



# *The Elves*

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drama by Christian Lanciai (2009)

*the characters (in order of appearance):*

John  
Lucy  
Vincent  
Bruce  
Greg  
Professor Smith  
Lydia Laing  
a masked phantom  
Arthur Koestler  
Lev Borisovich Kamenev  
Grigory Yevseyevich Apfelbaum Sinoviev  
A prison guard  
A waiter  
A customer at the bar  
Admiral Wilhelm Canaris  
Rudolf Hess  
Adolf Hitler  
Doctor Sigmund Freud  
Stefan Zweig  
Carl Gustav Jung  
Georg Ivanovich Gurdieff  
Pope Pius XII  
President Franklin D. Roosevelt  
A German colonel  
a Gestapo interrogator  
General Ludwig Beck  
Mayor Karl Goerdeler  
Bishop Clemens August von Galen  
Field marshal Erwin Rommel  
Raoul Wallenberg  
Colonel Claus von Stauffenberg  
Jean and Pascal, French resistance fighters

Other resistance fighters, Gestapo policemen, militaries etc.

The action takes place before and during the second world war  
in England, France, Germany and Italy.

According to an ancient Celtic and Nordic belief, people who died in a wrong way  
turned into elves. The notion is still extant subconsciously for example in the  
expression "elf-maker", a midwife performing abortions.

– C. G. Jung

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Act I scene 1. In the pub.

*John* Why do you think he wants to see us?

*Lucy* I suppose we shall learn that tonight.

*Vincent* What do we actually know about our professor? And why has he always  
shown a particular interest in us?

*Bruce* Try to figure that out for yourself, Vincent. We are after all not just like  
any other students.

*Greg* Honestly speaking, I always felt a little embarrassed that the shadiest  
professor at Cambridge had a particularly favourable view of us. No one enjoys  
feeling chosen when he is not allowed to know what he is chosen for.

*Lucy* Perhaps we shall know that tonight.

*Greg* I join Vincent's critical attitude. What do we really know about him?  
Does anyone know anything about that weird professor?

*Bruce* He appears to already as a child having made himself known for  
alleging that he was in touch with elves.

*Stanley* Wasn't that what Conan Doyle exposed as a perfect fraud?

*Bruce* No, it was something else. In the case of the professor no scam could be  
found.

*Greg* That only makes him more weird.

*John* What more do you know about it? Would you really affirm that he was  
in touch with elves?

*Bruce* I tried to penetrate deeper into the matter. He claimed definitely that he  
was in touch with elves, experts and psychiatrists were called upon to make the boy  
retract his absurd claims and make him understand that it wasn't sound and healthy  
to imagine things, but the boy refused to retract anything. He could not be  
converted from his fancies.

*Vincent* So what was the result?

*Bruce* Since the boy was so cocksure about his talent and insight into the world of the elves, they even tried to use expert photographers to make efforts to catch them on photos in order to get any evidence to prove that the boy's fancies actually could be true, if possible, and pictures were taken, but these disappeared mysteriously without any trace like also the photographer.

*Greg* And such a weirdo still gets to become a professor?

*John* As a professor he was always impeccable. He has managed his work perfectly through all the years, and it is more than thirty now.

*Lucy* There were always strange rumours about him. Some have been whispering about his being in touch with intelligence.

*John* Winston Churchill to be precise, a powerless opposition politician without any influence and a decadent star after many failures. History will never be able to forget or forgive his disastrous Gallipoli failure in the Great War.

*Bruce* It could have been successful if his orders had been obeyed and they had shown more endurance. As it was the invasion enterprise was interrupted after two destroyers had been sunk. They got scared and fled.

*Greg* Are you defending him?

*Bruce* There was nothing wrong with his plan. It could have shortened the war by several years and dispose of Turkey already from the beginning. He was unlucky. It didn't work out as planned.

*Greg* But what's our professor's business with him? The professor was never political, or was he?

*John* That's what we know nothing about.

*Lucy* Perhaps we shall get to know something tonight.

*Greg* But honestly speaking, why do you think he has chosen us? What do we have in common?

*John* We are brilliant students with intellectual sharpness and an exceptional talent for languages.

*Bruce* We hardly have anything else in common.

*Greg* No common political interests or sympathies?

*Vincent* Personally I would like to go down to Spain to drive a lance for the republicans.

*Greg* And Bruce has been with the Bolsheviks in Russia.

*Lucy* I have connections in France, but they are anything but political.

*Bruce* And you, John, are initiated in German culture and speak fluent German.

*John* I hate the Nazis.

*Lucy* Who doesn't?

*Greg* That's perhaps just what we all do, and another one who does is Winston Churchill.

*John* Yes, that could be our common denominator to our professor.

*Lucy* I know something else.

*Bruce* Well?

*Lucy* Except for us he has also made sure that Lydia Laing is coming.

*Vincent* Lydia Laing? The blind parapsychologist?

*Bruce* Who wants anything to do with her?

*Lucy* The professor.

*Greg* Then it really could amount to something interesting.

*Bruce* I think we had better strengthen ourselves with another beer, just for our security. What do you say, colleagues?

*Vincent* By all means. I could always have another.

*Greg* You are right. I think we'll need it.

*Bruce* After all, we can't face that professor all too sober.

*Lucy* It has been said about him, that although he never drinks, he is never sober.

*Bruce* Yes, that fits his very special character.

*John* Anyway, I don't think he will have any unpleasant surprises for us. Rather the contrary.

*Lucy* Perhaps it will introduce us to our life's adventure.

*Vincent* Yes, you never can tell when Lydia Laing is involved.

*Greg* I just hope he will not tempt us into any spiritistic adventures.

*Bruce* That epoch died with Conan Doyle, Greg, who by the way not even succeeded in seeing through the imagined spiritual world.

*Vincent* If it really was imagined.

*John* That's what no one ever managed to find out, like whether the elves exist or not, like the professor's real career and science.

*Lucy* I expect he will just have some special interesting proposition to offer us.

*Bruce* As guinea pigs?

*John* At best.

*Bruce* And at worst?

*(John can't answer.)*

*Vincent* How about the beer, fellows?

*(They get their beer and continue poculating.)*

Scene 2. At home at professor Smith's. A typical professor's home with an open fireplace and a large library, with a warm and cozy atmosphere.

*Smith* Welcome, my friends. Have a seat. I am glad you all could come.

*Bruce* What is it really all about, professor? You make it sound so intriguing, as if it concerned matters of universal importance.

*Smith* By your sharp intuition you haven't reached far from the truth, Bruce.

*John* Surely you are not going to get us involved in anything political, professor?

*Smith* On the contrary, my friend, on the contrary. It is more about disposing of politics altogether, for everything political today is seriously ill.

*Vincent* You are most welcome to explain yourself, professor.

*Smith* I fully understand your eagerness for that. How far have you reached in your guesses? What do you think I have asked you here for, and particularly *you* of all people?

*Bruce* That's exactly what we have beaten our brains to madness about.

*Smith* Relax, my friends. I recommend that you all make yourselves a drink, of whatever you may choose. My bar should be able to provide anything.

*Bruce* Then I will not decline an instant whisky.

*Smith* How are your Moscow contacts, Bruce? Are you still on intimate terms with that Sinoviev?

*Bruce* Thank you, as far as I know, he is all right. We have no differences.

*Smith* And you, Vincent, do you still have the ambition to go down to Spain to make sure the republicans will prevail?

*Vincent* To the highest degree.

*Smith* And you, John, how are your friends in Berlin?

*John* I also wonder about that. In these days you never know from one day to another who is still alive and still available.

*Smith* That's what I mean. And you, Lucy, aren't you longing back for Paris?

*Lucy* I hope to be able to move there as soon as I am ready with my exam.

*Smith* It might get more difficult than you think. And you, Greg, how is your friend Arthur Koestler?

*Greg* He is working his head off like all other journalists on the continent who have a difficult time and are aware of where we are heading.

*Smith* And where are we heading?

*Greg* Straight to hell.

*Smith* And that is why I have asked you here. We are just waiting for the most important of all: Lydia Laing. She should have come already.

*Lucy* The weather is bad outside. Perhaps she has encountered transport problems. *(the doorbell)*

*Smith* That's her, like by order. Then we are all here.

*Greg (has rushed up to open for Lydia, who enters, a small blind creature with a cane)*

Welcome, Lydia. We beg your pardon for the weather.

*Lydia* That wasn't your fault. I am to apologise for being so outrageously late.

*John (has hurried up and shakes hands with her)* You if anyone had an excuse for being late in this weather, Lydia.

*Lydia* Is that John?

*John* Yes.

*Lydia* Who else is here?

*Bruce* I am here, your own Bruce, always ready to assist you. *(greets her)*

*Lydia* Thank you, Bruce.

*Lucy* You know me since of old.

*Lydia* How nice to have you here, Lucy.

*Vincent* We haven't seen each other much, but I know who you are. I am Vincent.

*Lydia* Yes, you are the Latin master.

*Vincent* Yes.

*Lydia* Then I seem to have met everyone. Is there anyone else?

*Smith* Only me, Lydia.

*Lydia* Yes, you are the convoker, professor. I still don't have the slightest idea why you have called me here together with all these strangers.

*Bruce* None of us has, Lydia.

*Lucy* We are all in the same boat, and that seems to be our only common denominator.

*Smith* Still you are the one, Lydia, who if anyone should understand the connection.

*Lydia* Not this time. Even one blind has difficulties in getting what's self-evident, if it is too obvious.

*Smith* It's not obvious at all. But you all have that in common that you are aware of the peril that's threatening the peace in Europe and more.

*John* The Nazis?

*Smith* If only they were alone! Unfortunately they have company in the Bolsheviks of Russia and the Fascists not just in Italy and Spain. All these dictatorships support and boost each other in the suppression of human values for the sake of their own autocratic greed and egoism.

*Bruce* The communists of Russia are not unilateral egoists.

*Smith* Yes, Stalin is, like Hitler and Mussolini.

*Greg* And what can *we* do about it?

*Smith* Everything, my friends, for you are gifted and feel responsibility. Or else you wouldn't be that engaged in the crisis of democracy in Spain, the situation of the Jews in Germany and the increasing oppression in Russia. You know what is happening and are therefore engaged and prepared to realize your engagement in practice. You are also multi-lingual, you speak fluent Russian, Bruce, like you, John, speak fluent German. Lucy could be taken for a French woman, and Vincent masters both Spanish and Italian. In addition to that you understand foreign people's mentalities and can consequently feel empathy for them, which is the most important of all, not least for the Jews, Greg, although you are not a Jew yourself.

*Vincent* And what is your business with our talents and engagements?

*Smith* Your question is quite justified, Vincent, and I waited all the time for someone among you to demand an explanation of me. I owe you an explanation, and that explanation is rather simple. I am getting old, and I can no longer be active at large as I could in the old days of the Great War and the twenties, but I still have my contacts and my antennae abroad, which constantly vibrate and feel what is happening which fills me with misgivings and alarm. That is why I have convoked you. I know that you can save the world, when I no longer will be able to.

*Greg* What do you ask us to do?

*Smith* One who shares my misgivings and worries is the minister in constant adversity, Winston Churchill. He has practically the entire government against him,

despite the fact that he is right. He is the only one in the government who knows exactly what is happening in Germany. Hitler is cooking up a new world war, as if the Great War wasn't enough. And we know that he intends to start it in Spain, which is designed for a kind of field of practice for fascist warfare. You are a brave man who wants to go there, Vincent. At best the war and the dictatorships could already be definitely checked there.

*Vincent* Tell me what to do to stop them, and I will do it.

*Smith* That's the spirit, Vincent, but you can't make it alone. That's why I want you to always keep in touch with your friends around you here. I want you from this day on to be united in an indissoluble trust for the safeguarding and salvation of the world. But I am a bit rushing ahead of the development.

*Lydia* And why have you asked a poor blind invalid here to this group of world redeemers?

*Smith* Because, Lydia, you might be the most important link in the chain. You can feel and see and sense what no one else can. I know that you like myself in my childhood and youth felt and practically were in touch with the elves. Maybe you are still. In any case, you know what the invisible dimensions are all about and how the so called spiritual world works, since you are in constant touch with it.

*Bruce* Are you a spiritualist, Lydia? I did not know that.

*Lydia* Not at all. I am just oversensitive. They say I am paranoid.

*Smith* There are two kinds of paranoia. One is imagined and the other is real. We are here only interested in the other, which isn't paranoia at all but only oversensitivity. You know and feel dangers, Lydia, before they become real. You warned about Nazism before it came into power and before it was even known outside Germany. You know all that is going on behind the curtains of the world order, for you feel it.

*Lydia* Don't think that I wanted it so. I did nothing to deserve it. It's my blindness that has resulted in some extra sharpened sixth senses. That is all.

*Smith* And that's what we are in need of. Take Lydia with you to Paris, Lucy. She needs some change and to get out into the world, and Paris is the capital of the continent. You, Vincent, should accompany them to then be able to operate down to Spain.

*Vincent* You still haven't explained what you really want with us.

*Smith* I am myself losing my sight, Vincent. My sight is declining almost day by day. That's how I got into contact with Lydia, who gave me some advice to what other senses I could develop instead, which roused my attention to her formidable unexploited resources and talents. During the Great War and the years that followed I was almost maniacally active in our intelligence mainly as coordinator in the shaping of all the new democracies of Europe, especially Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Austria. I organized a network of contacts for maintaining the democratic order of Europe, which now is being annihilated by Nazis and Fascists, and there is not much I can do any longer about it.



*John* We are no politicians, professor. And none of us did ever have anything to do with intelligence.

*Smith* And that's precisely your great advantage. You are free. No one suspects you. And you have the right sensitivity and consciousness of what is right and what should be done. Therefore you can do it.

*Greg* Do what?

*Smith* Avert a second world war.

*(A moment of devout silence to the professor's formidable words.)*

*Bruce* How serious is it? As far as I have understood the situation, no one wants anything but peace.

*Smith* The problem is, that all sensible people only want peace, but unfortunately some less sensible people have attained power lately in different parts of Europe, like Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin. A powerful man with limited sense will always sooner or later make war, when he finds that to be the only way out from the blind alley of his power madness.

*John* And how can we stop them?

*Lydia* The elves will help you.

*Bruce* What elves?

*Lydia* Stupid question.

*Vincent* Are you seeing elves, Lydia?

*Lydia* Yes, I see them, for I am blind, and they are my eyes.

*Bruce* Can you give a closer explanation and define their essence of being to us?

*Greg* Don't be ironic, Bruce. It is unnecessary and stupid to be malicious.

*Lydia* Who doesn't understand them by himself could never have them understandably explained to him, but those who know them need no explanation.

*John* That's an explanation as good as any.

*Greg* But what do you really mean, Lydia?

*Lydia* Exactly what I say and nothing else. The elves will help you.

*Vincent* To save the world?

*Smith* If I understand it right, what she means is, that since Lydia claims to be in intimate touch with the elves, she will by this contact be able to help you with whatever idealistic enterprises you embark on.

*Lucy* Are you coming with me to Paris, Lydia?

*Lydia* Gladly.

*Bruce* Vincent will be a good protector for you, as a chaperon to an attractive adventuress and companion for a blind medium.

*Lucy* We will have great fun in Paris, Lydia. You don't have to see it to feel it.

*Lydia* I know. I am not afraid.

*Vincent* I will help you having fun until I go to Spain.

*Lucy* Then we are three. Any more who wants to join?

*John* I must go to Berlin.

*Greg* I have to go to Rome, but I will visit you in Paris occasionally. My friend Koestler is quite frequently there.

*Lucy* Then we are four, maybe five.

*Bruce* I must sooner or later back to Moscow. Paris is unfortunately not on the way.

*John* Back to the core of the issue. You still haven't told us what you really expect of us, professor.

*Smith* I think we have found the right way already. More is hardly needed. The elves are already leading you.

*Bruce* Thanks to the devil.

*Greg* Bruce!

*Lydia* It doesn't matter. He is only joking.

*Bruce* Thanks for that. I am sure we will get on well with your elves, Lydia.

*Smith* I think so too.

*John* But what does Mr Churchill really say and mean? Is there anything I should know, since I am going to Berlin?

*Smith* John, I will give you some important contacts. Do you know about Dennis Wheatley?

*John* The author of adventures?

*Bruce* And a colleague of Alistair Crowley, a notorious occultist.

*Smith* Churchill consults Wheatley but not Crowley, who is just a clown and charlatan, while Wheatley's knowledge of secret societies on the continent, their intrigues, ambitions and mentalities could be valuable indeed. Another of Churchill's contacts is Bruce Lockhart.

*Bruce* The one who sacrificed Reilly in Moscow?

*Smith* No, on the contrary, Lockhart did do all he could to save him, and Lockhart knows Sinoviev.

*Bruce* I am the one who should have Lockhart for a contact and not John.

*Smith* Lockhart is not in Russia any more. He is mostly active in Berlin and Prague.

*John* I think I have met him once.

*Bruce* But what is really your aim, professor, and are you really serious? You boast about your contact with a drunken member of Parliament and a ditched minister who manufactured the greatest military disaster of the Great War at Gallipoli, and now you advance the fallen minister's shady contacts like occult writers of adventure tales and weirdos as of vital importance to the world's political future, while you impose on us a blind spiritual gazer who believes in elves and who is to accompany us on our journeys and adventures to protect us. How can you expect us to take you seriously, professor?

*John* Don't mind him, professor. He has already had too much to drink of your finest whisky. But let me ask you: what dangers do you actually see? What is threatening us? And what is Lydia seeing that we don't?

*Smith* The danger, my friend, is that the Nazis led by Hitler will not shy to any means to take revenge on the entire world for their defeat in the last war. They are the worst losers in the world and only for that intend to do the same thing all over again just to lose once more. At least that's what is written in their program, and

Hitler intends to use all means to carry it through by force. He has launched the greatest weapon industry in the world with a vengeance only to rearm Germany for war. Churchill keeps painstakingly informed of what the man secretly is busy with, since he locates the weapon industry in camouflaged factories pretending to be civil. Everything Hitler does is by calculation. He is of unsound mind and has to be stopped, and he even uses occult knowledge for destructive purposes. He has obliterated all the progress and gains of science from the age of enlightenment to instead re-establish witchcraft, black magic and demonolatry.

*Bruce* The more reason not to take him seriously.

*Smith* He has gone as far as to search for the spear of Longinus, that legendary spear, you know, that is said to have proved that Jesus was still alive when he had died on the cross, and to send secret agents to Tibet to learn from the secret occult knowledge of the Tibetans. Hitler is bent on taking over the world as a dictator and will not desist until he has succeeded or failed, and he will not care a damn about how many victims his effort will claim on the way. He appears to have said, that for the loss of ten million casualties in the last war, he will require at least the double amount of casualties from the rest of the world for his revenge.

*John* And against such a mad tyrant you want to send us, an innocent group of idealistic students with a blind authority on elves for a leader?

*Smith (serious)* Against black magic the only remedy is white magic.

