

**GOOD**

# GOOD

*A Tragedy*

by C. P. Taylor

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For information about music used in the original production, see the appendix at the back of this book.

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*In memory of my father,  
Max George Taylor,  
a refugee from anti-Semitism  
in Czarist Russia.*

*Good* was first presented at the RSC Warehouse, London, on  
2 September 1981 with the following cast:

HALDER	Alan Howard
SISTER	Penelope Beaumont
MOTHER	Barbara Kinghorn
DOCTOR	Timothy Walker
MAURICE	Joe Melia
HELEN	Domini Blythe
BOULLER	Nicholas Woodeson
ANNE	Felicity Dean
FREDDIE	Pip Miller
HITLER	Chris Hunter
BOK	Chris Hunter
ELISABETH	Penelope Beaumont
DESPATCH RIDER	Timothy Walker
EICHMANN	Nicholas Woodeson

**Musicians:**

PIANO/ACCORDION	Nigel Hess
VIOLIN	Alastair McLachlan
SAXOPHONE/CLARINET	Victor Slaymark
BANJO/GUITAR	George Weigand
TRUMPET	Roderick Tearle

*Directed by* Howard Davies

*Designs by* Ultz

*Lighting by* Michael Calf

*Music arranged by* George Fenton

*Musical Director* Nigel Hess

*Sound by* John A. Leonard

### *Author's Note*

Although *Good* is obviously based on facts of recent history, documentary material, and is peopled in some cases by real characters, this story of how a 'good' man gets caught up in the nightmare of the Third Reich is a work of the imagination.

What the tragedy which I have written as a comedy, or *musical-comedy* is about, will hopefully emerge in the performance. If it proves the good play we hope it is, like all good plays, it will have a special meaning, or shade of meaning, for each person who experiences it.

The writing of the play is my response to a deeply felt, and deeply experienced trauma in recent history, the Third Reich's war on the Jews, as well as an intellectual awareness, not at all deeply felt, of my role as a 'Peace Criminal' in the Peace 'Crimes' of the West against the Third World — my part in the Auschwitzes we are all perpetrating today.

I put 'crimes' in inverted commas, because my concept of history — which will hopefully emerge from the play — is not quite simple enough to allow me to see either the anti-social activities of the Third Reich, or of the West today, as simply criminal. If the problem were so simple, the solution might then be equally so.

I grew up during the war under a deeply felt anxiety that the Germans might win the war, overrun Britain and that I and my mother and father would end up, like my less fortu-

nate co-religionists, in a Nazi Death Camp — perhaps specially built in Scotland or England.

There seems to have been some pressure building up in me for a long time to write a play about the Final Solution, marking and responding to a great historical and personal trauma. Not as a Jew, wanting to add my wreath to those already piled high at the graves of the Six Million, but as my own little gesture to revive their memory in our consciousness. It still seems that there are lessons to be learned if we can examine the atrocities of the Third Reich as the result of the infinite complexity of contemporary human society, and not a simple conspiracy of criminals and psychopaths. The 'Inhumanities' seem to me only too human and leading to a final Final Solution to end all Final Solutions — the solution to the Human Problem, a nuclear holocaust.

C. P. Taylor

## Characters

HALDER, *early forties. Lecturer in German Literature.*

HELEN, *his wife, thirty-eight.*

ANNE, *one of his students, twenty-three.*

HIS MOTHER

MAURICE, *friend and analyst, forties.*

BOK, *SS NCO.*

FREDDIE, *SS Major, forties.*

ELISABETH, *his wife, late thirties.*

DOCTOR

NURSES

BOULLER

EICHMANN

HÖSS

HITLER

MUSICIANS

## "GOOD" IMPORTANT DATES

- 1918** Treaty of Versailles creates Weimar Republic. Official army disbanded. "Freikorps"—demobbed vigilante group opposed to the Republic formed: forerunners of Nazism and SA (Sturmabteilung).
- 1919** Hitler joins the German Labor Party (GLP)—policies are anti-Semitic, anti-Marxist, anti-capitalist, anti-democratic, anti-Versailles.
- 1920** German Labor Party becomes National Socialist German Workers' Party (NSDAP) with 6,000 members.
- 1921** Hitler becomes leader of NSDAP. Capt. Ernst Röhm founds the SA—Storm Troops—to protect infant Nazi Party. Exchange rate: 75 marks to the dollar.
- 1922** Beginning of economic crisis: 400 marks to the dollar. Germany defaults on timber deliveries.
- 1923** France and Belgium occupy the Ruhr.  
Jan: 18,000 marks to the dollar, July: 160,000 marks. Aug: 1 million marks. Nov: attempted Nazi coup to gain power in Bavaria—Munich "Putsch"—a failure. Nazis arrested, imprisoned, some flee. NSDAP banned. 4.2 billion marks to the dollar.
- 1924** Inflation under control. French troops withdraw. Hitler released. Germany admitted to the League of Nations, sign international pact to demilitarize Rhineland.
- 1925** NSDAP reconstituted with Himmler local Nazi official. "Statswache," Hitler's 8-man body guard, becomes the "Schutzstaffel," the SS.
- 1927** Joseph Goebbels made "Gauleiter" (district leader) of Berlin. Official army bans SA.
- 1928** Elections: Socialist Democratic Party 29.8%, Centre Party 15.1%, Nazis 2.8%. (Nazis poll 810,000 votes—12 members.) Goebbels enters the Reichstag.
- 1929** Heinrich Himmler appointed head of SS. Wall Street Crash—Europe affected by slump.

- 1930** Election: NSDAP polls 6,409,600 votes—117 members. 100,000 SA now in official army.
- 1931** Reinhold Heydrich joins SS and creates an intelligence service—the SD. Herman Goering controls his own intelligence service—the "Gestapo."
- 1932** 6,000,000 unemployed. March elections: no clear majority. July: 3rd election in 5 months, Nazis win 37.4% of votes. Goering president of Reichstag. November elections: Hitler cannot secure working majority. Nazi tide ebbing.
- 1933** SS numbers 50,000. Himmler also head of Munich police. Hitler made Chancellor. Communist meetings broken up. Anti-Jewish rioting. Reichstag set on fire by SA agents. Emergency measures. Boycott of Jewish shops. Dachau, first camp for "protective custody" of opposition run by SA. Berlin book burning—other "spontaneous" demonstrations stage managed by Goebbels. Communist and socialist deputies arrested. Ten camps established with 25,000 inmates. Enabling Act provides for government by Cabinet only. Hindenberg dies; Hitler takes over as Chancellor and President. NSDAP is only Party. The Party becomes the State. Exclusive legislative powers. Hitler created Fuhrer with absolute power. Introduction of law of sterilization, with 9 categories. Reich Chamber of Culture: party members only given commissions for work. 37,000 Jews emigrate. SA numbers 4,500,000. Hitler tries to destroy power of radical left wing.
- 1934** Röhm proposes SA as People's Army. SA ordered on month's leave; wearing uniforms banned. Himmler controls all political police. "Night of the Long Knives." Hitler purges his own party, slaughter of SA leaders, 66 victims including Röhm. Nuremberg rally, *Triumph of the Will*. Eichmann taken from SS to serve as an expert on Jewish and Zionist affairs. Jews banned from Stock Exchange. 23,000 emigrate.
- 1935** Nuremberg Laws established. Complete disenfranchisement of German Jews. 21,000 emigrate.
- 1936** Gestapo and SS under Himmler take over political police.

- 1938** Ernst von Rath shot. "Night of the Broken Glass"—in retaliation for von Rath's assassination, 815 shops destroyed, 171 homes burnt, 119 synagogues burnt, 76 destroyed. 20,000 arrested and 36 killed. Goering demands 1 billion marks from the Jews as reparations for the "spontaneous" damage to their own property.
- 1939** Germany invades Poland. England and France declare war on Germany.



3030

## ACT ONE

## Act One

*Thirties dance band ensemble. The band is playing: 'I'm Always Chasing Rainbows'.*

HALDER (*to the audience*): The bands came in 1933. So you can't say they came with the rise of the Nazis, exactly. The Nazis were on the rise long before that. To some extent, it was a device that was with me from childhood. Bringing music into the dramatic moments of my life. But from '33, they became an addiction. Jazz bands . . . café bands . . . tenors . . . crooners . . . symphony orchestras . . . Depending on the particular situation and my mood.

A strategy for survival? Turning the reality into fantasy?

It was a dance band, that day. What they were playing was an English song—or an American. Is there any difference?

SISTER (*impatiently*): Doctor Halder?

HALDER: Yes. I'm coming.

*The CROONER is into the middle section.*

CROONER: Why should I always be a failure? Why should I never get the breaks?

HALDER (*to the audience*): Stolen, of course, from Chopin . . . *Fantasia Impromptu* . . . Nice, wallowing-in self-pity kind of thing.

HALDER *and the band approach the* SISTER.

SISTER: Visiting hours are between seven and eight, Doctor Halder.

HALDER: I live in Frankfurt, you see . . .

SISTER: I see.

HALDER: Long journey to Hamburg . . . Busy time at the University, just now. Coming up to examinations.

SISTER: You can go and see her for ten minutes or so. But we are about to serve lunch.

MOTHER *is wheeled towards* HALDER *in an invalid chair.*

MOTHER: Johnnie. Listen to me. Get me out of here. Another day, and I'll go out of my mind. Get a chair for Helen. (*To where she imagines HELEN is:*) Helen, have pity on me.

HALDER: Helen's not there, mother . . . (*The band is about to play again. HALDER waves them away. They put down their instruments.*)

MOTHER: Will you get your wife a chair. This isn't the time or place for jokes, son.

HALDER: Mother, you're imagining it. She's not here.

MOTHER: She's not standing beside you?

HALDER: It's just you're confused, just now. That's all.

MOTHER: Listen, are you trying to make me mad altogether? Helen, tell him. He has to get me out of here . . . Have pity on me.

HALDER: You've been in a coma, mother. A thyroid deficiency . . . one of the effects . . . you see things.

MOTHER: Helen's not there? Are you not there, Helen? Wait a minute. Do you think I'm going out of my mind? If I'm going out of my mind . . . that's a bad business.

HALDER: It makes you confused . . . That's all.

MOTHER: Wait a minute. Last night. Did that happen? You were drunk . . . and banging away at the door all night to get in?

HALDER: Imagination.

MOTHER: John . . . Come closer to me, a minute. (*Looking round to make sure nobody's listening:*) Is anybody listening to us?

HALDER: No one is near us . . .

MOTHER (*whispering*): You're not a communist?

HALDER: You know that. I could never accept Marxism. Parts of it . . . yes.

MOTHER: I'm *talking* to you, son. You're not a communist and Hitler's not going to put you in prison. Your trial's this afternoon.

HALDER: For God's sake, mother!

MOTHER: Oh, thank God . . . Thank God . . . You're *not*?

HALDER: Mother!

MOTHER: Listen . . . I'm going out of my mind . . . Johnnie, I've got to go home.

HALDER: You can't *see*, mother.

MOTHER: What about your house?

HALDER: With the children and Helen . . . I couldn't cope with you, mother. *I* would . . . but how can I ask the children and Helen . . .

MOTHER: Listen. Is that my imagination too? This place, it's a *front*. Men come up here to go with the women . . . That sister, there . . .

HALDER: This hospital's a front for a brothel?

MOTHER: Is it not? . . . Johnnie, this is a bad business . . . I'm going out of my mind . . .

HALDER: I could cope with you for a *week*, mother . . . We'd *like* to have you for a week or so . . . But you know what Helen's like. She can't even organise the house with just *us* in it . . . You wouldn't be happy . . . You never are there . . .

MOTHER: The best thing is to take twenty or thirty of my pills and finish myself off once and for all . . .

HALDER: You could do that. It's against the law, but . . .

MOTHER: What have I got to live for? I can't see. My eyes are finished. Nobody wants me . . . I'm better out of it . . . What have I got to live for, for God's sake!

HALDER (*looks round . . . lost . . .*): A difficult question, that.

*A CLERK comes to him.*

CLERK: Can I help you?

HALDER: This is Tiergartenstrasse Four? . . . I'm looking for the Committee for Research into Hereditary Diseases . . . Over-Leader Philip Bouller . . .

CLERK: You've come down the wrong passage . . . I'll show you where his office is, Herr . . .

HALDER: Professor Halder . . . Is this some new committee . . . ? I've never heard of it before.

CLERK: It's just been set up, Herr Professor . . . You have an appointment with the Over-Leader?

HALDER: I have an appointment. Yes . . . Pleasant place . . . To work in.

CLERK: Professor . . . It used to be one of the best residential areas in Berlin. Charlottenburg . . . I'll see if the Over-Leader is free Herr Professor . . . (*He goes.*)

*HALDER paces up and down waiting.*

MAURICE: Will you stop bloody wandering around, man. Sit down . . . *Bands?*

HALDER: Have you *got* to be a doctor, Maurice?

MAURICE: I *am* a doctor. It's an automatic response. Somebody comes to me as a doctor. I'm a doctor. Listen. What do you want to do? Pull me into *your* neurosis? I've got my own, thanks.

HALDER: Maurice, how could I come to you as a doctor, for God's sake? The question I am putting to you—as my closest friend. (*To the audience:*) My *only* friend. (*To MAURICE:*) Should I see a psychiatrist?

MAURICE: *Bands?*

HALDER: Music, generally. Not very big bands. Odd times, the Berlin Philharmonic . . . Last Senate meeting, it was the Phil. Playing the Storm Movement from The Pastoral . . .

Not just the bands, Maurice . . . I want to try and throw off this neurosis I've been living with all my life . . . To give my work and my family relationships a more healthy basis . . .

MAURICE: What does *that* mean? That's *words*, Johnnie. Johnnie . . . That's verbal shit you're giving me . . . We don't work like that, for Christ's sake! *You and me*.

HALDER: I want to *try*. All my work so far has been based on this bloody anxiety neurosis. I do. I want to see what work I can do, free of it.

MAURICE: What's he talking about? What's this man talking about? People don't go to analysts to streamline their lives . . . They go to free themselves from agony. Listen, I know. You're suffering . . . You have to tell me about it. I'm your friend for Christ's sake . . .

. . . Just now . . . If you want to know about suffering . . . My agony, just now . . . My neuritic track . . . That wakes me up four o'clock in the morning in a panic . . .

HALDER: I can't get *lost* you see? I can't lose myself in people or situations. Everything's acted out against this bloody musical background.

MAURICE: *Objectively. Intellectually* . . . The Nazis . . . That's just flag-waving to get hold of the masses . . . This anti-Jew hysteria . . . Now it's got them where they wanted to go . . .

HALDER: Could it be some sub-conscious comment on my loose grip of reality? The whole of my life is a performance? Is that too glib, do you think, Maurice?

MAURICE: If you knew the unconscious like I do . . . Nothing's too glib for that bastard. What I'm saying to you . . . Listen to me . . . It's interesting, sometimes, listening to other people . . . You don't need to make too big a habit of it . . . but odd times . . .

HALDER: I'm *listening*.

