

Music 1: Overture. Music 2.

Prologue. Bartholdi's Hotel Room. Year: 1904. BARTHOLDI lights candle, with shaking hands mixes laudanum and water, drinks; convulsions subside. A knock.

BARTHOLDI

Enter!

(Door opens, spilling light into room from hotel hallway.)

REPORTER

Mr. Bartholdi?

BARTHOLDI

Come in, Mr. Johnson.

REPORTER

And the light?

BARTHOLDI

Certainly.

(A click. BARTHOLDI, in pool of light, sits in upholstered chair DLC).

REPORTER (crossing)

Woulda been here sooner, but I had to finish typing one more story for the paper. Yer call surprised me, I didn't know you were in New York --

BARTHOLDI

We came back so I could see the Statue – My American – one last time – in a few hours it will be light – but --

REPORTER

But -- ? – Mr. Bartholdi, are you dyin'?

BARTHOLDI

Well, as Laboulaye once said, it is something we all one day must do. – Do I look that bad?

REPORTER (gesticulates)

Aaaah --- ! (maybe)

BARTHOLDI

Year after year, you pester me with letters begging me to clear up what you have blown up into the “famous mystery of the unveiling”. Well, here I am!

REPORTER

And about time! I wouldn't have pushed it, except when I asked the coppers, they clammed up! Over the years, it became –

BARTHOLDI

An obsession?

REPORTER

Yeh! So, Mr. Bartholdi – straight out -- why *did* the veil fall early during the unveiling ceremony for your Statue Of Liberty? -- Huh?

BARTHOLDI

The answer is not so simple.

REPORTER

It ain't? Then, then, there *is* a mystery!

BARTHOLDI

Yes, and I decided to tell you everything. But when I finish, if you print it – no one will believe you. That will be my little retaliation, for all this annoying publicity over the years!

REPORTER

I see. You don't like me. Well, it's mutual. Rich guys like you, making a fortune offa the contributions of little people like me –

BARTHOLDI

I never made money from Liberty.

REPORTER

What? You expect me to believe that?

BARTHOLDI

Believe what you like. – I don't know why I asked you here. You won't believe what I tell you –

REPORTER

Believe what? *What? Try me!*

BARTHOLDI

Alright. For one, Liberty was not just *unveiled*. She was *born*. *Liberty is -- alive!*

REPORTER

What?

BARTHOLDI

There, you see?

REPORTER

-- Whaddya mean, *alive*?

(SCRIM falls behind them. SLIDES pan across and zoom in and out of color pictures of the Statue of Liberty. Each dissolves to the next during song:)

Music 3.

BARTHOLDI

SHE IS ALIVE, SHE IS ALIVE, TO ME.
I FEEL HER WARMTH, ALWAYS SHE'S NEAR ME.
AND IF YOU KNOW THIS ISN'T SO, YOU SEE,
SHE IS ALIVE, SHE IS ALIVE TO ME.

SOME THINK HER LIGHT HAS DIMMED OVER THE YEARS,
SOME THINK HER VOICE IS ONE NO ONE NOW HEARS.
YOU MAY BELIEVE I AM LOSING MY MIND,
BUT IF YOU'D LIVED LIFE AS I HAVE, YOU'D FIND:

SHE IS ALIVE! SHE IS ALIVE, TO ME.
I HEAR HER VOICE, CRISPLY AND CLEARLY.
AND IF YOU KNOW THIS ISN'T SO, YOU SEE,
SHE IS ALIVE, SHE IS ALIVE TO ME.

SOME SEE HER BEAUTY AS TARNISHED AND WORN,
I SEE HER STILL AS THE DAY SHE WAS BORN.
SOME SEE A RELIC THAT LIVES IN THE PAST –
BUT SHE WILL LIVE ON WHEN I'VE BREATHED MY LAST.

SHE IS ALIVE, SHE IS ALIVE, TO ME.
I FEEL HER LIGHT, BEAMING SO DEARLY.
AND IF YOU KNOW THIS ISN'T SO, YOU SEE,
SHE IS ALIVE, SHE IS ALIVE TO ME --
YES, IF YOU KNOW THIS ISN'T SO, YOU SEE,
SHE IS ALIVE, SHE IS ALIVE TO ME.

REPORTER

Okay, Mr. Bartholdi, I get it. But, what does this have to do with the Mystery? Huh? C'mon, *give!*

BARTHOLDI

Alright. (MUSIC. LIGHTS center on, revolve around BARTHOLDI.) I can see everything, just as if it happened today. (LIGHTS up on frieze behind SCRIM.) It all flashes before my eyes! How it all came about is a tale of many people, many times, and many intrigues – framed in the ideals of the 19th Century – *my* ideals! It did not start with me. It all began with a medallion, and an old professor who was accosted in a Parisian alleyway –

(CROSSFADE, SCRIM UP.)

Act I, Scene 1. A Dark Street in Paris. 1870.

WRETCH (with knife)

Hold, there!

LABOULAYE

What is this?

WRETCH

You didn't really expect to make it down Montmartre Alley without being stopped, did you? -- Ho, see what I have found!

WRETCHES

Look at this one! -- Very fine! -- Such clothes! -- We'll do him in good! Etc.

WRETCH

Not yet. Come, let us go see the Doctor. -- Doctor!

DR TRUTH

Ah, a miserable wretch. (WRETCHES: Yes, that is so, etc.)

LABOULAYE

Miserable?

DR TRUTH

Well, I would say a miserable wretch *who is wealthy*, but we can remedy the latter.

WRETCH

And the former. Heh, heh!

DR TRUTH

Alright, no more of that.

WRETCH

Yes, we don't do that no more, not since the Doctor came.

WRETCH

Promises are short in Paris.

LABOULAYE

I know you! You are --

DR TRUTH

Silence! Here, I am known only as: Dr Truth.

WRETCH

Cheers for the Doctor!

WRETCHES

Huzzah! Huzzah!

LABOULAYE

But you were, you became –

DR TRUTH

Editor of a great Parisian newspaper that printed Truth! However, in the Paris of Emperor *Louis* Napoleon, crass *imitation* of his famed *uncle*, falsehood is the rule and truth the exception! I disabused no one and made mortal enemies. Now I am a hunted criminal, earmarked for Devil's Isle. And you are – I cannot recall --

LABOULAYE

I am Edouard Laboulaye.

DR TRUTH

Professor Laboulaye! Also *Senator* Laboulaye, for what that is worth.

LABOULAYE

Not much.

WRETCH

A senator! (Spits.)

DR TRUTH

I have read your tracts on that blessing of America, Liberty. And to what end?

LABOULAYE

To bring liberty to France, I have tried –

DR TRUTH

And failed! *Failed!* For eight decades since the Revolution, France vacillates among weak and corrupt republics, selfish monarchies, and ruthless dictatorships. The Revolution gained *nothing!*

WRETCH

Cheers for the Revolution! (WRETCHES: Huzzah! Splllttt!)

LABOULAYE

The Revolution is *sacred* to France. What you say is, to the government, criminal.

DR TRUTH

Criminal? Ah, you disgust me. What *is* criminal, in *this* alley, is *ignorance*, ignorance of the fate of the Unseen. Of that, I find you, Edouard Laboulaye, *guilty*.

LABOULAYE

The Unseen?

DR TRUTH

Those forced into hiding.

LABOULAYE

Doesn't it make *sense*, one is *ignorant* of what one can't *see*?

DR TRUTH

Don't be impertinent! You think Frenchmen care about logic?

LABOULAYE

So, I am guilty without a trial? Without proofs? Without accusers?

WRETCHES

That never bothered *le Government*. -- Hang him! -- Crucify him! -- Crucify him, *then* hang him!

DR TRUTH (shakes head as all look despairingly at last WRETCH to speak)
-- Very well, then, *try* him!

WRETCHES

Ahhhh! (LABOULAYE is manhandled onto small oxcart.)

WRETCH

Hear ye, hear ye, his honorable judge Doctor Truth presiding!

DR TRUTH

(Loud clamor from WRETCHES. DR TRUTH hammers improvised gavel.) Order!

LABOULAYE

Your honor –

WRETCH

You cannot speak to the judge, swine. Remember, this is France! You must have an attorney!

LABOULAYE

Attorney?

WRETCH LAWYER

I will be your attorney! A hundred francs, swine! (pays.) Your gracious honor, my client pleads guilty!

LABOULAYE

Ho, what is this?

WRETCH LAWYER

No worse than you would get in a real French court.

DR TRUTH (gaveling)

Attorney, control your client or find some way to contain these outbursts. – I take it, perhaps, your client wishes to plead innocent – *Ha!*

WRETCH LAWYER

Yes, I suppose.

DR TRUTH

Very well then. The verdict is –

LABOULAYE

But where is the jury? What of my testimony?

DR TRUTH

Who in France cares a sou for juries and testimony? (gavels.)

WRETCH

Oh, we will gladly be the Jury!

WRETCH

Yes. Let's watch 'im squirm!

LABOULAYE

And who are the jury?

DR TRUTH (gaveling.)

Who *are* they?

LABOULAYE

As you say, this is France. Introductions are important.

DR TRUTH (to LAWYER WRETCH)

Will you just sit there like a lump? Must I talk directly to this swine client of yours?

WRETCH LAWYER

A host of apologies! Honorable judge, my swine client begs the jury to introduce itself.

DR TRUTH

Very well then, as long as he *begs*. Jury! Tell him who you are! -- Tell the Professor here who we *all* are! (WRETCHES: Ouis! Certainemois! etc.)

Music 4.

WRETCH WOMEN

ONCE WE STROLLED PARIS, THE CITY OF LIGHT.

OOH

SOMEHOW WE STRAYED FROM WHAT SOMEONE
THOUGHT RIGHT

OOH

(WRETCH hit with blackjack on head; 2nd WRETCH catches him)
IN THE NIGHT!

WRETCH MEN

YES, AND ONCE WE HAD FUTURES
THAT SEEMED TO BE BRIGHT

OOH

NOW WE ARE THINGS THAT GO
BUMP! --

IN THE NIGHT!

DR TRUTH (shouts)

That's the spirit, you miserable wretches!

WRETCHES

WE'RE THE WRETCHES NO ONE ELSE WANTS
WE LIVE IN NOOKS AND CRANNIES, CRACKS, AND HAUNTS!

OUR FORMER LIVES WE ALL HAD TO FLEE,
WE'RE NOW THE REFUSE OF SOCIETY!

WE ARE THE TEMPEST-TOSSED!
THE TIRED SOULS THAT LIFE HAS LOST!
HEAR THIS, OUR EARNEST PLEA:
WE HOPE ONE DAY WE WILL ALL BREATHE FREE!

DR TRUTH (shouts)

That's the way! Live, treasure, and speak the truth! But, watch out!

WRETCHES

WE ARE HUNTED BY THE GENDARMES
WHOEVER SEES ONE MUST RAISE LOUD ALARMS!
THEIR DEADLY COMBATS NEVER WILL CEASE,
URGED ON BY THE PREFECTURE OF POLICE!

WE ARE THE TEMPEST-TOSSED!
THE TIRED SOULS THAT LIFE HAS LOST!
HEAR THIS, OUR EARNEST PLEA:
WE HOPE ONE DAY WE WILL ALL BREATHE FREE!

DR TRUTH (shouts)

That's right! But it's really the Prefect who's behind it all! Tell him about the Prefect!

WRETCHES

THE PREFECT IS THE CHIEF OF GENDARMES,
HE SMILES AND SMILES AND SHOWS HIS MANY CHARMS!
BUT IF HE SHOWS YOU HIS CROOKED SMILE,
WATCH OUT! OR YOU'LL END UP AT DEVIL'S ISLE!

WE ARE THE TEMPEST-TOSSED!
THE TIRED SOULS THAT LIFE HAS LOST!
HEAR THIS, OUR EARNEST PLEA:
WE HOPE ONE DAY WE WILL ALL BREATHE FREE!

DR TRUTH (shouts)

If there only were hope! But the best we can hope for is to miss catching a bullet in the back!

WRETCHES (slowly)

ON THE STREETS IT'S RISKY EACH DAY,
WE STRIKE AND THEN WE HAVE TO RUN AWAY.
THEY HUNT US 'TILL WE'RE FEWER AND FEWER,
SO WE TAKE REFUGE IN THE PARIS SEWER! (Full tempo:)

WE ARE THE TEMPEST-TOSSED!
THE TIRED SOULS THAT LIFE HAS LOST!
HEAR THIS, OUR EARNEST PLEA:
WE HOPE ONE DAY WE WILL ALL BREATHE FREE! Yes!

WE ARE THE TEMPEST-TOSSED!
THE TIRED SOULS THAT LIFE HAS LOST!
HEAR THIS, OUR EARNEST PLEA:
WE HOPE ONE DAY WE WILL ALL -- BREATHE FREE! -- BREATHE FREE! --
BREATHE FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE!

DR TRUTH (gaveling)

So, Edouard Laboulaye, there is your introduction. None is necessary from *you* since the Bench is already aware of your fantastic book on Liberty in America, written *overtly* as the diary of a madman.

LABOULAYE

It was the only way I could get true satire past the Imperial Censor.

DR TRUTH

Now, to your defense of the charge.

LABOULAYE

Ignorance of The Unseen? Why, you have all just removed that with your introduction! Move to dismiss!

DR TRUTH

How clever. Very well, then, this is France, we will just add another charge. Edouard Laboulaye, you are a fraud and an impostor. You claim to be trying to bring Liberty to France, but what have you accomplished? Nothing. Your preposterous book was laughed at. You are the most erudite scholar France has on America and Liberty. You are at the heart of the Liberal movement in France.

LABOULAYE

Yes, I was just on my way to a meeting of these liberal thinkers, a dinner –

DR TRUTH

Just so! You wealthy thinkers, all you really accomplish is to eat and drink and move the hot air around. Meanwhile, the People *suffer!* You are isolated from the problems of the common people. Where are the fruits of your labor? It is all a charade for advancement in the Academy. I detest artifice. You are guilty!

LABOULAYE

Guilty? But what of my defense?

DR TRUTH

What defense can you have against such manifestly evident charges?

LABOULAYE

Why, but to say, the fight is not over until the Day of Judgment. If that be today, then so. But if not, I *will persevere*. No Frenchman loves Liberty as much as I. If just for myself, I could easily go to America for it. But France is *my country*. I want it for *France*. I *must* find a way. I *must*!

Music 5.

LIBERTY

THE GREATEST OF THE GREAT IDEAS IS SHE

THE HOPES AND PRAYERS OF ALL OPPRESSED PEOPLES LIVING ON THE EARTH

LIBERTY

THE VERY WORD BRINGS THOUGHTS SO DEAR TO ME

OF HOW THE BLESSED TORCH OF TRUTH MAY BE RAISED AND GIVEN BIRTH.

CERTAINLY

THE FONDEST HOPE OF ALL HUMANITY

IS LIVING WHERE IN EV'RY THOUGHT, WORD, AND DEED ONE CAN BE FREE!

FROM NEW WORLD TO THE OLD

IS A GIFT OF PURE GOLD

THIS MUST BE

DESTINY –

LIBERTY!

IT'S A QUEST, AND A FIGHT, IT WON'T COME OVERNIGHT

THERE'S A LONG PATH TO SEE -- LIBERTY!

LABOULAYE

LIBERTY

IS CALLING TO US FROM ACROSS THE SEA

SHE BECKONS US TO NOW EMBRACE THE NEW WAYS

OF THE NEW WORLD

LIBERTY,

SURELY YOU ALL CAN HEAR HER PLAINTIVE PLEA:

SHE ASKS THE BANNER OF THE RIGHTS OF MANKIND

TO BE UNFURLED

LABOULAYE

EVERYWHERE

THE TALK OF RIGHTS OF MAN MUST FILL THE AIR

'TILL LIVING IN OUR SOULS! THIS CANNOT BE

DRIVEN BY DECREE!

WRETCHES

IN FRANCE?

TO FRANCE?

HOW COULD THIS GRAND
DREAM APPEAR?

NO CHANCE!

NO CHANCE!

THIS MAN IS INSANE, I
FEAR!

WRETCHES

IN FRANCE?

IN FRANCE?

TO AN OLD WORLD THAT STRAINS
IN ITS OLD-WORLDLY CHAINS:
FIND THE KEY! THERE MUST BE – LIBERTY.

WRETCHES

WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME:
MY HEART WANTS TO BELIEVE
BUT MY MIND CAN'T CONCEIVE
HOW IN FRANCE THERE CAN BE LIBERTY!

WRETCHES

LIBERTY
THE GREATEST OF THE GREAT IDEAS IS SHE
THE HOPES AND PRAYERS OF ALL OPPRESSED
PEOPLES LIVING ON THE EARTH

LIBERTY
THE VERY WORD BRINGS THOUGHTS SO DEAR TO ME

OF HOW THE BLESSED TORCH OF TRUTH MAY BE
RAISED AND GIVEN BIRTH.

CERTAINLY
THE FONDEST HOPE OF ALL HUMANITY
IS LIVING WHERE IN EV'RY THOUGHT, WORD, AND
DEED ONE CAN BE FREE!

FROM NEW WORLD TO THE OLD

THIS MUST BE -- DESTINY – LIBERTY--

WOMEN AND LABOULAYE

IT'S A QUEST, AND A FIGHT

MENAND LABOULAYE

IT WON'T COME OVERNIGHT

ALL

THERE'S A LONG PATH TO SEE LIBERTY-Y-Y-Y-Y-Y-Y!

DR TRUTH

Very moving. Score points for sentiment. However, it does not change *our* plight, trapped like rats in the gutters and sewers of Paris. **Jury! How do you find?**

WRETCH

We find ... (WRETCHES confer animatedly in snarlish whispers.) We find ... (WRETCHES confer again, more boisterously.) We find the defendant ... Edouard Laboulaye... --

I CAN'T IMAGINE THIS
HERE!
AH
AH

LABOULAYE

I PRAY
ONE DAY

WE WILL FIND IF THERE'S
A WAY

MY DREAM

COULD GLEAM

IT COULD COME TRUE, IT
WOULD SEEM
CERTAINLY
HUMANITY

IF WE CAN ONLY BE FREE!

IS A GIFT OF PURE GOLD
THIS MUST BE -- DESTINY –
LIBERTY--

MEN

AH, AH

WOMEN

AH, AH

OFFSTAGE SHOUT

Don't Move!

(Gendarme's whistle blows. ALL BUT LABOULAYE run. Shots.)

LAWYER WRETCH

I am -- dead. (Dies. All but LABOULAYE exit.)

AUBERT (offstage)

Head them off before they get to the sewer! (enters, wears the robe of a Prefect.)

Ahhhh. Monsieur Laboulaye. That is, *Professor* Laboulaye.

LABOULAYE

Bon Soir, Monsieur Prefect.

AUBERT

Oh, please, please, call me Aubert! So long as no one else is present. We must be *friends*. One needs so many friends in France.

LABOULAYE

So, we are -- friends. (Bows, but does not take eyes off Aubert.)

AUBERT

Why, certainly! For example, were we not friends, I Aubert Ducrot, could easily arrest you on the spot for consorting with those treasonous villains.

LABOULAYE

Arrest *me!* Why, they accosted me! Put me through some kind of mock trial!

AUBERT

Did they take anything?

LABOULAYE

That one, he took 100 Francs from me. (AUBERT retrieves it.) Actually, he said it was a fee for his legal services as a lawyer.

AUBERT

Ahhh, then it *was* stolen. (Takes note from wallet.) – Here is your hundred Francs, Professor. Or, since we are such *friends*, I will call you *Edouard*.

LABOULAYE

Certainly. So long as no one else is present.

AUBERT

You see, I did not even subtract the usual carrying charges. (Puts WALLET in own pocket.) And rescued you from those wretches.

LABOULAYE

Of course, you are a great *friend*.

AUBERT

Yes, and I will *need* friends, especially in the Senate, if I am ever to move up from Prefect of this precinct to Prefect of all Paris!

LABOULAYE

Divine aspiration!

AUBERT

Of course, if you were an even *better* friend, you would tell me about -- *this*!

LABOULAYE

What is that?

AUBERT

Oh, I think you know, Edouard. It is a bronze copy of a medallion, a medallion that was struck in gold and given to the widow of President Lincoln! These copies are all over France!

LABOULAYE

So? I fail to see, *Aubert*, why a small medallion should have you so upset.

AUBERT

Upset?!! -- No, I'm always quite happy in my work. But the inscription on it has the Emperor greatly concerned.

LABOULAYE

Why, whatever does it say?

AUBERT

As if you had never heard. Ahh, well, I as a *friend* will permit you this fantasy. It says: "Dedicated by French democracy to honest Lincoln, who abolished slavery, reestablished the Union, and saved the Republic, without veiling the statue of Liberty."

LABOULAYE

Great words.

AUBERT

But treasonous. For one, France is an Empire, not a democracy. There is a Senate only at the pleasure of the Emperor!

LABOULAYE

How well aware I am of this.

AUBERT

And, for two, whoever struck this medal suffers from the illusion that they act on behalf of France. That *they are le government!*

LABOULAYE

Why, whatever makes you say that?

AUBERT

Have you not heard? It was in the newspapers. – Ahh, well, it was in the American news journals. Which we seldom allow into the country. – There was a message on the box.

LABOULAYE

Which was -- ?

AUBERT (nauseously)

“In this little box is the heart of France.”

LABOULAYE

Stirring.

AUBERT

Exactly. All these copies flooding the country, they are stirring up discontent, attempting to bring about *revolution!* Trying to make people long for (disgustedly) *democracy* and “*Liberty*”.

LABOULAYE

Oh, I thought we already had that, as first of The Three: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. From the Revolution 80-odd years ago.

