

SIKORSKA-MISZCZUK

CHYRA

BAŁKA

THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN

based on the novel
by Thomas Mann



MYKIETYN	SIKORSKA-MISZCZUK	
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THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN

based on the novel
by Thomas Mann

music:

Paweł Mykietyn

libretto:

Małgorzata Sikorska-Miszczuk

after an idea by :

Małgorzata Sikorska-Miszczuk
and Andrzej Chyra

act I

————— **As she was dying, she had a dream that
she held on to**

AMERICAN I bought a new pair of heels
I never got to wear them

BEHRENS don't bother about shoes
die already

AMERICAN *(seeing Hans Castorp in a deathbed dream)*
someone's coming
holding my high-heels

BEHRENS the American lady

KROKOWSKI un sueño bonito

BEHRENS nurse
room 34 is now vacant

Cousins, yet like brothers

HANS *(surprised at what he sees)*
is that you?
is this it?

JOACHIM this is it

HANS you're looking well

JOACHIM six months, Behrens says

HANS six months?

JOACHIM he examined me

BEHRENS your body makes a music
all of its own

JOACHIM when it snows
the mortal remains
are brought down
on bob-sleds

**The International Sanatorium Berghof
opens the door to the Delirium Bar
for Hans Castorp**

CHOIR amaretto, brunello, campari, prosecco,
liqueur, champagne, cognac,
porter, vermouth, brandy, port, riesling,
sake, gewürztraminer

JOACHIM what's so funny?

HANS the mortal remains

JOACHIM you find my mortal remains funny?

HANS the ones brought down on bob-sleds

JOACHIM I'm glad you're here
 Hans, I'm glasses-of-wine-Joachim now
 your face is burning

HANS my face is burning

JOACHIM I see a fire in your eyes
 the same fire that scares me
 to death

HANS porter!

JOACHIM listen carefully
 I'll only say this once
 I love you brother
 don't leave me
 don't betray me
 you're all I have

HANS the Elbe will flow the way we want it to

JOACHIM if ever you call me
 I'll always hear your voice
 even in the Land of the Dead
 I'll always hear your voice

because I love you
even if you don't care
Hans!

**In Hans's bed there is an American lady
holding on to a dream**

- HANS I'm falling asleep
nodding off, striding like a heron
where's my bed?
- JOACHIM Doctor Krokowski is standing
between you and your bed
- KROKOWSKI psychoanalysis
- JOACHIM Hans Castorp
my cousin straight from the lowlands
- KROKOWSKI master cousin
you're striding like a heron
- AMERICAN *(lying in her bed and looking at Hans)*
he looks familiar
- KROKOWSKI are you well?
- HANS fit as a fish
gobbled up by a heron
- AMERICAN *(reflecting)*
I've seen him around

KROKOWSKI Jonah, after a long journey,
 spat out,
 it's all connected
 in sync
 the belly, the heron, the fish

AMERICAN *(watching Hans)*
 he's breathing so evenly

JOACHIM an American lady died in this bed

HANS *(lying down)*
 hello, my funny Valentine!

JOACHIM don't speak to her
 the formaldehyde's disinfected her
 forevermore

AMERICAN lying quietly by your side
 (to Hans) sleep with me, Hans

HANS I'm having a dream

AMERICAN it's me
 the American lady

HANS hello
 you're dead
 deal with it
 stop elbowing
 stop singing

(we hear singing all the same – it’s the anaconda singing – seriously! – about how it’s walking and singing, the maracas are playing, and granddad is singing and dancing: Sueña la maraca y el abuelo canta, sueña la maraca y el abuelo danza, yage – and the singing is a cure, a powerful cure to help people wake up and see – la medicina, poderosa medicina, para ver – that’s what the anaconda is thinking)

Hans, in Room 34, is listening to another song in a dream – performed by the Anything-Is-Possible Choir

CHOIR wake up, Hans
 you sleep too much
 we’re going sledding
 real bob-sleds
 we’ll have a race
 a race to the bottom
 a grand tournament
 Hans
 we’ll pair you up with Joachim
 because Joachim’s competing too
 because Joachim’s competing too

