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JEWISH WRITINGS

Hannah Arendt

Edited by
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WE REFUGEES

In the first place, we don't like to be called "refugees." We ourselves call each other "newcomers" or "immigrants." Our newspapers are papers for "Americans of German language"; and, as far as I know, there is not and never was any club founded by Hitler-persecuted people whose name indicated that its members were refugees.

A refugee used to be a person driven to seek refuge because of some act committed or some political opinion held. Well, it is true we have had to seek refuge; but we committed no acts and most of us never dreamt of having any radical political opinion. With us the meaning of the term "refugee" has changed. Now "refugees" are those of us who have been so unfortunate as to arrive in a new country without means and have to be helped by refugee committees.

Before this war broke out we were even more sensitive about being called refugees. We did our best to prove to other people that we were just ordinary immigrants. We declared that we had departed of our own free will to countries of our choice, and we denied that our situation had anything to do with "so-called Jewish problems." Yes, we were "immigrants" or "newcomers" who had left our country because, one fine day, it no longer suited us to stay, or for purely economic reasons. We wanted to rebuild our lives, that was all. In order to rebuild one's life one has to be strong and an optimist. So we are very optimistic.

Our optimism, indeed, is admirable, even if we say so ourselves. The story of our struggle has finally become known. We lost our home, which means the familiarity of daily life. We lost our occupation, which means the confidence that we are of some use in this world. We lost our language, which means the naturalness of reactions, the simplicity of gestures, the unaffected expression of feelings. We left our relatives in the Polish ghettos

We Refugees

and our best friends have been killed in concentration camps, and that means the rupture of our private lives.

Nevertheless, as soon as we were saved—and most of us had to be saved several times—we started our new lives and tried to follow as closely as possible all the good advice our saviors passed on to us. We were told to forget; and we forgot quicker than anybody ever could imagine. In a friendly way we were reminded that the new country would become a new home; and after four weeks in France or six weeks in America, we pretended to be Frenchmen or Americans. The more optimistic among us would even add that their whole former life had been passed in a kind of unconscious exile and only their new country now taught them what a home really looks like. It is true we sometimes raise objections when we are told to forget about our former work; and our former ideals are usually hard to throw over if our social standard is at stake. With the language, however, we find no difficulties: after a single year optimists are convinced they speak English as well as their mother tongue; and after two years they swear solemnly that they speak English better than any other language—their German is a language they hardly remember.

In order to forget more efficiently we rather avoid any allusion to concentration or internment camps we experienced in nearly all European countries—it might be interpreted as pessimism or lack of confidence in the new homeland. Besides, how often have we been told that nobody likes to listen to all that; hell is no longer a religious belief or a fantasy, but something as real as houses and stones and trees. Apparently nobody wants to know that contemporary history has created a new kind of human beings—the kind that are put in concentration camps by their foes and in internment camps by their friends.

Even among ourselves we don't speak about this past. Instead, we have found our own way of mastering an uncertain future. Since everybody plans and wishes and hopes, so do we. Apart from these general human attitudes, however, we try to clear up the future more scientifically. After so much bad luck we want a course as sure as a gun. Therefore, we leave the earth with all its uncertainties behind and we cast our eyes up to the sky. The stars tell us—rather than the newspapers—when Hitler will be defeated and when we shall become American citizens. We think the stars more reliable advisers than all

our friends; we learn from the stars when we should have lunch with our benefactors and on what day we have the best chances of filling out one of these countless questionnaires which accompany our present lives. Sometimes we don't rely even on the stars but rather on the lines of our hand or the signs of our handwriting. Thus we learn less about political events but more about our own dear selves, even though somehow psychoanalysis has gone out of fashion. Those happier times are past when bored ladies and gentlemen of high society conversed about the genial misdemeanors of their early childhood. They don't want ghost stories any more; it is real experiences that make their flesh creep. There is no longer any need of bewitching the past; it is spellbound enough in reality. Thus, in spite of our outspoken optimism, we use all sorts of magical tricks to conjure up the spirits of the future.

I don't know which memories and which thoughts nightly dwell in our dreams. I dare not ask for information, since I, too, had rather be an optimist. But sometimes I imagine that at least nightly we think of our dead or we remember the poems we once loved. I could even understand how our friends of the West Coast, during the curfew, should have had such curious notions as to believe that we are not only "prospective citizens" but present "enemy aliens." In daylight, of course, we become only "technically" enemy aliens—all refugees know this. But when technical reasons prevented you from leaving your home during the dark hours, it certainly was not easy to avoid some dark speculations about the relation between technicality and reality.

No, there is something wrong with our optimism. There are those odd optimists among us who, having made a lot of optimistic speeches, go home and turn on the gas or make use of a skyscraper in quite an unexpected way. They seem to prove that our proclaimed cheerfulness is based on a dangerous readiness for death. Brought up in the conviction that life is the highest good and death the greatest dismay, we became witnesses and victims of worse terrors than death—without having been able to discover a higher ideal than life. Thus, although death lost its horror for us, we became neither willing nor able to risk our lives for a cause. Instead of fighting—or thinking about how to become able to fight back—refugees have got used to wishing death to friends or relatives; if somebody dies, we cheerfully imagine all the trouble he has been saved. Finally many of us end by wishing that we, too, could be saved some trouble, and act accordingly.

Since 1938—since Hitler's invasion of Austria—we have seen how quickly eloquent optimism could change to speechless pessimism. As time went on, we got worse—even more optimistic and even more inclined to suicide. Austrian Jews under Schuschnigg were such a cheerful people—all impartial observers admired them. It was quite wonderful how deeply convinced they were that nothing could happen to them. But when German troops invaded the country and gentile neighbors started riots at Jewish homes, Austrian Jews began to commit suicide.

Unlike other suicides, our friends leave no explanation of their deed, no indictment, no charge against a world that had forced a desperate man to talk and to behave cheerfully to his very last day. Letters left by them are conventional, meaningless documents. Thus, funeral orations we make at their open graves are brief, embarrassed, and very hopeful. Nobody cares about motives; they seem to be clear to all of us.