AUBERT

Precisely. France has as much Liberty as it can stand. Liberty, here, comes through *obedience*. Only thus can we maintain public order and be strong! We must all think and act as one!

LABOULAYE

And in America?

AUBERT

America?! Everyone knows Liberty as practiced in America is *anarchy*. But what matter to *them*? Fish to the east, fish to the west. – Ahh, but I am distracted from asking a question. What is *this*, that is referred to on the medallion – this *statue of Liberty*?

LABOULAYE

There is none, that I know of.

AUBERT

Are you sure? – Very well then! Let it remain so! We need no such statue in France.

LABOULAYE

Certainly.

AUBERT

If one is built, let it be erected somewhere else – in America! And let it be large enough that copies are not everywhere!

LABOULAYE

Of course.

AUBERT

Here, we need statues of: Victory, Valor, and Conquest! Conquest can bear liberty to foreign lands.

LABOULAYE

These are all fine suggestions. I will take your suggestions to my meeting. (consults watch.) For which I am very much tardy, if I may excuse myself. Victory, Valor, and Conquest, yes?

AUBERT

That is correct.

LABOULAYE

Then, good day, Aubert. (Half-bows.)

AUBERT

Good Day, Edouard. (Half-bows, exits.)

LABOULAYE

Victory, Valor, and Conquest – and, in America, a statue of Liberty?

(BLACKOUT.)

Music 6. Act I, Scene 2. Corner of a Restaurant. (Accordion MUSIC, restaurant sounds. LAFAYETTE and BARTHOLDI are having coffee. LABOULAYE enters.)

LAFAYETTE (waves)

Over here! At last! The others have all finished and gone!

BARTHOLDI

Ah. Who is this?

LAFAYETTE

This is Monsieur Professor Laboulaye.

BARTHOLDI (stands up, bows slightly)

Monsieur Professor.

LABOULAYE (Taking off frock coat.)

Come, that's not necessary.

BARTHOLDI

Why, I would think so, for a great professor of history.

LABOULAYE

History? When I taught how great George Washington was for having an empire at his feet for the taking, and instead, refusing the crown, and helping to institute a new society of laws – (shakes head)

LAFAYETTE

Louis Napoleon wasn't pleased. Struck too close to home.

LABOULAYE

For 12 years I was forbidden to teach history; instead I taught Roman jurisprudence.

LAFAYETTE

Very boring.

LABOULAYE

Not entirely! But –who is –

LAFAYETTE

Oh! I am sorry. This is Auguste Bartholdi. Auguste is in busts.

LABOULAYE

Busts?

LAFAYETTE

One of my favorite pursuits, actually, especially in Paris!

BARTHOLDI

Ah, Professor, he makes a joke. I am just a sculptor.

LABOULAYE

Just a sculptor?

BARTHOLDI

Well, one head is somewhat like another, I think.

LABOULAYE

You don't sound very passionate.

BARTHOLDI

I suppose not.

LABOULAYE

How did you fall in with this bunch?

LAFAYETTE

His favorite spot was by the window -- we of course were glad to have him.

LABOULAYE

Lafayette loves company.

BARTHOLDI

Lafayette? I thought you said your name was Paul de Remusat!

LAFAYETTE

Yes, but Lafayette was my great-grand-uncle. A fine man, coming to the aid of George Washington. A Frenchman volunteering only to support the ideal of Liberty, asking not even for pay. I am happy if anyone wishes to call me by that name!

LABOULAYE

Lafayette here is quite passionate, like the rest of the liberal thinkers you might have met here this evening. But you -- are not --

BARTHOLDI

Well, not for busts.

LAFAYETTE

What then?

BARTHOLDI

Really, I --

LABOULAYE

We are being quite open with you, surely you may be the same.

LAFAYETTE

If it is something you wish to keep to yourself, then --

BARTHOLDI

-- No, I cannot keep it to myself. Not if I ever wish to pursue it!

LAFAYETTE

Then -- !

LABOULAYE

Tell us.

Music 7.

BARTHOLDI

All right. As you recall –
NAPOLEON CAME TO THE NILE AND THEN FOUND A THING UNKNOWN.
A TABLET WHOSE FAME WOULD BE ONE DAY RENOWNED: ROSETTA STONE.
CHAMPOLION LEARNED THAT ITS GLYPHS COULD BE READ
AND THUS WAS DISCERNED A PAST ONCE THOUGHT DEAD.
ALL FRANCE WAS EXCITED A VERY LONG WHILE,
AND I JOINED POOR ARTISTS IN TRIPS TO THE NILE.

WHEN WE ARRIVED, I WAS -- *electrified!* -- TO SEE WHAT I SAW!
I STOOD THERE SILENT, MY MOUTH OPEN WIDE, STRICKEN WITH AWE!

(LIGHTS dim on corner of restaurant, DL. Upstage emerges a scene of great ancient Egyptian splendor. At first, it is an Egyptian relief painting, but then the figures pull away from the back and move vigorously (the colossi ponderously) about. This depiction is not realistic, but, as in a dream, romantic. Throughout, BARTHOLDI is moved about the stage like so much flotsam.)

EGYPTIANS

AH AH AH, AH AH AH, AH AH AH, AH AH AH!
AH AH AH, AH AH AH, AH AH AH, AH AH AH!

WOMEN

ALL THE SANDS OF TIME MEANT NOTHING TO THE ANCIENT ONES
TIME WAS JUST A MIST OF NIGHTS AND DAYS, OF STARS AND SUNS
ONLY SEASONS CHANGED, AND IT IS THESE THEY HAD TO KNOW
THUS THEY COULD DECIDE WHEN BEST TO REAP, WHEN BEST TO SOW.

EGYPTIANS

AH AH AH, AH AH AH, AH AH AH, AH AH AH!
AH AH AH, AH AH AH, AH AH AH, AH AH AH!

WOMEN

FOR THE ANCIENT ONES TIME DID NOT MOVE, LIFE DID NOT CHANGE
CENTURIES PASSED BY, WITH NOTHING NEW AND NOTHING STRANGE
JUST A TIME TO WORK, A TIME TO SLEEP, A TIME TO SMILE,
AS RHYTHMS FORTOLD THE RISE AND FALLING OF THE NILE.

MEN

AH
AH
AH
AH

EGYPTIANS

AH AH AH, AH AH AH, AH AH AH, AH AH AH!

BARTHOLDI

THEY SEEM TO STILL BE LISTENING TO REMOTE ANTIQUITY.
THEIR KINDLY GLANCE BUT MAGNIFIES THEIR TRANQUIL MAJESTY.

WOMEN

AH
AH

EGYPTIANS

AH AH AH, AH AH AH, AH AH AH, AH AH AH!

BARTHOLDI AND MEN

NOW FROZEN IN TIME, THE ANCIENT ONES LIE IN REPOSE
WITH CONTENTED GAZE, EVEN THE SPHINX WITHOUT HIS NOSE

WOMEN

OOH

OOH

BARTHOLDI

NOTHING WILL SURPRISE THEM FOR THEIR WISDOM IS SO SAGE

MEN

OOH

WOMEN

OOH

BARTHOLDI, MEN, WOMEN

WATCHING ALL MANKIND PASS IN PARADE FROM AGE TO AGE.

EGYPTIANS (returning to the relief-painting)

AH AH AH, AH AH AH, AH AH AH, AH AH AH!

AH AH AH, AH AH AH, AH AH AH, AH AH AH! (LIGHTING snaps back to restaurant.)

JEANNE

Gentlemen! Coffee? (Replacing depleted candle.)

LABOULAYE

Please!

BARTHOLDI

Mademoiselle! -- Your hands!

JEANNE

What is wrong with my hands!

BARTHOLDI

Nothing! Absolutely nothing! They are the most beautiful hands I have ever seen.

JEANNE

I thought I had heard everything, being a waitress in Paris.

LABOULAYE

No, no, Mademoiselle, you misunderstand. Monsieur Bartholdi here is a sculptor.

JEANNE

A sculptor.

BARTHOLDI

Mademoiselle – would you honor us and stay a while at our table – while I sketch your hands?

LAFAYETTE

The rest of the restaurant appears now to be empty. (But SPIES are apparent.)

JEANNE

Well – all right, I suppose.

BARTHOLDI

I always carry a sketchbook. At first I studied painting. – (arranges hands) Yes, just so.

LABOULAYE

Based upon his experiences in Egypt, Monsieur Bartholdi here developed an interest, no, a *desire* to build colossal statuary.

BARTHOLDI

A silly notion, that one day I might build the greatest and grandest statue in the world.

JEANNE

Silly?

BARTHOLDI

Well, perhaps it grips me somewhat.

LABOULAYE

Ah! An obsession!

LAFAYETTE

A man should admit to his obsessions! -- So long as they won't meet each other!

BARTHOLDI

And you, Professor? Please, I listen with ears while working with eyes and hands.

LABOULAYE

You wish to know—to hear about – *my* obsession? Perhaps it is that. I wish to help France become a republic again. To help our nation write a new constitution – to invent a government that can both survive and provide Liberty to the people.

BARTHOLDI

Liberty?

LAFAYETTE

So little of it we have in France.

BARTHOLDI

I have never found it so.

LABOULAYE

But – were you never stopped by a Gendarme or a Prefect and accused of anything? Were you never pushed by the government? Do you not know of the thousands of books and hundreds of newspapers we could read here in Paris, were we free to do so?

BARTHOLDI

I suppose I never gave it much thought. Those occasions don't arise for me.

LAFAYETTE

My great grand-uncle used to say, a man who does not treasure his liberty, the Fates will surely take it from him!

LABOULAYE

Liberty is – well – have you ever been to America?

BARTHOLDI

America? No. (Places the candle in one of JEANNE's hands; sketches.)

LABOULAYE

They celebrate Liberty, having developed a form of government that provides checks and balances among the rights of men.

LAFAYETTE

It is a matter of French pride that we supported America in their time of need. In six years they will have their 100th anniversary, a hundred years of freedom.

LABOULAYE

That *will* be something to celebrate. They can build Aubert's statue.

BARTHOLDI

Statue?

LABOULAYE

Ahh, a joke, my friend. When President Lincoln died, some of us collected to fashion his widow a medallion. And placing upon it one of the common phrases, it was said that Lincoln ended slavery without veiling the statue of Liberty. (Laughing, to LAFAYETTE) Aubert is all upset, he is in agony to find this statue of Liberty and destroy it!

LAFAYETTE

Ha! But – you know – it would not be a bad idea.

LABOULAYE

A statue of liberty – in America?

LAFAYETTE

Yes; as a token of friendship among nations, and gratitude for France's aid in independence.

LABOULAYE

And – to jointly declare and recognize the value of Liberty.

LAFAYETTE and LABOULAYE

Ahhh! (Silence.)

BARTHOLDI

I hear wheels grinding in here, but no one is talking.

LABOULAYE

Lafayette, what happened when we passed around for subscriptions to the medallion?

LAFAYETTE

It opened many doors. Suddenly, many more were willing to openly support the cause. We had 40,000 subscribers! So many, even when Aubert found and confiscated the list and the money, it did not stop us.

LABOULAYE

And, for a *large* statue, even a (to BARTHOLDI) *colossal* statue?

LAFAYETTE

Why that would take – that would encompass the entire nation! And it would need a large, overt organization to promote it!

LABOULAYE

One too obviously political if just composed of Frenchmen. I think – if a monument is built to celebrate the independence of the United States, it should be from the united efforts of France *and* America.

LAFAYETTE

Certainly, since they struggled together for American independence.

BARTHOLDI

Well, ahh, very interesting, gentlemen, would you like me to consider this project?

LABOULAYE

Monsieur Bartholdi – Auguste – I think I recall seeing some of your work, and it is very fine. Even these sketches of the hands here – very interesting. But – putting aside the fact that this is probably the wrong moment in French history, with Louis Napoleon imperially upset over a mere trinket of a medallion – aside from that – Victor Hugo says it – “Form is nothing without the spirit – *with* the idea, it is *everything*.”

BARTHOLDI

You don’t think I can do the statue without becoming politic myself?

LABOULAYE

It is far more than that, my friend. You would not put it in those terms if you understood.

BARTHOLDI

As God is my witness, I certainly wish to understand Liberty. (Shouting.)

LABOULAYE

What is that shouting outside?

LAFAYETTE

I will have a look. (exits.)

BARTHOLDI

Mademoiselle, you are so patient. This was quite generous of you. You have such lovely hands.

JEANNE

No trouble, really. I never thought of my hands in this way. (Takes his hands, looks into his eyes.) Your own hands are quite smooth, for a man who chisels rock.

BARTHOLDI

(Reddens.) Actually, I work with clay – Mademoiselle -- could I possibly – is there any chance you might tell me your name?

JEANNE

It is Jeanne. (Shgawn-ay)

BARTHOLDI

Jeanne.

LAFAYETTE (enters)

War! We are at war with the Prussians! (Shows newspaper to LABOULAYE. BARTHOLDI and JEANNE break their contact when, after a moment, this sinks in.)

LABOULAYE

Good Heavens! I thought perhaps it was coming to this! So, Monsieur Bartholdi, you say you wish to learn of Liberty, no? Well, whether from God or from Lafayette's Fates, you may quickly get your wish! – Here is my card. Come to me after the War is over. – You may soon learn how sweet Liberty is – when you might *lose it!*

(**Music 8. BLACKOUT.**)

Act I Scene I-2A. Ornate chair, LOUIS NAPOLEON seated.

LOUIS NAPOLEON

So they brazenly hatched this plot in a public restaurant – and *you* didn't *arrest* them?

AUBERT

Excellency – a gigantic statue? – of Liberty? – I thought them *idiots!*

LOUIS NAPOLEON

You are *not to think!* – (turns downstage.) *I* will decide who is an idiot around here! (AUBERT turns broadly and views him contemptuously.) -- The old one I can handle. Go arrest the other two.

AUBERT

Ah, but they are sent to guard Colmar.

LOUIS NAPOLEON

Colmar! Well, then, go and get – Ah-h-h! Never mind!

AUBERT

Excellency?

LOUIS NAPOLEON

Colmar is in the Path of the Prussian Third Army! With just the feeble home guard there --

AUBERT

They will shortly be prisoners.

LOUIS NAPOLEON

Prisoners? I hadn't heard the Third Army *took* prisoners. (Laughs. Laughs loudly. BOTH laugh loudest. BLACKOUT.)

Act I Scene 3. Bartholdi Residence. Artillery rumbling. Charlotte opens front door.

CHARLOTTE

Auguste! My dear little boy! In your uniform!

BARTHOLDI

Yes, Ma Mère. – It will be all right, it will be all right. (Embrace.)

CHARLOTTE

Auguste, I've missed you so much. (GUNS louder.) The big guns sound for several days now.

BARTHOLDI

Yes, Ma Mère. The Krupp guns.

CHARLOTTE

I have heard the Prussians invade, but I know not why. So many things happening around my little classroom in the Colmar school.

BARTHOLDI

It is remarkable, Ma Mère, you never gave up your teaching, though Papa left us well off.

CHARLOTTE

Remarkable? Not if you would understand, my son. This house, our land, every possession we have, these may be taken from us. But powerful people can never strip you of what you *know*.

BARTHOLDI

No, Ma Mère, they cannot.

CHARLOTTE

These jack-booted Prussians – why do they come, Auguste?

BARTHOLDI

Ma Mère, I cannot say. In France, one may read the papers, and read, and read, and still not know. All Frenchman are called to their duty. Mine is here. I now lead our town guardsmen.
(KNOCK. BARTHOLDI opens door. GUARDSMAN salutes, hands dispatch, salutes, exits.)

CHARLOTTE

What is it, Auguste?

BARTHOLDI

Prussians – *in overwhelming* force – arrive here tomorrow! It is *hopeless*! Yet – it is more than one can *bear* – to *think* of surrendering – *Colmar*!

CHARLOTTE

Auguste, you must take heart, you must not despair.

AUGUSTE

But, Ma Mère, what if All Is Lost, and Life *deserves* despair?

CHARLOTTE

I always have told you, Auguste, Life has its trials, we must live up to them, as in the Song of Endurance.

AUGUSTE

The Song of Endurance. -- my head swims, it seems far away.

CHARLOTTE (crosses to pump organ)

Ah, that is remedied. Come, I will play it for you. It may calm you.

Music 9.

AS WE MOVE ALONG THE WINDING WAY
DARKER TIMES MAY COME TO CALL
WHERE THE PATH MAY LEAD TO, NONE CAN SAY,
OR WHAT RARE EVENTS BEFALL.

CHARLOTTE AND BARTHOLDI

BUT WE MUST STEP AHEAD AND WITH GRACE
LOOK OUR DESTINY STRAIGHT IN THE FACE, THE FACE.

CHARLOTTE

PART OF LIVING IS TO PERSEVERE
TILL AT LAST THE STORM RECEDES.
KEEP OUR HONOR AND OUR DUTY CLEAR,
THEN RETURN TO DREAMS AND DEEDS.

CHARLOTTE AND BARTHOLDI

ONCE AGAIN WILL THE SUN CARRY THROUGH
AND OUR LONG, LONGED-FOR HOPES COME IN VIEW, IN VIEW.

THIS IS WHAT WE NEED OUR SOUL TO DO,
THIS IS HOW THE WORLD MUST SEEM,
IF WE ARE TO KEEP OUR VISION TRUE,
IF WE ARE TO FIND OUR DREAM. (Music continues under.)

BARTHOLDI

Oh, Ma Mère, in fact, I *have* found a dream. A great statue, a monument – in America!

CHARLOTTE

Auguste, I have always supported you, only asking one thing, that you follow through. You have already made some fine monuments.

BARTHOLDI

And this monument to Liberty, it shall be the finest!

CHARLOTTE

Certainly, I would expect nothing less from you, my son!

CHARLOTTE AND BARTHOLDI

THIS IS WHAT WE NEED OUR SOUL TO DO,
THIS IS HOW THE WORLD MUST SEEM,
IF WE ARE TO KEEP OUR VISION TRUE,
IF WE ARE TO FIND OUR,
IF WE ARE TO FIND OUR,
IF WE ARE TO FIND OUR DREAM. (BLACKOUT. **Music 10.**)

Act I Scene 4. A House Near Colmar. PRUSSIAN COLONEL sits at table. PRUSSIAN SOLDIER enters with BARTHOLDI.

SOLDIER

Herr Coronel! (Removes Bartholdi's blindfold. Salutes COLONEL.)

COLONEL

Very well. (salutes. SOLDIER exits.) Ach-so! Vass ist, vass ist?!

BARTHOLDI

Colonel -- I -- have come -- to ask -- for terms.

COLONEL

Terms? Zere are no *terms*. Prussian soldaten do not grant terms! **Who are you, to ask for terms?**

BARTHOLDI

I -- am -- Major Bartholdi.

COLONEL

You? Ein major? Ha-ha-ha! Tell me, Major *Mouse*, *vat are you, really?* Vat did you do before this war? **Vell?**

BARTHOLDI

I was -- a sculptor.

COLONEL

Lieber Himmel! Ein sculptor! So! (COLONEL walks around inspecting BARTHOLDI.) -- Major *Mouse* -- if you are the best and bravest Colmar has to offer -- I grant you terms. *Soldat!*

SOLDIER (enters)

Herr Coronel?

COLONEL

Major Mouse here surrenders Colmar! Collect all weapons and shoo the mice home – to their mothers! *See to it!* Now, get out uff my sight! *Out! Out!*

(SOLDIER, BARTHOLDI salutes. COLONEL grudgingly salutes. FADEOUT as BARTHOLDI and SOLDIER exit.)

Act I, Scene 5. A Chair in a Bedroom at the Bartholdi Residence.

BARTHOLDI

Ma Mère! I have suffered the shame of surrendering Colmar to the Prussians! (embrace.)

CHARLOTTE

Auguste! Auguste! How sad you must feel! Ah, but you are now home. Safe!

BARTHOLDI

With my mother.

CHARLOTTE

What?

BARTHOLDI

Nothing! -- What shall we do now? Do you wish to leave, Ma Mère?

CHARLOTTE

Auguste, my poor Auguste. No, I shall stay. Of all our house, I did manage to retain this room.

BARTHOLDI

However did you do that, Ma Mère?

CHARLOTTE

The Prussians marched into town, to a-blowing of trumpets and a-beating of drums, wearing spiked helmets, and clattering in their hob-nailed boots. A Sergeant came to our door – a *Sergeant!* – and banged, loudly, while shouting “Raus, Raus!” I opened the door to this *Sergeant* and looked him straight in the eyes. “Who Are You?” I asked him in his language. He began to stutter; I have had many like him in my classes. “*Where is your officer? Do you not know?*” I asked. He fetched the officer, his commander -- who then *asked* me for a tour of the house. I showed it to him and we drank coffee. He spoke of occupying the house as an officer’s billet. I told him, “I will not surrender my house to you; however, I may have you as my *guests*. Unless you wish to make *war* upon and *conquer a house.*” And so now I may stay in this room while *they* occupy the rest.

BARTHOLDI

Ma Mère, you are so staunch in the face of overwhelming force.

CHARLOTTE

Auguste, that is precisely the time to be so. I won’t leave your father’s house to these *pillagers*. I am determined. If God wills, and *I* think He *will*, then we will keep what is by right ours.

BARTHOLDI

Good, Ma Mère. But what can I do? -- Paul is out front, waiting. He came with me to Colmar.

CHARLOTTE

Paul. -- If you want to go with him, I will be all right. But where could you go?

BARTHOLDI

To find the war!

CHARLOTTE

Auguste, be careful! You must survive, live through all this -- to live the dream you spoke of. Yes, you must live your dream!

