

The Private Life of the Master Race

A DOCUMENTARY PLAY BY
BERTOLT BRECHT

Author of the famous
German version of
THE BEGGAR'S OPERA



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OF THE MASTER RACE

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by

BERTOLT BRECHT

English Version and An Essay
on the work of Brecht by

ERIC RUSSELL BENTLEY

LONDON
VICTOR GOLLANCZ LTD
1948

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Dedicated to The Other Germany

AUTHOR'S NOTE

THE PLAY *The Private Life of the Master Race* consists of seventeen of the twenty-eight scenes of my chronicle *Fears and Miseries of the Third Reich*. It gives a picture of the New Order which Hitler introduced and tested in Germany and which was then maintained by his divisions throughout Europe. On the stage at the beginning of the play stands a German Panzer (armoured troop-carrying truck), the classic Panzer which carried the Nazis to battle as victims of the New Order which they promoted, the Panzer which turned up in one country after another, in Poland, Scandinavia, France, the Balkans, and the Soviet Union. The seventeen scenes show the private life of the men in the Panzer, the environment they come from. The steel-helmeted soldiers crouch in the Panzer, their faces white as chalk, their guns between their knees. Each time the Panzer appears on the stage—four times in all—military music is heard. The individual scenes are introduced or followed by a voice speaking out of the darkness and by the roar of the rolling Panzer. The roar of the Panzer is heard also during the scenes themselves every time the Terror sets in which has brought the Germans into the war.

B.B.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

I WISH TO thank for invaluable help in making this translation: Mrs. Elisabeth Hauptmann-Hacke, Miss Franziska de Graaff, Mr. Brecht and my wife. I wish to thank *The Nation* and *Theatre Arts* for permission to reprint material from their columns.

The scenes of *The Private Life of the Master Race* were mostly written in the middle 'thirties. The present "frame" was added for a projected production by Max Reinhardt in 1942. The English version was made in 1943.

An essay on Brecht and his work follows the play in this volume.

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PART I

A band plays a barbaric march. Out of the darkness appears a big sign-post: TO POLAND, and near it a Panzer truck. Its wheels are turning. On it sit twelve to sixteen soldiers, steel helmeted, their faces white as chalk, their guns between their knees. They could be puppets.

The soldiers sing to the tune of the Horst Wessel Song:

And when the Führer had created order
At home in Germany with iron hand,
Forthwith he sent us out to carry his New Order
With faith and force to every other land.

So we set out obedient to superiors
In all our might—'twas a September day—
To conquer for them with the dreadful speed of lightning
A little town that deep in Poland lay.

And soon all Europe saw a bloody plaster
Smeared on our tanks from Seine to Volga strand
Because our Führer had re-cast us as a Master-
Race through the continent with iron hand.

[Dim out. The dull roll of the Panzer motor continues for a few seconds. When the stage lights up, we see a staircase. Above the scene is written in enormous black letters:]

BRESLAU 1933

THE BETRAYAL

[A man and a woman stand listening. They are very pale.]

THE WOMAN: Now they're downstairs.

THE MAN: Not yet.

THE WOMAN: They've smashed the banister. He was already unconscious when they dragged him out of the apartment.

THE MAN: But the only thing I said was that the radio with the broadcasts from Russia didn't come from here.

THE WOMAN: That wasn't the *only* thing you said.

THE MAN: I didn't say anything else.

THE WOMAN: Don't look at me like that. It serves them right. Why do they have to be Communists?

THE MAN: But they didn't need to tear his jacket for him. None of us are as well off as that.

THE WOMAN: The jacket has nothing to do with it.

THE MAN: They didn't need to tear it for him.

[Dim out. The sound of the Panzer in motion is heard again.]

THE VOICE:

Thus neighbour betrayed neighbour.
Thus the common folk devoured each other
and enmity grew in the houses and in the precincts
And so we went forth with confidence
and shoved onto our Panzer
every man who had not been slain:
a whole nation of betrayers and betrayed
we shoved onto our iron chariot.

[When the lights go up we see the kitchen of a well-to-do house. Over the scene is written in enormous black letters:]

BERLIN 1933

THE CHALK CROSS

[An S.A. MAN, a COOK, a PARLOUR-MAID, and a CHAUFFEUR are talking.]

THE PARLOUR-MAID: Have you really only half an hour?

THE S.A. MAN: Night drill.

THE COOK: What are you always drilling for?

THE S.A. MAN: That's confidential.

THE COOK: Is it a raid?

THE S.A. MAN: Wouldn't you like to know? Nobody will get anything out of me. Start fishing if you want. You'll catch nothing. I'm as deep as a well.

THE PARLOUR-MAID: And you still have to go to Reinickendorf?

THE S.A. MAN: Reinickendorf or Rummelsburg or maybe Lichterfelde, huh?

THE PARLOUR-MAID (*rather bewildered*): Won't you have something to eat before you leave?

THE S.A. MAN: Sure, wheel in the field kitchen. I wouldn't like to let you down.

[THE COOK *brings a tray*.

THE S.A. MAN: There'll be no blabbing. Always surprise the enemy! Always come at him when he doesn't see a cloud on the horizon. Just watch the Führer when *he* prepares to strike! Impenetrable! Beforehand you don't know a thing. Maybe beforehand he doesn't know himself. Then it comes with a bang. The most colossal things. That's what makes them all fear us so much. (*He has tucked the napkin in at the neck and taken up his knife and fork.*) Sure the boss won't blow in, Anna? And me sitting here with my mouth full of high-class mayonnaise. (*Speaks as if with his mouth full, in an exaggerated way.*) Heil Hitler!

THE PARLOUR-MAID: No, they'd ring for the car first. Am I right, Herr Franke?

THE CHAUFFEUR: Beg your pardon! Oh, sure.

[THE S.A. MAN, *reassured, busies himself with the food*.

THE PARLOUR-MAID (*sitting next to him*): Aren't you tired?

THE S.A. MAN: Terrifically.

THE PARLOUR-MAID: But you still have Friday free?

THE S.A. MAN: If nothing happens in between.

THE PARLOUR-MAID: Look, I paid four marks fifty to have the watch repaired.

THE S.A. MAN: It's a scandal.

THE PARLOUR-MAID: The whole watch only cost twelve.

THE S.A. MAN: Is the boy in the drugstore still making passes?

THE PARLOUR-MAID: Oh Christ!

THE S.A. MAN: You need only tell me.

THE PARLOUR-MAID: I tell you everything. Have you got your new boots on?

THE S.A. MAN (*listlessly*): Yes, why?

THE PARLOUR-MAID: Minna, have you seen Theo's new boots?

THE COOK: No.

THE PARLOUR-MAID: Show them to hêr, Theo. That's what they get in the S.A. now.

[THE S.A. MAN, *still chewing, stretches out his leg for inspection.*

THE PARLOUR-MAID: Beautiful, aren't they?

[THE S.A. MAN *looks around inquisitively.*

THE COOK: Something missing.

THE S.A. MAN: It's a bit dry.

THE PARLOUR-MAID: Do you want some beer? I'll get it for you.

[*She runs out.*

THE COOK: She'd run the legs off her body for you, Herr Theo!

THE S.A. MAN: Yes, with me things here got to go snip-snap. With a bang.

THE COOK: You men can take far too many liberties.

THE S.A. MAN: Women like it! (*As THE COOK takes up a heavy kettle.*) Why do you wear yourself out this way? Stop, that's my business.

[*He carries the kettle for her.*

THE COOK: That's good of you. You always find something to take off my hands. They're not all so obliging. (*With a glance at THE CHAUFFEUR.*)

THE S.A. MAN: Don't fuss. We are glad to do it.

[*There is a knock at the back door.*

THE COOK: That's my brother. He's bringing the radio tube.

[*She lets in her brother, A WORKER.*

THE COOK: My brother.

THE S.A. MAN and CHAUFFEUR: Heil Hitler!

[THE WORKER *murmurs something which could possibly be interpreted as "Heil Hitler"*.

THE COOK: Do you have the tube?

THE WORKER: Yes.

THE COOK: Do you want to put it in now?

[*They both go out.*

THE S.A. MAN: Who's he?

THE CHAUFFEUR: Unemployed.

THE S.A. MAN: Comes here quite often?

THE CHAUFFEUR (*he shrugs his shoulders*): I'm not around much.

THE S.A. MAN: Well, the fat lady is okay. Has a heart of gold—in a patriotic sense, I mean.

THE CHAUFFEUR: Right.

THE S.A. MAN: But all the same the brother may be quite another story.

THE CHAUFFEUR: Any special grounds for suspicion?

THE S.A. MAN: Me? No, never. I'm never suspicious. Suspicion is practically the same thing as certainty. And then things start moving.

THE CHAUFFEUR (*mumbles*): With a bang!

THE S.A. MAN: Exactly. (*He leans back and closes one eye.*) Did you understand what he mumbled just now? (*He imitates THE WORKER's "Heil Hitler."*) Could be interpreted as "Heil Hitler". Doesn't have to be. These fellows appeal to me. (*He laughs loudly.*)

[THE COOK and THE WORKER return.

THE COOK: My brother is so clever with the radio. But he hardly ever cares to listen to it. If I'd time I'd always be turning it on. (*To THE WORKER*) And you have time and to spare, Franz.

THE S.A. MAN: Really? You have a radio and don't turn the thing on?*

THE WORKER: Music occasionally.

THE COOK: He's knocked together the most wonderful radio out of nothing at all.

THE S.A. MAN: How many tubes do you have?

THE WORKER (*with a challenging stare*): Four.

THE S.A. MAN: Well, I see tastes differ. (*To THE CHAUFFEUR*) Right?

THE CHAUFFEUR: Beg your pardon? Oh, sure.

[THE PARLOUR-MAID comes in with the beer.

THE PARLOUR-MAID: It's been on ice!

THE S.A. MAN (*he lays a friendly hand on hers*): My, you're quite out of breath, my girl. You didn't have to run like that. I could have waited.

[*She fills his glass from the bottle.*

THE PARLOUR-MAID: That's all right. (*She shakes hands with THE WORKER.*) Have you brought the tube? Why don't you sit down

* The S.A. Man is trying to find out if the worker listens to foreign broadcasts.

for a minute? You've walked all this way again! (To THE S.A. MAN.) He's living in Moabit.

THE S.A. MAN: Hey, where's my beer? Someone's taken it! (To THE CHAUFFEUR.) Have you been drinking my beer for me?

THE CHAUFFEUR: I certainly have not! What gives you that idea? Has your beer gone?

THE PARLOUR-MAID: But I just poured it out.

THE S.A. MAN (to THE COOK): So *you've* been taking a quick one! (He laughs loudly.) Well, don't get excited. That's what we learn in the S.A. A little trick. Drinking beer without anyone seeing or hearing a thing. (To THE WORKER) You wanted to say something?

THE WORKER: An old trick.

THE S.A. MAN: Maybe you'd like to do it too.

[He fills a glass from the bottle.

THE WORKER: Sure. Now: here I have the beer. (He holds up the glass.) And now comes the trick.

[Quite calmly and with evident enjoyment he drinks the beer.

THE COOK: But everybody can see that.

THE WORKER (wiping his mouth): Really? It must have gone wrong.

[THE CHAUFFEUR roars with laughter.

THE S.A. MAN: You think that's so funny?

THE WORKER: You couldn't have done it any other way. How did you do it?

THE S.A. MAN: How am I to show you when you've finished the beer for me?

THE WORKER: That's correct. You can't do the trick without beer. Know any other tricks? You people must know more than one trick.

THE S.A. MAN: What do you mean "you people"?

THE WORKER: I mean, you *young* people.

THE S.A. MAN: Yeah.

THE PARLOUR-MAID: But Herr Lincke was only joking, Theo.

THE WORKER (he judges it better to smooth things over): You won't take offence because of this?

THE COOK (to S.A. MAN): I'll bring you another beer.

THE S.A. MAN: Not necessary. I had enough to wash my food down.

THE COOK: Herr Theo understands a joke.

THE S.A. MAN (to THE WORKER): Why don't you sit down? We don't eat people.

[THE WORKER *sits down*.

THE S.A. MAN: Live and let live. And why not a joke now and then? We're only strict about political convictions.

THE COOK: You have to be strict about them.

THE WORKER: How are convictions nowadays?

THE S.A. MAN: Convictions are fine. Or don't you agree?

THE WORKER: Yes. All I mean is: nobody tells you what he thinks.

THE S.A. MAN: Nobody tells you? How's that? They tell me.

THE WORKER: Really?

THE S.A. MAN: Of course they don't come to you to explain what they think. You go to them.

THE WORKER: Where?

THE S.A. MAN: Well, let's say in the breadline.* In the morning we're in the breadline.

THE WORKER: Yeah, there there's still some grumbling, that's correct.

THE S.A. MAN: Right.

THE WORKER: But that way you can only make one catch, and then you're known. And they won't talk any more.

THE S.A. MAN: Known, am I? Shall I show you why they *don't* know me? You're interested in tricks. It won't do any harm to show you *one*, we have so many. And what I always say is this. As soon as they realize what we have on the ball, as soon as they realize they won't get by in any circumstances whatsoever—why, maybe they'll give up.

THE PARLOUR-MAID: Yes, Theo, tell us how you do it.

THE S.A. MAN: Fine. Let's assume we are in the breadline on Münz Street. Let's say (*he looks at THE WORKER*) you're next in front of me in the line. But first of all I must make a few minor preparations. (*He goes out.*)

* The word "Stempelstelle" more correctly means the line in which the unemployed stand to get their cards stamped.

THE WORKER (*he winks at THE CHAUFFEUR*): Well, now let's see how they do it.

THE COOK: The Reds will all be found out. We can't let them continue their subversive activities.

THE WORKER: Well.

[THE S.A. MAN *returns*.

THE S.A. MAN: Naturally I'm in mufti. (*To THE WORKER*) Okay, start grumbling.

THE WORKER: What about?

THE S.A. MAN: Oh, skip it. There's always some chip on your shoulders.

THE WORKER: On mine? No.

THE S.A. MAN: You'd put up with anything. You surely can't claim everything is perfect already.

THE WORKER: Why not?

THE S.A. MAN: Listen, this won't work. If you won't co-operate it won't work.

THE WORKER: Okay. I'll shoot off my mouth for once. (*He starts acting.*) They let you stand around here as if your time meant nothing. It takes me two hours to come in from Rummelsburg. Then the waiting starts.

THE S.A. MAN: Aw, that's nothing. Rummelsburg is no farther from here in the Third Reich than it was during the racket of the Weimar Republic. Come on, put your best foot forward.

THE COOK: It's only play-acting Franz. We know what you say now is not really what you believe.

THE PARLOUR-MAID: You're only kind of pretending to be a grumbler. You can trust Theo not to take it wrong. He only wants to show us.

THE WORKER: Good. This is what I say then: you can take the whole gaddam S.A. and shove it up your arse. I'm *for* the Reds and *for* the Jews!

THE COOK (*shocked*): Franz!

THE PARLOUR-MAID: That's too much, Herr Lincke.

THE S.A. MAN (*laughing*): Man, I'll simply have you arrested by the next cop. Don't you have any imagination at all? You must say something you can turn around later, something somebody might really say.

THE WORKER: Then do me a favour and provoke me.

THE S.A. MAN: That doesn't work any more. Suppose I say: our Führer is the greatest man that ever moved upon the surface of the earth, greater than Jesus Christ and Napoleon put together. You reply at the most: quite right. Then I try it the other way and say: they are great talkers. All propaganda. They're masters of that. Know the joke of Goebbels and the two lice? No? Very well: two lice make a bet—which could first get from one corner of Goebbels' mouth to the other. They say the winner was the one that ran around the back of his head. They say it's shorter.

THE CHAUFFEUR: Oh.

[*They all laugh.*]

THE S.A. MAN (*to THE WORKER*): Well, pull yourself together and talk.

THE WORKER: What can I say to such tripe? Even with the joke you could still be an informer.

THE PARLOUR-MAID: That's correct, Theo.

THE S.A. MAN: You people are yellow bastards. I'd fed up with you. No one will risk saying a thing.

THE WORKER: Do you really mean that? Or are you saying it in the breadline?

THE S.A. MAN: I'm saying it in the breadline too.

THE WORKER: If you're saying that in the breadline, then I'm saying to you in the breadline: discretion is the better part of valour. I'm scared, I've no revolver.

THE S.A. MAN: I'll tell you something, my friend, since you think so much of being careful, you can go on being careful and being careful and then suddenly wake up in the Voluntary Labour Corps.

THE WORKER: And if you're not careful?

THE S.A. MAN: You land up in the Labour Corps then too, of course. I'll grant you that. Entirely voluntary. Wonderfully voluntary, isn't it?

THE WORKER: Now listen. Suppose you S.A. men are standing by the breadline and you, Herr Lincke, are looking at one of us with your blue eyes. The man you're looking at is a daring fellow and gives you a piece of his mind about the Voluntary Labour Corps. Now, what could a man in his position say? Maybe something like this: fifteen more left yesterday. I often wonder how they get them to go. After all it's voluntary. In camp they need more to eat, but get no more money for doing things

there than for doing nothing here. Then I heard the story of Dr. Ley and the cat, and that made everything quite clear to me, of course. Do you people know the story?

THE S.A. MAN: No, we don't.

THE WORKER: Okay. Dr. Ley is making a little business trip for *Kraft durch Freude** and meets one of the old bosses from the Weimar Republic. I'm not sure of the name and maybe it was in a concentration-camp, but, of course, Dr. Ley doesn't go there, he has too much sense for that, and the first thing the boss said was: "The workers sit down under it now. In the old days they'd never stand for all this. How do you do it?" Dr. Ley points at a cat lying in the sun and says: "Suppose you want to get the cat to take a good dose of mustard whether she likes it or not. How would you do it?" The boss takes the mustard and smears the mouth of the beast with it. Obviously the cat spits the mustard straight back in his face. The cat swallows nothing, the boss is scratched all over for his trouble. "No, man," says Dr. Ley in his most winning manner, "that's not the way. Now watch me." He sweeps the mustard off the table and in a split second daubs the arsehole of the unlucky beast. (*To the ladies*) Pardon me, but that belongs to the story. The cat is stunned and dizzy, the pain is terrible. So she starts licking off all the mustard. "You see, my dear fellow," says Dr. Ley in triumph. "Now she's eating it! And voluntarily too!"

[*They laugh.*]

THE WORKER: Yes, that's very funny.

THE S.A. MAN: Now we're getting somewhere. Voluntary Labour Corps, that's a favourite subject. (*He starts acting again.*) The worst thing is that no one has the guts to fight back any more. They could give us dirt to eat and we'd even say thank you.

THE WORKER: No, that isn't true either. The other day I was standing in the Alexanderplatz and wondering whether to join the Voluntary Labour Corps on my own steam or to wait till they shove me in. Out of the grocery store on the corner came a little, thin woman, obviously the wife of a proletarian. "Wait," I said. "Since when have there been proletarians in the Third Reich, where all Germans are brothers, even Thyssen not excluded?"

"Look," says she. "Margarine is going up like a rocket. From fifty pfennigs to a mark. D'you mean to tell me we're a people of brothers?"

* "Strength through Joy"—a Nazi recreational organization.

"Mother," I said, "you'd better be careful what you say to me. I'm Nazi to my very bones."

"Bones," she said, "and no meat—and bran in the bread. That's what they're using now."

It took my breath away and I mumbled: "Why don't you buy butter, it's healthier. But don't cut down on food, that saps the people's health, and we can't afford that, because we are encircled by enemies even in the highest places. That's what they warn us against."

"No," she said. "We're all Nazis till our last breath, and that can be soon, what with wars and rumours of wars. The other day," she went on, "I was going to give my best sofa to the Winter Relief, 'cause I heard that Goering had to sleep on bare boards with all the trouble they're having over raw materials. At the office they said to me: 'We'd rather have had a piano for *Kraft durch Freude*, you know.' There's no real flour now. I took my sofa down again from the Winter Relief and went straight to the second-hand shop 'round the corner. For a long time I'd wanted to buy half a pound of butter. In the butter shop they said: 'No butter to-day, Fellow German, would you like a cannon?' 'Sure, give me one,' I said . . ."

