **It went exactly as I planned. I spied on the enemy and . . .**

DANZIGER: **I thought the enemy was Bryan!**

ELLEN: **Bryan? He's just a pawn in the grasping hands of Murdock. And Cody's the devil incarnate: so perfectly smug, so completely egotistical.**
[With subtle reverence] But the man has style and wit. He's certainly not dull.

DANZIGER: **Such uncharacteristic praise.**

ELLEN: **I believe in giving the Devil his due.**

DANZIGER: **You will never get yours from Mr. Cody.**

ELLEN: **All things come to she who waits. But I beat him at his own game.**

DANZIGER: **Oh? Then you have not seen this morning's American Eagle newspaper. [Hands her the paper] Look at the column on page two.**

ELLEN: **[Reading with widening eyes and mouth agape] "The Ascent to Paradise, a divine comedy, by Lucian Dan Cody . . ." Ellen and Danziger are blacked out. At stage right, a spot picks up a man dressed in a white, flowing robe with a white beard and Uncle Sam top hat. At stage left a spot picks up Cody who declaims the narrative with underscoring while the man in white mimes actions. After two lines, Ellen and Katy appear before him, facing the audience.]**

CODY: **TWO DEPARTED FEMALE SOULS**
ROSE TO PARADISE ONE DAY
TO SEEK INSCRIPTION IN THE ANGEL'S ROLLS
ST. PETER THERE HELD SWAY
MAJESTIC FROM FOOT TO HEAD
AND INQUIRED WHAT SINS DO YOU CONFESS TO PASS THIS WAY
THE YOUNGER AND MORE ATTRACTIVE WOMAN SAID:

KATY: **AS A WIFE I WAS GUILTY OF FLIRTATION**
AND MY HUSBAND HANGED HIMSELF UNTIL DEAD

CODY: **OH THAT'S ONLY A WOMAN'S NATURAL INSTIGATION**
BUT ARE YOU NOW OR HAVE YOU EVER BEEN
A MEMBER OF THE WOMEN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION

KATY: **IS THAT A MORTAL SIN**
[Uncle Sam indicates it is with a nod]
AH I SWEAR I DID NOT BECOME A MEMBER

CODY: **THEN YOU ARE SPARED HE SAID WITH A GRIN**
I FORGIVE ALL THE SINS YOU CAN AND CAN'T REMEMBER
OVER WOMEN'S NATURAL FOLLY I COULD NOT CARP
TO PURGE YOUR USUAL TRESPASSES WOULD REDUCE YOU TO AN EMBER
BUT SINCE YOUR PERCEPTION OF PURE EVIL WAS SO SHARP
I MAKE YOU HEAVEN'S RESIDENT
GO AND DRAW A HARP

[Katy hesitates, clasping her hands and biting her lower lip]

BUT WHY ARE YOU HESITANT

KATY: **I FEAR DECEPTION MAY BE AT HAND [Pointing to Ellen]**
SHE WAS THE WOMEN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT
AND DID MY MEMBERSHIP DEMAND

CODY: **HOW DO YOU DO NOT JUST A MEMBER**
BUT THE HIGH COMMAND
IS IT TRUE

ELLEN: **INDEED**
I FOUND HER UNSUITABLE AND HER APPLICATION WITHDREW

CODY: **THEN I MUST DISPATCH YOU WITH ALL SPEED**
TO JOIN YOUR WICKED SISTERS IN PERDITION
AND HELL'S PRESS ASSOCIATION LEAD
[Uncle Sam snaps his finger and Ellen disappears. He now looks at Katy]

AND FOR YOUR NOBLE ACT OF CONTRITION
I PRONOUNCE TO YOU
THE FINAL JUDGMENT OF THIS INQUISITION
DON'T DRAW A HARP – DRAW TWO

[Blackout. Then we return to Ellen and Danziger at stage left]

ELLEN: **That viper! That . . . man! So, Mr. Cody, our private battle's elevated to the press? Well, I accept the challenge!**

DANZIGER: **What are you talking about?**

ELLEN: **I know how to make mighty Caesar bleed and trip Mr. Bryan. [She rummages through her bag]**

DANZIGER: **Ellen, what do you mean?**

ELLEN: **Some notes I made at Tammany Hall. [Reflecting]**
All I need is one piece of equipment. [Blackout]

SCENE 9

[Madame Moustache's Tenderloin restaurant and bordello that evening. Cody and "Silver Dick" Jones enter. The three are in dim light at stage left]

CODY: **Here you are Senator, Madame Moustache's, as I promised.**

[Madame Moustache, in all her gilded pulchritude, enters and Jones eyes her lustily then ogles the young waitresses passing by into the darkness]

MADAME M: **[Speaking in a formal and faux French accent]**

Monsieur Cody, it is an honor to see you again at my humble establishment. You visit so infrequently.

CODY: **[Aside to her] Abby, you've spruced up the place since I was last here. It's a long way from your Hog Palace at Fort Laramie.**

MADAME M: **[Laughing, more relaxed, the accent slipping]**

Lucian dear, my new clientele are so much more gentile and so sophisticated. Here we serve only "suckling pig."

[They laugh but now the Senator coughs loudly expecting recognition]

CODY: **Madame, I would like you to meet a friend of mine, Mr. Richard Jones, from Nevada.**

MADAME M: **[Again speaking with a faux French accent]**

Ah, monsieur Jones, a great pleasure . . .

JONES: **That's what I'm here for, honey. [Again distracted by waitresses]**

MADAME M: **[Unimpressed with Jones. Aside to Cody]**

A friend of yours?

CODY: **Not really but no questions now.**

MADAME M: **[Smiling for Jones. Aside to Cody.]**

He looks and sounds like a real swine.

CODY: **[Smiling] True but he's a "silver mine" swine.**

MADAME M: **[Smiling at Jones and removing something from between her breast cleavage which pops his eyes]**

Monsieur Jones, here is a silver token, compliments of the house. It is good for one, you know, special meal. [The Senator's eyes brighten and he licks his lips surveying the waitresses again.]

Excuse me a moment. [Aside to Cody]
That'll be fifty dollars in gold!

CODY: **[Cody surreptitiously slips her gold coins]**

Good night Mr. Jones. Enjoy your meal. Madame.

[She nods and Cody leaves]

SENATOR: **Well Madame, where's the dining room?**

MADAME M: **[Putting a hand on Jones' shoulder.]**

Patience, Monsieur Jones.

JONES: **Honey, you can call me "Silver Dick."**

MOUSTACHE: **[Smiling at Jones and looking him over.]**

We shall see, "Silver Dick."

[Lights up across the stage reveal a salon where other men sit about, sipping drinks and watching waitresses passing by. Moustache escorts Jones to a ringside table, then moves center stage to address all the men.]

Messieurs! I am Madame Moustache, your Parisian hostess. I welcome you and proudly present a musical aperitif, as a prelude to your dining pleasure. Our tantalizing Torreadoresses will be coming out to tempt and conquer their bulls. Please do not forget to present the one that swells your … heart with a token of your affection. And now, Mesdemoiselles de La Madame Moustache!

[A line of women, including Ellen, dance in to the music of The Tarts' Tango. They are dressed in Toreador costumes from the waist up, with red tights, black net stockings, red capes. They carry long, silver "picks." They do a voluptuous dance, as the Senator licks his chops. When the number concludes the men get up and move toward the lady of their choice. The Senator has his eye on the most buxom of them. Ellen sees his move and intercedes. The number proceeds with Ellen fighting for his attention, using the buxom tart as a foil]

ELLEN: **YOU CAN'T TELL A BOOK BY ITS COVER**
WHAT LOOKS LIKE SUCKLING OFTEN IS A SWINE
YOU CAN'T TELL A BOOK BY ITS COVER
WHAT LOOKS MUNDANE IS OFTEN DIVINE

THERE ONCE WAS A LUSTY COWBOY
WHO FANCIED HIMSELF QUITE A PLOW-BOY
HE BOUGHT A YOUNG FILLY TO RIDE HER
BUT GOT A SURPRISE ONCE ASTRIDE HER

SHE DIDN'T RESPOND TO HIS NEED
HIS HIGH HOPES STARTED TO FLAG
SHE WAS SUCH AN INFERIOR BREED
ALAS HE WAS STUCK WITH A NAG

YOU CAN'T TELL A BOOK BY ITS COVER
WHAT LOOKS LIKE SUCKLING OFTEN IS A SWINE
YOU CAN'T TELL A BOOK BY ITS COVER
WHAT LOOKS MUNDANE IS OFTEN DIVINE

THERE ONCE WAS A SILVER MINER
WHOSE MINE-SHAFT COULD NOT HAVE BEEN FINER
A MINE HE CONSIDERED FORSAKING
WAS FULL OF METAL WORTH TAKING

HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT IT COULD YIELD
YET IF HE DECIDED TO DRILL
HE'D DISCOVER THE WEALTH IT CONCEALED
WAS TRULY A MOTHER LODE THRILL

YOU CAN'T TELL A BOOK BY ITS COVER
WHAT LOOKS LIKE SUCKLING OFTEN IS A SWINE
YOU CAN'T TELL A BOOK BY ITS COVER
WHAT LOOKS MUNDANE IS OFTEN DIVINE

[At the song's end, Ellen has succeeded in leading the eager senator to her promise of sexual fulfillment. She drags him into a private room then rushes behind a three-piece screen. He enters and locks the door as Ellen has begun tossing parts of her costume over the top of the screen.]

ELLEN: **Is that my lusty cowboy?**

SENATOR: **You bet, honey, an' I'm rarin' to ride!**

ELLEN: **Then follow my lead lover and undress so we can get**
intimately **acquainted.**

[Silver Dick undresses down to his loudly colored and comical underwear but his trousers are hard to remove standing up]

ELLEN: **Almost ready, sweety? I am.**

SENATOR: (Feverishly) I'm rushin' darlin'.