BARTHOLDI

At times like this, such dreams seem far away. Ma Mère, I will remember everything, in great detail. I will never forget what you have said or relax my grip. Ever forward!

CHARLOTTE

That is right, ever forward. Auguste, you will make me *proud*!

(FAST FADEOUT as BARTHOLDI exits. **Music 11.**)

Act I Scene 6. In the Front Lines. SOUND: distant artillery. LAFAYETTE plays cards; BARTHOLDI sketches.

SOLDIER (enters vigorously, salutes, hands report to BARTHOLDI)
For General Garibaldi.

BARTHOLDI
We are still surrounded? Nothing new to report?

SOLDIER (crestfallen)
No. Nothing new.

BARTHOLDI
Very well. Go to breakfast.

SOLDIER
Sir! (Salutes. BARTHOLDI returns salute. SOLDIER exits.)

BARTHOLDI
One can never find the General, if his old wounds are not troubling him. He is constantly moving up and down the line. To find him, one remains in one place!

LAFAYETTE
He has so much energy, but I suppose you'd expect this of the greatest freedom fighter in history. Greater than my great grand-uncle, by far!

BARTHOLDI
Certainly people today think this, with so many more busts of Garibaldi than anyone; so many times wounded fighting for others' rights and still alive, he is a, a, Super-man!

LAFAYETTE
Ahh, but here he comes now!

GARIBALDI (enters, with cane; limps)
(To one offstage:) Tell him, send a squad *over here*! (Turns) Ay! Major Bartholdi! Sketching again? You like the Mother Nature here. I so often see you staring into the distance, busily scribbling. Here, let me see what it is you are drawing. (Takes PAD.)

BARTHOLDI (after the fact)
-- All right!

GARIBALDI
By Vesuvius, what is this? A joke? Drawing your own hands? You're making the fool of me, ay? Like the artist who spent all day painting, sighting with his thumb before him, just so – and then, ay! *There* was a painting of – a *thumb*! Come, come, Bartholdi, I was not born this week!

BARTHOLDI
They aren't my hands.

GARIBALDI

Oh. I see, they are not. So-o-o, they are the hands of – a loved one, ay? A sweet girl who waits. One who is pining, sighing, just for you, and who counts the days until your return. One who can no longer see the sun or the stars because of the fury with which her heart throbs! One who is red-hot with passion and *l'amore!*

BARTHOLDI

Garibaldi, my general, every day is an adventure, being your liaison officer.

LAFAYETTE

And all because you have an Italian-sounding last name.

GARIBALDI

How lucky, ay? We are well today, *Benissimo!* These freedom fighters around you are the cream of Italy, Ireland, Poland –

LAFAYETTE

Even Prussia.

GARIBALDI

Si, Lafayette, even Prussia. They come and they die on a French hillside.

BARTHOLDI

Why? Why do they do it?

GARIBALDI

Why? For my same reason. I was happy on my little farm, on my tiny, rocky island of Caprera, for many years -- my corps was a distant memory. Yet then I heard again of oppression – of people suffering the worst, most terrible wrongs. Who would stand up for these people? *Who?* -- And so – I opened my old trunk, and -- *there it was, still!* The Red Shirt of Freedom! I took it out – I put it on – I have it on, still! Once Louis Napoleon was captured, I could not ignore the pleas of France, the birthplace of all modern ideas of liberty and democracy! But – ahh! If only we might secure the rights of people *without* the killing! If only the Old World could be more like – *America!* But *how?*

BARTHOLDI

How, indeed?

GARIBALDI

It is but a dream!

LAFAYETTE (looking at BARTHOLDI)

And yet – perhaps even dreams have a way of coming true.

GARIBALDI

Why not? Si! Write that down in your next dispatch to Paris!

BARTHOLDI

All right, but as you well know, Paris is surrounded and completely cut off.
-- As are we.

GARIBALDI

Ahh, but it is no worse than when we fought the Austrians, Prussians, and Neapolitans to unify Italy under Victor Emanuel the Second! And we are *not* surrounded! We merely have our backs to the river.

BARTHOLDI (looks)

Which is wide, deep, and uncrossable.

GARIBALDI

Yes, that is right. Send that out in the dispatch! Right away! *Velocemente!*

BARTHOLDI

All right, I'll send it the only way we can! By carrier pigeon. *Corporale!*

LAFAYETTE

Ah, gentlemen, I hate to say this – but you should know, at breakfast this morning, I think on the menu was roast pigeon. The cages are suspiciously empty.

BARTHOLDI

What? Who has done this? Corporale! Corporale!

GARIBALDI

Stop! – I ordered it. (*Incredulous glances.*) – I cannot stand to see even a little bird in a cage! –Ah, well, an army lives on its *heart*. Not dispatches. That is why my soldiers were so the masters of Autun, carrying the field! They have great *spirit!* Lo spirito! Like some of the funny drawings you have done! (Examining sketch pad.) Like, the defiant mouse!

BARTHOLDI

Yes, well, I feel now like a sort of one, actually. (To LAFAYETTE) After all, we shall all face the end presently.

LAFAYETTE

I disagree, Auguste. There is always hope.

BARTHOLDI

Hope? Bah!

LAFAYETTE

There is hope. We may think of something; something may happen. God may smile upon us. There is hope!

BARTHOLDI (looking out)

Certainly; until the Prussians bring up one or two more loads of artillery shells.

Music 12.

WHEN ALL IS LOST, AND YOU DESPAIR,

FOR HOPE HAS VANISHED IN THE AIR

IF YOU COME TO FEAR THE WORST, YOU'RE ONLY SANE.

LAFAYETTE

BUT ONCE YOUR FEARS ARE ALL CONFESSED
IF YOU CAN THEN HOPE FOR THE BEST
IT'S THEN YOU WILL FIND YOU HAVE SO MUCH TO GAIN!

GARIBALDI

IT'S MEN LIKE MINE YOU NEED THEN, MOST OF ALL! (SOLDIERS march in.)
YES! MEN LIKE THESE, WHO ANSWER TO MY CALL!

Come, my men! Gather 'round me! Times are dark, but this is when we must not waiver. This is when we must have *lo spirito!* This is when we must shout *defiance to the world*, and ***tell them we are here!***

SOLDIERS

HERE! WE'RE HERE! SO LET US GIVE A ROUSING CHEER!
WE ARE THE GARIBALDI CORPS!
WE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM, NOTHING MORE.
WE NEVER HESITATE TO FIGHT
TO MEET THE WRONG AND MAKE IT RIGHT!

WE MARCH TO LIBERATE MANKIND
AND LEAVE OPPRESSION FAR BEHIND
WE KNOW WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR –
WE ARE THE GARIBALDI CORPS!

IN ITALY WE DROVE OUT THE INTRUDERS!
EV'RY SPIRE CHIMED OUT WITH FREEDOM'S RING!
WE UNIFIED THE RIVALS AND THE FEUDERS
WHO NOW ARE STRONG AND FREE WITH THEIR OWN KING!

WE KNOW IT IS AN IDEALISTIC PLAN
TO DO THIS FOR THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN
IT'S SAD WHEN FREEDOM HAS TO COME THROUGH WAR
BUT THAT'S WHY THERE'S A GARIBALDI CORPS!

HERE! WE'RE HERE! SO LET US GIVE A ROUSING CHEER!
WE ARE THE GARIBALDI CORPS!
WE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM, NOTHING MORE.
WE NEVER HESITATE TO FIGHT
TO MEET THE WRONG AND MAKE IT RIGHT!

WE MARCH TO LIBERATE MANKIND
AND LEAVE OPPRESSION FAR BEHIND
WE KNOW WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR –
WE ARE THE GARIBALDI CORPS!

GARIBALDI

IN ALL THE BOOKS OF HISTORY EXISTING,
SEARCH THEM, YOU MAY LOOK THROUGH, HIGH AND LOW,
SO SELDOM WILL YOU FIND ANOTHER LISTING
FOR SELFLESS MEN WHO FOUGHT FOR FREEDOM'S GLOW!

BUT NOW YOU SEE THIS SELF-DENYING BAND
OF MEN WHO FIGHT TO LIBERATE THE LAND
FROM FIERCE OPPRESSORS SEEKING GOLD AND MORE,

GARIBALDI AND SOLDIERS

YES! THAT'S WHY THERE'S A GARIBALDI CORPS!
HERE! WE'RE HERE! SO LET US GIVE A ROUSING CHEER!

GARIBALDI AND SOLDIERS

WE ARE THE GARIBALDI CORPS!
WE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM, NOTHING MORE.
WE NEVER HESITATE TO FIGHT
TO MEET THE WRONG AND MAKE IT RIGHT!

WE MARCH TO LIBERATE MANKIND
AND LEAVE OPPRESSION FAR BEHIND
WE KNOW WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR –
WE ARE –
WE ARE --
WE ARE THE GARIBALDI CORPS!

BASSES

WE, -- YES, WE ARE!
WE, -- YES, WE DO!
WE, -- WE FIGHT
TO MEET THE WRONG AND MAKE IT
RIGHT! – DUE, TRE, QUATTRO

WE, -- YES, THAT'S TRUE!
WE, -- YES, THAT TOO!
WE, – WE DO!
WE MOST ABSOLUTELY ARE!
WE MOST DEFINITELY ARE!
WE ARE THE GARIBALDI CORPS!

(TRUMPET sounds.)

LAFAYETTE (points)

An officer with a white flag and a trumpeter!

GARIBALDI

Ay, this *lo spirito* works better than I had hoped! -- Bartholdi, go and see what he wants!

BARTHOLDI

Yes, my General. (exits.)

LAFAYETTE

I hope he only wants to borrow a cup of sugar.

GARIBALDI

But, now that I think, in fact he will be giving us a message, that we have one hour to surrender or be destroyed! But – I cannot fail to stand for what is right. *Never surrender!! Never!!* (works himself into a fit.) – *Never!!*

LAFAYETTE

My General, are you alright?

BARTHOLDI (enters, downcast.)

-- My General.

GARIBALDI

Yes, yes, Bartholdi, spit it out with your tongue!

BARTHOLDI

My General – the war is over. France has lost! An armistice is signed. (Breaks down.) Prussia takes Alsace and nearly all of Lorraine! *Colmar! My homeland!*

GARIBALDI

Look up, Bartholdi. Do *not cry!* All of you, remain proud! Pack up your things. We were never beaten!

-- Well, never destroyed. – We will march out of here and into history and legend with heads held high and with spirit! *Lo Spirito!* Form up, men! Forward, ever forward! *Marche!*

Music 13.

GARIBALDI AND SOLDIERS (marching downstage)

HERE! WE'RE HERE! SO LET US GIVE A ROUSING CHEER! *Ay!*

WE ARE THE GARIBALDI CORPS!

WE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM, NOTHING MORE.

WE NEVER HESITATE TO FIGHT

TO MEET THE WRONG AND MAKE IT RIGHT!

WE MARCH TO LIBERATE MANKIND

AND LEAVE OPPRESSION FAR BEHIND

WE KNOW WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR –

WE ARE – WE ARE -- WE ARE THE GARIBALDI CORPS! *Ay!*

(BLACKOUT.)

Music 14. Act I Scene 7. Laboulaye's Home at Livigny.

BARTHOLDI

--so then, with the war over, Professor, when we could not get into Paris, we came to your home.

LABOULAYE

Rebels in Paris refuse the armistice terms.

BARTHOLDI

What now? I cannot go to my studio in Paris. I could go to my home in Colmar, in Alsace – Get a passport to go to my own house! -- At least I would see Ma Mère --

LABOULAYE

Ah that reminds me! You have a letter!

BARTHOLDI

From Ma Mère! (reads.)

LABOULAYE

Why not relax here a few days? I have guests tonight who will tell us about America.

LAFAYETTE

That is always of interest. *I have been* to America, unlike the two of *you*.

LABOULAYE

I cannot afford to be out of France. Louis Napoleon is imprisoned by the Prussians. France must elect a new government. All is very uncertain. The monarchists wish to crown a king. The Bonapartists want an emperor's title for Louis Napoleon's son Eugene.

LAFAYETTE

Either of these would be the end of the monument we discussed.

LABOULAYE

If only we had time to establish a Republic; the idea of the Statue might help, just now.

BARTHOLDI (reading)

What?! – Pardon, I just cannot believe --

CHARLOTTE (appears)

Yes, Auguste, the widow Arnault desperately needs a new husband, to manage her father's estate. When I proposed you, she was overwhelmed with joy! (BARTHOLDI crumples letter)

LABOULAYE

What has happened?

BARTHOLDI

Ma Mère has – has – (uncrumples letter, reads)

CHARLOTTE

Of course, this will make you the father of her many children! What a joy for you!
(BARTHOLDI crumples again, with a cry.)

LAFAYETTE

Auguste? (BARTHOLDI uncrumples.)

CHARLOTTE

And, really, the widow Arnault is not *that* much older than you – well, not *too* much older – I have set the wedding date for -- (BARTHOLDI crumples, crumples, crumples!)

LAFAYETTE

Auguste? Auguste?

BARTHOLDI

Ah, where were we? – Let’s see – Paris closed, and I haven’t been to America – **America!**?

LABOULAYE

You need to go there if you will design this great statue.

LAFAYETTE

But, if you *must* care for your mother –

LABOULAYE

We would understand.

BARTHOLDI

Well -- she *might* be able to get on by herself -- !

LABOULAYE

Ah, you are willing! But, Monsieur Bartholdi -- before you would go, I must ask you, you spoke of your time with Garibaldi, the most famous soldier of the war, one who fights *only* for glory! So, tell me, what do you now think of the glory of war?

BARTHOLDI

The glory of war.

LABOULAYE

Certainly. Paul here, thinking of his ancestor, was filled up with it when you left. Surely you also heard some of Garibaldi’s passion for war.

LAFAYETTE

Oh, that is the truth!

BARTHOLDI

With Garibaldi, it was easy to embrace the idea of liberation. But -- even Garibaldi did not like this *glorious* war. Too many heroes we had to bury. Armand, Geog, Adrian. I would not trade any one of them for a *sea* of glory! -- **It just makes no sense you can only have peace by war!**

LAFAYETTE

Don’t hold back, now.

LABOULAYE

So, you *have* developed passion. I had told you the words of Hugo – ”Form is nothing without the spirit – with the idea it is everything!”

BARTHOLDI

I suppose. As for form -- I do not wish to begin in the vein of the Delacroix painting, *Liberty Leading The People*, where a woman leads a mob with guns, trampling over dead bodies. That method of procuring Liberty, I have no stomach for.

LAFAYETTE

Although I always admired her costume. (Disparaging glances.) Well, her bodice was falling away, can I help it if I am an admirer of human anatomy?

BARTHOLDI

So shall I make a colossal female statue with **huge, bosomy, naked breasts?!!**

LAFAYETTE

Well -- !

LABOULAYE (interposing)

Gentlemen! The war is over. We have peace, such as it is. Monsieur Bartholdi, I am impressed with your passion and ideas. I, too, believe Liberty should be procured by, not war, but understanding, knowledge, ideas. In Europe, through the ideas of great men, we have had what is now called an Age of Enlightenment.

BARTHOLDI

Enlightenment. Yes, perhaps Liberty could enlighten.

LAFAYETTE

Hopefully Liberty's enlightenment would be strong enough to reach back to France!

LABOULAYE

That would help. But why stop there? Why not have Liberty enlighten the world?

BARTHOLDI

Liberty Enlightening The World – that could be the name of the statue – and to enlighten, perhaps a torch.

LAFAYETTE

Auguste, you have not yet *been* to America. America is – *big!* How can you *speak* of this?

BARTHOLDI

Well, perhaps you should go with me to seek a suitable location.

LAFAYETTE

What, and miss -- ? Ah, but it is true, France without Paris – all right, I will!

BARTHOLDI

The location will tell more of what the statue should be like! Professor, we will depart tomorrow, and, if the Fates will grant somehow a life to your Republican government, without kings building kingdoms, or emperors building empires, we will return with an idea of how Liberty can Enlighten The World!
(BLACKOUT. Music 15.)

Act I, Scene 8. A Dock. (MUSIC: In scene change, DROP shows mapped journey progress with small lights. Ship's HORN sounds.)

LAFAYETTE

Well, this is it. Dock 8. New York Harbor.

BARTHOLDI

Wonderful. Now, if only this were the beginning of the trip, instead of the end!

LAFAYETTE

Shall we remain?

BARTHOLDI

No. We have visited Washington, St Louis, Denver, San Francisco, Chicago, Niagara, Boston –

LAFAYETTE

And none of these sites pleased you.

BARTHOLDI

It isn't that. There is an artistic spirit inside one that *knows* when things are right. I feel it when I lift my pencil to the pad.

LAFAYETTE

Artistic spirit! Most times you have been sketching, you have been drawing the hands of that waitress in Paris!

BARTHOLDI

That – that is nothing! *Nothing at all!*

LAFAYETTE

It is all right to be thinking of girls. – Perhaps not right to be thinking of only just one!

BARTHOLDI

You certainly could not be accused of that on *this* trip!

LAFAYETTE

Ahh, the girls of America.

BARTHOLDI

The *many* girls of America! Did you leave any out?

LAFAYETTE

Oh, but as you say, there is an artistic spirit inside one that knows when things are right. So? Things have been right – and right – and right!

BARTHOLDI

Bah! What is there that makes girls so important to you?

LAFAYETTE

To answer that is to tell a tale. You see --

Music 16.

(PAPA enters.)

WHEN I WAS A LAD OF TEN
PAPA SAT ME DOWN, AND THEN
TOLD ME I SHOULD STUDY TO SUCCEED.

HE SAID I SHOULD STUDY LAW,
JUST LIKE HIM WHO STRUCK SUCH AWE,
KNOWING SO MUCH, JUDGES HAD TO HEED.

MANY LENGTHY YEARS IT TOOK,
PAGE BY PAGE AND BOOK BY BOOK,
STRUG-GLING ON WITH EVER HASTE-NING BEAT.

(MAID enters.)

BUT ONE DAY I LEARNED, INSTEAD,
WHEN OUR MAID FOUND ME IN BED –
MY CURRICULUM WAS INCOMPLETE!

FROM THAT DAY FORTH, MY STUDIES CAME TO BE
COMPOSED OF FEMALE PHYSIOL- (MAID caresses LAFAYETTE) – *Oh, Gee!*

I – JUST – THOUGHT –
GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!
WHEN THERE IS NO MA
AND THERE IS NO PA
THERE IS OOH-LA-LA!

YES THEY ARE GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!
EVERYBODY KNOWS
EVEN WITHOUT LACES, BOWS, OR PEARLS
IT SIMPLY DOESN'T SEEM TO HARM
THEIR OWN FOREVER-LASTING CHARM
BECAUSE THEY'RE GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!

(HIS TRUE LOVE enters.)

LAFAYETTE

WHEN I WAS BUT SEVENTEEN
I WAS STRICKEN; I HAD SEEN
ONE WHO SEEMED TO LIVE WITHIN MY DREAMS.

HIS TRUE LOVE

AH
AH
AH

WHEN I TRIED TO SPEAK TO HER,
ALL BECAME A MINDLESS BLUR,
I COULD BARELY LIVE MY LIFE, IT SEEMS.

AH
AH
AH

LAFAYETTE (continued)

OH! AT LAST WE GOT ENGAGED!
THEN HER FATHER GOT ENRAGED

HIS TRUE LOVE

AH
AH

WHEN WE TRIED DISCUSSING WHERE AND WHEN.

AH

(LOVER'S SISTERS enter.)

HER SISTERS

THEN HER SISTERS CAME TO ME
COMFORTING, CONSOLING ME
THIS THEY DID AGAIN, AGAIN, AGAIN!

AH
AH
AH

I COULDN'T CHANGE HER FATHER'S FROSTY AIR
BUT I ADMIT THAT SOON, I DIDN'T CARE!

LAFAYETTE

WOMEN

FOR THEY'RE JUST GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!
WHEN IT'S SAID AND DONE
WHY STOP WITH JUST ONE?
TWO ARE TWICE THE FUN!

-- GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!
OOH
OOH
OOH

YES THEY ARE
GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!
HOW CAN YOU FORSEE
WHAT'S WRAPPED UP SO PRETTILY IN CURLS?

GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!
WHAT'S WRAPPED UP SO
PRETTILY IN CURLS?
OOH, OOH, OOH, OOH

WHY SHOULD YOU HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE
ON AN IMPERMANENT ROMANCE
WHEN THERE ARE
GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!

OOH
OOH
OOH
GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!
GIRLS!

(Taking out KNIFE.)

STILL THE DAY CAME, I WAS SHAMED.
I FELT GUILTY, AND I BLAMED
ME! WHO LOST THE TRUE LOVE OF MY LIFE.

(PRIEST, NUNS enter.)

PRIESTS

THE HOLY FATHERS TOOK ME IN,
THOUGH I WAS SO CLOAKED IN SIN,
AND I GLADLY PUT AWAY MY KNIFE.

WOMEN
GLORY! AL-LE-LU-JAH!

AH
AH
AH
AH

ALL THE PRIESTS HELPED ME ATONE,
LEARN THAT I WAS NOT ALONE,
THOUGH I WAS A HEARTLESS, WICKED BEAST!

AH
AH
AH

LAFAYETTE (continued)

AND THE SISTERS HELPED AS WELL,
THEY'D NOT LET ME BURN IN HELL --
NOT WITHOUT SOME COMPANY, AT LEAST!

I FAILED TO FIND REDEMPTION ALL THE WHILE
BUT THEN, I GOT TO LEAVE THERE WITH A SMILE!

FOR THEY ARE GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!

OOH
OOH
OOH

YES THEY ARE
GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!

