

R E D .

by

Prince Immanuel of Jerusalem.

Herz Little
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Ev'n tho' thrice again
The red fool-fury of the Seine
Should pile her barricades with dead.

Tennyson.

*What about this, in connection
with your apology? Unless
"he who runs, reads your
last paragraph of the
apology."*

APOLOGY FOR PROSE .

I apologise to "Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Jesters and such like Caterpillars of the Commonwealth" for attempting a play in prosaic prose. I was educated in Stephen Gosson's School of Abuse and am still proud of my Alma Mater despite Philippe Sidney's Apologie for Poetrie.

According to Aristotle the drama should express itself either in poetry, music, subtle jeux de mots or jeux d'esprit. (I've got to say it in French, because I don't know the English for it. Well! life is full of contradictions.) I'm not a genius and I'm ignorant of the dramatist's art, so have to confine myself to every-day language.

Besides, I want people to understand what I'm talking about, I want to make it as clear as I can. I must, therefore, choose the medium that is most easily understood, so that he who runs may read. O'Flahertie Wilde (Esoterists, please pardon the disguise!) and Bernard Shaw are understood in drawing-rooms, Wagner by those who can play him correctly (auditors excepted), Shakespeare is "caviare to the general" and as blockaded as Russia since Bolshevism wallows in its own caviar. (How much more embraceable would he be, if he had not laced the corset of blank verse around his handsome figure!)

My theory is, All the world's not a stage. If it was, the scalpers would soon be put out of business. So long as the majority of us mortals have to pay their prices for a seat among the audience, we'll talk prose. I trust you see the point.

I understand certain races did once lisp in numbers. We talk at the top of our voices in ciphers. Money talks! Our modern poets are rooters (not to be confused with the English, rotters).

Ofcourse, I do not wish to belittle the Wagnerian Cycle, the Shakespearean Drama, Lady Windermere's Fan or Mrs. ?..... Profession. ~~They're all very profitable, especially the last.~~

Every dog has his day. It's mine now.

Still, sometimes I'm like others, I want a song or some music or a hymn. Then I'll call upon a Prima Donna or the Orchestra or Go to Church on Sunday. At other times a lover, a prophet, a conqueror may intrude temporarily where he's not wanted. Then, and only then, will I permit poetry to waste half my printing space (a piece of extravagance in these days of high cost of paper), for poetry is sometimes the normal language of intense emotions.

Please accept my apology.

Would
he?

Marvell

(This last is only, but to my mind it cheapens the fine drollery of all the rest of the apology.)

(Later) Since reading a part of your play, I am, convinced that this sentence is absolutely out of keeping with the dignity of the play.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA :

Paul Petrovka, 25, Russian.
Olga Oranovitch, 25, Russian.
Florida Fairbanks, 21.
Gerald Grant, 25.
German Officers.
German Spy.
Harl Liebknecht.
Rosa Luxembourg.
Lenin.
Trotzky.
Fritz Platzen.
Czar.
Czarina.
Czarevitch.
Czarevna.
Russian Nobles.
Bolsheviki.
Red Guard.
Russian Soldiers.
Corpse of Rasputin.

*Cost very large
for commercial
idea*

PERIOD :

The Great War.

PLACE :

America, Switzerland, Germany, Russian Trenches, Nevsky Prospect in Petrograd,
Kremlin in Moscow.

*From a commercial stated point
the numerous "sets" required for
the play, would prevent a reading of
your mass. by a producer. One thing
they all beg of writers is this - "Try to
center your action around one
setting, since the united cost of
a drama with one good set
and adequate actors is \$50,000
(advertising etc. included). I have
heard this personally, from producers.
However if the drama is to be published for mass*

reading perhaps only, the few-
going need not be taken into
consideration.

Should keep back if you need &
commemorate this, that you add &

Please - (Some note may be used for
"Serial scenes by the addition of
"props" (furniture) such as strokes,
furniture, lighting etc. which
will give the local coloring

ACT 1. Scene 1.

The coast near New York. A mansion at one side. The sea in the background. Florida Fairbanks looking up at the sky above the sea. At the other side of the stage Paul Petrovka reading a book. He has a beard and long hair.

Florida: My American eagle ! How brave he is ! Like an eagle he fights his battles alone, other birds fight in flocks. Soon he will carry me away on his pinions, up, up, in celestial flight, above the earth, above the clouds, to some heavenly realm of bliss. How wonderful to be a bird !

Birds, the free tenants of earth, air, and ocean,
Their forms all symmetry, their motions grace;
In plumage delicate and beautiful,
Thick with burthen, close as fish's scales,
Or loose as full blown poppies on the gale;
With wings that seem as they'd a soul within them,
They bear their owners with such sweet enchantment.

Isn't it wonderful to love ! The fulfilment of all our cravings !

Give me but

Something whereunto I may bind my heart,
Something to love, to rest upon, to clasp
Affection's tendrils round.

What is this love ?

It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience and impatience,
All purity, all trial.

No, it's not that, to me.

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs
Being purged, a fire sparkling in Lover's eyes;
Being vexed, a sea nourished with lover's tears.
What is it else ? a madness most direct,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

No, the poets cannot define it, we must ourselves feel it. Oh ! there is nothing holier in this life of ours than the first consciousness of love--- the first flutterings of its silken wings -- the first rising sound and breath of that wind which is so soon to sweep through the soul, to purify or to destroy.

(The whirr of a propeller is heard. Both Paul and Florida look towards one of the wings of the stage. Suddenly Florida screams, and wishes to dart to one side, but in her excitement she loses her head, and remains on the spot. Paul rushes forward, and drags her away. An aeroplane appears at one wing of the stage, rushes across, knocks Paul down, but he is able to push Florida out of reach of the plane. The aeroplane disappears in the other wing of the stage.)

What has happened ? That was Gerald's plane. Perhaps he's hurt ?

I was fascinated. Oh ! that man saved my life !

(She runs towards the prostrate form of Paul and kneels beside him.

Enter Gerald Grant.)

Gerald: Are you hurt, Flo ?

Florida: Oh ! Gerald ! No, I'm only scared, but this man ? Is he dead ? He saved me.

(Gerald kneels beside Paul and examines him.)

Gerald: Something happened to the wheel. Thank God you're alright. I'll never try to land near you again.

Florida: Is he alive ? Oh Gerald, I hope he's not dead. It'd be terrible.

What a wonderful face, it reminds me of Christ. He must be a poet.

Gerald: I can't feel his heart beat. What'll we do ?

Florida: Oh ! Take him to the house ! I'll get the servants. (She rises rapidly.) We must find a doctor.

Curtain.

ACT 1. Scene 2.

Same as in Scene 1. Fairbanks, Petrovka, Grant.

Florida: What are you looking for ?

Paul: A companion.

Florida: A companion ?

Gerald: If there were any graves here, I'd say you were a medium looking for a spook.

Paul: Yes, I'm looking for a book.

Florida: But you said a companion.

Paul: The burning soul, the burden'd mind,
In books alone companions find.

Florida: You are a poet ?

Paul: A poet ! No. But I love books as men.

Books are men of higher stature.

And the only men that speak aloud for future times to hear !

Without books, God is silent, justice dormant, science stayed, philosophy lame, letters dumb, and all things involved in Cimmerian darkness.

Gerald: Here's your chum. (He bends and picks up a book.)

Paul: Thank you. (He takes the book.) Do you wish to see it, Miss Fairbanks ?

Florida: It must be poetry. I love poetry. (She takes the book and reads:)

Looking Backwards by Edward Bellamy.

Paul: It is a poem. The paean of the oppressed chanting their liberation.

Florida: I've read it. It really is beautiful.

Paul: And practical.

Gerald: Practical ! I thought it was merely utopian.

Paul: If it was merely utopian, you Americans would not have organized the Nationalist Party to develop the methods advocated in Looking Backwards. You ought to be proud of Bellamy, he was a pure-blooded American.

Gerald: Never heard of the Nationalist Party. I'm a Republican. But I expect it's O.K., if it was organized in God's own country.