I speak of unpopular facts; and it makes things worse that in order to prove my point I do not even dispose of the sole arguments which impress modern people—figures. Even those Jews who furiously deny the existence of the Jewish people give us a fair chance of survival as far as figures are concerned—how else could they prove that only a few Jews are criminals and that many Jews are being killed as good patriots in wartime? Through their effort to save the statistical life of the Jewish people we know that Jews had the lowest suicide rate among all civilized nations. I am quite sure those figures are no longer correct, but I cannot prove it with new figures, though I can certainly with new experiences. This might be sufficient for those skeptical souls who never were quite convinced that the measure of one's skull gives the exact idea of its content, or that statistics of crime show the exact level of national ethics. Anyhow, wherever European Jews are living today, they no longer behave according to statistical laws. Suicides occur not only among the panic-stricken people in Berlin and Vienna, in Bucharest or Paris, but in New York and Los Angeles, in Buenos Aires and Montevideo.

On the other hand, there has been little reported about suicides in the ghettos and concentration camps themselves. True, we had very few reports at all from Poland, but we have been fairly well informed about German and French concentration camps.

At the camp of Gurs, for instance, where I had the opportunity of spending

some time, I heard only once about suicide, and that was the suggestion of a collective action, apparently a kind of protest in order to vex the French. When some of us remarked that we had been shipped there "*pour crever*" in any case, the general mood turned suddenly into a violent courage to live. The general opinion held that one had to be abnormally asocial and unconcerned about general events if one was still able to interpret the whole accident as personal and individual bad luck and, accordingly, ended one's life personally and individually. But the same people, as soon as they returned to their own individual lives, being faced with seemingly individual problems, changed once more to this insane optimism which is next door to despair.

We are the first nonreligious Jews persecuted—and we are the first ones who, not only in extremis, answer with suicide. Perhaps the philosophers are right who teach that suicide is the best and supreme guarantee of human freedom: not being free to create our lives or the world in which we live, we nevertheless are free to throw life away and to leave the world. Pious Jews, certainly, cannot realize this negative liberty; they perceive murder in suicide, that is, destruction of what man never is able to make, interference with the rights of the Creator. *Adonai nathan veadonai lakach* ("The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away"); and they would add: *baruch shem adonai* ("blessed be the name of the Lord"). For them suicide, like murder, means a blasphemous attack on creation as a whole. The man who kills himself asserts that life is not worth living and the world not worth sheltering him.

Yet our suicides are no mad rebels who hurl defiance at life and the world, who try to kill in themselves the whole universe. Theirs is a quiet and modest way of vanishing; they seem to apologize for the violent solution they have found for their personal problems. In their opinion, generally, political events had nothing to do with their individual fate; in good or bad times they would believe solely in their personality. Now they find some mysterious shortcomings in themselves which prevent them from getting along. Having felt entitled from their earliest childhood to a certain social standard, they are failures in their own eyes if this standard cannot be kept any longer. Their optimism is the vain attempt to keep head above water. Behind this front of cheerfulness, they constantly struggle with despair of themselves. Finally, they die of a kind of selfishness.

If we are saved we feel humiliated, and if we are helped we feel degraded.

We fight like madmen for private existences with individual destinies, since we are afraid of becoming part of that miserable lot of *schnorrers* whom we, many of us former philanthropists, remember only too well. Just as once we failed to understand that the so-called *schnorrer* was a symbol of Jewish destiny and not a schlemiel, so today we don't feel entitled to Jewish solidarity; we cannot realize that we by ourselves are not so much concerned as the whole Jewish people. Sometimes this lack of comprehension has been strongly supported by our protectors. Thus, I remember a director of a great charity concern in Paris who, whenever he received the card of a German-Jewish intellectual with the inevitable "Dr." on it, used to exclaim at the top of his voice, "Herr Doktor, Herr Doktor, Herr Schnorrer, Herr Schnorrer!"

The conclusion we drew from such unpleasant experiences was simple enough. To be a doctor of philosophy no longer satisfied us; and we learned that in order to build a new life, one has first to improve on the old one. A nice little fairy tale has been invented to describe our behavior; a forlorn émigré dachshund, in his grief, begins to speak: "Once, when I was a St. Bernard . . ."

Our new friends, rather overwhelmed by so many stars and famous men, hardly understand that at the basis of all our descriptions of past splendors lies one human truth: once we were somebodies about whom people cared, we were loved by friends, and even known by landlords as paying our rent regularly. Once we could buy our food and ride on the subway without being told we were undesirable. We have become a little hysterical since newspapermen started detecting us and telling us publicly to stop being disagreeable when shopping for milk and bread. We wonder how it can be done; we already are so damnably careful in every moment of our daily lives to avoid anybody guessing who we are, what kind of passport we have, where our birth certificates were filled out—and that Hitler didn't like us. We try the best we can to fit into a world where you have to be sort of politically minded when you buy your food.

Under such circumstances, the St. Bernard grows bigger and bigger. I never can forget that young man who, when expected to accept a certain kind of work, sighed out, "You don't know to whom you speak; I was Section-manager in Karstadt's [a great department store in Berlin]." But there is also the deep despair of that middle-aged man who, going through countless shifts of different committees in order to be saved, finally exclaimed, "And

nobody here knows who I am!" Since nobody would treat him as a dignified human being, he began sending cables to great personalities and his big relations. He learned quickly that in this mad world it is much easier to be accepted as a "great man" than as a human being.

The less we are free to decide who we are or to live as we like, the more we try to put up a front, to hide the facts, and to play roles. We were expelled from Germany because we were Jews. But having hardly crossed the French borderline, we were changed into *boches*. We were even told that we had to accept this designation if we really were against Hitler's racial theories. During seven years we played the ridiculous role of trying to be Frenchmen—at least, prospective citizens; but at the beginning of the war we were interned as *boches* all the same. In the meantime, however, most of us had indeed become such loyal Frenchmen that we could not even criticize a French governmental order; thus we declared it was all right to be interned. We were the first *prisonniers volontaires* history has ever seen. After the Germans invaded the country, the French government had only to change the name of the firm; having been jailed because we were Germans, we were not freed because we were Jews.

It is the same story all over the world, repeated again and again. In Europe the Nazis confiscated our property; but in Brazil we have to pay 30 percent of our wealth, like the most loyal member of the *Bund der Auslandsdeutschen*. In Paris we could not leave our homes after eight o'clock because we were Jews; but in Los Angeles we are restricted because we are "enemy aliens." Our identity is changed so frequently that nobody can find out who we actually are.