[Ellen now fully dressed, pushes the screen forward, revealing a camera on a tripod. She takes the senator's picture with an explosion of light and smoke. He is blinded and freezes. Ellen grabs the equipment and leaves. The senator is caught in his indecent exposure and immobilized as a newsboy steps forward waving a New York Eagle morning edition projected on a screen with Jones' picture as the newsboy bellows out: BRYAN'S CAMPAIGN MANAGER CAUGHT WITH PANTS DOWN IN TENDERLOIN BORDELLO: SENATOR "SILVER DICK" JONES TAKES BREAK FROM BRYAN'S NOT-SO-PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN TO JOIN TENDERLOIN TART IN SEX TRYST! [Blackout]

SCENE 10

(Murdock's office, the next day. Murdock, Cody and Jones argue)

SENATOR: **Damn you, Cody! If I had you back in Carson City, you'd be hangin' from the tallest tree!**

[Jones lunges at Cody. Murdock stops him]

CODY: **[Fuming]**

Senator, I …

SENATOR: **I don't want excuses. I was ambushed! That prostitute even had the brass to say to me, "You can't tell a book by it's cover!"**

[Cody winces, turns and walks away, thinking]

MURDOCK: **Let's calm down. We have to regroup and …**

SENATOR: **Regroup nothin'! Look at this telegram from Bryan.**

[Gives it to Murdock who reads it]

He's furious!

[He stomps about in circles]

Well I ain't takin' the blame, Murdock! It's you an' Cody! One of your heads is gonna roll, an' the one that's left better figure out who put that tart up to it, an' fast!

MURDOCK: **[Referring to the telegram]**

He's changed his plans. He'll be in New York in two weeks for his nomination acceptance speech.

SENATOR: **An' he wants ev'rythin' ready for Madison Square Garden, includin' twenty thousand of the faithful. That's a lot of silver to deliver in two weeks, Murdock. You have 24 hours to come up with a plan! [Turning to Cody as he leaves]**

I don't want to see your face again!

[He exits]

MURDOCK: **I knew he was dangerous. It's all your fault! All my dreams of glory and greater wealth, destroyed!**

CODY: **[Calmly] Not necessarily.**

MURDOCK: **What?**

CODY: **I believe I know the identity of our assassin.**

MURDOCK: **Who?**

CODY: **Ellen Bayne Collins!**

MURDOCK: **[Stunned and disbelieving]**

Her? You told me she was a cake of ice in a dress: an old maid in the making.

CODY: **Perhaps a cake of dry, smoldering ice, with many disguises.**

MURDOCK: **[Frustrated by ignorance]**

What do you mean?

CODY: **I mean, my dear Murdock, For the observant and astute,**

The same one is both nun and prostitute!

MURDOCK: **[Amazed at the revelation]**

How'd you figure that out?

CODY: **Suffice to say I checked out the two incidents, and what I learned, together with an unfortunate remark I addressed to Miss Collins, has convinced me she's the one.**

MURDOCK: **A spy for Danziger!**

CODY: **I'd stake my life on it.**

MURDOCK: **You have, Cody, since it's yours or mine! She has to be stopped … neutralized!**

CODY: **What would you suggest: murder?**

MURDOCK: **[Reluctantly]**

Impossible! We can't do anything that could backfire on me again. It's got to be something subtle yet effective … like blackmail.

CODY: **What could you possibly find to hang over her? I have no proof.**

MURDOCK: **I'll think of something.**

[He moves around in deep thought]

Not find, Cody: create! After all, she's still only a woman. What better way to neutralize a woman than by seduction and ruin?

CODY: **[Laughs loudly]**

Seduction? Incredible, Murdock! It would be easier and more desirable to seduce the Dowager Empress of China! The idea's preposterous! What idiot would even consider doing it?

MURDOCK: **[Staring at Cody and laughing malevolently]**

You shall be the instrument of revenge. It's perfect.

[Tickled by his self perceived genius]

It's justice: the justice of the Old Testament: an eye for an eye, and a seduction for a seduction. It's brilliant! Just visualize the headlines!

CODY: **[Shaken]**

You're out of your mind!

MURDOCK: **[In control]**

What's the matter? Don't tell me the old womanizer has lost his nerve? Or maybe Miss Collins is too tough a challenge for you!

CODY: **[Ignoring the last remark]**

I'm simply not inclined to lower myself.

MURDOCK: **[The angry boss]**

Then you will be, or else! That's an order! Let me put my few remaining cards on the table. I need a scapegoat for the Senator and a seducer for Miss Collins. Either I trump or you're through … finished! You'll never work for a newspaper again!

[The coup de gras]

I'll take away your yacht!

CODY: **[Regaining his composure]**

Murdock, with your gift of argument and depraved soul, you should aspire to public office. Alright, tell me, if … no, when I compromise her, what reward may I expect?

MURDOCK: **Reward?**

CODY: **You know, "30 pieces of silver."**

MURDOCK: **When you resolve this matter to my satisfaction, I'll give you a mountain of silver, and a new yacht!**

CODY: **[Taking Murdock's hand]**

Done, Mephisto! But, for practical purposes, I want the note on my yacht and $5,000 cash, in advance.

MURDOCK: **You'll have them tomorrow.**

CODY: **[Playfully]**

You know, there's something fascinating about this woman. Anyone that can portray a nun and a prostitute with equal skill can't be all that good!

[Sings "Give the Woman Her Due"]

I'LL WEAR THE MASK OF KEATS AND SHELLEY
BUT UNDERNEATH I'LL BE MACHIAVELLI
THE KEY TO CONTROLLING HOW THAT WOMAN BEHAVES
IS TO GIVE HER EXACTLY WHAT SHE CRAVES

SHE'S BEEN THE MOST SELF-CONFIDENT OF HER BREED
BUT I'VE BRANDED HER AS INFERIOR
IT'S HER HUMAN DIGNITY SHE WANTS ME TO CONCEDE
SO I'LL GIVE THE WOMAN HER DUE
I'LL GIVE THE WOMAN HER DUE

[Cody puts his bandanna around Murdock's head, as he becomes Ellen's substitute for verses addressed to an absent Ellen.]

I'VE REPORTED THAT YOUR VALUE IS LESS THAN ANY MALE'S
BUT I MUST CONFESS YOUR COURAGE TIPPED THE SCALES
SO I'VE CALMED MY MASCULINE FURY
AND CONVINCED MY HUMANISTIC JURY
OF A FACT I NO LONGER CAN DENY
THAT YOU'RE AS WORTHY A PERSON AS I

SHE'S BEEN MY TOUGHEST COMPETITION INDEED
BUT I'VE TREATED HER AS AN AMATEUR
IT'S HER CAPABILITY SHE WANTS ME TO CONCEDE
SO I'LL GIVE THE WOMAN HER DUE
I'LL GIVE THE WOMAN HER DUE

I'VE DEGRADED ALL THE METHODS OF REPORTING THAT YOU USE
BUT I MUST CONFESS THEY'RE GREAT AT BREAKING NEWS

SO I'VE CALMED MY MASCULINE FURY
AND CONVINCED MY JOURNALISTIC JURY
OF A FACT I NO LONGER CAN DENY
THAT YOU'RE AS GOOD A REPORTER AS I

THUS I'LL PUT A CHINK IN HER FEMININE ARMOUR
AND SHE'LL NEVER THINK THAT I MEAN TO DISARM HER
SHE WON'T EVEN HAVE A CLUE
AND I'LL SEDUCE THE WOMAN
CONTROL THAT WOMAN
BY GIVING THE WOMAN HER DUE

Here is the plan. I'll operate this clandestine business on my yacht. You'll be informed as to when Miss Collins is in my company, so that you and the Senator can do your patriotic duty. One other thing, I may need to throw her a crumb or two to prove my new colors.

MURDOCK: **Fine! When do we begin?**

CODY: **Immediately! I'll send an anonymous note to Miss Collins to come to Sheepshead Bay for a scoop on the Bryan campaign.**

MURDOCK: **I want a detailed diary to authenticate the evidence.**

CODY: **In my finest prose!**

[They reprise the coda together]

THUS WE'LL PUT A CHINK IN HER FEMININE ARMOUR
AND SHE'LL NEVER THINK THAT WE MEAN TO DISARM HER
SHE WON'T EVEN HAVE A CLUE
AND WE'LL SEDUCE THE WOMAN
CONTROL THAT WOMAN
BY GIVING THE WOMAN HER DUE

[Blackout]

SCENE 11

[Lucian Cody's yacht, that evening. Cody is standing over a desk, looking through some papers. We hear the music of the RAGTIME PIANO in the background. Cody clears his desk of papers and draws out a half-empty bottle of whiskey and a glass. He pours a generous amount, looks at it dubiously, closes his eyes and consumes it all at once, wincing. He brings out another glass, a wine bottle and a hand mirror. He looks at himself, smiles, and proceeds to carefully muss his hair and give his clothing a disheveled look. He puts the mirror away, as the music stops. Moments later, Francis Gatz enters.]

FRANCIS: I'm ready to leave. There's some chicken in …
[Noticing Cody's disarray]
Is something wrong?

CODY: Nothing you need concern yourself with, Francis. What were you playing?

FRANCIS: Something new I picked up at O' Reilly's.

CODY: [Sternly] To think, an employee of mine spends his evenings playing piano in a house of ill repute for the fun of it.

FRANCIS: [Ignoring the remark] There's some chicken in the pantry. May I go? I'm expected there.

CODY: Not just yet, my boy. I have a job for you: one suited to your talent. Tonight you shall first play some piano for me.

FRANCIS: [Irritated] Yes, sir.

CODY: Now don't pout, Francis, it won't be for very long. I'm expecting someone shortly. [Hands Francis some sheet music) I want you to play this piece, at the appropriate time; think you can?

FRANCIS: [Scanning sheets quickly] Yes, sir. Will you tell me when?

CODY: You are to stay in the aft cabin and keep the door closed. Do you have your watch?

FRANCIS: Yes, sir.

CODY: Good. In twenty minutes after my guest arrives you begin playing. Now, go up and close all the hatches.

FRANCIS: Close the hatches? But we'll suffocate!

CODY: Just do as you're told.

FRANCIS: Yes, sir.

CODY: After you have sealed us in, and played your part, you may steal quietly away to O' Reilly's. In fact, could you possibly spend the night there?

FRANCIS: [With muted ecstasy] Yes, sir!