MAURICE: I'm telling you . . . I know, for Christ's sake . . . The Nazis are politicians above everything else. Realists . . . I know that . . .

CLERK (*coming to HALDER*): Professor Halder?

HALDER: I'm slightly early. I can never time appointments. I'm sorry.

CLERK: Over-Leader Bouller has someone with him at present. He will see you shortly.

HALDER: That's all right. That's fine. I have my book here . . . This is a new committee . . . I gather . . .

CLERK (*going*): You will have to excuse me. Heil Hitler . . .

HALDER: Yes, of course. Heil Hitler . . . (*Political gesture.*)

MAURICE: Politicians are practical people. I *know* that. They're realists . . . They live in the world as it is . . .

HALDER: Let's just have some coffee, Maurice. Forget about *my* problems.

MAURICE: Listen. Is it sex, Johnnie? I'm *asking* is it sex . . . Of course it's sex . . . Everything's sex . . . Sex is very *difficult*, Johnnie . . . I don't personally know anybody who doesn't find sex difficult, Johnnie . . . If that's any comfort . . . Listen . . . If it's potency problems . . . Or maybe some taste you've developed . . . Bondage, for example . . . That's no problem if you can find somebody with mutual interests . . . Or transvestism . . . You'd be amazed how common transvestism is . . .

HALDER: I've never been attracted to bondage or flogging or anything like that, Maurice . . . Probably, my sexual imagination is very limited . . .

MAURICE: Listen, I know how much Germany depends on Jewish brains . . . Jewish business . . . Hitler's got all the power he needs now. They're bound to drop all that racial shit they had to throw around to get their votes . . . They can't afford *not* to. I *know* that . . . But I can't *believe* it.

You see what I'm getting at . . . I'm sorry . . . I'm developing an obsession . . . I'm in a bloody panic state . . . Look at me . . .

HALDER: I'll get you a drink, Maurice . . . Relax . . . You're right . . . All that anti-Jew rubbish . . . You're right . . . Just balloons they throw up in the air to distract the masses . . . You're right.

MAURICE: I *know* I'm bloody right. I'm telling you . . . But my bloody anxiety neurosis has fixed on to it . . . and I can do shit all about it . . . Listen . . . What do I want to run off to England for . . . Or Shanghai . . .

HALDER: Shanghai might be interesting. China . . .

MAURICE: This is my home. I love Frankfurt. I love Hessen. I love the whole bloody place . . .

HALDER: Take a bit of cheesecake, Maurice.

MAURICE: I'm a German. I was born here. Look at me. I don't look Jewish. It could well be my grandmother had it off with some Bavarian peasant or plumber or something . . . Who the bloody hell knows . . .

HALDER: Maurice . . . You're right . . . The racist programme is not practical . . . They'll drop it . . . They'll have to drop it . . .

MAURICE: I said I *know* I'm right . . . I *know* . . . I don't want any cheesecake. This is my *home* . . . Every morn-

ing . . . Before breakfast . . . I take a walk in Nizza Park . . . Along the river . . .

HALDER: Yes . . . You're right . . . talking about impotence complexes . . . I might have a bit of . . .

MAURICE: I'm telling you about my feelings for Frankfurt . . . ! Walking about Frankfurt in the morning. Looking at the river and the trees . . . and the wonderful buildings. The *pride*. For Christ's sake . . . You are . . . You're proud to be a German . . . To live in a city like this . . . Walking by the cathedral . . .

HALDER (*to himself*): He's a nice man. I love him. But I cannot get involved with his problems. So in the next few months they might kick in his teeth. But just now, he's all right. What's he worried about? I bet you *he* has no problems in bed with his wife. *I've* got problems *now*. *Me*. My problem is *immediate*. It's an urgent problem . . .

(*To MAURICE:*) You're right Maurice. It's a beautiful city to live in.

MAURICE: Was that you having a visitation from one of your bands just now?

HALDER: I do that from time to time. I talk to myself in my mind. That's another addiction.

MAURICE: About me?

HALDER: More or less.

MAURICE: Negative — resentment?

HALDER: Negative *and* positive, Maurice.

MAURICE: This morning . . . Walking along Deer's Ditch . . . Passing Goethe's house . . . I thought about you. What a worthwhile man that is . . . Johnnie Halder . . . Good! I love him.

HALDER: You know Goethe refused to send Beethoven money when he was desperate . . . Dying . . .

MAURICE: Listen. Don't talk about Beethoven, Johnnie . . .

HALDER: I never knew that till a few weeks ago. The week Hitler became Chancellor, I happened to be going through some papers in the library . . . I found this letter . . . Beethoven writing to Goethe for a few marks . . . Desperate . . . Last days before he died. The swine wouldn't send him a penny! Ignored his letter . . .

MAURICE (*watching HALDER—sudden insight*): Do you know what's happened? It's just come to me John . . . Hitler has perverted the whole nature of our relationship. Bugged up one of the few friendships I valued . . . That's not *good*, Johnnie.

HALDER (*to himself*): Failing. I don't like failing . . . Failing throws me into a panic state . . . It's not good.

MAURICE: I'm envious . . . I'm bloody envious.

HALDER: Of my *state*, Maurice?

MAURICE: You're *safe*. That's what I'm talking about. You can stay in Frankfurt for the rest of your life. End up Professor—Vice-chancellor . . . I cannot predict what pillow I'll be resting my head on tonight . . .

HALDER: That's panicking, Maurice. That really is.

MAURICE: It is . . . You're right. Next *week*.

HALDER: Maurice, we've established that . . . They've got to drop the Anti-Jew programme . . . In the long run . . . For the survival of the bloody state . . .

MAURICE: I know that . . . and *you* know that . . . But does bloody *Hitler* . . . That's what's worrying me . . . That's it—not neurosis at all . . . It's bloody reality . . .

HALDER: The night the girl turned up at my house, I turned it into an opera . . . There was a Café Trio . . . Playing Wagner . . .

*Café trio playing 'Star of Eve' from 'Tannhäuser'.*

HALDER (*stepping over the debris of his living-room . . . To the audience*): I had difficulties stepping through the debris of Helen's battle with the day . . . Helen was lying in front of the fire reading a biography of Telemann, waiting for me to cook the supper for the kids . . .

(*To the accompaniment of the trio: Recitativo to HELEN:*)

I bought some smoked ham,  
Panhas and bread.  
You need not trouble,  
Your pretty head.  
Everything's cold,  
No need to wait,  
Just take your seat,  
And fill your plate.

HELEN (*recitativo*):

Darling, I want to talk to you seriously.  
Your mother 'phoned,  
Very disturbing.  
And my father,  
We had a long conversation.  
I hate nagging at you,  
And pushing you,  
But really you can't hang on any longer.  
You'll have to shake yourself,  
Out of this apathy.

HALDER (*with the food, recitativo*):

Will you have it at the fire,  
If I clear the newspapers

And scores?  
I think I can get down to the carpet.  
I quite like eating on the floor.

HELEN (*recitativo*):

I had mother pick up the children,  
From school and take them home for a meal.

HALDER (*recitativo*):

Should we try a maid,  
Once more.  
I know you find it hard  
Having strangers living with us.

HELEN: Johnnie . . . I'm useless . . . I spent all afternoon trying to play these triplets against crotchets in that Beethoven sonata . . . My whole life . . . Everything . . .

Look at the state this house is in. I didn't even clean my teeth this morning. I'm a slut. I've no idea why you love me. *Do* you, love?

HALDER: Yes. I love you.

CLERK: Over-Leader Bouller will see you now, Herr Professor.

HALDER: Thank you. (*Going to* BOULLER.) Heil Hitler.

BOULLER: Heil Hitler. Please sit down, Herr Professor . . . Make yourself comfortable . . . Please if you wish to smoke, be at ease to do so.

HALDER: Thank you, Over-Leader . . . I don't smoke . . .

BOULLER: Before we begin, I wish this to be clearly understood. Everything that is discussed between us in this room is absolutely Top Secret. This is understood?

HALDER: Absolutely, Over-Leader . . .

BOULLER: Apart from knowing something of your work and your record since you joined us, your superiors have recommended you without reservation as a person of total loyalty to the state and National Socialism.

. . . Would you consider this an accurate description of your position and commitment?

HALDER: I've written about this, Over-Leader . . . I am committed to use whatever abilities and talents I might have for the betterment of the lives of the people round me . . .

BOULLER: Are you warm, Herr Professor? It's a hot day.

HALDER: Slightly . . . Yes.

BOULLER: Please . . . Take your jacket off . . . Make yourself comfortable . . . We have called you here in the role of a consultant . . . A comrade who we can trust and who is, at the same time, something of a figure in the academic world . . .

We have been reading your novel . . . As you see . . . About life in a home for the aged . . . You raise very interesting moral questions in it, Herr Halder . . . Some of your conclusions . . . *Fascinating* . . . *Profoundly* . . .

HALDER: It was a subject close to me . . . at the time . . .

BOULLER: I have coffee at two-thirty. Would you like coffee?

HALDER: Please . . . Yes . . .

BOULLER: I'll arrange to have an extra cup brought in . . . In the meantime, this is a letter I would like you to read. It was sent direct to the Chancellory for the attention of The Leader . . . It's from the father of a deformed child . . . (*Going.*) Even your wife, Herr Professor . . . Not a

*hint* of what is discussed here must be communicated to even your wife . . . Not a word . . . This is a direct order from the top Leadership . . . You understand this . . . ?

HALDER: Fully, Over-Leader . . . Yes . . .

HELEN (*calling to him*): John, I'm sorry . . .

HALDER: Why should you be sorry? I don't mind living in chaos. It's all right. The children are used to it.

HELEN: You come back from a hard day at work, and I overwhelm you with self-pity . . .

HALDER: Yes.

HELEN: You shouldn't stand this. Me turning your house into a shithouse, Johnnie.

HALDER: Tell you what. After tea, we'll clean it up.

HELEN (*with a pastry*): I wish you wouldn't buy these pastries. It's just indulging my greed and making me fat . . .

HALDER: Don't eat them.

HELEN: For Christ's sake, why do you love me?

HALDER: I don't know why I love you. Have you got to?

HELEN: I can't even look after your bloody kids. . . . Father rang . . .

HALDER (*to the audience*): Behaviourist psychiatrist . . . Losing clients left, right and centre to Jewish Freudians . . . All right now, Hitler was in . . .

HELEN: He wants to speak to you. Tonight. He says the time is long past for being pure and self-righteous. For the sake of your children and me . . . You must make a definite decision to join the National Socialists . . . With

your army record, they'll welcome you with open arms . . .

. . . Actually, he heard from somebody very high up, Goebbels has read your *Faust and Goethe in Weimar* . . .

HALDER: I was thinking about Hitler, on my way home.

HELEN: He's right. You'll get nowhere in the university now, unless you join the party, Johnnie . . . Father says you could even lose your lectureship . . .

HALDER (*going to her, holding her*): Listen, you are not to leave me. You understand. Whatever it is. You and the kids. They're the whole basis of my life.

HELEN: Yes. I know . . . I know that, dear. I'll never leave you. You'll never leave me.

HALDER: I thought I'd tell you.

HELEN: I'm sorry . . . I'm tired, Johnnie . . .

HALDER: I'll come up soon . . . I'm waiting for this student . . .

HELEN: I love you.

HALDER: I love you. (*To the audience*): I had to keep saying that to her. For *my* sake. Not to pacify her.

MAURICE: And the girl turned up with Richard Tauber?

HALDER: It's very complex. Unless you bear with me, Maurice and follow every strand . . . You won't get anywhere near the core of what is happening to me . . . If you will anyway . . . If there's anything to *get* to the core of, anyway . . .

She had an appointment with me that morning . . . So the tenor turning up in my office was clearly related to

her coming to see me . . . *Could've* been Richard Tauber . . . He was singing 'You Are My Heart's Delight' . . .

*The music comes up and the TENOR appears on stage, singing.*

Yes . . . Probably *was* Tauber.

ANNE: *That's* what I find hard, Herr Doctor. Trying to find what it has to do with my life. Faust . . . or practically everything on the literature course . . . Goethe, especially, though . . . obviously he's Germany's greatest writer . . . There must be something missing in me.

HALDER: Tell me about your troubles in your lodgings.

ANNE: You see . . . It's ridiculous . . . I find what happens to me in my digs . . . I don't know why . . . profound . . . *important*, anyway . . . and what happens in Faust banal . . . trivial . . . How am I going to get a degree, with an attitude like that . . .

HALDER: That's what worries you, then.

ANNE: We're all in this flat in the Altstadt . . . I thought when I first went there . . . Wonderful, living in the old town . . .

HALDER: Next door to where Goethe was born.

ANNE: There's a dozen of us . . . And we're all alone. In this flat with Frau Stagl. She runs it for some capitalist.

HALDER: Jew.

ANNE: Probably . . .

Anyway, they're all so pathetic and interesting. There's a man who has an obsession with trains . . . He plays them all night. A couple of days ago one of the lodgers smuggled a woman into his room. You should've seen her. At

least forty-five . . . I thought . . . Poor soul, you must be desperate . . .

HALDER: I can see that . . . Yes . . . Faust with his deep abstract thoughts . . . In his study . . . Conjuring up rather tedious depressing spirits spouting poetry . . . and the Devil with his cheap conjuring tricks. And your fellow lodger with his train set.

ANNE: Herr Doctor, what am I going to do? I'm never going to get through my exams like this, am I?

HALDER: You didn't find my book on Goethe helpful?

ANNE: I found your two novels more *real* . . . I'm sorry . . . It's just me . . .

HALDER: And this man who keeps knocking at your door?

ANNE: It's understandable. He gets confused. You see . . . there are a couple of prostitutes in the house, too . . .

HALDER: Listen. I'd like to think about this. You've raised an important point . . . The contemporary significance of Faust . . . To your generation . . . Why don't we have another one to one seminar . . . Very soon . . . This evening. Are you busy this evening?

ANNE: Actually he's quite nice, this man who keeps knocking at my door. Very tall. Lovely white teeth. It's just . . . He gets on my nerves . . . Waking me up. I mean, he's not a rapist or anything. He takes 'no' for an answer very calmly, you know. 'Well, if you're not inclined . . . That's all right. Pity. Sorry for troubling you.' I'm doing it again . . . I'm sorry . . . Why am I coming out with all this rubbish, Herr Doctor?

HALDER (*to himself*): She touched my hand! No. Our clothes accidentally brushed together . . . My jacket and

her cardigan . . . That was all . . . I liked her in the matching cardigan and jumper . . . I admit that . . .

ANNE: Yes . . . I'd like to come tonight. Very much. If you can spare the time, Doctor . . . That would be wonderful.

MOTHER: John . . . It's like a prison here. I want to get back to my own house.

HALDER: I'm organising everything, mother . . . There was a burst pipe . . . The whole house is damp, just now . . .

MOTHER: It doesn't matter . . . If there's food . . . As long as I can get back to my own bed.

HALDER: I've got the plumbers coming in . . .

MOTHER: Why can't I come to *you* for a week?

