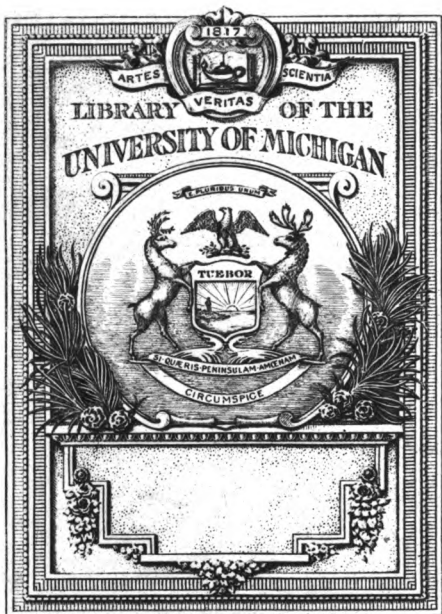


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With my love

and good wishes

to you Julie

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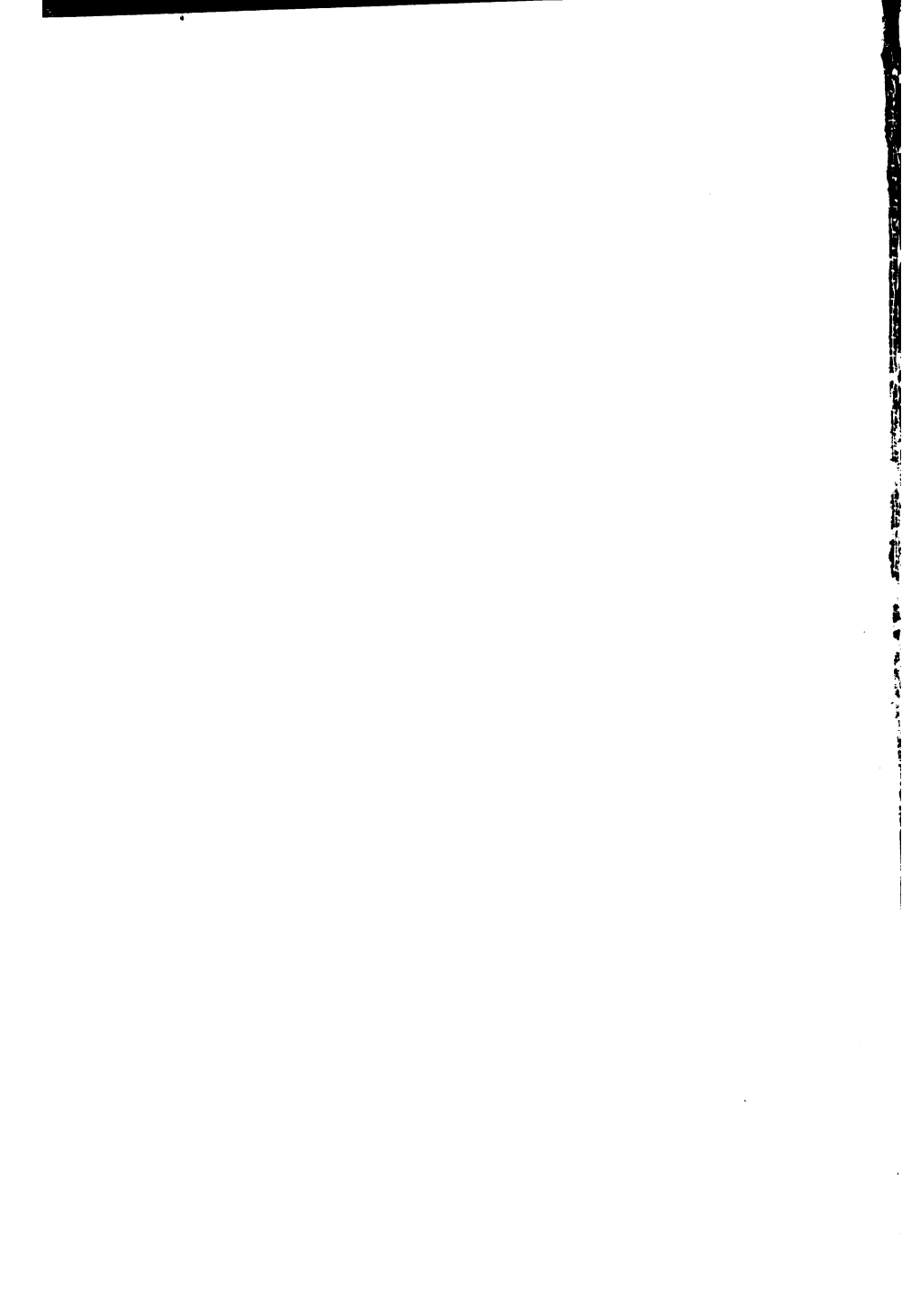
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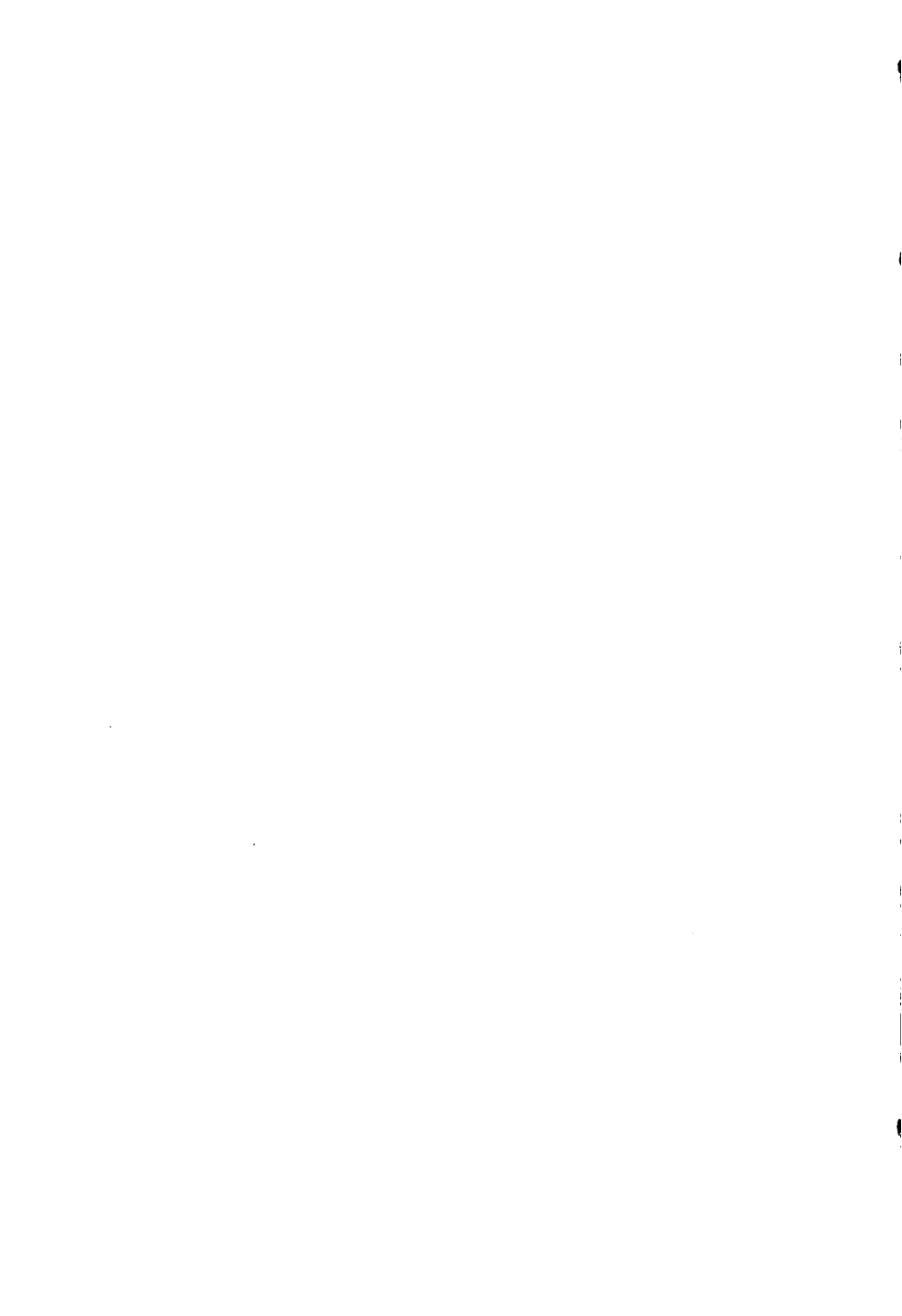
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THE LAND OF
MANY NAMES





THE LAND OF MANY NAMES

*A PLAY IN THREE ACTS AND A
TRANSFORMATION*

BY

JOSEF ČAPEK

Authorised Translation from the Czech by
PAUL SELVER

LONDON: GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD.
RUSKIN HOUSE, 40 MUSEUM STREET, W.C.1

Printed in Great Britain by
UNWIN BROTHERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND WOKING

First published in 1926
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P. 11
11-6-97
60380

CHARACTERS

ACT ONE

ELAN CHOL.	A BELOVED.
FIRST STREET-SWEEPER.	A ZEALOT.
SECOND STREET-SWEEPER.	DOLLARSON.
A DRUNKARD.	VANDERGOLD.
FIRST GOSSIP.	FIRST AND SECOND MAN
SECOND GOSSIP.	FROM THE CROWD.
THIRD GOSSIP.	FIRST AND SECOND WOMAN
PIERIS, a Poet of the Older	FROM THE CROWD.
School.	THE CROWD.
A LOVER.	

TRANSFORMATION

FIRST WORKMAN.	A MAYOR.
SECOND WORKMAN.	PIERIS.
FIRST CONSTABLE.	ELAN CHOL.
SECOND CONSTABLE.	A LOVER.
A STRIPLING.	A BELOVED.
FIRST MAN.	SCHOOL-CHILDREN AND
SECOND MAN.	TEACHERS.
DOLLARSON	THE CROWD.
VANDERGOLD.	

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ACT TWO

A MAN WITH A SPADE.	A MAN IN A HURRY.
A FATHER.	HIS WIFE.
A MOTHER.	FIRST SANDWICHMAN.
A STRIPLING.	SECOND SANDWICHMAN.
FIRST MAN.	CHORUS OF PAUPERS.
PIERIS.	THE CROWD.
A LOVER.	VANDERGOLD.
A BELOVED	A WOMAN IN A BLACK VEIL.

ACT THREE

ELAN CHOL.	A HERALD.
FIRST AND SECOND DIS- ABLED SOLDIERS.	FIRST MAN FROM THE CROWD.
THIRD SOLDIER.	DOLLARSON.
A BLIND MAN.	PIERIS.
A CITIZEN.	A WOMAN IN A BLACK VEIL.
A LOVER.	AN ARMY OF ENGINEERS, SOLDIERS AND OFFICIALS.
AN OLD MOTHER.	THE CROWD.
A WIDOW.	
A BELOVED.	

ACT ONE

*The scene represents a space in a large modern city.
In front an upraised area with an outlet forward.
Houses are indicated by strips of dark material and
transparencies, upon which the changes of scene are
projected in signs.*

*Night, darkness, uproar and turmoil, the music of
boilers and an organ.*

ELAN CHOL :

O, assuredly,
In this moment some grievous destiny is approach-
ing !

Earth and heavens are collapsing !
Would that I were engulfed by an abyss
And concealed by stones !
What is life to me ?

Woe unto thee, Elan Chol !
Thou art not as other men.
Unknown to thee are their joys,
Sorrow and hopes.

My soul is ailing ;
My mind is overshadowed by black plumage ;
A black veil has covered it,
And night, drunken with juice from a black poppy,
holds sway over it.
Naught is accomplished within me.
Within me only grief resides
As coldness within a stone,

8 THE LAND OF MANY NAMES

The earth trembles,
As if some destiny were pacing upon it with heavy
tread.

Perchance all is being changed !
I fain would see in a rose-hued radiance
The joys of men and their hopes,
And be healed and with a free spirit.

O, fain would I live
Or be dead
Or else depart
To distant regions !

O, fain would I be happier !

Amid turmoil a new day is being born,
A great matter is approaching with dire tread,
O, would that I were liberated !
Would that the curse were removed from me,
That I may not be damned !

With strange turmoil the earth is tossing ;
With heavy tread something paces hither ;
In tempest a new day is being born ;
Perchance all is being changed.

O, would that I were healed !
[Pause. Daylight. A pavement is projected.
STREET-SWEEPERS enter.]

FIRST STREET-SWEEPER :
What a damned life !

SECOND STREET-SWEEPER :
Damned it is !

FIRST STREET-SWEEPER :

What a cursed hole, this ill-famed city, from which I scrape the scabs with my cursed scraper ! Lord help us and the devil allow us to sweep up quickly all the ashes and potsherds and muck and broken tins—deuce take it all—that are standing and lying about here——

SECOND STREET-SWEEPER :

—with all this filth, and with our scrapers and brooms, and with us and our crooked legs and our regulation caps with the badge of this Babylon on them that stinks so vilely beneath my broom !

FIRST STREET-SWEEPER :

I tell you, this city is the most miserable of all cities in the world. Anywhere is better than this.

SECOND STREET-SWEEPER :

Ah ! you are right ; the people and the cities are happier everywhere else. But this city, it is crumbling like a scurf, it oozes dirt like a sore, and fie ! it sweats slime and spittle. Here iron, stone and brick crumble with sheer vexation ; here all solid matter grows flabby, and every word and every breath is changed to bitter dust and clogs people's limbs.

[Enter DRUNKARD.

