

# Celimare Le Bien-Aime

By Eugene Labiche

Play no. 234

Opening show: 02/06/1968

Hebrew by: Amos Kenan

Directet by : Nicole Kessel

Set and Costumes by: Eli Sinai

Lyrics by: Amos Kenan

Music by: Jacques Offenbach

Music Arrangement by: Eddie Halpern

Lighting : Michael Liberman

The Cast

Adeline: N. Raz

Pitois: S. Danon

Mr. Colombot: A. Kutai

Mr. Celimare: R. Klachkin

Mr. Vernouillet: S. Segal

Mr. Bocardow: Y. Efroni

Mrs. Colombot: Z. Peled

Emma: A. Carr

## The Play

Salimar, modestly admitting to 47 is about to wed. Up till now he was known as a conventional Bourgeoise Casanova. Fond of women, and or perhaps mainly fond of comforts, he knows how to mix the joys of the single state and the carms and warmth of heart-false one naturally. Similar the lover of the woman is more the lover of her family. Having reached a low ebb in this emotional career, he has decided to curtail his familial relationships and to embark on the creation of a family of his own, difficult and hazardous as that course may be.

When the curtain rises it is on the morning in which Salimar is to be formally enjoined to his wife. He has just decided to burn the essence of his past by throwing his old love letters into the fireplace. Nothing is simpler then to severe ties which are there no longer – or so it seems. But whenever he is about to confine some letters to the flames the husband whose wife wrote those letters arrives with studied unexpectedness.

The first to appear is Mr. Vornoye, the husband of Mrs. Vornoye who complains about not having been invited to the wedding. He is immediately followed by Bokardon. His wife, he reports, insists upon a formal invitation, or else, so she warned, there might be some trouble.

Salimar glibly explaining and lying is entanglrd by his tongue, the husbands having declared themselves his friends unto eternity. For some reasons both believe that Salimar tended horns on the brow of the other only. And it is thus

that all arrive at the quiet wedding which takes place in cruch under the vigilant eyes of temporary unaroused in-laws.

The wedding over, Salimar believes that indulgence in a few lies will effect the removal of his newly found friends from the newly established love nest. Until such time, however, he must somehow explain Vornoye's constant attendance to his father and mother in law. He tells these recent additions to this family that Vornoye has saved his life. Dark suspicion transmuted into selfless love, the family is practically about to adopt the savior. Vornoye, recently widowed, would like nothing better. Bokardon, the second appendage, refusing to part with his friend Salimar, is assiduous in fostering a friendship between his own wife and Emma, the wife of Salimar.

Salimar gives up hope. He has run out of inventions and the tragic burlesque reaches a peak when Emma discovers a pile of unburned letters.

This once she forgives him. Plagued by the spectres of this past, of this past. Salimar seeks solace in escape to the restful country, but finds instead the persuit of the spectres he is trying to escape. His two friends, lonely without him in the big city decide to follow him and settle down in the vicinity.

Salimar cannot be rid of them unless he tells the truth. The truth now is not merely bitter, but dangerous as well. Vornoye is quite capable of murder. And Bokardon his wife Emma is still not aware of all the truth... which bliss-full Ignorance, however, she unlikely to dwell in for much longer. Truth is out. Emma weeps. Her parents conduct a row, demand immediate eviction of the two husbands, threaten, as an alternative, that they will share the truth with them.

But Salimar... when most oppressed, his inventive faculties stay by him. He has found a solution and the friends pack up and leave. Emma and Salimar breath a sigh of relief: hey settle joyfully to the quiet bliss of matrimony – in the future course of which Emma might very well pay Salimar his dus – but of that, we, the audience, are told not a single thing.