

# The FLEA In Her (La Puce A L'Oreille)

By Georges Feydeau

Play no. 228

Opening show: 05/08/1967

Hebrew Version by : Nissim Aloni

Directed by: Patrick Dromgoole

Set by: Joseph Carl

Lighting by: Michael Lieberman

The Cast

**At the flat of chanderbise**

**Camille Chandebise:** Nissim Azikri

**Antoinette Plucheaux :** Yael Druyanov

**Etienne Plucheaux:** : Shmuel Segal

**Dr. Finache:** Rafael Klatzkin

**Lucienne Homenides de Istangua:** Ada Tal

**Raymonde Chandebise:** Tova Pardo

**Victor Emmanuel Chandebise :** Shraga Friedman

**Romain Tournel :** Rolf Brin

**Carlos Homenies De Histangua :** Baruch David

**At the Cuddling Pucy Cat Hotel**

**Augustin Ferrailon:** Nacum Buchman

**Eugeie:** Geula Nuni

**Olmpe:** Zipora Peled

**Baptistin:** Ari Kutai

**Rugby:** Yehuda Ephroni

**Poche:** Shraga Friedman

**A Footnoe** BY: Eugene Ionesco

We hear a great deal about the perfect construction of Feydau's plays, the well-ordered mechanism whereby the situations are developed. In fact, we perceive in the ordering of a Feydau play is above all a disordering – his famous farcial mechanism in a mechanism that runs mad, carried away by its own momentum; the characters and situations become almost irrelevant. The whole rhythm changes. In the organization of a play like "La Puce a l'Oreille", for example, there is a sort of vertiginous acceleration in the movement, a plunge into madness; I seem to see in it my own obsession with proliferation. Perhaps that is where comedy lies – in this wild unbalanced movement towards disorder. In drama and tragedy too there is a progression a series of accumulated effects. In drama the progression is s'ower with better breaks and steering. In comedy the movement seems to get out of the author's control. He does not drive the machine he is driven by it. Perhaps this his the difference between tragedy and certain kind of comedy.

Take a tragedy speed up the movement, and you will have a comedy. Empty the characters of psychological content, and again you will have a comedy:

make the characters exclusively "social beings" – i.e. captives of the social machinery – and once more you will have comedy, or perhaps a tragi-comedy. Feydeau is a true precursor of the Marx Brothers and other American comedians, in whose work everything starts with apparent casualness, only to end up in a state of demented precipitation – which may well be an accurate caricature of our own agitation, our gallop towards the abyss. But with the Marx Brothers and Laurel and Hardy everything is destroyed, smashed to pieces: their madness is more poetic and menacing. With Feydeau, the madness is sweetened: he doesn't wish to frighten us. But nowadays we have learned to look more deeply, and to be unnerved by what we see.