DRUNKARD (*singing*) :

*Drink, lads, drink's all right,
Only don't get tight——*

FIRST STREET-SWEEPER :

Ah, true enough ! Why, even the people themselves scatter dust, and dirt drips from their feet. Would that I did not know what grime is ! Would that I was not kept alive by filth ! Would that I

was not an expert at garbage! I know what I am talking about. Whoever passes this way, whether Christian or pagan, trader or girl in patent shoes, thief or street-urchin, even an old man who is worn out with age, each and every one of them, I tell you how it strikes me: they all go tramping along after their business, hurrying and scurrying, and shaking off what they are filled with. Their essence and core. There it is lying on the ground in front of me: dirty paper, husks and rotten odds and ends.

THE DRUNKARD :

It has been proved that dust is scattered and stones are dropped even from the stars.

SECOND STREET-SWEEPER :

Heaven be merciful to us! With the earth it is worse still. What a night it was! As if the earth wanted to fall to pieces; the dogs were howling, and there was a regular panic in the city. Plaster dropping and copings, and the ceilings! And notices and posters were flying from the houses like leaves. As I crawled out of a doorway, a big board was lying there. On it was the word "Fortuna." That means luck. Hoho, Fortuna! Luck, but not for us, nor for anybody else either. We shall die, and it'll be glory and amen.

FIRST STREET-SWEEPER :

Why, the earth was rocking——

THE DRUNKARD :

What was rocking?

FIRST STREET-SWEEPER :

Why, the earth!

THE DRUNKARD :
It was rocking ?

SECOND STREET-SWEEPER :
I should think it was ! And what a racket it made,
too !

THE DRUNKARD :
It isn't true !

FIRST STREET-SWEEPER :
It was all swinging——

THE DRUNKARD :
It wasn't.

SECOND STREET-SWEEPER :
But we tell you the earth was tottering——

THE DRUNKARD :
And I say it wasn't !

FIRST AND SECOND STREET-SWEEPER :
Then go and sleep it off.

THE DRUNKARD :
I won't, and it wasn't rocking. The earth ? Ha,
ha ! why should the earth be rocking ? Ha, ha ! it
wasn't rocking. The earth ? Ha, ha ! it was me who
was tottering. As soon as I've had a drop to drink,
everything swings around me.

FIRST STREET-SWEEPER :
Well, but we tell you the earth was rocking——

THE DRUNKARD :
But it wasn't. It was me who was drunk——

SECOND STREET-SWEEPER :

Well, then, you were both tottering.

THE DRUNKARD :

No, not the earth. The earth was sober. You've had enough for to-day, I said to myself ; everything's swinging about again. And so it was—swinging about. What else could it do ? Ha, ha ! not really, you know ; it only seemed to.

FIRST STREET-SWEEPER :

But we say the earth was rocking——

THE DRUNKARD :

Oh, bless my soul, but the whole earth wasn't tottering just because I staggered.

SECOND STREET-SWEEPER :

Ho, ho ! that it was ! That is your doing ! Ho, ho ! you set us rocking to and fro nicely with your drunken legs ! One glass more, and we should have been flying right off the whole blessed show:

THE DRUNKARD :

I'm hard up. I hadn't got any more money.

FIRST STREET-SWEEPER :

Thank the Lord ! Let us think ourselves lucky that you are hard up. May the Lord keep you like it, with plenty more of it to come !

SECOND STREET-SWEEPER :

Look, there's Elan Chol. That can only be him. He is standing there like a pillar.

FIRST STREET-SWEEPER :

Ah ! so it is. That's him. Elan Chol.

THE DRUNKARD :

Elan Chol ? Then I'd rather move on.

FIRST STREET-SWEEPER :

What for ?

THE DRUNKARD :

It upsets me to see him. I met him several times last night. And when he's about, I'd always rather clear off. It upsets me. He's like a ghost. He stands there like a bad omen.

FIRST STREET-SWEEPER :

That's what they say about him. But he's a man, and maybe better than others.

THE DRUNKARD :

My good fellow, that's just it. We don't know yet whether he is a man at all. He's more like a spirit. And he's got a curse upon him. He brings bad luck.

SECOND STREET-SWEEPER :

That's the tale the people tell——

THE DRUNKARD :

Well, why is it the people don't like seeing such queer things ? Why don't they like to see, let's say, a black stone sweating dew that isn't from the clouds or from the earth ? Or, when it gets dark all of a sudden and the birds move across the sky and you feel that there's a meaning behind it——

FIRST STREET-SWEEPER :

And what of it ?

THE DRUNKARD :

Just you wait. Or, we'll say, why don't people shriek when they're in the greatest pain, but are in a sort of dumb, endless brooding ? Or again, why is it that there's sometimes a child who doesn't learn how to play and dies an early death ? And then it stares at you so. Why do they close the eyes of the dead ? Why ? Why ? To stop it from staring at you——

FIRST STREET-SWEEPER :

What ?

THE DRUNKARD :

What ? Why, eternal sorrow. And he, Elan Chol, he belongs to that sort.

SECOND STREET-SWEEPER :

To what sort ?

THE DRUNKARD :

Why, the dark sort. Black angels have been seen, or fateful shadows without a body, too, who live a queer life of their own, and anyone who's born from such a connection (for sometimes they enter a human bed), anyone who's taken his origin from there, he's ill-fated.

FIRST STREET-SWEEPER :

What ?

THE DRUNKARD :

He's ill-fated. Where there's anyone of that kind about, it isn't a fit place for people to be in. And

this isn't a fit place to be in. No, it's bad—bad in every way. And I'd rather be off. I'm off; I'm off.

[ELAN CHOL *approaches*. *Exit* DRUNKARD.]

FIRST AND SECOND STREET-SWEEPERS :

Good-morning, Elan Chol.

ELAN CHOL :

Street-Sweepers ! The track of a bird in the winds cannot be seen, nor the path upon waters whence flows human youth. There are many human paths inscribed in the dust, and the tracks of human tread are engraved in the mire which you wipe away and smooth out. Do you not oft-times hear a shower of tears and drops of blood soaking the ground of the city ? It is slippery with the mire which has been created by torment. You gather it and smooth it out. I imagine that you possess the skill of reading from the dust how grief creeps along the pavement of the city and stations itself in corners.

FIRST STREET-SWEEPER :

Yes, all this is known to us.

ELAN CHOL :

Do you not distinguish in the dust the tracks and spots where, with leaden foot, the limping destiny of the previous day has trod ?

SECOND STREET-SWEEPER :

I imagine that we can distinguish it almost with certainty.

FIRST STREET-SWEEPER :

There are many such signs.

SECOND STREET-SWEEPER :

And they all become mire and dust again.

ELAN CHOL :

And you read them. Pray tell me, you are here clearing away a strange night which has just passed. The earth shook with a heavy turmoil, for some new destiny was moving across it with noisy tread. Explain to me what its track was like, and whither its path led, and tell me also how it seems to you. Was it a good thing or a bad one ?

FIRST STREET-SWEEPER :

It is hard to tell, sir. Although the path is full of litter, nothing can be seen there which testifies that this thing passed along the earth. You said at first that the track of a bird's flight cannot be seen in the wind. Likewise the track of the morrow cannot be seen in the morning dew—

SECOND STREET-SWEEPER :

—nor the wickedness of bygone years upon the hand of the new-born. And as for the second question, although we are not familiar with this sign which did not pass along the ground, as other things arrive, one matter can be settled beforehand. I say this for all things : it is both good and bad.

ELAN CHOL :

You have told me little. Fate is dark. But even for this I am grateful to you, street-sweepers.

[Exit.]

FIRST STREET-SWEEPER :

This is a queer man, but he is not evil. Of him, too, I must admit, we have no clear knowledge. But here we are, talking together, and we might be

caught by the inspector. It is time that we went to chatter elsewhere.

[Exeunt STREET-SWEEPERS. Pause. A faint rumbling, which dies away. A change of scene, projected by shop-fronts.]

FIRST GOSSIP :

Oh, dearie me—oh, dearie me ! I'm all of a heap, and can hardly drag one foot after the other. Holy Virgin ! Rolls, twopenn'orth of pepper and stewing-meat. And milk. My goodness, the price of things ! And then soap and lye. And a rag to clean the floor with. And vinegar—I mustn't forget that.

SECOND GOSSIP :

A new mop and the clock to be mended. And syrup. I heard that you can get it a lot cheaper from the man in the other street. Gracious me ! My good woman, haven't you any eyes in your head ? Running into anybody like that. Ah ! it's you, ma'am, is it ?

FIRST GOSSIP :

And you ! Good-morning. What a fright I've had ! I was just thinking of you, and wondering how you are and whether you're all well.

SECOND GOSSIP :

My goodness, what a night it was !

FIRST GOSSIP :

I should just think so, indeed. A dreadful night.
[Enter a THIRD WOMAN.]

SECOND GOSSIP :

I tell you, ma'am, no words can describe the terror I've been through. The crockery was all on the

clatter and the clock came to a sudden standstill, and now it won't go. Oh, this must be some sign; it came into my head right away that someone had died. It might be father-in-law; he's got one foot in the grave, anyhow—or maybe uncle, or perhaps even my second cousin.

FIRST GOSSIP :

Oh, we had a worse time than that. I quite thought my last hour had come. You know, I'm so frightened of storms. My heart goes bump and I get all out of breath, my breathing's still so bad from my last illness; nobody'd believe what I go through. I had to hide my head under the bed-clothes so as not to hear. And the bedstead kept rocking with me in it——

THIRD GOSSIP :

Goodness gracious, my dear! and what about me? I'm that nervous, you know, ever since my second confinement, all the doctors gave me up. When that rumbling began, I said to my husband: "What's that you're doing?" And he said: "Me? Nothing. I know nothing about it." I was that afraid, as if I was turned to stone.

SECOND GOSSIP :

And me! When the storm began, there was a sort of rattling in my inside, and my stomach felt as if someone run a log of wood into me. My throat went all tight and I couldn't utter a single word. At that moment my eyes were starting out of my head and I was as white as—as—a sheet. What doings——

FIRST GOSSIP :

There was a rattling and the earth was all of a

tremble as if it was the end of the world. The children and my husband knelt down in front of me, and they all stretched out their hands to me and said : " Ma, please don't die." I tell you, I was quite overcome with pity for those poor orphans.

SECOND GOSSIP :

Well, so I should think. But, my dear, I can't make out what really happened. It must have been something to give me such a fright. But anyhow, we're alive to tell the tale, that's something.

THIRD GOSSIP :

But it'll be a long time before I get over this.

FIRST GOSSIP :

Me, too. What goes on there are in this wretched world ! Everyone complains, everyone's dissatisfied——

SECOND GOSSIP :

What can you expect ? Everything's so dear, there's no work, it's impossible to earn a living ; people are going about without a rag on their backs, and can't find a home.

THIRD GOSSIP :

Everyone's grumbling about the hard times, that it's more than flesh and blood can stand. And the people who've already gone away from here ! Everybody wants to clear off, to escape ; they can't live here.

SECOND GOSSIP :

What do you expect ? My husband says the same : " I can't stop here ; this is just downright misery ; we must get out of it, never mind where, as long as it's away from here."

THIRD GOSSIP :

My word, yes ! Everybody here's cursing and looking out for somewhere to go to. And those who can't are downright miserable. Just think of all the suicides !

FIRST GOSSIP :

Blessed Virgin ! Only the day before yesterday there was another of 'em hanged himself ; he was quite a young fellow and left a letter behind him. "Forgive me," he wrote in it ; "I shall be better off. No more happiness will bloom for me here. I am departing for more beautiful regions."

SECOND GOSSIP :

Good gracious ! But how nicely he put the letter together. Why, even Mr. Pieris couldn't have done it so nice. "No more happiness will bloom for me here. I am departing for more beautiful regions——"

FIRST GOSSIP :

No, indeed. Well, he has a good time of it ; he just writes poems and has no worries. And here am I, not knowing whether I'm standing on my head or my heels.

[Noise of an opened shutter.]

FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD GOSSIPS :

O Lord ! O Lord ! it's beginning again.

FIRST GOSSIP :

No, thank Heaven, that was only a shutter.

SECOND GOSSIP :

Holy Saviour ! what a fright I had again !

THIRD GOSSIP :

O Jesus ! and me, too. But I must be off to look after my cooking, and I've still got so much shopping to do.

FIRST AND SECOND GOSSIPS :

And so have we. Gracious goodness !

[*Enter PIERIS. The scene is changed by the projection of the signs of a city. Walls and windows.*]

PIERIS :

Oh, you old witless fool, is that what you've deserved ? For what and for whom have you lived ? And what are you—what on earth are you ? You don't know. You don't know until they tell you, until others tell you. Until they tell you—what is it they say ? (*Looks into a newspaper.*) "A phrasemonger." Oh ! "Mr. Pieris lives in the blissful illusion that his hollow prophetic lyrics still mean anything to us. He must be informed with the utmost emphasis that the young generation has long since finished with his philistine messianism." Oh, that cuts me to the quick ! "This legend had to be disposed of in a critical manner in order that we might realise how worthless and superfluous is the alleged regenerative work of Pieris." How that cuts me to the quick ! My life's work, my labour and my mission, all flung down and trampled in the dust. Oh, youth, cruel youth ! Alas ! there is nothing more in which one's hopes can be placed. (*Reads.*) "We have now had enough of prophets, preachers and leaders in the wilderness, and we have also had quite enough of the wilderness itself and of all dreams. Nay, even more, we have now had enough of our fellow-men. For what purpose does Pieris, dis-

regarding the absurdity of his position, still retail his shallow philosophy of fine phrases ? ”

Alas ! shame and woe ! Did I not give you of my best, and gratis ? I awakened hopes in the advent of a new life. Is that a sham ? I awakened faith that from the new life a new world, bringing salvation, would be born. Is that a worthless thing ? I beat upon the gates and enkindled lights. In vain. Deafness and gloom prevail. I hoped and taught others to hope. I believed and urged others to believe. I loved and enjoined others to love. Alas ! it was useless. Now there is nothing left. No, now even I myself neither hope nor believe nor love anything.