Unfortunately, things don't look any better when we meet with Jews. French Jewry was absolutely convinced that all Jews coming from beyond the Rhine were what they called *Polaks*—what German Jewry called *Ostjuden*. But those Jews who really came from Eastern Europe could not agree with their French brethren and called us *Jaeckes*. The sons of these *Jaecke*-haters—the second generation born in France and already duly assimilated—shared the opinion of the French Jewish upper classes. Thus, in the very same family, you could be called a *Jaecke* by the father and a *Polak* by the son.

Since the outbreak of the war and the catastrophe that has befallen European Jewry, the mere fact of being a refugee has prevented our mingling

with native Jewish society, some exceptions only proving the rule. These unwritten social laws, though never publicly admitted, have the great force of public opinion. And such a silent opinion and practice is more important for our daily lives than all official proclamations of hospitality and goodwill.

Man is a social animal and life is not easy for him when social ties are cut off. Moral standards are much easier kept in the texture of a society. Very few individuals have the strength to conserve their own integrity if their social, political, and legal status is completely confused. Lacking the courage to fight for a change of our social and legal status, we have decided instead, so many of us, to try a change of identity. And this curious behavior makes matters much worse. The confusion in which we live is partly our own work.

Some day somebody will write the true story of this Jewish emigration from Germany; and he will have to start with a description of that Mr. Cohn from Berlin, who had always been a 150 percent German, a German superpatriot. In 1933 that Mr. Cohn found refuge in Prague and very quickly became a convinced Czech patriot—as true and as loyal a Czech patriot as he had been a German one. Time went on and about 1937 the Czech government, already under some Nazi pressure, began to expel its Jewish refugees, disregarding the fact that they felt so strongly as prospective Czech citizens. Our Mr. Cohn then went to Vienna; to adjust oneself there a definite Austrian patriotism was required. The German invasion forced Mr. Cohn out of that country. He arrived in Paris at a bad moment and he never did receive a regular residence permit. Having already acquired a great skill in wishful thinking, he refused to take mere administrative measures seriously, convinced that he would spend his future life in France. Therefore, he prepared his adjustment to the French nation by identifying himself with "our" ancestor Vercingétorix. I think I had better not dilate on the further adventures of Mr. Cohn. As long as Mr. Cohn can't make up his mind to be what he actually is, a Jew, nobody can foretell all the mad changes he will still have to go through.

A man who wants to lose his self discovers, indeed, the possibilities of human existence, which are infinite, as infinite as is creation. But the recovering of a new personality is as difficult—and as hopeless—as a new creation of the world. Whatever we do, whatever we pretend to be, we reveal nothing but our insane desire to be changed, not to be Jews. All our activities

are directed to attain this aim: we don't want to be refugees, since we don't want to be Jews; we pretend to be English-speaking people, since German-speaking immigrants of recent years are marked as Jews; we don't call ourselves stateless, since the majority of stateless people in the world are Jews; we are willing to become loyal Hottentots, only to hide the fact that we are Jews. We don't succeed and we can't succeed; under the cover of our "optimism" you can easily detect the hopeless sadness of assimilationists.

With us from Germany the word "assimilation" received a "deep" philosophical meaning. You can hardly realize how serious we were about it. Assimilation did not mean the necessary adjustment to the country where we happened to be born and to the people whose language we happened to speak. We adjust in principle to everything and everybody. This attitude became quite clear to me once by the words of one of my compatriots who, apparently, knew how to express his feelings. Having just arrived in France, he founded one of these societies of adjustment in which German Jews asserted to each other that they were already Frenchmen. In his first speech he said: "We have been good Germans in Germany and therefore we shall be good Frenchmen in France." The public applauded enthusiastically and nobody laughed; we were happy to have learned how to prove our loyalty.

If patriotism were a matter of routine or practice, we should be the most patriotic people in the world. Let us go back to our Mr. Cohn; he certainly has beaten all records. He is that ideal immigrant who always, and in every country into which a terrible fate has driven him, promptly sees and loves the native mountains. But since patriotism is not yet believed to be a matter of practice, it is hard to convince people of the sincerity of our repeated transformations. This struggle makes our own society so intolerant; we demand full affirmation without our own group because we are not in the position to obtain it from the natives. The natives, confronted with such strange beings as we are, become suspicious; from their point of view, as a rule, only a loyalty to our old countries is understandable. That makes life very bitter for us. We might overcome this suspicion if we would explain that, being Jews, our patriotism in our original countries had rather a peculiar aspect. Though it was indeed sincere and deep-rooted. We wrote big volumes to prove it; paid an entire bureaucracy to explore its antiquity and to explain it statistically. We had scholars write philosophical dissertations on the predestined har-

mony between Jews and Frenchmen, Jews and Germans, Jews and Hungarians, Jews and . . . Our so frequently suspected loyalty of today has a long history. It is the history of 150 years of assimilated Jewry who performed an unprecedented feat: though proving all the time their non-Jewishness, they succeeded in remaining Jews all the same.

The desperate confusion of these Ulysses-wanderers who, unlike their great prototype, don't know who they are is easily explained by their perfect mania for refusing to keep their identity. This mania is much older than the last ten years, which revealed the profound absurdity of our existence. We are like people with a fixed idea who can't help trying continually to disguise an imaginary stigma. Thus we are enthusiastically fond of every new possibility which, being new, seems able to work miracles. We are fascinated by every new nationality in the same way as a woman of tidy size is delighted with every new dress which promises to give her the desired waistline. But she likes the new dress only as long as she believes in its miraculous qualities, and she will throw it away as soon as she discovers that it does not change her stature—or, for that matter, her status.

