

Poet Lore

VOLUME XVIII

AUTUMN 1907

NUMBER III

AND PIPPA DANCES*

(A mystical tale of the glass-works, in four acts)

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Translated from the German by Mary Harned

CHARACTERS

TAGLIAZONI, skilled Italian glass-worker

PIPPA, his daughter

THE MANAGER OF THE GLASS-WORKS

OLD HUHNS, a former glass-blower

MICHAEL HELLRIEGEL, a travelling journeyman

WANN, a mythical personality

WENDE, landlord of the tavern at Redwater Glen

THE BAR-MAID, in the same tavern

SCHAEDLER, } master glass-painters

ANTON, }

FIRST, SECOND, THIRD, FOURTH WOODMEN

JONATHAN, deaf and dumb servant to Wann

GLASS-BLOWERS AND GLASS-PAINTERS, guests at the tavern

A GOITROUS PLAYER ON THE OCARINA

The scene is laid in the Silesian mountains, in midwinter

ACT I

The bar-room in old Wende's tavern at Redwater Glen. To the right and in the background, doors, the latter leading into the entrance hall. In the corner, right, the stove of glazed tiles; left, the bar. Very small windows benches against the walls, ceiling of dark timbers. Three tables to the left, all occupied. The nearest to the bar is occupied by woodmen. They are drinking schnaps and beer and smoking pipes. At the second table a little further forward, are seated better dressed people: the master glass-painters,

*Pippa tanzt. Ein Glashütten-märchen in 4 akten von Gerhart Hauptmann.

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Schaedler and Anton, a few others and an Italian about fifty years of age, named Tagliazoni, an insolent-looking man. They are playing cards. At the table nearest the front of the stage, the Manager of the glass-works has seated himself; he is a tall, slender, keen-looking man with a small head, and is about forty years of age. He wears riding-boots, trousers, and jacket. A half bottle of champagne stands in front of him, and a fine, pointed wine glass filled with the champagne. On the table near them lies a riding-whip. It is after midnight. Outside, the weather is bitter cold. A few lamps spread a meager light. Moonlight penetrates through the windows into the smoky room. The old landlord Wende and a country bar-maid serve the guests.

Wende (gray haired, with an impassive, serious face, says to the Manager). Another half bottle, sir?

The Manager.—What else, Wende?—A whole one!—Has my mare been well rubbed down?

Wende.—I saw to it myself. An animal like that deserves good care; it looked like a white horse it was so covered with foam.

The Manager.—Hard riding!

Wende.—Government horse.

The Manager.—She has good blood in her! Several times she stuck in the snow up to her belly. Pushed through, every time!

Wende (mildly ironical).—A faithful old customer, our manager.

The Manager (drums on the table, laughs noisily).—It is queer, isn't it? A two hour ride through the woods, in January, old fellow—ludicrous devotion! Are my trout nearly ready?

Wende.—A good thing is worth waiting for!

The Manager.—True, true, true! But don't be disagreeable!—Is it my fault that you are here in this half Bohemian, half German thieves' den, Wende?

Wende.—Of course not, sir! At the most it could only be your fault if I have to get out of here.

The Manager.—You old grumbler, stop talking!

Wende.—Just look out the window there!

The Manager.—I know it all without looking, our old rival factory all in ruins. One of these days it will be sold for the material in it, just so that they won't be forever starting up the furnaces again.—What have you to complain of? Business is very good here! The men come here anyhow, if it does take them two or three hours, and leave their money here, heaps of it.

Wende.—How long is the trouble going to last? When the glass-works

near here were running their two furnaces, we were sure of eating our bread in peace — now we are reduced to living like hogs.

The Manager.— Oh, you old sore-head! Go see to it that I get my wine!

(Wende goes away shrugging his shoulders. At the table where the players are an altercation has arisen.)

Tagliazoni (violently).— Non, signore! non, signore! impossible! I did put down a gold piece. Non, signore! You are mistaken! Non, signore—

Master Schaedler.— Hold on there! That's a damned lie!

Tagliazoni.— Non, signore! by Bacco! Thieves! Thieves! Murderers! I'll kill you!

Master Anton (to Schaedler).— There lies your money!

Master Schaedler (discovers the missing gold piece).— That was lucky for you, you damned, lousy hedgehog!

The Manager (calling across to the players).— See here, you scoundrels, when are you going to stop this?

Master Anton.— When our manager rides home.

The Manager.— By that time very likely you'll run behind my nag naked, for you'll have gambled the shirts off your backs.

Master Anton.— We'll see about that, sir!

The Manager.— This all comes from the count's allowing you to make such a sinful amount of money. I shall have to cut your wages on piece work. The more you have, the more you squander!

Master Anton.— The count earns money, the Manager earns money, and the master-painters have no wish to starve either.

Tagliazoni (has shuffled the cards and now begins a new game. Near each player lie actual piles of gold).— Enough! Let us begin now.

The Manager.— Where is your daughter today?

Tagliazoni.— Asleep, signore! Time for her to be, it seems to me.

The Manager.— Of course! Quite right! Yes, yes!

(He is silent, apparently slightly embarrassed. In the meantime, Wende himself places the trout before him and directs the bar-maid who brings in the potatoes and the bottle of champagne at the same time.)

The Manager (with a sigh).— It's abominably dull here at your place today, Wende. I spend such a lot of money and get nothing for it.

Wende (stops short in his zealous efforts for his guest and says churlishly).— Well, in future you better go elsewhere.

The Manager (turns round and looks through the little window behind him).— Who's this coming jingling over the snow? — It sounds as if he were stamping over broken glass.

Wende — Well, there's plenty of broken glass around the old tumble-down glass-house.

The Manager.— A gigantic shadow! Who can it possibly be?

Wende (*breathes on the window*).— Most likely it's Huhn, the old glass-blower. Another of the ghosts from the old glass-works that can neither live nor die.— You, with your Sophienau works, have ruined business here sure enough; why don't you carry this on as a branch establishment?

The Manager.— Because there's no profit in it, and it costs a devilish lot of money. (*Continuing to look out of the window*.) Thermometer at zero! Clear! Bright as broad day-light! The heavens so full of stars they drive you mad! Blue, everything blue! (*He turns and bends over his plate*.) Even the trout — Lord, how the little wretches stretch their mouths!

(*A gigantic man enters. He has long, red hair, red, bushy eyebrows and red beard, and is covered from top to toe with rags. He puts off his heavy wooden clogs, stares around with red-rimmed, watery eyes, at the same time muttering to himself and opening and closing moist, puffy lips*.)

The Manager (*eating the trout evidently without appetite*).— Old Huhn! He is muttering something to himself. Get old Huhn a good stiff grog, *Wende*! — Well, why do you keep your eyes fastened on me?

(*Still muttering to himself and staring at the Manager, old Huhn has pushed himself behind an empty table standing against the right wall between the stove and the door*.)

First Woodman.— He won't believe it, that there's no more work here in Redwater Glen.

Second Woodman.— They say he often comes round and haunts the old place over there at all hours of the night alone.

First Woodman.— He makes himself a fire there, in a chilled furnace, and stands in front of his old furnace door and blows great big glass balls.

Second Woodman.— His lungs are like a pair of bellows. No one else could ever come up to him at that, I know!

Third Woodman.— What's old Jacob doing, Huhn? That's his way; he never talks to a human being but he has a jackdaw at home and he talks to him the whole day long.

The Manager.— Why is the fellow idle, why doesn't he come to us? He could have work at the Sophienau furnaces.

First Woodman.— That's too far out in the great world for him.

The Manager.— When you look at the old man and think of Paris, you don't believe in Paris.

Wende (seats himself modestly at the Manager's table). — Have you been to Paris again?

The Manager.— I came back just three days ago. Got some big orders!

Wende.— Well, that was worth while.

The Manager.— Worth while! — You spend money and get some: only more! — Everything seems crazy when you get to Paris, *Wende*: restaurants all lighted up! duchesses in gold and silk and Brussels lace! the ladies of the Palais-Royal! on the tables our glasses, the finest crystal; things which perhaps a hairy giant like that one made! — Thunderation, what a sight it is! To see a real slender, delicate hand lift one of these glass flowers, one of these precious ice flowers over the bare bosom to the hot, painted lips, with passionate glances: — you wonder that the glasses don't melt away under such a sinful glance. — Your health! (*He drinks.*) Your health, *Wende*! The things that come from our works are not recognizable there.

The Bar-maid (setting the grog down in front of old Huhn). — Don't touch it! Hot!

(*Old Huhn picks up the glass and gulps down the grog without further ado.*)

The Manager (noticing this). — Good Lord, preserve us!

(*The woodmen burst out laughing.*)

First Woodman. — Just pay for another half quart and you can see him swallow glowing coals.

Second Woodman. — He hits a beer mug — breaks it to pieces, nibbles at the broken bits as if they were sugar and swallows them.

Third Woodman. — But you should just see him dance with the little Italian girl when blind Francis plays the ocarina.

The Manager. — Come, Francis, bring out your ocarina! (*Calls to Tagliazoni*). Ten lire, if Pippa dances.

Tagliazoni (playing). — It won't go. Impossible, signore padrone.

The Manager. — Twenty lire! — Thirty—? —

Tagliazoni. — No!

Wende. — She is having such a good sleep, sir.

The Manager (without wavering, suddenly vehement). — Forty? — Do let a little of hell loose for awhile! It's so dull here! What do I come here for? Not even a lousy Gypsy girl! I'll not set foot again in this smugglers' nest! (*Offering more.*) Fifty lire!

Tagliazoni (continues playing, says obstinately over his shoulder). — No! no! no! no! no! no!

The Manager.— A hundred lire!

Tagliazoni (curtly).— A hundred, yes!

(*He twists himself around, and skillfully catches a blue banknote which the Manager tosses to him.*)

The Manager (losing something of his equanimity).— Has my lioness had anything to eat?

The Bar-maid.— Certainly, sir, the dog has eaten.

The Manager (roughly).— Be quiet.

The Bar-maid.— When you ask a question, I certainly have to answer.

The Manager (curtly, with suppressed anger).— Be still, hold your dirty tongue! — Don't smoke such asafœtida, you pack! — How is the child to breathe here.

Tagliazoni (has risen and gone to the hall door from which he calls harshly to the upper part of the house).— Pippa! Pippa! Come down here right-away! Pippa! Come here! — Come along!

The Manager (rises indignantly).— Hold your tongue, let her sleep, you Dago scoundrel!

Tagliazoni.— Pippa!

The Manager.— Keep your money, fellow, and let her sleep! Keep your money, fellow, I don't want her!

Tagliazoni.— As you wish. Thank you, signore! —

(*With a fatalistic shrug of the shoulders he takes his place again unconcernedly at the card-table.*)

The Manager.— Saddle my horse, Wende! Get the nag out of the stable!

(*Pippa appears in the doorway; she leans sleepily and timidly against the door-post.*)

The Manager (notices her and says with some embarrassment). — Here she is, now! — Pshaw, Pippa, go and have your nap out! — Or haven't you been asleep? — Come, wet your lips, moisten your lips, here's something for you.

(*Pippa comes obediently to the table and sips from the glass of champagne.*)

The Manager (holding toward her the richly ornamented glass, from which he drinks).— Slender convolvulus! Slender convolvulus! It, too, is a Venetian! — Does it taste good to you, little one? —

Pippa.— Thank you, it is sweet!

The Manager.— Do you want to sleep again, now?

Pippa.— No.

The Manager.— Are you very cold ?

Pippa.— I am cold here, most of the time.

The Manager.— Make a roaring fire, there! — It does not surprise me in the least that you are so cold, you delicate, graceful tendril, you! Come, sit down, put my cloak around you! You must have sprung from the glass furnaces; at least, I dreamed you had, yesterday.

Pippa.— Brr! I like to sit close to the glass furnaces.

The Manager.— In my dream, you liked best to sit right in them. You see, I am a foolish fellow! An old ass of a manager, who, instead of casting up accounts, dreams. When the white-hot glow breaks from the furnace doors, I often see you before me, quivering salamanderlike in the glowing air. Only as the furnace light grows dim, do you slowly vanish.

Old Huhn.— I too, have had beautiful dreams before the furnace doors.

The Manager.— What is that monster muttering, now ?

(*Pippa turns her little head persistently and looks at the old man, and at the same time, pushes her heavy, fair, unbound hair over her shoulder with her right hand.*)

Old Huhn.— Shall we dance again, little spirit ?

The Manager (roughly).— What are you talking about! I no longer care for the dancing! (*Aside, to Pippa.*) I am satisfied just to have you here, charming child!

The Bar-maid (behind the bar, to the inn-keeper).— Now the Manager is in a good humor again.

Wende.— Well, if he is, what business is it of yours ?

The Manager.— Tired! Go sleep, poor thing! You belong in courts with the fountains! — And you have to stay in this gin shop. Shall I take you, just as you are, lift you on my black horse and ride away with you ?

(*Pippa shakes her head slowly no.*)

The Manager.— So you like it better here? Well, at any rate, you are shaking your little head no again.— How long have you been living in this house ?

Pippa (reflects, stares at him blankly).— I don't know.

The Manager.— And before you came here, where did you live ?

Pippa (reflects, laughs at her ignorance).— It was— Why, haven't I always been here ?

The Manager.— You ? in the midst of dumb and talking tree trunks!

Pippa.— What ?

The Manager.— In this frozen, snow-bound land of barbarians ?—

(*Calling across to Tagliazoni.*) Where did you say her mother came from?

Tagliazoni (over his shoulder).— Yes, signore! Pieve di Cadore.