[*A feeble rumbling.*

Oh, would that this city had collapsed last night, when all the seams of earth and heaven were ripped open amid turmoil ! Oh, this ill-fated soil, permeated with so much blood and so many sighs, which the ages and generation after generation have poured upon it ! (*Threateningly.*) Delusive city, bloated with the thoughts which you have stifled ! You graveyard of hopes ! Youth grows up from you like a poisoned blossom. Ah ! far, far hence ! Ah ! a new life and a new world ! Oh, cruel city ! Oh, evil, pitiless youth !

[*Exit. From the other side* THE LOVER *and* THE BELOVED.]

THE BELOVED :

Why did that old man threaten us so ? Here are evil people.

THE LOVER :

They begrudge us our happiness. How can a man be happy who does not love——

THE BELOVED :

—and is not loved ?

THE LOVER :

Oh, my love, love of my soul, breath of my heart !
what do I care for the world when your eyes love me ?

THE BELOVED :

My world, that is you.

THE LOVER :

And you are the soul of my life. When last night
it seemed that the end of the world was approaching
with din and turmoil, I thought only of you. Only
for you was I afraid. I yearned only to be able to
protect you, or to die in your embrace.

THE BELOVED :

I, too, thought only of you. It seemed as if the
earth were bursting and the whole universe were
falling to pieces. I said to myself : Protect us, God ;
let us meet again while we are still alive. Or, if I
am to die here alone, permit our souls to meet again
on some blue or pink star !

THE LOVER :

Oh, my darling ! But we have not died. The
city and the people are all alive, and everything is
the same as it was yesterday. I should like to be
with you far away from here ; I should like to be with
you on a new earth, where there are no people, only
we two with our love, in a new paradise, far from this
city and the people, only we two, happy and alone.

THE BELOVED (*in his embrace*) :

Dearest, how happy I should be with you far, far
from here.

[Enter ZEALOT.

ZEALOT :

Ha ! shame upon you—shame upon you, city full of lewdness and mischief ! Woe unto you, unclean streets, cross-roads of sin and marts of transgression ! Oh, whore of Babylon ! God's countenance is bowed above your roofs that it may judge you.

[THE CROWD *assembles.*

ZEALOT :

Ungodly people, wallowing in the slough of your countless sins, the measure of your drunkenness, lewdness, selfishness, profiteering, pillage and hatred is brim-full. Lo, the God of Hosts has raised His right hand in righteous menace and this night proclaimed unto you the hour of destruction.

WOMAN FROM THE CROWD :

In the name of God's martyrdom, what is coming upon us ? What happened in the night ?

MAN FROM THE CROWD :

What's he talking about ? The night has passed and nothing so dreadful has happened. The sun shines or not, just as yesterday, and people are alive or not, just as yesterday.

ZEALOT :

The Lord of Hosts has raised His right hand in righteous menace. The very air was in turmoil and the earth cracked to its bones, for beneath the wrathful finger of God the gates of hell were half opened to engulf you !

SECOND WOMAN FROM THE CROWD :

O God, what will happen to us ?

SECOND MAN FROM THE CROWD :

Well, what? What could befall us worse than what we already have?

ZEALOT :

This night the Lord sent a first warning unto you. The hour of judgment is approaching. Turn your thoughts to repentance.

FIRST MAN FROM THE CROWD :

Drop your talk about repentance. You'd do better to give us bread.

SECOND MAN FROM THE CROWD :

It's mighty little of these sinful delights that we've enjoyed.

ZEALOT :

And the Lord has passed judgment and——

FIRST VOICE FROM THE CROWD :

This is clericalism.

SECOND VOICE FROM THE CROWD :

We want a positive explanation! A scientific one!
This is——

THIRD VOICE FROM THE CROWD :

This is reactionist talk.

ZEALOT :

Ha! the hour of judgment is coming, and Babylon will be razed to the ground, and stone shall not remain upon stone. The earth shall split asunder, and from the abyss shall be heard the voices of the

26 THE LAND OF MANY NAMES

rejected : " Alas, mountains, fall ye upon us ! Alas, ye hills, conceal me !" But the righteous shall rejoice——

[*A motor-horn is heard.*

FIRST MAN FROM THE CROWD :

Ah ! that's Mr. Dollarson riding to the Stock Exchange.

SECOND MAN FROM THE CROWD :

Mr. Dollarson always has the first and the best news about everything. We will ask him what really happened in the night.

ZEALOT :

And the Lord shall say : " I have sent destruction upon the earth in the guise of angels' cars, that the hoofs of the horses and the tips of their swords may trample the earth——"

FIRST MAN FROM THE CROWD :

Enough of that.

SECOND MAN FROM THE CROWD :

Enough of that, you with your angels' hoofs.

THE CROWD :

The best explanation of what happened in the night will be given to us by Mr. Dollarson himself.

[*Enter DOLLARSON.*

THE CROWD :

Good-day, Mr. Dollarson.

DOLLARSON :

Good-day, people.

FIRST MAN FROM THE CROWD :

Mr. Dollarson, you always have the first news about everything. We should like to know what really happened in the night.

DOLLARSON :

Ah yes ! last night. I have already been informed about it.

SECOND MAN FROM THE CROWD :

Well, sir, can you tell us ?

DOLLARSON :

Certainly I shall be pleased to let you know.

THE CROWD :

Well, we are most eager to hear about it.

DOLLARSON :

Well, then, I have the best authority for saying that there has been an elemental catastrophe, an extensive upheaval of the earth's strata, or, in other words, what is known as an earthquake.

THE CROWD :

We thought at the very first that it's only an earthquake.

DOLLARSON :

The occurrence, however noteworthy in a geological respect, has no particular economic bearing. No considerable damage has been occasioned——

THE CROWD :

We are glad that there is no damage.

28 THE LAND OF MANY NAMES

DOLLARSON :

—more particularly as regards the interior of the country. I am informed, however, that a number of inundations manifested themselves in the coastal regions, while at sea there were considerable storms, and—as far as I can judge from the information at my disposal—there will be a number of losses in shipping. In this respect Mr. Vandergold will perhaps incur some liabilities——

THE CROWD :

What does that matter, as long as we don't.

FIRST MAN FROM THE CROWD :

But here comes Mr. Vandergold himself from his office——

THE CROWD :

And he always has more accurate news than Mr. Dollarson.

DOLLARSON :

What else do you want to know? Mr. Vandergold will only confirm to you what you have already been told by me.

[*Enter* VANDERGOLD.]

SECOND MAN FROM THE CROWD :

But Mr. Vandergold is more wealthy and has a bigger factory——

THE CROWD :

Good-day, Mr. Vandergold. Our respects to you, sir.

VANDERGOLD :

Good-day, people. Ah, Dollarson ! how are you ? Mining shares have dropped a little, but I think you managed to get rid of them in time, eh ?

DOLLARSON :

And what about your railway holdings ?

VANDERGOLD :

Yes, yes ; it's the sort of thing that's got to be put up with.

SECOND MAN FROM THE CROWD :

Excuse me, Mr. Vandergold, for making so free, but we'd like to hear from your own lips——

DOLLARSON :

These people want you to tell them the same as I have done : that there has been an earthquake, which, on the whole, had no further consequences. Perhaps only some of your shipping——

VANDERGOLD :

Oh, is that your information ?

DOLLARSON :

It is. This, I think, is all that is to be said about the whole matter.

FIRST MAN FROM THE CROWD :

Let Mr. Vandergold himself tell——

VANDERGOLD :

By all means ; it is so. Mr. Dollarson has his information, and he has told you everything he knew. Our city was affected by an earthquake last night——

SECOND MAN FROM THE CROWD :

An earthquake——

VANDERGOLD :

——the maximum force of which was felt on the coast. By an upheaval of the sea a number of ships were destroyed——

DOLLARSON :

You see, everything just as I said.

VANDERGOLD :

——but——

THE CROWD :

Now Mr. Vandergold is speaking——

VANDERGOLD :

——but——do not be offended, my friend——Mr. Dollarson's information is not complete.

THE CROWD :

Listen ; now we shall hear a fuller account.

VANDERGOLD :

As regards the cause of this earthquake——

THE CROWD :
Listen to the cause.

VANDERGOLD :
—well, then—

FIRST MAN FROM THE CROWD :
Let's hear now, Mr. Vandergold—

VANDERGOLD :
This was no mere earthquake.

SECOND MAN FROM THE CROWD :
That's what I thought straight away. What was it, then?

VANDERGOLD :
My information is beyond question. A strange and great event has occurred.

THE CROWD :
A great event has happened.

VANDERGOLD :
So listen. Last night, amid the rumbling of the earth and in an ocean tempest, a great island emerged in the middle of the Atlantic.

THE CROWD :
Ah !

VANDERGOLD :
Did I say an island? It is a great new continent !

THE CROWD :

Oh, what a piece of news !

VANDERGOLD :

Yes ! A sixth continent has been born in the middle of the ocean.

CURTAIN.

TRANSFORMATION

The same city, decorated with innumerable flags. Two WORKMEN are putting the finishing touches to a speaker's rostrum.

FIRST WORKMAN :

I should have preferred oleander to fir-trees. Oleander, I should say, has a more solemn appearance.

SECOND WORKMAN :

But fir-trees make things look more cheerful.

[Enter two CONSTABLES, who look on.]

FIRST WORKMAN :

Oleander is better to work with.

SECOND WORKMAN :

Oleander and palms are better when there's a statue between them. But fir-trees are nicest with flags.

FIRST WORKMAN :

Or flowers.

SECOND WORKMAN :

Well, that's finished.

FIRST WORKMAN :

That's a good thing. Now let's be off.

[Exeunt. The CONSTABLES approach.]

34 THE LAND OF MANY NAMES

FIRST CONSTABLE :

It's a nice platform. The fir-tree on it looks all right.

SECOND CONSTABLE :

Oleander wouldn't have been bad, either.

FIRST CONSTABLE :

Oleander goes better with a statue.

SECOND CONSTABLE :

They might have put some flowers there as well.

FIRST CONSTABLE :

Of all flowers my favourites are snow-drops.

SECOND CONSTABLE :

Why snow-drops? What is there so special about snow-drops? There are other flowers better than them.

FIRST CONSTABLE :

I don't know. Perhaps because they are the earliest buds. The earth is still dead, and already the first snow-drops appear. When I see them, it somehow touches me to the heart; words are beyond me—why, I almost feel ready to cry, or what-not, and it makes me want to roam about on the mountains. I am from the mountains. There wasn't many people there. When I was a small boy, I used to take snow-drops home with me. Mother was so fond of them.

SECOND CONSTABLE :

Now, I like jasmine best. It's got the most smell. Hallo! it's burst. At the thumb. My gloves always burst at the thumb.

FIRST CONSTABLE :

Now I always get them most dirty at the thumbs.
Snow-drops——

SECOND CONSTABLE (*looking at his watch*) :

Well, it'll start soon now. But there's nobody here yet.

[*Enter FIRST and SECOND MAN and STRIPLING,
and sit down near the proscenium.*]

FIRST CONSTABLE :

Now they're crowding up all at once——

SECOND CONSTABLE :

And never any proper order.

THE STRIPLING :

I say, aren't they dressed up? And what shiny boots!

FIRST MAN :

And white gloves. They can afford it. Why, I haven't even got any socks.

SECOND MAN :

I've got some, but they're full of holes.

THE STRIPLING :

But these policemen have got holes in their socks too, I expect.

FIRST MAN :

Go and ask them.

THE STRIPLING :

Yes, but I'd rather not wait for an answer.

SECOND MAN :

Pooh ! they're human beings same as what we are.

THE STRIPLING :

But they've got their eye on us like a couple of bulldogs. Hi ! what are you staring at ?

FIRST MAN :

I've come across that fat one before. He ran me in once. For being disorderly, so he said.

THE STRIPLING :

Yes, he's a bad 'un. I know him from the demonstrations.

SECOND MAN :

But the other one isn't, though. He only keeps saying : " Now then, people, don't be silly."

FIRST MAN :

They're keeping watch on the platform.

THE STRIPLING :

They've got enough flags here. I suppose it's celebrations again for somebody who's dead.

FIRST MAN :

They wouldn't celebrate us like that.

SECOND MAN :

Nobody cares a rap about a poor man. But these aren't celebrations for somebody who's dead.

FIRST MAN :

What are they for, then ?

SECOND MAN :

Because the earthquake's over.

FIRST MAN :

It's all the same to me.

SECOND MAN :

To me, too.

[Short pause. The FIRST MAN scratches his left side, then the SECOND MAN does the same.]

FIRST MAN :

There's people here haven't got a crust of bread to eat, but there's enough money for celebrations.

SECOND MAN :

These flags'd provide clothes for plenty of people.

FIRST MAN :

Nobody troubles about a poor man. Look at the boy.

[In the meanwhile the STRIPLING has climbed on to the rostrum.]

