

HOLT
ELEMENTS OF
LITERATURE
Fifth Course

The Crucible

Arthur Miller



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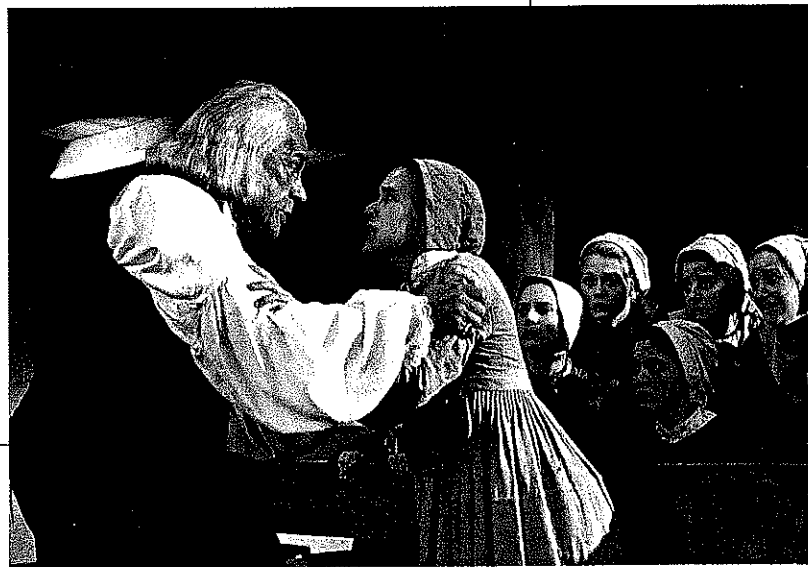
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Arthur Miller

(1915–)

by Robert Anderson

Arthur Miller, considered by many to be the pre-eminent American playwright of the second half of the twentieth century, was born in New York City. His father manufactured women's coats, and his mother was a schoolteacher. In high school, Arthur was more involved with sports than with literature. "Until the age of seventeen," Miller said, "I can safely say that I never read a book weightier than *Tom Swift* and *The Rover Boys*, and only verged on literature with some Dickens."

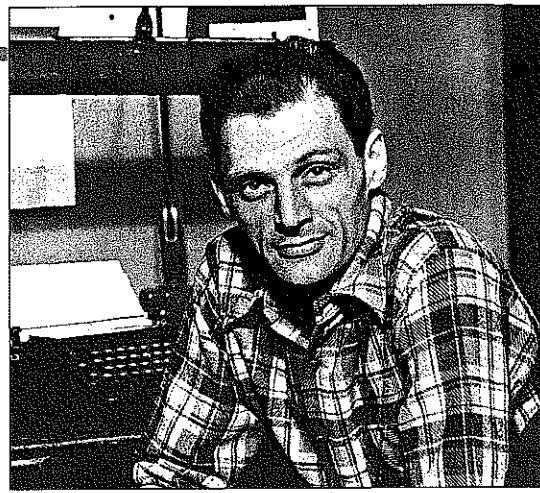
On graduation from high school, Miller applied to the University of Michigan, but his grades were not good enough for a scholarship, and the Depression left his father unable to finance his tuition. To earn money for college, Miller worked for two years in an automobile parts plant, where, incidentally, he read Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. The experience in the parts plant later supplied him with the material for his 1955 play *A Memory of Two Mondays*.

Miller eventually enrolled in the University of Michigan. To help finance his education, he took on various jobs. First, he was a mouse tender in the university science laboratory. Later, he moved on (and up) to become the night editor of the *Michigan Daily*. More important, he started to write plays.

After graduation, Miller returned to New York and, like many of us "playwrights-in-waiting," earned a living by writing radio scripts for such programs as *Cavalcade of America*, the *Columbia Workshop*, and *The Theatre Guild of the Air*.

Miller's first Broadway success, *All My Sons*, was produced in 1947 and won The New York Drama Critic's award for Best Play. That play struck a note that was to become familiar in Miller's work: the need for moral responsibility in families and society.

In 1949, with the production of his masterpiece, *Death of a Salesman* (written in a small studio he built with his own hands on his prop-



erty in northwestern Connecticut), all promises were fulfilled. Miller instantly joined the pantheon of the great American playwrights.

It was totally in character that Miller's next play, produced in 1953, should be *The Crucible*—about a witch hunt that took place in 1692 in Salem, Massachusetts. In that witch hunt, Miller found parallels to the "Red hunt" being conducted in the 1950s in Washington, D.C., by Senator Joseph McCarthy. Writers, actors, politicians—and all kinds of other people—were summoned to appear before McCarthy to answer the question: "Are you now or were you ever a Communist?" Those summoned were required to inform on neighbors and friends or be sent to jail.

Three years after the production of *The Crucible* in New York, Miller was summoned before a congressional committee. He spoke freely about himself and his occasional attendance, years before, as a guest at Communist meetings; but he refused to name names of other people in attendance. Miller was found in contempt of Congress, but his conviction was later overturned by the Supreme Court.

The Crucible was not successful in its first production. Some critics questioned the comparison between the old witch-hunts and the contemporary hunt for Communists in government. In a later production, supervised by Miller himself, the play ran for over six hundred performances. It is now Miller's most produced play.

Why I Wrote *The Crucible*

An artist's answer to politics

by Arthur Miller

As I watched *The Crucible* taking shape as a movie over much of the past year, the sheer depth of time that it represents for me kept returning to mind. As those powerful actors blossomed on the screen, and the children and the horses, and the crowds and the wagons, I thought again about how I came to cook all this up nearly fifty years ago, in an America almost nobody I know seems to remember clearly. . . .

I remember those years—they formed *The Crucible's* skeleton—but I have lost the dead weight of the fear I had then. Fear doesn't travel well; just as it can warp judgment, its absence can diminish memory's truth. What terrifies one generation is likely to bring only a puzzled smile to the next. . . .

[Senator] McCarthy's power to stir fears of creeping Communism was not entirely based on illusion, of course. . . . From being our wartime ally, the Soviet Union rapidly became an expanding empire. In 1949, Mao Zedong took power in China. Western Europe also seemed ready to become Red, especially Italy, where the Communist Party was the largest outside Russia, and was growing. . . . McCarthy—brash and ill-mannered but to many authentic and true—boiled it all down to what anyone could understand: We had "lost China" and would soon lose Europe as well, because the State Department—staffed, of course, under Democratic presidents—was full of treasonous pro-Soviet intellectuals. It was as simple as that. . . .

The Crucible was an act of desperation. . . . By 1950 when I began to think of writing about the hunt for Reds in America, I was motivated in some great part by the paralysis that had set in among many liberals who, despite their discomfort with the inquisitors' violations of civil rights, were fearful, and with good reason, of being identified as covert Communists if they should protest too strongly. . . .

I visited Salem for the first time on a dismal spring day in 1952. . . . In the gloomy courthouse there I read the transcripts of the witchcraft trials of 1692, as taken down in a primitive

shorthand by ministers who were spelling each other. But there was one entry in Upham^o in which the thousands of pieces I had come across were joggled into place. It was from a report written by the Reverend Samuel Parris, who was one of the chief instigators of the witch-hunt. "During the examination of Elizabeth Proctor, Abigail Williams, and Ann Putnam"—the two were "afflicted" teen-age accusers, and Abigail was Parris's niece—"both made offer to strike at said Proctor; but when Abigail's hand came near, it opened, whereas it was made up, into a fist before, and came down exceeding lightly as it drew near to said Proctor, and at length, with open and extended fingers, touched Proctor's hood very lightly. Immediately Abigail cried out her fingers, her fingers, her fingers burned. . . ."

In this remarkably observed gesture of a troubled young girl, I believed, a play became possible. Elizabeth Proctor had been the orphaned Abigail's mistress, and they had lived together in the same small house until Elizabeth fired the girl. By this time, I was sure, John Proctor had bedded Abigail, who had to be dismissed most likely to appease Elizabeth. There was bad blood between the two women now. That Abigail started, in effect, to condemn Elizabeth to death with her touch, then stopped her hand, then went through with it, was quite suddenly the human center of all this turmoil.

All this I understood. I had not approached the witchcraft out of nowhere or from purely social and political considerations. My own marriage of twelve years was teetering and I knew more than I wished to know about where the blame lay. That John Proctor the sinner might overturn his paralyzing personal guilt and become the most forthright voice against the madness around him was a reassurance to me, and, I suppose, an inspiration: It demonstrated that a clear moral outcry could still spring even from an ambiguously unblemished soul. Moving crabwise across the profusion of evidence, I sensed that I had at last found something of myself in it, and a play began to accumulate around this man.

—from *The New Yorker*,
October 21 and 28, 1996

^oCharles W. Upham, a mayor of Salem, published a two-volume study of the trials in 1867.

Before You Read

THE CRUCIBLE

cru-ci-ble (krōō'sə bəl) *n.*
[ML *crucibulum*, lamp, crucible, prob. < Gmc, as in OE *cruce*, pot, jug, MHG *kruse*, earthen pot (see CRUSE) a+ L suffix *-ibulum* (as in *thuribulum*, censer), but assoc. by folk etym. with L *crux*, CROSS, as if lamp burning before cross] **1** a container made of a substance that can resist great heat, for melting, fusing, or calcining ores, metals, etc. **2** the hollow at the bottom of an ore furnace, where the molten metal collects **3** a severe test or trial

Make the Connection

Public Voices, Private Lives

Most of us recognize and live with the difference between our public self and our private self. Sometimes, however, those selves—with all their convictions, passions, and values—come into conflict. Then, we must make a choice. Which self will triumph and which self must be sacrificed? Can we find a compromise? These choices are sometimes simply matters of avoiding embarrassment or preventing hurt feelings or confessing dishonesty. Sometimes they are matters of life and death.

Quickwrite

How do you think most people try to resolve conflicts between their public and their private lives?



How can people be true to their values? What situations might challenge their honesty and integrity? How can people sometimes slip into hypocrisy or conflicts of interest? Jot down your thoughts on these issues.