I interrupted her: "What's that? Why a cannon, mother? On an empty stomach?"

"No," she said. "If I have to starve I'll shoot up the whole damn show, the whole filthy gang and let Hitler lead the way . . ."

"What's this," I said. "What's this," I shouted in horror . . .

"Let Hitler lead the way and we'll conquer France too," she said. "Why, already we make wool out of gasoline!"

"And the wool?" I said.

"The wool," she said. "We get it out of gasoline nowadays. And we need wool too. But if a real good piece from the good old days finds its way into the Winter Relief, the big boys grab it for themselves," she said. "'If only Hitler knew it,' they say. He knows nothing. They tell me he didn't even go through high school."

Well, I was speechless at such subversive talk. "Young woman," I said, "wait here a minute. I'm off to the Gestapo!" But do you know, when I came back with a Gestapo man, she hadn't waited for us! . . . (*He abandons the game.*) Well, what do you say to that?

THE S.A. MAN: Me? Oh yes, what do I say to that? Maybe I give you a disapproving look. (*He takes up the game again.*) Maybe I say: to go running after the Gestapo! Nobody'll dare open his mouth when you're around.

THE WORKER: You're quite right. Not when I'm around. If they confide in me they're done for. I know my duty as a German. If my own mother whispered something in my ear about the margarine prices going up or something I'd go straight to the S.S. I'd betray my own brother if he grumbled about the Voluntary Labour Corps. And as for my girl, if she wrote me that they've got her with child in the Labour Camp with their "Heil Hitler" I'd have her searched for. I won't stand for abortion. For if we won't take a stand against our own flesh and blood, the Third Reich which we cherish above all things would cease to exist. There, is that better acted now? Are you satisfied with me?

THE S.A. MAN: Yes, I guess that'll do. (*He takes up the game again.*) And now you can go and get your card stamped. I understood you, we all understood you, didn't we, boys? But you can rely on me, my friend, whatever you tell me, I'll be as silent as the grave. (*He slaps him on the shoulder and stops acting.*) Okay, and now go into the employment-board and there they'll arrest you right away.

THE WORKER: Without you leaving the line and following me?

THE S.A. MAN: Right.

THE WORKER: Without you winking at anyone? That would put me on my guard.

THE S.A. MAN: Without winking.

THE WORKER: How do you do it?

THE S.A. MAN: Yeah, wouldn't you like to know? Stand up a minute and show me your back. (*He takes him by the shoulder and turns him round so that all can see his back. Then, to THE PARLOUR-MAID*) Do you see it?

THE PARLOUR-MAID: Heavens, it's a cross, a white one!

THE COOK: Right on the shoulder.

THE CHAUFFEUR: It's a fact.

THE S.A. MAN: And how did it get there? (*He shows the palm of his hand.*) Well, there's the little white chalk cross on his shoulder in life-size reproduction.

[THE WORKER takes off his jacket and studies the cross.

THE WORKER: Neat job.

THE S.A. MAN: Pretty good, huh? I always have the chalk on me. Yes, you have to have a head on your shoulders. Instructions aren't always enough. (*Satisfied with himself.*) And now for Reinickendorf. (*He corrects himself.*) I've an aunt there.—Well,

you don't show much enthusiasm? (*To THE PARLOUR-MAID*) Why are you looking so silly, Anna? Didn't you understand the whole thing?

THE PARLOUR-MAID: I did. What do you think, I'm not that stupid.

THE S.A. MAN (*as if the joke were now spoilt for him, he holds out his hand to her*): Wipe it off.

[*She wipes his hand with a towel.*]

THE COOK: We have to use these methods if they try to overthrow everything that our Führer has built up, everything that makes us the envy of other nations.

THE CHAUFFEUR: Beg your pardon? Quite right. (*He takes out his watch.*) Now I'll go wash the car. Heil Hitler! (*He goes out.*)

THE S.A. MAN: What's wrong with that guy?

THE PARLOUR-MAID: He's all right. Just not interested in politics.

THE WORKER (*getting up*): Yes, Minna, I'll have to be on my way too. (*To THE S.A. MAN*) And don't be annoyed about the beer. I'm glad you convinced me again that if people plot against the Third Reich, they won't get away with it. That's quite comforting. As for me I never come in contact with such subversive elements, though I'd be only too glad to give them what they deserve. Only I'm not as quick on the uptake as you. Okay, Minna, thanks a lot. (*Clearly and distinctly*) And Heil Hitler!

THE OTHERS: Heil Hitler!

THE S.A. MAN: If I can give you a good piece of advice: don't be too innocent. It attracts attention. You can give yourself a little leeway with me. I understand a joke. Well then, Heil Hitler!

[*THE WORKER leaves.*]

THE S.A. MAN: They left in a bit of a hurry, those two. It must have struck home. I oughtn't to have said that about going to Reinickendorf. They're on the lookout like a couple of watchdogs.

THE PARLOUR-MAID: I had something to ask you, Theo.

THE S.A. MAN: Fire away.

THE COOK: I'll go sort out the linen. I was young once too. (*She goes out.*)

THE S.A. MAN: What is it?

THE PARLOUR-MAID: But I'll only say it if you'll not be angry with me again. If you're angry, I won't say a thing.

THE S.A. MAN: Sounds pretty bad.

THE PARLOUR-MAID: Then I won't say anything. You're taking it the wrong way.

THE S.A. MAN: Come on, out with it.

THE PARLOUR-MAID: It's only that . . . But I really don't like to say it . . . I need some of the money. Twenty marks.

THE S.A. MAN: Twenty marks?

THE PARLOUR-MAID: Look, you *are* taking it the wrong way.

THE S.A. MAN: Twenty marks from our savings account at the bank. I don't like to hear it. What do you want twenty marks for?

THE PARLOUR-MAID: I'd rather not say.

THE S.A. MAN: So you don't want to tell? Seems funny to me.

THE PARLOUR-MAID: I know you don't agree with me and that's why I'd rather not tell you, Theo.

THE S.A. MAN: If you don't trust me . . .

THE PARLOUR-MAID: But I do trust you.

THE S.A. MAN: Then you mean we should drop our joint account.

THE PARLOUR-MAID: How can you think it? When I take out the twenty, I still have ninety-seven left.

THE S.A. MAN: You don't need to give me the exact figures, I know how much we have. I'm beginning to wonder if you're planning to break with me. Maybe you're flirting with someone else. Maybe you want *him* to look over the books.

THE PARLOUR-MAID: I don't flirt with anybody.

THE S.A. MAN: Then tell me what the money's for.

THE PARLOUR-MAID: But you won't give it to me.

THE S.A. MAN: How do I know it's not for something bad? I regard myself as responsible.

THE PARLOUR-MAID: It's nothing bad, but if I didn't need it, I wouldn't ask for it, you know that.

THE S.A. MAN: I know nothing. I only know the whole thing sounds fishy to me. What would you suddenly need twenty marks for? That's big money. Are you pregnant?

THE PARLOUR-MAID: No.

THE S.A. MAN: Are you sure?

THE PARLOUR-MAID: Yes.

THE S.A. MAN: If ever I heard you intended something illegal, if I got wind of anything like that, I'd be through I can tell you that. You may have heard that meddling with the seeds of life is the worst crime you can commit. If the German people doesn't multiply, it's all over with our historic mission.

THE PARLOUR-MAID: But Theo, I haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about. It's nothing of that sort. I wouldn't have kept a thing like that to myself. After all it would have concerned you too. But if that's what you believe, I'll tell you the truth. I want to help Frieda to buy a winter coat. That's all.

THE S.A. MAN: And how is it your sister can't buy a coat herself?

THE PARLOUR-MAID: She can't make it on a sick pension of 26.80 a month.

THE S.A. MAN: And the Winter Relief? But I see what's the matter. You've no confidence in the National Socialist State. I can see that myself from the conversations that go on in this kitchen. Do you think I haven't noticed how coldly you reacted to my experiment just now?

THE PARLOUR-MAID: What do you mean "coldly"?

THE S.A. MAN: You certainly did. Just like those two fellows who suddenly left.

THE PARLOUR-MAID: If you want my honest opinion I don't like that kind of thing.

THE S.A. MAN: And what kind of thing don't you like, if I may ask?

THE PARLOUR-MAID: The way you laid traps for those poor devils with tricks and pretending and all that. My father is unemployed, too.

THE S.A. MAN: Well, that's just what I wanted to hear. Anyway I had my suspicions talking with that Lincke.

THE PARLOUR-MAID: Do you mean to say you'll rope him in for that? He did it to please you and we all egged him on.

THE S.A. MAN: I'm not saying anything, I said so before. And if you've anything against what I'm doing in fulfilment of my duty, let me tell you you can read in *Mein Kampf* that the Führer himself was not too good to try out the temper of the people, and that was as a matter of fact his job for a long time when he worked for the Reichswehr, and he did it all for Germany and just look at the consequences!

THE PARLOUR-MAID: Oh, how you talk, Theo! Tell me, can I have the twenty marks or not?

THE S.A. MAN: I can only say I am not in the mood to fork out.

THE PARLOUR-MAID: What do you mean "fork out"? Is it my money or yours?

THE S.A. MAN: You've suddenly started talking in a very funny way about *our* money. Maybe we've only driven the Jews out of our national life to have our blood sucked by our fellow Germans.

THE PARLOUR-MAID: You can't say that because of the twenty marks.

THE S.A. MAN: I've enough expenses already. The boots alone cost me twenty-seven marks.

THE PARLOUR-MAID: But those were provided, weren't they?

THE S.A. MAN: Well, we thought so. That's why I took the better brand, the ones with the leggings. And then they came for the money and there was nothing we could do.

THE PARLOUR-MAID: Twenty-seven marks just for the boots? And what kind of other expenses do you have?

THE S.A. MAN: What other expenses?

THE PARLOUR-MAID: You said you had heavy expenses.

THE S.A. MAN: Can't remember. And what's more, don't ask questions. You can rest assured I won't deceive you. As for the twenty marks, I'll think it over.

THE PARLOUR-MAID: Theo, it surely isn't possible for you to say the money is all in order and then for it not to be? I don't know what to think any more. There must be twenty marks left in the bank out of all that money!

THE S.A. MAN (*tapping her on the shoulder*): But who says we have nothing left in the bank? That's absolutely impossible. You can rely on me. If you trust me with something it's as good as locked in a safe. Well, do you trust Theo again?

[*She weeps without replying.*]

THE S.A. MAN: That's just nerves—you're overworked. Well, I'll be going to my night drill. I'll come for you Friday. Heil Hitler! (*He goes out.*)

[*THE PARLOUR-MAID tries to stop crying and walks up and down the kitchen in despair. THE COOK returns with a laundry basket.*]

THE COOK: What's the matter? Have you been quarrelling?

Theo is such a fine person. We could do with more like him. It can't be anything serious?

THE PARLOUR-MAID (*still weeping*): Minna, couldn't you go to your brother and advise him to be careful?

THE COOK: What for?

THE PARLOUR-MAID: Well, I just thought . . .

THE COOK: Because of this evening? You can't mean that? Theo wouldn't act that way!

THE PARLOUR-MAID: I don't know what to think any more, Minna. He's so changed. They've ruined him. He's not keeping good company. We've been going together four years and now it's just as if . . . I'd almost want to ask you to look at *my* shoulder and see if there's a cross on it!

[*Dim out. The Panzer is heard.*]

THE VOICE:

Out of the factories and out of the kitchens and out of the bread-lines

we fetched the men for our Panzer.

The common man dragged the common man onto our Panzer for us.

With the kiss of Judas we brought him onto our Panzer, with a friendly slap on the shoulder

we brought them onto our Panzer.

[*When the lights go up we see a concentration camp. Above the scene is written in enormous black letters:*

ORANIENBURG 1934'

PRISONERS MIX CEMENT

[*Four prisoners are digging below a dam:*

A SOCIAL DEMOCRAT (*quietly to a non-political man*): Keep away from Dietz, he isn't kosher.

THE NON-POLITICAL MAN (*loudly*): Dietz, Lettner says I'm to keep away from you, you're not kosher.

THE SOCIAL DEMOCRAT: Swine!

A COMMUNIST: You say that, you Judas! How did Karl get into the bunker?*

THE SOCIAL DEMOCRAT: Are you suggesting I'd anything to do with it? Have I ever gotten cigarettes no one knows where from?

THE COMMUNIST: When have I gotten cigarettes?

A PASTOR: Look out!

[An S.S. GUARD walks along the dam above.]

THE S.S. GUARD: There was talking here. Who was talking? (*No one replies.*) If it happens again, the bunker for everyone, understand? I'd like to know what you have to say that's so important. Start singing!

[*The prisoners sing the first stanza of "The Song of the Marsh Soldiers":*†

Further than the eye can follow
Moor and marsh are everywhere;
Lifeless every hill and hollow,
Twisted oaks stand cold and bare.

The army of the marshes
With pick and shovel passes
To the marsh.

[*The S.S. GUARD walks on.*]

THE PASTOR: Why are you men forever quarrelling?

THE NON-POLITICAL MAN: Never you worry, Little Minister, you wouldn't understand. It's about the question whether the united front against the Nazis should have been made from above or from below.

THE PASTOR: What do you mean "from below"?

THE COMMUNIST: Without the bosses.

THE SOCIAL DEMOCRAT: That is without *your* bosses.

THE NON-POLITICAL MAN (*to THE PASTOR*): The Social Democrats suspected the Communists of trying to steal their members, understand?

THE PASTOR (*to THE NON-POLITICAL MAN*): What were you?

THE NON-POLITICAL MAN: I stayed outside.

* Cells in which there is no room to sit down.

† A recording of this moving song ("Lied der Moorsoldaten") is included in the album "6 Songs for Democracy" published by Keynote Recordings, 522 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE COMMUNIST: And now you're inside—inside the concentration camp at least.

THE PASTOR: Look out!

[THE S.S. GUARD *appears again. He notices them.* THE SOCIAL DEMOCRAT *begins slowly to sing the second stanza of the song:*

Up and down the guards are marching;
No man, no man can get through,
Stone and steel and wire defying,
Flight is death for me and you.

The army of the marshes
With pick and shovel passes
To the marsh.

[THE S.S. GUARD *walks on.*

THE SOCIAL DEMOCRAT (*throwing down his spade*): When I think I have to be here because you people made a united front impossible I could break your skull.

THE COMMUNIST: Go ahead.

THE SOCIAL DEMOCRAT: If your crowd hadn't been baiting us Hitler would never have come to power. You were responsible.

THE COMMUNIST: You even wanted to let him get to power so he'd discredit himself.

THE SOCIAL DEMOCRAT: You can't call a general strike if the workers are unemployed.

THE COMMUNIST: Your crowd can't. You betrayed the people!

THE SOCIAL DEMOCRAT (*He furiously seizes the spade and lifts it to strike* THE COMMUNIST, *who already holds his own spade*): I'll show you!

THE PASTOR: Look out!

[THE NON-POLITICAL MAN *starts singing the last stanza of the song:*

But winter cannot last forever;
We will yield not nor complain
One day we shall say rejoicing:
Home, now you are mine again!

And then no more there passes
The army of the marshes
To the marsh.

[As they sing THE S.S. GUARD appears and makes a sign to a second S.S. GUARD to come over.

THE S.S. GUARD (*with quiet asperity*): You people have learnt nothing. Who was it shouted "You betrayed the people" just now?

[*Nobody answers.*

THE S.S. GUARD (*to THE PASTOR*): Who was it?

[*THE PASTOR is silent.*

THE S.S. GUARD (*to THE SOCIAL DEMOCRAT*): Who was it?

[*THE SOCIAL DEMOCRAT is silent.*

THE S.S. GUARD: We'll shove you in the bunker till you pass out. I'll give you five seconds. Then . . . the bunker!

[*The prisoners stare in front of them without a word.*

Dim out. The Panzer is heard.

THE VOICE:

The disunity of the people has made us great.
Our prisoners struck each other even in the concentration camps.
And in the end they all rode on our Panzer.
The prisoners rode on our Panzer
and the warders rode on our Panzer.
The tortured and the torturers
all rode on our iron chariot.

[*The dull roll of the car continues for a few seconds. When the lights go up we see a foreman's booth in a factory. Above the scene is written in enormous black letters:*

LEIPZIG 1934

THE WORKING MAN ON THE AIR

[*A radio announcer with a microphone is holding a conversation with a MIDDLE-AGED WORKER, an OLD WORKER, and a WOMAN WORKER. In the background are a GENTLEMAN FROM THE OFFICE and a thick-set person in S.A. uniform.*

THE ANNOUNCER: We are standing in the midst of the bustle of power wheels and driving belts, surrounded by our cheerful and industrious working folk, compatriots who are doing their bit to

provide our beloved Fatherland with everything it needs. This morning we are in the textile works of The Fuchs Company. And although the work is hard and every muscle is strained, yet we see around us only perfectly contented and gay faces. But we want to have our fellow Germans speak for themselves. (*To THE OLD WORKER.*) You have been employed here twenty-one years, Herr . . .

THE OLD WORKER: Sedelmeier.

THE ANNOUNCER: Herr Sedelmeier. Well, Herr Sedelmeier, how does it happen that we see here only such joyous and cheerful faces?

THE OLD WORKER (*after reflecting*): They always make cracks about things.

THE ANNOUNCER (*suspiciously*): Oh. Yes and thus with lively words of jest the work goes on apace, does it not? Pessimism is hostile to life itself, and National Socialism has no room for it, you mean. It wasn't like this in the old days, was it?

THE OLD WORKER (*non-committally*): Oh no.

THE ANNOUNCER: Under the Weimar System there was nothing for the workers to laugh at, you mean. Then they said: "What are we working for?"

THE OLD WORKER: Well, there are still a few who say that.

THE ANNOUNCER: I beg your pardon? Oh, I see, you refer to grumblers. They crop up occasionally, though of course they're getting fewer all the time because they realise that they get nowhere. They realise that in the Third Reich, now we have a firm hand at the helm, we're going steadily forward. That's what you (*turning to THE WOMAN WORKER*) are wanting to say, isn't it, Fräulein . . .

THE WOMAN WORKER: Schmidt.

THE ANNOUNCER: Fräulein Schmidt. Which of our giants of steel do you work at?

THE WOMAN WORKER (*reciting by rote*): And then there is the work at the beautification of the workroom which affords us much joy. The Führer's picture was purchased by means of voluntary subscriptions and how proud we are of that. We are also proud of the geranium plants which bring the magic of colour into the grey workroom, an inspiration of Fräulein Kinze.

THE ANNOUNCER: And so you beautify the workroom with flowers, the lovely children of the field? And a good many other

things in the factory have been different, haven't they, since Germany's destiny took a new turn?

THE GENTLEMAN FROM THE OFFICE (*prompting*): Wash rooms.

THE WOMAN WORKER: The wash rooms were the idea of Herr Direktor Bäuchle himself, for which we would like to offer our heartfelt thanks. Whoever wishes may wash in the beautiful wash rooms (*adding an afterthought of her own*) if there aren't too many and no pushing.

THE ANNOUNCER: Yes, everyone wants to be there first, isn't that so? Always merrily jostling each other?

THE WOMAN WORKER: There are only six faucets for five hundred and fifty-two workers. There's always a squabble. Some of them are awful.

THE ANNOUNCER: But everything proceeds with perfect smoothness. And now Herr . . . what is his name again . . . wishes to speak to us.

THE WORKER: Mahn.

THE ANNOUNCER: Yes, Mahn. Herr Mahn. Now tell us, Herr Mahn, have the numerous newcomers to the factory affected the temper of their fellow workers?

THE WORKER: What do you mean by that?

THE ANNOUNCER: Well, do you all rejoice that every wheel is turning again and every hand has work to do?

THE WORKER: Oh yes.

THE ANNOUNCER: And that every man can take his pay envelope home at weekends? We wouldn't like to forget that either.

THE WORKER: No.

THE ANNOUNCER: It certainly was not always the case. Under the Weimar System many a German had to suffer the indignity of public relief, and to solace himself with alms.