The Manager.— Pieve di Cadore, is that so? That is on the other side of the great water-shed.

Tagliazoni (laughing).— We are relatives of the great Tiziano, signore.

The Manager.— Well, little one, then, perhaps we too, are kindred, for he looks like my uncle, the Commissioner of Woods and Forests. So you really belong half and half here too; but the wind blows your gold hair elsewhere!

(*A goitrous, tattered little man comes in, playing the ocarina, and plants himself in the middle of the room. He is greeted with a halloo by the woodmen who are sitting round one of the tables smoking and drinking schnaps.*)

First Woodman.— Huhn must dance!

Second Woodman.— The little one must dance!

Third Woodman.— If she'll dance, I'll give a nickel toward it.

Fourth Woodman.— Just look what faces Huhn is making!

The Manager.— There's not going to be any dancing, you clod-hoppers! Do you understand me?

First Woodman.— You wanted it yourself, sir!

The Manager.— The devil take me! Well, now I don't want it!

(*Huhn rises to his full height and starts to come out from behind the table, but never takes his eyes from Pippa, staring at her feverishly all the time.*)

The Manager.— Sit down, Huhn!

Wende (comes forward resolutely and determinedly and seizes Huhn's arm).— Sit down! Not a twitch! — You'll stamp through my floor next thing. (*To the ocarina player.*) Stop your silly tootling. (*Huhn remains standing, staring stupidly as before. The ocarina is silent.*)

(*The card players have finished another game. Tagliazoni pockets a little pile of gold. Master-painter Anton jumps up suddenly and thumps the table with his fist, so that the gold pieces roll all round the room.*)

Master-painter Anton.— There's someone among us who's cheating!

Tagliazoni.— Who? I? I? Tell us! Who?

Master-painter Anton.— I don't say who it is! I only say someone is! There's some trickery here.

First Woodman.— Well, any one who plays with these Italians may expect a little of the black art thrown in.

Master-painter Schaedler.— My money has disappeared, the last piece of my money is missing.

First Woodman.— Just look out, the lamp's going out in a minute! He'll probably put up some nice little game on you.

The Manager.— Well, don't let rascals hold the bank!

Tagliazoni (scooping in the money unconcernedly, turning half round to the manager).— Altro! The others are rascals, not I. Enough! Let's go to bed! Pippa, go on! Come along!

Master-painter Anton.— What? Now he wants to go to bed, now, when he has gotten our money away from us? You'll stay here! There's going to be some more playing now!

Tagliazoni.— Oh, very well! Why not? I'll play with you! As you wish! As you wish, signori!

(The bar-maid, the inn-keeper, the ocarina player, one of the glass painters and one of the woodmen pick up the gold pieces from the floor.)

Second Woodman (at the table).— I won't help look for money in this place, because later, they're sure to say some of it is missing.

¶ *(Michael Hellriegel, a travelling journeyman, about twenty-three years old, enters from the hall; he carries a thin visor cap, and a small knapsack with a brush buckled on it; his coat as well as his vest and trousers are still fairly respectable, his shoes, on the contrary, are worn out. The effects of a long and fatiguing walking tour are plainly shown in the wan and exhausted looks and movements of the youth. His features are delicate, not commonplace, indeed almost distinguished. On his upper lip there is the soft down of a first mustache. There is a suggestion of the visionary and also a suggestion of sickliness in the slender figure.)*

The Bar-maid.— Oh, Lord, here's a journeyman yet, at this time of night!

Hellriegel (stands in the circle of light cast by the lamps, blinded by the biting smoke, winking and looking out feverishly from under his long lashes; he twists his cap with his hands and makes an effort to conceal how much his hands and feet ache with the frost).— Is there a night's lodging here for a travelling journeyman?

The Manager.— A queer fellow, Pippa, isn't he? *(Humming ironically.)* To those whom God wishes to show great favor, he sends — and so on. This fellow sings, too, when he has his wits about him. I bet him thirteen bottles of champagne, he even has poems of his own in his knapsack!

Pippa (rises mechanically, and with a certain embarrassment, looks now at the lad, now helplessly at the rest of the men around her; suddenly she runs up to the Manager).— Padrone! Padrone! the stranger is weeping!

The Manager.— Weak and fine

Is not in my line!

Master-painter Schaedler (comes over from the card table and stands in a military position before the Manager).— I am a man of honor, sir!

The Manager.— Well, what then? Why do you say that to me now, after midnight, in this Iser mountain tavern?

Master-painter Schaedler (wipes the cold sweat from his forehead).— I am an irreproachable master-workman.

The Manager.— Well, what of it?

Master-painter Schaedler.— I would like to have some money advanced me.

The Manager.— Do you think I drag the office safe around with me in my riding-coat?

Master-painter Schaedler.— On your own account!—

The Manager.— On my own account I'll not think of it! I should only help to ruin you completely.

Master-painter Schaedler.— That dog has fleeced everyone of us.

The Manager.— Why do you play with him? Have nothing more to do with the scoundrel.

Master-painter Schaedler.— We'll have something to do with him later, all right!

The Manager.— You have a wife and children at home—

Master-painter Schaedler.— We all have them, sir, but when the devil gets loose here—

The Manager.— No! I'll not back you up in any such madness.

(Schaedler shrugs his shoulders and betakes himself to Wende, who is behind the bar. It is seen that he urges him to advance him the money, that Wende refuses for a long time, but finally yields. The journeyman, in the meanwhile, drinks greedily the hot grog which the bar-maid has put on the bench in front of him. Now she brings him food, and he eats.)

The Manager (raises his glass and says to the lad).— Well, you belated swallow! Your health!

(Hellriegel rises, in courteous acknowledgment, his glass in his hand, drinks and sits down again.)

The Manager.— Your castle in the air is still pretty far away.

Hellriegel (who is about to sit down, jumps up again).— But I have the wish to do and perseverance!

The Manager.— And you spit blood!

Hellriegel.— A little doesn't matter!

The Manager.— No. If you only knew what you wished to do. Why do you constantly start up so strangely, just as if you had felt an electric shock?

Hellriegel.— Often I seem to be actually hurled on with impatience.

The Manager.— Like a child in a dark room, eh? When dear mamma on the other side of the door is lighting the first candles on the Christmas tree? Right now, right now! But Rome wasn't built in a day!

Hellriegel.— Everything must be changed.— The whole world!

The Manager.— And first of all, your highness! (*To Pippa.*) This is a stupid fellow, child, one of the very clever kind that we used to see only in preserving glasses! (*To Hellriegel.*) "And shouldst thou take the wings of the dawn—" briefly, your journey has its difficulties. (*To Pippa.*) Gallop, gallop, over stick and stone (*he tries to draw her down on his knees, she resists and looks at Hellriegel. Hellriegel starts up and grows red in the face.*)

Hellriegel.— I would like to be permitted a direct remark!

The Manager.— Has something new come into your head?

Hellriegel.— Not just at this minute.

The Manager.— Well, perhaps confusion will.

(*Michael looks at the Manager vacantly and forgets to sit down.*)

Wende.— Why not? for money and fair words. (*As the lad looks round and finds no vacant seat.*) Sit on the schnaps keg here, and count out your money on the stove-bench. If there's anything else you want — there's room enough there.

First Woodman.— Where are you going so late, journeyman?

The Manager.— Into the land where milk and honey flow!

Hellriegel (*bowing humbly, first to the woodman, then to the Manager.*)—

I was anxious to get over the mountains into Bohemia.

The Manager.— What is your trade?

Hellriegel.— The art of glass-making.

Second Woodman.— He doesn't seem to be quite right in his head. To climb over the mountains in such bitter cold weather, and here, where there is no road and no foot-path? Does he want to be a snowman over there, and die miserably trying to be one?

Wende.— That's his affair, it doesn't concern us!

Third Woodman.— You certainly don't come from the mountains, Johnny? You can't know anything of the winters here?

(*Hellriegel has listened with modest courtesy; now he hangs up his cap decorously, takes off his little knapsack and puts it and his stick to one side. He then takes his seat on the keg, as directed, shudders, bites his teeth together and runs his fingers, spread apart, through his hair.*)

The Manager.— If your papers are all right, why do you want to go over into Bohemia? We make glass here in Silesia, too.

Hellriegel (jumps up).— I would like to learn something unusual!

The Manager.— Pshaw, you don't say so! And what might that be?

To make clear water into balls with just your hands, perhaps?

(Hellriegel shrugs his shoulders.)

The Manager.— Well, we can do that here, too, with snow!

Hellriegel.— Snow is not water. I want to see the world.

The Manager.— Aren't you in the world here with us?

Hellriegel.— I am looking for something.

The Manager.— Have you lost anything?

Hellriegel.— No! I think, that I can attain to something. *(Half standing and propping himself up wearily, he looks around with wide-open, astonished eyes.)* I really don't know just where I am.

The Manager.— Yes, yes, that's the way! In the morning brimful of joy, in the evening not a sound bone in your body.

Hellriegel.— Am I— am I in Bohemia now, good landlord?

First Woodman (laughing).— Are you? Does it seem a bit Bohemian to you here?

(Hellriegel has sunk back on the little keg, his arms are spread out on the stove-bench, his hands under his forehead, he conceals his face and groans surreptitiously.)

Third Woodman.— He hasn't been away from his mother more than three days!

(Pippa, who has been standing at the Manager's table, has watched the newcomer continually. She now goes over to him, and sits, apparently absorbed in thought, on the bench, not far from the place where his head rests, her hands in her lap, thoughtfully swinging her legs back and forth, and looking down on him out of the corners of her eyes.)

(Pippa picks up a little leather strap and strikes the Manager sharply across his hand.)

The Manager.— Ow!

(Pippa laughs and looks at Hellriegel, who, his eyes fastened on her, has forgotten everything around him. His lips move, though no sound comes from them.)

The Manager (holding out his hand).— Do it again, Pippa! *(Pippa strikes him.)* Ow, but that was hard! All good things go by threes; now the third time! *(She strikes with all her might, laughing.)* There! Now I am instructed and punished. If at any time another little bird falls out of the nest, at least I know what I have to do.

(In the meantime old Huhn, who had sat down again, lies bent over the table, his arms stretched way out, and beckons Pippa to him with his

thick, hairy finger. As she does not come or pay any attention to him, after he has watched the play between her, the Manager and Hellriegel long enough, he rises and dragging his feet along, goes up to the journeyman, stares at him, lifts his long gorilla-like arms which have been hanging limply at his side, and puts his outspread hands on the lad's breast, pushing him slowly back onto his keg; then he turns round, beckons slyly to Pippa and lifts his elbows in a peculiar fashion, reminding one of an eagle balancing on the perch of a cage; at the same time he steps out inviting her to dance with him.)

The Manager.—What has gotten into your head, you old dromedary?

The Woodmen (all shout at the same time).—Dance, little one! Dance, little one!

The Bar-maid (takes a small tambourine from the shelves where the brandy-bottles stand, and throws it to Pippa, who catches it).—There, little chit, don't have to be coaxed, don't put on airs; you're no candy princess!

(Pippa looks first at the Manager, then at Hellriegel, and finally, with a spiteful look she measures the giant from head to foot. Suddenly beginning, she at once makes the little drum jingle and glides dancing up to Huhn, at the same time intending to elude him and dance past him. The ocarina starts up and the old man, too, begins to dance. The dance consists in something huge and awkward trying to catch something agile and beautiful; as if a bear were to try to catch a butterfly which flitted around him like a bit of opalescence. Whenever the little one eludes him, she laughs a bell-like laugh. She saves herself several times, whirling round and round, and in so doing her red-gold hair becomes wrapped around her. When pursued, the noises she makes in her throat are just childish squeals, which sound like ai. The old man hops about grotesquely and ridiculously like a captive bird of prey. He lies in wait for her, misses her, and begins to pant, growing more and more excited and muttering louder and louder. Pippa dances more and more ecstatically. The woodmen have risen. The card-players have discontinued their game and watch the dance intently. Tagliazoni, whom the proceedings do not interest, takes advantage of the opportunity to scoop in money and to manipulate his cards. Without his noticing it, he is carefully watched by Master-painter Schaedler. Now it seems as if Pippa could no longer escape the monster; she screams, and at the same moment Schaedler seizes Tagliazoni by the left wrist with both his fists.)

Master-painter Schaedler (above all the other noise).—Stop!

Tagliazoni.—What is the matter, signore?

Master-painter Schaedler.—Matter here, matter there: there's cheating being done! Now we have the scoundrel in the trap!

Tagliazoni.—He is mad! Diavolo! I am a son of Murano. Does he know la casa di coltelli?

Master-painter Schaedler.— Cold hell or hot hell, neither of them can help you here! Anton, hold him fast over there, now he'll be paid back all right! (*Master-painter Anton holds Tagliazoni's other hand firmly.*) He has smuggled in extra cards and on these two here has put his mark.

(*Every one present, except Hellriegel and Pippa, who stand in the corner pale and breathing heavily, presses round the card table.*)

The Manager.— Tagliazoni, didn't I tell you not to push things too far!

Tagliazoni.— Let me go, or I bites you in the face!

Master-painter Schaedler.— Spit and bite as much as you want, but you'll have to hand out our money again, you scoundrel!

All of the players.— Yes sir, every penny, every scrap of the money!

Tagliazoni.— Curse it! I does nothings of the sort! Damned German beasts, you crazy, bad, low-down beasts! What has I to do with you, you Germans.

First Woodman.— Knock his skull in for him, the ass!

Second Woodman.— Hit him on the noddle with the wagon-shaft, so that he sees blue sulphur before his eyes! You can't answer these Dagos any other way in German.