AND IF IT TAKES GREAT ENERGY
I JUST KEEP SAYING: C'EST LA VIE!
BECAUSE THEY'RE GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!

GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!
GIRLS! -- GIRLS! -- GIRLS!

(All but BARTHOLDI and LAFAYETTE vanish.)

BARTHOLDI

So girls are to change everything?

LAFAYETTE

Change things? No. But as long as there are girls, women, there is life! And hope.

BARTHOLDI

Hope! Bah!

LAFAYETTE

There *is* hope! Why else can it be you tell me you think of Liberty as being a woman? Liberty *brings* hope, which, as they say, *begins in the womb of woman!*

BARTHOLDI

So *this* is your *credo*?

NUNS

AH
AH

(NUNS suppress grins.)

(The NUNS discard their robes to
reveal dresses.)

WOMEN

FOR WE ARE GIRLS! GIRLS!
GIRLS! GIRLS!

HOW CAN YOU RESIST?
WHEN WE ALL INSIST
THAT YOU MUST BE KISSED!

YES WE ARE
GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!
HEAR OUR SIREN SOUND:
AH-AH-AH-AH-AH-AH-AH!
AS THIS GREAT BIG WORLD
AROUND YOU WHIRLS!

AH

AH

AH

GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!
GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!
GIRLS! -- GIRLS! -- GIRLS!

LAFAYETTE (smiles)

-- *Sort of!* -- Auguste, you should not lose hope. *Some things are meant to be.* And I have a strong feeling this is one!

BARTHOLDI

Come on, Monsieur Optimist. Let us ascend the gangplank.

(BARTHOLDI, LAFAYETTE walk up small gangplank to platform. SHIP'S HORNS sound. The platform, with a ship's railing, moves slowly across the stage (SR-SL). DROP shows panorama of New York harbor, alive with ships, framing at the middle a small fort on Bedloe's island. Bartholdi looks downstage. A CREWMAN passes.



Music 17. Several SHIP'S HORNS then sound, sounding the three notes, "Li-ber-ty". Bartholdi looks out to find the source of the sound. Then, the three notes, again, as if the unborn statue were calling him. Bartholdi turns, looks upstage. FULL ORCHESTRA: reprise, Liberty.)

BARTHOLDI

That island! What is -- ! What is that island, *there!*

CREWMAN

That? Why that's just Bedloe's Island. With the old fort, Fort Wood.

BARTHOLDI

It is perfect! Perfect! ***Perfect!***

(Bartholdi comes alive with energy, sketching, while a rough outline of the Statue is gradually backlit from behind the DROP.)

LAFAYETTE (shouts above the music)

So, you had given up hope, ay, Auguste? Why do you think we lived through the war?

BARTHOLDI

Of course. It is as I have always said! **Some things are meant to be!**

(FAST FADEOUT to backlit statue outline, then BLACKOUT.)

Act I, Scene 9. The Prefect's Office.

LABOULAYE

Now, remember, I am not sure this man will help. With the rebels crushed, the city is re-opened. If the new Prefect of Police for all of Paris turns out to be the man whom I think he might be, we are in for an unpleasant time.

BARTHOLDI

They said he will come directly, we will soon know.

LAFAYETTE

Ah, look, someone has placed out for us crackers and pâté.

LABOULAYE

For us?

LAFAYETTE

Who else? Surely this is too large for just the Prefect! And I am hungry! (eats.)

LABOULAYE

Please, Lafayette, have you no manners?

LAFAYETTE

My stomach knows none.

BARTHOLDI

I have found the perfect location for the Statue. It is the place where people get their first view of the New World. An admirable spot! Bedloe's Island. It's just opposite the Narrows, the Gateway to America.

LABOULAYE

Excellent!

BARTHOLDI

The Americans seemed most amenable to the idea that, if we gave them the statue, they would provide the pedestal.

LABOULAYE

That seems only fair.

GENDARME (entering.)

The Prefect!

DR TRUTH (entering; GENDARME exits.)

Ahh, Professor Laboulaye, we meet again!

LABOULAYE

Doctor Truth?

DR TRUTH

The same! And I even have retained my new name.

LABOULAYE

This -- is quite unexpected.

DR TRUTH

That I can understand. And whom have you brought with you?

LABOULAYE

This is Auguste Bartholdi, the sculptor, and over there is Paul de Remusat, the -- well, making himself quite at home, I should think.

DR TRUTH

Again! -- Oh, I apologize. You see, the Gendarmes bring this to me once a week as a reminder. A reminder of my origins, so I do not get a big head.

LABOULAYE

What?

LAFAYETTE

The pâté is a little different -- a cross between pork and partridge, perhaps.

DR TRUTH

Of course.

LABOULAYE

Well, then, how did you get this position, after when I last saw you, being a hunted criminal?

DR TRUTH

Ahh, are you *certain* you *all* want to know?

LABOULAYE, BARTHOLDI, LAFAYETTE

Yes, of course, certainement, etc.

DR TRUTH

Well, all right then! -- If you recall, when I and my companions were hunted, we had to take to the Paris sewers to escape. We came to know them very well.

LABOULAYE

So?

DR TRUTH

So, when the Prussians surrounded Paris, they tried to starve us all out. With the armistice, the rebels took power, but the city remained barricaded from outside -- by Frenchmen. There was no food left in the city -- except -- for what we had millions of in the sewer.

LABOULAYE and BARTHOLDI

Rats? (LAFAYETTE's mouth is full.)

DR TRUTH

Precisely. So, I started a little company. As a matter of fact, this turn of events made me wealthy. Rats, which we had millions of, sold for a Franc apiece; later, up to four. -- On top of this, I also got credit as the savior of Paris, since, those who could not pay, we fed for free. This post was my reward, which I took to prevent Aubert Ducrot from getting it. Also to give myself a little more freedom of the press, since I am unlikely to arrest myself.

LAFAYETTE (swallows.)

I don't believe this. You are putting me on, no?

DR TRUTH

Don't believe? All right! (Pulls large, red-velvet, gold-embossed menu from drawer.) Here!

LAFAYETTE

The menu for the Hotel de Concorde?

DR TRUTH

One of the finest restaurants in Paris! For the others it was the same, if they wished to remain in business! Go ahead! Open it!

LAFAYETTE (reads)

Rat du jour. Crepe-suz-rat. Quiche a'la rat. -- What did you use for eggs?

DR TRUTH

You don't want to know.

LAFAYETTE (reads.)

Pouffe pastrie au rat. Fricassée rat. -- Rat sushi?

DR TRUTH

Not one of the better sellers.

LAFAYETTE

Rat a'la flambé. -- Scrambled rat?

DR TRUTH

Ahh! -- Someone found a lawnmower. -- You see? I warned you that you didn't want to know!

LAFAYETTE

I think I shall be ill.

DR TRUTH

Of course not. We used only Grade A, Prime Rat. – On my Hippo-ratic oath!

BARTHOLDI

What was Grade B?

DR TRUTH

Grade B? Ahh – primarily Scurvy Rat, Bilge Rat, and -- Dirty Rat.

LABOULAYE

Well, let's get to our point in coming to see you. Monsieur Bartholdi here seeks a woman.

DR TRUTH

Don't we all?

LABOULAYE

You misunderstand. This one has perfect hands, and Monsieur Bartholdi wishes to ask her to model for a statue. The statue will symbolize Liberty and help the people stand up for her.

DR TRUTH

Ahh, a real step toward Liberty! Excellent! But this woman you seek --

BARTHOLDI

Jeanne. She waited tables in the Hotel de Mousson.

DR TRUTH

This may be a problem. The Mousson has burned. Paris, of course, has hundreds of restaurants, which means thousands of serving people. – Do you love this woman?

BARTHOLDI

I – Why, that would be absurd, since I only met her once, drawing her hands --

DR TRUTH

Too bad. I can't institute an official dragnet for a woman only guilty of having perfect hands. However – if it were a matter of *amour* – this being Paris – why, I could *ask* my Gendarmes --

BARTHOLDI

I see. Well, then, of *course*, I *admit*, I am in *love*!

LAFAYETTE

Really?

BARTHOLDI

Hush!

DR TRUTH

Gendarme!

GENDARME

Prefect?

DR TRUTH

Assemble the Gendarmes here! *Immédiatement!*

GENDARME

Yes, Mon Prefect! (rushes out.)

DR TRUTH

This won't take long. They are just down the hall in morning briefing. (GENDARMES clatter in.) Gendarmes! Monsieur Bartholdi, a sculptor, needs your help to find a woman whose hands he has sketched. But, there is something more to it than that!

Music 18.

BARTHOLDI

THERE'S SOMEONE I HOPE YOU WILL HELP ME FIND.
THE MEM'RY OF HER BURNS INSIDE MY MIND.
AND THOUGH I HAVE SINCE GONE TO FAR-OFF LANDS,
I CAN' T FORGET HER – AND, IT SEEMS -- HER HANDS.

HER HANDS
SEEMED AS GENTLE AS A RAY OF SUN
WITH THE SOFTEST TOUCH FOR EV'RYONE
THAT IS TRUE OF HER HANDS.

HER HANDS (*choral accompaniment by GENDARMES*)
SEEMED TO SPEAK OF LOVE WITHOUT A WORD,
IN A GRACEFUL VOICE SO SELDOM HEARD,
YES, THAT'S TRUE OF HER HANDS.

HER HANDS
WERE ENCHANTING AS DE MILO'S SMILE,
SEEMED TO MAKE YOU WISH TO STAY A WHILE,
I REMEMBER HER HANDS.

HER HANDS
HAD SUCH POWER AS THE MIDAS TOUCH,
BRINGING HAPPINESS AND PEACE AND SUCH.
THAT IS TRUE OF HER HANDS.

HER HANDS
WERE A WAY TO HEAR HER SPIRIT SING
I COULD HEAR HER SONG IN EV'RYTHING,
YES, THAT'S TRUE OF HER HANDS.

BARTHOLDI (continued)

HER HANDS
SEEMED TO REACH OUT AND BE HOLDING MINE
SEEMED TO CALM ME LIKE A MELLOW WINE.
I REMEMBER HER HANDS.

IF HANDS
REPRESENT THE HEART AND SOUL ABOVE,
TELL A TRUER TRUTH THAN DREAMS DREAM OF,
I WOULD SAY I'M IN LOVE
MY HEART THINKS ALL TOO SOON THAT I AM IN LOVE.

GENDARME

We will find her, Monsieur. What do you know of her?

BARTHOLDI

All I know is her name is Jeanne, and she waited tables.

GENDARME

Jeanne. We will find every waitress Jeanne –

GENDARME

And ask each one to the Grand Ball we have been ordered to attend.

DR TRUTH

Ball?

GENDARME

By higher authority.

DR TRUTH

Inviting my gendarmes to a ball? This is suspicious.

GENDARME

On top of that, it is a *masked* ball.

GENDARME

With many representatives of *le government* in attendance.

DR TRUTH

Ever more suspicious. Something is up. – Ah, but Monsieur Bartholdi, will you recognize her?

BARTHOLDI

I will never forget the sight of her hands. I have redrawn them many times.

DR TRUTH

Then, my Gendarmes, Forward, Ever Forward! Monsieur Bartholdi, if she survived the days of the rebellion, and is still in Paris, we will find her! Why, she is as good as at the ball! Even now, it is as if I hear the Grand Waltz!

(BLACKOUT to **Music 19.**)

Act I, Scene 10. Grand Ball. MUSIC: Grand Waltz. At first, balcony DL revealed.)

AUBERT

Ahh, Professor Laboulaye! What, no mask?

LABOULAYE

Masks always disturb me. I prefer truth, as much as I can *get* of it.

AUBERT

But being a politician, you should be used to empty promises and illusions.

LABOULAYE

Aubert?

AUBERT (puts down stick mask)

The same. You have a good memory, considering we have only spoken once.

LABOULAYE

So you are here with your Senior Prefect, Dr Truth?

AUBERT

Oh, no, I am long gone from there. I have a new career, and tonight is an important night for me.

LABOULAYE

Important? Why?

AUBERT

I have brought a visitor. I will introduce him in just a moment.

LABOULAYE

So, *this* is why all the gendarmes were required to attend.

AUBERT

Oh, quite certainly. You know – *sécurité, sécurité, sécurité!* Well, I must go. But I shall return presently! (Exits. BARTHOLDI and LAFAYETTE join LABOULAYE as BALLROOM is lit up behind SCRIM-WALL, revealing DANCERS.)

BARTHOLDI

Who was that?

LABOULAYE

That was perhaps the most ambitious and conniving man in France. And now he has deliberately *provoked* me with the notion that he is *up* to something!

LAFAYETTE

How nice of him to do so. But, what can he do? (WALTZ ends; SCRIM raises.)

OFFICIAL

And now, Madames and Messieurs, please form for the Promenade for presentation to the King of the Ball. Monsieur Bartholdi, you will be the King! Come forward.

Music 20.

(OFFICIAL crowns BARTHOLDI. PROMENADE begins; as each woman is presented, BARTHOLDI takes her hands. [Woman3: muff, then gloves! LAFAYETTE spills wine.] At conclusion, BARTHOLDI crosses to LABOULAYE and LAFAYETTE, shakes head “no”.)

AUBERT (enters)

Madames and Messieurs! I have a special treat for you tonight! Let me present the grandson of France’s last king. Here is the Count de Chambord! (Music: Flourish. COUNT un.masks.)

LABOULAYE

Oh no! (BARTHOLDI and LAFAYETTE: What’s the matter, etc.) I fear all is lost!

(To REGAL AIR, COUNT’s RETINUE places FLAG in front of the French Tricolor. Applause.)

CHAMBORD

Thank you. Thank you, all. *Frenchmen!* Due to the help of a friend, my future Prime Minister, I will be confirmed tomorrow for the throne of France! (Cheers.) I spent the day in prayer upon this in the cathedrals of Notre-Dame, Sainte-Chapelle, and Sainte-Roch. I *accept* this offer of the throne! I will help this country rise from its ruins and take its proper place in the world! (CHEERS.) Thank you. I will reassure those of other parties on the subject of rights. There has been ignorant talk of privileges, absolutism, intolerance – and, what else – (AUBERT whispers.) of tithes and feudal rights – *phantoms* which the most audacious *dishonesty* attempts to revive before your eyes. I assure you all that you, as do members of the government and the royal retinue, will all stand equal in my eyes. Only this way can we assure a united France! (CHEERS.)

LABOULAYE

Alas! This ends any *hope* for a French republic! It ends any liberties we tried to institute after the demise of Louis Napoleon! And, *of course* it is the end of the Statue.

BARTHOLDI

Of course. All due to an old man, his doddering retinue, and his ancient flag!

LAFAYETTE

Flag.

LABOULAYE

Yes, you’d think even old men would know better than to emplace it in front of the Tricolor.

LAFAYETTE

-- *Yes, you would.* – Gentlemen, there is *hope!*

BARTHOLDI

There you go again, Monsieur Optimist! Hope?

LAFAYETTE

Well, I was right when in Garibaldi's camp.

BARTHOLDI

At what cost? We lost the war!

LAFAYETTE

We have yet to lose this one. I am not a Lafayette for nothing! -- Your Highness -- that is, Your Highness-Elect. Would you comment on one further point? (AUBERT whispers to CHAMBORD.)

CHAMBORD

Go ahead, Monsieur.

LAFAYETTE

I notice that you and your retinue wear the crest of white with the Fleur des Lis, and that you have replaced your flag here tonight before our French Tricolor. Will this be the *new* Flag? I ask because my great grand-uncle, Lafayette, originally suggested the Tricolor, just after the taking of the Bastille -- by combining the white of the Bourbon kings with the red and blue of the flag of Paris, as a symbol of unity between the monarchy and the people.

AUBERT

Monsieur, I don't think it appropriate at this time for you to bother --

CHAMBORD

I choose to answer this question. I will sacrifice everything to France, except my honor. I am a man of my time. I render sincere honor to all of France's grandeurs. Whatever the color of the flag under which our soldiers marched, I always admired their heroism, and gave thanks to God for everything their bravery added to the treasury of the glories of France. *But*, -- the Fleur des Lis is the flag of Joan of Arc. It is the flag with which national unity was achieved. I received this flag as a sacred trust from Henry the IV, my grandfather, dying in exile. It flew over my cradle; and I want it to cover my tomb. In the glorious folds of this standard without stain, I will bring you Order and Liberty.

Music 21.

CHAMBORD

FLEUR DE LIS, OH, FLEUR DE LIS,
YOU ARE THE TRINITY
FLEUR DE LIS, OH FLEUR DE LIS, YOU'RE
FAITH, TRUTH, AND PURITY.
FLEUR DE LIS, OH, FLEUR DE LIS,
I PLEDGED MY CONSTANCY!
TRUE I MUST BE
TRUE TO THE FLEUR DE LIS!

RETINUE

AH, AH, AH, YOU ARE THE
TRINITY
LIS, OH FLEUR DE LIS, OH, FLEUR DE LIS,
YOU STAND FOR
FAITH, TRUTH, AND PURITY
AH, AH, AH, I PLEDGED MY
CONSTANCY
YES OH SO TRUE, WILL ALWAYS BE
FLEUR DE LIS!

LADIES (taking CHAMBORD's arms, strolling)

COUNT, YOU'RE INDEED, WHAT FRANCE MAY NEED.
IT'S PLAIN TO SEE YOUR CHIVALRY!
BUT MOST TODAY HOPE THAT THEY MAY
RETAIN THE BRAVE BANNER THEY NOW WAVE.

MEN

FORSAKE ALL ELSE, TIL THERE’S JUST LEFT ON EARTH (TIL THERE’S JUST LEFT ON EARTH!)
THE COLORS OH SO DEAR TO ME SINCE BIRTH: (YES, SINCE MY BIRTH!)
BLUE, WHITE AND RED, FOR THESE COLORS FRANCE’S BLOOD WAS SHED.
BLUE, WHITE, AND RED, UNDER THESE, OUR FRANCE HAS MOVED AHEAD!
BLUE, WHITE, AND RED, THEY NOW HONOR OUR HEROIC DEAD.
LET IT BE SAID I STOOD FOR BLUE, WHITE, AND RED!

MEN

BLUE, WHITE, AND RED
FOR THESE COLORS, FRANCE’S
BLOOD WAS SHED.
BLUE, WHITE, AND RED,
UNDER THESE, OUR FRANCE
HAS MOVED AHEAD!
BLUE, WHITE AND RED,
THEY NOW HONOR OUR
HEROIC DEAD.
LET IT BE SAID
I STOOD FOR BLUE, WHITE,
AND RED!

CHAMBORD. RETINUE. AUBERT

FLEUR DE LIS, OH, FLEUR DE LIS
YOU ARE THE TRINITY
FLEUR DE LIS, OH, FLEUR DE LIS,
YOU’RE
FAITH, TRUTH, AND PURITY
FLEUR DE LIS, OH, FLEUR DES
LIS,
I PLEDGED MY CONSTANCY
TRUE I MUST BE
TRUE TO THE FLEUR DE LIS!

LADIES

COUNT, YOU’RE INDEED
WHAT FRANCE MAY
NEED.
IT’S PLAIN TO SEE
YOUR CHIVALRY.
BUT MOST TODAY
HOPE THAT THEY MAY
RETAIN THE BRAVE
BANNER THEY NOW
WAVE!

MEN AND WOMEN (See Note2, p. 98)

BLUE, WHITE AND RED, FOR THESE COLORS FRANCE’S BLOOD WAS SHED.
BLUE, WHITE, AND RED, UNDER THESE, OUR FRANCE HAS MOVED AHEAD!
BLUE, WHITE, AND RED, THEY NOW HONOR OUR HEROIC DEAD. (Women: THEY DO!)
LET IT BE SAID I STOOD FOR BLUE, WHITE, AND RED! (Women: OH, PLEASE, YES!)
YES, LET IT BE SAID I STOOD FOR

MEN

BLUE
WHITE
AND RED!

WOMEN

BLUE, BLUE, BLUE, BLUE
WHITE, WHITE, WHITE, WHITE
RED, RED, RED, RED, RED!

(PANDEMONIUM. Shouting.)

LEGISLATOR

Please! Please! A word, Please! (The crowd quiets.) Count de Chambord, my future king, certainly you see that it is fruitless to ask the people to surrender the flag they love and have been devoted to all their lives, and for which their fathers, brothers, and sons have died. – Tomorrow, we will pass the Monarchical Authorization, but we will append a proviso that we must retain the French Tricolor. I know you shall reconsider.

CHAMBORD

Very well, then. (To his retinue, quietly) Come, let us return to Castle Frohsdorf.

AUBERT

Return? But, my Lord, the throne *beckons!* You would give up the *throne* for a *flag*?!!!

CHAMBORD

The Tricolor is stained with the red and blue blood of the Guillotine.

AUBERT

But, *My Lord* -- !

CHAMBORD

Aubert, *you* have something to learn of *honor*. (Exits with RETINUE.)

AUBERT(crossing to LABOULAYE)

You! You have caused this! *You* and your ideas for *Liberty!* *You* and your plans for that dratted *statue!*
Yes, I know all about that!

LABOULAYE

You should. You suggested it in the first place. *I* never would have *thought* of it. Great idea. You even suggested we place it in America.

AUBERT

America! Ohhhhh! If only the *South* had won the war, as Louis Napoleon wanted! That would have *ended* all this nonsense! What a *joy* it would have been for Louis Napoleon and others of the Old World to see the *fall* of the *cradle of democracy!* How *sweet* to proclaim, and to prove by facts, that the *presumption* of self-government by the *people* – without *king* or *nobility!* – without a *standing army!* – to prove this was an idle and dangerous *deception!* To *prove* that for 70 years, the wealth, peace, and greatness of America was -- *an accident!* The collapse of the Union would have finally, *definitively* shown that **no republic can withstand the shock of civil or foreign war -- that people cannot rule themselves, that they are made to be led by lords, soldiers, and officials, and that their welfare lies in obedience, their freedom in submission!** (frothing.)