Reading Skills and Strategies



Interpreting a Text

To read a complex dramatic work like *The Crucible*, you need to **interpret** it—you need to offer your own explanations of who the characters really are, why they behave the way they do, and what the larger meaning of their tragedy is.

As you read *The Crucible*, take notes. (You might also want to start a **time line** to organize the events that lead up to the tragedy.) You can organize your notes by **character**. Jot down your interpretation of what the dialogue and the action reveal about the characters' values, emotions, motivations, and personal histories. Feel free to

include your own views of what the characters look like, how they speak, and how they perform the actions called for in the stage directions. If you become confused about any aspect of a particular character, don't be afraid to adjust your reading. Go back and reread sections of the play simply to find out information that will clarify what makes the character tick.

Elements of Literature

Motivation


Motivation is the reason for a character's behavior. Just as in life, character motivations are often complex, and a particular action is often produced by several motivating factors. Motivation provides the driving force of *The Crucible*.

Miller demonstrates that the residents of Salem were not simply a hysterical mob; every person had at least one reason for acting the way he or she did—psychological, sexual, financial, theological, or political.

In an essay about Nathaniel Hawthorne, a critic describes Salem and the past that still hung over the town when Hawthorne lived there in the early 1800s. Hawthorne's ancestor is Judge Hathorne, and he is in the play.

Salem bristled with old wives' tales and old men's legends. One heard of locked closets in haunted houses where skeletons had been found. One heard of walls that resounded with knocks where there had once been doorways, now bricked up. One heard of poisonous houses and blood-stained houses. . . .

—from "Hawthorne in Salem," Van Wyck Brooks



The Crucible

Arthur Miller

The photographs that illustrate this play are from the 1996 film adaptation starring Daniel Day-Lewis, Joan Allen, and Winona Ryder.

They believed that they held in their steady hands the candle that would light the world.

The *Crucible* was first presented by Kermit Bloomgarden at the Martin Beck Theatre, New York City, January 22, 1953, with the following cast.

(in order of appearance)

Reverend Parris	Fred Stewart
Betty Parris	Janet Alexander
Tituba	Jacqueline Andre
Abigail Williams	Madeleine Sherwood
Susanna Walcott	Barbara Stanton
Mrs. Ann Putnam	Jane Hoffman
Thomas Putnam	Raymond Bramley
Mercy Lewis	Dorothy Joliffe
Mary Warren	Jennie Egan
John Proctor	Arthur Kennedy
Rebecca Nurse	Jean Adair
Giles Corey	Joseph Sweeney
Reverend John Hale	E. G. Marshall
Elizabeth Proctor	Beatrice Straight
Francis Nurse	Graham Velsey
Ezekiel Cheever	Don McHenry
Marshal Herrick	George Mitchell
Judge Hathorne	Philip Coolidge
Deputy Governor Danforth	Walter Hampden
Sarah Good	Adele Fortin
Hopkins	Donald Marye

Staged by Jed Harris

Settings by Boris Aronson

Costumes made and designed by Edith Lutyens

The play is set in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1692.

Act One (An Overture)

Home of Rev. Samuel Parris.

Act Two

John Proctor's house, eight days later.

Act Three

Salem meeting house, serving as the General Court.

Act Four

A cell in Salem jail, fall 1692.

Act One

(An Overture)

A small upper bedroom in the home of REVEREND SAMUEL PARRIS, Salem, Massachusetts, in the spring of the year 1692.

There is a narrow window at the left. Through its leaded panes the morning sunlight streams. A candle still burns near the bed, which is at the right. A chest, a chair, and a small table are the other furnishings. At the back a door opens on the landing of the stairway to the ground floor. The room gives off an air of clean spareness. The roof rafters are exposed, and the wood colors are raw and unmellowed.

As the curtain rises, REVEREND PARRIS is discovered kneeling beside the bed, evidently in prayer. His daughter, BETTY PARRIS, aged ten, is lying on the bed, inert.

At the time of these events Parris was in his middle forties. In history he cut a villainous path, and there is very little good to be said for him. He believed he was being persecuted wherever he went, despite his best efforts to win people and God to his side. In meeting, he felt insulted if someone rose to shut the door without first asking his permission. He was a widower with no interest in children, or talent with them. He regarded them as young adults, and until this strange crisis he, like the rest of Salem, never conceived that the children were anything but thankful for being permitted to walk straight, eyes slightly lowered, arms at the sides, and mouths shut until bidden to speak.

His house stood in the "town"—but we today would hardly call it a village. The meeting house was nearby, and from this point outward—toward the bay or inland—there were a few small-windowed, dark houses snuggling against the raw Massachusetts winter. Salem had been established hardly forty years before. To the European world the whole province was a barbaric frontier inhabited by a sect of fanatics who, nevertheless, were shipping out products of slowly increasing quantity and value.

No one can really know what their lives were like. They had no novelists—and would not have



permitted anyone to read a novel if one were handy. Their creed forbade anything resembling a theater or "vain enjoyment." They did not celebrate Christmas, and a holiday from work meant only that they must concentrate even more upon prayer.

Which is not to say that nothing broke into this strict and somber way of life. When a new farmhouse was built, friends assembled to "raise the roof," and there would be special foods cooked and probably some potent cider passed around. There was a good supply of ne'er-do-wells in Salem, who dallied at the shovelboard in Bridget Bishop's tavern. Probably more than the creed, hard work kept the morals of the place from spoiling, for the people were forced to fight the land like heroes for every grain of corn, and no man had very much time for fooling around.

That there were some jokers, however, is indicated by the practice of appointing a two-man patrol whose duty was to "walk forth in the time of God's worship to take notice of such as either lye about the meeting house, without attending to the word and ordinances, or that lye at home or in the fields without giving good account thereof, and to take the names of such persons, and to present them to the magistrates, whereby they may be accordingly proceeded against." This predilection for minding other people's business was time-honored among the people of Salem, and it undoubtedly created many of the suspicions which were to feed the coming madness. It was also, in my opinion, one of the things that a John Proctor would rebel against, for the time of the armed camp had almost passed, and since the country was reasonably—although not wholly—safe, the old disciplines were beginning to rankle. But, as in all such matters, the issue was not clear-cut, for danger was still a possibility, and in unity still lay the best promise of safety.

The edge of the wilderness was close by. The American continent stretched endlessly west, and it was full of mystery for them. It stood, dark and threatening, over their shoulders night and day, for out of it Indian tribes marauded from time to time, and Reverend Parris had parishioners who had lost relatives to these heathen.

The parochial snobbery of these people was partly responsible for their failure to convert the

Indians. Probably they also preferred to take land from heathens rather than from fellow Christians. At any rate, very few Indians were converted, and the Salem folk believed that the virgin forest was the Devil's last preserve, his home base and the citadel of his final stand. To the best of their knowledge the American forest was the last place on earth that was not paying homage to God.

For these reasons, among others, they carried about an air of innate resistance, even of persecution. Their fathers had, of course, been persecuted in England. So now they and their church found it necessary to deny any other sect its freedom, lest their New Jerusalem² be defiled and corrupted by wrong ways and deceitful ideas.

They believed, in short, that they held in their steady hands the candle that would light the world. We have inherited this belief, and it has helped and hurt us. It helped them with the discipline it gave them. They were a dedicated folk, by and large, and they had to be to survive the life they had chosen or been born into in this country.

The proof of their belief's value to them may be taken from the opposite character of the first Jamestown settlement, farther south, in Virginia. The Englishmen who landed there were motivated mainly by a hunt for profit. They had thought to pick off the wealth of the new country and then return rich to England. They were a band of individualists, and a much more ingratiating group than the Massachusetts men. But Virginia destroyed them. Massachusetts tried to kill off the Puritans, but they combined; they set up a communal society which, in the beginning, was little more than an armed camp with an autocratic and very devoted leadership. It was, however, an autocracy by consent, for they were united from top to bottom by a commonly held ideology whose perpetuation was the reason and justification for all their sufferings. So their self-denial, their purposefulness, their suspicion of all vain pursuits, their hard-handed justice were altogether perfect instruments for the conquest of this space so antagonistic to man.

But the people of Salem in 1692 were not quite the dedicated folk that arrived on the *Mayflower*.

2. New Jerusalem: in the Bible (Revelations 21), the holy city of heaven.



A vast differentiation had taken place, and in their own time a revolution had unseated the royal government and substituted a junta which was at this moment in power. The times, to their eyes, must have been out of joint, and to the common folk must have seemed as insoluble and complicated as do ours today. It is not hard to see how easily many could have been led to believe that the time of confusion had been brought upon them by deep and darkling forces. No hint of such speculation appears on the court record, but social disorder in any age breeds such mystical suspicions, and when, as in Salem, wonders are brought forth from below the social surface, it is too much to expect people to hold back very long from laying on the victims with all the force of their frustrations.

The Salem tragedy, which is about to begin in these pages, developed from a paradox. It is a paradox in whose grip we still live, and there is no prospect yet that we will discover its resolution. Simply, it was this: for good purposes, even high purposes, the people of Salem developed a theocracy, a combine of state and religious power whose function was to keep the community together, and to prevent any kind of disunity that might open it to destruction by material or ideological enemies. It was forged for a necessary purpose and accomplished that purpose. But all organization is and must be grounded on the idea of exclusion and prohibition, just as two objects cannot occupy the same space. Evidently the time came in New England when the repressions of order were heavier than seemed warranted by the dangers against which the order was organized. The witch-hunt was a perverse manifestation of the panic which set in among all classes when the balance began to turn toward greater individual freedom.

When one rises above the individual villainy displayed, one can only pity them all, just as we shall be pitied someday. It is still impossible for man to organize his social life without repressions, and the balance has yet to be struck between order and freedom.

The witch-hunt was not, however, a mere repression. It was also, and as importantly, a long overdue opportunity for everyone so inclined to express publicly his guilt and sins, under the cover of accusations against the victims. It suddenly be-

came possible—and patriotic and holy—for a man to say that Martha Corey had come into his bedroom at night, and that, while his wife was sleeping at his side, Martha laid herself down on his chest and “nearly suffocated him.” Of course it was her spirit only, but his satisfaction at confessing himself was no lighter than if it had been Martha herself. One could not ordinarily speak such things in public.

