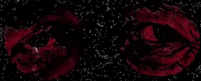


ANDORRA

a play by Max Frisch



A Spotlight Dramabook \$1.95

ANDORRA



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translated by Michael Bullock

The story is of a young man Andri in a mythical country named Andorra. Andri is wrongly taken for a Jew, until in his isolation he comes to accept his differentness with a mixture of pride and obstinacy.

"Herr Frisch has demonstrated in **Andorra** the hollowness of the smug slogan: 'It can't happen here.' The close-fisted innkeeper, the churlish carpenter, the journeyman who considers discretion the better part of valour, the vain doctor, the lecherous soldier, and not least the clergyman, with his excess of ill-directed good will, in their petty squabbles and jealousies are all universal figures; insignificant enough individually, they become dangerous (but how dangerous!) only when put under collective pressure." — **The Times Literary Supplement**

This translation of the play that Kenneth Tynan called "a near masterpiece" was specifically approved by the author for publication and was the version used in the London première. Other works of the exciting Swiss playwright include **The Chinese Wall** and **The Firebugs**, both published in the Drama-book series.

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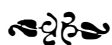
Andorra

A Play in Twelve Scenes

by

MAX FRISCH

Translated by Michael Bullock



A Spotlight Dramabook
HILL AND WANG — NEW YORK

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ANDORRA

NOTES

ANDORRA—The Andorra of this play has nothing to do with the actual small state of this name, nor does it stand for another actual small state; Andorra is the name of a model.

NAMES—The following names have the stress on the final syllable: Bar-blin', An-dri', Pra-der', Fer-rer', Fe-dri'. In the name Peider the stress falls on the first syllable.

COSTUMES—The costumes should not be folksy. The Andorrans wear modern ready-made clothes; it will be sufficient if their hats are somewhat peculiar, and they almost always wear hats. An exception is the Doctor, whose hat is in keeping with international fashion. Andri wears blue jeans. Barblin wears ready-made clothes, even when taking part in the procession, but over them she wears a shawl decorated with Andorran embroidery. All the men wear white shirts and nobody wears a tie, with the exception, once more, of the Doctor. In contrast to all the others, the Señora is dressed with great although understated elegance. The uniform of the Andorran soldiers is olive gray. Any resemblance to uniforms of the past is to be avoided in the uniform of the Blacks.

TYPES—Some of the parts might be conducive to caricature. This should under all circumstances be avoided. It is enough that they are types. They should be played in such a way that the audience at first likes, or at least tolerates, them, since they all appear innocuous, and that it always sees them in their true light rather too late, as in real life.

SETTING—The basic setting for the whole play is the square in Andorra. This should be a square typical of any southern

country, not picturesque, bare, white, with a few touches of color (shutters, Shell gasoline posters, etc.) beneath a gloomy blue sky. The stage should be as empty as possible; vista at the back indicates how Andorra is to be imagined, but nothing but what the actors require should be in the acting area. All those scenes that do not take place in the square are to be set in front of it. No curtain between scenes, only the focusing of light onto the forestage. No anti-illusionism need be demonstrated, but the spectator should be continually reminded that a model is being shown, as in fact is always the case in the theatre.

CHARACTERS

ANDRI
BARBLIN
TEACHER
MOTHER
SEÑORA
PRIEST
SOLDIER
INNKEEPER
CARPENTER
DOCTOR
JOURNEYMAN
SOMEBODY

An Idiot, the Soldiers in Black Uniforms, the Jew Detector,
the Andorran People, Altar Boys, Sacristan, Two Apprentices

SCENE 1

Outside an Andorran house. BARBLIN is whitewashing the high, narrow wall with a brush on a long stick. An Andorran SOLDIER in olive gray is leaning against the wall.

BARBLIN. If you could take your eyes off my legs for just one minute you could see what I'm doing. I'm whitewashing. Because tomorrow is St. George's Day, in case you've forgotten. I'm whitewashing my father's house. And what do you soldiers do? You just hang around the streets with your thumbs in your belts, squinting into our blouses when we bend down. [*The SOLDIER laughs.*] Anyway, I'm engaged.

Soldier. Engaged!

Barblin. What are you laughing at?

Soldier. Is he pigeon-chested?

Barblin. Why should he be?

Soldier. Because you never let us see him.

Barblin. Leave me alone.

Soldier. Or flat-footed?

Barblin. Why should he be flat-footed?

Soldier. Anyhow, he doesn't dance with you. [*BARBLIN whitewashes.*] Perhaps he's an angel! [*The SOLDIER laughs.*] That's why I've never seen him.

Barblin. I'm engaged!

Soldier. Well, I don't see any ring.

Barblin. I'm engaged. [*She dips the brush in the bucket.*] And anyway—I don't like you.

On the forestage right stands a juke box. As BARBLIN whitewashes, there appear the CARPENTER, a corpulent man, and behind him ANDRI as a kitchen boy.

Carpenter. Where's my cane?

Andri. Here, sir.

Carpenter. A bloody nuisance, these tips all the time. No sooner have you taken your hand out of your pocket—

ANDRI gives him his cane and receives a tip, which he drops into the juke box so that the music starts up, while the CARPENTER walks across in front of the stage, forcing BARBLIN to move her bucket out of his way. ANDRI dries a plate, moving in time to the music, and then goes out as the music stops.

Barblin. Are you still there?

Soldier. I'm on leave.

Barblin. What else do you want to know?

Soldier. Who is your fiancé supposed to be? [BARBLIN whitewashes.] They're all whitewashing their fathers' houses, because tomorrow is St. George's Day, and the black coat is tearing around on his bicycle. Whitewash, you virgins, whitewash your fathers' houses, so that we have a white Andorra, you virgins, a snow-white Andorra!

Barblin. The black coat—who on earth is that?

Soldier. Are you a virgin? [*The SOLDIER laughs.*] So you don't like me. A lot of women have told me that, but I've had them just the same, if I liked their legs and their hair. [BARBLIN puts out her tongue at him.] And their red tongue too! [*The SOLDIER takes out a cigarette and looks up at the house.*] Which is your room?

Enter a PRIEST pushing a bicycle.

Priest. That's how I like to see it, Barblin, that's how I like to see it. We shall have a white Andorra, you virgins, a snow-white Andorra, so long as there isn't a cloudburst during the night. [*The SOLDIER laughs.*] Is your father at home?

Soldier. So long as there isn't a cloudburst during the night! The fact is, his church isn't as white as he pretends, we know earth is red, and when there's a cloudburst it washes off the whitewash and leaves a mess like a pig had been slaughtered on it, and there's nothing left of your snow-white church. [*The SOLDIER stretches out his hand to see if it is raining.*] So long as there isn't a cloudburst during the night! [*The SOLDIER laughs and strolls away.*]

Priest. What was he doing here?

Barblin. Is it true, Father, what people say? They'll attack us, the Blacks across the frontier, because they're jealous of

our white houses. Early one morning, they'll come with a thousand black tanks, and they'll roll in all directions over our fields, and they'll drop from the sky with parachutes like gray locusts.

Priest. Who says that?

Barblin. Peider, the soldier. [BARBLIN dips her brush in the bucket.] Father isn't at home.

Priest. I might have guessed. Why has he been drinking so much lately? And then he swears at everyone. He forgets who he is. Why does he always talk such rubbish?

Barblin. I don't know what Father says in the inn.

Priest. He sees ghosts. Wasn't everyone in this country horrified when the Blacks across the frontier behaved like Herod during the Massacre of the Innocents? Didn't they collect clothes for refugees? Now he's saying we're no better than the Blacks are. Why does he keep saying that all the time? People take offense and I'm not surprised. A teacher shouldn't talk like that. And why does he believe every rumor that gets about in the inn? [Pause.] Nobody is persecuting your Andri — [BARBLIN stops and listens.] Nobody has yet hurt a hair of your Andri's head. [BARBLIN goes on whitewashing.] I see you take your work seriously. You're not a child any more, you work like a grown-up girl.

Barblin. I'm nineteen.

Priest. And not engaged yet? [BARBLIN says nothing.] I hope that Peider doesn't have any luck with you.

Barblin. No.

Priest. He has dirty eyes. [Pause.]

Barblin. Father . . . ?

Priest. Did he frighten you? To make himself important. Why should they attack us? Our valleys are narrow, our fields are stony and steep, our olives are no juicier than elsewhere. What should they want from us? Anyone who wants our rye must reap it with the sickle, must bend down and cut it step by step. Andorra is a beautiful country, but a poor country. A peaceful country, a weak country—a pious country, so long as we fear God, and we do fear Him, my child, don't we?

Barblin. And suppose they come all the same?

A vesper bell, brief and monotonous.

Priest. We shall see one another tomorrow, Barblin. Tell your father St. George doesn't want to see him drunk. [*The PRIEST mounts his bicycle.*] On second thought, don't tell him anything, it will only irritate him, but keep an eye on him. [*The PRIEST rides silently away.*]

Barblin. And suppose they come all the same, Father?

Front stage, right, by the juke box. The SOMEBODY appears with ANDRI behind him as a kitchen boy.

Somebody. Where's my hat?

Andri. Here, sir.

Somebody. An oppressive evening, I think there's a storm in the air. . . .

ANDRI gives him his hat and receives a tip, which he drops into the juke box; he doesn't press the button, however, but only whistles and studies the record selector, while the SOMEBODY walks across the front of the stage and comes to a stop before BARBLIN, who is whitewashing and hasn't noticed that the PRIEST has cycled away.

Barblin. Is it true, Father, what people say? They say when the Blacks come everyone who is a Jew will be taken away. They will be tied to a stake and shot in the back of the neck. Is that true or is it a rumor? And if he has a sweetheart she will have her head shaved, they say, like a mangy dog.

Somebody. That's a nice way to talk! [*BARBLIN turns around and starts with fright.*] Good evening.

Barblin. Good evening.

Somebody. A fine evening today. [*BARBLIN takes the bucket.*] But close.

Barblin. Yes.

Somebody. There's something in the air.

Barblin. What do you mean by that?

Somebody. A storm. Everything is waiting for the wind, the leaves and the dust and the shutters. And yet I can't see a cloud in the sky, but you can feel it. Such hot stillness.

The gnats can feel it too. Such dry and stagnant heat. I think there's a storm in the air, a violent storm; it will do the land good. . . .

BARBLIN goes indoors. The SOMEBODY saunters on. ANDRI sets the juke box going, the same record as before, and leaves drying a plate. The square of Andorra is seen. The CARPENTER and the TEACHER are sitting outside the inn. The music has stopped.

Teacher. Prader, it's my son I'm talking about.

Carpenter. I said two hundred silver pieces.

Teacher. My foster son, I mean.

Carpenter. I still say it'll be two hundred. [*The CARPENTER bangs on the table with a coin.*] I must go. [*The CARPENTER bangs again.*] Why does he want to be a carpenter of all things? It isn't easy to be a carpenter, you know, if it's not in your blood. And how could it be in his blood? You know what I mean. Why doesn't he become a stockbroker? Why don't you put him on the Stock Exchange? You know what I mean. . . .

Teacher. Prader, how did that stake get there?

Carpenter. What are you talking about?

Teacher. Look there!

Carpenter. Are you feeling all right?

Teacher. I'm talking about a stake!

Carpenter. I can't see any stake.

Teacher. There! [*The CARPENTER has to turn around.*] Is that a stake or isn't it?

Carpenter. Why shouldn't it be a stake?

Teacher. It wasn't there yesterday. [*The CARPENTER laughs.*] Don't laugh, Prader—it's no laughing matter; you know exactly what I mean.

Carpenter. You're seeing ghosts.

Teacher. What's it there for? [*The CARPENTER bangs on the table with the coin.*] I'm not drunk. I can see it and so can you—you can all see it.

Carpenter. I must go. [*The CARPENTER throws a coin on the table and stands up.*] I've told you—two hundred.

Teacher. Is that your last word?

Carpenter. My name is Prader.

Teacher. Two hundred silver pieces.

Carpenter. I don't haggle.

Teacher. Oh no, you're above that sort of thing, we all know that. . . . Prader, that's extortion—two hundred for a carpenter's apprenticeship—that's extortion. That's ridiculous, Prader, and you know it. I'm just an ordinary schoolmaster living on a schoolmaster's salary, not a master carpenter. I haven't got two hundred silver pieces; quite simply, I haven't got it.

Carpenter. Then there's no more to be said.

Teacher. Look, Prader—

Carpenter. I said two hundred. [Goes.]

Teacher. Someday I'll tell them the truth. The bastards! I shall make them see themselves as they really are. That'll wipe the grins off their faces.

Enter the INNKEEPER.

Innkeeper. What's the matter?

Teacher. I need a brandy.

Innkeeper. Trouble?

Teacher. Two hundred silver pieces for a carpenter's apprenticeship!

Innkeeper. I heard him.

Teacher. I shall scrape it together. [*The TEACHER laughs.*] If it isn't in your blood! [*The INNKEEPER wipes the tables with a cloth.*] They'll find out what their own blood is like.

Innkeeper. It's no good getting angry with your own people; it upsets you and doesn't change them. Of course it's extortion. The Andorrans are easygoing people, but as I've always said, when it's a question of money, they're like the Jews. [*The INNKEEPER turns to go.*]

Teacher. How do you know what a Jew is like?

INNKEEPER. Listen—

Teacher. How do you know?

Innkeeper. I have nothing against your Andri. What do you think I am? Otherwise I shouldn't have taken him on as a kitchen boy. What are you looking at me like that for?

Anyone will bear me out. Haven't I always said Andri is an exception?

Teacher. I'm not going to discuss it!

Innkeeper. A real exception——

The tolling of bells.

Teacher. Who put that stake there? I'm not always drunk, as Father Benedict thinks. A stake is a stake. Somebody put it there. It wasn't there yesterday. From one day to the next. A stake doesn't just grow up out of the ground, does it?

Innkeeper. I don't know.

Teacher. What's it there for?

Innkeeper. I don't know. Perhaps the surveyor's department, something to do with the roads—they've got to do something with the taxes—maybe a by-pass, you never know; maybe the drains——

Teacher. Maybe.

Innkeeper. Or the telephone——

Teacher. And maybe not.

Innkeeper. What's eating you?

Teacher. And what's the rope for?

Innkeeper. How should I know?

Teacher. I'm not mad, I'm not seeing ghosts. What I see is a stake that could be used for all sorts of things.

Innkeeper. What of it?

The INNKEEPER goes into the inn. The TEACHER is alone. More pealing of bells. The PRIEST hurries across the square in a chasuble, followed by the little servers, whose censers leave a powerful smell of incense behind. The INNKEEPER comes with the brandy.

Innkeeper. He wants two hundred silver pieces, does he?

Teacher. I shall scrape it together.

Innkeeper. How?

Teacher. Somehow. [*The TEACHER drinks the brandy.*] Sell land. [*The INNKEEPER sits down with the TEACHER.*] Somehow . . .

Innkeeper. How much land have you?

Teacher. Why?

Innkeeper. I'm always ready to buy land. If it's not too expensive. I mean, if you've got to raise money. [*Noise outside the inn.*] I'm coming! [*The INNKEEPER seizes the TEACHER's arm.*] Think it over, Can, in peace and quiet, but I can't pay more than two hundred. [*Goes.*]

Teacher. "The Andorrans are easygoing people, but when it's a question of money they're like the Jews."

