

Play name: *In the Next Room or the Vibrator play*

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Character: Leo

LEO:

It was a terrible shock.

I had been studying in Florence for the year. They are exacting masters over there - the line must be just so - the proportions just so - there is no freedom - you sharpen your pencil with a knife as Leonardo sharpened his pencil. It was heaven. Not to have freedom. No freedom in art, but in life, life! The peaches there tasted like peaches, rain like rain. I met the woman in question in Florence. A very beautiful woman. (I know. No one ever said: I fell in love with a woman in Italy - a very ugly woman.) But she was beautiful. Perhaps not classically, but nevermind... We met at the Uffizi. She was looking at the sculptures with no embarrassment, no embarrassment at all. I painted her face all summer. When she kissed she kissed with her whole body, not like American women who kiss only with their lips.