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F. M. Klinger's Storm and Stress

by

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Klinger's Life*

Friedrich Maximilian Klinger was born in mid-February, 1752, in Frankfurt am Main. His father, the son of a farmer, was a cannoneer in the municipal artillery. His mother was the daughter of a sergeant of the same artillery. The family was poor and had no rank in society. In 1760, when young Friedrich was eight years old, his father died. His mother supported the boy, his two sisters, and an orphaned goddaughter, by taking in washing and selling small articles at fairs. Little is known of this early period of Klinger's life. Undoubtedly he received a religious upbringing, but it made no lasting impression on him.

Of his parents Klinger wrote (Goethe-Jahrbuch IX, 10f., and Rieger I, 4): "My father was a wonderful, fiery man... of noble mind," and "I had a good, honest, sensible mother."

Rather than let him become a craftsman his mother sent him to the Frankfurt Gymnasium. He finished school in 1772 and worked as a tutor for a year and a half to help his mother and also to save money towards entering a university.

Early 1774 was a happy time for Klinger. Somehow he had met Goethe and the two were immediately fast friends. Goethe had just given the Storm and Stress movement its greatest victory

* This sketch is based primarily on Rieger's biography (3 vols., Darmstadt, 1880-96).
with his Götz von Berlichingen and was already considered Germany’s first poet. He was filled with enthusiasm for the revolutionary new ideas and ideals which he had received mainly from Herder in Strassburg. Literary-minded young men quickly formed a group about him. They met often to revere their gods Shakespeare, Ossian, and Rousseau, and to denounce French classicism and all dramatic rules. They read to each other from their creations and encouraged one another to further express their own personalities in writing, following only their own God-given "genius." The chief members of this group were Klinger, H.L. Wagner, and J.M.R. Lenz, who, although in Strassburg at the time, kept in close contact with his friends in Frankfurt.

Klinger surpassed all the members of the group in non-literary accomplishments in later life, and he surpassed all, with the possible exception of Lenz, in literary talent and production—and it is interesting to note that Lenz was raving mad within a few years.

Klinger entered the University of Giessen in 1774 with the little that he had been able to save. Goethe had urged him to let him pay for his studies, but Klinger steadfastly refused. However, his money was soon gone and he was compelled to accept
Goethe's generosity for over a year and possibly until the break with him in 1776. He took up law, with the intention of entering civil service in Frankfurt after graduation.

He spent as little time as possible studying law. Rather, he read his poets, practiced riding, shooting, and fencing, and worked on his own literary productions. He was a handsome young man and had great success with the ladies. He loved one girl after the other, or even several at a time, with light-hearted amorality.

In 1775 he published his first dramas: Otto, a "Ritterdrama" in the style of Goethe's Götz, and Das leidende Weib, a tale of tragic love, modeled after Lenz's Hofmeister. Both appeared anonymously and at first Goethe and Lenz were thought to be their authors. However, the real author soon became known. These dramas are full of the spirit of the Storm and Stress movement: robust, even obscene language, wild outbursts of passion, frequent scene changes, etc.

By early 1776 Klinger had written three more dramas in the same style: Die Zwillinge, Die neue Arria, and Simson Grisaldo. Although most critics, being of the old school, denounced the works, the "geniuses" were delighted, and already Klinger was known as "our Shakespeare" (see Schubart's letter, Rieger I, 74).
Die Zwillinge, a tragedy with the familiar theme of hatred between two brothers, won a prize offered by the actor Schroeder and was successfully played in Hamburg on one of the most famous stages in Germany. A successful career as dramatist seemed certain for Klinger.

Dissatisfaction with his law studies reached a peak in June of 1776 and he left school, with graduation only a few months away. He went to Weimar in the hope that Goethe, who had just entered Karl August's service there, would be able to secure a government position for him. Goethe greeted him joyfully at first but very soon tired of him. Klinger later blamed the split on their mutual friend Christoph Kaufmann, who is supposed to have undermined Goethe's opinion of Klinger. Klinger then tried to become an army officer—it mattered little to him in which army, whether that of Prussia, Russia, or even with the English troops against the American Colonies!

In this time of inner turmoil and indecision (September, 1776) he produced Storm and Stress (Sturm und Drang). He had intended to call it Turmoil (Der Wirrwarr) but Kaufmann suggested Storm and Stress and Klinger agreed that that was a better name.

When his hopes for a military career also failed, Klinger took Storm and Stress to Leipzig and offered it to Abel Seyler,
the leader of one of Germany's chief theatrical companies. Seyler liked the play and its author and hired Klinger as permanent playwright at a respectable salary.

Seyler produced *Storm and Stress* several times with moderate success, but soon things were looking bad again for Klinger. He had taken the job mainly for the money, since there was little outward honor in such a position, but it quickly became apparent that Seyler was unable to pay the good salary he had offered. Klinger was furthermore wholly unsuited to the task of writing objectively for the stage. His writings heretofore had been "thrown down" on paper in a few days time, giving vent to whatever feelings were within him. However, Klinger stayed with Seyler for a year and a half, principally because there was nothing else for him to do.

He spent nearly all of 1777 writing *Stilpo und seine Kinder*, a tragedy of political intrigue. By now practically everyone was denouncing his wild plays and he was unable to find a printer for the work until 1780 when it was published anonymously. Although written for the stage, there is no evidence of any production before 1779.

Klinger also wrote *Der verbannte Götersohn* in 1777, of which only a fragment was published (it was not meant for the
stage). It is a pessimistic presentation of the life of a genius and of the joy that Jupiter has in the misfortunes of mankind.

In February of 1776, after having wandered over all of Germany with Seyler's troop, Klinger finally could stand it no longer and left to go to Switzerland to his friends Lavater, Kayser, and Kaufmann, since he had no prospects of another job. On the way he visited an old friend, Georg Schlosser, who was caring for Lenz, now a raving madman.

Klinger announced that he would cure Lenz and carried him to a river where he threw him into the water and then ducked his head repeatedly. The next morning Lenz was actually cured but unfortunately was mad again within a month.

Schlosser had connections with Benjamin Franklin, the American ambassador in Paris. He tried to use this influence to get Klinger a commission in the American army. We can imagine that Klinger was more enthusiastic about fighting with the Colonies now than he was in 1776 about fighting against them, but he was interested in making his fortune as a soldier rather than in political ideals—something hard to understand in such an ardent admirer of Rousseau. Klinger might have finally been accepted and one cannot but wonder what the rest of his life would have been if he had become the soldier and states-
man for America that he later was for Russia. But an even nearer opportunity to fight was offered by the Bavarian War of Succession, which broke out in July of 1778. Klinger seized the chance to become a lieutenant with a corps of volunteers in the service of the Holy Roman Empire. He enjoyed the army life but the war lasted less than a year—peace was made in May of 1779—and Klinger was immediately released.

After a year of uncertainty Klinger finally received a commission as lieutenant in the personal service of Grand-duke Paul of Russia—Schlosser again had the necessary connections for this appointment. Klinger went to St. Petersburg immediately. His position was actually that of reader. Without doubt he accepted it only with the condition that he would be put into the army at the first sign of war, which in the Russia of that day could not be far off.

In 1781-82 Klinger accompanied Grand-duke Paul on his tour of Europe, which included Germany. This gave Klinger an opportunity to see his friends and family, most of them for the last time, since he never returned to Germany again.

In 1780 and the years following, Klinger published volume after volume of *Orpheus*, a fantastic, satirical, and licentious novel in the style of the younger Crébillon. Also in 1780, however, he published *Der Derwisch*, an enjoyable comedy, full of optimism and good humor.
His literary productivity continued for thirty years in Russia. He wrote tragedies and comedies with little trace of the Storm and Stress extravagances. Then, in the 1790's, he turned again to the novel and finished nine of a planned cycle of ten novels, which treat in a serious manner of the problems of the modern individual and society. "Dealing with themes of contemporary interest, he approaches as near as any of the classical writers to a harmonious solution of the problems with which the 'Sturm und Drang' had confronted the German mind" (J. G. Robertson, Hist. of Germ. Lit., p. 348). These later works never awakened much interest, and Klinger, still thought of only as the Storm and Stress poet, soon fell into oblivion.

War came very close in 1783 and Klinger was transferred into the army. By 1785, however, the war still had not broken out and he was attached to the Infantry Cadet Corps for the Nobility in St. Petersburg, Russia's chief military school. This was the real beginning of Klinger's career.

He was well established in the school by 1788, when he married the daughter of a Russian nobleman. Of three children only one son, born in 1791, survived past infancy.

During these first years in Russia, Klinger was very dissatisfied. He longed to return home, and considered his position
in Russia as only a means to raise enough money to go back to Germany and settle down. His patron, Grand-duke Paul, became emperor in 1796, but his despotic regime only increased Klinger's determination to leave. For some reason he enjoyed Paul's favor to the end, although he never felt safe and saw his friends and fellow-officers killed or sent to Siberia for the most insignificant utterances that might be construed as dissatisfaction with the government. Except for Paul's personal trust in him, Klinger would have suffered a similar fate for the ideas in his novels.

He rose steadily in rank at the school, and in 1801, shortly before the assassination of Paul, he became its commander, with the rank of major-general. Although Klinger had no part in the plot in which Paul was murdered, and indeed felt a high sense of duty and gratitude toward him, he rejoiced with all of Russia at the end of the reign of terror.

Now, under Alexander I, Klinger reached the height of his career. Besides being chief of the military school, he took over the leadership of the "Corps of Pages," a school which trained young noblemen for service at court or in the army. In the next year, 1802, he also became economic supervisor of two girls' schools, a member of a committee set up by Alexander to reorganize the entire Russian educational system, and governmental overseer of the University of Dorpat. Klinger took such interest
in all these activities that he gave up, at least temporarily, his dream of returning home. Also it is at this time that his writing ceased. For a few years Klinger was entirely happy. His efforts to reestablish his friendship with Goethe were finally successful, and the two corresponded until Klinger’s death.

However, with Alexander’s change from idealism to imperialism and the resulting wars and inflation, Klinger’s happiness began to suffer, although he reached the rank of lieutenant-general in 1811.

In 1812 the blow came that shattered his life and severed the only real connection he had with Russia: his young son, a captain in the Russian army, was killed in the war against Napoleon. Thereafter Klinger’s main concern again was his dream of returning to Germany, a dream that he never gave up until shortly before his death. His wife’s health gave way completely with the shock of losing her only child, and Klinger was never able to leave her even long enough to visit Germany alone.

His last years were peaceful. He gradually gave up his many offices, and was honored publicly by the emperor in 1830, when he retired completely. On February 25, 1831, he died unexpectedly of a cold that was too much for his failing strength.
A Consideration of Storm and Stress

The dramatic works of the Storm and Stress movement caused a great flurry for a few years in their own time, the mid-1770's, but thereafter all but the works of Goethe and Schiller were forgotten for a hundred years. Already in 1776, Schubart, who a year before had called Klinger "our Shakespeare" (cf. Rieger I, 74), was able to say (cf. Rieger I, 206): "Now you see clearly how our country is awakening out of the dream and condemning the anarchy created by a few self-styled geniuses." A reawakened interest in these works and their creators began in 1875* and has been increasing ever since that time.

Klinger naturally has received a good share of this new interest. Much research has been done on his works, not only on his Storm and Stress dramas but also on his later dramas and novels. In spite of the quantity and quality of these later works, Klinger has always been known chiefly for the dramas of his youth. Also, it was in these works that he exerted his influence on German literature. These dramas are Otto, a "Ritterdrama" like Goethe's Götz; Das leidende Weib, a moralizing tragedy on the results of infidelity; Die Zwillinge, dealing with fratricide; Die Neue Arria, a drama of political intrigue; Simsome Grisalda, a portrait of one type of Storm and Stress "ideal man": the strong hero who remains faithful to his unthankful king; and Storm und Stress, a drama of love between the children of feuding families. Characterized by

wild language and contempt for traditional dramatic form, all these are typical Storm and Stress dramas—indeed, they are Storm and Stress. They are dramas of passion with the purpose of presenting the emotional life of the principal characters. They all show direct influences of the Storm and Stress gods—Shakespeare, Ossian, and Rousseau. The drama Storm and Stress was considered such an embodiment of the ideals of the period (cf. quotation below from Berendt) that the name was almost immediately transferred from the play to the entire movement, which had previously been known only as the "era of genius."

**Storm and Stress** is the most famous of these early dramas and is generally (unjustly) considered the most insane. Actually, in spite of its faults, it is the most unified in plot, the most moderate in language and style, and the most enjoyable for the modern reader. It presents the most satisfactory "ideal man" and it is the only one of the group that portrays the "man of feeling" as being in harmony with the world.

The general opinion of the critics has been that this drama is the showpiece of Storm and Stress extravagance. Berendt, the editor of these dramas, characterizes Storm and Stress as follows*: "(It is) the concrete embodiment of all the hazy ideals, of the extravagant as well as of the fruitful new thoughts that moved the new generation.... One can hardly imagine a more insane turmoil, a crazier accumu-

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lution of absurd motifs, improbabilities, or rather impossibilities, than this so-called drama. Insane hatred, love that overcomes all opposition, cruel thirst for revenge, endless misunderstandings, most peculiar encounters, touching recognitions, eccentric scorn for the world, foolish amorous intoxication - all these convulse and spurt and drift and stagger through the work." Although there have always been some favorable comments (cf. Rieger I,203) the majority of critics* have voiced the same opinion as Berendt.

This negative verdict applies also to Klinger and to Storm and Stress drama in general. Klinger and Lenz have always been placed next to Goethe as the most important dramatists of Storm and Stress (remembering that Schiller did not appear until the tidal wave had already receded), but such a recommendation was not generally meant to be favorable.

Let us consider again Berendt's characterization of the drama that Klinger himself at the time considered his "favorite work," and "the dearest and most wonderful thing that has poured out of my heart" (cf. Rieger I,205). Remembering that Berendt's opinion is that shared by the majority of critics, one cannot help but wonder if the drastic negation of the worth of the drama is not based upon incomplete understanding. For example, the "eccentric scorn for the world," meaning the attitude of Blasius, and the "foolish amorous intoxication," referring to the antics of La Feu

are actually meant by Klinger to seem eccentric and foolish—he put them in the play to furnish the humorous episodes. There are indeed "peculiar encounters" and "touching recognitions," but they are managed skillfully and in accordance with the metaphysical concept that love is guiding the characters' steps (see below); this is indeed, as Berendt says, "love that overcomes all opposition," but not without a struggle in which the steps are well motivated. The "insane hatred" of Berkley for Bushy is well deserved, although that of Captain Boyet for Wild seems unreasonable. The "thirst for revenge" does seem cruel to us moderns but as a dramatic tool it has been used for thousands of years. As to the "absurd motifs, improbabilities, or rather impossibilities," I can find only one: the absurdity that Wild has brought his companions across the ocean without their realizing it. The other improbabilities, such as the way the Moor saves Bushy and hides him on the boat, can be accepted without overstraining our faith. And rather than "endless" misunderstandings there is only one: the basic misunderstanding whereby Berkley believes that it was Bushy who attacked him and caused his misfortunes.

It is hoped that the reader of the play will agree with the above analysis, at least to the extent that Storm and Stress is not the monstrosity that the literary historians have called it. Of course, the play must be considered against the historical background of rationalism, French classicism, and Lessing; then we can understand how its love—mysticism, loose structure, boisterous language and apparent disregard for outer
events tempted the critics to such statements.

It is also in consideration of this background that the play has historical value. Taken by itself it contributed little to German literature because it did not attract imitators and also (and principally) because it actually brought nothing new to the scene. Its importance lay in the fact that it was another blow struck for Storm and Stress; as such it shares in the accomplishments of that period, chief among which were the new emphasis on psychology and more natural language and the breakdown of the power of literary rules and critics.

For the modern reader, Storm and Stress is the most enjoyable of Klinger's early dramas, although it is difficult to follow, due to the language and loose style. The characters are lovable, and the central theme of reconciliation holds our interest until the end. This ending is well done, in that the final reconciliation is not shown, but the explanation of Bushy's innocence is not very satisfactory. Also, the enjoyment would be increased if Berkley and Captain Boyet had previously shown some regret of Boyet's (supposed) murder of Bushy. The side plot, involving Blasius and La Feu, is well managed and furnishes very enjoyable humor.

There is definite progress and growth in Klinger's early works, of which Storm and Stress is the climax (cf. Berendt I, p.1). This progress is paralleled by his dramatic fortunes, which reached their peak in 1776 when Klinger was hired by Seyler as playwright. Thereafter, his popularity declined rapidly.