THE WORKER: Eighteen marks, fifty. No deductions.*

THE ANNOUNCER (*with a forced laugh*): Ha! Ha! Ha! Wonderful joke! There wasn't much to deduct from!

THE WORKER: No, now there's more.

[THE GENTLEMAN FROM THE OFFICE *steps nervously forward. So does the thick-set man in S.A. uniform.*

THE ANNOUNCER: Yes, in this way everyone is getting bread and

* The Nazis paid more but made all sorts of deductions. Hence the worker's irony.

employment once more in the Third Reich. You are quite right, Herr . . . what was your name again?—Our wheels are no longer still, our arms need no longer go to rust in the Germany of Adolf Hitler. (*With a brutal gesture he pushes the worker from the microphone.*) Those who work with their brains and those who work with their hands advance together in joyful co-operation to rebuild our beloved German Fatherland. Heil Hitler!

[*Dim out. The Panzer is heard.*]

THE VOICE:

On our good working man we showered applause,
and we showered threats upon him.
We put geraniums in his sweat shop
and S.S. men at the door.
With volleys of applause and volleys of bullets
we shoved him onto our iron chariot.

[*The dull roll of the Panzer continues for a few seconds. When the lights go up we see a worker's living-room. Above the scene is written in enormous black letters:*

ESSEN 1934

THE BOX

[*A WOMAN and two CHILDREN are in the room. A YOUNG WORKER and his WIFE are paying a visit. THE WOMAN is crying. The sound of footsteps is heard on the stairs. The door is open.*]

THE WOMAN: But he only said they pay starvation wages. And it's true. Our eldest has a spot on the lung and we can't buy any milk. But they can't have done anything to him.

[*Two S.A. MEN come in, bringing a big box, which they place on the floor.*]

ONE OF THE S.A. MEN: Now don't make a song and dance. Anyone might get pneumonia. There are the papers! Everything in perfect order. And now don't do anything silly.

[*THE S.A. MEN leave.*]

THE CHILD: Mother, is father in there?

THE WORKER (*he has walked over to the box*): It's made of zinc.

THE CHILD: Can't we open it up?

THE WORKER (*furiously*): Yes we can. Where's your tool box?
(*He looks for tools. His young wife tries to stop him.*)

THE YOUNG WIFE: Don't open it, Hans! They'll come for you too.

THE WORKER: I want to see what they've done with him. They're afraid of it being seen or they wouldn't have brought him in zinc. Let me alone!

THE YOUNG WIFE: I won't let you alone. Didn't you hear them?

THE WORKER: We can surely take a look at him, can't we?

THE WOMAN (*she takes her children by the hand and goes to the zinc box*): I still have a brother, too, they could come for, Hans. And they could come for you, too. The box can stay shut. We needn't see him. We shall not forget him.

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

A band plays a barbaric march. Out of the darkness appears a big sign-post : 'TO FRANCE, and near it the Panzer.

[The soldiers sing to the tune of the Horst Wessel Song :

Discord and Treachery now rule the world.
Our Panzer in its course need never wait
For Discord waiting stands with his white flag unfurled
And Treachery will open us the gate.

'Cross Danish straits, through Flanders' blooming orchards
Panzers roll on and bells of victory peal.
Those who refuse to enter the new age of heroes
Fall unheroic under Hitler's wheel.

He did at last for common good of Europe
What he had done at first for German lands;
He carried fast the crooked cross of the New Order
From Norway down to Alexandrian sands.

[Dim out. The Panzer is heard.

THE VOICE:

Gathering their children about them,
the mothers of Brittany stand peering at the sky,
searching with panic in their eyes for the inventions of our men
of science.

For there are also men of science on our Panzer,
pupils of the notorious Einstein,
yet trained in the iron school of the Führer
and taught what Aryan science is.

*[When the lights go up we see a room in an Institute of Physics.
Above the scene is written in enormous black letters :*

UNIVERSITY OF GOETTINGEN 1935

PHYSICISTS

*[Two scientists, X and Y, are talking together. Y has just come in.
He has a conspiratorial look.*

Y: I have it!

X: What?

Y: The answer to the questions we sent to Mikowsky in Paris.

X: About the gravitation waves?

Y: Yes.

X: Well?

Y: The letter gives exactly the information we need. Do you know who wrote it?

X: Who?

[Y writes a name on a scrap of paper and hands it to X. When X has read it Y takes the scrap of paper back, tears it in very small pieces, and throws it into the stove.]

Y: The questions we sent to Mikowsky. He handed them on to *him*. Here is the reply.

X (*he grabs it greedily*): Give it to me! (*He suddenly restrains himself.*) But supposing we get caught through corresponding with him . . .

Y: We mustn't. On no account.

X: We can't get any further without writing. Please give it to me.

Y: You can't read it. I wrote it in my own shorthand system. It's safer that way. I'll read it out loud.

X: You have to be careful!

Y: Is Rollkopf in the lab? (*He points off to the right.*)

X (*pointing to the left*): No, but Reinhardt is. Come and sit *here*.

Y (*reading*): It has to do with two arbitrary counter-variant vectors, phi and nu, and a counter-variant vector t. With the help of these the component parts of a mixed tensor of the second degree are formed and their structure is $E^{lr} = C_{hi}^1 . . .$ (*He continues in an undertone.*)

X (*who has been taking it down, suddenly signals to him to stop*): Just a moment!

[*He stands up and walks on tiptoe to the wall at the left. He apparently hears nothing suspicious and returns. Y goes on reading, but is occasionally interrupted in the same manner. Then they examine the telephone, quickly open the door, and so on.*]

Y: For static incoherent matter, without any interaction of tension, $T = \mu$ is the only component of the tensorial density of energy which is different from O. Consequently a static field of gravitation is formed, whose equation when the constant factor

of proportionality $8\pi X$ is added gives $\Delta f = 4\pi X\mu$. If the coordinates of space are rightly selected the deviation of $c^2 dt^2$ is very small . . .

[Whenever a door is heard closing they start to hide their notes. Then it seems hardly necessary. They get deeper and deeper into the material and seem to forget the danger of their undertaking.]

Y (reading on): . . . on the other hand the masses in question are very small in relation to the static masses which produce the fields, and consequently the movement of the body drawn in the field of gravitation is given by a geodetic world-line in this static field of gravitation. This is as such sufficient for the principle of variation $\delta f ds = 0$ whereby the ends of the fragment of the world-line in question remain fixed.

X: What does Einstein say about . . .

[Y is horrified. X realizes what he has said and sits rigid with horror. Y snatches the notes he has just written out of his hand and puts all the papers in his pocket.]

Y (facing the left wall, speaking very loudly): Yes, typical Jewish sophistry! What has that to do with physics?

[Feeling relieved, they take up their notes again and silently proceed with their work, with the utmost caution.]

[Dim out. The Panzer is heard.]

THE VOICE:

There is also a doctor on our Panzer
who decides which of the Polish miners' wives
shall be sent to the brothel in Cracow.
And he is competent and makes no bones about it,
in memory of the wife he lost,
who was a Jewess, sent away because
the Master Race must be carefully mated.
and the Führer decides whom each shall lie with.

[When the lights go up we see a comfortable, bourgeois bedroom. Above the scene is written in enormous letters:]

FRANKFURT 1935

THE JEWISH WIFE

[It is evening. A woman is packing. She is picking out the things she wants to take with her. Sometimes she takes an article out of the bag]

again and puts it back in its place so that she can pack something else. She hesitates a long time over a large picture of her husband which is on the dressing-table. In the end she leaves it where it is. Getting tired of packing, she sits for a few moments on a suitcase, her head propped on her hand. Then she goes to the telephone.

THE WIFE: Judith Keith speaking. Is that you, doctor? Good evening.—I just wanted to call up and say that you must look around for a new bridge partner. Yes, I'm going away.—No, not for very long, but it won't be less than a couple of weeks. I'm going to Amsterdam.—Yes, they say the spring is lovely there.—I have friends there.—No, friends, in the plural, unbelievable as it sounds.—How can you play bridge now? But we haven't played for two weeks.—Certainly, Fritz had a cold too. When it gets so cold bridge is impossible, I said so too.—Oh no, doctor, how could I?—Thekla had to accommodate her mother.—I know.—How should I suppose *that*?—No, it really didn't come suddenly at all, it's just that I kept putting it off, but now I must . . . Yes, we'll have to call off our movie date. Say hello to Thekla for me.—Perhaps you'll call him sometimes on Sundays? So long then.—Well, gladly, of course.—Good-bye.

[She hangs up and calls another number.]

Judith Keith speaking. I'd like to speak to Frau Shoeck.—Lotte?—I wanted to say a quick good-bye, I'm going away for a time.—No, I'm quite well, I just want to see a couple of new faces.—Yes, what I wanted to say was that Fritz is bringing the professor here for the evening next Tuesday, and perhaps you could come too. As I said I'm leaving tonight.—Yes, Tuesday.—No, I only wanted to say I'm leaving tonight, that has nothing to do with it, I thought you could come then too.—All right, let's say: *although* I'm not there, O.K.?—Of course I know you're not like that, and even if you were these are troubled times, and everybody's careful now. You'll come then?—If Max can? Oh, he will be able to, the professor'll be here, tell him.—I must hang up now. Fine. Good-bye.

[She hangs up and calls another number.]

Is that you Gertrude? This is Judith. Sorry to disturb you.—Thanks. I wanted to ask you if you can look after Fritz, I'm going away for a couple of months.—I think that you as his sister . . . Why wouldn't you like to?—But there's no likelihood of that, not in Fritz's case. Naturally he knows that—er—you and I didn't get on too well together, but . . . Then he'll call you, if you wish it.—Yes, I'll tell him.—It's all pretty much in

order though the apartment's a bit too big.—His study? Oh, Ida knows how to look after it, just leave that to her.—I find her quite intelligent, and he's used to her.—And another thing, please don't misunderstand me, he doesn't like to talk before dinner, could you remember that? I've always avoided it.—I don't want to discuss it now, my train leaves soon and I've not finished packing, you see.—Look after his suits and remind him he has to go to the tailor—he's ordered a coat—and take care that his bedroom's well heated, he always sleeps with an open window and it's too cold.—I don't believe he should "become inured" to it, but now I must stop.—Thank you so much, Gertrude, and we'll write to each other.—Good-bye.

[She hangs up and calls another number.]

Anna? This is Judith. Look, I'm leaving right away.—No, it has to be, it's getting too difficult—too difficult! Yes, no, Fritz doesn't want it, he knows nothing. I simply packed.—I don't think so.—I don't think he'll say much.—It's simply too hard for him, I mean, too many technicalities.—We never discussed it.—We never even spoke about it, never.—No, he was not different, on the contrary—I want you to be good to him a little at the first.—Yes, especially Sundays, and advise him to move.—The apartment is too big for him.—I'd like to say good-bye to you, but you know—the janitor?—Good-bye then. No, don't come to the station, by no means. Good-bye, I'll write.—Surely.

[She hangs up and calls no more numbers. She has been smoking. She now burns the little book in which she looked up the telephone numbers. She walks up and down a couple of times. Then she begins to speak. She is trying out the little speech which she wishes to make to her husband. One sees that he is supposedly sitting in a certain chair.]

Yes, I'm going now, Fritz. Perhaps I've stayed too long already, you must forgive that, but . . .

[She stands thinking and then tries again.]

Fritz, you shouldn't keep me any longer, you can't . . . It's obvious that I'll be your undoing. I know you're not cowardly, you're not afraid of the police—but there are worse things than the police. They won't take you to the concentration camp but—to-morrow or the next day—they won't let you into the clinic. You won't say anything then, but you'll be sick. I won't see you sitting around here turning the pages of magazines. I'm going out of pure egoism and nothing else. Don't say anything.

[She stops again. And tries again.]

* Evidently the janitor is Nazi.

Don't say you're not changed. You are! Last week you found—quite objectively—that the percentage of Jewish scientists is after all not so great. It always begins with objectivity. And why do you continually say to me now that I never was such a Jewish nationalist as to-day. Naturally I am! It's so catching! Oh Fritz, what has happened to us?

[*She pauses.*]

I didn't tell you I wanted to go and have wanted to go a long time because I can't talk when I look at you, Fritz. Talking seems so futile. They have fixed everything. What is wrong with them? What do they actually want? What do I do to them? I've never meddled in politics. Was I for Thaelmann? No, I'm just a bourgeois, a housewife who keeps servants and so forth, and now suddenly only blondes can carry on that way. I've often thought lately how you said to me some years ago: "There are valuable people and less valuable people. The valuable people get insulin when they have sugar in the blood, the less valuable get none." I agreed with you, fool that I was! Now they've made new categories of this sort, and I belong to the less valuable. It serves me right.

[*Another pause.*]

Yes, I'm packing. You mustn't act as if you hadn't noticed it in the last few days . . . Fritz, everything is tolerable except one thing: that we're not looking each other in the eyes during the last hour that remains to us. That they shall not achieve—the liars who set everyone lying. Ten years ago when somebody thought no one could tell I was Jewish you quickly said: "Oh, yes, they can tell." And I liked that. It was clear-headed. Why evade the issue now? I'm packing because otherwise they'll take away your position as chief surgeon at the clinic. And because they already cut you there to your face and because already you can't sleep at night. I don't want you to tell me not to go. I'm going in a hurry because I don't want to have you tell me I *should* go. It's a question of time. Character is a question of time. It lasts for a certain length of time, just like a glove. There are good ones that last a long time. But they don't last forever. Incidentally, I'm not angry. And yet: I am. Why should I always be so understanding? What's wrong with the shape of my nose and the colour of my hair? They want me to quit the town where I was born lest they should need to give me butter. What kind of men are you all? What kind of a man are you? You people discover the quantum theory and let yourselves be

* Communist candidate in presidential elections.

bossed by half-savages; you have to conquer the world, but are not allowed to have the wife you want. Artificial respiration and every shot a hit! You're monsters or the bootlickers of monsters. Yes, this is unreasonable of me, but what use is reason in such a world? There you sit watching your wife pack and say nothing. The walls have ears, don't they? And you all say nothing? One lot listen and the other lot hold their tongues. Christ! I should hold my tongue too. If I loved you, I'd hold my tongue. I love you really. Give me that underwear. Those have sex appeal, I'll need them. I'm thirty-six, that's not too old, but I can't do much more experimenting. It mustn't be this way in the next country I come to. The next man I get must be allowed to keep me. And don't say you'll send money, you know you can't. And you shouldn't act as if it were for four weeks. This business doesn't last a mere four weeks. You know it and I know it too. So don't say, "Well, it's only for a couple of weeks," as you hand me the fur coat I won't need till winter. And let's not talk about misfortune. Let's talk about shame. Oh, Fritz!

[She stops. A door is heard opening. She hastily puts herself to rights. Her HUSBAND comes in.]

THE HUSBAND: What are you doing, tidying up?

THE WIFE: No.

THE HUSBAND: Why are you packing?

THE WIFE: I want to get away.

THE HUSBAND: What do you mean?

THE WIFE: We've talked sometimes about my going away for a time. Things are not too good here these days.

THE HUSBAND: That's a lot of nonsense.

THE WIFE: Shall I stay then?

THE HUSBAND: Where do you intend to go?

THE WIFE: To Amsterdam. Away from here.

THE HUSBAND: But you have no one there.

THE WIFE: No.

THE HUSBAND: Why don't you stay here then? You certainly mustn't go on my account.

THE WIFE: No.

THE HUSBAND: You know I've not changed, don't you, Judith?

THE WIFE: Yes.

[He embraces her. They stand, silent, between the bags.]

THE HUSBAND: And there's nothing else to make you go?

THE WIFE: You know the answer to that.

THE HUSBAND: Perhaps it isn't so stupid. You need a breather. It's stifling here. I'll bring you back. Two days on the other side of the frontier, and I'd feel much better.

THE WIFE: Yes, by all means.

THE HUSBAND: This business here can't last too long. A complete change will come—from somewhere. All this will calm down again like an inflammation. It's really a misfortune.

THE WIFE: It certainly is. Did you meet Shoeck?

THE HUSBAND: Yes, that is, only on the stairs. I believe he's sorry again they cut us. He was quite embarrassed. In the long run they can't hold us intellectuals down like this, however much they hate us. Nor can they make war with completely spineless wrecks. These people are not so unresponsive if one confronts them boldly. When do you want to leave?

THE WIFE: Quarter past nine.

THE HUSBAND: And where shall I send the money?

THE WIFE: General delivery, Amsterdam, perhaps.

THE HUSBAND: I'll get myself a special permit. My God, I can't send my wife away with ten marks a month! What a mess everything is in. I feel awful about it.

THE WIFE: When you come for me, it'll do you good.

THE HUSBAND: To read a paper for once that has something in it!

THE WIFE: I called up Gertrude. She'll look after you.

THE HUSBAND: Quite unnecessary—for a couple of weeks.

THE WIFE (*she has begun to pack*): Hand me the fur coat now, will you?

THE HUSBAND (*he gives it to her*): After all, it's only for a couple of weeks.

[*Dim out. The Panzer is heard.*]

THE VOICE:

And there are judges also on our Panzer,
clever at taking hostages, picking out a hundred victims
accused of being Frenchmen
and convicted of loving their country,
for our judges are trained in the German Law
and know at last what is demanded of them.

[When the lights go up we see the Council Chamber of a Court of Justice. Above the scene is written in enormous black letters :

AUGSBURG 1935
IN SEARCH OF JUSTICE

[The haze of a January morning is seen through the window. A round gas lamp is still burning. JUDGE A is just putting on his robe. There is a knock at the door.

JUDGE A: Come in.

[A POLICE INSPECTOR comes in.

THE INSPECTOR: Good morning, Judge.

JUDGE A: Good morning, Herr Tallinger. I asked you to come and see me about the case Haebele, Schuent, and Gaunitzer. I frankly admit the matter is not quite clear to me.

[THE INSPECTOR does not answer.

JUDGE A: I gather from the records that the scene of the affair was Arndt's jewellery store. Arndt is Jewish, isn't he?

[Again THE INSPECTOR does not answer.

JUDGE A: And Haebele, Schuent, and Gaunitzer are still members of Storm Troop Seven in the S.A.?

[THE INSPECTOR nods.

JUDGE A: Which means that the S.A. have seen no need to discipline these three men on their own account?

[THE INSPECTOR shakes his head.

JUDGE A: In view of the sensation the affair has created in the neighbourhood one can assume that the S.A. have held an investigation?

[THE INSPECTOR shrugs his shoulders.

JUDGE A: I'd be grateful, Tallinger, if you could give me a summary of the whole business before the trial. Can you do that now?

THE INSPECTOR (*speaking mechanically*): Last year on the second of December at quarter past eight in the morning three S.A. men, Haebele, Schuent, and Gaunitzer, broke into Arndt's jewellery store in Sletov Street, exchanged a few words, and wounded Arndt, who is fifty-four years old, on the back of his head. It involved also material damages in the region of 11,834

marks. Police investigations made on December 7 of last year revealed . . .

JUDGE A: My dear Tallinger, that's all in the records. (*Annoyed, he points to the indictment which consists of a single sheet of paper.*) The indictment is the thinnest and sloppiest I have ever seen in my life, and I haven't been spoilt in the last few months either. Nevertheless all that's in it. I hoped you might be in a position to explain to me something of the background of the case.

THE INSPECTOR: Certainly, your honour.

JUDGE A: Well?

THE INSPECTOR: There's no background to the case at all, your honour.

JUDGE A: Tallinger, are you really going to maintain that the case is quite straightforward?

THE INSPECTOR (*grinning*): Why no, of course not.

JUDGE A: It's said that some jewellery got lost during the incident. Has it been recovered since?

THE INSPECTOR: Not that I know of.

[THE JUDGE *looks hard at* THE INSPECTOR.]

THE INSPECTOR: I have a family, your honour.

JUDGE A: So have I, Tallinger.

THE INSPECTOR: Yes.

[*There is a pause.*]

THE INSPECTOR: Arndt is a Jew, don't you see?

JUDGE A: As the name indicates.

THE INSPECTOR: Right. And there's a rumour going round in the neighbourhood. A case of race pollution.

[THE JUDGE *appears to begin to understand.*]

JUDGE A: Aha. Who was involved in that?

