



THE AUGUST FIFTEENTH
OF THERMOPYLAE

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To my friend ‘Lafit’

...the title is meant to remind us of the lamentable absence of the Hellenic State's and of its official religion from any brilliant anniversary of Classic Hellenism.

N.B.1: ...also the prestigious Greek Newspaper "TO VEMA" of March 23rd 2003 will place the date of the Battle at Thermopylae in mid-August.

N.B.2...May, at least, our glorious Greek Navy start celebrating its victory in Salamis.

These two brothers of Kserksi fell here while fighting for the dead body of Leonidas at the exact time when all around them another round of savage fighting was taking place between the Persians and the Lakedemenians. Until now, with their courage and strength, the Greeks dragged the body of Leonidas towards their area and put off the enemy four times. All this occurred at the same time when all who were involved with this nightmare arrived. When the Greeks learned that they had arrived, then the form of their battle tactics diversified. All the Greeks retreated to the rear, towards the narrowest place of the road, bypassing the wall, they took a stand at the hillock, all together except for the Thebians. This hillock is positioned at the entrance to this narrow passage, where today stands a marble lion in honor of Leonidas. At this place, even though the Greeks defended themselves with knives, whatever knives they happened to still have on them, and also with their hands and teeth, the barbarians finally buried them with the blows from their weapons.

(From Irodotos)

Instead of a Preface

Michael,

I liked your Thermopylae August 15th a great deal. Your idea of entering the work with

an apparition related to Faust will introduce us into the central consideration of the play and serve as a passage to the night to follow with the pleasant company of friends exposing the skepticism, thoughts and new ideas.

The form of the play is very agreeable and so is the idea of a company consisted of friends conversing on a fine summer evening-anniversary of the battle of Thermopylae. The play exposes to the spectator a serious scepticism over the man who is also a citizen of the world tries to be harmonised with the universe and seeks both beauty and happiness. All these are also combined efficiently with the playful attitude of company of friends, who, among others, do convey the identity of our era.

However, although it is a modern play, you, at the same time, correlate the present with the past times as well as with the historic events that have happened since the creation of our universe, stressing, in so doing, the timeless values and truths that can be nothing else but eternal.

The ideas and views you expose in your play are not merely a philosophical contemplation but also a congenial recreation in the manner you air them out through a discussion performed among the members of a group of friends. You have created recreation through philosophy and intellectual contemplation so that your reader or spectator will be entertained, relaxed, and at the same time, gain quality and content. Your play has won the place of an oasis in the tired soul of this reader-spectator, who seeks completion through the ordeals of our times in vain to get out of this emptier and

more unsatisfied than before eventually. Let me say that you have offered a meaning to an era like our modern one, which is devoid of meaning as well as is full of apathy and obsessed with a mania of consumption. I have recently read a passage from a Cornelius Castoriades' book saying that today's societies will ignore their identity as well as what they want.

Your heroes and heroines are very much love-worthy and your gumption in using your angel and devil is greatly resourceful: it is about the same woman in another form. I do believe that you describe the basic features of our modern world as well as our contemporary man's agony in the context of his quest to find a meaning in various situations. I will dwell on Paracelsus' phrase saying "let him who belongs to himself be nobody else's", which may be correct, but I believe the most basic challenge to modern man today is that he can "belong" to another human being or society and continue, however, to be himself, that is, not to compromise in favour of another human being or a small group. To me, man is called on now to learn how to develop ties of love, retaining, at the same time, the independence and particularity of his character. Of course, loving one another without wanting to change him or her and the other human being free is a very difficult task to all of us since loss of control will terrify us, but it is love itself that helps man be harmonised with our cosmos. What would happen if the fish struggled not to be fish, lions pretended they are cats and the sky tried to resemble the earth and vice versa? However, we humans will keep trying incessantly to change another human being or make all others resemble one another.

So, this is how i describe the thoughts spawned in me by your play. I imagine that, if i attended it staged on a theatrical scene, i would also feel myself like being a member of this group (of Peter, Henry, Nata etc), smelling a bit of summer, inhaling ancient Greek spirit, adopting skepticism and acquiring fresh ideas that would make me a better person of a woman. Why don't you hand it over to people related to theatre so that they will have it staged?

Good morning! The summertime has set in.

Pepi

AUGUST 15TH in Ludwichstrasse, Munich. Faust is dressed in white, standing and soliloquising in an obscure background.

Faust: Alas. Oh! Woe to me. I am burning in my prison.

You need a few scientific books to partake of science and, perhaps, of

Wisdom itself.

Here I am among so many books devoured by my very eyes many of which are mine. And here I am, being less wise than the paranoiac tramp who shared my wine with me in Paris yesterday.

Fancy them all looking up on my extinguished mind as if it were a luminous lighthouse while I've got neither a single friend nor even an enemy to rely on for a while. I can no longer remember anything. Even a snake would bite my heart at the sight of such a miserable life I lead.

Joy is so much far away from me that I can neither remember nor long for it any longer.

I would give the Devil both my life and soul with relief only to see Truth in all these things even for a single moment.

Yes, I'm dead cert I would profit from such a signature. Yes, I would certainly carry the Devil away to a sacred friendship with me and Archangel Michael himself to a new conspiracy.

Alas Faust! How painfully my solitude in the reticent Cosmos will break my heart!

Voice: What do you want from me Faust?

Faust: To touch you whoever you may be and whichever face you may have.
Just to touch you. Reveal yourself if you aren't afraid.

Apparition: I to be afraid Faust? Here I am before you. Speak up! What do I remind you of?

Faust: Of my love.

Apparition: You're equal to me: you neither bow before nor approach me. What joy would you like me to give you?

Faust: I've learnt from Faust the braveness of despising any joy that it is impossible for me to acquire.

Apparition: Have you really fallen in love?

Faust: I'm in love with my Freedom. All other loves come after her.

Apparition: What are you afraid of?

Faust: I fear nothing and hope for nothing.

Apparition: Faust, you must be seriously sick.

Faust: My heart is broken in bits and pieces.

Apparition: You are equal to me: you neither bow before nor approach me. What joy would you like me to give you?

Faust: Have you regretted offering such great love?

Apparition: What has become of the wealth you lavished?

Faust: I've never cared about it.

Apparition: You're talking like that, being on the safe side, because you do know.

Faust: Yes, I do. This is the reason why I've taken to climbing up my own Golgotha a thousand times every year.

Apparition: You do so in order to have yourself resurrected. Come on Faust! You're talking with me now. You can't imagine how much I laugh every time you are given the cross and the wreath of roses and you give them back to them as a gift. Have you really taken any notice of their grimaces at that very moment?

It's high time you stopped being nothing but a child.

Pitch darkness prevails all round. The telephone rings. Henry sleeps on a surgery couch.

Henry: You bloody thing! Gone is my vision. You swallowed it up. (He picks up the receiver).