*Bruce* Are you living in the middle ages, Sir?

*Smith* No, Bruce, but I and all others who are aware are anxious to prevent us from sinking back into the middle ages, which darkness a man like Hitler wishes to impose on all of us.

*Vincent* I can only say, that we are prepared to do our best, and personally I intend to start in Spain.

*Bruce* I think the Bolsheviks of Moscow could still be turned into a democratic direction. That's why I will go there.

*John* I can't do anything about the situation in Berlin, but I can cultivate my contacts there and keep myself informed by secure sources. There have already been some assassination attempts against Hitler, and there will certainly be some more.

*Smith* Excellent, John.

*Greg* If the Jews of Germany really get hard pressed, foreign secretary Balfour already promised them a land of their own in Palestine twenty years ago. More than I are eager to make sure that was not an empty promise.

*Lucy* From the continental heart of Paris I could coordinate the different activities of our gang of spies.

*Lydia* And when I sense any danger I could instantly issue warnings.

*Smith* That's the very function, Lydia, that could be the most important of all, which is why I selected you for this activity as perhaps the most important link of all.

*Lydia* You could always rely on me, professor.

*Smith* Any more questions?

*(A general silence of consideration.)*

*Bruce* We are all too profoundly affected by these breakneck adventurous prospects to even be able to breathe any protest, professor.

*Smith* That sounds good, Bruce. Anyone else? (*looks questioningly around. No one has anything more to say.*) Then I suggest, my friends, that you all have another drink. You may need that indeed in view of everything that is ahead of you.

(*Bruce immediately provides himself with more whisky. The others follow his example with different drinks, and the general mood gets more cordial and relaxed.*)

*Lydia* (*whispers something to Lucy*)

*Lucy* (*answers*) Of course, Lydia. (*turns to the company*) Lydia wants to go home and has asked me to accompany her. She easily gets so exhausted by social strain. Will you excuse us?

*Vincent* Of course, Lucy! May I come along?

*Lucy* Of course. We do have common interests in Paris.

*Lydia* Thank you, professor, for your confidence without reservations. We will not let you down.

*Lucy* We are sorry that we have to break it up and miss the rest of the evening.

*Greg* We will probably all go home soon anyway.

*Bruce* Escort the ladies nicely, Vincent.

*Vincent* I will do my best.

*Bruce* (*more to himself*) I trust you will. Lucy is after all some beauty.

(*The professor sees the ladies and Vincent out. The others remain poculating in the meantime.*)

*Bruce* What do you really think? Are we exposed to a practical joke or a deceit that the professor first of all has fallen to?

*John* Ask him.

*Greg* (*when the professor returns*) Professor, Bruce has another question for you.

*Smith* Good. I was hoping for that.

*Bruce* There has mostly been talks about elves all evening. Since you have been responsible, professor, we would like to hear about your own experiences of elves. That was after all what you were renowned for already as a child. Are you still haunted by them?

*Smith* Thanks for the question, Bruce. I would like to be completely honest with you. You are the three most sceptical in your group, and you probably have doubts about both this and that and may even wonder if you might have been exposed to a deceit in my part. I can assure you that has not been the case.

*Bruce* Then explain yourself, professor. We don't buy anything, especially not fairy tales if we are to build our lives and careers on such stuff.

*Smith* You need not worry, Bruce.

*John* Now when the ladies are gone we could perhaps talk more freely about more difficult matters.

*Smith* Exactly. That's why I am glad you have stayed. I don't know what rumours you have heard about my visions of elves as a child. My parents grew

naturally hysterical about it, and my father even considered confining me in a mental institution for treatment when I refused to admit that my experiences only had been imaginative. Those elves I experienced were no ordinary elves, my friends, that is, no angel-like minute creatures fluttering about as winged Hop-o'-my-thumbs. No, I could wake up screaming in the middle of the night terrified to death by black masked and hooded men standing around my bed watching me. I mean that only their masks and clothes were black – I never could see their eyes, but they were there, night after night, quiet and threatening and watching, and it took me a long time to realize and understand that they wanted me no harm but only the contrary.

*Greg* Ghosts?

*Smith* Perhaps a kind of. They were definitely not concrete but the more present. They only appeared when everything was shut off and all other members of the house asleep, as if they only wanted to appear to me in absolute undisturbed intimacy, as if they had chosen only me and excluded all the others.

*Bruce* What did they look like if they weren't concrete? Like green extra terrestrials or transparent spiritual beings, as ghosts are presented in films?

*Smith* Normal human size, perhaps somewhat taller, slender and not the least corpulent, always in hooded capes reaching down to their feet, covering everything including the faces, which were masked anyway.

*John* Like terrorists all in black?

*Smith* No, rather like satanists dressed in black, since they always wore robes. In time, as our association never ceased, I asked them why they were masked. And I received an answer:

*Ghost in black* Because we have no identity and want to demonstrate it.

*Smith* But why are you pursuing me?

*Ghost* We are not pursuing you. We are only watching over you, for you are chosen by your special talents, which are unique, since you can see us at all. We belong to the spiritual kind that without allowing ourselves to be incarnated in mortal forms still try to take responsibility for the world to influence it in the right direction, and all who can accept that we exist are our allies, whom we know wish the world just as well as we do. And those who can see us thereby have manifested power over both the spiritual world and the concrete reality of mortality and really have power to change the world for the better, why we strive for contact with them to help them lead it right.

*Smith* Why will you not allow yourselves to be incarnated?

*Ghost* It is only temporary. Sooner or later we will assume mortal forms again, but at times we pause from the sufferings and ordeals and impotence of mortality to get some detachment and prepare for our next incarnation.

*Smith* And what can I do for you?

*Ghost* You should rather ask what we can do for you. You have seen us. You have got in touch with us. You have acknowledged us. That's enough. From now on you are on the right way, and you will know what is right and what is wrong and be able to act accordingly. (*leaves*)

*John* And are you still in touch with these ghosts?

*Smith* I can get in touch with them at any time.

*Bruce* Why were you never a spiritualist?

*Smith* My friend, spiritualism does not engage in world politics. I was chosen to try to lead the world right after the derailment of 1914. I can't say that I have succeeded, the disastrous development of our decade is an overwhelming evidence of how the whole world is more lost than ever, but with my contacts and friends I still have to some degree been able to prevent it all from getting even worse. The war ended after all, and Europe saw the birth of many new democracies. The League of Nations under the leadership of president Wilson was a success as long as it lasted. Only the new dictatorships have turned that success into its contrary. That's why I need your help. That's why I have chosen you. My sight is getting worse, and therefore I can act much less. I need new young powers to help me. I might not have very much left. I have had a stroke and am only waiting for the next one. Before I die I want to make sure that my force and my life's work will live on by young energetic and intelligent blood with a tendency to idealism. That's why I plead with you to stand up for the world, for it will need it. It has never been in worse trouble.

*Bruce* One of the few in Russia who has detached himself from the dictatorial tendencies of Stalin is the true revolutionary Sinoviev, already mentioned tonight on several occasions, for whom I have a strong sympathy and trust, no matter how wild he is. As long as he is still there, I believe the Soviet Union could be saved for freedom and democracy. Without him it is finished. I will not fail him. Therefore I intend to go to Moscow as soon as possible. He is not well. He has been accused of paranoia, and he claims that Stalin is set to have him crucified, like Trotsky and many others. You must know that Kirov was murdered and that the murder was arranged by those faithful to Stalin? The governing party of Russia is growing more and more like a crime syndicate like Al Capone's lot in Chicago. Do you think, professor, that we could do anything about it?

*Smith* Absolutely.

*Bruce* Then I intend to try with or without elves.

*John* I think we are satisfied, professor, if even Bruce has been convinced by your sincerity.

*Greg* I don't doubt for a moment the veracity of your elves, even if they didn't exactly look like elves.

*John* What do you think they really were or are? Demons? Angels? Spirits?

*Smith* Ordinary people in Limbo who have chosen an existence without identity and without form until further. The dead are living. I have always been convinced about that.

*Greg* Does Lydia see the same elves as you?

*Smith* No, she has insights into entirely different worlds. Don't ask me about them. I can't see hers, and she can't see mine, but we understand each other and respect each other although we come from different spiritual worlds.

*John* I think we are satisfied. Thanks for your confidence, professor.

*Smith* Thanks for accepting it.  
*Bruce* How could we sleep any more after this? Perhaps it might do no harm to at least try.  
*Greg* Yes, it's time to break it up and go home.  
*Smith* No more drinks? May I tempt you with an extra nightcap? Anyone who feels like it could spend the night here.  
*Bruce* And risk meeting your masked quiet demons? No thank you, professor.  
*John* I think we are all three rather tired at this juncture.  
*Smith* One last drink then before you go home, so that I then with a clear conscience can release you to the world with my demonic testament in your luggage for your inheritance.  
*Bruce* Pandora's box?  
*Smith* No, the contrary. (*serves them*)

Act II scene 1. Paris.

*Vincent* Come with me, my darling, I beg you.  
*Lucy* I have to stay here, Vincent. I have nothing to do in Spain. Paris is the centre of happenings in Europe, not Madrid. I see no love in Spain, only concerns, hatred and martyrdom. I want to live for love, not for the war.  
*Vincent* But we can avert the war by our love.  
*Lucy* Are you that naïve?  
*Vincent* Ask Lydia. She knows the elves.  
*Lucy* What do you say, Lydia? Could we avert a civil war by love?  
*Lydia* Yes, only by love. It would not be possible in any other way.  
*Lucy* Can't we then avert it from here? Stay, Vincent. We are the ones who love you, not Spain. Let us from here in Paris develop and spread our love across Europe, so that it never will be affected again by any war. We could found a colony here of love with epoch-making salons and new art innovations and spread moods and inspirations by our common Anglomaniac and Francophile vibrations. We could succeed by our love from here, Vincent. I can only find Spain a blind alley.  
*Vincent* But we must save Spain for its democracy and freedom. It finally gained it after all these centuries of superstition and oppression. We can't let it be sacrificed to black robes and fascists, who only desire the subjection, suppression and martyrdom of all liberty.  
*Lucy* Spain was always Catholic. It was already done for when Ferdinand and Isabella banished all Jews and Muslims. Since then Spain has been lost to the force and darkness of the power of oppression.  
*Vincent* You regard Spain as lost. You won't give it a chance. You can't feel solidarity. You don't want to defend democracy and freedom.  
*Lucy* Yes, Vincent, but I want to do it at home where I don't have to fear any attacks on my back. In Spain I am a stranger who will only get contaminated by its

worries and tensions and not feel safe anywhere. I beg you for your own sake to stay here and let the war rage out by itself, if it has to rage. No war gets any better by any sacrifices for it. On the contrary. That's exactly what the wars thrive on and desire. The more victims, the more participants, the more relentless and rich the harvest for death and the militaries, who are only qualified murderers and never were anything else.

*Vincent* I must go down there, Lucy. I have friends there. Ernest Hemingway is there and Picasso and Garcia Lorca and many others. All the righteous are there. All defenders of righteousness and humanity are there, and they are all on our side. The militaries and weapons have to be defeated.

*Lucy* You can never defeat them by their own means.

*Vincent* Shall we then give up freedom without a struggle? Shall we let it be sacrificed and those perish who have civil courage enough to still stand up for it? Shall we let them fight alone? Shall we make such cowards of ourselves?

*Lucy* I am just a woman, Vincent. I have nothing to do with any war.

*Vincent* That's what everyone says until the war reaches them and drags them with it, and then they fight all the same to the bitter end when they have no other choice anyway.

*Lucy* We still have a choice, Vincent, and we have the right to live for it. I love you and don't want to lose you.

*Vincent* That's exactly why I want to have you both with me, Lydia as a warrant and guardian angel and you as my only love, whom I don't want to do without and who I know will lead us to victory, if you only are present on our side, for so great is the power of love, as you say yourself, greater than all other powers, if we only give it a chance and let it have its say.

*Lucy* I will stay here, my love, and wait for you. Even less than for me, the war is not for Lydia. What do you say, Lydia? What do the elves say?

*Lydia* Juan Garcia Lorca is an elf. As long as he may live you will prevail, but if the fascists start killing elves, like Lorca, all Spain will be lost.

*Vincent* Why would they kill Lorca? No one could gain anything by murdering a poet. Everyone must be a loser by it.

*Lydia* That's what I mean. Lorca is an elf. If he is murdered all must be losers.

*Vincent* Lydia, you are our oracle, and I believe in you, but I must go down there and do what's right for me, freedom and democracy. It is my duty as a human being and as a man. I have no right to refuse to fight evil.

*Lydia* Go, Vincent, and save the elves. Save Lorca and the future, but come back. We will wait for you.

*Vincent* I will not go without you, Lucy.

*Lucy* I am with you, Vincent, if not physically, then the more at heart and by my soul. I will watch over you from above wherever you are, whatever you do and whatever difficulties you get mixed up with.

*Vincent* I could only be sure of that if you were with me personally.

*Lucy* I will never let you go, Vincent. Come back.



*Vincent* When I come back it will be as a victor, and then we shall make love the more, and then we shall carry through all your love plans with a colony of love for art and beauty for all Europe to admire and use for an example. And then we will realize all our loveliest and warmest dreams.

*Lucy* Come back, Vincent.

*Vincent* I must go now to meet my other friends, who are going with me, Arthur Koestler, among others. He is waiting for me. I will be back. (*embraces Lucy and kisses her, embraces also Lydia sincerely, and leaves.*)

*Lydia* He will never be back.

*Lucy (shocked)* What are you saying, Lydia?

*Lydia* They will rape and murder all elves down there, and that's only the beginning.

*Lucy* The beginning of what?

*Lydia* Of all that will befall us all. You will see, Lucy, when Vincent comes back. (*walks off like in dreams*)

*Lucy* I can never understand her, but still I have a feeling that she is always right, even though she herself might not even be aware of it...

## Scene 2. A Russian prison.

*Kamenev* It's too good to be true.

*Sinoviev* Do you think he could help us?

*Kamenev* No, we have no chance, but just the fact that he is allowed to visit us we should see as perhaps our only possibility for any exoneration, at least for the future. (*a key in the lock, the cell door is opened, and Bruce is shown in.*)

*guard* Remember, only fifteen minutes.

*Sinoviev (rises and reaches forth his hands towards him)* Bruce! You were in time!

*Bruce* In time for what?

*Kamenev* In time for our execution.

*Bruce* But you are not sentenced yet. The trial starts not until tomorrow.

*Kamenev (darkly)* Do you think we have any chance?

*Sinoviev* We are buried alive in hell, Bruce, and there is no light left for us. Comrade Stalin has by his massive silence and neglect of us made it perfectly clear that he intends to murder us.

*Bruce* But why? You were after all Lenin's closest associates! You were the wisest politicians of the revolution! You were the only decent fellows in a lawless gang of scoundrels!

*Kamenev* That's why.

*Sinoviev* It's very simple, Bruce. We know Stalin, and we at least in the beginning hoped for at least some sign of humanity and foresight in him, at least some faint trace of it like in Lenin, but he has unfortunately only made us disappointed all along – he lacks that capacity. Instead he is outrageously jealous about his power. It's his life's only love, and he won't let anything touch it. A prudent objection is enough,

and you are already placed in the deep freeze of the morgue with a nameless grave prepared for you. His own doctor in the 20s pointed out the unhealthiness of his spiritual course, which became the last diagnosis of that doctor, and yet it wasn't even any diagnosis but only a friendly advice. How could anyone then expect anything good to come out of him? No one who knows him. Only those who never have to have anything to do with him might possibly get away.

*Bruce* What has happened then to the revolution? Is it completely forgotten? Is all idealism discarded and ditched? Have all reforms aborted?

*Kamenev* What a brilliant observer you are, who hasn't discovered this until now.

*Sinoviev* To make it clear to you what our crime really is all about, it is that we are formally held responsible for the murder of Kirov, although we had nothing to do with it.

*Bruce* Who murdered Kirov?

*Sinoviev* Stalin himself of course by invisible second hands. Kirov dared to come to close to Stalin's power. What we really are prosecuted for is, that we were the only ones who pleaded for a humane and democratic revolution. Kamenev never wanted the Bolsheviks to take power by force but wanted to cooperate democratically with the social democrats and even with Kerensky. He was overrun but has always remained the most moderate Bolshevik. Today no Bolshevik can be moderate any more. What counts is to eat or be eaten, and the chief devourer is Stalin.

*Bruce* And what about you then, Grigory? What is on your conscience?

*Sinoviev* The establishment of the Lenin cult of course. Stalin wanted no other cult in Russia than the Stalin cult. He fears everyone who was close to Lenin and will hunt them all down to death, even if they like Trotsky try to save their lives by escaping abroad. He will send agents and assassins to trace them out, you can be sure. You will see, if you will live.

*Bruce* But that means the end of all credibility for communism.

*Kamenev* Stalin doesn't care about that as long as he may rule.

*Sinoviev* You make me smile. It was clear to us long since that communism never had any credibility. It was an illusion and utopia from the start, that committed the mistake of trying to realize itself, why it had to turn political. But everything that turns political must go to hell.

*Kamenev* We assisted in bringing forth the most inhuman society in the world and its most monstrous autocracy. There's the credibility of communism – facts and results, for which everyone is sacrificed who could be proven to be unforgivably innocent.

*Sinoviev* All have to be accomplices in the ideal state, which can't tolerate anyone who isn't.

*Bruce* Has everything you lived for then been in vain?

*Kamenev* We deceived ourselves and allowed us to get fooled, as the credulous and confiding Jews we are. We Jews will believe in anything. We always put our trust and belief in whoever was strong enough and followed him slavishly and

helped him on, in the belief that he would help us in return. Oh yes, we then always received death in return after having been ruined and had our lives destroyed.

*Sinoviev* You had better get out of here before you find yourself locked up with us and guilty of having been infected with our counterrevolutionary attitude, which in the Russia of today is a most heinous crime.

*Kamenev* Leave Russia to its constant mortal fate of destruction and never come back. That's the best thing and the only good thing you could do here.

*Sinoviev* You are welcome to write something about us and our trials. It should be a world sensation, since it doesn't happen every day that a political dictator subjects his old collaborators to extirpations by legal means.

*Guard (at the door)* Time is out, comrade.

*Bruce* Thanks, comrade. *(to the two prisoners)* I will let the world know everything about you. I know a good writer who is initiated in the problem. I will make him expose all communism with its morbid distortion and inhuman falsity.

*Sinoviev* Then you will only be declared insane, if you take the risk of exposing insanity.

*Kamenev* If you don't get executed for exposing communism you get locked up for life in asylums at the disposal of psychiatrists to be used as guinea pigs for psychiatric experiments until the brains of the declared patients are boiled and you only are good for delivering organs like kidneys and livers to rich people who want to live longer than prescribed by nature, that is party bosses.

*Bruce* Not in all countries in the west.

*Kamenev* Soon. If Stalin will not prevail, Hitler will. It's the same thing.

*Sinoviev* Next one to fall is Spain. The perdition war against democracy has already started there.

