

NOTHING CAN BE CHANGED HERE

by

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The translator and the editor would like to express their deep gratitude to those individuals and organizations whose sponsorship and support have made the translation of this play possible.

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Edmonton, Alberta

March 12, 1979

## Prologue: The dream of a weary man

A person - the Shadow - is wandering against a mountainous background of grey rocky walls and boulders. He slowly finds his way onto a path which looks as though it might lead to a pass. After following the path for a while, he comes upon an impenetrable wall. He tries to find a way out a second and third time, but keeps encountering similar obstacles, although the initial indications of success are each time favourable.

On coming up to each of the walls, the Shadow hears the distant, but at the same time clear sound of the choirs, personify various kinds of false allies in daily life : the fools, cowards and clique.

After frequent and fruitless attempts at finding an exit, the wanderer sits down on a rock, tired and discouraged, and sinks into thought.

### The choir of fools

We are the fools, we're all the same  
For foolishness is all the same,  
Meekly meshing our methods and aims,  
We are the fools, we're all the same.  
Different clothes - the latest fashions,  
But inside, inside all the same.

We bar the gate that leads to knowledge,  
Inside we're always all the same,  
Our narrow horizons all the same.  
For what is change? A foolish game;  
Accommodation - that's our aim,  
Conformity - yes, that's our aim,  
We are the fools, we're all the same.  
We throw the spanner in every wheel,  
You can't bend us, we're made of steel,  
Sensitive instruments tuned to the clique,  
We play our tune to their music,  
Following only their rhythms and whims -  
Dumb slaves to many masters  
Providing our cup is full.  
Shallow are our native waters;  
We are as mindless rudders,  
Turning with no hesitation,  
No flights of imagination.  
Our death-knell tolls in otherness,  
We hate the subtle,  
We hate syllogism,  
And most of all we hate wisdom,  
Wisdom and the humane.  
We're empty voices, all the same,  
That bar the gates to progress.

The cowards' chorus

We are the cowards, the cowards are we,  
Great is our strength, in certainty;  
You can't pass through us or cast us aside  
From right, and left, from up and down  
We are the cowards, the cowards are we,  
As it was and always will be.  
Survival, survival's our only friend,  
Our enemies - change and creation;  
We crawl to our burrows for safety  
But are brought nonetheless to destruction.  
Shut out risk and aspiration,  
Bow to power, but not to thought;  
Love the simple, not complication;  
Feel what is near, ignore the far.  
We are the cowards, the cowards are we,  
From right, and left, from the sky, from the sea.  
Sooner or later we'll block your path,  
We'll close off the passes and trip you up.  
We dread the dramatic,  
Hate the tragic,  
Detest the satiric.  
With our bulk we will close the roads,  
Darken the sun, the moon and the rainbows.  
We are the cowards, the cowards are we,

From right, and left, from the sky, from the sea.  
Listless guardians of wretchedness,  
We topple heroes to the ground,  
We topple everyone to the ground -  
Soon, you, too, will topple  
From our insurmountable wall.  
We are the cowards, the cowards are we,  
From right and left, from the sky, from the sea.

The choir of the clique

A word here -  
A glance there -  
We know what happens everywhere.  
We'll sniff out profit, never fear,  
From the living or the dead.  
In revolution or reaction  
We'll always find justification,  
Like foam we rise to the top,  
Silently seething in darkness.  
A word here, -  
A glance there -  
Spies out what's useful everywhere;  
For we attack at every chance,  
And dance the system's dance.  
Outwardly coincidence

And reasoned objectivity,  
In truth, a firm conspiracy:  
A show of truth, a show of truth,  
A magic stream to mesmerize  
The cowardly and the fools.  
Velvet smiles and silky style  
Cover cynicism's smell.  
Very curious indeed.  
Tone and gesture indicate  
The presence of the would-be great,  
In conversations here or there  
With "influential people".  
The fools bow down their shoulders,  
The cowards bow down their shoulders,  
And on their shoulders sits the clique,  
Gliding through the magic ring.  
On words, and nothing more.  
They grip on tight to their deception;  
Fools by day, cowards by night,  
All fertile soil for the clique's might.  
Streams of profit and influence  
Circled about with a putrid stench.

Electra<sup>1</sup>

(Slowly appears from behind the ridge of rocks. Majestic

and benevolent in appearance she approaches the Shadow,  
her gaze directed into the distance.)

Pilgrim, you and I are close  
Through your great confusion.  
Leave this dark and gloomy place,  
Abandon your grey prison.

#### The Shadow

Who are you kindly spirit?  
Are you a vision of dreams?  
And how did you appear,  
What power misled you here?  
Answer me, speak!

#### Electra

From above and from below  
I link two extremes,  
To destroy falsehood's show  
And tend truth and love.

My coming brings uncertainty,  
Falsehood's destruction;  
I bring confusion with me  
And doubt, dissatisfaction.



Breaking hypocrisie's chains,  
The depths with confusion I fill,  
Conjoining truth to love  
I make the healthy ill.

For I transpose positions  
Creating pride from turmoil,  
And through these strange transitions  
I make the sick man well.

Admiration to inspiration,  
I have the power to change emotion,  
The truth is in my hands.

Through sadness and anxiety,  
Keep travelling, pilgrim, further still,  
Your cause deserves fidelity,  
Have faith, I'll lead you to your goal.

Go farther, face abandonment  
And do not fear perplexity,  
Confront your wounds and aching heart,  
Keep reaching for your destiny.

These doubts are all behind me,  
My trail of tears is ashes now,  
Despair has left my spirit now,  
I roam in distant lands.

Take courage, calm your troubled heart,  
Your gaze must reach out far away;  
I'll help you - I'll be by your side,  
Awake, go forth, do not delay.

## Act 1, Scene 1.

The Commissariat of Police; the duty officer, sergeant and a constable are present. Two arrested men are brought in. The first, a slim man with a sensitive face seems somewhat withdrawn, "absorbed" in his own thoughts. The second is corpulent, well fed, with "full", agile movements - self-confident and decisive.

The sergeant begins to write a protocol on the two detainees. He starts with the second man, slightly intimidated by his imperious air - a combination of high-handed impatience and a certain nonchalance. He shows his government ID in demand of a quick release.

Sergeant: Please state your name, address, profession and place of work.

2nd. Detainee: Adam Ziobro, 46, 12, Zamkowa Street, head of department at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

Sergeant: Please tell us about the incident.

2nd. Detainee: Well, I was in rather a hurry and the bus was extremely crowded. It was just my luck that the Ministry car broke down today. A little girl standing next to me, about 8 years old, was pushed into rather hard. This individual (points to 1st.

detainee) directed a stream of vulgar epithets at me. I slapped him immediately.

Sergeant: How did the gentleman insult you?

2nd Detainee: He shouted, "You bastard, I saw you, you animal, I saw the way you treated women and children in the department store for children, you perverted monster".

Sergeant: Were you in fact involved in the notorious events at the department store for children?

2nd. Detainee: Of course not, he's imagining things, I wasn't even in Warsaw at the time - the man's a half-wit, or worse. If I had seen that from the start I wouldn't have reacted so hastily, but after all, it was a pretty insulting and compromising affront on my integrity. The worst of it is that this man is running around on the loose and not locked up in a mental home.

Sergeant: (turning to the 1st. detainee) Is this gentleman telling the truth?

1st. Detainee: As far as he goes, yes, but he's missed out a lot and twisted things to his own advantage. His behaviour was brutal in the extreme. That little girl next to him . . . she was nearly trampled on, she was

screaming, "Help, help, they're crushing me to death!" When she fell down, she only managed to get up again when a woman there came to help her. This man didn't lift a finger to help; not only that, but he actually started shouting at her.

Sergeant: Was the girl harmed?

1st. Detainee: Luckily not, except for a scratched forehead.

Sergeant: Did you really use the expressions towards this gentleman that he said you used, and were your remarks concerning his involvement in the children's department store founded on truth?

1st. Detainee: Yes, I did use such expressions, and the part about the children's department store, that was true in a symbolic way. This man's behaviour towards that little girl was symbolic of everything selfish, brutal, even animal.

Sergeant: I would ask you to refrain from using such expressions, sir. In any case, what's all this about "symbolic", you're not making any sense . . . on second thought . . . I'll be examining you later, anyway. (He turns to the officer present.) What would

you recommend, lieutenant?

Lieutenant: You're free to go now, sir. You'll be called as a free witness if necessary.

(The 2nd detainee leaves. There is a short pause. The 1st. detainee looks wearily out of the barred window. A song from a record, "The Pearl Fishers"<sup>2</sup> can be heard from the neighbouring building: "In my memory still lingers the moment, the moment I greedily fished for your words". Then the music stops. After a while a melody filters through from the detention cell next to the Commissariat, the words of the song "Yankee Doodle"<sup>3</sup>).

Sergeant: (Preparing to interrogate the first detainee.) Full name and address please, age, details of family, profession.

1st. Detainee: George Zawilski, 37, single, 7 Piwnica Street, doctor of psychology and music.

Sergeant: What was the cause of the incident?

Zawilski: Hard to say . . . perhaps my uneasy dreams, perhaps my intensified emotional tension, . . . added to that, the face of that man, the way he moved. For quite a long time now I've been having trouble sleeping. I'm constantly followed by the thought of that fire in the Children's Department Store; such an insignificant fire, quickly

extinguished by the staff, but the brutal reactions of the crowd, the masses . . . One child dead on the spot, two people dying later, in hospital . . . the trampling of the weak, the fallen, the dreadful wantonness of it . . . no thoughts except for their own survival at any cost . . . The overdeveloped animal instinct for survival.

Sergeant: I must again draw your attention to your improper manner of expressing yourself in a seat of the government.

Zawilski: You'd be better off drawing attention to acts of inhumanity . . .

Sergeant: Would you kindly keep your comments to yourself, sir.

Zawilski: There wasn't a single person, nor any group that had the courage to hold those animals back, to stand up to them . . . perhaps by knocking their animal heads together . . . (sinks into thought) . . . I can't stop seeing the head of that child, her eyes . . . they haunt me, look at me, full of reproach. Do you know what an over-educated conscience is? . . . It's an 'aching sore'- as Proust<sup>4</sup> puts it.

Sergeant: (With an almost imperceptible movement turns to the duty officer and taps his forehead; the officer nods in agreement and the sergeant turns back to the detainee.) You're not making sense, sir. . . . What's this Proust got to do with anything . . . you're imagining things. Can't you see what nonsense it is, accusing a respectable man in a high government post of having committed criminal acts he hasn't committed. . . . That children's department store or whatever it was, trampling on people. And what's all that symbolic business?

Zawilski: Yes, Sergeant, you're right - it's just over-exhaustion and over-emotionality . . . (sinks into thought) . . . . People always say that I don't accept reality, that I'm odd, that I often say the wrong thing at the wrong time and in the wrong place. It's unavoidable, really, because it's impossible to keep a hold of important things by putting them on a tight rein.

Lieutenant: (Looks intently at Zawilski. His expression changes from one of boredom and light mockery to one of interest; flashes of understanding pass visibly over his face.)



Why don't you go and rest, sir. We'll try and get you released; maybe we'll get the opinion of a doctor for nervous diseases.

Zawilski:

A doctor? How's a doctor going to help? Can't you see, my sensitivity can't be changed, and what's more important, you can't possibly remove everything I see and hear around me . . . only removing all that would reduce this morbid sensitivity. A doctor can't eliminate the distance between the truth and false appearances, between threats and superficiality, between people's blindness and their unhappiness.