CODY: Very well. To your station.

[Francis exits. Cody moves to his desk, checks his pocket watch, and lowers the lamp light. He sits and runs his fingers through his hair, head down, elbows on the desk. Ellen enters, cautiously]

ELLEN: Hello? Is anyone here?

CODY: Come into the stateroom Miss Collins.

ELLEN [She moves slowly toward Cody. He looks up] You! What is this all about?

CODY: You may come closer. I won't bite you. [She looks around]

We're quite alone.

ELLEN: Then I shall fear for my life!

CODY: You, Miss Collins?

ELLEN: [Moving closer to him] You look terrible! You've been drinking.

CODY: Ah, those keen powers of observation.

ELLEN: Why all the cloak and dagger business to get me here?

CODY: Cloak and dagger indeed! Subterfuge Miss Collins: you really can't tell a book by its cover. [She glares at him] I want to congratulate you on your sensational reporting.

ELLEN: I don't know what you're talking about.

CODY: Come now, Miss Collins, it's abundantly evident to me that you're the one behind the New York Eagle's recent headlines . . . the author of my downfall!

ELLEN: [Curious] Your downfall?

CODY: Yes.

ELLEN: [Interested] Really, Mr. Cody do go on.

CODY: You needn't fear, I haven't conveyed my discovery to Murdock or "Silver Dick." They're too obtuse to put nun and prostitute together. Very clever. [Ellen smiles] Besides they and I are not on the best of terms. I've been dismissed. [Pours and raises the glass of wine in tribute] To your victory! You've been a most worthy opponent.

ELLEN: [Caught off guard] But . . .

[Cody moves toward her and sings "You're the First One"]

YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE
TO ENGAGE ME
AND UPSTAGE ME WITH YOUR WIT

YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE
TO DISTRESS ME
YET IMPRESS ME WITH YOUR GRIT

YOUR UNPRECEDENTED DEED
HAS FORCED ME TO CONCEDE
WHAT YOU'VE WANTED ALL ALONG
YOU DESERVE MY RESPECT
I ADMIT I WAS WRONG

YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE
WHO'S SUCCESSFUL
IN A STRESSFUL MAN'S CAREER

YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE
THAT I BOW TO
BECAUSE NOW YOU ARE MY PEER

ELLEN: **[Moved and breathless] Mr. Cody . . .**

CODY: **[Tenderly] Please Ellen, my name is Lucian.**

[He stares deeply into her eyes, conveying vulnerability, then closes his eyes and turns away from her]

ELLEN: **What's the matter? [She moves toward him, bumps into a chair, then him and he catches her]**

CODY: **Are you alright?**

ELLEN: **[Confused] It's so warm in here. I feel faint. I have to go.**

CODY: **[Taking her hands] Your hands are like ice.**

ELLEN: **My head's spinning.**
CODY: **[Offering a chair] Here, sit down, you're shaking.**

ELLEN: **[Her control is ebbing] I think I should go.**

CODY: **[Getting the bottle of whiskey and another glass] Wait a moment. Have a sip of this. It will steady you.**

ELLEN: **[She sips while Cody checks his watch. "The Gilded Waltz" begins] What's that?**

CODY: **What?**

ELLEN: **Such a lovely melody. Don't you hear it?**

CODY: **[Going over to a portal and looking out] Yes. There are some people on my neighbor's yacht. It looks like they're dancing. [Paternally] Feeling better?**

ELLEN: **A bit but it's still so warm.**

CODY: **I'll open all the portals.**

ELLEN: **[With considerable effort] I really ought to be going. [She gets up to leave]**

CODY: **Why?**

[The question immobilizes her. Cody takes her at arms length. The music begins to swell. Ellen is on the verge of collapse: the heat, the whiskey, the music and her emotions overwhelming her. Cody eases her into the waltz. They move together and apart in sweeping arcs. The music grows more passionate. Cody stops abruptly as the music climaxes pulling Ellen into a tight embrace. He moves his face slowly towards hers. Blackout, end of Act I]

ENTR'ACTE MUSIC

ACT II

SCENE 1

[The Collin's apartment the next morning. Katy is fully dressed, asleep in a chair. Ellen walks in moving like a sleepwalker. Katy awakens]

KATY: **Ellie, are you alright? I was so worried.**

ELLEN: **[Distracted] I'm very well.**

KATY: **Ellie do you know what time it is? Where have you been?**

ELLEN: **I was out . . . sailing.**

KATY: **Sailing? Where and who with?**

ELLEN: **I . . . can't say.**

KATY: **[Suspicious] Oh?**

ELLEN: **[Sings "Sailing"]**

I MET A MAN
VERY HANDSOME MAN
AND HE TOOK ME SAILING
SAILING IN THE BAY

HE WAS SO STRONG
SWEPT ME RIGHT ALONG
AND WE KEPT ON SAILING
'TIL THE BREAK OF DAY

OF COURSE MY DEFENSES WERE READY
WHEN HE PROPOSED WE DANCE
BUT HOW DO YOU KEEP YOURSELF STEADY
WHEN YOU'RE WALTZING IN A TRANCE

I ALWAYS SWORE
I WOULD STAY ON SHORE
NEVER TO GO SAILING
SAILING WITH A MAN

I'VE NEVER HAD A STRONGER YEN
TO GO SAILING AGAIN

THE BAY AND THE SKY WERE IN MOTION
AS I WHIRLED IN HIS WARM EMBRACE
THEN WE LEFT THE EARTH AND THE OCEAN
SAILING STARS INTO SPACE

I DIDN'T KNOW
I COULD FEEL THIS GLOW
UNTIL I WENT SAILING
SAILING WITH A MAN

NOW ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT IS WHEN
WE'LL GO SAILING
AND SAILING
YES SAILING AGAIN

KATY: **[Understanding enough of it to be glad]**

Glory be!

[They embrace. Lights dim, and Katy fades out Ellen moves to stage right where Cody stands in a spot. They face each other as a few notes of The Gilded Waltz music are reprised. Blackout]

SCENE 2

(Outdoor Cafe: Nine days later, early in the evening. James and Katy are seated at a table)

KATY: **You haven't eaten a thing. What's wrong?**

JAMES: **How long must we go on meeting secretly? I'll be leaving for San Diego in three days.**

KATY: **I haven't been able to talk to Ellie. She's in love. She goes out "sailing" every night, and walks around in a fog all day. Besides, I'd hate to let her know I've been seeing a young man she forbid me to see … and have nothing more to tell her.**

JAMES: **[Sings I Long For You]**

RIGHT FROM THE START
IN MY HOPEFUL HEART
I LONGED FOR YOU

AND WHEN WE TOUCH
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH
I LONG FOR YOU

I JUST CAN'T FIND A MOMENT OF PEACE
UNLESS YOU'RE BY MY SIDE
AND THIS LONGING FOR YOU WILL NEVER CEASE
UNTIL YOU BECOME MY BRIDE

IF YOU'LL AGREE
THEN ALL I CAN BE
BELONGS TO YOU

KATY: **I LONG FOR YOU**

JAMES: **SAY YOU'LL BE MINE**
AND THEN WE'LL DESIGN
A LIFETIME OF LOVE FOR TWO

KATY: **AND WITH ALL OF MY HEART I DO**

JAMES: **We must move swiftly. I'd like Ellen's blessing.**

KATY: **I hope she'll be happy for us. [Blackout]**

SCENE 3

[Lucian Cody's yacht two weeks later. Cody is at his desk dressed in a yacht captain's cap, blue blazer and duck trousers. Francis Gatz his protege and factotum enters.]

GATZ: **Mr. Cody, the gentleman's on board.**

CODY: **Very good, Francis, send him in and say hello to the girls at O' Reilly's Emporium for me.**
[Gatz leaves and a moment later a short, trim man in a suit and moustaches enters]

CODY: **He's gone for the night.**

[The man approaches Cody, extending a hand but suddenly throws his arms around Cody, kissing him passionately]

Ellen, those damned moustaches, really?

ELLEN: **Now you know how it feels. Besides, Francis is no fool so a new disguise each visit is in order.**

CODY: **You're right about that but if he has any suspicions it's more likely he thinks me a sexual deviant. But he's very loyal and knows my private life is none of his business. Now, how are you this evening?**

ELLEN: **Wonderful! Did you see this afternoon's New York Eagle? You were right about Murdock trying to bribe away our Sunday Edition Staff.**

CODY: **So what happened?**

ELLEN: **We kept them with a better offer. Danziger was so pleased! But not as pleased as I am. [Ellen hugs Cody]**

CODY: **Are you finally trusting me, Ellen.**

ELLEN: **Absolutely! [Ellen removes her moustaches and begins to sing "You're The First One"]**

YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE
TO EXCITE ME
AND IGNITE ME
WITH YOUR CHARMS

YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE
WHO COULD THRILL ME
AND FULFILL ME
IN YOU'RE ARMS

YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE THAT'S REVEALED
THE ME THAT'S BEEN CONCEALED
NOW MY OUTLOOK'S ENTIRELY NEW
I'M SO HAPPY TO KNOW THERE'S ONE MAN
LIKE YOU

YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE
THAT I TRUST SO
AND YOU MUST KNOW THAT I DO
YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE I'M IN LOVE WITH
DO YOU FEEL THE SAME WAY TOO

CODY: **Yes!**

[They embrace, Ellen breaks away to sing "Our Secret Affair"]

ELLEN: **OUR SECRET AFFAIR**
UNEXPECTED AND EXTREMELY RARE
THIS LOVELY INTRIGUE
WITH YOU AS MY COLLEAGUE
MAKES US AN UNBEATABLE CREW
MR. BRYAN YOU'RE THROUGH!

CODY: **OUR SECRET AFFAIR**
GUARANTEES THE DEMOCRAT'S DESPAIR
OUR NAVAL FORCES
WILL CHART ALL THE COURSES
TO WRECK EV'RY PLAN OF THAT CLOWN
SILVER DICK'S GOING DOWN!