LABOULAYE

Are you quite finished with your wished-for version of history? Please do not bore me. After all, this is not the Academy.

AUBERT

Bore you? Bore you? All right, I'll bore you with just one word! -- **Bonaparte!** (exits.)

(**Music 22:** Grand Waltz. BARTHOLDI crosses, downcast, to BALCONY, into MOONLIGHT.)

LAFAYETTE

Well! We certainly managed to pluck *his* string!

LABOULAYE

You have seen an extremely historic moment tonight. The Count de Chambord, through his *sense of honor*, likely destroyed all possibility of crowning a future king in France. This may clear the path for a new Constitution.

LAFAYETTE

Congratulations, Professor Laboulaye!

LABOULAYE

Too soon, Lafayette. Aubert Ducrot lost this battle, but he is one of those who never gives up. And he knows that Eugene Louis Napoleon, the Prince Imperial, hungers for power!

LAFAYETTE (taking champagne from WAITRESS)

Then let us all drink a toast to Aubert's demise. -- But where is Auguste?

LABOULAYE

Oh, I see him, out there on the balcony. (To WAITRESS) Mademoiselle, would you take that poor man out there a champagne? I think he needs one. He did not find the person he was looking for. (WAITRESS, masked, curtsies, goes to balcony.)

LAFAYETTE

What a shame Auguste did not find the woman he sought. Will it slow down the statue?

LABOULAYE

The statue? Perhaps. I am not thinking of the statue, now, but of Bartholdi himself.

LAFAYETTE

He certainly seems to somehow be in love with his vision of this woman. He never before has been in love; I think it now overpowers him. He spent his youth worshipping his mother! Perhaps he now longs for a companion in life, and for his own family.

LABOULAYE

What a shame, a sculptor who has done so much for others cannot find happiness of his own.

LAFAYETTE

The gendarmes really scoured Paris. This woman surely perished in the war or the rebellion.

(Under previous, WAITRESS offers BARTHOLDI a drink. As BARTHOLDI reaches for drink, his head, looking down at her hands, suddenly tilts up to look WAITRESS in the eyes. BARTHOLDI points at her. WAITRESS nods. WAITRESS then puts down TRAY, takes off MASK. It is JEANNE. JEANNE takes BARTHOLDI's hands.)

LABOULAYE

How unfortunate. I am so sorry for Monsieur Bartholdi.

LAFAYETTE

Yes, it is all, too bad. *Too bad!*

(MUSIC swells as dancers waltz most vigorously and gracefully, and as THE ACT ONE CURTAIN FALLS.)

Music 23, Entre Acte.

Act II, Scene 1. The Bartholdi Studio in Paris. JEANNE seated in chair on low platform. BARTHOLDI puts torch in her hand, then retreats, surveys. Nearby, a table with clay.

BARTHOLDI

Can you hold it still?

JEANNE

It is heavy!

BARTHOLDI

Ah! Too large, anyway. Here, try this one. -- You never complain, do you! -- There, that seems better. Hold it up. Perfect. Now I shall walk around a bit.

JEANNE

Walk around?

BARTHOLDI

Yes. You see, Jeanne, while a painter needs only to see his subject from one view, a statue is viewed in three dimensions. People entering America will pass by on ships, seeing the statue on their left, in a series of perspectives. Ah, when you are seated like that, from my initial position over here, the torch blocks your head! No good.

JEANNE

Shall I hold it higher? Like this?

BARTHOLDI

Hmm, that seems strained. Try your left hand.

JEANNE

All right.

BARTHOLDI

Now your head blocks the torch! -- Well, let's try it without the chair. (BARTHOLDI moves the chair. JEANNE holds up the torch with her left hand.) Now, hold it high. Higher. (Moves SR.) No, the torch seems to be growing out of your head! Try the right hand. Ahh! Better. Here, now the robe.

JEANNE

Certainly. This was my first time ever to have a dress fitted by a seamstress, it was fun!

BARTHOLDI

It appears correct, from the drawing I gave them. Okay (positions JEANNE on platform, walks around her). Now, I want you to try this: think like an Egyptian.

JEANNE

An Egyptian?

BARTHOLDI

Yes. You stand in a timeless pose, listening to remote antiquity.

JEANNE

Okay. (Makes a face.)

BARTHOLDI

Hmm. Jeanne, try talking it out. Are you familiar with the Egyptians?

JEANNE

Oh, yes, I have been to the museum many times. All France talks of Champolion!

BARTHOLDI

Okay, then try. You are a colossal Egyptian. Move a bit, if you like. It will help me see the movement of the robe.

JEANNE

Okay. This shall be easy. I often played games with my sisters. One of these was “Who Am I Now?” that we sang to an old Parisian street-vendor’s tune. (FADE UP: STREET VENDOR.)

BARTHOLDI

Very good. Sing. (BARTHOLDI goes to his clay.) (STREET VENDOR plays accordion.)

Music 24.

JEANNE

WHO AM I, WHO AM I, WHO AM I, NOW?
FIRST ONE TO GUESS GETS A SMILE AND A BOW.

I AM EGYPTIAN, A GREAT QUEEN OF EGYPT,
WITH HEADDRESS THAT REACHES SO HIGH,
I FEEL GREAT POWER, I’M EQUAL IN STATURE
TO MEN, THOUGH I’VE ONLY ONE EYE.
I HAVE GREAT BEAUTY THAT’S CAPTURED IN COLOR
FOR ANY ALIVE NOW TO SEE
IN A MOST WONDERFUL BUST OF MY HEAD –
FOR I AM NEFERTITI.

BARTHOLDI

Good. Let me capture this, as you are.

(MUSIC: pizzicato vamp. LIGHTS fade to spot on BARTHOLDI. A knock. BARTHOLDI moves, revealing finished MOCK-UP.)

Ahh, Professor Laboulaye. Come in. (BARTHOLDI, LABOULAYE enter. LIGHTS up again; platform is empty.) Here it is, Professor!

LABOULAYE

Your first mock-up.

BARTHOLDI

Ahh, yes, my – first.



LABOULAYE

Too – Egyptian.

BARTHOLDI

Too Egyptian?

LABOULAYE

Yes. This statue should be – should be – well, I shall know it when I see it.

BARTHOLDI

Then, I will try again.

LABOULAYE

Same time tomorrow?

BARTHOLDI

Of course!

(VAMP. FADE to spot on BARTHOLDI, who closes door, returns. LIGHTS reveal JEANNE.)

Jeanne, they say Liberty was a goddess. I will try to think like Phidias, a Greek who created the statue of Athena in the Parthenon. Here, please put on this Phrygian cap. That is a symbol of a slave's freedom. – (JEANNE pulls it down over her eyes.) No, not down that far! The top is supposed to be empty and hang limp. – Good. And here, please hold these chains in your left hand, they symbolize escape from tyranny. Now, think like a Greek goddess!

JEANNE

All right. We read much mythology in school.
WHO AM I, WHO AM I, WHO AM I, NOW?
FIRST ONE TO GUESS GETS A SMILE AND A BOW.

I AM A GODDESS OF BOTH GREEKS AND ROMANS,
WHO LIVES ON OLYMPUS ABOVE.
I WEAR A GIRDLE THAT'S INFUSED WITH MAGIC,
WITH WHICH I CAN BRING ABOUT LOVE.
I HAVE A SON WHO LIKES SHOOTING HIS ARROWS
AT COUPLES WHO DESPERATELY
NEED ONE ANOTHER BUT DON'T KNOW THEY DO,
FOR I AM APHRODITE.

(MUSIC: pizzicato vamp. LIGHTS on JEANNE fade out, leaving SPOT on BARTHOLDI. KNOCK. BARTHOLDI moves, revealing new finished MOCK-UP.)

BARTHOLDI

Ahh, Professor Laboulaye. Come in. Here it is, Professor!

LABOULAYE

Your second mock-up.

BARTHOLDI

Ahh, yes, my – second.

LABOULAYE



Too – Greek.

BARTHOLDI

Too Greek?

LABOULAYE

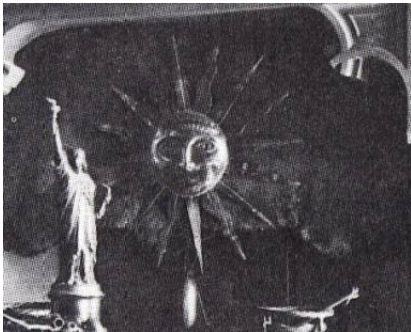
Yes. And this cap, this has got to go.

BARTHOLDI

Well, then, I shall try again. But I need more to go on, this time. No cap, eh?

LABOULAYE

Well, perhaps something. Something with – energy. Not a halo. Look, *this* is interesting.



BARTHOLDI

Yes, the metal sculpture of the sun and its rays – it was in our house in Alsace as far back as I can remember. I practiced drawing it many times. Ma Mère sent it for safekeeping.

LABOULAYE

Well, then – perhaps some kind of crown of rays. All of the energy of Liberty must not come from the torch, I think. Yes, part of the power of Liberty stems from Wisdom!

BARTHOLDI

Okay. But I need more to go on to know what you wish for the subject *wearing* this – crown.

LABOULAYE

Unfortunately, I am not very good at visualization. Liberty – must be a strong – goddess? No – Ancient? No – She must be -- *alive*. She must be – a *lady*.

BARTHOLDI

A mortal?

LABOULAYE

Yes, definitely. She must be mortal, able to be killed – but with an indomitable attitude, despite her mortality – like – like – ahh, there, she is, *right there!* (vamp stops.)

BARTHOLDI

Where?

LABOULAYE

Right – up there on the shelf.

BARTHOLDI

Oh, *no!*

LABOULAYE

What?

BARTHOLDI

That – is a picture of – *my mother!*

LABOULAYE

Well, she seems perfect for the statue. *Perfect!* She looks almost *regal* in her attitude. Certainly she is indomitable.

BARTHOLDI

She is. Or was.

LABOULAYE

Why, what has happened?

BARTHOLDI

Oh, nothing much. Or perhaps, for Ma Mère, everything! You see, all her life, well, for the last thirty years, she has taught French, at least part time. But, well – if I read her latest letter to you, you will better understand. Here it is! She begins:

CHARLOTTE and BARTHOLDI

My dearest Auguste. (LIGHTS up on CHARLOTTE, DC. MUSIC.)

CHARLOTTE

This is the time of day when I would go to school and teach French. But that is all ended. I remember the final day. I said:

“My children, this is the last lesson I shall give you. Berlin orders us to teach only German here. This is your last French lesson.” Then I had the children recite. But Franz got mixed up and stood there, holding on to his desk, his heart beating, not daring to look up.

I said: “I won’t scold you, little Franz; you must feel bad enough. See how it is! Every day we say to ourselves: ‘Bah! I’ve plenty of time. I’ll learn it tomorrow.’ And now look where we’ve come out. Now those fellows out there can say: ‘How is it; you pretend to be Frenchmen, and yet you can neither speak nor write your own language?’ But you are not the worst, poor little Franz. We’ve all a great deal to reproach ourselves with.

“Your parents weren’t anxious to have you learn. They often put you to work on a farm or a mill, to have a little more money. And I? Haven’t I often sent you to water my flowers instead of learning your lessons? Or if I wished to visit in town, didn’t I just give you a holiday?

“French is the greatest language in the world—the clearest, the most logical, with the most lovely sounds the ears of mankind have ever heard. We must guard it among us and never forget it, because when a people are enslaved, as long as they hold fast to their language, it is as if they had the keys to their prison.”

I explained everything with so much patience, Auguste. It seemed as if I wanted to give them all I knew before going away, to put it all into their heads at one stroke.

CHARLOTTE (continued)

As they recited, I gazed first at one thing, then another, to fix in my mind just how everything looked in that little schoolroom. Fancy! For thirty years I had been there in the same place, with the garden outside the window and my class in front of me, just like that. Only now the desks and benches were worn smooth; the walnut-trees in the garden were taller; and the hopvine that I had planted myself had twined about the windows to the roof. How it broke my heart to leave it all!

Suddenly the church-clock struck twelve -- and the trumpets of the Prussians, returning from drill, sounded under our windows. I stood up to dismiss the children.

“My friends, I—I—” But something choked me, I could not go on. I took a piece of chalk, and, bearing on this with all my strength, I wrote on the blackboard, in letters as large as I could: “*Vive La France!*” (FADEOUT on CHARLOTTE.)

LABOULAYE

She sounds like a great lady.

BARTHOLDI

Oh, without doubt.

LABOULAYE

She – her spirit – is perfect for the statue.

BARTHOLDI

Of course.

LABOULAYE

Why do you say it that way?

BARTHOLDI

Professor – my life – has been a constant effort to impress my mother. I love her very much. And she loves me. And yet – I never reach that goal. Also, I am trying to escape my mother, to find my own life. -- Once she had me betrothed, sending out the invitations, not even asking me! I stopped that. Barely. And now -- my greatest creation – will be – my mother!

LABOULAYE

Ahh, well, if you would prefer *not* –

BARTHOLDI

Professor, stop -- her face will be fine for the statue -- *perfect!* I, or the artist in me, am *overjoyed* to find this! Still, you grasp the irony here. – I can live with it. Let us get on with the work.

LABOULAYE

Same time tomorrow?

BARTHOLDI

Of course! (MUSIC: VAMP. FADE to spot on BARTHOLDI, carrying PICTURE, SUN SCULPTURE; LIGHTS reveal JEANNE on platform.)

...and so, Jeanne, here is my mother’s picture. I want you to see what you can absorb from it.

JEANNE

All right. (Puts chains by feet, takes picture in left hand, the same as tablet of the Statue.)

BARTHOLDI

Here, let's see if I can place this sun sculpture on your head. -- That is quite perfect! I will record this image in my mind! Now, this time, I want you to think like my Mother. (Readjusts "helmet". They are very close.)

JEANNE (slowly, passionately)

Auguste, I don't want to be your *mother*. (BARTHOLDI takes off "helmet". They kiss.)

BARTHOLDI

Jeanne.

JEANNE

Auguste. (They embrace, holding the objects.)

BARTHOLDI, JEANNE

At last! (Both step back slightly and smile into each other's eyes, then laugh.)

JEANNE

When is Professor Laboulaye coming?

BARTHOLDI

Laboulaye!

JEANNE

Come, why not get the mock-up done, then we will talk of other things. Here. (JEANNE stands, dons helmet.) So. This time, I am a *lady*!

WHO AM I, WHO AM I, WHO AM I, NOW?
FIRST ONE TO GUESS GETS A SMILE AND A BOW.

I AM A LADY OF MOST STATELY CARRIAGE
WHO OVER GREAT MEN CAN PRESIDE.
I HAVE THE TALENT TO INSPIRE GREATNESS
FOR THOSE WHO HAVE GREATNESS INSIDE.
I HAVE THE DIGNITY COMMON TO NOBLES,
BUT WON'T WED A COUNT OR AN EARL,
FOR THOUGH I SPEAK WITH ALL MANNER OF MEN –

(Indicating several imagined men, JEANNE, for the last, indicates BARTHOLDI. Suddenly, gazing at him ever so briefly, she loses her imagined character, finishing instead, with elation:)

I AM BARTHOLDI'S GIRL!

(BLACKOUT.)

Music 25.

Act II Scene 1A. (Crossover, vamp under.)

SPY

Yes, Monsieur DuCrot, they are at work on the Statue!

AUBERT

The impudence! And with the aid of the great Monsieur Viollet-Le-Duc!

SPY

Well, actually, Monsieur Le-Duc has – *fallen ill*.

AUBERT

Fallen ill?! Ah-h-h, *this* is opportune – and, shall he recover?

SPY

Recover?! (AUBERT laughs, laughs louder, BOTH laugh loudest.)

(BLACKOUT.)

Act II, Scene 2. Workshop. MUSIC: Workshop Pizzicato (later sung). WORKER removes many months from CALENDAR. WORKERS move rhythmically, moving lumber, plastering, hammering. Huge workshop with staunch wooden beams, piles of boards, chunks of plaster, copper Statue parts, old drafting table. Some workers, caked with plaster, wear white smocks, with rulers and compasses in front pockets. A lathe-framework skeleton of part of the hand of the statue holds the tablet, partially plastered. Measurements are taken off a 4-foot studio model of the Statue; also an intermediate-size torch and hand, one appropriate to a 35-foot version. There is an almost-completed plaster torch and hand. Plumb-bob lines hang down. WORKERS pound in rhythm into a reverse-casting of one of the pieces of the Torch. -- EIFFEL walks about; WORKER approaches him.

WORKER

How do you do, Monsieur?

EIFFEL

I seek Monsieur Bartholdi.

WORKER

Today he attends Monsieur Le-Duc's funeral. We here carry on to get at least the Hand Holding The Torch ready for the American Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia.

EIFFEL

I am Gustav Eiffel. Monsieur Laboulaye summoned me to build the interior support for the statue. I came directly.

WORKER

Ah, Monsieur Eiffel! How wonderful! – Everybody! Monsieur Eiffel is here! – Pardon, Monsieur, but we would all like to meet you!

EIFFEL

That is alright.

WORKER

Everybody, this is the great bridge builder, Monsieur Gustav Eiffel, who has built the longest arched bridge in the world! Monsieur Eiffel is to build Lady Liberty's insides.

WORKER

Pardon, Monsieur, we are messy with the plaster or we would shake your hand.

EIFFEL

Oh, don't let that stop us! An engineer who will not get dirty is no engineer! (Shakes hands. Pause – the last worker is REALLY caked and dusty! – Shakes hand.)

WORKERS (in succession)

We are certainly happy you join us, Monsieur Eiffel! -- It is a great honor, to meet you -- and more, a great joy -- to work on Lady Liberty!

WORKER

We enjoy all our tasks in this, the repousse process.

EIFFEL

And, what are those tasks? Can you tell me?

WORKERS (in succession)

Oh, mes ouis, Monsieur Eiffel! -- First by many measurements off the models -- we plaster the full-size section -- then take the impression in the over-mold -- then, beat the copper into the impression. -- But, let us show you!

PLASTER WORKERS (to Workshop Theme)

WE MEASURE AND MARK, THEN PLASTER, THEN SAND,
FROM DAWN UNTIL DARK, PRECISELY AS PLANNED.
HERE YOU CAN SEE THE TORCH AND THE HAND
GROWING AS WE THEN PLASTER, THEN SAND.

COPPER WORKERS

THEN COMES THE OVER-MOLD.
STRENGTHENED WITH WOOD, WE KNOW IT WILL HOLD.
IN THIS, OUR COPPER WE POUND,
POUND 'TIL THE SELF-SAME IMAGE IS FOUND.

ALL WORKERS

OUR MEASUREMENTS CAN'T BE OFF THE LEAST BIT!
OR HUNDREDS OF PIECES SIMPLY WON'T FIT!
BUT, STEADILY, IF WE OUR TALENTS APPLY,
LIBERTY WILL REACH HIGHER THAN HIGH!
LIBERTY WILL GROW UP TO THE SKY!
LIBERTY WILL (Tenors echo: LIBERTY; Baritones: LIBERTY; Basses: LIBERTY)
(All:) WILL – AND NEVER WILL DIE!

EIFFEL

Ahh, your attitude! It is as if I am in the workshop of Monsieur Santa Claus.

WORKER

Ahh, ouis, this is special work, a work of the heart! (Grunts of agreement .)

WORKER

For Lady Liberty, we have the *special feelings*.

EIFFEL

Though an engineer, I know what you mean. Men assume that since an engineer's task is to look at the science of the structure, so that it will bear up against wind, heat, and any conceivable stress or load, that an engineer has no soul. But, the *vision* is of the main importance! And, when in accord with mathematical perfections, even a bridge will have a beauty of its own.

WORKERS (in succession)

And Lady Liberty -- she is quite the beauty. (Grunts of approval.) -- One has only to gaze at the studio model here -- and think of it in the great harbor of New York -- as Monsieur Bartholdi has drawn it many times -- towering above the busy entrance to America -- and work here as we do -- to see the vision!

EIFFEL

The vision? Yes, tell me of the vision!

Music 26.

ALL WORKERS

Certainly. But, of course! Etc.

SHE STANDS IN A HARBOR, SHE LOOKS OUT TO SEA,
SHE RAISES A TORCH THAT WILL SHINE ETERNALLY.
SILENT AND GRACEFUL, SHE KEEPS WATCH, FAITHFULLY.
SHE STANDS UP FOR FREEDOM IN THE LAND OF THE FREE.

FAITHFULLY, FAITHFULLY,
SHE STANDS UP FOR FREEDOM IN THE LAND OF THE FREE.

WORKERS

IN THE LAND --
OF THE FREE --

WORKERS

(Echo) IN THE LAND
(Echo) OF THE FREE.

SHE CLUTCHES A TABLET SO ALL CLEARLY SEE AH
THE DATE WHEN HER PEOPLE REFUSED SUBSERVENCY. AH
PROUDLY, SHE KNOWS OF WHAT THIS NEW WORLD CAN BE. AH
SHE STANDS FOR HER VISION OF THE LAND OF THE FREE. AH

FAITHFULLY,
FAITHFULLY,

FAITHFULLY, FOREVER FAITHFUL,
FAITHFULLY SHE KEEPS HER
TIMELESS WATCH
SHE STANDS FOR HER VISION OF THE
LAND OF THE FREE.
(Echo) IN THE LAND
(Echo) OF THE FREE.