Henry: Hello!..... Why am I to blame if you've joined some loonies? I simply can't take it in. So, I'm leaving you now.

(He hangs off abruptly).

He picks up his papers fallen next to him on the couch, rises and places them onto his desk. He sits at his desk, starts reading and correcting his manuscripts).

Henry: (Reading a note). After Adam and Eve, how come that the ancestral sin still exists?That's nice.

The telephone rings.

Henry: Welcome!

.....

Henry: If you dare check into a hotel I'll never speak to you again. It's out of the question. There is enough room here for a thousand of good folks to stay in

not to mention that I badly need you; I've got a lot of issues to discuss with Grace.

.....

Henry: Yes,...related to what I'm writing. So, I'm expecting you; don't be late.

(The door phone rings).

The Voice: Angel.

Henry: Come in.

(The door-knocker bangs. Angel enters).

Angel: Oh! I soaked to the skin in the rain. How odd for summertime-it's so chilly.

Henry: My darling.....it's what people say that you may be in for winter's cold in mid August.

(They kiss each other in a purely friendly, intimate way).

Henry: How are things between you and your sweet heart? Have you been fighting again?

Angel: I'm through with him.

Henry: Really?

Angel: Yes, really and irrevocably.

Henry: Would you like to drink something? Are you hungry? Put on something warm you'll find in the closet.

Angel: I'm going to have something hot and change clothes.

(She enters the kitchen and comes out presently, holding a cup and wearing athletic overalls)

Henry: Peter and Grace are coming soon.

Angel: Are you expecting them today? (Joyfully)

Henry: Yes, I am. They were about to tell me something about a hotel but I ruled it out; they are on their way here now.

Angel: (kisses him): Well done my dear! I need friends with me today. Hmmm! I guess we'll have a beautiful evening. I talked with Bonie on the phone; he said he would drop in for a little while.

Henry: Should he come round and see all the old caboodle stick around, he'll have a hitch here. I predict we'll be up and about till dawn any way since it is

Sunday for all of us tomorrow.

Angel: This is wonderful. You don't know how much I need you all.

Henry How is your choreography going, the one you told me you found difficulties in dealing with?

Angel: I need to do many rehearsals and be in a very good shape. I'm working hard on it.

(The door phone rings).

Peter-Grace: It's us (joyfully).

Henry and Angel walk towards the door, open it and wait, coming in with a bag after a while.

Peter-Grace: (They hug and kiss each other).

Henry: (Addressing Angel merrily): Can I kiss you baby?

(He bends and kisses her hand playfully. They all sit in the parlour).

Angel: Did you have a good time in the Aegean?

Grace: We got stuck at Skiathos and spent almost all our nights there. It was wonderful.

Angel: Eh! Are you hungry guys?

Grace: I'm not hungry at all.

Peter: Neither am I but I need some coffee.

Grace: So do I.

Angel: Black for both of you?

(Grace nods her head in consent).

Henry: How long will you still be on holiday?

Peter: For a week.

Henry: Would you mind making yourselves comfortable and relaxing here for 3 or 4 days? What do you think?

Grace: We'll see in the course of time. It depends on our mood.

Angel: (From the kitchen).Your mood is going to be excellent; I'll see to it personally. The coffees are ready. (She comes out of the kitchen)

Angel: A girlfriend of mine is planning to go especially to Skiathos.

Grace: Tell her to have no scruples about it. I'll also show you the slides from there.

This place here has many currents. It turns you on continuously. At times, you are completely carried away by it. It's an experience worth having. Words are very poor to describe it.

Angel: In terms of food, did you eat at any standard restaurant?

Grace: Yes! At "Amfiliki" with its marvelous view. If your friend visits it, tell her to give him our regards.

Angel: Wait! I'll take it down. (She grabs her bag, takes a note pad out of it and writes something)

Henry: Did you meet Zachariah there?

Grace: Only Peter did. To tell you the truth, I didn't feel like seeing him.

Peter: We talked for about three hours, you know. He is of the opinion that as there are people who cheer up or bore you, so are various sites as well.

Henry: We are still afraid, unfortunately, to recognise geniuses.

Grace: Is this an easy task for those who think they are in control?

Henry: I'm talking about everyone. Recognition may entail some responsibilities; responsibilities of action I mean. You can't say to somebody, "Yes, you're right; you're thinking correctly", and do exactly the opposite.

(The door phone rings. Angel takes the cups away and carries them to the kitchen).

Henry: Eh! Bonie.

(The door-knocker sounds after a while).

Henry: (The front door opens): Welcome!

Bonie: Come in, come in! What a surprise! (He shakes hands with them).

Grace: I hope you didn't drive. You smell of alcohol.

Bonie: I had a snug at a small bar underneath your flat. I was with an acquaintance of mine. We had a couple of shots.

Henry: Will you grab a bite?

Bonie: Later! Where's Angel? (Angel is in the kitchen).

Angel: (She speaks from the kitchen): Will you have a cup of coffee?

Bonie: No, my dear. It's you I want.

Angel: Then wait. I'm slow at making coffee.

(Angel enters and kisses him).

Peter: And now the surprise. We've been to Mount Olympus.

Henry: Where? Did you climb up to the top?

Peter: Yes I did. This is the surprise we were talking about. However, the last metres up to Myticas were very difficult to cover.

Henry: What about Grace?

Peter: Eh! She was sitting and directing me from a 20 to 30-metre distance.

Grace: Well, it is there where you feel what Nietche meant by saying, "When you stare at the abyss, it stares back at you".

Angel: Bonie, will you take me to Olympus?

Bonie: If we are to sleep together. It's very cold and takes two to stand it there.

Angel: Is this the way you make it my little sweetheart? (She thrusts herself into his open arms, sits on his lap and rubs his hair). Well, I sort of scolded my little darling today. Are you all right my baby?

Peter: Angel dear, you may live happily ever after!

Angel: (Rising): I know you 're all jealous. Don't expect to see a porno film today.

Bonie: Look at these morons! They are thirsty for details.

(They all laugh)

Grace: Bonie, are you after something? I mean, are you working on something these days?

Bonie: I may finish one unit in winter. What's the news? Henry and I are preparing an art gallery-cum-bar.

Grace: And so nothing can stop you from going on booze.

Bonie: Henry has cut down on alcohol and taken to exercise.

Grace: Come on! His little pouch / stomach has subsided. Look, you're at a critical age now Henry.

Henry: (He coughs dryly with humour) Would you like to listen to some music?

Angel: Leave it to me (she walks towards the stereo device).

(Soft classical piano music is heard for a little while, accompanying the conversation)

Grace: Eh! What about the play you mentioned the other day?

Henry: I should finish the first draft during this summer. It may be ready by this autumn. The title has also been found.

Peter: Then, we'll celebrate it today. What's the title?