HALDER: You can come to me for a week. What happens *after* the week?

MOTHER: No . . . The best thing is to do away with myself . . . That'll be a finish to the whole problem.

HALDER (*checking his watch*): She's late.

MAURICE: Your mother turned up. This girl . . . And the band. You had a crowded evening.

HALDER: Richard Tauber came back for a final chorus, too . . . Maurice . . . Listen . . . What it could be . . . Is nothing I touch real? . . . Is it?

My whole life is like that . . . I do everything, more or less, that everybody else does . . . But I don't *feel* it's real. Like other people. On the other hand, it could be other people probably feel the same thing . . .

For Christ's sake, maybe I *am* in a bad way . . . So I'm entitled to pity myself a bit . . .

There's the door bell.

(*To the audience*): She was very pale and loveable. That was my first impression. Standing in the doorway . . . Wet . . . Her hair was dripping . . . And her coat . . . Soaked through. I'll put some more coal on the fire . . . Are you soaked through . . . Take my dressing-gown.

ANNE: I don't mind being wet.

HALDER: I'm going to give you a cognac . . . Will you take it?

ANNE: Yes, please . . . Thanks.

HALDER: Frau Halder's gone to bed. That doesn't mean you're late. She goes to bed early. One of her pleasures is reading in bed.

ANNE: Frau Stagl kept me back. She had an accident . . . Nothing much. She burned her arm . . . Cooking . . . I took her to hospital to get it dressed. She's fine, now . . . but it took up all the evening . . . Waiting around.

HALDER: Would you like some smoked ham . . . and bread . . . I was going to have some, myself . . . Just before you came . . .

ANNE: Actually, I am hungry. Please . . . Shall I help you . . .

HALDER: I've got everything here . . .

(*To himself*): That girl is definitely after me. Am I after her, that's the question . . . Could *be* . . .

(*To ANNE*): Listen, you can't go all the way back to your digs tonight . . . It's still pouring . . . I'll bring you down some blankets . . . That couch is very comfortable . . . I've slept on it myself.

ANNE: Herr Doctor, I couldn't sleep *here*.

HALDER: And a pillow . . . We haven't got to the core of the problem yet, anyway.

ANNE: You see, I don't believe in evil. Not like Goethe seems to . . . Do you?

HALDER: That's what we have to talk about. It could be a way into Faust for you. While the examiners generally are looking for the same old stock answers to the stock questions . . . If a student does come up with a really original approach . . . Showing that he's taking a work they take so seriously as seriously himself . . .

(*To himself:*) She's rousing me.

Christ! She is! Where there's life, there's hope.

I've always thought there was a major flaw in me. Love . . . I never thought it was in me to love . . . To really love . . .

ANNE: If you get me the blankets . . . I'll make up the bed, Herr Doctor . . .

HALDER: Yes . . . I'll get them for you . . . Do you like two pillows or just one?

ANNE: I'd like two, please . . .

THE MAJOR, later known as Freddie (*coming to meet HALDER — outstretched hand*): Herr Doctor . . . Delighted to meet you . . . Please . . . Come in . . . You wish to join us . . . First class . . . Your father-in-law, Doctor Brunau telephoned me . . . He speaks so highly of you . . .

MAURICE: You joined the Nazis! *You* . . . For fuck's sake.

HALDER: I *told* you I joined the Nazis . . .

MAURICE: The reality is coming to me . . . Jesus . . . Johnnie . . . God in heaven . . .

HALDER: Facts of life . . .

*He goes to ANNE.*

Anne . . . I think I'd better tell you this. The last few months . . . You've been coming to me for seminars . . . What's happened is I've been getting emotionally attached to you . . .

ANNE: Have you? . . . Honestly?

HALDER: I don't know how it happened. I have.

ANNE (*going to him. Putting her arms round him. Kissing him passionately*): John . . . I love you . . . I can't believe it . . . I love you . . . I've loved you for months . . . And you love me . . .

HALDER: I love you.

MAURICE: And you lost your erection?

HALDER: I was a bit overwhelmed by her response . . .

MAURICE: Panic?

HALDER: A bit . . . Yes . . .

Yes . . . I was frightened. In a panic. What was I letting myself in for? I've got a first-class job. Peace of mind. Wife . . . kids . . .

And I'm suddenly jumping into the sea . . . I was bloody terrified . . . The last person I wanted to see was Marlene Dietrich . . . I never fancied her anyway . . .

*Marlene Dietrich sings 'Falling in Love Again'.*

I have a good wife . . . Reasonably attractive . . . Three first-class children . . . A home . . . A growing reputation as a critic and a novelist . . . I'm on the brink of committing myself to the National Socialists and a completely

new phase of my life . . . To get myself involved in an affair with a woman . . . You understand? . . .

What was I going to do? I had with a couple of sentences unleashed the floodgates of a woman's heart as Goethe might have said . . . Two women loved me . . . In these days, that was a problem.

My God! My children! . . . What was going to become of them . . . Where could I go? Where would we live? Anne and I . . . In that sordid lodging house . . . It didn't even have a proper garden . . . I needed a garden . . . And Helen . . . How could I leave Helen . . . You know how you get when you jump into the sea for the first time like that . . . with a combination of guilt, brandy, over-fatigue and general tension on top of ever present anxiety neurosis . . .

I fell asleep. When I woke up, Helen was up, reading some new book on keyboard technique . . .

HELEN: I woke up and couldn't get to sleep again. Did I wake you?

HALDER: That student turned up, last night. Soaking wet. It was pouring. So she's downstairs. In the lounge. I gave her some blankets.

HELEN: That's all right. Will she be warm enough?

HALDER: I gave her some blankets.

Helen I want to talk to you. I've decided to join the Party. I had a long talk with your father. He's right. Basically . . .

HELEN: You told me that. Who's going to give her breakfast?

HALDER: *I'll* give her breakfast.

I didn't tell you about my decision.

HELEN: I *assumed*, in the end, you'd be sensible.

HALDER: I'm doing it because I love you . . . You know that. If it was just myself, I'd take a chance. I'm not one hundred per cent sure about Hitler . . . You understand that . . . I love you and the children . . .

HELEN: I know that.

HALDER: That's the whole foundation of my life.

HELEN: That's good.

HALDER: I'll never leave you.

HELEN: Why should you?

HALDER: You won't leave me?

HELEN: Why should I?

HALDER: Plenty of people leave each other.

HELEN: Plenty of people get knocked down by buses.

HALDER: That's a good observation.

HELEN: Well, they do. I'm glad. Father'll be glad, you joining the Party. It's a real commitment . . . You're not just joining to keep your job or get on in life . . .

HALDER: Am I not?

HELEN: You see . . . I don't do anything well . . . Do I? I'm useless . . .

HALDER: You're a good wife.

HELEN: I don't think I am.

HALDER: You are. You're the best wife in the world. I love you.

HELEN: *Do you?*

HALDER: You're my sweetheart, aren't you?

HELEN: Am I?

HALDER: You are. What are you?

HELEN: Your sweetheart . . .

BOULLER *enters with coffee.*

BOULLER: I brought the coffee in myself . . . To avoid interruptions . . .

Halder, would it surprise you if I said Doctor Goebbels himself had suggested your name to us? He drew our attention to your novel . . . He was profoundly moved by it . . . 'Objectivity,' he said, 'combined with compassion and humanity' . . .

HALDER (*to the audience*): They got me at a bad time. With my mother in the state she got herself in . . . And the state I got in at her state . . . I had to write all the guilt out in a pro euthanasia novel . . .

BOULLER: You read the letter?

HALDER: You read the letter? (*Forgetting.*) I've read it. Yes . . . Moving.

BOULLER (*taking up HALDER's novel*): The Leader himself has looked over this. Do you know that? Would you like to read his comment. (*Showing him.*) Look . . . In his own writing . . .

HALDER (*to the audience*): God forgive me . . .

The human bloody being! The surge of pride in me!  
Reading that scrawled sentence in Adolf's shaky hand—  
It said: 'Written from the heart!'

*A Bavarian trio.*

MAURICE: A Bavarian mountain *band*?

HALDER (*to the audience*): While Anne was in the bathroom and the Bavarian Mountain Ensemble were singing their hearts out, I kept moving from panic to romantic plans of going back to nature with my beloved.

HALDER, *with the band, in songspiel.*

We'll go to Schwarzwald . . . Anne and I . . . Between Bernau and Wehr . . . There's a stretch of forest there, nobody goes into . . .

We'll build a rough hut. Dry. Warm. What do a man and a woman need to live? . . .

Now and then—I'll buy a rifle, of course—I'll shoot wild boar, deer . . .

HALDER *stops singing.*

It was irresponsible of me in my position to encourage her . . .

HALDER *starts again.*

A goat . . . We'll keep a goat . . . (*He falters and stops. The band falters, but then goes on:*) Can you keep a goat in the forest? Why shouldn't you? . . . I'm not talking about illegally living in the forest. Obviously, I'll have to buy some land . . . Four or five acres . . . I'd sell the house . . . Split the money two ways, between Helen and I . . . (*With sarcasm:*) I could gather folk tales from the natives and make a book out of them . . .

Everything under the pure sky . . . We eat, sleep, make love under the sun . . . or stars . . . whichever is about at the time of the activity . . . (*With sarcasm:*) To the accompaniment of the Bavarian Mountain Ensemble . . .

*The band stops.*

I'm not sure if—

(*To ANNE, who wanders in wearing his dressing-gown:*)  
Are you musical? Do you play anything?

ANNE: I don't play anything. No. I like music but I never seem to be able to stand more than about the first movement of anything . . . I can sit through all the movements of Beethoven's Fifth . . . I don't mind that . . . Do you play? Obviously somebody does . . . with all that music around . . .

HALDER: No . . . I don't play. Look, will I take you into the university with me, this morning. Or do you want to go back to your lodgings first . . .

ANNE (*looking at him . . . drinking him in . . . in love*): I still can't believe it! All the time I have been thinking 'He'll never look at me'. And I've been in your mind . . . All the time . . .

HALDER (*to ANNE*): You stood out, you see . . . As an exceptional person . . . That is what drew me to you . . . You are . . . There's no question about it . . . I'm drawn to you . . . I like you very much . . . But you have to understand . . .

ANNE (*frightened now—waiting*): Yes . . . I want to understand. I want to understand everything about you . . .

HALDER (*to ANNE*): When I said to you, last night, how much I liked you . . . You might have got the wrong impression . . . Sometimes I can be very inarticulate . . .



PHOTO: Mike Martin

MAURICE: *Do you know what's happened? It's just come to me John . . . Hitler has perverted the whole nature of our relationship. Bugged up one of the few friendships I valued . . .*



PHOTO: Mike Martin

*ANNE: People just survive and live . . . It doesn't seem to matter what kind of government people have . . . . You find somebody to love . . . and you have a family . . . and look after them . . . and try and not harm anybody . . . .*

*HITLER: And I promise you, I will never give you an order which goes against your conscience.*



PHOTO: Sophie Baker

ANNE: Honestly . . . I feel it . . . You love me . . . Last night, I felt it . . . This morning, you're fighting it . . . I know. It must be frightening for you . . . I know that . . . Are you frightened, love?

HALDER: I don't know where I am . . . No . . .

ANNE: Last night . . . You said you were emotionally involved with me . . . You loved me . . .

HALDER (*to himself*): How could I not love you, my beautiful darling . . .

You see . . . It's the children . . . I love them . . . I could never leave my children . . . Being a father . . . you see . . .

ANNE: No. I can see that. You love them. They love you . . . I suppose your wife being what she is . . . not being able to cope . . . You have to be father and mother to them . . .

HALDER: They love their mother too . . .

ANNE: Do *you* love her, do you think? . . . Do you still love her . . .

HALDER: Outsiders might think . . . with all the rubbish littering the floors . . . My having to cook meals and send the children to school . . . I don't say the pigsty here doesn't get on my nerves at times . . . and not being able to invite people to the house . . . without having a major cleaning operation . . .

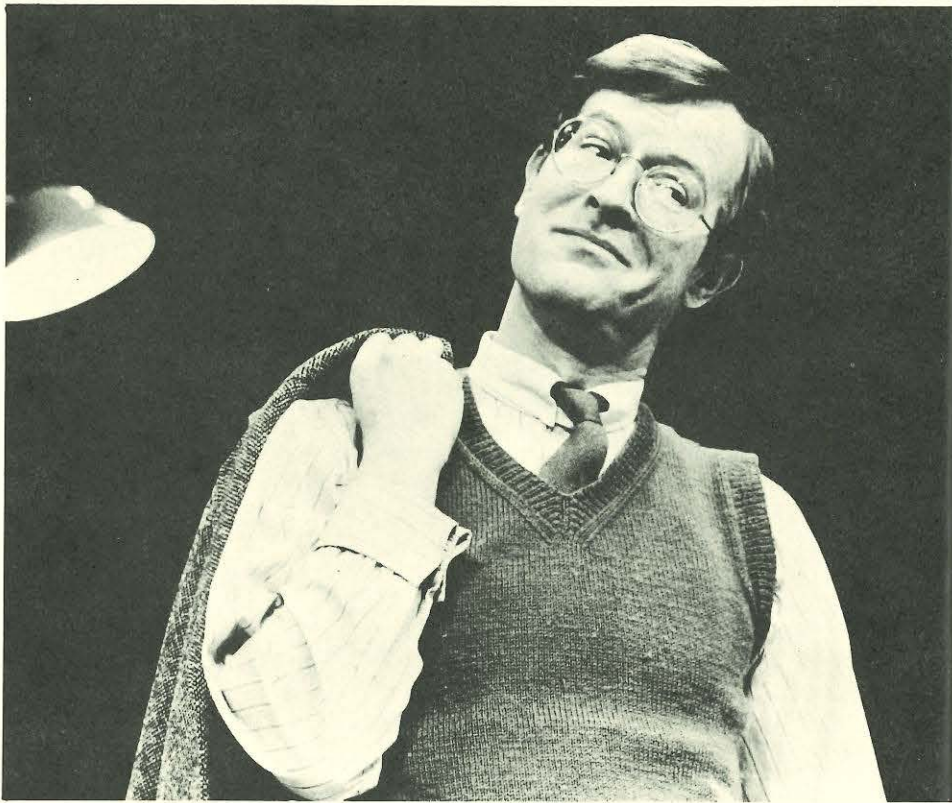
ANNE: John . . . You're drowning . . . I'm not saying that because I love you and I need you . . . You're drowning . . .

HELEN *comes in, in her dressing-gown.*

HELEN: I came down for more coffee. Is there any hot? (*To*

ANNE: ) Has he fed you?

PHOTO: Sophie Baker



HALDER: *it's a terrible thing. But it's a wonderful thing getting into a uniform.*

ANNE: Yes thank you. He made me eat a proper breakfast . . .

HELEN: I'm sorry the place is such a pigsty. I haven't been coping with things.

ANNE: It's all right.

HELEN: Did you tell me her name, John?

ANNE: Anne.

You have lovely children . . . The girl's beautiful, isn't she?

HELEN: Did you make anything for me, John?