THE INSPECTOR: Arndt's daughter. She's nineteen. Supposed to be pretty.

JUDGE A: Has the matter been officially gone into already?

THE INSPECTOR (*reluctantly*): Not exactly. The rumour died out again.

JUDGE A: Who spread it then?

THE INSPECTOR: The owner of the house. A Herr von Miel.

JUDGE A: He wanted to get the Jewish store out of his house?

THE INSPECTOR: So we thought. But then apparently he went back on it.

JUDGE A: But anyway this would explain, wouldn't it, why there was some ill feeling against Arndt in the neighbourhood? And the young fellows acted out of a sort of patriotic excitement.

THE INSPECTOR (*he answers with decision*): I think not, your honour.

JUDGE A: What don't you think?

THE INSPECTOR: That Haebeler, Schuent, and Gaunitzer will make much of this matter of pollution.

JUDGE A: Why not?

THE INSPECTOR: The name of the Aryan concerned was never mentioned in the records. God knows who the man is. He could be wherever there is a crowd of Aryans, couldn't he? Well, and where are there crowds of Aryans? In short, the S.A. doesn't want it brought into the discussion.

JUDGE A (*impatently*): Then why do you tell me?

THE INSPECTOR: Because you said you had a family. So that *you* won't bring it into the discussion. All the same some witness from that part of town might start in.

JUDGE A: I understand. But aside from this I don't understand very much.

THE INSPECTOR: Between ourselves: the less you understand the better.

JUDGE A: It's easy for you to talk. But I have to deliver a verdict.

THE INSPECTOR (*vaguely*): Well, yes.

JUDGE A: The only other possibility is direct provocation of the three S.A. men by Arndt himself. Otherwise the episode cannot be explained.

THE INSPECTOR: Just what *I* think, your honour.

JUDGE A: In that case how were the S.A. men provoked?

THE INSPECTOR: According to their own deposition they were provoked both by Arndt himself and by an unemployed labourer who shovelled snow for Arndt. Evidently they were going to have a drink and as they passed the store Wagner, the labourer, and Arndt himself called them names.

JUDGE A: But you've no witness, have you?

THE INSPECTOR: Yes. The owner of the house, this Herr von Miel, declared that he had seen Wagner provoke the S.A. men. He

saw it through his window. And Arndt's partner, one Herr Stau, visited the S.A. headquarters the same afternoon and in the presence of Haebele, Schuent, and Gaunitzer admitted that Arndt had always spoken contemptuously of the S.A. in his presence too.

JUDGE A: So Arndt has a partner? Aryan?

THE INSPECTOR: Obviously. Do you think he'd choose a Jew to represent him?

JUDGE A: But then his partner wouldn't make a statement against him?

THE INSPECTOR (*cunningly*): I'm not so sure.

JUDGE A (*irritated*): What do you mean? The store can't sue for damages if it's proved that Arndt provoked the attack of Haebele, Schuent, and Gaunitzer.

THE INSPECTOR: How do you know that Stau has the least interest in damages?

JUDGE A: I don't understand. He's a partner, isn't he?

THE INSPECTOR: Exactly.

[THE JUDGE *looks puzzled*.

THE INSPECTOR: We have established that Stau comes and goes in the S.A. headquarters—not officially, I mean, but *sub rosa*—and that's probably why Arndt made him his partner. Stau was once involved in a strange affair: the S.A. took someone for a ride but it turned out to be the wrong man, and it was quite a job to fix everything up afterwards. Of course I wouldn't go so far as to say that Stau himself in the present case . . . Anyway, you may have to be careful with him. You spoke just now about your family: I know I can trust you to keep this quite confidential.

JUDGE A (*shaking his head*): What I don't see is this. How can it be to the interest of Herr Stau that the store should lose over eleven thousand marks?

THE INSPECTOR: Yes, the jewellery is certainly gone. I mean Haebele, Schuent, and Gaunitzer don't have it, anyway. And they haven't sold it either.

JUDGE A: I see.

THE INSPECTOR: Naturally Stau can't be expected to keep Arndt on as his partner after Arndt has been proven guilty of provocation. As for the losses which Arndt has incurred, he'll have to make them good to Stau. Is that clear?

JUDGE A: Certainly that is quite clear. (*Thoughtfully, he looks at THE INSPECTOR for a moment. THE INSPECTOR looks straight in front of him, expressionless and entirely official.*) Yes, and it will boil down to this: Arndt provoked the S.A. men. Apparently he has made himself unpopular everywhere. Didn't you say he gave the owner of the house cause for complaint through the scandalous goings-on of his family? Yes, yes, I know the affair must not be brought into the discussion, but one can readily imagine he won't mind if someone moves out in the near future. Thanks very much, Tallinger. You've done me a real service.

[JUDGE A gives THE INSPECTOR a cigar. THE INSPECTOR goes out. In the doorway he meets THE JUNIOR PROSECUTOR who is just coming in.]

THE PROSECUTOR (*to JUDGE A*): Can I speak to you a minute?

JUDGE A (*he is now peeling an apple for his lunch*): You can.

THE PROSECUTOR: It concerns the case of Haebele, Schuent, and Gaunitzer.

JUDGE A (*busy with the apple*): Yes?

THE PROSECUTOR: The case is somewhat straightforward as far as . . .

JUDGE A: Yes. To be quite frank, I don't in the least understand why your prosecutor's office has opened proceedings.

THE PROSECUTOR: But why? The case has attracted attention rather disagreeably in the neighbourhood. Even party members wanted an investigation.

JUDGE A: I see it as merely an obvious case of Jewish provocation and nothing else.

THE PROSECUTOR: Oh nonsense, Goll! Our indictments may be somewhat laconic these days, but they deserve your closer attention, believe me. Don't be so naïve about it; you have to see a little further than your nose. And take care not to make mistakes or before you know it you'll be a country judge in Eastern Pomerania. It's not too cosy there nowadays.

JUDGE A: (*He is perplexed, and stops eating the apple.*) I don't understand in the least. You don't mean to say you intend to let the Jew Arndt go?

THE PROSECUTOR: (*on his dignity*) And if I do? The man did not intend provocation. You think he can't get justice in a court of the Third Reich because he is a Jew? Listen to me: you're developing extremely strange opinions, Goll.

JUDGE A: (*He is annoyed.*) I'm developing no opinions. I merely considered that Haebele, Schuent, and Gaunitzer were acting under provocation.

THE PROSECUTOR: They were not provoked by Arndt but by the unemployed labourer, what was his name—er—Wagner.

JUDGE A: There's not a word of it in your indictment, my dear Spitz.

THE PROSECUTOR: Of course not. All the prosecutor's office heard was that the S.A. men had attacked Arndt. And then we intervened as a matter of duty. But if for example the witness von Miel says in court that Arndt was never on the street during the whole episode but that, on the contrary, it was the labourer—what was his name—er—Wagner who called them names, somehow we have to take that into account.

JUDGE A: Von Miel is going to make a statement of that sort? But he is the owner of the house. He wants to get Arndt out of the place. He won't make a statement in his favour.

THE PROSECUTOR: What on earth do you have against von Miel? Why shouldn't he tell the truth under oath? Perhaps you don't know that von Miel is not only in the S.S. but has highly influential contacts in the Department of Justice? I would advise you to regard him as a respectable citizen, my dear Goll.

JUDGE A: So I do. After all you don't have to respect a man less in these days for not wanting a Jewish store in his house.

THE PROSECUTOR: (*magnanimously*) As long as the man pays the rent . . .

JUDGE A: (*diplomatically*) I'm given to understand that he once gave information against Arndt concerning . . .

THE PROSECUTOR: So you know that. But aren't you wrong in assuming that von Miel was trying to get Arndt out of the house? The more so since the accusation was withdrawn. Wouldn't one rather assume they had come to a somewhat satisfactory understanding? My dear Goll, please don't be so naïve.

JUDGE A: (*He is now getting really annoyed.*) My dear Spitz, it is not so simple. His own partner whom I expected to protect him wants to indict him, and the owner of the house who indicted him wants to protect him. And we have to reach a decision.

THE PROSECUTOR: What do we get our salaries for?

JUDGE A: A frightfully involved affair. Would you care for a Havana?

[THE PROSECUTOR takes a Havana and they smoke in silence. Then JUDGE A continues, with gloomy reflectiveness.

JUDGE A: But if it is established in the court that Arndt was not guilty of provocation he can immediately bring action for damages against the S.A.

THE PROSECUTOR: In the first place he can't bring action against the S.A. but at best only against Haebele, Schuent and Gaunitzer, who haven't a penny—unless he has to get his money out of the unemployed labourer—er—what's his name—er—Wagner. (*with emphasis*): In the second place he will think twice before indicting S.A. men.

JUDGE A: Where is he at the moment?

THE PROSECUTOR: In the hospital.

JUDGE A: And Wagner?

THE PROSECUTOR: In a concentration camp.

JUDGE A (*He is now somewhat at ease again*): Well, well, in view of the circumstances, it's true, Arndt will hardly wish to accuse the S.A. And Wagner will not bank too much on his innocence. But the S.A. will scarcely be content if the Jew gets off scot free.

THE PROSECUTOR: But the court will confirm the fact that the S.A. men were provoked. It doesn't matter to them whether it was the Jew or the Communist.

JUDGE A (*He is still in doubt*): That's not quite true. After all, during the argument between Wagner and the S.A. men the jewellery store was damaged. To a certain extent the S.A. is still implicated.

THE PROSECUTOR: Well, you can't have it every way, and you can't do right by everybody. But your national instinct must tell you, my dear Goll, whom you *should* do right by. I must stress one thing: I'm advised—and my advice comes from the highest circles in the S.S.—that by now somewhat more backbone is expected from German judges.

JUDGE A (*sighing*): In any case it is not easy to know what is just, my dear Spitz. You must admit that.

THE PROSECUTOR: By all means. But our Minister of Justice made an excellent remark which might give you something to hold on to: "Whatever's useful to the German Folk is just."

JUDGE A (*apathetically*): Yes, of course.

THE PROSECUTOR: But cheer up. (*He stands up.*) Now you know

the background it shouldn't be hard. I'll see you later, my dear Goll.

[*He leaves the room. JUDGE A is very uneasy. He stands for a time at the window. Then, absentmindedly, he thumbs through the records. Finally he rings. An attendant comes in.*

JUDGE A: Please bring Inspector Tallinger in again from the witness room. And don't be obtrusive about it.

[*The Attendant leaves. THE INSPECTOR comes in again.*

JUDGE A: Tallinger, it's lucky I didn't take your advice when you told me to regard it as a case of provocation by Arndt. I hear that Herr von Miel is ready to give evidence under oath that it was the labourer Wagner who was guilty of provocation and not Arndt.

THE INSPECTOR (*impenetrably*): That's correct, your honour.

JUDGE A: "That's correct?" *Now* what d'you mean?

THE INSPECTOR: That Wagner was the one who called names.

JUDGE A: And isn't that true?

THE INSPECTOR (*He is offended*): Your honour: whether it's true or not we can't . . .

JUDGE A (*decisively*): Listen a moment, man. You're in a German court of Justice. Has Wagner confessed or has he not confessed?

THE INSPECTOR: Your honour, I wasn't in the concentration camp in person, if that's what you want to know. In the report of the official investigation—Wagner is reported to have kidney trouble—it says he confessed. Only . . .

JUDGE A: Well then, he confessed. What d'you mean by "only"?

THE INSPECTOR: He's a World War veteran and, as a matter of fact, was shot in the neck, and, according to Stau, who, as you know gave evidence as Arndt's partner, is incapable of speaking out loud. That von Miel on the second floor should be able to hear him shouting at the S.A. men is not wholly . . .

JUDGE A: Oh well, it may of course be said you don't need a voice to tell someone to shove it up. A simple gesture would do the job. I have gotten the impression throughout that the Prosecutor's Office wishes to leave a loophole for the S.A. More correctly stated: that is *precisely* what they wish.

THE INSPECTOR: Yes, your honour.

JUDGE A: What does Arndt say?

THE INSPECTOR: That he definitely was not there and got the

wound in the head by falling on the stairs. You can't get anything more out of him.

JUDGE A: The man is probably quite innocent and got into this accidentally the way Pontius Pilate got into the credo.

THE INSPECTOR (*He gives it up*): Yes, your honour.

JUDGE A: And the S.A. will be satisfied if their own people get off free.

THE INSPECTOR: Yes, your honour.

JUDGE A: Stop saying, "Yes, your honour" like a nutcracker.

THE INSPECTOR: Yes, your honour.

JUDGE A.: What do you wish to imply? Please don't misunderstand me, Tallinger. You should realise that I am somewhat nervous. I'm quite aware you're a man of honour but when you gave me advice you must surely have had something in mind?

THE INSPECTOR (*goodnatureedly, he pulls himself together*): Haven't you ever wondered if the Prosecutor isn't simply after your job and that's why he leads you up the garden path? Such cases are not uncommon nowadays. Let's suppose, your honour, you certify that the Jew is innocent. He didn't provoke those fellows. Wasn't even there. Got that hole in the back of his head quite accidentally in a fight between other people. And so after a time he returns to the store. Stau can't stop him. And the store has been damaged to the tune of eleven thousand marks. But now Stau shares the losses since he can't demand the eleven thousand marks from Arndt. And so Stau, if I know the type, will apply to the S.A. for compensation for the lost jewels. Naturally he won't go to them himself since he is the associate of a Jew and therefore a lackey of the Jews. But he'll have other people on hand. Then it'll be said that the S.A. in its patriotic enthusiasm grabs jewellery. You can imagine what the S.A. will think of your verdict then. The general run of people can't understand it anyway. For in the Third Reich how can a Jew put the S.A. in the wrong?

[*For some time there has been a noise in the rear. Now it gets rather loud.*]

JUDGE A: What's that frightful noise? One moment, Tallinger. (*He rings and THE ATTENDANT comes in.*). What's all the row about?

THE ATTENDANT: The court is full. And now they're jammed so close together in the aisles no one can get through. And there are S.A. men saying they have to get through because they are under orders to attend the trial.

[THE ATTENDANT *leaves, while* JUDGE A *merely looks frightened.*

THE INSPECTOR (*continuing*): You'll get it in the neck from those people, you know. I strongly advise you to stick to Arndt and leave the S.A. in peace.

JUDGE A (*He sits down, brokenly, his head in his hands. He is very tired*): Very good, Tallinger, I'll have to consider the matter.

THE INSPECTOR: You'll be well advised to do so, your honour.

[*He goes out. JUDGE A stands up, with difficulty, and noisily rings the bell. THE ATTENDANT comes in.*

JUDGE A: Go over to Judge Fey and ask him if he could come over and see me for a few minutes.

[THE ATTENDANT *leaves. JUDGE A's HOUSEMAID comes in with a lunchbag.*

THE MAID: You'd forget your head, your honour. It's really dreadful. Look what you've forgotten to-day. Now just think hard for a moment: the main thing! (*She hands the bag over to him.*) Your lunchbag! And then you'd have to buy those warm new rolls and you'd have stomach ache like last week. All because you don't take care of yourself.

JUDGE A: Very well, Mary.

THE MAID: I could hardly get through. The whole building is full of S.A. men on account of the trial. But to-day it's coming to them, isn't it, your honour? At the butcher's, people were saying: "It's good there is some justice left in the world." Knocking down a respectable man of business! The whole neighbourhood knows half the S.A. are former criminals. Except for the judges and the courts they'd run off with the cathedral. They did it for the rings. One of them—that's Haebele—is marrying a girl who was on the streets till six months ago. And they assaulted Wagner, the labourer with a wound in the neck, while he was shovelling snow. Everybody saw it. They do it quite openly. They're terrorising the whole neighbourhood, and if anyone says anything they wait for him in the dark and when they hit him he won't get up again.

JUDGE A: Very well, Mary. Now run along.

THE MAID: I said in the butcher's: "Judge Goll will give them what they deserve." Am I right? You have the decent people on your side, that's a fact, your honour. Only don't eat your lunch too quickly, it's bad for you. It's so unhealthy, and now I'm going and won't be keeping you any longer. You have to go to the trial and don't let it excite you or else you may as well

eat now. You don't need more than a minute or two and that won't make any difference. But you can't eat on an excited stomach. Now take care of yourself. Your health is the best thing you have. Now I'm going. I can see you're eager to go into the court, you know you are, and I must be off to the grocery store.

[THE MAID leaves. JUDGE B, *an elderly judge and friend of A, comes in.*

JUDGE B: What's the matter?

JUDGE A: I wanted to talk something out with you if you have a few minutes to spare. This afternoon I have a rather dreadful case to deal with.

JUDGE B (*He sits down*): Yes, the S.A. affair.

JUDGE A (*He suddenly stands still*): Who told *you* about it?

JUDGE B: It was discussed over there yesterday afternoon. A nasty case.

[JUDGE A *begins to pace up and down.*

JUDGE A: What do they say?

JUDGE B: Nobody envies you (*inquisitively*): What are you going to do?

JUDGE A: I don't know. Moreover I didn't know the case was so well known.

JUDGE B: (*He is surprised.*) Really?

JUDGE A: They say this partner is quite a dangerous type.

JUDGE B: He certainly is. But this von Miel is also no philanthropist.

JUDGE A: What is known about him?

JUDGE B: Enough. He has contacts.

[*There is a pause.*

JUDGE A: Highly influential contacts?

JUDGE B: Highly influential.

[*Another pause.*

JUDGE B: (*cautiously*): If you leave the Jew out of it and acquit Haebele, Schuent, and Gaunitzer on the grounds that they were provoked by the labourer who then ran back into the store, won't the S.A. be satisfied? In any case Arndt won't bring charge against the S.A.

JUDGE A (*He is troubled*): You forget Arndt's partner. He'll go

to the S.A. to claim the valuables. And then I'll have the whole leadership of the S.A. at my throat, Fey.

JUDGE B (*after he has considered this argument, which apparently surprises him*): But if you leave the Jew out of it, von Miel will most certainly break your neck. Perhaps you don't know about the bills of exchange at his bank? He's clutching at Arndt as a drowning man clutches at a straw.

JUDGE A (*He is appalled*): Bills of exchange!

[*There is a knock at the door.*]

JUDGE B: Come in.

THE ATTENDANT: Your honour, I really don't know how I am to reserve seats for the Senior Prosecutor and for the President of the District Court. If the gentlemen would only let me know in time.

JUDGE B (*since JUDGE A is silent*): Keep two seats free and don't disturb us in here.

[*THE ATTENDANT leaves.*]

JUDGE A: That's the last straw.

JUDGE B: Von Miel cannot in any circumstance abandon Arndt and allow him to be ruined. He needs him.

JUDGE A (*annihilated*): As a goose to lay golden eggs.

JUDGE B: I didn't say anything of the kind, my dear Goll. And I don't understand how you can think it of me. I really don't. I must insist that I said nothing against Herr von Miel. I'm very sorry this is necessary, Goll.

JUDGE A (*getting excited*): But you can't take it that way, Fey. Remember how we stand to each other.

JUDGE B: What d'you mean "how we stand to each other"? I cannot meddle in your cases. Whether you want to be in with the Minister of Justice or with the S.A. you must do it by yourself. In these days after all everyone must look out for himself.

JUDGE A: I am looking out for myself. Only I don't know what advice to give myself.

[*He stands in the doorway listening to the noise outside.*]

JUDGE B: A bad business.

JUDGE A: My God, I'm willing to do anything, please understand me. You have changed completely. I decide this and I decide

that as they require but at least I must know *what* they require. When you don't know that, there is no justice any more.

JUDGE B: If I were you I wouldn't be shouting there's no justice any more, Goll.

JUDGE A: Now what have I said again? I didn't mean that. I only mean if such contradictions exist . . .

JUDGE B: We think we are "a people of brothers."

JUDGE A: Yes, of course. I never said anything else. Please don't weigh every word I say.

JUDGE B: Why shouldn't I? I'm a judge.