In the course of these dramas Klinger threw off the external literary influences that had dominated him, so that
he stood almost independent in Storm and Stress. Klinger's method of writing at this time was very subjective and naive: he dashed off his works in a few days, giving vent to whatever feelings were uppermost in him, and in this subjective flow was mingled the literature that had occupied him at the time. There was no idea of imitation,* but unconsciously the works were filled with the ideas, motifs, and even character names of his reading. Das leidende Weib is so filled with direct literary allusions (i.e., where a poet or work is actually named) that it could be used as a reference work in determining the attitude of the Storm and Stress poets to the literary currents of the day. There are no such allusions in Storm and Stress, nor is this play indebted to another work as Otto was to Götz and Das leidende Weib was to Lenz's Hofmeister. The literary dependence of Storm and Stress (cf. Kurz, p. 106) is limited to the similarity with Romeo and Juliet of the basic problem of love between the children of feuding families, and of the balcony scene, and also to the rough parallel between the attack on Berkley's castle and the attack on Macduff's castle in Macbeth.**

As these outside influences decreased, Klinger poured more and more of his own soul and his own experiences into his productions. The peak is reached in Storm and Stress, where almost every line is an echo from Klinger's life. Kurz (p. 115 ff.) analyzes the drama on this basis with astounding results. Many passages in the play correspond almost word for word.


** See also note 90 to the play, p. 109.
word with parts of Klinger's letters. His life at the time was dominated by uncertainty and inner turmoil, the loss of Goethe's friendship due to Kaufmann, his inability to secure a position in Weimar, and his desire to fight in America. Consider then the following passages by way of illustration:

"Oh, Uncertainty, how far, how falsely you lead man."

(I, i)

"Once we called ourselves brothers, lived in friendship and love." (V, xii)

"My presence plagued all the kind people who were interested in me, because they couldn't help me." (I, i)

"Just let me feel that I'm standing on American soil, where everything is new, everything is important." (I, i)

Viewed from this biographical viewpoint, the drama also sheds much light on Klinger's basic nobility of soul: note, for example, his understanding attitude toward Goethe and the people who had tried to help him.

It is interesting to note that Klinger is present in the drama not only in Wild but also in La Feu, Blasius, and Lord Bushy. Although Wild is Klinger's ideal and here he portrays himself as he would like to be, he also realized that at times his over-active imagination ran away with him (as in La Feu) and that at other times he wished to withdraw from the world and commune with nature (as in Blasius). On this point Rieger (I, 198) says: "It is an allegory of the poet's own strangely composed nature, wherein, however, the energetic
element is the ruling and determining one which looks down amused on the others."

The philosophy of life presented in these dramas is also progressively improved, culminating in *Storm and Stress* (cf. Kurz, p. 101 f.). In *Otto* we have the type of Storm and Stress hero, who, like Götz, suffers defeat at the hands of the world. This is the negative aspect of Storm and Stress: the inability of the man of feeling (*Gefühlsmensch*) to get along in the world. *Das leidende Weib* and *Die Zwillinge* similarly depict clashes between human feelings and society which end in tragedy. In these three we have what is generally considered the typical Storm and Stress problem: the ruin of an individual due to his unfettered passions. A more positive picture confronts us in *Die neue Arria* which deals with the power of love to fire man on to noble deeds, but it also ends tragically. *Simsone Grisaldo* is a sort of running narrative to provide the hero with opportunities of showing his strength and good-naturedness. It ends happily and presents for the first time an optimistic view of the problem of the man of feeling. However, the play in general and the hero's character are marred by the ever recurring theme of free love, and at least in this way the hero is not in harmony with society. *Storm and Stress* presents the harmonious solution. Here Klinger gives a positive picture of the world and man based on the divine power of love (cf. Kurz, p. 101). Here feeling is presented positively as love and negatively as hate. Positive feeling—
love—is the theme of the drama (cf. Kurz, p. 94 ff.); it is the divine power that leads the characters to the happy solution and triumphs over hate, which caused the "turmoil" in the lives of the characters. Love is the unifying force in the individual as in all of nature."

To illustrate this theme of love, which was not present in the earlier dramas, let us consider a few of the passages on this point:

"Let me walk in valleys of death, Love will lead me back here again." (III, viii)

"...you [my heart] feel love breathing in all of silent nature.... You [stars] are carried by almighty love, as is my heart,... Ah, that everything is so bound together with love." (III, vii; in this scene love is presented as the key to the understanding of nature.)

"Eternal Love, you who bind together everything within us." (II, i)

"...love alone has held this machine together..." (II, iv)

It is interesting to note that all the characters (except possibly Louise) are led to the final destination that best suits their temperaments and affords them most happiness, e.g., Blasius returns to nature as a hermit, and La Feu finds his "shepherdess."

As a sort of subdivision of this theme of love and feeling,

there are many references in the play to the natural sympathy or antipathy of one person for another (cf. I, i; II, i; IV, ii; IV, v).

As in Klinger's other early dramas, the language and style of *Storm and Stress* are typical of the movement. The goal was naturalness and the model was Shakespeare. The whole emphasis is laid on the emotional life of the characters, with little attention paid to outer circumstances, such as local color and the events that take place. Outbursts of passion, with frequent repetition of words and phrases are the chief characteristic of Klinger's early style (cf. Berendt I, p. XXI ff.). His language is interspersed with dialect, archaisms, borrowings from French, vulgarities, and meaningless interjections."

Berendt notes (I, p. XXI) that, compared with Otto, the language of *Götz* seems "calm and refined." Wild as it was, the language of Storm and Stress was one of its chief merits: "Over against the narrowness of the old school it was a real blessing that again an element of strength and originality entered the language."**

Even here Klinger made progress in the course of the early dramas. Although the language in *Storm and Stress* is strong, it is not nearly so exaggerated as in the earlier works, and the vulgar words that were so frequent there have almost disappeared (cf. Sieger, p. 10). Klinger also pays good attention to the unities: the time involved is less than twenty-four

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hours, all scenes take place in and about an inn, and the unity of action is preserved except that the side plot is unnecessary. This economy stands in great contrast to his first plays (e.g., in Otto there is a change of setting for almost every scene and twenty-three settings in all). As a consequence, Storm and Stress was moderately successful on the stage (cf. Rieger I, 199 ff.).

Foreword to the English Translation of *Storm and Stress*

In this translation I have endeavored to be as faithful as possible to the original, not only in giving the thought content but also (as well as possible) the language and spirit. The basic standpoint has been to give a translation that will mean to the modern English reader what the original meant to the eighteenth-century German reader. Much of the uniqueness of the drama depends on its language and would be completely lost if the translator gave a rendering in English that read as smoothly as a modern novel. Therefore, when the German is obscure, I have translated into obscure English, confining my interpolations and explanations to the notes. In regard to the few passages that still baffle me I have given as faithful a confusing translation as possible and avoided bothering the reader with a useless note.

A distinctive flavor is given to the German by the frequent use of Klinger's "favorite words," e.g., "miss," "my lord," "wild," and "feel." These words have been used in the English in Klinger's manner, even to the extent of saying "good my lord." It will be the task of the reader (as it is of the reader of the original) to read the appropriate meaning into the various uses of "wild," etc.
The translation is based on the text in Sauer, since this is the version that most people have access to. Sauer's text is based on the first edition, except that the spelling has been modernized. Berendt's text is better, however, since it retains the original spelling and also since it notes the changes made in the second edition, which was printed in F. M. Klingers Theater, 2. Teil (Riga, 1786).

I have compared the texts quite thoroughly, always striving to say in the English what Klinger said in German. The punctuation has been left almost exactly as in the first edition, although some minor changes have been made, such as adding a dash to indicate that a different person is being addressed. I have regularly changed such series as "A! B! C!" to "A, b, c!" (e.g., "Ha, ha, ha!"). The scene headings have been modernized slightly and made more consistent. In a few places I have added a minor stage direction, such as "exit." Aside from these changes I have noted all departures from Sauer's text.
Storm and Stress
A drama by Klinger

Dramatis personae

Wild
La Feu
Blasius
Lord Berkley
Jenny Caroline, his daughter
Lady Catherine, her aunt
Louise, niece [to Lady Catherine]
Captain Boyet
Lord Bushy
A young Moor
The Innkeeper
Betty

Scene: America
Act I

Scene I.  Room in a hostelry.

Enter Wild, La Feu and Blasius in travel dress.

Wild.  Hallo!  Now at last in tumult and noise, such that your senses fly around like weathervanes in a storm.  The wild din has already roared so much comfort at me that I actually am beginning to feel a little better.  To have traveled so many hundreds of miles to bring you into forgetful noise, mad heart!  You'll thank me for it!  Ha!  Rage and then expand, refresh yourself in the turmoil!4a—How are you two?

Blasius.  Go to the devil!  Is my Donna coming, too?

La Feu.  Use your imagination, fool!  I could sip it up from my fingertip like a drop of water.  Long live imagination!  Ah, Magic of my fancy, wander in the rose gardens, led by Phyllis'5 hand.

Wild.  Apollo strengthen you, foolish boy!

La Feu.  Why, I can change that smoky black house across the way, including the old tower, into an enchanted castle.6 Magic!  Magic fancy!  (Listening) What lovely mental symphonies touch my ear?—By Cupid!  I'll fall in love with an old woman,7 live in an old fallen-down house, bathe my tender body in stinking manure puddles,8 just to tease my imagination.  Is there no old witch around for me to make love to?  To me her wrinkles will be lines of beauty, her protruding black teeth will be the marble pillars in Diana's temple, her sagging leather tits will surpass Helen's bosom.—To dry up a fellow like me.—Ho, my imaginary goddess!—Wild, I can tell you I conducted myself well on the way here.  I saw things, felt things, that no mouth ever tasted, no nose
ever smelled, no eye ever saw, no mind ever achieved.

Wild. Especially when I blindfolded you. Ha, ha!

La Feu. To Hades with you, you madman!—But tell me, where are we in the physical world now? In London, surely?

Wild. Of course. Didn't you notice that we boarded ship? You were seasick, you remember.

La Feu. I don't know a thing about any of it and I'm innocent of the whole business.--Is my father still alive? Send to him, Wild, and tell him his son is still alive and that he just came from the Pyrenees mountains in Friesland. No more.

Wild. In Friesland?

La Feu. Well, which part of town are we in?

Wild. In an enchanted castle, La Feu! Don't you see the golden sky, the cupids and amorettos, the ladies and dwarfs?

La Feu. Blindfold me. (Wild does so.) Wild, you ass! Wild, you ox! Not too hard! (Wild unties the blindfold.) Say, Blasius, dear old bitter, sick Blasius, where are we?

Blasius. How should I know?

Wild. To help you out of the dream without more delay, you may know that I took you from Russia to Spain because I thought the king was going to start a war against the Mogul. But the laziness of the Spanish nation showed itself once again. So I packed you up again and now you're in the middle of the war in America. Ha, just let me feel that I'm standing on American soil, where everything is new, everything is important.--I stepped ashore--oh, why can't I ever feel unmixed joy?

La Feu. War and murder! Oh my bones! Oh my guardian spirits!
Give me back my fairy tales! Oh, woe is me.


Wild. Ha, ha, ha! You're really getting excited.

Blasius. Excited? Getting excited? You'll pay with your life, Wild! Why, at least I'm still a free man. Does friendship give you in your madness the right to drag people across the face of the earth like dogs on a leash? To tie us in the carriage, holding a pistol at our heads, ever onwards, clickety-clack! Eating and drinking in the carriage, passing us off for madmen!—In war and turmoil, away from my passion—the only thing I had left.

Wild. You know you don't love anything, Blasius.

Blasius. No, I don't. I have got so I don't love anything. In one moment I love everything and in the next I have forgotten everything. I deceive all women, therefore all women deceive me and have deceived me. They have skinned me and crushed me unmercifully. I took on every shape: once I was a fop, once a rascal, once clumsy, once sentimental, once an Englishman, but I made my greatest conquest when I was nothing—that was with Donna Isabella. But anyway—your pistols are loaded—

Wild. You're a fool, Blasius, and you can't take a joke.

Blasius. A nice joke! Come on, I'm your enemy now.

Wild. Duel with you? Look here, Blasius, there's nothing I'd rather do right now than fight, just to give my heart a treat, but with you? Ha, ha! (Pointing the pistol at him) Look into the muzzle and tell me if it doesn't look bigger than a tower in
London! Be sensible, friend! I need you and love you both and you do me too, I think. The devil couldn't bring together any bigger fools and more unfortunate fellows than we are. For that reason we have to stay together and also for the joke of it. Our misfortune comes from the feelings in our own hearts; the world is partly to blame, but not so much as we.

Blasius. You're insane! You know I'm always being persecuted.

La Feu. They've skinned me alive and pickled me with pepper. The dogs!

Wild. And now here we are in the midst of war, the only happiness I know. Enjoy the scenery, do whatever you care to.

La Feu. War is not for me.

Blasius. Nothing is for me.

Wild. God make you even weaker!—My mind is getting numb again, even blunt. I'll have them stretch me over a drum to get new expansion. I'm so sad again. Oh, if I could only exist inside this pistol until some hand would shoot me into the air.—0 Uncertainty! How far, how falsely you lead man!

Blasius. But what will become of us here?

Wild. You still don't understand! I had to flee to get away from the terrible discomfort and indecision. I thought the earth was shifting under me, my steps were so uncertain. My presence tormented all the kind people who were interested in me, because they couldn't help me.

Blasius. You mean because they didn't want to.

Wild. Oh yes, they wanted to.—I always had to take flight. I have been everything: I became a laborer, to be something; I
lived in the Alps, tended goats, lay night and day under the infinite arch of heaven, cooled by the winds and burned by inner fire. Nowhere peace, nowhere rest. England's noblest are drifting about the world lost. Oh, and I can't find that wonderful girl, the only one who remains. Look, I'm bursting with strength and health and can't kill myself with overwork. I want to join in the campaign here as a volunteer so that my soul can expand. And if they do me the favor of shooting me, then fine, you take my money and leave.

Blasius. I'll be damned! Nobody's going to shoot you, Wild, my noble fellow.

Le Feu. They could do it.

Wild. Could they do me a greater service?—Can you imagine it, when we entered the harbor I saw that captain on his ship in the distance.

Blasius. The one with the hostile antipathy for you? I thought you killed him in Holland.

Wild. Three times now we have been at each other's throats and still he won't leave me alone, even though I never insulted the man. I wounded him with a shot and he cut me with his sword. It is cruel the way he hates me without cause. And I must admit, I love him. He is a good rough man. God only knows what he wants with us.—Leave me alone a while.

(The innkeeper enters.)

Innkeeper. The rooms are ready, my lords. Would there be anything else?

Wild. Where are my men?

Innkeeper. They have eaten and are sleeping.
Wild. They're taking it easy.

Innkeeper. Was there nothing else, then?

Wild. Your strongest punch.

Le Feu. That's all you need, Wild.

Wild. Is the general here?

Innkeeper. Yes, my lord!

Wild. What other guests are here?—No, I don't care to know. (Exit.)

Blasio. I'm sleepy.

Le Feu. I'm hungry.

Blasio. Use your imagination, fool!—To be thus damnably separated from my Donna! (Exeunt.)

Scene II. Lord Berkley’s room.

Caroline is improvising on a piano in sweet melancholy; Lord Berkley is building a house of cards in a childish imaginative way.

Berkley. To become a child completely! Everything golden, everything splendid and good! To live in this castle, in its rooms, halls, cellar and stable!—All the colorful, confused, unclear business! Nothing makes me happy any more.—Blissful moments of childhood, that return again.—Nothing makes me happy any more but this castle of cards: meaningful symbol of my confused life! A blow, a hard kick, an easy breeze knocks you over—but the child's determined, untiring courage that builds you up again! Ha, then I'll lock myself in you with all my soul and think and feel nothing but how magnificent it is to live and work in you.—Lord Bushy! Yes, upon my soul, I would let you have a room. However unfriendly you were to me, you shall have Berkley's best room. Ha! Everything churns within me, stubborn Bushy, when I think back. To drive a man out of house and home, just because Berkley was more
prosperous than Busby—it is disgraceful, and yet this room, with my story painted on its walls, is at your disposal.--Who could explain that for which my heart is so small— Ha, ha! Lord Berkley, you feel fine when you become a child again!—Daughter!

Caroline. Yes, father?

Berkley. My child! You wouldn't believe a person could feel so good. Look, I'm building Berley's room now. How do you like it?

Caroline. It's very nice, my lord! Truly, I would become his maid and serve him, for the sake of your peace of mind.

Berkley. I wonder where he can be straying, our old enemy, Bushy!—From house and home! From wife and property!—Bushy, it can't be!—And to deprive my sweet child of everything!—No, my lord, we cannot live together! (Knocking down the house of cards.)

Caroline. Father!

Berkley. What, miss? For shame! Are you Berkley's daughter? Serve Bushy? Be a maid for Bushy? Not for a queen! Ha, that thought could come upon me in my sleep sometime and drive me mad. Bushy's maid, miss? Don't you wish to retract that?