Lieutenant:

When you were giving your personal details here, I noticed that you're a psychologist and musicologist by profession, you've got a doctor's degree . . . surely that would give you a special knowledge of the human psyche. Doesn't it help you understand a lot of different people at a lot of different levels?

Zawilski:

That's how it would seem . . . except that the understanding of evil as such, and the understanding of the emotional tensions brought on by the hopelessness of reducing that evil are two different things.

Lieutenant: (Whispers instructions to the sergeant, who leaves. Again the melody and words about Yankee Doodle waft into the room from a distance. Zawilski's face becomes gloomy. For several minutes there is silence. Slowly, the sun begins to set.)  
Do you have a family, close friends, a wife?

Zawilski: No, I'm not married . . . I don't have a family, and as for close friends . . . close friends . . . maybe there are some. But actually, they've all distanced themselves from me. I suppose I'm alone.

Lieutenant: Please go into the room on your right. We'll take stock in the meantime and try to think of something. (Sergeant enters.)

Sergeant: Lieutenant, I've been in contact with the detainee's block committee,<sup>5</sup> place of work and with the mother of his fiancée - only by telephone, of course. The people on the block committee and at his job tell me that the detained is a bit of a lone wolf, very talented and sensitive, always conscientious, but he hasn't been coming to work over the past few weeks. They say he stays at home all day, looking depressed. The

fiancee's mother informs me that the place for Mr. Zawilski is in an institute for the mentally ill, and not in her home, as her daughter's fiancee.

Lieutenant: (Calls in the detainee.)

What would you prefer, sir? Do you want us to hold you under arrest, or to refer you to a psychiatric hospital for a period of treatment under observation?

Zawilski: It's all the same to me.

Lieutenant: In that case, perhaps we'll settle for the hospital. I think you'll get a chance to calm down. I'll give you a certificate stating that you were in a state of extreme agitation at the time of arrest. You won't have to stay under arrest, and you won't be dragged around the courts. On our part, we won't have to face any difficulties caused by the gentleman arrested with you. Please sign this form committing yourself to the hospital. Goodbye, sir, and all the best to you.

End of Act 1, Scene 1.

## Act 1, Scene 2.

The scene opens at the home of George's fiancée and her mother. It is a modest dwelling, but reflects the intellectual and cultured traditions of its occupants, members of the intelligentsia. The fiancée, Clara, is a handsome young woman with a remarkably good figure, prominent, sparkling eyes and great mobility of expression. Her figure, movements and general air betray a tendency to affectation, and the dominance in her character of passive imagination and suggestibility over a clearly perceptible, though weaker, activeness. Signs of two dominant personality traits are also present: on the one hand, an extremely sensitive psyche, on the other, well developed sensuality.

The mother is about 60 years old, with lively, decisive movements and a markedly "worldly" demeanour, untroubled by hesitation or "duality" of consciousness.

Clara: Dr. Paul phoned from the psychiatric hospital after the local police commissariat got in touch with him. Apparently George was arrested yesterday and held in detention. He seems to have started some trouble with an important official. From what Dr. Paul tells me, George's explanations for his behaviour were fantastic and childish. They don't

think he should be kept any longer in police detention, they want to transfer him to the hospital, for observation. He doesn't seem to object to it. Dr. Paul says that the officer on duty and another doctor they brought in finally managed to persuade him to give written permission for the committal.

Dr. Paul thinks that a stay in hospital would cast some light on the whole matter, and that it might also introduce a few elements of clarity into what he calls my "confused relationship" with George. He'll be here any minute now - the doctor, that is. I just don't know what to do or even think, when it comes to that. On the one hand I want to be with George, try and help him untangle himself, on the other hand, I fear him - myself, too. I'm afraid of murky things like these, I'm afraid of the mentally ill - positively repelled by them at times. Added to that, this, this hospital . . . maybe George really is abnormal. I feel torn in two by the whole thing. I want to make the most of day-to-day life, with all its attractions, though not in a superficial way, and here I am,

pulled into matters which are strangely magnetic for me, but which I am at the same time afraid of.

Mother:

Well, my attitude has always been quite clear, concerning that . . . that man you insist on calling your fiancée - without my agreement, note. I've always said that these kinds of engagements and marriages are the undoing of women in general, but for a woman of your qualities, my dear, they can lead only to disaster. You don't need me to tell you that you're a woman above all, and that you have maternal instincts, as is only natural.

Do you realize that this beloved George of yours is quite probably a total lunatic? This odious "soulfulness" of his doesn't seem to me at all manly. As far as I'm concerned, nervous men are tantamount to being female anyway, or else eternal adolescents. And what about your children, your descendants? Do you want to have freaks for children, even mentally retarded, perhaps?

Clara:

You're right and wrong at the same time, Mother. But you must understand that I'd

rather be involved with a freak than with someone brutal.

Mother:

Well of course, dear - take a man like Dr. Paul, for instance, there's a highly intelligent and cultured person for you. Not only that, but he's pleasant, a man of the world, extremely masculine, handsome . . . He's an outstanding doctor, very successful and exceptionally well off. I'm sure that his energy alone is an injection of strength for many of his patients. You can't help but feel his strength, his decisiveness and protectiveness.

You can't imagine what an advantage it is, dear, to have someone close to whom you can entrust your future, someone who will always be ready with good advice when you need it. It's a good thing he'll be coming round often in the present sad circumstances. He'll soon size up the general situation . . . . You'll get to know each other better . . . become closer . . . at last some light will be shed on this awful business with that lunatic, whose only achievement has been to deprive us of our peace of mind and happiness . . . (with feeling)

. . . God, how I detest these abnormalities  
. . . You've got to face it, dear, there  
must come a time when you start living,  
above everything else you've got to live.  
Quite apart from that, my dear, you must  
be reasonable. Just between ourselves,  
woman to woman, as it were, you've got to  
admit you've certainly caught Dr. Paul's  
eye - and that's an unmistakeable sign of  
strength and manliness to which every girl  
ought to yield.

Clara:

Mother, don't say things like that . . .  
I'm frightened of you, of George, even of  
myself . . . and most of all of Dr. Paul.  
George is so talented and sensitive . . .  
I often feel that my love could give him a  
lot, that it could develop his creativity.  
Sometimes I almost see him "in mine mind's  
eye" as the saying goes.

Mother:

You are odd! George is in a hospital, and  
you know very well what kind of hospital.  
He's mentally unbalanced, or else he's  
going to be. Dr. Paul knows far more about  
his illness than he himself, or either of  
us. Dr. Paul is going to be treating him,  
after all.



Clara:

I'm not so sure that the doctors and Dr. Paul know it all so well, or will understand the problem, better than George or I . . . I really can't comment on that. But I feel uneasy . . . I've had a bad premonition . . . I had a dream last night about a black bird circling above me . . . It started to dive towards me like a bullet, stretching out its claws.

I don't have much faith in either the efficiency or the suitability of a mental hospital in the treatment of George's problem. He doesn't trust the doctors we know, and Dr. Paul is no exception. He's told me time and time again that he senses Paul's coldness and ill-will . . . Dr. Paul consciously or half-consciously wants to see George ill, and in the position of a patient, whereas George always talks to him like an independent person, and not a subordinate; at times, he even speaks to him with a certain tone of spiritual superiority . . .

(There is a ring at the door. Clara goes to open it and Dr. Paul enters the hall. He is fairly tall, fairly corpulent, about 45, with self-assured, somewhat negligent

movements, quite nimble and flexible. His eyes are mobile, lively and sensual. The protruding red lips do not entirely harmonize with the striking severity of his general expression.)

Dr. Paul: Good day, Clara. (He kisses her hand twice - the second time above the wrist, lightly brushing over her arm; Clara gently withdraws her hand and subtly moves away from him.) Lovely, as ever . . . please excuse my excess of frankness but I find it impossible to hide my constant admiration. I am your greatest admirer, you know. I can't help but think that we were created for each other. Forgive me again for showing my emotions so freely just now . . . I'm afraid it would be a little embarrassing in front of your mother, though I sense her goodwill towards me and am extremely grateful - ah, and here are some flowers and chocolates for you ladies.

Clara: Doctor, you frequently apologize for behaviour you know I find distasteful, so why do you persist with it?

Dr. Paul: You see, perhaps I am a little too forthright, not complex enough in comparison to Mr. George Zawilski, but at least I have my

priorities straight. Extreme complexity usually leads to illness, to the very state that George is now in. . . . (enters the sitting-room) . . . Greetings, dear lady, I'm so happy to see you again. It's such a pleasure to be in your company, I always feel so at ease with you. I find in your home an atmosphere of sincerity and straightforwardness. I was just telling your daughter, how excessive hypersensitivity can lead to eccentricity, even mental illness.

Mother:

I do so appreciate your dependability, doctor, your coming to see us at such difficult times for Clara and myself. I'm sure that your knowledge, seriousness and good-will will show us the right action to take. . . . Isn't that right?

Dr. Paul:

I sincerely hope that you ladies haven't found cause to doubt either my goodwill or my professional expertise in this matter . . . . Actually, I was convinced long ago that the matter would end like this . . . . From the start I forecasted that a strong neurotic, perhaps even schizophrenic process would set in. Apart from that, I

was extremely perturbed about Clara's future in the event of a decision to marry George. Why, it would be a life long disaster for her, and any children they might have.

Clara: Look, doctor, do you think you could explain to me the great distance you seem to keep between yourself and the nervously ill? . . . Forgive me for asking, but I want to know how you reconcile it to your role as a doctor. I'm sorry, I know I'm being a little rude perhaps, but the question keeps nagging me.

Mother: What new nonsense is this, dear? . . . How can you impute that such an outstanding doctor doesn't understand his patients?

Dr. Paul: It's like this, Clara: understanding the sick as equals is to be like them oneself. In that sense, I don't understand them. Fortunately, I am normal. But when it comes to understanding them as degraded, handicapped, unhappy people - then I do understand them, and with the best will in the world. The most important thing here is the diagnosis, and in that respect I have no difficulties. Apart from that, I feel I

have the capabilities to organize their lives and work . . . Of course, they feel a certain distance to me. . . . Why, in the sense that you mean, it's impossible to understand someone considerably lower than oneself, handicapped in that way . . . I don't find that kind of understanding necessary. One should never forget or try to blur the difference between the doctor and the patient. . . . Sometimes, Clara, I get the impression that you show a little too much understanding for the nervously ill, the kind of undesirable understanding that I've been talking about..

Clara:

I won't beat about the bush here, doctor, forgive me again if I'm being rude . . . but it seems to me that you have an understanding of people as strictly medical or clinical cases yet no comprehension of the patient as an individual personality.

Mother:

Well, I understand exactly what the doctor means . . . What was it Goethe said about poets. . . . I think it went like this . . . "He who would understand a poet must stay awhile in the poet's country" . . . or something like that . . . And it's the same when

you're talking about the mentally ill - the first kind of understanding is dangerous and harmful . . . I'm always reminding Clara of that.

Clara: Mother, I know quite well that in the vast majority of questions you and Dr. Paul are in cosy agreement. On the one hand it makes me happy for you, on the other - slightly uneasy.

Dr. Paul: (Looks Clara up and down, then turns to the mother, saying:) Wouldn't you say that a walk would do Clara good? Maybe she could see something light at the theatre, perhaps go dancing. I think it would be as well to keep her mind off matters concerned with recent events. Don't you agree, Clara?

Mother: I totally agree with you, doctor.