Wende.— Be quiet, you men; I won't have this!

Master-painter Schaedler.— Pull the cards out of his fingers, Wende!

Tagliazoni.— I murders you all, every one of you!

Master-painter Anton (resolutely).— Good!

Second Woodman.— Look at all the rings the blackguard has on his hands!

Tagliazoni.— Padrone, I calls you to witness! I am treacherously attacked here; I makes no new contract! I works no more, not a bit more. I lets the work standing as it is, right now! Carabinieri! Police! Beastly foolishness!

First Woodman.— Roar away, you; there are no police here!

Second Woodman.— Far and wide there's nothing but snow and pine trees.

Tagliazoni.— I call—call the police! Brigands! Signore Wende! Pippa! run!

The Manager.— I advise you to give in to them, man! If you don't I can't answer for the consequences.

Tagliazoni.— Ugly beasts! Enough of this!

(*Unexpectedly, as quick as lightning, Tagliazoni frees himself, draws out a dagger and takes refuge behind a table. For a moment his assailants are stunned.*)

Third Woodman.— A knife! Lay him out, the dog!

All (speaking at once).— Now, he must be killed! Now it's all up with him!

The Manager.— Don't you smash up Tagliazoni for me! I need him too much in the glass-works! Don't do anything you'll be sorry for to-morrow!

(Tagliazoni now recognizes instinctively the frightful danger of the moment and rushes past his assailants out of the door. The card-players and woodmen plunge after him, calling: "Down, down, down with him!" As they go out, the glitter of several knives is seen.)

The Manager.— I hope they won't kill the fellow off for me, yet awhile!

Wende.— If they do, they'll shut up my shop for me.

The Bar-maid (looking out of an open window).— They're running like mad over into the wood; he's fallen! He's up again! They're still after him!

The Manager.— I'll set the great Danes loose, and scatter the gang.

Wende.— I won't be responsible for anything! I won't answer for anything.

The Manager.— What is that?

The Bar-maid.— One of them is left behind, lying in the snow. The others are keeping on into the woods.

(A fearful, marrow-penetrating scream is heard, deadened by distance.)

Wende.— Close the window, the lamp is going out!

(The lamp goes out in fact, the bar-maid slams the window to.)

The Manager.— That doesn't sound well. Come with me, Wende!

Wende.— I won't be responsible for anything! I won't answer for anything. *(He and the Manager, the latter preceding, go out.)*

The Bar-maid (in her perplexity says roughly to Hellriegel).— Get up there! Help! Help! Fall to and help! Everybody ought to help here! The damned card playing! *(She gathers up the cards from the table and flings them into the fire.)* You must go, they've murdered a man! He brings bad luck and won't even help to make it good!

(Hellriegel jumps up, and half of his own accord, half pulled and half pushed by the bar-maid, he stumbles through the hall door. He and the bar-maid go out.)

(Huhn still stands in almost the same position as he did when the dance was so suddenly interrupted by the outbreak of the brawl. His eyes have followed the proceedings watchfully, uncasily. Now he tries to peer into the darkness, turning slowly round and round. He does not, however, discover Pippa, who, cowering with horror, is sitting on the ground, squeezed into a corner. He draws out some matches, strikes them and lights the lamp. He looks

around again and discovers the child. Standing in the middle of the room, he beckons to her with horrible friendliness. Pippa looks at him dumbly, like a bird that has fallen out of the nest and been taken captive. As he comes toward her, she whimpers softly. The little window is pushed open from outside and the Manager's voice calls in.)

The Manager's voice.— Pippa, Pippa! She cannot stay here. I will take her with me.

(*The Manager has hardly left the window when Huhn plunges toward the child, who has jumped up, catches her, and lifts her up in his arms; whereupon Pippa gives a short, sighing little cry and faints, and Huhn says at the same time.*)

Huhn.— After all, he didn't get you!

(*With this he hurries out of the door.*)

The Manager's voice (again at the window).— Pippa, Pippa, are you still in there? Don't be afraid, no one shall touch a hair of your head!

(*The bar-maid comes back.*)

The Bar-maid.— Not a soul here? Not a soul comes back, and out there lies a man bleeding to death.

ACT II

The interior of a solitary hut in the mountains. The large, low room is neglected to a degree not to be surpassed. The ceiling is black from smoke and age. One beam is broken, the rest are bent, and where it has been absolutely necessary they have been propped up with unhewn tree trunks. Little boards have been pushed under these. The floor is of clay, worn into ridges and hollows, only around the broken-down stove is it paved with bricks. A blackened and charred bench runs along the wall under the three small quadrangular window openings, of which two are filled up with straw, moss, leaves and boards; the third contains a window with three dirty panes, and instead of the fourth, boards and moss again. By the same wall, in the corner near the stove, but farther forward, the mended table. In the back wall, a door. Through the door can be seen the dark hallway with beams propped up like those in the room, and a slanting, ladder-like stairway leading to the garret.

A low board partition enclosing a space filled with birch, beech and oak leaves on which lie a few rags of clothing and bed-covers is old Huhn's resting place for the night, for the hut belongs to him. On the wall hang an old firearm, a ragged slouch hat, pieces of clothing and several little pictures cut from periodicals. A great many leaves are lying on the floor. In the corner is a pile of potatoes; bunches of onions and dried mushrooms hang

from the ceiling. One single ray of bright light from the clear moonlit night without penetrates through the window.

Suddenly it grows bright in the hallway. Loud sneezing and heavy breathing are heard. Immediately after old Huhn is seen, still carrying Pippa in his arms. He enters the room and lays Pippa down on the bed of leaves, covering her with the rags that are lying there. Then he brings forth from a corner an old stand for burning pine chips in, he puts the chips in and lights them; he is very much excited and while doing this stares in the direction of the child. The first blasts of an approaching storm are heard. Snow whirls through the hallway. Huhn now takes a bottle from a shelf and pours some brandy down Pippa's throat. She breathes heavily, he covers her more carefully, hurries over to the stove and with the heaps of brushwood lying around, he builds a fire.

Huhn (rises suddenly, listens at the door, and calls with insane haste and secrecy).— Come down, come down, old Jacob! — Old Jacob, I have brought something with me for you. (He listens for the answer and laughs to himself.)

Pippa (moans, revived by the stimulant; suddenly she draws herself up into a sitting posture, looks around her in horror, presses her hands in front of her eyes, takes them away again, moans, jumps up and like a frightened bird runs blindly against the wall of the room).— Mrs. Wende, Mrs. Wende, where can I be? (Clawing at the wall in her horror, she looks behind her, sees Huhn, and in a new attack of despairing terror, she runs blindly, now here, now there, against the walls). I am smothering! Help me! Don't bury me! Father! Padrone! Oh dear, oh dear! Help! Mrs. Wende, I am dreaming!

Huhn (trots up to her, and immediately she reaches out her hands to ward him off in speechless horror).— Be still, be still! Old Huhn won't do anything to you! — And as far as that is concerned, old Jacob is kindly in his way, too. (As Pippa, who is completely paralyzed, does not change her defensive position, he takes a few uncertain steps toward her, but suddenly stands still again, deterred by her expression of unconscious horror).— O, this won't do! — Well? — Say something! — Don't bruise yourself so against the walls! — It is fine in here with me; outside death lurks! (He stares at her for awhile searchingly and expectantly, suddenly a thought occurs to him.) Wait a minute! — Jacob, bring down the goat! — Jacob! — Goats' milk warms! Goats' milk will be good. (He imitates the loud and low bleating of a sleepy flock of goats and sheep in the stables.) Ba, baa, ba! — Listen, they are coming down the steps. Jacob, Jacob, bring them in!

(Pippa's glance has fallen on the door and recognized it; she starts in

and rushes toward it instinctively, in order to slip away. Huhn steps in her way.)

Huhn.— I will not catch you! I will not touch you, little girl! Yet with me you must — with me you must remain.

Pippa.— Mrs. Wende! Mrs. Wende! (*She stands still and buries her face in her hands.*)

Huhn.— Don't be afraid! — Something has been — and something will be! — Snares are frequently set in spring — and the yellow-hammers are not caught until winter! (*He takes a deep draught from the brandy bottle.*)

(*At this moment, a goat sticks its head in at the door.*)

Huhn.— Wait a minute, Jacob, let Liesla stand outside there! She will give me a drop of milk, she will! (*He picks up a little stool, trots into the hallway and milks the goat, placing himself so that he blocks up the doorway at the same time. In the meantime, Pippa seems to have grown a little more composed. In her crying and moaning there is a note of helpless resignation; she feels the chill again and is drawn toward the bright spot on the wall, the reflection of the fire in the stove; there she seems to thaw out so as to be able to think, and kneeling on the ground, she stares into the crackling blaze.*)

Pippa.— O, santa Maria, madre di dio! O, madre Maria! O, santa Anna! O, mia santa madre Maria!

(*Old Huhn finishes his milking and enters the room again. Pippa's distress and fear rise immediately, but he goes toward her, puts the little jug of milk down at some distance from her and moves back again.*)

Huhn.— Drink the goats milk, you little gold darling, you!

(*Pippa looks at Huhn doubtfully and summons up sufficient courage to drink with eager haste from the little jug that has been set before her.*)

Huhn.— That's the way babies, too, suck in their milk!

Old Huhn (*slapping his knees with both hands breaks out into a hoarse, triumphant laughter*).— Now she has drunk her fill, now her strength will come back to her! (*At this, he takes himself off, pulls forth a little sack from behind the stove, shakes out some crusts of bread onto the table, draws from the oven a part of a broken iron pot in which are potatoes, and puts these with the crusts; drinks, puts the brandy bottle also on the table and sits down himself to his meal on the bench behind the table. A fresh blast of wind comes against the house with great force: with wild defiance, Huhn answers it, as it were.*) Oh, very well, you can come, keep right on coming, for all I care; just try, try and see whether you can get her away from here!

Pippa.—Huhn, old Huhn, let me go away! I know you, I'm sure it's you: you are father Huhn! What has happened? Why am I here with you?

Huhn.—Because that's the way things happen in this world, sometimes.

Pippa.—What happens this way? What do you mean?

Huhn.—What a man hasn't, he has to get for himself!

Pippa.—What do you mean? I don't understand you!

Huhn.—Don't touch me, or my heart will beat itself out of my body! (*He grows pale, trembles, breathes hard and moves away because Pippa touches his hand with her lips.*)

Pippa (*starts back, runs away and throws herself against the closed door*).—Help! Help!

Huhn.—Useless! No one can get through there! You are to stay with me, and it's fine here, if you lived with the emperor—you wouldn't find things any finer! And you must listen to me, you must be obedient.

Pippa.—Father Huhn, Father Huhn, you won't do anything to me, will you?

Huhn (*shaking his head decidedly*).—And no one else shall touch a hair of your head! No father and no manager. You are safe here and you are mine.

Pippa.—Am I to be buried here, forever?

Huhn.—A caterpillar, a chrysalis, a butterfly! Wait awhile: you will soon open this grave for us. Listen, listen, the devil is coming! Stoop down! The devil is coming down from the mountains! You hear how the little children are crying out there, now. They are standing naked on the cold stones in the hallway and wailing. They are dead! Because they are dead, they are frightened. Stoop down, put your little hood on; or he will seize you by the hair with his fist and (God have mercy on you) out into the whirlwind you will have to go. Come here, I'll hide you! I'll wrap you up! Just listen, how the wind howls and spits and miaus; down it comes from the roof with the few wisps of straw there! For all I care, keep on pulling until you have everything off the roof.—Now, he has gone by! That was a ghost, wasn't it? I am a ghost and you are a ghost, all the world are ghosts and nothing but ghosts! But sometime, perhaps, it will be different.

(A wild wave of storm has raged by. Again Pippa's face shows a horror that almost robs her of consciousness. Huhn still stands in the middle of the room even in the deep and uncanny silence that follows. And now a voice is heard outside, and a distinct knocking, at first on one of the nailed-up

windows, later on one of the glass panes which is darkened by a shadow. Huhn starts convulsively and stares at the new apparition.)

A voice (from without, muffled).—Halloo, ho there! Confound it, that was an infernal morning breeze! wasn't it? Does anyone live here? My very best God bless you! Do me no harm, and I'll do you none! Just give me some hot coffee and let me sit by your stove-door until daylight! Yours most humbly, a frozen journeyman!

Huhn (rigid with rage).—Who wants anything here? Who's hanging around old Huhn's little house? What man? What spirit? I'll help you to get away from here. (*He seizes a heavy club and plunges out of the door.*)

(*With a sigh Pippa closes her eyes. Now it seems as if something like a ringing current of air breathed through the dark room. Then, while the music, ever increasing in volume, ebbs and flows, Michael Hellriegel appears in the doorway. Nervously and cautiously he moves into the circle of light made by the burning chips, his eyes searching the darkness distrustfully.*)

Hellriegel.—This is certainly a rather harmonious murderers' den! Hello, is anybody at home? It must be a meal-worm that's playing the harmonica? Hello, is anyone at home? (*He sneezes.*) That seems to be musical hellebore. (*Pippa sneezes too.*) Was that I or was it someone else?

Pippa (half asleep).—Someone must be — playing the harmonica — here?