THE STRIPLING (*on the rostrum*) :

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, listen to the latest song about the dreadful earthquake that happened last night :

*From yesterday until to-day
What an awful night we've had !
The end of the world was not far off,
And the earth it shook like mad.
What ho, what ho, what ho !*

38 THE LAND OF MANY NAMES

*The swells with cash and the stony-broke
Went off their upper storeys ;
Lord love us, what a fine mix-up
Of Bolsheviks and Tories !*

*What a mix-up it is all round
Of wenches and of brats,
Of young 'uns and of old 'uns too,
Of mongrels and tom-cats !*

SECOND CONSTABLE :

Stop that, will you ? This isn't a public-house.
You just come down from there, or I'll have to run
you in.

[Enter SCHOOL-CHILDREN led by TEACHERS.]

FIRST CONSTABLE :

Don't be silly, now.

SECOND CONSTABLE :

This is insubordination.

[The STRIPLING returns to his place.]

FIRST MAN :

Ha, ha !

THE STRIPLING :

Ha, ha !

SECOND MAN :

Ha, ha, ha ! These kids could learn a thing or
two from you. But we shan't be long now before
things get started, I expect.

[Enter VANDERGOLD and DOLLARSON. The stage
fills up.]

DOLLARSON :

Aren't you going to stay for the celebrations ?

VANDERGOLD :

No, I've got some things to see to.

DOLLARSON :

So have I.

VANDERGOLD :

But I've given my workmen a holiday. This is a big affair.

DOLLARSON :

Oh yes, undoubtedly it is. A big affair. But I must be off now.

VANDERGOLD :

Good-bye.

[*Exit.*]

FIRST AND SECOND CONSTABLES (*controlling the crowd*) :

Now then, order there, if you please. Stand back a bit there. Back—farther back ; that's it, that's it. Don't shove so. Keep in a line there. Move forward a little, gentlemen, this way. Let the children get to the front. And keep quiet here. Just remain quiet, if you please.

[*In the meanwhile enter the MAYOR with notables and PIERIS. The MAYOR ascends the rostrum.*]

THE MAYOR (*from the rostrum*) :

Citizens !

THE CROWD :

Quiet ! Let's hear what the Mayor has to tell us.

THE MAYOR :

Citizens ! We have assembled here for a rare, I may say a unique, celebration. The memory of this moment will be preserved even by future ages, and they will envy us for having had the privilege of participating in so great, so unusual, so elevating an occurrence. In all countries of the world, and precisely at this hour, the whole of mankind is solemnly assembled under the auspices of the same rejoicings by which our beautiful city is set astir. These rejoicings are to-day arched above the world like a rainbow of peace. May this fair rainbow never be blotted out, and may it continue for ever, perpetually shedding the light of family affection upon the links which bind nation to nation, across all continents and oceans.

Our city also was a witness of the bygone night—a night which was a terrible night, for amid turmoil and thunder the earth seemed to be crumbling in its very foundations. Perhaps all of us trembled with the fear that all terrestrial things were about to succumb to perdition and ruin. But it was not so—by no means. This earthquake was not, as we feared, a portent of ruin, but on the contrary, if I may put it so, it was on the contrary, as it were, a mighty symphony, proclaiming the accomplishment of a stupendous miracle and wonder.

The morning, then, brought us the astounding news that in the centre of the ocean there has emerged from the depths of the sea a new land, a new continent.

To the five parts of the world has been added a sixth. A great event has occurred. Its hugeness overwhelms us ; its beauty delights and captivates us with a divine awe face to face with the marvels of creation. At the same time, however, we experience a feeling of joy, an emotion of zealous sympathy and

humane solidarity, for we are children of the same great mother earth, who this night has laid into our hand the youngest member, the youngest continent, a new world. This family joy to-day solemnly stirs the hearts of all lands and nations of the earth. But this joy can best be interpreted to us only by the words of a poet. Mr. Pieris has consented to recite an ode in honour of the new continent, and I now call upon him to speak.

[The MAYOR descends from the rostrum.]

PIERIS (*on the rostrum*):

Thanks be bestowed upon heaven and earth!
 In the darkness of the heavens roared the organ of
 the winds
 And earth quivered in birth-pangs,
 Gnashing her stony teeth.
 A great matter has been granted to us by Providence,
 From whose lap a new joy has been granted to all.

Welcome ye the new-born!

A radiant star, our beloved sun, illumines it—
 The Bethlehem star of us all.
 Bring ye your love as a gift unto it,
 And strew the light of joy before it.
 From our cradle it is born.

Welcome ye the youngest sister!

A new continent has been born from ocean,
 New Atlantis.
 Ah, from ocean-foam a new Aphrodite emerges.

Nature has created a new land.

42 THE LAND OF MANY NAMES

It is pure and virginal.
God's spirit still hovers above it.
Not yet have birds carried the seed of the first tree
to it,
Not yet do the springs moisten its mountains,
Not yet has human tread entered it.

Fair is that region and blessed,
Happier than its sisters.
It is a new continent without sin—
A sixth continent, a new paradise,
Better than the others,
The new world of our hopes.
Not yet have human blood and torment tainted it,
Not yet do human misery and brawl abide therein.
Angels soar over it.
Over it are uplifted our dreams and eternal
yearnings.

ELAN CHOL :
This is that land.

THE BELOVED AND THE LOVER :
This is that land.

THE CROWD :
This is that land.

PIERIS :
Bare your heads before the sixth continent,
The creation of ancient dreams,
The youngest daughter of earth
Who is mother of all continents and peoples.

Greet ye the youngest sister.

It has yet no name.

Let us then give it the sweetest of names as befits
its beauty.

New Eve, Land of Dream, Continent of New Hope
Craved and Vouchsafed.

[*The CROWD applauds.*]

THE MAYOR (*ascends the rostrum*):

We have rendered our thanks to the poet. It was most fitting that the Continent of New Hope should first be greeted by a poet. And now sing in chorus the hymn of celebration.

[*A band plays the first verse.*]

CHORUS:

*Exult, O song of gladsome aim,
Now earth a joy divine can claim,
A boundlessly entrancing prize:
Woe is ended, grief is ended,
A new star from the sea ascended.
Bliss, endless bliss, shall unto it arise.*

*The Land of Hope shall be its name;
It shall have greetings, goodly fame;
Old yearnings in a new-wrought guise,
There is new faith, new happiness.
All shall the new-found shrine possess.
Bliss, endless bliss, shall unto it arise.*

THE MAYOR:

Three cheers for it!

THE CROWD :

Hip-hip-hurrah !

[The men wave their hats, the women their handkerchiefs, the children small flags.]

CURTAIN.

ACT TWO

The same city. Above, on the horizon, a large star then begins to shine with a changing light. A MAN WITH A SPADE is on the stage. Enter a FATHER and MOTHER, both dressed in mourning. At the back is projected the image of a small graveyard on a hill.

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE (*wipes the sweat from his forehead*) (*aside*):
Another few days of work and I shall be starting on my journey.

THE FATHER (*supporting the MOTHER by the arm*):
Now, come, come! don't cry now! Who knows what trouble he might have met with if he had lived? Perhaps he's better off as he is.

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE:
I see you have just come from the graveyard.

THE MOTHER:
Yes, and a sad journey it was.

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE:
I have heard that you lost your little boy. May God comfort you.

THE FATHER:
I thank you for your sympathy. Our son!

46 THE LAND OF MANY NAMES

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE :

And so suddenly too, poor little fellow ! I used to see him going to school. He was a fine lad.

THE MOTHER :

And a good one, too. It was scarlet fever. He suffered a lot, but he was not ill for long.

THE FATHER :

Our son !

THE MOTHER :

The fever kept increasing ; the boy was delirious, until the doctor said that there was no more hope. Oh, if only death had taken me instead !

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE :

It's a pity, for the child's sake.

THE MOTHER :

The boy was delirious in his fever. " Father," he shouted, " I'm going to the New Land. I shall become king in the New Land, and then I'll bring you great riches."

THE FATHER :

My son ! Before he fell ill, he said to us : " I'm going to the New Land, and then one day I'll come back to you. You will sit alone at supper and think : Where is our Jenik ? He must be grown-up by now. What can he be doing ? Has he forgotten us ? And then somebody will knock at the door, and that will be me. And I shall bring you nice things and great treasures."

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE :
Poor little fellow !

THE MOTHER :
He was raving only about this New Land. He dreamt about nothing else. He was quite wrapped up in it, he and the other boys, his play-fellows.

THE FATHER :
Our son !

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE :
And, poor boy, he never lived to see it. But boys are not the only ones whose heads are full of this New Land, this Land of Hopes. It has caught everybody's fancy. Everyone is raving about it and wants to go there. I myself——

THE MOTHER :
Ah ! and he here, my husband. He's always trying to persuade and urge me that we should go.

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE :
You, too ? To begin a new life——

THE FATHER :
Yes, that's what I want ; there's nothing to keep me here now. We've lost our child, and everything here reminds me now of our latest sorrow. Our son ! I can live here no longer. His only longing was for the New Land.

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE :
Ay, like all of us.

THE MOTHER :

No, not me, though. I don't want to go. I could never do it. I don't want to go anywhere. I can't ; I dare not go from here——

THE FATHER :

Why, we have lost our child here, and there is nothing here to make me forget. Even a bird—a creature tiny of heart and with tearless eyes—when death has taken away its young, leaves the bereaved nest and flies to a distant place.

THE MOTHER :

No, I beg of you, no. The bird—a creature small of heart and with unweeping eyes—has its wings, has its resounding song and a wide home amid the flowers. But I have no wings. Oh, happy is the bird's lot, while I, luckless one, I pray you, have pity on me ! The bird's soul is small, yet it has wings, but we have lost our child and here is his grave. A bird has its wide home amid all flowers and its element is the airy horizon. But my flowers and horizon are yonder tomb in the graveyard. I beseech you, I cannot go away——

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE :

Do not urge her any more, for in truth she mourns more sorrowfully than a bird. It is woeful to hear. With all my heart I wish both of you strength and comfort. God comfort you.

[Exeunt the FATHER and MOTHER.]

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE :

A sad thing—sad indeed. But I am alone and have no ties here. I am free to prepare for departure, that I may seek my fortune in the New Land. It is

sad to be fettered by a grave and a woman, by a mother who has lost her child, by a weeping dove who cannot be comforted. It is sad to stand in the midst of one's grief and not to depart from it. Not so a free man. He goes away as he pleases; he regrets nothing and is reminded of nothing. And why? This is how I look at it: he who goes away leaves unhappiness behind him.

*The scene is changed by the projection of an image
of suburban fences and factories.
Singing behind the scene.*

*And new land has arisen from the sea,
And this land shall be
All shrewd people's property.*

*And those who journey there,
They shall get it. Stay-at-homes shall ne'er
Be given any share.*

*You must take whate'er
Shows itself, and only those with ready hand
Shall hold any of this land.
Tralala.*

[Enter FIRST MAN and STRIPLING.]

FIRST MAN :

Hallo! man is as free as a bird, eh?

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE :

As a bird? As a swallow!

THE STRIPLING :

As a swallow? As a sea-gull, as a hawk, as an eagle!

50 THE LAND OF MANY NAMES

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE :

And he can go anywhere.

FIRST MAN :

Anywhere ? A bird can do that. But a man does not fly anywhere ; a man knows where to go.

THE STRIPLING :

Yes, where he wants to go.

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE :

Where he feels himself drawn to.

FIRST MAN :

Ha, ha ! We know where you are drawn to.

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE :

How do you know where I want to go ?

THE STRIPLING :

Ha, ha ! Because we want to go there as well.

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE :

I don't know. All according to what it's like there.

THE STRIPLING (*feverishly*) :

But I know well enough what I want there. There's nothing here. There's nothing here for me. Here I should never have anything. What there is here is no use to me. Here I could never make my way as long as I live.

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE :

Why, you are young, but I'm getting on in years, and still I have not managed to help myself to any-

thing. I am still without anything of my own ; I still possess nothing.

FIRST MAN :

Well, what is there here ? What have we here ? Here is nothing but bare misery.

THE STRIPLING :

Here ? Here is only drudgery and beggary. Just look at me. Why, I shall never get on like this. I want to do something big.

FIRST MAN :

And you're right. What sort of a life is this here ? Always hunting after a wretched crust of bread and always having nothing. Except our bare hands——

THE STRIPLING :

That's just what I say. There's nothing more to be done here. It's not worth spitting on. But there ? There it's different. There is a new land. It can never be used up. There's plenty of everything and nobody's been there yet. Nothing's been touched there yet. All you have to do is to make a grab——

FIRST MAN :

That's it. Just properly stretch out your hand——

THE STRIPLING :

But I'll set about it with my sleeves properly rolled up.

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE :

The lad's got pluck.

THE STRIPLING :

Ay, that I have. And I've got the whole business all thought out, from start to finish. Aha, old fellow ! I'm going there all right, and no shilly-shallying, either. Here's my knife. A fine one, too. And now I'll have to bag a rifle from somewhere——

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE :

A knife ? A rifle ? What for ?

THE STRIPLING :

Hm, what for ? For wild animals and human beings, too. My good chap, I'm not going to stop on the outside of it ; I'm going straight for the interior. That's where the big forests are, and it's the cities I want to keep clear of. I shan't stop in them——

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE :

Big forests ? Cities ?

THE STRIPLING :

Why, of course, savages and wild beasts. It's a barbarous country. No European's foot has ever trod there. That's where the wild tribes are, but that's where the wealth is too——

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE :

I can't get the hang of what you're saying. I thought that I should take a nice bit of land somewhere there and set up a farm.

THE STRIPLING :

Ha, ha ! a farm ! Carting dung and drudging in the fields. I'm taking a shorter cut than that, old fellow.

FIRST MAN :

Ha, ha, ha ! a farm ! Ploughing like an ox, when all you need do is to rake over the right spot with a mattock——

THE STRIPLING :

Or with this knife here. Ha, ha ! if only I could get hold of a rifle.