HALDER: I've fried you Liverwurst . . . I was just going to do an egg for you.

HELEN: Were you warm enough here?

ANNE: It was wonderful. John had to wake me.

HELEN: You look very young. How old are you?

ANNE: I'm older than I look . . . I'm nearly twenty.

HELEN: I'm happy at thirty. I don't worry about not being young anymore. If I'm thirty. I'm thirty . . . I'm not *all* that bad looking am I? What do *you* think?

*A street musician, HITLER, dressed in tweed plus-fours takes up his stance, watched by MAURICE and HALDER. He plays the first few bars of a Yiddish folksong.*

MAURICE: Jewish Wedding song. (*He sings:*) Came along Mrs. Bloom, brought along the handsome groom. Fine, fine, Mrs. Bloom, brought along the handsome groom.

. . . *Hitler?*

HALDER: I *think* it was Hitler. Might've been a bit of Charlie Chaplin. I'm standing in the square by the fountain. Paralysed. Not physically. Whatever part of me is responsible for decision taking. That seemed to have gone out of action . . . On my way to join the Party.

HITLER (*putting down his violin and addressing the world*): Understandable. Totally understandable. You make a deal with yourself one minute, you totally repudiate it the next.

(*To MAURICE, conversationally:*) Quite right. Absolutely naive to think you can guarantee the minute you set yourself on a course that you're going to hold it over the next sixty seconds.

MAURICE: Sounds more like Chaplin than Adolf.

HITLER (*to the world*): The complexity of the human central nervous system alone. All the forces playing on the human organism . . .

MAURICE: Shit!

HITLER (*to the world*): Basically, what have we in a human being? A complex electrical network. No. Even more complex—a complex electrical and *chemical* network. (*To MAURICE:*) Can you *get* chemical networks?

MAURICE: That's *conscious* shit.

You don't need the sub-conscious to handle scientific shit. It deals with *real* shit.

HITLER (*to the world*): Man does not live by bread alone.

HALDER: I'm not sure about that.

HITLER (*conversationally*): I'm not sure about anything. That's the human condition. 'Man you are born to uncertainty. You can be sure of nothing.'

MAURICE: Sounds more like Chaplin than Adolf to me.

HITLER (*to the world*): For the first time in my life I am breaking free from the emotional/physical umbilical cords that tied me to my mother.

MAURICE: Now *that's* Hitler. *Pure, unadulterated* Hitler shit.

HITLER: Ring of the truth, but, Maurice.

MAURICE: Shit *has*.

HITLER (*to the world*): Breaking through to manhood. Completing myself as a human being . . . Establishing new emotional and physical umbilical strands with a woman I have chosen in my manhood. (*To MAURICE:*) Yes. I'm being pretentious and heavily profound. But it does happen. From time to time, you are confronted by profundities . . .

(*To himself:*) I have to get out of this . . . Apologising for any profound universal statement that comes to me.

MAURICE (*to HALDER*): You see . . . My fellow Jews. I can't stand them. My best friends are gentiles and Nazis.

HITLER (*to the world*): What is the objective reality? The objective reality is there is no objective reality. I don't know. *Who* knows?

How do I bring about a balance of the electrical and chemical forces in my body to make for something like the optimum functioning of myself as an organism?

HALDER: By joining the Nazis?

HITLER: But now I am moving to a soul union . . .

(*To MAURICE:*) What the fuck else is it, for Christ's sake? That's what it is. That's what I'm looking for. A soul union . . .

(*To the world:*) Now I am moving to a soul union.

Joining the Nazis is no longer a simple case of my own electrical and chemical state. It is *hers* too.

HALDER (*to HITLER*): That's what I'm telling you. I have to see Anne, first. Before I can make a definite decision.

HITLER (*to himself*): Yes. *Now*, I understand *why* I have to see her.

HALDER: Do I?

MAURICE: This is a classic neurotic relationship. My best-loved friend is a Nazi!

HALDER: I had to talk to you about it first.

ANNE: You see . . . I'm not a political person. I wish I could help you more . . . I've never been able to get involved with politics . . . Just now . . . whatever you do would be all right to do . . .

HALDER: I couldn't make the move, you see . . . Till we talked about it . . .

ANNE: I'll try to help you . . . As much as I can . . . I hate them . . . being so down on the Jews . . . I hate that . . .

HALDER: Their ideal might be a Germany without Jews . . . But the *reality* is Jews are part of Germany . . . It's not real, a Germany without Jewish doctors, scientists, chemists . . . and *capitalists* for Christ's sake . . .

. . . Without Jewish capitalists . . .

ANNE: I think . . . you see . . . People just survive and live . . . It doesn't seem to matter what kind of government people have. They survived through all kinds of terrible times, didn't they?

You find somebody you love . . . and you have a family . . . and look after them . . . and try and not harm anybody . . . Isn't that what happens? . . . In the end you have to survive . . . And the less you harm people in surviving . . .

HALDER: It's not only survival, is it? Joining the Nazis. If people like us join them . . . instead of keeping away from them, being purist . . . And pushed them a bit towards humanity . . . Is that kidding yourself?

ANNE: What if they push *us* the other way?

HALDER: Yes . . . It could happen . . . Yes . . . If it did . . . I'd get out . . . No question about it . . . I'd pull myself away . . . I'd get out of the country . . . We'd get out of the country.

ANNE *is obviously thinking of something else.*

What are you thinking about, sweetheart?

ANNE: No . . . It's just . . . It's not good being frightened for yourself. When you're on your own. But being frightened for somebody you *love*.

HALDER (*arms round her*): We'll be all right. We'll help each other, won't we? As long as we are together . . . I feel that. That's the first time I've felt anything like that in my whole life . . . It doesn't matter what happens round us . . . As long as we have each other.

BOULLER (*with a letter*): Another letter we received only this week on the same theme . . .

HALDER *taking the letter and reading it.*

The Chancellory is continually receiving requests from relatives of people with incurable mental illnesses, for the

Leader's permission for mercy deaths for these patients . . .

This is, of course, just another aspect of the way Germans are beginning to come to terms with the world and the human situation as it *is* . . . Throwing away superstition and mysticism and self-indulgent sentimentality.

HALDER: Which does not always lead to humanity and compassion.

BOULLER: Halder, we want a paper from you. Arguing along the same lines as you do in your novel, the necessity for such an approach to mercy killings of the incurable and hopelessly insane, on the grounds of humanity and compassion.

HALDER: The novel came out of a direct experience . . . My mother's senile dementia.

BOULLER: Exactly. This is what makes your analysis so potent. As the Leader says 'From the heart' . . . And I would add, from the mind. I take it the opinions so clearly expressed in your book, Halder, are firm personal convictions . . .

HALDER: Below a certain level of the quality of human life . . . Yes . . . I can't see it worth preserving. From the individual sufferer's point of view and his family's . . . Yes . . .

BOULLER: Look here, Professor . . . Let me be open and frank with you . . . I could rest much easier in my bed, with your participation in this project . . . You and I know how these things can get out of hand . . . There are certain elements in the party . . . And aside from that aspect . . . the inhumanities that can happen in hospitals and other medical institutions.

. . . If we have you with us. You follow me? This would be for me, a guarantee that the whole question of humanity in the carrying out of this project would never be lost from the initial stages of planning, to the final implementation of the scheme.

HALDER: I'll draft out a paper for you, Over-Leader . . . In the next week . . .

BOULLER: That is *excellent*, Halder. First class . . . One copy only . . . And to be handed personally to me as soon as you have it . . .

*A chorus of S.S. men . . . led by the MAJOR.*

*The MAJOR goes forward to put his arm round HALDER.*

*All with tankards of beer in their hands.*

MAJOR (*singing to the tune of 'The Drinking Song' from the 'Student Prince'*):

Drink, drink, drink,  
To eyes that are bright  
As stars when they're shining on me.  
Drink, drink, drink,  
To lips that are red and sweet  
As the fruit on the tree.

Here's a hope  
That those bright eyes will shine,  
Lovingly, lovingly,  
Soon into mine.  
May those lips that are red and sweet,  
Tonight with joy my own lips meet.  
Drink, drink, let the toast start.  
May young hearts never part.  
Drink, drink, drink,  
Let every true lover salute his sweetheart.

HALDER (*to the audience*): It could have been the atmosphere of the place. The National Socialist Office was in this great house that belonged once to some great nobleman. Marble Hall. Chandeliers . . . Turning everything into 'The Student Prince'.

. . . God forgive me! It was a wonderful feeling — joining. You have no idea, the emotional heights it lifted me to.

MAJOR: Listen, we're old comrades.

HALDER: Yes, I suppose we are.

MAJOR: You went into the Hessian Life Guards first. Remarkable.

HALDER: I'm not sure how I got in, you see . . . There was some confusion when I joined up in 1916 . . .

(*To the audience*): It's a terrible thing. But it's a wonderful thing getting into a uniform. When I first got into my uniform in 1916 . . . All the emotions came back to me now . . . now . . . For the first week, Martin and I — a quasi-emotional homosexual relationship to be frank about it . . .

CHORUS (*sings*):  
Drink, drink etc.

HALDER: This friend I had. Martin . . .

MAJOR (*sings*):  
Here's a hope  
That those soft arms will twine etc.

HALDER (*to the audience*): We went around for the first week in uniform. Looking for officers to salute . . . One of the most exciting experiences in my youth. Walking around Stuttgart, saluting officers . . . Some of the swine

didn't even look at us . . . Turned their heads in the opposite direction . . .

. . . And now joining the Party . . . Not just joining. But being taken in like a brother.

MAJOR: Herr Doctor . . . You can't just join the S.A. How can a man like you, join the S.A.? That amuses me. The modest opinion you have of yourself.

HALDER: I hadn't . . . I'll be honest with you, Major . . . I hadn't heard of the S.S.

MAJOR: The S.S., you see, Doctor . . .

CHORUS (*sings*):  
Drink, drink etc.

MAJOR: Let me tell you something. I never tell this to the usual applicants . . . You understand? But look here . . . John Halder . . . The Goethe man . . . My wife is a great reader . . . I'm sure she must have read several of your books . . . And your father . . . *The Roman Man* . . .

Now . . . That book, I read . . . Obviously such a deep book as that, I just got the gist of it, but that wonderful discovery he made . . . 'The true and pure German culture can be found only in that part of Germany the Romans failed to contaminate' . . . You see, I still remember bits of it . . .

Look here, I'm going to lunch shortly. Lunch with me . . . Please . . . I want to talk to you in detail about the S.S.

CHORUS (*sings*):  
Drink, drink etc.

HALDER (*to the audience*): They loved me. You see? I was an old soldier . . . and the Goethe Man . . . If they love

you like that, you can't help loving them back. Freddie, the Major, gave me smoked ham and baked potatoes and Frankfurt Cyder . . .

MAJOR: Better than wine, eh? Our Apfelwein . . .

. . . The Kaiser had his own elite regiment . . . as you know, The Imperial Guard, and, of course, now we have our own elite. The S.S. Clearly, that is the only place for you. In the elite along with us.

HALDER (*to the audience*): He was such a nice, open man . . . His father was a school teacher . . . So was his wife's father . . . He wasn't a cliché Nazi ex-jailbird thug . . . And he told me what Hitler had said to him . . .

MAJOR: I can hear his voice, now. That Austrian accent. Pleasant, quiet, concerned. He was so concerned about us.

HALDER: } I should like to make you two pledges. I will  
HITLER: } never give a command to march against the lawful government of Germany — that is, I will never attempt a second time to come to power by force.

MAJOR: We all looked at him. Everybody was surprised. This is 1932 I am talking about. The terrible conditions. Inflation. Unemployment. Children in the streets in winter without shoes . . .

HALDER: } And I promise you, I will never give you an  
HITLER: } order which goes against your conscience.

MAJOR: 'I will never give you an order which goes against your conscience' . . . And the way he said it, you see . . .

CHORUS (*sings*):  
Drink, drink etc.

## ACT TWO

## Act Two

MAURICE (*grabbing* HALDER): Listen to me, Nazi cunt! I'm fucking talking to you! You hear me?

HALDER: Maurice, I'm *listening*.

MAURICE: For fuck's sake! This *obscenity*, Johnnie. I never use obscene language like this . . . I don't *need* to use obscene language.

HALDER (*to himself*): I don't mind the obscenities and the abuse. It's understandable. But I want to get down to business and go home. The whole situation is throwing me into panic. Coming here, to a *Jewish house*. That's a highly dangerous action, for God's sake!

MAURICE: What was I saying to you, Johnnie? I got so lost in abuse and obscenities, I've forgotten what I was saying to you.

HALDER (*to himself*): The whole situation depresses me. That was one of the highlights of my week. A quiet, relaxing evening of communication with my one friend over a Jewish dinner . . . completely *destroyed!* I can't even *speak* to him on the telephone, now, without being thrown into panic . . . (*To MAURICE:*) You're my *one bloody friend*. You know that . . . (*To himself:*) And he's got to be *Jewish!*

MAURICE: Get me these exit papers, then, Nazi cunt! Fuck-  
ing *do* something about this *fucking great friendship*,  
then for fuck's sake!

Jesus! What am I *doing*? Listen, Johnnie . . . Don't pay  
any attention to it . . . This is just my filthy unconscious  
coming to the surface . . . My whole defences have  
totally collapsed . . . It's nothing to do with my real  
feelings for you . . . I love you . . . I *do* . . . Jesus . . .  
I do . . .

HALDER: You know that, Maurice . . . How can I get you  
exit papers? If I could, I would . . . You know that . . .  
(*To himself*;) I love him. No question about it. I love  
him. But I am not going to prison for him. I couldn't  
stand going to a Nazi prison. (*To MAURICE*;) I'm looking  
at this meal we're sitting down to.

MAURICE: You're a fucking Nazi S.S. officer, for fuck's sake.  
You can find some way of getting me out of this fucking  
country! For fuck's sake! Listen to the fucking language  
pouring out of me!

HALDER: Maurice, this is a circular discussion, leading no-  
where . . . You know that . . .

MAURICE: Come with me, Johnnie. If you came with me, I  
could *stand* leaving Germany. That would make it bear-  
able. If we were together. Listen. I know . . . Both of us  
. . . We don't take to all that many people . . . What  
kind of life would it be here, without me?

HALDER: You're in an anxiety state, Maurice . . . You know  
that . . . Engulfed in a 'subconscious storm'. Your own  
words . . .

MAURICE: I'm *lost*, Johnnie . . . *Totally, utterly lost* . . . Do  
*you* know what's happening to me?

HALDER: Look at this meal, Maurice. We sit down to a meal  
that would cost a worker, if he's lucky, what he earns in a  
week . . . That's the *real* issue, just now.

MAURICE: *More!* The wine alone is a week's wages.

HALDER: We can't go on like this, can we? . . . You as a  
Socialist . . . Me as a Socialist . . . How long can you go  
on crying about the poverty of the workers while you are  
living off the fat of the land . . .