Paul: America certainly is a wonderful country, and I'm proud that I am a citizen of a country whose president kept us out of war. But the country of my birth, Russia, is not the Devil's own country, altho it looks so at present. We have men as great as Bellamy, greater, I believe. Tolstoy and Bellamy preached practically the same religion, but Tolstoy was a Greater prophet. I am a Tolstoyan, altho I am an American citizen.

Florida: Please tell me what a Tolstoyan is. I've read his books, but I don't quite understand what meaning you attach to the word Tolstoyan.

Paul: Tolstoy says the people are everything, the higher classes nothing. Progress is not synonymous with education. Compulsory education has been attended with harmful results. Reading and writing play but a small part in forming a man's mind and fitting him for life. They merely render him more articulate. The people know what they want, and are thoroly convinced that "in the great question of their spiritual development they will neither take a wrong step nor accept that which is false." "The people," he affirms, "are stronger, more independent, more just, more human, and, above all, more necessary than the upper classes. It is not they that should come to our schools; we should learn of them." This, as you see, is akin to the philosophy of Rousseau as expressed in Emile. So even the French have produced their Bellamy. In fact, all nations have their Looking Backwards. The idea has made a cycle from the ancient Hebrews to the greatest of modern Hebrews, Theodore Herzl, in his Old New Land.

Gerald: That sounds like rank Socialism, I.W.W.ism to me.

Paul: It is science.

The millions of human beings that make up a great nation are reduced both for itself and others, to a few thousand men, who constitute its clear consciousness, and epitomise its social activity in all its aspects, its politics, its industry, its commerce, and its intellectual culture. Yet it is these millions of unknown beings -- limited in mode and place of existence, quietly living and quietly passing away -- that make up all the rest ; without them there is nothing. They constitute the inexhaustible reservoir, from which, by rapid or abrupt selection, a few come to the surface. But those favorites of talent, power, or wealth themselves enjoy only an ephemeral existence. Degeneracy -- always fatally inherent in that which rises -- will again lower them or their race, while the silent work of the ignored millions will continue to produce others, and to impress upon them a distinctive character.

Paul: You apparently do not love the I.W.W.?

Gerald: Love 'em ! Yes, I love 'em, like poison. They're all aliens. A bunch of agitators.

Paul: Perhaps you are mistaken, Mr. Grant. I know them, and I know they are mostly red-blooded Americans. As to being agitators, permit me to quote in this connection the dictum of a very great statesman. He says: Fools talk of agitators, there is but one -- injustice.

Gerald: But you will not deny that they stir up discontent ?

Paul: Agitators do not make discontent: they merely give it leadership. Perhaps if these men had votes, they would not have changed the Socialist slogan: "Strike at the ballot-box" into the I.W.W. slogan: "Strike at the ballot-box with an axe."

Gerald: If they're red-blooded Americans, as you say, why don't they vote?
Every American has a vote.

Paul: To have a vote, you must live in one place for a definite period. The I.W.W. is disfranchised because his work keeps him continually on the move. He is not to blame. This floating labor is absolutely essential to the welfare of the lumber industry, the farming industry, the backbone of America. Without the I.W.W. the farmers would go out of business, we should face economic disaster.

Gerald: You talk as if you were a Wallaby yourself.

Paul: If you knew your own Countrymen, Mr. Grant, you would not say so. As I have told you, I am a Tolstoyan. I am opposed to direct action. I have learned not to resist evil. The I.W.W. advocate direct action. Altho I deprecate that part of their program, I cannot be unjust to them. Neither will I judge them.

Florida: Is that also Tolstoyism ?

Paul: Yes, Miss Fairbanks. Tolstoy says, "Judge not that ye be not judged" is a logical result of "Resist not evil." Jesus denied the possibility of human justice when he asked those who were not guilty to cast the first stone at the woman taken in adultery. In other words Jesus said, "You believe that your laws reform criminals; as a matter of fact they only make more criminals. There is only one way to suppress evil, that is to return good for evil without respect of persons." Our factories, culture, art, science, civilization with its prison cells, houses of infamy, and state church are all based on violence and coercion in direct opposition to the principles taught by Christ.

Florida: I see I should have called you a prophet, not a poet. But perhaps the words are synonymous. The psalms are the most wonderful poems ever written, I'm told.

Paul: I am only an ordinary working man, a factory hand. On Sundays I come into the country to worship God by reading a good book. I wish I were a prophet. No, I am merely a poor disciple. Sometimes I wish I could go into the world to preach, but I lack courage.

Florida: I can't believe that, in fact I know otherwise, and your appearance seems to contradict your words. You know, Mr. Petrovka, you look like Jesus, I really think so.

Paul: You mean like our pictures of Christ, but they are all fantastical, they do not depict the features of a man of suffering. And we know they are wrong. Saint Clement of Alexandria said, "Jesus had no beauty of face; His person had no physical attractions; He only possessed beauty of soul, which is the true beauty." Saint Irenaeus, a disciple of Saint Polycarp, who was a disciple of Saint John, said that his master had often heard the beloved disciple say that the hair of Jesus had already turned white when He began His mission. That is my picture of Jesus, a man of suffering.

Florida: I never heard that before. It is contrary to our accepted representations of the Saviour, but I see you are right, Mr. Petrovka. You seem always to be right, and right in opposition to what we thought right. (A train whistle is heard.)

Paul: I must go now, Miss Fairbanks, or I'll miss my last train back to New York. You have been very kind to me, and I thank you.

Florida: Oh ! you surely must not go just yet! But you'll come again, won't you, Mr. Petrovka ? Next Sunday, or perhaps you can come Saturday afternoon, and stay over ? Please don't thank me, you make me feel ashamed of myself. I should thank you. Who knows what might have happened to me, if you had not risked your life for me ? Please promise to come .

Paul: I was about to ask you if you would object to my coming to the cliffs again. The cliffs and the waves are very beautiful here. It was more than I had hoped for to again have the opportunity of talking to you. I will wait impatiently for next Sunday.

Florida: Saturday !

Chorus

Curtain.

Sea ! of Almightiness itself the immense
And glorious mirror ! — how thy azure face
Renews the heavens in their magnificence !
What awful grandeur rounds thy heavy space;
Thy surge two world's eternal warring sweeps,
And God's throne rests on thy majestic deeps.

Gerald: Yah ! Say, Petrovka, I'm surprised a man of your views and ability
doesn't go back to Russia and preach peace. You don't believe in
war. You wouldn't strike back, so a fellow can't bang you in the jaw....
See what an opportunity you'd have there right now, when millions
are being killed in useless slaughter. If I were a Russian, I'd go
at once. Seems to me it's your duty to answer your country'd call.

Paul: I've often thought of that, Mr. Grant, but I haven't the money, and if I
had, I couldn't get a passport now.

Gerald: Don't let that worry you, if you want to go. I'll fix it for you. You
know I'm an immigration officer. I'll get you a passport through
Switzerland and Austria, and a free passage. How about it ?

Paul: I'm very grateful to you, Mr. Grant. To tell the truth, I never expected
it of you, your views on pacificism were so... so pronounced.

Gerald: Well, you see, that's politics. I'm a Republican, and the president who
kept us out of war is a Democrat, so I've got to be like the Irishman,
"agin the government." Will you take my offer ?

Paul: Yes, surely, as you said, it's my duty.

Gerald: And, I say, please don't let on how you got your passage and passport,
don't even tell Miss Fairbanks. It's a state secret, get me ?

Paul: I understand your desire to keep your philanthropy unknown. It's very
laudable, Mr. Grant, and I appreciate your generosity the more for it.
(They walk towards the house.)

Curtain.

ACT 2. Scene 1.

Switzerland. A meeting of Bolsheviks in the room of Olga Oranovitch. Present: Paul Petrovka, Olga Oranovitch, Karl Liebknecht, Rosa Luxembourg, Lenin, Trotzky, Fritz Platten, and several others.

Platten: I have a proposition to make on behalf of the Kaiser. As you know I am a Prussian official, and you may rely on my word when I tell you that the arrangements I am going to disclose have already been sanctioned. Three hundred of us are to be given a special train across Germany to Russia. We will be supplied with funds, and all the German sympathizers in Petrograd will aid us to overthrow the government.