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE :

What are you laughing for, you fools ? It's you who make me laugh ! You're talking about cities, forests, people——

THE STRIPLING AND FIRST MAN :

Of course.

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE :

Then tell me whether anyone has ever seen cities and people and trees at the bottom of the water.

THE STRIPLING :

What of it ? Supposing anyone did see them.

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE :

But this land rose up right out of the sea, you fools ! Where could the cities and wild tribes and forests come from ? If you say good soil, I'll agree with you.

THE STRIPLING :

It is a new, unknown land, and I say that's what it's like there. A wild country, beasts of prey, wild nations, great dangers, but great wealth. Ha ! I'm sure of it. That's what it's always like in such countries. And the man that goes there must have

luck and courage. And that's all I've got to say about it.

[Farther back PIERIS and ELAN CHOL.]

PIERIS (to ELAN CHOL.):

I am old, it is true, but I also am resolved to proceed to the New Land. My spirits were already drooping a little, but now once more I hope, I have faith, I am resurrected by new hopes.

FIRST MAN:

Do you hear that? He's going there too.

PIERIS:

See! What I have dreamt of all my life, it is here, it is before us, it has become a reality. No, no. From the old continents nothing more can be awaited; the old continents are played out; they are incapable of giving birth to new life; but there, there upon new foundations a new world is becoming an accomplished fact. At last! Now we have lived to see it. Already I behold the dawn of a new morning. Yonder, yonder shall perhaps fall to our lot the golden age of mankind which the ages have desired.

THE STRIPLING:

Do you hear that? Do you hear? The golden age.

PIERIS:

And like Simeon—

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE:

Sirs, pardon us for disturbing you. There is something we should like you to explain to us.

FIRST MAN :

Elan Chol, are you not preparing to go to the Land of Hopes ?

ELAN CHOL :

I do not know—I think—perhaps I too will go there.

THE STRIPLING :

And tell us, are there any people in this Land of Hopes ?

ELAN CHOL :

I see them there. I see people there in tents, by fires and in rocky clefts——

THE STRIPLING :

Wild nations. And what else do you see ?

ELAN CHOL :

I see great waters, and my gaze beholds a sandy wilderness above which a red moon rises. Against a rocky shore a wave mournfully breaks and a mighty girdle of clouds drifts above the new continent. In the clouds a white bird soars and utters a piercing cry. The south wind and the east have clashed, and the first rain has gathered above the new continent. You must think of yourself. Sit down yonder on that promontory. From the new continent gaze out at the five old continents ; they are five stars and in their midst the sixth one, the most beautiful of them, with its dark lustre.

THE STRIPLING :

And is any wealth there ?

FIRST MAN :

Is there wealth ?

[ELAN CHOL *does not reply.*

THE STRIPLING :

Elan Chol !

[*A short pause.*

FIRST MAN :

He does not hear. Is there any wealth ? Sir !

[ELAN CHOL *moves off in meditation.*

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE :

He does not hear. Sir—hi, sir !

[*Exit ELAN CHOL.*

PIERIS :

Let him be. He is absent-minded.

FIRST MAN :

An ill-fated being.

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE :

Well then, sir, you speak. Tell us what the land is like and what people are to seek there.

PIERIS :

It is the sixth star amid the five, the most brilliant of them. This is the Star of Hopes.

THE STRIPLING, FIRST MAN AND THE MAN WITH THE SPADE :

The most brilliant, you say.

PIERIS :

Yes, a white star. A marble tablet still without any inscription. Life has not yet visited it. It does not yet contain a single green blade nor any

dew. Neither the white-breasted swallow nor the songful blackbird has nested there yet. The swift-footed stag, that soft-eyed creature, has not yet gone to drink from its springs. Not yet! Not yet do the tree-tops rustle on the hill-sides and the reeds by the waters. It possesses no shadow and not yet do the blue beetle and the seven-specked lady-bird sleep in the fallen leafage. Not yet have the seasons visited it—

THE STRIPLING, FIRST MAN AND THE MAN WITH THE SPADE :

Then it is waste ?

PIERIS :

Then the earth was bare and waste, and the spirit of God hovered above the waters. And it was evening and it was morning, the first day.

THE STRIPLING :

And riches, treasures ?

PIERIS :

Oh, treasure-house of a happy future! It is a new continent, a new paradise. The age-old dream is here becoming real. To us is granted a new world, new life. In unutterable purity gleams the naked earth. It is radiant with hopes and glows with the glory of coming ages. An immaculate, shining, un-inscribed tablet awaits the advent of man, that he may mark it with his love and his spirit.

THE STRIPLING AND FIRST MAN :

Let us go there,

PIERIS :

Ah ! behold, it is not the violent man with massive jaw and fist clenched in his pocket who will go there. Lo ! this time it is the unhappy man who will go there to perform his task. Upon him has this land been lavished by destiny, upon the one who suffers. The realm of peace and brotherhood will now be fashioned by him, the man of sorrows.

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE :

We had to suffer much in this old world.

FIRST MAN :

And you say that there will be no poor there ?

PIERIS :

Neither poor nor rich. Only one brotherhood of goodness.

THE STRIPLING :

But I want to be rich.

FIRST MAN :

And I too.

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE :

So do I, if it comes to that.

PIERIS :

You will be rich with love.

THE STRIPLING :

Would you feed us on love ?

FIRST MAN :

We want wealth.

PIERIS :

Alas ! what will you seek in the Land of Hopes ?

THE STRIPLING :

Gold.

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE :

Property, at last, and for the first time in our lives—
property.

FIRST MAN :

What else but gold ?

PIERIS :

Oh, may you never reach the Land of Hopes.

FIRST MAN :

What, you and not us ?

THE STRIPLING :

So that you can dig there and get rich yourselves,
liars that you are.

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE :

So that we should have nothing.

FIRST MAN :

You want to put us off with fine words.

THE STRIPLING :

You won't catch us that way, my good fellow.
[He spits. They move off.]

FIRST MAN :

I tell you, we'd do better to ask no questions, but
see that we get there as soon as possible.

THE STRIPLING :

There's only one other thing I ought to have, and that's a proper rifle that shoots.

PIERIS (*alone*) :

Ah, the Land of Hopes ! The Land of Hopes !

[*Enter LOVER with BELOVED. The scene changes. The shining image of a pink star bursts into light.*]

THE BELOVED :

Ah, my dearest ! I am looking forward to it so much.

THE LOVER :

Yes, we are going. We are going there ; we shall fly away like birds on the wing. They say that this new land is the most beautiful of all. They also call it the Star of Love.

THE BELOVED :

The Star of Love ! That is a beautiful name. There will be no bad people there, will there ? Love will be our lot there——

THE LOVER :

And we shall be like a new Adam and Eve in a new paradise. I shall work. Life there will be different—better than here in the old world. The people there will be only good and happy, on the Star of Love——

PIERIS (*stretching out his hands towards them*) :

Take me with you. I will go with you.

THE BELOVED (*askance*):

With us? We are all in all to each other.

THE LOVER (*with the same gesture*):

We need nobody. The old fool!

[*Exeunt both. The star fades.*]

PIERIS (*in bitter perplexity*):

No, I am not a fool. I am old, but I am not a fool—surely I am not a fool.

[*Exit.*]

The scene is changed by the projected image of bare highways. The star bursts into a yellowish light. Enter a tattered and curly-haired man of somewhat southern appearance, encumbered with a knapsack. He is closely followed by a woman pushing a child's pram filled with paltry chattels. She carries a child on her back. A second child follows whimpering.

THE MAN IN A HURRY:

Good God! good God! Confound it! Hurry up a little! Do look sharp! Come along quicker!

THE WIFE OF THE MAN IN A HURRY:

I can't go any quicker than that.

THE MAN IN A HURRY:

My God! my God! what a cursed burden, a wife and children like that! At this rate we'll never reach the New Land. Everybody else will be there before us, and then there'll be nothing left for us.

THE WIFE OF THE MAN IN A HURRY :

I can't keep up ; we can't keep up—the children——

THE MAN IN A HURRY :

Come, come, move yourself quicker—move yourself, or I'll leave you here. Why should I dawdle about with you ? Oh, my God ! Confound it all ! Then you stay here on the way, and I'll go on alone and leave you here, you and these brats. You go there by yourselves. I don't care a rap about you.

THE WIFE OF THE MAN IN A HURRY :

We're coming—we're coming. Oh, dear me, but the children, and I can't go any farther—we can't go any farther—we can't keep up—we can't keep up——

[*Exeunt all.*]

Around the star there later appear inscriptions :

THE NEW CONTINENT !

DO YOU WANT TO GO TO THE LAND OF HOPES ?



BUY THE DOLLARSON SHARES !

The star then bursts into increasingly golden, orange light.

[*The blow of a drum and a gong. Enter two SANDWICHMEN with the same poster, and stand one on each side of a gateway.*]

FIRST SANDWICHMAN :

Are you interested in the New Continent ?
Obtain particulars from Dollarson !

SECOND SANDWICHMAN :

Do you want to go to the Land of Hopes ?
Apply to Dollarson.
Dollarson will do everything for you.

FIRST SANDWICHMAN :

Do you want to inspect the New Continent ?
Dollarson is arranging a trip which will be the most comfortable and the least expensive.

Dollarson will provide and arrange everything for you.

Apply to his travel bureau and you will get satisfaction.

SECOND SANDWICHMAN :

He is arranging tourist excursions in three classes.

First class, maximum comfort, on a luxurious scale.

Second class, less expensive, first-rate style.

Third class, unusually low rates, for popular needs.

All prices most moderate.

FIRST SANDWICHMAN :

Do you want to join the Dollarson pleasure trips of exploration to the Land of Hopes ?

Dollarson will make your arrangements for you.

He will draw up a travel scheme and supply the necessary schedule.

Equipment, provisions, transport facilities and staff.

Companions, guides, expert advice and attendants to take charge of your personal safety.

And he will insure you against accidents under the most advantageous conditions.

SECOND SANDWICHMAN :

In all matters concerning the New Land apply to the Dollarson travel bureau.

It is a vast organisation, the first and only one of its kind.

FIRST SANDWICHMAN :

Dollarson takes thought, considers and foresees on your behalf, the result being that you obtain full advantages at the lowest rates.

This is an unrivalled organisation,
In which Dollarson out-Dollarsons Dollarson.

[*Enter DOLLARSON. An illuminated advertisement of the Dollarson undertakings is then projected as the scene continues.*]

DOLLARSON :

Ah! beautiful piece of work, magnificent thrill, devised by a shrewd brain. Oh, superb activities which bustle along at the impact of my ideas! See what I have contrived! And this is only the modest beginning of Dollarson's tremendous business. Who would not visit the Land of Hopes? Who would not become wealthy?

FIRST SANDWICHMAN :

Buy the Dollarson shares.

The shares of the Dollarson Amalgamated Undertakings, Ltd.

DOLLARSON :

The Dollarson Joint Stock Transit Company takes charge of transport traffic on its own boats and lines. A huge influx of tourists is under way. To meet this demand the Dollarson Joint Stock Hotel Company is building on the New Land first-class and also popular hotels, provided with modern comfort, bathrooms, cafés, cabarets, concerts, casinos, dancing-halls and playing-fields.

SECOND SANDWICHMAN :

Buy shares of the Dollarson Transit Company.

FIRST SANDWICHMAN :

Buy shares of the Dollarson Hotel Company.

DOLLARSON :

Motor-buses, charabancs, horse and mule caravans, motor-boats and palanquins provide traffic facilities on the coast and in the interior.

FIRST SANDWICHMAN :

Buy shares in the Dollarson Traffic Association.
Dollarson will earn huge profits for you.

DOLLARSON :

The brainy man does not allow events to take him by surprise, but has the knack of taking advantage of them in good time. Join in with your capital. Most advantageous investment for savings. Highest interest, splendid dividends. It would be the devil's own job to stop you and me from getting rich.

SECOND SANDWICHMAN :

Join in! The Dollarson shares are now issued.
Don't delay, but subscribe now.

DOLLARSON :

The man with his wits about him foresees, uses his judgment, and watches over his success. We are faced by far-reaching problems of colonisation. Remember the emigrants. Watch over your fellow-countrymen in a foreign clime. Who will lend the colonists the necessary money, the same to be repaid in fixed instalments? Who will advance money for building houses, for implements and for the supply of cattle?

FIRST SANDWICHMAN :

The Dollarson Colonisation Bank of the New Hope.

SECOND SANDWICHMAN :

Subscribe while there is still time.

DOLLARSON :

This bank solves all problems of colonisation on both sides—for the needy emigrants, to whom it secures the requisite advances, and for those who desire by means of their capital to share advantageously in the labour of emigrants.

SECOND SANDWICHMAN :

Emigrants, apply in all confidence to the Dollarson Colonisation Bureau——

FIRST SANDWICHMAN :

Capitalists, become shareholders in the Dollarson Colonisation Bank.

DOLLARSON :

These bureaus will occupy the whole street. We shall open them very shortly; their inauguration will be proclaimed by a solemn salute of guns. Do not

delay ; come forward, take action, subscribe. A man with his wits about him, a man who uses his brains, will not allow events to take him by surprise. I, at any rate, do not. Vandergold may be different. I am untiring and prompt with my ideas. With brilliant creative power I am unfolding the chain of a big concern, a huge speculation, a magnificent piece of work. Do not hesitate ; walk up ; the moment is at hand. (*Sound of gong.*) The Dollarson Amalgamated Undertakings have got going. This way for the New Land. I open the sluice of wealth.