One may be surprised that the apparent uselessness of all our odd disguises has not yet been able to discourage us. If it is true that men seldom learn from history, it is also true that they may learn from personal experiences which, as in our case, are repeated time and again. But before you cast the first stone at us, remember that being a Jew does not give any legal status in this world. If we should start telling the truth that we are nothing but Jews, it would mean that we expose ourselves to the fate of human beings who, unprotected by any specific law or political convention, are nothing but human beings. I can hardly imagine an attitude more dangerous, since we actually live in a world in which human beings as such have ceased to exist for quite a while; since society has discovered discrimination as the great social weapon by which one may kill men without any bloodshed; since passports or birth certificates, and sometimes even income tax receipts, are no longer formal papers but matters of social distinction. It is true that most of us depend entirely upon social standards; we lose confidence in ourselves if society does not approve us; we are—and always were—ready to pay any price in order to be accepted by society. But it is equally true that the very few among us who have tried to get along without all these tricks and jokes of

adjustment and assimilation have paid a much higher price than they could afford: they jeopardized the few chances even outlaws are given in a topsy-turvy world.

The attitude of these few whom, following Bernard Lazare, one may call "conscious pariahs," can as little be explained by recent events alone as the attitude of our Mr. Cohn who tried by every means to become an upstart. Both are sons of the nineteenth century which, not knowing legal or political outlaws, knew only too well social pariahs and their counterpart, social parvenus. Modern Jewish history, having started with court Jews and continuing with Jewish millionaires and philanthropists, is apt to forget about this other thread of Jewish tradition—the tradition of Heine, Rahel Varnhagen, Sholom Aleichem, of Bernard Lazare, Franz Kafka, or even Charlie Chaplin. It is the tradition of a minority of Jews who have not wanted to become upstarts, who preferred the status of "conscious pariah." All vaunted Jewish qualities—the "Jewish heart," humanity, humor, disinterested intelligence—are pariah qualities. All Jewish shortcomings—tactlessness, political stupidity, inferiority complexes, and money-grubbing—are characteristic of upstarts. There have always been Jews who did not think it worthwhile to change their humane attitude and their natural insight into reality for the narrowness of caste spirit or the essential unreality of financial transactions.

History has forced the status of outlaws upon both, upon pariahs and parvenus alike. The latter have not yet accepted the great wisdom of Balzac's "On ne parvient pas deux fois"; thus they don't understand the wild dreams of the former and feel humiliated in sharing their fate. Those few refugees who insist upon telling the truth, even to the point of "indecent," get in exchange for their unpopularity one priceless advantage: history is no longer a closed book to them and politics is no longer the privilege of gentiles. They know that the outlawing of the Jewish people in Europe has been followed closely by the outlawing of most European nations. Refugees driven from country to country represent the vanguard of their peoples—if they keep their identity. For the first time Jewish history is not separate but tied up with that of all other nations. The comity of European peoples went to pieces when, and because, it allowed its weakest member to be excluded and persecuted.

1943

THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM ¹

by Edward FitzGerald

1

AWAKE! For Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight:
And lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light.

2

Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky
I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,
"Awake, my Little ones, and fill the Cup
Before Life's Liquor in its Cup be dry."

3

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted – "Open then the Door!
You know how little while we have to stay,
And once departed, may return no more."

4

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where the WHITE HAND OF MOSES on the bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground suspires.

¹This version differs slightly from existing editions. Selection was based on a text designed to be heard rather than read.

5

Iram indeed is gone with all its Rose,

1

And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup
where no-one knows; But still
the Vine her ancient Ruby
yields, And still a Garden by the
Water blows.

6

And David's Lips are lock't; but in divine
High piping Pehlevi, with
"Wine! Wine! Wine! *Red*
Wine!" — the Nightingale
cries to the Rose That
yellow Cheek of her's to
incarnadine.

7

Come, fill the
Cup, and in the
Fire of Spring
The Winter
Garment of
Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time
has but a little
way
To fly — and Lo! the Bird is on the Wing.

8

Whether at Naishapur or Babylon
Whether the Cup with
sweet or bitter run, The
Wine of Life keeps
oozing drop by drop;
The Leaves of Life
keep dropping One by
One.

9

And look — a thousand
Blossoms with the Day Woke

— and a thousand scatter'd
into Clay: And this first
Summer Month that brings the
Rose Shall take Jamshyd and
Kaikobad away.

10

Well let it take
them, what have
we to do With
Kaikobad and
Kaikhosru?
Let Zal and
Rustum thunder
as they will Or
Hatim call to
supper — heed
not you.

11

With me along some Strip of
Herbage strown That just
divides the desert from the
sown, Where name of slave
and Sultan scarce is known,
And pity Mahmud on his
golden Throne.

12

Here with a Loaf of
Bread beneath the
Bough, A Flask of
Wine, a Book of Verse
— and Thou Beside
me singing in the
wilderness — And
Wilderness is Paradise
enow.

13

"How sweet is mortal

Sovranty!" — think
some: Others — "How
blest the Paradise to
come!" Ah, take the
Cash and let the Credit
go Nor heed the
rumble of a distant
Drum!

14

Were it not Folly, Spider-like to spin
The Thread of present Life away to win
What? For ourselves
who know not if we shall
Breathe out the very
Breath we now breathe
in!

15

Look to the Rose
that blows about us
— "Lo, Laughing,"
she says, "into the
World I blow: At
once the silken
Tassel of my Purse
Tear, and its
Treasure on the
Garden throw."

16

The Worldly Hope
men set their Hearts
upon Turns Ashes —
or it prospers; and
anon, Like Snow
upon the Desert's
dusty Face Lighting
a little Hour or two —
is gone.

17

And those who
husbanded the
Golden Grain, And
those who flung it to
the Winds like Rain,
Alike to no such
aureate Earth are
turn'd As, buried
once, Men want dug
up again.

18

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Doorways are
alternate Night and
Day, How Sultan
after Sultan with his
Pomp Abode his Hour
or two, and went his
way.

19

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd
gloried and drank deep; And
Bahram, that great Hunter –
the Wild Ass Stamps o'er his
head, but cannot break his
Sleep.

20

I sometimes think
that never blows so
red The Rose as
where some buried
Caesar bled;
That every
Hyacinth the Garden
wears Dropt in its

Lap from some once
lovely Head.

21

And this delightful
Herb whose tender
Green Fledges the
River's Lip on which
we lean — Ah, lean
upon it lightly! for
who knows From
what once lovely
Lip it springs
unseen!

22

Ah, my Beloved, fill the cup that clears
TO-DAY of past
Regrets and future
Fears — *Tomorrow?*
— Why, To-morrow I
may be Myself with
Yesterday's Sev'n
Thousand Years.