Liebknecht: What is the price? The Kaiser gives nothing for nothing. (A good line)

Platten: When we have gained control of the government, we must make peace immediately with Germany.

Liebknecht: And thus enable her to crush the West and then turn on the East.

Platten: I have the Kaiser's word that he has no designs on Russia.

Luxembourg: A scrap of paper.

Platten: He wants only economic advantages for the money and aid given us, raw material, laborers.....

Liebknecht: Soldiers, whom his satraps will impress; provinces, which his peace treaty backed by occupation will wrest from you; a Prussian prince on the throne of the Czar.

Lenin: Well, what is your advice?

Liebknecht: Don't trust the Kaiser.

Trotzky: I learned in America that politics is to take what you can get.

Oranovitch: That's what they call in France an Opportunist.

Petrovka: That seems to be the way out of our dilemma. Let us pay unto Caesar what is Caesar's, provided we are enabled to stop this bloodshed. No price is too dear. Then through the Social Democrats we may perhaps be able to undermine the morale of the German soldiers.

Trotzky: We will agree to any terms the Kaiser imposes.

Liebknecht: And take my advice, tear them up when you get in the saddle, or you'll feel the bit in your own mouths, the spurs in your own flanks.

Lenin: Comrades, vote! Against? None! For? All!

Platten: Make ready! Tomorrow we'll go.

Curtain.

*This is a
very well written
scene. Has much
dramatic force, and
will serve to keep
the intense interest
of the audience.*

ACT 2. Scene 2.

Same room. Olga Oranovitch and a German Spy.

Spy: Did you hear Liebknecht, Luxembourg, and that fellow Petrovka ? We'll shoot the three of them, as soon as we get them across the frontier.

Olga: I understand Petrovka is an American citizen.

Spy: Then we'll intern him.

Olga: But we're not at war with America yet.

Spy: We'll find some way. We won't let him communicate with the American consul. It's just as good as war already. They're supplying our enemies with powder and shot, they've helped murder our brave soldiers and starve our innocent children. Here's your passport viséd. It's no use staying here any longer. I'm going back to Berlin at once. Auf wiedersehen !

Olga: Auf Wiedersehen ! (Exit Spy.)

I pity Paul, but what can I do ? He's so obstinate ! I'd like to warn him, he's not one of them. But he's blind, and insensible, the first man that is absolutely indifferent to me. Is he a man, or am I no longer a woman ? (She looks in the mirror, rolls up her sleeve and caresses her arm, lifts her skirt and admires her calf.) I wonder if he is naturally so virtuous, or if he only forces himself to act so ? Some religious perversion ! There's plenty of them in Russia, just as there are of the other kind. Perhaps I would have been like him, if they hadn't given me the Yellow Ticket. Who knows ? I've asked him to come here and say Good-bye. I'll try him again. No man has ever.... (The door opens and Petrovka enters. He is embarrassed.)

Paul: I beg your pardon. I am intruding.

Olga: No, you are not. Please lock the door, and come and sit next to me. I've much to tell you.... Take this chair and don't speak too loud. Walls have ears.... Paul, why don't you like me ?

Paul: Why don't I like you ? But, I do like you, Olga. Why do you talk so silly ? (She puts her bare arm round his neck.)

Olga: I mean more than like, Paul.

Paul: But I can't marry you, Olga.

Olga: I don't mean that, Paul. You're so stupid.

Paul: If things were different, I could take a wife. It would be a sin now, for I could not be sure that I would be able to give her a roof and bread, or that circumstances would not compel me to leave her. You know what Tolstoy says is the second commandment of Jesus :
"Thou shalt not be united physically to any woman except the one whom thou hast ~~known~~ originally known sexually. You commit a sin if you ever abandon that woman. Marriage is marriage, whether there have or have not been any legal or ecclesiastical formalities, once there has been physical union."

Olga: But, Paul, we would not be separated for ever. One day I would come to you for good. (She caresses his hair.)

Paul: Let us wait for that day, Olga. Let us bring peace to the world first, then happiness to ourselves. (She is silent in thought.)

Olga: You cannot go through Germany, you must stay here. They will arrest you.

Paul: Arrest me, after Pfutzen's promise ? Who told you ?

Olga: Don't speak so loud, Paul. I heard it, I know. You can't go.

Paul: Then I'll go through Austria.

Olga: It will be the same.

Paul: I'll reach Russia through Archangel. I'll go to England... But.... but where will I get the money ?..... I've my arms still. I'll work.

A little for
crude
a brownish
who has
met
the
first
man
who
was
indifferent
to her. She
would be
more
subtle
than
this
action
shows,
even
mean
about

Habit is
strong with
all people.

Olga: Will nothing stop you ?
Paul: Death will stop me.
Olga: Then I'll give you the money.
Paul: No !
Olga: I'll lend it you.
Paul: No !
Olga: Then I'll help you to go through Germany.
Paul: How can you do that ?
Olga: A woman can do anything. I'll give you my passport.
Paul: What use will that be ? You're a woman.
Olga: You'll take off your beard, and disguise yourself in my clothes. You're my height, your eyes are the same color as mine, you wear your hair just the same as I do.
Paul: But what will you do ?
Olga: I'll stay here. But we'll have to make the change at once, and right here. If you go to a barber, you'll be watched. I've a scissors and depilatory in my bag. Take off your coat and collar. (While he removes his coat, vest, and collar, she takes off her waist and drops her skirt.)
Paul: Isn't there another room ?
Olga: No, stay here, Paul, and don't waste any time arguing. (She removes her shoes.)

Curtain.

ACT 2. Scene 3.

Germany. The room of the previous scene has been disguised. Several German officers, the German Spy, Liebknecht, Luxembourg, Paul Petrovka.

Officer: You Liebknecht and Luxembourg are charged with plotting against the Fatherland. You will be tried for treason, and I hope you'll be shot. Have you anything to say?

Liebknecht: There is only one form of treason, that is treason against the people. I have always been loyal to them; the rest doesn't matter.

Luxembourg: I will die like a mother giving birth to a child. You cannot shoot our progeny, the seed of woman is immortal, it will live to rid the earth of you and your caste.

Officer: Grunting sow! And you, Petrovka, you are charged with travelling through Germany on a false passport. How did you come into possession of this paper?

Paul: I stole it.

Officer: Why did you steal a passport, when you were granted permission to travel through Germany on your own?

Paul: I wanted to remain in Germany.

Officer: That's my business.

Spy: To undermine the morale of German soldiers. I heard you in Switzerland, and Olga Oranovitch will soon be here to corroborate my words.

Paul: Is she also a German spy?

Officer: She is a faithful servant of the Fatherland? Have you anything to say?

Paul: I have said too much.

(Enter Olga Oranovitch.)

Officer: Pray be seated, Fraulein Oranovitch. This man has just confessed that he stole your passport for the purpose of remaining in Germany. How did he obtain possession of your clothes?

Olga: He took them by force after he had gagged me.

Officer: I understand that he wished to remain in Germany so that he might attempt the subversion of our army.

Olga: I heard him express that desire.

Officer: Have you anything to say?

Paul: Nothing. If I were a Hebrew I should thank God for not making me a woman.

Officer: Take them away!

(All exeunt except the Chief Officer and Olga Oranovitch.)

Olga: Herr Lieutenant, I should like to see this man Petrovka alone. I think I could glean something of his plans. I have reason to believe that he knows a great deal about our enemies in America.

Officer: We can refuse you nothing, Fraulein. I will give you a pass.

Olga: Thank you, Herr Lieutenant!

Curtain.

ACT 2. Scene 4.

The previous room has been disguised. Paul Petrovka.

Paul: And I trusted her. What a fool I was, to think that I could turn the current of a woman's will. She said she loved me, and I believed her. How could I believe a woman who has no religion! How could she tell the truth! A man without religion is to be pitied, but a Godless woman is a horror above all things.... Then I discover that she is nothing but a common Prussian spy. If it were not for that, I might forgive her, for the sake of her love, if she really does love me.