*Bruce* But Stalin helps the republicans.

*Kamenev* Is there no limit to your naïvety?

*Sinoviev* He might help them as long he believes they could win, but the Germans help the fascists and are closer at hand with more resources, and Stalin wants no quarrel with Hitler. So he leaves Spain to Hitler and the fascists.

*Guard* Comrade, perhaps you would like to stay here?

*Bruce* I have to go. Thanks for the chat.

*Kamenev* Thanks for coming.

*Sinoviev* Thanks for taking the risk of insisting on a visit to us.

*Kamenev* This was probably the last things we were allowed to speak in life.

*Sinoviev* Never again believe in any political ideology.

*Bruce* As long as the trial isn't concluded and you haven't been sentenced, there is still hope that you could manage.

*Sinoviev* Don't scorn us. Stalin never allows a trial if the victim isn't already doomed and sentenced to death.

*Bruce* Why then does he stage trials at all?

*Kamenev* Just to enjoy the humiliation of his former party comrades.

*Guard* Time is out. *(lets out Bruce)*

*Kamenev* Remember, my friend. Never come back. (*Bruce leaves.*)  
Do you think he understood what we meant?  
*Sinoviev* If he didn't, he will be lost as well.

Scene 3. A café in Paris.

*Koestler* How could you allow your friend to go to Spain?  
*Lucy* He wanted it himself, Arthur. We couldn't stop him.  
*John* He took responsibility himself for the war that he wanted to fight against the superior power, and he knew that he could lose.  
*Bruce* We are all losers in these days when everything is just getting more and more lost. Unfortunately I have the worst possible report about the development in Russia.  
*John* At least you got out alive from there.  
*Bruce* Did I? I am not quite sure about that. I lost something on the way, and that could have been the most important of all.  
*Koestler* Is it true that Stalin methodically attempts to dispose of his closest associates?  
*Bruce* At least Lenin's. It is as if he was persecuted by Lenin's ghost who would not leave him any peace for pangs of conscience and reproaches. As you know, Lenin didn't want Stalin to succeed him and even warned against Stalin. Now all those that Lenin trusted have disappeared and been executed, except Trotsky, who lives in exile, and only Stalin is left as the only one accountable for perhaps the most grotesque and monstrous autocracy that ever existed.  
*Koestler* It can't be that bad.  
*Bruce* It is that bad.  
*John* The question is what we can do about it. Can we do anything about it?  
*Bruce* Russia is lost. Not even I could do anything for Russia any more. It's just for us to give up Russia as a lost world. In their last words to me, Kamenev and Sinoviev urged me to nothing less.  
*John* Poor Russia. And Germany is hardly any better.  
*Koestler* No, Germany is much worse off. Things are happening in Germany that, if they are allowed to carry on, will beat the horrors of Russia by many lengths.  
*John* What are you talking about?  
*Koestler* The situation of the Jews. The leadership of Germany is already preparing and organizing the greatest persecution of Jews in history. Hitler established the program already in that angry and gloomy book he wrote in prison. His struggle is really only directed against the Jews, but in the insane misconception that the Jews are leading the entire world, he intends to aim his struggle against the entire world in a kind of mortally mad self-destructive world persecution. The question is how many nations and people he intends to drag down with him in his fall.

*John* Your Jewish paranoia is always marked by panic, Arthur. How can you expect to be taken seriously by anyone when you only exaggerate all the time?

*Koestler* I know. Everyone refuses to listen to me. Churchill pretends not to know what is going on although he if anyone knows it too well. The world doesn't care about what happens to the Jews and will allow the Germans to do what they can to dispose of the Jewish problem, since no one dared to make an effort to seriously dispose of it earlier.

*John* You don't know what you are talking about.

*Koestler* You are the ones who don't want to know what I am talking about.

*Lydia* Arthur is right. Listen to him.

*Bruce* What do you mean about Arthur, Lydia? Isn't he enough hysterical as it is? Is there anything else he is suffering from besides his Jewish paranoia? How should we interpret his apocalypses? Literally or like ordinary dreams?

*Lydia* Literally.

*Bruce* How could we when they impossibly could be manifested in reality?

*Lydia* They will be manifested in reality. Hitler is an assassin of elves. He directs his entire instinct of murder only against unearthal creatures and those spirits who run the world by love and good will. Hitler is pursuing the blinded errands of the egoistic passion of power, and if nothing will stop him, he will go far.

*Bruce* How far?

*Lydia* All the way to Leningrad and Moscow, from Finland to the Black Sea.

*John* So you mean he is really serious about planning to execute another world war?

*Lydia* It is obvious that he is.

*John* Then we must stop him.

*Bruce* How? With Stalin, who is even worse?

*John* Churchill and Stalin could perhaps do it together.

*Bruce* Why Churchill? Isn't he a decrepit old political ruin of a chronic minister failure who is drinking all the time?

*John* Do you mean there is someone better in England?

*Bruce* No.

*Greg* Don't forget America.

*Bruce* America will never again get mixed up with European complications. America helped Europe to the League of Nations and to a number of new democracies, which all went to shambles every one of them. Then came the depression, and since then America could only afford to think of herself. America will never again engage in any war.

*Lydia* That's why all the elves are gathering there, and when they have been chased there from all over the world and the whole world led by the evil powers attack America to harass them, America will be forced to strike back.

*Bruce* Why would the evil powers want to attack the elves, Lydia?

*Lydia* Because they don't understand them, they can't understand them, they can never understand them and therefore never accept them, why they have to

prove to themselves by any means that they don't exist, but in that meaningless crusade they always commit suicide, and they die without even having reached any contact with the elves.

*Bruce* You talk in riddles.

*Lydia* No, I speak clearly.

*John* Which only the elves understand.

*Lydia* No, since I also understand it, who am mortal.

*Lucy* Lydia knows what she is talking about, boys. You have to take her seriously. That's why we are here to be able to save the world with her help and by the guidance of the elves.

*Bruce* Do we then all have to escape to America?

*Lydia* Not at all. But Vincent shouldn't have escaped to Spain.

*Bruce* Why not?

*Lydia* There haven't been any elves left there in more than four hundred years.

*Bruce* And what does that mean?

*Lydia* That no elves can save and guide the innocent, the victims, the democrats, the republicans, all those who tried to save Spain back to the elves.

*John* Do you know anything about Vincent?

*Koestler* What Vincent? Surely not Vincent St. James?

*Bruce* (*serious, all the others also immediately get serious and attentive.*) What do you know about him?

*Koestler* (*evidently in a painful situation, hesitates before speaking*) I am very sorry, my friends, but Vincent St. James was one of the fallen Irishmen last week.

*John* (*shocked, all the others also noticeably touched, after some hesitation*) What more do you know?

*Koestler* He belonged to a group in Andalusia that tried to help Juan Garcia Lorca away from there. They were caught, and after that nothing more could save Lorca.

*Bruce* (*upset*) Is Lorca murdered?

*Koestler* Yes, last week. They just shot him down, and he didn't even try to escape.

*John* The barbarians have taken over Spain.

*Lydia* It's worse than that. They methodically and intentionally are bent on exterminating all elves. Juan Garcia Lorca was an elf.

*Greg* This is terrible.

*Koestler* Yes, it is.

*Bruce* To say the least. Lydia, guide us, for only you can do it now with your elves. What shall we do?

*Lydia* Spain has fallen. France will be next.

*Bruce* What are you saying?

*Lydia* After Poland. Germany and Russia will divide Poland between themselves.

*Bruce* This is not the 18<sup>th</sup> century, Lydia. Don't get the centuries mixed up.

*Lydia* You asked for my advice, Bruce, clear and simple. I gave you a simple answer. Correct me if I am wrong.

*Lucy* He asked you what we should do, Lydia, now when we have lost Vincent.

*Lydia* You loved him.

*Lucy* Yes, I did.

*Lydia* Go on loving him. He is still present. He is among us here today. He has become an elf.

*Bruce* That's what I call a clear and simple, palpable and concrete answer which really beats all records of realism. She is not accountable.

*Lucy* You don't understand her, Bruce.

*Lydia* I forgive you, Bruce, for you come from the ravished Russia, where everything is blind in its darkness. You haven't come out of that darkness yet and therefore cannot see.

*Bruce* I am sorry, Lydia, but we live in totally different worlds.

*Greg* Can you give us any advice at all?

*Lydia* Go on as usual. Travel and learn and observe and draw conclusions. Have an open mind. Don't be afraid. The elves are with us and will remain with us as long as we don't let them down.

*John* What will the rest of you do?

*Lucy* I will stay on here in Paris whatever Lydia says. Will you stay with me, Lydia?

*Lydia* Yes, until further.

*Lucy* Vincent and I had something very precious together here in Paris, we started a love lodge with branches to other oases in Europe and contacts everywhere by artists and poets, and Erich Maria Remarque called our circle a direct continuation of the Monte Verità society.

*Bruce* Monte Verità? Is it still alive? That ideal society of nature people and vegetarians, free philosophers that practised free love and burned their passports?

*Lydia* They were inspired by the elves and will therefore live forever.

*Bruce* Thank you, Lydia, and what will you do here in Paris if Hitler comes?

*Lucy* Then our lodges will change into cells of armed resistance. If Hitler comes they will be needed.

*Bruce* To be sure.

*Greg* I must go back to Italy. I still think we can make Mussolini break with Hitler. Mussolini is a good Catholic, and the pope is on our side.

*Bruce* And you, John? Are you as blue-eyed as the others? Will you go to Berlin and see to it that Hitler gets pious and reinstalls the emperor?

*John* That's not a bad idea.

*Greg* What will you do yourself, Bruce?

*Bruce* With all of you stuck here in your doomed idealism bent on suicide missions, I think that you and all Europe will need some help from America. I think I will go there and check up the elf situation there.

*Lydia* You are doing the right thing, Bruce. You and they will be needed.

*Greg* I suggest that we break it up here at the café now and instead devote ourselves to grieving for Vincent in a sound drinking bout at some tavern somewhere.

*John* And empty some glasses for Spain.

*Bruce* It will be the funeral rites for Spain.

*Greg* Spain isn't lost yet.

*Bruce* Didn't you hear what Lydia said?

*Koestler* I am afraid, my friends, that Lydia actually could be right all the way.

*John* Then we can also include your Jews in our funeral feast.

*Bruce* The whole world! It is after all going to perdition!

*Greg* Come on! Let's go!

*Lucy* Come, Lydia. We must watch the boys, so that they don't drop under the table. We must not fail our love.

*Lydia* No, Lucy, that we must never do.

*Greg* I know the best joint in all Paris!

*Bruce* I know one too!

*John* Let's do them all!

*Greg* Come on!

*(The whole gang leave together from the café. Customers and waiters are amused at their departure.)*

*a waiter (to the closest guests)* Englishmen!

*A guest* At least they believe in elves.

*The waiter* If only they did that at least. *(refills the guest's absinth.)*

#### Scene 4. Berlin.

*Canaris (examines John's papers)* John Martin, envoy extraordinary from London. You have very remarkable contacts, Mr. Martin.

*John* Sir, we all do just as well as we can.

*Canaris* Which isn't easy under the circumstances. I have done what I could, however, and succeeded in arranging a golden opportunity of a direct dialogue between London and Berlin. I managed to get Rudolf Hess to speak well for you to the Fuhrer.

*John* Then you accomplished a miracle, and then we can work on more miracles.

*Canaris* That's what the world needs. We have managed to get as far, that our Fuhrer wants to see you.

*John* I am ready to meet him.

*Canaris* His hopes are that you will understand and explain his intentions to London.

*John* I am hoping for that as well.

*Canaris (presses a button. Enter Rudolf Hess escorted by an aide.)*



*Hess (takes John's hand almost cordially)* Herr John Martin? We have great hopes of you.

*John* I am here to try to realize everyone's hopes.

*Hess* The Fuhrer is on his way. It's good luck that you know German.

*John* It was always my favourite language after English because of Schiller, Goethe and Heine.

*Hess* You would be wise not to mention Heine in the Fuhrer's presence, to avoid misunderstandings.

*John* I understand.

*(Hitler enters suddenly. All Germans present make demonstratively the Hitler salute with stretched arms, exclaims and cracking heels.)*

*Hess* This is our friend the Englishman, Herr Fuhrer.

*Hitler* Herr John Martin, you are welcome to Berlin. I understand that you stand in direct contact with the chief of your intelligence. I hope you are the right man to be able to convey my intentions to London.

*John* I hope so too. What London most of all would like to hear is some assurance that Germany does not have any war plans.

*Hitler* It has come to my understanding that certain key persons in your government have got the impression that we use civil factories for manufacturing weapons.

*John* Not only weapons. Also fighter aircrafts.

*Hitler* Herr Martin, I shall be completely honest. Our enemy is in the east, not in the west. We never want any war again with England and France, but you must realize that the Soviet Union is a mortal danger and threat to the entire world.

*John* Do you then want war with the Soviet Union?

*Hitler* No, we don't, but we would like to see a different government in the Soviet Union that is not Bolshevik.

*John* Is it your ambition to enforce that change?

*Hitler* In the long run, yes, and we assume that we have England and America with us in that ambition, since your countries must be aware that the Bolshevik revolution presents a world threat against all peace and civilisation.

*John* Pardon me, Herr Fuhrer, but your government is also socialist and autocratic. What separates your socialism from that of the Soviet Union?

*Hitler* Everything. We want peace, no world revolution. We don't want an ignorant mob at the helm of power rooting out all knowledge and competence from the country. We want development, not tyranny, oppression and humiliation. You must understand, Herr Martin, and we ask you to forward it to London, that our intentions are absolutely honest and that we only want justice. We don't want any revenge for the Great War, only justice. We were forced to submit to a humiliating peace with an exaggerated war indemnity which ruined Germany and Austria without right, since the war never even was brought into German grounds by the prevailing powers. You must understand that the peace treaty of Versailles was an

unnecessary and exaggerated humiliation of the German nation, which had to lead to the natural and obvious demand by the German people of fairer justice with time.

*John* You have got all you wanted without having been checked by us. We just hope that you will not go any further.

*Hitler* Nothing can stop us, since we only want peace and only avail ourselves of peaceful means.

*John* That's what London is hoping you will stick to, but not everyone in London believe you will.

*Hitler* Then they believe wrong. We ask you to reassure them. Is there anyone special who is worried?

*John* Winston Churchill is constantly trying to convince the parliament that you present a danger to European peace by your clandestine rearmament.

*Hitler* Who is Winston Churchill? Has he any say at all? Is he sober? Hasn't he several times been discharged as minister? Wasn't he the one who made himself guilty of the greatest marine mistake in the world war at the Dardanelles? Is there anyone who takes him seriously? Isn't he outdated and something to laugh at and despise? What does he know about Germany? Isn't his suspicions a symptom of paranoia and his conspiracy theories that he is the one himself who wants war?

*John* There are other conditions in Germany that doesn't just worry England.

*Hitler* Like what?

*John* Your anti-Semitic politics.

*Hitler* Are we not right in keeping our own country clean? Jews and gipsies present generally a sanitary problem and racially a hygienic risk. It's in the interest of the entire people to keep off degenerative elements. Most cretins, mentally ill, deformed and retarded elements in our population come from Jews and gipsies. We just make sure that they don't get any worse. It's just politics of public health, nothing else and absolutely nothing for other countries to interfere in or worry about. Let's proceed to more important subjects. I understand that you also have certain interesting contacts in occultism. Are you familiar with German mythology and Wagner?

*John* There is no composer more frequently performed in Albert Hall, our greatest concert hall, than Wagner.

*Hitler* That gives me pleasure. Then we will understand each other, if you know Wagner. All the ideology of our party is founded on the purity of Parsifal and the heroism and self-sacrifice of the Valkyries. Parsifal and Tristan are even common history to Germans and Celts.

*John* Quite right.

*Hitler* But what is such an occultist of yours like Aleister Crowley really up to?

*John* About the contrary to what your important occultist Rudolph Steiner is up to.

*Hitler* Rudolph Steiner is a fake.

*John* So is Aleister Crowley.

*Hitler* But we are in touch with Tibetans and the astrological concept of the world. Are you initiated in that?

*John* No country is so mystically oriented as England.

*Hitler* Have you also sent expeditions to Tibet?

*John* No, but we were always in good contact with elves.

*Hitler* Elves? What is that?

*John* Small winged creatures that only the happy few have the honour of being able to see and understand.

*Hitler* What are you really trying to put into our heads?

*John* That elves exist.

*Hitler (angry)* *Nur Kwatsch!* What is elves and fairy tales to Tibetan expeditions and astrological initiation? Can elves prophesy? Can elves see into the future? What is all nonsense about elves more than children's fairy tales?

*John* Believe it or not, but they keep an eye on us mortals and guide us when they can, like guardian angels.

*Hitler* What rubbish! Who do you think you are? Can you prove the existence of elves? What have they performed? How do they guide you?

*John* They warn us more against your military rearmament and your Jewish persecutions than against Bolshevik dictatorship.

*Hitler* Have you come here to insult me? You are not accountable! You are an impostor!

*John* Herr Fuhrer, you have been completely honest with me, and I try to be equally honest in return.

*Hitler* By talking *Kwatsch* about elves? Are you out of your mind? Do you think you can fool me?

*Hess (tries)* Herr Fuhrer, I think we might have lost the red thread of our subject...

*Hitler* Rudolf, you have allowed yourself to be duped by a fairy-teller! We have more important things to waste our time on! How could you believe in such an idiot? (*prepares to leave*)

*Canaris (tries)* Herr Fuhrer, this possibility of a direct dialogue with London is worth taking care of.

*Hitler* But he only speaks rot about elves!

*John* They are as good as your valkyries...

*Hitler* No, they are not! Come, Rudolf! We have nothing more to do wit this bluff adventurer! (*leaves promptly. Rudolf follows in more imploring efforts. All demonstratively make the Hitler salute again as they depart.*)

*Canaris* I am sorry, Herr Martin, he is like that most of the time. He quickly gets angry for nothing, and then nothing can make him reasonable again.

*John* I regret that I didn't succeed any better in improving contacts between Berlin and London.

*Canaris* London will always have good friends left in Berlin, no matter how badly men in leading positions here might behave. I beg you to convey at least that to London.

*John* Do you think there will be war?

*Canaris* Unfortunately I think so. Hitler wants nothing less. But he wants to expand to the east, not to the west, as he said himself. He is happy about the Rhineland and Saar and all that and don't want trouble with France and England, but he fears the Bolsheviks.

*John* Between Russia and Germany there is Poland.

*Canaris* Yes, to reach Russia he must first take Poland, and honestly speaking I don't think he is that stupid.

*John* Thank you, Sir. We hope to be able to keep our good contact at least with you.

*Canaris* I hope so too. Your shadowy minister Churchill is not as stupid as he may seem. He has at least my sincere respect, and if there will be war I know that he will not be easy to play with, but we should at any price together make all efforts to prevent it from going that far. It's to the best interest of all of us, isn't it?

*John* And especially of the elves.