JUDGE A (*sweating*): My dear Fey, if one weighed every word of every judge . . . I am quite willing to examine everything in the most rigorous and conscientious manner but I must be told which decision is in the interest of the higher authorities. If I let the Jew stay in the store I naturally make the owner of the house angry . . . No, not the owner, I mean the partner. . . . I'm getting hopelessly confused. And if the labourer was the source of provocation, the owner—what's his name?—von Miel wants . . . They can't transfer me to Eastern Pomerania, I have a rupture and I want nothing to do with the S.A. After all I have a family, Fey. It is easy for my wife to say I should merely find out what really happened. I'd wake up in a hospital. Am I to speak of an attack? Am I to speak of provocation? What is desired of me? Naturally I don't sentence the S.A. but either the Jew or the unemployed labourer. But which of these two am I to sentence? How am I to choose between the labourer and the Jew? Between the partner and the house owner in other words? In any case I won't go to Pomerania, that's out of the question, Fey. I'd rather go to a concentration camp. Don't look at me like that I'm not the accused. I'm willing to do anything.

JUDGE B: Willingness is not everything, my friend. (*He stands up.*)

JUDGE A: Who is to decide then?

JUDGE B: In general a judge's conscience tells him that, Herr Goll. Remember. Good-bye.

JUDGE A: Yes of course. "According to his knowledge and his conscience." But in this case: *what* am I to choose? What, Fey?

[JUDGE B *has left. Speechless, JUDGE A stands looking after him. The telephone rings.*

JUDGE A (*He picks up the receiver*): Yes?—Emmy?—They can't come to what? The bowling party? Who called you up?—Attorney Priesnitz?—Who told him?—What do I mean? I have to pronounce a verdict.

[*He hangs up. THE ATTENDANT comes in. The noise of the crowd is loud again.*]

THE ATTENDANT: Haevele, Schuent, and Gaunitzer, your honour.

JUDGE A (*gathering up his documents*): Coming.

THE ATTENDANT: I found a seat for the President of the District Court at the press table. He was quite satisfied. But the Senior Prosecutor refused to sit in the witness stand. He wanted to sit at the judge's table. Then you'd have to conduct the trial from the dock, your honour. (*He laughs absurdly at his joke.*)

JUDGE A: I won't do that in any circumstances.

THE ATTENDANT: Here is the door, your honour. Where did you put your brief case with the indictment in it?

JUDGE A (*absolutely bewildered*): Yes, that's what I want. Or else I won't know who is accused, will I? What shall we do with the Senior Prosecutor?

THE ATTENDANT: Now you've put your address book under your arm, your honour. Here is your brief case. (*He stuffs it under the Judge's arm.*)

[*Distracted and wiping the sweat from his brow, JUDGE A goes into the court.*]

[*Dim out. The Panzer is heard.*]

THE VOICE:

And there is also a teacher on our Panzer,
a captain now with a hat of steel,
who teaches a bloody lesson to
French grapefarmers and fishermen of Norway.
For there was a day seven years before,
dimly remembered but never forgotten,
when in the bosom of his family he learned
to hate spies.

[When the lights go up we see a living-room. Above the scene is written in enormous black letters :

COLOGNE 1935

THE INFORMER

[It is a rainy Sunday afternoon. A HUSBAND, his WIFE, and their BOY have just finished lunch. A MAID enters.

THE MAID: Herr and Frau Klimbtsch want to know if you're at home, sir.

THE HUSBAND (*snapping*): We're not.

[THE MAID goes out.

THE WIFE: You should have gone to the telephone yourself. They know we couldn't possibly have gone out yet.

THE HUSBAND: Why couldn't we have gone out?

THE WIFE: Because it's raining.

THE HUSBAND: That's not a reason.

THE WIFE: What would we have gone out for? They'll certainly wonder about that now.

THE HUSBAND: There are plenty of places to go to.

THE WIFE: Then why don't we go?

THE HUSBAND: Where should we go to?

THE WIFE: If only it weren't raining.

THE HUSBAND: And where on earth should we go if it weren't raining?

THE WIFE: In the old days you could at least arrange to meet somebody.

[There is a pause.

THE WIFE: It was a mistake not to go to the telephone. Now they know we don't want to have them here.

THE HUSBAND: What if they do?

THE WIFE: Why then it means that we're dropping them just when everybody's dropping them. I don't like it.

THE HUSBAND: We're not dropping them.

THE WIFE: Then why shouldn't they come here?

THE HUSBAND: Because this Klimbtsch fellow bores me stiff.

THE WIFE: In the old days he didn't bore you.

THE HUSBAND: "In the old days!" Don't keep saying that. You make me nervous.

THE WIFE: At any rate you wouldn't have cut him in the old days just because his case is being looked into by the school-inspectors.

THE HUSBAND: You want to imply I'm a coward?

[*There is a pause.*]

THE HUSBAND: All right. Call them up and say we've just come back because of the rain.

[*THE WIFE remains seated.*]

THE WIFE: Shall we ask the Lemkes if they want to come over?

THE HUSBAND: So they can tell us we're not keen enough on Air Raid Precautions?

THE WIFE (*to THE BOY*): Klaus-Heinrich! Leave the radio alone.

[*THE BOY turns to the newspapers.*]

THE HUSBAND: It's certainly a catastrophe to have rain to-day. You just can't live in a country where it's a catastrophe when it rains.

THE WIFE: Is there much point in throwing remarks like that around?

THE HUSBAND: Within my own four walls I can make whatever remarks I please. In my own home I can say what I . . .

[*He is interrupted. THE MAID comes in with coffee things. There is silence while she is in the room.*]

THE HUSBAND: Must we have a maid whose father is Block Warden?

THE WIFE: I think we've talked about that enough. Last time you said it had its advantages.

THE HUSBAND: I've said a whole lot of things. Only say something of the kind to your mother and very likely we'll get in a wonderful mess.

THE WIFE: What I say to my mother . . .

[*THE MAID interrupts them again as she brings in the coffee.*]

THE WIFE: Leave it now, Erna, you can go. I'll look after this.

THE MAID: Thanks very much, gnädige Frau. (*She goes out.*)

THE BOY (*looking up from the paper*): Do all priests do that, Papa?

THE HUSBAND: What?

THE BOY: What it says here.

THE HUSBAND: What is it you're reading ?

[He snatches the paper out of his hand.]

THE BOY: Our Group Leader told us we could all know what it says in this paper.

THE HUSBAND: It doesn't matter to me what the Group Leader said. I decide what you can read and what you can't.

THE WIFE: Here's ten cents, Klaus-Heinrich, go over and buy yourself something.

THE BOY: But it's raining.

[He hangs around near the window, undecided.]

THE HUSBAND: If these reports of the priest trials don't stop, I'll not order this paper any more.

THE WIFE: And which one *will* you subscribe to? It's in all of them.

THE HUSBAND: If all the papers carry filth like that, I'll read none. I couldn't know less of what's going on in the world.

THE WIFE: A house cleaning doesn't do any harm.

THE HUSBAND: House cleaning! That's nothing but politics.

THE WIFE: Anyway it doesn't concern us, after all we're Lutheran.

THE HUSBAND: It's not a matter of indifference for our people if they can't think of a vestry without thinking of such abominations.

THE WIFE: Then what should they do if such things happen?

THE HUSBAND: What should they do? Maybe they might look to their own affairs. It may not all be as clean as it might be in their Brown House,* so I hear.

THE WIFE: But that goes to prove our people has recovered its health, Karl.

THE HUSBAND: Recovered its health! If that's what healthiness looks like, give me disease.

THE WIFE: You're so nervous to-day. Did anything happen at school?

THE HUSBAND: What should happen at school? And please stop telling me I'm nervous. That's what makes me that way.

THE WIFE: We shouldn't always be quarrelling, Karl. In the old days . . .

THE HUSBAND: I was waiting for it: "in the old days!" I didn't want my child's mind poisoned in the old days and I don't want it poisoned now.

* Nazi headquarters.

THE WIFE: Where is he anyway?

THE HUSBAND: How do I know?

THE WIFE: Did you see him leave?

THE HUSBAND: No.

THE WIFE: I don't understand where he can have gone. (*Shouting*)
Klaus-Heinrich!

[*She runs out and is heard shouting. She returns.*]

THE WIFE: Well, he's out.

THE HUSBAND: Why on earth shouldn't he be out?

THE WIFE: Why, because it's simply pouring.

THE HUSBAND: Why are you so nervous if the boy goes out once in a while?

THE WIFE: What have we been saying ?

THE HUSBAND: What's that got to do with it?

THE WIFE: You're so uncontrolled these days.

THE HUSBAND: I certainly am not uncontrolled these days, but even if I were uncontrolled, what has that got to do with the boy being out?

THE WIFE: Oh, you know they listen.

THE HUSBAND: So what?

THE WIFE: So what? So this: what if he tells tales? You know perfectly well what's drummed into them at the Hitler Youth. They're under orders to report everything. Strange he left so quietly.

THE HUSBAND: Nonsense.

THE WIFE: Didn't you notice it, when he'd left?

THE HUSBAND: He was at the window quite a time.

THE WIFE: I wonder what he overheard.

THE HUSBAND: He knows what happens to people who're informed against.

THE WIFE: What of the boy the Schulkes told about? His father must be in the concentration camp still. If only we knew how long he was in the room.

THE HUSBAND: Oh, that's all nonsense.

[*He goes through the other rooms and shouts for THE BOY.*]

THE WIFE: I can't believe he'd just go off somewhere without saying a word. He isn't like that.

THE HUSBAND: Maybe he's at some school-friend's.

THE WIFE: In that case he can only be at the Mummermanns'. I'll phone.

[*She phones.*

THE HUSBAND: I regard the whole thing as a false alarm.

THE WIFE (*at the phone*): This is Frau Furcke. Good afternoon, Frau Mummermann. Is Klaus-Heinrich at your place?—He isn't?—Then I just can't think where the boy is.—Tell me, Frau Mummermann, is the club room of the Hitler Youth open on Sunday afternoon?—It is?—Thanks, I'll try them.

[*She hangs up. The couple sit in silence.*

THE HUSBAND: What can he have heard after all?

THE WIFE: You talked about the paper. You shouldn't have said that about the Brown House. He's such a nationalist.

THE HUSBAND: And *what* may I have said about the Brown House?

THE WIFE: You can hardly help remembering: that it's not all clean there.

THE HUSBAND: That can't be interpreted as an attack. To say: it's not all clean, or rather as I more moderately put it, not all *quite* clean, which certainly makes a difference, a considerable difference, why, that's more of a jocular observation, idiomatic and popular, one might almost say a colloquialism. It means little more than that probably, even there, something is not always and under all circumstances as the Führer wishes it. I intentionally indicated the merely probable character of my allegation by using the expression: "it *may* not all be *quite*"—*quite* in the mildest sense—"clean." This was my formulation of the matter. *May* be! Not: *is*! I can't say that anything there *is* not clean, there's no proof. But wherever there are men, there are imperfections. I never suggested anything more than that, and that only in the mildest form. And moreover the Führer himself on a certain occasion gave his criticism in the same direction and much more sharply.

THE WIFE: I don't understand you. You don't have to talk this way to me.

THE HUSBAND: I wish I didn't have to. I'm not sure what you yourself say, in the way of gossip, about the things you've heard

between these four walls, insignificant things, probably only said in a moment of excitement. Naturally I'm far from accusing you of spreading any frivolous tales against your husband and I don't for a moment assume that the boy would do anything against his father. But unfortunately there's an important distinction between doing wrong and knowing you do it.

THE WIFE: Now please stop! Watch your own tongue! You said one can't live in Hitler Germany. All along I've been trying to remember whether you said that before or after what you said about the Brown House.

THE HUSBAND: I didn't say it at all.

THE WIFE: You act precisely as if I were the police! But what can the boy have heard? That's what tortures me.

THE HUSBAND: The expression "Hitler Germany" is not in my vocabulary.

THE WIFE: And about the Block Warden and about the papers being full of lies and what you said recently about Air Raid Precautions—the boy hears nothing positive at all! That certainly isn't good for a young mind. Youth can only be perverted by such talk. And the Führer always stresses: "Germany's youth is Germany's future." The boy doesn't run off and turn informer. He isn't made that way. I feel bad.

THE HUSBAND: But he's revengeful.

THE WIFE: What can he take revenge for?

THE HUSBAND: God knows. There's always something. Maybe because I took his green frog away from him.

THE WIFE: But that was a week ago.

THE HUSBAND: He remembers such things.

THE WIFE: Why did you take it from him?

THE HUSBAND: Because he caught no flies for it. He just let it starve.

THE WIFE: He really has too much to do, though.

THE HUSBAND: That's not the frog's fault.

THE WIFE: But he never talked about it afterwards and just now I gave him ten cents. Why, he gets everything he wants.

THE HUSBAND: Yes, that's bribery.

THE WIFE: What do you mean by that?

THE HUSBAND: They'll immediately say we tried to bribe him to keep his mouth shut.

THE WIFE: What do you think they can do to you?

THE HUSBAND: Oh, everything. There are no limits to what they can do. Good God! Educator of the youth! I fear them. To be a teacher in these circumstances!

THE WIFE: But there's nothing against you.

THE HUSBAND: There's something against everyone. All are suspect. If suspicion exists, someone is suspected. Suspicion need only exist.

THE WIFE: But a child is not a reliable witness. A child hasn't the least idea what he is saying.

THE HUSBAND: That's your opinion. Since when have they needed a witness for anything?

THE WIFE: Can't we think out what you must have meant by your remarks? I mean: then it will be clear he misunderstood you.

THE HUSBAND: What could I have said? I can't remember. It's the fault of the damned rain . . . It makes you disgruntled. After all I'm the last to say anything against the spiritual revival the German people has experienced. I foresaw it all back in 1932.

THE WIFE: Karl, we haven't time to talk of it. We must straighten everything out and without delay. We haven't a moment to lose.

THE HUSBAND: I can't think it of Klaus-Heinrich.

THE WIFE: Now: first the matter of the Brown House and the filth.

THE HUSBAND: I said nothing about filth.

THE WIFE: You said the paper is full of filth and that you intend to cancel your subscription.

THE HUSBAND: Yes, the paper, but not the Brown House.

THE WIFE: Might you not have said that you disapprove of such filth in the vestries? And that you think it quite possible that the very men now on trial invented the atrocity stories about the Brown House and that they said that all was not clean? And that they therefore should have looked to their own affairs? And above all you told the boy to leave the radio and take the paper instead because you take the stand that youth in the Third Reich should note with open eyes what is going on.

THE HUSBAND: All that wouldn't help in the least.

THE WIFE: Karl, don't let your courage fail you. You must be strong, as the Führer always . . .

THE HUSBAND: I can't stand in the dock with my own flesh and blood in the witness-box giving evidence against me.

THE WIFE: You mustn't take it this way.

THE HUSBAND: It was unpardonably careless to have anything to do with the Klimbtsches.

THE WIFE: Why? Nothing has happened to him yet.

THE HUSBAND: But the investigation is pending.

THE WIFE: An investigation is pending for lots of people. What would happen if they were all in despair?

THE HUSBAND: Do you think the Block Warden has anything against us?

THE WIFE: You mean if enquiries are made? He got a box of cigarettes on his birthday and a splendid tip at New Year's.

THE HUSBAND: The Gauffs next door gave *fifteen* marks!

THE WIFE: But they read *Vorwärts** as late as '32 and in May '33 they put out the black-white-and-red flag.†

[*The telephone rings.*

THE HUSBAND: The telephone!

THE WIFE: Shall I go?

THE HUSBAND: I don't know.

THE WIFE: Who can it be?

THE HUSBAND: Wait a while. If it rings again, you can answer it.

[*They wait. It does not ring again.*

THE HUSBAND: This isn't living.

THE WIFE: Karl!

THE HUSBAND: You bore me a Judas. He sits at table and listens as he takes the soup we put before him and carefully registers the conversation of those who begot him. The informer!

THE WIFE: You mustn't say that!

[*There is a pause.*

THE WIFE: Do you think we should make any preparations?

THE HUSBAND: Do you think they'll come with him now?

THE WIFE: It's quite impossible.

THE HUSBAND: Maybe I should put on my Iron Cross?

* Organ of the Social Democrats.

† Colours of the Nationalists.

THE WIFE: By all means, Karl.

[*He brings the cross and puts it on with trembling fingers.*]

THE WIFE: There's nothing against you at school?

THE HUSBAND: How should I know? I'm willing to teach everything they want to have taught. But what *do* they want to have taught? If only I ever knew! How do I know how they want Bismarck to have been if they are so slow in bringing out the new textbooks? Can't you give the maid another ten marks? She's always listening too.

THE WIFE (*she nods*): And the picture of Hitler. Shall we hang it over your desk? It'll look better.

THE HUSBAND: Yes, do that.

[*THE WIFE begins to move the picture.*]

THE HUSBAND: But if the boy says we hung it specially, then it will end in "consciousness of guilt."

[*She puts the picture back where it was.*]

THE HUSBAND: Wasn't that the door?

THE WIFE: I heard nothing.

THE HUSBAND: There!

THE WIFE: Karl!

[*She throws her arms around him.*]

THE HUSBAND: Don't lose your nerve. Pack me some underwear.

[*The door is heard opening. HUSBAND and WIFE stand close together, petrified, in the corner of the room. The door opens and in comes THE BOY, a bag of chocolates in his hand. There is a silence.*]

THE BOY: What's the matter?

THE WIFE: Where've you been?

[*THE BOY points to the bag of chocolates.*]

THE WIFE: Have you only been buying chocolate?

THE BOY: Sure. What do you think?

[*He walks, munching, across the room and out. His parents look after him searchingly.*]

THE HUSBAND: Do you think he's telling the truth?

[*THE WIFE shrugs her shoulders.*]

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

A band plays a barbaric march. Out of the darkness appears a big signpost: TO RUSSIA, and near it the Panzer.

[The soldiers sing to the tune of the Horst Wessel Song:

The Führer says: "You want to go home, I know it.
But then you can't both eat and keep your egg.
If you obey at least you are a race of masters.
The world shall perish or sit up and beg!"

[Dim out. The Panzer is heard.

THE VOICE:

And wherever we came we drove father against son,
And friend against friend.
And in foreign countries we behaved not otherwise
Than we had behaved in our own country.

[Dim out. When the lights go up we see a room in a worker's house. Above the scene is written in enormous black letters:

BERLIN 1936

THE MAN THEY RELEASED

[A Sunday morning. A MAN and his WIFE are talking. From the distance military music is heard.

THE MAN: He'll be here any time now.

THE WIFE: Does he look very changed?

THE MAN: Not very.

THE WIFE: Do you think he's coming here because he wants to work again with you and the others?

THE MAN: Probably.

THE WIFE: And do you want him to?

THE MAN: Not right away.

THE WIFE: Do you know anything against him?

THE MAN: No. We only know he's been released from the concentration camp.

THE WIFE: Then why do you distrust him?

THE MAN: Too much has happened. They put too much pressure on them in there.

THE WIFE: But how is he to prove to you he's still the same?

THE MAN: Oh, we can find out where he stands.

THE WIFE: That can take time, though.

THE MAN: Yes.

THE WIFE: But he may be absolutely loyal.

THE MAN: He may be.

THE WIFE: In that case it'll be terrible for him when he sees everyone distrusts him.

THE MAN: He knows it's necessary.

THE WIFE: All the same.

THE MAN: I can hear something now. Stay here while we talk.

[*The bell rings. THE MAN opens the door, THE RELEASED MAN comes in.*]

THE MAN: 'llo, Max.

[*THE RELEASED MAN shakes hands with THE MAN and THE WIFE.*]

THE WIFE: Will you have a cup of coffee with us? We're just going to have one.

THE RELEASED MAN: If it's no trouble.

[*There is a pause.*]

THE RELEASED MAN: You have a new cupboard.

THE WIFE (*on her guard*): It's really second hand. Got it for eleven marks fifty. The other fell to pieces.

THE RELEASED MAN: I see.

THE MAN: Anything going on in the streets?

THE RELEASED MAN: They're making a collection. Apparently for the Winter Relief.

THE WIFE: We could do with a suit for Willi.

THE MAN: But I'm working.

THE WIFE: We could do with a suit for you all the same.

THE MAN: Don't talk nonsense.