"Heav'n has no rage like love to hatred turned,
No hell a fury like a woman scorn'd."

But a spy, in the hire of her country's enemies!.... And what is to become of me? What of my dream to enter Russia as an apostle of peace! I was too presumptuous. It is only within the power of the Almighty. O God, give the earth peace. Let Isaiah's words be fulfilled. "They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-forks, nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Banish avarice, ambition, envy, anger, and pride, the enemies of peace; and let in their place come equality, content, joy, love, and meekness! And tho I have failed, judge me not by the deed but by the will. Deprive me not of thy blessing. "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God!"

(Enter Olga Oranovitch.)

Olga: Paul, can you forgive me? I never expected they would discover you. I never thought that that Prussian spy would travel on your train.

Paul: Prussian spy! What are you?

Olga: You are right, Paul, but they have promised to give Russia liberty.

Paul: The liberty they gave Liebknecht and Luxembourg.

Olga: But they will be freed as soon as peace is declared.

Paul: Then they will be dead, shot by traitors. You are not the only traitor to the people. Prussia will treat us as it treats its own martyrs. It is only a Prussian trick, any fool can see through it.

Olga: Paul, I did not betray you.

Paul: That is why you lied to the Prussian officer.

Olga: You also lied.

Paul: I lied to shield you.

Olga: And I lied to shield you.

Paul: You lied to me in Switzerland, when you said you would remain there.

Olga: I thought I would remain there. It was only when I heard that you had been detained, that I came, to save you.

Paul: Another beautiful lie!

Olga: Do you think I would have come into Germany, to risk death, if I did not love you? I did not know that you would say that you had stolen my passport. I came to take the blame, to exonerate you.

Paul: Then why didn't you?

Olga: Because my woman's intuition showed me a way of escape.

Paul: Yes, a woman can do anything.

Olga: You have reason to sneer, Paul, but I will prove to you that I have betrayed neither you nor my people.

Paul: Prove it to the people.

Olga: If you will only agree to my plan, we will both get into Russia. I'll tell the officer that you are a pacifist, that you can do more good to Germany, if they let you through the German lines into the Russian trenches, than if they kept you in Germany. I'll say you've promised to try and persuade Russian soldiers to desert, and I'll go with you, Paul. You'll see whether I've betrayed the Russian people.

Curtain.

ACT 3. Scene 1.

Russian trenches, paraphernalia of war. A group of Russian soldiers, Paul Petrovka, Olga Oranovitch.

A Soldier: If we had only had ammunition, we could have marched to Berlin.

Now we must again stick on the defensive. Great God, how could they send us the wrong-sized shells, and allow us to be murdered !

Paul: You were murdered with those very shells.

Soldier: What do you say ?

Paul: Those shells were made in Russia, to fit German Cannon, and not to fit Russian cannon. They knew you had no ammunition when they charged you. But they found ammunition ready for their guns, the ammunition you had left behind as useless. I heard it all in the German camp.

Soldier: It cannot be. Such treason, no, I won't believe it. No Russian would be guilty of it.

Paul: That was not the only act of treason. You were led into a trap at the Masurian Lakes. You were betrayed by Germans and Russians at the Russian Court, and they it was who prevented help from reaching you. These traitors removed the Grand Duke Nicholas, and placed traitors in his stead. I heard it all in the German camp.

Soldier: It's a lie ! The Little Father wouldn't send us to the shambles like cattle.

Olga: Not the Little Father, but the Little Mother and her Rasputin. While they are starving in Russia, the German armies are eating Russian bread. Libau was stocked to overflowing with food and then surrendered by traitors to the Prussians. While the working men in Petrograd are striking for a crust of black bread, caravans of white flour are being smuggled through Austria into Germany. I heard it all in the German camp.

Soldier: Why should the Czarina and Rasputin sell us to Prussia ?

Paul: Russia is honeycombed with German spies. They have bought Rasputin with their women, and surrounded the Czar and Czarina with enemies of the people. They tell her that if the Russians conquer the Germans, Germany will be ruled by the Social Democrats, that democracy will spread to Russia, and that will mean the end of the dynasty. She had Grand Duke Nicholas removed, the only leader that Russia could trust. Now you are led by traitors. Better return to your homes, to save your wives and children from starvation, to rid Russia of traitors.

Soldier: Perhaps what you say is true, but it would be treason to desert. We must stay, but we will watch our officers.

Paul: What will you gain by remaining ? You will never be permitted to see victory. And the people at home are being told that you are opposed to them, because they are striking for bread. What else can they do ? They ask only for bread; if it is given them, they promise to go back to work. Men cannot work when they are starving. They ask that the traitors be punished. What answer do they receive ? If you don't go back to work, the armies will be recalled to shoot you down. Thus the Russian Court is sowing enmity between the army and the people. It's not the people's fault that you were supplied with ammunition fitted only for German cannon. They starved to make what their superiors told them to make.

Soldier: Go and tell them the Russian army will never fire on the Russian people.

Paul: Why should there be a Russian army at all ? What does the greatest of all Russians, Tolstoy, say ? He says Christ's fifth commandment is, "You have heard it ~~and~~ laid down of old that you must love those of your own race and hate foreigners, but I say to you, love every one

without distinction of nationality."

Soldier: That is not patriotism.

Paul: Tolstoy knows it is hard for you to conceive this, but he teaches that what is thought noble and grand -- love of country, defence of one's own country, its glory, fighting against one's country's enemies -- is not only an infraction of the law of Christ but directly denounced by him.

Soldier: Where did Christ denounce war ?

Paul: Jesus did not foresee that men who believed in his doctrine of love and fraternity would ever murder each other with premeditation, so he did not in so many words forbid war. But what is his first commandment ? "Live in peace with all men." Thus Tolstoy interprets the words, "Ye have heard it ever said by the men of old time that thou shalt not kill and that whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment, but I say unto you whosoever is angry with his brother shall be in danger of the judgment."

Soldier: The priests pray for the destruction of our enemies.

Paul: Tolstoy was a devout churchman until he heard the priests during the Russo-Turkish war pray for the destruction of the enemy, asking God to help the Russians kill the Turks by the hundred thousand, then he renounced the Church. He says the key to the Sermon on the Mount is "Resist not evil." This means that we should not only never repay evil with evil but that we should not oppose it with physical force. When the churches approve armies, they act contrary to Christ's teaching. But the truth is, all so-called Christian society is actually based on a denial of the truth of Christ's injunction not to resist evil.

Soldier: It seems true, but what are we to do ?

Paul: Tell the German armies opposite ~~to~~ you that you are not fighting the German people, and they will refuse to attack you. What gain will either of you derive from this wholesale murder ? I know the German workers do not wish to fight the Russian workers. They are as tired of the war as you are. They also desire to go home to their wives and children. They are fighting the battles of their rulers, as you are fighting the battles of your rulers, traitorous rulers. This is not a war of the people. Nothing can be gained by this bloodshed, it will only enslave the people more, give more power to their despots, thrust back farther the dawn of the people's liberation. Stop this useless slaughter ! He who takes the sword will die by the sword !

Soldier: I believe you, brother. Go back home and tell the people we are with them. Let them rid Russia of traitors. The Russian army is against the German army, not against the Russian people, not even against the German people. We know the peoples of the world do not want to slaughter each other. Send us our orders from the people, and we will lay down our arms.

Curtain.

ACT 3. Scene 2.

The Nevsky Prospect, Petrograd. A group of Bolsheviks haranguing the people. Machine guns on the tops of the houses around.

Paul Petrovka: Comrades, I bring you a message from our Russian brothers in the trenches. They are with you body and soul. It is a base lie, that they are willing to turn their guns against you. They will never aim their weapons at a Russian breast. And the Cossacks here, who were brought to intimidate you, neither will they help to slaughter Russians. I have spoken to them, they have told me, sworn by the blessed wounds of the Lord, that no Cossack will quench his sword in your blood. They know your demands are just, they see that you are starving, and that your strike is for bread, only bread, black Russian bread, to feed your wives and your children.