Henry: "An Evening With Faust".

Peter: Groovy!

Grace: What's the background?

Henry: It describes a philosophy evening, rather a symposium, that lasts all night long. It is held at Faust's place with only one article of setting: Faust's living room.

Grace: How many persons are there?

Henry: Seven.

Peter: Then, being of this style, it can lend itself for everything.

Henry: I think yes. There is room for any spiritual quest in it. I've also scattered a few grains of humour throughout. Do you get it?

Grace: That is, it is constantly on your mind now.

Henry: Undoubtedly yes! Just fancy that, a little while before you came, I fell asleep on the couch and dreamt that I was, say, Faust himself and when I ended my soliloquy, I was deep in conversation with a spirit.

Grace: And what happened then?

Henry: And, all of a sudden, one of my friends, I hardly need to name him, who is a nuisance in 9 out of 10 times, remembered right at that moment to ring me up and nag at me.

Angel: What a loser?

Peter: He meant to give you the willies.

Henry: I cut him off so severely that he'll think twice before annoying me again. I get the jim-jams when I think of it.

Bonie: My dear Peter, how do you do? Have you taken to laziness?

Peter: Why, is it so bad a thing? Are you aware of the qualifications a lazybone needs to have?

Bonie: In the first place, he should not be bored with himself.

Angel: This is the most difficult thing to achieve.

Peter: Will you guys let me speak at last? I'm preparing myself for an inspiration these days.

Angel: Does this mean that you are dealing with witchcraft?

Peter: Come on Angel! You should believe me. Have I ever told you any lies?

Angel: Come on Peter! Will you tell us what you are doing so that we'll also do the same?

Peter: You are given the choreography whereas it is I who has to compose the music.

Angel: Do you mean that I can't create anything of quality? What do you mean?

Peter: You know better than me.

Grace: Come on! Why don't you two leave your quarrel for some other time?

Angel: Why Grace? Does it bother you when we tease your baby?

Grace: (She laughs).

Peter: Inspiration interweaves the divine element with man. When I write, I feel that I communicate with music coming from other Galaxies.

Angel: Then, since you've got the know-how, what should I, poor thing, do in order to be inspired?

Peter: You may dance karsilama to Allah every night just before going to bed.

Bonie: Will He lend you his jinn as well? (All laugh).

Angel: You guys! I daresay we can have a bite here instead of eating out, let alone that we can make any atmosphere we desire in here.

Henry: As you wish.

Peter: I also don't feel like going anywhere.

Bonie; All right! Angel and I will prepare dinner for you; a special, sensual menu.

Angel: I would hold my breath if I were you.

Bonie: OK, OK! (He goes to the bar). Will you drink a glass of Jack Daniels Henry?

Henry: No, thanks my dear Bonie!

(Bonie fills a large glass almost to the brim)

Henry: (Taken aback): Eh, you bastard! Are you going to drink all this? Give me some (brandishing an empty glass to Bonie).

Peter: (He shares his whiskey with Henry, puts his glass on the table and bursts into fits of laughter).

Angel: I daresay that Bonie and I will cook in a little while since the idea was his. We should also arrange eating at about midnight. What time are Catherine and

Is coming?

Henry: Come on! Don't you know those two? They will be late in all likelihood. We'll start eating and when they come, they'll take potluck.

Angel: OK! I'm going to see your food stock.

Henry: Why, don't you know? When I expect friends I can't do otherwise but be supplied with everything as if this place were a mini hypermarket.

(The telephone rings, answered by Angel).

Angel: You're doing very badly both to ring me up and to do so at another person's place. I would appreciate if you wouldn't ring me up again in a five years' time. Can you take it in? (She rings off immediately and nervously).

Grace: (She claps her hands).

Henry: Lest Angel should bother to explain, I'm telling you that she has just broken up with her boyfriend as you may have understood very well.

Peter: At last!

Grace: What shall I say guys? I daresay we are in love so to speak, having made love the most insidious game and morbid vice, after all. It is about who will stab the other in the back.

Angel: It's also both a blow and a desire once and for all.

Grace: Let it be! It was exactly this we were talking about with Peter. You know, Peter was flirting around.....not in the ordinary way that is usually seen over holidays. Crazy things I'm telling you.

Peter: Come on! It is not so.

Grace: Is this what has annoyed you, my sweetheart?

Henry: Guys, guys.....I warn you. The last telephone call has cast a lot of negative waves all round. Watch it! (He strokes Peter on the back).

Peter: Mind you Henry! The lady would enjoy the flirt of whomever fell for her.

Grace: And what would you expect? That I might have taken out a gun and shot them? You might as well have beaten them up.

Henry: Plus the fact that she is a beauty of a woman, damn her.

Peter: Is she? I am too good for her.

Grace: Listen to him! Who's talking? What about you, liar, who disappeared for a

quarter of an hour with that slovenly woman?

Peter: (He turns round on his chair nervously).

Grace: Eh, guys! Have you grasped what our little boy did?

Angel: What could your sweetheart have done in only a quarter of an hour, Grace?

Grace: Does it take long time to do something bad? However, I caught him on the spot when he had singled her out and was mesmerising her with his blah-blah-blah.

Peter: (laughing): Eh, guys! You should have been there. She came to us straight ahead and yelled at the girl, "Hasn't this beast told you he is HIV positive?" She stood agape. She seized me by the hand, pulled me away hurriedly and shouted, "Let's go to bed quickly".

Angel: I understood. It was a hell of a bed.

Henry: (laughing): What else could it be? Don't you know them?

(Bonie rises to refill his glass).

Angel: If you fill it up again, I'm not going to play with you in the kitchen.

Bonie: Just a tiny bit.

Angel: Let me see....All right! Go ahead!

Henry: Give us some as well, you glutton. The same for me.

Grace: I'd like a tiny bit too.

Peter: So would I.

Angel: So would I.

Bonie: Done. (While filling the glasses) Oh dear, oh dear! The whole treat is on the house! (He presently brings the glasses with the short drinks and fills up the one raised by Henry).

Henry: Grace, my love, how is your job with the publishing house doing?

Grace: It must be exactly as I left it 20 days ago. I've got absolutely no idea.

Henry: I'm not talking about details. Having taken up its management, the general responsibility at any rate, how are you thinking of working on poetry? This is what I'm asking you.

Grace: I wish I knew exactly. Anyway, I am generally of the opinion that poetry is under a heavy strain today with all these audio-visual means in full swing and

the confusion prevailing in the publishing sector. What am I to say?We should generously enrich the content of poetry with philosophical issues expressed through simple forms.

Henry: That is, what we seek is philosophers-poets.

Grace: Since all the important periods in the history of humanity have had such philosophers-poets, why shouldn't we also have them today? I do believe that we should discover them.