*Canaris* It was a pity that our Fuhrer refused that mythology when he still accepted so many others. Thank you, Herr Martin. We shall be in touch.

*(Martin bows and leaves, and Canaris returns to his reports.)*

### Act III scene 1. An exclusive club in London.

*Greg* It's an honour for us to welcome you to London, doctor Freud.

*Freud* Thank you, but it really isn't much to welcome. I am a dying man, and so is the whole world.

*John* Nevertheless we congratulate every Jew and German and Austrian who comes out of the Third Reich alive.

*Freud* You seem to know what you are talking about, Mr. Martin. I was hoping to meet Stefan Zweig here. Or else I would not have come.

*Zweig* Of course, Sigmund, I am here. Or else no one could have given you that promise.

*Freud* Stefan, I am glad I could meet you once more. Or else I don't think I would have come to London.

*Zweig* We are all here. England remains the safest bulwark against Nazism, since no one ever could trust France.

*Freud* Like any love: the one you love you can never trust, just because you love her. But I am glad that this band of youths also has gathered here. It would have been too sad if I had only had old Austrian colleagues here to just be able to wallow in old nostalgic memories with.

*John* You got out of Vienna in the last moment, doctor Freud. Why did you stay so long?

*Freud* As a doctor you don't give up hope about a patient's life until the last hope really has died. It hasn't happened now on the part of Austria until after the *Anschluss*.

*John* But Stefan Zweig left already five years ago.

*Zweig* For which I had my good reasons, since my own home was searched by the Gestapo for weapons. No human being with democratic values could accept an unlawful entering of a person's residence. Do you really mean that all hope is lost for the world, Sigmund?

*Freud* Unfortunately your statement of the diagnosis is correct. Not only Germany and Austria are lost, but the entire world is infected by the same disease, and I feel partly responsible, since I actively took part in the breaking of all taboo limits to the power of the unconscious.

*Bruce* Do you suggest, doctor Freud, that the Nazi syndrome is a symptom of a general state of illness of the whole world?

*Freud* That's about just what I mean, and I reached that conclusion not only because I personally am mortally ill and haven't got much time left. Like myself the whole world is invaded by an alien evil subconscious element, which no one can pin down or define, but which the more certainly and unavoidably is actually there, and which has to be allowed to spend its fury, like a fever, before it can be cured.

*Bruce* How would you define it?

*Freud* Like I just did. Like an alien evil, like a stealing parasite and intruder from the outside, which has planted itself in the subconscious of humanity to hatch its worms there and metastasize from there at large until the patient is dead or the illness has finished raging.

*Bruce* And the patient in this case would be the world?

*Freud* And the illness would be the fascism or Nazism or dictatorship, which in its modern dress is a so much more dangerous and fatal illness than any dictatorship in the past. Napoleon appears like a harmless angel in comparison with Hitler, Lenin and Stalin.

*John* What are they doing which is so much worse? Napoleon did after all drag down the entire world in a constant bloodbath for twenty years.

*Freud* Humanity is so much larger today, which means that the quantity of victims will be so much the larger, perhaps ten times greater, while the indifference of the dictators to the most appalling figures of history will appear so much more terrible than a Napoleon's, since his statistics of casualties will appear almost negligible in comparison. Compare the loss of Napoleon's *Grande armée* of 450,000 men to the world war harvest of ten million victims, that is twenty times more, and you might see something of what I mean.

*Bruce* But they were not on the responsibility of Lenin, Stalin and Hitler.

*Freud* No, but the casualties of next war will be.

*John* So you believe there will be another great war?

*Freud* That was the only reason why I left Vienna. I didn't want to remain there as the last Jew left when Hitler starts his war against all humanity with that attitude towards the Jews he already has made himself notorious for.

*Zweig* Thomas Mann, Heinrich Mann, Erich Maria Remarque and Albert Einstein are also among those who found it necessary to leave Germany.

*Freud* Yes, they are many. You were among the first. Don't you miss Austria?

*Zweig* Not just Austria but the entire world before 1914, the entire old imperial peaceful Europe, the entire world that once was safe and sound, and all the culture that Hitler and his men have trampled down under their marching boots.

*John* Do you think you will be able to return to Austria?

*Freud* Not I. I am too old and sick.

*John* What about you, Mr Zweig?

*Zweig* It depends on the circumstances. If there will be war I might not even be able to remain in England, since I retained my Austrian citizenship.

*Bruce* Someone should liquidate Hitler before it's too late.

*Greg* We are working on it. All Catholic groups in Germany and Italy are interested in seeing an end to Nazism and fascism, and there are accountable groups that would gladly accept the responsibility for a successful assassination attempt with bombs against Hitler.

*Zweig* So far every single one attempt has failed.

*Greg* Yes, Hitler has been lucky. But sooner or later there has to be a successful attempt.

*Freud* I am myself too tired to think of world politics and conspiracies. I ask your leave to retire. I have had an exhausting journey, and my capacity for endurance is no longer what it used to be.

*John* We would like to continue discussing the Nazi phenomenon with you.

*Freud* When I am rested, if I have the strength.

*Greg* I will follow you out, doctor Freud.

*Freud* Thank you. (*Greg leads doctor Freud out.*)

*Bruce* How ill is he really? Does anybody know?

*John* He has cancer in his jaw, but he refuses to talk about it himself.

*Zweig* At most he has a year left, probably less.

*Bruce* Then we were really lucky to get him here alive.

*John* Does he believe in elves?

*Zweig* I don't know. You should ask him.

*John* We will.

(*The doors open, and Freud suddenly reappears with Greg.*)

*Bruce* Have you forgotten something, doctor Freud?

*Freud* Pardon my prompt return, gentlemen, but your friend Gregor here has just told me that one of you have been discussing the existence of elves with Adolf Hitler. Is that correct?

*John (rises)* Yes, professor, it was I. I am the guilty one.

*Freud* What did Hitler say?

*John* He said 'Kwatsch!' and drove me out.

*Freud (looks away)* That's what I thought.

*Bruce* What is your diagnosis, doctor?

*John* Do you believe in elves yourself?

*Greg* When I told him about your meeting with Hitler in the parlour the professor first refused to believe me.

*Zweig* Quiet, my friends. Let doctor Freud speak for himself.

*Freud* My friends, you are sensible people, and I have nothing to hide from you. You must surely be aware that I myself had some adventurous experiences in the past. Among other sins I devoted myself at one period to a kind of preaching of a gospel of cocaine, since I actually sincerely believed that cocaine could cure all diseases and pathological troubles. Like all preachers and redeemers I only deceived myself most of all, and eventually I sobered up. But I have to confess to you, that during certain moments of the highest ecstasy of the ruse, I actually felt myself standing in direct contact with angels and elves, thought I saw them and felt certain of understanding them. It only lasted for extremely short moments, like flashes, but still they remained unforgettable, and therefore I never could deny them. Have you had any experience yourselves of – elves?

*Zweig* I could never imagine this about you, professor.

*Freud* Quiet, Stefan. Don't mock me. This is serious.

*John* I never had it personally.

*Bruce* Neither did I.

*Greg* Professor, we are not all present here in our group, which actually was started by a good friend of ours who was a legendary late professor at Cambridge. Another one of us is also gone, a victim of the Spanish civil war, while two others are not present here today. Both are ladies and in Paris, and one of them is in constant touch with the elves.

*Freud* What kind of a lady is she?

*Greg* She is blind, professor.

*Freud (almost impressed)* This is getting more and more interesting all the time. I am too old and sick to be able to move around after my harassing journey in exile from Vienna. I could hardly go to Paris any more. Is there any possibility to meet these two ladies here in London on any occasion?

*(Greg, John and Bruce look at each other and understand each other.)*

*Bruce* We will definitely see what we can do, professor.

*John* We would ourselves like to see them in better security here in London, since, as you said yourself, France is not to be trusted.

*Freud* In that case I must ask you to hurry, for I fear that my time is getting short.

*Greg* We will do everything we can to get them here, professor.

*Freud* Thanks, Gregor. Then you can try again to lead me out to my new temporary home. *(turns and goes out again, led by Greg.)*

*Bruce (when they are gone)* I must say, that I never could imagine that myself either about our worthy professor.

*John* It will be very interesting to see him together with Lydia.

*Zweig* Is that the blind girl?

*Bruce* Yes, Mr Zweig, a formidable medium.

*Zweig* I must confess myself, that I never had any personal experience of parapsychological phenomena like elves and other things like that, but I was always profoundly interested in people with such insights.

*Bruce* The best thing you could do for us in this situation, Mr Zweig, is to help us keep doctor Freud alive as long as possible.

*Zweig* That should be to the best interest of all.

*John* Of course.

*Bruce* May we celebrate this historical parapsychological occasion by offering you another drink, Mr Zweig?

*Zweig* Thank you, I would be glad to accept. But please call me Stefan. After all, I have to become an Englishman now.

*Bruce* Do you think, John, honestly speaking, that we could get Lucy and Lydia out of Paris?

*John* Since you ask, Bruce, I dare not even speculate in the prospects, since I am well aware that it could be difficult.

*Bruce* Honestly speaking, I think it would be impossible. Who has ever succeeded in getting people who got stuck in Paris over here to London, from the continental capital to a permanent exile in fogs and bad weather and constant depressive dusk? What do you think, Mr Zweig?

*Zweig* Personally I would have preferred Paris, if there hadn't been the threat of another world war.

*Bruce* Do you think we could scare Lucy and Lydia to come home under the threat of a world war?

*John* Lucy perhaps, but I am more uncertain about Lydia, since she knows more than we do.

*Bruce* It will be an interesting challenge to try. (*drinks. They get down to business with a couple of refreshing drinks.*)

Scene 2. An exotic apartment in Paris,  
richly furnished and ornamented almost in the style of Jugend.

*Lydia* Will they come, all three of them?

*Lucy* It was long since they were here. I would have thought that the political clouds of darkness would have kept them away from the continent.

*Lydia* I know why they are here.

*Lucy* You are always one step ahead, Lydia. Tell me.

*Lydia* They want us to come with them to London from fear of the coming war.

*Lucy* And if there will be no war?

*Lydia* It doesn't matter. They are scared anyway.

*Lucy* And should we be afraid with them?

*Lydia* No.

*Lucy* I think they will be surprised to see how we live nowadays.



*Lydia* They will never be able to digest our reality.

*Lucy* That's what I mean. I hope they will not be shocked. (*the doorbell*) That must be them. (*goes to open. Enter John, Greg and Bruce.*)

*Bruce* Lucy! Lovelier than ever! And what an apartment! Have you struck gold?

*Greg* I can't imagine it is true. It's too long ago. Why are you never seen in London any more?

*Lucy* Why don't you come more often to Paris?

*John* We have had so much else to do. Greg is shuttling between Whitehall and the Vatican, and I have been shuttling between Prague and Berlin for years all in vain, for now both countries and cities are lost. (*hesitates when he sees Lydia*) Is this Lydia?

*Lydia* Don't you recognize me?

*John* You have changed.

*Lydia* Don't be afraid to kiss me on the cheek anyway.

*John* What has become of both of you? How are you really living? You seem to live on a high level, but how?

*Lucy* We just wondered how you would react. You could say, that our life is not of this world any more.

*Greg* You don't know whether you are entering a temple or a reception here.

*Lucy* A reception to what? Tell us what you think, Greg.

*Greg* In brief, if you'll excuse me, but I actually get associations to some kind of a sacred reception of courtesans.

*Lucy* Thanks for using the word courtesan, which actually is a flattering and honest word and a finer denomination of our profession.

*Bruce* Don't tell me you have turned to prostitution?

*Lucy* Shall we tell them as it is, Lydia?

*Lydia* Tell them exactly as it is, and they might understand it.

*Lucy* Lydia and I work together. You could actually call it a kind of reception, but we then act more as consultants, that is, Lydia is the oracle and the magnet attracting the customers, while I give them their satisfaction.

*Bruce* What are you really up to?

*Lucy* We manage quite well. The customers are always satisfied. Lydia is the one that everyone loves and falls in love with, but no one can have her, so they have to do with me.

*John* Don't say anything more. It is enough.

*Greg* Does Lydia then work as some kind of oracle with her rare insights?

*Lucy* Exactly. I lay the tarot and give astrological counselling, but Lydia provides the oracular service.

*Lydia* I know why you have come here. Doctor Freud is an impostor.

*Greg* Why do you say that?

*Lydia* Because he is. He wants to see me, but I don't want to see him, because he is a charlatan.

*Lucy* One of Lydia's particular admirers is doctor Freud's apprentice doctor Jung.

*Bruce* Not Gurdieff?

*Lucy* Gurdieff has also been here but not to the same extent.

*John* I must say that I am surprised. I never expected to see you like this.

*Lucy* What is so surprising?

*John* Pardon me, Lucy, for being straight, but suddenly you both appear so seducing. You never were like that before.

*Lucy* It's due to the customers. They made us like that.

*Bruce* The less said about your customers, the better. I don't want to know anything about them. But we are here to bring you home to England, and you had better come with us before the war breaks out.

*Lucy* Who says there will be any war? And even if it does break out, who cares? Lydia and I have more important worlds to mind.

*Bruce* Even if spiritual worlds and fantasy worlds and the land of nowhere with its elves and fairy tales could seem more pleasant, we still live in the concrete ruthlessness of reality, which is getting more risky every day especially here on the continent, which you should not shut your eyes to, and which Lydia with her insight in realities beyond this one should be well aware of what it is all about.

*Lydia* You worry in vain.

*Bruce* About you or the world?

*Lydia* Both. What will be will be anyway.

*Bruce* And how will it be? Do you know? Can the elves explain it to you?

*Lydia* Why else do you think I dress in black from top to bottom, which I have done the entire year? Why else do you think I allowed my hair to grow so long and loose in its dark gloom? I grieve for the world and humanity, which I have given up as lost. Humanity will perish by its own accord, it will butcher itself, all evil and worthless people will destroy each other, and not until the great civil war of humanity has raged enough we will be able to start building a new better world without dictatorships, without violence and without oppression. But humanity must be cleansed and purified first, and that will be a long and painful process.

*Bruce* Will you help humanity by it?

*Lydia* It's those who are aware of this process that come to me for advice.

*Bruce* And what advice do you give them?

*Lydia* To go abroad for safety, preferably in England or other parts of the world, especially if they are Jews, who will be the hardest hit but only for a start.

*Bruce* Have the elves instructed you about this?

*Greg* Don't mock her, Bruce.

*Lydia* No, it's only self-evident and so obviously self-evident, that only very few can see it, while the great majority of humanity is blinded by the egoism of their own stupidity and see nothing. All such will perish by stupidity and egoism of the human majority.

*John* Is it a kind of new flood you are prophesying?

*Lydia* Yes, but much worse and of much longer duration. Our former world war was just like a prelude, and the new world war will only be like a prologue to what will follow, which could be extended in a world encompassing cataclysmatic process of over a hundred years.

*Bruce* You sound like Moses when he is about to lead the children of Israel across the desert for forty years.

*Lydia* That was a trifle in comparison.

*John* So you seem to know something about what is going on in the world. Are you still bent on riding out the possibly coming storm here in Paris?

*Lucy* Yes. At least I would be most useful here.

*Lydia* Me too, for I wish to observe paroxysms at shortest distance possible. In London all you see is fog.

*Bruce* Why is Sigmund Freud a humbug?

*Lydia* He stands on a faulty ground. He starts out from science and is only interested in morbidity. Therefore he sees nothing outside man, while everything interesting about man and her psyche is found outside her. Doctor Jung is aware of that.

*Bruce* This doctor Jung sounds interesting. Do you think we could have a meeting with him?

*Lucy* He should be here at any moment. We expected a visit by him this very day.

*Greg* What does he think about what's happening in the world?

*Lucy* Like all others he deplores it, and he deplores the cowardice of England. Chamberlain should never have released Hitler on Czechoslovakia.

*Bruce* No, of course not, but what's done is done, and we still have peace in our time until further. Chamberlain waged everything on one card and has not yet lost it. He trusted Hitler not to take the final step to absolute madness in the shape of war and gave him a last chance. So far Hitler has not dumped it.

*Lydia* But he will dump it, for he stands on the same faulty ground as doctor Freud.  
(*The doorbell.*)

*Lucy* It could actually be doctor Jung. (*goes to open. It is doctor Jung.*) Doctor Jung! We were just talking about you. Welcome! Here are just a few old friends from Cambridge on a visit coming almost directly from doctor Freud.

*Jung* What a coincidence. I hadn't expected that. (*enters prudently and removes his hat*)

*Lucy* (*presents*) Bruce, John and Gregory, all three humanists and internationally active.

*Jung* Not within intelligence by any chance?

*Bruce* No, more privately. Well, Lydia, here is an excellent occasion for you to explain yourself. Why is doctor Freud a fraud? I am sure doctor Jung would also be most interested in your answer.

*Lydia* The answer is obvious. From the beginning doctor Freud gave in to carnal temptations, and thereby I don't mean just the urge of nature, but he also

allowed the material world to get the better of his soul. He was after all a cocaine addict for years. If you fall to something like that you are lost as a soul. Then you have no character and can be duped by anything. Then you are part of the great multitude that only lives for being deceived. I don't think doctor Jung belongs to them.

*Jung* Miss Lydia, I do have though the greatest respect for doctor Freud, and I don't entirely agree with you, even if I stand for the difference between Freud and myself. I must acknowledge doctor Freud for the fact that he never was afraid of anything concerning the subconscious. I was not always equally brave. The decisive point of difference between us was, that doctor Freud asked me to get to the bottom of the psychopathology of a homosexual. He forced a patient on me just to challenge me, and I backed down, since I could not enter that problem complex. The sexual life has never interested me as much as doctor Freud always was obsessed by it. Instead my chief interest was always the soul, which doctor Freud in many respects neglected and never assigned its proper importance. Doctor Freud always wanted to search out the origin of our aberrations. I was more interested in finding out what course the soul was taking. You could say, that he was a researcher of the original sin, while I wanted to follow up man's hunt and desire of salvation.

*Lydia* And you never fell for the temptation of drugs.

*Jung* No, I kept to the soul's integrity and pursued its development and purity.

*Lydia* That's what I mean.

*Bruce* You thus condemn doctor Freud for at all having fallen for the self-deceit of the cocaine ruse.

*Lydia* Like I condemn everyone who allows himself to become dependent on anything, all alcoholics, all drug addicts, all abusers of sex. If you fall once you will always have the fallacy of falling again, and then you are a lost soul. The body is given us by nature for management, development and education, and, which doctor Freud also pointed out, the abuse of alcohol counteracts the intention of nature and destiny for us. Every abuse of our body is an abuse of nature and against nature and a step in a suicidal direction, which not only is harmful to the soul but to our entire neighbourhood and everyone we know. It is irresponsible against life.

*Jung* On that point I must completely agree with miss Lydia.

*Bruce* But a small ruse now and then you must at least grant us, Lydia? A small drink sometimes? Even God allowed Noah to plant some wine and get drunk on it.