Comrades, while you are dying for black bread, the Germans are eating white bread made of Russian grain, sold to Germans by Russian traitors. I know it, I saw it with my own eyes. (Cries of Treason.)

Comrades, while those machine guns are being pointed at you, to slaughter you with bullets cast in Russia, your brothers in the trenches are being slaughtered by shells cast in Russia, shells that were made just a little too big for Russian cannon, but exactly the right size for German cannon. I know it, I saw it with my own eyes. (Cries of Treason.)

But let us not place our trust in bullets and shells, let us trust in God. With our bare arms let us demand bread, black bread, and peace. Not war, not violence, but love, and peace!

Comrades, you see those men in Khaki behind the machine guns, they are not Russian soldiers, they are secret police, disguised in uniforms, to deceive you, to make you believe the Russian army is ready to slaughter you. I know it, I saw it with my own eyes. (The populace look up and shake their fists, shouting, Treason! The machine guns open fire. The people fall and scatter. Suddenly a company of Cossacks appears. Paul is wounded, but he cries out:)

The secret police have murdered the people!

A Cossack leader shouts: They have disgraced the name of the Russian army! Charge the machine guns! Let us join the revolution! Long live the people!

(Some of the Cossacks run into the houses to get the gunners, others help the wounded. Suddenly a red flag appears, and Fritz Platzén springs on to the platform.)

Plätzen: I proclaim the Dictatorship of the Proletariat. Now is the time for force, not love. Do not be fooled by pacifists, socialists, mensheviks. Only we, the communists, can liberate the people. We spurn the half-heartedness, hypocrisy and co-operation of the decadent official Socialist parties. We, the Communists, ~~are~~ ^{are} the direct successors of the heroic efforts and martyrdom of a long series of revolutionary generations from Baboeuf to Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxembourg.

Proletarians of all lands! In the war against imperialistic barbarity, against monarchy, against the privileged classes, against the bourgeois state and bourgeois property, against all forms and varieties of social and national oppression -- unite!

Cheers and Curtain.

ACT 3. Scene 3.

The Nevsky Prospect. The Bolsheviki.

Lenin: We must execute every member of the imperial family. They are plotting to overthrow the government of the people. The Czar has ordered the Duma to dissolve.

Paul: It will be murder.

Lenin: They did it in France. Cromwell did it in England.

Paul: That is why England is a monarchy today.

Olga: But France is not a monarchy.

Trotsky: England would not be a monarchy today, if it had guarded against foreign monarchies. We must have an army of the people, or foreign monarchies will thrust a Czar upon us again. Even France, and America, the great republics of the modern world, will not sympathize with us. They are ruled by plutocrats who will finance our reactionaries to destroy us. The abolition of plutocracy, aristocracy in Russia will react on England, France, America, and they will be against us.

Paul: He who sheds man's blood by man shall his blood be shed. Jesus would not sanction it.

Trotsky: That is why Jesus was crucified.

Paul: But his death made his religion eternal.

Trotsky: If people were Christians, Christian peoples would not be slaughtering each other. His religion was crucified with him. Your Christian England, your Christian America will send their troops to slaughter us, because we wish to obey Christ's injunction and make peace with Germany.

Paul: A reign of terror will only turn them more against us.

Lenin: He who is not with us is against us.

Trotsky: You did not learn in Christain America to turn the other cheek. There every man is for himself, and the Devil take the hindmost. The police protect the property of the employers, not the demands of the employees. Didn't they use the troops to kill the strikers? What did our police do here? Shot us down with machine guns. If we have not the military force to protect ourselves against armed enemies, if we have not the police force to execute our law as it does the capitalist law in your Christain countries, we might as well get hammer and nails and hang ourselves to the cross. (Original - this last sentence,)

Paul: I would rather die than kill.

Lenin: My friend, you speak for yourself. One man can die for a people, but if we do not follow Comrade Trotsky's advice, all the people will perish for nothing. And did not Christ say that he had brought a sword into the world? We must wield that sword in self-defence or commit suicide. And remember we have both the same end in view -- economic equality. You agree with me there, do you not, Comrade?

Paul: We are at one there, that is Christ's teaching, to divide everything with the poor. It is Tolstoy's religion. I object to the means.

Trotsky: The end justifies the means.

Lenin: Do not let us quarrel, Comrades. Now is the time to submerge our little differences for the communistic good. Comrade Petrovka, the Soviet of the People have decided to honor you with a great mission, to the Czar in Moscow. Here is the treaty of peace with Germany. Go to the Czar, and in the name of the people, demand his signature.... There may be danger, you will be placing your head in the lion's jaws. If, therefore, you would rather not go, tell us frankly, and we will send another. Your services to the people have been valuable, and we can employ you elsewhere. Yet it would be fitting that you fulfil this mission, for the people appropriately call you the Apostle of Peace. Comrade, let us hear your answer.

Paul: I will go. (Cheers.)

Curtain.

I like the language from Byron gave Lenin.

ACT 3. Scene 4.

Moscow. ~~Salon~~ Salon in the Kremlin. The Czar, Czarina, the Czarevitch, Czarevna, and nobles.

A noble: Your Majesty, there is an envoy of the Bolsheviki without. He desires audience. The Red Guard accompany him, and they will not be denied.

Czarina: I would not receive him. Did we not command the Duma to dissolve?

Noble: Your Majesty, the Duma has refused to dissolve. It says it was elected by the people, and can be recalled by the people only.

Czarina: The scum!

Czar: Must we grant him audience?

Noble: Your Majesty, the Red Guard will force their way in, we cannot keep them out. The Imperial Guard are fraternizing with them.

Czar: Then let him deliver his message.

Czarina: And bring my faithful Rasputin to me.

(Exit Noble.)

Czarevitch: Father, I am trembling. Something terrible is going to happen to us. Let us go away. I don't want to be Czar. Let us go to some other country, to England, then I can get well and be happy with other children. Tell him the Duma can rule Russia, and we will go away.

(Enter Noble accompanied by Paul Petrovka, and followed by the Red Guard. Paul's arm is bandaged, he bends very low, but is silent.)

Noble: Your Majesty, this is Paul Petrovka, the envoy of the Bolsheviki. He has a document which the people pray your Majesty will graciously deign to sign. (The Noble takes the document and hands it to the Czar who reads it while his hands tremble.)

Czar: I cannot sign this, it would be treason to my Allies. I have promised to support them to the end. I cannot make peace with Germany, until my Allies make peace. Tell the people, I cannot sign it.

Paul: Your Majesty, the Russian people desire peace, they are starving and weary of the war. They believe if Russia makes peace, all the other nations will be compelled to make peace. They believe that God will not allow the Kaiser to subdue Russia or any other European power, therefore it is unnecessary to continue the war. We know that God will destroy the Kaiser and frustrate his devilish plans. The Russian people are willing to place their destiny in the hands of Providence. In the name of the Russian people, I beseech your Majesty to give Russia peace.

Czarevitch: Father, sign it. So many people have been killed already, and they are dying by thousands of starvation and disease. Tell him you will make peace.

Czarina: That is not an affair for a child to decide. Let the Czar of all the Russias tell his subjects his will. Where is my loyal servant Rasputin? I commanded you to bring him hither.

Noble: Your Majesty, the guard are searching him in the garden.

Czar: If the Russian people desire peace, I cannot prevent it. But I will not sign this paper, it would be treason. I will abdicate. Let the people make peace. Tell the people my will. I will abdicate.

(Suddenly a number of guards appear, dragging the bloody body of Rasputin. They all stare in horror.)

A Guard: Your Majesty desired the presence of your faithful servant, Rasputin. Here is the traitor, Rasputin. What is your Majesty's pleasure of him?

Czar: Who has done this?

Czarevitch: Father! Murder! (The Czarevna cover their faces.)

A delicate touch here in the sublimity of the Czar's refusal

Not one word is it? "all ready" See dictionary

Czarina: The Russian people ! Canaille ! Cowards !

A Guard: Canaille ! Cowards ! For ridding Russia of a traitor ? Comrades,
are we canaille, cowards ?