Bushy's maid?

Caroline. No, my lord! Only call me daughter! Oh, that word "miss" is a bitter sound for Berkley's daughter to hear from father Berkley's mouth. (Kissing his hand.)

Berkley. Hm! Good Jenny!—Long live our relationship as "lord" and "miss!"—But I can't live with him. Really, I'd be tempted
to strangle him in his sleep.—Oh, give me childlike ideas!—Nothing makes me happy any more. All my cherished things, my engravings, my paintings, my flowers—nothing interests me any more.

Caroline. If you would try music, maybe that—

Berkley. Well, let's see. (Caroline plays for him.) No, no! Oh, I am still the soft, foolish fellow that music can mold as it desires. And it is curious, my child, there are notes that bring to my eyes a complete and sad painting through an echo from my unhappy life, and again there are those that strike my nerves so joyfully that no sooner does the note reach my ear than one of my life's joyful moments stands before me. For example, just now your mother met me in Yorkshire Park and skipped so happily out of the wooded lane, beside which the brook winds and murmurs, as you will remember. I heard it exactly and also the buzzing of the flies about one in the summer. I wanted to embrace her then and tell her something jolly when you struck other notes.

Caroline. Dear father! Oh, my mother! (Raising her eyes toward heaven.)

Berkley. Yes, looking upward with moist eyes, I know how that is. That's the way she often gazed, and her eyes spoke as yours do. Oh child!—And then when you played different notes it was Bushy and Hubert—of course. You see, then, why I stopped you. I can't understand how my mood changed so completely.

Caroline. I realize the effect of music, what it gives this heart and what it takes away from it. To build a dream world
of music and then when I look around to see if he is there—he, the content and echo of all my music! Heart, my heart! (Hiding her eyes in fright.)

Berkley. Hm? Heart, my heart?—Sit here by me and help build up my castle again. Look, I've done well, praise God! Knocked down and built up again! Ha, ha! Now be merry, you take the right wing and I'll take the left. And when the palace is finished we'll take the lead soldiers and you can command one battalion and I'll command one. We'll fight like Bushy and Hubert, then we'll plot together and attack the castle and throw old Berkley out naked with his little Jenny and good wife; we'll set fire to the place—fire and flames—ho, miss!

Caroline. (Wiping her eyes, kissing his forehead) Unhappy memory! Might heaven send peaceful forgetfulness to your gray head, dear old Berkley! Father, we have all we need, we're well off. Who is Bushy, that noble Berkley should think of him in his sixtieth year.

Berkley. I don't think of him, foolish child! Can I help it if it still surges up in me? I simply feel it that way.

Caroline. That's just it.

Berkley. I can tell you how he treated your father.—Don't look at me that way! Well, I wish I had him, he would lay his head peacefully in my lap. But you would have to stand here and not move a step, for otherwise if he stood before me—O Lord, you have shaped us wonderfully, tensed our nerves wonderfully, wonderfully tuned our hearts!

Caroline. Didn't Bushy have a son?
Berkley. Certainly. I am tempted to say, a good, energetic, wild boy, except that he was Bushy's son.

Caroline. Wasn't his name Carl? Didn't he have blue eyes and brown hair, and wasn't he taller than all the boys of his age? He was a fine looking, wild, red-cheeked lad. In games he was always my knight and fought for me.

Berkley. (Wildly) Bushy, Bushy!

Caroline. Father, Oh my father! Your bad hour is coming. (Clinging to him.)

Berkley. Go away! Didn't I have a son, a fine, boistrous, headstrong boy, whom I lost in that terrible night? A life for a life, if I ever catch Carl Bushy! If my Harry were here, I'd make his fist like iron, his heart fierce, his teeth eager; he'd search the whole world until he had avenged Berkley on Bushy.

Caroline. My lord, spare your daughter.

Berkley. (Confused) There, there. Let me think of something. Oh yes, do you want to go with me, child, I'm going to the review. I believe the enemy is going to attack in a few days and then we'll march out. Ha, ha! I'm a gray old fellow, just give me childhood and foolishness! Ha, ha! It is mad, miss, and good, that hot is still hot and hate is still hate, as is befitting an honest man. Old age isn't so cold, I'll make them feel that. Gather my castle together, so that nothing will be ruined. Goodbye, miss, the drum is sounding. (Exit.)

Caroline. (Calling after him) Only good hours, dear father!

Berkley. (Coming hastily back) God knows, miss, it was midnight, pitch dark and he attacked us. And when I awoke out of the paralyzing coma the next morning and had no children nor wife, and I
screamed, whispered and moaned in such a voice, oh, and raised my hands thus towards the murky sky: "Give me my children! Make Bushy childless that he may feel what it is to be childless!"

Then I found you, wet, cold, and stiff, you clung to my neck and your tender hands and legs beat together. Miss Berkley! I stood there so dejected and dead, in infinite pain, in infinite joy to have found one of my children safe. And you stroked my brow with your trembling hand, wiping away the cold sweat. Oh, that was a moment, miss! (He falls on her neck, embraces her, remaining silent and motionless; then awakening) Yes, miss! Look, it seizes me so!—and then a messenger: "Your lady is dead!" and then a messenger: "Your Harry has disappeared!" Yes, miss! And Bushy should have this house? No, by God, no! Goodbye, my child! Do not weep.

Caroline. Not weep? Your child not weep? Lord Berkley, don't go away now! It feels so tight here, my father (with her hand on her heart).

Berkley. No, no! I'll send your aunt and cousin to you. Berkley is a good soldier, and when he has had his play he feels good. Goodbye!

Caroline. (Alone) How will it all turn out? Oh, his outbursts of sorrow make me tremble.—War here! And my tears and pleas avail nothing. Where will I go?—I fear—oh, so much to suffer and yet to fear. And ever the longing of this heart? (To the piano) Take me into your care! You alone understand me; your harmony, the echo of my secret feelings, is my consolation and restitution. Oh, every note brings him back, him! (She plays a
few passages, is startled and suddenly stops.] Yes, him! (Falling into melancholy dreaming.)

Scene III. The same.

Enter Louise.

Louise. [Dancing and skipping] Good morning, miss.—Oh, I'm in a poor mood, dear cousin, a day of the vapors. Always arguing with Aunt Catherine about the gentlemen! It's unbearable. "He's courting me, niece, he said the tenderest things to me." And so it goes, on and on. If Lady Catherine would only consider that winter is still winter and spring is still spring, in spite of all of our art.—Did you have disturbing dreams, miss? Why are you hanging your head? What's the matter, child!

Caroline. It's nothing, nothing.—Father—

Louise. Is he stubborn? Is he wild? Well, what can you say.—If we were only out of this despicable country. To London, cousin, to London! That's where splendor and glory are to be found. (Looking in the mirror) What good is my beauty here? What good are these playful blue eyes? They would be the talk of London. Of what avail are my talents, my reading, my French and Italian? Snaring hearts, that's our life. Here? Oh, I'm perishing. Believe me, I'll let the first Englishman that pleases me carry me off.

Caroline. You're not serious.

Louise. Well, perhaps not completely. I like you and everything is fine as long as I have a lot of suitors around to exercise my powers on. But my dear, you yourself feel that we're out of place here. How many admirers do you think I have now altogether?

(Caroline still dreaming.)
Louise. (Adding in her head with the help of her fingers) I can't add up more than six, not counting the half-hearted ones and the scared ones. There is Silly, the tall, thin one who always closes his eyes tightly when he talks with me, as if the sight of me glued them together. The other day he was stuttering something to me with his eyes closed and all the time I thumbed my nose at him and auntie laughed till she almost burst because he didn't realize it. And then Boyet, who never says anything except "Miss, I love you!" As if there were nothing more in the dictionary of chivalry. Not even "Miss, I love you tenderly" or "mortaly" or anything like that. His speech is as short as his body. At any rate I can use him as a dwarf if a knight errant should ever stray by here. And Toby--

Caroline. Wasn't Carl Bushy a sweet, good boy?

Louise. A fine boy with a fiery disposition--I ran Captain Dudley off, miss! Just imagine--I don't know what the fool wants. A few days ago he said so wisely that we womenfolk in general have much less love and act with much less love than men, and we do so because of our femininities. What can the serious talking fool mean by that?

Caroline. I don't know.

Louise. Femininities, just think! Because I may have seemed angry with him for what he said to you the other day--I didn't hear what it was, but he said it in such a way and looked as though he felt something that I have never noticed in any of my lovers. I'm not jealous, cousin Caroline, you are gentle, sentimental, sweet, and good. I am beautiful, wild, and carefree.--And there is Stockley, whom I tolerate around me merely so that he won't visit Miss Franch
any more, because I can't stand her at all. Really I'm just fooling them all and spinning them around like a boy does a top, and they like it. Auntie says one must not know love until one is twenty-five years old, and then there are reasons for it. And besides, I don't know what it means to love.

Caroline. You are fortunate, cousin. I don't know either, but—

Louise. As long as they amuse me and help me pass the time and carry out my whims, it's all right. But you know what love is.

Caroline. (Confused) What are the names of your admirers?

Louise. I hear auntie coughing.

Scene IV. The same

Enter Lady Catherine

Catherine. Oh, I could just die! I have a cold and a cough and it's such a remarkable day! Well, ladies, come quickly now and fix yourselves up. The air in this country is the death of me. ---Louise, you'll have to fix yourself better than that. You don't look quite the way you should.

Louise. What's the matter, auntie?

Catherine. My heart told me this would happen. Three strangers have arrived.

Caroline. Is that all, aunt?

Louise. Isn't that enough?

Catherine. Handsome fellows! One is a tall, wild boy—I could hardly reach his beard. He cursed and looked towards heaven as if he had such deep feelings. I just happened to be looking out. Oh, ladies, it's a good sign when a young man curses. ---They're Englishmen. ---Tell me, Louise, how do I look today? ---They're Englishmen!

Louise. And I, auntie?
Caroline. Englishmen? How does he look, aunt?

Catherine. They'll pay us a call—how would it be if I wore green and pink?

Louise. It's too young and too old, auntie. Come, I can't reach a decision in less than an hour in such important matters. We'll have a consultation with Betty. Englishmen! Oh, my Englishmen!

Catherine. Modest and proper, miss!—Don't run so, I get all out of breath.

Louise. (Aside) Because she can't run. Ha, ha! (Taking her arm) Come, auntie, we young girls skip and jump.

Catherine. Mean thing! (Exeunt.)

Act II

Scene I. The same.

Enter Betty with Wild, Blasius, and La Feu.

Betty. Please wait here, my lords, my ladies will be right with you. (Exit.)

La Feu. All right, my beautiful Iris! (Looking around) My, there is something so sweet and attractive about it, even on first entrance. One feels so differently in a boudoir. My heart has such charming chills.---Why are you making such a face, Wild?

Wild. I don't understand myself yet. I feel so good, every object in this room speaks to me and attracts me, and yet I feel so frightfully miserable, so frightfully uncertain. I jump from one thought to the next; I can't keep my mind on anything. Oh, then only, when it comes back to me, the infinite high feeling, when my soul melts in vibrations, seeing her lovely image in the distance, in the evening sun, in the moonlight. And oh, then when
I hurry towards it on rapid wings of love, and it fades away before me—Yes, I'm miserable, living only in those thoughts. I'm miserable!—Oh me, here in this new continent I believed I could find what wasn't over there. But here it's the same as there and there as here. Thank God the imagination sees the distance so splendid, and if it once stands on the ardently desired spot, how the roving vagabond flees onward, in the firm belief that the restless spirit will find everything there. And so across the earth, in magic, compelling fancy, and eternally it is the same, here as well as there. Very well, Spirit, I'll follow you!

Blasius. Are the centaurs trotting in front of your imagination again?—I am again nothing and care to be nothing. Wild, it is shameful, the way you always fly around with ghosts.

Wild. Please—I'll find her.

La Feu. The ladies are taking their time.

Wild. Listen, you know how I am. If the ladies make a disagreeable impression on me, think up an excuse, I'm leaving.

Blasius. And then we have to make excuses for his rudeness again. Go on, do as you wish.--I'm not in a mood for women, and yet I have to have them, because they are mostly so insignificant and I am nothing at all. You disgust me, Wild! It would please me if you wouldn't bother me for a while.

Wild. Is it my idea to force myself upon you?

Blasius. I can't tolerate you. I loathe your power, you vex me to death, and the way you always run after phantoms—I hate you!

Wild. As you wish. You'll love me again.
Blasius. (Embracing him) Who can resist you. Boy, I'm more uncomfortable than you. I'm torn up inside and can't find the connecting threads again to resume my life.—Stop, I'm going to become melancholy—no, I'm not going to become anything. You saw my noble steed pulling a cart in Madrid, I wept from the depths of my soul and Isabella wiped my tears. Magnificence of the world, I can pluck no more of your blossoms! Yes, whoever has lost his sense, whoever has lost you, eternal Love, you who bind together everything within us—

Wild. Blasius, you have more than you realize.

La Feu. Where can the ladies be? (Looking through the books) My ladies' books give me great hope that they are gifted with sweet fancy. Oh, the novels, the fairy tales! Such splendid lies! Happy is he who can deceive himself!

Scene II. The same.

Enter Lady Catherine and Louise. They curtsey and the men bow.

La Feu. (Seeing them) Venus Urania! Paphos' groves! (To Lady Catherine) Charming goddess of this island! The sight of you tunes my heart to notes of love and my nerves tinkle the loveliest concert.

Catherine. My lord! (Bowing) My lord! (Flirting) Guests of your quality make our sad life here light and pleasant. I have the honor of speaking with—

La Feu. Well, Blasius, tell her my name—she is my guardian, my lady!

Blasius. La Feu, my lady! (To Louise:) Miss, I wish I hadn't seen you,
at least not at this moment, I am so insignificant—

Louise. Ha, ha! My lord—Blasius, isn't that right?

Blasius. That's what I'm called.

Louise. Well, my Lord Blasius, I'm sorry the sight of me causes you such distress. Of course, my lord—(a jeering bow) Ha, ha! Auntie's presence makes the gentleman a tinkling instrument. La vache sonnante! Ha, ha! I could die laughing! Now, my lord, so serious?

Blasius. I'm not merry—Beautiful and stupid! Oh me!

Wild. This would be too much for the devil himself! (Exit.)

Catherine and Louise. But why is my lord leaving?

La Feu. I must tell you, my lady—Blasius, you know why.

Blasius. He has attacks of madness, my ladies, and when it seizes him it drives him away.

La Feu. (Pointing to Catherine) And the sight of this goddess couldn't detain him?

Catherine. Oh, my lord—but what a pity, such a handsome person, such a strong, wild appearance.

La Feu. But a madman. Just think, he wants to go to war.

Catherine. And you?

La Feu. (Kneeling) My battlefield is right here.

Louise. (Vexed) Intolerable!

Catherine. (Serious, pulling La Feu to his feet) Kneeling becomes you, my lord, presumably because—

La Feu. Ah, you lift me with such divinity, such grandeur—Indeed, many a knee must have bowed itself sore before my lady—

Catherine. Oh, my lord, even if one hasn't gone through life unnoticed—
Louise. (Cross and sleepy) Where are you, my lord? Are you still possessed by the other continent?

Blasius. (Annoyed and bored) My lady, you command me—

Louise. (Likewise) Nothing, my lord!

Catherine. And you, my lord?

La Feu. Away, away! Enchanted with love! Happy, blessed Fate, that led me on this path!—Finally your wrath has slackened, wild Misfortune, and I feel again a pulsing in my veins.—Charming goddess, I wish I had small, small insect eyes with which to view all your charms and beauty in detail.

Catherine. What a tone of voice, how pleasingly gay!—Has my lord been away from London long? Oh, if my lord would tell something about London!

Louise. Oh yes, London! (Aside) These people are intolerable!

La Feu. Yes, my lady, London, and I feel only what is ahead of me. London, my lady, is said to be a great city. I know little about the world. I was born in London. I have just come from the Pyrenees. Oh, those are high, high mountains! Oh, my lady, my love is still higher, if my lady could love me—

Catherine and Louise. Love? Ha, ha!

La Feu. Does that seem ridiculous, my ladies?

Louise. Of course, my lord!—No, we love nothing.

Catherine. Quiet, niece, the distinction still remains, and it all depends—

La Feu. Yes, charming my lady—all that we have?

Louise. (To Blasius) My lord is still dreaming. All my gayety leaves me when I'm with you.
Blasius. Pardon me, I am so moved.—You're beautiful, miss!

Louise. And you're very entertaining.

Blasius. (After a long pause) You're bored. I regret that I can't entertain you better. It is always my misfortune to be nothing when I should be everything. And I love so silently, miss, as you see, that I really am in love.