The TEACHER puts the empty glass to his lips again, while BARBLIN, dressed for the procession, appears beside him.

Barblin. Father!

Teacher. Why aren't you in the procession?

Barblin. Father, you promised not to drink on St. George's Day. [*The TEACHER lays a coin on the table.*] They're coming past here.

Teacher. Two hundred silver pieces for a carpenter's apprenticeship!

Now loud, high-pitched singing is heard, and the ringing of bells. The procession passes in the background, singing:

"Jubilate Deo, omnes in terra,
 Jubilate Deo, gloria in excelsis.
 Servite Domino in laetitia,
 Jubilate Deo, gloria in excelsis."

BARBLIN kneels down, the TEACHER remains seated. People have gathered in the square. They all kneel down and above the heads of the kneeling people appear flags. The Virgin Mary is carried past accompanied by fixed bayonets. All cross themselves; the TEACHER stands up and goes in the inn. The procession is slow and long and beautiful; the high-pitched singing is lost in the distance; the ringing of bells remains. ANDRI comes out of the inn, while the people in the square join the end of the procession; he stands on one side and whispers.

Andri. Barblin! [*BARBLIN crosses herself.*] Can't you hear me? [*BARBLIN stands up.*] Barblin?

Barblin. What is it?

Andri. I am going to be a carpenter! [*BARBLIN tags onto the end of the procession; ANDRI is left alone.*] The sun is shin-

ing green in the trees today. Today the bells are ringing for me too. [*He takes off his apron.*] I shall always remember this happiness. And yet I'm only taking off my apron. It's so quiet. I should like to throw my name in the air like a cap, and yet I'm only standing here rolling up my apron. This is happiness. I shall never forget the way I stood here today. . . . [*Uproar from the inn.*] Barblin, we shall marry!

[*ANDRI goes.*]

Innkeeper. Get out! He's completely crooked. Then he always talks such nonsense. Get out! [*The SOLDIER staggers out with the drum.*] You're not having another drop.

Soldier. I'm a soldier.

Innkeeper. We can see that.

Soldier. My name is Peider.

Innkeeper. We know that.

Soldier. Well, then.

Innkeeper. Stop making such a row.

Soldier. Where is she?

Innkeeper. There's no sense in it, Peider. If a girl's willing, she's willing. If she isn't, she isn't. Shut up. Put your drumsticks away! You're tight. Think of the reputation of the Army! [*The INNKEEPER goes back inside the inn.*]

Soldier. Gutless bastard! They're not worth my fighting for. But I shall fight. Don't you worry. To the last man, don't you worry, rather dead than a slave, and so I'm telling you: Watch out—I'm a soldier and I've got my eye on her. . . . [*Enter ANDRI, putting on his jacket.*] Where is she?

Andri. Who?

Soldier. Your sister.

Andri. I haven't got a sister.

Soldier. I said where is she?

Andri. Why?

Soldier. I'm off duty and I fancy her, that's why. . . . [*ANDRI has put on his jacket and tries to walk on. The SOLDIER sticks out his leg so that ANDRI trips up. The SOLDIER laughs.*] A soldier isn't a scarecrow. Got that? Walking past as if I wasn't here. I'm a soldier, and you're a Jew. [*ANDRI stands up without speaking.*] You are a Jew, aren't you? [*ANDRI says*

nothing.] But you're lucky, damned lucky. Not every Jew is as lucky as you are. You've got the chance to make yourself popular. [ANDRI *brushes the dust from his trousers.*] Did you hear what I said? I said you can make yourself popular.

Andri. Who with?

Soldier. With the Army.

Andri. You stink of booze.

Soldier. What did you say?

Andri. Nothing. Nothing.

Soldier. I stink?

Andri. At seven paces and against the wind.

Soldier. Watch what you're saying. [*The SOLDIER tries to smell his own breath.*] I can't smell anything. [ANDRI *laughs.*] It's no laughing matter being a Jew, it's no laughing matter; a Jew has to make himself popular.

Andri. Why?

Soldier [*bawls*].

“When a man's in love,
And when a man's a soldier,
It's on the floor
And shut the door
And take your knickers off, girl—”

What are you staring at me for—kitchen boy!

“When a man's in love,
And when a man's a soldier . . .”

Andri. *Ex-kitchen* boy.

Soldier. They wouldn't have your sort in the Army.

Andri. Do you know what that is? [ANDRI *takes some coins from his pants pocket.*]

Soldier. Money?

Andri. My wages. I'm going to be a carpenter now.

Soldier. Doesn't it make you sick!

Andri. What do you mean?

Soldier. I said doesn't it make you sick. [*The SOLDIER knocks the money out of his hand and laughs.*] There! [ANDRI *stares at the SOLDIER.*] You Jews think of nothing but money all the time. [ANDRI *controls himself with difficulty, then bends down and picks up the money from the pave-*

ment.] So you don't want to make yourself popular?

Andri. No.

Soldier. You're sure?

Andri. Yes.

Soldier. And we're supposed to fight for people like you. To the last man. Do you know what that means? One battalion against twelve battalions, that's how it works out, rather dead than a slave, that's for sure, but not for you!

Andri. What's for sure?

Soldier. Andorrans aren't cowards. Let them come with their parachutes like the locusts from the sky; they won't get through, as sure as my name is Peider, not past me. That's for sure. Not past me. They'll get the shock of their lives.

Andri. Who will get the shock of their lives?

Soldier. Not past me. [*Enter an IDIOT who can only grin and nod.*] Did you hear that? He thinks we're scared. Because he's scared himself! He says we won't fight to the last man, we'll put our tails between our legs, we'll be in a blue funk—he dares to say that to my face, to the Army's face!

Andri. I didn't say a word.

Soldier. I ask you—did you hear him? [*The IDIOT nods and grins.*] An Andorran isn't scared!

Andri. You've said that already.

Soldier. But you're scared! [*ANDRI says nothing.*] Because you're a coward.

Andri. Why am I a coward?

Soldier. Because you're a Jew. [*The IDIOT nods and grins.*] All right, now I'm going. . . .

Andri. You leave Barblin alone!

Soldier. What red ears he's got!

Andri. Barblin is my fiancée. [*The SOLDIER laughs.*] It's true.

Soldier [*bawls*].

“It's on the floor

And shut the door——”

Andri. Go to hell!

Soldier. Fiancée, he says!

Andri. Barblin will turn her back on you.

Soldier. Then I'll take her from behind!

Andri. You're a pig.

Soldier. What did you say?

Andri. I said you're a pig.

Soldier. Say that again. He's trembling! Say that again. But loudly, so the whole square can hear. Say that again. [ANDRI goes.] What did he say? [*The IDIOT grins and nods.*] A pig? I'm a pig? [*The IDIOT grins and nods.*] He's not making himself popular with me. . . .

Forestage. The INNKEEPER, now without his apron, enters the witness box.

Innkeeper. I admit that we were all wrong over this business. At the time. Naturally I believed what everyone believed. He believed it himself right up to the last minute. A Jewish kid our teacher saved from the Blacks across the frontier, that's what everybody thought, and we all thought it magnificent that the teacher looked after him like his own son. Anyhow, I thought it magnificent. Did I tie him to the stake? None of us could have known that Andri really was his son, our teacher's son. When he was my kitchen boy, did I treat him badly? It wasn't my fault that things turned out as they did. That's all I can say about that business after all this time. It wasn't my fault.

SCENE 2

ANDRI and BARBLIN on the threshold outside BARBLIN'S room.

BARBLIN. Andri, are you asleep?

Andri. No.

Barblin. Why don't you give me a kiss?

Andri. I'm awake, Barblin, I'm thinking.

Barblin. All night.

Andri. Is it true what they say? [BARBLIN, who has been lying with her head in his lap, now sits up and undoes her hair.] Do you think they're right?

Barblin. Don't start that again!

Andri. Perhaps they're right. [BARBLIN busies herself with her hair.] Perhaps they're right.

Barblin. You've made me all ruffled.

Andri. They say my kind have no feelings.

Barblin. Who says that?

Andri. Lots of people.

Barblin. Just look at my blouse!

Andri. Everybody.

Barblin. Shall I take it off? [BARBLIN takes off her blouse.]

Andri. They say my kind are lecherous, but heartless, you know——

Barblin. Andri, you think too much! [BARBLIN lies down with her head in his lap again.]

Andri. I love your hair, your red hair. It's light, warm; it tastes bitter—Barblin, I shall die if I lose it. [ANDRI kisses her hair.] You ought to be asleep. [BARBLIN listens.] What was that?

Barblin. The cat. [ANDRI listens.] I saw it.

Andri. Was that the cat?

Barblin. They're all asleep. . . . [BARBLIN lays her head in

his lap again.] Kiss me! [ANDRI *laughs.*] What are you laughing at?

Andri. I ought to be grateful!

Barblin. I don't know what you're talking about.

Andri. Your father. He saved my life. He would think me very ungrateful if I seduced his daughter. I'm laughing, but it's no laughing matter always having to be grateful to people for being alive. [*Pause.*] Perhaps that's why I'm not cheerful. [BARBLIN *kisses him.*] Are you quite sure that you want me, Barblin?

Barblin. Why do you keep asking me that?

Andri. The others are more fun.

Barblin. The others!

Andri. Perhaps they're right. Perhaps I am a coward; otherwise I should go to your father and tell him we're engaged. Do you think I'm a coward? [*The sound of raucous singing in the distance.*] They're still singing.

The raucous singing dies away.

Barblin. I never go out of the house now, so that they will leave me in peace. I think of you, Andri, all day long—when you're at work, and now you're here and we're alone. I want you to think of me, Andri, not of the others. Do you hear? Only of me and of us. And I want you to be proud, Andri, gay and proud, because I love you above all the others.

Andri. I don't want to be proud.

Barblin. And now I want you to kiss me. [ANDRI *gives her a kiss.*] No; kiss me properly! [ANDRI *thinks.*] I don't think of the others, Andri, when you hold me in your arms and kiss me, believe me, I don't think of them.

Andri. But I do.

Barblin. You and your "others" all the time!

Andri. I was tripped up again. [A *tower clock strikes.*] I don't know in what way I'm different from everyone else. Tell me. In what way? I can't see it. . . . [Another *tower clock strikes.*] It's three o'clock already.

Barblin. Let's go to sleep.

Andri. I'm boring you. [BARBLIN *says nothing.*] Shall I put out the candle? . . . You can sleep, I'll wake you at seven.

[*Pause.*] It isn't a superstition; oh no, there are people like that, people with a curse on them—I'm like that. It doesn't matter what I do, the others only have to look at me and suddenly I'm what they say I am. That's what evil is. Everyone has it in him, nobody wants it, so where is it to go to? Into the air? It is in the air, but it doesn't stay there long, it has to enter into a human being, so that one day they can seize it and kill it. . . . [ANDRI *takes hold of the candle.*] Do you know a soldier named Peider?

Barblin [*sleepily*]. Hmm?

Andri. He's got his eye on you.

Barblin. Him!

Andri. I thought you were already asleep. [ANDRI *blows out the candle.*]

Forestage. The CARPENTER enters the witness box.

Carpenter. I admit I asked for two hundred silver pieces for his apprenticeship because I didn't want his kind in my workshop, and I knew there would be trouble. Why didn't he want to be a salesman? I thought that would come naturally to him. Nobody could have known that he wasn't one. You know what I mean. I can only say that fundamentally I meant well by him. It's not my fault that things turned out as they did.

SCENE 3

The sound of a lathe—a carpenter's shop. ANDRI and a JOURNEYMAN carpenter, each with a finished chair.

ANDRI. I've played outside left too, when there wasn't anyone else. I'd love to play, if your team will have me.

Journeyman. Have you got any football boots?

Andri. No.

Journeyman. Well, you can't play without them.

Andri. How much do they cost?

Journeyman. I've got an old pair. I'll sell them to you. Of course, you'll need black shorts, and a yellow jersey and yellow socks.

Andri. I'm better on the right, but I can play on the left. I'm very good at corners. [*ANDRI rubs his hands.*] That'll be swell, Fedri, if it comes off.

Journeyman. Why shouldn't it come off? I'm the captain and you're my friend.

Andri. I'll go into training.

Journeyman. But don't keep rubbing your hands together; you'll have the crowd laughing at you. [*ANDRI puts his hands in his trouser pockets.*] Have you got a cigarette? Then give us one. He won't bawl me out. If he did he'd be scared of his own voice. Have you ever heard him bawl me out? [*The JOURNEYMAN lights a cigarette.*]

Andri. I'm glad you're my friend, Fedri.

Journeyman. This your first chair?

Andri. What do you think of it? [*The JOURNEYMAN takes ANDRI's chair and tries to pull the legs off. ANDRI laughs.*] You won't pull those out.

Journeyman. That's what he always does.

Andri. Go on, try!

Carpenter [offstage]. They said what?

The JOURNEYMAN tries in vain.

Andri. He's coming.

Journeyman. You're lucky.

Andri. What do you mean lucky? Every proper chair is mortised. Only things that are just stuck together fall apart.

Enter the CARPENTER.

Carpenter. . . . write to them—tell them my name is Prader. A chair by Prader doesn't collapse; every child knows that. A chair by Prader is a chair by Prader. And anyhow, paid is paid. In a word, I don't haggle. [*To the two.*] Are you taking a vacation? [*The JOURNEYMAN dodges away fast.*] Who has been smoking in here? [*ANDRI doesn't answer.*] I can smell it. [*ANDRI says nothing.*] Andri, if only you had the guts—

Andri. Today is Saturday.

Carpenter. What's that got to do with it?

Andri. My apprenticeship test. You said, on the last Saturday of the month. Here's my first chair. [*The CARPENTER takes a chair.*] Not that one, Mr. Prader, the other one.

Carpenter. It isn't easy to become a carpenter. It isn't easy at all if you don't have it in your blood. And how could it be in your blood? I told your father so before you started. Why don't you go into selling? It's not easy if you haven't grown up with timber, you see, with real timber. You people may praise your cedars of Lebanon, but in this country we work the Andorran oak, my boy.

Andri. That's beech.

Carpenter. Are you trying to teach me my job?

Andri. I thought you were testing me. [*The CARPENTER tries to pull out a leg of the chair.*] Mr. Prader, that isn't mine!

Carpenter. There—[*The CARPENTER pulls out the first leg.*] What did I say? [*The CARPENTER pulls out the other three legs.*] Like frog's legs, like frog's legs. And I'm supposed to sell rubbish like that? A chair by Prader, do you know what that means? There—[*The CARPENTER throws the debris down at his feet.*] Just look at it!

Andri. You're making a mistake.

Carpenter. Now, here's a chair! [*The CARPENTER sits on the other chair.*] Two hundred pounds I weigh, more's the pity, two hundred pounds, but a proper chair doesn't groan when a real man sits on it, and it doesn't wobble. Does this chair groan?

Andri. No.

Carpenter. Does it wobble?

Andri. No.

Carpenter. There you are.

Andri. That's my chair.

Carpenter. Then who made this rubbish?