Clara: You see, doctor, there's the great difference between both of us as types. I have to bear my troubles, work them out . . . I have to confront them in order to master them or be mastered by them . . . I don't know how to run away from them. I'm grateful anyway for your concern about us and our affairs.

Dr. Paul: It's a pity, Clara, that I don't influence

you enough. Sometimes that annoys me, because it has perhaps lessened my ability to influence others . . . But I'm patient . . . perhaps under other circumstances my influence will increase. In the meantime, I had better go to my patients. Goodbye, ladies. (He kisses the Mother's hand, then, with great feeling, presses Clara's palm and kisses it; she replies with a friendly smile and presses his hand in return.)

Mother: Really, dear, you are odd! What on earth do you mean by it, trying to put off such a pleasant, cultured and masculine figure of a man.

Clara: Because, Mother, I am still George's fiancee, and until I stop being his fiancee I am going to behave in an old fashioned way. On top of that, can't you see that Dr. Paul attracts and repels me at the same time, that I'm fighting with myself? Can you not understand that, Mother?

Mother: No, I can't understand it and I never will! This is all just the whim of a mentally immature girl, who is, unfortunately, 25 years old. I can only hope that you will finally reach the conclusion yourself, that

marriage to Dr. Paul and the natural cycle of womanly experience will endow you with proper powers of discrimination, aims, responsibilities, and happiness every woman ought to have. I am assuming, of course, that you shall not be continuing your engagement to George after his detainment at the Commissariat and the referral to the lunatic asylum.

Clara:

(Bursting into quiet, hopeless sobbing, she says:) How pitiless you all are, how ruthlessly realistic . . . And you, Mother, can't even you show me a mother's sympathy and sincerity? Can't you be anything more for me than a - a quality controller in your daughter's life?! Why can't you be spiritually and morally closer to me? I'm so alone, so completely alone!

END OF

ACT ONE

SCENE TWO

ACT ONE

SCENE THREE

A conversation in the hospital.

(George, dressed in a hospital gown, is sitting in an arm-chair, staring motionlessly into space. On Clara's entrance



he gets up and begins to pace restlessly around the room, only afterwards does he greet Clara. His gaze is troubled by uneasiness and inner tension. Clara takes him by the arm and presses his head to her breast.)

Clara: Was it really unavoidable and necessary, George? . . . What got into you, was something bothering you? . . . How did it happen? . . . Oh, well, it doesn't matter, don't say anything about it now, let's just be together for a while, like before. I've brought you some poetry by Lesmian,<sup>6</sup> I know how you like it. I brought some flowers, too. You can tell me some other time how it all happened.

George: I'm glad you brought the Lesmian. Just the knowledge that there is someone - perhaps many like him - who can grasp the hopelessness of moral questions with such clear insight, such sensitivity, and not only in the here and now, but also, perhaps, in transcendentality . . . just that knowledge gives one courage, the fact that perhaps one is not so totally alone in the sharpness of one's thoughts and actions. . . . Clara, we're quite alone, no-one will disturb us - why don't you read me that

poem by Lesmian about little Ursula - I  
 always experience very deeply the things  
 you read to me, the way you read them. I  
 feel that there's a complete understanding  
 between us when you read, I sense the close-  
 ness of our bond.

Clara: (Reads Lesmian's poem about Ursula  
 Kochanowska.)<sup>7</sup>

When after death I came to the desert of the heavens  
 God gazed long at me, with my hands in his hands.

"Come to me, Ursula! You look lively . . .  
 I will do all that will make you happy."

"Do this, God - I whispered - that in the beauty of heaven  
 Everything is the same as Charnolas was then."

And fearful calmness, raised my eyes to his  
 To find out if he was angry that I asked him this.

He smiled and nodded - and soon from God's kindness  
 A house appeared - for all the world like ours.

Furniture and flower pots of blooming plants  
 So familiar, the joy could make me dance.

He said - "Here is - furniture, and there - flower pots  
 Just watch out for the coming of your longing parents.

And after I put all the stars to sleep in heaven,  
I will knock on your door to see you often."

Then he left, so I made myself as busy as I could  
Cleaning the house; like ours, I imagine.

And I dressed in the prettiest pink I could find  
Keeping away eternal sleep, I wait, attend . . .

The first ray of sunshine glitters on the wall  
When I hear steps and a knock at the door.

So I jump up and run! Heaven thunders like a storm.  
My heart stops . . . . No! It is God, not them.

George:           What a magnificent expression of total and  
utter protest against unreasonable and in-  
human formulations of reality in the trans-  
cendental world! The amazing strength of  
the demand that transcendental reality - if  
it is to exist - should be of the greatest  
and deepest kind, that it should be, in the  
final analysis, ideally human.

Clara:           That's right, George, I remember how you  
used to tell me that what we need is a  
protest - a protest instigated by a deeply  
humanistic, organized soul, a soul who  
understands and fully experiences not only  
his own sufferings, but also those of

others, not only his own debasement, but that of others, one who demands that the essence of life and philosophy, the level of human life should be such, that its powers would everywhere create the highest reality, both in the here and now, and - possibly - in another dimension.

George:

You've reminded me . . . yes, I always used to say that. . . . one thing still eludes me though, the ability to control the outward expression of a positive and beneficial inner tension that motivates my higher development. There's something humiliating about outwardly expressing one's personal emotional state - all the more if it surfaces in agitation and excitement . . . . There's another thing I find painful . . . . I don't seem to have grasped the importance and necessity of the deepest forms of inner activity, especially when they may not result in perceptible results. I want so much to carry out my program in a better way, without those expectations of immediate results.

Clara:

You know I'm always there to help you. Tell me, George, is there anything I can do

now to make things easier for you? . . . I nearly forgot to tell you, I've applied for a place in medical school - though I'm a bit old for it now - to try and learn more about what you call psychotherapy. We would then be able to start a legally acceptable institution where we could offer people comprehensive help, with the added advantage that we wouldn't be exposed to ill-will and harassment.

George:

Clare, you know how concerned I am with all the things you're talking about. Nevertheless, neither of us is blind to the fact that something quite unexpected has happened, unforeseeable in its results both for you and me, and that it's still happening now, at this very moment.

Clara:

I don't know the exact details, but I found out from the police that you didn't stand up to the tension and got into trouble with the law. I know from the outset that you were completely justified, but you probably acted without paying enough attention to the situation and those around you, isn't that about it?

George:

Yes, it is, and that's why, until such time

as I have reached the level of the task before me, I can't allow myself to involve you in these matters. Often I feel that I'm at the end of my tether. The pressure exerted on me by needs and requirements isn't in harmony with my inner peace. I'm completely shattered, I couldn't organize your life any more than I can my own. You must know how much you mean to me, yet in spite of that, in spite of my deep feelings for you - I can't tie you down at this moment with my own ideas and muddles. I can't be responsible for you in circumstances where I'm not even responsible for myself. Forgive me for saying this, but there are moments when I feel that I was never cut out to be a husband, let alone a father. I think I've thought this through pretty thoroughly, though I must confess, the thinking has cost me too much in other ways . . . sometimes my mind just turns into a tangled mess.

Clara: Your words, George they frighten me.

George: (Lost in thought.) "For you will leave your father and your mother, your wife and your children" . . . otherwise you will

conform, you will succumb to the pressure, succumb to the so-called necessities of life . . . (in agitated bitterness) Are you willing, Clara, are you really willing to be the wife of a lunatic, to submit yourself to public scorn? . . . And what about our children, who might perhaps suffer the same fate? . . . I can choose it for myself, but I cannot choose it for you. (He falls into the chair and sits rigidly, looking at Clara in uneasy bewilderment.)

Clara:

(Begins to sob fitfully . . . then she seems to harden inside.) I won't interfere with your ideas or intentions . . . I never realized that I could be a hindrance. Good-bye, George . . . (In the neighbouring building someone is playing "Life's radiance, joy's light.")

Interlude after Act I

Two opposites

Two extremes-

I bend, divide, transform

The white flower and the red.

Two opposites,

Two extremes-

Frenzied and tranquil,

Longing and fulfilled,

I tremble in my duality.

The lights are silver here, and gold,

There they are rusted crimson.

My hands reach out in yearning,

Arms in readiness

For two planes.

One voice - an explosion of blood;

One voice - a tranquil star;

Two extremes, two opposites.

If only the scales would tilt,

If only the division would stop.

Clarity - the same, the same

Tomorrow, after tomorrow, forever. . .

No trembling, no division,

No regret, no gnawing restraint,

Just oneness, integration,

On a higher or lower plane. . .

Without trembling.



No more - no more hesitation,

No more doubt.

But now - always two opposites.

Life's divided sense,

Life's distant aim.

I do not want to be mad.

In oneness I shall merge my thoughts

In order to escape destruction,

In order to find peace.

O, my troubled heart,

O, my secret dilemma.

I pray, I beg for support,

Leaning to one side

To quiet my mind and heart -

To quiet my terror.

I tread the path to freedom -

Or, perhaps, to new prisons,

Perhaps to destruction.

Help me, kind shadows,

As I approach unity,

As I approach my fate.

## Act 2, Scene 1

(The conference room in the hospital for the nervously and psychically ill in the town X. Displayed on the walls are several portraits of prominent psychiatrists and charts of the human brain. The room also contains tables, chairs and the chairman's desk. There are about 20 participants, all in white coats, present at the consultation.)

Doctor S: (Reporting on the Zawilski case:) The patient is 37 years of age and lives at No. 7, Piwnica Street. Heredity - nothing exceptional apart from highly gifted predecessors on both mother's and father's side. Normal pregnancy and birth. Excessive sensitivity manifested from early childhood; he was unable to look at meat vans or butcher's shops, experiencing nausea at these sights. Night fears following various occurrences during the school period. Strong imagination and emotional susceptibility. Early and exaggerated feelings of justice - numerous conflicts on account of this. Oversensitivity to so-called "wrongs", particularly in relation to women and children. Rather difficult period of adolescence - symptoms of mild depression. From maturation up until the present time, the patient has apparently not had sexual relations. Psychically - occasional lack of self-control, marked eccentricity in behavior. He took the death of his mother very badly. According to

his fiancée, he is extremely talented, has many interests and is somewhat helpless in daily life.

In addition he has obsessions, feelings of emptiness. He is irritable, sometimes explosive, intermittently apathetic. The outside world often seems to him changed. He obtains similar impressions of change in relation to his own self.

No neurological changes.

Laboratory tests completely normal.

The patient is a doctor of psychology and also well versed in music, playing the violin and occasionally using music as a means of earning a living. Shows interest in existential philosophy. Recently he has had little contact with his milieu, showing an above-average desire for solitude, and reading a lot. He is emotionally over-excitabile but keeps this strongly repressed. He sometimes expresses ideas of superiority. Clear ambivalences and ambidencies. Often withdraws into a world of fantasy. Occasional negativistic attitude to surrounding reality.

Chairman:

(Addressing the examining physician) Doctor, what's your initial diagnosis?

Examining:  
Physician

The observation period is as yet too short - a time-span of under two weeks is not a satisfactory basis for a clear diagnosis. I'm thinking in terms of a strong obsessional neurosis and, almost to the same extent, as yet uncrystallized schizophrenic processes.

Chairman:

The floor is open for discussion.

Doctor A:

Doctor, on what do you base your suspicions of schizophrenia?

Examining:  
Physician

On the eccentricity of his general behavior, the solitude, the sensitive nature of the patient's contact with his surroundings, the feeling of emptiness felt over many years, the feelings of "otherness" felt at different periods, the states of numbness and apathy, the states, to put it literarily, of "psychic musing", finally, on the feelings of superiority and on the ambivalences and ambipendencies.