*Lydia* I never said that wine and other drugs in reasonable measures were not wholesome. Everything in moderation is healthy, as long as you feel it is good for you. All immoderation is of evil, and you know it, and if you still devote yourself to it, there is something wrong with you that has to be corrected.

*Greg* Still doctor Freud has said, that he only felt the reality of the elves and their wholesome effect under the influence of his cocaine ruse.

*Lydia* Then I would like to ask him how he could be so sure that his experience really was about elves. Wasn't it just the purest hysteria of intoxication with self-suggested hallucinations?

*Greg* Exactly that kind of stuff, doctor Freud would be highly interested in having just any answer to.

*Lydia* He is too late. He is lost. He would have died before I had reached him. *(another signal from the doorbell.)*

*Lucy* Who is it now then? *(goes to open)*

*Jung* Just don't tell me it's Gurdieff.

*Bruce* And why should it not be Gurdieff?

*Jung* He is the last man I am interested in seeing.

*Bruce* Why?

*Lucy (has opened)* Doctor Gurdieff! What an honour! *(lets him in)*

*John* Now doctor Freud should have been here – the three greatest soul specialists of the time under the same roof!

*Gurdieff (enters slowly with caution.)* I am afraid I come rather inopportunistly.

*Lucy* Not at all!

*John* Why would it be inopportunist?

*Gurdieff* I see that doctor Jung is here.

*Lucy* You are both my two most honoured guests and colleagues at that. I hope you don't have anything against him.

*Gurdieff* I would rather think that he has something against me.

*Jung* Why should I?

*Gurdieff* We are competitors.

*Jung* I must say, doctor Gurdieff, that I always feared you in your capacity of our first and foremost psychiatrist. Myself I am only a psychologist, while doctor Freud is just a psycho-analyst. That means that none of us three is competing with any of the others, while we quite naturally have reasons to take some distance from each others' opposite views in certain matters.

*Lydia* What is the reason for your visit, doctor Gurdieff?

*Gurdieff* I happened to hear that you had three English friends visiting you who had come to make you return to England. I just wanted to endorse their anxious mission, since Germany will attack Poland tonight, which makes a new world war unavoidable, since both England and France then must declare war on Germany. But against the modernized Germany of today with its ruthless regime the more humane France stands no chance.

*Jung* How do you know this?

*Gurdieff* As a Swiss man you must realize the obviousness of that at once, doctor Jung. France is after all democratic, while Germany is a hopeless dictatorship.

*Jung* I mean, how do you know that Germany will attack Poland?

*Gurdieff* I have seen that in a dream.

*Jung* And you are a dreamer of truths?

*Gurdieff* I know when dreams reveal the truth and when they don't. If they are convincing enough you can't mistake them. Even doctor Freud would endorse that.

*Lydia* I am afraid you have seen the truth, doctor Gurdieff, but we will stay in Paris all the same.

*Gurdieff* A Paris in a repeated situation like 1870 is no place for two delicate ladies from England like you, my friends.

*Lucy* Lydia decides for both of us. If she wants us to stay, we will stay.

*Gurdieff* I just wanted to warn you. Gentlemen, (*turning to John, Bruce and Greg*) welcome to Paris, but you would be wisest in as quickly as possible leaving the city and go home.

*Bruce* Not without Lucy and Lydia.

*Lydia* Then you will have to stay here.

*Jung* We can't protect you, my ladies. I will myself immediately go home to Switzerland. I presume that our friend Gurdieff also will take cover in safety.

*Gurdieff* Instantly. The last world war was enough revolting and devastating for me to wish to see another even worse at an even closer distance.

*Greg* Myself I must go to Rome. You have to follow John and Bruce home to England, Lydia.

*Lydia* No.

*Bruce* What do you think you could accomplish here?

*Lydia* Everything.

*Bruce* What is that?

*Lydia* Everything that you can't accomplish in England.

*Bruce* And what is that?

*Lydia* You will see when you find yourselves powerless and bombed out in England. France will not be as badly harmed as England in this war. France bled enough to death in the last war, while it will be England bleeding to death in this one.

*Jung* I am afraid Lydia could be right. Romain Rolland says the same thing.

*John* Then we stay here with you.

*Lucy* I think we could manage better without you, John. You have much to do in England. We have quite enough to do here. That's how simple it is.

*Bruce* I can't stay here. If there will be war it will be vital to get America in on the right side as soon as possible and hopefully right from the beginning. Ambassador Kennedy in London is far too pro Germany for a sound development.

*John* Then I stay here with you.

*Lucy* It could be risky.

*John* You could do with some backup.

*Greg* Let's see first if there really will be a war. So far it's just speculations.

*Gurdieff* I know what I have seen and can't deny it.

*Bruce* Tell us exactly what you have seen.

*Gurdieff* I have seen a world beset by evil in the form of the most inhuman dictatorships that ever appeared on our earth led by cynical monsters of cold-hammered cruel and insensitive so called superhumans, who still are only

superhuman in their own imagination and vanity and in reality are naught but megalomaniac fools who have allowed the curse and intoxication of power to take over their souls. It is Hitler and Stalin. If just those two would settle together the world might perhaps have a chance to make it, but unfortunately they will drag the whole world into their ideological conflict of power and greed, Hitler by the irresponsibility of his distraction and Stalin by his calculating slyness, which he believes he will be able to cheat the entire world with, but he is only deceiving himself and will perish and get lost as a soul in the bargain. When he as a theological student sold his soul for power he was already lost to eternity. Hitler was sick from the start and has only lived to worsen his mental illness of distraction, which is a constantly more aggrandized vanity and self-love that has grown to universal proportions by its demoniacal self-destructiveness. He will not give in until he has dragged as many as possible down with him and rather the entire world in his own perdition, as if he almost was ruled by another power than himself that intentionally used him as an instrument to most of all destroy all Europe. The world is possessed by a madness that has taken control of all its leading politicians, that is dictators.

*Greg* Even Mussolini and Franco?

*Gurdieff* They are innocent children in comparison with Stalin and Hitler. They started it but were only preludes and practices for the more looming villains Stalin and Hitler.

*John* So what do we have to expect?

*Gurdieff* At worst the downfall of the world and civilisation. At best a world fire which will pass and which we and civilisation will be able to survive with a certain difficulty only to gain a short respite before even worse world crises resulting from the universal irresponsibility of humanity. I fully understand Lydia in her visions and give her right on every point. I think we are both seeing the same things.

*Bruce* By the mediation of elves?

*Gurdieff* Call it what you will. I prefer to call it second sight, to be able to see behind the deceptive curtains of reality and what is moving behind the enigmatic events of history and the universal mental processes that lie behind to constitute the real motivation and power of initiative, a kind of divine ingenuity that constantly is ahead of all humanity in clairvoyance and creation of the future.

*Bruce* So you don't associate with the same elves as Lydia?

*Lydia* Each one views reality and sees it through in his own way, Bruce. Gurdieff views it as a metaphysical enigma. I see the spirits behind it and their powers and manipulations, that in spite of all try to manoeuvre the movement of history and the world in a right and positive direction, even if they themselves often become suffering victims in the process.

*Bruce* So your elves are martyrs?

*Lydia* It's those who give their lives for the world who create it, Bruce, like mothers to a certain extent sacrifice part of their lives to give birth to their children. Remember Socrates who liked to view himself as a sort of midwife of civilisation giving birth to leading ideas for civilisation to follow.

*Bruce* From where do you get it all, you who can't see and only studied Braille and that only on a very limited scale?

*Lydia* I see all that which all seeing eyes are closing their eyes to and missing, and I have always trained this my alternative viewing capacity just to as far as possible be able to compensate my handicap, although I will never be entirely successful.

*Jung* Here I must be allowed to importune a rude question. Although you are blind, Lydia, you have acquired an appearance and a front that is mildly speaking striking by its extreme originality. I am thinking of how you have cultivated your dark blond hair to such an extreme length and how you drape yourself in carefully studied black clothes with frayed shawls and long sleeves, as if you really could shape yourself as you wished by watching yourself in the mirror. Why this elaborate appearance, although you are blind? Normally, blind people usually instead try to seem as unpretentious as possible and prioritize practical simplicity in dressing and their outward appearance.

*Lydia* I have tried to acquire a look corresponding to how I feel in my soul. I am a constantly crying and grieving soul, Carl Gustav. My long hair symbolize all those tears I don't have the power to cry out, and my black clothes symbolize my constantly growing widow's mourning for a Europe and a civilisation that is constantly nearing an obvious and unavoidable destruction. I don't know if I want to survive the war that is at our door, for I fear more its consequences than its reality. All wars bring a much worse harvest afterwards than all those immediate disasters that they first mark their destruction with. Most of our clients have been in urgent need of help because of their incurable shock damages from the last war in the form of shell shocks, amnesia, brain concussions and traumas without end. I don't know if I can bear with yet another worse world war. That's why I try to take some kind of precautions by in a way anticipating the sorrow. Without Lucy I could not manage one day in this world. By her sound health and mundane eyes she compensates my abyssal despair with a bit of realistic sunshine in spite of all. And I can't escape that painful spiritual reality I feel with the strangling grip around its throat taken by evil, since I belong to the spiritual reality. Therefore I cannot leave Paris, for I feel that I will be needed here.

*John* I have made my decision. I will stay with you. You will need the backup of a proper gentleman. I can't do anything more for Berlin anyway.

*Lucy* Thank you, John. It is your choice, and you are free to make it yourself entirely. Of course you are welcome to stay at your own risk.

*Bruce (rising)* We seem to have found our positions. I regret that I have to leave you here, John, with the girls, which we thereby have failed in bringing home to safety with doctor Freud, who will regret that he didn't get to know some more about Lydia's good elves and their predicament. But we'll see. So far the war has not broken out.

*Gurdieff* No wishful thinking in the world could stop it.



*Bruce* Thank you, doctor Gurdieff. Your pessimism rhymes well with that of doctor Freud.

*Jung* I am glad that we could meet in spite of all, colleague, although we have diametrically opposite initial positions.

*Gurdieff* That does not have to make us enemies. All geniuses compensate each other, and therefore we should all help and support each other.

*Lydia* Only that can save the world: cooperation across all borders.

*Jung* I believe so too. It is the long way to learn that which will be difficult and arduous.

*Bruce* Perhaps a real world war is needed for us to reach that far.

*Greg* Or worse things.

*John* What will you do, Greg?

*Greg* I have business with the Vatican. The new pope is very worried about the situation of the Jews and Catholics in Germany. So am I.

*Bruce* What are you really? Jew or Catholic?

*Greg* Both.

*Bruce* Then I understand you.

*Greg* But I will be back here afterwards to look after you, girls.

*Lucy* And if there will be war?

*Greg* The more so then.

*Gurdieff* Thank you, I recommend myself. Could we walk together, doctor Jung?

*Jung* If you don't have anything against it.

*Gurdieff* My friend, it was always you who estranged yourself from me, never the other way.

*Jung* Pardon me, but I was afraid of getting to know you.

*Gurdieff* Why?

*Jung* Because you didn't want to be known.

*Gurdieff* Come, my friend. We have some unsettled misunderstandings. *(The older gentlemen take on their hats and dress. Gurdieff shows Jung the way out.)*

Thanks for this evening, my ladies. As always it has been more than interesting.

*Lucy* *Au revoir*, I hope, doctor Jung and doctor Gurdieff.

*Jung* We hope so too.

*Bruce* I will come with you. I would like to hear more about your controversies with doctor Freud, doctor Jung.

*Jung* I am afraid that they were limitless.

*Bruce* That's just why. *(follows the older gentlemen out)*

*Greg* I also recommend myself. There is much for me to prepare before my next visit to the Vatican.

*Lucy* I understand. Good luck.

*Greg* Thanks, Lucy. Trust me for my return.

*Lydia* Will you stay here with us, John?

*John* If you want me to.

*Lydia* I want it.

*John*           What do you mean?

*Lydia*           Sleep with me tonight. John. I desire you.

*John (taken aback)* If Lucy has nothing against it...

*Lucy*           John, Lydia's will is our law. I can't have anything against it. Just to let you know, Lydia has never been lying with anyone before. She if anyone is a consummate virgin, so be soft with her.

*Greg*           And you, Lucy? What are you really doing?

*Lucy*           I lie with anyone who wants me and who needs me and am not ashamed of it. I am like a mother to all psychic cases who need help, and I am not ashamed either for charging reasonable prices but not more. Just don't call me a prostitute. Call me just a serving sister.

*Greg*           I always loved you, Lucy.

*Lucy*           You are always welcome, Greg. Don't become too holy in the Vatican.

*Greg*           No risk. (*leaves*)

*Lydia (approaches John and embraces him)* Please enter me and stay there for good, you will be well taken care of, I will never let you down but shroud you in my hair and keep you well preserved committed to my love and lost in my long hair. You will never be out of my love, for there is no one more faithful than me when someone comes to me to be loved. They say that beauty is a black hole through which all commitment disappears, but by me it is reshaped and multiplied many times – there is no more profitable business than love business, and I am a good administrator.

*John*           Why this absolutely overwhelming and surprising confidence for me, Lydia? You seem inspired, to say the least.

*Lydia*           Only love could save the world from a second world war, John. I have always loved your voice, for I always heard your soul vibrate in it. At the same time I am glad that I haven't the slightest idea of what you look like, for that only makes me more certain of your soul, which I thereby can enter directly.

*John*           Are you sure you have nothing against it, Lucy?

*Lucy*           Of course. I know Lydia. She is never wrong.

*Lydia*           Turn on the music, Lucy. You know which.

*Lucy*           Yes. (*She turns on a recording with Chopin's nocturnes, starting with the first one.*)

*Lydia*           Do you know why Chopin is the greatest of all composers, John?

*John*           No?

*Lydia*           Because he is the softest and most quiet. Music is closest to truth and most musical when it comes closest to silence. Chopin always made a point at playing as softly and quietly as possible. He never beat the keys. He only caressed them. Still the piano is a hard percussion instrument and maybe the hardest of all, it has hundreds of hammers, but he chastised it and turned it into the soul's own instrument. No other composer ever reached even the vicinity of his musical devotion.

*John*           I think I understand what you mean.

*Lydia*           Come into me, John. If that can't hold back a new war, nothing can.

*John*            You mean that love is the greatest of all miracles.  
*Lydia*            The greatest power there is. Therefore the world is so sick, since it was chased away by the last world war. We will reintroduce it.  
*John*            Do you think it will work?  
*Lydia*            Yes, sooner or later. The elves will show us the way. When they may prevail, love will prevail, and only then the world will be on its right course. It has been on the wrong course now for twenty-five years.  
*John*            And we will set it right again.  
*Lydia*            Not just we. All who sacrifice themselves for love. (*shows him the way to her room.*)  
*Lucy (when they are gone)* It will be Greg's turn when he comes back. (*standing thoughtfully by the gramophone listening to the music.*)

Act IV scene 1. The Vatican. A private audience with the pope.

*Pius XII*        The only reason why I agreed to this audience, signor Gregorio, is your asserted remarkable communion with elves. It's an extremely uncommon combination to nourish such a gift or interest together with your humanitarian engagement for the Catholics and Jews of Germany. What is really your aim?  
*Greg*            Your holiness, all we really want is to solve the German problem.  
*Pius*            I agree, especially as that problem already is overwhelmingly threatening. With my friends in Germany I was hoping until the last moment that Hitler would not go the whole length to a world war. As long as he didn't, there was hope, which your prime minister Chamberlain was not wrong in nourishing as long as it lasted. Now it doesn't work any more, and instead we have what no one, neither in Germany nor outside, wanted. Hitler really just wanted to settle with the Soviet Union, if he wanted war at all. He saw the Bolsheviks as his and the world's only enemies, and since so many leading Bolsheviks were Jews, like Trotsky, Kamenev and Sinoviev, Hitler unfortunately equalled Bolsheviks with Jews. Now he didn't get any war with the Bolsheviks but instead with England and France. The sad thing is that at least France has no chance against the modern rearmed Germany of today. England then will stand better chances but not without bleeding to death. And when England's only ally France is fallen, England has no other ally than her elves. Only Englishmen believe in elves. Do you really believe in elves?  
*Greg*            Your holiness, let's put it like this, that it has never been possible to prove that elves do not exist. Thereby all those who during all times attributed supernatural and superior powers to elves, in spite of their very negligible appearances, have never been proven to be wrong. On the other hand, there has never been possible to in any way prove that they *do* exist, which only makes the

possible potential of their powers the more impossible to assess. Nothing is more powerful than what cannot be defined.

*Pius* And do you believe then that elves could aid England in a world war?

*Greg* There are those who are sure of it, but at the same time they underscore the importance of us who are able to act to do so the more courageously on our own. You are the leader of all Catholics in the world and therefore can do a lot for the situation of the Catholics in Germany. The Jews find themselves in a worse situation though, which you in the capacity of the world's foremost spiritual leader also can do something about.

*Pius* Does England remain true to her intention to give the Jews a land of their own in Palestine, which was officially promised by foreign secretary Balfour already in 1917?

*Greg* We never retracted that announcement.

*Pius* What exactly are you expecting or hoping of me?

*Greg* In the first place that you would be able to convince Mussolini about choosing the right side against Hitler.

*Pius* That is unfortunately impossible. I have tried. He got wrong from the beginning, and as a dictator he is hopelessly impossible to convert. He will enter the war on Hitler's side to great damage for Italy. All we can do about it is to resign and as Catholics at least keep out of the sinful course and actions of the fascists.

*Greg* Do you have any contact with Hitler?

*Pius* Only diplomatically, none direct. No one in the Vatican really wants anything to do with him. He is a Catholic who has taken a stand against Catholicism. Thereby the Vatican cannot hold a protective hand over him even as a Catholic. The best we can achieve is to act secretly by our contacts in Germany. We have a powerful ally and helper in bishop von Galen of Munster. We believe that we at least to a rather great extent could keep the Catholics in Germany out of harm's way, but unfortunately we have to limit ourselves to that. We can only protect Jews if they seek sanctuary in the Vatican itself.

*Greg* How do you think the war will develop?

*Pius* As long as it remains a war of only one front against the west, the western allies will have no chance. At best they can keep their positions, but they can never defeat Germany. If on the other hand Hitler realizes his ambition to have a settlement with the Russian communism, Hitler has no chance. No one could ever defeat Russia, for even nature stands on the side of Russia against all invasions from the west. I would like to profess, that it's the only chance of the democracies to make it, if Hitler commits the ultimate political mistake of attacking Russia.

*Greg* How great do you think the chances are that he will do it?

*Pius* As foolish as he has been heretofore, I think it is unavoidable, for he is a man of consequence who probably will remain consistently self-destructive all the way. His only interest in life seems to be to drag as many as possible with him and the whole world in his own hopeless perdition.

*Greg* That's exactly how I have heard others also express the case.

*Pius (with a twinkle in his eye)* Have you heard it from the elves?

*Greg* Not I, but others.

*Pius* Then even I dare to believe in the elves. It is more probable that they are right than that man ever will be right.