Hellriegel (listening, without seeing Pippa).—You are quite right. it is a meal-worm in my opinion! "Go to sleep, dear little babe; what is rustling in the straw?" If a rat gnaws at night, you think it is a saw-mill, and if a little draught blows through a crack in the door and rubs two dried beech leaves together, you think at once that you hear a beautiful maiden whispering softly or sighing for her deliverer! Michael Hellriegel, you are very clever! You hear the grass growing even in winter! But, I tell you, you better take care of the things in your head; your mother is right: don't let your fancy run over like a milk pan! Don't believe firmly and absolutely in everything that is not true, and don't run a hundred miles and more after a flying cobweb! Good evening! My name is Michael Lebrecht Hellriegel! (*He listens awhile, there is no answer.*) I begin to be surprised that nobody answers me, because there is a first-class fire in the stove — and because one is certainly led to expect something decidedly unusual here — the place has that look. If, for example, I should see a parrot here, sitting on a pot on the stove, stirring sausage broth

with a cooking spoon, and he should scream at me: rascal, pickpocket, horse-thief; that would really be the least that I should expect. I waive any claim to a man-eater; or if I have one, then there must be an enchanted princess too, whom an inhuman and accursed monster keeps in a cage: the pretty little dancing girl, for instance,—Hold, something clever has just occurred to me: I bought an ocarina! I bought the ocarina of the scurvy old fellow at the tavern who played for the dancing, paid for it with my last dollar — which was also very clever! Why do I want it — I don't really know, myself! Perhaps because the name sounds so queer, or I imagine that the little red-haired nixie is inside of it and wherever possible, she slips out and dances when anyone plays on it? I am going to make the experiment, right now.

(Michael Hellriegel puts the ocarina to his mouth, looks round inquiringly and plays. At the first notes, Pippa rises, her eyes closed, trips into the center of the room and assumes a dancing pose.)

Pippa.— Yes, father, I am coming! Here I am!

(Michael Hellriegel takes the ocarina from his mouth, stares at her with open mouth, dumbfounded with surprise.)

Hellriegel.— There, Michael, that's what you get out of this business! Now you are stark mad!

Pippa (opens her eyes, as if awakening).— Is there someone here?

Hellriegel.— No, that is nobody but me, if you will permit me.

Pippa.— Who is talking then? And where am I?

Hellriegel.— In my tired brain, tired from a sleepless night!

Pippa (remembers having seen Hellriegel in the tavern in the woods, and flies into his arms).— Help me! Help me! Save me!

(Hellriegel stares down at the magnificent Titian-red hair of the little head that has hidden itself on his shoulder. He does not move his arms as Pippa holds hers clasped tightly around him.)

Hellriegel.— If now, I — if, now, I — for instance: I suppose, if I had my arms free, in spite of the fact that mother doesn't like to see me do it, I should write a short memorandum in my little book; it is even possible it might be in verse. But I can not get my hands free! My imagination has bound me so tightly! It has bound me — woe betide me! — so tightly and so confoundedly queerly that my heart thumps in my throat and makes a bunch of red hair in front of me!

Pippa.— Help me! Help me! Rescue me! Save me from that old monster, that awful creature!

Hellriegel.— What may your name be?

Pippa.— Pippa!

Hellriegel.— Right, of course! I heard the fellow with the riding-boots call you that. Then the fellow went away; he made himself scarce. When they massacred the Dago dog, he preferred to be somewhere else. And you were gone, too, when I—that is to say, when we came back with the dying Italian; at least, I didn't find you downstairs and I didn't go up into his sleeping quarters with them. I would have liked to ask him about you, but he had forgotten his Italian!—

Pippa.— Come away, come away from here! Oh, don't leave me!

Hellriegel.— No! You may be quite at ease as to that, we two will never leave each other again. He who once has a bird as I have, doesn't readily let it fly away again. So, Pippa, sit down, compose yourself, and we will consider the situation seriously for the moment, as if there were no screws loose!

(He frees himself gently; with knightly grace and modesty he takes Pippa's little finger between his first finger and thumb and leads her into the circle of light cast by the stove to a little stool on which she seats herself.)

Hellriegel (standing before Pippa making fantastic gesticulations).— So a dragon kidnapped you—I thought so, right away, up there in the tavern—spirited you away from the Dago magician; and because I am a travelling artist, I was at once sure that I was to rescue you; and forthwith I too ran out into the open, wholly without end or aim.

Pippa.— Where did you come from? Who are you?

Hellriegel.— A son of the widow Hellriegel, the fruit-woman.

Pippa.— And where do you come from?

Hellriegel.— Out of our Lord's great sausage boiler!

Pippa (laughs heartily).— But you talk so strangely!

Hellriegel.— I have always distinguished myself in that way.

Pippa.— But see here, I am certainly made of flesh and blood! and that crazy old Huhn is an old, discharged glass-blower, nothing more. His goiter and his balloon cheeks probably come from the blowing; and there are no fiery dragons any more.

Hellriegel.— You don't say so! Why not?

Pippa.— Hurry! Bring me back to Mother Wende! Come along with me; I know the way to the Redwater tavern. I'll guide you! We won't lose our way! *(As Hellriegel shakes his head no.)* Or, are you going to leave me alone again?

Hellriegel (denying this vigorously).— I will not sell my ocarina!

Pippa (laughs, pouts, presses closely and anxiously up to him).— What is this about the ocarina? Why won't you say anything sensible? You talk nonsense all the time! Really, you are so stupid, Signore Hellriegel!

(*Kissing him fondly, half weeping.*) I don't understand you at all, you are so stupid!

Hellriegel.— Wait a minute! I begin to see more clearly, now! (*He takes her head in his hands, looks intently into her eyes, and with calm decision, presses his lips long and passionately against hers.*)— Michael does not let himself be made a fool of!

(*Without separating, they look at each other with embarrassment and something of uncertainty.*)

Hellriegel.— Something is happening inside of me, little Pippa, a strange change!

Pippa.— Oh, good —

Hellriegel (*finishing*).— Michael.

Pippa.— Michael, what are you doing?

Hellriegel.— I am quite perplexed, myself! Please excuse me from the answer! Aren't you angry with me for doing it?

Pippa.— No.

Hellriegel.— Perhaps we could do it again then, right now?

Pippa.— Why should we?

Hellriegel.— Because it is so simple! It is so simple and is so mad and so — so altogether lovely, it is enough to drive one crazy.

Pippa.— I think, good Michael, you are that already.

Hellriegel (*scratching himself behind the ear*).— If I could just be sure of that! I say there is nothing sure in this world! Do you know, another idea has just occurred to me! Let us take plenty of time! We'll go to the bottom of the matter, this time! Come, sit down here, here near me. So, first of all, this is a hand here! Permit me, we will come at once to the main thing: whether there is a main-spring in the clock-works. (*He puts his ear to her chest, like a physician.*) You are certainly alive, you certainly have a heart, Pippa!

Pippa.— But, Michael, did you doubt that? —

Hellriegel.— No, Pippa! — But if you are alive — then I must get my breath. (*Actually struggling for breath, he steps back from her.*)

Pippa.— Michael, indeed we haven't any time! Listen to that heavy breathing outside, and how someone is stamping round and round the house! He has passed the window three times, now. He will strike you down dead, if he finds us here, Michael. Look, he is staring in here again!

Hellriegel.— O you poor little princess "I-am-afraid"! Ah, you don't yet know my mother's son! Don't let that old gorilla bother you! If you wish, a boot shall fly at his head! —

Pippa.— No, Michael, don't do that, Michael!

Hellriegel.— Certainly! — Or as far as I am concerned, we will begin the new life some other way. First of all, we will establish ourselves calmly and sensibly in the world. We will cleave to reality, Pippa, won't we? You to me and I to you! But no: I dare hardly say that aloud because you are like a blossom on a pliant stem, so fragrant and so fragile! Enough child, no day-dreaming! (*Takes off his knapsack and unbuckles it.*) Here in my knapsack is a box. Now, pay attention; Michael Hellriegel brought with him into the world a real inheritance of mother wit, for use in all cases. (*He holds out a very small box.*) Practical! In here are three practical things: first of all, this is an enchanted tooth-pick, you see: fashioned like a sword; with it you can stab to death giants and dragons! Here, in this little flask, I have an elixir, and with this, we'll pay off the filthy fellow; it is a so-called sleeping potion and is indispensable for use against giants and magicians! You don't recognize what this little ball of yarn here is, but if you tie one end fast here, the little roll will immediately tumble down in front of you, and skip along ahead of you, like a little white mouse, and if you will only follow the yarn on and on, you will come straight into the promised land. One more thing, here is a little doll's table; but that isn't of much consequence, Pippa: it is just a "Little table — set — thyself." Am I not a clever fellow? You have confidence in me now, haven't you?

Pippa.— Michael, I don't see any of those things!

Hellriegel.— Just wait, I shall have to open your eyes for you before you can!

Pippa.— I believe it all! Hide yourself, the old man is coming!

Hellriegel.— Tell me, Pippa, where were you born?

Pippa.— I believe, in a city by the water.

Hellriegel.— You see, I thought so right away! Was it as windy there as here? And were there generally clouds in the sky there too?

Pippa.— I have never seen any there, Michael, and day after day, the dear sun shone!

Hellriegel.— So! That's the kind of person you are! Do you think my mother would believe that? — Now, tell me, just once, do you believe in me?

Pippa.— Ten thousand times, Michael, in all things.

Hellriegel.— Beautiful! Then we will cross the mountains — and of course that's only a little thing to do! I know every highway and byway here — and on the other side spring will have begun!

Pippa.— O, no, no, no! I can not go with you! My father is very wicked, he will shut me up again for three days, and give me nothing but water and bread to eat!

Hellriegel.— Well, Pippa, your father is very kind now; his manner is very quiet now; he is astonishingly meek! I marvelled that he was so patient, quite cool-headed, not at all like an Italian. Soft! He will never again hurt a fly! Do you understand just what it is I would say, little Pippa! Your father has played and won so long, and now at last, he has lost. After all, everybody loses in the end, Pippa! That is, so to speak — your father is dead.

Pippa (more laughing than weeping, flings her arms around Michael Hellriegel's neck).— Dear me! Then I have nobody left to me in the world, nobody but you!

Hellriegel.— And that is quite enough, Pippa! I sell myself to you skin and bones, from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, just as I am! — And huzza! Huzza! Now we shall wander as we please.

Pippa.— You will take me with you, you will not leave me?

Hellriegel.— I, leave you? I, not take you with me? And now, I will guide you; now, rely on me! You shall not hit your foot against a stone! Hear, how the glass rings on the mountain pines! Do you hear? The long cones jingle. It is only a little while before daylight but bitter cold. I will wrap you up, I will carry you; we will warm each other, won't we? And you'll be surprised at how fast we get away! Already a little bit of light is creeping in here! Look at the tips of my fingers; there is even now a bit of sunlight on them. A bit that can be eaten, it must be licked off! You can't forego that and keep hot blood! Do you, too, hear birds singing, Pippa?

Pippa.— Yes, Michael.

Hellriegel.— Peep, peep! That may be a mouse, a yellow hammer or a door hinge — it doesn't make any difference which; all notice something! The old house creaks through and through! Many times my spirit becomes absolutely exalted to the skies when the tremendous event occurs and the ocean of light pours forth from the hot, golden pitcher! —

Pippa.— Don't you hear voices calling, Michael?

Hellriegel.— No, I hear only one voice; that sounds like a steer bellowing in the pasture!

Pippa.— It's old Huhn! It's terrible!

Hellriegel.— But what he's calling is very strange!

Pippa.— There he stands, Michael, don't you see him?

Hellriegel (standing with Pippa at the window).— Yes, it seems to be some frightful wood god — his beard and his eyelashes full of icicles, his outspread hands extended upwards; he stands there and does not move, his closed eyes turned toward the East!

Pippa.— Now the first rays of the morning shine on him!

Hellriegel.— And again he cries out!

Pippa.— Do you understand what he is calling?

Hellriegel.— It sounded like — it sounds like — like — a proclamation.

(A peculiar call in slow and powerful crescendo becomes audible; it is uttered by old Huhn, and sounds like jumalai.)

Hellriegel.— It sounds to me like ju — jumalai.

Pippa.— Jumalai? What does that mean?

Hellriegel.— I don't know, little Pippa, just exactly what. But it seems to me it means: Joy for all!

(The call, Jumalai, is repeated louder, while the room grows lighter.)

Pippa.— Are you weeping, Michael?

Hellriegel.— Come, little Pippa, you misunderstand!

(Closely intertwined, Pippa and Hellriegel move out of the door. The curtain falls, and the music, which began with the light on Hellriegel's finger, swells forth and depicts as it increases the mighty rising of the winter sun.)

ACT III

The interior of a snow-bound cabin on the crest of the mountains. A large, low, comfortable room enclosed in timbered walls and with a timbered ceiling is seen. There are three small, well protected double windows in the left wall; under them runs a bench which is fastened to the wall. The back wall is broken by a little door which leads into the hallway. Gayly painted peasant cupboards form a comfortable-looking corner, left. Clean, carefully arranged cooking utensils and bright-colored plates adorn the upper, open half of one of the cupboards. To the right of the door is the usual large stove of glazed tiles with its bench. The fire crackles cheerily in it. The stove-bench meets the bench fastened to the right wall. In the corner thus formed stands a large, massive, brown peasant's table; over it hangs a lamp; gayly painted wooden chairs surround it. The brass pendulum of a large, Black-forest clock near the door swings slowly. Thus far the room shows a character peculiar to the dwellings of the mountaineers of the better class. Unusual, is a table in the foreground, left, with a reading desk, on which is an old book, open; the table is covered with all sorts of other books and strange objects, such as a lamp between cobblers' magnifying globes, a glass-blower's lamp with glass tubes, old medicine bottles, a stuffed king-fisher, etc.; beside these, against the walls, are a number of objects that have been unearthed: stone knives, hammers and spear-heads, belonging to the so-called stone age; and a collection of common hammers for geological purposes. More unusual still is a delicately made model of a Venetian gondola, which

rests on a stand in front of the reading desk, as well as other models of ancient, mediæval and modern vessels for river and ocean navigation, which hang from the ceiling,—and a large telescope with its stand. On the deal floor lie splendid oriental carpets. The little windows in the room glow in the light of the setting sun, which light also makes all the objects in the room stand out sharp and fantastically. There is a door in the right wall.