Dr. Paul:

I would incline towards the opinion of my colleague, the doctor in charge, and would like to complete the basis for his initial diagnosis. Psychic infantility is asserting itself in the patient, together with disturbance of the sex drive, in the form of adolescent shyness in an almost forty-year-old man. The patient's social contact seems rather bizarre, he is irritable, autistic. I would also reiterate

those symptoms already mentioned by my colleague here. In my opinion the patient has for a long time manifested schizoid symptoms and at present a schizophrenic psychosis is becoming more clearly apparent.

Doctor A:

Does the patient suffer from anxiety states?

Examining:  
Physician

Yes, he often manifests anxiety states of the existential type. On the one hand, he has a death phobia, and on the other, a death wish, as he calls it. He maintains that all worthwhile people should experience these things. In addition he manifests anxiety on account of the absurdity of existence, as he calls it. The senselessness of existence horrifies him. He says that there are no enduring feelings, either here, or in the so-called other dimensions; if it is the case, as he puts it, that so-called transcendence has any sense at all. He also says that he's afraid of death.

Doctor B:

Why? . . . Did you try to sound the patient out about that?

Examining:  
Physician

No, I'm afraid I must have let that pass, somehow. We'll be able to ask him for further details about that when he comes in.

Doctor B:

From the report and discussion it appears that the patient is showing symptoms of pathologically heightened emotional sensitivity.

I would also be interested to know whether we are dealing here with a case of psychological sexual impotence.

Examining:  
Physician

The patient is unwilling to speak about such subjects, but, in referring to other matters, he said that he is quite normal in this respect, although he considers that sex is possible for him only in conjunction with exclusive emotional attachment.

Dr. Paul:

The diagnosis seems to be getting clearer. However, I would be careful not to allow the present discussion to digress to an analysis of secondary symptoms, but would advise keeping to the fundamental, typical features and dynamisms characteristic of an individual who is rapidly turning into a sick person.

Doctor C:

I have some reservations as to that last opinion. The absence of an in-depth analysis of so-called non-typical symptoms schematizes our basis and makes shallow our relationship with the patient. Our masters in the field always taught us that each individual case represents a sick, often extremely interesting being, whose experiential make-up and history are unrepeatable.

Chairman:

(Turning to the doctor in charge.) Please ask the patient to come in.

(After a moment Zawilski walks in - he is thin, pale, with downcast eyes and in a state of great concentration.)

Chairman: Good morning, Mr. Zawilski, how are you feeling, how did you sleep?

Zawilski: Badly, as usual - doctor.

Chairman: Why was that? Is someone being unpleasant to you here, or is the hospital atmosphere depressing you? Perhaps your cultural needs are not being met?

Zawilski: Actually, everything is fine. It's nothing to do with what's going on now. These feelings are just variations on states which took root in me when I was still a child and which have always been alive in me. Everything is going smoothly, really. Everyone's doing what he's supposed to do, everyone is smiling. Always smiling to themselves in that same way, kind, unkind, it doesn't matter. No variations, just the same smiles, always the same.

Chairman: What do you mean by that? All the people here only wish you well. Please explain your thoughts and experiences more clearly.

Zawilski: I don't really have many new experiences... more of the same, I would say. The same death, wronging, faithlessness, and the same smiles. Sometimes I get the impression that they detach themselves from the faces I'm looking at, and then only identical bloodied muscles are left behind. Those smiles, like tissue pictures, float up to me, fly in the air...nothing but

plastic tissue, nothing but plastic faces with the same smiles...the same meaningless smiles.

Chairman: Do you often see them, these tissue figures and bloody faces?

Zawilski: Do I see them? I see them and I don't see them. Perhaps "I see them in my mind's eye" . . . that's so poetic, but at the same time so realistic - one of our greatest poets said that you know. I've told you already that all the smiles are glued on, stuck on. They're very thin, there's only emptiness behind them.

Chairman: Has your fiancee visited you?

Zawilski: I'm sorry, doctor, but is that any of your business, is it necessary to your investigations in the course of a medical examination? Yes, she was here. . .she brought me some flowers. Flowers don't contain any poison that could damage their colours. I don't know though, if they weren't just another variation on those smiles I was talking about.

Anyway, pretty ladies of marriageable age - must get a husband. They must be wives. And if they're ready for one, why then, a husband is bound to appear.

Chairman: What does all this mean? Perhaps you would explain it to us more closely.

Zawilski: It all seems perfectly clear to me. . .It's just that all of it together doesn't contain



any truth. Anyway - love isn't an individual matter, it's a generic matter.

A doctor: Tell me, Mr. Zawilski, have you recently had an interest in philosophy, and if so, what problems in particular?

Zawilski: Yes, social philosophy, moral philosophy and most recently, existentialism. The last you could call the philosophy of hopelessness.

The same doctor: Why do you call it the philosophy of hopelessness?

Zawilski: Excuse me, gentlemen, but I'm not convinced that the direction this examination is taking is going to give any results.

Chairman: Please feel free to carry on, Mr. Zawilski.

Zawilski: Why don't you focus your attention primarily on the clash between the human personality and the monstrous pressure of man's environment, and on man's own clash with himself? Why don't you pay attention to his helplessness and susceptibility, to the division and splintering of his internal environment, the clash between his higher forces and the lower ones? Why don't you measure the strengths and susceptibilities of a person as an individual? Why don't you protect people on the basis of prognosis and deep comprehensive recognition of their personality? Is your measure for psychic health the ability to tolerate a

pressure impossible for a decent person to tolerate? In that case, who is able to tolerate this internal and external pressure, tell me, who? I'll tell you myself: a saintly genius, an imbecile or a morally debilitated careerist . . .but the two latter categories of individual only stand up to various pressures because they don't understand them or feel their weight. . . and anyway, anyway, don't you see that there are not enough people telling the truth, not enough smiles that tell the truth? The only things left are flowers, escape into nature and solitude. But flowers are deceptively reminiscent of women's smiles - they are just as unchangeable, given the right circumstances, and always beautiful. . . those women's smiles, their typological eternity and individual transitoriness.

Chairman:

You were speaking for the most part in a very concrete way, Mr. Zawilski, but ended up by being somewhat obscure again. Please explain what you mean.

Zawilski:

You see, doctor, I can't stand internal tension. After awhile I have to entangle myself in obscure terms because I don't feel able to express it all in logical formulations. I'm saying all this to you gentlemen in spite of

the fact that I find it painful, and am ashamed of it all. It was the same on that bus. But I've got to say it before I keep silence. The saying of it affects me very much, because I find it unpleasant, but I must open even these stops and set them in motion, to further what you all call my psychological health.

Chairman: Would anyone else like to question Mr. Zawilski? I would point out that he's tired. . . (Turning to the patient.) Thank you, Mr. Zawilski, you can go now.

(Zawilski slowly gets up, as if in a light trance, and leaves the conference room.)

Chairman: The floor is open, gentlemen.

Examining Physician: It seems fairly clear to me that the conversation bears out my assessment.

Dr. Paul: Yes, it has illustrated some typical symptoms. The non-typical ones also support the diagnosis - schizophrenia. I would draw attention to these smiles detaching themselves from faces, leaving behind them bleeding muscles; those tissue or plastic shapes floating in the air, the typing of the smile. Added to that, the "cleverness" and "lecture" he gave us on the criteria for illness, and the assignment of psychiatric prophylactic measures points to

paranoidal elements. Also the eccentricity, affectations, delusions, autism and prophetic tone indicate paranoidal schizophrenia.

Doctor C:

Allow me to take a totally opposing view. In my opinion this man is not psychologically ill at all. And if a psychosis were eventually to develop in him, it would only be indicative of the inevitable necessity for such a development in every extremely sensitive personality placed in the same conditions. The patient's assertion that such tension can only be withstood by a genius, saint or mental or moral imbecile is - in my opinion and according to his interpretation - quite justified.

Examining:  
Physician

(smiling) Our colleague would appear to be using the same language as the patient.

Doctor C:

I haven't yet reached the stage where even the smile of a person to whom I was indifferent could hurt me, but I would ask my colleagues to objectively weigh the following considerations: Can heightened emotional susceptibility, in other words, excessive emotional sensitivity, be considered as an unhealthy symptom? Does the fact that someone adjusts with great difficulty to the death of his mother, or to betrayal by a much trusted person, or his adjusting to humiliation with difficulty, or at least

by experiencing it very deeply, does such behavior indicate pathological traits? I think I have the right to disagree with Janet and Smith<sup>9</sup> on these matters. If the patient has a weak survival instinct and heightened sensitivity to the wronging of others, that is an indication only of his highly developed decency and worth. We know that various opinions on the value of psychic infantility are rather widespread. We know that the strength of the sexual instinct - as with the other instincts, for that matter - can lose its qualitative strength in the presence of high cultural development in an individual, but at the same time it can make the individual stronger. I imagine that this is the case with this patient's sexual drive.

I am persuaded that his statements about tissue smiles and the qualitative preservation of the stereotype express the deep authenticity of his experiences.

I am equally convinced that a significant element in the raising of his psychic tension is most probably the unexpressed conflict with his fiancée. What the patient said about the "over-educated" conscience" of "outcasts" also relates to his own experiences.

Excuse me, Mr. Chairman and colleagues, for having taken the floor for so long in this discussion.

I would like to conclude by asking the ward head if he would entrust care of the patient to me, only, of course, if the examining doctor, who has first choice, does not have any objections.

Chairman:

I think that our colleague, the examining doctor, will agree to the suggestion, all the more as our policy leans towards entrusting the patient to whichever doctor foresees a better prognosis, and would therefore attempt to support his opinion. Thank you, gentlemen, the session is finished.

END OF

SCENE ONE

ACT TWO

ACT TWO

SCENE TWO

(The same hospital during a holiday for the inmates and their invited guests. The scene takes place in the concert hall containing a stage. A large audience is present, consisting of the patients' families, personnel, and other interested parties. A satirical revue is about to be put on, something in the manner of a "specific psychodrama", directed and presented by Zawilski.

Zawilski, as the Master of Ceremonies, begins with a Prelude in front of the curtain.)

Prelude

Greetings, to you gathered here;  
And welcome, you, who wish to hear  
The fiction of your daily lives  
Staged today before your eyes.  
These actors, known to you, or not,  
Will show upon our stage today  
The symbols of disjointedness,  
Of breakdown and decay.  
But truth springs from disjointedness,  
Without it there can be no depth;  
Without it there can be no path  
To human understanding.  
And so, we greet you, honoured guests.  
We'll show you masks in every place,  
Masks that cover half the face,  
The whole face, or three-quarters.  
You know, of course, that masks should hide  
The secret things that stir inside;  
They shroud the shameful and unseen,  
The unsaid crimes that lurk within.  
Remember, though, that masks can hide  
The depths of the human heart,

The depths of the human soul  
That shrink from the outside,  
From searching and insidious lights  
That seek for mediocrity,  
In depth and immeasurability.  
For superficiality  
Is shallow and repulsive;  
Shocking sensitivity,  
Jolting the soul's timidity;  
It makes the noble spirit start  
And mauls it to its very heart,  
Then - To escape into delusion,  
And into hallucination.  
Only souls inert and dull  
Can crawl upon the surface,  
To gorge upon its colourfulness,  
To gorge upon its sweetness.  
But spirits that experience  
Variety in dimension,  
Retreat in pained astonishment,  
Retreat in consternation;  
And petrified in fear's mould,  
Bruised, bleeding, tattered, torn,  
They find escape in other worlds,  
In lunacy's pomp and gloom. -  
Another dimension, another land,



The depths of the human soul  
That shrink from the outside,  
From searching and insidious lights  
That seek for mediocrity,  
In depth and immeasurability.  
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Retreat in consternation;  
And petrified in fear's mould,  
Bruised, bleeding, tattered, torn,  
They find escape in other worlds,  
In lunacy's pomp and gloom. -  
Another dimension, another land,

Perhaps naive - a fairy land  
 That offers rest to the weary soul  
 In the scent of lofty pines;  
 With a view of fate's strange turmoil,  
 Fate's tangled threads entwined.