[*At the sound of the gong the CROWD bursts forth.*

THE CROWD (*rushing across the stage*) :

Me ! Me ! Me ! Me !

FIRST AND SECOND SANDWICHMEN :

Take shares in the Dollarson concerns.

Dollarson will lay the foundation-stone of your prosperity.

This way for the Land of Hopes.

[*Exit CROWD.*

DOLLARSON :

This way for the Land of Hopes ! A great work has been started. A new continent sheds its golden radiance upon you.

CHORUS OF PAUPERS (*entering*) :

*Exult, O song of gladsome aim,
Now earth a joy divine can claim,
A boundlessly entrancing prize—*

DOLLARSON :

Excellent ! This way for the Land of Hopes !
Who are these people ?

68 THE LAND OF MANY NAMES

CHORUS OF PAUPERS :

*Woe is ended, grief is ended.
The Land of Hopes from the sea ascended.
Bliss, endless bliss, shall unto it arise.*

DOLLARSON :

Who are you ?

CHORUS OF PAUPERS :

We are beggars.

DOLLARSON :

Beggars ! I should never have believed that there are so many beggars in the world.

CHORUS OF PAUPERS :

There are many of us.

DOLLARSON :

Beggars, eh ? Only beggars. Oh, I see that there are many of you—many beyond question—in fact, too many. Upon my soul, I am appalled to think that there can be so many of you.

FIRST PAUPER :

Sir, our numbers are steadily increasing ; more and more of us are coming along.

DOLLARSON :

And where are you bound for ?

CHORUS OF PAUPERS :

We're on our way to the Land of Hopes.

DOLLARSON :

This is appalling ! Ha, ha, ha ! Beggars going to the Land of Hopes !

FIRST AND SECOND SANDWICHMEN :

Who wants to go to the Land of Hopes ?
Buy the Dollarson shares.

DOLLARSON :

Wait a bit. So you're going to the Land of Hopes ?

FIRST PAUPER :

Yes, to the Land of Hopes, as it's named, but they also call it the Land of Justice; the Land of Fulfilment, the New Paradise, the Star of the Sea, and so on.

SECOND PAUPER :

Yes, it's also named the Land of New Happiness.

DOLLARSON :

Ha, ha, ha ! So you—ha, ha, ha !—you think perhaps that the New Land wants you ? That the New Land first of all has need of you ? That—ha, ha, ha !—this is awful—ha, ha !—that all it lacks are beggars ? Oh, what jolly travellers you are ! God bless me ! it's the right people have chosen the right destination.

CHORUS OF PAUPERS :

Sir, we are seeking happiness.

DOLLARSON :

Happiness !—ay, happiness. I wish you much happiness in finding this happiness of yours ! The New Land is just waiting for you. Oh, to be sure, there's nothing

70 THE LAND OF MANY NAMES

it needs so much as beggars ! Yes, yes, it contains everything and lacks only misery. Ha, ha, ha ! So you're going to fill up a big gap.

FIRST PAUPER :

Sir, don't jest so cruelly. The New Land was born for all people.

SECOND PAUPER :

It is well known that the Land of Hopes belongs to all.

DOLLARSON :

You think so, do you ? And what do you want to do there ? How does it concern you ? Misery's the only thing you know about. What do you want in the Land of Hopes ?

FIRST PAUPER :

It is the land of the disinherited. To us also the New Land was assigned by destiny !

SECOND PAUPER :

Now it's our turn !

THIRD PAUPER :

We want riches !

FIRST PAUPER :

Soil !

THIRD PAUPER :

And gold !

SECOND PAUPER :

And gold ! Do you not know that there the gold lies on the surface of the earth ? It's for the one who picks it up. You only have to bend down——

THIRD PAUPER :

Do you not know that gold and precious stones are lying there in the light of day ? And that all riches are scattered there in the dust of the earth ? There's enough riches for everyone there. There is riches for the disinherited !

CHORUS OF PAUPERS :

In the Land of Hopes !

DOLLARSON (*to the public*) :

Ha, ha, ha ! Who wouldn't go to the Land of Hopes ? Buy the Dollarson shares ! Do you hear ? There's soil, gold, riches——

FIFTH PAUPER (*leaping to the front*) :

Not only riches and gold ; there's more than that.

DOLLARSON :

More ? More than that ? What greater thing do you want to seek there ?

FIFTH PAUPER :

Liberty !

SIXTH PAUPER (*leaping to the front*) :

More !

DOLLARSON :

Still more ?

SIXTH PAUPER :

Oh, peace of mind, escape, oblivion.

SEVENTH PAUPER :

And a refuge. I want a refuge. I want to take refuge !

EIGHTH PAUPER :

Oh, more ! I want more. I want health. I know that only there shall I find health.

NINTH PAUPER :

Still more. I want to get freedom, strength and power there !

TENTH PAUPER :

More !

DOLLARSON :

More ! What more is there ?

TENTH PAUPER :

Sleep ! There is sleep. I want to find sleep there !

ELEVENTH PAUPER :

I shall find God there !

DOLLARSON :

On the New Continent—everything—but God quite slipped my memory. (*To the paupers.*) Shout for all you're worth ; I'll pay you for it. I'll engage you as announcers. (*With a broad sweep of the arm towards the public.*) Who wouldn't go to the New Land ? Apply to the Dollarson Bureaus. Dollarson

THE LAND OF MANY NAMES 73

is busy with the Land of Hopes. Come forward,
prepare, start off, subscribe !

[The stage is filled with a CROWD in the back-ground.]

CHORUS OF PAUPERS :

To the Land of Hopes !

FIRST AND SECOND SANDWICHMEN :

The Dollarson organisations !

DOLLARSON :

Excursions to the Land of Hopes ! Colonisation
of the Land of Hopes ! There are estates ; there you
will earn riches ; there you will find gold !

CHORUS OF PAUPERS :

Everything can be found there !

DOLLARSON :

Yes, there you'll find entertainments and jollity ;
you'll gain possessions, earn riches, discover gold !

CHORUS OF PAUPERS :

In the Land of Hopes there is everything——

FIRST AND SECOND SANDWICHMEN :

Apply to Dollarson !

DOLLARSON :

That's it ! There is liberty too. There you'll find
peace of mind, a refuge, escape and oblivion !

FIRST AND SECOND SANDWICHMEN :

The Dollarson organisations !

74 THE LAND OF MANY NAMES

CHORUS OF PAUPERS :

There you'll find everything !

DOLLARSON :

Do you crave for strength and power ? There you'll develop your desires and power. Do you seek health or sleep ? There you'll attain recovery. Yes, and more besides. Even God is there. And even more ? All prosperity and all gain. All you want.

CHORUS OF PAUPERS :

In the Land of Hopes there is everything——

DOLLARSON :

Dollarson will arrange everything for you——

CHORUS OF PAUPERS :

This way for the Land of Hopes !

THE CROWD :

The Land of Hopes !

FIRST AND SECOND SANDWICHMEN :

Who else wants Dollarson shares ?

[*The hooter of a motor-car. VANDERGOLD makes his appearance.*]

THE CROWD :

Look ! Vandergold !

VANDERGOLD :

That's me.

DOLLARSON :

Ah, Mr. Vandergold, it's you, eh ? I'm glad to see you. I thought you were ill. May I venture

to hope that you also have come to take shares in my organisations ?

FIRST SANDWICHMAN :

The magnificent Dollarson organisations.

SECOND SANDWICHMAN :

The greatest prosperity and gain !

VANDERGOLD :

Not a bit of it.

DOLLARSON :

Then perhaps I may assume that you have made speculations of your own ? Although I did not hear that you were concerned in anything. And yet I am surprised, where so splendid an object—

VANDERGOLD :

No.

FIRST AND SECOND SANDWICHMEN :

Listen ! Dollarson has surpassed Vandergold.

DOLLARSON :

Ah, my friend, a strong man does not allow events to take him by surprise.

VANDERGOLD :

You haven't let the events take you by surprise ?

DOLLARSON :

That I haven't. Just look at all I am doing.

76 THE LAND OF MANY NAMES

FIRST SANDWICHMAN :

Vandergold has been left behind by Dollarson.
Dollarson leads and Vandergold has withdrawn.

SECOND SANDWICHMAN :

Vandergold is handicapped !
Put your money on Dollarson !

DOLLARSON :

It's clear, my friend, that you've allowed the events to take you by surprise. I'm astonished that you didn't realise, that you didn't seize the opportunity of doing business in the matter of the New Land.

VANDERGOLD :

What's that you say ?

DOLLARSON :

What ? The New Land, the Land of Hopes !

VANDERGOLD :

And what else ?

THE CROWD :

The Land of New Happiness !

CHORUS OF PAUPERS :

The Land of the Poor !

VANDERGOLD :

It's got other names as well. Everywhere they call it differently.

DOLLARSON :

Bah ! what does the name matter ? It is the new sixth continent.

VANDERGOLD :

The name announces the thing and says what it is.
(*To the crowd.*) Speak and enumerate it. Come, now,
let's hear how the land is called.

FIRST VOICE FROM THE CROWD (*the STRIPLING*) :

It's called the Golden Star !

SECOND VOICE FROM THE CROWD (*the MAN WITH THE SPADE*) :

The Land of Blessing !

FOURTH PAUPER :

The Land of Fulfilment !

THIRD VOICE FROM THE CROWD (*the LOVER*) :

The New Paradise !

FIRST PAUPER :

The Land of the Poor !

THIRD PAUPER :

The New Land of Plenty !

FOURTH VOICE FROM THE CROWD :

The New Utopia !

FIFTH PAUPER :

The Land of Equality ! The Land of Justice !

FIFTH VOICE FROM THE CROWD (*the HERALD*) :

Not at all ! The Land of Salvation !

DOLLARSON :

What does it matter about the names ? The names just show with what affection and with what hopes mankind welcomes the New Land.

VANDERGOLD :

Oh, go on, go on ! What else do you call it ?

SIXTH VOICE FROM THE CROWD :

The Realm of the Centuries !

SIXTH PAUPER :

The Land of Thule !

ELEVENTH PAUPER :

Not so. It is called the Continent of Jesus' Heart !

SEVENTH VOICE FROM THE CROWD :

Not at all ! The New Zion !

EIGHTH MAN FROM THE CROWD (*rushing forward*) :

Nonsense ! It is called the Land of Karl Marx !

NINTH MAN FROM THE CROWD (*dashing after him*) :

Never ! We want no Land of Karl Marx ! It will be called the Land of the Strong !

TENTH MAN FROM THE CROWD (*dashing after the previous one*) :

Away with you ! But you will see. It will bear the name of Leninia !

[*Disturbance in the crowd, which splits up into hostile groups.*]

VANDERGOLD :

Oh, calm down, calm down ! There's no need to

kill each other on that account ! And the land has other names as well ! Come, now——

FIRST VOICE FROM THE CROWD :
The New Atlantis !

FIRST SANDWICHMAN :
The Star of the West !

SECOND SANDWICHMAN :
The Heritage of the West !

SECOND VOICE FROM THE CROWD :
The Land of the North !

FIRST SANDWICHMAN :
The New Europe !

SECOND SANDWICHMAN :
The New America !

THIRD VOICE FROM THE CROWD :
No, the New Africa !

FOURTH VOICE FROM THE CROWD :
The Latin Star !

FIFTH VOICE FROM THE CROWD :
Absurd ! The Celtic Star !

SIXTH VOICE FROM THE CROWD :
The Crown of States !

FIFTH VOICE FROM THE CROWD :
No other States ! It is the Morning Star of Iberia !

80 THE LAND OF MANY NAMES

FIRST SANDWICHMAN :
The New England !

SECOND SANDWICHMAN :
The New France !

SEVENTH VOICE FROM THE CROWD :
No ! The Land of all Continents !

EIGHTH VOICE FROM THE CROWD :
No, never ! never ! The New Germany !

VANDERGOLD :
Do you hear that ? Do you hear ?

DOLLARSON :
Why continue with this litany of names ? They merely indicate the economic, political, social and intellectual importance which the whole world attaches to the New Continent, and what great hopes are associated with its future. That is why it is called the Land of Hopes.

VANDERGOLD :
Then for the time being you'd better just call it the Land of Many Names. But it will bear only a single name.

DOLLARSON :
Which one ?

VANDERGOLD :
I don't know yet. But it will bear the name of the one to whom it will belong.

DOLLARSON :

To whom will it belong ?

THE CROWD :

Doesn't it belong to all ?

VANDERGOLD :

But the Land of Hopes isn't on the moon. It exists to-day ; it is the centre of the most diverse interests and conflicting purposes, and it is located within the spheres of authority of the interested Continents of States throughout the world. It has become the subject of mutual negotiations. Well, these negotiations have not attained their purpose.

THE CROWD :

What does that matter to us ? It belongs to us all.

VANDERGOLD :

Oh yes. Why not ? Let's suppose it'll be yours. But first of all the Land of Hopes will have to be redeemed.

THE CROWD :

Redeemed ?

EIGHTH MAN FROM THE CROWD :

Tell us more clearly how we are to understand this.

DOLLARSON :

Redeemed ? By what ?

VANDERGOLD :

By blood and suffering.

CHORUS OF PAUPERS :

Blood and suffering upon you who say such a thing !

DOLLARSON :

Blood and suffering——

VANDERGOLD :

Let's put it more concisely : war !

[The bright star, with the golden radiance, reddens.

THE CROWD :

We don't want war ! We want the New Land !

VANDERGOLD :

You will have it, but not for nothing. That is my news. It is prompt and accurate. The negotiations between the States have broken down. Now the force of arms is to decide.

THE CROWD :

Alas !

[Billstickers paste the mobilisation orders on the gateway.]