The Red Guard: No ! No ! They're the traitors. Treat them as Rasputin ! Down
with the Czar ! Long live the people ! Shoot them ! Shoot them !

(The imperial family huddle together in fear, surrounded by the
nobles. The Red Guard shoulder their rifles. Paul walks towards the
imperial group, turns and faces the Red Guard with his hands held up.)

Paul: Would you murder innocent children ?

A Guard: Haven't our children been murdered by these traitors ? Shoot,
comrades, shoot ! (He fires his revolver, and the Red Guard shoot, until
all drop, including Paul.)

Curtain.

ACT 4. Scene 1.

America. Same scenery as in Act 1.

Florida: What is the worst of woes that wait on age ?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow ?
To view each lov'd one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth as I am now.

Lonely
I wonder why I feel so lonesome, so desolate today ? Gerald is coming to say Good-bye. Perhaps I shall never see him again. Then I have never heard from Paul. He promised to write. Perhaps he has written and I never received his letters. Hardly anyone gets mail from Europe nowadays. Perhaps something has happened to him. Oh, isn't it terrible to feel so alone in the world ! And there must be millions of others who feel like me today, mothers, sisters, daughters, sweethearts who have lost the only man they lived for. Paul was right, I feel it now. War, cursed war, that robs us of all we love !

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestow'd on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind ^{from} of error,
There were no need for arsenals nor forts.
The warrior's name would be a name abhorr'd,
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Should wear forever more the curse of Cain.

(Enter Gerald Grant in aviator's uniform.)

Gerald: Poetry again ! Always communing with the poets instead of with us prosaic mortals. Perhaps if you had not become enamoured of them, you might have learned to understand the prose of those who love you. I envy them their muse. If I had only been born a poet ! Then perhaps I could have told you what I feel as Shakespeare describes my feelings at the present moment.

If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap ?
To die by thee, were but to die in jest.
From thee to die, were torture more than death.

Florida: Why Gerald, that's quite wonderful of you ! When did you begin to read Shakespeare ? It makes me feel quite good towards you.

Gerald: Sorry I don't know any more than. But I'll promise to read poetry till the end of my life, if you'll only feel good towards me again.

Florida: I almost feel inclined to call it a bargain, for your sake. You don't know what you miss in life by failing to read the great poets, especially Shakespeare.

Gerald: Flo, perhaps you're right, no, I'm sure you are, but how do you expect me to understand them, if you won't read them with me. Come, Flo, let's make a trade ! When I get back, I'll come and read poetry at your feet. That'll be something to come back for, otherwise, what's the use ? Might as well fertilize the poppies in Flanders.

Florida: Don't talk like that, Gerald. You'll come back again alright, perhaps with a poppy of Flanders on your arm. There's plenty of pretty girls over there, and you're not half a bad sort of chap, when you put yourself out to please us.

Gerald: Flo, you make me feel reckless when you talk in that flippant way. You know there's only one woman in the world for me, and she's in America, right here. Can't you forgive me ? Let's make it up, Flo !

I'm going in a couple of days, and who knows if I'll ever come back again. Haven't I done everything in my power to show you that I was a fool? I've tried to make amends. Won't you forgive me, Flo?

Florida: I've forgiven you long since, Gerald. (He seizes her hands.)

Gerald: Flo, can't you make it more than mere forgiveness?

Florida: I don't know, Gerald.

Gerald: I know, you can, you will. (With some hesitancy he puts his arms round her, and she permits her head to fall on his shoulder.) I knew you'd do it, Flo; I mean forgive me. (He raises her head and kisses her lips.)

Florida: I'm almost sorry you're going now Gerald. Just when you've come back to me, you've got to go away.

Gerald: I've got a hunch, Flo. I'll tell you, if you promise not to get mad.

Florida: What is it?

Gerald: Will you promise?

Florida: Yes, I promise.

Gerald: Well, you know what a bunch of fellows who're going across are doing?

Florida: No, what are they doing?

Gerald: Well, I don't exactly mean the fellows, it's really their girls, who're doing it for them.

Florida: I'll do anything the other girls are doing for the men.

Gerald: You will?

Florida: Of course I will, but you're making me quite curious. Tell me what it is.

Gerald: You promise?

Florida: I promise.

Gerald: They're.... they're..... becoming war brides.

Florida: Oh! I didn't think of that. That's taking a mean advantage.

Gerald: You said you wouldn't get mad, Flo.

Florida: I'm not mad.

Gerald: And.... and you promised.

Florida: Did I?

Gerald: And I'm going..... going to hold you to it. (He folds her in his arms. While he is holding her, he sees approaching Paul Petrovka (his beard has grown) and Olga Oranovitch. He stares in amazement, then suddenly bursts out:)

Holy smokes, by all the imps of Hell, Whiskers! (Florida disengages herself.) But, thank God, he's got a woman with him! (Florida in surprise looks at the approaching couple, then in confusion at Gerald.)

How the devil did you get here, Petrovka? I thought you were in Russia.

Paul: Permit me to introduce my friend, Miss Oranovitch.

Gerald: (Aside.) Damn him!

Paul: Miss Fairbanks! Mr. Grant! I left Russia because after we had made peace with Germany, the Bolsheviks began to arm again, and not only that, they also instituted a Red Terror. When I left Russia, America was at peace with the world, when I reached America, you had also entered the war, and I might as well have remained in Russia.

Gerald: We had to enter the war, because Russia betrayed her Allies and made a cowardly peace with Germany.

Paul: A cowardly peace! Do I understand you correctly, Mr. Grant?

Gerald: Yes, I said a cowardly peace.

Paul: But did you not send me to Russia to work for peace, Mr. Grant?

Florida: Send you to Russia?

Paul: Yes, Miss Fairbanks. Mr. Grant generously furnished me with passports and a free passage, otherwise I would not have been able to go.

ACT 4. Scene 2.

The front part of the stage represents an office in New York. There is a sign : Draft Board. The back part of the stage remains the same as in Scene 1, to facilitate the change to Scene 4. Three men form the Draft Board of whom one is Gerald Grant. Paul Petrovka, Olga Oranovitch, and several other persons.

Gerald: As you're an American citizen, you'll have to do your share like the rest of us.

Paul: But I am opposed to war. You know I am. I claim exemption on religious grounds.

Gerald: Do you belong to any recognized religious body that preaches pacifism as part of its doctrine?

Paul: No, I do not, but as you have recognized this plea in the case of Quakers, you cannot ignore it in my case.

Gerald: The law says you must belong to some established body. Anyone could come along and claim to be a conscientious objector, and we'd have to exempt him. Germany sent her conscientious objectors into the trenches.

Paul: So America will imitate Germany. But as you go there for a precedent, let me tell you what the greatest German, Luther, said about war : "War is one of the greatest plagues that can afflict humanity; it destroys religion; it destroys States; it destroys families. Any scourge is, in fact, preferable to it. Famine and pestilence become as nothing in comparison with it. Pestilence is the least evil of the three, and 'twas therefore David chose it, willingly rather to fall into the hands of God, than into those of pitiless men. "Cannon and fire-arms are cruel and damnable machines. I believe them to have been the direct suggestion of the devil. Against the flying ball no valor avails, the soldier is dead ere he sees the means of his destruction. If Adam had seen in a vision the horrible instruments his children were to invent, he would have died of grief."

Gerald: Pity Germany did not follow his advice.

Paul: Pity America did not follow his advice. But you Americans are no better than we Russians, in spite of your veneer. You are treating me as Russia treated the Doukobors.

Gerald: Never heard of them, but I expect they got what was coming to them.

Paul: If they got what was coming to them, in your sense, the Quakers would not have raised the money to help them emigrate to Canada where they now are. The Canadian Government would not have allotted land to them, the minister of justice would not have said: "Not a single offence has been committed by the Doukobors; they are law-abiding, and if good conduct is a recommendation, then they are good emigrants." If they had got what was coming to them, Tolstoy would not have written and published Resurrection to aid them.

Gerald: You needn't lose your goat about it. Who were they anyway?