(Jonathan, an unkempt deaf mute of about thirty, is washing plates in a small wooden tub which stands on two stools near the stove. Someone knocks several times at the hall door. The deaf mute does not turn, and so the door is opened and the Manager appears, masquerading as a mountaineer, his gun hung over his shoulder, and snow shoes under his arm.)

The Manager.—Jonathan, is your master in the house? Jonathan! You booby, answer me! The devil take you if he is not at home! What? Perhaps he has gone out to pick ice flowers, or to catch white moths with butterfly nets? Brr, it's beastly cold out-of-doors! Jonathan!

(Much startled, Jonathan turns in alarm and delight, dries his hands on his blue apron and kisses the Manager's right hand.)

The Manager.—Is the old man at home? Jonathan, old Wann? (Jonathan utters some sounds and makes gestures.) You thick-headed scoundrel, you; express yourself more plainly! (Jonathan takes greater pains, points vehemently out of the window as a sign that his master has gone out; then runs to the clock, which points to quarter of five; shows with his finger that his master had intended to return at half past four; shrugs his shoulders in surprise that he has not come back yet; hastens back to the window, presses his nose against it, shades his eyes with his hand and looks out). Very good, I've taken that all in! He has gone out and will return immediately, really ought to be back here now! (*The mute goes wow, wow, wow, imitating a dog.*) Just so, he took his two St. Bernard dogs with him, I understand. Beautiful! Wanted to give himself and the dogs some exercise! Brush me off, knave, I am going to stay here! (*As he looks just like a snowman, he steps back into the hall, stamps and beats the snow off himself, the deaf mute helping zealously.*)

(Meanwhile a dignified old man enters almost noiselessly by the door to the right. He is tall and broad-shouldered, and long, flowing, white hair covers his powerful head. His stern, beardless face is covered as it were with runes. Bushy eyelashes overshadow his large, protruding eyes. The man seems to be ninety years old or more, but in him old age is as it were strength, beauty and youth raised to a higher power. His dress is a blouse of coarse linen with wide sleeves, which reaches below his knees. He wears rounded, red woolen, laced shoes, and a leather girdle around his loins. In

this girdle, when he enters, rests his large, splendidly formed right hand. It is Wann.)

(Wann directs an attentive and smiling glance into the hall, strides quietly through the room, and seats himself behind the table at the reading desk. He rests his elbows on the table, running his fingers thoughtfully through his hair, whose white locks flow over the open folio on which he keeps his eyes fixed. Having peeled off his overcoat, the Manager enters again. He does not notice Wann at first.)

The Manager.— O, you gazelles — sweet twins! ' So, now we will make ourselves as comfortable as possible here while we are waiting for the old sly-boots!

Wann.— I think, too, we will; and whilst so doing we'll drink some black Falernian.

The Manager (surprised).— Damn it! Where did you come from so suddenly?

Wann (smiling).— Ah, the man who knew just exactly whence, my dear sir! Welcome to this green land! Jonathan!

The Manager.— Quite true! Everything is green and blue before your eyes after you have slid down and clambered up for four hours! I had on black glasses, but in spite of that, my organ of vision seems to me like a pond, to whose bottom I have sunk and over which, above me, little colored islands are constantly swimming.

Wann.— And you would like to get up on one of them? Had I better hunt up a fishing line?

The Manager.— What for?

Wann.— Oh, just something that shot through my head. At all events, you are a master hand at snow-shoeing and as daring as a stag, for instance, is mainly, only in November; and the sparrow-hawk is, only when he is engaged in the pursuit of a victim and the heat of the chase has made him blind and deaf to all dangers; it struck me with amazement when I saw you slide down like a bird from the top of the Skull-cap. And as you are human, I hit upon a third human possibility: you might, perhaps, wish to sweat out some sort of disease.

The Manager.— What doesn't the man think of who, summer and winter, in all kinds of weather, has nothing more to do in all the world than go walking on the milky way.

Wann (laughing).— I admit that I often ride my hobby-horse a little high and that by so doing I have grown something far-sighted; but I also see very well near by! For example, this lovely child of Murano here, and the beautiful crystal decanter full of black wine that Jonathan is bringing us for our comfort.

(Jonathan brings in on a large silver tray two magnificent, large, old Venetian goblets and a cut-glass decanter full of wine and places them on the table. Wann himself fills the glasses carefully. Each of the men takes one of them and lifts it up solemnly toward the still faintly glimmering window.)

The Manager.—Montes chrysocreos fecerunt nos dominos! (Gold-bearing mountains have made us lords!) Do you know how you often impress me, Wann, as one of those mythical, gold-hunting fellows, whom the sauer-kraut-gobbling, piggishly-filthy, common rabble of our mountains call foreigners?

Wann.—Indeed? And how might that be, my dear fellow?

The Manager.—One who possesses an Arabian fairy palace of gold and jasper in Venice, in the midst of the waters, who yet takes up his abode here among us, and acts as if he couldn't count up to three and eats any old moldy crust of bread.

Wann.—Your health! Let's drink on that, my dear fellow! (They drink to each other and then laugh heartily.)

Wann.—So, that's what you think of me! Well, setting aside the bread crusts, for my conscience is quite clear of that hypocrisy, there is, perhaps, a grain of truth in the surmise. If I am not exactly one of those Venetian manikins with their magic power, who sometimes appear to the woodmen and other dreamers, who possess gold caves, grottoes and castles in the interior of the earth, still, I do not deny that these mountains do in a certain sense actually contain gold for me!

The Manager.—Dear me, if one could but be as resigned as you are to such quiet enjoyment of life in the midst of snow and ice, Master Wann! No anxiety about your daily bread, no business, no wife—way above all sorts of follies which still give people of our sort the headache; and so absorbed in scholarly pursuits that you don't see the forest for the trees: it is a really ideal state!

Wann.—I see, my portrait still varies at times in your managerial soul. At times, I am to you a mythical personality who has a house in Venice, then again, an old retired major who squanders his old age income harmlessly.

The Manager.—Well, God knows it is not just exactly easy to form the right conception of you!

Wann.—Jonathan, light the lamps! It is to be hoped that you can see through me somewhat better in the light!

(A short pause occurs, in which the Manager's uneasiness increases.)

The Manager.—What are you really waiting for up here, year in, year out, Wann?

Wann. For many things!

The Manager.— They are, for example?

Wann.— All that the compass-card brings: clouds, perfumes, crystals of ice; for the noiseless double lightnings of the great Pan-fires; for the little flames that leap up from the hearth; for the songs of the dead in the water-fall; for my own happy end; for the new beginning and the entrance into a different, musical, cosmic brotherhood.

The Manager.— And, in the meantime, are you never bored up here, all alone?

Wann.— Why should I be? If thou wilt be alone thou wilt be wholly thine own. And boredom exists only where God is not!

The Manager.— That would not satisfy me, my master! I always need external stimulation.

Wann.— Well, it seems to me that that which sustains in its roaring the delight of a great veneration is also external.

The Manager.— Yes, yes, all very well! But for me, now that I am so old, there must always be something youthful, gay, lively in the game.

Wann.— As, for example, these lady-bugs here. All winter long I have them here on my table for company, in the midst of all sorts of play-things. Just observe a little beast like this for awhile. When I do I actually hear the spheres thunder! If it strikes you, you are deaf.

The Manager.— This tack, I don't understand.

Wann.— It is quite simple: the little beast on my finger does not divine me, does not divine you. And yet we are there, and the world around us, which it, confined within its own sphere, is not able to conceive. Our world lies outside of its consciousness. Think of what lies outside of ours! For example, is your eye able to tell you how the brook murmurs and the cloud rumbles? That this is so, you would never learn, if you had not the sense of hearing. And again, if you had the finest sense of hearing, you would still know nothing to all eternity of the magnificent outbursts of light in the firmament.

The Manager.— Thank you, for the private lecture! I would rather have it some other time! I can't sit still today. I hinted at something quite different —

Wann (lifts his glass).— To the lovely child of Murano, probably!

The Manager.— Well, if I did! How did you know it?

Wann.— Of what use is an observatory three thousand feet above the sea in central Germany? Of what use is a telescope with a lens made by yourself, if you can't look down sometimes on this old sublunary world and keep a strict eye on its children? And finally, the man whose shoe doesn't pinch — doesn't go to the cobbler!

The Manager.— Good! If you really are such a confounded physicist, putting your cobbling aside for the time, I admit that the shoe pinches me in several places— then please tell me, what happened last night in old Wende's tavern?

Wann.— An Italian was stabbed!

The Manager.— Then why do you consult the book?

Wann.— A registrar is certainly needed in the end!

The Manager.— And are the details noted in the book, too?

Wann.— For the time being, no.

The Manager.— Well then, your telescope and your proud folios amount to nothing!— I can't forgive myself for this business! Why didn't I watch more closely! I wanted to buy her from the dog, ten times — !— That's what happens, when one is really tender-hearted once in awhile.

(He jumps up and walks around the room very much agitated; finally he stops behind the telescope, turns it around on its stand and directs it toward the different night-darkened windows one after the other.)

(The wind whistles.)

The Manager.— Senseless, how I always feel up here, as if I were in a ship's cabin in a storm on the great ocean!

Wann.— Doesn't that also express most accurately the situation into which we are born?

The Manager.— That may be! But with phrases of this kind nothing will ever be gotten at. This doesn't pull me out of my particular dilemma! It would be different if one could see anything through your telescope;— but alas, I notice that that, too, it gives but a misrepresentation of facts!

Wann.— But it is pitch dark night, dear sir!

The Manager.— By daylight, I don't need a thing like that!

(He leaves the telescope, walks back and forth again and finally stops in front of Wann.)

Wann.— Well, out with it! Whom are you seeking?

The Manager.— Her!

Wann.— You lost sight of her after the affair?

The Manager.— I hunt for her but do not find her! I have had enough of this nonsense, Master Wann! If you are one of these crazy quack-salvers, pull the thorn out for me! I can not live and I can not die. Take a scalpel in your hand and search for the poisoned arrow-head which is sticking somewhere in my cadaver and forcing itself further in with every minute. I am tired of the distress and irritation, of the sleeplessness and poor appetite. I should be willing to become a papal singer, just to be rid for one moment of this accursed longing which torments me.

(*He sinks down on a chair, breathing heavily, and wipes the sweat from his forehead. Wann rises with some ceremoniousness.*)

Wann.— And you are in earnest about the cure? You will really give yourself into my hands?

The Manager.— Of course I will! What else did I come here for?

Wann.— And you will hold still even if it is necessary to pull from your soul with a jerk the whole of the evil growth with all the roots that branch out into the very tips of your toes?

The Manager.— And if it be horse physic!

Wann.— Well, then be so kind as to pay attention, my dear fellows. Now I clap my hands the first time! (*He does it.*) If the graybeard could not do more than the man, what were the meaning of old age? (*He draws forth a long, silken cloth.*) Now I clap my hands the second time. (*He does it.*) Afterward I bind this cloth over my mouth, as the Parsee does when he prays—

The Manager (impatiently).— And then I shall go my way, for I see you are mocking me, Master Wann!

Wann.— — and then: incipit vita nova (*the new life begins*), dear sir! (*He slips the bandage over his mouth and claps his hands vigorously.*)

(*Immediately, as if called there by magic, Pippa, half frozen and struggling for breath, rushes in; a cloud of fog penetrates the room after her entrance.*)

Pippa (*rushes forward, crying out hoarsely*).— Save him! Save him! Help, you men! Thirty steps from here, Michael is dying in the snow! He is lying there, suffocating! He can not stand up! Bring light! He is freezing to death; he can go no further! The night is fearful! Come with me, come with me!

The Manager (stares in boundless amazement, now at Pippa, now at his host).— Are you the devil himself, Wann?

Wann.— The cure is beginning. Don't plead any weariness! A rope! Tie that end fast here, Jonathan!

(*Pippa seizes Wann by the hand and drags him out. The Manager follows as if stupefied. The room is empty and the storm roars through the hall, sweeping clouds of snow through with it. All at once the head of old Huhn is visible in the hall door. After the old man has assured himself that there is no one in the room, he steals in. He stares at the objects in the room, and when the voice of the returning Wann is heard, he hides himself behind the stove.*)

Wann (*still in the hallway, drawing the others after him along the rope*).— Bolt the doors securely, Jonathan! —

(Now the half-frozen Michael Hellriegel, supported by Wann and the Manager, is seen. He is brought into the room and laid on the bench by the stove; Pippa draws his shoes off and the Manager rubs his chest.)

Wann (to Jonathan).—A cup full of hot black coffee mixed with cognac!

The Manager.—Thunder and hail! It's cold enough to freeze your mouth shut! The air outside there stings like needles and butcher knives!

Wann.—Yes, it is a night! You know, at least, when you gasp for breath in these black Hades-flames that you are a fighter and still a long distance away from the paradises of light. Only one little spark from there has found the way! Bravely, little one, hast thou fought thy way through!

Pippa.—Michael, signore, Michael, not I.