Long-held hatreds of neighbors could now be openly expressed, and vengeance taken, despite the Bible’s charitable injunctions. Land-lust, which had been expressed by constant bickering over boundaries and deeds, could now be elevated to the arena of morality; one could cry witch against one’s neighbor and feel perfectly justified in the bargain. Old scores could be settled on a plane of heavenly combat between Lucifer and the Lord; suspicions and the envy of the miserable toward the happy could and did burst out in the general revenge.

REVEREND PARRIS *is praying now, and, though we cannot bear his words, a sense of his confusion hangs about him. He mumbles, then seems about to weep; then he weeps, then prays again; but his daughter does not stir on the bed.*

The door opens, and his Negro slave enters. TITUBA is in her forties. PARRIS brought her with him from Barbados, where he spent some years as a merchant before entering the ministry. She enters as one does who can no longer bear to be barred from the sight of her beloved, but she is also very frightened because her slave sense has warned her that, as always, trouble in this house eventually lands on her back.

Tituba, *already taking a step backward:* My Betty be hearty soon?

Parris: Out of here!

Tituba, *backing to the door:* My Betty not goin’ die . . .

Parris, *scrambling to his feet in a fury:* Out of my sight! *She is gone. Out of my— He is overcome with sobs. He clamps his teeth against them and closes the door and leans against it, exhausted. Oh, my God! God help me! Quaking with fear, mumbling to himself through his sobs, he goes to the bed and gently takes BETTY’s hand.*

Betty. Child. Dear child. Will you wake, will you open up your eyes! Betty, little one . . .

He is bending to kneel again when his niece, ABIGAIL WILLIAMS, seventeen, enters—a strikingly beautiful girl, an orphan, with an endless capacity for dissembling. Now she is all worry and apprehension and propriety.

Abigail: Uncle? *He looks to her.* Susanna Walcott's here from Doctor Griggs.

Parris: Oh? Let her come, let her come.

Abigail, *leaning out the door to call to SUSANNA, who is down the hall a few steps:* Come in, Susanna.

SUSANNA WALCOTT, *a little younger than ABIGAIL, a nervous, hurried girl, enters.*

Parris, *eagerly:* What does the doctor say, child?
Susanna, *craning around PARRIS to get a look at BETTY:* He bid me come and tell you, reverend sir, that he cannot discover no medicine for it in his books.

Parris: Then he must search on.

Susanna: Aye, sir, he have been searchin' his books since he left you, sir. But he bid me tell you, that you might look to unnatural things for the cause of it.

Parris, *his eyes going wide:* No—no. There be no unnatural cause here. Tell him I have sent for Reverend Hale of Beverly, and Mr. Hale will surely confirm that. Let him look to medicine and put out all thought of unnatural causes here. There be none.

Susanna: Aye, sir. He bid me tell you. *She turns to go.*

Abigail: Speak nothin' of it in the village, Susanna.

Parris: Go directly home and speak nothing of unnatural causes.

Susanna: Aye, sir. I pray for her. *She goes out.*

Abigail: Uncle, the rumor of witchcraft is all about; I think you'd best go down and deny it yourself. The parlor's packed with people, sir. I'll sit with her.

Parris, *pressed, turns on her:* And what shall I say to them? That my daughter and my niece I discovered dancing like heathen in the forest?

Abigail: Uncle, we did dance; let you tell them I confessed it—and I'll be whipped if I must be. But they're speakin' of witchcraft. Betty's not witched.

Parris: Abigail, I cannot go before the congregation when I know you have not opened with me. What did you do with her in the forest?

Abigail: We did dance, uncle, and when you leaped out of the bush so suddenly, Betty was frightened and then she fainted. And there's the whole of it.

Parris: Child. Sit you down.

Abigail, *quavering, as she sits:* I would never hurt Betty. I love her dearly.

Parris: Now look you, child, your punishment will come in its time. But if you trafficked with spirits in the forest I must know it now, for surely my enemies will, and they will ruin me with it.

Abigail: But we never conjured spirits.

Parris: Then why can she not move herself since midnight? This child is desperate! **ABIGAIL** *lowers her eyes.* It must come out—my enemies will bring it out. Let me know what you done there. Abigail, do you understand that I have many enemies?

Abigail: I have heard of it, uncle.

Parris: There is a faction that is sworn to drive me from my pulpit. Do you understand that?

Abigail: I think so, sir.

Parris: Now then, in the midst of such disruption, my own household is discovered to be the very center of some obscene practice. Abominations are done in the forest—

Abigail: It were sport, uncle!

Parris, *pointing at BETTY:* You call this sport? *She lowers her eyes. He pleads:* Abigail, if you know something that may help the doctor, for God's sake tell it to me. *She is silent.* I saw Tituba waving her arms over the fire when I came on you. Why was she doing that? And I heard a screeching and gibberish coming from her mouth. She were swaying like a dumb beast over that fire!

Abigail: She always sings her Barbados songs, and we dance.

Parris: I cannot blink what I saw, Abigail, for my enemies will not blink it. I saw a dress lying on the grass.

Abigail, *innocently:* A dress?

Parris—*it is very hard to say:* Aye, a dress. And I thought I saw—someone naked running through the trees!

Abigail, *in terror:* No one was naked! You mistake yourself, uncle!



Parris, with anger: I saw it! *He moves from her.* **Then, resolved:** Now tell me true, Abigail. And I pray you feel the weight of truth upon you, for now my ministry's at stake, my ministry and perhaps your cousin's life. Whatever abomination you have done, give me all of it now, for I dare not be taken unaware when I go before them down there.

Abigail: There is nothin' more. I swear it, uncle.

Parris, studies her, then nods, half convinced: Abigail, I have fought here three long years to bend these stiff-necked people to me, and now, just now when some good respect is rising for me in the parish, you compromise my very character. I have given you a home, child, I have put clothes upon your back—now give me upright answer. Your name in the town—it is entirely white, is it not?

Abigail, with an edge of resentment: Why, I am sure it is, sir. There be no blush about my name.

Parris, to the point: Abigail, is there any other cause than you have told me, for your being discharged from Goody³ Proctor's service? I have

3. **Goody:** formerly a title (short for *goodwife*) for a woman, especially a housewife or older woman.

heard it said, and I tell you as I heard it, that she comes so rarely to the church this year for she will not sit so close to something soiled. What signified that remark?

Abigail: She hates me, uncle, she must, for I would not be her slave. It's a bitter woman, a lying, cold, sniveling woman, and I will not work for such a woman!

Parris: She may be. And yet it has troubled me that you are now seven month out of their house, and in all this time no other family has ever called for your service.

Abigail: They want slaves, not such as I. Let them send to Barbados for that. I will not black my face for any of them! *With ill-concealed resentment at him:* Do you begrudge my bed, uncle?

Parris: No—no.

Abigail, in a temper: My name is good in the village! I will not have it said my name is soiled! Goody Proctor is a gossiping liar!

Enter MRS. ANN PUTNAM. She is a twisted soul of forty-five, a death-ridden woman, haunted by dreams.

Parris, as soon as the door begins to open: No—no, I cannot have anyone. *He sees her, and a certain deference springs into him, although his*

Thomas Putnam was a man with many grievances.



worry remains. Why, Goody Putnam, come in.

Mrs. Putnam, *full of breath, shiny-eyed*: It is a marvel. It is surely a stroke of hell upon you.

Parris: No, Goody Putnam, it is—

Mrs. Putnam, *glancing at BETTY*: How high did she fly, how high?

Parris: No, no, she never flew—

Mrs. Putnam, *very pleased with it*: Why, it's sure she did. Mr. Collins saw her goin' over Ingersoll's barn, and come down light as bird, he says!

Parris: Now, look you, Goody Putnam, she never— *Enter THOMAS PUTNAM, a well-to-do, hard-banded landowner, near fifty*. Oh, good morning, Mr. Putnam.

Putnam: It is a providence the thing is out now! It is a providence. *He goes directly to the bed.*

Parris: What's out, sir, what's—?

MRS. PUTNAM *goes to the bed.*

Putnam, *looking down at BETTY*: Why, her eyes is closed! Look you, Ann.

Mrs. Putnam: Why, that's strange. *To PARRIS*: Ours is open.

Parris, *shocked*: Your Ruth is sick?

Mrs. Putnam, *with vicious certainty*: I'd not call it sick; the Devil's touch is heavier than sick. It's death, y'know, it's death drivin' into them, forked and hooped.

Parris: Oh, pray not! Why, how does Ruth ail?

Mrs. Putnam: She ails as she must—she never waked this morning, but her eyes open and she walks, and hears naught, sees naught, and cannot eat. Her soul is taken, surely.

PARRIS *is struck.*

Putnam, *as though for further details*: They say you've sent for Reverend Hale of Beverly?

Parris, *with dwindling conviction now*: A precaution only. He has much experience in all demonic arts, and I—

Mrs. Putnam: He has indeed; and found a witch in Beverly last year, and let you remember that.

Parris: Now, Goody Ann, they only thought that were a witch, and I am certain there be no element of witchcraft here.

Putnam: No witchcraft! Now look you, Mr. Parris—

Parris: Thomas, Thomas, I pray you, leap not to witchcraft. I know that you—you least of all,

Thomas, would ever wish so disastrous a charge laid upon me. We cannot leap to witchcraft. They will howl me out of Salem for such corruption in my house.

A word about Thomas Putnam. He was a man with many grievances, at least one of which appears justified. Some time before, his wife's brother-in-law, James Bayley, had been turned down as minister of Salem. Bayley had all the qualifications, and a two-thirds vote into the bargain, but a faction stopped his acceptance, for reasons that are not clear.

Thomas Putnam was the eldest son of the richest man in the village. He had fought the Indians at Narragansett, and was deeply interested in parish affairs. He undoubtedly felt it poor payment that the village should so blatantly disregard his candidate for one of its more important offices, especially since he regarded himself as the intellectual superior of most of the people around him.