THE RELEASED MAN: Work or no work, we could all do with something, couldn't we? They pay such wages.

THE MAN: Have you found work yet?

THE RELEASED MAN: I expect to.

THE MAN: At Siemens'?

THE RELEASED MAN: Yes, or some other place.

THE MAN: It's not as hard nowadays.

THE RELEASED MAN: No.

[*There is a pause.*]

THE RELEASED MAN: What are you all doing at Borsig's now?

THE MAN: All sorts.

THE RELEASED MAN (*He nods*). Rearmament?

THE MAN (*vaguely*): Don't know. How long were you in there?

THE RELEASED MAN: Half a year.

THE MAN: Did you meet anyone?

THE RELEASED MAN: I didn't know anyone (*He pauses.*) They always take them to different camps now. They might have taken them to Bavaria.

THE MAN: I see.

THE RELEASED MAN: The world outside hasn't changed very much.

THE MAN: Not specially.

THE WIFE: We're keeping to ourselves, you know, quite quietly. Willi hardly ever meets any of his old friends now, isn't that so, Willi?

THE MAN: Yes, we don't have much company.

THE RELEASED MAN: You still haven't gotten rid of the garbage cans out in the hall?

THE WIFE: Oh, you remember that? Yes, the super says he has no other place for them.

THE RELEASED MAN (*as THE WIFE pours him a cup of coffee*): I'll just swallow a mouthful. I can't stay long.

THE MAN: Doing anything?

THE RELEASED MAN: Selma told me you both looked after her when she was sick. Thanks very much.

THE WIFE: Don't mention it. We'd have told her to come over sometimes of an evening but we don't even have a radio.

THE MAN: Anyway, what you hear on the radio is in the paper, too.

THE RELEASED MAN: There's not much in the *Mottenpost*.*

THE WIFE: But there's just as much in it as in their *Völkischer Beobachter*.†

THE RELEASED MAN: And just as much in the *Völkischer* as in the *Mottenpost*, right?

THE MAN: I don't read so much in the evening. Too tired.

THE WIFE: What's the matter with your hand? It's all shrivelled and two fingers gone!

THE RELEASED MAN (*evasively*): I fell.

THE WIFE (*She is hurt by the evasiveness*): Listen . . .

THE MAN (*He interrupts her*): Good thing it's the left.

THE RELEASED MAN: Yes, it's quite lucky. (*In a changed tone.*) I'd like to have talked with you, Willi. No offence, Frau Mahn.

THE WIFE: Yes, sure, I just have to clean up the stove.

[*She busies herself with the stove. THE RELEASED MAN looks at her, a slight smile on his lips; he understands.*

THE MAN: Is Selma all right again?

THE RELEASED MAN: Her hip isn't. She can't do any washing. Tell me, is Karl . . . couldn't I . . .

[*He stops and looks at them both. They look at him. He does not finish the sentence.*

THE MAN (*hoarsely*): Should we go out on the Alexanderplatz and see the crowd and the collection?

THE WIFE (*relieved*): We could do that, couldn't we?

THE RELEASED MAN: Sure.

[*Pause.*

THE RELEASED MAN (*He speaks quietly as THE WIFE carries out the coffee things*): Willi, listen, I'm still the same.

THE MAN (*lightly*): Of course. Maybe there's music on the Alex. Get yourself ready, Anna. We've had coffee. I'll just comb my hair a bit.

[*THE MAN and WIFE go into the next room. THE RELEASED MAN remains seated. He has taken his hat. He whistles. The couple come back dressed for going out.*

THE MAN: Come on, Max.

* *Mottenpost* (*Moth Post*), popular term for *Morgenpost* (*Morning Post*).
† *Völkischer Beobachter*, official Nazi paper.

THE RELEASED MAN: Okay. I just want to tell you one thing: I think it's quite right.

THE MAN: Well, let's go then.

[They go together.]

Dim out. The Panzer is heard.

THE VOICE:

And there is no business but belongs to us,
And no man knows how long he will belong to us.

When the lights go up we see a town-square. Above the scene is written in enormous black letters:

C A L W, W Ü R T T E M B E R G, 1 9 3 6

THE OLD NAZI

A number of small stores. In the background is a butcher shop, in the foreground a dairy. It is a dark winter's morning. The butcher shop is still closed; but the dairy is already lit up and several customers are waiting.

THE TRADESMAN: No butter again to-day, hm?

THE WOMAN: There should be at least as much as I can buy with the money he earns.

THE YOUNG FELLOW: What's all this grumbling about? Germany needs cannons, not butter. That's dead certain. He made it quite clear.

THE WOMAN (*timidly*): That's true enough too.

[There is silence.]

THE YOUNG FELLOW: Do you think we could have occupied the Rhineland with butter? Everyone was for it once it was done but no one wants to make any sacrifices.

THE SECOND WOMAN: Take it easy. We're all making sacrifices.

THE YOUNG FELLOW (*distrustfully*): How do you mean?

THE SECOND WOMAN (*She speaks to THE FIRST WOMAN*): You give something whenever there's a collection, don't you?

[THE FIRST WOMAN nods.]

THE SECOND WOMAN: Very well then. She gives. And we give too. Voluntarily.

THE YOUNG FELLOW: We know that. You hang on to every penny whenever the Führer needs what you might call some support for his great expenditures. They give nothing but rags to the Winter Relief. They'd like best to just give their moths. We know our people. The factory owner at Number 11 actually donated a pair of worn-out riding boots.

THE TRADESMAN: Some people are careless.

[THE DAIRY WOMAN comes out of the dairy wearing a white apron.

THE DAIRY WOMAN: We're nearly ready. (*She speaks to THE SECOND WOMAN.*) Good morning, Frau Ruhl. Have you heard they came for young Lettner from next door last night?

THE SECOND WOMAN: The butcher?

THE DAIRY WOMAN: Yes, the son.

THE SECOND WOMAN: But wasn't he in the S.A.?

THE DAIRY WOMAN. He was. The old man has been in the party since '29. Yesterday he happened to be out of town at a cattle auction or else they'd have taken him too.

THE SECOND WOMAN: But what have they done?

THE DAIRY WOMAN: Put the price of meat up. He didn't get any lately and had to let his customers go. And then they say he bought on the black market. From a Jew, the story goes.

THE YOUNG FELLOW: You think they shouldn't have come for him then?

THE DAIRY WOMAN: He was always one of the keenest. He rounded up old Zeisler from Number 17 for not subscribing to the *Völkischer Beobachter*. He's an old Nazi.*

THE SECOND WOMAN: When he comes back it'll be quite a revelation to him.

THE DAIRY WOMAN: *If* he comes back.

THE TRADESMAN: Some people are careless.

THE SECOND WOMAN: They don't seem to be opening at all to-day.

THE DAIRY WOMAN: That's the best thing they can do. The police need only take a look in a place like that to find something, don't you see? It's so hard to get anything nowadays. We get our things from our co-op. So far there haven't been any difficulties. (*She calls out.*) No cream to-day! (*There is a general murmur of disappointment.*) The Lettners are supposed to have a mortgage in the house. They figured it would be cancelled or something.

* That is, he was a Nazi before 1933.

THE TRADESMAN: But they can't cancel the mortgages. That's asking a bit too much.

THE SECOND WOMAN: Young Lettner was quite a nice person.

THE DAIRY WOMAN: Old Lettner was always the wild one. He simply shoved the boy into the S.A. He'd rather have gone out with a girl of course.

THE YOUNG FELLOW: What do you mean by the "wild one"?

THE DAIRY WOMAN: Did I say the "wild one"? Well he always got wild whenever they said anything against the theory. Before '33. He always talked about the theory and against the egoism of the individual.

THE TRADESMAN: They *are* opening up.

THE SECOND WOMAN: After all they have to live.

[*A fat woman comes out of the butcher's which is now partly lit. She stays on the sidewalk and looks inquiringly down the street. Then she turns to* THE DAIRY WOMAN.

THE BUTCHER'S WIFE: Good morning, Frau Schlichter. Have you seen our Richard? He should have been here long ago with the meat.

[*THE DAIRY WOMAN does not reply. They all just stare at her. She understands and quickly goes back into the store.*

THE DAIRY WOMAN (*She acts as if nothing had happened*): Things came to a head the day before yesterday when the old man made such a row that he was heard roaring all over the square. They chalked that up to his score.

THE SECOND WOMAN: I didn't hear a thing about it, Frau Schlichter.

THE DAIRY WOMAN: Really? Well, he refused to hang in his windows the fake cardboard hams they brought him. He had ordered them earlier because they required it and he hadn't hung anything in his window for a week but price lists. "I've nothing left for the window," he said. Later when they came with the fake hams—there was even half a calf among them quite like a real one—he roared out that he wouldn't hang things in his window just for show and a great deal else that isn't repeatable. It was all against the government and then he threw the things out on the street. They had to pick 'em out of the mud.

THE SECOND WOMAN: You don't say!

THE TRADESMAN: Some people are careless.

THE SECOND WOMAN: How can people go off the handle like that? How can they?

THE DAIRY WOMAN: And the most cunning ones too.

[*At this moment another light is switched on in the butcher's.*]

THE DAIRY WOMAN: Look!

[*She points excitedly to the window.*]

THE SECOND WOMAN: There's something in the window.

THE DAIRY WOMAN: It's old Lettner. And in his overcoat. But what's he standing on? (*She shouts suddenly.*) Frau Lettner!

THE BUTCHER'S WIFE (*She comes out of the store*): What's the matter?

[*THE DAIRY WOMAN points at the window unable to speak. THE BUTCHER'S WIFE looks in for a second, cries out, and falls in a faint. THE SECOND WOMAN and THE DAIRY WOMAN run over to her.*]

THE SECOND WOMAN: He's hanged himself in the window!

THE TRADESMAN: He has a board round his neck.

THE FIRST WOMAN: That's the price list. There's something written on it.

THE SECOND WOMAN: It says: I VOTED FOR HITLER!

Dim out. The Panzer is heard.

THE VOICE:

Hungry as locusts we come,
devouring the food of whole countries in a week;
For we have received cannons instead of butter
and with our daily bread we have so long mixed bran . . .

When the lights go up we see the yard of a prison; above the scene is written in enormous letters:

L A N D S B E R G 1936

TWO BAKERS

The prisoners walk round in a circle. Each time they pass, two BAKERS speak to each other.

THE FIRST BAKER: You're a baker too, newcomer?

THE SECOND BAKER: Yes, are you?

THE FIRST BAKER: Yes. What did they get *you* for?

THE SECOND BAKER: Look out! -

[*The circle revolves once.*

THE SECOND BAKER: Because I didn't put bran and potatoes in the bread. And you? How long have you been here?

THE FIRST BAKER: Two years.

THE SECOND BAKER: And why are *you* here? Look out!

[*The circle revolves again.*

THE FIRST BAKER: Because I did put bran in the bread. Two years ago that was still a crime.

THE SECOND BAKER: Look out!

Dim out. The Panzer is heard.

THE VOICE:

And wherever we come the mothers are not safe
nor the children;
we have not spared
our own children.

When the lights go up we see the kitchen of a working class house; above the scene is written in enormous black letters:

D R E S D E N 1 9 3 6

CHILDREN'S SHOES

A MOTHER is peeling potatoes. Her DAUGHTER, thirteen years old, is doing her homework.

THE DAUGHTER: Mother, do I get the two pennies?

THE MOTHER: For the Hitler Youth?

THE DAUGHTER: Yes.

THE MOTHER: I have no money to spare.

THE DAUGHTER: But if I don't hand in two pennies a week I can't go to the country in summer. And the teacher said Hitler wants town and country to know each other. The town people are to come closer to the farmers. But I have to give in the two pennies.

THE MOTHER: I'll be thinking how I can let you have them.

THE DAUGHTER: That's wonderful, mother. I'll help you peel the potatoes too. It's wonderful in the country, isn't it? You can eat till you're full there. In the gym the teacher said I had a potbelly.

THE MOTHER: Oh no, you haven't.

THE DAUGHTER: No, not at present. Last year I had. But not so very.

THE MOTHER: Maybe I can get a bit of tripe.

THE DAUGHTER: Oh, I get rolls at school. *You* don't get rolls. Bertha said there was goose fat on the bread when she was in the country. And sometimes meat. Isn't that wonderful?

THE MOTHER: Very.

THE DAUGHTER: And the good air.

THE MOTHER: But didn't she have to work too?

THE DAUGHTER: Oh yes. But a lot to eat. The farmer was rude to her, she said.

THE MOTHER: What?

THE DAUGHTER: Oh nothing. Only he wouldn't leave her alone.

THE MOTHER: Ah.

THE DAUGHTER: But Bertha was bigger than I am. A year older.

THE MOTHER: Get on with your homework now.

[*There is a pause.*]

THE DAUGHTER: I don't have to wear the old black shoes from the Führer's Charity Chest, do I?

THE MOTHER: No, you don't need to. You still have the other pair.

THE DAUGHTER: Yes, but there's a hole in one of them.

THE MOTHER: But the weather is wet now.

THE DAUGHTER: I'll put some paper in them. That'll do it.

THE MOTHER: No, it won't. When they come through they have to be soled.

THE DAUGHTER: It costs so much.

THE MOTHER: Why don't you like the shoes from the Charity Chest?

THE DAUGHTER: I can't stand them.

THE MOTHER: Because they're so big?

THE DAUGHTER: Look, you think so too!

THE MOTHER: It's just because they are old.

THE DAUGHTER: Do I have to wear them?

THE MOTHER: You don't *have* to wear them if you can't stand them.

THE DAUGHTER: I'm not vain, am I?

THE MOTHER: No. You're just getting bigger.

[There is a pause.]

THE DAUGHTER: And can I have the two pennies, mother? I want to go to the country.

THE MOTHER (*slowly*): I have no money for that.

Dim out. The Panzer is heard.

THE VOICE:

And where we are the grain is not safe in the barn
nor the cattle in the stall;
for our own cattle has been taken from us.

When the lights go up we see a farmyard, above the scene is written in enormous black letters:

SCHWETZINGEN, BAVARIA, 1937

A FARMER FEEDS HIS SOW

The scene is a farm at night. In front of the pigsty a FARMER is instructing his WIFE and his two children.

THE FARMER: I never wanted to drag you into this but you worried it out of me and now you'll have to keep your mouth shut or your father'll be in the Landsberg prison for life. If we feed our animals when they are hungry we're doing nothing wrong. It's not the will of God that any creature should be hungry. And when they're hungry they scream and I can't listen to a sow screaming of hunger on my own farm. And we aren't allowed to feed them. It's against the law. I'm feeding them just the same, I am. If I don't feed them they'll die and no one's going to make good the loss.

THE FARMER'S WIFE: I think so too. Our grain is our grain. Those bastards can't lay down the law to us. They've sent the Jews away, but the government is the biggest Jew. And the pastor said: "You shouldn't bind the mouth of an ox when it's threshing." That's how he hinted that we should go ahead and feed our cattle. *We* didn't make their Four Year Plan for them. We weren't asked.

THE FARMER: Quite right. They're not for the farmers and the farmers are not for them. I have to hand over my grain and then buy the fodder dear. So that super bum can buy cannons.

THE FARMER'S WIFE: And the parson says: "Blessed are the peacemakers." That's in the Bible.

THE FARMER: Stand at the fence, Tony. And Mary, go out in the meadow, and as soon as anyone comes, let us know.

[*The children takes up their positions. THE FARMER mixes the fodder and carries it, looking nervously around, to the pigsty. HIS WIFE also peers nervously around.*]

THE FARMER (*He pours out the fodder for the sow*): Go ahead and eat, Lena. Heil Hitler! When God's creatures are hungry there is no government any more.

Dim out. The Panzer is heard.

THE VOICE:

Their sons we took away and their daughters;
and threw them potatoes out of loving kindness;
and bade them scream "Heil Hitler" just as we had bidden our
own mothers—
bade them scream "Heil Hitler" like one crucified.

[*When the lights go up we see a poorly furnished room; above the scene is written in enormous black letters:*

KARLSRUHE 1937

WINTER RELIEF

[*TWO S.A. MEN bring a package from the Winter Relief to an OLD WOMAN who is standing at the table with her DAUGHTER.*]

THE FIRST S.A. MAN: Here, mother, the Führer sends you this.

THE SECOND S.A. MAN: So you can't say he doesn't care for you.

THE OLD WOMAN: Thank you, thank you. Potatoes, Erna. And a woollen jumper. And apples.

THE FIRST S.A. MAN: And a letter from the Führer with something in it. Just you see.

THE OLD WOMAN (*she opens the letter*): Twenty-five marks! Now what do you say, Erna?

THE SECOND S.A. MAN: Winter Relief!

THE OLD WOMAN: You must have an apple, young man, and you as well. For bringing the package and up all those stairs too. I don't have anything else at present. And I'll have one myself at once.

[*She takes a bite of an apple. They all start eating apples except*
THE YOUNG WOMAN.

THE OLD WOMAN: Now do have an apple, Erna, don't just stand around. You see now what your husband says isn't true.

THE FIRST S.A. MAN: What does he say?

THE YOUNG WOMAN: He says nothing. The old lady's just rambling.

THE OLD WOMAN: Oh, what he says is only talk, nothing bad you know. Only what they all say. The prices have gone up a bit recently. (*She points with her apple at THE YOUNG WOMAN.*) And she figured out from the housekeeping book that she needed 123 marks more for food this year than last. Didn't you, Erna? (*She sees that the S.A. MEN don't seem to like this.*) But that's only because of rearmament isn't it? What's the matter? What have I said?

THE FIRST S.A. MAN: Where do you keep the housekeeping book, young woman?

THE SECOND S.A. MAN: And who do you show it all to?

THE YOUNG WOMAN: It's at home. I show it to nobody.

THE OLD WOMAN: You can't find fault with her for keeping a household book, can you?

THE FIRST S.A. MAN: Or for spreading atrocity stories either, I suppose?

THE SECOND S.A. MAN: And I didn't notice that she said "Heil Hitler" very loudly when we came in, did you?

THE OLD WOMAN: But she *did* say "Heil Hitler" and I say it too: Heil Hitler!

THE SECOND S.A. MAN: We've run into a nice bunch of Communists, Albert. We must take a closer look at that housekeeping book. Take us where you live right now.

[*He seizes THE YOUNG WOMAN by the arm.*

THE OLD WOMAN: But she's three months gone! You can't . . . And after they brought the package and took the apples, Erna! She did say "Heil Hitler." What shall I do? Heil Hitler! Heil Hitler!

[*She vomits up the apple. THE S.A. MEN lead her daughter off.*

THE OLD WOMAN (*she continues to vomit*): Heil Hitler!

[*Dim out. The Panzer is heard.*

THE VOICE:

And there is no God
But Adolf Hitler.

[When the lights go up we see the kitchen of a fisherman; above the scene is written in enormous black letters :

LÜBECK 1937

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

[A fisherman lies dying. At his bedside are his WIFE, and his SON in S.A. uniform. A PASTOR is also there.

THE DYING MAN: Tell me, is there really something afterwards?

THE PASTOR: Are you troubled with doubt?

THE WIFE: In the last few days he's been saying: "There's so much talking and promising, you don't know what to believe." Please don't be annoyed with him, pastor.

THE PASTOR: After death life is eternal.

THE DYING MAN: And that's better?

THE PASTOR: Yes.

THE DYING MAN: It must be.

THE WIFE: He has fretted so much, you understand.

THE PASTOR: God knows it, believe me.

THE DYING MAN: You think so? Up above can you by any chance say what you want again?

THE PASTOR (*he is somewhat disturbed*): It is written: "Faith can remove mountains." Only believe. It will be easier for you then.

THE WIFE: You can't mean he's lacking in faith, pastor. He's taken communion. (*To THE DYING MAN, compelling.*) The pastor thinks you don't believe. But you do believe, don't you?

THE DYING MAN: Yes . . .

[There is a silence.

THE DYING MAN: There's nothing else, I guess.

THE PASTOR: What do you mean, there's nothing else?

THE DYING MAN: Well, there's nothing else, is there? I mean, if there had been something . . .

THE PASTOR: But what could there have been?

THE DYING MAN: Something.

THE PASTOR: Well, you had your dear wife and your son.