(The curtain opens to reveal a large entertainment hall in a hospital. Muted dance music can be heard during the intermission. A group of about thirty patients moves around in the hall. After a time, they break apart into groups of various sizes, each group in turn moving into the centre of the "hall", following the course of action.)

First group - The Important and Superfluous

(A dialogue between two gentlemen)

I am the man from the Ministry,  
 The Ministry of Superfluity;  
 I greet other people with a courteous air  
 Of superfluity in important affairs.  
 You're not important in matters of significance,  
 You're superfluous too, come, join my dance.  
 We're both very courteous - don't you find it nice,  
 Avoiding the discourteousness of everyday life,  
 Where importance seems to lie in superfluity,  
 True importance is considered a redundancy;  
 And things superfluous are just not courteous,  
 Indeed, they are unmannerly, coarse and ridiculous.

So I'll bow to you, and you'll bow to me,  
 We'll conduct our sham battles in superfluity.  
 Our clothes are splendid, our gestures refined,  
 No one shall trouble our peace of mind.  
 Paper battles are our occupation,  
 Perhaps they contain some authentication  
 In our trite minds, in our trite notions.. . . .

.....  
 (Director Swat enters - young, with sideburns,  
 self-confident, nonchalant in a primitive way. The two  
 gentlemen turn to him.)

Director, director, where have you been,  
 Which of your lady-loves have you seen?  
 Perhaps in the midst of making an appointment,  
 Putting the squeeze on someone inconvenient,  
 But always on the quiet, and always from the side,  
 You push the inconvenient conveniently aside.  
 Director, director, where have you been,  
 Whom did you sack and whom did you ruin?  
 Here a phone-call - just a word,  
 A smile, a touch of a gesture;  
 What pose did you take to give the threat,  
 What pose to give your smile so sweet,  
 What pose for the Minister's favour?  
 Your pose in itself a veiled threat.  
 How many brutal blows did it take

To gain the sweet reward at stake  
 In an unpredictable clash of fates?  
 Tell us, where your connections were made,  
 Which somehow made one so small, so great.

.....

### The Director

Here and there - but mainly there,  
 Six meetings - a hundred dismissals.  
 Results? Anxiety, trembling, fear,  
 Uncertainty, rumour amongst my inferiors  
 Away with learned psychology,  
 That's for the fools, it's plain to see -  
 I know that a gesture, a word is enough  
 To spread fear both below and above.  
 I've agreed to another interview,  
 The subjects change, they're always new;  
 And then I strike - I'm in the swim,  
 Behind-the-scenes action is everything.  
 I know I won't sink, I'm always laughing,  
 Just floating along, yes, floating.

(The gentlemen form a ring to the rhythm of a lively song.  
 The director's facial expression is full of self-  
 adulation. The two gentlemen also exude rapture at the  
 sight of his ecstatic expression.)

.....

The schizophrenic ensemble

(The ensemble consists of four people and a conductor of satiric songs and dances. Professor Schuss enters centre stage.)

.....Honoured, most honoured Professor Schuss,  
There's no question of your superfluity,  
Of your great indispensibility,  
You're simply immortal for us.  
For us you're simply a must!  
We need you at every time and place;  
Whatever is useless and closed away  
You create a need for, show us the way,  
Of course, for your own prosperity.  
You merely change the form a little,  
And just rename old articles;  
White to black, black to white,  
It all helps keep your prospects bright.  
But the greatest skill is not to betray  
Your own interests in any way,  
Masking them under philanthropy,  
Grasping what's yours for eternity,  
On the scent of your own necessity;  
For such is fate's decree,  
"All hail the Schuss company!"

.....

(Prof. Schuss) .....

Smoothly I gained an outlook on life,  
Smoothly I entered philosophy  
And happily - quite painlessly.  
My attitude is plain and clear  
For my survival's my career,  
You see that I am quite sincere.  
Whatever my outlook, it's all the same,  
Philosophy functions according to aim;  
With myself I'm certainly always sincere,  
With others - that's rather a different sphere.  
Whether at home or in foreign parts  
I ensure that I attract attention:  
The loudest voice at delegations,  
Always in everyone's eye.  
At the congress or on the expert commission  
No others can be a comparison.  
For fame abroad, the clique, at home,  
Will surely push me to the top.  
Here, there, and everywhere  
They'll find that Dr. Schuss is near;  
The one who made the biggest impression,  
They'll crowd to me for consultation,  
For I'm the renowned Professor Schuss  
And this is my fate, my destiny.  
He who's not with me, must be against me,

As everyone knows, yes, everyone;  
 The wise man, the coward or fool  
 I am the expert, I am the Prof.,  
 The darling of fate,  
 The man at the top.

.....

Conductor:

Observe us, we're the schizophrenics;  
 You call us divided, you think us absurd,  
 Our behaviour is strange, our behaviour's eccentric  
 In the depths of our schizophrenic world.  
 We are, like you, in perplexity,  
 Our hearts are alive with astonishment,  
 That beneath our dark infirmity  
 Lie friendship, love and harmony.  
 This is the basis of therapy,  
 To seek out similarity,  
 In strangeness finding unity,  
 Ignoring all that's secondary,  
 Turning it all away;  
 And then we unite in a single delusion  
 In which we find life, and life's reason.

First member of the schizophrenic group:

My stiffness is continual;  
 Sitting, enclosed in my shell.

Yet look at me from all sides,  
Yet look at me well.

I sit here in my shell,  
Secure and well protected;  
I see, I hear, I feel -  
Sensitive - reactive.

Watching from my armoured tower  
I gather in experience,  
Secure from idle snoopers,  
Impervious to my audience.

Second member of the ensemble:

I have learned the way  
To tame hallucinations:  
Not with fear or trembling,  
But by control of my reactions.

My devils are no worse than I  
They're beings sad and ill;  
I play the games they want to play  
To try and make them well.

We share out in our little group  
Fear and isolation;



These are easier to bear  
In a shared situation.

Third member of ensemble:

Hypnosis, words that hypnotize,  
The thoughts that grow within me:  
I strengthen them and organize  
Their development more deeply.

All these things together, then,  
Create a new dimension,  
To let our fraternal group of four  
Retreat into delusion.

Except for our agreement  
Everything is as before;  
But now we are together,  
So we need fear no more.

Conductor:

Our illness now is on the wane,  
Doctors become superfluous,  
Together we are not hermits  
But a group - the schizophrenics.

The Two Visions of Ophelia

They were shooting violets  
 In masses, shooting them in temples.  
 They were shooting.

In temples, in roots they were shooting  
 To forget their color,  
 To forget their smell,  
 They did not want them,  
 Violets . . .

Rising pale sun,  
 Phantom of sun from heaven  
 Locked, silent and touched,  
 Where behind the woodland screen  
 They were shooting violets.

.....

I looked at a glass ball,  
 I looked at a mirror of water,  
 Through my brain I crept into silence -  
 I saw strange matters.

In pine-forest, in retreat  
 They were hanging dolls -  
 Dolls in rococo dresses,  
 In Pompadour dresses.

I saw the crowd of dolls shaken,  
 Their loud crying sound . . .  
 I stood immobile  
 Like the hung dolls,  
 Surprised, very surprised  
 Threw the small legs,  
 Shook the small bodies,  
 And then, immobile  
 Looked at the trampled ground.

The Ice Queen and the Volcano King

(The Queen is standing in a circle of icicles,  
 dressed in white with a wreath of white stars on her head.  
 She is icy, calm, majestic. At some distance to her is  
 the Volcano King, wearing a rust-red gown; he tries to cross  
 the circle of icicles, weakens and melts. Two extremes -  
 two opposite poles.)

Ice Queen: I am the queen of glaciers  
 Lonely in my lonely land;  
 I wait for my poor lover  
 Who, if he takes me, must die.

Volcano King: Though I should die I must have you,  
 Possessed as I am by desire;  
 I know I must melt, yet I'll take you,  
 As water, if not as fire.

Queen: My fixed gaze speaks of loneliness

My heart and crown are frozen;  
 Whose fire shall warm my coldness,  
 Who'll melt my indecision?

King: The heat of my love is boundless,  
 I'll warm you with my fire,  
 Already I'm coming closer,  
 Though I die, I'll reach my desire.

Passing  
 Onlooker: Pity the sight of these lovers,  
 Whose love is replaced by water;  
 Now they are joined and together,  
 But by not being what they were.

#### The Astronomer

This scientist at his telescope  
 Is counting angels in the sky.  
 He has his own disciples there,  
 A group of pupils nearby,  
 All counting angels in the sky.  
 His telescope is like a play,  
 A film, or like a party,  
 Where one forgets humanity  
 In sitting, studying the sky.  
 One great delusion, like others are,  
 But this is a better delusion by far.  
 He cannot be torn away from the stars -  
 Indeed there's no necessity.  
 However, there's one remedy,

To create a new illusion  
Which might arouse a syntonny  
To wake him up, but quieten down  
The old cause of his malady,  
And slowly waken love for man,  
To replace love of delusion.  
Let him wander, show him respect,  
Don't cool his enthusiasm.  
Don't touch him - he must not be hurt  
By too much realism.  
Don't try to change his delusion. . . .  
At least till something better comes,  
Nearer to him and us all.

A Vision of Schizophrenia

I divide myself,  
I separate myself  
From myself.

My reality  
Is fog-like,  
Dream-like,  
Half me and half you.

I divide myself,  
I separate myself

From simple forces, from below.

I can no longer  
Act and live,  
For every day.

I burn myself,  
I work myself  
Through a circle of thoughts.

To be up  
And to live down -  
Is tiring.

Because it is strange to me,  
Because it sounds sickly,  
Daily,  
Calmly.

Shallow, empty flood,  
Faint, common odor  
How boring.

I took it into my head  
To fashion a balloon from rainbows  
To travel.

I will go up on a bright night,  
When the moon has risen  
Up,  
I will go up in the light of the stars  
To see the light  
Unclouded.

I will go furtively  
Because evil lies in wait,  
I will go furtively  
Without a sound,  
One cut and . . .  
The balloon is burst, gone  
Lost forever in the fog.

Wax from a candle,  
Clay from holy lips,  
Musing.

I destroy the wall of graves  
And on the hill of mountains  
I'm going further,  
I'm going higher -  
With trembling.

The Dance

Look at this - an ugly duckling,

Twisted, torn and odd;  
Acute neurosis - that's the name,  
Acute hysteria - so they say;  
But see how from emotion's flame,  
From the embers of inner turmoil,  
The creature grows, it's not the same;  
The vine of oneness upward creeps,  
The soul collects for the upward leap,  
It is fired by emotion's spark,  
Look, look, how it changes and grows!  
Continually rising about itself,  
Words are dumb - look for yourselves,  
The phoenix rising from the ashes.