His vindictive nature was demonstrated long before the witchcraft began. A former Salem minister, George Burroughs, had had to borrow money to pay for his wife's funeral, and, since the parish was remiss in his salary, he was soon bankrupt. Thomas and his brother John had Burroughs jailed for debts the man did not owe. The incident is important only in that Burroughs succeeded in becoming minister where Bayley, Thomas Putnam's brother-in-law, had been rejected; the motif of resentment is clear here. Thomas Putnam felt that his own name and the honor of his family had been smirched by the village, and he meant to right matters however he could.

Another reason to believe him a deeply embittered man was his attempt to break his father's will, which left a disproportionate amount to a stepbrother. As with every other public cause in which he tried to force his way, he failed in this.

So it is not surprising to find that so many accusations against people are in the handwriting of Thomas Putnam, or that his name is so often found as a witness corroborating the supernatural testimony, or that his daughter led the crying-out at the most opportune junctures of the trials, especially when—But we'll speak of that when we come to it.



Putnam—*at the moment he is intent upon getting PARRIS, for whom he has only contempt, to move toward the abyss:* Mr. Parris, I have taken your part in all contention here, and I would continue; but I cannot if you hold back in this. There are hurtful, vengeful spirits layin' hands on these children.

Parris: But, Thomas, you cannot—

Putnam: Ann! Tell Mr. Parris what you have done.

Mrs. Putnam: Reverend Parris, I have laid seven babies unbaptized in the earth. Believe me, sir, you never saw more hearty babies born. And yet, each would wither in my arms the very night of their birth. I have spoke nothin', but my heart has clamored intimations. And now, this year, my Ruth, my only—I see her turning strange. A secret child she has become this year, and shrivels like a sucking mouth were pullin' on her life too. And so I thought to send her to your Tituba—

Parris: To Tituba! What may Tituba—?

Mrs. Putnam: Tituba knows how to speak to the dead, Mr. Parris.

Parris: Goody Ann, it is a formidable sin to conjure up the dead!

Mrs. Putnam: I take it on my soul, but who else may surely tell us what person murdered my babies?

Parris, horrified: Woman!

Mrs. Putnam: They were murdered, Mr. Parris! And mark this proof! Mark it! Last night my Ruth were ever so close to their little spirits; I know it, sir. For how else is she struck dumb now except some power of darkness would stop her mouth? It is a marvelous sign, Mr. Parris!

Putnam: Don't you understand it, sir? There is a murdering witch among us, bound to keep herself in the dark. PARRIS *turns to BETTY, a frantic terror rising in him.* Let your enemies make of it what they will, you cannot blink it more.

Parris, to ABIGAIL: Then you were conjuring spirits last night.

Abigail, whispering: Not I, sir—Tituba and Ruth.

Parris, turns now, with new fear, and goes to BETTY, looks down at her, and then, gazing off: Oh, Abigail, what proper payment for my charity! Now I am undone.

Putnam: You are not undone! Let you take hold here. Wait for no one to charge you—declare it yourself. You have discovered witchcraft—

Parris: In my house? In my house, Thomas? They will topple me with this! They will make of it a—

Enter MERCY LEWIS, the PUTNAMs' servant, a fat, sly, merciless girl of eighteen.

Mercy: Your pardons. I only thought to see how Betty is.

Putnam: Why aren't you home? Who's with Ruth?

Mercy: Her grandma come. She's improved a little, I think—she give a powerful sneeze before.

Mrs. Putnam: Ah, there's a sign of life!

Mercy: I'd fear no more, Goody Putnam. It were a grand sneeze; another like it will shake her wits together, I'm sure. *She goes to the bed to look.*

Parris: Will you leave me now, Thomas? I would pray a while alone.

Abigail: Uncle, you've prayed since midnight. Why do you not go down and—

Parris: No—no. *To PUTNAM:* I have no answer for that crowd. I'll wait till Mr. Hale arrives. *To get MRS. PUTNAM to leave:* If you will, Goody Ann . . .

Putnam: Now look you, sir. Let you strike out against the Devil, and the village will bless you for it! Come down, speak to them—pray with them. They're thirsting for your word, Mister! Surely you'll pray with them.

Parris, swayed: I'll lead them in a psalm, but let you say nothing of witchcraft yet. I will not discuss it. The cause is yet unknown. I have had enough contention since I came; I want no more.

Mrs. Putnam: Mercy, you go home to Ruth, d'y'hear?

Mercy: Aye, mum.

MRS. PUTNAM goes out.

Parris, to ABIGAIL: If she starts for the window, cry for me at once.

Abigail: I will, uncle.

Parris, to PUTNAM: There is a terrible power in her arms today. *He goes out with PUTNAM.*

Abigail, with bushed trepidation: How is Ruth sick?

Mercy: It's weirdish, I know not—she seems to walk like a dead one since last night.

Abigail, turns at once and goes to BETTY, and now, with fear in her voice: Betty? BETTY *doesn't move. She shakes her.* Now stop this! Betty! Sit up now!

“Let either of you breathe a word about the other things, and I will bring a pointy reckoning that will shudder you.”

BETTY *doesn't stir*. MERCY *comes over*:

Mercy: Have you tried beatin' her? I gave Ruth a good one and it waked her for a minute. Here, let me have her.

Abigail, holding MERCY back: No, he'll be comin' up. Listen, now; if they be questioning us, tell them we danced—I told him as much already.

Mercy: Aye. And what more?

Abigail: He knows Tituba conjured Ruth's sisters to come out of the grave.

Mercy: And what more?

Abigail: He saw you naked.

Mercy, clapping her hands together with a frightened laugh: Oh, Jesus!

Enter MARY WARREN, breathless. She is seventeen, a subservient, naïve, lonely girl.

Mary Warren: What'll we do? The village is out! I just come from the farm; the whole country's talkin' witchcraft! They'll be callin' us witches, Abby!

Mercy, pointing and looking at MARY WARREN: She means to tell, I know it.

Mary Warren: Abby, we've got to tell. Witchery's a hangin' error, a hangin' like they done in Boston two year ago! We must tell the truth, Abby! You'll only be whipped for dancin', and the other things!

Abigail: Oh, *we'll* be whipped!

Mary Warren: I never done none of it, Abby. I only looked!

Mercy, moving menacingly toward MARY: Oh, you're a great one for lookin', aren't you, Mary Warren? What a grand peeping courage you have!

BETTY, *on the bed, whimpers*. ABIGAIL *turns to her at once*.

Abigail: Betty? *She goes to BETTY*. Now, Betty, dear, wake up now. It's Abigail. *She sits BETTY up and furiously shakes her*. I'll beat you, Betty! BETTY *whimpers*. My, you seem improving. I talked to

your papa and I told him everything. So there's nothing to—

Betty, darts off the bed, frightened of ABIGAIL, and flattens herself against the wall: I want my mama!

Abigail, with alarm, as she cautiously approaches BETTY: What ails you, Betty? Your mama's dead and buried.

Betty: I'll fly to Mama. Let me fly! *She raises her arms as though to fly, and streaks for the window, gets one leg out*.

Abigail, pulling her away from the window: I told him everything; he knows now, he knows everything we—

Betty: You drank blood, Abby! You didn't tell him that!

Abigail: Betty, you never say that again! You will never—

Betty: You did, you did! You drank a charm to kill John Proctor's wife! You drank a charm to kill Goody Proctor!

Abigail, smashes her across the face: Shut it! Now shut it!

Betty, collapsing on the bed: Mama, Mama! *She dissolves into sobs*.

Abigail: Now look you. All of you. We danced. And Tituba conjured Ruth Putnam's dead sisters.

And that is all. And mark this. Let either of you breathe a word, or the edge of a word, about the

other things, and I will come to you in the black of some terrible night and I will bring a pointy reckoning that will shudder you. And you know I can

do it; I saw Indians smash my dear parents' heads on the pillow next to mine, and I have seen some reddish work done at night, and I can make you

wish you had never seen the sun go down! *She goes to BETTY and roughly sits her up*. Now, you—

sit up and stop this!

But BETTY collapses in her hands and lies inert on the bed.



Mary Warren, *with hysterical fright*: What's got her? **ABIGAIL** *stares in fright at BETTY*. Abby, she's going to die! It's a sin to conjure, and we—

Abigail, *starting for MARY*: I say shut it, Mary Warren!

Enter JOHN PROCTOR. On seeing him, MARY WARREN leaps in fright.

Proctor was a farmer in his middle thirties. He need not have been a partisan of any faction in the town, but there is evidence to suggest that he had a sharp and biting way with hypocrites. He was the kind of man—powerful of body, even-tempered, and not easily led—who cannot refuse support to partisans without drawing their deepest resentment. In Proctor's presence a fool felt his foolishness instantly—and a Proctor is always marked for calumny therefore.

But as we shall see, the steady manner he displays does not spring from an untroubled soul. He is a sinner, a sinner not only against the moral fashion of the time, but against his own vision of decent conduct. These people had no ritual for the washing away of sins. It is another trait we inherited from them, and it has helped to discipline us as well as to breed hypocrisy among us. Proctor, respected and even feared in Salem, has come to regard himself as a kind of fraud. But no hint of this has yet appeared on the surface, and as he enters from the crowded parlor below it is a man in his prime we see, with a quiet confidence and an unexpressed, hidden force. Mary Warren, his servant, can barely speak for embarrassment and fear.

Mary Warren: Oh! I'm just going home, Mr. Proctor.

Proctor: Be you foolish, Mary Warren? Be you deaf? I forbid you leave the house, did I not? Why shall I pay you? I am looking for you more often than my cows!

Mary Warren: I only come to see the great doings in the world.

Proctor: I'll show you a great doin' on your arse one of these days. Now get you home; my wife is waitin' with your work! *Trying to retain a shred of dignity, she goes slowly out.*

Mercy Lewis, *both afraid of him and strangely titillated*: I'd best be off. I have my Ruth to watch. Good morning, Mr. Proctor.

MERCY *sidles out. Since PROCTOR's entrance, ABIGAIL has stood as though on tiptoe, absorbing his presence, wide-eyed. He glances at her, then goes to BETTY on the bed.*

Abigail: Gah! I'd almost forgot how strong you are, John Proctor!

Proctor, *looking at ABIGAIL now, the faintest suggestion of a knowing smile on his face*: What's this mischief here?