Wann.—How do you feel, sir?

The Manager.—What kind of a man you are, I know not! But in other respects, I am as amused as if I were at a hanging! After all, it is just as wonderful that a fly should soil my shirt collar, as that you or anyone else should bring about such an occurrence.

Wann.—Instead of one there has grown to be two of them!

The Manager.—Thank you! Even my brain can still grasp that! To be sure, my suspicions rested on Huhn, and then? instead of him it is a simpleton! Jonathan, my snow-shoes, quick!

Wann.—Going already?

The Manager.—Two are enough! The third, too many! True it is in a way new to me to carry out generosity to its highest power, but it is not the right vocation for me permanently! Don't you think so, too, little Pippa?

Pippa (weeping softly, is drying and rubbing Michael's feet with her hair).—What is it, signore?

The Manager.—You know me, don't you? (Pippa shakes her head no). Haven't you seen me somewhere before? (Pippa again shakes her head in denial.) Didn't some good uncle bring you for three or four years sugar-plums, pretty corals and silk ribbons? (Pippa shakes her head confidently, in denial of this.) Bravo! I thought so! Didn't you have a father, who is dead? (Pippa shakes her head.)

Wann.—Do you notice anything, sir?

The Manager.—Do I notice anything!

Wann.—What a powerful old magician has taken a part in this?

The Manager.—Of course, that's understood! Jolly Chinese puzzle, that's the world! (Tapping on Michael's forehead with his third finger.) You, in here, when you waken, knock again at heaven's gate, perhaps the

good God will say: come in! Good-by! Rub Michael hack to life! (*In the hall.*) I wish you may all sup well! I have been helped! I am cured! Hurrah! May the devil himself unbar hell!

(*The opening of the house-door is heard and then the Manager's hurrah, repeated several times out-of-doors.*)

Hellriegel (*opens his eyes, jumps up and at the same time calls out*).— Hurrah! Hurrah, there we have it, little Pippa!

Wann (*steps back, astonished and amused*).— Eh! What is it that we have, if I may ask?

Hellriegel.— Oh, so we are not alone, little Pippa! Tell me, where did the old man come from so suddenly?

Pippa (*timidly, aside*).— Oh, I didn't know what else to do!

Hellriegel.— But, wasn't it splendid! Isn't it a delight to you, to climb up like that through storm and winter? To go merrily forward hand in hand?

Wann.— Where are you journeying, if one may ask?

Hellriegel.— Ah, old man! Who is going to be so curious? Do I ask you why you muffle yourself up, up here, keep yourself warm and eat baked apples?

Wann.— This is certainly a devil of a fellow that you have here, dear child!

Hellriegel.— To wander always and never to think of the goal! It is deemed too near or it is deemed too far. Besides I surely feel my bones tingling.

Pippa (*timidly*).— Michael, couldn't we perhaps be a little grateful to the friendly old man, or do you think not?

Hellriegel.— Why should we be?

Pippa.— Why he saved us from freezing!

Hellriegel.— Freezing? Michael will take good care not to do that yet awhile! If we had just missed this place of refuge, well, we would now be ten good miles further on our way. Think, Pippa, ten miles nearer the goal! When a man possesses the magic ball of twine and has received unequivocal signs from above, in great numbers, that he is called to something — called to discover at the very least kneadable glass!

Wann.— You laugh, my little one: do you believe that he is? (*Pippa looks up at Wann with belief in her eyes and nods her head emphatically in the affirmative.*) Indeed? Well, he certainly speaks in a way that awakens belief. Now, have a good talk together, I won't disturb you! (*He takes his seat behind his book-table, but watches the two surreptitiously; at the same time turning over the leaves of the large volume.*)

Pippa (confidentially).— Look around, Michael, see where we are!

Hellriegel.— In just the right place, it this moment occurs to me. The yarn has led us just right. Didn't you notice how it drew us ever forward and out of the storm?

Pippa.— But that was the old man's rope, Michael!

Hellriegel.— Eh, it is not as you imagine it, little one! In the first place, we had to come here in any case. To begin with, I saw the light all the time we were climbing. But even if I had not seen the light, an irresistible power within me dragged and tugged me onward toward this protecting roof!

Pippa.— I am so glad that we are safe, and yet, I am still a little bit afraid!

Hellriegel.— What are you afraid of?

Pippa.— I don't know what! I wonder whether the doors are shut tight?

Wann (who has heard this).— They are locked tight!

Pippa (says to Wann simply and innocently).— Oh sir, you are good, I see it in your face! But for all that — we must go on — mustn't we, Michael?

Wann.— Why must you? Who is on your trail?

Hellriegel.— No one! At least no one who causes us any concern! But if you want to go away from here, then come, little Pippa!

Wann.— Do you really think I shall let you go away?

Hellriegel.— Certainly! How would you keep us here?

Wann.— I am not wanting in means! I do not ask you whither you are going; whither you are bound with this frightened little moth that has flown against my lamp; but through this night, you shall remain here.

Hellriegel (planting himself in the middle of the room, his legs spread apart).— Hello! Hello! Here is still another!

Wann.— Who knows what sort of a bird you are! Perhaps one who undressed to learn shivering: have patience, you will learn it soon enough!

Hellriegel.— Don't get angry, dear uncle, the house is still standing, as my little mother says. But whether we go or stay is our affair!

Wann.— You must have very big notions of yourself in your knapsack!

Hellriegel.— Indeed? Do I look as though I had something of that sort in my pack! It is quite possible! Think of it! Well, enough of that! My knapsack answers pretty well, though there are other things in it than a few paltry notions. So if my cap sets that way, we will go; and you can keep us here as little as you could two swans who journey under a mackerel sky like two points travelling toward the South.

Wann.— I grant you that, young cloud-dweller! But sometimes I succeed in enticing those birds to my little trough, and that, for example, is what I have done to you.

(*Jonathan sets out the table near the stove with southern fruits, steaming wine and cakes.*)

Hellriegel.— The little trough! We are not hungry, we will not eat! Michael is not dependent on anything like that!

Wann.— Since when isn't he?

Hellriegel.— Since — since he found river-gold in mud!

Wann (to Pippa).— And you?

Pippa.— I am not hungry either!

Wann.— No?

Pippa (aside to Michael).— You have your table set thyself, of course!

Wann.— So you won't do me the honor?

Hellriegel.— I notice that you, too, are one of those who have not the slightest suspicion of who Michael Hellriegel is. What do I care; and what good would it do to discuss it with you? You must know that the archangel Michael is a hero and conqueror of dragons; you do not doubt that. Now, however, I simply need to go on and for all I care swear ten oaths, I have witnessed miracle upon miracle since yesterday and have come off victorious from an adventure just as astonishing, and you will say: why not, here is a man who plays the ocarina. I need only to tell about my knapsack —

Wann.— O, Michael, you delightful child of God! Had I suspected that it was you, I have been following with my telescope since daybreak, today, and enticing to my little bowl filled with hot blood for souls' food; I had decorated my hut festively and received you — that you might see that I, too, am something of a musician — received you with quintets and roses! Be peaceful, Michael, be friendly! And I advise you to eat a little something! Well filled though you may be with heaven's blue, only the soul can be satisfied with that; never the body of a big, tall fellow like you!

Hellriegel (goes up to the table, takes a plate from it, eats eagerly and says in an aside to Pippa).— The food goes against me, I don't want it! I just eat it to get away politely —

Wann.— Eat, Michael, eat, don't argue about it! It doesn't do any good to dispute with the Lord God because you have to breathe and eat and swallow! Afterward you float and flutter so much the more beautifully!

Pippa (steals over to Wann, while Michael is absorbed in eating, and whispers to him with great delight).— I am so glad Michael is eating.

Wann.— He is eating in his sleep, so don't waken him! or he will let his knife and fork fall, will plunge three thousand feet high in the air and probably break his neck and legs.

(*He takes from the table carefully, in both hands, a model of a Venetian gondola.*)

Wann.— Can you tell me what this represents?

Pippa.— No.

Wann.— Think! Has there never glided through your dreams a black vessel like this?

Pippa (quickly).— Yes, sometime, a long time ago, I remember!

Wann.— Do you know, too, what a powerful tool it is?

Pippa (meditatively).— I know only, that once I used to glide between houses, at night, in a barque like that.

Wann.— That's it! (*To Michael*). Now, for all I care, you can prick up your ears, too, so that little by little, you may arrive at the knowledge that there is someone here beside yourself who understands something of aeronautics and many other things.

Hellriegel.— Well, out with what you have to say!

Wann.— Well then, this little craft created the mystical city between two skies, that is the city at the heart of the earth, wherein you too, good child, were born. For you come out of a mystery and will return into it again.

Hellriegel.— Hop! There comes something flying! Hop! Again, another picture! a rat! a salt-herring, a girl! a miracle! Gather them all together: an ocarina! Always hop, hop, hop! When I went away from my mother, on a tramp, well as I was prepared for all sorts of hocus-pocus and though I went to meet it skipping with joy, still even now the cold sweat often comes out on my forehead. (*With his knife and fork in his fists, he stares thoughtfully straight in front of him.*) So he knows the city where we wish to go!

Wann.— Of course I know it, and — if you had confidence in me — I could do something for you and with advice and suggestion point out to you the way thither. In the end, who knows, perhaps something more than that! For, to tell you the truth, when I observe you very carefully, doubts do come to me whether you really do float in the sky so high, so secure and so certain of your goal! You have something in you, how shall I say it, something of birds who have been beaten out of their course, and are driven helplessly in the direction of the North Pole. At the mercy of every wind, so to speak! Don't start, Michael, don't become excited! You won't own up to it that you are horribly played out and tired, nor will you own up to the undefined fear, the dread that still takes possession of you at times, although you have in a measure escaped the terrors of a winter-night flight.

(*At the mention of flight and fear, Hellriegel springs up and Pippa and*

he look at each other anxiously. Now, he moves uneasily toward the door of the room and listens into the hall.)

Hellriegel.— Just be calm, Michael! That's the main thing! I take it that the doors are properly locked and bolted? — Then at any rate we have nothing to fear! (*He comes back.*) For all I know — it may be that perhaps you are something unusual! In any case, you may be sure we are going to eat oranges tomorrow afternoon in the beautiful water- and glass-makers' city, where the water bursts forth into glass blossoms; in the city of whose every little bridge, flight of steps and narrow street, I have dreamed accurately all my life long — in any case, you may be sure — but for all I care: how far have we still to go?

Wann.— That depends, Michael, on how you travel.

Hellriegel.— Let us say in practical fashion.

Wann (smiling).— Then you will probably never get there. But if you travel in this little vessel in which the first pile-drivers rode out into the lagunes and out of which, as out of a floating incense bowl, fantastic smoke, Venice, the artist's dream, arose, in which the showy, stone city was precipitated as a crystal is in lye, — Yes, if you travel in this little vessel and by means of the miracle that you have experienced, then you can at once see everything your longing soul aspires to see.

Hellriegel.— Hold! I must first engage in a silent communion with my own thoughts. But give me the thing in my hand! (*He takes the little boat and holds it in his hands.*) So I am to travel in this nut-shell? Oh yes! How wise our old host is after all, and what an ass is Michael! But just how do you accomplish the getting into this? O please, I am no spoil-sport! Now I see through the matter: I am only afraid I shall lose my way in the little boat! If I am really to go this way, then I would prefer to take with me my two sisters, my six older brothers, my uncles and the rest of my relatives, who, thank God, are all tailors.

Wann.— Courage, Michael! When you are once out of the harbor, there is no going back: you must go on, out into the high billows. And you (*to Pippa*) must give him the magic wind for his sails!

Hellriegel.— That pleases me, that will be a queer voyage!

Wann (guiding Pippa's little finger around the edge of a Venetian glass).— Sail away, sail away, little gondoletta! Repeat it after me.

Pippa.— Sail away, sail away, little gondoletta!

Wann.—

From night of winter, from ice and snow,
Away from storm-shaken cabins go!

Pippa (laughing).—

From night of winter, from ice and snow,
Away from storm-shaken cabins go!

Wann.—

Sail away, sail away, little gondoletta!

(From the glass whose edge *Pippa* is rubbing there comes a low tone which grows louder and louder until other tones join with it and the harmony then formed swells and grows into a short but powerful musical storm, which suddenly recoils and becomes silent. *Michael Hellriegel* falls into a hypnotic sleep, with his eyes open.)

Wann.—

Now *Michael* solitary sails above the clouds,
Silent the journeying, for at that lofty height
Sound dieth, since it findeth no resistance there.
Where art thou?

Hellriegel.—

Proudly I sail through the dawn's red glow!

Wann.—

And on what wonders new and strange dost thou now gaze?

Hellriegel.—

On more than soul of man can ever grasp, I gaze,
And over hyacinthine seas I wing my flight!

Wann.—

Only thy ship is sinking downward now! — or no?

Hellriegel.—

I know not. All the mountains of the earth, it seems,
Mount up to me. Gigantic towers up the world.

Wann.—

And now?

Hellriegel.—

Now I am sinking downward noiselessly,
And now my skiff 'mid gardens rushes silently.

Wann.—

Thou call'st these gardens that thou see'st?

Hellriegel.—

Yes! but of stone.

The marble blossoms all are mirrored in blue plains,
And the white columns tremble in the emerald ground.

Wann. —

Halt there, good ferryman. And tell us where thou art!

Hellriegel.—

On stairways now I set my foot, on tapestries,

And in a hall of coral now I tread my way!

And now, at golden portals do I knock three times!

Wann.—

And tell me, on the knocker what words readest thou?