*Greg* Thank you, your holiness, for receiving me, and I beg your permission to return further on to our common engagement in the cause of the Hebrews.

*Pius* You shall always be welcome. (*lower*) May I just ask you to bring a prayer with you home to England?

*Greg* I will be glad to.

*Pius* Try to change your prime minister to a better one. Chamberlain was good enough as long as there was peace, but in war he will not do any longer. Now you will need a war minister for a prime minister.

*Greg* I will forward that prayer.

*Pius* Thank you, my son. Welcome back, and I must ask you to always keep in touch with us.

*Greg* Of course. your holiness. (*kneels and kisses the pope's ring, rises again and departs in deep respect.*)

## Scene 2. The White House in Washington D.C.

*Roosevelt* I am sorry, Sir, but there is nothing we can do about it, at least not yet at the moment. Mr Hitler may be the worst villain in the world, and he may deserve a war with us indeed with all we can give, but we can't just launch a war against him without any practical reason.

*Bruce* Sooner or later you will get mixed up in the war. You are already involved by the Lend-and-Lease-pact with Churchill. The sooner you join the war, the sooner we could put an end to it.

*Roosevelt* Is that your argument or Churchill's?

*Bruce* It's Churchill's.

*Roosevelt* I regret that I will have to ask him to be patient. Of course we support England by all possible peaceful means, but you seem to already have managed quite a lot on your own. Our London ambassador never thought you would survive Hitler's devastating air raids.

*Bruce* But we did. However, the war is not going well in Europe. All western Europe has fallen from the northernmost tip of Norway to the Mediterranean, and only England is left to still make resistance. We can never liberate Europe without America.

*Roosevelt* How is the war in Russia proceeding?

*Bruce* Sooner or later Hitler will get stuck, but it could still take long. The climax of the war is far from reached yet, and we have a long way to go to its turning point, if there ever will be any. There will hardly be any without American

help. Can nothing make you realize your duty to take part for the sake of the world and democracy?

*Roosevelt* At least no rational reasons. The Americans want to stay out as long as possible. Remember, president Wilson couldn't even get them to join the League of Nations for the sake of world peace. We make money on peace, not on war. War only means great costs, and as long as we don't have to pay we intend to stay out of debt for the war.

*Bruce* Instead we have to pay the more. France and Poland have already paid with their lives.

*Roosevelt* Don't you think I know? Please don't remind me. If I could make a decision myself, we would be in the war tomorrow, but unfortunately we are a democracy, and it's the people who make the decision.

*Bruce* What could bring in America?

*Roosevelt* A direct assault, which we hardly fear from Germany or from anyone else either.

*Bruce* Nothing else? No conscience? The European distress and despair? Hitler's tyranny? The triumph of the dictators?

*Roosevelt* We need a push to get into the war. Can't you ask your elves for some drive? There is almost an urgent need for a miracle.

*Bruce* I will see what I can do. As a matter of fact, we are actually in touch with certain elves.

*Roosevelt* If the elves can't force us into the war, no one can.

*Bruce* The elves are unfortunately powerless against wars and historical disasters.

*Roosevelt* I am aware of it. They are the first ones to take the blows and disappear. War paralyzes man's faith, and there is no human faith more feeble than the one in elves. But who knows. Perhaps your elves could do something.

*Bruce* They already lost in Italy, Russia, Germany and Spain, but they are still present in England.

*Roosevelt* Send a few over here that could manipulate our elves to enlighten the American people about the worrying concern that it might be only us in the end who could liberate Europe.

*Bruce* Already Wilson got far enough in that mission, but unfortunately his model didn't last. Next time we must make sure that the democratic order of Europe will hold.

*Roosevelt* We are busy enough with the trouble of keeping ourselves within the constitution and to fight all the corrupt tycoons here who wish to replace democracy. Europe must be secondary.

*Bruce* Sooner or later you will have arrived.

*Roosevelt* I hope so, Bruce. Tell that to Churchill. Unfortunately that's all we can do for now.

*Bruce* I will try to mobilize the necessary tug from the elves.

*Roosevelt* You do that. For Europe that is almost the only hope there is. (*shakes hands with Bruce, who gives his thanks and leaves.*)

*Roosevelt (thoughtfully)* Elves. Do they exist? Not in wartime in any case, but no one has ever succeeded in denying them with any lasting progress.

Scene 3. The Paris apartment.

*Lucy* Did you succeed in getting anything done?

*Greg* I don't know. It is too early to say. We live after all only for the future, for what will follow on this hell, and would most of all just forget and damn everything that is going on.

*Lucy* It means nothing, Greg. It's just nonsense.

*Greg* But the Nazis are here, and we will not get rid of them, at least not for some time.

*Lucy* They mean nothing. They are just in the way, an unnecessary evil that eventually will disappear. Now when America has joined the war they have no chance any more. They will never manage a war on two fronts. Russia and America will squeeze them to shreds, like in a vice.

*Greg* It will take time, Lucy, before we have Americans in Europe. They will perhaps bomb all Germany to cinders before they even landed on foot on the continent.

*Lucy* You Brits are sure to never miss your target. Don't forget then to retaliate Berlin for what they did to the civil population of London.

*Greg* They were always several steps ahead. They had been practising on Madrid, Barcelona and Guernica. We had had no practice at all and couldn't even suspect what terror the Germans would represent. Only Churchill was aware of it.

*Lucy* How do you think Bruce got America into the war?

*Greg* He didn't. Churchill sent him over just to personally try to talk Roosevelt over on our side, but it failed. Roosevelt is said to have given him leave to use more drastic measures. Then Bruce threatened with our elves.

*Lucy* Were they the ones who gave the Japanese the idea to bomb Pearl Harbour?

*Greg* I am sure that the Japanese never would have come across such a madly preposterous idea themselves. Both politically and militarily it was to lock Japan on a long term inevitably suicidal course.

*Lucy* That remains to be seen.

*Greg* The Japanese have no chance against America, a small realm of islands with less than half the population of America and constantly subject to earthquakes and natural disasters. It will be easy for America to bomb all Japan to cinders on a small area, but Japan can never reach America. Richard Sorge could have told them that. *(the doorbell)*

*Lucy* Here is my customer. You have to vanish.

*Greg* Who is it?

*Lucy* You know whom.

Greg           The colonel?

Lucy           Himself. You should have left before he came. Now you can't go out that way. You have to go in to Lydia and wait there in the meantime.

Greg           I will gladly wait for you for any length of time.

Lucy           I don't know when he will be finished.

Greg           May I love you after him? To remove his bad aftertaste?

Lucy           If I can manage.

Greg           Thanks, Lucy. You know I am the only one entitled to you.

Lucy           Yes, I know that.

Lydia (*has opened her door*) You had better come in here, Greg. The colonel must not even suspect that you have been here. (*Greg steals in to Lydia.*) Now be perfectly quiet.

Greg           Be calm. They can't hear us in here.

Lucy (*has gone to open to the colonel. From outside:*) My colonel! And what lovely flowers!

Colonel (*outside*) What will you not do for a beautiful woman, who excels all others in both beauty and wisdom?

Lucy           You exaggerate, colonel. I don't even speak French properly. (*enters in his company, a very proper young German colonel*)

Colonel       I always wondered how such an intelligent English lady could end up like here in Paris. Did anything happen in England?

Lucy           Only the usual thing. Unhappy love. Injustices. Bad treatment. I had enough. Here I could live better and more freely.

Colonel       And with a very exotic friend. Where is she now? Is she at home?

Lucy           She is in her room. We have no need of her.

Colonel       No, we don't, but I actually thought at first that you were sisters.

Lucy           We are in a way, since we have known each other almost as long as sisters.

Colonel       But you are not related. How did she become blind?

Lucy           She was born blind.

Colonel       And still so intelligent and well educated. If there is anything that always will impress a German, it is a good education.

Lucy           I am afraid that's precisely what I lack.

Colonel       Not in the field in which I am interested.

Lucy           My colonel, that area is restricted, which you must be well aware of, since it is limited to this wartime, which will not last much longer.

Colonel       We still have much to do. England isn't broken yet, we haven't finally defeated Russia, and Japan has only introduced its operations.

Lucy           How are things going in Africa?

Colonel       The English have no chance. We will soon reach the Suez canal, and then we'll strangle the British empire.

Lucy           And how far have you reached into Russia?



*Colonel* We have soon reached Moscow, and as soon as we have taken Stalingrad, which is of strategic importance, we can also strangle the entire Soviet Union.

*Lucy* So you plan a definite push against Stalingrad?

*Colonel* That will most likely decide the entire war. If we have Stalingrad, we hold all the Soviet Union like in a nutshell.

*Lucy* Will you not be in need of some help of the Japanese in the Russian back of Siberia?

*Colonel* No, we can manage alone.

*Lucy* So the Japanese will not attack the Soviet Union, although they attacked America?

*Colonel* They asked us if we needed help, but we declined. A good German manages by himself.

*Greg (to Lydia)* Richard Sorge must be informed about this.

*Lydia (back)* Hush! *(They listen.)*

*Lucy* But war on two fronts is a war on two fronts.

*Colonel* Don't forget that we managed it all right last time.

*Lucy* No, you did not.

*Colonel* We defeated Russia. We'll do that now again, and we have already defeated France. The English are on the other side of the channel and just looking on while we are robbing them of the world. Serves them right.

*Greg* Just you wait!

*Colonel* What was that?

*Lucy* What?

*Colonel* Is there someone else in the apartment?

*Lucy* Only Lydia.

*Colonel* And there is no one with her?

*Lucy* Not as far as I know.

*Colonel* I thought I heard something manly. I had better check. *(rises to approach Lydia's room.)* With you I would like to make love completely undisturbed, Lucy.

*Lydia (terrified, has got Greg into a wardrobe, whispering:)* You risk our lives!

*Colonel (opens the door)* Good day, Lydia. Are you alone?

*Lydia* No. Lucy is here with me.

*Colonel* I know that. No one else?

*Lydia* Can you see anyone else? I can't.

*Colonel* No, neither can I. *(closes the door and returns to Lucy)* It was probably just Lydia.

*Lucy* She gets attacks sometimes of coughing.

*Colonel* Yes, she might have cleared her throat. I can't wait any longer, Lucy. Let's come to the point.

*Lucy* How much time do you have today, colonel?

*Colonel* Enough. We'll have time enough.

*Lucy* I always have time. But what about you?

*Colonel* We had better start at once.

*(The colonel starts the gramophone, an old rasping recording of "Tristan and Isolde", which obviously has been played a hundred thousand times.)*

Lucy Don't you ever tire of that music?

Colonel I never tire of you, Lucy, and I never tire of love, and never of Wagner. It's the perfect trinity. *(starts making love to her)*

Greg I would like to murder that bully!

Lydia Quiet, Greg. We must not be heard.

Greg They can't hear us now. They are playing Wagner.

Lydia But we must not take any risks!

Greg We take no risks. They take all the risks. The colonel risks his life without knowing it, and Lucy risks her life by loving him while I am here. Is there no other way out?

Lydia Only by the window, but that is even more risky.

Greg You don't know of course how risky it is. *(goes to the window and examines the possibility)* No balcony and nothing to climb on and impossible to jump to the ground. But anything is better than listening to that.

Lydia What's wrong with Wagner?

Greg Not the record, Lydia. The bed.

Lydia Yes. I am sorry, Greg. There is nothing we can do. We must wait them out.

Greg Has she had many others?

Lydia You know how it is, Greg. She collects information. She helps the resistance. That's the only reason why she stayed here after the occupation. You also had some valuable information just now.

Greg Yes, the Russians and Sorge will be glad if it is correct. That means Stalin could counter attack at Stalingrad. Like the colonel said, that could decide the war.

Colonel *(in bed with Lucy, hearkens)* Are you sure there is no one else here?

Lucy You are paranoid, my colonel, if you hear anything else than Wagner.

Colonel Mice usually don't rattle that loud. *(rises and goes back towards Lydia's room)*

Lydia I am afraid you have to hide again. Stay this time, and don't come out until the colonel is finished. *(Greg hurries into the wardrobe. The colonel opens the door.)*

Colonel What are you up to, Lydia?

Lydia Talking by myself.

Colonel Yes, I can hear that, but it sounds exactly as if you had someone to talk to. I hope you have nothing against that I and Lucy practise together.

Lydia Not at all. I am used to it.

Colonel You must also have some lover now and then, being as charming as you are?

Lydia He is not here now.

Colonel Are you sure?

Lydia You can see better than I.

*Colonel* Yes, he is not here now, unless he is hiding to both you and me. *Scheisse*, I haven't got any more time, and I must get ready. (*closes the door and gets back to Lucy*)

*Greg* (*peeps out*) He should learn that love never works under stress.

*Lydia* Quiet!

(*The music stops. The record is finished. Greg and Lydia are petrified. The colonel and Lucy stop short.*)

*Colonel* The music ended.

*Lucy* Do you want more?

*Colonel* Yes, I want more, but there is no time. I can't make it, Lucy. We have been interrupted again.

*Greg* Thanks God!

*Colonel* Now I distinctly heard someone.

*Lucy* Perhaps it was the neighbour.

*Colonel* I am leaving, Lucy. I don't know when I will be able to come back.

*Lucy* You will come when you come.

*Colonel* Yes. Give Lydia my love. I don't want to disturb here any more. I hope we haven't disturbed her.

*Lucy* She knows you. Nothing can disturb her.

*Colonel* (*makes ready to leave and starts walking towards the exit, then suddenly turns and quickly opens the door to Lydia. Greg has no time to hide.*) Aha! (*immediately pulls his gun*) I knew it! You are not quite as innocent, Lydia, as you look! I knew I would catch some resistance member here sooner or later! You are my, prisoner, Monsieur!

*Greg* (*raises his hands*) I am just here for a visit. I hope you are a gentleman who will not cause the ladies more unpleasantness than necessary.

*Colonel* What do you think of me, a colonel in the German army? For us, all ladies are sacred, especially in France, but you are my prisoner!

*Lucy* (*loudly to Lydia*) Lydia, you promised me to be more discreet!

*Lydia* I am sorry, sister, but your indiscretion inspired me.

*Colonel* March out of here, Frenchman! You are privileged enough to be able to expect to be subject to some interrogation!

*Greg* I can't wait, herr major.

*Colonel* Colonel!

*Greg* A military man anyway...

*Colonel* (*marching out with Greg. To Lucy:*) This changes nothing for us, mademoiselle. On the contrary. It only makes things better. You are welcome to trap and catch more resistance men for us. (*leaves with Greg*)

*Lydia* (*finds herself with Lucy and embraces her*) What do you think they will do with him?

*Lucy* They will question him.

*Lydia* Gestapo?

*Lucy* Probably.

*Lydia* And then?

*Lucy* We shall see, Lydia. Greg is an experienced man who can talk himself out of situations. He does have diplomatic contacts.

Scene 4. The interrogation with Gestapo.

A typical dark cellar chamber with one or two blinding lamps.

The interrogation is led by an officer of Gestapo with soldiers around him.

Also the colonel is present.

*Leading officer* So you are English. What are you doing in Paris?

*Greg* Visiting old friends and all I can to further peace.

*Leader* Don't you know there is a war on?

*Greg* That's why I further peace. It will be needed when the war is over.

*Leader* Obviously you have nothing to hide. Who are you?

*Greg* Greg Reynolds, old fellow student with Lydia and Lucy, here only to visit them.

*Leader* Only for that?

*Greg* Only for that.

*Leader (to the colonel)* What do you think?

*Colonel* No, I don't think so. He knows more.

*Greg* Very well, colonel, my task in this world is to prepare and work for the peace that must come and to build a better world than the war world. My contacts and friends are exclusively religious and diplomats. I am a Catholic and have had conversation with the pope in Rome. I have nothing at all to do with the war.

*Leader* You sound convincing, but it is not enough.

*Greg* What more do you want to know?

*Leader* Why do you take the risk of coming to Paris in the middle of a burning war?

*Greg* Because I have very good old friends here.

*Leader* Are they also part of the resistance?

*Greg* I have nothing to do with the resistance. They may answer for themselves, but as far as I know they are more innocent than I.

*Leader* Of what?

*Greg* Of conducting any sort of activity against your interests.

*Leader* You are lying.

*Greg* Why do you say so?

*Leader* You travel secretly through France and hides without showing yourself to a German officer who is in the same apartment with you, although he asks the ladies of the apartment if someone else is there. That's quite enough circumstantial evidence to make you a suspect of spying.

*Greg* I am not qualified. I am a pacifist and believe more in elves than in any politics.

*Leader* Elves?

*Greg* Yes. Do you know what elves are? Your Fuhrer appears to deny their existence.

*Leader* Is it some kind of a secret code you use with your comrades within the resistance? We know very well how the resistance sends codes in the radio every day which they can only understand themselves.

*Greg* Elves are elves and war is war, and they have nothing in common. They are different worlds and dimensions.

*Colonel* Release him. He is just a soft Catholic who has come astray. Send him to prison.

*Leader* We must question him about his contacts.

*Colonel* I don't think he has any except the pope, the blind lady, her light sister and his elves.

*Greg* Correct, colonel. We understand each other.

*Leader* What is your aim? What did you discuss with the pope?

*Greg* Naturally the situation of the Catholics in the world of today. You don't make it easy for them in Germany.

*Leader* Only the Catholics?

*Greg* No, also the Jews.

*Leader* And what is your interest with the Jews?

*Greg* Why do you persecute them? My God, they are educated people, so let's indeed talk about this. What evil have they done to you, and what is your business with them? Why may they not live in peace? Do they ask for anything else?

*Leader* What is your point?

*Greg* Herr investigator, more than ten years ago your leader herr Hitler made it clear to the world, that it was the Bolsheviks and communists he wanted to get at as the only world peril. His only enemy was the Russian bolshevikism, which he also denominated as the world's only enemy. So why then attack the innocent and harmless Jews and start a war against such a harmless nation as Poland?

*Leader* You don't know what you are talking about.

*Greg* And what did you get for your persecution of the Jews and your war against Poland? War with France and England, which was the last thing Hitler wanted! And war with America at that! How do you think you could ever overcome America? And how do you think you could get at the Bolsheviks that way? Isn't that to completely lose your way on byways?

*Leader* We can't call the Fuhrer's policies in question. We can't go back. The war has been started to be carried through, and no one can conclude it except by death. That's our reality, Mr British spy. Unfortunately we can't regard you as anything else. The only thing that could save your life would be if you had further information to give us about the resistance movement in France, as you impossibly could have come to France except to cultivate your contacts there.

*Greg* I assure you that I have no such contacts.

*Leader* So you come to France and steal incognito into Paris just to cultivate old loose relationships and your common connections with the elves? Are you trying to

pull our legs? What do you think we are? We are no daft eccentric Englishmen. All your talk about the pope and elves are just smoke screens to lead us astray and make us believe you are an idiot, which you are not. You can't fool us, Mr Greg Reynolds, even by trying to make us believe that you stick to the truth, for that's the last thing you are sticking to, when you deliver such stupidities as common *Kwatsch* about elves and the innocence of Jews. How can you be so blind that you haven't realized that it's the Jews who started this world war just to bring down Germany?