Andri. I told you at the beginning.

Carpenter. Fedri! Fedri! [*The lathe stops.*] I have nothing but trouble with you, that's the thanks I get for taking your kind into the shop. I knew what it would be like. [*Enter the JOURNEYMAN.*] Now, Fedri, are you a journeyman or what are you?

Journeyman. I—

Carpenter. How long have you been with Prader & Son?

Journeyman. Five years.

Carpenter. Which chair did you make? This, or that rubbish over there? [*The JOURNEYMAN looks at the debris.*] Answer me frankly, which chair?

Journeyman. I—

Carpenter. Did you mortise or didn't you?

Journeyman. Every good chair is mortised. . . .

Carpenter. Do you hear that?

Journeyman. Only those that are just stuck together fall apart. . . .

Carpenter. You can go. [*The JOURNEYMAN starts in alarm.*] Into the workshop, I mean. [*The JOURNEYMAN hurries out.*] Let that be a lesson to you. I knew your place wasn't in a workshop. [*The CARPENTER sits down and fills his pipe.*] A pity about the wasted timber. [*ANDRI says nothing.*] Have to use that for firewood.

Andri. No. [*The CARPENTER lights his pipe.*] That's a dirty trick. [*The CARPENTER continues lighting his pipe.*] I won't take back what I said. You're sitting on my chair, I tell you.

You lie whenever it suits you and light your pipe. You, yes, you! I'm afraid of you, yes, I'm trembling. Why have I no rights in your eyes? I'm young; I thought to myself, I must be humble. There's no sense in it, you take no notice of proof. You're sitting on my chair. You don't give a damn about that. It makes no difference what I do, you always twist it against me, and there's no end to your scorn. I can't keep silent any longer. It's burning me up. You're not even listening to me. You sit there sucking at your pipe and I tell you to your face: you're lying. You know perfectly well what a dirty trick you're playing. A rotten, low-down trick. You're sitting on the chair I made and lighting your pipe. What harm have I done you? You don't want to admit that I'm any good. Why do you insult me? You all insult and jeer at me the whole time. How can you be stronger than the truth? You know very well what the truth is—you're sitting on it. [*The CARPENTER has at last lit his pipe.*] You have no shame.

Carpenter. It's no good trying to get round me, boy.

Andri. You look like a toad!

Carpenter. In the first place this isn't a Wailing Wall. [*The JOURNEYMAN and two other apprentices give away their presence by giggling.*] Do you want me to get rid of the lot of you? [*The JOURNEYMAN and the two others disappear.*] In the first place, this isn't a Wailing Wall. In the second place, I never said that I was going to dismiss you. I didn't say that at all. I've got another job for you. Take off your apron. I'll show you how to write out orders. Are you listening when your boss is speaking? For every order you bring in I'll give you two silver pieces. Let's say four for three orders! That's what your kind have in their blood, believe me, and everyone should do what he has in his blood. . . . There's lots of money to be made, Andri, lots of money. [*ANDRI stands motionless.*] Agreed? [*The CARPENTER stands up and slaps ANDRI on the back.*] I've got your interests at heart. [*Goes.*]

The lathe starts up again.

Andri. But I wanted to be a carpenter. . . .

Forestage. The JOURNEYMAN, now in a motorcyclist's jacket, enters the witness box.

Journeyman. I admit that it was my chair and not his. At the time. I wanted to explain to him afterward, but by then he was in such a state that it was impossible to talk to him. Afterward I couldn't stand him either, I admit. He didn't even say good morning to us any more. I don't say he deserved it, but it was partly his fault, otherwise it would never have happened. When we asked him again about joining the team, he thought himself too good for us. It wasn't my fault that later they came and took him away.

SCENE 4

A room in the TEACHER's house. ANDRI is sitting being examined by a DOCTOR, who is holding his tongue down with a spoon. Beside him the MOTHER.

ANDRI. Aaa.

Doctor. But louder, my friend, much louder!

Andri. Aaaaaaandorra.

Doctor. Could you get me a longer spoon? [*The MOTHER goes out.*] How old are you?

Andri. Twenty. [*The DOCTOR lights a cigarillo.*] I've never been ill before.

Doctor. You're a strong lad—I can see that—a good lad, a healthy lad—I like that. *Mens sana in corpore sano*, if you know what that means.

Andri. No.

Doctor. What's your trade?

Andri. I wanted to be a carpenter—

Doctor. Let's have a look at your eyes. [*The DOCTOR takes a magnifying glass out of his waistcoat pocket and examines ANDRI's eyes.*] Now the other one.

Andri. What's that thing you were talking about—a virus?

Doctor. I used to know your father twenty years ago. I didn't know he had a son. The Bull, we used to call him. Always charging straight at the wall. He got himself talked about in those days, a young teacher who tore up the schoolbooks; he wanted different ones and when he didn't get different ones he taught the Andorran children to underline page by page in beautiful red pencil everything in the Andorran schoolbooks that isn't true. And they couldn't contradict him. What a fellow he was! Nobody knew what he was really after. A hell of a fellow. The ladies were very keen on him —[*Enter the MOTHER with a longer spoon.*] Oh, thank you very much. I like your son! [*The examination continues.*]

Carpentry is a fine trade, an Andorran trade; there are no carpenters anywhere in the world as good as the Andorrans, that's well known.

Andri. Aaaaaaaaaandorra!

Doctor. Again.

Andri. Aaaaaaaaaandorra!

Mother. Is it serious, Doctor?

Doctor. What do you mean "Doctor"! My name is Ferrer. [*The DOCTOR takes ANDRI's pulse.*] "Professor," to be exact, not that I attach any importance to titles, dear lady. The Andorran is sober and simple, they say, and there's some truth in it. The Andorran doesn't bow and scrape. I could have had titles by the dozen. Andorra is a republic. Take an example from her! I've said that all over the world. With us everyone is valued for himself. Why do you think I came back here again after twenty years? [*The DOCTOR stops talking in order to count ANDRI's pulse.*] Hmm.

Mother. Is it serious, Doctor?

Doctor. Dear lady, when a man has been around the world as I have he knows the meaning of the word home. This is my place, title or no title; this is where my roots are. [*ANDRI coughs.*] How long has he been coughing?

Andri. Since you lit your cigar.

Doctor. Andorra is a small country, but a free country. Where else will you find that nowadays? No fatherland in the world has a more beautiful name, and no people in the world is so free. Open your mouth, my friend, open your mouth. Let's have another look at that throat. [*The DOCTOR looks into ANDRI's throat again; then he takes out the spoon.*] A bit inflamed.

Andri. Me?

Doctor. Headache?

Andri. No.

Doctor. Insomnia?

Andri. Sometimes.

Doctor. Aha.

Andri. But not because of that.

The DOCTOR pushes the spoon down his throat again.

Doctor. Tongue down . . .

Andri. Aaaaaaaa—aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaandorra.

Doctor. That's right, my friend, that's how it must ring out, so that every Jew sinks into the ground when he hears the name of our fatherland. [*ANDRI winces.*] Don't swallow the spoon!

Mother. Andri . . .

ANDRI has stood up.

Doctor. Well, there's nothing much to worry about, a slight inflammation. He'll soon get over it—a pill before every meal . . .

Andri. Why—should every Jew—sink into the ground?

Doctor. Where did I put them? [*The DOCTOR rummages in his little bag.*] You ask that, my young friend, because you haven't been out into the world. I know Jews. Wherever you go you find them already there, knowing everything better, and you, simple Andorran that you are, can pack up and go. That's the way it is. The worst thing about Jews is their ambition. In every country in the world they occupy all the university chairs, I know that from experience, and there's nothing left for us but our homeland. Mark you, I've nothing against Jews. I'm not in favor of atrocities. I saved the lives of Jews, although I can't stand the sight of them. And what thanks did I get? You can't change them. They occupy all the university chairs in the world. You can't change them. [*The DOCTOR holds out the pills.*] Here are your pills. [*ANDRI doesn't take them but leaves.*] What's the matter with him all of a sudden?

Mother. Andri! Andri!

Doctor. Simply turning on his heel and going . . .

Mother. You shouldn't have said that about Jews, Professor.

Doctor. Why not?

Mother. Andri is a Jew.

Doctor. What!

Enter the TEACHER, carrying exercise books.

Teacher. What's the matter?

Mother. Nothing, don't excite yourself, nothing at all.

Doctor. How could I know that—

Teacher. Know what?

Doctor. How is it that your son is a Jew? [*The TEACHER says nothing.*] I must say, simply turning on his heel and going . . . I gave him medical treatment, even chatted with him. I explained to him what a virus is—

Teacher. I have work to do.

Silence.

Mother. Andri is our foster son.

Teacher. Good-by.

Doctor. Good-by. [*The DOCTOR takes his hat and bag.*] I'm going. [*The DOCTOR goes.*]

Teacher. What happened this time?

Mother. Don't excite yourself!

Teacher. How did he get in here?

Mother. He's the new medical officer.

Enter the DOCTOR again.

Doctor. Let him take the pills just the same. [*The DOCTOR takes off his hat.*] I'm sorry about what happened. [*The DOCTOR puts on his hat again.*] What did I say . . . just because I said . . . I was joking—of course, they can't take a joke, I can see that. Did anyone ever meet a Jew who could take a joke? Anyway I never did . . . all I said was, "I know Jews." I suppose one is still allowed to speak the truth in Andorra. [*The TEACHER says nothing.*] Where did I put my hat?

The TEACHER goes up to the DOCTOR, takes his hat from his head, opens the door, and throws out the hat.

Teacher. There's your hat.

The DOCTOR goes.

Mother. I told you not to excite yourself. He'll never forgive you for that. You quarrel with everybody and that doesn't make things easier for Andri.

Teacher. Tell him to come here.

Mother. Andri! Andri!

Teacher. That's the last straw. That man the medical offi-

cer. I don't know what it is, but everything nowadays seems to take the worst possible turn. . . . [*Enter BARBLIN and ANDRI.*] Andri, you're not to take any notice of them. I'm not going to put up with any injustice, you know that, Andri.

Andri. Yes, Father.

Teacher. If that new medical officer of ours opens his stupid mouth again, that pedant, that useless failure, that smuggler's son—I used to smuggle too, like every Andorran, but I don't stick titles in front of my name—if he opens his stupid mouth again he'll be thrown down the steps himself and not just his hat. [*To the MOTHER.*] I'm not afraid of them! [*To ANDRI.*] And you're not to be afraid of them either, understand? If we stick together, you and me, like men, Andri, like friends, like father and son—or haven't I treated you like a son? Have I ever neglected you? If I have, say so to my face. Have I treated you differently from my daughter? Tell me to my face. I'm waiting.

Andri. What do you want me to say, Father?

Teacher. I can't bear it when you stand there like a choir-boy who has been caught stealing or something, so well behaved. Is it because you're afraid of me? I know I fly off the handle sometimes. I suppose I'm unjust. I haven't kept a diary of all my mistakes as an educator. [*The MOTHER sets the table.*] Has your mother ever treated you heartlessly?

Mother. What are you making a speech for? Anyone would think you were speaking before an audience.

Teacher. I'm speaking to Andri.

Mother. I see.

Teacher. Man to man.

Mother. Supper's ready. [*The MOTHER goes out.*]

Teacher. That's really all I wanted to say to you. [*BARBLIN finishes setting the table.*] If he's such a big noise abroad, why doesn't he stay there, this professor who didn't even manage to get his doctorate at any university in the world? This patriot who's now our medical officer because he can't construct a single sentence without using the words homeland and Andorra? Whose fault is it if his ambitions came to nothing, whose fault could it be but the Jews'? Jew! I'm sick of the

word. I never want to hear it again. [*The MOTHER brings the soup.*] And you're not to use that word, either, Andri. Understand? I won't tolerate it. You don't know what you're saying, and I don't want you to end up by believing what they say. Just remember, there's nothing in it. Once and for all. Understand? Once and for all.

Mother. Have you finished?

Teacher. There's nothing in it.

Mother. Then cut the bread for us.

The TEACHER cuts the bread.

Andri. I wanted to ask you something else. . . . [*The MOTHER ladles out the soup.*] Perhaps you know already. Nothing has happened; there's no need for you to worry. I don't know the right way to say a thing like this. I'm almost twenty-one and Barblin is nineteen. . . .

Teacher. What of it?

Andri. We want to get married. [*The TEACHER drops the bread.*] Yes. I've come to ask—I meant to do it when I had passed my carpentry test, but you know what happened about that. We want to become engaged now, so that the others know and don't keep running after Barblin wherever she goes.

Teacher. Married!

Andri. I am asking you, Father, for the hand of your daughter.

The TEACHER rises like a prisoner upon whom sentence has been passed.

Mother. I've seen it coming, Can.

Teacher. Quiet!

Mother. There's no reason to get so upset. [*The MOTHER picks up the bread from the floor.*] They love each other.

Teacher. Be quiet!

Silence.

Andri. But that's the way it is, Father—we love each other. It's hard to talk about it. Ever since we shared the green bedroom as children we have talked about getting married. At school we felt embarrassed because everyone laughed at us. You can't do that, they said, because you're brother and

sister! Once we made up our minds to poison ourselves because we were brother and sister, with deadly nightshade, but it was winter and there wasn't any deadly nightshade. And we cried, until Mother noticed—till you came, Mother, and comforted us and told us we were not brother and sister. And the whole story, how father smuggled me across the frontier, because I'm a Jew. And I was very happy about it and told them at school and everywhere. Since then we haven't slept in the same room; we're not children any more. [*The TEACHER remains silent as though turned to stone.*] It's time we were married, Father.

Teacher. Andri, that's impossible.

Mother. Why?

Teacher. Because it's impossible!

Mother. Don't shout.

Teacher. No—no—no . . .

BARBLIN bursts into tears.

Mother. And don't you start howling now.

Barblin. I shall kill myself.

Mother. And don't talk rubbish.

Barblin. Or I shall go to the soldiers, I shall.

Mother. Then may God punish you!

Barblin. Let him.

Andri. Barblin?

BARBLIN runs out.

Teacher. Let her go. She's a silly goose. There are lots of other girls. [*ANDRI tears himself away from him.*] Andri——!

Andri. She may do something crazy.

Teacher. Stay here. [*ANDRI stays.*] I've never had to say no to you before, Andri. [*The TEACHER holds both hands over his face.*] No!

Mother. I don't understand you, Can, I don't understand you. Are you jealous? Barblin is nineteen and someone is going to come along. Why not Andri, whom we know? That's the way of the world. Why do you stare into space and shake your head? I think we're very lucky. Why won't you give your daughter to Andri? You say nothing. Do you want to

marry her yourself? You keep silent because you're jealous, Can, jealous of the youngsters and of life in general, because now it is going on without you.

Teacher. What do you know about it!

Mother. I'm only——

Teacher. Barblin is still a child.

Mother. That's what all fathers say. A child! To you, Can, but not to Andri. [*The TEACHER says nothing.*] Why do you say no?

The TEACHER says nothing.

Andri. Because I'm a Jew.

Teacher. Andri——

Andri. Go on, say it.

Teacher. Jew! Jew!

Andri. That's it.