TOGETHER: **OH YOU SONS OF SILVER MINING**
CRUEL FATE HAS A TWIST IN STORE
YOUR ARMADA HAS A SILVER LINING
BUT WE'LL SINK IT WITH TONS OF GOLD ORE

OUR SECRET AFFAIR
ONE FOR TWO AND TWO FOR ONE WE SWEAR
WE'LL MATCH OUR WIT
WITH BILL MURDOCK THE NIT WIT
AND SHANGHAI HIM TO FOREIGN SHORES
DEVIL'S ISLAND HE'S YOURS!

WITH OUR COOL AQUATIC CUNNING
WE'LL SCUTTLE THEIR EV'RY DEAL
COME NOVEMBER THEY'LL BE OFF AND RUNNING
AS THE VOTERS CAST STONES WHILE THEY REEL
(AND KEEL)

ELLEN: **BUT WHILE THIS IS FUN**
WHAT I REALLY WANT MUST YET BE WON
I'LL CAST A SHADOW
THAT I'VE NEVER HAD THOUGH
I'VE FOUND MORE THAN ONE WAY TO SHINE
AND I'M FEELING JUST FINE

TOGETHER: **BEING ABLE TO SHARE**
THROUGH OUR SECRET AFFAIR

CODY: **[Taking a book from his desk]**

I'm a new man with a new outlook. [Earnestly] Listen to this. "The Equal Rights Party has nominated me for the Presidency of the United States. As an American, I am honored; as a woman, I am thrilled!"

ELLEN: **Victoria Woodhull?**

CODY: **Correct! And, "The right to vote and select the leadership of our nation naturally belongs to American women, as guaranteed by our Constitution."**

ELLEN: **Susan B. Anthony!**

CODY: **Right again!**

ELLEN: **Lucian, what's come over you?**

CODY: **[With genuine emotion] I just want to show you how influential you've been.**

ELLEN: **[Screwing up her face] Frankly, Mr. Cody, the speeches of those women eventually bore me because of their incessant repetition and they would never approve of us, sweetheart. Now don't you bore me!**

[She takes the book from his hands and throws it on the floor. They embrace and we hear a few bars of "The Gilded Waltz" as the scene darkens to blackout.]

SCENE 4

[Lucian Cody's yacht. Murdock comes aboard in a dither after receiving Cody's urgent note indicating Cody has a problem in his efforts to seduce Ellen.]

MURDOCK: **[Waving the note at Cody] What is your problem?**

CODY: **She's worn me out!**

MUDOCK: **[Relieved] Is that all? She can't get enough of you. Excellent. Where's your diary of the affair?**

CODY: **Diary? Murdock . . . [He sings She Bores Me]**

BEGINNING EACH NIGHT
HER GREATEST DELIGHT
IS TO TALK
SHE BORES ME
SHE DRONES ABOUT THE LEAN YEARS
SHE FOUGHT TO JOIN HER MEAN PEERS
AND KEEPS POUNDING AT MY EARS UNTIL I'M DEAF

THEN SHE IGNORES ME
COMPLETELY UNAWARE
HOW MUCH SHE BORES ME
AS MY YAWNS FILL THE AIR
SHE NEVER HEARS
SHE BORES ME TO TEARS

ANOTHER DELIGHT
SHE CRAVES IN THE NIGHT
IS TO READ
SHE BORES ME
SHE QUOTES OLD VICKY WOODHULL
WHICH ANY MAN'S BRAIN WOULD DULL
AND INVARIABLY LULLS ME TO SLEEP

THEN SHE IGNORES ME
COMPLETELY UNAWARE
HOW MUCH SHE BORES ME
AND MY THOUGHTS FLOAT ON AIR

SO VOID SO NULL
SHE BORES ME OUT OF MY SKULL

SHE'S MORAL AND NEVER LOOSE SIR
IT'S HER INTELLECT THAT ADORES ME
AND SO I JUST COULD NOT SEDUCE HER
THUS SHE BORES ME SHE BORES ME

WITH DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT
HER FINAL DELIGHT
IS TO PRAY
SHE BORES ME
SHE FALLS UPON HER KNEE
INVOKING GOD AS SHE
AND IMPLORING THAT MEN SEE
WOMEN'S PLIGHT
[An angelic choir appears behind Ellen]

CHOIR: **IN CLEAR LIGHT**
A LA SUSAN B ANTHONY

CODY: **AND WHEN SHE'S THROUGH**
I CAN'T BRING MYSELF TO WOO HER
HER TALKING HER READING HER ALLELUIA
ARE BORING ME

[The choir joins in on the last line]

INTO CELIBACY!

[Ellen and choir disappear]

MURDOCK: **[Furious]**
You haven't kept your part of the bargain.

CODY: **I'm through!**

MURDOCK: **[Thinking quickly]**
It really doesn't matter if you haven't seduced her. The Senator wasn't! Don't you see: there's no photograph, but you can supply the lurid details that will help destroy

Danziger and McKinley! Make up the diary and write the articles for the weekend editions.

CODY: **Done! But the meetings will stop. I'll bring you the diary and the articles tomorrow morning, then I'm sailing to San Francisco for a rest.**

MURDOCK: **Good! I'll see you in the morning.**
(Murdock leaves)

CODY: **Damn!**
(Francis Gatz enters)

FRANCIS: **I'm back.**

CODY: **Did you get all the supplies?**

FRANCIS: **Enough provisions for two weeks.**

CODY: **We'll be heading south, toward Cape May, tonight. All must be ready by 9 o'clock.**

FRANCIS: **Yes, sir.**
(Francis exits. Cody sits at his desk, takes pen and paper, and begins to write)

CODY: **[He gets up and walks about, composing a letter]**

My dear Murdock: I have never been a gambling man, but I am about to undertake the biggest gamble of my life. I share your concerns over the mud that Danziger's press has slung at you. If he knew the truth about your conduct in the campaign he would consider his unkind words inadequate to capture the magnitude of your ignominious deeds. As one of the few men privy to them, I consider myself an expert and more than willing witness.

[Light dims and we get a spot on Murdock in the grasp of two policemen, standing before a magistrate. As Cody concludes the letter, Murdock is sentenced to hang, as the judge holds up a noose, and Murdock is dragged off]

I intend to prepare a detailed diary, with just such a purpose in mind.
Ever yours, Lucian

Francis!

[He folds the letter and puts it in an envelope, as Francis enters]

FRANCIS: **Yes, sir?**

CODY: **Leave this letter in the night depository at The American Eagle at 7 o'clock tonight.**

[Blackout]

SCENE 5
[Danziger's office, later that afternoon]

DANZIGER: **We have some important news!**

ELLEN: **[Looking tired and yawning]**
Excuse me.

DANZIGER: **If I may say so, you look terrible. You have done very well, but after Bryan's visit …**

ELLEN: **I hope to get away for eleven weeks, but not to rest. You are considering me for that special assignment?**

DANZIGER: **You have earned my consideration. But that decision must wait. I turned the tables on Murdock and hired one of his employees. This man had some interesting things to tell me about the Senator and Lucian Cody.**

ELLEN: **[Surprised but cautious and under control]**
Cody? He was fired. I thought he left the city.

DANZIGER: **He has not and I am led to believe he has not left Murdock's employ.**

ELLEN: **[Startled and a bit unnerved]**
What?

DANZIGER: **Murdock, the Senator and Democratic Ward Leaders met secretly each night at warehouses around the city. Here, look at this.**
[Hands her a large button]

ELLEN: **It's a Bryan campaign button.**

DANZIGER: **They were distributed to the Ward Leaders by the sack full. Do you notice anything unusual?**

ELLEN: **It's heavy.**
[Reading the inscription]
"A VOTE FOR BRYAN IS A VOTE FOR FREE SILVER"

DANZIGER: **Look behind the button.**

ELLEN: **There's a silver dollar wedged inside! But what has all this to do with Cody?**

DANZIGER: **That is a mystery. He is in hiding on a yacht in Sheepshead Bay. But during a meeting last week, Murdock said that Cody's new mission was going very well. Ellen, we need to know what that means!**

[Ellen is shocked by the revelation]

Ellen, did you hear me?

ELLEN: **[Recovering her poise]**
Mr. Danziger, let me follow this lead. I promise you I'll find out the truth … and quickly!

[Blackout]

SCENE 6

[Cody is in the dining room of his yacht setting a dinner table for Ellen and himself. He looks nervously at his watch waiting to light candles until Ellen arrives. Cody sits at the table facing the audience looking across as though Ellen were there and sings "You Are the Earth, Water, Wind and Fire".]

HOW TO TELL YOU THAT I'VE BEEN UNJUST
WITHOUT LOSING ALL YOUR LOVE AND TRUST
HOW TO MAKE YOU BELIEVE I REGRET WHAT I'VE DONE
WITHOUT YOU THERE IS NO LIFE BENEATH THE SUN

FOR YOU ARE THE EARTH WATER WIND AND FIRE
EV'RY DREAM I HAVE YOU INSPIRE
YOU ARE ALL THAT I NEED AND DESIRE
TAKE MY HAND

HOW TO TELL YOU THAT YOU'VE CHANGED MY MIND
YOU'RE THE LOVE I NEVER THOUGHT I'D FIND
HOW TO MAKE YOU BELIEVE WE CAN START A NEW DAY
I HAVE GOT TO MAKE YOU SEE THAT IS OUR WAY

FOR YOU ARE THE EARTH WATER WIND AND FIRE
EV'RY DREAM I HAVE YOU INSPIRE
YOU ARE ALL THAT I NEED AND DESIRE
COME WITH ME
YOU ARE ALL THAT I NEED AND DESIRE
I LOVE YOU

FRANCIS: [Entering with a confused look] Mr. Cody, there's a woman to see you.

CODY: What? [Ellen walks in. Cody's mouth is agape He waves Francis out] Ellie?

ELLEN: [Coldly] Why are you staring at me? No disguise. No more gilding, Mr. Cody! [In a fury she slaps him hard across his face] You bastard! You're beneath the lowest form of life on earth. I hate you!

CODY: [Trying to hold her] What's gotten into you?

ELLEN: [Pulling away from him] Don't touch me! Candle light for two. You hypocrite; you Judas; you swine!

CODY: Ellie, please!