*Greg* Are you to talk about stupidities, who believe in the myth of the Jewish world conspiracy, which myth started as a faked document by Russian pogrom authorities just to compromise the Jews without reason?

*Leader* Take him away and give him the treatment. He shall tell us more about the resistance even if he has to die for it. (*Soldiers lay their hands on Greg and take him away.*)

*Colonel* And the ladies? Are they also under suspicion?

*Leader* Colonel, they are completely under your protection. Only you are responsible for them. If you suspect them we take them in. If you claim they are just a couple of silly sluts they may stay that way without being bothered by us. We have a war to manage. What you manage besides is your own business.

*Colonel* And what will you do with their countryman?

*Leader* He has no chance if he has nothing to tell. If he has, we will get it out of him.

*Colonel* And what shall I tell the ladies?

*Leader* Colonel, I am sure they have happened to it before that friends of theirs have just disappeared. They must be rather used to it and therefore have nothing to add, so you could calmly refrain yourself from saying anything about it to them. Perhaps it's best that you have nothing more to do with them. Who knows – if they know someone they may want to seek revenge on you personally, so that you might have to call it a day in a sensitive moment by the exactitude of some meticulous sniper. Every man knows since of old, that the last thing you can trust is a woman, especially in war, and especially in France. (*The Gestapo chief turns to his papers, and the colonel leaves. The soldiers make the salute and attention, are dismissed and leave.*)

#### Scene 5. London.

*Bruce* Don't go there, John.

*John* I have to. I have no choice.

*Koestler* You are risking your life. It's foolish to throw it away for nothing.

*John* I can always manage.

*Bruce* That's what Greg always used to say. He thought he could talk himself out of anything.

*John* That's just why I have to go there!

*Koestler* Greg is dead, John. The Gestapo has murdered him. We don't want you to go the same way. Gestapo is watching Lucy and Lydia. Whoever visits them gets their attention.

*John* But we can't just sit here and do nothing and let the Germans behave like wild undistinguishing animals!

*Bruce* Do you want them to torture Lucy and Lydia to death as well?

*John* I must see them, Bruce. I must do my duty. I must confer with my contacts in Germany. We must see to it that Hitler is disposed of by an assassination before all Europe bleeds to death!

*Bruce* Lucy and Lydia will hardly be able to help you, John. They are being watched. Not even the Germans dare to visit them any more, since they fear the resistance will lie in waiting for them to gun them down by some sniper.

*John* How do you know?

*Bruce* Lucy can manage on her own. She knows what she is doing. She begs for no visit by you. That Greg was caught was no one's fault, except possibly his own. He couldn't quite control himself when a German colonel fucked Lucy while he was still in the apartment. What would happen if you were there, when a German colonel comes to fuck Lydia? Could you then control yourself?

*John* We must execute Hitler, Bruce.

*Bruce* Yes, I will go there and bomb him. We will bomb every damned German industrial town for Greg's sake. We will bomb out all Berlin. We will cause an equally tremendous firestorm, that we unintentionally let loose over Hamburg, over every single German huge town. I will sit in a bomber myself and place bombs in Hitler's own bunkers by perfect hits.

*John* That will not help us, Bruce. You are just bragging about empty air. It's the Germans themselves that have to expedite him, and we must help them on. Or else it will never get done. I know some people in Berlin.

*Bruce* Are you going all the way to Berlin?

*John* I know the bishop of Munster, whom Greg also was acquainted with, a leader for the underground Catholic resistance. I must meet him. Another man we can count on is the mayor of Leipzig, Karl Goerdeler. There are also within the supreme military command men who would do anything to get rid of Hitler and save what's left of Germany and finish the war before it is too late. Everyone except himself is perfectly aware that he could never win the war! He alone is leading Germany and the world to hell!

*Bruce* You are impatient, John. That's never good in warfare. Then you can lose control. We will do what we can from here. We are still in touch with Lucy, and she has taken over Greg's contacts from Paris. Thanks to the information that the Germans declined the help of the Japanese against Russia, Stalin could wage all his resources against Stalingrad.

*Koestler* What an inveterate fool! That he could believe that he could manage a war on two fronts! Hitler is like a curse for the explicit purpose of leading the entire German world in a complete debacle! It's obvious that the Japanese wish to

concentrate entirely on America and the British colonies in Asia. They understand that they can't fight a world war on two fronts. When the Germans are vanquished the Japanese will therefore still remain alone to stand up and fight.

*Bruce* Try to persuade John not to go behind the lines, Arthur.

*John* The harder you try to persuade me, the more determined you make me to go there. I must meet Lydia and Lucy and confer with them. Lucy knows a great deal that I don't know. I must get to know what she learned from Greg.

*Bruce* We already know that.

*John* Not all.

*Bruce* John, the Gestapo tortured Greg to death by insisting to learn everything he knew about the resistance. He knew nothing about the resistance, for he had nothing to do with it, but the Germans refused to understand that, who therefore tortured him to death with no results. Do you want to squeeze Lucy on what she perhaps doesn't know?

*John* You know that I love Lydia.

*Bruce* Yes, and Greg loved Lucy.

*John* I must go, Bruce. I have no choice.

*Bruce* Yes, you have a choice between life and death. If you are sensible you choose life.

*John* Yes, for Europe and a world without Hitler. That's my choice.

*Bruce* And we shall reach there, without any need for you to risk your life for nothing. All you need is patience.

*John* That's what I haven't got. (*leaves and bangs the door behind him*)

*Koestler* I am afraid we can't stop him.

*Bruce* Do you think he could stop Hitler?

*Koestler* Anyone can stop him. All you need is a bit of luck. All assassination attempts against him so far, and they have been many, have been persecuted by bad luck.

*Bruce* Do you think John could manage it?

*Koestler* He could manage anything, if he isn't alone. All he needs is a bit of luck.

#### Act V scene 1. The apartment in Paris.

*Lucy* You shouldn't have come here, John.

*John* I know, but here I am.

*Lydia* He knows what he is doing.

*Lucy* What will you do?

*John* I will stay here on the continent until the war is over. I will mobilise all underground movements and sensible people to carry through assassination attempts against Hitler until it succeeds and we can end the war. I can never forgive the Germans the death of Greg.

*Lucy* Neither can we, but they know it. We are under constant careful watch, John. They must have seen you.



*John* But they don't know who I am. So they cannot recognize me.

*Lucy* But your visits here must be as brief as possible.

*John* I will decide that.

*Lucy* Besides yourself you may also expose us to mortal danger.

*Lydia* He doesn't care about that.

*John* And you know why.

*Lydia* You imagine that your love makes you invulnerable.

*John* No, I know it. – Are you still in touch with that colonel, Lucy?

*Lucy* Yes, but he doesn't come here any more. He uses me though as a spy for the Germans. He thinks I have connections with the resistance, and so I have. I give information both to the Germans and to the resistance, so that they know where to place their bombs.

*John* Do you mean that the Germans regard you as a reliable source of information, like another Mata Hari?

*Lucy* Yes, actually, and the resistance men help me. They provide the information I am to supply the Germans with.

*John* And you admonish *me* for risking my life?

*Lucy* There is a war on, John. We all try to save each other's lives as well as we can. I try to save yours.

*John* And you still insist on staying here? I could easily get you across to England.

*Lydia* We stay here.

*John* I know, Lydia. Stupid question.

*Lydia* You can stay here for one night but no longer.

*John* Good. Then I'll go on to Germany.

*Lucy* What do they know about Greg's death in England?

*John* Did you get any details from your colonel?

*Lucy* Greg kept insisting that he knew nothing about the resistance. The colonel believed him and warned the Gestapo against torturing him to death for nothing. The harder the Gestapo only tried to force information out of him, although Greg told the truth. The Gestapo is like that. The less they learn, the harder they proceed, the more certain they are that their victim knows something, and then they kill him without learning anything.

*John* So they learned nothing? Nothing about Greg's contacts with Japan and Sorge?

*Lucy* He wasn't even suspected of anything in that way. He was only suspected of connections with the resistance, which was the last thing he was guilty of. He was just an honest pacifistic Catholic, John.

*John* I know.

*Lydia* You don't have to enter me any more, John. You are already inside me forever.

*John* Thank you, Lydia. After the war we shall make love for real. I think I should go on at once.

*Lucy* A wise decision. The Germans might not even have seen you yet.

*John* Is your colonel never coming back to see you?

*Lucy* We only meet at public places, where there are also other German militaries.

*John* What does the resistance think about that?

*Lucy* They know where they have me. The Germans believe they know where they have me.

*John* Take no risks.

*Lucy* That's for you to say.

*John (embraces Lydia)* Farewell, Lydia. Wish me luck. Ask the elves to protect me and to help me in detonating Hitler.

*Lydia* The elves are always with you and with all of us, John. They are the only safety here in this world.

*John* I believe you. (*embraces and kisses her tenderly, then hastily leaves.*)

*Lucy* Do you really believe all that, Lydia?

*Lydia* How can you doubt it?

*Lucy* I didn't doubt. I just asked.

*Lydia* If there is anything I am sure of in life, it is our elves, for that is all I have.

*Lucy* I believe you. We did actually manage so far. (*They walk into the kitchen together.*)

## Scene 2. Potsdam.

*Beck* The most grotesque thing of all in the development of Germany during the last twenty years is that the Austrian corporal is still alive after fourteen failed attempts against his life, of which statistically at least seven ought to have been successful.

*Goerdeler* The bad luck of Germany us approaching the most incredible and miraculous proportions, as if the devil himself was present just to mess with the world as much as possible by keeping the most preposterous corporal of all times alive to let him ruin it.

*John* But you mustn't give up your efforts to liquidate him. The more he succeeds in destroying his own world, the more urgent becomes the need of destroying him, and the more important that you succeed.

*Galen* Or else everything good about Germany and all its culture, all the innocent, wise and educated people who still are there, risk extirpation. Common sense is at risk of getting exterminated in the world of today, as if God himself had given up hope of humanity and given all destructive powers free hands to destroy it, like by another but worse kind of flood.

*John* So you endorse every possible effort to eliminate Hitler?

*Galen* Yes, in the capacity of a human being and German, I don't want to see all the good I lived for here in Germany get lost by the holocaust of a blind madman. Before the last world war Germany was leading the cultural and humanistic

development of the world, which was admired and followed by the entire world. It was most of all thanks to all our universal musicians from Bach and Handel to Wagner and Richard Strauss, where the latter even by unfortunate naïvety and to my great grief actually surrendered to the Nazi barbarity and compromised with it in the vain belief that they were not as condemnable as they seemed.

*John* But even Hitler embraces Wagner with love and is even a continent man and vegetarian who advances the virgin knight Parsifal as his ideal.

*Beck* Continent man? He never was. He is a chronic hysteric with an astronomic inferiority complex which has entailed that he at any price must revenge himself on the entire world and most of all on its most innocent and noblest representatives, that is the Jews, whom he irrationally has selected as scapegoats for the humiliation of Germany in the last war, where he himself was maimed for life by a chronic brain damage which made him incalculable, why the psychiatrists took care of him and prepared him to a human infernal machine which can't work and go on without narcotics of all kinds of sorts. He is humanly a zombie, and all the advantages that are pointed out about him are just artificial propaganda, by which the extreme idiot doctor Goebbels has deceived himself and the entire German people.

*John* So he must be liquidated and that fast before he has burnt up all Europe.

*Beck* Exactly.

*Goerdeler* That brings you into the picture, John Martin. Suppose that next assassination attempt will be successful. We will then immediately take charge of the government and make peace with all Hitler's enemies. Then we must know: can we count on any cooperation and any understanding on the part of the allies? Churchill refused to listen to Rudolf Hess but had him imprisoned at once when he flew to England in a desperate effort to achieve a separate peace. It was just an escape and a peace mission, nothing else, but the British treated him resolutely as a war criminal. If we beg for peace, will then Churchill refuse it and go on bombing us to further ruins? Could he agree to any separate peace at all?

*John* As I understand it by my talks with Bruce Lockhart and others, who are close to Churchill, the only thing acceptable to Churchill and Roosevelt is unconditional surrender. But if this is offered in connection with the liquidation of Hitler, you can count on that it will immediately be taken for real, after which a return to peacetime could be facilitated. The allies never wanted revenge, only the liquidation of the present German government.

*Beck* And Stalin?

*John* Unfortunately we know nothing about Stalin. He knows nothing about your assassination plans and is not expecting or prepared for an eventual sudden peace. There the transit to a general condition of peace could be more difficult, especially as I know that Stalin is in cold blood counting on taking care of the greater part of eastern Europe.

*Goerdeler* Stalin was the only enemy Hitler really wanted to challenge.

*John* It was a pity that he didn't exclusively concentrate on him from the beginning.

*Goerdeler* In order to do that, he had to get through Poland. That's why he attacked Poland.

*John* Was that the only reason?

*Beck* Yes, actually. The Bolshevik communism was the only element in the world that Hitler originally wished to redress.

*John* And it was not possible without a world war. How dreadfully tragic.

*Beck* Yes, indeed.

*John* Well, I will inform Bruce Lockhart and others in Whitehall that you are preparing the definite assassination attempt against Hitler, so that they will not be entirely unprepared when Hitler at last one day is blown to pieces, and so that there might be some preparation plan for a speedy resumption of peaceful conditions in all Europe.

*Beck* You will be our key man in the Churchill vicinity. We beg you to stay in touch with us.

*John* Just let me know when it will all go off.

*Goerdeler* It must only be carefully prepared, so that nothing can go wrong. We can't afford to have yet another failed assassination attempt.

*Beck* An infallible plan is being worked out. All we need is real men who at the moment of truth don't start hesitating to carry it through whatever happens.

*John* I really wish you the best of luck, gentlemen, and wish I could have taken part in it myself.

*Beck* You do that by making sure that the valkyries are with us.

*John* So you believe in valkyries like Hitler, who doesn't believe in elves though.

*Beck* Valkyries are more bellicose. Elves are too soft.

*John* Don't be too sure. The elves are more discreet, are not visible and never make any fuss. What makes the valkyries doubtful is that they are too demonstrative about their weapons.

*Goerdeler* I think we will need both valkyries and elves in order to succeed, if we don't all wish to be liquidated before Hitler. If I know him right he will persecute all resistance men to their death as long as he lives, and they are constantly increasing in number and also more and more known to him. A dictatorial party always works in the same way, that its best representatives and powers are the first to be sorted out, so that in the end only the worst will remain.

*John* That's as far as we must never let it pass at any price. If the worst are not dismantled and sorted out in time, there will finally be no good powers left to bring them to trial.

*Galen* Exactly, gentlemen. That is why the entire Catholic and spiritual world will support and stand up for those brave men who are prepared to risk their lives if only the leaders of the evil are put out of the way.

*John* Good luck, gentlemen.

*Goerdeler* We will certainly do our very best.

*(Beck raises his glass in a toast as a compliment to John. They all toast quietly together.)*

Scene 3.

*Rommel* Gentlemen, you have presented me with a prospect like a meticulous plan of campaign with all indispensable details, and I must admit that I am impressed. You really seem to have thought of everything, which must lead to the conclusion that your plan has every possibility to work. It is in fact at least theoretically foolproof and perfect. The problem is that you can never know in advance what will go wrong.

*Beck* Nothing can go wrong, herr Field marshal.

*Rommel* No, theoretically it can't, your plan is absolutely waterproof and intact, but from experience you know, that there will still always be something unexpected which could put the whole project at risk. I am sorry, gentlemen, but as a field marshal I can't have anything to do with your plan and can't share any responsibility. Come back to me afterwards when you have succeeded, and then I will gladly back you up with all my powers.

*Canaris* I take the same view as the field marshal. I can do nothing to help you until your plan has succeeded. When your valkyrie coup has been carried through and the Fuhrer is dead I am your man and loyal to you unto my death as I have always been to my country.

*Goerdeler* We could do without the field marshal and the admiral, general, couldn't we?

*Beck* Of course. Gentlemen, we only initiated you in our plan to have it confirmed. We waged all our efforts to make it perfect and foolproof and really only wanted to have a confirmation from you that it was.

*Canaris* What does our representative of England say?

*John* I can't do more than confirm that it is a reality to Whitehall when it has been successfully executed. We can't help you from England until your success is certain, but then we will be able to mobilize all our forces and efforts to implement as immediate a general peace as possible.

*Goerdeler* And what does our Swedish friend say?

*Wallenberg* Herr mayor, I find the entire project as wonderful as courageous, and I can only sincerely hope that it will succeed without any difficulty. I could almost say, that it has to succeed without difficulty, or else we would face a devastating prolonging of the war for nothing, which could cause Europe and the world even worse damages than the war has done so far. The systematic extirpation of the Jews in your country is going on at full speed, and only a miracle like this one could interrupt it. I almost feel like warning you at the same time, that if you don't succeed you could hardly expect any larger German town to survive without similar firestorm annihilation bombings like that of Hamburg.

*Beck* So we simply have to succeed.

*Rommel* May I ask who worked out the detailed plan itself?

*Beck* We did it together, of course, but first in the front line of the planning there was always colonel von Stauffenberg here.

*Rommel* My compliments, colonel von Stauffenberg. May I add the vital conclusion, that when once you have embarked on the operation you must on no condition hesitate. Its success could be completely dependent on the efficiency of its execution. One hour's hesitation in a sensitive moment could ruin the whole enterprise.

*Stauffenberg* Don't apprise me of this, herr field marshal, but rather more aged responsible militaries in key positions, like Olbricht and Fromm.

*Rommel* Have you got Fromm in your plan?

*Beck* We haven't even tried, since he is too risky as a simple egoist and careerist who only thinks of his own advantage in all situations. But he will choose the right side when it wins. He is not more stupid than that.

*Rommel* Then I can only heartily wish you luck, gentlemen. Remember, that I and the admiral know nothing and haven't even been present at this non-existent meeting.

*Stauffenberg (with salute)* Of course, herr field marshal.

*Canaris* May I in my turn add, that the fate of Germany might depend on your success. If you fail, Hitler will be prone to concentrate more on exterminating the last honest person in Germany than on the war.

*Beck* An absolutely unnecessary remark, herr admiral. We know, that at the moment of today Germany and Europe can still be saved. If the war may go on without anything being done to radically interrupt it, neither Germany nor Europe will be able to survive it.

*Canaris* Good luck, gentlemen. Herr field marshal, I think we are finished here.

*Goerdeler* I will follow you out. Are you coming with us, herr Wallenberg?

*Canaris* Herr Martin?

*(Goerdeler leaves with Rommel, Canaris, John and Wallenberg.)*

*Beck* In brief, gentlemen, we have to succeed. This is our last chance.

*Stauffenberg* We *will* succeed, herr general, whatever the cost. For a failure could mean in a longer term the worst disaster in this entire world war, as if it hadn't been disastrous enough already.