Hellriegel.—

Montes chrysocreos fecerunt nos dominos!

(*Gold-bearing mountains have made us lords!*)

Wann.—

What happens when the echoes of thy knocking cease?

(*Michael Hellriegel does not answer, instead he begins to groan as if he had nightmare.*)

Pippa.—

Oh, waken him, please waken him, dear, wise, old man!

Wann (*as he takes the little boat out of Michael's hands.*)—

Enough! To this secluded cabin come once more.

Return again to us, snowbound and exiled here,

And quake and shake the golden spoils of voyages

Into our laps, while we sit here repining.

(*Michael Hellriegel wakens, looks around perplexedly, and tries to remember.*)

Hellriegel.— Hello! Why does that confounded old grunting-ox, Huhn, stand at the gate, threaten me and refuse to let me enter? Just slip the golden key out to me through the grating, Pippa! I will steal in through a little side door! Where? Pippa! Confound it! No! Where am I? Pardon me, old man, it is better not to swear when anything of this kind — when after all, you have been hoaxed! Into what sort of an infernal box have I slid? Hang it all, what is going on here? Where is Pippa? Have you still the golden key? Here! give it here! We will open the door quickly!

Pippa.— Wake up, Michael! You are just dreaming! Try to think!

Hellriegel.— But I would rather be a dreamer than wake up in such a mean way, fourteen miles deep down in the puddle. I can't see my hand before my eyes here! What does it mean? Who is pressing his thumbs into my throat? Who is crushing the happiness out of my breast with a mountain-load of fear?

Wann.— Have no fear! no fear at all, good Michael! Everything in this house is in my power, and there is nothing in it that can harm you.

Hellriegel.— But why, oh why, Master, did you call me back so soon into this grave-hole? Why didn't that ragged, old wild beast let me into my magic, water-castle? It was the very one I have always wished for, the very same one! I recognized it perfectly as the one I dreamed of when I was a little boy and sat in front of the stove,— and Pippa looked out of the window,— and the water played delightfully, like roulades on the flute, around the walls below her! Let us make the journey once again! Make us a present of your charming little gondola, and without hesitating — I offer you for it my whole knapsack with all its precious contents!

Wann.— No, Michael, not yet! Have patience! For the present, you are much too hotblooded to suit me! And I beg you both to still your beating hearts and not to be afraid. Believe me there will be another day tomorrow. There are many guest chambers in my house, I beg you, tarry until morning with me! Grant me the pleasure of harboring for one night perfect, young hope! Tomorrow, you shall journey on, and God be with you! Jonathan show the stranger upstairs!

Hellriegel.— We belong together, we will not be separated!

Wann.— Arrange it as you wish to or will, good Michael, sleep will always take her out of your hands and you will have to leave her to her fate and God!

(Hellriegel takes Pippa in his arms. He looks at her and sees that she has almost lost consciousness from her great fatigue: so, as she has fallen asleep, he lays her down on the bench by the wall.)

Hellriegel.— And you stand security for her?

Wann.— Solemnly!

Hellriegel (kisses Pippa on the forehead).— Until morning, then!

Wann.— Sleep well! Good night! And far away on the Adriatic dreams a house that waits for new and youthful guests.

(Jonathan stands in the door with a light. Hellriegel tears himself away and disappears with him in the hallway. Wann looks at Pippa for awhile gravely and thoughtfully; then he says):

Wann.—

Into my winter cabin, magic forced his way.

My wisdom's wall of ice, he broke through robber-like,

By gold enticed. A shelter safe I furnished him

From out my soul paternal, with old malice full.

Who is the fop that he should wish to make his own

This child divine who makes my vessels sail for me —

They creak and crack and swing so gently to and fro,

The old dry hulls archaeologically hung! —

Why then do I put him, this Michael, in my ship,
 Instead of sailing forth myself, triumphantly,
 Forth in my galleon, commanding my whole fleet,
 To subjugate abandoned heavens once again.
 O, ice on my old forehead, ice in my old blood!
 You thaw before a sudden breath of happiness.
 Thou holy breath, O, kindle not in my old breast
 Consuming fires of greed, of avarice and wild lusts,
 Till I must swallow mine own children, Saturn-like.
 Sleep! Over your sleep I watch, for you I guard
 What fleets away. As pictured forms ye float by me,
 So long as my own soul remains a picture still,
 Not Being,— not clear, viewless element alone.
 Moulder, ye hulls! for journeys new I have no thirst.

(He has raised the sleeping girl, supported her and led her slowly and with fatherly solicitude into the chamber to the right. After he and Pippa have disappeared, Huhn comes out from behind the stove and stands in the middle of the room, his gaze fixed on the chamber door. Wann comes out of the chamber backward, pulls the door shut after him, and speaks without noticing Huhn. He turns toward the models of the ships and in so doing sees Huhn. At first, doubting the reality of the vision, he holds his hands above his eyes to investigate; when he lets it drop, his every muscle tightens and both men measure each other with eyes filled with hatred.)

Wann (slowly, quivering with rage).— No — road — passes — through — here! —

Huhn (in the same manner).— No — word — passes — muster — here! —

Wann.— Come on!

(Huhn pushes forward and they stand opposite each other in wrestlers' positions.)

Huhn.— This is all mine! — all mine, all mine, all mine!

Wann.—

You black, bloodthirsty bundle! Night-born lump of greed,
 You yet gasp forth some sounds that seem like words!

(Old Huhn attacks him and they wrestle; suddenly old Huhn utters a frightful shriek and immediately afterward hangs defenceless in Wann's arms. Wann lets the gasping old man sink gently to the floor.)

Wann.—

Thus must it come to pass, giant uncouth! O thou
 Sick, wild, strong animal! — Break open stables then!

Here is no provender for prowling beasts of prey —
Here in this snowbound house of God!

ACT IV

(This act immediately follows the third act, in the same room. Old Huhn lies on the bench by the stove, the sound of the death-rattle in his throat is loud and horrible. His chest is bare, his long rust-red hair falls to the ground. Old Wann stands by him, upright, his left hand laid on Huhn's breast.)

Pippa, shy and trembling, an expression of great fear on her face, comes out of the door to the right.)

Wann.— Come in, you little trembling flame, you, come right in! There is now no further danger for you, if you are a little cautious!

Pippa.— I knew it! O, I knew and felt it, signore! Hold him down! Bind him fast!

Wann.— So far as he can be bound, I can bind him.

Pippa.— Is it old Huhn, or isn't it?

Wann.— The torture disfigures his face. But if you look at him more closely —

Pippa.— Then he looks almost like yourself!

Wann.— I am a human being and he wants to be: how did you happen to notice it?

Pippa.— I do not know, signore!

(Hellriegel appears in the hall door, frightened.)

Hellriegel.— Where is Pippa? I had a foreboding that the lousy idiot would be at our heels! Pippa! God be thanked that you are again under my protection!

Wann.— Nobody touched a hair of her head even when you were not here!

Hellriegel.— It is better, however, for me to be here!

Wann.— May it please Heaven! Fetch me in a bucket full of snow! Bring snow! We will lay snow on his heart, so that the poor, captive beast, beating its wings in his breast, may be calmed!

Hellriegel.— Is he hurt?

Wann.— It may well be!

Hellriegel.— What do we gain by it if he recovers his strength? He will strike around him with his fists and beat us all three into mincemeat!

Wann.— Not me! and not anyone else, if you are sensible!

Pippa.— It is he, I am sure of it! It is the old glass-blower, Huhn!

Wann.— Do you recognize him, now: the guest who came so late, to await here a higher than he? Come close to him, little one, don't be afraid, your pursuer is now himself the pursued! (*Hellriegel brings in a bucket full of snow.*) What did you see out there, Michael? You are as white as a sheet!

Hellriegel.— I did not know what it was! (*While the ice is being laid on Huhn's breast.*) It isn't the old mountain with the forest of hair that danced and jumped around with you in the tavern and from whom fortunately I carried you off; it isn't he at all.

Pippa.— Look at him more closely, I am sure it is he!

Wann.— But he has become our brother!

Pippa.— Was it the matter with you, Michael? How you do look!

Wann.— What did you see outside there that made you as white as a sheet?

Hellriegel.— Well, for all I care: I saw pretty little things! It was, so to speak, like a wall of snapping, fishmouthed women's visages, pretty terrifying, pretty dreadful! I wouldn't like to have them here in the room. That's the way, when you go from a bright light into the dark! —

Wann.— You will yet learn shivering!

Hellriegel.— At all events, it is no pleasure to be outside there. Apparently the ladies have sore throats — you see it in their swollen, twitching, violet-black throats! And for what other reason were their necks wound round with a thick neckerchief of long, slavering worms!

Wann.— Pshaw, Michael, you are looking around for protection!

Hellriegel.— If only those tricky little angels don't squeeze through the wall!

Wann.— Michael, couldn't you go out of doors once more, and call into the dark in a loud voice, that he is to come?

Hellriegel.— No! That's going too far for me, I won't do that!

Wann.— You are afraid of the lightning that is to save? Then prepare yourself to hear God's praise howled in a manner to freeze the marrow in your bones, since not otherwise is the invasion of the pack to be prevented!

(*Such a shriek of pain comes from old Huhn that Pippa and Hellriegel break into a sympathetic weeping and, carried away by their sympathy, they impulsively hasten to him to bring him help.*)

Wann.— No hurry! It is useless! Here is no pity! Here the poisonous tooth and the white-hot wind rage, so long as he rages! Here typhonic powers press out the piercing scream of torture, the torture of frantic recognition of God. Blind, without compassion, they stamp it out of the soul howling, yet speechless with horror.

Hellriegel.— Can't you relieve him, then, old man?

Wann.— Not without him whom you do not choose to call.

Pippa (trembling).— Why is he so stretched on the rack? I have feared him, and have hated him, but why is he pursued with such wrath and merciless hatred? — I do not ask it!

Huhn.— What do you want? Let go! Let go! Don't strike your fangs into my neck! Let go! Let go! Don't tear the bones from out my loins! Don't tear my body open! Don't rend me, don't rend my soul in pieces!

Hellriegel.— Great heavens! What if this should be a trial of strength; if the great fish-blooded one thinks to impress anyone with this — at all events, he doesn't impress me! or at most only with his force! Has he no more respect for his creation, or can't he help striking something low and small every moment? And in such a peculiar way, which it is to be hoped is not the only fun there is for him in the matter.

Wann.— The principal thing now is really, Michael, that one of us should go and find out where he, whom we await so longingly, is staying. Your talking, you know, brings us no further.

Hellriegel.— You go out! I shall stay here.

Wann.— Good! (*To Pippa.*) But don't dance with him!

Hellriegel.— O Heavens! When anyone can make jests in such a critical situation, what is one to say to such a disaster?

Wann.— Take care whom you trust! At all events, give heed to the child! (*Wann goes out through the hall.*)

Pippa.— Oh, if we were only away from here, Michael!

Hellriegel.— I have wished that too! God be thanked, that at all events we are now at the top! Tomorrow, at daybreak, we can rush down the southern slope — for all I care, we can go on sleds, that would be fine! Then we shall be out of this region of foreigners and assassins and grunting baboons, forever!

Pippa.— Oh, if he only wouldn't scream again!

Hellriegel.— Let him scream! Even if he does, it is still better inside here: the silence outside screams more horribly.

Huhn (with heavy tongue).— Murder! Murder!

Pippa.— He has spoken again! I believe the old toy-dealer has injured him in some way!

Hellriegel.— Cling to me! Press close to my heart.

Pippa.— O Michael, you pretend to be so calm, and your heart beats so furiously!

Hellriegel.— Like your own!

Pippa.— And his! I hear his beating, too! How hard it labors! It seems strained to the utmost!

Hellriegel.— Is it that? Is it really a heart that pounds like that?

Pippa.— What else can it be? Just listen, what else can be pounding like that? I don't know why, but I feel it all through me, so painfully—it hurts me clear down to the tips of my toes — at every stroke, it seems as if I must help it.

Hellriegel.— Look, a chest like a cannibal's! Doesn't it look like a bellows all covered with matted red hair? And as if it ought always to be blowing something like a small forge fire.

Pippa.— O, how the poor little captive bird keeps jumping against his ribs in its fright! Shall I lay my hand on him for a minute, Michael?

Hellriegel.— You have my permission! There can be nothing in all the world which would be so miraculously effectual?

Pippa (*laying her hand on Huhn's heart*).— I hadn't the least idea that under all his rags, old Huhn was as white as a young girl! —

Hellriegel.— There you see it does work! He is quieter already! And now we will give him a little wine besides, so that he may meet death sleeping peacefully.

(*He goes to the table to pour out some wine. Pippa allows her hand to remain on Huhn's breast.*)

Huhn.— Who lays her little hand on my breast? I sat within my house — in the darkness — we sat in the darkness! The world was cold! Daylight came no more, the morning never came! We sat there round a cold glass furnace! And the people came there, yoop, yoop — They came there from far away, creeping across the snow! They came from far away because they were hungry: they wanted to have a little bit of light on their tongues, they wanted to absorb a little bit of warmth into their benumbed bones! It is true! And they lay around the glass-works all night! I heard them groan; I heard them moan. And then I rose and poked around in the ash pits — all at once there arose a single little spark — a tiny spark arose out of the ashes! O Jesus, what shall I do with the little spark that has all at once risen again out of the ashes? Shall I make you a servant, little spark, shall I capture you? Shall I strike at you, little spark? Shall I dance with you, tiny little spark?