Henry: Yes! I also believe that if we see something new in poetry, it must be fascinating. Only in this way shall we make it. The contemporary poet should be able to see things in depth as well as feel that man is a form of nature's self-consciousness and that the Earth created its Biosphere with the help of the Sun so that it would see itself through men's eyes constantly.

Moreover, the contemporary poet will feel and express these unprecedented experiences of humanity with the enthusiasm of the first.....

Grace: (She interrupts him by clapping her hands, followed by the others).

Don't believe him guys; looking in his mirror, he has fallen prey to his egocentrism.

(They all laugh and so does Henry of course).

(The telephone rings, answered by Angel).

Angel: You little foxies! (He addresses all of them joyfully). It's Catherine and Io. (He hands the mouthpiece over to Henry).

Henry: All right! Take it easy! We are about to We are going to talk the night away....We'll have dinner at about 12 o'clock. Should you not make it on time, Angel will keep the best course for you. Pinch Io on my part. (He rings off). They'll be late because Io wants to go somewhere else before they come here.

Grace: Did she tell whether they were going to dine with us?

Henry: They'd rather! At any rate, they aren't going to be here before 12 o'clock.

Bonie: Then, we'll prepare the food, have dinner and they'll also have a bite when they come.

Angel: Shut up you witty guy! We'll lose our hair with your drivels and then we'll

look like you.

Bonie: ... (He looks annoyed).

Angel: What has gotten into me with him! (She stands up and gives a small kiss to Bonie's bald head). My dear little Bonnie! Will you also come up and help me darling?

Bonie: If you give such a kiss every 5 minutes. (He looks as if he has been cheered up again).

Angel: No way! I can give you a kiss every 10 minutes the most. (She pushes him towards the kitchen, stroking him playfully on his back).

Peter: (addressing Henry and Grace): Do you mind if I listen to some music while the two of you are blissfully deep in your blah-blah-blah? (He puts on his earphones, turning on the stereo).

Angel: (Addressing Bonie, who is obviously next to her, in the kitchen): See how they should treat a lady, you vulgar?

Bonie: If I become "unvulgar", will you marry me? (His voice sounds warm and humorous)

Angel: It depends. And stop asking so many questions. There! Beat these eggs in the blender.

Grace: Mind you! They These two may get together today (in a low, whispering voice).

Henry: Just think of it, Angel and Bonie being a couple! Although they've been friends for so many years, it has dawned on them to desire one another today. It's all part of the game.

Grace: Leave them in peace now. They're having a good time in the kitchen now. (She whispers while laughter is heard from the kitchen). However, what's going on with your play?

Henry: My dear Grace, the truth is that I've neglected it a bit.

Grace: Eh, come on! Not only a bit. You've been dealing with this thing for two years. You have been collecting material again and again and nothing doing with your writing.

Henry: I am on the final round this month. I've started writing the dialogues indeed

without, using the material I've collected. I'm close to the end.

Grace: Well, if you have it in your mind, why should you look through it again?

Henry: I may send it half-finished to you by email next month. This story has, finally, lasted for two years while, if you remember, I had told you it would take more time than that.

Grace: Eh, come on! Aren't a two years' time long enough? We're not going to rewrite Dante's Divine Comedy.

Henry: Have you noticed that, while the third part refers to paradise, there is, nevertheless, a gap in it? I'm sure it couldn't have been better since he never lived with Beatrice.

Grace: When he lived in purgatories bristling with hell.

Henry: In the long run, all literature stems from life experience.

Grace: Otherwise, they are phony my dear Henry. Come on! Tell me what you are into while you're writing?

Henry: Look, it is also this among others: how many persons are gathered in a single flat? Two couples, which makes four, plus three more individuals, equals to seven persons all of whom will be glued on a television screen and get a nice headache until they leave. And while expecting to see something interesting, they'll all see to it that they squeeze it in between period serviettes and toilette paper. That is, we've overdone it. We've forgotten how to talk with each other.

Grace: Apart from us.

Henry: We won't let any idiot have us pinned on a chair. Of course not!

Grace: Not to mention that most jobs in television are done superficially just because some persons want to get rich.

Henry: And what about news bulletins?

Grace: Oh, yes! They'll roam around with a camera and force us to see accidents, see black hungry people, see drowned Asians and the like and, on top of all, there comes our minister of culture on a visit to this or that exhibition and, lest we should forget, another minister will remind us that our economy is at stake and that we should go on being patient a little longer. When I think of all these

perverts talking time after time about our showing even more patience when we are on diet while they themselves make a lot of money and devour loads of food, I can't help but think that they'll try to humiliate viewers in order to control them. Do you get it?

Henry: (He claps): Did you remember your university years? They were quite good.

Grace: My dear, we people must, after all, be quite masochists.

Henry: Wasn't it also Peter who would say this to me? That the core of Zachariah's, the Skiathian philosopher's, philosophy is exactly what you said. It's pity that his works have not still been translated. What else can I say?

Grace: I'm preparing a well-documented proposal about the philosophy sector in my publishing firm and I think that the folks over there will grasp and accept it. Anyway, I don't agree with you that sadomasochism is the core of Zachariah's philosophy, which is much wider.

Henry: I agree with you. I am impressed by the fact that he is the first philosopher, if I am not mistaken, who came out directly and said...By what I've picked up from Peter that is.

Grace: You know, just because I've repeatedly heard you talk, you should bear in mind that Peter also adds his own thoughts to it.

Henry: Yes, he may! Yet, philosophy is a flowing entity and has no possessor.

Grace: Like a woman.

Henry: You're right! Let us not forget it and fall prey to those who may catch us asleep and rob us of our freedom and of other similar things.

Grace: Errr... We were talking about Zachariah.

Henry: Well, the way I see it, it goes like: this planet called earth has strong cannibalistic tendencies. In the course of its evolution, it has created a biosphere in which cannibalism is the prevalent element.

Grace: I wouldn't say so. It may be one of its characteristic features.

Henry: Yes, right! However, the biosphere certainly expresses the deep functions of this planet



This is about how I imagine my angel looks like...

Grace:and its cannibalism.

Henry: Yes, exactly this kind of thing. Well, what happens when man is created? Does he carry all this cannibalistic history and all this stuff with him? Along with the development of conscience in his psychic world, cannibalism is also created and developed in it in the form of sadomasochism.

Grace: Yes, yes, well done Henry! (She runs and kisses him enthusiastically). It's

only now that I can understand how great initiators evaded these pitfalls.

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Henry: They rather escaped from prisons I'd say. It's they who opened new ways for us.....

Grace: How difficult is it for man to acquire consciousness of his genetic character?

Henry: The large fish will eat the small one in open seas. This function is not absent from our genes.

Grace: And what about Sophocles's statement "*I was born to love and not to hate*"?