If he is to be in a race with Joachim, he’s going down for breakfast

HANS my name is Hans Castorp
 I’m healthy
 bon appetit

MRS STÖHR bon appetit, you say
 I have a 38-degree fever

WEHSAL mine's 38.9

MRS STÖHR a storm is raging in my breast

WEHSAL it's leaping like a frog

MRS STÖHR I'm burning up

MARUSIA ha, ha, ha

WEHSAL temperature is a sound

MRS STÖHR you're as fit as a fish
 yet kind of
 spat out

MARUSIA ha, ha, ha

BEHRENS I'll join in the conversation
 with my finger

WEHSAL it's getting hotter

BEHRENS I'll draw back the eyelid

MRS STÖHR/BEHRENS
 hold on there, boy

MRS STÖHR Hofrat Behrens
 will draw back your eyelid

WEHSAL his temperature's up and down

BEHRENS my finger
 a diagnostic instrument
 it's a sensitive one
 protein

WEHSAL there's more than two in this bed

(the door slams)

BEHRENS protein's low
 anemic

MRS STÖHR I sensed it
 that this spat-out boy
 lethargic as a fish

BEHRENS anemic
 but the prospects
 are bright

(Chorus and Behrens unisono)

CHOIR we have the holy trinity

BEHRENS you should consider
 undergoing treatment
 with us
 on the mountain
 for a spell

(still unisono)

CHOIR everybody dreams of threesomes

BEHRENS have fun

————— **Hans feels he's never felt this way**

SETTEMBRINI salute, o satana, o ribellione
o forza vindice della ragione

MRS STÖHR I know how to make 28 sauces to go
with fish...

HANS Joachim
I feel burning

(Joachim and Settembrini unisono)

SETTEMBRINI sacri a te salgano

JOACHIM acclimatizing

(Frau Stöhr and Hans unisono)

MRS STÖHR give it a go

HANS I'm not accustomed
to feeling
so many things at once

SETTEMBRINI gl'incensi e i voti

MRS STÖHR lie down

SETTEMBRINI hai vinto il Geova
de i sacerdoti
get up and leave
as fast as you can

HANS why don't you leave?

SETTEMBRINI as fast as you can

————— **The American wakes up
in a whole new life**

AMERICAN everything's the same
the view out the window, the bed
my things replaced by his

(Hans holding the American's high heels in his hand)

HANS are these yours?

AMERICAN it's you
I saw you in a dream

KROKOWSKI *(says the words un sueño bonito backwards)*
o-t-i-n-o-b o-ñ-e-u-s n-u

AMERICAN I paid a visit to Joachim tonight

HANS he's my cousin

AMERICAN I even looked under his quilt

HANS what for?

AMERICAN as if you wouldn't like a look in Claudia's bed?

HANS who's she?

AMERICAN the one who's always slamming doors
she's Russian

**Clavdia appears in a prelude.
Hans is so shaken that he takes
his temperature**

HANS you're seven minutes late
37.6

JOACHIM you didn't have to do that

HANS you're the one who showed me
how to huddle up in a blanket
and stick a thermometer in your mouth

JOACHIM I showed you too much

**The prelude is over, and Madame
Chauchat, for it is she, introduces
herself melodiously with a poem
by Alexander Blok**

CLAVDIA Мильоны-вас. Нас-тьмы, и тьмы, и тьмы.
Попробуйте, сразитесь с нами!
Да, скифы-мы! Да, азиаты-мы
С раскосыми и жадными очами!

Millions are you – and hosts, yea hosts, are we.

And we shall fight if war you want, take heed.

Yes, we are Scythians – leaves of the Asian tree,

Our slanted eyes are bright aglow with greed.

Вы сотни лет глядели на Восток,
Копя и плавя наши перлы,
И вы, глумясь, считали только срок,
Когда наставить пушек жерла!

Eastwards you cast your eyes for many hundred years,
Greedy for our precious stones and ore,
And longing for the time when with a leer
You'd yell an order and the guns would roar!

Да, так любить, как любит наша кровь,
Никто из вас давно не любит!
Забыли вы, что в мире есть любовь,
Которая и жжет, и губит!

Yet how will ever you perceive,
That, as we love, as lovingly we yearn!
Our love is neither comfort nor relief,
But like a fire will destroy and burn

Мы любим плоть — и вкус ее, и цвет,
И душный, смертный плоти запах
Виновны ль мы, коль хрустнет ваш скелет
В тяжелых, нежных наших лапах?