Louise. Love, my lord? What do you mean by that? To love silently! Oh, what boredom! Does Lord Wild love that way too? Not that I'm curious—I don't care to know.—If you were only cheerful!

Blasius. Cheerful! (Aside) I'm bored to death. My heart is so cold, so dead, and the girl is so beautiful and gay.

Louise. I'm getting the vapors—do my lords wish to have their tea in the garden? The room may not agree with you.

Blasius. As you wish.

Louise. Oh, heaven! (Striking him with her fan) Come back to life!

Blasius. I'm still at sea and I—

Catherine. (Having spoken quietly with La Feu the whole time) Well, my lord?

La Feu. Yes, as I was saying, come with me. Oh, my goddess, I have become everything again before your eyes. Who can see so much charm without having all the fibers of his body come to life. Yes, my goddess, I'll tell you much, much about the pulsations of love, that send my fancy higher than the sun. And, my lady, (kissing her) I love you.
Catherine. (Aside) It's strange—I don't understand him but I do like him. (To La Feu) My lord, you are—

La Feu. Ah, you! I think we harmonize.

Catherine. Harmonize? What's that?

La Feu. God forbid! My knowledge does not include the meanings of the words, my lady.

Catherine. How malicious you are, my lord! (Exeunt.)

Scene III. The same.

Miss Caroline alone.

Caroline. Were these the Englishmen?—Far away, always far away.—Good that they're gone. (Lost in quiet melancholy) Yes, just like that, that's exactly how he used to look, just the way he does now as he steps forth out of my eyes and stands before me. (Stretching out her arms) Ah, so dear to my heart!—He has been away so long.—Oh, I'll never again see Carl Bushy, I must never see him again. But don't I see him? (Enthusiastic) My eyes look for him, my heart beats for him, and my eyes and my heart possess him.

Scene IV. The same.

Wild enters without knocking. He keeps his hat on throughout the whole scene. He is startled when he notices the lady.

Caroline. (Frightened) What? Who?

Wild. (His eyes fastened on her, he looks at her with all his soul.) Forgive me, miss, I'm in the wrong room.

Caroline. My lord, that's an easy mistake to make in an inn.
(She looks uneasily at him.)

Wild. (Confused, bewildered, searching, as he looks into her eyes) My lady, may I—my lady—yes, I'm going—I'm going now—(stepping nearer as he speaks) but my lady—I'll stay here.--And if you're English, as I've been told, if you--

Caroline. (Trying to compose herself) My lord, may I ask with whom I have the honor of speaking? My father will be very happy to see a countryman. Wild. Your father? Miss, do you have a father?—Ah, here, here! I feel so good, so confusedly good.—Yes, my lady, I'm an Englishman—a miserable one—Wild is my name, and at this moment I feel--

Caroline. (Painfully) Wild?—Aren't you from Yorkshire? your face—Your—yes, my lord, you must be from Yorkshire.

Wild. From Yorkshire? No!—It strikes my very soul—here I find what I searched the wide world for. (Taking her hand) You're an angel, my lady, a wonderful, sensitive creature.—(Looking towards heaven) Have you another such moment in store for me?—Let me say it! I feel so deeply—your eyes—yes, your eyes full of soul and suffering—and this heart here, torn apart and deeply, deeply miserable. I came here to get myself killed in the next battle—I—I want to be killed.

Caroline. So confused—Oh, sir, you must be suffering.

Wild. Suffering!—Oh, man's suffering is so manifold—often so strange—and yet—my lady's name?
Caroline. My father, my lord, is Lord Berkley.

Wild. (Startled) Lord Berkley! That's what it was—the living image!

Caroline. Why does that affect you so? Do you know the unhappy Lord Berkley?

Wild. Know him? No!—And you are Jenny Caroline Berkley?

Caroline. Yes, my lord. (Looking about, in a terrible struggle) Oh, sir, sir, who are you?

Wild. (Kneeling before her, taking her hands) No, miss—I am—my tongue is so weak, my heart is so full—I am—Miss Berkley—(jumping up quickly) the fortunate one who has seen you, who followed you across the earth—(going towards the door) the unfortunate one—

Caroline. Carl Bushy—My Carl!

Wild. (At the door) Here, oh, here! (He stretches his arms toward her.)

Caroline. (Hurrying to him) Carl Bushy, and you leave me?—Is it you? Is it? Just this word, oh, and then let my soul pour forth!

Wild. (Embracing her) Yes, it is I! Jenny! I'm Carl Bushy, I'm the fortunate one—Jenny, ah, I've found you!

Caroline. Let me regain my senses!—the joy—the fear—you're Carl—I feel—really Carl Bushy!

Wild. Why are you afraid? Why do you kill the joy that thrills my every fiber?—It is I, the one who, with your image in his heart, searched every corner of the earth for you and your father.

Caroline. My father, my father!—Save yourself! He hates Bushy
and his son. Save yourself, flee!—Oh, to leave me and flee and I haven't even seen you yet.

Wild. I, Jenny? Flee? And I'm here in your presence, looking into your sweet eyes, and the first joy of my life has just returned,—flee? Who will tear me away from here? All the wildness of my mind seizes me! Who will tear me away from here? Who will tear Carl Bushy away from Miss Berkley? Let your father come! Aren't you mine, haven't you been mine since the first years of childhood? I grew up with you; our hearts, souls, and beings became one. You were my betrothed before you knew the meaning of the word.—(coolly) I'm staying here, miss, I'm staying here.

Caroline. You make me so afraid.

Wild. Shall I go?—Jenny, Jenny, I have you now!

Caroline. Let me go to the balcony for a minute.

Wild. All right, miss, I'll wait here. Nothing can remove me. Heaven has put a bond between us that no human hand can loosen. Here I will wait for the enemy of your new homeland, for my enemy.

Caroline. (Gently) Just don't look so wild and headstrong!

Promise me you'll keep your name a secret.

Wild. Whatever you wish. Oh, Jenny, if you felt for an instant the pangs that drove this heart around the world. I worked feverishly, I wanted to kill myself. But oh, this hour was spared for me, this hour was spared for me! And yet all the misery? But I won't think or feel anything more. I have you
and I defy him, I defy stubborn old Berkley!

**Caroline.** Why this despair, this terrible discomfort, this ferocity in your restless eyes?

**Wild.** Your father, yes, your father! My father—both ruined. Miss, I'll not leave you. It seizes me so violently—yes, Jenny, you'll fly away with me, you'll leave this country with me! (*Embracing her.*)

**Caroline.** Please don't!

**Wild.** Is your father plotting to kill me?—Oh, I feel so fine in the turmoil.—My dear Jenny!

**Caroline.** Wait, Carl—if my father should come—

**Wild.** And still the same hatred, still the same revenge—thirsty Berkley! And my loving, sweet little miss! Thanks be to God, who, along with this tempestuous mind, has granted me so much of his most precious gift. Yes, miss, love alone has held this machine together, which every hour was so near its destruction by eternal war within itself.

**Caroline.** Good Carl, you're still the wild, good boy. That's the way I remembered you. Oh, the years, the years that thus passed! Can you believe it, I was thirteen years old, you were fifteen, we were torn apart, and I was brought to this new continent; I came here and you were here—yes, you were here—and where is the place on earth that isn't filled with your presence?

**Wild.** And yours—What now?—How all that tormented me! You're what I longed for and searched for, the world over, to reconcile this heart. I found you, found you in America, where I
was looking for death, I find peace and bliss in these sweet
eyes. (Embracing her) And now I have you, now I have you,
Miss Berkley! And hold you, and what Wild holds—I can
strangle your father to possess you.—But this way it's
rapture, this way it's gentle. (Kissing her.)

Caroline. (Pulling herself away) Terrible! Wild! Carl! Where
is the look that will give me life for this word?

Wild. Here, miss! (Kissing her)

Scene V. The same.

Enter Berkley.

Berkley. Hm! Tomorrow—Ho, there, what's that?

Wild. (Resolute) I kissed my lady.

Berkley. And you, miss, allowed it?

Caroline. My lord!

Berkley. (Bitter) Goodbye, miss!

Wild. My lord, do you wish to insult me?—I beg you, miss, re-
main here. Lord Berkley can't possibly insult a man that he
doesn't know.—I am an Englishman, Wild is my name, and I wanted
to visit you.

Berkley. Fine, my lord!

Wild. I have suffered in this world, suffered, and my senses
have become somewhat confused. A violence often takes control
of me. A wretch finds so little sympathy in this world, I
found it in my lady, sir, and where it is found—I kissed the
lady and would have done so even if her father had been present.

Berkley. So young, and wretched? Look at me, at me, my lord!

Wild. Yes, my lord, so young and wretched, and more wretched
since there is little patience where there is such strong
feeling. It has made me bitter, and only this instant did I
feel that there is still happiness on earth.
Berkley. I might take an interest in you. Please, sir, sit in a different light. I can't tolerate this feature and this feature in your face.

Caroline. Oh, my father, my lord is suffering so.

Berkley. You could leave us. I can see that one can be frank with my lord. All your unruly being seems so cordial.

Caroline. If you command me—(at the door, she motions pleadingly to Wild.)

Berkley. As I was saying, my lord, you must forgive me. I had an enemy, a horrible enemy, who put me in the most terrible situation possible for an old man, and look, my lord, when I catch him, wherever it may be, I shall be forced to torture him until I see these features that I censure in you disappear from his face. You seem to be a good man—God knows I have to constrain myself from taking you into my arms like a son. But I also lost a son because of him. Therefore you must forgive me, my lord.

Wild. As you wish, as you wish.

Berkley. Yes, this restlessness, this despairing tone in which you speak—I understand—and the way glances that could win one's heart away, crisscross over your face.Just be patient, one becomes accustomed to it. And if you're wretched and have gall, we'll get along.

Wild. That I have this, my lord—but why all that? Now my request of you: could you allow a man that looks like me to join
the campaign against your enemies as a volunteer?

Berkley. I would be heartily glad to. Welcome! -- I'm going to the general right now, come along with me!

Wild. What's why I came, and the sooner the better.

Berkley. Oh, my lord, I've waited long for such a day. I never feel better than when in cannon fire.

Wild. I shall feel good, I hope.

Berkley. From which part of England do you come?

Wild. From London.

Berkley. Well then, you must know of Lord Berkley's fate.

Wild. I have heard of it.

Berkley. Don't pass it off so coldly, young man.

Wild. I'm not cold, my lord, just incensed about people who could have things so differently, who are eternally bothering each other.

Berkley. Have you feelings? Man, have you a heart? I am Lord Berkley, persecuted, dispossessed, thrown out, robbed of wife and son. Have you a heart, young man, or has your own misfortune made you apathetic? If so, stretch out and bless the world. Do you know Bushy?

Wild. No, my lord!

Berkley. Have you heard of him? Tell me please, how is he? Miserable, wretched?

Wild. Happy, my lord!

Berkley. Shame on you! Happy? Did you see the girl? Look at my gray hair, my glassy eyes! -- Happy?

Wild. He had to leave house and home. Fell into disfavor with
Berkley. A thousand thanks, my lord, a thousand thanks!—Ho, Bushy! So I have been partly avenged.—Is he quite destitute?—He can't be wretched enough.—Isn't it true that he has no house for shelter, no hand to care for him in his old age?

Wild. He's happy, my lord!

Berkley. Please leave my room. You're a friend of his, and my enemy. You have his speech, his facial expressions and, by God, I see Bushy in you. Please go, if you don't want to provoke an old man.

Wild. Happy because he doesn't worry about it. Happy in his own way, I mean.

Berkley. He shouldn't be. His hair should turn to stinging serpents and the fibers of his heart to scorpions. Sir, he shouldn't be able to sleep or wake or pray or curse, and that's how I'd like to see him. Then I'd be generous and put a bullet in his head; you see, he deserves to suffer torment throughout eternity, but I would be generous, sir, to please my miss. If you had known my lady, sir, who died of sorrow (seizing Wild's hand, who draws it away during the last words), I know you would lift up your hands with me and curse Bushy and his descendants.—But tell me, my lord, how is Bushy's son?

Wild. Roaming about the world without rest. Miserable because of himself, miserable because of the fate of his father.

Berkley. That's good, my lord, that's good! Do you believe
he's still living?

Wild. In Spain at present.

Berkley. But I have hopes that his father will never see him again. I have hopes that young Bushy will ruin his body with debauchery and wither away in the best years of his youth. He shall never see him again. My lord, the joy of seeing a son again would be too great. Just think, to see one's son again, what that must mean to a person!—I could go mad. Whenever in my thoughts I see my Harry, my sweet headstrong boy, riding before me on his horse and hear him call "father, father!" and crack his whip—he shall never see him again! (To Wild, who starts to leave) Do remain. My lord, if someone would eternally speak to me of Bushy's misfortune, I wouldn't care to do anything in the world but listen.—Did he save anything?

Wild. Enough, my lord, to be able to live in contentment in his peaceful way.

Berkley. I regret that. I wish I could see him beg me for a pound. Do you believe I'd give it to him?

Wild. Why not, my lord? He would give you what he had.

Berkley. Do you think so? Well, if my miss were standing there, maybe he would, and again maybe not. Oh, he is a frightful hypocrite, old Bushy. I fear he would get a pound out of me with his hypocritical face. Isn't he a hypocrite, my lord?

Wild. No, truly he isn't!

Berkley. How should you know, anyway! Of course you have to
side with him since you have his nose.

Wild. My lord, I'm going now.

Berkley. Do forgive me! Tell me one more thing, what has become of that envious Hubert?

Wild. He is accompanying old Bushy.

Berkley. Thank you, sir!—Miserable?

Wild. He finds objects enough for his crude envy and is getting along all right in his way.

Berkley. God forbid, sir, I wouldn't have it that way. He must suffer as much as Bushy. I beg you, make him suffer! Lie to me that he is suffering!

Wild. Well, my lord, I must go to my friends. You will see to it that I am enrolled?

Berkley. Yes, my lord, farewell. You have given me great pleasure. Come again soon—this evening to supper. I could almost like you. (Exit Wild.) Now I feel fine. Ha, ha! Bushy and Hubert, does it weigh heavily on you?—Blessed be the king!—Go on! It gives me childlike joy.—I'm not sure about that fellow. He has something annoying, something strong about him, just like Bushy, God knows! I must tell my miss of this good news. (Exit.)

Act III


Blasius. Wild is so strangely, so extraordinarily gay. He dashes around and reaches towards heaven as though he wanted to pull it down. I saw tears glistening in his eyes. What can be the matter with him? I can't get him to stand still.—I'm cold.
La Feu. Dear, dear Blasius, I'm quite hot.

Blasius. You're the eternal fever.

La Feu. Exactly the eternal fever, if I am not to suffocate. Again I am in love throughout my whole body, throughout veins and members, throughout all my soul. I'm so hot I fear I'll yet explode like a bomb—and then, would that my pure essence might arise and descend into the bosom of my charming lady.

Blasius. That old lady? La Feu!

La Feu. Old? Old? What is old? Nothing is old, nothing is young. I see no difference any more. Oh, I'm at the point where one begins to feel good. Can you believe it, I've forgotten everything as though I had drunk from Lethe. Nothing bothers me any more. I can take up my crutch and go begging. Sooner or later one has to feel that way.

Blasius. Oh, if only I were back in the tower!

La Feu. You can't feel bad in the tower.—Oh, if they'd be so kind as to cast me into one. In my dreams I'd be so blissful, so happy! Man must dream, dear, dear Blasius, if he wants to be happy, and not think or philosophize. Look, Blasius, in my youth I was a poet, I had a glowing, roving imagination and they poured cold water on it so long that the last spark was quenched. And the ugly experiences, all the hideous masks that represent human faces, when you want to embrace everything with love. There a jeering laugh, there a Satan!—I stood there like an extinct volcano, I walked through enchanted lands, cold and without receptive feeling. The most beautiful maiden
moved me as little as the fly that buzzes around the tower. To be rid of the misery, my soul determined to feel differently, and to glow when you others remain cold. Now everything is good, everything is lovely and beautiful.

Blasius. Would that I again sat in the tower, where spiders, mice, and rats were my company.

La Feu. Were you in a tower?

Blasius. Surely, surely. In a handsome tower and looked through a hole that was no bigger than my eye. I could see the light with only one eye. So I peered out first with this eye and then with that one, in order not to become shy of the light. That's when a person has feelings, La Feu, that's when the heart swells and then the heart shrivels—and the man dries up. I could look at one spot an entire day—an entire day (stiff and absent in mind).—Oh yes, in Madrid, La Feu, and in London.—(Bitterly) Praised be mankind, ha, they did well by me! I was the most honest fellow in the world.

La Feu. That was your mistake, dear, dear Blasius.

Blasius. In Madrid the Inquisition did so because of my equipment, and in London because I shot a fellow who stole my fortune and wanted to rob me of my honor, too.