23

For some we loved, the
loveliest and the best
That Time and Fate of
all their Vintage prest,
Have drunk their Cup a
Round or two before,
And one by one crept
silently to Rest.

24

And we, that now make
merry in the Room They
left, and Summer dresses
in new Bloom, Ourselves
must we beneath the Couch

of Earth Descend,
ourselves to make a Couch
– for whom?

25

Ah, make the most of
what we yet may
spend, Before we too
into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under
Dust to lie, Sans Wine, sans
Song, sans Singer, and —
sans End!

26

Alike for those who for
TO-DAY prepare, And
those that after a TO-
MORROW stare, A
Muezzin from the
Tower of Darkness cries
"Fools! Your reward is
neither Here nor
There!"

27

Why, all the Saints and Sages
who discuss'd Of the Two
Worlds so learnedly, are
thrust Like foolish Prophets
forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their
mouths are stopt with Dust.

28

Oh, come with old
Khayyam, and leave the
Wise To talk; one thing
is certain, that Life flies;
One thing is certain, and

the Rest is Lies; The
Flower that once has
blown for ever dies.

29

Myself when young
did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint,
and heard great
Argument About it
and about: but
evermore
Came out by the same Door where in I went.

30

With them the Seed of
Wisdom did I sow,
And with my own
hand labour'd it to
grow: And this was all
the Harvest that I
reap'd — "I came like
Water, and like Wind I
go."

31

Into this
Universe, and
why not
knowing, Nor
whence, like
Water willy-
nilly flowing:
And out of it, as
Wind along the
Waste, I know
not *whither*,
willy-nilly
blowing.

32

What, without asking,
hither hurried,
whence? And without
asking, *whither*
hurried, *hence?* Oh,
many a Cup of this
forbidden Wine Must
drown the memory of
that insolence!

33

Up from Earth's Centre
though the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne
of Saturn sate, And
many a knot unravel'd by
the Road; But not the
Master-knot of Human
Fate.

34

There was a Door to which I
found no Key: There was a
Veil past which I could not
see: Some little talk awhile
of ME and THEE There
seem'd - and then no more of
THEE and ME.

35

Then of the
THEE IN ME
who works behind
The Veil, I lifted
up my hands to
find
A Lamp amid the Darkness
and I heard As from
Without – “THE ME

WITHIN THEE BLIND!”

36

Then to the
Lip of this
poor earthen
urn I lean'd
the Secret of
my Life to
learn
And Lip to Lip it
murmur'd – “While
you live, “Drink! – for
once dead you never
shall return.

37

I think the
Vessel, that with
fugitive
Articulation
answer'd, once
did live, And
drink; and Ah!
the cold Lip I
kiss'd How
many Kisses
might it take -
and give!

38

For in the Market-
place, one Dusk of
Day, I watch'd the
Potter thumping his
wet Clay: And with
its all obliterated
Tongue It murmur'd
- "Gently, Brother,
gently, pray!"

39
For has not such
a Story from of
Old Down
Man's
successive
generations
roll'd Of such a
clod of saturated
earth Cast by the
Maker into
Human mould?

40
And not a drop that
from our Cups we
throw For Earth to
drink of, but may
steal below To
quench the fire of
Anguish in some
Eye There hidden —
far beneath and long
ago.

41
As then the Tulip
for her morning
sup Of Heavenly
Vintage lifts her
chalice up Do
you, devoutly, do
the like, till
Heav'n To Earth
invert you like an
empty cup.

42
Perplext no
more with

Human and
Divine
Tomorrow's
tangle to the
winds resign
And lose your
fingers in the
tresses of The
Cypress-slender
Minister of
Wine.
43

And if the Wine you
drink, the Lip you press
End in what All begins
and ends in — Yes;
Think then you are
TODAY what
YESTERDAY You
were — TO-MORROW
you shall not be less.
44

While the Rose blows
along the River Brink,
With old Khayyam the
Ruby Vintage drink And
when the Angel with his
darker Draught Draws up
to Thee — take that and
do not shrink.
45

Why, if the
Soul can fling
the Dust aside,
And naked on
the Air of
Heaven ride,

Wer't not a Shame — wer't
not a Shame for him In this
clay carcase crippled to
abide?

46

'Tis but a Tent
where takes his one
day's rest A Sultan
to the realm of
Death address; The
Sultan rises, and the
dark Ferrash Strikes,
and prepares it for
another Guest.

47

And fear not lest Existence
closing your Account, and
mine, should know the like
no more;

The Eternal Saki
from that Bowl has
pour'd Millions of
Bubbles like us, and
will pour.

48

When you and I behind
the Veil are past O, but
the long, long while the
World shall last,
Which of our Coming
and Departure heeds
As the Sea's self
should heed a pebble-
cast.

49

A Moment's Halt — a
momentary taste Of

BEING from the Well
amid the Waste — And
LO! — the phantom
Caravan has reach'd
The NOTHING it set
out from — Oh make
haste!

50

Would you that
Spangle of Existence
spend About THE
SECRET — quick
about it, Friend! A
Hair perhaps divides
the False and True —
And upon what,
prithee, may life
depend?

51

A Hair perhaps divides the
False and True Yes, and a
single Alif were the clue
— Could you but find it
— to the Treasure-house,
And peradventure to The
MASTER too;

52

Whose secret Presence,
through Creation's veins
Running Quicksilver-like
eludes your pains;
Taking all shapes from
Mah to Mahi; and They
change and perish all —
but He remains.

53

A moment guess'd —

then back behind the
Fold Immerst of
Darkness round the
Drama roll'd Which, for
the Pastime of Eternity,
He doth Himself contrive, enact, behold.

54

But if in vain, down on the
stubborn floor Of Earth, and
up to Heav'n's unopening
Door You gaze TODAY,
while You are You — how
then TOMORROW when
You shall be You no more?

55

Waste not your
Hour, nor in the
vain pursuit Of This
and That endeavour
and dispute; Better
be merry with the
fruitful grape Than
sadden after none,
or bitter, fruit.

56

You know, my Friends, how
long since in my House For
a new Marriage I did make
Carouse: Divorced old
barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of
the Vine to Spouse.