THE WIFE: Yes, you had us, didn't you?

THE DYING MAN: Yes . . .

[*There is a longer silence.*]

THE DYING MAN: I mean, if there'd ever been anything in life . . .

THE PASTOR: Perhaps I don't quite understand you. You don't mean you only believe because your life has been all toil and trouble?

THE DYING MAN (*he looks searchingly around till he sees his son*): And will it be better for them now?

THE PASTOR: You mean for the young people? Yes, we hope so.

THE DYING MAN: If only we had a motorboat to fish with . . .

THE WIFE: Don't trouble yourself now.

THE PASTOR: You shouldn't be thinking about such things.

THE DYING MAN: I have to.

THE WIFE: We'll come through.

THE DYING MAN: But maybe there'll be war?

THE WIFE: Don't talk about it now. (*To THE PASTOR.*) Lately he's always been talking to the boy about war. And they have always got to quarrelling about it.

[*THE PASTOR looks at THE SON.*]

THE SON: He has no faith in the future of the movement.

THE DYING MAN: Tell me, is it the Lord's will that there be war?

THE PASTOR: It is written: "Blessed are the peacemakers."

THE DYING MAN: But if there's a war . . .

THE SON: The Führer does not want war.

[*THE DYING MAN brushes this aside with a gesture.*]

THE DYING MAN: As I said, if there's a war . . .

[*THE SON tries to speak.*]

THE WIFE: Be quiet now.

THE DYING MAN (*he points to his SON and addresses THE PASTOR*): Say that about the peacemakers to him!

THE PASTOR: We are all in God's hands, don't forget that.

THE DYING MAN: Say it to him!

THE WIFE: Please be reasonable. The Pastor can't do anything

against war. You can't talk about such things in these times, can you, Pastor?

THE DYING MAN: Yes, you know they're all swindlers. I can't buy a motor for my boat. They make motors for their airplanes. For war, for slaughter. And I can't get back on shore in bad weather because I've no motor. The swindlers! They *want* war.

[He sinks back exhausted.]

THE WIFE (*frightened, she brings a dish of water and wipes off his sweat with a cloth. To THE PASTOR*): You mustn't hear this. He doesn't know what he's saying any more.

THE PASTOR: Calm yourself now, Herr Claasen.

THE DYING MAN: Will you say that about the peacemakers to him?

THE PASTOR (*he pauses*): He can read it himself. It's from the Sermon on the Mount.

THE DYING MAN: He says a Jew wrote all that and it doesn't count.

THE WIFE: Don't begin again with that. He doesn't really think so. That's only what he hears from his party comrades.

THE DYING MAN: Yes. (*To THE PASTOR.*) Does it really not count?

THE WIFE (*she looks anxiously at her SON*): Don't get the Pastor into trouble, Hannes. (*To THE DYING MAN.*) You shouldn't ask him that.

THE SON: Why shouldn't he ask him?

THE DYING MAN: Does it count or doesn't it?

THE PASTOR: It's in the Bible.

[THE SON leaves without speaking. Frightened, THE PASTOR watches him go.]

THE WIFE: You shouldn't have said that.

THE PASTOR: Maybe not.

THE WIFE (*to her HUSBAND*): Why did you have to ask him that?

[Dim out. The Panzer is heard.]

A WOMAN'S VOICE SINGS:

I gave you the fine boots, my son;
Your brown shirt came from me;
But had I known what to-day I know,
I'd have hanged myself from a tree.

And when I saw you raise your arm
As they all do,
I knew not that arms saluting Him,
Will wither where they grew.

I saw you marching, too, my son,
Along with the Hitler pack:
And knew not that who goes with him,
Never comes back.

I saw you in your shirt of brown,
But never against it beat;
For I knew not what to-day I know;
It was your winding-sheet.

[The roll of the Panzer continues and we hear the Voice again:]

THE VOICE:

And we subdued alien peoples
As we had subdued our own people.

[When the lights go up we see a working-class kitchen; above the scene is written in enormous black letters:]

HAMBURG, 13 MARCH 1938

PLEBISCITE

[Two WORKERS and a WOMAN are listening to a radio. The little room is divided in two by a flagpole. From the radio, cheering, the ringing of bells, and the noise of planes are heard. A voice says, "And now the Führer enters Vienna."]

THE WOMAN: It's like an ocean.

THE OLDER WORKER: Yes. He conquers and conquers.

THE YOUNGER WORKER: And we are conquered.

THE WOMAN: That's how it is.

THE YOUNGER WORKER: Listen: how they shout. As if they were getting something out of it.

THE OLDER WORKER: They are. An army of invasion.

THE YOUNGER WORKER: It's a plebiscite. "One Folk, one Reich, one Führer! Do you want that, Germans?" And at this plebiscite we can't even give out a leaflet. Here in Hamburg, the workers' city.

THE WOMAN: Why can't we?

THE YOUNGER WORKER: Too dangerous.

THE OLDER WORKER: Now they've even caught Karl. How are we to get the addresses?

THE YOUNGER WORKER: And we have no one to write the leaflet.

THE WOMAN (*she points to the radio*): He had a hundred thousand men for his attack. We need one. Wonderful. If only he has what he needs, naturally he can't lose.

THE YOUNGER WORKER (*angrily*): In that case we don't need Karl.

THE WOMAN: If that's how we feel we may as well break up at once.

THE OLDER WORKER: Comrades, there's no use pretending. It is getting more difficult to bring out a leaflet, that's true. We can't act as if we simply didn't hear the roar of victory. (*He points to the radio. He turns to THE WOMAN.*) You must admit that anyone hearing stuff like that can feel that they are always getting stronger. Doesn't that really sound like one Folk?

THE WOMAN: It sounds like twenty thousand people drunk on someone else's money.

THE YOUNGER WORKER: Maybe we're the only ones who say that?

THE WOMAN: Yes. We and people like us.

[*THE WOMAN smooths out a small, crumpled piece of paper.*]

THE OLDER WORKER: What's that?

THE WOMAN: It's the copy of a letter. While the noise is on I can read it to you. (*She reads it.*)

My Dear Son,

To-morrow I shall not be alive. Executions are usually at six in the morning. I am writing because I want you to know that my opinions have not changed. Since I have done nothing wrong I have not asked for mercy. I have only served the people. Even if it looks as if I achieved nothing that is not really the truth. Our watchword must be, "Each man to his post!" To free mankind from its oppressors, our task is very hard but it is the greatest of all tasks. Until it is completed life has no value. If we do not always keep it in view, the human race will sink into barbarism. As yet you are very small, but that can't hurt you if you always remember which side you

are on. Be true to the common people, and your father will not have met his hard fate in vain. It isn't easy. And take care of mother and the family. You are the eldest. You must be intelligent. My best wishes to all of you.

Your loving father.

THE OLDER WORKER: Maybe we're not so few.

THE YOUNGER WORKER: What shall we put in our leaflet for the plebiscite?

THE WOMAN (*thinking*): A single word would be the best: NO!

[*Dim out. A band plays a barbaric march. The chorus is heard. When the lights go up the armoured car is seen, stationary, frozen on the Eastern Steppes. The soldiers are wrapped up strangely. They try to keep warm with women's furs and underclothing. But they have also come alive. They beat their arms against their bodies to keep warm. One runs round and stares at the motor.*

[*The soldiers sing to the tune of the Horst Wessel Song :*

To years of conquest in our iron chariot—
And then it stopped before the world was won.
At times we fear that we have made too long a journey;
We'll see no more the Rhineland and the sun.

For as we eastward drove and it was winter,
Our chariot stuck on Volga's bloody strand,
In the third year snow fell upon the Führer's laurels;
We were defeated in the poor man's land.

Enslaved ourselves, we tried to enslave the others.
By force subdued, we grew by force too bold.
Death beckons from the left and from the right. O brothers—
The road back home is long, and it is cold!

END OF PART THREE

BERTOLT BRECHT AND HIS WORK

"The union of the mathematician with the poet, fervour with measure, passion with correctness, this surely is the ideal."

WILLIAM JAMES

BRECHT

BERTOLT BRECHT WAS born in Bavaria in 1898; in due time studied medicine and the natural sciences; served in the medical corps during the First World War; subsequently decided on a literary career; was awarded the Kleist prize for *Drums in the Night*, his first play; became the leading dramatist of the revolutionary theatre in collaboration with Erwin Piscator at the Schiffbauerdam Theatre, Berlin; left Germany in 1933, after his *Three-Penny Opera* had enjoyed the longest run known to serious theatre in Germany; lived in Denmark and Finland; finally crossed the Soviet Union and sailed for the U.S. on the last boat before Pearl Harbour; lives now with his wife and children at Santa Monica, California; intends, I am sure, to return to Germany after the war to continue his theatrical experiments.

Brecht is an interesting man. Though he is one of the few "workers' poets" who look even remotely like a worker, he also has many of the characteristics popularly attributed to poets. He leaves business matters to others. He almost never replies to letters, even to those that offer contracts and money. On one occasion a play of his was to be performed with some pomp and circumstance in Denmark, and performances were no longer an everyday occurrence for Brecht. He was to meet the promoters of the venture to make final arrangements. The hour of the meeting came but Brecht did not arrive. There was consternation. The production must now be postponed. Could Brecht be sick? Why had he let no one know? Finally Brecht was found, and quite unperturbed. "I had stomache ache," he said. The play was never staged.

Brecht does not have the mild, comfortable ordinariness of personality which one has come to associate with modern poets. He can be quiet, embarrassed, sombre, but suddenly the dark eyes flash, he jumps up from the chair and paces the room waving his cheap cigar. At such times he talks in tirades. Metaphors and anecdotes of Brechtian concreteness flow freely

from his lips. His laugh is sharp and staccato. His slight body and gnome's head become important.

In Weimar days Brecht was a leader of the younger generation. In the years following the World War his work, alike tough and sophisticated, was both Ernest Hemingway and Aldous Huxley to many young Germans. Irreverent, energetic, sharp-tongued, anarchistic, Brecht hit the mood of the time. But the change came sooner to him than to his English and American compeers. Radicalism came earlier and lasted longer. For Brecht it was not the enthusiasm of a moment but a philosophy for a lifetime. Before long he was number five on the Nazi murder list.

Ten years of exile have left their mark on Brecht. His face is no longer young. It bears the imprint of suffering, for though he has escaped the Nazis personally his thoughts are always with Germany. Some refugees have adjusted themselves to other countries, have even been fully assimilated. Not so Brecht. He seldom speaks English and that with a strong accent and halting delivery. He has not sought to maintain here the reputation he made for himself in Germany. He waits. He broods. He hopes. And he writes. His writings, as a matter of fact, include almost the only real "literature of exile" that has been written in German since Heine, for the work of other refugees is either a continuation of their former work or anti-Nazi polemic. The inner story of the refugee, the human significance of exile, has been adequately told only by Brecht.* As he tells it, it is not an inspiring, not a dramatic story. Its meaning for him is summed up in a quatrain which he prefaces to some recent unpublished poems:

Dies ist nun alles und ist nicht genug.
Doch sagt es euch vielleicht, ich bin noch da.
Dem gleich ich, der den Backstein mit sich trug
Der Welt zu zeigen, wie sein Haus aussah. †

BRECHT AS POET

The average reader knows little or no German poetry since Rilke, Stefan George, and Hugo von Hofmannsthal. This is rather like knowing no French poetry since Mallarmé, and makes it hard to explain the position of Brecht in German poetry. In the simplest terms then: he is definitely a *modern*

* The only other conceivable claimant is Berthold Viertel, author of "Fürchte dich nicht!"

† "This is all now and is not enough. Yet it tells you perhaps I am still there. I am like the man who carried the brick with him to show the world what his house looked like."

poet—by which I mean one who benefits from the house-cleaning of poetry which the Symbolists effected in France, Yeats and Eliot in England, George, Rilke, and Hofmannsthal in Germany. His versification has been influenced by Rimbaud, and he has been compared by Clement Greenberg to Apollinaire and Mayakowsky. On the other hand Brecht uses—though for his own purposes—many traditional German elements—metre, diction, turns of phrase which are familiar to readers of Heine or even Hoelderlin.

It is well known that Stefan George's poetry is usually unsuccessful in translation. So is Brecht's, but for precisely opposite reasons. George used a kind of poetic diction which in translation is merely precious; Brecht uses a kind of colloquialism which in translation is merely commonplace. The explanation may be that the German language and German literature, are in some respects, at an earlier stage than English and that therefore a German poet can still adopt either a traditional poetic diction or a traditional popular style (*Volkston*) without making a fool of himself. George and Rilke are the leading moderns in the high literary tradition, Brecht the leading modern in a popular tradition which goes back far beyond the Romantic ballad-writers to Luther and Hans Sachs. But Brecht is not a folk poet either. When he plays folk themes it is often only for the sake of his own variations on them. His mind is sarcastic, fundamentally lyrical but superficially anti-literary, angular, indignant, all that W. H. Auden in his satiric days tried to be. Even when the folk manner is adopted without parody—as it is in his recent *Children's Crusade*—the words play an ironic counterpoint to the ballad measure.

The metaphor of counterpoint is useful generally in the understanding of Brecht's verse. Its bearing is not limited to rhythm and metre. It expresses the ironical—or dialectical, if you prefer—quality of his mind. Brecht, said a friend of his, thinks with his heart and feels with his head. He is an engaging blend of introvert and extravert, never, like American writers of the tough school, so tender-minded that the tough exterior is obvious pose. More successfully than any other German poet known to me he fused the idiom and rhythm of prose with a resilient verse. In a brave attempt to break down the disastrous modern antithesis of highbrow and lowbrow, he created out of the vernacular something we are seldom vouchsafed these days—a poetic style, firm, simple, and ironic.

Much of the essential Brecht was already in the *Legend of the Dead Soldier* of 1918. Such lines as:

Und die nahmen den Soldaten mit
 Die Nacht war blau und schön
 Man konnte, wenn man keinen Helm aufhatte
 Die Sterne der Heimat sehn.*

show how counterpointing of rhythm (note the cleverly lengthened third line) is fused with a counterpointing of associations (note the interaction of ballad cliché—"Die Nacht war blau und schön" and "die Sterne der Heimat"—with "wenn man keinen Helm aufhatte"). In the past ten years, however, Brecht has worked out a new style still largely unknown because only to be found in manuscripts, rare magazines, or unavailable editions. The Brecht of the Weimar Republic was known for his brilliant songs, his tricky ballads, his mordant jeux d'esprit. The Brecht of Svendborg, Denmark, is ascetic, reticent, delicate, and stoically tender.

Many of the Svendborg poems are rhymeless lyrics in irregular rhythms, yet they are often utterly simple in structure, sometimes close to a quiet sort of poetic epigram:

Der Anstreicher spricht von kommenden grossen Zeiten

Die Wälder wachsen noch
 Die Aecker tragen noch
 Die Städte stehen noch
 Die Menschen atmen noch†

At other times the rhythms are syncopated, the speech subtly orchestrated, the whole carefully modulated to produce the peculiarly Brechtian combination, unique in German, unusual in any language, of naturalness and stylisation, fluency, and staccato, suppleness and strength, oil and acid. "It should be remembered," Brecht wrote in an essay on verse technique, "that I have chiefly worked in the theatre. I always thought of the spoken language. And I devised a quite special technique for the spoken word, whether prose or verse. I called it *gestisch*."

Gestisch is an adjective from *gestus* which means "gesture," a metaphor which R. P. Blackmur has also applied to poetry, though not in quite the same way. Brecht observes that the gesture of the spoken word is often more effective than that of the written: "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out" is a better

* "And they took the soldier with them/ the night was blue and beautiful/ one could if one had no helmet on/ see the stars of home."

† "The House-Painter Speaks of Great Times to Come. The woods are still growing. The fields are still bearing (fruit). The towns are still standing. People are still breathing."

gesture than the more logical: "Pluck out the eye which offends thee." This simple observation is the theoretical starting point of Brecht's lyric technique. It is a rhetorical technique, and yet poetic, since his verses are not "free" in the manner of most modern poetry in irregular rhythms. Precision is the hallmark of Brecht's mind, and his rhetoric finds always the *mot juste* and the exact rhythm. When he does not write:

Wie werde ich es im Sommer kühl haben
Mit so viel Schnee.

but:

Wei werde ich es im Sommer kühl haben mit
So viel Schnee.

he writes as rhetorician, metrist, and dramatist. He is not a dramatist who happens to write poems or a poet who happens to write dramas. He is a dramatic poet.

Lest all this should seem an explanation of the unknown by the still more unknown I append for those who know German (no translation could prove my points) one example of Brecht's later style:

An Die Nachgeborenen

Wirklich, ich lebe in finsternen Zeiten!
Das arglose Wort ist töricht. Eine glatte Stirn
Deutet auf Unempfindlichkeit hin. Der Lachende
Hat die furchtbare Nachricht
Nur noch nicht empfangen.

Was sind das für Zeiten, wo
Ein Gespräch über Bäume fast ein Verbrechen ist
Weil es ein Schweigen über so viele Untaten einschliesst!
Der dort ruhig über die Strasse geht
Ist wohl nicht mehr erreichbar für seine Freunde
Die in Not sind?

Es ist wahr: ich verdiene noch meinen Unterhalt
Aber glaubt mir: das ist nur ein Zufall. Nichts
Von dem, was ich tue, berechtigt mich dazu, mich sattzuessen.
Zufällig bin ich verschont. (Wenn mein Glück aussetzt
Bin ich verloren.)

Man sagt mir: iss und trink du! Sei froh, dass du hast!
Aber wei kann ich essen und tricken, wenn
Ich es dem Hungernden entreisse, was ich esse, und
Mein Glas Wasser einem Verdurstenden fehlt?
Und doch esse und trinke ich.

Ich wäre gerne auch weise
In den alten Büchern steht, was weise ist:
Sich aus dem Streit der Welt halten und die kurze Zeit
Ohne Furcht verbringen
Auch ohne Gewalt auskommen
Böses mit Gutem vergelten
Seine Wünsche nicht erfüllen, sondern vergessen
Gilt für weise.
Alles das kann ich nicht:
Wirklich, ich lebe in finsterner Zeiten!

BRECHT AS DRAMATIST

Many have enjoyed Brecht's plays and left it at that. But did these people—the crowds who flocked to the *Three-Penny Opera*—really enjoy anything more than Brecht's biting wit or Kurt Weill's tunes? Brecht has a theory of drama and, if his words are not to be misread and his gestures misinterpreted, the theory must be examined—at least by those who try to judge Brecht's plays from their armchairs. First let me give the setting of the theory.

The history of drama affords many clear examples of the life and death of a form which at first satisfies the needs of the age and later does not. Greek tragedy, for instance, implies a particular attitude to the universe, and to fate in particular, and once that attitude disappeared the art form which went with it died out. The same is true of Elizabethan tragedy. The tragic view of life has in fact only had any apparent validity at one or two points in history, and attempts to revive it at other points have only yielded such results as the music-drama of Wagner and the hortatory exercises of Nietzsche.

The bourgeois epoch has had its own non-tragic drama. The serious, non-comic, non-tragic drama of Diderot, Lessing, Dumas *filis*, and Ibsen was the major theatrical product of the period and survives to-day in the well-made Broadway play. It is based on two psychological factors: the *illusion* that the actors are real people and *suspense* used as a magnet by which the interest of the audience is drawn.

This drama Brecht believes to be bankrupt. To it he opposes Epic Drama, a type which lacks the careful centralisation of Ibsen, the identification of the spectator with the chief characters, the sympathy—or empathy (*Einfühlung*)—with the fortunes of the protagonist, “all the illusion,” as Brecht once put it, “which whips the spectator for two hours and leaves him exhausted and full of vague recollection and vaguer hope.” To *Einfühlung* Brecht opposes *Verfremdung*, the making strange or alien, a word we may roughly translate as “distancing.” The drama of sympathy, pity, and intimate, largely passive suffering has sacrificed greatness in theatre to naturalness, and from Aristotle’s “pity and terror” the second term has been either removed or debased to mere sensationalism. We are now—audience, actor, dramatist, director—so far conditioned to the well-made play of pity, sympathy, illusion, and suspense that distance can only be secured by the most drastic means. And Brecht has been drastic.