SHE STANDS FOR HER VISION OF
THE LAND OF THE FREE.
IN THE LAND --
OF THE FREE --

WORKERS

DOWN AT HER FEET ONE SEES REMNANTS OF CHAINS.
THEY SYMBOLIZE HER NATION'S STRUGGLES AND PAINS.
SHE KNOWS HAVING FREEDOM MEANS EV'RY MAN MUST BE
FREE TO ENJOY THE FRUITS OF TRUE LIBERTY.

WORKERS

FAITHFULLY,
FAITHFULLY,
SHE STANDS UP FOR ALL MEN
IN THE LAND OF THE FREE.

WORKERS

FAITHFULLY, SHE DOES HER DUTY,
FAITHFULLY SHE KEEPS WATCH OUT TO SEA,
SHE STANDS UP FOR ALL MEN IN THE LAND OF
THE FREE.

WORKER

THE SPIRIT OF FREEDOM IS OF TIME-HONORED WORTH!
IT STANDS OUT FROM OTHERS AS THE GREATEST ON EARTH!

WORKERS

AH
AH

WORKERS

WHEN ONE DAY THE DESPOTS RISE, PERILOUSLY,
WE KNOW SHE WILL STAY THE COURSE TO FIGHT TYRANNY.
SHE'LL NOT FORGET US, THOUGH FAR ACROSS THE SEA.
SHE STANDS UP FOR ALL MANKIND WHO WISH TO BE FREE. (MUSIC continues.)

EIFFEL

Thank you, I think I see now. And I think you have given me the idea!

WORKERS

What is that? Tell us! Etc.

EIFFEL

Monsieur Le-Duc planned to fill much of the statue's insides with sand, for stability. *But* -- I think, with such a vision, people shall wish actually to go *inside* the statue, to commune with her *spirit*, no?

WORKERS

Ahh, yes, very good, etc.

EIFFEL

I will do something here never done before. An *iron framework* will support these copper pieces you are building – a framework like one suggested to me for a tower my colleague wishes us to build in Paris. The interior shall be open, like a cathedral!

WORKERS

Ah, mon ami, that is great, wonderful, etc.

EIFFEL and WORKERS (Reprise:)

WITH BACKBONE OF IRON SHE'LL SURVIVE, CERTAINLY,
THE WORST STORMS THAT NATURE CAN SEND, MENACINGLY,
DEPEND ON A FUTURE IN WHICH YOU KNOW THAT SHE
WILL STAND UP FOR ALL MANKIND – WHO WISH TO BE FREE!

(BLACKOUT.)

Music 27.

Act II, Scene 3. The Hand and the Torch in Philadelphia. In top of the torch.

LAFAYETTE

Ahh, just as you said, Auguste, a fine view of the entire centennial exposition here in Philadelphia! And a beautiful morning! Such a joy to have the Torch And Hand to ourselves, at least a few moments more, until the Statue opens.

BARTHOLDI

Surely.

LAFAYETTE

You don't sound very happy, Auguste. You should be exhilarated! You have here the perfect location, right next to the bandstand! So many visitors pay to come up inside!

BARTHOLDI

Of course.

LAFAYETTE

And you should be happy again, since, just before I left France to join you, the Assembly approved our lottery to raise funds for the remainder of the statue! Many contributed prizes!

BARTHOLDI

While here the pedestal fund languishes.

LAFAYETTE

Oh, is this why you are in such a mood?

BARTHOLDI

No.

LAFAYETTE

-- Here, I have brought what's called a "soft" drink, just introduced here at the exposition! Mr. Hires named it "Root Beer." It is very good, even though they say it is a Temperance drink, and of course I abhor temperance of any kind.

BARTHOLDI

It will take more than a "temperance drink" to cure what ails me.

LAFAYETTE (taking a flask from inside his jacket)

Ahh, well, of course, I always bring means of making it *intemperate*!

BARTHOLDI

No, Paul, it isn't that.

LAFAYETTE

What, then? -- Come, is it so difficult to speak of? -- Why not just spit it out?

BARTHOLDI

Damn! Can't one have some private thoughts when two women are pulling him to pieces? (Paul retreats, strikes head on center of TORCH. ROOT BEER, FLASK go flying. MUSIC ends with sour notes, oaths.) -- Are you all right? I am sorry, Paul. You see, I wish Jeanne was here. I miss her!

LAFAYETTE

Ahh!

BARTHOLDI

As head of the French delegation for the Centennial, I have been here many months.

LAFAYETTE

So! Well, LaFarge told me to expect as much.

BARTHOLDI

You saw our friend John LaFarge?

LAFAYETTE

Yes, my ship came to New York, so I stayed overnight with him and his wife Margaret. She is most beautiful! – *and* very perceptive. She knew almost in a moment of your problem, from your demeanor and what words you spoke.

BARTHOLDI

Not fully. – You see, Paul, my mother wants the perfect match for me, a woman of standing. All this time, I was never able to tell my mother of Jeanne. This I did not explain.

LAFAYETTE

Actually, you are wrong, she even understood this. Margaret LaFarge has *le intuition!*

BARTHOLDI

That does not alleviate.

LAFAYETTE

Perhaps not. But she did ask me to convey a gift to you, with a message.

BARTHOLDI

A gift and a message!

LAFAYETTE

Here is the gift. (Takes it from his coat.)

BARTHOLDI

Stationery! -- And the message?

LAFAYETTE

Of course. “My dearest Auguste. I was so glad you could stay with us and become *reacquainted* with *my cousin* Jeanne, whom you met on your previous trip to America, and who comes from a *fine, upstanding, background* here in America, where her fine, *well-known* family of *reputation and standing* lives after moving here. I understand you may *even* be interested in *matrimony*. If so, why don’t you bring Jeanne here, to our house, and have your wedding? I would be delighted if you would consider us for this honor.” Actually, she wrote this in a letter, which is here, but I so liked the message when she told it to me, I preferred speaking it myself.

BARTHOLDI (taking letter)

But – what will Ma Mère say?

LAFAYETTE

She can hardly expect you to bring a single girl from such a *fine, upstanding family* all the way back to France, *unchaperoned*, now, can she? (BARTHOLDI grins.) So, here, take my pen, write your letters, while I take a short walk around the Fair and glimpse the many – *sights*. (exits.)

Music 28.

BARTHOLDI (writes.)

I ACHE FROM LONELY FEELINGS, IT IS TRUE.
MY SUFF'RING CAN BE CURED BY ONLY YOU.

PLEASE COME TO AMERICA, PLEASE JOIN ME HERE
PLEASE BE SURE TO BRING YOUR SMILE EVER SO NEAR.
PLEASE COME TO AMERICA, ON A STRAIGHT LINE.
PLEASE, I PRAY, MAKE NO DELAY, AND, PLEASE, BE MINE.

JEANNE (in SPOT, holding letter)

I'M SAD BUT JOYFUL THAT THESE FEELINGS CAME.
I MUST ADMIT TO FEELING JUST THE SAME.

I'LL GO TO AMERICA, HAPPY TO BE
ABLE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, -- ACROSS THE SEA.
I'LL GO TO AMERICA, MY PATH LEADS THERE,
I'M SURE YOU KNEW I'D FOLLOW YOU, TO ANYWHERE.

BARTHOLDI

YES,
PLEASE COME TO AMERICA
AND JOIN -- ME -- HERE.

JEANNE

YES,
I'LL GO TO AMERICA
AND JOIN -- YOU -- THERE.

CHARLOTTE (BLACKOUT to SPOT on CHARLOTTE reading letter)

What? What? (collapses into chair, with piercingly loud *SHRIEK*.)

(BLACKOUT.)

Act II, Scene 4. Headquarters of the Bonapartists in Paris.

AUBERT

As your new leader I will tell you my plans for us, the Bonapartists, the party of France's future!

BONAPARTISTS

Hear, hear, etc.

AUBERT

First, I know we are all glad that the Prince Imperial went to South Africa. Although enlisted in the British Army, whom we all *despise* (supporting grunts, mutterings), he will return, covered with glory! We need not worry about these natives they face – what are they –

BONAPARTIST

Zulus? (SOUND: “Zu-Zu-Zu-Zu-Zu-Zu-Zu!”)

AUBERT

Ah, yes, Zulus. (SOUND: “Zu-Zu-Zu-Zu-Zu-Zu-Zu!”) Certainly they are but crude savages with no real understanding of war! The Prince Imperial will return, covered with *glory*! *This* will be our signal to *act*!

BONAPARTISTS

To act? Can we act? How? Etc.

BONAPARTIST

Monsieur Ducrot, my leader, how can we act? We first need a majority in the Assembly, no?

AUBERT

Well, that is what has always been assumed.

BONAPARTIST

But, is it not so? Are there not rules?

AUBERT

Ahh. Rules. Yes, but they can be – so to say – *rearranged*.
WHEN YOU FACE THE GAME OF LIFE, YOU MUST UNDERSTAND
BLOCKING ALL THE SHORTCUTS YOU MIGHT FIND HAS BEEN WELL-PLANNED.
IF YOU SORELY NEED SUCCESS, BEFORE YOUR ARDOR COOLS,
THERE'S ONE SIMPLE MEANS AT HAND – JUST REARRANGE THE RULES.

HOW MANY VOTES DO YOU NEED
IF YOU'RE DETERMINED TO SUCCEED
AT MAKING GOVERNMENT BRAND-NEW?
IT CAN BE OH, SO MUCH FUN
TO BRING THAT NUMBER DOWN TO ONE
IF YOU CAN CARRY OFF A COUP!

AUBERT (continued)

NEXT DAY, YOU SAY YOU “ARE SORRY,
BUT YOUR MOTIVES WERE SO STARRY!”
CRYING GIANT TEARS, IN POOLS,
TELLING THE PEOPLE YOU “LOVE THEM
AND WERE ONLY THINKING OF THEM”
WHEN YOU REARRANGED THE RULES!

AUBERT

THESE ARE JUST THE MEANS FOR GUIDING FOOLS!

WHAT A JOY TO REARRANGE THE RULES!

ONCE AT THE TOP, YOU WILL FIND
THAT YOU WILL HAVE NO PEACE OF MIND
FROM SCHEMERS WHO FOR POWER THIRST.

THERE’S JUST ONE WAY TO BE SURE
THAT YOUR SECURITY’S SECURE,
AND THAT’S TO DO TO OTHERS FIRST!

THOUGH THE BASTILLE WAS DESTROYED
IT WOULD BE STUPID TO AVOID
THE USE OF SUCH DELIGHTFUL TOOLS!

YOU’LL SMILE A SMILE EV’RY DAY
WITH ALL YOUR PROBLEMS LOCKED AWAY,
AS YOU REARRANGE THE RULES!

THESE ARE JUST THE MEANS FOR GUIDING FOOLS!

WHAT A JOY TO REARRANGE THE RULES!

WHEN LOOKING DOWN FROM THE HEIGHTS
THERE WILL BE TALK OF BILLS OF RIGHTS
THAT WILL DISTURB YOUR LORDLY EAR.

AUBERT

BUT IN A WINK YOU WILL SEE

BONAPARTISTS

BUT THERE ARE RULES!
RULES! RULES!

THOSE MANY RULES! RULES!
RULES!

HE’S GOT AN IDEA THERE!

OOH
OOH
OOH
FOR POWER THIRST!

OOH
OOH
OOH
TO OTHERS FIRST!

OOH
OOH
OOH
SUCH TOOLS!

OOH
OOH
AS YOU REARRANGE THE
RULES!

THOSE STUPID RULES! RULES!
RULES!

THEY ARE JUST RULES! RULES!
RULES!

HE’S DONE SOME THINKING,
THERE!

OOH
OOH
OOH
LORDLY EAR!

BONAPARTISTS

OOH

YOU WILL JUMP UP AND DOWN WITH GLEE
AS THE PROPONENTS DISAPPEAR!

DEEP DOWN IN DUNGEONS, SO COLD,
THAT WILL YOUR ENEMIES ENFOLD,
THEY WILL BE TURNED TO MINDLESS GHOULS!

AH! TO ENJOY SUCH A LARK!
YOU WILL BE DANCING IN THE DARK!
AS YOU REARRANGE THE RULES!

RULES! RULES! RULES!
THESE ARE JUST THE MEANS FOR GUIDING FOOLS!

RULES! RULES! RULES!
WHAT A JOY TO REARRANGE THE RULES!

OOH
OOH
THEY DISAPPEAR!
OOH
OOH
OOH
MINDLESS GHOULS!
OOH
OOH
AS YOU REARRANGE THE RULES!
FOR THEY'RE JUST
RULES! RULES! RULES!
THESE ARE JUST THE MEANS FOR
GUIDING FOOLS!
YES, THEY'RE JUST
RULES! RULES! RULES!
WHAT A JOY TO REARRANGE THE
RULES!

AUBERT (vamp under)

Ah, for those great, old, Halcyon days of yore, when all these problems were quickly dealt with by Madame Guillotine! – No, no, further back – further back! Yes! If only one could return to the glorious days of *Rome*, when you took your *ease*, while your detractors were thrown into *The Arena*! Oh, what an *enchanting* thought! To have your critics and defamers energetically *slaughtering* each other, for the amusement of your subjects, who *praise* you for providing such colorful entertainment! -- Oh, but it is sad, *so sad*, that these days have passed. It makes me wish to bawl just like a baby! *A baby!* -- (Bawls like baby. – Bawls louder. – Bawls loudest, with TANTRUM.) -- But wait! – But wait! – Do we not have an ancient arena in Nimes? Could we not restore it to its former glory? Yes! Yes! Ah, there is *hope!*

BONAPARTISTS (conducted by AUBERT)

Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah, *ah!*

AUBERT

Excellent!
IN YOUR OLD AGE, SOME MAY RISE
AGAINST YOU, WHEN THEY REALIZE
THAT YOU ARE ROTTEN TO THE CORE!

IF SO, THE STANDARD SOLUTION
TO AVOID A REVOLUTION
IS TO START A LITTLE WAR!

BONAPARTISTS

OOH
OOH
OOH, ROTTEN
TO THE CORE!
OOH
OOH
OOH
A LITTLE WAR!

AUBERT

BUT, JUST IN CASE THEY AVERT
THIS, KEEP A CARRIAGE ON ALERT
THAT'S STUFFED WITH MONEY, GOLD, AND
JEWELS!

BE SURE YOU DON'T HESITATE
IF YOU LEARN YOU MUST ABDICATE
BECAUSE THEY REARRANGED THE RULES!

RULES! RULES! RULES!
THESE ARE JUST THE MEANS FOR GUIDING FOOLS!

RULES! RULES! RULES!
WHAT A JOY TO REARRANGE THE RULES!

One more time!
RULES! RULES! RULES!
THESE ARE JUST THE MEANS FOR GUIDING FOOLS!

RULES! RULES! RULES!
WHAT A JOY TO REARRANGE THE RULES!

Everybody!
RULES! RULES! RULES!
THESE ARE JUST THE MEANS FOR GUIDING FOOLS!

RULES! RULES! RULES!
WHAT A JOY TO REARRANGE THE --

THE RULES! – THE RULES! -- THE RULES! – THE
RULES!

(BELL begins to toll. Then another.)

AUBERT

Someone – you! – go see why those bells are tolling. (BONAPARTIST exits.)
I know what it must be! The war is over! They have crushed the Zulus! (SOUND: “Zu-Zu-Zu-Zu-Zu-
Zu-Zu!”) The Prince Imperial has returned! We are now ready to move on *le government!*

BONAPARTISTS

OOH
OOH

SUCH JEWELS!
OOH
OOH
BECAUSE THEY REARRANGED
THE RULES!

FOR THEY'RE JUST
RULES! RULES! RULES!
THESE ARE JUST THE MEANS FOR
GUIDING FOOLS!
THOSE SILLY
RULES! RULES! RULES!
WHAT A JOY TO REARRANGE THE
RULES!

RULES! RULES! RULES!
THESE ARE JUST THE MEANS
FOR GUIDING FOOLS!
RULES! RULES! RULES!
WHAT A JOY TO REARRANGE THE
RULES!

RULES! RULES! RULES!
THESE ARE JUST THE MEANS

FOR GUIDING FOOLS!
RULES! RULES! RULES!
WHAT A JOY TO REARRANGE THE
--
THE RULES! – THE RULES! -- THE
RULES! – THE RULES!

BONAPARTISTS

Huzzah! Huzzah! Huzzah!

AUBERT

Now for our plan! We must control the telegraph, the railway station, the water supply, and the roads into and out of Paris. I have negotiated an agreement with the Military; they will gladly support our plan to return to the *glories of Bonaparte!*

(BONAPARTIST returns. He runs, taking two steps in, then stops, hanging his head.)

Well? What has happened? Has the Prince Imperial returned?

BONAPARTIST

The Prince Imperial – is dead. Killed by a Zulu spear. (SOUND: “Zu-Zu-Zu-Zu-Zu-Zu-Zu!”)

(BELLS grow louder.)

AUBERT

No! – No-o-o-o! No-o-o-o! --

(AUBERT rails, downstage; BONAPARTISTS doff their hats in silent prayer.)

First, I have the head Prefect position stolen from me by this Dr Truth and his *rats!* Then, the Restoration is destroyed by that silly Fleur de Lis *flag!* Now, Eugene Louis Napoleon dies from a *Zulu spear* (SOUND: “Zu-Zu-Zu-Zu-Zu-Zu-Zu!” *under*) as we are ready to bring him the *Empire!* Nothing but a string of bad luck since meeting those *Republicans!* *They* are behind all this! But I will have my revenge! I will not rest until I do! (Shouts at the top of his lungs over the bells) **I will have revenge!**
Revenge!

(BLACKOUT. BELLS continue.)

Act II, Scene 4a. Corner of the Workshop. (Crossover between Scenes 4 and 5.)

Music 31.

(MUSIC: “Workshop Pizzicato”. Workshop NOISES.)

BARTHOLDI (entering, crossing by WORKER)

Ahh! Good morning! How are things today? I always feel wonderful coming in to work, watching my American, Mademoiselle Liberty, take form over time! It has been a long process, but so rewarding! This is the best time of my life!

WORKER

Monsieur Bartholdi, there is a message for you.

BARTHOLDI (stops, turns)

Yes? (Music halts suddenly, as do all workers, watching BARTHOLDI.)

WORKER

Monsieur Lafayette asks if you will go at once to Livigny. Monsieur Laboulaye is ill.

BARTHOLDI

Gravely?

WORKER

Monsieur Lafayette fears so, sir. (WORKERS stop work, watch.)

BARTHOLDI

I shall go at once!

Music 32.

(FADEOUT.)

Act II, Scene 4b. (Crossover.)

SPY

-- and so Monsieur Laboulaye has fallen ill.

AUBERT

And, shall *he* recover?

SPY

Recover?!

(AUBERT laughs, laughs louder, BOTH laugh loudest. BLACKOUT.)

Act II, Scene 5. Livigny. Laboulaye's Deathbed. (MUSIC: oboe, "Liberty".)

BARTHOLDI

Ahh, he's awake.

LAFAYETTE

Time for some soup, Professor?

LABOULAYE

Soup? Bah!

BARTHOLDI

But you must get well, Professor.

LAFAYETTE

The statue is almost completed outside the workshop.

BARTHOLDI

You must come see the results of your work!

LABOULAYE

I've already seen that. I crafted an accord, making France a Republic. This government will see France through many years, and secure great freedoms for our people.

LAFAYETTE

And you must *live to see* this.

LABOULAYE

Live? See? Why? I have played my little part. In any case, I can no longer see.

BARTHOLDI

You cannot see?

LABOULAYE

Well, I can see, but not with my eyes -- I can only see God. He is calling me. --Auguste, I know your statue is very beautiful. I chose the final model. But we all must some day take this journey. There is but one thing I must ask of you both.

LAFAYETTE

What is that?

LABOULAYE

The statue embodies the greatest idea of Mankind. An idea Man now must never lose hold of. You must be vigilant until she is in place. Do not trust. If challenged, even when you think *all is lost*, think back -- to your experiences. The answer will be there. Find it! (Pulls their jackets.) **Swear to me you will do this!**

LAFAYETTE

I swear.

BARTHOLDI

I swear.

LABOULAYE

Call my daughters in.

(DAUGHTERS, listening at doorway, enter.)

DAUGHTER

We are both right here, Father.

DAUGHTER

Yes, Father.

LABOULAYE (Puts his arms around their heads.)

It has been my greatest joy to have been your Father. I am sorry, I must leave you presently.

DAUGHTERS

Oh, Father! Father! Etc.

LABOULAYE

There, there. You will be great ladies of the world. I love you both. Now, take the book on the shelf up there, the one – with the – blue – binding.

LAFAYETTE

Here it is.

LABOULAYE

Inside – the introduction – my – epitaph. **God!** (dies.)

(DAUGHTERS weep. LAFAYETTE reads, fights tears. BARTHOLDI takes BOOK.)

BARTHOLDI

“When finished with this book, the reader will conclude that I am just one of those fools who thinks of... nothing...but...Liberty.” (FADEOUT.)

Music 33.

Act II, Scene 6. Rear of the Workshop. Dusk. Statue's PROFILE visible through loading door, windows. BARTHOLDI paces. On BOX is BOTTLE, LETTER.

JEANNE

Augu--uste! Augu—uste!

BARTHOLDI

Out here.

JEANNE

Auguste! Why did you not come home? I had a nice dinner for you.

BARTHOLDI

Jeanne, I'm sorry, I –

JEANNE

I know. You have been miserable about the Statue again.

BARTHOLDI

My poor Lady Liberty has been up now for so long. Still no pedestal. And now this!

JEANNE (takes LETTER)

What is it?