The Vision of a Strange Man

I have played this role and that,  
And still could play another.  
I've been Jack London's companion  
In the world's far corners.

With Conrad on the Southern Seas  
I watched a shadow's streak,  
On lonely shores and islands  
I played with destiny.

I played in longings, half-conscious dreams,  
A warm "Midsummer Night's Dream",



Till I found myself abandoned -  
With others, yet quite alone.

And I was amazed and enchanted,  
Bewitched by the unknown -  
That something was somehow loosened,  
That I was, perhaps, insane.

And I was amazed and enchanted  
That I no longer craved life's charms,  
That a strange melody came singing  
Concealed, yet into my arms.

A strange melody came singing  
But a song not of this world;  
Alien, yet close to my being  
When the leaves of long years unfurled.

And I lost myself in mystery  
And I lost myself in silence;  
And now I'll remain in lunacy  
For the tune returns and returns

And now I'll die in lunacy,  
O blessed final hour!  
With the rivers and bridges behind me

I'll watch life from afar.

My old age in its slow decline  
Brings no surprise or torment;  
My spirit now ignores the shrine  
Of greatness, of sentiment.

My love for man is greater now,  
Perhaps I know him better -  
But no - I can no longer strive  
To reach his smiles and laughter.

I stay awhile with each of them.  
With someone else, as well;  
I'm finished now, with comic turns,  
A part of me has gone.

The smoke, the fire is burning -  
My life is burning out;  
The tune wafts in from far and near,  
Do you hear its burning note?

The hours drift by in musing,  
Above all dreams, all consciousness.  
Fight life's shadow, whilst building  
The bridge to the other side.

## Interlude at the end of Act 2.

Master of Ceremonies before the curtain:

Our strange revue is at an end,  
Our therapeutic show . . .  
You've seen the comic, and the pain,  
The way our feelings flow.  
We've shown you our hallucination,  
That's where our talent lies -  
A talent born out of delusion  
Was placed before your eyes.  
You've seen us honour and respect  
The ruins of man's emotion,  
You've seen our efforts reaching still,  
For unity in action.  
We sense the time that's still to come,  
The walls that shall be broken down  
To reach new integration.  
For knowledge must be linked to love  
Of every individual,  
Unique and unrepeatable,  
Sacred in his growth.  
Those walls still loom up hard and harsh,  
They bar the path to all of us;  
But we'll persist with our pursuit,  
We'll climb the wall and cross the marsh,

We shall not waver in our chase,  
We'll reach the other side.

## Act 3, Scene 1

(The psychotherapeutic consultancy. Zawilski is deep in study. The receptionist leads in a female patient, about forty years old; the woman is in an excited and unsettled state, with shining eyes and protruding eyeballs; her expression and movements are nervous.)

Patient 1: Doctor, is effective treatment possible in our case?

Zawilski: I think so. I have the file here with the medical and psychological reports on you and your husband. I've studied it in detail . . . I also had that initial meeting with you. . . . Your lives together have been largely uncontrolled . . . You've complied too much with moods, but not enough with any aims or programme. Rather than leading to mutual understanding and tolerance of each other's shortcomings, this has resulted in growing animosity and stereotyped reactions.

At the moment neither of you possesses the powers to make the other happy, though you do have the powers to cause each other unhappiness. It's typical of such cases: opening one's own wounds. At present,

you're both emotionally poisoned . . . the psychological toxins haven't been eliminated. You're both showing symptoms of an increasing retreat into illness . . . fortunately, you both have numerous and varied interests, and you yourself have considerable talent . . .

Another unfortunate thing . . . you don't appear to have any outside contacts, you can't turn away from your own problems even to an insignificant extent. At the risk of repeating myself, the two of you are opening up your own wounds. The only way for therapy to succeed, is in a slow freeing of yourselves from psychological toxins, a turning in towards your individual inner worlds and their humanistic values. You must also create your own separate worlds as individuals.

As you are the more endangered party and seem at present to be unable to copy by yourself, our selected team will work out a daily routine of life for you; it will cover rest and recreation, trips to the theatre, cinema, dancing, walks, and the beginnings of a social circle for you. . . .

After a certain time you will be expected to take on the burden of psychotherapy yourself. On the completion of some introductory tests, you will in effect have to start about a comprehensive cure of yourself.

With your help we're going to gradually remove the stereotypes and fears and strengthen your disposing and controlling centre.

Excuse me for putting it like this, but what we shall be doing is teaching you to laugh instead of frowning. There will be one condition in all this: you shall be expected to adhere closely to our programme. Pharmaceutical therapy is a supplemental matter . . . .

You have every cause to be optimistic . . . . I think that covers everything, so I'll say goodbye. As you go out you will find all the information you need in the room on the right. Don't hesitate to ring us in case of any difficulties.

(The patient exists. Patient 2 enters the room. She moves nervously, her gaze is inwardly directed, she manifests light psychic rigidity.)

Patient 2:

Doctor, I've come to you for confirmation of my diagnosis. You know from the examinations of the whole group that a number of institutions suspect schizophrenia. I want to know for certain, I trust you. If only I were incurable . . . at least then it would all finish . . . I want to know what to expect, most of all I want to die; at least that would bring me peace.

Zawilski:

I have your file in front of me, but even without it, I had already come to certain conclusions about your case after our first talk together, though only in a general way. We both know that you're being tortured by hopelessness, that concrete knowledge about the nature of your situation, even if it turns out to be worse than you thought, indeed, however bad it may be, would at least bring certainty to your mind and consequently, relief . . . I am familiar with the history of your past experiences. I regret to tell you that what you are suffering from is not schizophrenia, but acute obsessional and phobic neurosis. I know that you are on the brink of suicide, but let me use Dostojewskij's expression to tell you that it is possible to find



something even better.

I think that it is clear to both of us that you have remarkable talent as an architect, that you also have considerable and wide-ranging organizational abilities. I'm well aware of the extent to which the social, moral and professional barriers you were confronted by must have contributed to the destruction of your creative drives. I think I will be able to help you here, to find some not insignificant opportunities to develop your talents . . . I would be pleased if you could come by sometimes to discuss the subject of existentialism and the philosophies of value and personality. You are alone, I know, and it is impossible to replace the loss you have suffered . . . One thing you must promise me, however: agreement to participate in our programme and to try and open out psychologically to two or three people that I shall be introducing to you. Do I have your agreement?

Patient 2: (Lowering her head slightly she takes her leave, silently and forcefully pressing his hand. Patient 3 enters, a young man of about 28 years with an intense, somewhat rigid expression betraying suppressed unease and

tension. His smile, too, is repressed and stiff.)

Patient 3: As you know, I've been here to see you quite a few times; I don't know if it's such a good thing that I keep coming, I only tire you and myself, but I have a lot of trust in you.

There's been an unmistakable improvement, but with significant variations . . . When I'm a lot better, I want to be better still and I postpone my visit, so that when the "even better" arrives, I can show it to you, I can be proud of you and myself, I can show you my mastery over my emotions; and when there's a swing to the worse, I put the visit off then, too. I've completely stopped going to work over the past five months, and I've managed to achieve something through it: I've managed to free - eliminate, in other words - all my drives that originate in fear or ambition. It's like you suggested, I've deactualized myself, got myself out of the state of continual preparedness for action.

. . .

I've noticed a greater physical calm . . . and something else is happening : more and more, the things going on around me are

reaching through to my consciousness. When that happens, they come into conflict with all those illusions that were rooted in me all the time - rigidly embedded in my consciousness.

The way I experience the natural phenomena around me is extremely changeable - the sun and wind, for instance, the warmth of the sun, self isolating, as it were. . . . Until now I used to gauge my ability to study every term - it was almost like a determinant in my illness. First of all my imagination would become intensely active, then there would be a breakdown. After that, I would get an extremely painful opinion about myself. I used to think that not only was I in no condition to learn anything, but worse still, I wasn't even able to recognize the fact. The same process repeated itself recently, but in a totally different way. You see, I came to an important result . . . . I succeeded in stopping the imaginative process, to allow only the facts through to myself.

I'm at lectures . . . . I'm beginning to get a good grasp of the material, only I get the feeling that reproduction of it might present

a fair amount of difficulty. . . Then I go to different lectures. . . I feel a darkness, but only around the edges of my consciousness . . . Another time the tension starts to mount, I can't sleep at night. . . . my head has definitely petrified, the thoughts have stiffened. . . .

After a while it seems that the "clearing of consciousness" has returned. . . I'm understanding everything at lectures, but it all seems to sink into some kind of bottomless pit. . . In such a condition I sense myself that I'm as yet unable to study. . . . There's something sad about that state, in that I clearly feel my strength to cope with my own psychological difficulties, but I still can't handle my work efficiency.

Nevertheless, there's an element of optimism in it all. . . The point is, there are fewer and fewer breakdowns occurring, instead, there's more of a kind of philosophic peace flowing out of the realistic assessment of my possibilities.

Zawilski:

I'm glad you came. You've always compared your present condition to your past condition. Before, you performed with efficiency, were

quick to grasp reality, easily able to reproduce material and make associations, and now: you look at a desk, a newspaper - you see the external form, the headline detached, as it were, from the newspaper. . . And those impressions on the bus or tram. . . do you remember? You weren't listening to anything, but everything came in anyway and stopped in your head, without passing through it. . . It was as though those events were occurring within you but at the same time, outside you. That doesn't happen now. . . And do you still remember your excessive awareness of ethical matters? . . . That has stayed with you, but without the strains and tiredness it brought. There remains a certain tranquillity.

Patient 3:

Yes, that's right; I just wanted to tell you one more thing, doctor: I have two friends at the same institute. They're exceptionally talented, but experience what's going on within and around them too intensely. . . they keep falling to pieces, they keep having to break their studies.

Zawilski:

It all takes us back to the same thing: a person developing intellectually can't avoid internal and external conflicts, he can't

avoid breakdowns. The internal and external pressures are too great. Gradually, the individual emerges from the breakdowns enriched and deepened, I'm right, aren't I?

Patient 3:

I can't always accept that, but sometimes I have pleasant onrushes of optimistic turbulence, characterised by a certain sense of inner liberty, a kind of conviction that everything you're saying is true. . .

Goodbye, I'll be back in two month's time.

(Zawilski's colleagues enter the room :

Dr. Christine, Dr. John, Dr. Peter. . . Zawilski greets them simply and with sincerity.)

Dr. Peter:

George, why don't you go and relax before we begin the routine daily discussion?

(Zawilski nods in assent and exits.)

Dr. Peter:

So, that insistent feeling upon which we were unanimously agreed is still with us: I mean, of course, the idea that our work is heading in the right direction, that we are making a contribution to the changing relationship between doctor and patient. Added to that. . . I think that the general public is placing more and more trust in our section. The basic trouble now is the constant difficulty we're experiencing in

establishing satisfactory, strong links with traditional medical methods. . . . Though we've grasped the main perspectives and level (to some extent) of future psychology, we still haven't established enough links with its present level.

Dr. Christine: (Looks thoughtfully through the window into space.) Shall we be able at all to establish satisfactory links? I would say it's impossible. We're too distant from individual and group interests, from the stereotypes, we're too far away from them in the dimensions of our thought and instincts. On those levels which are not within easy reach of most people, we have to put up with jealousy of our successes, and on an everyday, ordinary level, we must suffer defeat, or at least frequent setbacks. . . .