57

For "IS" and "IS-NOT"
though with Rule and
Line, And "UP-AND-

DOWN" without, I could
define, Of all that one
should care to fathom, I
Was never deep in
anything but – Wine.

58

Ah, but my Computations, People say,
Reduced the Year to better reckoning?--Nay,
'Twas only
striking from
the Calendar
Unborn To-
morrow, and
dead
Yesterday.

59

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came stealing through
the Dusk an Angel
Shape Bearing a Vessel
on his Shoulder; and He
bid me taste of it; and
'twas--the Grape!

60

The Grape that can
with Logic
absolute The Two-
and-Seventy
jarring Sects
confute: The
subtle Alchemist
that [can] in a
Trice Life's leaden
Metal into Gold
transmute:

61

But leave the Wise

to wrangle, and
with me The
Quarrel of the
Universe let be:

And, in some corner of the
Hubbub coucht, Make
Game of that which makes
as much of Thee.

62

Why, be this Juice the
growth of God, who
dare Blaspheme the
twisted tendril as a
Snare? A Blessing, we
should use it, should we
not? And if a Curse —
why, then. Who set it
there?

63

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,
Scared by some After-
reckoning ta'en on
trust, Or lured with
Hope of some Diviner
Drink, To fill the Cup
— when crumbled into
Dust!

64

Strange, is it not? that
of the myriads who
Before us pass'd the
door of Darkness
through, Not one
returns to tell us of the
Road, Which to
discover we must travel
too.

65

The Revelations of
Devout and Learn'd
Who rose before us,
and as Prophets burn'd,
Are all but Stories,
which, awoke from
Sleep They told their
fellows, and to Sleep
return'd.

66

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that
After-life to spell:
And by and by my
Soul return'd to me,
And answer'd "I
Myself am Heav'n
and Hell":

67

Heav'n but the Vision
of fulfill'd Desire,
And Hell the Shadow
of a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness
into which Ourselves,
So late emerg'd from,
shall so soon expire.

68

For in and out, above,
about, below, 'Tis
nothing but a Magic
Shadow-show, Play'd in
a Box whose Candle is
the Sun, Round which
we Phantom Figures
come and go.

69

'Tis all a Chequer-board of
Nights and Days Where
Destiny with Men for
Pieces plays: Hither and
thither moves, and mates,
and slays, And one by one
back in the Closet lays.

70

The Moving
Finger writes; and,
having writ,
Moves on: nor all
thy Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.

71

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
Whereunder
crawling coop'd we
live and die, Lift not
your hands to It for
help — for It As
impotently moves as
you or I.

72

YESTERDAY This Day's
Madness did prepare; TO-
MORROW'S Silence, Triumph,
or Despair: Drink! for you know
not whence you came, nor why:
Drink! for you know not why you
go, nor where.

73

The Vine had struck a fibre: which about
If clings my Being — let the Sufi flout;

Of my Base metal may be filed a Key,
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

74

And this I know:
whether the one
True Light Kindle
to Love, or Wrath-
consume me quite,
One Flash of It
within the Tavern
caught Better
than in the
Temple lost
outright.

75

What! Out of
senseless Nothing
to provoke A
conscious
Something to
resent the yoke
Of unpermitted
Pleasure, under
pain Of
Everlasting
Penalties, if broke!

76

What! from his
helpless Creature
be repaid Pure
Gold for what he
lent us dross-
allay'd; Sue for a
Debt we never did
contract, And
cannot answer? —
Oh the sorry

trade!

77

Oh Thou, who
didst with pitfall
and with gin Beset
the Road I was to
wander in,
Thou wilt not with
Predestin'd Evil
round Enmesh me
and impute my
Fall to Sin!

78

Oh Thou, who Man of baser
Earth didst make, And ev'n
with Eden didst devise the
Snake: For all the Sin
wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd — Man's
Forgiveness give — and
take!

79

Listen again, One Evening at the Close
Of Ramazán,
ere the better
Moon arose, In
that old Potter's
Shop I stood
alone With the
clay Population
round in Rows.

80

And once again there
gather'd a scarce
heard Whisper
among them; as it
were, the stirr'd

Ashes of some all but
extinguisht Tongue
Which mine ear
kindled into living
Word.

81

Said one among them —
“Surely not in vain, “My
Substance from the
common Earth was ta'en, “
That He who subtly
wrought me into Shape
“Should stamp me back to
shapeless Earth again.”

82

Another said — “Why, ne'er
a peevish Boy, “Would break
the Bowl from which he
drank in Joy; “And He that
with his hand the Vessel
made “Will surely not in
after Wrath destroy.”

83

After a momentary silence spake
Some Vessel of more ungainly Make:
“They sneer at me for
leaning all awry; “What!
Did the Hand then of the
Potter shake?”

84

Whereat some one
of the loquacious
Lot — I think a
Sufi pipkin —
waxing hot —

“All this of Pot and
Potter — Tell me
then, “Who is the
Potter, pray, and
who the Pot?”

85

“Why”, said another,
“Some there are who tell
“Of one who threatens he
will toss to Hell “The
luckless Pots he marr’d in
making — Pish! “He’s a
Good Fellow, and ‘twill all
be well.”

86

Then said
another with a
long drawn Sigh,
“My Clay with
long oblivion is
gone dry: “But
fill me with the
old familiar
Juice, “Methinks
I might recover
by and by.”

87

Ah, with the Grape
my fading Life
provide, And wash
my Body whence the
Life has died, And
in a Windingsheet of
Vine-leaf wrapt, So
bury me by some
sweet Garden-side

88

That ev’n my
buried Ashes
such a Snare
Of Perfume
shall fling up
into the Air,
As not a True Believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

89

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my Credit in
Men’s Eye much wrong,
Have drown’d my
Honour in a shallow Cup
And sold my Reputation
for a Song.

90

Indeed,
indeed,
Repentence
oft before I
swore – but
was I sober
when I
swore?
And then, and then came
Spring, and Rose-in-hand My
threadbare Penitence apieces
tore.

91

And much as Wine
has play’d the
Infidel, And robb’d
me of my Robe of

Honour – well, I
often wonder what
the Vintners buy
One half so precious
as the Goods they
sell.

92

Alas, that Spring should vanish
with the Rose! That Youth's
sweet-scented Manuscript
should close! The Nightingale
that in the Branches sang, Ah,
whence, and whither flown
again who knows!