Paul: Scape goats, as you wish to make me. Sixteen thousand honest human beings in the Caucasus who shared their property in common, made laws of conduct for themselves, based on a simple form of religion unobscured by ceremonies or ritual. They refused to serve as soldiers. Several of their leaders were exiled, and some hundreds of them were condemned to be enrolled for three years in the so-called "disciplinary regiment." That's where you'll put me, because you have the power, but I expect I'll get what's coming to me, as the Doukobors got it in Canada, but

Clear -
So
true
to
pleas
a
character

not as you mean it. You are welcome to my goat..... But why should I go to Russia. What did America do with its pacifists, the Quakers? The books of Mary Fisher and Ann Austin were burned by the hangman, as you burn our books today. They were ~~seized~~ searched for signs of witchcraft, imprisoned for five weeks, and then deported. On a first conviction you cut off one ear, on the second the remaining ear, on the third you bored their tongues with a hot iron. In Massachusetts you hanged women Quakers for refusing to depart. Why should I expect to be treated more leniently? Yet a name as severed as that of Washington is that of William Penn, a Quaker, a conscientious objector, a pacifist.

Olga: If you will permit me, Mr. Grant, I should like to say something.

Gerald: Certainly, Miss Oranovitch! Go ahead!

Olga: Mr. Petrovka does belong to an established religious body. The Tolstoyans are as widely recognized in Russia as the Quakers in America.

Gerald: Then we'll draft him into the Red Cross. He'll have to do his share. Isn't that your opinion? (He asks the other two on the Board.)

The two: Certainly.

(Everyone leaves the room, except a thickly veiled lady. As Grant is about to exit, she raises her veil and stops him.)

Gerald: Flo!

Florida: Yes, I heard it all, and after sending him to Russia in the cause of peace, your treatment of him was, to say the least, unfair. Good-bye!

Gerald: Flo!

Florida: No doubt he will be as brave under the Red Cross as you under the Stars and Stripes. He will not disgrace America. I am ashamed for his sake. Again, Good-bye, for ever! (Exit, leaving Grant on the stage.)

Curtain.

*If this is omitted, the "Goodbye for ever!"
will lose much more force, dramatically.*

ACT 4. Scene 3.

After the War. The room of the previous scene has been transformed to represent an immigration office. There is a sign: Immigration Office. Grant is the Immigration Inspector. Paul Petrovka, Olga Oranovitch, and a number of Reds.

Gerald: You are accused of Being a Red, and are liable to deportation.

Paul: I am an American citizen. I appeal to the law.

Gerald: An alien has no standing in a United States court. His fate rests solely in the hands of the immigration inspector.

Paul: I demand to have a lawyer.

Gerald: You are permitted to be advised by counsel, but cannot be represented in these proceedings.

Paul: Then I demand that bail be accepted.

Gerald: You are not permitted to give bail, as only citizens of the United States have this privilege.

Paul: But I am a citizen.

Gerald: Your papers have been revoked. The possession of first or final papers does not protect an alien from deportation.

Paul: What proof have you that I am a Red?

Gerald: You have attended meetings of the Communist Party; that is considered sufficient proof that you have revolutionary leanings. The warrant need not specify any particular offense other than to state that you have violated the conditions under which you were allowed to enter the United States.

Paul: You sent me to Russia because I had citizen papers. Now you revoke them with little formality. I was a citizen when you wanted my services, but I am an alien when you want to deport me. I was a citizen when you sent me to Russia to change the Russian government, but I am an alien when I desire the purification of the American government.

Gerald: There are constitutional methods designed for that purpose.

Paul: What are your constitutional methods? Your constitution was written by revolutionaries. As they had a right to throw off monarchism and aristocracy and adopt republicanism and democracy, we have a right to exchange so-called democracy for communism. The makers of your constitution did not change the government by constitutional methods, they used direct action, bloodshed, rebellion. Have we less rights than the framers of the American Constitution? Were they as infallible as the Pope? Is humanity never to progress? You Americans have not improved one whit over the King of England; you have merely changed the Divine Right of Kings to the Divine Right of the Constitution, which, by the way, only thoroughbred Americans know how to circumvent systematically. I am not speaking against your Constitution. You know it. If the men who framed it lived today, they would draw up a new one. Men who have made a constitution would not be afraid to break it, to rewrite it. They would know it as a human document, and therefore amenable to change by humanity. Constitutions are governed by the law of evolution, as the Old Testament was, as monarchism was.

Neither am I advocating the methods of the makers of the American Constitution. You know it. I am opposed to direct action, bloodshed, rebellion. Our only weapon is the strike, the ballot is useless to us. What do you do with our representatives when we elect them? What do you do with Socialist congressmen? Expel them. Pshaw! Do not talk to me about the ballot and constitutional methods! You will not allow us to use them. Are you surprised that the workers talk of a

A splendidly written speech. Paul is a logically written character all three the play.

Dictatorship of the Proletariat? Let them elect their representatives according to the American Constitution, let them sit in the American Senate and American Congress, then by American constitutional methods you will arrive by evolution at an American form of government, foreseen and formulated by an American, Edward Bellamy. Withdraw constitutional methods from the American proletariat and they will attain their ends by revolution.

Gerald: They ought to elect loyal Americans.

Paul: They did elect loyal Americans. You are confounding loyalty to America with loyalty to the ~~American~~ Republican Party. Why even your candidate for the Republican presidency, Hughes, says "this action is absolutely opposed to the fundamental principles of our government. If there was anything against these men as individuals, if they were deemed to be guilty of criminal offences, they should have been charged accordingly. But this action is not directed against these five elected members as individuals but is virtually an attempt to indict a political party and to deny it representation in the legislature. That is not American government. The government cannot be saved at the cost of its own principles. Is it proposed to drive the Socialists to revolution by denying them legal opportunity for discussion of the proposed change in the laws? That will only convince them that the Reds are right and that violence and revolution are the only available means at their command."

Gerald: These Socialists are opposed to democracy.

Paul: The pure idea of democracy, according to its definition, is the government of the whole people by the whole people equally represented. Democracy, as usually conceived and hitherto practised, is the government of the whole people by a mere majority of the people exclusively represented. The former is synonymous with the equality of all citizens; the latter strangely confounded with it, is a government of privilege, in favor of the numerical majority, who alone possess practically any voice in the State. This is the inevitable consequence of the manner in which the votes are now taken, to the complete disfranchisement of minorities.

It does not occur to you that there is any medium between allowing the smaller number to be equally powerful with the greater, and blotting out the smaller number altogether.

Nothing is more certain than that the virtual blotting out of the minority is no natural or necessary consequence of freedom; that, far from having any connection with democracy, it is diametrically opposed to the first principle of democracy, representation in proportion to numbers. No real democracy, nothing but a false show of democracy, is possible without it.

Gerald: You mean to say the American people have no liberties?

Paul: The people, it is true, have many liberties on paper, but they are fictitious, and will never be true and substantial so long as they depend on the plutocracy. Thus, for example, a workman may offer himself as a member to Congress, but his want of money practically places an insuperable barrier in the way of his ambition, for votes are bought, in spite of the ballot, and every election costs a little fortune. Nothing is more easy than to evade the corrupt practices bill; electoral corruption can be practised in a hundred ways and under skilfully disguised forms.

But why don't you deport Bryan ? He says exactly what I say :

"The Democratic party will distinguish between evolution and revolution, guaranteeing freedom of speech and press to every one who advocates changes by constitutional methods.

"The Democratic party has for twenty years denounced private monopoly as indefensible and intolerable. It cannot surrender its position on this subject now when the beneficiaries of all the private monopolies are mobilizing under the banner of the Republican party for a united attack upon the right of the people to own and operate all necessary monopolies in the interest of the public.

"The Democratic party will continue to fight against the profiteer. A government that restrains the individual from the use of force in the protection of his rights assumes the solemn obligation to protect the disarmed citizen from every arm uplifted for his injury." But you can't deport him, because he's too powerful. You cannot only deport those who are not able to protect themselves.