We love the flavor and the smell of meat,
The slaughterhouses' pungent reek.
Why blame us then if in the heat
Of our embrace your bones begin to creak.

Hans is impressed by the poetry

BEHRENS why are you crying?

HANS I have a cold

BEHRENS open wide

HANS aaaaaaaaaaaaaa

BEHRENS a moist spot and a fever
 off to bed with you

Doctor Krokowski is pleased with Hans

KROKOWSKI Your relations with us have entered
 a new phase
 you sensed it
 that first nig

BEHRENS your body makes a music
 all of its own

KROKOWSKI it's all connected
 in sync
 the belly, the heron, the fish

Doctor Krokowski is a good doctor

MRS STÖHR Doctor Krokowski
 feeds his patients
 pithy brown lectures

KROKOWSKI (*caws like a raven*)
 caw

MRS STÖHR he leads them off to Dreamland

KROKOWSKI caw-caw-caw

—————

**Hans dreams about Doctor Krokowski's
lecture**

AMERICAN I love you, Hans

HANS stop singing
don't wake me
I'm sleepy

AMERICAN I can see your dream
a schoolyard

HANS I was in love

AMERICAN I see a boy

HANS let me borrow your pencil

CLAVDIA don't be so familiar –

—————

**Hans's dream of Claudia is reality
for Doctor Behrens – and he makes
the most of it**

BEHRENS your skin...

AMERICAN *(to Hans)*
breathe in –

CLAVDIA I can give you my hand
to kiss

BEHRENS it needs to be treated with extraordinary
gentleness

AMERICAN breathe out
a hand gnawed down to the bone

BEHRENS for both of us
your skin is a source of delight and torment

CLAVDIA keep painting
no pauses

BEHRENS I'm only pausing
so I don't miss a single detail

AMERICAN breathe in

CLAVDIA you're an exquisite
painter

BEHRENS a realist painter

CLAVDIA keep painting
words are a waste of breath

Some paint, others breathe

AMERICAN *(to Hans)*
breathe out
the belly yearns in its own way
the thighs, hand, mouth in theirs
the belly needs
fingertips

tracing its navel
in which a shell's been placed
the belly is helpless
it sometimes needs
to be cupped in a hand

**The bone of contention looks like
a jellyfish sometimes, it's a scientific fact**

BEHRENS behold our Dioskouri, Castor and Pollux
one mortal, the other immortal
they loved each other very much;
when one of them died
the other couldn't go on without him
but we're not here to retell old myths
let's take a look at your inner self

KROKOWSKI limbs legs knee-joints
shins thighs pelvis

BEHRENS a female arm
this is what they throw around us
during the act of love

(Marusja laughs)

KROKOWSKI a bag a strange animal shape
contracting and expanding like a jellyfish

HANS Joachim, I can see your heart!

JOACHIM it's only a heart

HANS only a heart?
 what is it that leaves you tongue-tied
 and staring at the table, blushing,
 whenever Marusja walks in laughing?
 why don't you be with me
 instead of staring
 like you've caught me red-handed

JOACHIM *(in despair)*
 it's winter again

HANS there are no seasons here
 this isn't even time
 I'm glad we're here

JOACHIM you're glad?
 this is sick
 because I don't want to look

HANS it would be best
 if you could shut your eyes

————— **Settembrini wants to be a father**

SETTEMBRINI you had yourself examined
 X-rays are often misleading

HANS I have a moist spot

SETTEMBRINI what does your family say, mio caro?

HANS phlegm through and through

SETTEMBRINI true Germans: phlegmatic
vigorously so

HANS I am an orphan with no mother and father

SETTEMBRINI I'd be willing to be a father
you need advice
you're drawn to Asia
Russia, stillness, night
a barbarian in the garden
you're not listening
where are you, engineer?

HANS I'm listening but in the opposite direction
my soul is floating on a lake in Holstein
the fixed and glassy air on the western shore
versus the moonlit landscape to the east
I love tyranny
the queen of the moonlit night
the eastern shore of the lake
the dark side of the day

SETTEMBRINI eh, Ingegnere! Aspetti! Che cosa fa!
Ingegnere! Un po di ragione, sa!