Henry: Empedocles also says that "*Love will unify things, making them one*" not to mention the Delphic commands, like "*dispel animosity*" and "*bless all people*", move in the same direction as the Gospel does of course.... It is exactly what Buddha, Lao-Tzu and all great initiators lay emphasis on.

Grace: My sweet Henry, all these beautiful things should be placed in your play.

Henry: Will you help me with it?

Grace: Henry listen! When we were at Mount Olympus, on the plateau of the Muses beneath Zeus's throne.....

Henry: Zeus, the essential mediator!

Grace: So, while Peter and I were deep in contemplation, we saw a few clouds coming aloft from large caldrons and play with Zeus's throne. We were stupefied. So, I said to Peter, "*Eh, man! If you had brought a tart with you here, she would have a fit and, then, break down completely*". He turned to me and said "*Would it ever be possible that someone wearing a Rollex and a fur coat would come up here? If one is guilty against nature, then, one is in for a nasty shock*".

Henry: So, lest we should be completely deceived, we, human race, created the concept of power and nobody imposed it on us since it was us who invented it, and now we have to put up this rubbish. Do you know something? You may be free to enjoy the power and any caprice you desire us because, at any rate, it is leaders who are to blame and not us. So, one may ask you, "What do you want? War? Here it is. Civil wars? Here they are. Religious conflicts? We also have them in stock.

Grace: ...and so that your appetite will be whet before dinner, just behold this child that has been emaciated with hunger: it'll function as an appetiser on your screen. And in order that you may sleep soundly and that your sleeping pill may work, you morons, here there are 5 or 6 scenes of killings, accidents and so on. Just look at what happens in the world. Sit comfortably there and shut up. You're having a nice time anyhow.

Peter: Eh!! Can't you speak in a lower voice? What has gotten into you? (He goes on listening to music on his headphones).

Grace: Henry do you remember what we've said?

Henry: I think so.

Grace: I'll help you take down all these things in the form of dialogues if this is possible during our stay here.

Henry: Thank you Grace my darling! You do know my whim that I can't stand the use of a tape recorder for my conversations.

Grace: I can't stand it either. (Angel enters).

Angel: What kind of wine shall we drink so that I'll know what kind of sauce I should prepare?

Henry: Peter, white wine?

Peter: Yea! (He takes off the headphones and turns off the music).

Angel: Bony would prefer white wine too. My dear, Grace I didn't ask you because we would drink white wine in any case. (She walks towards Grace, gives her a kiss and returns to the kitchen).

Peter: Henry, do you remember the conversation we had the other day about the dramatic repertoire of the plays? I have finally come to have second thoughts about it and see now that it is very close to the truth.

Henry: Eh! Theatre can't always follow the same trails when we receive a deluge of pictures from television, the internet, cinema, graphics, advertisements and so on every day.

Grace: ...which are constantly being evolved by technology?

Peter: A long discussion is taking place these days over the experimental application of holographs.

Henry: I bet!

Peter: Well, as for the kind of theatre we were talking about, there is something else I've thought of.

Henry, since you deal with art and can express yourself clearly, you grasp something and get it into your mind to convey it. Yet, to whom and how will this happen? For example, you'd like to promote a philosophical debate and write a book. How many people are going to read it? However, if you put your thoughts into a theatre play.....

Grace: Provided it is an inspired one of course...

Peter: Of course! Then, you, firstly, find an audience with an inquisitive mind, secondly, see to it that this audience, with the correct preparation and timing, come to listen to what all the factors of the performance will express and, thirdly, make sure that no one is to give this audience the willies. So, you can get to the heart of the matter...

Grace: Oh, Henry, I'm now thinking of the form of sadomasochism you're analyzing isn't man's sociability the exact opposite?.

Henry: ...and ecological conscience. Mainly the latter has to be taken into consideration since you can't be the strongest of all animals and as such take advantage of all other creatures' weaknesses. Well, I believe it is this socioeconomic conscience of ours that distracts us from sadomasochism

Grace: Yes! And I think it's a oneway street.

Henry: So, we tend to be harmonised with cosmic harmony.

(Angel enters).

Angel: Come on! You've overdone it with philosophy. Grace, will you come to help me a bit?

Peter: Shall we listen to some music?

Henry: Yes! I think we need it.

(Peter chooses a classical piece after a short search. Then, he picks up some CDs. Henry and Peter lay the table, placing crockery onto it. Angel enters presently, carrying a large platter).

Angel: (Proudly). Shrimps wrapped in smoked salmon and wreathed with raspberry

marmalade)

All stand up and clap.

(Grace enters, carrying two smaller platters).

Grace: We'll amaze you tonight, my little devils.

(Bonie enters, carrying two bottles)

Bonie: Oh, dear! What excellent delicacies are on the house!

(Bonie leaves the bottles on the table).

Angel: Eh, you guys! Take your place at the table.

Grace: We'll serve you.

Bonie: Fancy what pretty waitresses we've got. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Where am I tonight? Oh, my God! (He makes the sign of the cross).

(Angel and Grace come with the remaining courses and start serving them into the plates.

Bonie opens a bottle of wine and starts filling up the glasses).

Angel: Listen! Let's pour some wine into Io's and Catherine's glasses.

Henry: Let's also put some food into their plates.

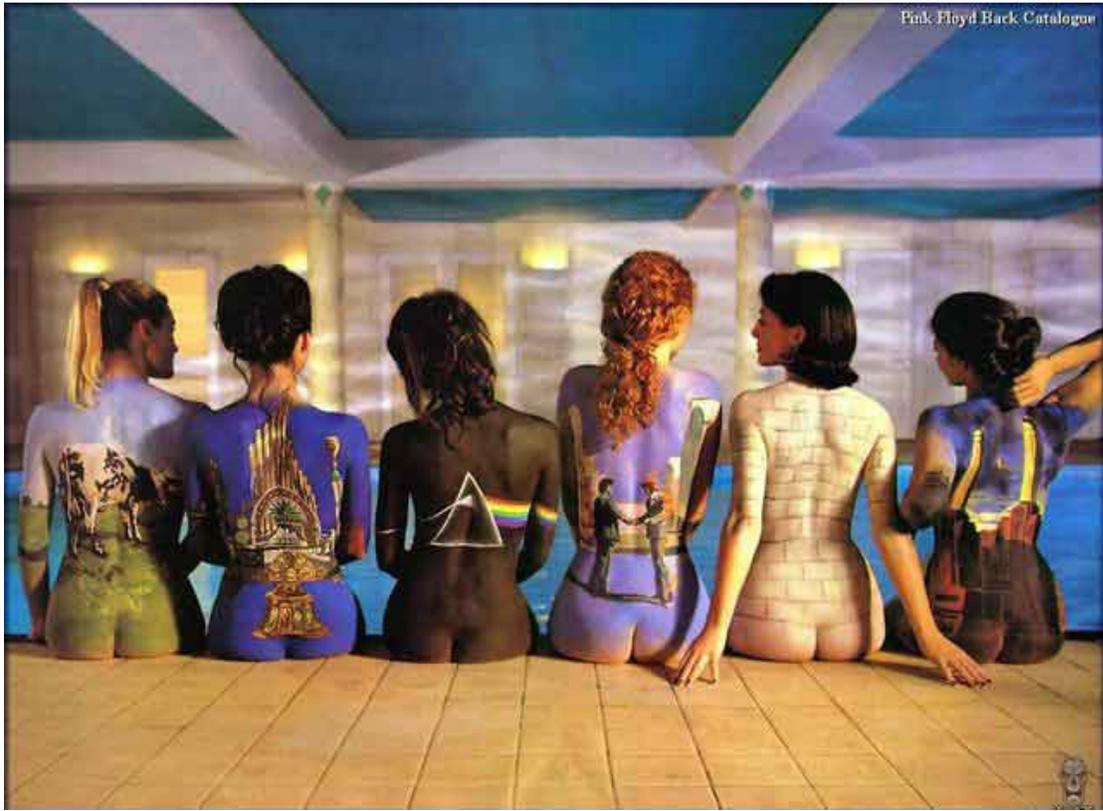
Peter: Yes, that's a good idea! That is, the wine and the food they are to drink and devour when they come represent them at this moment. Very good! Very good!