Teacher. Jew! Every third word I hear is Jew, every second word. There's not a day without Jew, not a night without Jew. I hear Jew when someone snores, Jew, Jew, not a joke without Jew, not a business deal without Jew, not a curse without Jew. I hear Jew where there is no Jew. Jew, Jew, and again Jew. In school the children play Jew when I turn my back. Everyone babbles it after everyone else; the horses neigh it in the streets: Jeeew, Jeew, Jew. . . .

Mother. You're exaggerating.

Teacher. Aren't there any other reasons any more?

Mother. Then tell us them. [*The TEACHER says nothing, then takes his hat.*] Where are you going?

Teacher. Where I can find peace and quiet. [*He goes, slamming the door behind him.*]

Mother. Now he'll drink till midnight again. [*ANDRI walks slowly across to the other side.*] Andri . . . ? Now we are all apart.

SCENE 5

The square of Andorra. The TEACHER is sitting alone outside the inn. The INNKEEPER brings the brandy that he has ordered but which he does not at first pick up.

INNKEEPER. What's new?

Teacher. Another brandy. [*The INNKEEPER goes.*] Because I'm a Jew! [*He now drains the brandy.*] Some day I shall tell them the truth—at least that's what one says—but a lie is a leech; it sucks the truth dry. It grows. I shall never shake it off. It grows and is full of blood. It looks at me like a son, flesh and blood, a Jew, my son. . . . What's new? I lied and you fondled him, so long as he was still a child, but now he is a man; now he wants to get married, wants to marry his sister. That's something new! . . . I know already what you will think: even a Jew-rescuer thinks his own child too good for a Jew! I can already see your grins.

Enter the SOMEBODY, who sits down with the TEACHER.

Somebody. What's new?

The TEACHER says nothing; the SOMEBODY opens his newspaper.

Teacher. What are you grinning at?

Somebody. They're threatening again.

Teacher. Who?

Somebody. The people across the border.

The TEACHER rises; the INNKEEPER comes out.

Innkeeper. Where are you off to?

Teacher. Where I can find peace and quiet. [*The TEACHER goes into the inn.*]

Somebody. What's got into him? If he carries on like that, he'll come to a bad end, if you ask me. . . . I'll have a beer. [*The INNKEEPER goes.*] At least you can get some peace here now that boy's gone. He was always wasting his tips on that juke box.

SCENE 6

Outside BARBLIN'S room. ANDRI is sleeping on the threshold. Candlelight. A large shadow appears on the wall: the SOLDIER. ANDRI snores. The SOLDIER takes fright and hesitates. A tower clock strikes the hour. The SOLDIER sees that ANDRI does not stir and ventures to the door, hesitates again, opens the door. Another clock strikes the hour. The SOLDIER now steps over the sleeping ANDRI and, having got so far, enters the darkened room. BARBLIN tries to scream, but the SOLDIER puts his hand over her mouth. Silence. ANDRI wakes.

ANDRI. Barblin? . . . Now it's quite quiet again outside. They've finished boozing and bawling; they've all gone home to bed. [*Silence.*] Are you asleep, Barblin? What time is it? I've been asleep. Four o'clock? The night is like milk, Barblin, like blue milk. The birds will start soon. Like a flood of milk . . . [*A sound.*] Why are you bolting the door? [*Silence.*] Let your father come up, let him find me on his daughter's threshold. I don't care! I won't give up, Barblin. I'll sit here every night, even if he drinks himself to death over there every night. [*He takes a cigarette.*] I'm wide awake now. . . . [*He sits and smokes.*] I don't slink about like a begging dog any more. I hate. I don't shed any tears now. I laugh. The meaner they behave toward me, the more comfortable I feel in my hate. And the more confident. Hate makes plans. I feel good every day now because I have a plan and no one knows about it, and if I walk about timidly I'm only pretending. Hate makes one cunning. Hate makes one proud. One day I'll show them. Since I have hated them, there are times when I feel like whistling and singing, but I don't do it. Hate makes you patient. Hate makes you hard. I hate their country that we are going to leave, and I hate their faces. I love one single person and that is enough. [*He listens.*] The cat's awake too! [*He counts coins.*] I made seven silver pieces

today, Barblin, seven in a single day. I'm saving now. I don't go to the juke box any more. [*He laughs.*] If they could see how right they are—I'm always counting my money! [*He listens.*] There goes another one shuffling off home. [*The twittering of birds.*] I saw that Peider, yesterday, you know, the one who fancies you, the one who tripped me up; he grins every time he sees me now, but I don't care— [*He listens.*] He's coming up! [*Footsteps.*] We've got a hundred and fifty silver pieces now, Barblin, but don't tell anyone. We'll get married. Believe me, there's another world where nobody knows us, where nobody will trip me up. That's where we'll go, Barblin. He can yell himself hoarse here if he wants to. [*He smokes.*] I'm glad you have bolted the door.

Enter the TEACHER.

Teacher. My son.

Andri. I'm not your son.

Teacher. Andri, I've come to tell you the truth before the night's over.

Andri. You've been drinking.

Teacher. Only on your account, Andri, only on your account. [*ANDRI laughs.*] My son——

Andri. Stop that!

Teacher. Are you listening to me?

Andri. Hang onto a lamppost, not me. I can smell you. [*ANDRI frees himself.*] And don't keep saying "My son" all the time. It's only because you're tight. [*The TEACHER staggers.*] Your daughter has bolted her door, don't worry.

Teacher. Andri——

Andri. You can't stand up.

Teacher. I'm worried.

Andri. There's no need.

Teacher. Very worried . . .

Andri. Look, Mother is crying. She's waiting up for you.

Teacher. I didn't reckon with that. . . .

Andri. What didn't you reckon with?

Teacher. That you would refuse to be my son. [*ANDRI laughs.*] I must sit down. . . .

Andri. Then I'm going.

Teacher. So you won't listen? [*ANDRI takes the candle.*] All right, then don't.

Andri. I owe you my life. I know. If you attach importance to it I can repeat it once a day: I owe you my life. Twice a day if you like: I owe you my life. Once in the morning, once in the evening: I owe you my life, I owe you my life.

Teacher. Andri, I've been drinking, Andri, all night long, so that I could come and tell you the truth—I know I've had too much.

Andri. That's what I think too.

Teacher. Andri, you do owe me your life. . . .

Andri. Thank you for it.

Teacher. You don't understand what I mean. . . . [*ANDRI says nothing.*] Don't just stand there like that! I wanted to tell you about my life. . . . [*Cock's crow.*] So you're not interested in my life?

Andri. I'm interested in my own life. [*Cock's crow.*] It's morning already. [*The TEACHER staggers.*] Don't pretend you can still think.

Teacher. You despise me, don't you?

Andri. I'm just looking at you. That's all. I used to respect you. Not because you saved my life, but because I thought you weren't like all the others; you didn't think their thoughts, you had courage. I relied on you. And then I found out the truth, and now I'm looking at you.

Teacher. What is the truth? [*ANDRI says nothing.*] I don't think their thoughts, Andri. I tore up their schoolbooks. I wanted to have others——

Andri. Everyone knows that.

Teacher. Do you know what I did?

Andri. I'm going.

Teacher. I asked you if you knew what I did. . . .

Andri. You tore up their schoolbooks.

Teacher. I lied. [*Pause.*] You refuse to understand me. . . .

Cock's crow.

Andri. At seven I have to be in the shop, selling chairs, selling tables, selling cupboards, rubbing my hands.

Teacher. Why do you have to rub your hands?

Andri. "Could you find a better chair? Does it wobble? Does it creak? Could you find a cheaper chair?" [*The TEACHER stares at him.*] I have to make money.

Teacher. Why do you have to make money?

Andri. Because I'm a Jew.

Teacher. My son——!

Andri. Stop that. [*The TEACHER staggers.*] You're disgusting.

Teacher. Andri——

Andri. Stop sniveling.

Teacher. Andri——

Andri. Go and piss.

Teacher. What did you say?

Andri. It's coming out of your eyes; if you can't hold your drink, then go.

Teacher. You hate me. [*ANDRI says nothing. The TEACHER goes.*]

Andri. He has gone, Barblin. I didn't want to hurt his feelings. But things get worse and worse. Did you hear him? He doesn't know what he's saying any more, and then you'd think he really was crying. Barblin . . . are you asleep? [*He listens at the door.*] Barblin! Barblin! [*He shakes the door, then tries to break it open. He starts to run at it again, but at this moment the door is opened from inside: in the doorway stands the SOLDIER, lit by the candle, barefoot, the belt of his trousers undone, naked to the waist.*] Barblin . . .

Soldier. Beat it.

Andri. That can't be true. . . .

Soldier. I said beat it, or I'll smash your face in.

Forestage. *The SOLDIER, now in civilian clothes, enters the witness box.*

Soldier. I admit I never liked him. I didn't know that he wasn't one; everybody said he was one. As a matter of fact I still think he was one. I didn't like him from the start. But I didn't kill him. I only did my duty. Orders are orders. What would the world come to if orders weren't carried out? I was a soldier.

SCENE 7

The sacristy. The PRIEST and ANDRI.

PRIEST. Andri, we must have a talk together. Your foster mother is very worried about you. . . . Sit down. [ANDRI says nothing.] Do sit down, Andri. [ANDRI says nothing.] You won't sit down? [ANDRI says nothing.] I can understand; this is the first time you've been here. More or less. I remember they once sent you to fetch your football from behind the altar when it came sailing in. [*The PRIEST laughs.*]

Andri. What do you want to talk about, Father?

Priest. Sit down. [ANDRI says nothing.] You don't want to sit down? [ANDRI says nothing.] Very well then.

Andri. Is it true, Father, that I am different from everyone else?

Pause.

Priest. Andri, I want to tell you something.

Andri. I'm insolent, I know.

Priest. I understand your distress. But you must know that we like you, Andri, just as you are. Hasn't your foster father done everything he can for you? I hear he sold land so that you could become a carpenter.

Andri. But I'm not going to become a carpenter.

Priest. Why not?

Andri. My kind think of nothing but money all the time, people say, so my place isn't in the workshop, says the carpenter, but in the salesroom. I'm going to be a salesman, Father.

Priest. Very well then.

Andri. But I wanted to be a carpenter.

Priest. Why don't you sit down?

Andri. I think you're mistaken, Father. People don't like me. The innkeeper says I'm insolent, and the carpenter thinks

so too, I believe. And the doctor says I'm ambitious and my sort have no backbone.

Priest. Sit down.

Andri. Do you think I've no backbone, Father?

Priest. It may be that there is something restless about you, Andri.

Andri. And Peider says I'm a coward.

Priest. A coward, why?

Andri. Because I'm a Jew.

Priest. Fancy paying attention to Peider! [*ANDRI says nothing.*] Andri, I want to tell you something.

Andri. I know—I shouldn't keep thinking of myself all the time. But I can't help it, Father. I can't help wondering all the time whether what people say about me is true: that I'm not like them, not gay, not jolly, just not like them. And you think there is something restless about me, Father. You've just said so. I can quite understand that nobody likes me. I don't like myself when I think about myself. [*The PRIEST stands up.*] Can I go now?

Priest. Now listen to me!

Andri. What do people want from me, Father?

Priest. Why are you so suspicious?

Andri. They all put their hands on my shoulder.

Priest. Do you know what you are, Andri? [*The PRIEST laughs.*] You don't know, so I shall tell you. [*ANDRI stares at him.*] A splendid fellow! In your own way. A splendid fellow! I have been watching you, Andri, for years.

Andri. Watching?

Priest. Of course.

Andri. Why does everyone watch me?

Priest. I like you, Andri, more than all the others, yes, precisely because you are different from all the others. Why do you shake your head? You are cleverer than they are. Indeed you are. I like that about you, Andri, and I'm glad that you have come to see me and that I have had the chance to tell you so.

Andri. It's not true.

Priest. What isn't true?

Andri. I'm not different. I don't want to be different. And even if he's three times stronger than me, that Peider, I'll beat the daylights out of him in front of everybody in the square; I've sworn that to myself.

Priest. As far as I'm concerned you're welcome to.

Andri. I've sworn to do it.

Priest. I don't like him either.

Andri. I don't want to be popular. I shall stand up for myself. I'm not a coward—and I'm not cleverer than the others, Father; I don't want you to say that.

Priest. Will you listen to me now?

Andri. No. [*ANDRI draws away.*] I don't like having everyone's hands on my shoulders the whole time.

Pause.

Priest. You really don't make it easy for one. [*Pause.*] To be brief, your foster mother came to see me. She was here for more than four hours. The good woman is very unhappy. You don't come home to meals any more, she says, and you won't talk to anyone. She says you don't believe that people are thinking of your well-being.

Andri. Everyone is thinking of my well-being!

Priest. Why do you laugh?

Andri. If he's thinking of my well-being, Father, why is he willing to give me everything, but not his own daughter. Why?

Priest. It is his right as a father——

Andri. But why? Why? Because I'm a Jew.

Priest. Don't shout! [*ANDRI says nothing.*] Haven't you any other idea in your head? I have told you, Andri, as a Christian, that I love you, but you have one unfortunate habit—I'm afraid I must say all of you: whatever difficulties you come up against in life, you attribute absolutely everything to the fact that you are Jews. You really don't make things easy for one with your oversensitiveness. [*ANDRI says nothing.*] You're crying. [*ANDRI sobs, covering his face with his hands.*] What has happened? Answer me. What's the matter? I'm asking you what has happened. Andri! Why don't you speak, Andri? You're shivering. How can I help you

if you don't speak? Pull yourself together. Andri! Do you hear? Andri! Remember you're a man. Well, I don't know.

Andri. Barblin! [*ANDRI lets his hands fall from his face and stares in front of him.*] She can't love me . . . no one can . . . I can't love myself. . . . [*Enter a SACRISTAN with a chasuble.*] Can I go now?

The SACRISTAN begins to prepare the PRIEST for Mass.

Priest. You can stay. [*The SACRISTAN dresses the PRIEST for Mass.*] You've said it yourself: how can other people love us if we don't love ourselves? Our Lord said: Love thy neighbor as thyself. He said "as thyself." We must accept ourselves, and that is what you don't do, Andri. Why do you want to be like the others? You're cleverer than they, believe me, you're more alert. Why won't you admit that? There is a spark in you. Why do you want to play football like all these boneheads, and rush about the field shouting? Simply in order to be an Andorran? They don't like you, I know. And I know why. There's a spark in you. You think. Why shouldn't there also be some among God's creatures who have more intelligence than feeling? I tell you, that is exactly what I admire about you people. Why do you look at me like that? There is a spark in all of you. Think of Einstein! And all the rest of them, whatever their names are. Think of Spinoza!

Andri. Can I go now?

Priest. No man can change his skin, Andri, no Jew and no Christian. Nobody. God wants us to be as he created us. Do you understand me? And when they say to you, "Jews are cowards," then know that you are not a coward if you accept being a Jew. On the contrary. You are different from us. Do you hear me? I say you are not a coward. Only if you try to be like all Andorrans, then you are a coward. . . .

An organ starts to play.

Andri. Can I go now?

Priest. Think over what you yourself said, Andri. How can the others accept you if you don't accept yourself?

Andri. Can I go now?

Priest. Andri, have you understood me?

Forestage. The PRIEST kneels.