Abigail, *with a nervous laugh*: Oh, she's only gone silly somehow.

Proctor: The road past my house is a pilgrimage to Salem all morning. The town's mumbling witchcraft.

Abigail: Oh, posh! *Winningly she comes a little closer, with a confidential, wicked air*. We were dancin' in the woods last night, and my uncle leaped in on us. She took fright, is all.

Proctor, *his smile widening*: Ah, you're wicked yet, aren't y'! *A trill of expectant laughter escapes her, and she dares come closer, feverishly looking into his eyes*. You'll be clapped in the stocks before you're twenty.

He takes a step to go, and she springs into his path.

Abigail: Give me a word, John. A soft word. *Her concentrated desire destroys his smile.*

Proctor: No, no, Abby. That's done with.

Abigail, *tauntingly*: You come five mile to see a silly girl fly? I know you better.

Proctor, *setting her firmly out of his path*: I come to see what mischief your uncle's brewin' now. *With final emphasis*: Put it out of mind, Abby.

Abigail, *grasping his hand before he can release her*: John—I am waitin' for you every night.

Proctor: Abby, I never give you hope to wait for me.

Abigail, *now beginning to anger—she can't believe it*: I have something better than hope, I think!

Proctor: Abby, you'll put it out of mind. I'll not be comin' for you more.

Abigail: You're surely sportin' with me.

Proctor: You know me better.

Abigail: I know how you clutched my back behind your house and sweated like a stallion when



ever I come near! Or did I dream that? It's she put me out, you cannot pretend it were you. I saw your face when she put me out, and you loved me then and you do now!

Proctor: Abby, that's a wild thing to say—

Abigail: A wild thing may say wild things. But not so wild, I think. I have seen you since she put me out; I have seen you nights.

Proctor: I have hardly stepped off my farm this sevenmonth.

Abigail: I have a sense for heat, John, and yours has drawn me to my window, and I have seen you looking up, burning in your loneliness. Do you tell me you've never looked up at my window?

Proctor: I may have looked up.

Abigail, now softening: And you must. You are no wintry man. I know you, John. *I know you. She is weeping.* I cannot sleep for dreamin'; I cannot dream but I wake and walk about the house as though I'd find you comin' through some door. *She clutches him desperately.*

Proctor, gently pressing her from him, with great sympathy but firmly: Child—

Abigail, with a flash of anger: How do you call me child!

Proctor: Abby, I may think of you softly from time to time. But I will cut off my hand before I'll ever reach for you again. Wipe it out of mind. We never touched, Abby.

Abigail: Aye, but we did.

Proctor: Aye, but we did not.

Abigail, with a bitter anger: Oh, I marvel how such a strong man may let such a sickly wife be—

Proctor, angered—at himself as well: You'll speak nothin' of Elizabeth!

Abigail: She is blackening my name in the village! She is telling lies about me! She is a cold, sniveling woman, and you bend to her! Let her turn you like a—

Proctor, shaking her: Do you look for whippin'?

A psalm is heard being sung below.

Abigail, in tears: I look for John Proctor that took me from my sleep and put knowledge in my heart! I never knew what pretense Salem was, I never knew the lying lessons I was taught by all these Christian women and their covenanted men! And now you bid me tear the light out of my eyes? I will not, I cannot! You loved me, John Proctor,



"We never touched, Abby."

and whatever sin it is, you love me yet! *He turns abruptly to go out. She rushes to him.* John, pity me, pity me!

The words "going up to Jesus" are heard in the psalm, and BETTY claps her ears suddenly and whines loudly.

Abigail: Betty? *She hurries to BETTY, who is now sitting up and screaming. PROCTOR goes to BETTY as ABIGAIL is trying to pull her hands down, calling "Betty!"*

Proctor, growing unnerved: What's she doing? Girl, what ails you? Stop that wailing!

The singing has stopped in the midst of this, and now PARRIS rushes in.

Parris: What happened? What are you doing to her? Betty! *He rushes to the bed, crying, "Betty, Betty!"* MRS. PUTNAM enters, feverish with curiosity, and with her THOMAS PUTNAM and MERCY LEWIS. PARRIS, at the bed, keeps lightly slapping BETTY's face, while she moans and tries to get up.

Abigail: She heard you singin' and suddenly she's up and screamin'.

Mrs. Putnam: The psalm! The psalm! She cannot bear to hear the Lord's name!

Parris: No, God forbid. Mercy, run to the doctor! Tell him what's happened here! MERCY LEWIS rushes out.

Mrs. Putnam: Mark it for a sign, mark it!

REBECCA NURSE, seventy-two, enters. *She is white-bated, leaning upon her walking-stick.*



Putnam, *pointing at the whimpering* BETTY: That is a notorious sign of witchcraft afoot, Goody Nurse, a prodigious sign!

Mrs. Putnam: My mother told me that! When they cannot bear to hear the name of—

Parris, *trembling*: Rebecca, Rebecca, go to her, we're lost. She suddenly cannot bear to hear the Lord's—

GILES COREY, *eighty-three, enters. He is knotted with muscle, canny, inquisitive, and still powerful.*

Rebecca: There is hard sickness here, Giles Corey, so please to keep the quiet.

Giles: I've not said a word. No one here can testify I've said a word. Is she going to fly again? I hear she flies.

Putnam: Man, be quiet now!

Everything is quiet. REBECCA walks across the room to the bed. Gentleness exudes from her. BETTY is quietly whimpering, eyes shut. REBECCA simply stands over the child, who gradually quiets.

And while they are so absorbed, we may put a word in for Rebecca. Rebecca was the wife of Francis Nurse, who, from all accounts, was one of those men for whom both sides of the argument had to have respect. He was called upon to arbitrate disputes as though he were an unofficial judge, and Rebecca also enjoyed the high opinion most people had for him. By the time of the delusion, they had three hundred acres, and their children were settled in separate homesteads within the same estate. However, Francis had originally rented the land, and one theory has it that, as he gradually paid for it and raised his social status, there were those who resented his rise.

Another suggestion to explain the systematic campaign against Rebecca, and inferentially against Francis, is the land war he fought with his neighbors, one of whom was a Putnam. This squabble grew to the proportions of a battle in the woods between partisans of both sides, and it is said to have lasted for two days. As for Rebecca herself, the general opinion of her character was so high that to explain how anyone dared cry her out for a witch—and more, how adults could bring themselves to lay hands on her—we must look to the fields and boundaries of that time.

As we have seen, Thomas Putnam's man for the Salem ministry was Bayley. The Nurse clan had been in the faction that prevented Bayley's taking office. In addition, certain families allied to the Nurses by blood or friendship, and whose farms were contiguous with the Nurse farm or close to it, combined to break away from the Salem town authority and set up Topsfield, a new and independent entity whose existence was resented by old Salemites.

That the guiding hand behind the outcry was Putnam's is indicated by the fact that, as soon as it began, this Topsfield-Nurse faction absented themselves from church in protest and disbelief. It was Edward and Jonathan Putnam who signed the first complaint against Rebecca; and Thomas Putnam's little daughter was the one who fell into a fit at the hearing and pointed to Rebecca as her attacker. To top it all, Mrs. Putnam—who is now staring at the bewitched child on the bed—soon accused Rebecca's spirit of "tempting her to iniquity," a charge that had more truth in it than Mrs. Putnam could know.

Mrs. Putnam, *astonished*: What have you done?

REBECCA, *in thought, now leaves the bedside and sits.*

Parris, *wondrous and relieved*: What do you make of it, Rebecca?

Putnam, *eagerly*: Goody Nurse, will you go to my Ruth and see if you can wake her?

Rebecca, *sitting*: I think she'll wake in time. Pray calm yourselves. I have eleven children, and I am twenty-six times a grandma, and I have seen them all through their silly seasons, and when it come on them they will run the Devil bowlegged keeping up with their mischief. I think she'll wake when she tires of it. A child's spirit is like a child, you can never catch it by running after it; you must stand still, and, for love, it will soon itself come back.

Proctor: Aye, that's the truth of it, Rebecca.

Mrs. Putnam: This is no silly season, Rebecca. My Ruth is bewildered, Rebecca; she cannot eat.

Rebecca: Perhaps she is not hungered yet. **TO PARRIS**: I hope you are not decided to go in search of loose spirits, Mr. Parris. I've heard promise of that outside.

Parris: A wide opinion's running in the parish that the Devil may be among us, and I would satisfy them that they are wrong.

Proctor: Then let you come out and call them wrong. Did you consult the wardens before you called this minister to look for devils?

Parris: He is not coming to look for devils!

Proctor: Then what's he coming for?

Putnam: There be children dyin' in the village, Mister!

Proctor: I seen none dyin'. This society will not be a bag to swing around your head, Mr. Putnam. *To PARRIS:* Did you call a meeting before you—?

Putnam: I am sick of meetings; cannot the man turn his head without he have a meeting?

Proctor: He may turn his head, but not to Hell!

Rebecca: Pray, John, be calm. *Pause. He defers to her.* Mr. Parris, I think you'd best send Reverend Hale back as soon as he come. This will set us all to arguin' again in the society, and we thought to have peace this year. I think we ought rely on the doctor now, and good prayer.

Mrs. Putnam: Rebecca, the doctor's baffled!

Rebecca: If so he is, then let us go to God for the cause of it. There is prodigious danger in the seeking of loose spirits. I fear it, I fear it. Let us rather blame ourselves and—

Putnam: How may we blame ourselves? I am one of nine sons; the Putnam seed have peopled this province. And yet I have but one child left of eight—and now she shrivels!

Rebecca: I cannot fathom that.

Mrs. Putnam, with a growing edge of sarcasm: But I must! You think it God's work you should never lose a child, nor grandchild either, and I bury all but one? There are wheels within wheels in this village, and fires within fires!

Putnam, to PARRIS: When Reverend Hale comes, you will proceed to look for signs of witchcraft here.

Proctor, to PUTNAM: You cannot command Mr. Parris. We vote by name in this society, not by acreage.

Putnam: I never heard you worried so on this society, Mr. Proctor. I do not think I saw you at Sabbath meeting since snow flew.