93

Would that some
winged Angel ere
too late Arrest the
yet unfolded Roll
of Fate,
And make the
stern Recorder
otherwise
Enregister, or
quite obliterate!

94

Ah Love! could thou
and I with Fate
conspire To grasp
the sorry Scheme of
Things entire,
Would not we
shatter it to bits –
and then Re-mould
it nearer to the
Heart's Desire!

95

Ah, Moon of my
Delight who know'st
no wane, The Moon of
Heav'n is rising once
again: How oft
hereafter rising shall it
look

Through this same Garden after me – in vain!

96

And when Thyself with
shining Foot shall pass
Among the Guests Star-
scatter'd on the Grass,
And in thy joyous Errand
reach the Spot Where I
made one — turn down
an empty Glass

TAMAM SHUD (It is done.)

Mountain Language

A PLAY BY

HAROLD PINTER

SAMUEL FRENCH LTD

MOUNTAIN LANGUAGE

First performed at the National Theatre on 20th October, 1988
with the following cast of characters:

| | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| Sergeant | Michael Gambon |
| Young Woman | Miranda Richardson |
| Officer | Julian Wadham |
| Elderly Woman | Eileen Atkins |
| Guard | George Harris |
| Prisoner | Tony Haygarth |
| Second Guard | Douglas McFerran |
| Hooded Man | Alex Hardy |
| Women | Jennifer Hill |
| | Irene MacDougall |
| | Kika Mirylees |
| | Charlotte Seago |

Directed by Harold Pinter
Designed by Michael Taylor

CHARACTERS

Young Woman
Elderly Woman
Sergeant
Officer
Guard
Prisoner
Hooded Man
Second Guard

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A PRISON WALL

A line of women. An Elderly Woman, cradling her hand. A basket at her feet. A Young Woman with her arm around the Woman's shoulders

A Sergeant enters, followed by an Officer. The Sergeant points to the Young Woman

Sergeant Name?

Young Woman We've given our names.

Sergeant Name?

Young Woman We've given our names.

Sergeant Name?

Officer *(to the Sergeant)* Stop this shit. *(To the Young Woman)*

Any complaints?

Young Woman She's been bitten.

Officer Who?

Pause

Who? Who's been bitten?

Young Woman She has. She has a torn hand. Look. Her hand has been bitten. This is blood.

Sergeant *(to the Young Woman)* What is your name?

Officer Shut up.

He walks over to the Elderly Woman

What's happened to your hand? Has someone bitten your hand?

The Woman slowly lifts her hand. He peers at it

Who did this? Who bit you?

Young Woman A Dobermann pinscher.

Officer Which one?

Pause

Which one?

Pause

Sergeant!

The Sergeant steps forward

Sergeant Sir!

Officer Look at this woman's hand. I think the thumb is going to come off. *(To the Elderly Woman)* Who did this?

She stares at him

Who did this?

Young Woman A big dog.

Officer What was his name?

Pause

What was his name?

Pause

Every dog has a name! They answer to their name. They are

given a name by their parents and that is their name, that is their name! Before they bite, they state their name. It's a formal procedure. They state their name and then they bite. What was his name? If you tell me one of our dogs bit this woman without giving his name I will have that dog shot!

Silence

Now — attention! Silence and attention! Sergeant!

Sergeant Sir?

Officer Take any complaints.

Sergeant Any complaints? Has anyone got any complaints?

Young Woman We were told to be here at nine o'clock this morning.

Sergeant Right. Quite right. Nine o'clock this morning.

Absolutely right. What's your complaint?

Young Woman We were here at nine o'clock this morning. It's now five o'clock. We have been standing here for eight hours.

In the snow. Your men let Dobermann pinschers frighten us.

One bit this woman's hand.

Officer What was the name of this dog?

She looks at him

Young Woman I don't know his name.

Sergeant With permission, sir?

Officer Go ahead.

Sergeant Your husbands, your sons, your fathers, these men you have been waiting to see, are shithouses. They are enemies of the State. They are shithouses.

The Officer steps towards the Women

Officer Now hear this. You are mountain people. You hear me? Your language is dead. It is forbidden. It is not permitted to speak your mountain language in this place. You cannot speak your language to your men. It is not permitted. Do you understand? You may not speak it. It is outlawed. You may only speak the language of the capital. That is the only language permitted in this place. You will be badly punished if you attempt to speak your mountain language in this place. This is a military decree. It is the law. Your language is forbidden. It is dead. No-one is allowed to speak your language. Your language no longer exists. Any questions?
Young Woman I do not speak the mountain language.

Silence. The Officer and Sergeant slowly circle her. The Sergeant puts his hand on her bottom

Sergeant What language do you speak? What language do you speak with your arse?

Officer These women, Sergeant, have as yet committed no crime. Remember that.

Sergeant Sir! But you're not saying they're without sin?

Officer Oh, no. Oh, no, I'm not saying that.

Sergeant This one's full of it. She bounces with it.

Officer She doesn't speak the mountain language.

The Woman moves away from the Sergeant's hand and turns to face the two men

Young Woman My name is Sara Johnson. I have come to see my husband. It is my right. Where is he?

Officer Show me your papers.

She gives him a piece of paper. He examines it, turns to the

Sergeant

He doesn't come from the mountains. He's in the wrong batch.

Sergeant So is she. She looks like a fucking intellectual to me.

Officer But you said her arse wobbled.

Sergeant Intellectual arses wobble the best.

Black-out

2

VISITORS ROOM

A Prisoner sitting. The Elderly Woman sitting, with basket. A Guard standing behind her

The Prisoner and the Woman speak in a strong rural accent

Silence

Elderly Woman I have bread —

The Guard jabs her with a stick

Guard Forbidden. Language forbidden.

She looks at him. He jabs her

It's forbidden. *(To the Prisoner)* Tell her to speak the language of the capital.

Prisoner She can't speak it.

Silence

She doesn't speak it.

Silence

Elderly Woman I have apples —

The Guard jabs her

Guard (*shouting*) Forbidden! Forbidden forbidden forbidden!
Jesus Christ! (*To the Prisoner*) Does she understand what I'm saying?

Prisoner No.

Guard Doesn't she?