MAURICE: Johnnie . . . Johnnie . . . This is my fucking  
home . . . I'm like in mourning . . . I'm bereaved . . .  
You know that? . . . The idea of being cut off for the rest  
of my life from my place in Burgsinn. I've put up nesting  
boxes for the spring . . . I went out and bought special  
nesting boxes . . . For woodpeckers . . . We were look-  
ing forward to woodpeckers nesting at the back of our  
cottage . . .

HALDER (*to himself*): I want to talk to him about that cot-  
tage. (*To MAURICE*;) I want to talk to you about the cot-  
tage.

MAURICE: I come *alive* there. The trees . . . And the green  
. . . I was bloody *born* here . . . My father was *born* here  
. . . My grandfather . . . Listen . . . I don't even *like*  
Jews . . . I like my wife and kids . . . But generally . . .

HALDER: I don't like *anybody* all that much . . .

MAURICE: That's true . . .

Listen Johnnie, for Christ's sake . . . You've got to help  
me get out of here . . . Are you listening to me . . . ?  
You've got to *help* me! We've both got to get out of here!

MOTHER (*trapped in a corner — lost — frightened*): John . . .  
John . . . John . . . For God's sake . . . Where am I?

HALDER (*rushing to her*): Where do you think you are, mother?

MOTHER: It's no use. Take me back to the hospital . . . I'll never manage to live here on my own. Take me back . . . I'm collapsing . . .

HALDER: Just try, mother . . . Try to get a picture of your house in your mind . . .

MOTHER: Am I in the kitchen?

HALDER: No. You're in the bedroom.

MOTHER: I'm in the bedroom? (*Groping about her.*) It's no use, son, I'm finished. I can't take it in . . . I'll go back to the hospital.

HALDER: I'll take you over to the bed again. (*Leading her.*) Try to picture it in your mind . . . Your room. Put your hand on the bed.

MOTHER: It's no use, I tell you I'm finished.

You have got your own life to lead. Go back to Frankfurt, son. I'll go into some institution.

HALDER: Follow the edge of the bed, mother . . . hand . . . Think . . .

MOTHER: I can't think. It's all going from my brain.

HALDER: Think of the room . . . You remember the room before you lost your . . .

MOTHER: It's all going out of my brain, I'm telling you I can't . . . (*Desperately trying.*) This is the bedroom wall? (*feeling.*) That's the bed cabinet . . .

HALDER: Try again, mother . . . Work out what it is . . . How can that be the cabinet?

MOTHER (*feeling*): It's the table.

HALDER: That's right.

MOTHER: And that's the way to the door?

HALDER (*giving up — despairing*): That's the window.

*A burst of flames at the rear of the stage. A bonfire is in progress.*

*Jazz trio playing jazz 'Hold That Tiger'.*

BOK, *carrying a load of books*, turns to HALDER.

BOK: What about these? They're in French. Can't make them out.

HALDER (*looking at the titles*): '*Recherche du Temps Perdu . . .*'

BOK: Eh?

HALDER: Remembering the past.

BOK: Oh, well . . . They might as well go too. Don't want to waste any time on the past, do we? . . . Here you are, lads . . . (*He throws the books on the bonfire.*) Fancy French dish in for you bonfire.

S.S. MAJOR, *now known as FREDDIE*, *bottle in his hand*, calls to HALDER.

FREDDIE: Brandy, Johnnie?

HALDER (*going to him*): Good party, Freddie. We're both enjoying ourselves . . . (*As he is talking, ANNE approaches with ELISABETH, FREDDIE's wife.*)

ELISABETH: Freddie, I want to talk to you for a minute. John, why didn't you *tell* us about your accommodation problem? (*To FREDDIE:*) These two poor children have nowhere to live.

ANNE: We'll find somewhere. It's just that John has to live somewhere where there are fields and open spaces.

FREDDIE: I'm just going to have a quick word with Johnnie, Liz, my love.

ELISABETH: We're going to choose our May Queen. Where are you going?

FREDDIE: Choose Anne. Look at her! Why can't I have women like that falling for me.

ELISABETH: Freddie, they need somewhere to live . . . Desperately.

FREDDIE: We'll organise that. Don't worry about it.

ELISABETH: We will be choosing the May Queen and the May King at nine precisely.

FREDDIE: I just want a minute with him, Liz . . .

HALDER (*turning to the DOCTOR*): What a pleasant place this is, Doctor.

DOCTOR: It hasn't been a private residence for many years.

HALDER: All the courtyards and archways.

DOCTOR: It was sold for an orphanage. Then it became a hospital, Herr Professor.

. . . Your field is *literature* then? . . . I see . . .

HALDER: I think Berlin sees me as some kind of humanity expert . . . My role is to look round, assess the arrangements and make some recommendations on general humane grounds.

DOCTOR: Yes . . . I understand . . . I see . . . We had thought, of course, you were a medical man . . . What would you like to do first? Meet the staff?

HALDER: I think I'll just wander around, if you don't mind . . .

DOCTOR: I'll get someone to show you round. That's the best thing . . . One of our medical staff, I think . . . He can explain the medical ins and outs.

*Fats Waller: 'My Very Good Friend the Milkman'.*

FREDDIE (*opening a case*): I'm going to let you into this, to show I trust you, Johnnie . . . Both of us . . . Our records . . . We don't need to gosestep round the square, shouting 'Heil Hitler' to prove we're good Party people.

. . . Look here, there's an order come through for you. I'd rather we didn't make it an order . . . You know that . . . This particular order especially . . . Because I can understand how you'll feel about it . . . (*Opening a box.*) We all have our vices . . . Our private secrets . . .

. . . Not a man hasn't something he doesn't want anybody else to know about . . .

HALDER: If it's an order — give it to me. It's all right, Freddie . . .

FREDDIE: I'm letting you into my vice. Records. (*Drawing out a file . . . opening it . . .*)

HALDER: Gramophone records . . . (*Clearly disappointed.*)

FREDDIE: That's it.

HALDER: Military marches . . .

FREDDIE: That's what it says on the labels . . . See . . .

HALDER: Jazz . . .

FREDDIE: I changed all the labels. Took me weeks . . . You know the Party line on decadent negroid swamp jungle music. Opium . . .

. . . I'll tell you something . . . I know this for a fact. The Great Man . . . Up in Berlin . . . You know his favourite film . . . ? Jew Charlie Chaplin . . . Watching Charlie Chaplin till midnight . . . every night.

. . . I can't help it . . . I've been playing Jazz since I was called up . . . Used to have a sergeant in my squad . . . Got killed in Verdun . . . He played the fiddle . . . He played the blues . . . Soothed me . . .

HALDER: I'm trying to listen to the music.

FREDDIE: . . . Soothes me that music . . . Christ knows you need *soothing* in this bastard job at times. Building up a country from fuck all. What did those Social Democrat shits leave us? A fucking shit heap . . . I'm sorry . . . I don't usually talk like that . . . But it's true.

HALDER: It's a nice tune . . . (*To himself*): What else can you say?

FREDDIE: I haven't any *real* friends . . . I haven't . . . Have you? . . . Apart from your woman, I mean.

. . . Between you and me . . . Most of the comrades . . . They're good lads . . . But they piss me off, after an hour or so . . . Only one who doesn't seem to piss me off's you. Probably because you're educated . . . I don't know . . . At times, *you* piss me off, too, of course . . .

HALDER: Mutual.

FREDDIE: I know I piss you off . . . No question about that . . . (*He hands him a paper.*) That's the list.

HALDER (*studying it*): Oh . . . I like him . . . I like everybody . . . It's just *books*. It's a list of books.

(*Reading*): I see . . . I'm ordered to organise the Book Burning Ceremony at the university.

FREDDIE: When it came through you see . . . I said to myself: 'Johnnie's got deep feeling about books . . . This is going to cut him deeply I can see that.'

HALDER: Long list . . . Thomas Mann . . . Remarque . . .

FREDDIE: I read that. *All Quiet on the Western Front*. Don't ask me why they've done a downer on that. That's exactly how it was at the front, wasn't it?

HALDER (*to himself*): There's a positive aspect to all this. You've got to make a supreme effort and look positively . . . One of the basic defects of university life is learning from *books*. Not from *experience* . . . Life . . . *involvement* . . . *commitment* . . . agony and panic at being thrown into the storm that's the human condition . . .

FREDDIE: Mind, I can see what they're getting at, burning Freud's filthy shit. Pervert, isn't he? Tried to make out everybody's as twisted and perverted as he is!

HALDER (*to himself*): If you looked at it from the philosophical standpoint, that the burning is symbolic of a new healthy approach to university learning . . . Man does not live by books alone.

FREDDIE: All right, Johnnie? Can I leave that to you?

HALDER: As long as I can keep *my* copies, Freddie.

FREDDIE: *I've* got my jungle music, haven't I?

*Lieder* SINGER *in evening dress*.

HELEN *at the keyboard*.

*Schubert's 'Ständchen'* . . .

SINGER:

Gently floating, through the evening,  
Hear this song for you.

In this quiet,  
Grove below you,  
Waits your lover true.

HALDER (*to the audience*): You might think what a bloody ridiculous thing to be doing, writing out a recipe for goulash for your wife who you are about to leave. But if you think about it, it's sensible enough, if she can't cook. . . . Anyway, it was something practical to do, while she was practising Schubert. . . .

(*To HELEN*): It's a simple recipe, Helen. You see . . . I've written it out in simple stages. . . .

HELEN: John, you're so pale. You don't look well.

HALDER (*to himself*): That's a good approach. Excellent. Go on, make it really difficult. Be understanding.

I am very sorry for that woman. All my compassion goes out to her. I'm failing her . . . I'm failing *myself* even worse.

HELEN: Are you just going to leave me one *recipe* before you run off to the forest with her?

HALDER: Helen, I don't know what I'm doing. (*To himself*:) Who says I'm running off?

(*To HELEN*:) I don't know if I'm going anywhere . . . I'm just writing this recipe . . . Because it's easy . . . All you need is a tin of meat. . . .

HELEN: It looks easy enough on paper, but I'm not sure there's not something wrong with me. I don't seem to be able to co-ordinate things . . . I get obsessed with the wrong order. When I make a stew I get obsessed with the potatoes to be cooked and cook them . . . before the meat. . . .

HALDER: I don't know *what* I'm going to do. . . .

HELEN: I hate it when you suffer like this. . . . Look at you.

HALDER: Why have you turned so bloody understanding all of a sudden?

HELEN: I don't know . . . Have I? . . . I'm just lost . . . That's all . . . The worst thing . . . You know what the worst thing is. . . .

MOTHER (*shouting*): John! John . . . Helen. . . .

HALDER: I'll be up in a minute, mother. . . .

MOTHER: I need to go to the toilet.

HALDER: What was the worst thing. . . .

MOTHER: John!

HALDER: You've just *been* to the bloody toilet!

MOTHER: I need to go again. Have I got to have set hours when I go and don't go. . . .

HELEN: *I'll* take her.

HALDER: She's *my* mother. . . . You take her all day. . . . Stop being so nice to me will you. . . .

. . . I'm coming. . . .

I'm here, mother. . . .

MOTHER: I'm very sorry. I can't get my bowels to make a timetable for me, son.

. . . Where's the seat?

HALDER (*guiding her*): There you are. . . . I'll wait outside for you.

MOTHER: Wait outside. . . . Stay inside. . . . What difference does it make to me now. . . .

HALDER: I'll wait outside . . .

MOTHER: John . . . What's going to happen to me if you run off with that prostitute from Altstadt? . . . Don't kid yourself, she's in love with you . . . She knows when she's got a mug . . . With a position and a good income . . .

. . . Where's the toilet paper?

. . . My God. I can't find it. This miserable house . . . They don't even have any toilet paper . . . I knew it was an unlucky house the first time I stepped through the door . . .

HALDER: There's the toilet paper, for God's sake.

Mother . . . Why the hell did you have to tell Helen about Anne?

MOTHER: Where's the wash-hand basin? I need to wash my hands . . .

HALDER: Follow the wall . . . Use your imagination . . . You'll never be able to bloody live on your own if you don't give yourself a shake . . .

MOTHER: I'm sorry, son . . . I can't perform for you . . . I can't take it in . . . and be independent, so you can run off with your prostitute and leave me on my own without feeling guilty . . .

. . . Where's the bloody tap . . .

HALDER: Use your imagination . . .

MOTHER: I can't wash my hands with imagination, son. Maybe you can.

God in heaven . . . The women you pick . . . I told you from the beginning . . . Your father did . . . That woman

is no good to you . . . Didn't we plead with you . . . The night before your wedding. To call it off . . .

. . . Where are you taking me now?

HALDER: I'm taking you back to the bedroom.

MOTHER: I've been stuck up there all day. I want to go downstairs . . . What are you going to do about the children?

HALDER: They'll be all right . . . I'll look after them.

MOTHER: That woman. Dear God, she can't even make a cup of coffee. She gave me bread and butter this morning . . . The bread was cut like doorsteps . . . I want to go downstairs . . .

HALDER: Sit in your room a minute . . .

MOTHER: Will you take me downstairs . . . What do you think you're doing . . . Torturing me here . . . Locking me up like a prisoner with not a soul coming to see me all day . . . If that is what you wanted to do . . . Giving me a holiday with you . . . You should never have taken me out of the hospital . . .

HALDER: I'll come back in a minute . . . I need to go to the toilet . . .

(*To the audience*): Helen was in the kitchen. Trying to cook the recipe I'd written out for her.

(*To himself—watching her*): It could well be there is a vestigial brain damage. Not all that much. A trace. That stops her cooking and cleaning the house. And, of course, relating to me as deeply and fully as I need.

HELEN: You fry the onions first?

HALDER: You don't need to do it this *minute*, do you?

HELEN: I'm doing it now. While you're here to put me right.

Up till a few months ago . . . I wouldn't have felt it so much . . . You saying you love somebody else . . . Now when you say it . . . It's like a cold hand reaching into my intestines . . .

. . . I loved you a bit during our honeymoon . . . and after . . . Then just a few months ago . . . I really started falling in love with you . . . It surprised me . . . I don't know why . . . Did you notice?

HALDER: Yes . . . (*To the audience:*) Well, when your wife suddenly comes out with something like that for Christ's sake.

(*To HELEN:*) I think so . . .

HELEN: Probably my instinct told me I was losing you . . . So I began to realise what I was losing . . . I don't know . . .

HALDER (*to himself*): She's not frying the *meat*.

(*To HELEN:*) You have to fry the meat too, Helen.

HELEN: That's right . . .

The idea of losing you . . .

HALDER: You're *not* losing me.

HELEN: Just . . . My whole life really . . . It's round you . . . That's the basis of my whole life . . .

HALDER (*to himself*): You're not losing me . . . I'll never leave you . . .

(*To HELEN:*) I won't leave you.

(*To himself:*) What do I mean by that . . . I won't . . .

HELEN: Don't just say things to pacify me, John . . . will you not, love? . . . I couldn't stand that . . .

MOTHER: John . . . John . . .

HALDER: Oh, Jesus . . . I cannot cope with that bloody woman just now . . .

MOTHER: John . . .

HALDER: I'm coming . . .