ELLEN: Shut up! [Cody moves toward her again] Stop! You disgust me! I don't want to see you ever again. And if you try to use me further or do anything to hurt my career be warned: I swear I'll neuter you in public like the rabid dog you are!

CODY: Ellie, please listen to me!

ELLEN: You burn in hell for eternity! [She runs out crying. Cody rubs his cheek in disbelief. Blackout]

SCENE 7

[The Collin's apartment later that evening. Ellen, Katy and James are in a heated discussion]

ELLEN: **It's out of the question, I won't give you my blessing! This man is a stranger and you're too young!**

KATY: **You're not being fair! We love each other. I thought you were in love, too!**

ELLEN: **Well you're wrong!**

[Ellen runs to her room crying. James, downcast, holds his head in both hands. Katy on the verge of tears fights them back. There is loud knocking on the front door and Cody's voice is heard]

CODY: **Ellie! Ellie! It's Lucian. Please let me in. We've got to talk!**

[James and Katy look at each in disbelief]

KATY: **Mr. Cody?**

JAMES: **Uncle Lucian?**

[Ellen rushes out of her room. Cody knocks again. Katy opens the door before Ellen can stop her. Cody rushes in and freezes when he sees James and Katy. They each turn to Ellen.]

CODY: **I must speak to you, alone.**

ELLEN: **I don't want to talk to you. Get out!**

[She rushes back into her room]

JAMES: **[Embarrassed] Uncle Lucian . . .**

CODY: **[Coldly] This is none of your business!**

KATY: **[Taking charge] But it is Mr. Cody. I see that now. [To James] It's because of him that Ellie's changed.**

CODY: **[Avoiding James's glare] I'll be at my office. [He runs out]**

JAMES: **Katy, I had no idea.**

KATY: **Nor did I but no matter.**

[Ellen listens behind the door to her bedroom]

[Katy sings opening verse to "Our Destiny"]

I'M NO LITTLE CHILD SHE CAN BIND UP
I'M NO CHINA DOLL SHE CAN WIND UP
I'M OF AGE TO MAKE MY OWN MIND UP NOW

JAMES: **CUT THE VINE OR ELSE IT WILL SMOTHER**
SET IT FREE TO CLING TO ANOTHER
LET OUR LIVES ENTWINE WITH EACH OTHER NOW

THERE IS A DESTINY
THAT SHAPES OUR FUTURE LIFE
AND IT'S OUR DESTINY
TO LIVE AS MAN AND WIFE

NEVER LEAVE YOUR FATE FOR OTHERS TO DECIDE
FULFILL YOUR DESTINY
AND SAY YOU ARE MY BRIDE TO BE
MARRY ME MARRY ME
OUR DESTINY

BOTH: **THERE IS A DESTINY**
THAT SHAPES OUR FUTURE LIFE
AND IT'S OUR DESTINY
TO LIVE AS MAN AND WIFE

HAPPINESS IN LIFE IS OURS TO PURSUE
I WANT TO SPEND MY LIFE IN LOVE
WITH ONLY YOU
OUR DESTINY OUR DESTINY

[They embrace and kiss]

JAMES: **I'll be back in the morning and we'll make our wedding plans.**

[James exits. Ellen comes out]

KATY: **Ellie . . .**

ELLEN: **[Resigned] Katy, I do want you to be happy. You have my blessing to marry James.**

[Sings "That Kind of Life is Not For Me"]

IT'S TRUE THAT I'VE BEEN BLIND
TO WHAT'S IN YOUR HEART AND MIND
YOU'RE SOMEONE WHO CAN
BUILD YOU'RE WORLD AROUND A MAN
THAT'S NOT MY PLAN

NO THAT KIND OF LIFE IS NOT FOR ME
THE FUTURE'S MINE TO SHAPE ALONE
I KNOW JUST HOW BITTERSWEET LOVE CAN BE
AND I MEAN TO STAY FREE

YOU HAVE A WOMAN'S VOICE
AND YOU'VE MADE YOUR OWN FREE CHOICE
YOU'VE GOT TO BE TRUE
TO THE VOICE INSIDE OF YOU
AND I DO TOO

SO THAT KIND OF LIFE IS NOT FOR ME
I'M RESTLESS AS THE RIVER FLOWS
I KNOW JUST HOW BITTERSWEET LOVE CAN BE
AND I MEAN TO STAY FREE

[They embrace. Blackout]

SCENE 8

[Cody's office, the next morning. Cody and James are alone]

JAMES: **We've patched things up with Ellen. The wedding's on Sunday.**

CODY: **I'm happy for you, and wish you both the best.**

[They embrace]

JAMES: **Uncle Lucian, I want you to be my Best Man, but I must tell you that Ellen will be Katy's Maid of Honor.**

CODY: **How will …**

JAMES: **Ellen knows my choice.**

CODY: **And she's agreed?**

JAMES: **She's agreed to be civil. Please be at St. Margaret's at 10:30 Sunday morning. Here are the rings.**

CODY: **I'll see you then.**

[James exits and Murdock enters, waving a paper]

MURDOCK: **What do you mean by these threats of blackmail?**

CODY: **My dear Murdock, I'm in deadly earnest, especially now that my plans have gone awry.**

MURDOCK: **What are you talking about?**

CODY: **Unrequited love.**

MURDOCK: **Love? My future's at stake … you fraud! You're in love with … her?**

CODY: **She found out we've been using her.**

MURDOCK: **Damn you, Cody! Does Danziger know?**

CODY: **She wouldn't say anything to him about us.**

MURDOCK: **You're pathetic.**

CODY: **Spare me your juvenile observations! You've gotten what you wanted out of this travesty.**

MURDOCK: **Not all I wanted!**

CODY: **Then be satisfied! Any further abuse of her will bring my retribution. And I hurt badly enough to send you and the whole damned world crashing down!**

MURDOCK: **[Scared]**

You've lost your mind.

CODY: **I've lost something more valuable.**

MURDOCK: **And what am I to do about the rally? It's got to be a success if Bryan's to survive! Do I stand by if she shows up and makes a commotion?**

CODY: **That's a chance you'll have to take.**

MURDOCK: **I want you out of New York tonight!**

[Blackout]

SCENE 9

[Madison Square Garden, the next day. There is a grandstand at stage left, and a rostrum and chairs at stage right. Dominating the center of the stage is a silver eagle across an American Flag. A table stands below the eagle. To the music of "The Rally March," the entire company but Cody, Ellen and Danziger enter. William Jennings Bryan, represented in caricature with a large painted head, moves to a seat next to Murdock, alongside the rostrum where Senator Jones will stand. The others are eventually seated in the grandstand, at the conclusion of the music. There is wild cheering from the crowd. Ellen appears from stage left with Danziger, and they take seats in the first row of the grandstand. We now see Cody lurking off stage right, out of sight. The Senator raises his arms to quiet the crowd, and moves to the rostrum to introduce Bryan. There is wild applause after each epithet he cites in his speech.]

SENATOR: **My fellow Americans, I have the honor an' the privilege to present to you on this historic occasion, in person, THE GREAT POPULIST … THE CRUSADER FOR THE COMMON MAN … SILVER'S SHINING SON … THE LION OF LABOR … THE WASHINGTON OF THE WILDERNESS …THE MADISON OF MONTECELLO THE LINCOLN OF NEBRASKA ...**

MURDOCK: **[Interrupting in a violent whisper]**

Damn it, man, we're in New York City!

SENATOR: **THE SAVIOR OF THE CITY … THE TIGER OF TAMMANY …**

MURDOCK: **[Enraged]**

You idiot, get to it!

SENATOR: **I give you Silver's Savior, William Jennings Bryan!**

[The candidate is about to speak when Ellen, seated with Danziger, interrupts in <u>a flashing time motion pantomime sequence</u> depicting explosive accusations and proofs, previously supplied by Cody. The rally becomes a riot. Murdock and Jones descend upon Ellen and Danziger. Murdock spots Cody and in desperation screams for his help

to silence Ellen. Cody confronts Ellen, only to be decisively dismissed. She and Danziger brush aside Cody]

ELLEN: **Out of the way, sir!**

CODY: **I have something to say!**

ELLEN: **[With supreme arm-twisting confidence]**
Mr. Cody, you have nothing to say!

[Cody is struck dumb. Danziger smiles, offers Ellen his arm, and they exit. Bryan collapses in the Senator's arms. Murdock descends on Cody like a wild beast. Cody stops him in his tracks, with firm hand on Murdock's shoulder, and a threatening, negative nod of his head. Blackout)

SCENE 10

[St. Margaret's Church, the next morning. Katy and James in wedding dress stand before a priest, their backs to the audience. A voice offstage is heard singing the concluding part of the *Ave Maria*. Cody stands to James' right, Ellen to Katy's left. Cody's attention is focused on Ellen who avoids his stare. The priest makes the sign of the cross. Katy and James kiss. *The Wedding March* begins, and the bride and groom exit. They greet Cody and Ellen on their way out. Ellen crosses to City Hall set where a giant balloon and crowd await her. Cody follows. As she mounts the balloon's basket, Cody speaks and sings]

CODY: **Ellie, I swear:**

YOU ARE THE EARTH WATER WIND AND FIRE
EV'RY DREAM I HAVE YOU INSPIRE
YOU ARE ALL THAT I NEED AND DESIRE
MARRY ME

ELLEN: **THAT KIND OF LIFE IS NOT FOR ME**
I'M RESTLESS AS THE RIVER FLOWS
I KNOW JUST HOW BITTERSWEET LOVE CAN BE
AND I MEAN TO STAY FREE

[Ellen then reprises "A Shadow of My Own" to an attentive crowd]

IN THIS BALLOON I AIM TO RISE
LIKE AN EAGLE GLIDING ALL ALONE
WITH MY NEW WINGS AGAINST THE SKIES
WHILE CASTING A SHADOW OF MY OWN

AROUND THE WORLD I'LL EARN MY FAME
AS I CROSS THE OCEANS ALL ALONE
AND EVERYONE WILL READ MY NAME
WHILE I CAST A SHADOW OF MY OWN