**Walpurgis-Night. Frau Stöhr discovers
the mystery of the universe: where we
come from and where we are going**

MRS STÖHR the anaconda will swallow all things
the cow, the man, the mountain
everything in its path
everything

me and you as well
the anaconda swims with the whole world
in its gut
the world is not enough for it
it wants to swallow the cosmos
apart from us, it's swallowed Hans Castorp
and Joachim Zimssen as well
it swallowed the two of them
because they're very close
it also swallowed a few Alpine peaks and
glaciers
flowers, edelweiss, a graveyard, a table and
deck-chairs
all swimming who knows where with the
anaconda
we've been swallowed and don't even know it
what's going down in the anaconda's gut?
everything

CHOIR Herr Kasten, Herr Carsten, Herr Kastrop,
 Herr Kastrup

MARUSIA hooray!

JOACHIM save me, Hans

BEHRENS a dance of death
 off to bed!

SETTEMBRINI ma è matto questo ragazzo!

KROKOWSKI sueña la maraca y el abuelo canta
 sueña la maraca y el abuelo danza

AMERICAN I get so high on formaldehyde

————— **Hans is looking for a way to make his
dream come true**

HANS *(to Claudia)*
let me borrow your pencil

CLAVDIA *(to Hans)*
adieu, mon prince Carnaval

————— **An unpleasant situation: the American
discovers that her words of love
are effective**

HANS *(to Claudia)*
the belly yearns in its own way

AMERICAN my words!

HANS AND THE AMERICAN
the thighs, hand, mouth in theirs
the belly needs
fingertips
tracing its navel
in which a shell's been placed
the belly is helpless
it sometimes needs
to be cupped in a hand

AMERICAN he took my words

CLAVDIA he's chelovechny

AMERICAN and spent the night with her

CLAVDIA his belly is as defenseless as mine –
well, it was an enjoyable night

AMERICAN *(despairing)*
let the Earth crack open
let the water hiss
continents regret their creation
and oceans their youth
breathe in – breathe out
with my breath I'll blaze out this story

Lovers of Meowing

BEHRENS *(palpating Hans)*
I can hear wheezing and hissing
your body's putting up a fight

HANS some people desert
like Claudia

BEHRENS she'll be back

HANS I've had the chance to get to know her..

(Behrens inserts the needle)

HANS *(finishes the sentence)*
oww – intimately

BEHRENS congratulations
the Russian pussycat

I love it when
she meows in French

Joachim's Decision

JOACHIM permission to speak: I'm leaving

BEHRENS six months
and off you go

JOACHIM permission to speak:
I'm leaving right away

BEHRENS six months
you won't even notice it

JOACHIM this isn't even time

BEHRENS I'll put it another way:
this is desertion

JOACHIM I'm rejoining my regiment
I've made up my mind

HANS what about me?

BEHRENS you can go to the devil

Joachim's departure

MRS STÖHR I'm always crying
foolish tears

HANS splendid weather
 makes a man feel like staying

JOACHIM on the contrary

CHOIR he'll be out of sight soon

JOACHIM Hans,
 has this world ever seen
 something this painful?

CHOIR ...he'll be out of earshot
 the train's pulling out
 somebody's waving

JOACHIM Hans

AMERICAN I'm a raven now
 when I spread my wings
 the sky will turn black
 the moon and stars will disappear
 I sang you words of love
 by your side I was human
 I hid my wings
 I hid my beak
 and my black eyes
 I said "I love you"
 I am a raven
 I am death

————— **Hans sets off alone into the mountains**

SETTEMBRINI eh, Ingegnere! Aspetti! Che cosa fa!
Ingegnere! Un po di
ragione, sa!

NAPHTA alma wilama joredet hanaszem lewejra
amikta?
jerida corech alija hi
jerida corech alija hi

Why, oh why did the soul plunge
From the upmost heights
To the lowest depths?
The seed of redemption
Is contained within the fall.]

end of act I

act II

————— **We meet Naphta**

NAPHTA there is only one question that matters

SETTEMBRINI I am contributing articles to an encyclopedia

NAPHTA where is the soul?

SETTEMBRINI that's where you'll find all the answers

NAPHTA do you know about the devil?

SETTEMBRINI that's contrary to science

NAPHTA he is called the Iceman

SETTEMBRINI there is no such thing
 you're distracting me with your fables

NAPHTA he sneaks up on you
 and stabs you with an icicle

SETTEMBRINI I'm contributing articles in the sweat
 of my brow

NAPHTA the sun rises – you have a corpse
 the icicle and the iceman have melted away:
 it's the perfect crime

SETTEMBRINI what is the conclusion, Mister Naphta?

