

~~THE OBJECTIVE~~

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The scene with the mother and son and bride and bridegroom: The mother's objective is to try to understand Lisa, and to help her. Lisa's objective is to be saved from falling down into a bottomless pit. This is her gesture - "Help me! Help me!". Her state of "I hate you - I love you," starts here. The bridegroom's objective is to understand Lisa. It is also the son's objective. The atmosphere is tense, with the feeling of impending disaster. Each sentence is for Lisa a cry for help. Each sentence is a new attempt to be on the same level as the others, but each time she falls down deeper. When the son speaks he always says what he has to say very clearly, with significance always, never carelessly.

The scene with the Revolutionaries: Everyone wants to be worthy of having such a leader in their midst, therefore, everybody tries to be absolutely concentrated on the work, and to show the best qualities of the hero. Each one feels that he is a hero. The atmosphere is one of real work. They are working, and are ready to go on and on with their ideals. In this atmosphere the chairman gets up and tells them that they are going to choose a chairman for all the meetings to be held in the future, and he suggests the spy. He asks who is for him, and without giving the group

time to answer, he asks who is against him? No answer.

When the spy is sitting in the chair, there is a new wave of assurance because this person, who has come from abroad, will lead them, together with the son who is their "sun". They rise to greet him. The mood grows more and more serious and solemn. The spy gives a long report on the technical side of the Society, after which he says that a discussion will take place at a special secret meeting to be held later; and so he fools them. He reads like a machine gun - everything which makes dry noise is necessary for him. As a result of his speech there is a sense of bewilderment, which is hidden. They thought he would bring them more light and air, but they accept what he says and try to hide their feelings.

All the time the spy is speaking he is doing something - arranging things in straight lines on the table, because he likes bringing small things in order. He breaks everything because he must have power over everything. If he allows the group to sustain anything then they have power, and not he. And so they begin the discussion with great effort. One naive member produces a big manuscript and says he would like to tell them about his idea which is that one tenth of the people rules over nine tenths of the population. He says it would take him ten evenings to read his manuscript, but he will try to tell them the main idea. The other members of the group feel deeply ashamed of this person, especially

before the leader, because he perhaps expects them to bring about the revolution the next day.

This scene is given by the author after many heavy tragic scenes, to bring a little air into the play. The spy jumps up and says he never expected to meet such an idiot in their midst. He says they must be ready to work, and not to think in such romances. After this unbridled shouting, the question begins to grow in the mind of the crowd that perhaps this man is not what they thought he was. Perhaps there is some gap between them. They are offended, and a faint mistrust of the spy grows. This point is bound to the son in some strange way, but he is like a stone; he could help but he does not. The atmosphere begins to be more and more uncomfortable, and out of this atmosphere one of the members gets up and says, "Apparently it is not allowed to speak one's opinion. If that is so, we may have to consider leaving the Society."

The speech is a very humble one, but it is a little dangerous for the spy and his plans. The spy's answer is to get up and shout, "Leave, leave at once, everybody. We don't need you, because from all parts of the world, the workers are coming. We have perhaps too many people, therefore, please leave us." Certain big psychological waves are underneath this seemingly unimportant moment. The members of the group refuse to leave, because they have taken a serious de-

cision to do this work, and they are now standing on the threshold of reaching their aims. They decide to remain.

The spy is without shame; he is absolutely impudent, and now he becomes a real fanatic, a zealot, absolutely full of this cold blue flame in his head. He asks them what is better, to go through so many decades and ages, in which millions of people will die without help, or take another way; do it quickly, kill so many thousands of people, and save the millions who will otherwise die. Which is our way? He inflames everyone, and they choose the quick way. Once he gets them, then he begins another thing; he is the spy and he immediately begins to cross-examine them.

During this whole long scene the son must become more and more disillusioned. He knows that the real saving of humanity cannot be done by these means, by these people. It must be something greater than this. A nightmare rises before him as he sees the fallacy of it all. The spy puts the dilemma before the meeting - do you want to go slowly or do you want to jump over the swamp, and do it quickly. He imposes on them this enthusiastic flame, by putting this dilemma before them.

They agree to the quick jump, and so give their wills to the spy who takes them and accomplishes the whole scene, which he always does. His speech is sharp and clear and intellectual; the sharp approach to the problem. With

his, "Thank you," he takes not only their wills, but he has them in his pocket. Then he begins to cross-examine them and they are again offended. He is absolutely shameless; he asks and answers at the same time. He compresses the time always to one single moment - this is his genius. Nobody has time in his presence; he never gives them time to think. He is working with them, and they are nothing in his hands.

When the idealist gets up and says, "I want to say something," the spy wants to kill him. He tries to prevent the idealist from speaking, but the son tells the spy he cannot be too strong with the idealist, whom he likes. This is another very dangerous moment for the spy. The attitude of the group is that they are in sympathy with the spy during this episode, and they try to calm the idealist and quiet him.

The idealist tells the group, "This man's ideas are wrong. The people will not follow him. He will belie himself and he will belie you. I have come to this meeting to tell you that I have nothing more to do with your Society. I am quite free. Goodbye." The group tries to find its way between these conflicting powers. Instinctively they feel it would be better for the idealist to leave. Their uncertainty exists because they are not sure of any one of the three men who are in conflict.

When the idealist leaves the room, the spy tells

him that it is a very dangerous thing he is doing, and that he will pay for it, but the idealist replies that it will be profitable for him. The idealist wants to persuade the group, from the warmth of his heart, that they are being led astray. He takes time and space when he speaks, but when he leaves the spy gets the group in his power, and convinces them that the idealist will betray them and he must be destroyed. Then he says, "Leave it in my hands. Now I know what to do." Again he has them in his clutches, but the group is left in a state of unhappiness, with twinges of conscience, and they are depressed.

The son gets up and they expect him to speak, but he turns and leaves the room. This is like a blow to the spy, who pauses, then runs after the son, crying, "Wait! Wait!" He catches him at the door and they begin a dialogue, and the group breaks up and scatters over the room. The spy says, "I have in my boot the same knife that the convict has - but we must be friends." The spy needs the son so much that he is almost inclined to kiss his hand. He needs him more than a human being should need anything. He is an enthusiast who really loves and adores this idol, but he will kill him if necessary. He is his god, and he prays to him. He has many, many masks and he changes them constantly and instinctively. Try to imagine the character of the spy as if it consists only of points. He is bones;

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the bones are speaking and not the flesh.