Proctor: I have trouble enough without I come five mile to hear him preach only hellfire and bloody damnation. Take it to heart, Mr. Parris.

There are many others who stay away from church these days because you hardly ever mention God any more.

Parris, now aroused: Why, that's a drastic charge!
Rebecca: It's somewhat true; there are many that quail to bring their children—

Parris: I do not preach for children, Rebecca. It is not the children who are unmindful of their obligations toward this ministry.

Rebecca: Are there really those unmindful?

Parris: I should say the better half of Salem village—

Putnam: And more than that!

Parris: Where is my wood? My contract provides I be supplied with all my firewood. I am waiting since November for a stick, and even in November I had to show my frostbitten hands like some London beggar!

Giles: You are allowed six pound a year to buy your wood, Mr. Parris.

Parris: I regard that six pound as part of my salary. I am paid little enough without I spend six pound on firewood.

Proctor: Sixty, plus six for firewood—

Parris: The salary is sixty-six pound, Mr. Proctor! I am not some preaching farmer with a book under my arm; I am a graduate of Harvard College.

Giles: Aye, and well instructed in arithmetic!

Parris: Mr. Corey, you will look far for a man of my kind at sixty pound a year! I am not used to this poverty; I left a thrifty business in the Barbados to serve the Lord. I do not fathom it, why am I persecuted here? I cannot offer one proposition but there be a howling riot of argument. I have often wondered if the Devil be in it somewhere; I cannot understand you people otherwise.

Proctor: Mr. Parris, you are the first minister ever did demand the deed to this house—

Parris: Man! Don't a minister deserve a house to live in?

Proctor: To live in, yes. But to ask ownership is like you shall own the meeting house itself; the last meeting I were at you spoke so long on deeds and mortgages I thought it were an auction.

Parris: I want a mark of confidence, is all! I am your third preacher in seven years. I do not wish to be put out like the cat whenever some majority feels the whim. You people seem not to comprehend that a minister is the Lord's man in the



parish; a minister is not to be so lightly crossed and contradicted—

Putnam: Aye!

Parris: There is either obedience or the church will burn like Hell is burning!

Proctor: Can you speak one minute without we land in Hell again? I am sick of Hell!

Parris: It is not for you to say what is good for you to hear!

Proctor: I may speak my heart, I think!

Parris, in a fury: What, are we Quakers?⁴ We are not Quakers here yet, Mr. Proctor. And you may tell that to your followers!

Proctor: My followers!

Parris—now he's out with it: There is a party in this church. I am not blind; there is a faction and a party.

Proctor: Against you?

Putnam: Against him and all authority!

Proctor: Why, then I must find it and join it.

There is shock among the others.

Rebecca: He does not mean that.

Putnam: He confessed it now!

Proctor: I mean it solemnly, Rebecca; I like not the smell of this "authority."

Rebecca: No, you cannot break charity with your minister. You are another kind, John. Clasp his hand, make your peace.

Proctor: I have a crop to sow and lumber to drag home. *He goes angrily to the door and turns to COREY with a smile.* What say you, Giles, let's find the party. He says there's a party.

Giles: I've changed my opinion of this man, John. Mr. Parris, I beg your pardon. I never thought you had so much iron in you.

Parris, surprised: Why, thank you, Giles!

Giles: It suggests to the mind what the trouble be among us all these years. *To all:* Think on it. Wherefore is everybody suing everybody else? Think on it now, it's a deep thing, and dark as a pit. I have been six time in court this year—

Proctor, familiarly, with warmth, although he knows he is approaching the edge of GILES' tolerance with this: Is it the Devil's fault that a man

cannot say you good morning without you clap him for defamation? You're old, Giles, and you're not hearin' so well as you did.

Giles—be cannot be crossed: John Proctor, I have only last month collected four pound damages for you publicly sayin' I burned the roof off your house, and I—

Proctor, laughing: I never said no such thing, but I've paid you for it, so I hope I can call you deaf without charge. Now come along, Giles, and help me drag my lumber home.

Putnam: A moment, Mr. Proctor. What lumber is that you're draggin', if I may ask you?

Proctor: My lumber. From out my forest by the riverside.

Putnam: Why, we are surely gone wild this year. What anarchy is this? That tract is in my bounds, it's in my bounds, Mr. Proctor.

Proctor: In your bounds! *Indicating REBECCA:* I bought that tract from Goody Nurse's husband five months ago.

Putnam: He had no right to sell it. It stands clear in my grandfather's will that all the land between the river and—

Proctor: Your grandfather had a habit of willing land that never belonged to him, if I may say it plain.

Giles: That's God's truth; he nearly willed away my north pasture but he knew I'd break his fingers before he'd set his name to it. Let's get your lumber home, John. I feel a sudden will to work coming on.

Putnam: You load one oak of mine and you'll fight to drag it home!

Giles: Aye, and we'll win too, Putnam—this fool and I. Come on! *He turns to PROCTOR and starts out.*

Putnam: I'll have my men on you, Corey! I'll clap a writ on you!

Enter REVEREND JOHN HALE of Beverly.

Mr. Hale is nearing forty, a tight-skinned, eager-eyed intellectual. This is a beloved errand for him; on being called here to ascertain witchcraft he felt the pride of the specialist whose unique knowledge has at last been publicly called for. Like almost all men of learning, he spent a good deal of his time pondering the invisible world, especially

4. **Quakers:** Most Quakers believe that no rite or formally trained priest is needed to commune with God; instead, divine truth can be found in one's "inner light."

since he had himself encountered a witch in his parish not long before. That woman, however, turned into a mere pest under his searching scrutiny, and the child she had allegedly been afflicting recovered her normal behavior after Hale had given her his kindness and a few days of rest in his own house. However, that experience never raised a doubt in his mind as to the reality of the underworld or the existence of Lucifer's many-faced lieutenants. And his belief is not to his discredit. Better minds than Hale's were—and still are—convinced that there is a society of spirits beyond our ken. One cannot help noting that one of his lines has never yet raised a laugh in any audience that has seen this play; it is his assurance that "We cannot look to superstition in this. The Devil is precise." Evidently we are not quite certain even now whether diabolism is holy and not to be scoffed at. And it is no accident that we should be so bemused.

Like Reverend Hale and the others on this stage, we conceive the Devil as a necessary part of a respectable view of cosmology. Ours is a divided empire in which certain ideas and emotions and actions are of God, and their opposites are of Lucifer. It is as impossible for most men to conceive of a morality without sin as of an earth without "sky." Since 1692 a great but superficial change has wiped out God's beard and the Devil's horns, but the world is still gripped between two diametrically opposed absolutes. The concept of unity, in which positive and negative are attributes of the same force, in which good and evil are relative, ever-changing, and always joined to the same phenomenon—such a concept is still reserved to the physical sciences and to the few who have grasped the history of ideas. When it is recalled that until the Christian era the underworld was never regarded as a hostile area, that all gods were useful and essentially friendly to man despite occasional lapses; when we see the steady and methodical inculcation into humanity of the idea of man's worthlessness—until redeemed—the necessity of the Devil may become evident as a weapon, a weapon designed and used time and time again in every age to whip men into a surrender to a particular church or church-state.

Our difficulty in believing the—for want of a better word—political inspiration of the Devil is

due in great part to the fact that he is called up and damned not only by our social antagonists but by our own side, whatever it may be. The Catholic Church, through its Inquisition,⁵ is famous for cultivating Lucifer as the arch-fiend, but the Church's enemies relied no less upon the Old Boy to keep the human mind enthralled. Luther⁶ was himself accused of alliance with Hell, and he in turn accused his enemies. To complicate matters further, he believed that he had had contact with the Devil, and had argued theology with him. I am not surprised at this, for at my own university a professor of history—a Lutheran, by the way—used to assemble his graduate students, draw the shades, and commune in the classroom with Erasmus.⁷ He was never, to my knowledge, officially scoffed at for this, the reason being that the university officials, like most of us, are the children of a history which still sucks at the Devil's teats. At this writing, only England has held back before the temptations of contemporary diabolism. In the countries of the Communist ideology, all resistance of any import is linked to the totally malign capitalist succubi,⁸ and in America any man who is not reactionary in his views is open to the charge of alliance with the Red hell. Political opposition, thereby, is given an inhumane overlay which then justifies the abrogation of all normally applied customs of civilized intercourse. A political policy is equated with moral right, and opposition to it with diabolical malevolence. Once such an equation is effectively made, society becomes a congerie of plots and counterplots, and the main role of government changes from that of the arbiter to that of the scourge of God.

The results of this process are no different now from what they ever were, except sometimes in the degree of cruelty inflicted, and not always

5. **Inquisition:** suppression and punishment, begun in the thirteenth century, by the Roman Catholic Church of people thought to hold heretical beliefs.

6. **Luther:** Martin Luther (1483–1546), a German theologian and leader of the Protestant Reformation.

7. **Erasmus** (i·raz'məs) (c. 1466–1536): Dutch scholar and humanist, who came into conflict with Luther over predestination. (Erasmus believed in free will.)

8. **succubi** (suk'yōō·bī): plural of *succubus*, a female evil spirit or demon thought in medieval times to have sexual intercourse with sleeping men.



even in that department. Normally the actions and deeds of a man were all that society felt comfortable in judging. The secret intent of an action was left to the ministers, priests, and rabbis to deal with. When diabolism rises, however, actions are the least important manifests of the true nature of a man. The Devil, as Reverend Hale said, is a wily one, and, until an hour before he fell, even God thought him beautiful in Heaven.

The analogy, however, seems to falter when one considers that, while there were no witches then, there are Communists and capitalists now, and in each camp there is certain proof that spies of each side are at work undermining the other. But this is a snobbish objection and not at all warranted by the facts. I have no doubt that people *were* communing with, and even worshiping, the Devil in Salem, and if the whole truth could be known in this case, as it is in others, we should discover a regular and conventionalized propitiation of the dark spirit. One certain evidence of this is the confession of Tituba, the slave of Reverend Parris, and another is the behavior of the children who were known to have indulged in sorceries with her.