At all times the conservative party, when strong enough to enforce its will, has been a party to persecution. It poisoned Socrates; it crucified Christ; it threw the Christians to the wild beasts in the Roman amphitheatre; it established the inquisition; it forced Galileo to confess that the earth stands still; it laid its paralyzing hand upon Columbus; it kindled the fires at Smithfield; it gibbeted Quakers; it persecuted Arkwright; it laughed at Fulton, etc. etc. It always was, it is now, and always will be, like a purblind bat, terrified at the breaking of the dawn, fearful that the universe is to be given over with the rising sun to inextinguishable conflagration.

Gerald: Will you deny that you are a Bolshevik ?

Paul: I am not a Bolshevik, except in so far as Bolshevism wishes to carry out the ideas of Bellamy.

Gerald: Miss Oranovitch, didn't Petrovka represent the Bolsheviks in Russia ?

Olga: He was their envoy to the Czay with the peace treaty, but he was opposed to the Red Terror.

Gerald: If he was their envoy, he was in sympathy with them, and we'll give him a chance to live under the Red Terror.

Paul: I believe you will not have that satisfaction. The Terror has been abolished. Listen to this :

"Only the entente's renewal of armed intervention or the giving of material help to rebellious czar's generals in attempts to overthrow the position of the soviet government and the peaceful labor of the workers and peasants towards the organization of socialistic responsibility for the future will bring a reversion by the soviet government to the drastic methods of the Red Terror.

"Therefore the all Russian special committee must decide, first, to discontinue forthwith the extreme penalty by sentence of the all-Russian committee or local benches; second, to direct Comrade Ozer-ginsky to bring before the soviet of people's commissaries and before the all-Russian central executive committee a bill for total abolition of capital punishment."

Gerald: I hope you'll have a good time then. If the Bolsheviks hadn't interfered in American affairs, we might have let you stop here.

Paul: Interfered in American affairs ! What is the American army doing in Siberia ? Who supplied ammunition and funds to Kolchak ? Do you know what Kolchak was ? Kolchak was nothing but a reactionary. The people, determined for peace, were forced into the army, dressed in British uniforms, and driven towards the front. Over all great Siberia the reactionary generals and Cossack atamans raised and drafted armies

by cruelties that outdid the worst efforts of the Bolsheviks. All Siberia echoed with the cries of the tortured men terrorized by the orders of officers masters in the art of terrorism. Instead of reforms by a loved assembly, Kolchak gave them only promises and terrorism. This is what you Americans supported. What is Kolchak today? A beaten, lost, tragic figure whose title of supreme ruler is a mockery and by-word.

Gerald: The American army is being withdrawn.

Paul: The American army is retiring from danger, because its allies are defeated and discredited.

Gerald: If things are like that over there, you ought to be glad to get back. Anyway you've got no kick coming. The Bolshevik Government asked us to send you home, and we're simply obeying their pleasure. Besides don't you think it'd be a good thing for you to go and have a personal try-out of the Bolshevik Government, before you try to force in on us? You ought to be glad of the opportunity to live under the government of your choice.

I understand Russia is a wonderful country. Perhaps one day you will be glad that we sent you back. It may be a blessing in disguise. My only fear is that millions of working men and idealists will follow you at their own expense, if you people succeed over there. Perhaps it would be better to give you a little corner in the U.S. to try out your form of government.

Your form of government may be O.K. for you people, but it doesn't suit us. Everybody's got a right to his own idea of government. We want ours, and we're only too glad to give you the opportunity of enjoying yours.

We are not treating you as criminals, we are simply expelling you, as the Huguenots were expelled from France. You may win immortality as they did. Now's your chance. Perhaps this is the finest thing that could happen to Russia. Centuries ago Europe shipped its radicals to America and helped build up the American Republic. We are now shipping radicals back to Russia. Perhaps a similar result will take place there. You may build up a great Russian Empire.

Paul: You are right, Mr. Grant. You sent me before as an apostle of peace, now you are sending me as a protagonist of economic justice. May God give me the strength to fulfil my second and greater mission. It is over there that the emancipation of humanity is to be worked out, not here. You are too young. I once thought we had a president who would keep us out of war. I was disillusioned. Then I thought we had a president who had given humanity a League of Nations. I was disabused. He plagiarized it from Europe, from Gustaf Bjorklund's Fusion of the Nations. I thank you for another free passage, a passage on the Ark. I only hope I am not leaving you to a deluge.

(All exit except Petrovka, Oranovitch, and a Guard.)

I thought I should have the opportunity of seeing Florida once more, to tell her that I love her, that what I have done was for humanity and not against America... I had dreamed a dream, but how can I ask her to follow me, an outcast, to Russia. Yet one day, sanity may reign over this distracted earth again, perhaps I will be able to come back to this country again, or I may be permitted to build a home for her in a freer and happier Russia..... I have told it all to her, she will understand me. Olga, will you take this letter to her? Tell her what I have told you, say Good-bye to her for me, or, perhaps she may come to bid farewell to one who is branded an enemy of her country. (Olga takes the letter. Petrovka and the Guard exeunt.)

Olga: Shall I do it ? Do I love him so much, that I should sacrifice my happiness for his ? I would be a fool ! Such things are done in melodrama, not in real life. Even if he does not love me now, who knows what time may bring forth ? When I have him back in Russia, I will not let him escape so easily again. There I have means at my command, which I cannot use here.... I'll tell her that he has promised to marry me. Why shouldn't I ? Everything's fair in love and war. There's Grant left for her, what more does she want ? (She tears up the letter.)

Curtain.

ACT 4. Scene 4.

Scenery same as in Scene 1. Fairbanks standing on the cliffs reading from a newspaper. A ship in the distance.

Florida:

THE MELTING POT.

They come in their million,
From Russia, Austria, Italy, Syria,
China, Japan, spewed from the four corners of the earth.
Hurl them in, stir them, heap the fires high, let them singe !
Yet :
Seething, spluttering, curdling, the cauldron boils but to dross.

Thou Great Elixir !
Canst not thou yet transmute the baser stuff ?
Wherefor thy alchemy, O arch democracy ?
Hurl them in, stir them, heap the fires high, let them singe !
Yet !
Seething, spluttering, curdling, the cauldron boils but to dross.

Wouldst know the cause ?
The pure gold flows with washers' currents not, only the mud,
The cursed thirst of gold. The nuggets to the cradle cling.
Hurl them in, stir them, heap the fires high, let them singe !
Yet :
Seething, spluttering, curdling, the cauldron boils but to dross.

Confess defeat !
This melting pot hath failed to make of these alloy.
No gold from debris such as this can be assayed.
Hurl them out, prod them, fill the currents full, let them sink !
For:
Seething, spluttering, curdling, the cauldron boiled but to dross.

What a confession for our great republic, once the asylum for the oppressed of all lands ! What has made us change so ? Selfishness, and perhaps cruelty, learned on the battle fields of Europe. O America, I could weep for you !..... There's Gerald's plane, over their Ark. The paper says he's going to give them a send-off. What heartlessness, to vaunt over their heads as a falcon over its prey. Perhaps he is gloating over what he thinks is my shame. Let him see me, I.....I..... (A flame is seen falling from the sky.) My God, it's Gerald's plane, it's burning and falling into the sea ! He'll be killed ! My God.... it's struck the water..... He's dead, I know it, something tells me he's dead..... perhaps he sought death..... I envy you, Gerald, if I were only dead ! O God ! Paul ! Paul ! I thought you loved me, then to send that woman to me ! No, he could not have done it. Perhaps she lied. Come madness ! To doubt is worse than to have lost ! Paul ! Paul ! I cannot suffer this. Spirits of peace, where are you ? Are you all gone ? and leave me here in wretchedness behind you ? O God, let me die. Come to me death, come, to the happy you are terrible, to the wretched you can but be a comforter. Come, come soon, come sweetest death, and take me from this loathed light ! Take me.... Paul ! Paul ! (She leaps from the cliffs into the sea.)

Curtain.

This is much improved over the idea you gave us in class

? Seemed forced to me, and not in keeping with Florida's whole trend of expression, in the speech