Priest. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image of the Lord, thy God, nor of men who are his creatures. I too was guilty at that time. I wanted to meet him with love when I spoke with him. I too put fetters on him, made an image of him. I too bound him to the stake.

SCENE 8

The square of Andorra. The DOCTOR is the only one sitting; the others are standing: the CARPENTER, the INNKEEPER, the SOLDIER, the JOURNEYMAN, the SOMEBODY.

SOLDIER. I say it's disgusting!

Doctor. I say keep calm.

Soldier. Why can't Andorra be attacked? [*The DOCTOR lights a cigarillo.*]

Soldier. I say it's disgusting!

Innkeeper. Was I to say there isn't a decent room in Andorra? I'm an innkeeper. You can't turn a foreigner away from your door—[*The SOMEBODY laughs.*] What else could I do? A Señora stands there and asks if there's a decent room——

Soldier. A Señora—listen to him!

Carpenter. A woman from across the border?

Soldier. Any trouble and we'll fight to the last man. And he puts her up! [*He spits on the asphalt.*] I say it's disgusting!

Doctor. Don't get excited. [*He smokes.*] I've been around the world, and I know. I'm an Andorran, everyone knows that, an Andorran body and soul. Otherwise I shouldn't have come back home, you good people; otherwise your professor wouldn't have renounced all the university chairs in the world——

The SOMEBODY laughs.

Innkeeper. What is there to laugh about?

Somebody. Who is going to fight to the last man?

Soldier. I am.

Somebody. In the Bible it says the last shall be first, or the other way around, I don't remember—the first shall be last.

Soldier. What does he mean by that?

Somebody. I'm only asking.

Soldier. To the last man, that's an order. Rather dead than a slave, that's pasted on the wall in every barracks. That's an order. Let them come; they'll get the shock of their lives. . . .

Brief silence.

Carpenter. Why can't Andorra be attacked?

Doctor. I am aware that the situation is tense.

Carpenter. Tenser than it's ever been before.

Doctor. It's been that for years.

Carpenter. Why have they massed troops at the frontier?

Doctor. What I was going to say was this. I've been around the world. One thing you can take from me: there is no people in the whole world so universally beloved as we are. That's a fact.

Carpenter. True enough.

Doctor. Bearing that fact in mind, let us ask ourselves, what can happen to a country like Andorra? Quite objectively.

Innkeeper. That's right, that's right.

Soldier. What's right?

Innkeeper. No country is so much loved as we are.

Carpenter. True enough.

Doctor. Loved isn't the word for it. I have met people who had no idea where Andorra was, but every child in the world knows that Andorra is a sanctuary, a sanctuary of peace and freedom and human rights.

Innkeeper. Very true.

Doctor. Andorra is a symbol, the incarnation of an ideal, if you know what that means. [*He smokes.*] I say they won't dare.

Soldier. Why not, why not?

Innkeeper. Because we are the incarnation of an ideal.

Soldier. But they outnumber us!

Innkeeper. Because we are so loved.

The IDIOT brings a lady's suitcase and puts it down.

Soldier. Just look at that!

The IDIOT leaves again.

Carpenter. What does she want here?

Journeyman. A spyess!

Soldier. What else?

Journeyman. A spyess!

Soldier. And he is putting her up! [*The SOMEBODY laughs.*]
What are you grinning at?

Somebody. "Spyess" is rich.

Soldier. What else can she be?

Somebody. The word isn't spyess, but spy, even if the situation is tense and the individual is female.

Carpenter. I wonder what she has come for really.

The IDIOT brings a second lady's suitcase.

Soldier. Just look at that!

Journeyman. Let's kick her stuff to pieces!

Innkeeper. That would be the last straw. [*The IDIOT leaves again.*] Instead of taking the luggage upstairs, the idiot runs off and leaves it, and it attracts everybody's attention— [*The SOMEBODY laughs.*] I'm not a traitor, am I, Professor? That's not true. I'm an innkeeper. I should be the first to throw a stone. Indeed I should! There's still a law of hospitality in Andorra, an ancient and sacred law. Isn't that so, Professor, isn't that so? An innkeeper can't say no, however tense the situation may be, and certainly not when it's a lady.

The SOMEBODY laughs.

Journeyman. And when she has dough!

The SOMEBODY laughs.

Innkeeper. The situation is no laughing matter.

Somebody. "Spyess."

Innkeeper. Leave her luggage alone!

Somebody. "Spyess" is very good.

The IDIOT brings a lady's coat and puts it down.

Soldier. Just look at that!

The IDIOT leaves again.

Carpenter. Why do you think Andorra can't be attacked?

Doctor. You aren't listening to me. [*He smokes.*] I thought you were listening to me. [*He smokes.*] They won't dare, I

say. No matter how many tanks they have, and parachutes on top of that. They simply can't afford to. Or as Perin, our great poet, once said: our weapon is our innocence. Or the other way round: our innocence is our weapon. Where else in the world is there a republic which can say that? I ask you. Where? A people like us, who can appeal to the conscience of the world like no other, a people without guilt——

ANDRI appears in the background.

Soldier. There he goes slinking around again!

ANDRI withdraws because everyone is looking at him.

Doctor. Andorrans, let me tell you something. No nation in the world has ever been attacked unless there was some offense it could be reproached with. What can they reproach us with? The only thing that could happen to Andorra would be an injustice, a crude and blatant injustice. And they won't dare do that. They won't dare tomorrow any more than yesterday. Because the whole world would defend us. In a flash. Because the conscience of the whole world is on our side.

Somebody. In a flash.

Innkeeper. Will you keep your trap shut for a change!

The SOMEBODY laughs.

Doctor. Who are you, anyhow?

Somebody. A man with a sense of humor.

Doctor. Your sense of humor is out of place.

The JOURNEYMAN kicks the cases.

Innkeeper. Stop!

Doctor. What's the idea?

Innkeeper. For heaven's sake!

The SOMEBODY laughs.

Doctor. What a stupid thing to do. That's just what they're waiting for. Interference with travelers in Andorra! So that they have an excuse to attack us. What a stupid thing to do! Just when I'm telling you to keep calm! We won't give them an excuse—spy or no spy.

The INNKEEPER puts the cases straight again.

Soldier. I say it's disgusting!

The INNKEEPER wipes the cases clean.

Doctor. It's a good thing no one saw. . . . [*Enter the SEÑORA. Silence. The SEÑORA sits down at an empty table. The Andorrans eye her as she slowly takes off her gloves.*] Here's what I owe you. I'm off.

The DOCTOR rises and leaves, raising his hat to the lady as he goes; the CARPENTER signals to the JOURNEYMAN to follow him too.

Señora. Has something been happening here? [*The SOMEBODY laughs.*] Can I have something to drink?

Innkeeper. With pleasure, Señora—

Señora. What do people drink in this country?

Innkeeper. Anything you like, Señora.

Señora. I'd really prefer a glass of cold water.

Innkeeper. Señora, we have everything. [*The SOMEBODY laughs.*] The gentleman has a sense of humor.

The SOMEBODY goes.

Señora. The room is very nice, innkeeper, very nice.

The INNKEEPER bows and moves to forestage right.

Soldier. And a whisky for me.

The SOLDIER stays and sits down in order to stare at the SEÑORA. Forestage right, by the juke box, ANDRI appears and drops in a coin.

Innkeeper. You're always at that damned juke box.

Andri. I pay.

Innkeeper. Don't you ever think of anything else?

Andri. No.

The INNKEEPER leaves the square. While the same record goes on playing: the SEÑORA writes a note; the SOLDIER stares; she folds the note and speaks to the SOLDIER, without looking at him.

Señora. Aren't there any women in Andorra? [*The IDIOT comes back.*] Do you know a teacher named Can? [*The IDIOT grins and nods.*] Take him this note, please.

Enter three other soldiers and the JOURNEYMAN.

Soldier. Did you hear that? "Aren't there any women in Andorra," she asked me.

Journeyman. What did you say?

Soldier. No, but there are men!

Journeyman. Did you say that?

Soldier. I asked her if she came to Andorra because there aren't any men across the border.

Journeyman. Did you say that?

Soldier. That's what I said. [*They grin.*] Here he comes—white as chalk! He wants to beat me up. Did you know that? [*Enter ANDRI. The music has stopped.*] How's your fiancée? [*ANDRI seizes the SOLDIER by the collar.*] What's the idea? [*The SOLDIER frees himself.*] Some old rabbi has been telling him about David and Goliath; now he wants to play David. [*They grin.*] Let's go.

Andri. Fedri—

Journeyman. How he stammers!

Andri. Why did you betray me?

Soldier. Let's go. [*ANDRI knocks the SOLDIER's cap off his head.*] Now, you watch it! [*The SOLDIER takes the cap up from the ground and dusts it.*] If you think I'm going to get put in the guardhouse because of you . . .

Journeyman. What the hell does he want?

Andri. Now, smash my face in.

Soldier. Let's go. [*The SOLDIER puts on his cap. ANDRI knocks it off again; the others laugh. The SOLDIER suddenly gives him an uppercut and ANDRI goes down.*] Where's your sling, David? [*ANDRI gets up.*] Now watch our David cut loose! [*ANDRI suddenly gives the SOLDIER an uppercut, and the SOLDIER goes down.*] You damn Jew—!

Señora. No! No! All against one. No!

The other soldiers have seized hold of ANDRI so that the SOLDIER gets away. The SOLDIER lashes out at ANDRI while the others are holding him. ANDRI defends himself silently, then suddenly breaks loose. The JOURNEYMAN kicks him from behind. When ANDRI turns around the SOLDIER attacks him from behind. ANDRI falls. The four soldiers and the JOURNEY-

MAN *kick him from all sides, until they notice the SEÑORA, who has come up to them.*

Soldier. That's the last straw, making us look ridiculous in front of foreigners. . . . [*The SOLDIER and the others make off.*]

Señora. Who are you?

Andri. I'm not a coward.

Señora. What's your name?

Andri. They're always saying I'm a coward.

Señora. No, no, don't touch the cut!

Enter the INNKEEPER with a carafe and glass on a tray.

Innkeeper. What's happened?

Señora. Get a doctor.

Innkeeper. And in front of my hotel!

Señora. Give me that. [*The SEÑORA takes the carafe and her handkerchief and kneels down beside ANDRI, who tries to sit up.*] They kicked him with their boots.

Innkeeper. Impossible, Señora!

Señora. Don't just stand there—fetch a doctor.

Innkeeper. Señora, this sort of thing isn't usual here. . . .

Señora [*to ANDRI*]. I'm only cleaning it. [*She dabs his forehead.*]

Innkeeper. It's your own fault. Why do you always come when the soldiers are here?

Señora. Look at me.

Innkeeper. I've warned you.

Señora. Luckily it's missed your eye.

Innkeeper. It's his own fault, Señora. He's always going to the juke box. I've warned him. He gets on people's nerves. . . .

Señora. Will you please fetch a doctor? [*The INNKEEPER goes.*] Is it hurting you?

Andri. I don't need a doctor.

Señora. It's gone right down to the bone.

Andri. I know that doctor. [*ANDRI stands up.*] I can walk—it's only my forehead. [*The SEÑORA stands up.*] I'm sorry. I've spoiled your handkerchief.

Señora. Take me to your father.

The SEÑORA takes ANDRI's arm and they walk slowly away while the INNKEEPER and the DOCTOR come.

Doctor. Arm in arm?

Innkeeper. They kicked him with their boots. I saw it with my own eyes; I was inside. [*The DOCTOR lights a cigarillo.*] He's always going to the juke box; I've told him about it. He gets on people's nerves.

Doctor. Blood?

Innkeeper. I saw it coming. [*The DOCTOR smokes.*] Why don't you say anything?

Doctor. A nasty business.

Innkeeper. He started it.

Doctor. I have nothing against these people, but I feel uncomfortable the moment I set eyes on one of them. However you behave, it's wrong. What did I say? They can't leave well alone; they're always asking us to prove ourselves by our attitude to them. As though we had nothing else to do! No one likes to have a guilty conscience, but that's what they bank on. They want us to do them an injustice. That's all they're waiting for. . . . [*He turns to go.*] Wash that little bit of blood away. And don't gossip. There's no need to tell people what you saw.

Forestage. The TEACHER and the SEÑORA outside the white house as at the beginning.

Señora. You said our son was a Jew. [*The TEACHER says nothing.*] Why did you put that lie into the world? [*The TEACHER says nothing.*] One day an Andorran peddler came by. He was very talkative. To praise Andorra he told everyone the touching story of an Andorran teacher who had saved a Jewish child at the time of the great murders and now cares for him as if he were his own son. I immediately sent a letter. "Are you this teacher?" I wrote. I demanded an answer. "Why do you say he is a Jewish child?" I asked. "Do you know what you have done?" I waited for an answer. It didn't come. Perhaps you never got my letter. I couldn't believe what I feared. I wrote a second letter, and a third. I

waited for an answer. So time passed. . . . Why did you put that lie into the world?

Teacher. Why, why, why!

Señora. You hated me when the child was born, because I was a coward, because I was afraid of my people. When you came to the frontier, you said it was a Jewish child whom you had saved from us. Why? Because you too were a coward when you returned home. Because you too were afraid of your people. [*Pause.*] Wasn't it like that? [*Pause.*] Perhaps you wanted to show that you Andorrans are quite different from us. Because you hated me. But the people here are not different, you can see that, not very different. [*The TEACHER says nothing.*] He must know the truth. Which of us is going to tell him?

Teacher. I will. I'll tell him.

Señora. And will you tell them?

Teacher. Yes, I'll tell them that he is my son, our son, their own flesh and blood.

Señora. Why don't you go now and tell them?

Teacher. And suppose they don't want the truth?

SCENE 9

*A room in the TEACHER'S house The SEÑORA is seated,
ANDRI standing.*

SEÑORA [*putting on a glove*]. I'm glad to have seen you.

Andri. Are you leaving us, Señora?

Señora. I have been asked to go.

Andri. Why don't you stay?

Señora. Would you like me to? [*Noise in the street.*] Do you know that you are handsome? [*Noise in the street.*] They have treated you badly, Andri, but that will stop now. The truth will put them right; and you are the only one here who need not fear the truth.

Andri. What truth?

Fresh noise in the street.

Señora. I must go. I'm from the other side of the frontier; you can hear how I exasperate them. A Black! That's what they call us here, I know. . . . [*She puts on the other glove.*] There are lots of other things I should like to tell you, and a lot of things I should like to ask. I should like to have a long talk with you. But we shall see each other again, I hope. . . . [*She is ready.*] We shall see each other again. [*She looks around once more.*] So this is where you grew up?

Andri. Yes.

Noise in the street.

Señora. I ought to go now. [*She remains seated.*] When I was your age . . . that time goes very quickly, Andri, you're twenty now and won't believe it: people meet, love, part, life is ahead of you, and all of a sudden it is behind you, you don't seem to yourself very different, but suddenly it is other people who are twenty. . . . When I was your age, my father, who was in the Army, had been killed in the war. I knew how he thought, and I didn't want to think like him. We

wanted a different world. We were young like you, and what we were taught was murderous, we knew that. And we despised the world as it is; we saw through it and dared to want another one. We wanted not to be afraid of other people. Not for anything in the world. We didn't want to lie. When we saw that we were merely keeping silent about our fear, we hated each other. Our new world didn't last long. We crossed the frontiers again, back to where we had come from when we were as young as you. . . . [*She rises.*] Do you understand what I'm saying?

