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May 31, 1955

Dear Miss Dana (after seeing your name on the television screen I realize I must address you with more respect than heretofore):

Although what I saw last night was not your baby nor Jerome Weidman's I am sending you a note on reactions.

Mine was that I had been defrauded--instead of building up the suspense in one straight line the audience was dragged a few feet in this direction, a few feet in another and you kept saying to yourself "What the Hell is this all about?" in Spanish: un mamarracho. and you said "what the Hell..." because you were angry at not seeing the point clearly. The only actor who was good was Valerio because his part was understandable to himself. I kept asking why should these American tourists be so squeamish about the whole affair, why this exaggerated sense of responsibility? not that this over sensitiveness can not exist but why do you find it in two people who are normal tourists? An escape to Rome. . . too much in these circumstances.

The fortune teller was lousy; she thought she was a fishmonger.

Ezio was an unconvincing character. ^{this type} ~~Shouldn't~~ have been a bartender-- bartender, stained glass windows, obsessions--he was too outgoing, was the bartender type. Negative side of the picture not even alluded to: what did Italy, Capri, his bar, mean to him or not mean to him? He had a neat little bar; ice was delivered although there were no customers; had books to read.

The picture was cut off here from 9:22-9:25, 9:26 to the end.

Violeta who saw it with me was of my opinion. The reaction of "a man in the street; a building contractor was: "stupid!" He was surprised that General Electric would put on such a play.

Even your name as it appeared on the television screen was distorted. Something had fallen on it. ^{the} top of the letters was bashed in.

There was no sense of timing in the exposition.

The building contractor who thought it was stupid was quite stupid himself. He kept telling me as I endeavored to follow the development of the action when the picture disappeared that it wasn't his set that was at fault--as if I would think that the engineers were so thoughtful that they would send a little note over the air to Mr. X in Washington. . . .

Good luck with your play. Best regards to Gm, Negro, Pietro

M. B.

[Carta] 1955 May 31 [a] Dear Miss Dana [manuscrito]
[Margaret Bates].

AUTORÍA

Bates, Margaret Jane, 1918-

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