There are accounts of similar *klatches* in Europe, where the daughters of the towns would assemble at night and, sometimes with fetishes, sometimes with a selected young man, give themselves to love, with some bastardly results. The Church, sharp-eyed as it must be when gods long dead are brought to life, condemned these orgies as witchcraft and interpreted them rightly, as a resurgence of the Dionysiac⁹ forces it had crushed long before. Sex, sin, and the Devil were early linked, and so they continued to be in Salem, and are today. From all accounts there are no more puritanical mores in the world than those enforced by the Communists in Russia, where women's fashions, for instance, are as prudent and all-covering as any American Baptist would desire. The divorce laws lay a tremendous responsibility on the father for the care of his children. Even the laxity of divorce regulations in the early years of the revolution was undoubtedly a revulsion from the nineteenth-century Victorian immobility of

9. **Dionysiac** (dī'ə-nis'ē-ak): like Dionysius (dī'ə-nish'əs), the ancient Greek god of wine and revelry.

marriage and the consequent hypocrisy that developed from it. If for no other reasons, a state so powerful, so jealous of the uniformity of its citizens, cannot long tolerate the atomization of the family. And yet, in American eyes at least, there remains the conviction that the Russian attitude toward women is lascivious. It is the Devil working again, just as he is working within the Slav who is shocked at the very idea of a woman's disrobing herself in a burlesque show. Our opposites are always robed in sexual sin, and it is from this unconscious conviction that demonology gains both its attractive sensuality and its capacity to infuriate and frighten.

Coming into Salem now, Reverend Hale conceives of himself much as a young doctor on his first call. His painfully acquired armory of symptoms, catchwords, and diagnostic procedures is now to be put to use at last. The road from Beverly is unusually busy this morning, and he has passed a hundred rumors that make him smile at the ignorance of the yeomanry in this most precise science. He feels himself allied with the best minds of Europe—kings, philosophers, scientists, and ecclesiasts of all churches. His goal is light, goodness and its preservation, and he knows the exaltation of the blessed whose intelligence, sharpened by minute examinations of enormous tracts, is finally called upon to face what may be a bloody fight with the Fiend himself.

He appears loaded down with half a dozen heavy books.

Hale: Pray you, someone take these!

Parris, delighted: Mr. Hale! Oh! it's good to see you again! *Taking some books:* My, they're heavy!

Hale, setting down his books: They must be; they are weighted with authority.

Parris, a little scared: Well, you do come prepared!

Hale: We shall need hard study if it comes to tracking down the Old Boy. *Noticing REBECCA:* You cannot be Rebecca Nurse?

Rebecca: I am, sir. Do you know me?

Hale: It's strange how I knew you, but I suppose you look as such a good soul should. We have all heard of your great charities in Beverly.

Parris: Do you know this gentleman? Mr. Thomas Putnam. And his good wife Ann.



Hale: Putnam! I had not expected such distinguished company, sir.

Putnam, pleased: It does not seem to help us today, Mr. Hale. We look to you to come to our house and save our child.

Hale: Your child ails too?

Mrs. Putnam: Her soul, her soul seems flown away. She sleeps and yet she walks . . .

Putnam: She cannot eat.

Hale: Cannot eat! *Thinks on it. Then, to PROCTOR and GILES COREY:* Do you men have afflicted children?

Parris: No, no, these are farmers. John Proctor—

Giles Corey: He don't believe in witches.

Proctor, to HALE: I never spoke on witches one way or the other. Will you come, Giles?

Giles: No—no, John, I think not. I have some few queer questions of my own to ask this fellow.

Proctor: I've heard you to be a sensible man, Mr. Hale. I hope you'll leave some of it in Salem.

PROCTOR goes. HALE stands embarrassed for an instant.

Parris, quickly: Will you look at my daughter, sir? Leads HALE to the bed. She has tried to leap out the window; we discovered her this morning on the highroad, waving her arms as though she'd fly.

Hale, narrowing his eyes: Tries to fly.

Putnam: She cannot bear to hear the Lord's name, Mr. Hale; that's a sure sign of witchcraft afloat.

Hale, holding up his hands: No, no. Now let me instruct you. We cannot look to superstition in this. The Devil is precise; the marks of his presence are definite as stone, and I must tell you all that I shall not proceed unless you are prepared to believe me if I should find no bruise of Hell upon her.

Parris: It is agreed, sir—it is agreed—we will abide by your judgment.

Hale: Good then. *He goes to the bed, looks down at BETTY. To PARRIS:* Now, sir, what were your first warning of this strangeness?

Parris: Why, sir—I discovered her—*indicating ABIGAIL*—and my niece and ten or twelve of the other girls, dancing in the forest last night.

Hale, surprised: You permit dancing?

Parris: No, no, it were secret—

Mrs. Putnam, unable to wait: Mr. Parris's slave has knowledge of conjurin', sir.

Parris, to MRS. PUTNAM: We cannot be sure of that, Goody Ann—

Mrs. Putnam, frightened, very softly: I know it, sir. I sent my child—she should learn from Tituba who murdered her sisters.

Rebecca, horrified: Goody Ann! You sent a child to conjure up the dead?

Mrs. Putnam: Let God blame me, not you, not you, Rebecca! I'll not have you judging me any more! *To HALE:* Is it a natural work to lose seven children before they live a day?

Parris: Sssh!

REBECCA, with great pain, turns her face away. There is a pause.

Hale: Seven dead in childbirth.

Mrs. Putnam, softly: Aye. *Her voice breaks; she looks up at him. Silence. HALE is impressed. PARRIS looks to him. He goes to his books, opens one, turns pages, then reads. All wait, avidly.*

Parris, hushed: What book is that?

Mrs. Putnam: What's there, sir?

Hale, with a tasty love of intellectual pursuit: Here is all the invisible world, caught, defined, and calculated. In these books the Devil stands stripped of all his brute disguises. Here are all your familiar spirits—your incubi and succubi; your witches that go by land, by air, and by sea; your wizards of the night and of the day. Have no fear now—we shall find him out if he has come among us, and I mean to crush him utterly if he has shown his face! *He starts for the bed.*

Rebecca: Will it hurt the child, sir?

Hale: I cannot tell. If she is truly in the Devil's grip we may have to rip and tear to get her free.

Rebecca: I think I'll go, then. I am too old for this. *She rises.*

Parris, striving for conviction: Why, Rebecca, we may open up the boil of all our troubles today!

Rebecca: Let us hope for that. I go to God for you, sir.

**"I mean to crush him
utterly . . ."**

THE CRUCIBLE, ACT ONE 21



Parris, *with trepidation—and resentment*: I hope you do not mean we go to Satan here! *Slight pause.*

Rebecca: I wish I knew. *She goes out; they feel resentful of her note of moral superiority.*

Putnam, *abruptly*: Come, Mr. Hale, let's get on. Sit you here.

Giles: Mr. Hale, I have always wanted to ask a learned man—what signifies the readin' of strange books?

Hale: What books?

Giles: I cannot tell; she hides them.

Hale: Who does this?

Giles: Martha, my wife. I have waked at night many a time and found her in a corner, readin' of a book. Now what do you make of that?

Hale: Why, that's not necessarily—

Giles: It discomfits me! Last night—mark this—I tried and tried and could not say my prayers. And then she close her book and walks out of the house, and suddenly—mark this—I could pray again!

Old Giles must be spoken for, if only because his fate was to be so remarkable and so different from that of all the others. He was in his early eighties at this time, and was the most comical hero in the history. No man has ever been blamed for so much. If a cow was missed, the first thought was to look for her around Corey's house; a fire blazing up at night brought suspicion of arson to his door. He didn't give a hoot for public opinion, and only in his last years—after he had married Martha—did he bother much with the church. That she stopped his prayer is very probable, but he forgot to say that he'd only recently learned any prayers and it didn't take much to make him stumble over them. He was a crank and a nuisance, but withal a deeply innocent and brave man. In court, once, he was asked if it were true that he had been frightened by the strange behavior of a hog and had then said he knew it to be the Devil in an animal's shape. "What frightened you?" he was asked. He forgot everything but the word "frighted," and instantly replied, "I do not know that I ever spoke that word in my life."

Hale: Ah! The stoppage of prayer—that is strange. I'll speak further on that with you.

Giles: I'm not sayin' she's touched the Devil, now, but I'd admire to know what books she reads and why she hides them. She'll not answer me, y' see.

Hale: Aye, we'll discuss it. *To all*: Now mark me, if the Devil is in her you will witness some frightful wonders in this room, so please to keep your wits about you. Mr. Putnam, stand close in case she flies. Now, Betty, dear, will you sit up? *PUTNAM comes in closer, ready-handed. HALE sits BETTY up, but she hangs limp in his hands. Hmmm. He observes her carefully. The others watch breathlessly.* Can you hear me? I am John Hale, minister of Beverly. I have come to help you, dear. Do you remember my two little girls in Beverly? *She does not stir in his hands.*

Parris, *in fright*: How can it be the Devil? Why would he choose my house to strike? We have all manner of licentious people in the village!

Hale: What victory would the Devil have to win a soul already bad? It is the best the Devil wants, and who is better than the minister?

Giles: That's deep, Mr. Parris, deep, deep!

Parris, *with resolution now*: Betty! Answer Mr. Hale! Betty!

Hale: Does someone afflict you, child? It need not be a woman, mind you, or a man. Perhaps some bird invisible to others comes to you—perhaps a pig, a mouse, or any beast at all. Is there some figure bids you fly? *The child remains limp in his hands. In silence he lays her back on the pillow. Now, holding out his hands toward her, he intones*: In nomine Domini Sabaoth sui filii que ite ad infernos.¹⁰ *She does not stir. He turns to ABIGAIL, his eyes narrowing.* Abigail, what sort of dancing were you doing with her in the forest?

Abigail: Why—common dancing is all.

Parris: I think I ought to say that I—I saw a kettle in the grass where they were dancing.

Abigail: That were only soup.

Hale: What sort of soup were in this kettle, Abigail?

Abigail: Why, it were beans—and lentils, I think, and—

Hale: Mr. Parris, you did not notice, did you, any living thing in the kettle? A mouse, perhaps, a spider, a frog—?

10. *In nomine Domini Sabaoth sui filii que ite ad infernos*: Latin for "In the name of the Lord of Hosts and his son, get thee to hell."