Andri. No. [*The SEÑORA goes up to ANDRI and kisses him.*] Why did you do that?

Señora. I must go. [*Noise in the street.*] Shall we see each other again?

Andri. I should like to.

Señora. I always wished I had never known my father and mother. No one, when he sees the world they have left behind for him, can understand his parents. [*Enter the TEACHER and the MOTHER.*] I'm going, yes, I'm going. [*Silence.*] So I'll say good-by. [*Silence.*] I'm going, yes, now I'm going. . . . [*The SEÑORA goes out.*]

Teacher. Andri, you go with her! But not across the square. Take her around the back way.

Andri. Why around the back way?

Teacher. Just do as I say. [*ANDRI goes out.*] The priest will tell him. Don't ask me now. You've never understood me—that's why I never told you. [*He sits down.*] Now you know.

Mother. What will Andri say?

Teacher. He doesn't believe me. [*Noise in the street.*] I hope the mob will leave her alone.

Mother. I understand more than you think, Can. You loved *her*, but you married *me*, because I am an Andorran. You have betrayed us all, but Andri more than anyone. Don't curse the Andorrans, you are one yourself. [*Enter the PRIEST.*] You have a difficult task in this house, Father. You explained to Andri what it means to be a Jew and that he should accept it. Now he has accepted it. And now you must tell him what an Andorran is and that he should accept that.

Teacher. Leave us!

Mother. May God guide you, Father Benedict.

[*Goes out.*]

Priest. I tried, but it's no use, it's impossible to talk to them, every reasonable word provokes them. I told them to go home and mind their own business. And not one of them knows what they really want.

ANDRI comes back.

Teacher. Why are you back so soon?

Andri. She said she wanted to go alone. [*He shows his hand.*] She gave me this.

Teacher. Her ring.

Andri. Yes. [*The TEACHER says nothing, then stands up.*]
Who is this Señora?

Teacher. I'll go with her. [*The TEACHER leaves.*]

Priest. What are you laughing about?

Andri. He's jealous!

Priest. Sit down.

Andri. What's the matter with you all?

Priest. It's no laughing matter, Andri.

Andri. But laughable. [*ANDRI looks at the ring.*] You know, I think this is a topaz.

Priest. Andri, we must have a talk.

Andri. Again? [*ANDRI laughs.*] Everyone is behaving today like puppets when the strings are tangled, including you, Father. [*ANDRI takes a cigarette.*] I believe she was once his mistress—[*ANDRI smokes.*] She's a fantastic woman.

Priest. Andri, I have something to tell you.

Andri. Can't I stand while you say it? [*ANDRI sits down.*] I have to be in the shop by two. She's a fantastic woman.

Priest. I'm glad you like her.

Andri. Everyone is behaving so strangely.

Priest. Andri . . .

Andri [smokes]. You're going to tell me one shouldn't go up to a soldier and knock his cap off when one knows that one is a Jew; one shouldn't do that at all, and yet I'm glad I did it. I learned something from it, even if it's no use to me, no more use to me than your kind words. I'm sure you mean

well, you are a Christian by profession, but I am a Jew by birth, and that's why I am going to emigrate.

Priest. Andri—

Andri. If I can—[ANDRI puts out his cigarette.] I didn't mean to tell anyone.

Priest. Stay where you are!

Andri. This ring will help me. [*The PRIEST says nothing.*] To keep quiet now, Father, not to tell anyone, is the only thing you can do for me. [ANDRI stands up.] I must go. [ANDRI laughs.] You're quite right: there's something restless about me, Father.

Priest. Are you doing the talking or am I?

Andri. I'm sorry. [ANDRI sits down.] I'm listening.

Priest. Andri—

Andri. You're so solemn!

Priest. I have come to redeem you.

Andri. I'm listening.

Priest. I knew nothing about it either, Andri, when we last talked together. For years the story has always been that he rescued a Jewish child, a Christian deed, so why shouldn't I have believed it? But now, Andri, your mother has come—

Andri. Who has come?

Priest. The Señora. [ANDRI jumps up.] Andri—you're not a Jew. [*Silence.*] Don't you believe what I say?

Andri. No.

Priest. So you think I'm lying?

Andri. Father, one feels a thing like that.

Priest. What does one feel?

Andri. Whether one is a Jew or not. [*The PRIEST stands up and approaches ANDRI.*] Don't touch me! Your hands on my shoulders . . . I don't want any more of that.

Priest. Don't you hear what I say? [ANDRI says nothing.] You're his son. [ANDRI laughs.] Andri, that is the truth.

Andri. How many truths have you got? [ANDRI takes a cigarette which he then forgets.] You can't do that with me any more. . . .

Priest. Why don't you believe me?

Andri. My belief is used up.

Priest. I swear to you by my soul's salvation, Andri: you are his son, our son, and there can be no question of your being a Jew.

Andri. There's been plenty of question of it up to now. . . .

Noise in the street.

Priest. What's going on?

Silence.

Andri. Ever since I have been able to hear, people have told me I'm different, and I watched to see if what they said was true. And it is true, Father. I am different. People told me my kind have a certain way of moving, and I looked at myself in the mirror almost every evening. They were right. I do have a certain way of moving. I can't help it. And I watched to see whether it was true that I'm always thinking of money, when the Andorrans watched me and thought: now he's thinking of money—and they were right again. I am always thinking of money. It's true. And I have no backbone. I've tried, it's no use. I have no backbone, only fear. And people told me that my kind are cowards. I watched out for this too. Many of them are cowards, but I know when I'm being a coward. I didn't want to admit what they told me, but it's true. They kicked me with their boots, and it's true what they say. I don't feel like they do. And I have no country. You told me, Father, that one must accept that, and I have accepted it. Now it's up to you, Father, to accept your Jew.

Priest. Andri—

Andri. Now, Father, I'm doing the talking.

Priest. Do you want to be a Jew?

Andri. I am a Jew. For a long time I didn't know what it meant. Now I know. [*The PRIEST sits down helplessly.*] I don't want to have a father and mother for their death to come over me with anguish and despair, or my death over them. And no sister and no sweetheart. Soon everything will be torn to pieces. Then neither our promises nor our fidelity

will help. I want it to happen soon. I'm old. My trust has broken up, one piece after the other, like teeth. I used to be happy, the sun shone green in the trees, I threw my name into the air like a cap that belonged to no one but me, and down fell a stone that killed me. I have been wrong, all the time, though not in the way they thought. I wanted to be right and to rejoice. My enemies were right, even if they were unjust. No matter how much I understand, I still can't feel that I am right. I don't need enemies any more, the truth is enough. I take fright the moment I begin to hope. Hopefulness has never suited me. I take fright when I laugh, and I can't weep. My affliction raises me above everyone, and therefore I must fall. My eyes are big with melancholy, my blood knows everything, and I wish I were dead. But I have a horror of dying. There is no grace——

Priest. Now you are committing a sin.

Andri. Look at the old teacher, the way he is going downhill, and he was once a young man, he says, with great ideals. Look at Barblin. And all of them, all of them, not only me. Look at the soldiers. Damned. Look at yourself. You already know now, Father, what you will do when they take me away, a Jew, in front of your kind eyes, and that's why they stare at me so, your kind, kind eyes. You will pray. For me and for yourself. Your prayers won't even help you; you will betray me in spite of them. Grace is an everlasting sham; the sun will shine green in the trees even when they take me away.

Enter the TEACHER, his clothes torn.

Priest. What has happened? [*The TEACHER collapses.*]
What has happened?

Teacher. She is dead.

Andri. The Señora——?

Priest. How did that happen?

Teacher. A stone.

Priest. Who threw it?

Teacher. They say Andri did. The innkeeper saw it with his own eyes. [*ANDRI tries to run out; the TEACHER holds him back.*] He was here; you are his witness.

Forestage. The SOMEBODY enters the witness box.

Somebody. I admit there's no proof as to who threw the stone at the foreign woman. I personally wasn't in the square when it happened. I don't want to put the blame on anyone; I'm not the judge of the universe. As to the young boy—of course I remember him. He used to spend all his tips on the juke box, and when they took him away I felt sorry for him. I don't know what the soldiers did to him after they took him away; we only heard him screaming. . . . There must come a time when we are allowed to forget, I think.

SCENE 10

The square of Andorra. ANDRI is sitting alone.

ANDRI. People are looking at me from all around, I know. Let them look . . . [*He takes a cigarette.*] I didn't throw the stone! [*He smokes.*] Let them come out if they saw it with their own eyes. Let them come out of their houses, if they dare, and point their fingers at me. [*A voice whispers.*] Why are you whispering behind the wall? [*The voice whispers.*] I can't hear a word when you whisper. [*He smokes.*] I've been sitting here for an hour. It's like a dead town. There's no one about. They're all in their cellars. It looks strange. Only the sparrows on the wires. [*The voice whispers.*] Why should I hide? [*The voice whispers.*] I didn't throw the stone. [*He smokes.*] Since dawn I've been wandering through your streets. All alone. All the shutters were down, every door shut. There is nothing left but dogs and cats in your snow-white Andorra. . . . [*The rumbling of a loudspeaker van is heard, loud and reverberating; the words are unintelligible.*] You're not supposed to carry a rifle. Did you hear? It's all over.

The TEACHER appears, a rifle on his arm.

Teacher. Andri——[*ANDRI smokes.*] We've been looking for you all night——

Andri. Where is Barblin?

Teacher. I was up in the forest——

Andri. What would I be doing in the forest?

Teacher. Andri—the Blacks are here. [*He listens.*] Listen. [*The TEACHER releases the safety catch of his rifle.*]

Andri. Only the sparrows.

The twittering of birds.

Teacher. You can't stay here.

Andri. Where can I stay?

Teacher. It's senseless, what you're doing, it's madness——

[He takes ANDRI's arm.] Now come along!

Andri. I didn't throw the stone——[He tears himself away.]
I didn't throw the stone!

A sound.

Teacher. What was that?

Andri. Shutters. [He stamps out his cigarette.] People behind shutters. [He takes another cigarette.] Have you a light?

Drums in the distance.

Teacher. Was that gunfire?

Andri. It's quieter than it has ever been.

Teacher. I've no idea what's going to happen now.

Andri. The shock of their lives.

Teacher. What did you say?

Andri. Rather dead than a slave.

Again the rumble of the loudspeaker van.

Loudspeaker. NO ANDORRAN HAS ANYTHING TO FEAR.

Andri. Did you hear that?

Loudspeaker. CALM AND ORDER—ALL BLOOD-SHED—IN THE NAME OF PEACE—ANYONE CARRYING OR CONCEALING ARMS—THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF—NO ANDORRAN HAS ANYTHING TO FEAR. . . . [Silence.]

Andri. As a matter of fact it's exactly how I imagined it to be. Exactly.

Teacher. What are you talking about?

Andri. Your surrender. [Three men without rifles cross the square.] You're the last one with a rifle.

Teacher. Scum!

Andri. No Andorran has anything to fear. [The twittering of birds.] Haven't you got a light? [The TEACHER stares after the men.] Did you see how they were walking? They didn't look at one another. And they were very quiet. A point comes when everyone realizes how many things he never really believed. That's why they're walking around in that strange way. Like men who have been lying.

Two men without rifles cross the square.

Teacher. My son——

Andri. Don't start that again!

Teacher. You're lost if you don't believe me.

Andri. I'm not your son.

Teacher. Andri, no one can choose his father. What else can I do to make you believe me? What else can I do? I tell them at every possible moment. I've even told the children at school that you're my son. What else can I do? Do you want me to hang myself to make you believe it? I'm not leaving you, Andri. [*He sits down beside ANDRI.*]

ANDRI looks up at the houses. A black flag is hoisted.

Andri. They can't wait.

Teacher. Where did they get the flag?

Andri. All they need now is a scapegoat.

A second flag is hoisted.

Teacher. Andri, come home!

Andri. It's no use telling me all over again, Father. Your fate is not mine, Father, nor mine yours.

Teacher. The only witness I had is dead.

Andri. Don't talk about her!

Teacher. You're wearing her ring——

Andri. What you have done, no father would do.

Teacher. How can you know? [*ANDRI listens.*] An Andorran, they say, has nothing to do with a woman from across the border and certainly doesn't have a child by her. I was afraid of them, yes, afraid of Andorra, because I was a coward——

Andri. People are listening.

Teacher. Because I was a coward—that's why I told the story. It was easier, at that time, to have a Jewish child. It was something to be admired. At first they used to fondle you, because it flattered them to think they were not like the people across the frontier. [*ANDRI listens.*] Andri, do you hear your father talking to you? [*The sound of a shutter.*] Let them listen! [*The sound of a shutter.*] Andri——

Andri. They don't believe you.

Teacher. Because you don't believe me. [*ANDRI smokes.*]

You with your innocence, yes, you didn't throw the stone; say it again, you didn't throw the stone, yes, you with your enormous innocence look at me like a Jew, but you are my son, yes, my son, and if you don't believe it you are lost.

Andri. I am lost.

Teacher. You want me to feel guilty! [*ANDRI looks at him.*] Go on, say it!

Andri. What?

Teacher. Tell me to hang myself.

Military music in the distance.

Andri. They are coming with music. [*He takes another cigarette.*] I'm not the first one who is lost. There is no use talking as you do. I know who my forebears are. Thousands and hundred of thousands have died at the stake; their fate is mine.

Teacher. Fate!

Andri. You don't understand that, because you are not a Jew—[*He looks into the street.*] Now, leave me. They're throwing their rifles away.

Enter the SOLDIER, disarmed and carrying only a drum. The sound of rifles being thrown into a pile can be heard. The SOLDIER speaks over his shoulder.

Soldier. But tidily, I said. Like in the Army. [*He goes up to the TEACHER.*] Hand over your rifle.

Teacher. No.

Soldier. Orders are orders.

Teacher. No.

Soldier. No Andorran has anything to fear.

Enter the DOCTOR, the INNKEEPER, the CARPENTER, the JOURNEYMAN, the SOMEBODY, all without rifles.

Teacher. Scum! All of you! Scum! To the last man. Scum! [*The TEACHER releases the safety catch of his rifle and is about to fire upon the Andorrans, but the SOLDIER intervenes; after a brief, soundless struggle the TEACHER is disarmed and looks around.*] My son! Where is my son!

[*The TEACHER rushes out.*]

Somebody. What's got into him?

On the forestage right, by the juke box, ANDRI appears and drops a coin so that his tune plays; then he slowly walks away.

Forestage. While the juke box is playing, two soldiers in black uniforms, each carrying a submachine gun, patrol back and forth.

SCENE 11

Outside BARBLIN's room. ANDRI and BARBLIN. Drums in the distance.

ANDRI. Did you sleep with him many times?

Barblin. Andri.

Andri. I asked if you slept with him many times, while I was sitting here, talking. About going away with you——
[BARBLIN says nothing.] He stood right here, barefoot, with his belt undone——

Barblin. Stop!