... Just a moment, though. . . I forgot to tell you. . . I met Clara the other day, she's going to finish her medical course soon. She's got a divorce from Dr. Paul, or rather, she's left him. . . I'm not surprised, it was bound to happen. . . I'm only surprised that she stuck it out so long with him. The only explanation I can find is in that seed of passivity and timidity that

exists in her side by side with the strong drive she displays in other areas. . . . Take the medical studies, for example. . . I'm sure that George sowed so much unrest in her, so much creative unrest, that it's gradually coming to fruition. . . She's doing all this just for him and the goals he instilled in her. I'm convinced I'm not mistaken.

Dr. John:

George's appearance is worrying me. He's tired, pale, looks exhausted at times. There's another point, too - I know that we are going to have to be prepared for some great difficulties. I've heard from several unofficial sources that certain hostile parties (and God knows there's enough of those) are plotting together to try and stifle our work. Rumour has it that measures shall shortly be implemented against our so-called "co-operative". . . Apparently Dr. Paul is involved. . . I am assuming that George knows something about all this. . . he hasn't said anything directly, but we're all used to the fact that his anxiety and sadness often manifest themselves in philosophical declarations; he kept reminding us recently about Dürrenmatt's philosophy,



about the necessity of continuing the battle for humanitarianism to the bitter end, even in the face of imminent defeat.<sup>10</sup>

Dr. Peter:

Yes, indeed. We shouldn't try to be so elevated as to totally forget about the immediate results of our work, nevertheless though, we should transfer the principle weight of our aims to how our approach and methods can help mankind in the future.

Dr. John:

I'm disturbed by Helena's abandoning our group. In her final months with us her behaviour became rather strange. She didn't work as she used to. She kept criticising us about trivial matters and accusing us of lacking medical scrupulousness. But strangest of all is not just the fact of her leaving us, but that she preferred to work with a man notorious for careerism and hatred of everything creative and beyond his own capacities.

Dr. Christine:

If we can only hang on for another few years. I was reading some articles on our work and George's book in several leading foreign journals. In particular. . . Our working methods and theoretical foundations give rise on the one hand, to warnings, and on the other - to admiration. That could prove

useful to us. They draw special attention to the theoretical elaboration of our principles and the group's psychotherapeutic methods. They touch on the methods and results of our work with schizophrenics and acute cases of psychoneurosis - in a very positive way, too. They also speak positively about our methods of opening up psychic and autotherapeutic reserves. To sum up, they seem to think that George's theories could be of great significance in the healing of patients with special creative abilities.

Dr. Peter:

If it isn't too late. . .

Zawilski:

(Enters the room. He is pale with slightly nervous movements indicating strongly controlled tension.) My good friends, would you allow me a few weeks leave, I've not been feeling well lately; I want to think over a lot of things, I'm losing myself in work and I can clearly see the worsening therapeutic effects. I'm unable to activate in the usual way the powers which are normally at my disposal.

Dr. Christine:

We've tried so many times ourselves to persuade you into taking a rest, but you never wanted to. You help others so much, but you don't know how to treat yourself. . .

I'm sorry for the way I said that. I know you're fully aware of what you're doing. . . . If you can come to those conclusions yourself, then you're perfectly able to help yourself. It's just that your belief in destiny stands in the way. . . . We haven't forgotten your much repeated quote from Wyspianski:<sup>11</sup> "Fate has stretched out above us" . . .

. . . . It's the perfect illustration of your principle of conscious participation in the actions of destiny and co-creation hand in hand with it. . . . (All Zawilski's friends and colleagues come around him.) Well, George, we're giving you a month off; rest, think, try to reach a higher synthesis. Remember that none of us shall forget what we discovered with our joint efforts: complete trust, emotional constancy and the common ideal.

END OF

SCENE ONE

ACT THREE

ACT THREE

SCENE TWO

This scene probably to be omitted

ACT THREE

SCENE TWO

(The same characters are on stage. The doorbell rings and three people enter, introducing themselves as standards inspectors from the local Health Department: Dr. Swat, deputy head of the Department, Dr. Sophie, ward head of the State hospital and Dr. Helena, assistant at professor Schuss's psychiatric clinic.)

Dr. Swat introduces himself to those present, introductions follow all round.)

Dr. Christine: (Officially representing Dr. Zawilski:)  
And to what do we owe this honourable visit?

Dr. Swat: We have to look over the files and check them for conformity with the regulations, the same goes for the diagnoses and treatments prescribed.

Dr. Christine: If I'm not mistaken, inspector, we all possess qualifications in medicine, psychology and our specializations, and we are all highly experienced. We employ treatment and psychotherapy accordingly. Again, correct me if I'm mistaken, but these inspections are rare occurrences at other institutions, whereas this is our

third one in a year. Perhaps you would oblige us, inspector, with a closer explanation as to why such special care is being lavished on us?

Dr. Swat:

Doctor, I am not here to give you explanations of my duties. The orders have come from the Minister of Health, to whom we are all subject. He and he alone gave the orders.

Dr. Peter:

That's all very well, but the Minister bases his suspicions and decisions to inspect on expert opinions. May we know which expert opinion deemed it necessary to carry out yet another standards inspection here?

Dr. Swat:

I've already told you, I'm not here to give explanations. After the inspection an assessment and decision will be sent to you in writing. Please show us last month's medical files. (Turning to his colleagues.) Look through some of the files. In the meantime, I'll talk with one of the patients in the co-operative. Do you have any objections?

Dr. Christine:

Of course not. There's a patient in the waiting room, waiting to finish off some formalities, I'll bring him in right away. (Dr. Christine goes to the waiting room and

returns with patient 3. She addresses him:) There's a gentleman here from the Department of Health, who would like to ask you a few questions. Perhaps you would be so good as to give him the information he requires.

Patient 3: (Looks sideways at Dr. Swat and reluctantly replies:) I'm very tired, but go ahead.

Dr. Swat: What is the nature of your illness and how long have you been undergoing treatment?

Patient 3: I don't know what my illness is supposed to be. It's been described here as a transitory illness and they are treating me for it. They haven't given me a diagnosis.

Dr. Swat: And the previous diagnosis?

Patient 3: Schizophrenia, five years now. They had written me off, I was supposed to be on a pension at this point, but I'm back at work now; I'm still sick, but I'm beginning little by little to understand my illness. I don't succumb to it and I help the doctor myself in its treatment.

Dr. Swat: Are you satisfied with your present treatment?

Patient 3: Yes, both from the point of view of the help given me in my own understanding of my sickness, and in my being treated like a human being, in the atmosphere created around me.

I'm not afraid of relapses: I think that they'll either not come, or that they will be weaker now. I understand myself, my illness and my surroundings better. I reckon that I won't be coming back to the hospital any more, even though I've stopped being afraid of it.

Dr. Swat: What exactly was your treatment here?

Patient 3: (On hearing this question, the patient's movements become suspicious, he turns to Dr. Christine.) Must I answer?

Dr. Christine: You don't have to, but you can if you want to.

Patient 3: If you don't specifically require it, Doctor Christine, then I don't think I'll answer. Excuse me, doctor, I'll be off now. (Exits.)

Dr. Swat: You are creating here an atmosphere of exclusivity and secrecy. That is no basis for a medical approach. What this patient has told me points to pedagogy, not healing. (Turning to his fellow inspectors:) What do the files look like? Do they fit the requirements of our specialist centres?

Dr. Sophie Podchwytna: There are no clinical diagnoses as such in the files, only what are called descriptive diagnoses, giving detailed presentations

of symptoms and their interpretations. As far as therapy is concerned, there are brief general psychotherapeutic indications given, of the type: strengthening of self-awareness, development of additional interests, relaxation, clarification and elaboration of family relationships, elucidation of positive regressions.

In the other files, success in achieving results is indicated in such terms as: increasing comprehension of the positivity of regression, increased understanding of infantile tendencies, light weakening of inner conflicts but strengthening of outer conflicts, improvement in acceptance of the reality of the outside world.

Very little attention is paid to pharmacological treatment.

Dr. Swat: Have you prepared a short protocol?

Dr. Podchwytna: Yes, Dr. Helena has made some notes.

Dr. Swat: That will suffice, together with the previous material and the interviews with a few of the patients, that should be enough.

Dr. Christine: Inspector, don't you think it would be a good idea to discuss in detail your positive and negative opinions about our work? Don't you think it might be wise to adopt the



attitude "Audiatur et altera pars"?

Dr. Swat:

That's exactly the attitude we are taking. In the first place, experts with the highest qualifications have examined and are examining your medical principles, and apart from that, Dr. Helena herself is from the "altera pars" and very well acquainted with your techniques.

Dr. Christine:

Are these experts by any chance Professor Schuss and his assistants and adherents?

Dr. Swat:

I'm not going to answer that, doctor.

Dr. Christine:

(Turning to Dr. Helena, who has been silent the whole time and whose expression has been a mixture of confusion and resignation.)  
Helena, dear, betrayal is betrayal, but defection to the services of evil, with the sole aim of furthering one's own career - that's really very nasty indeed; but harming your own friends and colleagues to aid your own interests must surely be the lowest form of degradation.

(Inspectors exit.)

END OF

SCENE TWO

ACT THREE

## ACT THREE

## SCENE THREE

(A private ward with an alcove in the general hospital. Zawilski is lying inside, evidently suffering from hemiplegic paresis, able to speak only in a whisper, and then with considerable difficulty. Next to the bed are some books and a pile of cards with writing on them. Clara is sitting by his side; she has an air of concentration about her, and there is a significant change visible in her, in a growing, intensified and controlled emotionality.)

Clara: George, did you know that your book has received an important award from the French Centre for Scientific Research? I've brought all the foreign press I could get my hands on with any articles or mentions of you, do you want me to read them?

George: (Whispering) I don't think it's all that important to me now, but it might be important to our work. . . At the moment, the most important to me is your presence, my friends, and the continuation of our work. . . on the other hand. . . on the other hand. . . (he becomes visibly hesitant and confused, also a little uneasy) . . . I would very much like you to read these cards here. . . Only some of them, really . . .

They're under the books in a folder of their own, the ones I mean are marked with a star . . . Don't be angry, Clara. . . These are intimate things, but you should know them. Actually, these are subjects I only rarely talk about, but now, with you - it seems somehow right.

I'm very happy, I'm one of the happiest people in the world. You've always known about my - let's say - *idées fixes*: friendship, love for one person, friendship and that certain dimension where yes means yes and no means no. . .

That dimension, that other dimension. . .

That other understanding - it keeps talking to me. . . Take the cards and read them.

Clara:

(Takes out a bundle of cards and looks at them for a long time; her face contracts with emotion, she reads haltingly and only manages to control her voice with difficulty.)

"I don't know if it was just morbid feelings of responsibility for your fate, or fear of tying down your life, or whether it was the remnants of my pride that prevented me from holding you back that time. You will never know how hard it was for me, how I screamed inwardly out of longing and pity. . .

the fear of your being with Dr. Paul, the impossibility of telling you that you were walking into brutality and spiritual abuse. How could I make comparisons, how could I exchange what I could give you for what he could give you. . . at times it seemed to me that it wasn't for me to make the decision. Only you could decide. The weight of what I had to offer was not enough to tip the scales. . . I wanted you to make the choice yourself, but to make it in full consciousness of the difficulties and sadness that life with me would entail. I was alone - alone in the face of heaven and earth, alone in the face of myself and the uncertainty of my fate. . . Could I have talked to you then about my love, I, who had been detained at the Commissariat and referred to a hospital for the mentally ill, and don't let's forget - a place where the power and expert authority on my illness, my mental and moral worth, was to be Dr. Paul."

(Clara bursts into subdued, heart-rending sobs.)