Henry: Yes, yes, they do! From a certain point of view, they will symbolise Io and Catherine a bit.

Angel: So, cheers!

Angel raises her glass, followed suit by all others, who clink their glasses with each other as well as with Catherine's and Io's.

They are seated, all looking at the audience. The two chairs with their back turned to the spectators are Catherine's and Io's.



Act II

The surface of the table is covered with books, a champagne bowl, champagne glasses and some crockery. Henry stands with a book in his right hand. The others are seated and drink, taking their time.

Henry: And now, let me tell you one last thing.

Angel: Hurry, because I want to dance.

Bonie: All right Henry! It's thanks to our understanding of your problem that we'll let you go ahead, but don't overdo it.

Henry: I'll recite an excerpt from Richard Livingstone's "*The Greek Genius and Its Meaning to Us*". It'll last not more than 2 or 3 minutes and that's that.

He recites:

"It is here where Hellenism repudiates Christianity or at least the prevailing Christian teaching. Hellenism can survive without the need for divinity, future life and for a purely spiritual world. It is not incompatible in essence with these faiths which may have often been in harmony with it, but it can do without them. Abolish them to the Greek and he will still be able to lead the same life as if they still existed. To him, the whole creation would neither sigh nor go through a painful labour. He would not expect the revelation of some glory to which the toils of "this age" are not worth being compared. Glory was already before his very eyes: flesh and blood had already possessed or could have possessed the Kingdom of God in this mundane world to him. He could live with satisfaction for the present time and deny the need for a future redemption. However, he abolished the invisible world for the Christian believer, the meaning and value of life altered in their entirety. If there is something permanent in Christian faith, it is the firm belief that the world is theatre enough to man and that the latter is not capable of reaching the perfection of his nature unaided. This belief pours out incessantly from Christian Church's teaching. It is found under the teachings about the Fall, the Determination and Damnation as well as the Divine Grace. It evokes the sense that "here we are homeless", a sense which Christian writers will constantly express. "Everything we love here is temporary", says Saint Augustine, Newman's grave epigram reads "*from shadows and idols to truth*" and the summary of our life is "*the remembrance of a stranger who is transient for only one day*" according to Pascal.

(All rise and clap in relief. Peter seizes Angel by the waist, leads her to the stereo device and turns it on. The sound of a merry waltz is poured out of it. Henry bows to Grace. The

two couples dance to the music until the end of the waltz and Peter turns off the device).

Angel: (While sitting deeply in an armchair) We listen to only classical music when I'm with Peter.

Bonie: What do you think of lazy people?

Peter: No civilisation would exist without them.

Henry: Let alone that laziness is the model for us to face ecological problems.

Angel: That's nice! I like it!

Peter: And, you know, in order that you may be a layabout of a person, you need to be of good quality. It means that you have come to terms with yourself.

Angel: Secondly, you also need to be foxy so that you will not be in for disappointments in what you would like to do.

Peter: Nevertheless, this capacity is a stain in modern society. And we hail every a moron who is working day and night to ornate his sweetheart as if she were a Christmas tree or eke out a living for his children as if they were handicapped. In the end, he may also be decorated with a medal on account of some slight angina or nervous hypertension he may suffer from not to mention the worst.

Angel: And then, the same guy will struggle to make money and give it to doctors. Beat it! I thank you my God that we ourselves are all right.

Bonie: Having been reduced to this pitiful state, we struggle neither to make money nor to accomplish anything on our behalf but run like mad out of complex; to demonstrate what we earn to others so that we will make them nervous. That is, we go through severe hardships in order to make other people nervous. What kind of schizophrenia is this?

Henry: Is not a coincidence that they claim that it is all these things that crucified Jesus Christ and that the devil dwells in all this money?

Grace: ...and the nice thing is that we won't admit that we crucify Jesus Christ every day by worshipping money but that he was betrayed by one of his twelve disciples who was allured by it and other such rubbish.

Angel: Yes, yes! Because in this way, the bad guy is only one while we ourselves are clean. You need to have guts in order to admit that.

Henry: It's now that I've recalled a historic event: when Persians came down to

Thermopylae in antiquity on about the 15th of August like today, a Persian general turned to Mardonius, Xerxes' cousin and brother-in-law, and said, "Mardonius, were the hell have you brought us to fight? The men we are attacking won't fight for gold but for something intangible they call 'arete', that is, virtue. How shall we be able to cope with them?"

Peter: Let it be! Finally, those Greeks are another story altogether. You know, in relation to what you said about Thermopylae, the 300 Spartans who were there washed and combed themselves before the imminent battle, waiting for the Persian onslaught with their weapons in hand.

Henry: Just think of the fact that their society had sent them as volunteers to march to their death, along with the one of the two kings they had, so far away from their homeland after a very long, tiring journey.

Angel: I understand why Spartans had two kings.

Peter: We are talking about a free society whose citizens agreed that they should have death volunteers among them whenever the latter were required. We are talking about a ticket to death. What a brilliant story!

Grace: Yes, but they also had bombshells of women to please themselves with. And what are you saying about the beauty of their statues? Eh, you must have seen the statues of the Riace warriors or, at least, a photo of them.

Angel: Come on! Being a woman myself, I'm turned on by one of them.

Grace: I understand what you're talking about. While they evoke a divine serenity, they are wild warriors at the same time. On the one hand, they took pride in the Parthenon and ancient Greek theatre and, on the other hand, triumphed in battles like these of Marathon, Plataea and of Thermopylae. How can all these things happen simultaneously?