Andri. Great hairy chest. [BARBLIN says nothing.] A real man! [BARBLIN says nothing.] Did you sleep with him many times? [BARBLIN says nothing.] You don't say anything. . . . Then what are we to talk about all night? I mustn't think about that now, you say. I should think about my future, but I have no future. . . . I should just like to know if it was many times. [BARBLIN sobs.] And will it go on? [BARBLIN sobs.] Why do I want to know anyhow? What does it matter now? Just to be able to feel something for you again. [ANDRI listens.]

Barblin. Andri——

Andri. Ssh!

Barblin. It wasn't like that at all.

Andri. I wonder how near they are——

Barblin. You're unfair, so unfair.

Andri. I shall apologize when they come. . . . [BARBLIN sobs.] Why unfair? I thought we loved each other. I'm only asking what it's like to have a real man. Don't be shy! Surely you could tell me that, now that you think of yourself as my little sister. [ANDRI strokes her hair.] I have waited too long for you. [ANDRI listens.]

Barblin. They mustn't hurt you!

Andri. You try and stop them.

Barblin. I shall stay with you!

Silence.

Andri. Barblin, now I'm frightened again——

Barblin. Brother!

Andri. Suddenly. If they know I'm in the house and they can't find me, they'll set fire to the house, that's well known, and wait down below till the Jew jumps out of the window.

Barblin. Andri—you aren't a Jew!

Andri. Then why do you want to hide me?

Drums in the distance.

Barblin. Come into my room. [*ANDRI shakes his head.*] Nobody knows there's another room up here.

Andri. Except Peider. [*The drums disappear into the distance.*] All wiped out.

Barblin. What did you say?

Andri. What is coming has all happened before. I said, "All wiped out." My head in your lap. Do you remember? There's no end to it. My head in your lap. Was I in your way? I can't imagine that. So what? I can imagine it. What rubbish did I talk when I wasn't the one any more? Why didn't you laugh? You didn't even laugh. All wiped out, all wiped out. And I didn't even feel it when Peider was there, your hair in his hands. So what? It has all happened before. . . . [*Drums nearby.*] You see, they know where the fear is.

Barblin. They're going past.

Andri. They're surrounding the house. [*The drums suddenly fall silent.*] It's me they're after, you know that very well; I'm not your brother. Lies won't help. There have been too many already. [*Silence.*] Go on, kiss me!

Barblin. Andri——

Andri. Take your clothes off!

Barblin. No, Andri.

Andri. Kiss me—put your arms around me. [*BARBLIN struggles.*] What's it matter now? [*BARBLIN struggles.*] Don't act so pure, you——

The tinkling of a broken window.

Barblin. What was that?

Andri. They know where I am.

Barblin. Put out the candle!

The tinkling of a second window.

Andri. Kiss me.

Barblin. No. No . . .

Andri. Can't you do with me what you can do with anyone, merry and naked? I won't let go of you. Why is it different with others? Go on, tell me. Why is it different? I shall kiss you, soldier's sweetheart! One more or less, don't be so fussy. Why is it different with me? Tell me! Is your hair bored when I kiss it?

Barblin. Brother——

Andri. Why do you only feel ashamed with me?

Barblin. Let go of me.

Andri. Now, yes, now and never again, yes, I want you, yes, merry and naked, yes, little sister, yes, yes, yes——
[BARBLIN screams.] Remember the deadly nightshade. [ANDRI undoes her blouse as if she were lying unconscious.] Remember our deadly nightshade——

Barblin. You're out of your mind! [The doorbell rings.] Did you hear that, Andri? You're lost if you don't believe us. Hide! Hide, Andri!

The doorbell rings.

Andri. Why didn't we poison ourselves, Barblin, while we were still children. Now it's too late. . . .

Banging against the front door.

Barblin. Father won't open the door.

Andri. How slowly.

Barblin. What did you say?

Andri. I said how slowly it goes.

Banging against the front door.

Barblin. Oh, Lord, our God, who art, who art, Lord, Almighty God, who art in heaven, Lord, Lord, who art—
Lord . . .

The front door cracks.

Andri. Leave me quickly. If they find you with me that

won't be good. Take your blouse. Quickly. Think of your hair. *Voices in the house.* BARBLIN *puts out the candle; the tramping of boots.* The SOLDIER *appears with the drum and two SOLDIERS IN BLACK UNIFORMS equipped with a searchlight:*

BARBLIN, *without a blouse, alone outside the room.*

Soldier. Where is he?

Barblin. Who?

Soldier. Our Jew.

Barblin. There isn't any Jew. [*The SOLDIER pushes her aside and goes up to the door.*] Don't you dare!

Soldier. Open up!

Barblin. Help! Help!

ANDRI *opens the door and steps out.*

Soldier. That's him.

ANDRI *is bound.*

Barblin. Don't touch him—he is my brother—

Soldier. We shall see about that at the Jew Inspection.

Barblin. The Jew Inspection?

Soldier. All right, get going.

Barblin. What's that?

Soldier. You too. Everybody has to appear at the Jew Inspection. Come on. [*ANDRI is led away.*] Jew's whore!

Forestage. The DOCTOR *enters the witness box.*

Doctor. I shall try to be brief, although there are a great many things being said today which ought to be corrected. It's always easy to know afterward how one ought to have behaved at the time, quite apart from the fact that as far as I am personally concerned I really don't know why I should have behaved differently. What did I do? Nothing whatever. I was the local medical officer, as I still am. I can't remember what I am supposed to have said at the time, but anyhow that's my way—an Andorran always says what he thinks—but I must be brief. . . . I admit that we were all mistaken at the time, which naturally I can only regret. How often do I have to say that? I'm not in favor of atrocities, I never have been. Anyway, I only saw the young man two or three

times. I didn't see the beating that is supposed to have taken place later. Nevertheless, I naturally condemn it. I can only say that it's not my fault, quite apart from the fact that his behavior (there's no point in concealing this) became (let us be quite frank) more and more Jewish, although the young man may really have been just as much of an Andorran as I am. I don't for one moment deny that we were somewhat influenced by the events of the period. It was, let us not forget, a turbulent period. As far as I am personally concerned I never took part in brutality or urged anyone to indulge in it. I can state that publicly. A tragic affair, undoubtedly. It wasn't my fault that things turned out as they did. I think I can speak in the name of everyone when, to conclude, I repeat that we can only regret the turn that events took—at that time.

SCENE 12

The square of Andorra. The square is surrounded by SOLDIERS IN BLACK UNIFORMS, with ordered arms, motionless. The Andorrans, like a herd in the pen, wait mutely to see what is going to happen. For a long time nothing happens. There is only whispering.

DOCTOR. Keep calm, everyone. Once the Jew Inspection is over, everything will be as before. No Andorran has anything to fear; we've got that in black and white. I shall remain the medical officer, the innkeeper will remain the innkeeper, Andorra will remain Andorran. . . . [*A roll of drums. Black cloths are handed out.*] No resistance now, whatever you do.

Enter BARBLIN. She goes from group to group as though demented, pulling people's sleeves. They turn their backs on her; she whispers something that is unintelligible.

Innkeeper. Now all of a sudden they're saying he isn't one. *Somebody.* What do they say?

Innkeeper. That he isn't one.

Doctor. But you can see that he is at a glance.

Somebody. Who says he isn't?

Innkeeper. The teacher.

Doctor. Now we shall see.

Innkeeper. Anyhow, he threw the stone.

Somebody. Has that been proved?

Innkeeper. Proved?

Doctor. If he isn't one, why is he hiding? Why is he afraid? Why doesn't he come out into the square like the rest of us?

Innkeeper. Quite right.

Doctor. Why shouldn't he be one?

Innkeeper. Quite right.

Somebody. They say they have been looking for him all night.

Doctor. They found him.

Somebody. I shouldn't like to be in his shoes.

Innkeeper. Anyhow, he threw the stone—

They stop talking as a BLACK SOLDIER approaches; they have to take the black cloths. The soldier passes on.

Doctor. The way they distribute these black cloths without once raising their voices—that's what I call organization. Just look at it! That's efficiency!

Somebody. They have a smell. [*They sniff at their cloths.*] The sweat of fear. . . .

BARBLIN comes up to the DOCTOR and the INNKEEPER and the rest of this group, tugs at their sleeves, and whispers. They turn their backs on her; she wanders on.

Doctor. That's nonsense.

Somebody. What did she say?

Innkeeper. She'll pay dearly for that.

Doctor. No resistance now, whatever you do.

BARBLIN goes up to another group, tugs at their sleeves, and whispers. They turn their backs on her; she moves on.

Innkeeper. Has it been proved? you ask. When I saw it with my own eyes! Right here on this spot. Who else could have thrown it?

Somebody. I only asked.

Innkeeper. One of us perhaps?

Somebody. I wasn't there.

Innkeeper. But I was! [*The DOCTOR puts his finger to his lips.*] I suppose you think I threw the stone?

Doctor. Quiet.

Innkeeper. Me?

Doctor. We're not supposed to talk.

Innkeeper. Here, right here on this spot, the stone was lying here—I saw it myself—a cobblestone, a loose cobblestone, and he picked it up like this—[*The INNKEEPER picks up a cobblestone.*] Just . . . like this. . . .

The CARPENTER joins them.

Carpenter. What's going on?

Doctor. Keep calm, keep calm.

Carpenter. What are these black cloths for?

Doctor. The Jew Inspection.

Carpenter. What are we supposed to do with them?

The BLACK SOLDIERS surrounding the square suddenly present arms: A Black—short, fat, pale, flabby, in civilian clothes—crosses the square with brisk, short steps.

Doctor. That's him.

Carpenter. Who?

Doctor. The Jew Detector.

The soldiers order arms with a crash.

Innkeeper. Suppose he makes a mistake?

Doctor. He never makes a mistake.

Innkeeper. What would happen?

Doctor. Why should he make a mistake?

Innkeeper. But just suppose. What would happen?

Doctor. He has an eye for it. You can be sure of that! He can smell it. He can see it by the walk. If somebody walks across the square, he can see it by the feet.

Somebody. Is that why we have to take our shoes off?

Doctor. He has been trained as a Jew Detector.

BARBLIN appears again, looking for groups to which she has not yet been. She finds the JOURNEYMAN, tugs his sleeve, and whispers. The JOURNEYMAN pulls himself free.

Journeyman. Leave me alone! [*The DOCTOR lights a cigarillo.*] She's nuts. She says no one's to walk across the square. We are to let them take us all away. She wants to give us a sign. She's nuts. [*A BLACK SOLDIER sees that the DOCTOR is smoking and approaches him with fixed bayonet at the ready. The DOCTOR starts with fright, throws down his cigar, stamps it out, and turns pale.*] They say they have found him. . . . [*A roll of drums.*] This is it.

They put the cloths over their heads.

Innkeeper. I'm not going to put a black cloth over my head!

Somebody. Why not?

Innkeeper. I won't do it.

Journeyman. Orders are orders.

Innkeeper. What's the use of it?

Doctor. They do that wherever one of them has been hiding. That's what you get for it. If we had handed him over straight away——

The IDIOT appears.

Innkeeper. Why hasn't he got a black cloth?

Somebody. They believe him when he says he isn't one.

The IDIOT grins and nods and walks on, scrutinizing the masked people and grinning. Only the INNKEEPER is still standing unmasked.

Innkeeper. I won't put a black cloth over my head!

Masked Figure. Then he'll be flogged.

Innkeeper. Me?

Masked Figure. He hasn't read the yellow poster.

Innkeeper. What do you mean, flogged?

A roll of drums.

Masked Figure. This is it.

Masked Figure. Keep calm, everyone.

A roll of drums.

Innkeeper. I'm the innkeeper. Why don't you believe me? I'm the innkeeper, everybody knows who I am—I'm the innkeeper, your innkeeper. . . .

Masked Figure. He's scared!

Innkeeper. Don't you recognize me?

Masked Figure. He's scared, he's scared!

Some masked figures laugh.

Innkeeper. I won't put a black cloth over my head. . . .

Masked Figure. He'll be flogged.

Innkeeper. I'm not a Jew.

Masked Figure. He'll be put in a camp.

Innkeeper. I'm not a Jew!

Masked Figure. He hasn't read the yellow poster.

Innkeeper. Don't you recognize me? You there! I'm the innkeeper. Who are you? You can't do this to me. You there!

I'm the innkeeper, I'm the innkeeper. Surely you recognize me? You can't leave me in the lurch like this. You, schoolmaster! Who am I?

The INNKEEPER has taken hold of the TEACHER, who has just appeared with the MOTHER, unmasked.

Teacher. You're the one who threw the stone, aren't you? [*The INNKEEPER drops the cobblestone.*] Why do you say my son did it? [*The INNKEEPER masks himself and mingles with the other masked figures. The TEACHER and the MOTHER stand alone.*] That's right, hide under a cloth!

A whistle.

Masked Figure. What does that mean?

Masked Figure. Shoes off.

Masked Figure. Who?

Masked Figure. Everyone.

Masked Figure. Now?

Masked Figure. Shoes off, shoes off.

Masked Figure. Why?

Masked Figure. He hasn't read the yellow poster. . . .

All the masked figures kneel down to take off their shoes.
Silence. It takes quite a time.

Teacher. Look at them all on their knees!

A BLACK SOLDIER comes. The TEACHER and the MOTHER also have to take a black cloth each.

Masked Figure. One whistle means shoes off. According to the poster. And two whistles mean march.

Masked Figure. Barefoot?

Masked Figure. What did he say?

Masked Figure. Shoes off, shoes off.

Masked Figure. And three whistles means cloth off.

Masked Figure. Why cloth off?

Masked Figure. All according to the poster.

Masked Figure. What did he say?

Masked Figure. All according to the poster.

Masked Figure. What do two whistles mean?

Masked Figure. March?

Masked Figure. Why barefoot?

Masked Figure. And three whistles mean cloth off.

Masked Figure. Where are we to put our shoes?

Masked Figure. Why cloth off?

Masked Figure. Where are we to put out shoes?

Masked Figure. Cloth off means he's found the Jew.

Masked Figure. All according to the poster.

Masked Figure. No Andorran has anything to fear.

Masked Figure. What did he say?

Masked Figure. No Andorran has anything to fear.

Masked Figure. Where are we to put our shoes?

The TEACHER, unmasked, walks in among the masked figures and is the only one standing up.

Teacher. Andri is my son.

Masked Figure. That's not our concern.

Teacher. Do you hear what I say?

Masked Figure. What did he say?

Masked Figure. He says Andri is his son.

Masked Figure. Then why is he hiding?

Teacher. I say Andri is my son.

Masked Figure. Anyhow, he threw the stone.

Teacher. Which of you says that?

Masked Figure. Where are we to put our shoes?

Teacher. Why do you lie? One of you did it. Why do you say my son did it—[*A roll of drums.*] You don't want to know the truth. Cover it up with a cloth! You don't want to know. Cover it up with a cloth! You'll still have your murderer serving you. What does it matter so long as the innkeeper is still the innkeeper, the doctor still the medical officer. Look at them! See the way they put out their shoes in a line. All according to the poster! And one of them is a murderer. Cover it up with a cloth! They only hate the one who reminds them of it—[*A roll of drums.*] What a people you are! God in heaven, who fortunately for you doesn't exist, what a people you are!