NAPHTA that the devil who kills the soul
 is cold

————— **Joachim returns,
 as happy as he was on his promotion day**

JOACHIM Hans

HANS perfect timing

JOACHIM (*cheerfully*) I'm sick
 what's new?

HANS Marusja is always laughing out loud

JOACHIM I feel like laughing myself

————— **A new examination**

BEHRENS (*auscultating Joachim*)
 the lieutenant's organs
 are pounding out their old song
 to a new tune

MRS STÖHR you have such a way with words, Herr Hofrat

MARUSIA she would have stolen you from me anyway

JOACHIM I'd never let that happen
I feel like laughing
goodbye

Joachim in his coffin

MRS STÖHR I'm always crying
foolish tears
Lieutenant Zimssen is going to Heaven
(peers at the face in the coffin)
Lieutenant Zimssen is smiling

SETTEMBRINI you're so foolish

NAPHTA *(looking down at Joachim)*
the body
a soiled veil separating us from eternity

SETTEMBRINI *(looking down as well)*
I see a worn-out body

NAPHTA already decaying and repulsive

SETTEMBRINI we shall have model crematoria
hygienic halls of death

NAPHTA what do you have against cemeteries?

SETTEMBRINI human ashes are more modern

NAPHTA can one weep over human dust?

SETTEMBRINI certainly – but why should one?
ingegnere, che cosa fa?

HANS *(to himself)*
why is Joachim smiling?
what does he see?

————— **Joachim is still dead.**
Marusja is alone by his side. Behrens too

MARUSIA give me a moment

BEHRENS it's time

MARUSIA there was so little of it

BEHRENS it's time

JOACHIM *(to Marusia)*
don't stop
caress me

BEHRENS it's time

JOACHIM *(to Behrens)*
you don't get it
too brief, too little

BEHRENS *(to Joachim)*
be a soldier about it

JOACHIM *(to Marusja)*
don't stop
caress me

BEHRENS you're cold
it won't do any good

MARUSIA *(to Joachim)*
please don't ask me
(wistfully) you had to die before I could
touch you!

JOACHIM *(to Behrens)*
she loves me, and always will

MARUSIA I've stopped

JOACHIM Marusja

MARUSIA I'm coming

JOACHIM I can't hear my voice
Marusja

————— **As a ship cleaves the waves, so does
Peepkorn split time into before
and after his arrival**

PEEPEKORN it is done! and yet – not at all
on the contrary – in a word – *Cordon Rouge*

Introducing the Ice Lady and Mynheer Peeperkorn

- BEHRENS *(to Hans)*
your perseverance is amply rewarded
- SETTEMBRINI *(to Hans)*
your Beatrice is returning
(about Peeperkorn) he lives off the interest
he has a villa in The Hague
- HANS I didn't know she'd have company
- BEHRENS I don't know where she picked him up
they've even pooled their assets
- MRS STÖHR he bought her a string of pearls
- BEHRENS he didn't come here for pleasure
the alcohol's phlegmed him up
then there's the malaria
and you look a bit groggy
- HANS I sleep like a log
thanks to your fatherly care
will Mme Chauchat have time to sit for
a portrait?
- BEHRENS the old portrait is good enough for me
I am a realist
so should you be

Clavdia's roving eyes

HANS *(to Clavdia, who stares blankly through him)*
look at me
I'm over here –
maybe you'll look at me over dessert
maybe tomorrow?
I've been sitting here four weeks
four weeeeks
that isn't even time

**For reasons unknown, Clavdia decides
bring Hans back to existence**

CLAVDIA *(introducing Hans)*
a fleeting acquaintance from a former stay

HANS *(hardo)*
miałem wtedy skrzydła
widywano jak fruвам

PEEPERKORN fleeting – absolutely
I like you
– vodka and eggs
– Chablis, three bottles
we'll eat, and play and drink
life is short
we shall feel that – absolutely –
simplicity is holy
therefore let us do it justice –
I've known hashish-smokers
morphine- and cocaine-fiends
the vice is not in the habit

the sin is–
Chablis –

CHOIR he knows his wine
 his morphine
 his cocaine

PEEPERKORN women
 let us drink–
 saintly
 with their luscious breasts
 and soft bellies
 they provoke us
 demanding the Ultimate
 turgid masculine lust
 that will emerge triumphant
 or fail miserably
 and then it's the end of the world,
 –Clavdia
 let us drink
 the world will never end
 – Clavdia
 kiss her goodnight, upon her brow
 (Peeperkorn waits for his order to be followed)
 – yes sir!
 (hurries Hans on)
 – go on!