Henry: Eh, Grace! Take into account that they were excellent fighters who had learnt how to kill in an excellent way, which means that they had zero insecurity, let alone their exquisite culture.....

Peter: Yes, right! They lived in a society which provided them with Oedipus Rex and Medea for entertainment. Their hospitals and Asclepian infirmaries were situated in the most beautiful places of the world. They were initiated into the

Eleusinian Mysteries and worshiped Aphrodite, the Goddess of Beauty. They worshipped a woman as the deity of wisdom. So, who could ever be allowed to ruin all these achievements?

Bonie: Not to mention that it was the only society in which philosophers thrived by selling their philosophy and lived like kings.

Angel: You are always thinking about issues as relaxation and good life.

Bonie: Eh, come on! What can I do? I also have my own hobbies.

Angel: And why, then, are you trying to bring me round my little downy fellow? (She laughs).

Bonie: If I manage to bring you round eventually, it is a different thing because I will do the same thing afterwards.

Henry: Truth to tell, I could become an astronaut for such a woman. When I see a spade I call it a spade.

Angel: That is, let's not forget who pulls the strings.

Peter: Anyway, it is God or Nature –how shall I put?– who has fixed things: while man is stronger and cleverer than the woman, it is she who is in everything and has the upper hand psychologically.

Angel: It is the equilibrium of nature my baby.

Grace: Don't you know what happens with Eros, you know, this feathered infant with the bow, the quiver and the arrows? Well, I daresay that he, being an infant, keeps closer relationships with the woman if she knows how to play the game better while the man, being a naive infant, goes soft in the head when he is placed next to a female.

Bonie: Nothing doing my sweetheart! And what are we? Why should I claim the opposite, especially, now that I am about to bring Angel round?

Henry: Ah! Talking of this feathered infant, you should also know that Eros despises agreements and accepts no limitations since he is an infant and a feathered creature at the same time.

Angel: He also likes playing and being loved.

Henry: Anyway, these symbols are pretty nice. I do sometimes believe that the kind of rationality we've developed is about to dry everything up.

Angel: Just think of how many brands of drinks we swallow up in their thousands; When I say I love you, it is the same phrase I will say to my cat, friend and sister.

Bonie: What about me?

Angel: Take your time! (Laughter)

Henry: I believe that, expressing our relationship with nature, we meant that we would conquer it not to say something else... From that point onward, man will go mad as a result of this schizophrenic breach and constantly seeks meaning in order to subdue as well as to exterminate what he will consider an opponent of his, only to fall short of accomplishing it and to digress into the direction of self-destruction.

Peter: ...and develops respective codes.

Henry: Exactly! He will develop words, vocabulary, thoughts, culture, science and, unfortunately, dogmas moving in the conqueror's direction which as we see nowadays goes into a phase of self-destruction.

Peter: ...and learns how to think accordingly.

Henry: That is, how not to think as a truly free man.

Peter: This happens, of course, because he won't communicate with reality but with sick fantasies.

Grace: It's now that I've remembered Paracelsus's adage "*may he who belongs to no one belong to himself*".

Angel: Anyhow, it's difficult to cope with yourself. You go mad on a daily basis.

Henry: I think it's natural because, whether we want it or not, we were born to live together with other human beings.

Peter: At any rate, Some people who have undergone great pressure and isolation, like Jordano Bruno, must have had the whole world in their hearts as well as a great love for man.

Henry: Anyway, come what may, what we call as the United Europe today.....

Peter: Surely yes! If we compare it especially with the existing situation.....

Angel: Is it a negligible development to see that we've come to grips with each other today when one only thinks that our grandfathers were killed in world wars

twice in the past?

(The telephone rings, answered by Henry).

Henry: Come on darling! Eh, watch it! Don't have a snag again somewhere the two of you!

(They come after a short time)

Angel: Does anyone here want some coffee?

Henry: No, thank you!

Peter: I'd have one, please!

Grace: Make some coffee only for Peter. As I see, Bonie will stick to wine.

Bonie: It goes without saying. I can't understand, my friend, how come that I drink wine and be awakened by it. It is as if it tells me not to fall asleep and to drink more of it.

Angel: This is what befalls people who remain alone because of excessive discrimination.

(Angel enters the kitchen. Grace nods to Bonie not to answer. Bonie nods at her to express his thanks)

Angel: (From the kitchen): Why have you gone quiet? I was right in talking about coffees. (She goes to the kitchen after a while and comes out of it, bringing a cup of coffee for her and another for Peter).

Grace will you tell the Tarot cards for me? You haven't done it for more than a year.

Grace: All right, but don't ask for details; we aren't alone.

(Angel shuffles the cards three times, places them onto the table and splits them. Grace takes the cards and spreads them on the table. Angel and Grace start talking in a low voice. Grace sometimes points at a card. They both laugh from time to time).

Angel: (She rises, smiling): You shouldn't say thank you! What do you think of cards and the like, Peter? Do you believe in them?

Henry: How did it dawn on you to start such a conversation?

Angel: (Playfully) Come on Henry! I love you so much! Don't interrupt me.

Bonie: If we do you the favour, will you offer us a striptease performance to turn us on?

Angel: (She rises, making a gesture full of humour and sexuality): As you wish.

Peter: We're in! We're all in the game for you. .

Henry: Let's go. To begin with, I daresay we see if there can be any meaning or reason of existence on this planet.

Bonie: The world we live in.....

Angel: My dear little Bonie, come into my arms so as not to clash with the environment. (Playfully). Come to me darling.

(Bonie sits next to her and places her head on his knees)

Henry: Let it be! First of all, I think that our generally perceivable cosmos is one of Tao's or the hyper-cosmic power's faces so as to speak.

Grace: I do agree with you Henry. It's amazing!

Henry: This power hardly needs interpretations. It may only ask that have this love in return according to our capacity of course.

Peter: You were saying something about the reason for this.

Henry: Yes. I think that the purpose of our existence or, at any rate, the responsibility of humans on this planet aims at harmonising man with the spaceless and timeless Tao.



... and this is how I'd like my little devil to look like ...!!!

Peter: That is, man is blessed by being harmonised with Tao, which preceded the

Big Bang existing out of the sphere of space and time and contains the Cosmos, which co-exists with it.

Henry: Exactly!

Grace: Then we are the ones gods love, who are the necessary mediating entity as you say.

Angel: Henry, do you believe in Jesus Christ? Do you really believe in Him?

Henry: I love Him. This is enough to me.

Angel: Yes, indeed. Whatever you love with all your heart you don't try to interpret.

Peter: We've gone astray because of our obsession to interpret everything.

Grace: And what about all these phenomena, such as parapsychology and witchcraft?

Henry: I believe they are expressions of our arrogance. We've forgotten we are God's children that hide deep in us and what are we trying to prove what with all these? I really don't understand.