La Feu. Well, Blasius, dear Blasius, a person mustn't shoot anything.

Blasius. Oh, if only our human feelings would come to an end.

La Feu. How do you stand with the lady?

Blasius. Leave me alone, I was bored. She's gay and beautiful, and as cold as snow, and seems as chaste as Diana's nightgown.—
She bothers a body, I'm dead and sleepy. (Yawning) Good night, Donna Isabella! Would that I once again sat at your feet, most gracious lady! (He falls asleep.)

La Feu. I must stand watch before the lady's window tonight. She is quite a dear, charming lady, to whom one can say anything, and who understands one before one speaks. — I do want to write a fairy tale sometime.

Scene II. The same.

Enter Wild in uniform.

Wild. How are you?

La Feu. Fine, fine, Wild! Blasius is sleeping and I'm dreaming. I must send verses to the lady.

Wild. Dearest La Feu! (He embraces him.) — Dear Blasius! (He embraces him.)

Blasius. Ho, what's the matter? Can't man ever have rest?

Wild. I have begun to feel good. Oh, my dear ones, I have begun to feel good.

Blasius. Good for you, I feel sick. (He falls asleep again.)

Wild. Well, may heaven protect you both, I'm going to pour out my soul into the winds.

Scene III. The same.

Enter Captain Boyet, the innkeeper and the Moor.

Innkeeper. What do you wish, my lord?

Captain. Nothing! Nothing except that you go away. (Exit the innkeeper.)

(La Feu is seated, writing in rapture.)

Captain. (To his men) Go now, all of you! Little boy, stay
here! Well, sweet lad!

Moor. Rough captain, what do you wish?

Captain. Are you still willing to be shot for me?

Moor. Here I stand, good master. But how you have hurt me!

By the gods! You are often as mad as a tiger, you lobster! Look, there are knots as big as my fist on my back, cruel lord!

Captain. Because I love you, monkey!

Moor. (Kissing his forehead) Skin me alive, pull my skin off over my head, wild lord! I'm your boy; I'm your monkey, your Soley.49 your dog. (Entwining himself about him) You gave my father life and freedom.50 (The captain pinches him.) Ouch!

Why do you pinch me?

Captain. I love you.—Do you want to be a cadet, boy?

Moor. Oh, master, master, give me a sword and stand behind me when your enemy comes. Good master! You tiger! Mad lord! The blood in my body loves you and pounds under my skin.

Captain. Darling Moor-boy, do you want a beating?

Moor. Do you want caressing? Shall I stroke your cheeks?

Captain. Did you see the ships that sailed past?

Moor. Yes, master. Why did you risk it?

Captain. So that I wouldn't have to strike for them. So I could laugh in their faces and snatch the last bit away from them.

Moor. Oh, but your ship was hit by a cannonball, and the sailor and soldier are dead.

Captain. Fill my pipe! Who cares to talk about that. Dead,
boy, dead, that is nothing. Are you afraid of death?

Moor. Yes, as long as you are living. I would like to be with you.

Captain. We'll try it here. Death is afraid of me. Sailed for ten years and never a wound, except from that villainous Scot.

Moor. If all the mothers and fathers should come, that you have made childless—

Captain. Gentle lad, you aren't fit for the sea. Hold my pipe. Put a chair under my feet. (Looking around) Ho, who is that over there? Boy, pester those people a little for me. You are so idle. Please, boy, pull that sleeper's nose, I can't see anyone sleep before I'm resting. And the writer there who always gestures so--pester him! (The Moor pulls Blasius' nose. He stands behind La Feu and catches his pen when he starts to write.)

La Feu. "Sweetly beams thine eye!"--Ho, there!

Blasius. What! Louts, all of you!

Captain. Gentlemen, I wanted to make your acquaintance. Are you in the army?

Blasius. I'm nothing. (He falls asleep.)

Captain. That is a lot. And you?

La Feu. Everything, everything.

Captain. That is little. Come, Sir. Everything, let's box a little, to put my joints in shape. (He seizes him.)

La Feu. Ouch, you centaur! That's nothing for the imagination. (Sitting down) "Sweetly beams thine eye!"--The stupid rhymes!
Eye, lye, fry, sigh—"for their glance I sigh"—yes, that's it—

Captain. Boy, leave no man any peace! And don't be afraid, the more insanely you act the better. Pluck the sleeper, boy. (The boy does so.)

Blasius. Lout! Ass! Wild! (Striking in the air) Wild, if you don't--

Moor. A blow, a blow!

Captain. Wild!—My lord, where is he? Quick!

Blasius. How should I know?

Captain. I'll tell you this much: either you tell me where Wild is or you'll go, a round with me.

Blasius. Let me rest and I'll see if I care to.

Captain. If you care to? My lord!

Blasius. Yes, if I care to! I'll let you know.

Captain. That's fine. I want to go to the general first anyway. I've brought a handsome ship along. I'll rely on your word,—Good that I've found you, Sir Wild.—Come, boy!

Moor. Coming.

Blasius. The dog! How did Satan bring him here? It's that captain or the devil. I've got to find Wild.—Nobody lets me sleep!

La Feu. Let me read you something!

Blasius. Leave me alone!

La Feu. I'll sing this at the window. You know you promised my ladies a promenade.

Blasius. Maybe I'll come.
Scene IV. The same.

Enter Wild.

Blasio. (Meeting Wild and the captain at the door) There I almost made a trip for nothing. (He sits down silently.) (La Feu reads off his verses; the Moor plays childishly.)

Captain. It's good that I find you.

Wild. Fine, fine!

Captain. You do know that I can't tolerate you?

Wild. I haven't asked whether you can.

Captain. Well, I'll show you. Ho, Scotsman, thunder take me if I let you continue to breathe God's air with me. From the first sight of you I've hated you so that my hand goes to my sword and pistol when I see you in the distance.--Quick, boy, my gun!

Wild. Captain, you know you're rude and insulting and that I'll repay you in your own coin. You forced me to put a bullet in you in Holland and by my soul, it pained me to see you fall for absolutely no reason.

Captain. Your bullet went deep, but a bullet in the flesh is no bullet at all--it just kindles one's vital spirits. Believe me, when you fall I'll whistle a dirge for you that my sailors whistle when the storm rages worst.

Wild. Thank you, captain, as you wish.

Captain. Because I so wish and must. Because for me you have such a toadlike, vexing appearance. Because, whenever I see you, my nerves jerk as though someone had roared the most disgusting sound into my ears.
Wild. I don't mind saying that I like you. Nevertheless—if I'm not serious about it, then for the joke of it. I wouldn't have to throw my life away today, but since you're a good man and it so happens that we can't live together in the same place and I must live here now—

Captain. That's fine!—Do you know what, Scotsman? I have to go to the general now, we'll save it till tomorrow.

Wild. All right. Then I'll go to battle first.

Captain. And I too. But the devil take you if you get yourself killed. Remember that! (Exeunt.)

Scene V. A moonlit garden.

Enter Lady Catherine and Louise, strolling.

Louise. The night air, auntie dear! You're coughing pitifully.

Catherine. Coughing! Silly girl, coughing! Ha, ha, please, child, oh, child! (Coughing all the while.)

Louise. What?

Catherine. A nice present, if you tell me—

Louise. Well, I can tell you I'm bored and I can tell you also that no more absurd fellows have appeared in my life than the two strangers.

Catherine. Absurd fellows? Ha, ha! La Feu, the sweet English my lord, La Feu! That cherub among men! Ha, ha, niece, a splendid present, if you help me praise him. Sit down, we'll go through all his lovable qualities and thus with his praise watch the night slip by, and then, when the sun comes, begin anew.
Louise. Wild, auntie, Wild! Did you see him? I just saw him slipping through the bushes. Wild, auntie!

Catherine. Not Wild, La Feu. Did you see his eyes?

Louise. They are, I believe, somewhat shriveled, weak and dried up. At least I saw no lustre or fire in them.

Catherine. I beg you, look at those stars—the lustre, the sparkle, and his eyes!

Louise. Well!

Catherine. Don't you see what I mean? Oh, he says love makes poets, and poets make such comparisons. Sparkling eyes, sparkling stars!—And his hair!

Louise. We haven't even come to an agreement about his eyes.—That Blasius killed my cheerfulness with his stupid boredom. Can it be that men are no longer affected by me?

Catherine. His hair, niece! So blond, so sweetly blond!

Louise. He does wear a wig.

Catherine. A wig? Ha, ha! Cupid in a wig! How can you pay so little attention to such beauty? No, your taste is not the best.

Louise. (Crossly) Anyway its red as a brick.

Catherine. Go on, you little thing, and you don't always have to call me "aunt" when I am engaged in an amorous conversation. Say "my lady" instead.

Louise. Where can they be? They promised to go walking with us in the moonlight.

Catherine. Just wait, La Feu will certainly come.

Louise. Auntie, do you know that I talked to Wild? He came
up this walk and couldn't and wouldn't avoid me. I acted as though I didn't know him, and asked his name. Then he stammered that his name was Wild as confusedly as though it were a lie. I have my own ideas about that anyway. And then he was alone with Miss Berkley so long.--He is in love with her, by all the stars, in love with her! He went away from me so coldly, and rushed past me like a raw wind. Catherine. Blasius is in love with you.

Louise. Oh, him! If we only knew who that Wild is. Catherine. La Feu will certainly know, we'll ask him.

Scene VI. The same.

Enter La Feu.

La Feu. (At some distance, not yet seeing them) Do I not find you, my love? Where are you, that I may lay this hymn at your feet, sing this song of praise to your charms, wreathe your fragrant hair!

Louise. Call your Adonis!

Catherine. Quiet, let him speak! Ah, the words of love are more precious than incense.

La Feu. (Still unaware of them) I have been wandering all about the garden looking for you, my love.

Louise. My lord!

Catherine. Unfriendly girl! He doesn't hear you.--My lord!

La Feu. Ah, this sound kindles my blood. (Hurrying towards them) Ah, my lady, for hours I've been roving about in
amorous intoxication. I've wound a wreath for you, Venus.
Urania! Stroll now in the groves, crowned with love! (He
crowns her with the wreath.)

Louise. To the madhouse with the fool!

Catherine. Oh, my lord, how nice!—How happy I am!

La Feu. Happy? Yes, happy! In love everything is happy,
without love everything is mournful. I have founded memorials
of love that will never perish, even though my heart should
perish.

Catherine. Oh, my lord, your heart will never perish.

Louise. You're coughing more and more, auntie!—Go on and
ask him!

Catherine. Ah yes, my lord, a request of you. Will you tell
us the true name of your companion, Wild?

La Feu. Wild? Is he still here? Isn't he in the war?

Catherine. Not yet, tomorrow, my lord.

La Feu. Have a good trip!

Catherine. But he is in love with my miss.

La Feu. (Pointing to Louise) With my lady?

Louise. (Crossly) No, my lord!

Catherine. I implore you by all the gods of love, tell me his
ture name!

La Feu. If I could remember it—hum—do you really want to know?

Catherine. Of course! Quickly!

La Feu. Well, I have no memory, my lady! I think he once
chased off a servant who betrayed it. I believe he's forbidden me to tell it.

Catherine. No, certainly not.

La Feu. Do you know that?—I can't get on it—Carl, I believe—

Louise. Go on, my lord!

La Feu. Bu--Bu--oh, my memory!—Carl Bu--Bu--

Louise. Bushy! My lord!

La Feu. Yes, yes, Bushy, I believe.

Louise. There we have it, her Carl, her Bushy!—

Catherine. My brother must know of this.

La Feu. God forbid! Nobody must know that but you,—Come now, let's dance the dance of love in the moonlight. (He runs with her.)

Catherine. Oh, my lord!

La Feu. I'll go along just for spite. (Exeunt, into a wooded path)

Scene VII. The same.

Enter Wild.

Wild. The night lies so cool and good about me! The clouds drift so silently away! Ah, how sad and dismal all that used to be! How good it is, my heart, that you again can feel this awe-inspiring spectacle with unmixed joy, that the night airs whistle about you, and that you feel love breathing in all of silent nature. Shine, 0 stars, we have become friends again. You are carried by almighty love, as is my heart, and shine in pure love, as does my soul. You were so cold toward me on those mountains, and when my love spoke to you, great tears pressed
forth, you disappeared from my wet eyes and I called "Jenny, my life! What has become of you, light of my eyes?"—Thus I gazed at you often, O moon, and it became dark about me when I reached out for her who was so distant. Ah, that everything is so bound together with love. —Happy you are that you again understand the rustling of the trees, the bubbling of the spring, the murmur of the brook, that all the language of nature is intelligible to you.—Receive me into your lovely coolness, friend of my love! (Lying down under a tree.)

Scene VIII. The same.

Caroline appears at the window. 60a

Caroline. (Opening the window) Night, silent night! Let me confide in you! Let me confide in you, meadows, valleys, hills, and forest! Let me confide in you, moon and all you stars! No longer do I weep for him, sigh for him, as I walk in your light, once sad friend! No longer do you dolefully answer me, Echo, that you know no other sound but his name.61—Carl!—Doesn't that resound sweetly through the night!—Carl!—Don't my flowers nod to me joyfully! Don't the winds hasten forth to take my call to his ears! You must rejoice with me, lonely places! I will confide it to you, gloomy spot, (becoming aware of him) and to you who lie buried in the shadows, sweet listener!

Wild. Life, my life!

Caroline. Friend of my heart!

Wild. Wings of love for me, I have her. (He climbs the tree.)
Caroline. Hold fast, my love, the boughs are bending.

Wild. Let them bend, strong are the wings of love. (Reaching for her hand) Miss, my miss!

Caroline. Not so boldly, don't trust the limbs!

Wild. Your eyes will support me. Let me breathe! Grant me that I might feel, might say, what it is, this moment.—Ah, sad nights all, how you have disappeared!—you have obliterated them all, heaven, you have brought me here!—Miss, dear Jenny, what is it? Speak, my love, why do you hide your sweet eyes?

Caroline. Speak, ah yes, to speak!

Wild. Tears, my love?

Caroline. The first tears of joy.

Wild. Dear one, my love!

Caroline. And also the tears of grief. Wild, what have you done? Oh, depart, light!—Miserable one, what have you done?

Wild. Jenny, my knees are trembling. What is it?

Caroline. This tunic, the approaching day—Oh, you and my father! Why do you hasten to your death and you need not?

Wild. To deserve you. Never mind this tunic, I have come to feel so good in it. Leave it alone and let this wish be fulfilled.

Caroline. Woe is me! Dead!

Wild. Dead, and love surrounds me! Let me walk in valleys of death, love will lead me back here again.

Caroline. And a message will bring me to you.
Scene IX. The same.

Enter La Feu, Blasius, Lady Catherine, and Louise from the wooded path.

Louise. What is that on the tree there?

Caroline. I hear my cousin!—Carl, go away!

Wild. Let her come!—I'll see you again. (He jumps down and remains standing at the window in deep inner feeling.) Tomorrow! Yes, tomorrow! And what of it, if I lie outstretched. This heart has felt all that nature created, all that man can feel. Oh, this night, this night, and the dawning day!—I'll see you again! And your image that will remain with me, that will lead me across— I'll see you again. (Stiffly, towards heaven) I'll see her again! I'll see you again as I do now! As surely as the band that encircles you. I'll see her again!—I'll lie here and my breast will expand. (They come nearer.)

Louise. Did you see, aunt? He was there and she was too! They were there, I tell you. Did you see him? Did you see her?—Look at him! Oh, I'd like to pull away the moonlight, the loathsome person!

Catherine. Is it any concern of mine?—Let's go to my brother, we'll tell him the news.

La Feu. What, my lady, you want to go? And the night is becoming ever dreamier. The harmony of the spheres is ever more enchanting.

(Blasius sits down.)

Louise. Well, my lord?

Blasius. I'm so tired— I can't move. The walk is so wet and
cold, it doesn't agree with me.--

Louise. For shame, my lord, you should at least not say anything.

Blasius. Not say anything?—Fire is fire and tired is tired. (He gets up.)

Louise. Let's go past him. (They pass by Wild; he doesn't notice them.) That's impertinent!

Act IV

Scene I. Berkley's room. It is night.

Berkley and a servant appear.

Blasius. Battle tomorrow—ha, ha, that's what I call good, when there's a battle. Conduct yourself well, old lord, the night is so fine for sleeping! Ha, ha!

Servant. My lord, there is a gentleman outside.

Berkley. So late?—Let him come in. Sir Wild?

Servant. No, he calls himself the "captain."

Berkley. Bring him in on your shoulders if it's the captain who brought the ship. (Exit servant.)

Scene II. The same.

Enter the captain and the Moor.

Captain. My lord, the innkeeper told me an Englishman was living upstairs; I couldn't go to bed without seeing you.

Berkley. Welcome, a thousand times welcome, good wild seaman!