He bends over her

Don't you?

She stares up at him

Prisoner She's old. She doesn't understand.

Guard Whose fault is that?

He laughs

Not mine, I can tell you. And I'll tell you another thing. I've got a wife and three kids. And you're all a pile of shit.

Silence

Prisoner I've got a wife and three kids.

Guard You've what?

Silence

You've got what?

Silence

What did you say to me? You've got what?

Silence

You've got what?

He picks up the telephone and dials one digit

Sergeant? I'm in the Blue Room ... yes ... I thought I should report, Sergeant ... I think I've got a joker in here.

The Lights dim to half. The figures are still. The following voice-over is heard

Elderly Woman's voice The baby is waiting for you.

Prisoner's voice Your hand has been bitten.

Elderly Woman's voice They are all waiting for you.

Prisoner's voice They have bitten my mother's hand.

Elderly Woman's voice When you come home there will be such a welcome for you. Everyone is waiting for you. They're all waiting for you. They're all waiting to see you.

The Lights come up to full

The Sergeant comes in

Sergeant What joker?

Black-out

3

VOICE IN THE DARKNESS

Sergeant's voice Who's that fucking woman? What's that fucking woman doing here? Who let that fucking woman through that fucking door?

Second Guard's voice She's his wife.

The Lights come up

A corridor

A hooded Man held up by the Guard and the Sergeant. The Young Woman at a distance from them, staring at them

Sergeant What is this, a reception for Lady Duck Muck? Where's the bloody Babycham? Who's got the bloody Babycham for Lady Duck Muck?

He goes to the Young Woman

Hello, Miss. Sorry. A bit of a breakdown in administration, I'm afraid. They've sent you through the wrong door. Unbelievable. Someone'll be done for this. Anyway, in the meantime, what can I do for you, dear lady, as they used to say in the movies?

The Lights dim to half. The figures are still. The following voice-over is heard

Man's voice I watch you sleep. And then your eyes open. You look up at me above you and smile.

Young Woman's voice You smile. When my eyes open I see you above me and smile.

Man's voice We are out on a lake.

Young Woman's voice It is spring.

Man's voice I hold you. I warm you.

Young Woman's voice When my eyes are open I see you above me and smile.

The Lights come up to full. The hooded Man collapses. The Young Woman screams

Young Woman Charley!

The Sergeant clicks his finger

The Guard drags the Man off

Sergeant Yes, you've come in the wrong door. It must be the computer. The computer's got a double hernia. But I'll tell you what—if you want any information on any aspect of life in this place we've got a bloke comes into the office every Tuesday week, except when it rains. He's right on top of his chosen subject. Give him a tinkle one of these days and he'll see you all right. His name is Dokes. Joseph Dokes.

Young Woman Can I fuck him? If I fuck him, will everything be all right?

Sergeant Sure. No problem.

Young Woman Thank you.

Black-out

4

VISITORS ROOM

Guard. Elderly Woman. Prisoner

Silence

The Prisoner has blood on his face. He sits trembling. The Woman is still. The Guard is looking out of a window. He turns to look at them both

Guard Oh, I forgot to tell you. They've changed the rules. She can speak. She can speak in her own language. Until further notice.

Prisoner She can speak?

Guard Yes. Until further notice. New rules.

Pause

Prisoner Mother, you can speak.

Pause

Mother, I'm speaking to you. You see? We can speak. You can speak to me in our own language.

She is still

You can speak.

Pause

Mother. Can you hear me? I am speaking to you in our own language.

Pause

Do you hear me?

Pause

It's our language.

Pause

Can't you hear me? Do you hear me?

She does not respond

Mother?

Guard Tell her she can speak in her own language. New rules. Until further notice.

Prisoner Mother?

She does not respond. She sits still

The Prisoner's trembling grows. He falls from the chair on to his knees, begins to gasp and shake violently

The Sergeant walks into the room and studies the Prisoner shaking on the floor

Sergeant (to the Guard) Look at this. You go out of your way to give them a helping hand and they fuck it up.

Black-out

FURNITURE AND PROPERTY LIST

1. A PRISON WALL

On stage: Basket

Personal: **Young Woman:** piece of paper

2. VISITORS ROOM

On stage: 2 chairs
Basket
Telephone

Personal: **Guard:** stick

3. VOICE IN THE DARKNESS

On stage: Nil

4. VISITORS ROOM

On stage: 2 chairs
Basket

LIGHTING PLOT

| | | |
|---------------|--|----------|
| <i>Cue 1</i> | To open <i>Full general lighting</i> | (Page 1) |
| <i>Cue 2</i> | Sergeant: "... wobble the best." <i>Black-out</i> | (Page 5) |
| <i>Cue 3</i> | To open 2. VISITORS ROOM <i>Full general lighting</i> | (Page 5) |
| <i>Cue 4</i> | Guard: "...a joker in here." <i>Dim to half</i> | (Page 7) |
| <i>Cue 5</i> | Elderly Woman's voice: "...to see you." <i>Return to full general lighting</i> | (Page 7) |
| <i>Cue 6</i> | Sergeant: "What joker?" <i>Black-out</i> | (Page 7) |
| <i>Cue 7</i> | To open 3. VOICE IN THE DARKNESS <i>Black-out</i> | (Page 8) |
| <i>Cue 8</i> | Second Guard's voice: "She's his wife." <i>Bring up full general lighting</i> | (Page 8) |
| <i>Cue 9</i> | Sergeant: "...to say in the movies?" <i>Dim to half</i> | (Page 8) |
| <i>Cue 10</i> | Young Woman's voice: "...and smile." <i>Return to full general lighting</i> | (Page 9) |
| <i>Cue 11</i> | Young Woman: "Thank you." <i>Black-out</i> | (Page 9) |

14

Mountain Language

Cue 12 To open 4. VISITORS ROOM (Page 10)
Full general lighting

Cue 13 **Sergeant:** "... and they fuck it up." (Page 11)
Black-out

EFFECTS PLOT

Cue 1 The Lights dim to half (Page 8)
Voice-over as script page 8

Cue 2 To open 3. VOICE IN THE DARKNESS (Page 9)
Voice-over as script page 9

Cue 3 The Lights dim to half (Page 9)
Voice-over as script pages 9-10