BARTHOLDI

The alley is no permanent site for a statue, say the authorities! What shall happen? What shall I do?

(Frieze: Golden Light. AUGUSTE dreams:)

STATUE (gentle voice resonates)

You need to take heart. You must stand up to all and take matters in hand.

BARTHOLDI

Liberty! You – You *are* alive.

STATUE

Only so long as people believe in me. – It is a strange way to live, belief. Twenty years from now, in England, a man will write a famous fairy story on that. But I am not a dream of eternal youth. I am a dream of something much more highly prized -- freedom. Prized so long as it is rare. When common, then taken for granted and lost. Like any woman.

BARTHOLDI

I would never wish you to be lost.

STATUE

Then – help me to my home. And somehow, pass the memory of me on to other generations. Not only the *outward* vision, but the *inward* knowledge of what I stand for. If they forget, we will be lost!

BARTHOLDI

How can I do that? What shall I do? (Dream fades.) What shall I do? What shall I do?

CHARLOTTE (from darkness as MUSIC ceases)

You must stand up to all and take matters in hand! (enters)

BARTHOLDI

Ma Mère!

JEANNE

Madame Bartholdi!! We did not expect you until tomorrow!

CHARLOTTE

I took an earlier train. Since no one was home, I knew you would be here.

BARTHOLDI (embracing CHARLOTTE)

Ma Mère, I am so glad to see you! -- You said you were not feeling well, but you look wonderful! You must be feeling better!

CHARLOTTE

Of course, Auguste. Of course.

BARTHOLDI

Ma Mère, let me show you the statue. But I will have to go unlock and turn on the electric lights, if we are to go up inside. I will be right back!

CHARLOTTE

Certainly Auguste! I absolutely want to see your great Statue! (BARTHOLDI exits.)

JEANNE

Madame Bartholdi –

CHARLOTTE

Jeanne –

JEANNE

I hoped to meet you long before this, but Auguste would not go to Alsace, and you would not leave your home.

CHARLOTTE

Is he gone? (JEANNE crosses, looks, nods.) Help me, my dear, I am not feeling too well.

JEANNE

Oh, then you really do not feel any better!

CHARLOTTE

No, but you cannot tell Auguste! He must not know.

JEANNE

Why?

Music 34.

CHARLOTTE

My dear, by now you must understand why.

SOME MEN ARE BORN WITH COLD STEEL IN THEIR VEINS
THEIR TEETH DON'T CHATTER IN WINTERY RAINS.

ROUGH, ROWDY PEOPLE DON'T RATTLE THEIR BRAINS
AND WHEN THEY'RE BRUISED UP, THEY NEVER HAVE PAINS.

BUT ONE OF THESE MEN HE WILL NEVER BE –
THAT DOESN'T MATTER ONE SMALL BIT TO ME.

HE IS NOT FORCEFUL, HE IS NOT STRONG.
HE CANNOT STAY ON HIS OWN FOR TOO LONG.
WITH NO ONE PUSHING, HIS LIGHT WOULD GROW DIM,
HE NEEDS A WOMAN TO BE STRONG FOR HIM.

JEANNE

THERE'S QUITE A BIT IN WHAT I'VE HEARD YOU SAY.
I MUST CONFESS I'VE SEEN THIS DAY TO DAY.
UP UNTIL NOW I'D NOT THOUGHT TO DISPLAY
WHAT HE MUST NEED TO HELP HIM FIND HIS WAY.

YES, HE'S NOT FORCEFUL; YES, HE'S NOT STRONG;
YES, HE CAN'T STAY ON HIS OWN FOR TOO LONG.
BUT HE'S MY LIFE NOW, MY REASON TO LIVE.
I'LL GIVE HIM ANYTHING I HAVE TO GIVE.

JEANNE

I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT MY PLACE
TO KEEP A SMILE ON MY FACE.

CHARLOTTE

BUT NOW IT SEEMS YOU CAN SEE
ALL HE NEEDS YOU TO BE.

JEANNE

HE IS NOT FORCEFUL,
HE IS NOT STRONG,
HE CANNOT STAY ON
HIS OWN FOR TOO LONG.
BUT HE'S MY LIFE, NOW,
MY REASON TO LIVE.
I'LL GIVE HIM ANYTHING
I HAVE TO GIVE.
I UNDERSTAND NOW;
I MUST BE STRONG.

CHARLOTTE

HE—IS MY BABY
HE – IS SO DEAR
AL—WAYS I'VE HELPED HIM
CON -- QUER HIS FEAR.
NOW—I AM OLDER
I'VE -- LIVED SO LONG
YOU – MUST REPLACE ME
YOU – MUST BE STRONG.
YOU UNDERSTAND NOW.
YOU MUST BE STRONG.

BARTHOLDI (returning)

Well, I could not find the keys to the electric box. But I did find some nice, big, thick candles! (Lights one.) Here, Ma Mère.

CHARLOTTE

It is a nice candle, Auguste. And it has a nice glow. (Holds it above her head.) And it spreads much light.
– But, I think I will pass it over to Jeanne to carry. You know, one of the prerogatives of old age!

JEANNE (taking CANDLE)

That will be fine, Madame Ba—Ma Mère.

BARTHOLDI

If only we were taking this tour under other circumstances! If only the Statue were on its pedestal, in America! But it seems the Americans will never build the pedestal, Ma Mère. What shall I do?

CHARLOTTE (looking at JEANNE)

I cannot tell you, Auguste.

JEANNE

Well, I can! Auguste, you must go right to the source of the problem and fix it! Take Paul with you, he loves to travel! I will stay here and take care of Ma Mère! You need to **go to America!**

(BLACKOUT.)

Music 35.

Act II, Scene 7. The Office of Joseph Pulitzer, Owner of the *New York World* Newspaper.

PULITZER (at doorway)

What's this?!! (LAFAYETTE, BARTHOLDI both jump. LAFAYETTE was inspecting a framed article on a table, beneath an overhanging cabinet; hits the back of his head.)

LAFAYETTE

Ouch!

BARTHOLDI

Paul!

PULITZER

Hello! Are you all right?

LAFAYETTE

That is the second time I have done this! It is time to, as Laboulaye would say, remember from my experiences!

PULTZER

I am so sorry I startled you! -- *Why* is it so *dark* in here? -- I can't see like I used to. Sometimes, you never know who might come *up* here, they might even bring a *pistol*! (turns) Mister Bartholdi, I remember you.

BARTHOLDI

This is Lafayette.

PULITZER

A descendant of –

LAFAYETTE

Certainly!

PULITZER

Well, I suppose you are here about – *this*! (Throws paper on desk.)

BARTHOLDI

What?

PULITZER

You haven't seen today's paper?

BARTHOLDI

No.

PULITZER

The damned pedestal committee gave up! Ran out of damned funds! Looks like the Statue is *doomed*! Here, look!

BARTHOLDI (takes paper)

-- *Oh, how can this be!*

LAFAYETTE

Mr. Pulitzer, we've been all over New York, to try to persuade the editors of all the papers. We came here last because you are already, and have always been, our friend.

PULITZER

And what luck did you have?

LAFAYETTE

They supported us in person, but then later had field days in print, sticking pins into the Statue.

PULITZER

Well, they do whatever damned thing they think will sell papers! Rather than adhere to *principles*! They think *caustic humor* and *ridicule* will amuse people! *Cartoons*! They have no damned *vision*. This newspaper business is a constant *war*. Why don't I lay into them? – Who do you think is the most vicious in their editorials?

LAFAYETTE

Well, of course, we've just been in the country two weeks, and haven't followed the papers, *but* -

PULITZER

But--?

LAFAYETTE

They say you are!

PULITZER

What? – Who says that?

LAFAYETTE

Well, Monsieur James Gordon Bennett of the Herald, for one.

PULITZER

That -- idiot? -- What does he know? -- Well, I *am* vicious in my editorials, but it's all criticism of the rich, who could easily give more than they have already. – Did Bennett say anything else?

LAFAYETTE

Well, --

PULITZER

Go ahead, I can take it!

LAFAYETTE

He said people are not listening to your editorials.

PULITZER

Not listening?!!

LAFAYETTE

He says, people who buy your paper are the little people.

PULITZER

Well, that's true. I brought this paper up to near the top by appealing to everyday working men. Go on.

LAFAYETTE

He said, because the little people have not the means to help, you are powerless to do anything.

PULITZER

Powerless! -- Well, our article here says the Committee needs a hundred thousand dollars to complete the statue's pedestal. That would mean my readers would each have to contribute, what, one or two *dollars*? I think they could afford, more like, five *cents*!

BARTHOLDI (staring into the distance)

With all at a standstill, even five cents from a little girl would mean everything to Liberty.

PULITZER

Five cents from a little girl.

BARTHOLDI (continuing to stare into the distance)

Five cents – with the idea, it is everything.

Music 36.

PULITZER

-- -- Five cents – for Liberty! -- Now, you're giving *me* an idea! – This was *never* the statue of the rich! What do *they* care about *liberty*? They only want to *enslave* people for the lowest wages they can get away with! Liberty – *is* – a statue -- of *The People* – the *Little People*! *My Little People*! -- *I'll* tell you what! -- *I'll* tell you what! – America's always been *good* to me! America gave me the opportunity, after coming here with nothing, to be where I am today! No one loves America more than *I* do! ***I'll*** take over the fund-raising, ***right now!***

BARTHOLDI

You are a wonderful man, Mr. Pulitzer! God bless you!

PULITZER

Not – so - fas-s-s-st. You'd better think *twice* before accusing *me* of being a damned ***Saint!*** – Five cents from a little girl! – For Liberty! – ***It'll sell damned papers like hell!*** (crosses DC.)

(DROP, front page of the *New York World*, descends behind PULITZER. Only title is legible.)

PULITZER

Now to *really* explain Liberty and this colossal statue to my readers. -- This had better be good! – This had better be *damned* good!

PULITZER (crosses to PLATFORM at C.)

My Readers:

I write to you now on the subject of Liberty and about the Statue you have heard so much about. You know me as a Crusader. To fight against corruption and neglect, I have required a command of the facts that is superior to those who might attack and try to embarrass and destroy this paper. In the case of Liberty, here are the facts I have learned:

It takes three things for citizens to enjoy Liberty, which, more than the absence of slavery, is a state in which The People may live their lives as proudly, independently, and fearlessly as possible. These three things are:

First, Liberty needs a system of government that distributes power among the people, so that none has too much over the other. You all know the pain-staking effort our founding Fathers made developing this Engine of Freedom for us, and how they shed their blood to secure it.

Second, Liberty requires a People who understand and believe in her. There has been no greater example in our country of this understanding and belief – no, I will call it Love – than when hundreds of thousands of our Brothers arose and, “as He died to make men holy, they died to make men free.” Ending slavery was Mankind’s greatest single step toward Liberty.

But third, Liberty needs a Lamp Of Light by which to enlighten the Darkness. The People need a tool to help them see *Truth*, so they may effectively and justly direct the Engine of Freedom toward the common good. I have *tried* to make this paper, the *World*, serve that cause; and it is my *dream* that the *explosion* of our circulation, powering us into the *heights*, is a *signal* that this type of revolutionary journalism has justly found its place in your hearts.

Now, you might ask, Well, Mr. Pulitzer, it seems as though we have all the blessings a nation shall ever need, shall we not now relax and enjoy them? A *reasonable* thought. *But*, an Engine of Freedom needs *Energy* and *Constant Vigilance* – and these are needed, not only from those in government, but most importantly, from us *all*, every *Citizen*. The *power of the Public Sway* must be *focused* and *adept*! Only in *this* way will the *System* not *decay*, the *Lamp* not run *dim*, and the *Love* not become *Empty*.

It is in maintaining our cause for Liberty that we need the Statue. *The fuel of Abolitionism has run its course!* Now, we must embrace The Idea, carry it into our hearts, *nurture* it, *treasure* it. But an idea, by itself, is something one may neither *see* nor *touch*, to guide it to our *Soul*. Yet here, before us now, we may embrace as our own, a great *Statue*, beaming with the *Spirit of Liberty* – a great, indomitable *Lady*, a *Defender of Freedom*, brimming with *Resolve* and *Passion*. Here is a *vision*, an embodiment of an idea as Great as the Greatness of The Idea she represents.

But in order to embrace her, this great gift from all of the People of France to all of the People of America, we need, for our part, to complete the Pedestal. To do this, I call upon you all now to help. **Let us not wait for the Rich any longer!** I ask you all to give *something*, however little, and to write to us. I will print your letters and the name of every contributor in our paper. Let us do this, together. For in this unity, there is Strength, Honor, and a Legacy for our great nation.

Sincerely, Joseph Pulitzer.

(Descends PLATFORM and misses last step, falls, glasses fall off. On hands and knees, feels blindly around for them, then finds and dons them. Draws himself up and arches back; walks off to SLOW FADEOUT .)

Music 37.

Act II, Scene 7a. The Bartholdi Residence in Paris. (Crossover between Scenes 7 and 8.)

BARTHOLDI (holds telegram)

Jeanne, a telegram! Monsieur Pulitzer has raised the money for the pedestal! We are to bring the statue at once!

JEANNE

Auguste! That is wonderful! I have us all packed! Let us go!

BARTHOLDI

You are *already* packed?

JEANNE

Auguste, you forget! *Some things are meant to be!*

(BLACKOUT.)

Music 38.

Act II, Scene 8. The Bartholdi Cabin Aboard the Isere. SOUND: Ship's horn, storm. MUSIC: Fierce storm with great, rolling waves.

LAFAYETTE

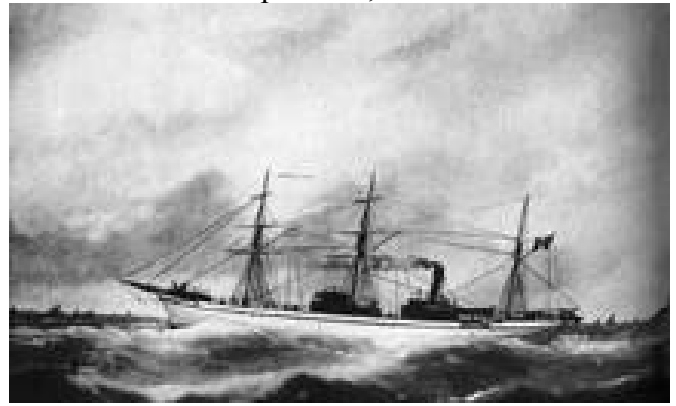
Are you all going to dinner this evening?

JEANNE

Dinner?

BARTHOLDI

I am amazed you have any appetite in this storm!



The Isere

LAFAYETTE

It has stormed several days now. My hunger has caught up with me! (KNOCK.)

JEANNE

Enter!

CAPTAIN DE SAUNE

Monsieur Bartholdi.

BARTHOLDI

Yes, Captain de Saune!

CAPTAIN DE SAUNE

Monsieur, the storm gets ever worse. I must tell you...it comes to where I must lighten ship to pull us through. Your statue weighs 450,000 pounds. I may have to put it over the side.

BARTHOLDI (gazing away)

Is this to be the end?!!

CAPTAIN DE SAUNE

You understand, I have 65 men plus the passengers aboard as my responsibility.

BARTHOLDI

Of course. Captain, I ask only that, if you must put my statue of Liberty over the side, to please strap me to her before doing so! She is too much of my life!

JEANNE

Auguste – the Statue is *not – alive* -- !

BARTHOLDI

Not – *now* -- !

JEANNE

Captain, if you then put my husband over the side, I ask that you strap me to him. *He is my entire* life!

CAPTAIN DE SAUNE (to LAFAYETTE)

And *you*? Is there anything *you* will wish to be strapped to?

(LAFAYETTE considers. On the wall is a painting of a nude woman.)

NAVIGATOR (enters)

Capitaine! Capitaine!

CAPTAIN DE SAUNE

Yes, what is it?

NAVIGATOR

Capitaine! I discovered why we have been headed into this storm! It is the charts! They are not those on which we annotated the weather reports given us! And look! A strange sign, a figure!

CAPTAIN DE SAUNE

That? That is – a Fleur des Lis.

LAFAYETTE and BARTHOLDI

A Fleur des Lis?

BARTHOLDI

Aubert!

CAPTAIN DE SAUNE

Do you --? Do you two know who has done this?

LAFAYETTE

Aubert Ducrot.

BARTHOLDI

A villain of the first order.

LAFAYETTE

He had just this in mind!

BARTHOLDI

He has no dearer hope than that the Statue rest at the bottom of the ocean.

LAFAYETTE

A true rat. Grade B!

CAPTAIN DE SAUNE

So, this Aubert Ducrot wants to sink – a statue?

BARTHOLDI

It is more than that. She will be the greatest symbol of freedom in the world.

LAFAYETTE

To Aubert, freedom in all its forms is contemptible, all men should be ruled by their masters. Of which, of course, he believes himself the greatest, manipulating all others as pawns!!

CAPTAIN DE SAUNE

Well. Perhaps we might have a surprise for this Aubert. -- Monsieur Bartholdi, I will do all in my power to bring this ship in safely! With *all* her passengers – including your great lady friend! I will be dishonored if I let a plotting rascal decide what I must do aboard *My Ship!*
(BLACKOUT. **Music 38.**)

Act II, Scene 9. Interior Base of the Statue. (Band music. An iron double staircase. A bench. A plaque and a visitor-signature book on a table. Interior support girders plainly visible.)

BARTHOLDI

At last! The pedestal finished, the Statue erected, the unveiling ceremony underway!

AMERICAN OFFICIAL

I will signal you from the ground when it is time to pull the cord for the unveiling. The cord is in plain sight. But watch where you step! The workmen removed the safety railings up there to put up the lumber supports for the shroud. It is dangerous!

BARTHOLDI (to JEANNE)

Perhaps you should watch the ceremonies from outside, Jeanne.

JEANNE

Oh, Auguste, I think I will sit right here and wait for you.

AMERICAN OFFICIAL

That Mister Lafayette is already up there, with his friend.

BARTHOLDI

Oh, another *friend*, ay? I must speak to him about this! (exits up stairs.)

AMERICAN OFFICIAL

I will watch outside and give you your signal. (exits. MUSIC ends; booming oratory.)

(JEANNE checks that BARTHOLDI is gone. The large plaque bears the legend, “The Statue of Liberty Enlightening The World” and other smaller type which is framed on the metallic wall. Below is a table with a book that visitors may sign. Glancing around first, JEANNE opens her large purse-bag and extracts a large candle. Then, looking at the plaque, she takes out a kerchief and lovingly rubs a few spots. As JEANNE wipes across the word “Liberty”, there is a soft sound of choral voices, singing the notes in a choral “ooh”, “Li-ber-ty.” JEANNE wipes underneath the word “Liberty” and the voices hold a hummed chord. JEANNE then takes out a match and lights the candle. During the following, the candle seems to burn more brightly when women’s voices are heard.)

JEANNE (reprise, “Liberty”)

JUST IMAGINE! AT LAST!
THE LONG WAIT IS NOW PAST!
ALL THE PEO-PL E WILL SEE
LIBERTY!

LIBERTY

THE STATUE’S VOICES

AH-H-H-H-H
LI-
BERTY

JEANNE (continued)

YOU NOW ARE HERE WHERE YOU WERE
MEANT TO BE
TO START YOUR VIGIL STANDING
WATCH AT THE GATE TO THIS NEW LAND.

LIBERTY

YOU STAUNCHLY STAND SO SELF
ASSUREDLY
WITH RESOLUTE AND TIMELESS
POSE, JUST AS LONG AGO WAS PLANNED.

FINALLY
THE IDLE DREAM IS NOW RE-
ALITY
AND NOW YOU PLAY YOUR PART TO
KEEP THIS GREAT LAND FOREVER FREE!

MAY THIS TINY YOUNG FLAME
LIGHT YOUR TORCH TO DECLAIM:
“COME TO ME!
HERE TO SEE
LIBERTY!”

(SOUND: wind. CANDLE blows out. JEANNE approaches CANDLE to relight it; but stops when hearing voices. The aura of the Candle widens and brightens, as MUSIC counterpoints the VOICES’ further cries of “Liberty” with chimes. In each note of chimed counterpoint, internal support girders are alternately lit up brightly, vibrating, the light and vibration decaying as with the MUSIC of each tone. LIGHT continues to brighten, widen, and raise, as the MUSIC continues and builds until the entire interior of the Statue is ablaze with light. JEANNE senses all, raises her arms in triumph.)

(BLACKOUT.)

(MUSIC now becomes ominous, employing the kettle drum.)

THE STATUE’S VOICES (continued)

LIBERTY

WATCHING OVER ALL
OF THIS GREAT COUNTRY!

LIBERTY

LIBERTY

STANDING UP FOR FREEDOM OF
ALL MANKIND!
LIBERTY

LIBERTY

KEEP THIS GREAT LAND
FREE FOR ALL TIME!

OOH

OOH

COME TO ME!

HERE TO SEE

LIBERTY!

Act II, Scene 10. In side the Face of the Statue. The inside of the face is seen upstage.

RAILING is removed upstage, between PLATFORM and face of the statue. A hanging CORD is plainly evident. LAFAYETTE, prone, downstage, clutches his side. Four 2 x 8 planks come from a converging point lower downstage to extend inclined upward and out of the windows, to support the great shroud veiling the statue. Some yellow protective railings are out of place; one can be seen leaning against another properly in place.



BARTHOLDI (emerging from stairs)

Paul!

LAFAYETTE

Auguste! Beware! It is – *Aubert!* (AUBERT's outline is seen against shrouded light coming through the windows. He turns on the overhead light. He has a knife and open handcuffs.)

AUBERT

Ahh! Monsieur Bartholdi!

BARTHOLDI

Aubert!