MOTHER: I thought you were in the toilet.

HELEN: What are you going to do with her . . . If you have any ideas, tell me . . .

MOTHER: John . . .

HALDER (*going*): I'm coming.

HELEN: I don't understand you, John. What do you mean . . . you're not leaving me . . . ?

HALDER: I don't know . . .

(*To himself:*) What do I mean?

(*To HELEN:*) I'll be in every day to see you and the children . . . Make sure you're all right . . .

HELEN: If you're living miles away . . . In the forest . . .

HALDER: I've got to come into the university . . . I have Storm Meetings . . . All kinds of things to do in Frankfurt . . .

HELEN (*indicating the food*): Is this right?

HALDER: That's fine.

MOTHER: John . . . John . . .

HELEN: I wish I could help you . . . I do . . . It's a shame for you . . . I know . . . It's me . . .

HALDER: I'd better get that bloody woman downstairs . . .

HELEN: I haven't any *friends* . . . I could never make friends . . . Never at any time . . . I never had any real friends . . . Except you . . .

MOTHER: John . . .

HALDER: I'm bloody coming!

(To HELEN:) You still have me . . . As your friend . . .

HELEN: When I started loving you . . . The children irritated me . . . Their continual bloody presence . . . I just wanted the two of us to be on our own . . . Just stupid fantasies . . . You know what I'm like . . .

MOTHER: John . . . John . . .

HALDER: I'll bring you down in a bloody minute!

MOTHER: I don't *want* to go down. I need to go to the *toilet!*

A DOCTOR *wheels in a severely mentally handicapped woman.*

DOCTOR: You have to ask yourself, as you did in your novel . . . Which moved me deeply, Herr Professor . . . When you come to this level . . . Is this *human* life? She has no control over her bladder or bowels . . . The dimmest awareness of her environment and what is happening round her . . .

HALDER: We can take the arguments as read I think, Doctor. What we have to make sure of is that the procedure is carried out humanely . . . Their last hour must be absolutely free from any trace of anxiety . . .

DOCTOR: Absolutely . . . Of course . . .

HALDER: This room is adequate . . . But it needs to be much more ordinary and reassuring . . . Could it be made to look like a bathroom, perhaps . . . So that the patients are reassured and believe they are being taken for a bath . . .

DOCTOR: Yes. So they come in here . . . Ostensibly for a bath . . . A normal daily routine . . .

HALDER: What about the families? This is very important . . . Exactly how the families are informed will have to be carefully worked out . . . In detail . . .

DOCTOR: Of course, Herr Professor . . . Of course, they'll be bound to accept the doctor's word on the death certificate . . .

HALDER: I'd like a meeting of everybody concerned, after lunch, Doctor, to discuss this in detail . . . The families have had enough pain as it is, looking *after* poor souls like her . . .

*Music: 'Carolina in the Morning'.*

MAURICE (*shivering*): What are we *doing* here? Sitting in the middle of a cold, freezing, miserable fucking park in the middle of winter!

HALDER (*following the band*): The interesting thing, Maurice, is I am not consciously aware I ever knew that song. 'Carolina in the Morning'.

MAURICE: I don't know it . . . It's like lovers. Having secret meetings . . . In any case, I don't think it's a good idea. It's suspicious, coming here. Who goes to *parks* in the middle of winter!

HALDER: No. I've established that as a regular routine. Every day about this time, I go for a walk in the park.

MAURICE: I'm *freezing*, for God's sake!

HALDER: You should've brought a warm sweater, Maurice.  
(*To himself:*) This friendship. All I get from it now, is pain, anxiety and panic. I *know*. This is not *good*. The shallowness of my feelings for the one friend I have in the world. (*Looking at MAURICE.*) On the other hand, I could be underestimating my love for him. My feelings may not be quite as shallow as I imagine. I *have* gone out of my way to meet him here, just now . . . I know. I'm after his cottage . . . But it's not entirely that . . . Is it? . . . (*To MAURICE:*) Going to your house, Maurice. During this temporary racist aberration. It's not a sensible action . . . For your sake or mine.

MAURICE: So how does the cat come over the water? I can't come to *your* house.

HALDER: *Worse*. Coming to *my* house.

MAURICE: Listen, Johnnie . . . I know . . . I can understand that . . . You can't get me these exit papers . . . I know . . . It's asking too much of you . . .

HALDER (*to himself*): What is coming clear to me, now . . . I had thrown away the concept of cowardice and courage. I can see now. There is some meaning to them. To some extent, there is an element of cowardice in my failing Maurice like this . . . At the same time. All these people depending on me. (*To MAURICE:*) If it was just myself. But I have two wives, two children, and a blind mother, Maurice . . .

MAURICE (*handing him a parcel*): I brought you some cheesecake . . . Where will you get Jewish cheesecake, when you've locked up all the Jews?

HALDER (*alarmed*): Is that somebody coming? Somebody's coming. Feed the pigeons, Maurice.

MAURICE: Nobody's coming . . .

HALDER: Feed the pigeons, Maurice . . .

MAURICE: I've nothing to feed the fucking pigeons with!

HALDER (*offering the cheesecake*): Here. Give them some cheesecake.

MAURICE: I'm not feeding good, Jewish *cheesecake* to fucking pigeons!

HALDER: There is somebody coming.

MAURICE: They've come to listen to your band. It's an unusual attraction for the park in winter.

HALDER: It's all right. They've gone down the other path . . . Maurice . . . I don't want to push you about the cottage . . . But if we could have it even just for a few months . . . You're not using it anyway, just now . . . It would be exactly the right start for us . . . Somewhere like your cottage . . .

MAURICE: Walking through the forest, hand in hand, with the love of your life . . . At dawn . . . The way the sun comes through the trees at dawn sometimes. The shafts of sunlight . . . Yes. It's a beautiful picture. It lifts the whole sexual element right up . . . You're right. It's a beautiful picture.

HALDER (*to himself*): Yes. That was a superficial evaluation of my feelings for him. I still love him. Just for the moment, love has been obscured by panic and anxiety . . .

MAURICE: You understand what I'm saying, Johnnie . . . It's too much to ask from you. The exit papers . . . Forget the papers . . . Just get me five tickets to Switzerland . . .

HALDER: Maurice . . . how can I go to the station and ask for five single tickets to Switzerland, for God's sake!

MAURICE: Ask for *returns*.

HALDER: Or *returns*. I'm a bloody officer in the S.S.

MAURICE: That cheesecake. I bought it at Epstein's. I can't *stand* them. I can't stand *Jews*. I spent thirty-five Marks in there at one go, and they couldn't even give me a 'good afternoon' . . . You're right. There's something seriously wrong with *Jews*. I can see Hitler's point.

HALDER: With people.

MAURICE: That's what I said. With people . . . I'm talking about what kind of fucking neurotic am I? *Jews*, in the same boat as me, who have done me no wrong except they don't wish me a 'good afternoon', I can't stand. Nazis, who want to crucify me, I buy cheesecake for!

HALDER: Another word for a human being, Maurice. 'Neurotic' . . .

MAURICE: Listen. A major insight like that! We should send a telegram to Freud! . . . Johnnie . . . Take the cottage. Use it in health and joy. I won't need it in Switzerland.

HALDER: You don't need to go anywhere, Maurice. I don't want you to go anywhere . . . This is a temporary racist aberration. Hitler's not going to survive another six months. You said that yourself.

This is still a capitalist country. The real power is in the hands of the capitalists . . . They can't afford to have a mystic idealist running their country . . . You know that . . . This is a temporary aberration . . .

MAURICE: It's a basic biological drive, you see, Johnnie . . . When people come after you with fucking machine guns, you start running . . . Look at me . . . I'm calm. I am looking at this cold and rationally . . . Yes . . . It's a tem-

porary aberration . . . The trouble is, with all the machine guns in this fucking country, it's not going to take all that long a temporary aberration to finish off the whole Jewish population . . .

HALDER (*to himself*): I love *Jews*. I'm attracted to their whole culture. Their existence is a joy to me. Why have they got to be a bloody problem to everybody? (*To MAURICE:*) You know that, Maurice . . . Nobody takes that metaphysical racist rubbish in *Mein Kampf* seriously . . . Pure races and foul, perverted, spiritually-riddled-with-disease *Jews* . . . Nobody can even *read* it!

MAURICE: He doesn't listen to people. I'm telling you. There is legislation coming in the next few days . . . In the next day. Today . . . Maybe *yesterday*. Against men without foreskins . . . I *know* that . . . Laws . . . I've got fucking hard information. *Now*, will you get me five tickets to Switzerland? No, you won't . . . You don't give a shit what happens to me . . . Understandable . . . (*Turning to go.*) Listen. It's cold. I've enough on my head without getting pneumonia . . .

HALDER: When you're out of your anxiety state, Maurice, you'll see that for yourself . . . Hitler is not going to survive . . . They got rid of Röhm and they'll get rid of Hitler . . . It's going to be all right.

MAURICE: Yes. For you, it'll be beautiful. For Nazi cunts it's going to be a beautiful, golden world.

HALDER: We'll talk about it, when you're calmer, Maurice . . .

MAURICE: Yes. When I'm lying on the ground, riddled with fucking Nazi cunt machine-gun bullets.

HALDER (*to the audience*): . . . *He* was cutting himself off from *me*. Good. I was free from him. Then he turned back

and looked at me. No, I said to myself, watching him: 'I didn't think it would be as easy a parting as that.'

MAURICE: Listen. You'll have to run from here. For your fucking life, Johnnie. As much as me . . . Maybe even more than me . . .

DOCTOR: If you come in here, Herr Professor . . . You can meet some of the patients . . .

HALDER: What is vital, Doctor, is to look fully into their families . . . The quality or lack of quality of their relationships to the patients . . . How often they visit them . . .

DOCTOR: Absolutely, of course . . .

HALDER: I'd like to talk to some of the relatives . . .

DOCTOR: One or two, Herr Professor, have expressed strong views about the pointlessness of the existence of human parodies like these . . . I am using their words, of course . . .

HALDER (*to a patient*): Hullo . . . Is that your doll? (*No response.*) What do you call it? . . . Does he behave himself? (*To the DOCTOR:*) I'd suggest something like the families being told the patients are being sent here for a new course of treatment . . .

DOCTOR: Or perhaps a routine transfer . . .

HALDER: The patients should not have the slightest grounds for alarm or anxiety . . .

DOCTOR: We are planning to hold to the normal procedures, Herr Professor . . . On arrival, each patient would be examined by a doctor . . . A thorough examination . . .

HALDER: And no delay . . . It would be intolerable if they stayed here any length of time . . .

DOCTOR: Absolutely, Herr Professor . . . Once the decision has been reached to terminate . . .

*Up bonfire.*

*The CHANCELLOR touches the bonfire with his torch . . . a mass of flames . . .*

*Music: Wagner.*

ANNE: What is in your mind, John? That is the most important thing, the beliefs in your mind . . . I don't know . . .

HALDER: It's political hysteria for the minute . . . Hitler being in power . . . Getting drunk with success . . . Once the hysteria's over . . . I told Maurice this . . .

ANNE: Do you *think* it is?

HALDER: What about Freddie's summer house by the river?

ANNE: Liz is taking me tomorrow to look at it . . .

HALDER: It was a nice party . . . It was nice . . . When they crowned you May Queen . . . I know it's stupid . . . But I had this feeling of pride . . .

ANNE: I looked as though I'd stepped out of 'The Rheingold' in that dress.

HALDER: You're lovely.

ANNE: I love you and you love me.

HALDER: I do . . . But . . .

*The bonfire flares up.*

ANNE: I don't know what it is . . . These books . . . When I think about them burning the books . . . I just say to myself: 'It's just a gesture. It doesn't mean anything. Most people. They're not even aware they exist.' I'm frightened.

HALDER: I know . . . You're right. That's exactly the feeling . . .

ANNE: Do you have it?

HALDER: I went into a fever hospital when I was four . . . Scarlet fever . . . They came for me during the night . . . A nurse carried me away from my room . . .

ANNE *throws her arms round HALDER. They cling to each other.*

ANNE: All we can do is hold on to each other. If we're good to each other. And the people round us . . . If we try to the utmost to be good . . .

*The bonfire flares up.*

ANNE: What else can we do?

HALDER: I haven't even read Einstein.

*Up bonfire. The Bach fugue.*

CROONER:

Day is ending. Birds are wending.  
Back to the shelter of  
Each little nest they love.  
Nightshades falling.  
Lovebirds calling.  
What makes the world go round.  
Nothing but love.

FREDDIE *carries in a load of freshly cut logs. ELISABETH is dancing.*

FREDDIE: Two things I enjoy. I love polishing boots till you can see your face in them . . . And making fires . . . I'm a born hotel porter, aren't I?

CROONER:

When whipper wills call,  
And evening is nigh,  
I hurry to my  
Blue heaven.  
A turn to the right,  
A little white light,  
Will lead you to my  
Blue heaven.

ELISABETH: It's a beautiful house, Anne.

ANNE: It is a nice house. I like it.

FREDDIE: It's a professor's house . . . Come up in the world since your little wooden hut by the river . . .

ANNE: I loved that summer house . . .

CROONER:

You'll see a smiling face,  
A fireplace, a cosy room.  
A little nest that nestles where  
The roses bloom.

HALDER (*to himself*): Life is sweet. . . . For the next five minutes . . .

FREDDIE: Johnnie . . . I want to talk to you . . . Come over here a minute.

HALDER: Anne's cooking a duck for dinner . . . Specially for you . . .

FREDDIE: Good woman . . . Christ, she's an excellent woman you've got, Johnnie . . . You want to hear the verdict . . . The verdict is we can't have any kids . . .

HALDER: That's only one opinion, Freddie, for Christ's sake . . .

FREDDIE: Johnnie, don't be nice to me, not just now . . . Do not be nice to me . . .

HALDER: Nothing marvellous about kids, anyway . . .

FREDDIE: I said don't be nice to me. I know you're a good nice man . . .

HALDER: I mean it . . . There's nothing marvellous about having kids . . .

FREDDIE: You can say that because you've got fucking kids . . . (*Tearing up paper, to stuff in the fire.*) It's a good paper the *Frankfurter Zeitung* for lighting fires. Some papers are better than others . . .

HALDER: Yes, you're right. I used to dream about having a kid, before I had any. You're right.

FREDDIE: Look at us, for fuck's sake. Liz and me . . . They keep on at me at Headquarters . . . When are you going to start fucking breeding. A perfect Nordic pair like you and Liz. This regime . . . It's obsessed with fucking breeding.

I'm going to be stuck major . . . You know that . . . I might even be demoted . . . Till I breed some fucking kids . . . That's not why *we* want kids . . . That's the official line . . .

I even had to go to Liz's uncle's doctor . . . In Wiesbaden, for fuck's sake . . . Just in case they tracked down my report . . . They'll probably still track it down . . . What am I going to do, for Christ's sake . . . We love each other. You know that . . .

HALDER: It could be the doctor's wrong, Freddie. (*To the audience:*) What else can you say in a situation like that . . . I was getting to love him . . . And Liz . . . We both were . . .