Captain. Welcome! I paid you my respects when I entered the harbor. A rich English ship, my lord.—Aside from that I'm tired. (The Moor stands behind him and plays with his hair.)

Berkley. Lie down, sit down, do whatever you care to.

Captain. I'm really glad—(Looking at him fixedly) Yes, my lord,
I'm glad.--If I were just at my goal. I've traveled the world over.

Berkley. It is good, sir, that I see you. You touch my soul strangely. I must kiss you, sir!

Captain. My lord, all my proud wildness leaves me when I'm with you.

Berkley. Fine, good!—Spirit of my Harry, you still live here!—Whom do you seek, sir?

Captain. An old man. Heaven knows, I've been at sea ten years--I'm lost till I find him.

Berkley. Harry! Isn't it? You have his soul, you have his--Harry! I think I shall have to call him up out of you!

Captain. My lord, who are you?

Berkley. Who am I?—God in heaven, in heaven! Harry, Harry! It's you--

Captain. Harry Berkley--

Berkley. My son!

Captain. Father, my father! (He embraces him.)

Berkley. My Harry, ho, my boy, am I pressing you in my arms? Oh, my Harry, I feel so joyful my eyes are growing dim.

Captain. Oh, my father, I've sailed around the world looking for you, and searched every island on my hands and knees.

Berkley. Yes, yes, it's you. You have the unruly wildness of the Berkleys. Firm, unshakable, resolute, and the rolling, menacing eyes. Ho, Harry, Harry! Let me rejoice aright.

Such a brave seaman, my Harry! Brought us a ship and my Harry!
Captain. Oh, my father! I did, ha, ha!

Berkley. I'll go mad for joy yet. I must rest a bit. The happiness weakens me so and my limbs won't bear it any longer. (He sits down.)

Captain. (Embracing him) Unhappy father, how you must have suffered!

Berkley. If only you haven't, if only you haven't. You're here. I have suffered nothing. No, I can't sit down. (Calling) Caroline, Caroline! Miss, miss! For God's sake, miss!

Captain. My sister!

Berkley. Harry! Caroline! They're here! (Toward heaven) You've given them back to me, back to this heart! I can't weep now, here he stands—oh, my Harry!

Captain. My father, the words won't come. Where is my sister? And my mother?

Berkley. Mother! Mother! Harry! Oh, Berkley, your wife— (Calling) Miss, miss!

Scene III. The same.

Enter Caroline.

Berkley. (To the miss) Will you wail? Will you weep and run about?

Caroline. My lord!

Berkley. He's here, here! Look, look who's here!

Captain. (Embracing her) My sister, my dear!

Caroline. My—my—67

Berkley. Yes, I can't say it for weeping and joy. Harry! Ah,
neither of you can utter a word, you're so happy. Ha, ha, old man, what you see here—oh, my children! (He embraces them.)

Now may heaven give you your son again also, old Bushy!

**Caroline.** Oh, my lord, this wish makes your daughter completely happy.

**Moor.** (Kneeling before Berkley and the miss) Old man, I am your slave; good miss, I am your slave!

**Captain.** Well spoken, boy.

**Berkley.** Get up, black boy, give me your hand.

**Moor.** God bless you! I'm yours as long as I'm here, and yours, lady.

**Caroline.** You shall be satisfied with me.—Dear brother, dear Harry, why did you let us weep for you so long?

**Berkley.** (To the Captain) Speak up, tell us!

**Captain.** Oh, my mother, my lord, I don't see my mother. I have brought so many things for her, and for you, miss. Where is my mother?

**Berkley.** Be happy first.

**Caroline.** Dearest, beloved! (She weeps.)

**Captain.** Do you weep?—Dead, eh, girl? Speak up, dead?

**Berkley.** Yes, dead, by heaven! An angel of God! Oh, I could go mad, to think that my lady is not standing here among you, like a shading, refreshing tree, laying her hands on your heads and blessing you. The dear gentle woman!—Were you looking down, when your old lord lay on thorns and trod the rough path of sorrow? Look down now!—To think that
she isn't here in our midst! Cursed be Bushy! Let him
never see his son again, through him I lost her!

Captain. My mother dead? And dead because of him? Cursed
thought, that I gave him to the sea!

Berkley. Gave him to the sea? What?

Caroline. Brother! My brother, speak!

Captain. Avenged, father, on Bushy and Hubert. Ha, I was a
little boy and felt what they did to us and avenged you before
I found you.

Berkley. Did you do that? Darling boy! Harry, Harry! How?
How, you sweet boy?

Caroline. But not dead, my brother?

Captain. Of course, of course.

Caroline. Is it that, that!—God in heaven! (Sinking onto a
chair.)

Captain. What is the matter with the child? Ho, miss!

Berkley. I'll wake her up. Ho, miss, miss! Bushy, our
enemy, he's dead! Are you awake? I'd wake up from the dead
if you shouted that to me! We're avenged, miss!

Scene IV. The same.

Enter Wild.

Wild. My lord, you said for me to come (noticing the girl)—
miss!

Captain. Ho! What the devil does the Scot want? Tomorrow is
our duel.

Wild. Miss, Jenny, what's the matter?

Berkley. Ho, my lord, so much happiness—odious creature!—So
much happiness—that is my son, sir!
Wild. The captain? Well then, that's one more thing, miss, dear miss!

Caroline. Wild, Wild, please go away!

Berkley. Another reason to rejoice, my lord, another main reason to rejoice! Be gay, I'll forgive the way you look.

My son has killed old Bushy. He is dead, my lord—my enemy!—Well, no happiness? Why do your eyes stare so? My lord!

Caroline. My father!

Captain. I had him, God knows, set adrift with Hubert in a little skiff in one of the most terrible storms that I have ever seen at sea. It was night and thundering dreadfully, there was such a melodious roar whistling over the sea that my heart tingled—and what vexed me was that they didn't let out a peep. If they had begged and pleaded, by all the elements, I might have hanged them or put them ashore on a wild island, for just then there was a charge of waves coming that I wouldn't have trusted my dog to. They disappeared from my sight as soon as they climbed into the skiff. Only when the lightening flashed could I see them struggling in the distance and the storm howled so bitterly about me that I could not have the pleasure of seeing them swallowed up by the sea and hearing their moans. But the storm wasn't joking.

Caroline. It is getting so cold—(sinking down weakly) it is so dead—

Berkley. Ho there, what are you doing?—My soul is actually tingling too.
Wild. Is it, my lord? And what about me?—Ha, then awake in me—are you so paralyzed—so dead—Ho, ho, ho! Cold, miss! Ho, miss! Awake with me! Ho, ho, ho, it is really cold!

Captain. Well, Soot, why are you so cold?

Wild. (Drawing his sword) Take your sword! Ho, take your sword, or I'll strangle you in this fever and eat the heart out of your body.—And you, old man, cold? And I'm cold? Do my fingers quiver? Ho, and they'll grow onto my gun—I won't rest till you lie there and I suck your life out of your blood! I, cold?

Captain. (Drawing his sword) Ho, Soot, if you can wait no longer—

Berkley. Ho, why do you want to intrude, why? (Likewise drawing his sword.)

Caroline. My father! My brother! Wild! (She sinks into Wild's arms.)

Captain. What is there between the girl and the Soot?—(To Caroline) Will you leave!—Don't be amazed, father, we've fought before, I've sworn him eternal hatred.

Berkley. And mine is eternal, eternal—he looks like Bushy.

Captain. Will you wait till tomorrow, to duel face to face?

Wild. Yes, yes—look at this heart, at this head! (He strikes him on the head.)

Captain. Are you insane?

Caroline. My father! Am I to die here?
Berkley. I'll—

Scene V. The same.
Enter Lady Catherine and Louise.

Catherine. Good evening, brother.—Why the swords? Goodness, that can frighten a person.—I'm happy to present to you in the person of Sir Wild—Carl Bushy, your daughter's betrothed.

Berkley. Carl Bushy?

Louise. Yes, yes, dear uncle, it's quite certain. His friend La Feu has told everything.

Captain. Isn't my feeling justified? Weren't the impressions that he made on me correct?—You have lived too long!

Wild. It is I. You have ceased to be human beings; in me you see your murderer. And this girl is mine, old man! (Taking the miss in his arms.)

Berkley. She hates you now that she knows who you are.—Will you leave my presence now, miss?—Harry, I could never tolerate him, what shall we do with him? (Caroline embraces Berkley.)

No, I won't do anything to him, Harry.

Catherine. Harry? Harry? What do you mean?

Berkley. It is my son—reason enough for happiness.—Just leave now!

Louise. It's nice that he is here.

Catherine. My, just look! East and west never meet but people do. Well, good evening, Harry.

Berkley. Go away!

Caroline. (Pleading) My father! My brother!

Berkley. Drag her away!
(Exeunt Catherine and Louise with Caroline.)

Wild. Good night, miss, we'll see each other again.

Captain. Is that so? Not here, I hope?

Wild. So you set noble Bushy adrift?

Captain. Adrift, the noble Bushy.

Wild. You didn't do that, captain!

Captain. By Satan, I did!

Wild. A weak old man?

Captain and Berkley. It was Bushy!

Wild. (Scornfully) Then let me fall to your feet, great Alexander, you who can subdue two old men with a ship full of sailors. What trophies! And they didn't even raise their hands against you? They didn't even open their mouths? There I recognize Bushy. Shall I strike up a victory hymn for you? I will, by Bushy's blood here! I will, brave hero! A ship full of sailors and two weak old men! Ha, ha, ha—oh, villain, villain! What great deeds!

Captain. Villain?

Wild. Certainly! Yet more—coward! Old man, rejoice to have begotten such a son. Rejoice over his deeds—by God, they are great. And great deeds deserve great rewards. Ho, ho, just wait, captain; I'll sing ballads about it in the streets of London, as soon as this tale of murder is ended. Ho, ho!

Captain. Wild, by all the devils, I'll run you through!

Wild. Ho, ho, wait till I've put away my sword.

Moor. (To Wild) Man, if you didn't look so ferocious I'd show
you something that I stole from one of the old men. It is a picture of a white girl. I tore my crinkly hair over the old man, it hurt me so. The old man was good. Here it is.

Captain. Boy! (Kicking him.)

Moor. Ouch!

Wild. He was good, boy! (Kissing him) He was good!

Moor. He loved me so! I was sick and he held me on his lap for a week and pressed my feverish head and comforted me, until the captain found him.

Wild. All that! Well, boy!—(Looking at the picture) Mother, my gracious mother! Isn't there any more love left in me? Oh, kindle the last spark and make it yet flame up in rage and thirst for vengeance. Ho, my mother—-another time! I thank you, boy!

Moor. (Secretly) I have more to tell you.

Captain. Boy, what are you doing?

Moor. (At his feet) Here! (Laying his hands on his breast) I must!

Wild. In the midst of the storm!—Why are you sitting there? Are you planning to murder me? Captain, I'll be good to you. It is a good thing that you told me how dastardly you acted, otherwise I would have struck you down a while ago in that mysterious coldness. I don't want to attack you unarmed so I'll wait till tomorrow. But I won't be able to sleep until you lie at my feet, and then with roars of joy I'll drag you into the sea, by Carl Bushy!

Captain. I'll be there tomorrow morning.

Berkley. You both are to be in the battle first.
Wild. Yes, old man, yes, the battle. (To the Moor) Good night, boy!—If you decide to attack me tonight with a few hundred men, come ahead, I'll be awake.

Berkley. Won't you stay for supper?

Wild. As a cannibal, at any rate, my lord! I crave the captain's flesh. (Exit.)

Captain. Wait till I rot.

Berkley. Come, my son, let's go to supper.

Captain. I won't rest till he's off the earth. He depresses me when I see him and I was his enemy before I ever knew him.

Berkley. He's a Bushy, that's enough!—But now forget Bushy and come to my heart, my dear son!

Scene VI. The garden.

La Feu and Blasius are seated on a grass-covered bench.

Blasius. Are you going to stay here all night, La Feu?

La Feu. Leave me alone, the night feels so good and my heart attunes itself anew.

Blasius. Oh, here beneath the sky to breathe my last breath—this hour! I feel good now, since I again securely have that thought, since it has become a sensation, a deep feeling.—Blessings on you, earth, you who open yourself for us as a mother and receive and protect us! Oh, then when the moon comes up, the stars twinkle above me as I lie in deep, sweet sleep—I'll still have this feeling. You'll be here for me, I'll be here for you. Then let the storm blow, the winds
howl over me, you'll give your son peace. Kind mother,
my pilgrimage is at an end, I have trod on thorns, I have
also enjoyed happiness--here I am again!

La Feu. Oh, Blasius, heavenly Blasius! Here at your breast,
at your heart I'll inhale with you--

Blasius. Dear ones, unhappy ones, all you that I deserted, do
not weep for me, forget me! I could give you no peace, no
help; I never had any. Forgive me! How many thousands of
times my heart was torn, how many thousands of times my soul
trembled when I thus succumbed to men, thus succumbed to the
wrath of Fate, and here I couldn't get away, there I couldn't
get away. I had enough courage to climb over mountains, but
they clipped my wings early. Oh, whoever has too much heart
and feeling here!—Alas! lovely winds, give me love yet!—
La Feu, at this moment I feel no trace of discomfort. I feel
an hour, such as must be felt by those who are about to leave
the earth, and which I always imagined to be the most splendid
hour. My heart is trembling so—but the temporary heat of
fever, oh, the sickness of the soul!—Good night, brother!—
Good night, brother Wild, and all good souls that are sighing
here and there!—Thank you for this moment!—Good night!

La Feu. Blasius, Blasius!

Scene VII. The same.

Enter Wild with sword drawn.

Blasius. Wild, my brother!

La Feu. What's the matter with you! Oh, terrible one, don't
disturb my soul!

Blasius. I beg you, brother, leave my heart at peace—you're killing me—what's the matter with you?

Wild. How have I changed? Has everything about me become so different?—Ha! Everything dead! Father! My father!

Blasius. Wild, dear Wild!

Wild. Go away, what do you want of me?

La Feu. What's the matter with you?

Wild. No answer from me! I am nothing to you and the world until I have revenge, terrible revenge!—Go quickly!—And you, do you have power over your tongue? Go away, unless you want to be defeated by me.

La Feu. Brother, I am innocent.

Wild. Then go!

Blasius. Then I'll collapse again inside, brother!

Wild. Leave me in the numb apathy in which you see me.

(Exeunt Blasius and La Feu. Wild remains, facing the window of the miss.)

Act V

Scene I. Berkley's room. It is morning. Caroline and Betty appear.

Caroline. Betty, dear Betty, isn't it over yet?

Betty. No, dear miss! I'm trembling all over. One can still hear the shooting. But not so loud any more. They think we have won.—Oh God, so many wounded always pass! Really handsome fellows, miss, just now there was one with half a head. Your heart could break.

Caroline. Look, Betty, I have courage! Don't you feel that I
have courage?
Betty. Dear miss, you're trembling just like I am.---The dear old lord and the captain and the foreign lord!
Caroline. Betty!
Betty. Oh, if one of them were killed, I'd tear my hair out.
Caroline. Betty!—
Betty. Oh, you're fainting!
Caroline. Just leave me alone. Oh, every shot I heard hit one of them, hit me. Leave me alone, Betty dear!
Betty. I'll just see if it isn't over yet. (Exit.)
Caroline. (Alone) Oh, this night, this night! And this morning! How did my tender fibers hold? I don't understand it. Where did this strength come from? I was about to flee with him, to let him take his revenge and then flee with him! How did this idea enter my soul? And how did it fill it so completely? Oh, the way he stood before me in torturing, furious pain, the way his sufferings made his senses dull and then wild.---To let him depart in all this agony! And now perhaps his strength is broken, his heart grown cold.---Carly.

Scene II. The same.

Enter the Moor, weeping.

Moor. I can't find any of them. Alas, my master, I'm left alone! And I can't find the other good lord either, to whom I have so much to tell. What a poor boy am I!
Caroline. Good boy, good morning!

Moor. Yes, dear miss, when I woke up I felt so jolly---I had
visited Zuokai, my father, and my mother all night long. You
don't know him. Oh, you ought to know him, and how his neigh-
bors love him and his enemies fear him. They didn't want to
let me go and gave me all kinds of things to eat. Now I am
sad.

Caroline. Poor boy!

Moor. Good, miss, where are we? What is that continual
popping? Don't you know where the lord is with whom my master
and the old man are so angry? He was as sad as you and I wan-
ted to make him merry.

Caroline. You?—Whom?

Moor. Yes, I. What his name is, I don't know. But about
his father. I can't tell you, good miss; you might betray
me, because you are good. I met them by chance.—Hallo, the
old man squeezed me! Just look, miss, he kissed me and my
cheeks were wet, then my breast swelled up because I didn't
have enough air. He is so good, the old man.