#### Scene 4. Paris.

*Lucy* How could you fail? What went wrong?

*John (in a low voice)* The worst of it is, that nothing went wrong. We were just unlucky.

*Lydia* Tell me what went wrong, John.

*John (sighs)* It happened to be a very hot day, and in the last moment Hitler decided the proceedings not to take place in the bunker but in a cooler house, where a bomb would not have the same impact. Count von Stauffenberg, who already once had

postponed the operation, considered it out of the question to postpone it once more, why he implemented it. He saw the house explode when he had left it and presumed that the bomb had had its programmed effect, why he gave the signal of clearance for the assumption of power by the operation *Valkyria*, which was to remove SS from all positions of power. Although he gave the clearance signal, general Olbricht hesitated for three hours before he forwarded it. Those three lost hours were maybe decisive. None the less, the operation appeared to succeed and rather without pains, when the news came that Hitler had survived like by a miracle. In the moment of the detonation, he had been leaning across the thick table, under which the bomb had been placed, which saved him while the entire house was blasted. A key position was held by general Friedrich Fromm, who, when he heard that Hitler was still alive, backed out and betrayed the commendable initiative by refusing to cooperate. He quite simply chose the wrong side and fell for the temptation of the dull slowness of convenience, when he could have put an end to a world war. All the brave martyrs, Stauffenberg, Beck, Olbricht and many others, were executed by firing squad, and the war went on as usual with accelerated persecution against Jews and all opposition. Canaris and Rommel will probably also be executed except of course general Friedrich Fromm himself, who never earlier chose the wrong side.

*Lucy* And still you risk your life by coming here and making yourself observed by the Gestapo.

*John* It is all right, Lucy. Here I am just an ordinary Frenchman who once again visits you to warn you against your intimacy with the Germans, by which you could get into trouble with the resistance, which now after D-day and the invasion of Normandy has had winged feet and fresh winds under its wings.

*Lydia* We must immediately get you back to England, John, for your own sake.

*Lucy* Did you come here just to tell us about the aborted assassination attempt?

*John* I actually came to give you some even worse news. Bruce has fallen.

*Lucy (refuses to believe her ears)* Has Bruce fallen!

*John* His bomber was shot down after a raid on his way back to England. No one could have survived the crash.

*Lucy* No! Not he as well! First Vincent, then Greg and now Bruce! It's too much!

*John* It was just a few days after the failed attempt. If it had succeeded, he would never have needed to go out on his last bomb-raid.

*Lucy* Sorry, that I'm crying, sorry that I fall into the trap of sentimentality, but I can't help it. I can't stand it. I can't take it. I can hardly go on living with it.

*John* You must.

*Lydia* You must leave us, John. You must let us cry alone.

*John* Unfortunately I always overstay my visit, no matter how short I make it.

*Lydia* The allies are in France now. The war is going in the right direction and will reach an end.

*John* But it might still take a year.

*Lydia* Yes, it might. The more important it is that you leave us now, so that you the more safely one day may return.

*John* I obey you, Lydia. (*embraces her warmly*) Take care of Lucy. Let her not be broken by this inhuman war, which only gets worse all the time.

*Lydia* No risk, John. We are like sisters who compliment each other. She has eyes to cry with, but I have eyes to see with.

*John* Then I leave you. Remember that I am just an ordinary Frenchman who came to warn you against your affairs with the Germans. (*kisses her*) Goodbye, Lucy. You'll hear from me next from England.

*Lucy* It feels as if the elves themselves had failed us, when Hitler outlives himself and Bruce is killed.

*John* Yes, it does.

*Lydia* They only fail those who fail them.

*John* What would we be without you, Lydia? You are all that is needed for us to care to go on fighting. That Bruce now is gone means nothing for the continuous accelerated bombings of Germany. The devoted conspirators who tried to save Germany feared that it could be utterly destroyed if they failed. Well, it is now more than certain, that it will be destroyed. Sorry that I stayed too long. A last kiss... (*kisses Lydia once more and leaves in haste.*)

*Lydia (embraces Lucy)* He is still here, Lucy. Both Bruce and Greg and Vincent are still here with us.

*Lucy* You can see them but I can't. I can only cry. (*cries out in Lydia's arms, while Lydia tries to comfort her.*)

#### Scene 5. With the Gestapo.

*Leader* Bring her in.

*Colonel* She is innocent.

*Leader* How do you know, colonel?

*Colonel* I have known her for years. She is not involved in anything.

*Leader* We are aware that she is under your protection, colonel, which can't stop that we must question her. I suggest that you stay in the background and follow the interrogation, so that you can watch your concern yourself and draw your own conclusions from it.

*Colonel* You will get nothing out of her, like I didn't for three years.

*Leader* Bring her in. (*The colonel retires. Lucy is brought in and shown a chair opposite the leader and his desk. She is of course directly targeted by lamps straight in her face, while she only sees the interrogation leader and none of the other militaries and Gestapo policemen in the background.*)

*Leader* Who exactly was the man who visited you between Wednesday and Thursday?

*Lucy* An ordinary Frenchman.



*Leader* What did he want? What was his business? What did he do?

*Lucy* What do you usually do at our place? After all, you know us.

*Leader* Don't try to slip away, *fräulein* Lucy. It's true that we know all about you since some years, and that's why it is so important that we get to know everything about you and your friends, since you enjoy the protection of our colonel. What did your guest want? What was his errand?

*Lucy* He warned us against having too much to do with you Germans, that it could lead to the resistance giving us problems.

*Leader* Has the resistance movement given you problems? Do you have any contact with them?

*Lucy* The answer to both questions is no. But the resistance watches me and is alert about the traffic in our apartment, since we occasionally are visited by Germans.

*Leader* Have you anything to fear from the resistance movement?

*Lucy* No, but as you well know it is steadily growing stronger now when the allies are in northern France, so they dare to take bolder initiatives. They don't keep in hiding any more since they are no longer afraid of you. Do I have anything to fear from you?

*Leader* We are also keeping you watched, *fräulein*, and we keep ourselves carefully informed about all your visitors, just because you are under the protection of our colonel. You therefore have more to fear from the resistance movement than from us.

*(The colonel, who has followed the interrogation all the time without being seen by others than by the audience, now steps forth.)*

*Colonel* Lucy, we can only warrant your safety as long as we are still in Paris. You belong to us and are one of our most trusted agents. You never deceived us, and we will therefore make sure you are one of us as long as we remain. But when we are gone it is therefore probable that the resistance movement will retaliate on such as you. Therefore I ask you to keep yourself prepared to come with me to Germany, if one day we will be compelled to evacuate Paris.

*Lucy* And Lydia?

*Colonel* I can accept no responsibility for Lydia.

*Lucy* I stay with Lydia.

*Colonel* It's at your own risk.

*Lucy* I know. We are both English, she and I, but have almost entirely become naturalised French women during our years here in Paris, especially now during the war, so that we understand the French and can therefore not be afraid of them whatever they do.

*Colonel* If you choose to stay on in Paris and we must evacuate, I hope that you at least could make your way home to England.

*Lucy* We'll see when and if that happens. One last question. Are we at all under suspicion of anything?

*Leader* In wartime everyone is suspected of everything. You could very well be double spies both of you, but you haven't made any mistakes, and you are under the colonel's protection. No matter how suspect you are you are therefore free until further with no measures to fear from our side. We can gain nothing from torturing you. It was different with your countryman a few years ago, who had friends in the Vatican, he thought, who were the last who could help him no matter how much he tried to help them. How much suspect you are by the resistance movement for your traffic with us I don't know, but I believe they have greater reasons to suspect you of worse things than we have.

*Lucy* Thank you, Sir. May I leave now?

*Colonel* Yes, Lucy, you may go. (*Lucy offers her thanks and leaves.*)

*Leader* What do you think, colonel? Is there any hope that we could reach the resistance movement through them?

*Colonel* We have had them as bait for several years without any catch. That's why we have left them in peace. It's just to continue having them as bait. The visitor the other day was probably not a Frenchman but Englishman who had nothing to do with the resistance. They are after all English, and one of them is blind at that. Let them be. They have nothing to do with the war.

*Leader* But we keep them under surveillance?

*Colonel* Of course.

*A soldier (enters suddenly)* We have caught him!

*Leader* Who?

*Soldier* Her visitor.

*Leader* Bravo!

*Colonel* Who is he?

*Soldier* An Englishman.

*Leader* I knew it!

*Colonel* That's what I told you. Do what you want with him, and feel free to torture him to death, if he is her lover.

*Leader* And if he reveals anything compromising about her?

*Colonel* I think he will die first. But let me know the results of your interrogations, even if there aren't any. (*leaves*)

*Leader* Rig him up, Gunther. We have some work to do. (*rises to prepare a real interrogation.*)

#### Scene 6. The apartment.

*Lydia* Do you think they have taken him?

*Lucy* I am afraid so.

*Lydia* It feels as if they have. But he will make it, even if they kill him. Do you think they will kill him?

*Lucy* In that case they would already have done it. They are good at torturing people to death, especially those who have nothing to say. John would never reveal anything.

*Lydia* No, he wouldn't. Indeed, he has nothing to tell. He could never even see my elves. (*the doorbell*) Who do you think it is? One of your customers? A resistance member? A German?

*Lucy* Only a German would dare to come here at the risk of his life, and he would be aware of it and take precautions. Do you want to stay?

*Lydia* I will stay.

(*Lucy goes to open, is astonished when she sees who it is.*)

*Lucy* Walter!

*Colonel* I have come for a last visit, Lucy. I have come to fetch you.

*Lucy* Fetch me where?

*Colonel* Home to Germany. I have been recalled.

*Lucy* I can't leave Lydia.

*Colonel* You have no choice.

*Lucy* You can't force me. I am a free woman.

*Colonel* Lucy, the matter is quite simple, and I shall be perfectly straight. You belong to us. If you refuse to follow me you belong to them. Then you are proved a traitor against us, and then I must shoot you. You have to choose. Life with me in Germany or death.

*Lucy* Lydia, go to your room.

*Lydia* No, I stay here.

*Colonel* Your friend has nothing to do with it and nothing to fear. Come with me, Lucy. That's the only thing you can do, and it's simpler than anything else.

*Lucy* I can't leave Lydia.

*Colonel* Yes, you can.

*Lucy* No, I can't.

*Colonel* Then I have to kill you. Or else you will be arrested and tortured to death, like your friend John.

*Lucy* He was not my friend. He was Lydia's.

*Colonel* He is still tortured to death.

*Lucy* You are lying.

*Colonel* I never lie.

*Lydia* Yes, he lies. John is not dead.

*Colonel* Gestapo killed him while torturing him under an interrogation in which he revealed nothing of interest, for he knew nothing except what is not good for anyone to know. I have photographs of his body if you don't believe me. Lydia can't see it, but you can.

*Lydia* He is lying. Go with him, Lucy. He is already dead anyway.

*Colonel (to Lydia)* Why do you say that?

*Lydia* Because you *are*.

*Colonel* Young lady, you are not accountable. You refuse to accept facts because it would hurt too much. It's a natural female reaction. Come with me now, Lucy.

*Lucy* No.

*Colonel* I ask you for the last time.

*Lucy* I stay here with Lydia.

*Colonel* Then I must spare you by killing you before others do it in worse ways.  
(pulls his gun)

*Lucy* I am sorry, Walter, but I will not abandon my post.

*Colonel (with his gun pointing at her)* Who are you really? I am not the only German officer who loved you, and we know how many French you have received at the same time, most of them probably members of the resistance. If you don't show that you are with us you must be against us. You know too many in the enemy camp. You even lied about John and said he was a Frenchman, although he was English.

*Lucy* I obeyed him. It was his last will. He wanted to protect us. Therefore we were to maintain that he was a Frenchman.

*Colonel* What did he want? Bring you in safety to England?

*Lucy* He wanted to bring us the tragic news of the death of a good friend.

*Colonel* A countryman?

*Lucy* Yes.

*Colonel* I am sorry. And that was all?

*Lucy* That was all. You can shoot me now.

*Colonel* Why did you give me your love if it wasn't to use me?

*Lucy* Do you know women so badly? They can only give their love if they love. You murdered Greg for me, whom I loved. Now you boast about having murdered John, whom Lydia loved. Still we also loved you. Shoot me for it, Walter. We haven't betrayed anyone, but you Germans have betrayed love. Still you adored Wagner, the most reckless lover of all.

*Colonel* I must kill you, Lucy, only not to make your suffering worse at the Gestapo headquarters, for if you don't come with me, they will come and get you.

*Lucy* Shoot me then. What are you waiting for? Do you want to make your own suffering worse?

*Colonel (hesitates and obviously can't bring himself to shoot her. Suddenly there is a shot, and the colonel, shot from behind, falls headlong towards Lucy. Blood immediately pours from his mouth. Lucy quickly bends down over him to examine him.)*

*Lucy* Dead! (looks up. Enter a French resistance man.)

*Jean* That was close, Lucy. We must get you away from here. Paris will fall in a few days, but the last Germans are getting constantly more desperate and ruthless. They had even planned to blow up all Paris!

*Lydia* I stay here, Lucy, until John returns.

*Lucy* I stay with Lydia.

*Jean* Are you out of your mind?

*Lydia* That's what she is.

*Jean* The Germans could come any moment! You have no chance!

Lucy Take the body with you when you leave. You are after all the one who shot him.

Jean I wanted to do that for a long time. I am free from all responsibility of your lives, Lucy. Blame yourselves. *(takes care of the body, drags it out and vanishes.)*

Lucy *(lays a mat over the blood pool)* If the Germans come I hope they will not slip on the mat.

Lydia John will be back, Lucy.

Lucy I believe you, even if Walter actually never lied.

A Gestapo police *(outside, bangs on the door)* Aufmachen! We heard a shot! A resistance man ran out of here!

Lucy *(calmly opens the door)* Yes, Sir. A resistance man came here while the colonel was here and shot him.

The police *(more policemen enter after him)* Where is he?

Lucy The resistance man or the colonel?

Police The colonel!

Lucy The resistance man brought him out with him.

Police You are under arrest!

Lucy I was not the one who shot him. The resistance man did it on his own. I didn't even invite him. But the colonel knew that he could be shot by any resistance member if he came here.

Police You are under arrest!

Lucy Yes, you said that already. But I can't leave Lydia.

Police 2 They are coming, Wolfgang. We have to go. *(bombs and shootings in the background)*

Police 1 Damned Franzosen! Now they attack even in daytime! Blame yourself, fräulein! *(takes out his pistol and shoots her to immediately run away with the other policemen.)*

Lydia Lucy! *(gropes her way to where Lucy has fallen, finds her, takes in her arms sitting on the floor, gets all bloody, but Lucy is still alive.)*

Lucy It doesn't hurt, Lydia.

Lydia Lucy! Not you as well!

Lucy I pass on to your elves. I will soon see your elves in reality.

Lydia Stay here, Lucy! We will save you and keep you!

*(enter suddenly Jean with several resistance men.)*

Pascal Is she dead?

Jean They shot her, the damned bastards!

Lucy *(faintly)* No, I am not dead yet.

Lydia *(holding her tight)* She will not leave me.

Jean Mademoiselle Lydia, you will be quite alone here if you stay here.

Lydia I am never alone.

Pascal *(has examined Lucy)* She hasn't long left.

Jean Can we save her?

Pascal Hardly.

Jean           We have to!

Lydia           Calm yourselves. I will save her.

Pascal          We must go, Jean. We have to liberate Paris.

Jean            Yes, that we must do.

Lydia           You can calmly go to your duties. Lucy stays with me.

Jean            We'll be back. Come, Pascal! (*hurries on with Pascal with all their guns ready.*)

Lucy            Farewell, Lydia. Thanks for everything, your friendship, your training and your enlightenment.

Lydia (*caressing her head with her own*) You don't leave me, Lucy. I will keep you.

Lucy            And what will you do with me then when I am dead? Bury me?

Lydia           No, Lucy. You shall live with me, like all the others.

Lucy            What others?

Lydia           All those who died for me. They all remained.

Lucy            Do what you want, Lydia. I regret that my sight is passing.

Lydia           You will have your sight.

Lucy            See you then on the other side. (*dies*)

Lydia (*lowers her head down to Lucy's bosom, holds her and doesn't let go of her, as if she wanted to lull her to sleep*) Sleep, Lucy, sleep well until you wake up again. (*remains in her position like a Madonna with Lucy in her arms when the scene is closed.*)

Scene 7. England, a hospital.

Doctor (*worried*) Tell me how it happened.

Keeper          She was brought here by the French resistance, who had taken care of her in Paris, where she was still embracing a friend with whom she had been living who had been shot by the Gestapo. Obviously the girls had lost many friends earlier, for this Lydia seems completely obsessed by her dead friends. She doesn't want to know anyone else.

Doctor          And she insists on her black clothes and long hair?

Keeper          She refuses to use other clothes than her own, which are all black, and she will not let anyone else tend to her hair.

Doctor          Why?

Keeper          She says, that the only thing she can ever wrap her sorrows in is her hair, which therefore like her sorrows she can't reduce or cut any shorter.

Doctor          Poor girl.

Keeper          But she tends it well, even if that's the only thing she can tend. The murdered friend obviously took care of her, but without her she is completely helpless.

Doctor          And without any contact with reality?

Keeper          Only with the dead.

*Doctor* Well, let's hope that her apparently amassed collection of shocks some time will release her. In the meantime we will have to keep her here. It's just to show her to her room.

*Keeper (leaves to fetch Lydia, who is completely unchanged)* Come here, miss Lydia. You are in the care of good friends here.

*Lydia* I always am.

*Doctor* We hope you will feel at home here. No more harm will come to you, as long as you stay with us.

*Lydia* Just show me to the room where I may stay, so that I may learn to feel at home. I know that I have friends there.

*Doctor (to the keeper)* Show her the room, Arthur.

*Keeper (unlocks a door to a cell)* Is there anything you wish or need, Miss Lydia?

*Lydia* Just for you to leave me alone and in peace with my own.

*Keeper* You have a bell just beside the bed. Just press it if you wish for anything.

*Lydia* Thank you, Mr Keeper. *(The keeper shows her into her cell and to the bed, where she sits down.)* You may go now. From here I can manage by myself.

*(The keeper leaves and closes the door, now and then casting an eye to Lydia if she might need something, but she is a complete blank.)*

*(When the keeper has left and closed the door and is safely gone, the walls open in the cell, and they all come forth: Lucy, John, Greg, Bruce, Vincent, and then also Canaris, Beck, Rommel, Goerdeler, Stauffenberg and finally even doctor Freud, Stefan Zweig and professor Smith. When they all start approaching her, like as if to welcome her, she rises and stretches forth her arms, wherewith it becomes clearly evident, that she actually sees them.)*

*Lydia* You are my elves now, my beloved friends. You are not to welcome me. I am the one to welcome you!

*(And they all come forth to greet her tenderly and politely, when the curtain slowly goes down...)*

*The End.*

*(Gothenburg 21.3.2009,  
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