HANS I can't
 it's the end of the world for me

Hans and Krokowski: spat-out again

CHOIR anaconda
 anaconda, boa constrictor, cicada
 anaconda, boa constrictor, cicada, dolphin,
 emu, flounder

KROKOWSKI anaconda traga todo

HANS your murky lectures are no longer any use

KROKOWSKI symptoms?

HANS I have a headache
 I feel spat out
 I wish I were dead

KROKOWSKI sleep?

HANS no dreams

KROKOWSKI waking?

HANS I don't exist
 it's like I'm not here

KROKOWSKI heart?

**A first visit paid to a man on the grand
scale who has gone yellow after an attack**

PEEPERKORN I can't get up
(to Hans)
I'm lying here, yellowed by a full-on attack

CLAVDIA quinine

PEEPERKORN a remedy, but a poison
strychnine: the Malays mix it with snake
venom
kills in flash – but take two drops
and you have a love potion

HANS love or death

CLAVDIA *(to Hans, frosty tone)*
Mynheer Peeperkorn is weary of this
conversation

HANS I won't tell you that
I adore you, I love you

CLAVDIA I won't tell you that
I only let you between my legs for a momen

PEEPERKORN silence!

A friend in need

HANS do you love him?

CLAVDIA he loves me very much—
he is a man on the grand scale

HANS you've come here,
and you're sitting beside me

CLAVDIA I'd like to have someone close
let's make a pact
not against anyone but for his sake
let's be friends
I fear it might end badly for him
a friend in need such as you...

*(Clavdia kisses Hans on the mouth,
perhaps she's afraid of him?)*

This place is a dream of a sleeper

HANS stop staring at me
my soul has gone off somewhere
up up
and away
I don't understand a thing
but it's doing me good

come hang out above the world with me
we'll give ourselves nosebleeds
we'll spit, and piss, and blow snot
we'll lean out precariously

stop staring at me
my soul's gone off somewhere

KROKOWSKI Hans Castorp
arrived here looking like a skeleton
all skin and bone
he's done well
he's fleshed out
now he's doing nothing
not singing over the bones
what can we do?

BEHRENS we can take his brain out of his skull
clean it up and put it back

NAPHTA blow gold dust into his eyes

MRS STÖHR stick quartz and shells into his body
and head

KROKOWSKI we are the circle of Castorp's mothers
and fathers
each of us is to blame
for his soul going off somewhere

BEHRENS we should ask the water
to restore his memory
water, dihydrogen monoxide
chemical formula H₂O
obtained from a melted a glacier
I light a cigar
and exhale my fatherly request
for Hans's soul to return

SETTEMBRINI I summon my grandfather
Giuseppe Settembrini
and my father
and feel them standing behind me
and their fathers and grandfathers behind them
all of them, though my hands,
ask the water
to help Hans wake up in good health

NAPHTA I bless this water
in the name of the Father , the Son,
and the Holy Ghost,
Amen
please let Hans wake up
for I love him very much

MRS STÖHR (*humming*) “in my heart there is a waterfall
that purifies my soul”
water take these words
bear them to the boy

KROKOWSKI river beneath the river
Rio Abajo Rio
I cast my net
Hans’s soul is thrashing around

AMERICAN let’s end this story once and for all

**Love is the whole thing.
We are only pieces**

PEEPEKORN *(restless)*
this morning I thought
the pain would go away
absolutely
it's just an attack
just a bed
the quilt's uncomfortable
I'm lying on my arm
my back, my gut
face stuffed in the pillow
on my back, on my gut
it'll be different tomorrow
(to Hans)
right on time
I feel like a drink
(his hand trembles)
you used to be Claudia's lover

HANS
a stain on the quilt
you spilled a bit
it was nothing
a night of irresponsible familiarity

PEEPEKORN what else?

HANS
Behrens painted her too
she's done it many times before
she's free

PEEPERKORN you love her
does she love you back?