Caroline. Who is, dear boy?

Moor. Quiet, miss, quiet, you might hear me say it and then
I would have spilled it all. Your father doesn't like him
and there would be no end of pinching, beating, kicking for
me.—Listen, someone's coming!—That's all right. I'm going
to look for the lord.

Caroline. Come with me.

Moor. I'll help you weep, good miss! Oh, I have to weep
often! We blacks learn how to weep early enough, from you
whites, but then you laugh! (Exit)
Caroline. You shall not weep, boy, when you're with me.

(Exit.)

Scene III. The same.

Enter La Feu and Lady Catherine, fancifully decorated with flowers.

La Feu. Oh golden age! Oh splendor! Oh, the eternal, the eternal spring morning in my sick heart! Listen, my love---I should like to transform the rest of my life into a poetical, arcadian dream like this, far away from all other people. We would sit by a cool spring; in the shade of the trees, hand in hand, we would sing of the wonders of the heart and of love. And, my lady, that would be the only means for me to forget all my past tragic predicaments. We wouldn't complain about people or speak bitterly of them the way Blasius does. Eternal peace within us, with ourselves and everyone, lasting joy would reign about us. I would forgive other people for which they have done to me, I would forgive them as sincerely as I love you. You see, lady, heaven gave me such feelings that it was impossible for me to be successful among people. Certainly they've polished me, but my lady, one corner of this heart remained unspoiled. And now it has appeared and may heaven forgive him who disturbs me or calls it wrong!

Catherine. I don't yet understand.

La Feu. Ah, then I'll lay all my feeling into your soul! My Diana, let us dream a sweet gentle dream, ever as sweet
as the first kiss of love. Only fanciful and abounding in flowers!

Catherine. You're enchanting me!

La Feu. I intend to become a shepherd. That has been my idea for a long time, only I lacked a shepherdess, whom I have found in you, sweet soul!

Catherine. Oh, my lord, and little sheep, a shepherd's cap, shepherd's crock, shepherd's clothes, white and red! I brought just such a costume from London. I'm dying of joy at the sweet thoughts.

La Feu. I'll dress as an innocent shepherd. We'll buy us a flock. Wild will give us one of his dogs. And thus we shall pass our lives in fancy, living forever in peace, forever in love! Oh, what bliss!

Catherine. My lord, my lord, and little sheep too?

La Feu. Yes, my lady, and a hut, too. I your shepherd!

Catherine. And also--ha, my lord--marriage?

La Feu. God forbid! Entirely spiritual, entirely fanciful. That's the charm of it. Only there's an obstacle: what kind of names shall we adopt in our innocent state?

Catherine. Very tender ones, my lord!

La Feu. Yes, of course, very tender ones, I Damon and you Phyllis.

Catherine. Yes, my lord, I always liked these names in the poems. -I Phyllis! -Let's start making arrangements right away.

Scene IV. The same.

Enter Blasius and Louise.

Louise. Oh, auntie, I have a headache. I don't feel well and Blasius is silent as a stone again and when he speaks
a word he torments me. He even speaks of marriage.

Catherine. Fie!

Blasius. All I say is that we have the best qualifications for it. Because when we're together I'm bored and miss is bored. To be so and to tolerate it belongs to married life, you know. That is our virtuosity, and so—

Louise. What are you talking about again? And anyway I must tell you I'm quite tired of you. You have put me out of my nature with your annoying behavior. I'm even vexed at myself. I used to be the soul of happiness and gayety, day in and day out, but you spoil it all—please go!

Blasius. Miss! Truly, your face is often good sunshine for me! Let me look at it often, only don't speak.

Louise. Well, even if I would let you, you would just go to sleep in the good sunshine. ??

Blasius. But please understand!

Louise. Shame on you!

Blasius. Hum, I'm mercilessly dejected again today.

Louise. Auntie, let's play. No, let's dance—don't you dance, my lord?

Blasius. Alas!

Louise. It seems so stupid to me—that fellow there.

Catherine. I have much to tell you, very much. Listen, we're going to lead a shepherd's life. La Feu a shepherd and I a shepherdess.

Louise. Ha, ha, ha!
Blasius. Fine, La Feu! Prosperity and happiness!

La Feu. Yes, brother, I'm going to dream until my last day.

Blasius. Well fine, and I'm going to become a hermit. I've found a nice bushy cave; there I'll shut myself in with what feeling I have left and begin anew the life that we left in the Alps. Heaven and earth became my friends last night and all of nature.

Louise. Ha, ha! Let us play and you do what you wish.

Blasius. What in the world is that noise and running and beating of drums? My head is reeling.

Catherine. They're coming from the war, my lord!

Louise. The poor people, how tired they must be from the shooting!

Scene V. The same.

Enter Berkley and the captain. The captain is limping.

Berkley. Laugh, boy, laugh! Ha, ha! That was hot, that was fine!

Captain. The devil take me if I ever fight on land again.

On the water, father! By all the elements, anyone who can swim should swim and keep away from land. Somebody get the bullet out of my calf! Thunder take this land-fighting! Somebody get the bullet out of my calf, the thing is pain¬ing me cursedly; I've lost a lot of blood and can hardly stand up any more.

Berkley. Is that worth making a fuss about?—Where is my child, my Jenny?

La Feu. But how did my lord get a bullet in his calf? Did
you perchance run?—

**Captain.** Go to the devil with your question, Sir Smartaleck!—

**Catherine.** Not so severe, nephew!—Come, my lord, we must arrange our affairs.

**La-Feu.** Yes, dear lady! (Exeunt all but Berkley and the captain.)

**Captain.** It's a good thing they're retreating.—Oh, Neptune, your sea-dog!—They shot fiendishly at our flank, father! Wild must be in league with Satan. The damned presence of mind, resolution, and tenacity in the man—the stupid bullet! Father, come along aboard my ship, we'll privateer for the colonies.—That damned Wild!

**Berkley.** I can tell you, Harry, I've come to have respect for Wild, and still more hate for Bushy.

**Scene VI. The same.**

**Enter Caroline.**

**Berkley.** Do you see, miss? Here we are.

**Captain.** Service! I'm hungry!

**Caroline.** My father! My father!

**Berkley.** Victory!

**Captain.** I'd rather be beaten. Bushy took most of the honors. He did devil-deeds with his volunteers. Thunder take you with the bullet! I can't shoot it out with him today.

**Caroline.** Poor brother, a wound! And Bushy conducted himself so bravely?

**Captain.** Oh, shut up! My reputation is gone, I could perish in rage.
Caroline. Did Wild come out of it alive?
Captain. What is it to you? Yes!
Berkley. Don't worry, Harry, you're brave. Oh, miss, take my old head upon your breast. Oh, how splendid to lie here! I felt so strange in the fire today. Oh, my children, I can't stand such happiness any longer; I feel that I'm at the end of my course.

Scene VII. The same.

Enter the Moor.

Moor. (At the captain's feet) Oh, master, master! Dear master!—You're bleeding.
Captain. Take heart, boy, and get the bullet out of my calf.
(Looking at it closely) It entered from the side! By God, Berkley, an honorable wound. Kiss your son! Ho, my sister! Berkley. Praise God! I was bothered more than a little about that. (He kisses him.)
Moor. Alas, what a hole!
Captain. Fool, grab it!—Ho, I knew it all the time, father. I knew I stood fast.
Berkley. Call the surgeon!
Captain. No! I'll not admit to a wound.

Scene VIII. The same.

Enter Wild.

Wild. Miss! Dear miss!—Ho, here already, my lords!—Don't give way to that feeling, Wild!—Good day! Then I have come to get you, captain! My wound is deep, and if I am not to
suffocate, I must have revenge.

Caroline. Carl! Oh, Carl!

Wild. Quiet, miss, and have pity on me.--Revenge for Bushy, captain!

Captain. I have a bullet here and don't care to now.

Wild. Get on a horse! Ho, coward! If you only had me on your ship, eh? I'll tear you apart like a wild animal if you don't come immediately.

Berkley. Ho, Bushy, don't carry on so. We'll be there.

Wild. Good, my lord!

Captain. Have a horse saddled for me. This bullet is going to remain here and you're not going to rant long.

Wild. Splendid!—Miss! Farewell, Miss!—Oh, Jenny, farewell!

Caroline. You're going—going like this—Carl, I won't leave you!

Wild. Dear one! Please, oh, please! (Exeunt Wild and Caroline.)

Berkley. Hum, I'm so confused again, so weak!—Ho, Harry, you're not going to duel with him. What, with the son of an enemy? Ha! And Why? Because you avenged your father? Let it be sworn by the spirit of my dear lady, you shall not! His father robbed me of everything, of peace and happiness! Sooner will I tear out these eyes, spent with weeping! You shall not!—Ha! Come!

Captain. Relieve me of the bullet and I'll relieve him of his life! (Exeunt)
Scene IX. The garden.

Enter Wild and Caroline.

Wild. Oh, miss, miss! This day was good. It helped my heart in a way. But now that I come here, and now that I stand here before you with these feelings—Jenny, why did I have to come back? Why be spared? And I saw so many sink about me. I must have revenge, miss, on your brother! I feel fury here, I feel love here—do you feel it, Jenny; do you see? I'm standing on the precipice of human deeds—at the end of human feelings, (pointing to his breast) for it racks me here, miss! (Pointing to his forehead) And it's bursting here! And here your image, which I don't want, and which I ever more eagerly, ever more ardently do want—Jenny, all the torment, all the love!

Caroline. Is there nothing that will save us? Is there nothing that will help?—Come here into my arms, dear, troubled Carl! Let me give you peace! Let me give you love! Just give up this lust for blood, for revenge! Forgive my brother!—No, you cannot.—Carl! So still and dead—and I, so completely and helplessly wretched. I wanted to summon the last of my strength just now. It is fading away, and I—oh, I had the one I called for and sighed for!—He was given to me, Carl, and does it end like this?

Wild. Hide your tears! Hide your suffering! Hide your love from me!—No, give me love, so that I may live and feel until the destroying moment. I have already become so numb and in-
sensitive, and only the sympathy of your loving eyes dissolves the numbness and lets me grasp something that I can cling to in the frightful inner laceration. --Oh, Jenny, how can that be your brother! The murderer! --Oh, it is a sin to bring it to your ears, I feel the way it strikes your nerves— it won't pass over my tongue again, it is so deep in my heart and swells out my breast. --Ho, then you shall have it— thirst! And thirst! And you have taken possession of all my senses— miss, miss, what is the matter? Caroline. Just let it grow still darker before my eyes, and heavier here. I am nearing my end, nearing my end so willingly.—You are so powerfully destructive.

Scene X. The same.

Enter the Moor.

Moor. My lord! My lord! Have I finally found you? --Oh, I have something to tell you. Dear my lord!—But send the miss away, dear my lord!

Wild. Leave me alone, boy, for now!

Moor. Oh, my lord, my lord! I wanted to tell you about the old man who loves me, and whom I love. He is a gray head, still alive! (Softly) Believe me, by all the gods, I would rather have plunged into the sea with him—he is not dead!

Wild. Are you trying to lie to me?

Moor. They're both alive. Just be friendly and then I'll tell you about it. Oh, the first mate, a good man, took pity on them. I begged at his feet until he agreed to it. We
tricked the captain into believing that they had been put in the skiff, but the skiff floated away empty. Ha, ha, ha!

Wild. Splendid boy! - Miss!

Caroline. What, new life! What, new strength! (They take hold of the boy.)

Moor. We hid the old men in a small, small corner and I stole biscuits for them and enough water. - But don't betray anything to the captain, nor you either, miss, he would chase me away or lash me to death.

Wild. Blessed boy! Where are they?

Moor. Just be quiet and don't betray me.

Wild. (He embraces him, picks him up, and looks fixedly towards heaven.) My father lives! (Caroline embraces him.)

Moor. Yops, Yops! -- Look, my lord!

Scene XI. The same.

Enter Lord Bushy with slow, weak steps.

When he becomes aware of his son he gathers his strength and sinks into his arms without saying a word. Wild is paralyzed with joy.

Lord Bushy. (After a long pause) Oh, I'm here!

Wild. Father, I'm again at your heart!

Caroline. My lord! I, too!

Bushy. I'm here! Hold me, Carl! So little breath, so little strength for such happiness!

Wild. I've found it again! (Embracing Jenny and his father)
Heart, heart, how good can you feel!—These silver looks!
This sight! I have it all again!

*Bushy.* All again! Again completely, your friend and father!—
Just let me catch my breath a bit!

*Moor.* (Embracing the old man) Do you love me, father?

*Bushy.* Come, dear boy, lie down beside me.

*Moor.* The captain!

*Bushy.* Let him come. I have weapons here (pointing to his heart).

*Caroline.* My lord! Oh, my lord, don't hate me!—If you know me—

*Bushy.* I hate nothing, my dear. My eyes have grown dim, who are you, miss?

*Wild.* You allowed me, my father, to search in all the corners of the earth for the one who had my soul. I've found her—
Jenny, my Jenny! I've found her, and only now do I again feel what I've found.

*Bushy.* Berkley's Jenny! Oh, the one I called my daughter, before hate separated us, and whom I always loved, come into my arms! Happy am I; thank you for all the hours that you sweetened for me with your love long ago, and thank you for this love, miss.—And thank you, good black boy, for preserving me for this hour. Do you know, Carl, what you owe this lad? He described you to me in your suffering, your fear—oh, how easily I recognized you!—Did he tell you?

*Wild.* Everything, my father! Everything!
Bushy. Well, miss—and still my daughter—Love has led my son well. Where is Berkley? Are you reconciled, Carl? Lead me to him!

Caroline. My lord, no!

Bushy. Does he still hate me?

Wild. Oh, my father! I was just now about to—for us flee and not speak further. I forgive the old man and the captain, now that you are here. Jenny, will you leave us?

Bushy. Have no fear. I'm going to present myself to Berkley—How can the sight of me bring him to anger? It must reconcile him. I have searched for him, and now that I've found him—

I'm here, I'll remain here, Carl!

Wild. I cannot live and forgive him.---

Bushy. Why not? Quiet and peace have entered my soul; they will also enter Berkley's. I have found nothing in all my wanderings but this, and I've found everything.

Scene XII. The same.

Enter the captain with Berkley hastily following.

Berkley. Harry, Harry, ho, Harry! You shall not!

Captain. (To Wild) Where have you kept yourself—What, here, miss? (Noticing Lord Bushy) Is it a dream? Ho, my Lord Bushy, are you flesh and blood?

Bushy. (Starting) It is I, captain.

Captain. Hell and the devil! Does the sea love you that much?—Father, it's Bushy, old Bushy!

Berkley. I see that it is, I feel it.—Come away with me, Harry!
My heart is beginning to feel so warm—

Bushy. Lord Berkley!

Berkley. Not your voice! I fear your voice! What plots against me have led you here?

Bushy. Plots of peace and love. (He tries to take his hand. Berkley draws it back.) Repentance for my past life, forgetting my wild passions! My lord, I have taken all the sins upon myself, I have completed a pilgrimage here, full of grief and suffering; let me here hoist the banner of peace!

Berkley. Go away!—Come along, miss, so that I won't fall into some temptation or another.

Bushy. Berkley! Haven't you yet reached the point where one likes to feel peace?

Captain. Well, sir, my pistols and my horse are ready, my wound is forgotten.

Wild. I have forgiven you, captain, now that I've found him again.

Captain. And I have not forgiven you, sir!

Berkley. Aren't you coming to me, miss? Why are you standing with the Bushys?

Caroline. Oh, my father!

Wild. (Embracing her) She's mine, my lord! You gave her to me when I was a boy, she's mine!

Berkley. Am I to curse you, miss? Come, child!

Caroline. My father!

Captain. Berkley, I'm going mad here!

Wild. (Embracing the miss) We're going to leave, cruel ones!
But the miss is going with us. Here is a pistol and here is death! Take her.86

Captain. Let me blow his brains out, my lord!

Berkley. Dog, you madman! (Wild holds the miss securely in his arms.) Then shoot her down, too, and the whole world's charm lies buried for me. Look at the girl, so beautiful and good, and so ugly in Bushy's arms.---Dear miss, I'll entice you! Entice you with love! Won't you come now, pretty miss? Won't you? Do come, dear, good child, to your old father! Only you alone can soothe my nerves, I feel that now. Do come, I'll let the Bushys leave in peace.

Wild. Shall I end my life here, miss?

Caroline. Forgive, my father, forget! (She stretches out her arms toward Berkley all the while, but is held back by Wild.)

Berkley. Fie, miss! Shame on you! I beg you, girl, don't provoke me. Miss, I beg, I implore you, and my gray hair, my old head, don't side with my enemies, and come quickly to me. Do come, child! You nursed me and cared for me, and now I'll nurse you and care for you. Ho, miss, am I to go mad, miss? Am I to have disgust and hate for my child? Curse you and the world? I have a mad feeling about my heart, miss!