MY CAREER'S ABOUT TO BEGIN
NO MORE TEARS OVER WHAT HASN'T BEEN
CODY JUST WATCH ME SHINE
YOUR TREASURED PLACE IS MINE

WHEN I RETURN THEY'LL WELCOME ME
LIKE A JOAN OF ARC TO CLAIM HER THRONE
AND EV'RY MAN WILL HONOR ME
FOR CASTING A SHADOW OF MY OWN

THE MAYOR WILL GIVE ME THE KEY
THEY'LL UNVEIL A STATUE OF ME
THAT CASTS A LONG SHADOW
AT LAST MY OWN SHADOW ALL CAN SEE
(Full chorus joins in last line)
A SHADOW THAT MAKES HERSTORY

[As the song concludes, Ellen ascends slowly in the balloon basket to cheers and the sun shines at her back casting her shadow over a crestfallen Cody. She beams triumphantly with her arms spread wide. The Balloon and basket rise above the stage while the curtain falls to a musical crescendo concluding with a bold statement of the 11 musical notes after the verse and from the opening line, first stanza of "Give the Woman Her Due": SHE'S BEEN THE MOST SELF-CONFIDENT OF HER BREED.] FINIS

POSTSCRIPT

Upon her return to New York City in January 1890, Elizabeth Cochrane (Nellie Bly/Ellen) was the most famous woman in America and an international celebrity for her historic travels. She died in 1922 at age 58. Author/Journalist Brooke Kroeger wrote the definitive biography of Cochrane, *Nelly Bly: Daredevil, Reporter, Feminist*, published in 1994. The following quotes are from her book. My own insertions are bracketed.

Overview

"Bly's life – 1864 to 1922 – spanned Reconstruction, the Victorian and Progressive eras, the Great War and its aftermath. She grew up without privilege or higher education, knowing that her greatest asset was the force of her own will. Bly executed the extraordinary as a matter of routine. Even well into her middle age, she saw herself as Miss Push-and-Get-There, the living example of what, in her time, was 'That New American Girl.'"

"At Indiana State Normal School, she enrolled [September 8, 1879] as 'Elizabeth J. Cochrane,' abandoning the childish Pink [nickname] and adorning *Cochran* with a silent, final e for sophistication and flourish."

A Foreign Correspondent in Mexico, 1885, at Age Twenty-one

"By distinguishing herself at foreign reporting, she reasoned, she could explode the ossified mind-set of editors who had relegated her for no good reason to work she considered dull, meaningless, and without the potential for promotion."

"A six-month reporting stint from the land of sombreros, tortillas, and political repression was certainly a better advancement strategy than a score more Sunday features on feathers and butterflies."

"For Bly, however, her Mexican sojourn was a source of enlightenment on the nuances of expatriate life under an authoritarian regime with a muzzled press. [Porfirio Diaz ruled Mexico for thirty years as a tyrannical czar until his regime's collapse in 1910.] She learned the dubious art of self-censorship, of gratuitously emphasizing the positive, of slipping the plain truth into her work whenever she could while being careful to avoid jail or expulsion for what she wrote." [After her later reports were read by the Diaz regime, she

was *persona non grata* in Mexico and she returned to the U. S. A.. On home soil, she lambasted Diaz as a dictator who suppressed his subjects.]

Ten Days in a Madhouse

"Her two-part series in October 1887 was a sensation, effectively launching the decade of 'stunt' or 'detective' reporting, a clear precursor to investigative journalism and one of Joseph Pulitzer's innovations. . . . The employment of 'stunt girls' . . . also provided women their first collective opportunity to demonstrate that, as a class, they had the skills necessary for the highest level of general reporting. The stunt girls, with Bly as their prototype, were the first women to enter the journalistic mainstream in the twentieth century."

"Bly simply produced, week after week, an uninhibited display of her delight in being female and fearless and her joy in having such an attention-getting place to strut her stuff. It was 'gonzo' journalism [marked by a lack of objectivity due to the writer's immersion in the subject; also unconventional] cloaked in Victoriana."

Bierce Enters Mexico Never to Return

Bierce disappeared in Mexico after following Pancho Villa's army there in 1913. He had fought with distinction for the Union in the Civil War and loved his life as a soldier. His disappearance has become a legendary mystery. The late Mexican novelist, Carlos Fuentes explored that matter in his fine book, *Gringo viejo* [The Old Gringo] published in 1985. It was the first book by a Mexican author to become a bestseller in the United States. Clearly Bierce has remained a fascinating, mysterious and even mythic figure.

A Tale of Two Characters in Search of an Author

In 1975, I convinced the Great Neck Library to celebrate the 50th anniversary of *The Great Gatsby*'s publication in April 1925. A week-long program, "F. Scott Fitzgerald And Great Neck In The 1920's," was planned and offered. Among the many fascinating speakers that week was the late Professor Matthew J. Bruccoli, University of South Carolina, the world's foremost scholar on all things Fitzgerald. But the unexpected appearance of Mrs. Doris [Kerr] Brown was a revelation. Here is a brief excerpt from an article I later wrote describing my encounter with her.

On the last night of the exhibition, I was talking with various people when I was approached by two women. One of them introduced herself, and after confirming that I was Mr. Corso, she introduced the other:
"Mr. Corso, I would like you to meet the daughter of The Great Gatsby."
In fact, I had been introduced to the charming Mrs. Doris Brown, daughter of Robert C. Kerr, who as a child grew up amidst the zany doings in Great Neck during the Roaring Twenties. The exhibition had brought Mrs. Brown out with some memorabilia that had once belonged to her father. She produced for me several documents which not only illuminate Fitzgerald's reference to "Bob Kerr's story," [Fitzgerald's 1938 note about the source of Chapter VI in Gatsby] but provide significant insights into the creative process in the making of "Jay Gatsby of West Egg, Long Island."

Mrs. Brown showed me a first edition of *Gatsby*, signed and inscribed by Fitzgerald for her father. Fitzgerald wrote:

Dear Bob:
Keep Reading and you'll finally come
to your own adventures which you told to
me one not-forgotten summer night.

Your Friend
F. Scott Fitzgerald

The "adventures" told were reflected in Fitzgerald's letter to Kerr from France in 1924: "The part of what you told me which I am including in my novel is the ship, yacht I mean, & the mysterious yachtsman whose mistress was Nellie Bly." The yachtsman was Edwin R. Gilman, employed by Robert Seaman President of the Iron Clad Manufacturing Company to reorganize the company in 1899. Seaman was Nellie Bly's husband (married in 1895).

Gilman became the general manager in 1900, around the time he and Elizabeth Cochrane Seaman/Nellie Bly allegedly began a romantic

relationship. Seaman died in 1904 and Gilman died in 1911. During the period c. 1907 to 1911, Bob Kerr, a young teenager, was Gilman's personal factotum and confidant.

My curiosity about these people caused me to do my own research on Gilman and Cochrane. The result was turned into an article I wrote for the Fitzgerald/Hemingway Annual of 1976 about F. Scott Fitzgerald in Great Neck, New York. The title is *One Not-Forgotten Summer Night: Sources For Fictional Symbols of American Character in The Great Gatsby*.

Fitzgerald incorporated some of what Kerr told him about Gilman and Bly in Chapter VI of *Gatsby*. The character Dan Cody was involved with a "newspaperwoman Ella Kaye [who] came onboard [Cody's yacht] one night in Boston and a week later Dan Cody inhospitably died." Cochrane/Bly became Ellen, while Gilman/Bierce became Cody and Kerr became Francis Gatz in the musical.

This entire matter was central to my construction of the story that became *Shadow*'s libretto in 1982.

Bierce and Citizen Hearst

In *Shadow*, Cody's association with William Kane Murdock recalls Bierce's employment with William Randolph Hearst at the San Francisco Examiner and then at Hearst's New York Journal. Hearst fought bitterly with Joseph Pulitzer (Danziger in the musical) and his New York World to achieve the highest newspaper circulation in the city. Hearst's empire once included 28 daily newspapers in 18 key states with a readership of 20 million people.

In 1896 Hearst sent Bierce to Washington, D. C., where he remained as Washington correspondent of Hearst's *New York American* until 1909, when he resigned. Hearst, an early progressive Democrat, endorsed William Jennings Bryan for president in the *New York Journal* in 1896 and 1900. He vilified McKinley as "a tool of the trusts." A twice-elected New York City Democratic congressman, Hearst aspired to the Democratic Party's presidential nomination in 1904 but failed. He also failed in his efforts to become Mayor of New York City (1905, 1909) and Governor of New York State in 1906.

In New York, Hearst supported Bryan, while Pulitzer did not. But Hearst veered rightward as he grew to be more conservative. By 1935 he stopped supporting FDR and became his enemy. Pulitzer, a disillusioned Republican turned Democrat, was also elected to congress and remained a progressive publisher/journalist thereafter.

The relationship between Bierce and Hearst fascinated me and my research and notes constituted a basis for the depiction of Gilman/Cody and his work for Murdock/Hearst. So, Cochrane and Bierce fought a fictional battle. Their conflict portrayed in *Shadow* was my dramatic way of reflecting the fierce competition of the publishers and employers of Cody and Ellen.

All That Glitters

Hearst's wealth came from his father George (1820-1891) whose activity in silver and gold mining produced many millions of dollars in profit from ventures in Nevada, Utah, Montana and South Dakota between 1860 and 1890. Hearst's mother, Phoebe Elizabeth Apperson Hearst (1842-1919), was an ardent philanthropist who supported many women's causes. She held control over the Hearst wealth after George's death. However, she gave her son a stipend of $10,000 a month (!) for the rest of her life (28 years). After her death William got it all. Federal income taxing wasn't law until 1913.

How "Bitter Bierce" Became Lucian Dan Cody in *Shadow*

Ambrose Gwinnett Bierce was the son of Marcus Aurelius Bierce and Laura Sherwood Bierce born in Ohio on June 24, 1842. He was one of thirteen children all of whom were given christian names beginning with the letter A. Ambrose had little formal education: a year at the Kentucky Military Institute before it burned down ahead of the advent of the Civil War. According to one literary source, Bierce's father "was a poor, sternly religious farmer, who enjoyed reading and had accumulated a large personal library. As a boy, Ambrose spent more time reading in his father's library than playing."