HANS she's a woman
like all of them

PEEPERKORN the quilt is uncomfortable
(Peeperkorn tries to bargain with Hans)
let's make a pact
not against anyone, but for her sake

HANS I feel like I'm myself again
I've been sick – the fever, you understand
I dreamed, I was raving
it has passed – I wish you the same

A friend in need

BEHRENS *suicidium*
poison right in the vein

HANS the corpse is changed
gone livid
like a Russian Blue

CLAVDIA I didn't die of pain
I'm thinking what tomorrow will bring
don't leave me
do you love me?
do you desire me?

HANS I need to think
unbutton your blouse

(Clavdia undoes the buttons)

HANS it's you, your breasts
 every detail is etched in my memory
 not bad at all:
 my memory
 your breasts
 come
 my body craves your softness
 I'm your friend
 feel that
 focus
 say: da, da, da

CLAVDIA da, da, da

HANS don't move
 until I tell you to
 now say: I want it

CLAVDIA I want it, Hans

HANS "I want it" will do
 don't moan yet
 not until I tell you to

CLAVDIA you didn't tell him that we...?

HANS I used words on the grand scale
 to describe our night together
 you can moan now

CLAVDIA ah

HANS why so softly?

CLAVDIA ah

HANS your moans are feeble

CLAVDIA ah

CHOIR now a kiss on the brow
like the dead man wanted

HANS *(kissing Clavdia on the brow)*
I phlegmatically bid you farewell
m a d a m

Discord amongst spiritual fathers

CHOIR ever since Clavdia left us
Hans Castorp has been shivering
he keeps piling on the fur coats
as if he were dressing a mannequin
a figure of ice

NAPHTA Hans's soul has slipped from our hands
it's your fault
Russia, hatred, that's all you had to say

SETTEMBRINI destroyer
cane arrabbiato
bisogna ammazzarlo

NAPHTA pistols

SETTEMBRINI we are pathetic, betrayed fathers

NAPHTA fire

(a gunshot)

————— **Joachim's return**

KROKOWSKI Elly, where are you from?

ELLY from Odense, like in Andersen's fairy-tales
my sister who lived across the ocean
appeared to me and nodded sadly
we received a telegram – she had died

KROKOWSKI we are on our way to meet the dead

NAPHTA in the air?
again

SETTEMBRINI your turn

NAPHTA coward

(Naphta shoots himself in the temple)

MRS STÖHR my constitution can't take this

KROKOWSKI who's a jolly good fellow?

HANS Joachim Ziemssen

MRS STÖHR Joachim Ziemssen!

KROKOWSKI Because I love you so much
 From the bottom of my heart

ELLY if you call me I will always hear your voice

“There was one more person in the room than before.”

HANS Joachim

*“His throat contracted and a four-or fivefold sob went through
and through him.”*

brother

“his eyes overflowed, he saw no more.”

greetings

*“In two strides Hans Castorp was at the step by the entrance
door and with one quick movement turned on the white light.”*

forgive me

“The chair was empty”

————— **A broken heart hides so many treasures**

JOACHIM Hans
 the train is waiting

HANS I’m cold
 we just need the shoes
 somebody’s waving

AMERICAN it's me waving to you, Hans

HANS you're barefoot in the snow, Diane

AMERICAN because you've got my heels

NAPHTA do you, Hans Castorp...

HANS Joachim, the rings
 is the wine sufficiently chilled?

NAPHTA do you take this woman to be your wife?

HANS I do

JOACHIM great
NAPHTA Diane?

AMERICAN I take you Hans to be my husband

NAPHTA szeva brachot
 seven blessings

HANS that many?

AMERICAN they'll come in handy

NAPHTA I brought silk from the walls in my room

HANS everything's going well all of a sudden

AMERICAN there's pillows and a quilt
 it'll be comfy

HANS why don't you lie down as well
 or was there something you wanted to do?

AMERICAN not really
 I can't wait to stretch out

HANS so much has happened
 you were gone a long time

AMERICAN I'm back

HANS I'll tell you all about it tomorrow
 we had ourselves a fine wedding

AMERICAN sure we did

HANS because I'm already asleep

AMERICAN he looks familiar
 feel I've seen him around
 he's breathing so evenly
 I'm lying quietly by his side

finis operis