

**DULCY: A COMEDY
IN THREE ACTS**

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Dulcy: A Comedy in Three Acts by George S. Kaufman & Marc Connelly

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GEORGE S. KAUFMAN & MARC CONNELLY

**DULCY: A COMEDY
IN THREE ACTS**



To
Lynn Fontana
May 1971

TO THE
UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

DULCY

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

BY

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

AND

MARC CONNELLY

(With a Bow to Franklin P. Adams)

INTRODUCTION

BY

BOOTH TARKINGTON

FRONTISPIECE BY

NEYSA McMEIN

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
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1921

TO THE
UNIVERSITY OF
AMSTERDAM

Handwritten signature

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by
George S. Kaufman
and
Marc Connelly

Made in the United States of America



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All dramatic rights to *Dulcy* are controlled by George C. Tyler, New Amsterdam Theatre Building, New York City. It may not be acted, either by professional or amateur companies, without permission and the payment of royalty.

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Produced by George C. Tyler and H. H. Frazee, at the Cort Theatre, Chicago, Feb. 20, 1921, with the following cast:

DULCINEA *Lynn Fontanne*
GORDON SMITH, her Husband.... *John Westley*
WILLIAM PARKER, her Brother... *Gregory Kelly*
C. ROGER FORBES *Wallis Clark*
MRS. FORBES..... *Constance Pelissier*
ANGELA FORBES *Norma Lee*
SCHUYLER VAN DYCK..... *Gilbert Douglas*
TOM STERRETT, Advertising Engineer
Elliott Nugent
VINCENT LEACH, Scenarist ... *Howard Lindsay*
BLAIR PATTERSON..... *George Alison*
HENRY *Harry Lillford*

Produced at the Frazee Theatre, New York, August 13, 1921, with the same cast.

A PROLOGUE

ONE day the finest critic in England, though not the best, wrote of a contemporary comedy just produced upon the stage: "There was a new play last night, which succeeded prodigiously . . . you laugh very much, yet it is a wretched comedy. The Muse stoops indeed; she is dragged up to the knees, and has trudded, I believe, from Southwark fair. The whole view of the piece is low humor, and no humor is in it. The heroine has no more merit than Lady Bridget, and the author's wit is as much *manqué* as the lady's, but some of the characters are well acted. . . . A Comedy—no, it is the lowest of all farces. It is not the subject I condemn, though very vulgar, but the execution. The drift tends toward no moral, no edification of any kind. The situations, however, are well imagined, and make one laugh in spite of the grossness of the dialogue, the forced witticisms and total improbability of the whole plan and conduct. But what disgusts me most is, that though the characters are very low, and aim at low humor, not one of them says a sentence that is natural or marks any character at all. It is set up in opposition to sentimental comedy and is as bad as the worst of them."

A PROLOGUE

Here is a familiar ring; no playwright who goes often to New York will find the tintinnabulation altogether strange to his ear, and all of our playwrights must go there to get for their work an opinion that the rest of the country will later mistake for its own. No, the Master of Strawberry, coming to Arlington Street in Town, and venturing to the theatre in spite of his age, high taste and the gout, was but following an everlasting fashion when he thus sat upon "that silly Dr. Goldsmith" and the Doctor's new Comedy. It happened to be "She Stoops to Conquer," this "lowest of all farces," not a Comedy at all, according to Mr. Walpole, who died only some twenty-four or twenty-five years after that First Night; not living long enough, of course, to alter his unfavorable opinion. For if there be, indeed, any everlasting fashion, it is the fashion of taking a slighting view of a contemporary;—a fashion even more indestructible than the other fashion complementary to it, which is the fashion of taking a ponderously reverential view of ancient performers no longer rivals to the unconsciously jealous living. If "silly Dr. Goldsmith" had written "She Stoops to Conquer" seventy years sooner than he did that low farce might have borne a pleasanter flavor to Mr. Walpole, who in his old age asked people to remember that he had "known Pope and lived with Gray." He liked Gray better,