FIRST AND SECOND SANDWICHMEN :

Mobilisation !

[Men in the background depart.]

DOLLARSON :

My organisations !

VANDERGOLD :

Mr. Dollarson, you again allowed events to take you by surprise.

DOLLARSON :

I vow it's for the last time, Vandergold. War, then——

[*Exit* DOLLARSON.]

THE REMAINING CROWD :

Alas, war ! Alas ! but the Land of Hopes must be ours.

VANDERGOLD :

Yes, war. Attention, people ! Those who are not called up for the army will find employment in my factories, which I have now completely transformed for the manufacture of war materials. I shall employ as many women, old men and children as are not affected by the mobilisation order. You can apply at my offices.

[*Exit the* REMAINING CROWD.]

VOICE OF THE CROWD (*afar*) :

To the fighting-line, to war——

VANDERGOLD :

Yes, first of all comes war. Death at once walks side by side with man.

[*Exit.*

[*The stage is empty. The sound of drums behind. The star glows blood-red. Under the redly blazing star the shadow picture of soldiers on the march.*]

SONG OF THE SOLDIERS :

*O merrily, O merrily, my gun that goes with me.
Hurrah ! we'll win the New Land there that lies
beyond the sea !*

84 THE LAND OF MANY NAMES

*Now off we go to fight,
On us the star shines bright,
And this new star, it mine must be!
And this new star, it mine must be!*

THE WOMAN IN THE BLACK VEIL (*stands erect in the
centre of the stage and stretches out her hands*):
Alas, war!—again war!

SONG OF THE SOLDIERS:

*The banners—ha! the banners, they higher yet
shall soar.
The New Land's there beyond the sea, and ye shall
scan it o'er.
From that land fair,
From that star rare,
We shall return no more—*

THE WOMAN IN THE BLACK VEIL (*kneels down*):
Oh, my son—

[*The shadow picture of the soldiers on the march
vanishes. The star glows darkly.*]

SONG OF THE SOLDIERS (*afar*):
We shall return no more.

THE WOMAN IN THE BLACK VEIL (*sinks down*):
My son—

CURTAIN.

ACT THREE

The same city ; darkness. ELAN CHOL in the foreground.

ELAN CHOL :

Well then,
The bloody work is accomplished.
Again in place of the Furies we shall have Peace.
The war is ended !

I beheld death mowing down regiments.
I strode through fire
And perished not. How wondrous !
Light is given unto him whose heart is in shadow
And life unto him who is forlorn in spirit.
For I have long been in the shackles
Of a foe who knows not compassion :
I have been made captive by causeless grief,
Direr than death.

I sought a grave more eagerly than slumber
And found it not,
But saw how from thirsty lips
Death removes the vessel of life.
Yet to me, who crave not to drink the water of life,
To me it was not vouchsafed to die the death.

Sadder is my spirit than the most forlorn of regions,
More rigid than rocks,
More mournful than is dust or clay,
Gloomier than quenched fire.

The whole world crushes me with its weight,
 And lies upon me as sand lies in the wilderness.
 Still do I live.

My body is the coffin of my spirit
 And my spirit is the sepulchre of my body.
 What is life to me ?
 I am destroyed before I have died the death.

The missile shunned me,
 And the slaying sword turned aside from me ;
 Fire shrank from mowing me down,
 And the eyes of hostile armies beheld me not.

Life has not acknowledged me as its son,
 And Death has turned its embrace from me.
 The grave has fled before me.
 Only causeless grief holds me,
 Has clutched me in its fetters and hounds me with
 its whip.
 Mute, not showing me the path, it drives me
 I know not whither.

[*Exit.*

*Darkness. A group of disabled soldiers who are
 returning is outlined more and more clearly
 beside a fire.*

FIRST DISABLED SOLDIER :

Well, have none of you got any tobacco ? Not a
 plug ? Not a shred ? Not a flake ?

SECOND DISABLED SOLDIER :

No, that we haven't.

FIRST DISABLED SOLDIER :

Bah ! that's bad. It's no pleasure puffing out of an
 empty pipe.

CITIZEN (*stopping by the group*):

Here's some tobacco.

FIRST DISABLED SOLDIER :

God reward you ; that's nice tobacco. But what was I going to say ? I was telling you : we dug ourselves in among this sand. They said it was hell there, but that was a place there was a lot of talk about. Nowhere a drop of water, and we were dying of thirst. And the boy, he kept talking about the gold, while we were talking the whole time about water, as if he was the only one who didn't feel that awful thirst. He kept saying, "Gold, gold ! there's gold yonder on the other side ; that's where we've got to go. Then I'll throw away my rifle and fill my haversack with gold, and after that I'll have a drink." That was the fourth day we'd had nothing to drink. So then he makes a dash forward. I got hold of his hand, but he was off like the wind, his eyes starting out of his head. "Where are you running to ?" I said. But all he answered was, "Gold, gold !"

CITIZEN :

Well, and what then ?

FIRST DISABLED SOLDIER :

I don't know. There was a big bang and not a button left of the boy. That was right at the beginning of the war.

SECOND DISABLED SOLDIER :

There was a sergeant serving with us ; he'd been a policeman—not a bad fellow, a clean-shaven chap ; perhaps you knew him. When we were all whining—whining like children we were, lying in those shocking swamps—he was always saying : "Be sensible ! Do

you call yourselves men ? ” We were lying in those salty swamps ; the living flesh was peeling off us. But I’ve said that before ; besides, everybody knows about it. He got a bullet in his chest. Down he went, covered with blood, and said : “ Mother, look ! snow-drops.” I don’t know where he got that from. He said “ snow-drops,” and there was only marsh and blood. He was done for on the spot.

FIRST DISABLED SOLDIER :

Hm !

THIRD DISABLED SOLDIER :

He was the one who was always a stickler for order in the street. He was a decent policeman. If he was to rise from the dead and see this city now, that’d make him stare.

FIRST DISABLED SOLDIER :

Bah ! this place is an awful sight !

CITIZEN :

Things were bad here too. We had a very rough time of it. The enemy flung sulphur and fire on the city. We’re living in the ruins. O God ! there was hunger and there was misery. It’s a tale that can’t be told.

THE LOVER :

I am here——

FIRST DISABLED SOLDIER :

Hah !

SECOND DISABLED SOLDIER :

What’s that ? You ? You’re alive, are you ? Why,

I thought that nobody'd come back, that we alone were left there, that all the rest perished !

FIRST DISABLED SOLDIER :

Why, I saw you——

THE LOVER :

I have come——

SECOND DISABLED SOLDIER :

Why, we saw you——

THE LOVER :

Dead or alive, I had to come.

FIRST DISABLED SOLDIER :

Dead——

THE LOVER :

Dead or alive, that is all one to me. But I vowed——

SECOND DISABLED SOLDIER :

What ?

THE LOVER :

Nothing.

AN OLD MOTHER :

My son ! No, that is not my son ! Did you not see my son ? Hasn't he returned yet ? He is not among you. My boy !

THIRD DISABLED SOLDIER :

We don't know. Perhaps——there'll be some more coming back.

AN OLD MOTHER :

My son ! He so much wanted to reach this New Land ! He was so glad to go to the war ! Didn't you see him ? Why didn't he come with you ? They sent me a message that he was killed. But I don't believe it. He was my son. I don't believe it. Tell me, when is he coming ?

SECOND DISABLED SOLDIER :

Hm ! Well, he's coming—later.

AN OLD MOTHER :

I know he's coming. He's such a smart lad. It's impossible that such a boy as mine could be killed. I know that he'll return. I'm waiting for him ; he'll come——

THE SOLDIERS :

You just wait. He'll come back—later on.

AN OLD MOTHER :

He'll come. No, he isn't dead, I know. I'm waiting. Of course, he'll return——

[Exit.

A WIDOW :

Listen to me. But don't comfort me ; don't tell me lies. I know that my husband is dead. All I ask of you is to tell me when you last saw him—tell me, try and recall when you last saw him, and what message he left for me.

FIRST DISABLED SOLDIER (*sobs*).

A WIDOW :

Oh, speak ! See, I am not weeping. Just tell me when you saw him last, what he said, what was his message to me.

SECOND DISABLED SOLDIER :

He was lying with his face to the sky and his eyes wide open.

A WIDOW :

Then he was looking at you. And what message did he give for me ?

FIRST DISABLED SOLDIER :

O-o-o-o ! he had no lips.

A WIDOW :

O-o-o-o ! I have no child. I have no tears. I have no husband. I have a heart that is torn asunder. I have no lips to curse heaven with.

[Exit.

THIRD DISABLED SOLDIER :

It's a piteous sight !

SECOND DISABLED SOLDIER :

And she's not the only one. There's too many like her.

FIRST DISABLED SOLDIER :

Better not think about it. (*To the LOVER.*) Then you're not dead—you've come——

THE LOVER :

I am here. I vowed I would return even from the grave——

[Enter the BELOVED.

THE BELOVED (*stretches out her hands to him*) :

My dear one ! My love ! You will love me no more.

THE LOVER :

But I have come here for you.

THE BELOVED :

You will not have my love again.

THE LOVER :

I know all. I have only come to tell you that you are a strumpet.

THE BELOVED :

Have pity ! My heart was thinking only of you.

THE LOVER :

I know all. You have become Vandergold's wench. The enemy spared me, but you—you have plunged a knife into my heart !

THE BELOVED :

I was hungry.

THE LOVER :

Oh, what have you done with our love ?

THE BELOVED :

I was sorry for my young life.

THE LOVER :

And what of my life ? Did you not grieve for my life ?

THE BELOVED :

My heart is nothing but tears and nothing but love for you. But alas ! you will never love me any more.

THE LOVER :

Oh, you are beautiful ! You are as beautiful as you used to be ! Don't look at me. My heart is devoured by a bitter flame. You are a harlot, but you are beautiful. I love you, but I shall never bring it over me to forgive you. Come !

THE BELOVED :

Oh, grant me forgiveness !

THE LOVER :

Never can I forgive you. Come !

[Exeunt both.]

FIRST DISABLED SOLDIER :

They'll never be happy again.

SECOND DISABLED SOLDIER :

That they won't.

THIRD SOLDIER :

And Vandergold won't either. If you ask me, his life isn't worth a brass farthing now.

CITIZEN :

His life ? Why, Vandergold doesn't need to be afraid.

SECOND DISABLED SOLDIER :

Vandergold had better look out for himself. That chap won't give him any quarter.

CITIZEN :

Vandergold isn't afraid of anyone now. Vandergold is dead.

THIRD SOLDIER :

Vandergold dead ?

CITIZEN :

Vandergold got killed on the home front.

FIRST DISABLED SOLDIER :

Then it was that chap, after all ?

CITIZEN :

No, it wasn't him.

SECOND DISABLED SOLDIER :

Was it a bullet ?

CITIZEN :

No.

THIRD SOLDIER :

A knife, then ?

CITIZEN :

It wasn't a knife either. Vandergold was torn in pieces—Vandergold and his car with him. And now Dollarson's top dog—only Dollarson, Dollarson and nobody else. Oh, strange things have been happening. We've had war here, too. So for those of us who're alive to tell the tale the only thing left is to beg for peace again.

[The sound of a horn. A HERALD runs in before a projected image of "The Dollarson News." A CROWD collects.]

HERALD :

Oyez! oyez! oyez! The war is ended; the fight is won! The New Continent is opened to us. The Land of Hopes is in our possession as far as the frontiers marked out by us. Our flags are flying upon our territory to the full extent of our claims. Thus has it been sealed by fire, blood and the sword. So to them who have perished let there be grateful memory and renown. However, it is sweet to lay down one's life for the benefit of days yet to be. Our share in the Land of Hopes comprises over 5,000,000 square kilometres. Its maximum width is

2,200 kilometres; its maximum length 3,800 kilometres—all fine promising soil along the sides and in the middle, on top and within.

Hear what Dollarson thinks about it. Dollarson has expressed the opinion that this is a fine big deal. His view is that we have gained much more than we hoped to get. He says that we have reason for pride and satisfaction. He further states that the finest thing of all is now in store for us, since now that the task of the war has been carried out, the task of peace has to be achieved. And where the heroes performed their deeds, workers are now needed. He hopes that all who desire to pluck the fruit of this great work will prepare themselves joyfully to depart to the Promised Land. It is ours; it has been redeemed.

*[The image of "The Dollarson News" vanishes,
and the bright phantom of a star appears.
Exit HERALD.]*

THE CROWD :

The Land of Hopes is redeemed !

THE CITIZEN :

It was also called the Land of Many Names. Everyone was eager for it. But you, soldiers—you have already seen it.

FIRST DISABLED SOLDIER :

We soldiers have been there, and we called it "Hell."

FIRST MAN FROM THE CROWD :

It was said to be an earthly paradise, the most beautiful of all lands.

SECOND DISABLED SOLDIER :

Ha, ha, ha ! Its beauty is downright murderous. This blind man here among you, he couldn't even

tear his eyes away from it, so he left them there.
Let him tell you what he saw.

THE BLIND SOLDIER :

I beheld it as a single golden and fiery flower, and
then I saw no more.

SECOND DISABLED SOLDIER :

And what do you see now ?

THE BLIND SOLDIER :

My eyes—I see only my eyes.

SECOND DISABLED SOLDIER :

And what do you feel ?

THE BLIND SOLDIER :

A song.

THE CROWD :

Sing to us, blind man. Sing about the Land of
Hopes.

THE BLIND SOLDIER :

I will sing about those who served under Elan Chol.

THE CROWD :

Elan Chol's company.

FIRST DISABLED SOLDIER :

He's one of that company. Sing now !