AUBERT

Yes! It is I, Aubert, having had to travel to this savage, disgusting country, where generals, due to codes of morals, humble themselves to become first magistrates of free people, people who share the same prejudices! Bah! Such a nation will *never* give a *Caesar* to the world! -- Put these on, Monsieur Bartholdi! Then, I have a most interesting surprise for you!

BARTHOLDI

Aubert, I think I shall decline your kind offer.

AUBERT

Ahh, you disappoint me. Must we pass through the ceremonial step of asserting Might over Weakness? After all, as you can plainly see, *I* have a knife, while *you* have only the body of a weakling artist. Don't you want to see what happens next, rather than die now?

BARTHOLDI

You detestable villain! You *rat!*

AUBERT

Really! Such remarks have no effect, since I gladly accept them as truth. You think the *heroes* triumph in this world? Now, why not just put the manacles on your wrist and the railing there?

BARTHOLDI

-- Ducrot, I look you straight in the face and say, you may just forget your chains, here in the Statue of Liberty!

AUBERT

Liberty. -- *That* ridiculous American notion! What a farce! Well, before I give you what *he* got, at least I will have the joy of disabusing you of *that fantasy*. When I return to France, my *own* coup *is* all prepared. Ah, what a few well-placed military bribes backed up by blackmail will do! But, not so amazing, with a military corps itching for the return of France as the pre-eminent military power. In a mere five years I'll turn France into an arsenal. Then, the World!

BARTHOLDI

You, a dictator?

AUBERT

Is it so hard to imagine? After all, am I not the quintessential master of the tried and true Old-World philosophies of might and power? It will be harder not having some figurehead for an excuse, but that simply means my reign will have to be all the more repressive! Ha-ha! I can stomach that! And, once I have consolidated Europe, then it will be time to take over *this* house of cards that calls itself a *democracy*! Mine will be the triumph of *Might* over this air-headed idea of -- *Liberty*! – This statue is nothing more than a *colossal pipe dream*!

BARTHOLDI

Dream? Yes! Liberty is a dream – a grand, shared dream of the great masses who live by labor and not by privilege or brute force. It is a dream that for centuries lived only in the hearts of men, in their fondest, forlorn hopes for a life dignified by human rights. It is a dream that, upon the advent of the New World, became the greatest, most beloved invention of Mankind. And now, once the torch of Liberty is lit, it will shine with such a great, golden glow that Man shall forever after treasure it as they treasure Life itself.

AUBERT

So much *talk*! But I will show you the golden glow, brief as it is, that *I* have in mind! (Strikes match, lights fuse.) *Yes!* I have placed charges at the points where the skin is bolted to the frame! The pieces will scatter and sink into the harbor! What a sight to see for the crowd below! The *end* of your statue – an end that will signal a symbolic sea change! And then I shall just melt away into the crowd! Your life, everything you've worked for, is a *waste*, Bartholdi! Now, I shall give you what is deservedly yours, after ruining my earlier plans! *Death!* – Or, perhaps it would please me more to let you live, taking you back to my estate, there to make you my vassal slave! Yes, that would be more fitting! -- Well, what say you? (BARTHOLDI retreats up planks; then pauses to consider; AUBERT advances.) What say you, *Monsieur Mouse*?
(LAFAYETTE, holding his side, crawls up behind AUBERT.)

BARTHOLDI

Aubert, your knife is before me; but what you attack first is my *spirit*. And in here – (VOICES sing: “Liberty.”) -- in here – (VOICES, louder: “Liberty.”) -- *in here* (VOICES, louder still: “Liberty.”) -- I commune with, even *become* the strong, vibrant spirit of this, the New World. *Here*, in the Statue, I *am* the *Spirit of Liberty*! And *in* her shining spirit, though darker times have come to call, I know there is Hope. Something may happen. God may smile. There is Hope!

AUBERT

Hope? Bah!

BARTHOLDI

There is Hope! *You* are the Old World, to be replaced by the New! *Your* time has passed! The Spirit of Liberty means facing this Old World grandiose bullying, not as a mouse, but as a lion, with indomitable resolve! With – *Lo Spirito!* The Spirit of Liberty has a backbone of iron, and can never be killed! Somewhere, somehow, ***Liberty will strike you down!***

AUBERT (advancing on BARTHOLDI with knife)

Ha! I shall laughingly recall your pronouncement as the fish feast on your bones in the harbor below! Take one last look around, before you die!

BARTHOLDI (retreating up planks)

Watch your step, Aubert! The farther up we get, the more room between the planks to fall through! Look! It is open here, straight to the bottom!

AUBERT

Then, quite finally, I wish you, *Bon Voyage!* (but before he can stab BARTHOLDI --)

LAFAYETTE (crying out as PULITZER)

What’s This?!!

(LAFAYETTE collapses, while AUBERT suddenly straightens up, turns around, and smashes head into the overhead light-globe. BRIGHT FLASH, brief, loud, humming FIZZ. AUBERT is dazed, off balance. The light globe is shattered or disappears. This bares the remains of a large light bulb with blackened wires plainly visible. As AUBERT starts to fall, he grabs onto these wires. AUBERT is then electrocuted, with heavy buzzing and sparks flying everywhere. During this, he reaches out with his other hand to within an inch of BARTHOLDI, who is too petrified to move. Then, releasing the bulb electrodes, he collapses, falls through the opening, screams. Then, three sonorous, reverberating *BONGS* – the notes Li-ber-ty in deep bass -- as AUBERT caroms off the interior below. BARTHOLDI looks down; pulls the fuse out; stumps it out; turns to LAFAYETTE.)

BARTHOLDI

Paul? (BARTHOLDI runs, cradles him in his arms.) -- ***Paul?!!*** (MUSIC. BARTHOLDI carries LAFAYETTE to staircase. ACTION, LIGHTS, and MUSIC CONTINUE up until lights up.)

Act II, Scene 11. The Interior Base of the Statue. (Sound: Booming oration in background.)
AMERICAN OFFICIAL kneels over a body, only lower half of which is on stage. JEANNE contains her emotions with kerchief. BARTHOLDI carries LAFAYETTE from staircase.

JEANNE

What happened?

BARTHOLDI

We need to find a doctor!

AMERICAN OFFICIAL

There is none here! However, an immigrant ship is anchored just a hundred yards out, it will have a doctor!

JEANNE

The water swarms with the small boats of the Suffragettes! They will certainly take us.

BARTHOLDI

Good. (Turns.)

AMERICAN OFFICIAL

What about the ceremony?

JEANNE

Pull the cord yourself!

AMERICAN OFFICIAL

What – how shall I know when?

JEANNE

Guess!

AMERICAN OFFICIAL (as BARTHOLDI and JEANNE reach exit)

And -- what shall I tell the police has happened to this man, here?

BARTHOLDI (sinking first to one knee)

Tell them he was struck down – (realizes) -- by the Light of Liberty!

(A GOLDEN LIGHT from above envelops them during the last line. BLACKOUT all but this, which then FAST FADES.)

Simultaneous with Blackout, **Music 41.**

Act II, Scene 12. Immigrant Ship in the Harbor. (Booming oration, muffled)

CREWMAN (boarding, carrying LAFAYETTE)

Take 'im to the infirmary?

DOCTOR

Right away! (CREWMAN, LAFAYETTE exit. To BARTHOLDI) *Wait here.* (exits.)

DR TRUTH

Monsieur Bartholdi!

BARTHOLDI

Doctor Truth! Jeanne, this is Doctor Truth! Doctor, what are you doing here?

DR TRUTH

Pleased to meet you, Madame! -- I came to America to be free!

BARTHOLDI

But, but, your position – as a Prefect –

DR TRUTH

Exalted, wasn't it? But, I still managed to get into trouble. France has many personal freedoms under the new accords, but true Liberty must grow in the hearts of the people! I published too much more of the truth than some could accept! Before the courts closed in, I left, paying passage for these here, and a number of bribes, so all my former rabble of wretches might also get a new and honest start!

Music 42.

IMMIGRANT WRETCHES

Remember us? Etc. (Reprise:)

WE'RE THE WRETCHES NO ONE ELSE WANTS

WE LIVED IN NOOKS AND CRANNIES, CRACKS, AND HAUNTS!

OUR FORMER LIVES WE ALL HAD TO FLEE,

WE WERE THE REFUSE OF SOCIETY!

WE WERE THE TEMPEST-TOSSED!

THE TIRED SOULS THAT LIFE HAD LOST!

WE HAD ONE EARNEST PLEA:

WE HOPED ONE DAY WE WOULD ALL BREATHE FREE!

BREATHE FREE! BREATHE FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE!

DR TRUTH

And, now, we are here! In America! (WRETCHES cheer.) Ah, yes, there's your Statue! Quite a sight, I think! Are those orators going to drone on all afternoon? Who's speaking, anyway?

BARTHOLDI

I don't know. – Wait, I have a newspaper (reaches into pocket). Here. Ahh. President Cleveland. William Evarts. – Oh, over here is a poem about the Statue.

IMMIGRANT WRETCHES

A poem? Read us the poem! We want to hear! Please? Etc.

Music 43.

BARTHOLDI

Oh – all right. “The New Colossus.” By Emma Lazarus.
NOT LIKE THE BRAZEN GIANT OF GREEK FAME
WITH CONQU’RING LIMBS ASTRIDE FROM LAND TO LAND;
HERE AT OUR SEA-WASHED SUNSET GATES SHALL STAND
A MIGHTY WOMAN WITH A TORCH, WHOSE FLAME
IS THE IMPRISONED LIGHTNING, AND HER NAME, HER NAME:
MOTHER OF EXILES.

FROM HER BEACON-HAND GLOWS WORLD-WIDE WELCOME!
HER MILD EYES COMMAND THE AIR-BRIDGED HARBOR THAT TWIN CITIES FRAME.
“KEEP, ANCIENT LANDS, YOUR STORIED POMP!”
THIS SHE CRIES, WITH SILENT LIPS.

“GIVE ME YOUR TIRED, YOUR POOR,
YOUR HUDDLED MASSES, YEARNING TO BREATHE FREE,
THE WRETCHED REFUSE OF YOUR TEEMING SHORE.
SEND THESE, THE HOMELESS, THE TEMPEST-TOSSED TO ME.
I LIFT MY LAMP BESIDE THE GOLDEN DOOR!”

IMMIGRANT WRETCHES (taking paper)

EMMA WELL-KNOWS LIBERTY’S ROLE, TRUTH BE TOLD! (TRUTH BE TOLD!)
FOR, MILLIONS WILL COME WITH JUST WHAT THEY CAN HOLD!

(WHAT THEY HOLD, WHAT THEY HOLD!)

COMFORTED BY SIGHTING LIBERTY’S BOLD
COUNTENANCE AT THE GREAT DOOR OF GOLD! – OH,

WOMEN

GIVE ME YOUR TIRED YOUR POOR,
YOUR HUDDLED MASSES, YEARNING TO
BREATHE FREE,
THE WRETCHED REFUSE OF YOUR
TEEMING SHORE.
SEND THESE, THE HOMELESS, THE
TEMPEST-TOSSED TO ME.
I LIFT MY LAMP BESIDE THE GOLDEN DOOR!

MEN

GIVE ME YOUR TIRED YOUR POOR,
YOUR HUDDLED MASSES, YEARNING TO
BREATHE FREE,
THE WRETCHED REFUSE
SEND THESE, THE HOMELESS, TO ME
I LIFT MY LAMP BESIDE THE GOLDEN DOOR!

MEN

THIS IS THE MOMENT I’VE LONGED FOR AND DREAMED OF,
WHEN I’VE REACHED A NEW WORLD AND I’M HERE TO STAY!
THOUGH LIBERTY GREETES ME WITH FACE MADE OF COPPER,
AND NARY A SOUND, I CAN JUST HEAR HER SAY:
I CAN JUST HEAR HER SAY:

WOMEN

AH
AH
AH
AH
I CAN JUST HEAR
HER SAY:

GIVE ME YOUR TIRED YOUR POOR,
YOUR HUDDLED MASSES, YEARNING TO
BREATHE FREE,

GIVE ME YOUR TIRED YOUR POOR,
YOUR HUDDLED MASSES,
YEARNING TO BREATHE FREE,

WOMEN

THE WRETCHED REFUSE OF YOUR
TEEMING SHORE.

MEN

THE WRETCHED REFUSE

SEND THESE, THE HOMELESS, THE
TEMPEST-TOSSED TO ME.
I LIFT MY LAMP BESIDE THE GOLDEN,
GOLDEN, GOLDEN, GOLDEN DO-O-OR!
Music 44.

SEND THESE, THE HOMELESS, TO ME
I LIFT MY LAMP BESIDE THE GOLDEN,
GOLDEN, GOLDEN, GOLDEN DO-O-OR!

DR TRUTH

(To BARTHOLDI) This must be quite a great moment for you. For us all. (To WRETCHES.) Everyone, this is Auguste Bartholdi, sculptor of the statue about to be unveiled!

IMMIGRANT WRETCHES

Magnifico, Wunderbar, Oh, yes! Speech! Speech! Please, Mr. Bartholdi! Etc.

BARTHOLDI (to DR TRUTH)

Please, it is hard for me to find words when my best friend lies close to death.

DR TRUTH

I will go see how he is. If you find it possible, please, say a few words. For these here, this will be the greatest moment of their lives. (Exits.)

BARTHOLDI

-- Very well. (To the crowd) – To all here, I know Liberty welcomes you. There is a long story behind the Statue, spanning much time. First, there was the idea, the hunger for freedom in the hearts of men. In France this was fanned by life under a tyrant and by the bitterness of defeat in war. Then, a thought that Liberty, as the greatest idea of mankind, the greatest glory of the New World, was worthy of an artistic expression expanding into the colossal. Soon this thought became infectious – growing into a shared vision, uniting politicians, artists, engineers, and ordinary citizens. But to bring about the reality, this was hard work. And, on the way, there were hazards, *some of which History shall never record*. France came within a whisper of both monarchy and dictatorship that would have ended all. The building of a sturdy frame and pedestal were not certainties. The Statue came near being sunk beneath the ocean. One would have thought, when it all began, even after the torch and the hand were completed, that it was all still just a dream. But – (DR TRUTH re-enters with the DOCTOR, whispers in BARTHOLDI's ear.) Really? That is wonderful! -- (turning to crowd, smiling.) – where was I?

IMMIGRANT WRETCH

Dey tawt it var all jüst a dream!

BARTHOLDI

Exactly! So many things had to happen – just so – so many people were involved, without which, the Statue would look very different, or have never come to be. But instead --

IMIGRANT WRETCH

Look, the unveiling! (SOUNDS: Cannons. Fireworks. Ships' whistles blowing.)

BARTHOLDI(shouts over the noise)

Instead, there she is for all the world to see!

JEANNE

Auguste, you did it! You built the greatest and grandest statue in all the world!

BARTHOLDI

Jeanne – in fact, I built no more than a statue – but, *with the idea, She Is Everything! She is – alive!*

IMMIGRANT WRETCHES, DR TRUTH(Facing Statue [offstage, UL]. Reprise:)

(as DOCTOR ushers BARTHOLDI and JEANNE to infirmary)

SHE STANDS IN A HARBOR, SHE LOOKS OUT TO SEA,
SHE RAISES A TORCH THAT WILL SHINE ETERNALLY.
SILENT AND GRACEFUL, SHE KEEPS WATCH, FAITHFULLY.
SHE STANDS UP FOR FREEDOM IN THE LAND OF THE FREE.

THE LAND OF THE FREE! THE LAND OF THE FREE!
SHE STANDS ABOVE THE DOORWAY OF THE LAND OF THE FREE!

WE CAN'T FORGET THE COLORS OF OUR BIRTH,
BUT NOW WE'LL STAND UP FOR
THE COLORS OF THE GREATEST LAND ON EARTH!

RED, WHITE AND BLUE, ARE THE COLORS OF THIS WORLD, SO NEW!
RED, WHITE AND BLUE, THEY'RE THE COLORS TO WHICH WE'LL BE TRUE!
RED, WHITE AND BLUE, PAINT THE DREAM WE'VE DREAMED OF MOVING TO!
I SWEAR TO YOU, I'LL STAND FOR RED, WHITE, AND BLUE!
I SWEAR TO YOU, I'LL STAND FOR RED, RED, RED, RED,
WHITE, WHITE, WHITE, WHITE,
AND BLUE, BLUE, BLUE, BLUE, BLUE!

(AUBERT appears UR, unseen, sneering. His face is ashen, his wounds ooze with black blood, and his clothes are covered with ashes. Ashes at his ankles glow red. With wide, blazoned eyes, sneers; then laughs silently, broadly, bent double.)

IMMIGRANT WRETCHES, DR TRUTH (approaching audience. Reprise:)

LIBERTY
THE GREATEST OF THE GREAT IDEAS IS SHE
THE HOPES AND PRAYERS OF ALL OPPRESSED PEOPLES LIVING ON THE EARTH.

LIBERTY
THE VERY WORD BRINGS THOUGHTS SO DEAR TO ME
OF HOW THE BLESSED TORCH OF TRUTH MAY BE RAISED AND GIVEN BIRTH.

CERTAINLY
THE FONDEST HOPE OF ALL HUMANITY
IS LIVING WHERE IN EV'RY THOUGHT, WORD, AND DEED ONE CAN BE FREE!

IMMIGRANT WRETCHES, DR TRUTH (continued)

TO NEW WORLD FROM THE OLD

IS A GIFT OF PURE GOLD
THIS MUST BE
DESTINY
LI-BER-

(BLACKOUT to SPOT. BARTHOLDI sits in upholstered chair, eyes closed, smiling.)

REPORTER (shaking BARTHOLDI's arm)

Mr. Bartholdi? Mr. Bartholdi?

(MUSIC. Solo violin, "She Is Alive")

BARTHOLDI

What? – (opens eyes.) Sorry, my friend, but when I close my eyes, I can see her – (closes eyes, smiles) --
My American – beaming with the light of --. (Dies.)

(Chorus, finishing his sentence: "Liberty – Liberty – Liberty – Liberty - Liberty! Ah – Ah – Ah!")

(under CHORUS, REPORTER shouts for help in pantomime. JEANNE rushes to BARTHOLDI from next room. Through the window a beam of shimmering, golden-white light shines on BARTHOLDI's face. The light quickly brightens and widens until it floods the room brilliantly. REPORTER shades eyes, straining to see the source of the light, as)

(THE CURTAIN FALLS.)

(Note: At Curtain Call, DOCTOR exits after chorus bow and re-enters, assisting a bandaged LAFAYETTE to the stage.)

(Note2: During Blue. White, and Red, the Retinue become persuaded to join in, which they do with relish. CHAMBORD is duly astonished, and gives them a glance of disgust after the song; they return ashamed and contrite.)

Oratory for the Statue of Liberty Unveiling Ceremony.

(Words should not be distinguishable, mostly lows, read slowly, with pauses, interrupted by applause and cheers.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, Honored Guests, Today is a day like none other. Today, the greatest of the great Statues is to be Commemorated. The name of that statue is, "Liberty Enlightening the World." We commemorate this statue in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four, the fourth day of July, being the anniversary of the Independence of the United States. In the name of our countrymen, we humbly thank the French-American Union for this testimony of the sympathy of the French nation. By virtue of the powers conferred by the President of the United States and by the Committee of the work in America, led by its honorable president, Wm. M. Evarts, we accept the statue. It is erected, in conformity with the vote of Congress on Feb. 22, 1877, in the Harbor of New York, in memory of the century-old friendships between the two nations. The French nation has sent representatives to be present at the unveiling. The French Senate is represented by Gen. Grevy, brother of the President. (*applause.*) The other distinguished Frenchmen present are Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, (*applause, etc.*) Senators Admiral Jaures and Gen. Pelissier, Deputies Apuller and Desmons, M. Deschamps, Vice-President of the Municipal Council of Paris; M. Charles Bigot, Delegate of the Press Syndicate; M. Leon Robert, Chief of the Cabinet of the Minister of Public Instruction; Col. B. de Pasy, second in command of the Polytechnic School; Col. Lausiedat, Director of the School of Arts and Trades' School; Lieut. Villegente, aide-de-camp of the Minister of the Navy; M. Hielard, Delegate of the Paris Chamber of Commerce; M. A. Lefevre, the French Consul-General, and M. Leon Meunier, corresponding member of the Union Franco-Americaine.

To bring this miracle of the Statue to fruition, Congress passed this resolution: "Whereas, The President has communicated to Congress the information that citizens of the French republic propose to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of our independence by erecting at their own cost, a colossal bronze statue of 'Liberty Enlightening the World' upon a pedestal of suitable proportions, to be built by private subscriptions upon one of the islands belonging to the United States in the Harbor of New York; and,

"Whereas, It is proper to provide for the care and preservation of this grand monument of art and of the abiding friendship of our ancient ally: therefore, be it

"Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the President of the United States be and he is hereby authorized and directed to accept the colossal statue of 'Liberty Enlightening The World,' when presented by citizens of the French Republic, and to designate and set apart for the erection thereof a suitable site upon either Governor's or Bedloe's Island in the harbor of New York; and upon the completion thereof shall cause the same to be inaugurated with such ceremonies as will serve to testify the gratitude of our people for this expressive and felicitous memorial of the sympathy of the citizens of our sister republic; and he is hereby authorized to cause suitable regulations to be made for its future maintenance as a beacon, and for the permanent care and preservation thereof as a monument of art, and of the continued good will of the great nation which aided us in our struggle for freedom."

Now this greatest of great days has come about. We are at a very historic moment in our nation's history. All our futures rest upon the foundations of what we ourselves do today. And so it is with great interest and excitement that we must view this, our lasting contribution to the legacy of our nation.