Caroline. I am your child, lord, your good faithful child!

Captain. They're trying to trick us, father!

Berkley. Just this favor, dear heaven; let me forget this child! Help me out of this confusion and distress!

Bushy. Berkley, once we called ourselves brothers, lived in
friendship and love. An evil spirit separated us. In me
the first feeling has long since returned, should it now also
be possible for you? Brother!
Berkley. Don't speak! Bushy, don't speak! I hate and hate,
love and love!
Bushy. Your hatred was hard for me, now I deserve it no
longer. Look, I'm standing at the edge of the grave. Thoughts
of eternal peace have long since filled my soul and give me
strength, the more my weak body collapses. Berkley, then a
man doesn't lie, and I never did. Here, where the true is
separated from the false, I tell you I'm innocent of the
ravage of your house, of your banishment. He who did it
lies long since locked in the valley of death. Peace to his
ashes! His name and his motives shall never pass this breast.
Berkley. You didn't do it?—You old hypocrite!
Bushy. It's hard, Berkley! My face speaks for me, and my
frankness, which has cost me much. Our misfortune was lack
of understanding, that we strove towards one goal, our interests
collided, my over-hasty passions and your even more fiery ones.
Oh, my lord, what did we get! What did we both become? Let
us make amends, let us live in love.
Caroline. Oh, my father, it is all so true what my lord says—
(at his neck) your Jenny! You have relented!
Wild. Noble Berkley!
Captain. It's shameful, acting like old ladies.
Caroline. Harry, don't pretend to have other feelings! I can
see that you'd like to—

**Captain.** Go on!—I'm going aboard my ship.

**Bushy.** Brother Berkley, I want to vindicate myself in your sight; recognize my heart as pure.

**Berkley.** I cannot love you—stay here!

**Bushy.** (Embracing him) I recognize you. 83

**Berkley.** Leave me alone! I'm still so confused—just stay here together, all of you!

**Wild.** Fine, my lord! And you, captain?

**Captain.** I don't know about all that yet.—Come, boy!

**Berkley.** Stay, Harry!

**Captain.** It displeases me.—I first have to come to an agreement with myself, before I can do so with others. Moor, Moor!

**Moor.** Here, dear master!

**Captain.** Come along and amuse me! (Exit.)

**Moor.** Yes, if weeping for joy will amuse you. (Exit.)

**Berkley.** Come down the path here, Bushy, I'll see if I can get along with you. I can't express any of my feelings—-I still hate you, and—so many thoughts are rushing into my head—come along! (Exeunt. Wild and Caroline embrace with all the emotion of love. The curtain falls.)
Footnotes

1 The first edition uses the term Schauspiel, which means either a play in general or a play of a type intermediate between comedy and tragedy, being of a serious nature but having a happy ending (see Schauspiel in Merker-Stammler, Realexxikon der deutschen Literaturgeschichte). Either meaning is possible here. Klinger generally referred to the play as a comedy.

2 1776 is the date of composition; it was first printed in 1777; cf. Rieger I, 200.

3 The names "Wild", "La Feu" and "Blasius" show Klinger's tendency of giving his characters names suited to their temperaments; compare the opening lines of the play for Wild (also, the adjective "wild" is one of the most frequent words in the drama). La Feu is evidently named for la feu ("fire"), and indeed describes himself as "the eternal fever" (p.56,1.3). Blasius is certainly blase (blasiert), cf. p.27,1.14.

The captain's name is Boyet, not Boyer, cf. III, iii. The following names occur in Shakespeare (without further parallels between the characters): La Feu (All's Well), Bushy (Richard II), Berkley (Richard II), Boyet (Love's Labours Lost, Henry V, and Henry VIII), and Harry (i.e., Henry; Henry IV, etc.), and Catherine (Love's Labours Lost).

The name of the heroine, Jenny Caroline, is a combination of the names of two of the women who were then uppermost in Klinger's thoughts: Johanette Philippine ("Jenny") Schleiermacher, the sister of his friend Ernst Schleiermacher (cf. Rieger I, 80); and "the prettiest girl in Weimar," a certain "Carolinen" (cf. Rieger I, 158).

It is also noteworthy that the ruler of Weimar at the time was Duke Carl August (Wild's name is really Carl Bushy), whose favor Klinger hoped to gain; his wife was Duchess Louise, whose name also was given to a character in the play. Klinger's older sister was named Anna Katharina (the "Kathrin" of Brief XXIV, Rieger I, 400). The wife of his good friend F. H. Jakobi was named Betty (cf. Rieger I, 231). Thus we see that the name of every character in the play (except the Moor) is taken from one of Klinger's friends or from his reading, or is suited to the character's nature.

4 The action takes place in the American Colonies in 1776.

4a "...obviously an allusion to the original title (der Wirrwarr) of the work," Berendt II, 448.

5 Phyllis was a common name in pastoral poetry; it is also the name La Feu gives to Lady Catherine when she becomes his shepherdess (end of V, iii).

6 Berendt (II, 449) notes that these allusions (cf. p.41,1.13; p.58,1.7) to enchanted castles and fairy tales probably indicate that Klinger had already begun extensive reading of
Crébillon and was thinking about his novel Orpheus, which he began in the following year (1777).

7 Thus in Berendt; Sauer* has "like an old woman." Both versions claim to follow the first printing of 1776.

8 Cf. Grimm's wörterbuch, where this passage is quoted.

9 I.e., in contrast to his world of fancy.

10 The Pyrenees lie between France and Spain; Friesland is a province of Holland. See Kurz, p.68.

11 I.e., "little cupids," cf. Webster's Dictionary and Murat-Sanders' German-English Dictionary. Klinger uses this term in Das leidende Weib (I, 1) as an invective for poetasters, where again "little cupids" would be appropriate. Sauer (p.66) considers this a scornful allusion to anacreontic poetry, and notes that a similar allusion is found in Lenz's Pandæmonium Germanicum (Deutsche Nationalliteratur, Vol. 79, No. 2, p. 149).

12 Dwarfs were kept at courts for the amusement of guests even into the eighteenth century; cf. Meyer's Lexikon.

13 "Finally he tries to be the opposite of what he really is: a typical Englishman, a practical man with self-assurance in society." (Kurz, p. 83)

14 Puns like this are rare with Klinger.

15 Here Klinger has als wir uns einschifften, which ordinarily would mean "when we embarked" (cf. p.26, 1.5), instead of the intransitive als wir einschifffen, meaning "when we entered the harbor." The latter is required by the context. Klinger frequently departs from ordinary usage where reflective pronouns are concerned, e.g. (p.69, 1.1) biegen for sich biegen.

16 Philipp* (p.24) says this redundant usage of foreign words is colloquial, cf. p.40, 1.7 ("roving vagabond").

17 These are apparently the volunteers mentioned on p.90, 1.22; cf. Kurz, p.17.

18 Blasius humorously turns La Feu's own words against him; cf. p.25, 1.12.

19 Sauer (p.69) notes that the Storm and Stress poets often referred to the building of houses of cards as a favorite children's game and made such comparisons as we have here.

* See bibliography for complete titles of works cited in these footnotes.
The German is confused here and other translations are possible. In general it is a reference to the mixed feelings in his heart; cf. Kurz, p. 51.

21. Sauer's note (p. 70): "Klinger is fond of giving his characters a taste for music and of using musical effects in his dramas; cf. Brahms's compilation in the Archiv für Litteraturgeschichte XI, 602f."

22. This happened ten years before; cf. p.72, 1.9. Jacobowski (p. 41) notes the parallel with the attack on Macduff's castle in Macbeth (IV, iii).

23. The British.

24. Kurz (p. 52) interprets this as meaning Berkley feels good after giving vent to his feelings, as in this scene and also in battle.

25. The German is bohrte ihm Esel ("bored asses at him"). According to Weigand, Deutsches Wörterbuch, (quoted by Berendt II, 449) this is a gesture of pointing the index and little finger of one hand, representing the ears of an ass, at a person as a sign of derision. Sauer (I, 74) notes that it occurs also in Wagner's Kindermörderin (Deutsche Nationallitteratur, Vol. 79, No. 2, p. 336).

26. This is not the Captain Boyet who appears later.

27. See Grimm's Wörterbuch for this unusual use of launisch.

28. His feeling of love for Jenny Berkley, his fiancée. Wild is a "man of feeling" (Gefühlsmensch) rather than a "man of reason" (Verstandesmensch). His actions are governed by his emotions and here we see that his love (for Caroline) is the unifying force in his life, as it is in all of nature; cf. III, VII, and Kurz, p. 9f.

29. My question mark is based on Berendt, who here follows the second edition of the play, which is in F. M. Klingers Theater, 2. Teil (Riga, 1786). Sauer retains the period of the first edition.

30. Wyneken has a chapter entitled "Books and Book-Wisdom; Philosophers and Physicians" (p. 34ff.) in which he cites numerous passages in Klinger's works where the poet attacks books, etc., as Rousseau did in Emile and La Nouvelle Héloïse. Wyneken states that this attitude of Klinger's is a direct influence from Rousseau. La Feu's humorous words here are an indirect attack on novels; the passage is not cited by Wyneken.
31 Literally "the tinkling cow," probably an allusion that was understood at the time. Klinger wrote sonante instead of sonnante.

32 Kurz (p. 70) takes this to mean "love," but it seems forced. I can make no sense out of the line.

33 Klinger often uses im Fall meaning "in love," e.g. in Die neue Arria (II, iii, and IV, i). See also Philipp, p.95.

34 Kurz (p. 81) takes this (von der See) to mean actually seasick, but this conjecture seems unnecessary.

35 Caroline has evidently seen Blasius and La Feu and is disappointed in her hopes that one of the Englishmen might be Carl Bushy (cf. p.39, 1.1). She thinks he is still "far away."

36 I have omitted the period here without authority. The statement is obviously incomplete but the period, seeming to indicate the opposite, tempts one to read a pun into the line, thus: heisse Wild, und ist mir wild, which would be translated: "my name is Wild and I feel wild."

37 These lines clearly indicate that both families come from Yorkshire, in northern England; cf. also p.32, 1.13. The many references to London seem to contradict this but we can easily imagine that these noble families either had residences in the capital or spent enough time there to call themselves Londoners. See Kurz, p.7.

38 Wild and Caroline were engaged before the trouble between the families. According to p.78, 1.6 the engagement has never been broken. See also p.96, 1.18; p.98, 1.22; & Kurz, p.8. Later we hear that they were torn apart when he was fifteen years old and she was thirteen (p.49, 1.20), so his statement here that she was betrothed to him before she knew the meaning of the word must be correct.

39 "Machine" for "body" is similarly used in Hamlet (II, ii).

40 Now they are about ten years older; cf. note 22.

41 "Tomorrow is the battle," cf. p.71, 1.11. He has evidently learned of this since p.34, 1.18; cf. Kurz, p.53.

42 Thus in Berendt, where the comma which confuses Sauer's text here is lacking.

43 Thus in Berendt, who has substituted the sehen Sie of the Theater version for the same Sie of the first edition.

44 Gall is used in German as in English as a symbol
for bitterness and anger or for intestinal fortitude (cf. Grimm's Wörterbuch and the New English Dictionary). Klinger uses the word in both aspects. In Otto (V, vi) a weak character is called "gall-less" (gallos), while in Die neue Arria we find (II, iv): "Ich will deine Galle bitter machen," where Galle means "anger."


46 Cf. Grimm's Wörterbuch under klatschen, which more commonly means to clap the hands.

47 Referring to p. 53, l.1. This is not to be interpreted as indicating that Berkley is on the English side in the war.

48 One is tempted to use a more dignified word, such as "sea-devil," but I find only the literal usage in the available dictionaries. Philipp (p. 34) agrees, since he terms this "humorous."

49 Apparently the Moor's name; cf. Kurz, p. 35.

50 This explains the love the Moor has for the Captain in spite of his maltreatment.

51 These obscure comments on a naval action apparently recently engaged in by the captain have no importance for the play.

52 I.e., "surrender," see Sanders' Wörterbuch and Webster's Dictionary for this use of "strike" (streichen).

53 The captain refers to Wild as a Scot throughout the play; apparently at the time of the encounter mentioned here Wild had been passing himself off as such. See note 37.

54 I have preserved the mistake in number that La Feu makes.

55 An English ship that the captain has captured; cf. p. 71, l. 25.

56 For the toad as a symbol of poison, treachery, and evil, see Sanders' Wörterbuch under Kröte; cf. also King Lear, (V, iii): "a most toadspotted traitor."

57 I.e., "I will fight you for the joke of it, since I have no serious reason."

58 This incident, which apparently has no significance in
the play, must have occurred after Wild's meeting with Caroline (II, iv), but before III, iv, where he has recovered from the shock of finding her.

59 Apparently: "May he have a good trip to the front—-I, personally, don't care to go." See Kurz, p. 69.

60 In all textual variants this word, which I take to be *wir* is printed as *mir*. With *mir* the sentence reads quite naturally; with *mir* it seems only to be a very forced way of saying: "I have made friends again." Kurz (p. 23) uses *wir* when he quotes the line. Rieger is silent on this point. *Mir* is often substituted for *wir* is the spoken language and Klinger sometimes used it in his letters, e.g. Letter I in Rieger: I.

60a Jacobowski (p. 30) notes the parallel here with the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet* (II, ii).

61 Before she found Carl, the only sound carried by the echo was his name as she called out for him.

62 Sauer has "your" without authority. Berendt leaves "my" as in both the first edition and the Theater version, and notes (II, 451) that a few lines before, Wild asked "What is the matter with you?" without having noticed that her knees were shaking.

63 The German here is *Bediente*, which would seem to be a plural or feminine noun. What is meant is *(der)* *Bediente* (cf. Berendt, II, 451). The Theater version has the unambiguous *Bediener*.

64 The captain knows, of course, that Berkley is on the side of the Colonies, since the inn is in Colonial territory. If the inn were in English territory an Englishman would be nothing extraordinary.

65 This seems to mean: "As an Englishman, you will be interested in hearing what I brought along."

66 Sauer's text here has the confusing period of the first edition. Berendt omits it, based on the Theater version.

67 The German is "Mein! Mein!" and would seem to mean "you're mine, mine!" However, the next line apparently indicates that she meant "my brother" but couldn't say it.

68 Thus in Berendt, who, without authority, substitutes an exclamation point for the confusing question mark.

69 I.e., to supper; cf. p.55, l.15 and p.81, l.4.

70 I.e., the fact that Wild's enemy is Caroline's brother is another hindrance to their reunion.
Kurz (p. 24) interprets this coldness as the result of the hate which enters Wild's heart upon hearing of Bushy's murder. Hate drives out the warmth and feeling of love. Compare the last lines of scene vii, where he describes his condition as "numb apathy." Again all about him is dead, whereas before, (II, vii) through love, nature had become his friend.

I.e., "dead," referring to his father.

This stage direction is unclear in Sauer and the first edition. The Theater version has "Caroline umarmet Berkley."

Unarmed? See p.77, 1.12 and 1.14; both the captain and Berkley apparently still have their swords out.

The idea of being one with nature, of experiencing the eternal love which controls man and nature, and, finally, of willingness to die; cf. Kurz, pp. 88 and 143, and Rieger I, 197.

Dominated by his feelings, Wild is so absorbed in hatred for the captain that he stalks about with sword drawn.

I have interpolated here to make the sense that seems to be intended.

This line might also be interpreted: "Don't shout so, we're here and can hear you."

Wild is torn between love for Caroline and hate for the captain and Berkley. Either course will apparently lead to tragedy.

"and if I am not to suffocate, I must have revenge," cf. p. 91, 1.26.

Here he apparently is addressing his desire for revenge.

Evidently a signal to Lord Bushy that he should come forward now; cf. Kurz, p. 37.

The Moor and the first mate kept Bushy and Hubert hidden (p.95, 1.6) during the remainder of the voyage and evidently helped them get ashore safely. Then the Moor lost track of them, but soon (p.85, 1.14) found them again. Telling Bushy of his experiences he described Wild so vividly that Bushy recognized him to be his son. In IV, v, the Moor apparently did not fully grasp the connection between the two.

I.e., about to take vengeance on the captain.

Or: "The regret of my past life: forgetting my wild
passions!" i.e. my passions caused my downfall.

86 I.e., "if you can!"

87 See Grimm's Wörterbuch under spielen (2346): "hintergehen, unter dem Schein der Freundschaft anfeinden."

88 Not Hubert, who is still alive, cf. p.94, 1.24.

89 Probably to be read thus: "I recognize you," i.e., "I will call you my brother again, won't you call me your brother?"

90 Professor Alan McKillop notes the similarity between the enumeration of lovers here and in The Merchant of Venice, I, ii.
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