THE BLIND MAN :

We served under Elan Chol the renowned.

"Long live our captain!" the hundred of us said.

He went ahead,

Seeking for death on the battle-ground.

Elan Chol, by him we were led,

And those hundred lads of his are around.

*All among black stones we lay,
Above us a sign in black array.
This is the captain,
Standing on guard upright,
And challenging Fate to come and fight.*

CHORUS :

*Elan Chol stood on guard alone,
And the breath of a curse was over him blown.*

THE BLIND MAN :

*Hurrah ! we all were dead before
We died. And whether living or
Fallen or dying we might be,
Each the same gulf of gloom could see.
Death himself called us on parade,
Commander of our company.*

CHORUS :

*Hurrah ! whether dead or alive they be,
In eternal gloom they paraded, and he,
Death, commands our company.*

THE BLIND MAN :

*On guard stands the blind man himself ; with him
Our captain, our captain, a shadow grim,
Elan Chol with his hundred lads.
A hundred dead with their curse of doom
Went away to eternal gloom.*

FIRST MAN FROM THE CROWD :

And is Elan Chol alive ?

THE BLIND MAN :

He is not dead.

THE CITIZEN :

This is dreadful what you say.

THE CROWD :

Horror is hovering above us.

[*A distant rumbling.*

FIRST MAN FROM THE CROWD :

Do you hear a sort of thunder ?

THE CROWD :

Alas! is the war still going on ?

[*The throb of a motor-car, sirens. Enter DOLLARSON.*]

VOICES FROM THE CROWD :

Dollarson !

FIRST MAN FROM THE CROWD :

Mr. Dollarson, there's a sort of thunder can be heard.

THE CROWD :

I'm scared out of my wits.

FIRST MAN FROM THE CROWD :

Hasn't the war stopped yet ?

DOLLARSON :

The war has been successfully concluded. The turmoil of war is disposed of, the cannon are mute, and amid the dawn red with heroes' blood a new day is being born. We have won the war. The Land of Hopes is ours. Now all we need do is to take charge of the territory thus acquired. Let the busy hand seize upon it !

[*A short pause.*

DOLLARSON :

Let the busy hand seize upon it. The plough and the spade.

FIRST DISABLED SOLDIER :

The first plough has not tilled that land with a fruitful furrow, and the first spade did not loosen its soil for a living harvest. The first plough and spade furrowed it with a war-trench, and the first herb which sprouted from it was bullet and barbed wire.

DOLLARSON :

Such was the demand of destiny. That first trench and the furrow hollowed out by munitions, they imprinted upon it the seal of human ownership. The New Continent must be turned into property.

SECOND DISABLED SOLDIER :

This is how man marked it with his ownership. With his blood he manured the Land of Dreams, and the first seed he sowed was his fathers and brothers and sons.

DOLLARSON :

Many must yield up his sacrifice for the New Lands to the superhuman creator. But from the human tillage there arises a mighty harvest. The Land of Hopes has been redeemed. There was nothing else for it ; we had to pay the price. But I tell you that it was worth while. Now we shall turn the Land of Hopes into the Land of Life.

FIRST DISABLED SOLDIER :

What's that you call it ?

DOLLARSON :

Exult ! Now it's to be called the Land of Life.

SECOND DISABLED SOLDIER :

We used to call it the Great Graveyard.

DOLLARSON :

Not a bit of it. It is the beckoning Land of New Life.

THE BLIND MAN :

It is inhabited by shadows. It is the Land of Dead Armies.

DOLLARSON :

No. In this land there is no shadow. It gleams with its four-square expanses, it glistens with the wheat which is growing upon it, shimmers with the images of forests, shines with the cities which garb its new life. Ha, ha ! Is it not rather this ancient world here which is the land of dead armies and the age-old graveyard of hopes ? This soil here, not once but a hundred times, had to be redeemed for life's sake. For ages past there has been cursing and vain yearning here. Here you walk upon the bones of millions who dreamt of better things and never lived to see them. But yonder is the New Land. Ha, ha ! What odd people you are, to be sure ! You all wanted to go there, and now you're thinking it over ? Get along with you ! Why, there's nothing more for you to obtain from this old world.

[The bright phantom of a star slowly assumes a coloured gleam. Thunder in the distance.]

FIRST MAN FROM THE CROWD :

Listen to the thunder.

THE CROWD :

I am scared out of my wits. Something is clutching me.

DOLLARSON :

Don't be alarmed. The fight for the Land of Hopes is over. Ha, ha! now we've got things in order—upon my soul, we have. There's no more war there, no more death. Who would hesitate now? Oh, golden dream of the new world! Ah, Pieris, your words of enthusiasm are needed here.

PIERIS :

I wanted to go, but now I shall stay here. I am old, and I have no more desire to roam.

DOLLARSON :

Where is your great faith, Pieris? Is that how you look forward? Why, you used to be so enthusiastic with new hopes. Come, come! why, you're quite feeble and old!

PIERIS :

No, I am even firmer in my faith. But you said that this soil here, too—not once, no, a hundred times—had to be redeemed for life's sake, and that we are standing here on the eternal grief of millions who died and hoped here. Isn't that what you said?

DOLLARSON :

Something like that.

PIERIS :

Yes, and so it is in truth. Well, then, listen: here is the Land of Hopes.

THE CROWD :

This is not quite clear to me; my thoughts are slow.

PIERIS :

This is what I say: Not there, but here is the Land of Hopes. Look at this land, people. It

suffers and hopes. It is waiting for your faith. Do not abandon it. Here, here, is the land of eternal hoping and redemption. Yes, this is where it is.

THE CROWD :

I am bewildered. A strange foreboding——

DOLLARSON :

Nonsense ! What does anyone get out of your offer ? You ridiculous apostle ! what does anyone gain from these hopes of yours ? What is the good of an empty hope here, when there you can possess ? Why vainly hope and dream here, when there you can take ? Listen, people ! The New Continent is already waiting for you and offers you its gifts. Hallo ! where are you, people of the New World ?

THE CROWD :

Ah ! I am not daring enough.

DOLLARSON :

You need only put zest into it. The New Continent is for all who demand more than they own now.

THE CROWD :

Ah ! let us hear.

DOLLARSON :

Come forward, pioneers ! Gain beckons to you with its reward. The New Continent is already waiting for you. All that is necessary now is to set the seal of ownership upon the property which has been bestowed. Lay your hands upon it. This continent has need of hands so that it can deliver up all its wealth. It has room enough for the hands of all. I say, lend me your hands. I need more hands.

I need the hands of all, so that they can embrace,
clutch and hold so great a thing.

THE CROWD :

I hesitate——

DOLLARSON :

All of you were raving about it, and now that
you've got it, would you stop to reflect? Who can
hesitate? Who does not desire more than he has?

THE CROWD :

But it seems that prosperity is beckoning to me
there.

DOLLARSON :

I tell you how it is. What have you got here?
Here only the old worries and misery await you
again——

THE CROWD :

Ah! I shall have to go.

DOLLARSON :

Just recall all your worries. Anyhow, it's for every-
one to decide as he thinks best. Here is your
wretched yesterday——

THE CROWD :

I am sorry to leave this old land——

DOLLARSON :

Deuce take it! But there? Ha! there a better
morrow awaits you on the New Continent——

THE CROWD :

But I shall rid myself of my misery——

DOLLARSON :

—on the New Continent. It is already waiting. It desires to rid itself of its plenty. Who can hesitate ? It is new-born, virginally rich, with its resources unused. Ha, ha, ha ! who would not go to the full table ? There is enough of it for all.

THE CROWD :

And why, perhaps I shall be rich and happy.

DOLLARSON :

Ah ! who would be unwilling ? Who is without soil ? There is soil which yields life and riches, and the earth opens her treasures for the man who does not hesitate to take them. Listen carefully. I tell you that gold is to be found there.

THE CROWD :

I'll be off at once.

PIERIS :

Do not abandon the old continent, this old Land of Yearning whose debtors you are.

THE CROWD :

Now I am resolved.

DOLLARSON :

Admirable ! Take the soil into your hands. Take gold into your hands. Property is the thing which I hold in my hands. The New Continent is asking to be owned. It desires to be in somebody's hands. Give me your hands. Everything can be found there. Even the most poverty-stricken among you can be a Dollarson on a small scale.

THE CROWD :

Ah ! I shall free myself from my misery and shall be mighty.

DOLLARSON :

What a huge opportunity ! Everything is there. Give me your hands. Hands for everything. Oh, the things that have been said ! That liberty and solace for the spirit will be found there, what everyone desires ; that refuge and slumber and power and strength and oblivion will be found there. Nay, even more ! There you will find God Himself. Take God Himself into your hands——

THE CROWD :

Ha ! I shall lay my hands upon God Himself, and shall be powerful and happy.

DOLLARSON :

—in the conquered Land of Hopes. Forward, then !

THE CROWD :

To the New Land !

DOLLARSON :

That's the style ! Up and at it ! We shall seize the New Continent. It shall bear the name of the man to whom it is to belong. I tell you this is a great stroke of business and a tremendous affair. Oho, oho ! there's never been anything like this before. Now forward !

[Enter DOLLARSON'S ARMY OF ENGINEERS, SOLDIERS AND OFFICIALS.]

THE ARMY OF ENGINEERS, SOLDIERS AND OFFICIALS :

Here !

DOLLARSON :

All correct ! The work is started. My ships are waiting. See ! this is the first contingent : Engineers, Officials and Soldiers—Labour, Law and Authority. That's the way. And now we'll create the Dollarson Continent. I'll give you more detailed instructions when you get there. Up and away ! Forward !

THE CROWD :

Now I'm off. Forward ! *[Thunder.*

FIRST MAN FROM THE CROWD :

Alas ! it is thundering, and the earth is shaking.

THE CROWD :

I am scared out of my wits and am shaking too.

THE CITIZEN :

How the earth rumbles and groans !

THE CROWD :

Oh, horror !

DOLLARSON :

This Old Land is shaking and cracking.

PIERIS :

Heavens ! oh, protect it !

DOLLARSON :

It seems as if this old piece of lumber is singing its funeral song. Hurrah ! that's a song we're glad to hear now. The New Continent is shining to us.

THE CROWD :

Hurrah !

[Increased noise of thunder.

DOLLARSON :

So forward ! Oh, you can shake and toss and crack as much as you please, Old World ! This is destiny speaking. Ha, ha ! The Old Earth is crumbling. It is done for. But I shall make a New Continent !

THE CROWD :

Up and away ! Forward !

[An aeroplane is heard.]

FIRST MAN FROM THE CROWD :

The earth is breaking up, but I hear another sound as well——

SECOND MAN FROM THE CROWD :

It is an aeroplane.

THE CROWD :

See ! it is above our heads.

FIRST MAN FROM THE CROWD :

It is a signalling plane.

DOLLARSON :

Hallo ! it is bringing news.

[Noise of thunder. The signal station on the right in the gateway is illuminated, starts ringing loudly, then calls.]

STATION ON THE RIGHT :

The Land of Hopes.

DOLLARSON :

Hurrah ! the Land of Hopes !

STATION ON THE RIGHT :

The Land of Hopes.

THE CROWD :

Up and away to the Land of Hopes !

STATION ON THE RIGHT (*dwindling*) :

The Land of Hopes——

[Increased noise of thunder.

THE CITIZEN :

Look ! there's another aeroplane after it——

FIRST MAN FROM THE CROWD :

Another signalling plane.

[The signal station on the left is illuminated and starts ringing.]

DOLLARSON :

Greetings from the Land of Hopes !

THE CROWD :

Hurrah ! the Land of Hopes !

STATION ON THE LEFT :

Dollarson ! Dollarson !

DOLLARSON :

Good ! What is it ?

STATION ON THE LEFT :

I announce that the New Continent is lost !

THE CROWD :

Ha ! my foreboding——

[*Noise of thunder. Enter ENGINEER, SOLDIER and OFFICIAL.*]

ENGINEER :

Mr. Dollarson, we assume that under these circumstances you will pay us the quarter's salary you promised——

OFFICIAL :

——including bonus and allowances——

SOLDIER :

——in accordance with the terms of the service agreement.

DOLLARSON :

Everything, only keep quiet. Oh, this is impossible !

[*Exit ARMY OF ENGINEERS, SOLDIERS AND OFFICIALS. Noise of thunder.*]

STATION ON THE LEFT :

This morning there began an earthquake, the storm-centre of which was the New Continent. The sea rose high, and amid a terrible noise of thunder and subterranean crashing the New Continent is subsiding into the ocean.

DOLLARSON (*staggers to the right*) :

Oh——

STATION ON THE LEFT :

At this moment even our flags are being submerged.

DOLLARSON (*collapses to the right*):

Oh, Vandergold, too much——

[*A short, loud crash.*]

STATION ON THE RIGHT :

The New Continent, known also as the Land of Hopes, has subsided into the depths of the ocean.

DOLLARSON :

—too much bad fortune. (*Collapses.*) Lost!

THE CROWD :

It is lost. What a misfortune!

THE BLIND MAN :

Listen! The Land of Shadows has fallen into the darkness of the ocean.

ELAN CHOL :

The Land of Shadows?

[*Sound of an organ.*]

THE WOMAN IN THE BLACK VEIL :

On your knees! On your knees! Our dead are dying a second death!

[*The CROWD kneels down.*]

ELAN CHOL :

Make way! make way——

THE CROWD :

Kneel down, ill-fated man!

ELAN CHOL :

Make way——

THE CROWD :

Where are you rushing to, Dark Madman ?

ELAN CHOL :

Into the Land of Shadows !

CURTAIN.



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Land
of
Many
Names

By

JOSEF
ČAPEK