In a play called *The Expedient*, presented in Europe some fourteen years ago, he offered to his audience none of the enticements and titillations which have come to be considered “good theatre” but a play which is a study in the same sense as Czerny’s studies for the piano, a play therefore which would help to train the audience and the actor in dramatic method (not to mention politics). The scene is a tribunal. Three comrades have returned from China to report on their activities there. In a nondescript setting, with the help of chorus and orchestra they tell their story by acting it out before the tribunal, playing not only their own roles but those of all who enter into the narrative. This device is characteristic of the Brechtian theatre.

The meaning of the device is, in a word, *Verfremdung*. The audience is put at a distance from the events related, is prevented from identifying itself with any character because each actor is all the time shifting roles; it must therefore observe what passes critically and not—as in the older theatre—with such excited empathy that it ceases to be conscious of anything but narrative and excitement itself. The characters quote themselves, so to speak, in rehearsing what they formerly experienced, and just as quotation in an essay gives the quoted passage distance, allows one to see it in the different light of a new context, so quotation of whole episodes imparts the required distance to the action of a play. From the simple “quotations” of *The Expedient* is but a step to the “quotations” in *The Private Life of the Master Race*, notably in “The Chalk Cross,” where the worker gives his real opinions while pretending to act out a game, and in “The Jewish Wife,” where the actual conversation of husband and wife, which is so

far from explicit, is preceded by a series of "unreal" speeches, namely, three telephone conversations and several interrupted monologues.

Brecht does not claim to have discovered the drama of the future but to have tried out several types of Epic Drama, one of which is the *Lehrstück* or Didactic Play—*The Expedient* is an example—another of which is the Documentary Play, *The Private Life of the Master Race* being a prime instance of this type. These are not experimental plays in the sense in which the term was used twenty years ago. But they are experiments, made in the conviction that drama from Diderot to Ibsen is one completed epoch, and that now we have to go elsewhere, not merely on account of the exhaustion of a technique but also because of changes in society and in men. If we knew the exact nature of these changes we might be able to chart the future of the drama. Guessing, Brecht writes Epic Drama for an audience different from that of Sophocles, which presumably gazed in awe at the workings of inexorable fate, and different from that of Diderot, which wept in sympathy for the unhappy lot of one's neighbour who was also oneself. Greek tragedy demands some pity, some terror, and much impotent contemplation; the older modern drama demands pity and surrender of the self to the current of excitement and suspense; both Greek and modern types confer a kind of catharsis, and are, in plain terms, a laxative of the soul. Brecht foreshadows a drama with a different interest and a different result. He sees the dramatist making an analysis of society, not portraits of individuals. He sees the audience as active, inquisitive, non-contemplative, in the spirit of our pragmatic, non-metaphysical age. A great philosopher of this spirit, William James, found words about music much like Brecht's on drama:

"Even the habit of excessive indulgence in music, for those who are neither performers themselves nor musically gifted enough to take it in a purely intellectual way, has probably a relaxing effect upon the character. One becomes filled with emotions which habitually pass without prompting to any deed, and so the inertly sentimental condition is kept up. The remedy would be, never to suffer oneself to have an emotion at a concert, without expressing it afterwards in some active way."

But besides audience and author there are two other factors in drama without which there can be no production: acting and staging. The Brechtian theatre has few technical demands to

make. It needs neither naturalistic paraphernalia nor expressionistic hocus-pocus. Readers of *The Private Life* will see that aside from one extraordinary item—the Panzer—the whole thing can be done with platforms, screens, and economical lighting. Nor can much be said of the director in Brechtian production: he must be an artist of intellect, taste, and active, social interests. All the emphasis in Brecht is on the actor, and from him a special technique is required in accordance with the principles of Epic Drama. Again the negative idea is the avoidance both of naturalism and of stylisation; all real style is neither stylised nor natural. In a piece by Brecht the actors should be cool but not mannered, accomplished and subtle but not ostentatious and artificial. They should not squander all their art on the single trick of pretending to *be* the character they are portraying; nor, if they are actors at all, can they remain themselves in every role. Modern actors who have been trained in the school of *Einfühlung* will have to give most of their attention to the art of *Verfremdung*.

Such is the Brechtian theatre. It has aroused a good deal of opposition among German critics. To Thomas Mann, who once described Brecht as “very gifted, unfortunately,” the whole Brechtian world is distasteful. An anonymous writer in Thomas Mann’s journal, *Mass und Wert*, raised six specific objections:

1. That Brecht’s work is “propaganda for propaganda’s sake.”
2. That actually *Fears and Miseries of the Third Reich* is defeatist.
3. That all Brecht’s characters are the same. There is, says the critic, neither differentiation of personality nor of levels of consciousness. The Brechtian drama is flat.
4. “The Brechtian characters are without hate, without love, without ambition or desire for revenge. All Shakespearian passions cease to exist.”
5. “His people have no memory either. They are the opposite of Ibsen characters. Everything happens without looking back to the past. There are no cracks through which the past presses in.”
6. Brecht claims on the one hand to be scientific, objective, cool; on the other hand he argues for didacticism. The contradiction is complete.

The first two points cancel each other, and the truth behind them is that, while Brecht’s drama embodies his own ethics, it does not, like most propagandist art, underestimate the enemy. The third objection is unjust. The characters of *The Private Life* are differentiated psychologically, socially, and—something the

translation does not show—regionally. Objection four was perhaps true of Brecht's early plays with their quasi-vegetative, passive people and the atmosphere of dreamy bewilderment, but it has no application to *The Private Life*, as the most casual reader can attest. Objection five also is not quite true of *The Private Life* since many of the characters (see "The Box" and "The Man They Released") are and will be deeply affected by memories. In fact the memory of "the old days" before 1933 is almost a leitmotiv of the play.

Objection six merely reiterates the fact that Brecht is not Ibsen, Shakespeare, or Sophocles. Brecht is objective *and* didactic in the same way as a doctor. His works are diagnoses; but with the diagnosis come proposals for cure. Is this a sophistical answer? Not, I think, if one has an understanding approach. Of course the objectivity of an artist is not the same as that of a scientist; but among artists Brecht can portray society with rare analytic power and detachment. Compare his Nazis with those of Hollywood. Of course the political proposals of a poet do not have the status of a doctor's prescriptions; but we are surely beyond the stage where we regard concern with practice and politics as something incompatible with objectivity.

Brecht is not Ibsen, but that is no final condemnation of his work. I have the impression that his critics are die-hard defenders of the Ibsen tradition against all comers, and/or that they think Brecht is trying to replace drama that is all *Einfühlung* with drama that is all *Verfremdung*. That is not so. Such a scene as "The Jewish Wife" immediately arouses sympathy and compassion; misinterpretation would arise only if an actress played the scene for these emotions alone. Then the fine balance and interplay between *Einfühlung* and *Verfremdung* which Brecht's theatre aims at would be upset, and the result would be a touching but by no means extraordinary one-act play. Aristotle said: pity *and* terror. Brecht says: sympathy *and* distance, attraction *and* repulsion, tenderness *and* horror. The tension of the two contrary impulses is the tension—so different from that of suspense—of the Brechtian theatre.

The article in *Mass und Wert* is called "The Limits of the Brechtian Theatre." Once the errors of the article are corrected, the title is fair enough. Brecht—like all modern artists of any integrity—is content to be limited. Unlike Shakespeare and Sophocles, but not unlike Mann, Rilke, Yeats, Kafka, and the rest, Brecht has his own small tract of territory and sticks to it. Why must one compare him with Shakespeare or even Ibsen? This is not an age of greatness and fulfilment. It is an age of

crisis and therefore at best a seedtime, an age of premonition. Brecht's theatre consists of hints and premonitions. They must remain hints and premonitions—perhaps even so they sound pretentious—until they can be tried out, rejected, modified, or developed in an environment that offers real opportunity to serious dramatists and serious actors. It is better that they should remain hints and premonitions until they make or break themselves in the theatre itself.

“THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE MASTER RACE”

No single work of Brecht's is more important than *Fears and Miseries of the Third Reich*, of which *The Private Life of the Master Race* is the stage version. Both for its intrinsic merits and for its interest as a portrait and interpretation of Nazi Germany it will probably be his best-known piece. Already it has been published in French by the Nouvelle Revue Française. We hear of performances of “The Jewish Wife” before Red soldiers at Leningrad and of a projected movie version by Pudovkin. Yet the piece will be widely misunderstood unless it is interpreted as Epic Drama.

I have heard it said after productions of “The Jewish Wife” and “The Informer” that Brecht “has abandoned his early experimentalism and, like the Soviet dramatists, has returned to naturalism.” This opinion is convincing enough to those who have seen these scenes as one-act plays (which they are not), presented out of their context, and acted in the naturalistic manner. But it is wrong. *The Private Life* is Epic Drama, but Epic is not a “pure” type, exclusive of naturalism, expressionism, and all other styles. On the contrary, Epic is of its nature impure and hybrid. The very name is a challenge—like calling drama undramatic. The point was that epic, dramatic, and lyric elements could *all* be used. So could all styles the dramatist needed. Thus: the dialogue of the scenes in *The Private Life* is naturalistic but the play is not naturalism. Within the scenes are many non-naturalistic devices such as the “quotations” mentioned above. More important: the spectator cannot be carried along on the surf-board of suspense, since there is no continuous plot, no turning point, no centre-piece of any sort. He might as well sit back, self-possessed but emotionally and intellectually alert, to take note of the succession of historical documents which constitute the play. The framework, with its recitations, songs, and placards, is not meant to provide an illusion of unified structure. On the contrary: it is a system of interruptions which

break up the play into the atomic elements of which it consists. Interruption is for Brecht a dramatic device of the first importance.

Brecht's audience must be intellectually alert, but the alertness is not that required by the untheatrical Poetic Drama which an audience has to strain every nerve to follow. It is an alertness much commoner in everyone's experience than the sweaty emotional indulgence of the sensationally Dramatic. It is the alertness of everyday curiosity, discussion, and activity. The facts are such and such; if they are presented with a lively appreciation of contradiction and dialectic in the material, and a lively appreciation of the moral urgency of the problems, the audience may not be intoxicated—intoxication produces first irrational behaviour and then sleep—but they will be awakened and enlivened. Perhaps Brechtian plays are propaganda. But they are very different from the "passionate indictments" which have had such a vogue in the theatre of the past generation.

Drama with so much theory attached to it, drama with so strong a didactic flavour, drama so analytic, objective, circumstantial, so lacking in thrills and "human" sympathy—is it not a bore? Yes, it is a bore to those who are so busy observing the lack of Ibsenite qualities that they cannot observe the Brechtian qualities. And since Brechtian qualities are frequently more authentically good theatre than those which pass for such, one cannot but regret the fact that Brecht has to be given to the public only in book form with a long theoretical exegesis. A man laughs somewhere at the back of the theatre, a grotesque, half-hysterical laugh. His neighbours, snatched out of their trance, look angrily round and hiss: "sh!" But in a Brecht performance such a man is usually right. The scenes set up the strangest pressures. There is a constant pulling this way and that (read, for instance, "In Search of Justice") and the result may very well be grotesque laughter. Brecht's repudiation of the sentimental theatre is not a repudiation of theatre.

The reader of *The Private Life of the Master Race* should regard himself as the director of the play. Then he will interpret the Horst Wessel verses not as Brecht's poetry but as a Nazi song, the Woman's Voice not as declamation but as ballad, the verses of The Voice as dramatic commentary. In the theatre of the mind he will supply the rumbling of the Panzer, the strange vision of the twelve soldiers, the many pictures of Misery and Fear. Without stylization the Brechtian drama seeks to give back to gestures something of the force they have lost through the "naturalness" of current fashion. Repeatedly a hand jumps half-

clenched to the face: a head turns abruptly round: what is wrong? It is the Fear of the Third Reich. Repeatedly a figure stands limp and still: it is the Misery of the Third Reich. Some scenes are conceived almost entirely in plastic terms—"Physicists," for instance, in which the whole effect is that of nervous movement, sudden opening of doors, speaking so as not to be overheard, speaking so as to *be* overheard. This is pure theatre in the best, though not in the Broadway, sense. So is that special invention of Brecht's—doubtless suggested by movies—the tiny but complete scene of five or six lines. Where did Dumas, or even Ibsen, show a finer economy of means than Brecht in "The Two Bakers"? The style is new, to many, puzzling at first, to some, flat as a text for reading. But the cumulative effect can be dramatically every bit as strong as the unilinear development of a well-made play.

The effect is one of sheer accumulation. In Part One we see workers shortly after the Nazis came to power, a worker betraying a comrade, a worker debating with an S.A. man, workers in a concentration camp, in a factory, at home. We see the strength of the Nazis, and in "Prisoners Mix Cement" we see their opponents united, but too late. In Part Two we see several segments of German bourgeois life, scientists, judges, doctors, teachers. The picture is dark, sustained in longer scenic units, a masterly sequence of analyses. Part Three recovers the swift tempo of Part One in a series of quick shots of Misery and Fear, extending the analysis of Germany from one cell in the social organism to another until in the final scene Hitler enters Vienna.

But this is not the adventurous story of the rise of a villain-hero. The story is framed, "distanced" by being presented in retrospect. The date is 1941. The rise of Hitler is now only a "story"; but in Hitler's first five years of power—depicted in the inset scenes—is the whole truth of his career. To tell this story rather than that of 1938 to 1941 is further evidence of Brecht's desire to present beginnings, causes, essentials, rather than ramifications, spectacular results. The play ends with the Nazis singing of failure to the tune of their victory hymn. What should one feel when the play is over? Not, certainly, "full of vague recollection and vaguer hope," but more critical, more aware, not as one is more critical and aware after reading a bluebook but as one feels after a perusal of Goya's *Disasters of the War*. Here is the record, with Goya's almost *demure* superscriptions, the record presented with the matter-of-factness of a genius who does not need to shout and of a subject that renders exaggeration unthinkable. I sometimes wonder if the French title of Brecht's work is not the best. It is, simply: *Scènes de la Vie Hillérienne*.

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

FOR THE GOOD reason that Brecht's works are hard to get at or completely unavailable, a comprehensive bibliography is out of the question, but for the same good reason the reader might be glad to know roughly what Brecht has written. Additional bibliographical information is to be found in the magazine *Das Wort*, 1937, Nos. 4-5, and in the compendium *Twentieth-Century Writers*.

POETRY

Most of his published poems are to be found in three volumes:

1. *Die Hauspostille*, 1925.
2. *Lieder, Gedichte, Chöre*, 1934.
3. *Svendborg Gedichte*, 1939.

Aside from these the most interesting poetical item is *Drei Soldaten, ein Kinderbuch*, 1932, with illustrations by Georg Grosz. In the last few years poems by Brecht have appeared in such periodicals as *Das Wort*, *Freies Deutschland*, and *The German-American*.

DRAMA AND OPERA

In 1938 Malik Verlag, a publishing house which was pushed all round Europe by Hitler, began to issue Brecht's *Gesammelte Werke* but got no further than the first two volumes which contain:

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| 1. <i>Die Dreigroschenoper.</i> | 7. <i>Der Jasager.</i> |
| 2. <i>Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny.</i> | 8. <i>Der Neinsager.</i> |
| 3. <i>Mann ist Mann.</i> | 9. <i>Die Ausnahme und die Regel.</i> |
| 4. <i>Die heilige Johanna der Schlachthöfe.</i> | 10. <i>Die Horatier und die Kuriatier.</i> |
| 5. <i>Die Rundköpfe und die Spitzköpfe.</i> | 11. <i>Die Massnahme.</i> |
| 6. <i>Die Mutter.</i> | 12. <i>Die Gewehre der Frau Carrar.</i> |

These twelve items are Brecht's chief dramas since *Trommeln in der Nacht* (1922) and before *Furcht und Elend des dritten Reiches*, which is still unpublished in the original. Among Brecht's other unpublished dramas are: *Das Leben Galileos*, *Der gute Mensch von Sezuan*, *Der unaufhaltsame Aufstieg des Arturo Ui*, *Mutter Courage und ihre Schöne*.

Brecht's only novel is *Dreigroschenroman* (1934), another version of The Beggar's Opera idea. His criticism is confined to a very few articles, of which I have found only one in even the largest American libraries: "The Fourth Wall of China," in *Life and Letters To-day*, Volume XV, No. 6, 1936. But the notes in the *Gesammelte Werke* constitute in themselves a new philosophy of drama; and essays on the *Verfremdungseffekte* may soon appear.

BRECHT IN ENGLISH

Here is a list of the chief translations into English, aside from the present one:

1. *A Penny for the Poor (Dreigroschenroman)*, translated by D. I. Vesey and Christopher Isherwood, London and New York, 1937.
2. *Round Heads, Peak Heads*, translated by N. G. Verschoyle, in *International Literature*, May, 1937.
3. *Señora Carrar's Rifles*, in *Theatre Workshop*, Volume II, 1938.
4. *The Informer*, translated by Ruth Norden, in *Six Anti-Nazi Plays*, ed. by S. Moore, New York, 1939. (Another translation was published in *New Writing and Penguin New Writing*, London.)
5. *Mother Courage*, translated by H. R. Hays, in *New Directions*, 1941.
6. *The Trial of Lucullus*, translated by H. R. Hays, New York, 1943.

Translations from Brecht's poetry have appeared in the following anthologies:

1. *War Poems of the United Nations*, edited by Joy Davidman, New York, 1943.
2. *Heart of Europe, An Anthology of Creative Writing in Europe, 1920-1940*, edited by Klaus Mann and Hermann Kesten, New York, 1943.
3. *Germany, a Self-Portrait, A Collection of German Writings from 1914 to 1943*, edited by Harlan R. Crippen, New York, 1944.

The Three-Penny Opera and *Mother* were produced in English in New York, 1933 and 1935 respectively, but the texts were not published.

ABOUT BRECHT IN ENGLISH

1. The only book that gives Brecht a prominent place in contemporary theatre is *New Theatres for Old*, by Mordecai Gorelik, New York, 1940. (Mr. Gorelik had written about Brecht in *Theatre Workshop*, April-July, 1937; Edmund Fuller objected to his article in *One Act Play Magazine*, April, 1938.)

2. "Bertolt Brecht," by Eric Walter White, *Life and Letters Today*, 1935, Volume XIII.
3. "Bert Brecht," by Sergei Tretyakow, *International Literature*, May, 1937.
4. "Bert Brecht," by Lawrence Thompson, *The Kenyon Review*, Summer, 1940.
5. "Bert Brecht and the Poetry of Action," by Frank Jones, *Diogenes*, October–November, 1940.
6. The only article which does justice to Brecht's poetic gifts is: "Bertolt Brecht's Poetry," by Clement Greenberg, in *Partisan Review*, March–April, 1941.
7. "Bertolt Brecht," by Bryher, *Life and Letters Today*, 1942, Volume XXXIII.
8. "Brecht: Poetry, Drama, and the People," by Eric Russell Bentley, in *The Nation*, July 31, 1943.
9. "Bertolt Brecht, Dramatist," by Berthold Viertel, *The Kenyon Review*, Summer, 1945.

POSTSCRIPT TO THE BRITISH EDITION (1947)

SOME OF THE above information is now out of date. At this writing (September, 1947), Brecht is on the point of sailing for Europe where his plays have been back on the boards for some two years. He has established more of a reputation in America in the past couple of years. *The Private Life of the Master Race* was produced in New York by Berthold Viertel and in California by Heinrich Schnitzler. It was published in German by Aurora Verlag, New York, 1945, under the title *Furcht und Elend des Dritten Reiches*. Charles Laughton made an English version of Brecht's *Galileo* and recently acted in it with great success. Gradually, the whole work of Brecht is being translated into English. A selection of the poems (translated by H. R. Hays) will probably have been published in New York by the time these lines appear. Desmond I. Vesey has translated *Die Dreigroschenoper*, Gerhard Nellhaus *Mann ist Mann* and *Trommeln in der Nacht*. In collaboration with Maja Bentley, I have prepared versions of *Der gute Mensch von Sezuan* and *Der Kaukasische Kreidekreis*.