Parris, fearfully: I—do believe there were some movement—in the soup.

Abigail: That jumped in, we never put it in!

Hale, quickly: What jumped in?

Abigail: Why, a very little frog jumped—

Parris: A frog, Abby!

Hale, grasping ABIGAIL: Abigail, it may be your cousin is dying. Did you call the Devil last night?

Abigail: I never called him? Tituba, Tituba . . .

Parris, blanched: She called the Devil?

Hale: I should like to speak with Tituba.

Parris: Goody Ann, will you bring her up? MRS. PUTNAM *exits*.

Hale: How did she call him?

Abigail: I know not—she spoke Barbados.

Hale: Did you feel any strangeness when she called him? A sudden cold wind, perhaps? A trembling below the ground?

Abigail: I didn't see no Devil! *Shaking* BETTY: Betty, wake up. Betty! Betty!

Hale: You cannot evade me, Abigail. Did your cousin drink any of the brew in that kettle?

Abigail: She never drank it!

Hale: Did you drink it?

Abigail: No, sir!

Hale: Did Tituba ask you to drink it?

Abigail: She tried, but I refused.

Hale: Why are you concealing? Have you sold yourself to Lucifer?

Abigail: I never sold myself! I'm a good girl! I'm a proper girl!

MRS. PUTNAM *enters with* TITUBA, *and instantly* ABIGAIL *points at* TITUBA.

Abigail: She made me do it! She made Betty do it!

Tituba, shocked and angry: Abby!

Abigail: She makes me drink blood!

Parris: Blood!!

Mrs. Putnam: My baby's blood?

Tituba: No, no, chicken blood. I give she chicken blood!

Hale: Woman, have you enlisted these children for the Devil?

Tituba: No, no, sir, I don't truck with no Devil!

Hale: Why can she not wake? Are you silencing this child?

Tituba: I love me Betty!

Hale: You have sent your spirit out upon this

child, have you not? Are you gathering souls for the Devil?

Abigail: She sends her spirit on me in church; she makes me laugh at prayer!

Parris: She have often laughed at prayer!

Abigail: She comes to me every night to go and drink blood!

Tituba: You beg *me* to conjure! She beg *me* make charm—

Abigail: Don't lie! *To* HALE: She comes to me while I sleep; she's always making me dream corruptions!

Tituba: Why you say that, Abby?

Abigail: Sometimes I wake and find myself standing in the open doorway and not a stitch on my body! I always hear her laughing in my sleep. I hear her singing her Barbados songs and tempting me with—

Tituba: Mister Reverend, I never—

Hale, resolved now: Tituba, I want you to wake this child.

Tituba: I have no power on this child, sir.

Hale: You most certainly do, and you will free her from it now! When did you compact with the Devil?

Tituba: I don't compact with no Devil!

Parris: You will confess yourself or I will take you out and whip you to your death, Tituba!

Putnam: This woman must be hanged! She must be taken and hanged!

Tituba, terrified, falls to her knees: No, no, don't hang Tituba! I tell him I don't desire to work for him, sir.

Parris: The Devil?

Hale: Then you saw him! TITUBA *weeps*. Now Tituba, I know that when we bind ourselves to Hell it is very hard to break with it. We are going to help you tear yourself free—

Tituba, frightened by the coming process: Mister Reverend, I do believe somebody else be witchin' these children.

Hale: Who?

Tituba: I don't know, sir, but the Devil got him numerous witches.

Hale: Does he! *It is a clue*. Tituba, look into my eyes. Come, look into me. *She raises her eyes to his fearfully*. You would be a good Christian woman, would you not, Tituba?

Tituba: Aye, sir, a good Christian woman.



Hale: And you love these little children?

Tituba: Oh, yes, sir, I don't desire to hurt little children.

Hale: And you love God, Tituba?

Tituba: I love God with all my bein'!

Hale: Now, in God's holy name—

Tituba: Bless Him. Bless Him. *She is rocking on her knees, sobbing in terror.*

Hale: And to His glory—

Tituba: Eternal glory. Bless Him—bless God . . .

Hale: Open yourself, Tituba—open yourself and let God's holy light shine on you.

Tituba: Oh, bless the Lord.

Hale: When the Devil comes to you does he ever come—with another person? *She stares up into his face.* Perhaps another person in the village? Someone you know.

Parris: Who came with him?

Putnam: Sarah Good? Did you ever see Sarah Good with him? Or Osburn?

Parris: Was it man or woman came with him?

Tituba: Man or woman. Was—was woman.

Parris: What woman? A woman, you said. What woman?

Tituba: It was black dark, and I—

Parris: You could see him, why could you not see her?

Tituba: Well, they was always talking; they was always runnin' round and carryin' on—

Parris: You mean out of Salem? Salem witches?

Tituba: I believe so, yes, sir.

Now HALE takes her hand. She is surprised.

Hale: Tituba. You must have no fear to tell us who they are, do you understand? We will protect you. The Devil can never overcome a minister. You know that, do you not?

Tituba—she kisses HALE's hand: Aye, sir, oh, I do.

Hale: You have confessed yourself to witchcraft, and that speaks a wish to come to Heaven's side. And we will bless you, Tituba.

Tituba, deeply relieved: Oh, God bless you, Mr. Hale!

Hale, with rising exaltation: You are God's instrument put in our hands to discover the Devil's agents among us. You are selected, Tituba, you are chosen to help us cleanse our village. So speak utterly, Tituba, turn your back on him and face God—face God, Tituba, and God will protect you.

Tituba, joining with him: Oh, God, protect Tituba!

Hale, kindly: Who came to you with the Devil? Two? Three? Four? How many?

TITUBA pants and begins rocking back and forth again, staring ahead.

Tituba: There was four. There was four.

Parris, pressing in on her: Who? Who? Their names, their names!

Tituba, suddenly bursting out: Oh, how many times he bid me kill you, Mr. Parris!

Parris: Kill me!

Tituba, in a fury: He say Mr. Parris must be kill! Mr. Parris no goodly man, Mr. Parris mean man and no gentle man, and he bid me rise out of my bed and cut your throat! *They gasp.* But I tell him "No! I don't hate that man. I don't want kill that man." But he say, "You work for me, Tituba, and I make you free! I give you pretty dress to wear, and put you way high up in the air, and you gone fly back to Barbados!" And I say, "You lie, Devil, you lie!" And then he come one stormy night to me, and he say, "Look! I have *white* people belong to me." And I look—and there was Goody Good.

Parris: Sarah Good!

Tituba, rocking and weeping: Aye, sir, and Goody Osburn.

Mrs. Putnam: I knew it! Goody Osburn were midwife to me three times. I begged you, Thomas, did I not? I begged him not to call Osburn because I feared her. My babies always shriveled in her hands!

Hale: Take courage, you must give us all their names. How can you bear to see this child suffering? Look at her, Tituba. *He is indicating BETTY on the bed.* Look at her God-given innocence; her soul is so tender; we must protect her, Tituba; the Devil is out and preying on her like a beast upon the flesh of the pure lamb. God will bless you for your help.

ABIGAIL rises, staring as though inspired, and cries out.

Abigail: I want to open myself! *They turn to her, startled. She is enraptured, as though in a pearly light.* I want the light of God, I want the sweet love of Jesus! I danced for the Devil; I saw him; I wrote in his book; I go back to Jesus; I kiss His

hand. I saw Sarah Good with the Devil! I saw Goody Osburn with the Devil! I saw Bridget Bishop with the Devil!

As she is speaking, BETTY is rising from the bed, a fever in her eyes, and picks up the chant.

Betty, staring too: I saw George Jacobs with the Devil! I saw Goody Howe with the Devil!

Parris: She speaks! *He rushes to embrace BETTY.* She speaks!

Hale: Glory to God! It is broken, they are free!

Betty, calling out hysterically and with great relief: I saw Martha Bellows with the Devil!

Abigail: I saw Goody Sibber with the Devil! *It is rising to a great glee.*

Putnam: The marshal, I'll call the marshal!

PARRIS is shouting a prayer of thanksgiving.

Betty: I saw Alice Barrow with the Devil!

The curtain begins to fall.

Hale, as PUTNAM goes out: Let the marshal bring irons!

Abigail: I saw Goody Hawkins with the Devil!

Betty: I saw Goody Bibber with the Devil!

Abigail: I saw Goody Booth with the Devil!

On their ecstatic cries

The curtain falls

MAKING MEANINGS

Act One


First Thoughts


1. What do you think of Abigail, and what would you have said to her if you had been present at the end of Act One?

Reading Check

- a. When Abigail is alone with Proctor, what claim does she make?
- b. Whom has Parris invited to Salem?
- c. Why are both Mrs. Putnam and Abigail interested in Tituba's "conjuring"?

Shaping Interpretations

2. Why is Reverend Parris so terrified by the events in Salem? What possible result does he fear?
3. How would you explain the "illnesses" of Betty and Ruth?
4. Using your reading notes as a guide,  reread the background information that Miller provides about the history of Salem, in order to find out when important events occurred. Then make a **time line** that places in rough **chronological order** events such as the murder of Abigail's parents, the dispute over the election of the minister, the battle over Francis Nurse's land, and the death of Mrs. Putnam's babies.

5. How would you interpret Abigail's relationship to the other girls and her relationship to Proctor? Be sure to check your reading notes. 
6. Summarize Hale's view of his mission in Salem. What does he mean when he says the Devil is "precise"?
7. At the beginning of the act, Tituba enters Betty's bedroom in fright because she knows "trouble in this house eventually lands on her back." Are her fears justified? To what extent is Tituba a scapegoat for Abigail and the other girls, and to what extent does she share responsibility for the witch hunt?
8. At the end of the act, what do you think is Abigail's **motivation** to "open" herself and begin naming names?
9. A **static character** changes little or not at all during a story. A **dynamic character** changes in an important way as a result of the story's action. Among the characters introduced in Act One, which do you think have potential for change as the play progresses?

Connecting with the Text

10. When someone is accused of a crime today, do people still have a tendency to "jump on the bandwagon" with the accusers? Explain your answer.