Bonie: (In a drunken way): They're things of the devil. (He speaks from tall Angel's embrace).

Angel: You calm down my baby! (Humorously).

Peter: Why should we exclude that they are forms of conscience or communication, I don't know how to put it, beyond common sense.

Henry: Certainly yes! However, we can still do a lot of beautiful things.

Grace: There are so many people thirsty for love that if we have a tiny bit of it, we shouldn't scatter away like alchemists in their laboratory.

Bonie: I love Angel (drunk).

Angel: Oh, this poor thing.....Let me turn you on the other side (Angel transposes him).

Peter: I like the view that we exist in order to be harmonised. Yet, I want to stress that we are endangered by human arrogance, which we ought to understand if we want to face it effectively.

Angel: And what do bishops say about it? To subdue the beast hiding within us and other stories with white elephants?

Peter: It's something like Saint George and the dragon. Yes, I believe they teach us distorted things on purpose so that they will be able to manipulate us.

However, why is it that they want to manipulate us? Anyway, on no account does divinity want to defeat savageness and cannibalism and to efface it. Yet, why should this happen? On the other hand, if the divine element wanted to act in this way, it would succeed since it contains everything. Therefore..... Yes. Both our bad nature and benign head are divine components.

Angel: We are born with an angel and a devil together who follow us continuously.

Henry: What? In this case, let's also love our devil since it is reasonable that we love our angel. However, it is there where the difficulty is found: in loving our little devil.

Angel: ...and all the devils of the world. And now...Striptease!

Bonie: (He wakes up): Who? What? (He rises at once). Music, music, please! Sexy music!

(He walks towards the stereo and puts a rather Arabic, oriental-sounding music. Angel is taking off her clothes rhythmically, humourously and gracefully, teasing her friends, who are watching her in admiration and merriment, the one after the other. She wears nothing but her tiny underwear. The door-knocker bangs all of a sudden. Angel runs towards the door, half-naked).

Angel: Who is it?

The Voice: It's us. The entrance door was open and we came up to here without anything blocking our way.

(Angel opens the door. Io και η Catherine enter. Io and Catherine are taken by surprise for a while. Angel laughs. All three of them follow suit, laughing, hugging each other and hopping all round. Io and Catherine go to meet the rest of the group and Angel gets dressed).

Catherine: Who worships ancestral deities?

Io: Those who are in love will do for you. Come on! What's going on here?

Catherine: (She says to Henry in jest but also with a mood of jealousy): You've overdone it without us, my sweetheart; have we interrupted your orgy all of a sudden? (She gives him a kiss).

Io: Eh, you rascals! Let's go to our place by the lake to watch the sunrise.

Catherine: (Playfully). Eh, Henry! It's Sunday tomorrow for all of us. Let's hit the road and we'll serve you the most sumptuous breakfast of your lives.

Io: Do you know something? Catherine and I will serve breakfast only for you in the balcony, wearing a topless suit.

Catherine: I'll serve the muffins, the marmalade and the like and Io will bring you coffee served in a posh coffee set.

Peter: I fancy Henry being alone with the two of you in the balcony and us peeping at you.

Io: (Humourously). Eh, you bastards! Why will Jehovah subject sinful people like us to eternal punishment and devils to eternal pleasure?

Catherine: (Joyfully). The hell is all right. However, I haven't heard many details about paradise.

Angel: Have you had dinner?

Io: I'm hungry.

Catherine: Let's have a bite and, then, vanish into thin air.

(Angel puts a classical piece on the stereo while Grace is serving).

Io: (While munching food in her mouth, she says): What is this bloody thing? Haven't you idiots found anything better?

Angel: We listen only to classic music sweetie when Peter and I are together.

Io: (Saying again while munching food) All right! Well done! I won't have any more objections because I'm hungry.

Catherine: Come on, you vulgar thing! We'll be misunderstood. These guys seems scared.

Io: I don't care! (While munching food again)

Angel: Will you drink something?

Catherine: No, we won't! We've agreed not to drink anything at all tonight.

Io: Come on! Shan't we drink when we go home with the other guys?

Catherine: All right! It's a new day, anyway. We'll drink today.

Io: As much as we wish. When we go home I'll drink a whole bottle on my own. Oh dear! I became a teetotaler in America.

Grace: I've heard about the scholarship. Four months. Is it all right?

Io: Beat it Grace! Since I'm telling you that these people may be ignoramus and silly, but they roll in money. Oh, my dear!

Henry: Eh! They can do nothing else but make money with such a big complex they have.

Io: I've already told them... Taking over the leadership of the planet and feminism don't mix.

Catherine: (Laughing) Let it be! Come on! We've already talked about them too much.

Io: Are we ready to hit the road?

(Angel bends over Bonie, who is sitting deeply in an armchair, and says something to him. Then, she turns to Henry).

Angel: Henry, would it be a problem if Bonie and I were to stay in your flat?

Henry: What sort of a problem?

Angel: That a woman may come in with a key of yours and murder both Bonie and you.

(They laugh)

Henry: Come on, Angel! You know that I haven't given anyone my keys for ages not to mention that I'm free now.

Catherine: Not for a long time my darling! Wait until we go home and I'll show you. Have you forgotten what you tell me at some cozy bars when you are in drunken stupour?

Henry: I tell you the truth.

Catherine: Eh, then you'll see.

Io: Let's take a bottle from here because that we'll be short of fuel I guess.

(She picks up a basket and fills it with bottles. She turns to Henry, who has hugged Catherine, and says something to him).

Io: Well, I'm holding some grudges against you! You're in for a nasty shock from me.

(Then, she turns and goes to open the front door).

(Catherine nods to Henry to let her say whatever she wants. Henry consents, smiling, and kisses her on her hair. They all head for the front door while Angel and Bonie are sitting on the sofa, embraced).

Angel:

Good buy! Have a good time!

(Henry, Peter, Grace, Catherine and Io are saying something among them and, then, turn all together, addressing Bonie and Angel but also the audience at the same time, and say)

Hope you spend a good time together. Good night!

CURTAIN

Bonie exits in front of the fallen curtain with a book in his right hand and reads-recites that:

“Happiness to them meant nothing else but abandoning others and taking pleasure in useless things. It is happiness they shout for. However, we, on the contrary, will offer you the happiness of Sparta and of Athens when they were in their peak. We will offer you the happiness born from taking pleasure in necessary things without your dealing with anything useless. We will offer you the happiness we find in the return to nature, worship of morality and in the foundation of Democracy with morality and seriousness”.

Bonie: The speech of Saint-Just, the archangel of the French Revolution, to the Convention.

They all come out and salute the spectators.

...They withdraw

...and a banner unwound in front of the curtain reads in capital letters: :



WHAT IS MAN?

HE IS THE ANIMAL THAT HAS DISCOVERED
AND DEVELOPED DEMOCRACY