In a 1963 Dover publication, titled *The Sardonic Humor of Ambrose Bierce*, edited by George Barkin, the following paragraph appears on the back cover:

"'Bitter Bierce' earned his livelihood as the country's most provocative weekly columnist in the unrestrained days of the early Hearst empire. His forte was the demolishing attack in which verbal brilliance, remorseless wit, and plenty of spleen and irascibility were uniquely blended – with a dash of bizarre fantasy added just for spice. His objects were people and things he hated: personal enemies, journalistic enemies, labor, religion, capital, corruption, women, etc. A genius at outraging people, Bierce was never good-natured like Shaw or Chesterton, but used his great gifts against hundreds of individuals, many of whom are remembered only through the immortality their attacker unwittingly gave them."

In a note to the Dover unabridged edition of Bierce's *The Devil's Dictionary* (1993), the following description appears:

> ***THE DEVIL'S DICTIONARY*, a sardonic partial lexicon of the English language, is, along with a handful of stories, the most enduring work of Ambrose Bierce (1842—ca. 1914), a Civil War veteran who established himself as one of the most influential American journalists of the latter nineteenth century as well as a noted writer of short stories and comic verse. . . . [P]ublished in periodicals from 1881 until 1906 [the Dictionary's] biting definitions display "Bitter Bierce"'s skill as an epigrammatist and wit, as well as his knack for a variety of verse forms (and ability to devise outlandish pseudonyms). Seldom has *The Devil's Dictionary* been matched for relentless causticity, particularly in matters of religion and romance, two of the author's favorite subjects.**

I offer below several excerpts from the *Dictionary* and other of Bierce's writings which reflect his sardonic cynicism and misogynistic, patriarchal positions concerning women, marriage, politics and religion which influenced *Shadow*'s portrait of Lucian Dan Cody. I also note material which influenced several songs and scenes in the show. All underlining and bracketed information are mine.

On the Subjects of Women and Marriage

<u>Beauty</u>, n. The power by which a woman charms a lover and terrifies a husband.
<u>Bride</u>, n. A woman with a fine prospect of happiness behind her.
<u>Female</u>, n. One of the opposing, or unfair, sex.

. . . And then the various forms He [God] cast,
Gross organs first and finer last;
No one at once evolved, but all
By even touches grew and small
Degrees advanced, till, shade by shade,
To match all living things He'd made
Females, complete in all their parts
Except (His clay gave out) the hearts.
"No matter," Satan cried; "with speed
I'll fetch the very hearts they need" ---
So flew away and soon brought back
The number needed, in a sack.
That night earth rang with sounds of strife ---
Ten million males had each a wife
That night sweet Peace her pinions spread
O'er Hell –ten million devils dead!

Helpmate, n. A wife, or bitter half.

Indiscretion, n. The guilt of woman.

Maiden, n. A young person of the unfair sex addicted to clewless conduct and views that madden to crime. The genus has a wide geographical distribution, being found wherever sought and deplored wherever found.

Mammalia, n. pl. family of vertebrate animals whose females in a state of nature suckle their young, but when civilized and enlightened put them out to nurse, or use the bottle.

Marriage, n. The state or condition of a community consisting of a master, a mistress and two slaves, making in all, two.

Siren, n. . . . Figuratively, any lady of splendid promise, dissembled purpose and disappointing performance.

Weaknesses, n. Certain primal powers of Tyrant Woman wherewith she holds dominion over the male of her species, binding him to the service of her will and paralyzing his rebellious energies.

Witch, n. (1) An ugly and repulsive old woman, in a wicked league with the devil. (2) A beautiful and attractive young woman, in wickedness a league beyond the devil.

Woman, n. An animal usually living in the vicinity of Man, and having a rudimentary susceptibility to domestication. It is credited by many of the elder zoologists with a certain vestigial docility acquired in a former state of seclusion, but naturalists of the postsusananthony period, having no knowledge of the seclusion, deny the virtue and declare that such as creation's dawn beheld, it roareth now. The species is the most widely distributed of all beasts of prey, infesting all habitable parts of the globe, from Greenland's spicy mountains to India's moral strand. The popular name (wolf-man) is incorrect, for the creature is of the cat kind. The woman is lithe and graceful in its movements, especially the American variety (Felis pugnans) [the Cat that fights], is omnivorous and can be taught not to talk. ----Balthasar Pober.

Yoke, n. An implement, madam, to whose Latin name, *jugum*, we owe one of the most illuminating words in our language – a word that defines the matrimonial situation with precision, point and poignancy.

Politics

Conservative, n. A statesman who is enamored of existing evils, as distinguished from the Liberal, who wishes to replace them with others.

Diplomacy, n. The patriotic art of lying for one's country.

Mercy, n. An attribute beloved of detected offenders.

Pardon, v. To remit a penalty and restore to a life of crime.

Politician, n. An eel in the fundamental mud upon which the superstructure of organized society is reared. . . . As compared with the statesman, he suffers the disadvantage of being alive.

Politics, n. A strife of interests masquerading as a contest of principles.

The conduct of public affairs for private advantage.

Presidency, n. The greased pig in the field game of American politics.

Prophecy, n. The art and practice of selling one's credibility for future delivery.

Rear, n. In American military matters, that exposed part of the army that is nearest to Congress.

Senate, n. A body of elderly gentlemen charged with high duties and misdemeanors.

Vote, n. The instrument and symbol of a freeman's power to make a fool of himself and a wreck of his country.

Religion

Clergyman, n. A man who undertakes the management of our spiritual affairs as a method of bettering his temporal ones.

Deluge, n. A notable first experiment in baptism which washed away the sins (and sinners) of the world.

Evangelist, n. A bearer of good tidings, particularly (in a religious sense) such as assure us of our own salvation and the damnation of our neighbors.

Exhort, v.t. In religious affairs, to put the conscience of another upon the spit and roast it to a nut-brown discomfort.

Faith, n. Belief without evidence in what is told by one who speaks without knowledge, of things without parallel.

Heathen, n. A benighted creature who has the folly to worship something he can see and feel.

Irreligion, n. The principal one of the great faiths of the world.

Monday, n. In Christian countries, the day after the baseball game.

Orthodox, n. An ox wearing the popular religious yoke.

Pre-existence, n. An unnoted factor in creation.

Religion, n. A daughter of Hope and Fear, explaining to Ignorance the nature of the Unknowable.

Responsibility, n. A detachable burden easily shifted to the shoulders of God, Fate, Fortune, Luck or one's neighbor. In the days of astrology it was customary to unload it upon a star.

Revelation, n. A famous book in which St. John the Divine concealed all that he knew. The revealing is done by the commentators, who know nothing.

Sabbath, n. A weekly festival having its origin in the fact that God made the world in six days and was arrested on the seventh.

Saint, n. A dead sinner revised and edited.

Scriptures, n. The sacred books of our holy religion, as distinguished from the false and profane writings on which all other faiths are based.

AT HEAVEN'S GATE

Having risen from the tomb, a Woman presented herself at the gate of heaven, and knocked with a trembling hand.

"Madam," said Saint Peter, rising and approaching the wicket, whence do you come?"

"From San Francisco," replied the Woman, with embarrassment, as great beads of perspiration spangled her spiritual brow.

"Never mind, my good girl," the saint said, compassionately. Eternity is a long time; you can live that down."

"But that, if you please, is not all." The woman was growing more and more confused. "I poisoned my husband. I chopped up my babies. I -"

"Ah," said the Saint, with sudden austerity, "your confession suggests a grave possibility. Were you a member of the Women's Press Association?"

The lady drew herself up and replied with warmth:

"I was not."

The gates of pearl and jasper swung back upon their golden hinges, making the most ravishing music, and the Saint, stepping aside, bowed low, saying:

"Enter, then, into thine eternal rest."

But the woman hesitated.

"The poisoning – the chopping – the – the -" she stammered.

"Of no consequence, I assure you. We are not going to be hard on a lady who did not belong to the Women's Press Association. Take a harp."

"But I applied for membership – I was blackballed."

"Take two harps."

[*The Sardonic Humor of Ambrose Bierce*, edited by George Barkin, Dover edition, 1963, pp. 121-122]

I appropiated parts of this piece for Cody's column, <u>THE ASCENT TO PARADISE</u> (AIS8) in *Shadow*.

<u>Belladonna</u>, n. In Italian a beautiful lady; in English a deadly poison. A striking example of the essential identity of the two tongues. [Dictionary] I took Bierce's cue to write <u>WOMEN ARE POISON TO MEN</u> (AIS4) in *Shadow*.

This next piece concerns the American Presidential campaign of 1900.

ANOTHER ASPIRANT

George Dewey, dear, I did not think that you -
So very married and so happy, too -
Would go philandering with another girl
And give your gay mustache a fetching curl
And set your cap – I should say your cocked hat -
At <u>Miss Columbia</u> the like o' that.
Pray what can you expect to get by throwing
Sheep's eyes at one so very, very knowing
<u>See how she served McKinley! All his life</u>
<u>He wooed her for his morganatic wife,</u> *
<u>Swore that he loved her better than his soul</u>
<u>(I'm half inclined to think, upon the whole,</u>
<u>She better did deserve his love), then vowed</u>
<u>He'd marry her alive, or even aloud!</u>
<u>What did she? Ere his breath he could recover</u>
<u>She heartlessly accepted the poor lover</u>!

<u>There's William Bryan of the silver tongue</u>,
Old in ambition, in discretion young -
He courts her with the song, the dance, the lute,
<u>But knows how suitors feel who do not suit</u>.
And Teddy Roosevelt, plucking from its sheath
The weapon that he wears behind his teeth,
Endeavors in his simple, soldier fashion,
But all in vain, to touch her heart with slashin'.

Beware my web-foot friend, beware her wiles:
Fly from her sighs and disregard her smiles.
She's no fool mermaid with a comb and glass,
But Satan's daughter with a breast of brass.
Put out your prow to sea again – but hold!
If Bryan and McKinley, all too bold,
Show up along the beach with little Teddy -
Well, Dewey, you may fire when ready.
April 1900. [*The Sardonic Humor*, etc., pp. 9-10]

*** I give you Bierce's definition of**
Morganatic , adj. Pertaining to a kind of marriage between a man of exalted rank and a woman of low degree by which the wife gets nothing but the husband, and not much of a husband. From Morgan (J. P.), a king of finance, by a transaction with whom nobody gets anything at all.