Hellriegel.— Say yes, say yes, don't oppose him! But tell us, you, the rest of your story! Here, first take a swallow, old Mr. What's-your-name! Today, you — tomorrow, me! We will hold together, because in my inmost heart, I too am something of a snowbound, ghostly glass-maker.

Huhn (*after he has drunken*).— Blood! Black blood tastes good!

But, what the wise man makes, I make too! I too make glass! Oh dear, yes, what is there that I haven't brought out of the glass furnaces! Beads! Precious stones! Magnificent goblets! Ever in with the blowpipe and one blast into it! Enough of that! I will dance with you, little spark! Wait a moment: I'll start up my furnace again! How the white heat breaks from the doors! No one ever comes up to old Huhn! Did you see her dancing round in the air over the fire?

Hellriegel.— Whom do you mean?

Huhn.— Whom? Who would it be? He doesn't know, he doesn't, that the girl springs from the glass furnaces!

Hellriegel (chuckling).— Just listen, Pippa, you spring from the glass furnaces!

Pippa.— Oh, Michael, I feel like weeping.

Huhn.— Dance, dance! that it may grow a little lighter! Go here, go there, that the people may get light! Kindle the fire, kindle the fire! We will go to work!

Hellriegel.— Just listen! When such an opportunity offers, I would really like to join you! The devil take me, if I wouldn't, and not with just a journeyman's piece of work —

Huhn.— We stood around our glass furnaces and around about us out of the starless night crept fear! (*He gasps harder.*) Mice, dogs, beasts and birds crept into the fire. It grew smaller and smaller and was going out! We said to each other and said constantly — O Jesus, the terror of it — into the little fire! Then it fell apart! Then we screamed! A little blue light came again! Then we screamed again! And then it was out! I sat in my house, over my cold fire! I saw nothing! I poked around in the ashes! All at once a little spark flew up, a single little spark flew up in front of me. Shall we dance again, little spark?

Pippa (fleeing to Michael).— Michael, are you still there?

Hellriegel.— Yes, of course! Do you think that Michael is inclined to be a shirker? This old man, however, is something more than a discharged glass-blower, God knows! Just see, what a bloody, agonizing spasm is shown in his face!

Pippa.— And how his heart wrestles, and how it pounds!

Hellriegel.— Like an eternal forge-dance with the forge-hammer.

Pippa.— And at every stroke, I feel my own breast torn and burned!

Hellriegel.— I do too! I feel it tremendously through all my bones, and it rags at me until it seems I must work and pound with it!

Pippa.— Listen, Michael, it seems exactly as if the same stroke struck deep down and knocked on the earth.

Hellriegel.— You are right, the same terrible blow of the forge-hammer strikes deep down!

Huhn.— Shall I dance with you, little spirit?

(*Underground, thunderous rumblings.*)

Pippa.— Michael, did you hear that rumbling underground?

Hellriegel.— No! Come! You had better take your hand away from his heart. If everything is going to rock, and the earth is going to tremble and we are going to shoot out like an involuntary meteor, who knows whither into space, then it is certainly better for us to clamp ourselves together, shortly, into an indissoluble knot. I am only joking!

Pippa.— Oh, Michael, don't joke now!

Hellriegel.— Tomorrow, we will both joke about this!

Pippa.— Do you know, I feel almost as if I were only a single spark and as if I hovered around, lost and quite alone, in endless space!

Hellriegel.— A dancing star in the heavens, Pippa! and why not?

Pippa (whispering).— Michael, Michael, dance with me! Hold me fast, Michael, I don't want to dance! Michael, Michael, dance with me!

Hellriegel.— I will do it, so help me God, as soon as we are out of this scrape! Think of something beautiful! As soon as this night is over, I have promised myself: that from then on, you shall walk only on roses and tapestries. And we shall laugh, as soon as we are down there, in the little water-palace — we shall go there, I assure you—and then I shall lay you in your little silken bed — and then I shall bring you sweetmeats all the time — and then I shall cover you up and tell you creepy stories — and then you will burst out laughing, so sweetly, that the delicious sound will be pain to me. And then you will sleep, and I shall play all night long, softly, softly, on a glass harp.

Pippa.— Michael!

Hellriegel.— Yes, Pippa!

Pippa.— Where are you?

Hellriegel.— Here beside you! I hold you tightly clasped!

Huhn.— Shall we dance again, little spirit?

Pippa.— Hold me, Michael — don't let me go! He drags me to him! — I am being dragged! If you let me go I must dance! I must dance! — or else I shall die! Let me go!

Hellriegel.— Really? Well, I think it will be well, in the midst of all these, in a way really nightmarish things, to bethink myself of my brave old Swabian blood! If all your limbs twitch to do it, why shouldn't you dance this last dance with a poor wretch who attaches so much value to your doing it? In my opinion there can't be anything so bad in that. Not

for nothing, have there been jolly fellows who have conjured away Satan's hell-fire from under his tail and lighted their pipes with it. Why shouldn't one strike up a tune for him to dance? (*He takes out his ocarina.*) Rum-pum-pum, run-pum-pum! How does the time go? Very well, for all I care, get ready to dance, sweet Pippa. If it must be — we dare not be particular about the place and the hour in this world! (*Trills and runs on the ocarina.*) Dance away, and dance till you are tired! It is far from being the worst thing you can do: to be joyous with one who is mortally afflicted.

(*To the tones of the ocarina, which Michael plays, Pippa makes some slow, painful dance movements, that have something convulsive about them. Little by little the dance grows wilder and more bacchanalian. A rhythmic trembling stirs the body of old Huhn. In addition to this, he drums frantically with his fists, keeping time with Pippa's dance rhythm. At the same time he seems to be shaken by a terrible chill, like some one coming out of a cutting wind into the warmth. From the depths of the earth muffled sounds force their way up: rumblings of thunder, triangles, cymbals and kettle-drums. Finally Wann enters through the hall door.*)

Huhn.— I am making a little glass! I am making it. (*Fastening a look of hate on Wann.*) I shall make it and knock it to pieces again! Come — with — we — into — the dark — little spark. (*He crushes the drinking glass which he still holds in his hand, and the pieces clatter to the floor.*)

(*Pippa shivers and then grows suddenly rigid.*)

Pippa.— Michael!

(*She reels and Wann catches her in his arms. She is dead.*)

Wann.— Have you achieved your purpose in spite of me, old corybant?

Hellriegel (*stops playing on his ocarina for a few seconds.*)— Good!

Stop a moment to get your breath, Pippa!

Huhn (*with an effort, looks Wann full in the eyes, triumphantly. Then there comes from his lips with difficulty, but powerfully, the call*)— Jumalai! !! (*Immediately after it he sinks back and dies.*)

Hellriegel (*is about to begin playing on his ocarina again.*)— What was that? I have it! I heard that cry, yesterday morning! What do you say to that, old wizard? But anyhow, it is well that you have come, for otherwise we would have galloped away, over knives and pieces of broken glass into the unknown, on and on, who knows where! Have you found him at last?

Wann.— Most certainly!

Hellriegel (*after a trill.*)— Well, where did you find him?

Wann.— I found him behind a snow-drift. He was tired. He said his load of work was too enormous. I had to persuade him a long while. (*Looking down on Pippa.*) And now it seems that he misunderstood me.

Hellriegel (after a trill).— But at least he is coming now?

Wann.— Didn't you see him? He came in just before me!

Hellriegel.— I didn't see anything, to be sure, but I felt something when the old man yelled out his silly foreign word, something that still hums in my bones.

Wann.— Do you hear the echo still making a hubbub outside?

Hellriegel (goes up close to Huhn, curiously).— Truly! The old cloven hoof will stamp no more. I must say, a weight has fallen from my soul! I hope that at last the old hippopotamus is in a safe place. Tell me, you probably injured his backbone for him, didn't you? But perhaps that wasn't really necessary, although it is possible that it may have saved us.

Wann.— Yes, Michael, if you are saved, it would certainly have been difficult to accomplish it in any other way.

Hellriegel.— Yes, thank God, I feel that we are over the worst of it. For that reason I won't mope any longer because the old man — he is really past the time for boyish tricks! — because the old man has died of his love affair, and can not have what I possess. Every man for himself and God for us all! In what way does the affair concern me after all! Pippa! ! How does it happen that you have two lights to the right and left of you, one on each shoulder?

Wann (with Pippa in his arms).— Ecce deus fortior me, qui veniens dominabitur mihi! (*Behold a god stronger than I, who when he comes will have dominion over me!*)

Hellriegel.— I don't understand that! (*With his head bent forward he gazes searchingly for a few seconds at Pippa as she lies in Wann's arms.*) Oh, now something tugs so as my breast again, now I am again shaken with impatience, so painfully sweet that it seems as if I must be at the same time here on this spot and millions of years away. Everything is rosy-red round about me! (*He plays, then interrupts himself and says.*) Dance, child! Rejoice! Rejoice, for with the help of the never-ceasing light in my breast, we have found the way through the gloomy labyrinth, and when you have tired of leaping and feel calm in the certainty of happiness, then we will immediately (*to Wann*) with your permission, glide down over the clear snow, at if we went by post, into spring's ravine, down there.

Wann.— Yes, if you see spring's ravine down there, good Michael, certainly!

Hellriegel (with the motions of a blind man who sees only what is within himself; standing at the pitch-dark window).— Ho, I see it well, spring's ravine! I am not blind! A child can see it! From your cabin, you ancient inn-keeper, you can overlook the whole land — for a distance of fifty miles. I absolutely will not sit here any longer, like the spirit in the glass bottle, lying corked at the bottom of the sea. Once upon a time — just give us the golden key and let us go away!

Wann.— When the sun shines forth suddenly in winter, it is apt to make people blind!

Hellriegel.— Or give them the all-seeing eye! I could almost believe myself in a dream: so mysteriously am I charmed by the mountains, white in the light of the morning's flaming splendor, and by the enchanting haze over the peninsulas, inlets and gardens of the ravine, and really, it seems as if I were on another star!

Wann.— That's the way it always is when the mountains are bathed in the light of the great Pan's games with the fires of St. Elmo.

Hellriegel.— Pippa!

Wann.— She is even now, again, far from us on her own pilgrimage! And he, the restless barbarous old giant is again pursuing her. (*He lays Pippa down on the bench. Afterward he calls.*) Jonathan! Again the invisible hand that reaches through walls and roofs has frustrated my schemes and made them his booty. Jonathan! He is even now cold! The glowing crater is extinguished. What does the hunter hunt? It is not the animal that he slays! What does the hunter hunt? Who can answer me?

Hellriegel (at the black window).— Pippa, just look down there, the tongues of land are covered with golden cupolas — and do you see: there is our water-palace — and the golden steps that lead up to it!

Wann.— Then rejoice! Rejoice over what you see, Michael, and over what is hidden from you!

Hellriegel.— The sea! Oh, there is another, upper sea forming: this other sea gives back to the lower sea millions of twinkling stars! O Pippa — and look, still a third sea forms! There is an infinite mirroring and immersion of light in light! We swim through it all, between ocean and ocean, on our rustling gold galley!

Wann.— Then, of course, you will no longer need my little vessel! Throw back the shutters, Jonathan!

(*Jonathan, who has looked in, opens the house door and the first faint gleam of morning comes in through the hall.*)

Hellriegel.— Pippa!

Wann.— Here she is, take each other's hands! (*He goes up to Michael, who is standing with the expression of a blind seer on his face, and makes motions as if Pippa stood near him and as if he laid Michael's hand in hers.*) There! I marry you! I marry you to this shadow! He who is married to shadows marries you to this one!

Hellriegel.— Not bad, Pippa, you are a shadow!

Wann.— Go forth, go out with her into the wide world — to your water-palace, I meant to say! And here you have the key to it! That monster can no longer prevent your entering! And outside a sleigh with two curved horns stands ready —

Hellriegel (*with great tears on his cheeks*).— And there I shall make water into balls!

Wann.— You are doing it now with your eyes! Now go! Don't forget your ocarina!

Hellriegel.— O no! I shall not forget my sweet, beloved little wife!

Wann.— For it may yet be possible, that sometime you will have to play and sing here and there before people's doors. But don't lose your courage because of that. For in the first place, you have the little key to the palace, and when it grows dark, you have this torch which Pippa may carry on before you; and then you will surely and certainly come to the place where joy and peace await you. Only sing and play bravely and do not despair.

Hellriegel.— Hurrah! I sing the song of the blind!

Wann.— What do you mean by that?

Hellriegel.— I sing the song of the blind people who do not see the great golden stairs!

Wann.— So much the higher will you mount the scala d'oro, the scala dei Giganti!

Hellriegel.— And I sing the song of the deaf!

Wann.— Those who do not hear the stream of the universe flowing!

Hellriegel.— Yes!

Wann.— Be sure you do it! But, Michael, when they are not touched and when they threaten you with hard words or with stone-throwing, which is pretty sure to happen, then tell them how rich you are — a prince on a journey with his princess! Talk to them of your water-palace and beg them for God's sake to direct you to the next milestone on your road!

Hellriegel (*chuckling*).— And Pippa shall dance!

Wann.— And Pippa dances!

(*It has now become broad daylight. Wann puts a cane into the hand of the blind and helpless Michael, puts his hat on and leads him to the outside*

door, feeling his way, but chuckling softly and happily. Now Michael puts the ocarina to his mouth and plays a heart-breakingly sad melody. In the hall, Jonathan takes charge of the blind man and Wann comes back. He listens to the ocarina, as the melody dies away farther and farther into the distance, takes the little gondola from the table, looks at it and says with pained renunciation in his tones).—

Sail away, sail away, little gondoletta!