George:

(Stroking her hair, he whispers:) Don't cry, Clara. . . no one can be as lucky as I.

Don't you see that I know you chose a clear direction by finishing the medical course? Nothing I can say can be enough to thank you. You know how close you are to me. . . . Go on reading.

Clara:

(Reading.) "I have a group of friends. This gives me very great satisfaction. I have friends in the realization of ideas, in fact, and there are extremely warm-hearted people working with me in the group. Our working relationship is based on mutual trust and assurance, on understanding of the ideas behind our work, the relationship with the patients and the working methods. There are so many kind people amongst the patients, too.

I love them all, but none can replace Clara, no one can replace her presence, her smile, her uniqueness. . . . I've learned to repeatedly visualize her in my mind, I've become so used to longing for her that I see her in my dreams. But can that be a substitute for reality? . . . Unfortunately, not. . . but it does at least give me the possibility to live. . . . It gives me strength for the fulfillment of my calling and obligations. . . . without it I would become totally inert."

Clara: George, I can't go on reading; let me go out for a short while, I'll be back straight away.

George: Just finish the last page, then go and have a rest. . . You can go into the garden, look at the sky and trees. . . It's May, you know, everywhere there's the scent of apple-blossom and lily-of-the-valley. Bring me back some lily-of-the-valley, I would like to have it from your hands.

Clara: (Reading.) "I was reading something about Dürrenmatt's philosophy. . . I find it very appealing. . . What he more or less says is that the struggle of truth and good with the world of daily reality can't have positive results; truth and good always lose, and the battle is hopeless.

But that which can be called human in the best sense of the word, is the courage to carry out the tasks in which we believe the true essence of humanity lies, even though they are doomed to failure from the outset. Right to the end we musn't give way, musn't back out or accommodate ourselves. . . we must continue to be ourselves, to withstand the weight of evil and opposition.

We must consciously take the path fate has

destined for us. . . After all, it isn't so difficult - the greater difficulty lies in existence without that path, trying to find a direction without it."

Clara:

(Stops, looks at George for a long time, bends down over him and presses his head to her breast. Then she reads the last page. Slowly, George's colleagues enter.)

"If I could ask for anything, it would be for our work to continue, and I hope with all my heart that Clara will take part in it. The main thing is that they should form a real spiritual family.

It has always been my great desire, and somehow the thought kept returning to me, that at my death I could hear Beethoven's Libyan Quartet. I find myself in agreement with Huxely,<sup>12</sup> when he says that it is the deepest sentiment of unsaid things - the things one feels before death, the things from another dimension."

Dr. Peter:

(Whisperingly confers with Dr. John, who quickly leaves Dr. Peter then comes closer to George.) I wanted to tell you, George, that whatever befalls us in this affair, we will always work towards our common ideal, to which you sacrificed everything. . .

(George slowly falls back onto the pillow. There are some minutes of silence. . . Dusk begins to fall. After a while the strains of a record can be heard, the Beethoven quartet mentioned by the dying man. The patient is breathing heavily, smiling; his face pales, stiffens. . . The members of the group, concentrating intensely on what is going on, remain for a long time in silence. The lights go out. Everyone leaves, the nurse closes the door of the ward.

END OF

SCENE THREE

ACT THREE

ACT THREE

SCENE FOUR

(The scene is at the churchyard in front of the announcements board. Two workmen are putting up the announcements and obituaries - among them, Zawilski's. They take their time, talking loudly about the departed and philosophizing.)

Workman 1: This must be that doctor they say you could go to without paying. Apparently, there were some that didn't exactly respect him when he was still around, supposedly on the principle, "you get what you pay for", as the saying goes. They say he used to give consultations for next to nothing, free,



even.

Workman 2:

He lived somewhere around here, I used to see him about. When he got ill and died, a lot of people told me that he was a pretty good doctor, had some new treatment - talked to people and looked after them, or something. He's supposed to have helped and cured quite a few. But there you are - everyone says something different. There's another rumour that the tax man finally finished him off, because they hit him and his mates at work so hard with taxes, that he couldn't pay them off, not making much himself, like, and not taking bribes, like the rest.

Workman 1:

What was the idea of not taking money in the first place? He could have used it to keep everyone happy, friends and enemies alike. But no, he decides to be different, stands out from the crowd too much - so they bring him back into line. Look at it this way, he could have done all that good work, but kept up appearances at the same time, looked like the rest. But he's got to be different the whole time. He should have known - if you're a bit better than they are, they'll do their best to clip your wings or pull the

mat out from under you.

Workman 2:

You're right there, old son, it's like the old proverb, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do". Like they say these days, mate, you've got to be in with the right clique, otherwise the fleas'll get you: and if you're a tasty little tid-bit like that doctor, then there'll be some nice, fat, self-confident fleas getting at your guts, and no mistake.

Workman 1:

Yes, those intellectual types call it conforming, everything's got to be just so and you've got to adapt. Those of us what works for a living, we've got a different way of putting it - "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours", "Look after number one", make sure everything in your garden's rosy and stuff the rest; if you don't kow-tow, they'll hit you hard, but on the quiet like, like everything's O.K. They've got their ways, don't you worry. Their bright boy doesn't do the dirty work himself, he's got others to do that; some other guy puts the right word in the right place, all innocent, like everyone knew about it. And then, you've had it! It doesn't affect us much though, does it - well, mate, there's no competition, is there? They're not exactly falling over

each other to stick up announcements about stiffes.

But this guy here, he wanted to show 'em how you really cure people, and how to treat people like human beings. Well - they soon showed him.

Workman 2:

'Course, a man like that's a pain in the neck for the rest, and what's more, they can't forgive him for it. He's the death to them. But what's it matter, when folks who live for others, like they say, don't have the know-how to quietly, peacefully, no criticism like, get bigger and bigger, until they're so big that they can't be bitten. It's the only way not to get bitten. I remember this picture, once, where there was a man being chased by a pack of dogs, and underneath it was the caption:

There's that man again, I see,  
Followed by a pack of dogs;  
No comment - but it's plain to see,  
Who's the man, and who's the dog.

Workman 1:

And here we are, philosophizing in our own way, as they say. But we're no help here, mate, that's the way things are, and you'll never change them.

They're all in the church, now, praying for

him, singing and crying. There's plenty mourning him, because he was good to anyone having a hard time of it.

And the biggest joy goes to those who strangled him. I can see 'em now, rubbing their hands together; after all, they've got rid of a big embarrassment. They go on living, and this poor guy, well . . . death's go him by the scruff of the neck and she's not about to let go.

(From within the church can be heard the sombre singing of the congregation: "God, Holy Mighty, Holy and Immortal - have mercy on us.")

## Epilogue

(The dream of a weary man before death.)

(The setting is that of the prologue. The mountain passes are enveloped in mist. The Shadow of the weary man is walking uncertainly along, sunk in despondency and meditation.

From the opposite direction the slim figure of a woman approaches him. After a few moments, the Shadow recognises it as Electra. Emanating an atmosphere of serious kindness and softness, she takes him by the hand and leads him to a pass, whose outlines have been growing all the time clearer. Slowly, a full moon appears in the sky.)

Electra:

Welcome, traveller, to this land  
Where flourishes yet the tree of truth;  
Where yes is yes, and no is no,  
And nothing wounds, apart from thought.

Welcome, to this land of shades,  
The strange place of your destiny;  
I am your sister - at your side,  
Say farewell to anxiety.

Look up and see a beckoning form -  
Hermes greets you from afar;

In calmness let us go to him,  
Who clears the mist to show the stars.

(They go through the continually widening pass. At one point they see a wide, open, rocky road with benches at the side, occupied by several old men. Socrates can be seen at the head of the group of elders.)

Next to the road, a wide path seems to meander from one curve to another, evidently leading from the grotto.)

Electra: (Pointing to the group of elders.)

There sit the Judges and Socrates;  
Let your thoughts and words be clear,  
Open your mind, listen with your soul,  
Bow down your spirit - abandon fear.

The Shadow:

Greetings, Judges and Socrates,  
Forgive me, just a passer-by  
Unworthy of your company,  
And ignorant, though I still see  
That all my work and life-long pains  
Remain abortive in their aims,  
And doomed to quiet oblivion:  
My soul is at its funeral.

Socrates:

Welcome, you, who in your need,  
Have taken truth into your hands;  
For you are like the wandering bird  
That longs for southern lands.

Lift the mourning from your soul,  
Look to your future, look to your past;  
Calm yourself, observe and listen,  
Still your heart and follow us.

(Electra sits down next to the Shadow. The darkness increases, thickens. Gradually the moon lights up a twisting road. On the road strange figures appear, at first indistinctly, then with increasing clarity, moving sedately or dancing, grimacing or furious, hopeless and self-satisfied: self adulating fools, crafty careerists, cowards, martyrs of science and principles, simple, sincere people, the procession passes through centuries and milleniums. There are only small changes in human psychic mechanisms, however. The more valuable the thoughts and deeds, the less understood they are by contemporary society. Envy, hatred and intrigue are walls which cannot be overcome by thoughts and deeds. The "hunting down" of talented people is at all times a menace, the signing of the death sentence - an ever present threat. Small developmental changes are recognised for what they are only after centuries. . . . The procession grows

sparser, foggier all the time, until it disappears into the mist.

Socrates takes the Shadow under the arm. Electra walks in front, slightly to the side. All three remain in thoughtful, intimate conversation.)

THE END



Notes to Text

1. Electra: Figure from Greek mythology, daughter of King Agammemnon and Clitemnestra. After the killing of her father by Clitemnestra and an accomplice, Electra saved her brother, Horastes, from a similar fate. She then helped her brother avenge their father's death. A star was named after her. Electra is considered a symbol of light and knowledge.
2. The Pearl Fishers: Opera by Bizet.
3. Yankee Doodle: American popular song.
4. Marcel Proust (1871-1922): Quote from "A la recherche du temps perdu").
5. Block committee: Community association at the lowest local level in Socialist countries - it usually embraces the inhabitants of an apartment block, street or the like, and has much the same function as street or residential associations in the West.
6. Lesmian, Boleslaw (1878-1937): Polish neoromantic poet; many of his works were of an impressionistic, symbolic or even fantastical character.
7. Kochanowska, Ursula: Beloved and only daughter of Jan

Kochanowski (1530-1584), the first great poet of the Polish language. On his daughter's death at the early age of three, he wrote a famous, tragic and philosophical work, "Treny" ("Laments"), in which he expressed his grief at his bereavement. Lesmian also wrote a poem about Ursula, (Translation from Fragments from the Diary of a Madman by Paweł Cienin, London, 1972, Gryf Ltd.)

8. Life's radiance, joy's light: (Zycia blask, szczescia blask): Song written by the author.
9. Janet, Pierre (1859-1947): Parisian behavioural psychologist, whose approach was founded on the idea that all mental processes should be interpreted as behaviours. He pioneered interest in the unconscious at about the same time as Freud.
- Smith, Mahlon Brewster (1919 - ) American social psychologist who helped develop an early comprehensive account of how social and political attitudes are embedded in personality functioning.
10. Dürrenmatt, Friederich (1921 - ): Swiss dramatist and prose writer, whose plays, though often comedies, reveal a pessimistic philosophy.

11. Wyspianski,  
Stanislaw  
(1869-1907): Famous Polish neoromantic dramatist,  
poet and painter. His work was heavily  
symbolic in character. The quote is from  
the play "Wesele". (The Wedding),  
Act III, Sc. 37.
12. Huxely, Aldous English novelist.  
(1894-1963):