In 1900, Bierce wrote a brief poem of two couplets that appeared in Hearst's paper in Washington, D. C.. The first two lines reference a man named Goebel, who happened to have been assassinated, dying on February 3, 1900. This man had just been elected Governor of Kentucky, after a contentious political battle which saw the Democrat Goebel snatch victory from defeat in a reevaluation of contested votes which declared him the victor in a very close election. Here is the poem Hearst published and forever regretted publishing:

The bullet that pierced Goebel's breast
Cannot be found in all the West;
Good reason, it is speeding here
To stretch McKinley in his bier.

This anti-McKinley verse related to the consequences of his winning a second term as president in 1900, again defeating Bryan. However, nineteen months later in Buffalo, New York where McKinley was addressing a crowd, he was shot by an anarchist and died on September 14, 1901. Shortly thereafter, Hearst's political foes and competitors cited Bierce's poem as evidence Hearst had wanted McKinley killed. The uproar and backlash cost Hearst all future public elected offices he sought, including his bid to be the Democratic Presidential nominee in 1904. Nevertheless, Hearst employed Bierce until 1909. His loyalty to Bierce had been tested many times over the years of their relationship but it never wavered!

A PROTAGONIST OF SILVER

Some Financiers who were whetting their tongues on their teeth because the Government had "struck down" silver, and were about to "inaugurate" a season of sweatshed, were addressed as follows by a Member of their honourable and warlike body:
"Comrades of the thunder and companions of death, I cannot but regard it as singularly fortunate that we who by conviction and sympathy are designated by nature as the champions of that fairest of her products, the white metal, should also, by a happy chance, be engaged mostly in the business of mining it. Nothing could be more appropriate than that those who from unselfish motives and elevated sentiments are doing battle for the people's rights and interests, should themselves be the chief beneficiaries of success. Therefore, O children of the earthquake and storm, let us stand shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, and pocket to pocket!"
This speech so pleased the other Members of the convention that, they sprang to their feet and left the hall. It was the first time they had ever been known to leave anything having value.

[*Fantastic Fables* by Ambrose Bierce, Dover edition, 1970, page 12.]

I also appropriated parts of this piece for Senator "Silver Dick" Jones' oration about silver in Act I, Scene 4 of *Shadow*.

The Shadow of the Leader

A political Leader was walking out one sunny day, when he observed his Shadow leaving him and walking rapidly away.

"Come back here, you scoundrel," he cried.

"If I had been a scoundrel," answered the Shadow, increasing his speed, "I should not have left you."

[*Fantastic Fables*, Dover, page 27. The vicissitudes of male shadows!]

"Called 'the American Swift,' Bierce is one of the rare masters of the fable – like Aesop and La Fontaine often personifying objects, animals and even abstract concepts to reinforce his satire."

[Back cover, Dover edition of *Fantastic Fables of Ambrose Bierce*, 1970]

One last note regarding *Shadow*'s publisher Joseph Danziger (read Pulitzer). Bierce collaborated with one Adolphe Danziger De Castro on a short story translated from the German language called *The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter*, 1892. The name Danziger stuck with me and I used it in *Shadow*.

Lucian Dan Cody, Lucian of Samosata and Ambrose Bierce

According to one literary source, Bierce's father "was a poor, sternly religious farmer, who enjoyed reading and had accumulated a large personal library. As a boy, Ambrose spent more time reading in his father's library than playing."

I quoted this statement earlier but repeat it here to make a point about Bierce's education as an autodidact first drawn from his parent's collection of books. What exactly were the kind of books in that library and what influence did they have on the young Ambrose? Further, is there evidence that Bierce read the extant works of Lucian of Samosata (in translation?) who was a "Hellenized Syrian satirist" in the early years of the Common Era: c.125 – 180? Well I don't know.

It was my hope to remember why I chose the name Lucian for the character of Cody in *Shadow* before Evelyn Durso told me that it was her husband's and one rarely given to male children. Alas, I cannot. At 82, I often struggle to recall many things from past experience: after all *Shadow* was created over 40 years ago! However, since I was already reading about Bierce and his writings, especially his *Devils Dictionary*, I may have come across some arcane reference to Lucian of Samosata's work that seemed apt for an influence on Bierce. I'd like to think I was that clever. But. I offer the one reference to Lucian I found by Bierce in his *Dictionary* under the word

<u>Lunarian</u>, n. An inhabitant of the moon, as distinguished from Lunatic, one whom the moon inhabits. <u>The Lunarians have been described by Lucian</u>, Locke and other observers, but without much agreement.

Here's why it fits. Lucian of Samosata was not just a satirist but also a "rhetorician and pamphleteer who is best remembered for his caustic tongue-in-cheek style, with which he frequently ridiculed superstition, religious practices, and the belief in the paranormal. All of his works are written

entirely in ancient Greek (mostly in the Attic Greek dialect)." This quote and the next paragraph's text are indebted to Wikipedia.

What I have read about Bierce is that "His parents were a poor but literary couple who instilled in him a deep love of books and writing." Bierce was of English ancestry only and his mother was a descendant of William Bradford, the English Puritan separatist who left England in 1620 on the *Mayflower* to flee religious persecution from King James I. He became Governor of Plymouth in 1621 and is remembered also for his historical journals such as *Of Plymouth Plantation,* composed between 1630 and 1651.

There's also the fact that Bierce and his twelve siblings were all given names beginning with the letter A. Three of them were named Aurelius, Augustus and Aurelia. Their father was, after all, Marcus Aurelius Bierce! His parents likely brought him up as he and his wife brought up their children. While this proves little, it does suggest that the Bierce library contained a few tomes about Roman times, language and literature and perhaps others related to Greek antiquity and literature. Ambrose's use of Latin words and phrases is broad. Not much Greek in the *Dictionary,* although his definitions of the letters T, W and X reflect knowledge of the Greek alphabet/words. I'm done.

The Sum of Two Journalistic Giants

I conclude with a brief recap of Elizabeth Cochrane's/Nellie Bly's and Ambrose Bierce's journalistic careers. This is my personal assessment.

Elizabeth Cochrane's fearless and astonishing journalistic acts were translated into provocative and popular but largely prosaic words with some major consequences. She wrote daily columns often with a fact and fiction mix but they did contain some "hard news." Elizabeth did put her indelible print on investigative journalism which dominates today's media. Her deeds and words made her fame. But nothing she wrote is still in print.

Elizabeth was an early example of female independence, fearlessness and achievement in a hostile man's world. She should be remembered as a heroine for that. Kroeger's biography does Nellie Bly justice but like many pioneers Bly's name outlives her achievements in the public consciousness, except for her spectacular globe trotting, 1889-90. That is her popular legacy.

Today, Elizabeth could have a journalistic career as an investigative reporter for papers like the *New York Times* or *Washington Post* or, perhaps, the *New York Post* or *Daily News*. She might be tempted to go to London, as Bierce once did, and hook up with the Murdoch tabloids. A job on a cable news network could also be hers. A PBS documentary program like *Frontline* would be in her wheelhouse. But she would likely be one among many others, especially since so much communication via smart phones poses as news these days. Still, I am one person that celebrated the 132nd anniversary of her record breaking trip around the world in January 2022. Now that achievement required true grit! Elizabeth did it and she was the first: one tough and savvy lady who truly cast "a shadow of her own."

Ambrose Bierce's morbid and conflicted life as an autodidact, soldier and journalist translated into biting and brilliant wit and some extraordinary short stories, making his fame enduring. Much of his prose and poetry is still in print and his influence on writers of his generation and after is well-documented. His writing appeared in papers and periodicals, usually as a weekly commentator or opinion columnist, not as a news reporter, per se.

Bierce's ambiguous end is still debated 110 years after he entered Mexico! In one of his last letters, he wrote "Good-bye. If you hear of my being stood up against a Mexican stone wall and shot to rags, please know that I think it is a pretty good way to depart this life. It beats old age, disease, or falling down the cellar stairs. To be a Gringo in Mexico – ah, that is euthanasia!"

Today, Bierce's cultured and cerebral vitriolic style would be out of fashion in the news world which has generally dumbed-down coverage to meet its public, and plays fast and loose with facts to an egregious degree reminiscent of the Hearst publishing era. The advent of films, radio, television, the internet and smart phones have accelerated this process.

Bierce still lives on in folklore. As he intended? He was an American man of letters, like Mark Twain. Many of Twain's late "bitter works" were withheld from the public until his last child Clara died in 1962. As John Ford's *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance* film concludes: confronted with the facts versus the legend, always print the legend! It serves both Elizabeth and Ambrose very well. Rest in peace.

APPENDIX

List of Cast Members for *Shadow* Production and/or Recording, June 1982

Ellen: Barbara Rouse, Production only

Ellen: Annette Troiano, Recording and Production Chorus/Dancer

Cody: Eddie Weinstein, both

Katy: Ellen Sauchelli, both

James: Kenneth Schmidt, Production only

James: JohnTruzzolino, Recording and Male Chorus

Murdock: Bill Jaye, Production only

Danziger: Jesse Tannenbaum and Recording Male Chorus

Senator Jones: Paul McDermott, Production only

Francis Gatz: Mat Komornik and Recording Male Chorus

Madame Moustache: Sonya Tannenbaum and Recording Female Chorus

Female Chorus/Dancer	**Male Chorus**
Barbara Corso	**Sal Acampora**
Evie Durso	**Mat Komornik**
Angela Irizarry	**Marty McKenna**
Maria Irizarry	**Frank Parisi**
Mimi Jaye	**Ed Purcell**
Patti Komornik	**Jesse Tannenbaum**
Jan McKenna	**John Truzzolino**
Terry O'Conner	
Sara Rollo	
Ellen Sauchelli	
Sonya Tannenbaum	
Annette Troiano	
Sara Urioste	