FREDDIE: I haven't been sleeping three nights running. Going round in circles . . . Talking about it . . . Liz and me . . .

CROONER:

You see a smiling face  
A fireplace  
A cosy room  
A little nest that  
Nestles where  
The roses bloom.  
Just you and me  
And baby makes three  
In my blue heaven.

FREDDIE: It's *me*. Nothing to do with potency . . . That's all right as far as that's concerned . . . I used to think that was all that counted . . . Liz is all right . . .

HALDER (*to the audience*): Then there was this screaming motorbike. They were always running around with screaming motor bikes . . . With despatch riders . . . Anne showed a young lad into the room . . . Tall . . . blond . . . beautiful in his S.S. uniform . . . He didn't say anything . . . Handed Freddie a sealed envelope.

FREDDIE: All right. Thank you. Dismiss. Heil Hitler . . .

BOY: Heil Hitler . . . The Jews have shot Von Rath, sir. In the Paris Embassy . . .

FREDDIE: Dismiss . . .

BOY: You're to go to headquarters.

FREDDIE: I've got a car.

BOY: Yes, sir . . . (*Going.*)

FREDDIE (*after him*): Von who?!

BOY: A secretary in the Embassy . . . A Polish Jew shot him.  
(*He goes.*)

FREDDIE (*reading his orders to HALDER*): If I got desperate . . . If you were desperate . . . For your wife to have a kid . . . Would you get someone like that lad there . . . ?

HALDER: Who's Von Rath?

FREDDIE: Who the fuck knows or cares. Some fifteenth fucking secretary in the Paris Embassy . . . But the cunt's fucked up my whole night . . . I haven't had duck for months . . . I wanted to fucking talk to you . . .

HALDER: Leave Liz here . . .

FREDDIE: I'll leave Liz here . . . (*To the women:*) Women . . . I've got to burn down a few synagogues and arrest some Jews. I could be up all night.

ANNE: I thought it was all finished. I thought they'd finished with the bloody Jews.

HALDER: A Jew's shot somebody in the Paris Embassy.

FREDDIE (*embracing LIZ*): You stay the night here . . . All right, Liz? . . . You'll be all right?

ANNE: You're not really going to burn down synagogues, Freddie?

FREDDIE: Save some of the duck, Anne . . . Won't be the same heated up . . . Still . . .

. . . No . . . First thing is a briefing session to organise, down to the last detail, a spontaneous demonstration of the indignation of the people of Germany—for tomorrow night . . .

OFFICER: Over-Leader Eichmann is ready to see you now, Professor Halder . . .

HALDER (*going to EICHMANN*): Thank you . . . (*To EICHMANN:*) Heil Hitler . . .

EICHMANN: Heil Hitler . . . Sit down Herr Professor . . . I've just been going through your papers . . . Joined us in 1933 . . .

HALDER: Early 1933, Over-Leader . . .

EICHMANN: And been an excellent comrade, Halder, since your first days . . . As an officer and a university man.

. . . I think we can work well together . . . The ingredients are all there . . . For an excellent working relationship . . . What do you think?

HALDER: If the Leadership believes we can . . .

EICHMANN: You haven't written specifically on the Jewish Question . . . Halder?

HALDER: My field, as you'll see, is German literature . . .

EICHMANN: I mean on the question from a racial point of view . . . At the same time, some of your papers here . . . And reports on some of your lectures . . . This paper on the reactionary, individual centred emphasis of the Jewish influence on Western literature . . . Very good, true, deep comment . . . first class.

HALDER: I have to warn you, Over-Leader, I have had very little personal contact with Jews . . .

EICHMANN: There's a note here referring to some kind of friendship with a Gluckstein . . . Maurice Gluckstein . . .

HALDER: Mainly a professional relationship . . . As a doctor . . .

EICHMANN: That's right . . . He was a doctor . . . I have it down here . . . But your paper on the corrupting Jewish influence on our literature . . .

HALDER (*turning to students*): I do not wish to get lost in speculation about such things as Jewish humanist writers' word orders . . . Or Heine's poetry . . . reflecting the structure of the Jewish palate . . .

Whether this is objectively true or not seems, to me, trivial beside the consideration of the direction Judeo-Humanistic philosophy has pushed Western literature . . .

There is a Talmudic quotation much used by Jewish writers and thinkers: 'If I am not for myself, then who is for me?'

In certain aspects . . . of course, this is a valid question or statement . . . It is, however, in complete contradiction with the basic philosophical statement which is the foundation of the Third Reich: *The common interest before self.*

In the course of these lectures, we will examine the highly individually centred philosophy of Judaism. The concept that God himself can be appealed to directly, without the need for priests or other intermediaries . . . We will look into the evolution from the basic individualistic philosophy — or degeneration — whichever we decide is the case at the end of our investigation — in the total preoccupation with self-fulfilment of much contemporary literature, influenced as it has been by the strong current of Jewish humanism . . . Proust . . . Kafka . . . Freud.

It will be my thesis, that while this was a valid exploration of the human soul at the time, it pushed Western literature in a direction which almost entirely ignored man as a social animal. Man as an organism which, in fact, has no objective reality, no meaning, unless seen in rela-

tionship to his culture, the political and economic structure of the society he lives in and so on.

This is not to say that writers have not touched on these aspects of humanity, but they have examined them only from the point of view of individual fulfilment, rather than the fulfilment of a culture, or a nation as a whole.

The question I will be asking, is, can this be the only role of literature? The self-fulfilment of the individual?

Can we not move in a new direction, reflecting that in which our political philosophy has moved . . . *The common interest before self.*

*Slow movement of Mendelssohn's violin concerto.*

HALDER (*takes a spade. To the audience*): In the morning of 'The Night of Broken Glass', I didn't have to go into the university . . . I went into the garden to dig the last of the potatoes. The air was sharp and all the scents of autumn were still fresh to me. Giving me the feeling I was in a different country . . .

This Jew operation tonight. It weighed on me . . . along with the food I couldn't digest properly . . . I enjoyed the duck . . . at the same time . . .

(*To himself*:) I am very happy. I love her. She loves me. I've got enough money. People recognise me for the brilliant man I am . . . Maurice came into the garden, playing Mendelssohn's violin concerto . . . (*To MAURICE*:) It's a very Jewish interpretation, Maurice . . . Of course . . . It's a Jewish concerto . . . That's true.

Listen . . . This Jewish operation tonight . . . If you try to look at it in perspective . . . Yes . . . Of course . . . It's not a good thing . . . For tonight . . . and next week . . . Coming down on a racial group like . . . Arresting

Jews . . . Breaking into their houses and synagogues . . . No doubt—I'll be honest with you Maurice—kicking in quite a number of Jews' teeth and balls . . . You know the roughnecks in the Party . . . Excesses are bound to happen . . .

I am not deluding myself . . . am I? Maurice? This is a regime in its childhood . . . It's social experiment in its earliest stages . . . You know what a child is like . . . Self-discipline isn't formed, yet a large element of unpredictability . . . It *could* be . . . if the Jews stayed here much longer . . . You see what I'm getting at . . . ? Some of the extreme elements in the regime, could get out of hand . . . Christ knows *what* they would do to the Jews next . . .

I see tonight . . . As a basically humane action . . . It's going to shock the Jews into the *reality* of their situation in Nazi Germany . . . Tomorrow morning . . . They'll be running for their lives out of the country.

. . . A sharp, sudden shock . . . that is going to make those who still delude themselves they can stay here in peace to face reality . . . and . . .

*The music stops.*

Keep out of it . . . As much as possible. You can do fuck all about it. Tonight . . . what can I do about it? All over the country, they'll be marching against the Jews.

It's a bad thing. No question about it.

Work it out . . . Me . . . If I *died*. That would worry me . . . The idea of being snuffed out . . . If I got *cancer*. That would worry me. Or if they stuck me in one of these concentration camps and one of Himmler's perverts got at

me . . . That worries me . . . If Anne stopped loving me and ran off with another man . . . that would worry me.

I've got a whole scale of things that could worry me . . . The Jews and their problems . . . Yes, they are on it . . . but very far down, for Christ's sake . . . Way down the scale. That's not so good, the Jews being so low down on my anxiety scale.

*Emotionally. Intellectually . . .*

As an intellectual concept it's fairly high as a moral problem . . . The thing is, I am fundamentally a happy person . . . That's what it is . . .

That's the problem. I'm a happy person . . . Absolutely . . .

HALDER'S MOTHER, *now in a state of senile dementia, is wheeled out in a wheelchair.*

We're growing marrows in the garden, mother. Dad loved marrows . . . Fried with sausage and onion. That time we went to Rugen . . . Remember that holiday house we had in Rugen . . .

Listen, I have had a complaint about you . . . From the sister . . . Climbing out of your bed in the middle of the night . . . What do you say, mother? . . . I can't make you out . . . (*At last understanding.*) You were going home . . . Yes . . . I understand you, mother . . . I heard you . . . You were going home . . .

BOK (*calling*): Herr Professor . . . It's Bok . . .

HALDER: I'm here . . . Out in the garden . . .

BOK: What a house you've got. A mansion. Look at the garden . . . Acres.

HALDER: Four acres.

BOK: You deserve it. I'm delighted for you. Do you know that? That you've got a good woman like Frau Halder . . . and a house like this.

HALDER: I've got some beer. Would you like some beer, chilled in the fridge?

BOK: They sent me up with orders for you. I've got them here. I wouldn't mind a cold beer.

HALDER (*to himself*): If they won't let me alone, they won't . . .

BOK: It's a big show tonight. You heard? The Jew cunts murdered Von Rath.

HALDER: Was he a friend of yours Bok?

BOK: I like that, that's to the point, isn't it . . . That's a wonderful thing about you Herr Professor. You can get it straight up the hole . . .

HALDER *gives him beer.*

. . . Who gives a shit for Von Rath. You're right. It's the idea of a Jew having the cheek to shoot a German.

HALDER: Your beer all right?

BOK: I've never had a garden . . . I thought about getting an allotment . . . Never got down to it . . .

HALDER (*reading the orders*): We move into action 3 p.m. this afternoon.

BOK: That's the orders. You should see the excitement in the university . . . The students are making banners . . . organising torches . . . Nobody's doing a stroke of work.

HALDER: I was looking for a peaceful day in the garden. I wish they'd get these bloody Jews out of their system. Why didn't they all get to hell out of here years ago, while they still had a chance.

BOK: Get the cunts out now, Professor.

HALDER: Would that make you really happy, Bok? When there is not a single Yid left in the universe?

BOK: *Me?*

HALDER: I'm talking about *you?* Would that make you really happy . . . Paradise . . . A Jew free world . . . ?

BOK: I'll put it to you this way.

Hitler, now . . . he comes up with this stuff about the Jews. He's thought about it, worked it out. The Jews are sucking the fucking lifeblood of the country . . .

Now . . . look at us . . . now . . . He's begun to shake the cunts out. Everybody's got jobs. Holidays . . . Couple of years time, and everybody'll have their own cars. Ordinary workers . . .

Some people used to say he doesn't know what the fuck he's talking about, Hitler . . . Just farts out of his mouth instead of his arsehole.

What do they know? He's delivered the goods, hasn't he? He knew what he was talking about all along.

Herr Professor . . . *You* didn't like living in a Jew Germany . . . Did you? Now . . . You walk about in the streets. And you feel it . . . You know this is *our* place now . . . Don't you? He's got us back our own country . . .

Look at *you*, if you don't mind me saying. You're laughing, now, Professor . . . You've taken over that Jew shit Mandelstam's job . . . big house . . . The whole university's back to a German university . . . You've got no complaints, what Hitler's done for you . . . have you?

HALDER (*to himself*): I am very happy . . .

I am . . .

EICHMANN: Basically, your usual, clear objective reports . . .

That's what we want from you, Halder . . . On leadership, morale . . . amenities . . . the general situation of the camps I've listed. I'll follow this up by a personal visit.

HALDER: This order, Over-Leader, to re-settle all the Jews by the end of the year . . .

EICHMANN: Sooner if possible . . .

HALDER: Since we're going to work closely together . . . and I am in the role of some kind of adviser . . . could I ask you how you feel about this direction of resources . . . personally . . . I'm thinking of us fighting the war on so many fronts . . . the desperate shortage of rolling stock for the offensive and so on . . . and redirecting so much of it to transporting Jews . . .

EICHMANN: Russia, we'll soon finish off . . . They're on their last legs, Halder . . . That'll be one front less . . . In any case . . . that's our orders . . .

HALDER: I was curious about the need for such urgency . . .

EICHMANN: Your point about fighting on so many fronts . . . All the more reason to keep the enemy within under tight control . . . You can see that can't you . . . From the question of security alone . . .

. . . You'll make the arrangements then . . . You'll need to base yourself in Berlin during your assignment with me . . .

HALDER: I'll make the arrangements . . . Yes . . .

EICHMANN: The leadership, of course, have ordered me that on no account are you to cut yourself totally off from your university . . . Some sabbatical is being arranged for you . . . But it is vital you are in Berlin within the next week . . . I look forward to us working together . . .

ANNE: Johnnie . . . Are you going to get changed, for God's sake . . . You've to report at three o'clock . . .

HALDER (*putting away his spade*): I'm coming.

ANNE: John . . . relax . . . All right, love?

HALDER: I had the picture in my mind, out there in the garden . . . Germany's been turned into one great prison . . . You don't think we should run away? It mightn't *be* too late . . .

ANNE: Too late for what? Run away where? Why do you have to make such a dramatic thing out of everything . . .

HALDER: No . . . Just sometimes I panic . . .

ANNE: I know . . . Now listen here, that's exactly what you are doing. You're panicking . . . Talking about prisons and running away . . . (*Aware of him for the moment in his underwear.*)

. . . Men look funny in their underwear, don't they?

HALDER: Do I?

Yes . . . I panic . . . Sometimes.

In the garden, after Bok went off. I had this wave of panic and guilt . . . I'd destroyed your whole life.

ANNE: How have you done that? If it is destroyed . . . The words you use, love! If it is, I did it myself. It was *my* choice. You . . . I wish you hadn't a wife and other children that keep pulling you from me . . . But you have. I love you. It would've been easier if I loved somebody without all these weights on them . . . But I love *you*.

(*Helping him on with his S.S. uniform:*) What exactly are you going to do tonight? Think about it . . . You're going out on a police action. That's all. You're not going to *shoot* Jews . . . do any violence to them. Your orders are to keep things under control. Stop people burning down Frankfurt . . . That's *all*, for God's sake . . . Just try and think calmly what you are really doing . . .

HALDER: I am. You've got a good logical mind. That's good. You're right.

ANNE: Somebody in the family needs to have one.

Are you going to stop beating your breast now about things you don't *need* to beat your breast about? You've got plenty of *real* things to feel guilty about.

HALDER: You're right. What real things? . . .

ANNE: In any case, for God's sake . . . If I was Jewish I'd have got out of here *years* back . . . The first year Hitler was in power . . . Any Jew with sense is out by now. The ones that are left must be utterly stupid or desperate to hang on to their property . . . What are they doing staying in Germany?