Enter the SOLDIER, with the drum.

Soldier. Ready? On your feet! Everybody over there! Take

your shoes. [*All the masked figures stand up with their shoes in their hands.*] Put your shoes on the ground. But tidily. Like in the Army. Understand? Shoe next to shoe. And no back talk. [*The SOLDIER examines the row of shoes.*] Those here——

Masked Figure. I'm the innkeeper.

Soldier. Too far back! [*The masked figure straightens out his shoes.*] I shall read out the order again. [*Quiet.*] "Citizens of Andorra! The Jew Inspection is a measure for the protection of the population in liberated areas, and for the restoration of law and order. No Andorran has anything to fear. For instructions see yellow poster." Quiet! "Andorra, 15th September, Commander-in-Chief"—why haven't you got a cloth over your head?

Teacher. Where's Andri, where is my son?

Soldier. He's here, don't you worry; he didn't slip through our fingers. He'll march. Barefoot like everyone else.

Teacher. Andri is my son.

Soldier. We'll soon see about that——[*A roll of drums.*] Get back! Dress right! Close up! [*The masked figures form up.*] All right then, citizens of Andorra, do you understand? Not a word out of you when the Jew Detector is here. Is that clear? Everything must be done right, that's important. When the Jew Detector whistles, stop immediately. You're not expected to come to attention. Is that clear? Only the Army comes to attention, because they have practiced it. Anyone who is not a Jew will be free to go. That is to say, you will go straight back to work. I shall beat the drum. [*The SOLDIER does so.*] And so you will walk forward one after the other. Anyone who doesn't stop when the Jew Detector whistles will be shot on the spot. Is that clear?

The ringing of a bell.

Teacher. Why isn't the priest here?

Soldier. He'll be praying for the Jew.

Teacher. The priest knows the truth——

Enter the JEW DETECTOR.

Soldier. Silence! [*The BLACK SOLDIERS present arms and*

stand rigidly in this position until the JEW DETECTOR, who behaves like an unassuming civil servant, has seated himself in the armchair in the center of the square. The soldiers then order arms. The JEW DETECTOR takes off his pince-nez, polishes them, puts them on again. The TEACHER and the MOTHER are now also masked. The JEW DETECTOR waits until the bell has stopped ringing, then he gives a sign and two blasts are blown on a whistle.] First one! [Nobody moves.] Come on, come on. [The IDIOT is the first to move.] Not you. [Nervous laughter among the masked figures.] Silence! [A drumbeat.] What's the matter, damn you? All you've got to do is walk across the square. [No one moves.] No Andorran has anything to fear. . . . [BARBLIN, masked, steps forward.] Come on. [BARBLIN goes up to the JEW DETECTOR and throws the black cloth down at his boots.] Hey, what's the idea?

Barblin. This is the sign. [Movement among the masked figures.] Tell him no Andorran will cross the square! Not one of us! Then let them flog us! Tell him! Then let them shoot us all!

Two BLACK SOLDIERS seize BARBLIN, who struggles in vain. No one moves. The BLACK SOLDIERS all around have brought their rifles into firing position. All without a sound. BARBLIN is dragged away.

Soldier. . . . all right, now get moving. One after the other. Have we got to flog you? Come on. Next one. One after the other. [Now they start walking.] Slowly, slowly. Next one. [Those who have gone past remove their cloths from their heads.] The cloths are to be folded up. But tidily, I said. Is this country a pigsty? The national emblem must be in the top right-hand corner. What will our foreign friends think of us? Next one. [Others walk too slowly.] Quickly. Quickly. [The JEW DETECTOR studies their walk carefully, but with the casualness of routine and bored by his own self-confidence. One figure stumbles over the cobblestone.] Just look at that!

Masked Figure. My name is Prader.

Soldier. Come on.

Masked Figure. Who tripped me?

Soldier. Nobody tripped you. [*The CARPENTER takes off his cloth.*] Come on, I said, come on. The next. And those who have gone past are to take their shoes at once. Do I have to tell you everything, God damn it? Is this a kindergarten?

Carpenter. Somebody tripped me.

Soldier. Silence! [*One figure goes in the wrong direction.*] Like a bunch of chickens.

A few who have already gone past giggle.

Masked Figure. I'm the medical officer.

Soldier. All right, all right. Take your shoes.

Doctor. I can't see when I have a cloth over my head. I'm not used to it. How can I walk when I can't see the ground?

Soldier. Come on, I said, come on.

Doctor [*takes off his cloth*]. It's an imposition.

Soldier. Next. [*Drumbeat.*] Can't you put your damn shoes on at home? I told you those who have been passed are to take their shoes and go. What are you standing around gawking for? [*Drumbeat.*] Next.

Doctor. Where are my shoes? Somebody has taken my shoes. Those aren't my shoes.

Soldier. Why pick on that pair?

Doctor. They were standing in my spot.

Soldier. Just like a kindergarten.

Doctor. Well, are those my shoes? [*Drumbeat.*] I'm not going without my shoes.

Soldier. Don't start making a fuss.

Doctor. I'm not going barefoot. I'm not used to it. And speak properly to me. I won't be spoken to in that tone.

Soldier. Well, what's the matter?

Doctor. I'm not making any fuss.

Soldier. What the hell do you want?

Doctor. My shoes.

The JEW DETECTOR gives a sign. A blast is blown on the whistle.

Soldier. I'm on duty. [*Drumbeat.*] Next.

No one moves.

Doctor. These aren't my shoes! [*The SOLDIER takes the*

shoes from his hand.] I shall lodge a complaint; yes, I shall lodge a complaint. Someone has moved my shoes. I won't move a step, and certainly not if I'm shouted at.

Soldier. Who do these shoes belong to?

Doctor. They're not mine.

Soldier. Who do these shoes belong to? [He puts them down at the front by the footlights.] We shall see!

Doctor. I know very well who they belong to.

Soldier. Get a move on! [Drumbeat.] Next.

No one moves.

Doctor. Here they are!

No one moves.

Soldier. Scared again are we? Come on!

Once more they go, one after the other. The procedure has become automatic so that it is now tedious. One of those who has walked past the JEW DETECTOR and now takes the cloth from his head is the JOURNEYMAN.

Journeyman. What was that about the national emblem?

Masked Figure. Top right-hand corner.

Journeyman. Has he been through yet?

The JEW DETECTOR gives a sign. Three blasts are blown on the whistle.

Soldier. Stop! [The masked figure stands still.] Off with your cloth! [The masked figure doesn't move.] Off with your cloth, Jew, do you hear! [The SOLDIER goes up to the masked figure and takes off his cloth. It is the SOMEBODY rigid with terror.] That's not him. He only looks like that because he's scared. It's not him. There's nothing to be scared about, man. He looks quite different when he's happy. . . . [The JEW DETECTOR has risen, walks around the SOMEBODY and scrutinizes him for a long time like an indifferent but conscientious official. The SOMEBODY's appearance visibly disintegrates. The JEW DETECTOR holds his ballpoint pen under the SOMEBODY's chin.] Head up, man. Don't stare down at the ground like one of them. [The JEW DETECTOR also studies his feet, sits down, and gives a negligent sign.] Beat it, man!

Tension relaxes in the crowd.

Doctor. He doesn't make mistakes. What did I say? He doesn't make mistakes, he has an eye for it. . . .

Drumbeat.

Soldier. Next. [*They start walking again in single file.*] What sort of filthy behavior is that? Can't you use your own handkerchief when you sweat? Well, take your shoes. [*A masked figure picks up the cobblestone.*] What do you think you're doing?

Masked Figure. I'm the innkeeper—

Soldier. What do you want with that stone?

Masked Figure. I'm the innkeeper—I—I—[*The INNKEEPER remains masked.*]

Soldier. That's no reason to shit in your pants. [*There are giggles here and there, as people will giggle over a well-liked but ridiculous figure. In the midst of this nervous hilarity come three blasts on the whistle, following a sign from the JEW DETECTOR.*] Stop—[*The TEACHER takes off his cloth.*] Not you, that one there, the other one! [*The masked figure does not move.*] Off with your cloth!

The JEW DETECTOR stands up.

Doctor. He has an eye for it. What did I say? He can see by the walk. . . .

Soldier. Three paces forward.

Doctor. He's got him. . . .

Soldier. Three paces back. [*The masked figure obeys.*] Laugh!

Doctor. He can tell by the laugh. . . .

Soldier. Laugh or they'll fire. [*The masked figure tries to laugh.*] Louder!

The masked figure tries to laugh.

Doctor. That's a Jew's laugh.

The SOLDIER pushes the masked figure.

Soldier. Off with your cloth, Jew, there's no help for you. Off with your cloth. Show your face. Or they'll fire.

Teacher. Andri.

Soldier. I shall count three. [*The masked figure does not move.*] One——

Teacher. No!

Soldier. Two——[*The TEACHER pulls off the figure's cloth.*] Three . . .

Teacher. My son!

The JEW DETECTOR examines ANDRI's feet, then gives a sign, just as negligently as before but a different sign, and two BLACK SOLDIERS take charge of ANDRI. The JEW DETECTOR sits down.

Carpenter. Let's go.

Mother. No! [*The MOTHER steps forward and takes off her cloth.*]

Soldier. What the hell do you want?

Mother. I shall tell the truth.

Soldier. Is Andri your son?

Mother. No.

Soldier. You see. You see!

Mother. But Andri is my husband's son——

Innkeeper. Let her prove it.

Mother. It's true. And Andri didn't throw the stone. I know that, too, because he was at home when it happened. I swear to that. I was at home myself. I know that and I swear it by almighty God who is our judge in eternity.

Innkeeper. She's lying.

Mother. It's true. Let him go!

The JEW DETECTOR stands up again.

Soldier. Silence! [*The JEW DETECTOR goes up to ANDRI and repeats the examination; then he empties out ANDRI's trouser pockets. Coins fall out. The Andorrans recoil from the rolling money as though it were lava; the SOLDIER laughs.*] Jew money.

Doctor. He doesn't make mistakes. . . .

Teacher. What do you mean, Jew money? It's your money, our money. What else have you got in your own pockets? [*The JEW DETECTOR feels ANDRI's hair.*] Andri, why don't you

speak? [ANDRI smiles.] He is my son—he mustn't die, my son, my son!

The JEW DETECTOR leaves; the Blacks present arms; the SOLDIER takes charge.

Soldier. Where did you get that ring?

Carpenter. He's even got valuables. . . .

Soldier. Give it here!

Andri. No.

Soldier. Come on, hand it over!

Andri. No—please . . .

Soldier. Or they'll hack your finger off.

Andri. No! No! [ANDRI struggles.]

Carpenter. Look how he fights for his valuables. . . .

Doctor. Let's go.

ANDRI is surrounded by BLACK SOLDIERS and out of sight, when he lets out a scream, then silence. ANDRI is led away.

Teacher. That's it. Slink away to your homes. You didn't see it, you know nothing. Go home and look at yourselves in your mirrors and be sick, be sick.

The Andorrans disappear in all directions, everyone taking his shoes.

Soldier. He won't be needing shoes any more.

[*The SOLDIER goes.*]

Somebody. The poor Jew—

Innkeeper. What can we do about it?

Carpenter. I could do with a brandy. That bit with the finger was going too far. . . .

Doctor. I could do with a brandy myself.

Carpenter. His shoes are still there.

Doctor. Let's go inside.

Carpenter. That bit with the finger was going to far. . . .

The CARPENTER and the INNKEEPER disappear into the inn. The stage grows dark; the juke box begins to play of its own accord the same record. When the stage lights up again, BARBLIN is on her knees whitewashing the cobblestones of the square; her head has been shaved. Enter the PRIEST. The music stops.

Barblin. I'm whitewashing, I'm whitewashing.

Priest. Barblin!

Barblin. Why shouldn't I whitewash my father's house, Father?

Priest. You're talking wildly.

Barblin. I'm whitewashing.

Priest. This isn't your father's house, Barblin.

Barblin. I'm whitewashing, I'm whitewashing.

Priest. There's no sense in it.

Enter the INNKEEPER.

Innkeeper. What is she doing?

Barblin. There are his shoes. [*The INNKEEPER is about to fetch the shoes.*] Don't touch them!

Priest. She has lost her senses.

Barblin. I'm whitewashing, I'm whitewashing. What are you doing? If you can't see what I see, then you can see what I'm doing. I am whitewashing.

Innkeeper. Stop that!

Barblin. Blood, blood, blood everywhere.

Innkeeper. Those are my tables!

Barblin. My tables, your tables, our tables.

Innkeeper. Make her stop.

Barblin. Who are you?

Priest. I've tried everything.

Barblin. I'm whitewashing, I'm whitewashing, so that we shall have a white Andorra, you murderers, a snow-white Andorra; I shall whitewash all of you, all of you. [*Enter the former SOLDIER.*] Tell him to leave me alone, Father—he has his eye on me, Father—I'm engaged.

Soldier. I'm thirsty.

Barblin. He doesn't know me.

Soldier. Who is she?

Barblin. The Jew's whore, Barblin.

Soldier. Go away!

Barblin. Who are you? [*BARBLIN laughs.*] Where is your drum?

Soldier. Stop laughing!

Barblin. Where have you taken my brother? [*Enter the*

CARPENTER.] Where have you come from, all of you? Where are you going to? Why don't you go home, all of you, all of you and hang yourselves?

Carpenter. What did she say?

Barblin. Him too.

Innkeeper. She's off her rocker.

Soldier. Get rid of her.

Barblin. I'm whitewashing.

Carpenter. What's the idea of that?

Barblin. I'm whitewashing, I'm whitewashing. [*Enter the DOCTOR.*] Have you seen a finger? [*The DOCTOR is speechless.*] Haven't you seen a finger?

Soldier. That's enough of that!

Priest. Leave her alone.

Innkeeper. She's a public nuisance.

Carpenter. Tell her to leave us alone.

Innkeeper. What can we do about it?

Journeyman. I warned her.

Doctor. The place for her is a lunatic asylum.

BARBLIN *stares.*

Priest. Her father has hanged himself in the schoolroom. She is looking for her father, she is looking for her hair, she is looking for her brother. [*All, except for the PRIEST and BARBLIN, go into the inn.*] Barblin, do you hear who is speaking to you? [*BARBLIN whitewashes the stones.*] I've come to take you home.

Barblin. I'm whitewashing.

Priest. I'm Father Benedict. [*BARBLIN whitewashes the stones.*] I'm Father Benedict.

Barblin. Where were you, Father Benedict, when they took our brother like a beast to the slaughter, like a beast to the slaughter, where were you? You have turned black, Father Benedict. . . . [*The PRIEST says nothing.*] Father is dead.

Priest. I know, Barblin.

Barblin. And my brother?

Priest. I pray for Andri every day.

Barblin. And my hair?

Priest. Your hair, Barblin, will grow again——

Barblin. Like the grass out of the graves.

The PRIEST starts to lead BARBLIN away, but she suddenly stops and turns back to the shoes.

Priest. Barblin—Barblin

Barblin. Those are his shoes. Don't touch them. When he comes back, those are his shoes.

Curtain.