HALDER: Listen. You're so clever. You're right. Everything you say is so logical and true.

ANNE: You look lovely in that uniform. I think Elisabeth is after you. Do you know that?

HALDER (*fastening his holster belt*): So we won't run away, then? To California.

ANNE: All right. We'll run away. I'll pack, and you can 'phone your children and tell them you'll write to them every week.

HALDER: I'd better go.

ANNE (*putting his cap on*): Is the revolver loaded?

HALDER: I *think* so.

ANNE: I'll see you when I see you, love.

HALDER: I love you.

ANNE: I love you . . . And no *prisons* or yawning chasms in front of you . . .

HALDER: God, I love you sweetheart . . .

ANNE: I know you do . . .

EICHMANN: What do we do with them, Halder? The sick and the diseased . . . The volume of Jews and anti-socials flooding into the camps . . .

HALDER: I see . . . Yes . . . We're talking about the sick and diseased . . .

EICHMANN: The Reich Leader has been into this personally . . . It is coming from him . . . We need a centre in the east to carry out these actions that are now necessary . . .

HALDER: We are concerned particularly, of course, with the highly infectious diseases . . . Typhoid . . .

EICHMANN: Halder, we're at war. Surrounded by enemies. How can anyone expect us to bear the burden of millions

of diseased, anti-socials, sucking the blood and strength of the country . . .

HALDER: I'm looking at the map. I see . . . Because of the railway?

EICHMANN: It's a logical centre . . . We have psychologists and medical doctors and other specialists looking into this. But you are one of us, John . . .

I need a report I can trust . . . An evaluation of the recommendations for the processing of the diseased and the unfit . . . We're not monsters, for God's sake . . . The order's out. It has to be obeyed . . .

I am in total agreement with it, in any case. But I want the same human, without sentimentality approach that seems to be your particular strength . . .

Understood, then?

HALDER: I'll be on the train for Silesia tonight.

EICHMANN: Total and absolute top secret.

I agree, by the way, totally with your report on the accidents in the east. The procedure is not to be even considered. On grounds of humanity, among other things.

I want any evidence you might find there, too, of unnecessary cruelty . . . indulgence in sadistic behaviour . . . Apart from anything else, these things have a disastrous effect on the general level of discipline . . .

HALDER: I'll make a full report.

EICHMANN: Directly to me. No copies, Halder!

HALDER: Maurice came to me. With the Frankfurt Jewish Male Voice Choir (singing 'Jesu Joy of Man's Desiring').

He had disappeared months ago. I don't know where to. One day he stopped meeting me in the park. But he came to me that night. Through the smoke of the burning buildings.

MAURICE: The flames are aesthetic. Never seen Frankfurt look more like the set of 'Götterdämmerung' at Bayreuth.

HALDER (*to the audience*): It was five o'clock in the morning and they were still at it. I was dizzy with the smoke and the violence was getting to my nerves.

We were sitting on a scrap of wasteland. Although it was November, there were still flowers growing through the cracks in the concrete.

(*To MAURICE:*) Maurice . . . It's just come to me . . . Our whole approach has been superficial and simplistic . . . The Jews the Victims—the Nazis the Persecutors . . . We've reduced the whole complex situation to this stock, simplistic construct. (*MAURICE takes this in.*) What do you think, Maurice?

MAURICE: I'm trying to take it in, Johnnie. The effect seems simple enough . . . They mow me down with machine guns, cut off my balls, rape my wife . . . no . . . I take that back . . . Most of the cunts couldn't rape a fucking sparrow.

HALDER: What we are doing, Maurice . . . listen to this . . . is we are allowing ourselves to be trapped by obvious, stock responses . . . Instead of daring to confront ourselves with reality maybe, Maurice, maybe . . . It's the Jews' fault . . . They are responsible for pushing Germany into this Jewish, moralistic, humanistic, Marxist total fuck up . . .

MAURICE *goes back to his choir.*

Maurice . . . I'm trying to communicate deep and profound truths with you . . . Will you stop conducting that choir . . . What is the Frankfurt Jewish Male Voice Choir doing singing about Jesus, anyway . . .

MAURICE: It's reformed. Converted . . .

HALDER: No. I withdraw the word 'profound'. I accept that. Profundity has nothing to do with human beings . . . Whenever you imagine yourself soaring to profundity, remember the total banality of your existence and vision.

MAURICE: That's true. That's a profound statement, Johnnie . . .

HALDER (*watching the flames*): You think we might be having a nervous breakdown. The whole thing is a national nervous breakdown?

MAURICE: It's standard process. Evolution, isn't it? Animals go as far along the line of development as they can. And that's it. They become too big or too heavy . . . or too specialised . . . and they go extinct . . . Don't worry about it . . .

HALDER: I don't accept that . . .

MAURICE: All right. Don't accept it. Please yourself.

HALDER: Maurice. We have to accept the consequences of your Jewish Humanism . . . The time's past for covering it up with pseudo-scientific smokescreens . . . I'm not blaming you . . . I forgive you, Maurice.

MAURICE: What's he saying? What is this shithead talking about? It's my fault, his fucking machine guns mowed me down?

HALDER: I'm talking about objective moral truth, Maurice.

What is an Objective Moral Truth? I'm not being profound, Maurice . . . I'm just coming to grips with reality . . . What has happened, is we have confused subjective fantasy concepts like good, bad, right, wrong, human, inhuman . . . as objective, immutable laws of the universe.

Jews are bad, Germans are good . . . Like a stone falls to the ground . . . It is a moral act to get rid of the Jews. It's an immoral act . . . That's the kind of clouded, subjective thinking parading as objective truth that has totally disorientated the world and led us into this violence and chaos . . . There's something there, Maurice . . . Do you think there's something there?

MAURICE: I'm confused . . . What are you saying! It's a good thing to have your balls cut off . . . It's a beautiful, uplifting experience being mowed down by machine guns . . . Johnnie, I'm confused . . .

HALDER: It's what is happening. That is what human beings do . . . What happens. How the world is. Not what Jesus or Lenin or Moses or all the Jewish moralists would like it to be. How it is . . . If we could work on that basis of accepting the world *as it is* . . . What do you think?

MAURICE: People fuck other people's wives, Johnnie . . . That's the world *as it is*. How does that fit in with your new approach, Boychical?

HALDER: That's true . . . That's an important point . . . I don't like that . . . The idea of somebody stealing Anne . . . That's not good, Maurice. You're right . . .

MAURICE: Listen. Don't worry about it . . . It's too complicated. There's too many people in the world to cope with . . . With too many problems.

HALDER: Coping with all these *people*, Maurice.

MAURICE: Two's difficult . . . Three's getting too many . . .  
Ten for a Minyan's impossible . . .

HALDER: Listen . . . You're probably right, Maurice . . .  
The way things are going . . . That should be the end of  
us . . . You're right . . . I can't see people lasting much  
longer on this earth . . .

MAURICE: Best thing. A finish to people torturing the earth.  
I'm telling you. Who needs us?

Look at that—what is it? Ragwort?—Dandelion? Push-  
ing its way through solid concrete.

MAURICE: Through a crack.

HALDER: That's right. It couldn't push it's way through con-  
crete.

MAURICE: Concrete rots in the end. It can wait.

HALDER: It can wait. Plants are in no hurry.

MAURICE: John my friend, let's go home.

HALDER: You know what I could do with? A good thick slice  
of ham . . . two eggs . . . black bread and butter . . . hot  
mug of coffee . . . and seeing Anne . . . could do with  
my arms round Anne more than anything else just now.

MAURICE: Let it all burn. Don't want to drag out the end too  
long.

HALDER (*bending to the flower*): So don't worry, ragwort or  
whatever you are . . . Won't be long, now . . . You'll  
soon have it all to yourself.

(*To MAURICE as they go:*) Nice flower that, Maurice.

*They walk towards ANNE, waiting for them. ANNE goes to  
HALDER with his greatcoat . . . helps him on with it.*

ANNE: We're mad. Some couples are separated for years . . .

HALDER: I know.

ANNE: I've never heard of Auschwitz.

HALDER: In Upper Silesia . . .

ANNE: Yes, you told me . . .

HALDER: I should be back in a week or so . . . Two at the  
most . . . I'll 'phone you every day, if I can.

ANNE: There is something wrong with us . . . The way we  
can't stand being separated . . .

HALDER: I know . . .

ANNE: Are you all right, now, love?

HALDER: I'm fine . . .

ANNE: John . . . listen to me . . . Whatever happens . . .  
round us . . . However we get pushed . . . I know we're  
good people . . . both of us . . . It just isn't what's hap-  
pened . . . You destroyed me . . . Pulled me down . . .  
It isn't . . . It's the other way round . . . You've pulled  
me up . . . I've done the same for you . . . From the first  
time we came together . . .

HALDER: Yes . . . We probably are . . . *good* . . . Yes . . .  
Whatever that means . . .

ANNE: You know what it means.

HALDER: Yes . . .

ANNE: *Remember* it then.

HALDER (*to the audience*): I got into Auschwitz early in the  
morning. It was an ordinary dirty industrial town. Big  
station. Munition trains . . . sparrows on the platform

poking at microscopic crumbs on the concrete. People going about their work. Like a normal town.

I was sitting on the platform, feeling insecure like I always feel away from home . . . absolutely longing for Anne and the children . . . the comfort of her hand in mine.

I'd taken out a book, while I was waiting for a car from the camp to pick me up. A German translation of *Don Quixote* . . . I could only read escapist literature like that in these days . . .

ANNE: Remember it, then. And remember that I love you. And you love me . . . and we'll always love one another . . . Will you remember that . . .

HALDER (*kissing her eyelids*): I'll remember that.

*Music: Schubert march.*

(*To the audience:*) When we arrived at the camp, Höss, the Commandant, was waiting at the gate for me.

HÖSS *comes forward.*

(*To the audience as he shakes hands with Höss:*) Funny man . . . Poor soul . . . Something *wrong* with him. I was trying to work out what exactly it was, all the time he was welcoming me . . .

HÖSS: That's very kind. Reich Leader Eichmann sending his regards. Of course, please convey mine to him. My very kindest regards.

HALDER (*to the audience*): He showed no emotion. That was it. Might have been some mental condition. On the other hand, just stress . . . The poor bastard had a hell of a job . . . He did make a supreme effort and *smiled*.

The funny thing was . . . I heard this band. Playing a Schubert march. 'Oh,' I registered to myself. 'We're having Schubert, now.'

. . . Then I became aware that there was in fact a group of prisoners . . . maybe in my honour. I'm not sure . . . The important thing was . . . The significant thing: the band was *real*.

*Up band . . . HALDER watching them . . .*

. . . The band was *real!*

*Up music.*

## APPENDIX

Year	Month	Day	Time	Place	Remarks
1881	Jan	1	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis
1881	Jan	2	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis
1881	Jan	3	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis
1881	Jan	4	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis
1881	Jan	5	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis
1881	Jan	6	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis
1881	Jan	7	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis
1881	Jan	8	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis
1881	Jan	9	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis
1881	Jan	10	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis
1881	Jan	11	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis
1881	Jan	12	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis
1881	Jan	13	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis
1881	Jan	14	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis
1881	Jan	15	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis
1881	Jan	16	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis
1881	Jan	17	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis
1881	Jan	18	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis
1881	Jan	19	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis
1881	Jan	20	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis
1881	Jan	21	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis
1881	Jan	22	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis
1881	Jan	23	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis
1881	Jan	24	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis
1881	Jan	25	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis
1881	Jan	26	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis
1881	Jan	27	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis
1881	Jan	28	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis
1881	Jan	29	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis
1881	Jan	30	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis
1881	Jan	31	10:00	St. Louis	Left for St. Louis

## Appendix

The music for the original production included excerpts from the following:

<b>Title</b>	<b>Composer</b>	<b>Publisher</b>
<b>ACT ONE</b>		
'No Other Love' ( 'Du bist mein Stern' )	Music: Eisemann Mihaly Words: Pam Smalley	Peter Maurice Music Ltd.
'Night in Monte Carlo'	Werner R. Heymann	Copyright unknown
'I'm Always Chasing Rainbows'	Words: Joseph McCarthy Music: Harry Carroll	Francis Day & Hunter. ( Robins Music ) EMI.
'September Song'	Words: Maxwell Anderson Music: Kurt Weill	Chappell & Co.
'Star of Eve'	Wagner	
'You Are My Heart's Delight'	Words: Harry Graham Music: Franz Lehar	Chappell & Co.

Title	Composer	Publisher
<b>ACT ONE</b> continued		
'Falling in Love Again'	Friedrich Holländer	Campbell Connelly & Co. Ltd.
'Bavarian Mt. Band'	George Fenton	
'Jewish Wedding Song'	Trad.	
'Drinking Song' (from <i>The Student Prince</i> .)	Words: Dorothy Donnelly Music: Sigmund Romberg	Chappell & Co.
<b>ACT TWO</b>		
'Monte Carlo'	as above	
'Lohengrin' ( <i>Prelude Act Three</i> )	Wagner	
'I'm Always Chasing Rainbows'	as above	
'Ständchen' ('Serenade')	Schubert	
'Symphony No. 6'	Beethoven	
'Tannhäuser' (Pilgrims)	Wagner	
'My Blue Heaven'	Words: George Whiting Music: Walter Donaldson	Francis Day & Hunter

Title	Composer	Publisher
<b>ACT TWO</b> continued		
'Violin Concerto'	Mendelssohn	
'Lohengrin'	Wagner	
'Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring'	Bach	
'March Militaire'	Schubert	
'Carolina in the Morning'		
'My Very Good Friend the Milkman, Said'		

**O Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring**

Jesu, joy of man's desiring,  
 Holy wisdom, love most bright,  
 Drawn by thee, our souls aspiring,  
 Soar to uncreated light.

Word of God our flesh that fashion'd  
 With the fire of life impassion'd  
 Striving still to truth unknown,  
 Soaring, dying, round Thy throne.

**Drinking Song**

Drink! Drink! Drink!  
 To eyes that are bright as stars when they're shining on me!  
 Drink! Drink! Drink!  
 To lips that are red and sweet as the fruit on the tree!

Here's a hope that those bright eyes will shine  
 Lovingly, longingly, soon into mine!  
 May those lips that are red and sweet,  
 Tonight with joy my own lips meet!

Drink! Drink! Let the toast start!  
 May young hearts never part!  
 Drink! Drink! Drink!  
 Let ev'ry true lover salute his sweetheart!  
 Let's drink!

Drink! Drink! Drink!  
 To arms that are white and warm as a rose in the sun!  
 Drink! Drink! Drink!  
 To hearts that will love one, only when I am the one!

Here's a hope that those soft arms will twine  
 Tenderly, trustingly, soon around mine!  
 May she give me a priceless boon:  
 Her love beneath the sweet May moon!

Drink! Drink! Let the toast start!  
 May young hearts never part!  
 Drink! Drink! Drink!  
 Let ev'ry true lover salute his sweetheart!  
 Let's drink!