John Henry Mackay

Over the Marble Steps

A Scene of the Nameless Love

Edited and Translated by

Hubert Kennedy

Peremptory Publications

San Francisco

2002

Over the Marble Steps: A Scene of the Nameless Love is a Peremptory Publications ebook. It may be freely distributed, but no changes may be made in it.

This translation was published in *Thamyris* (New York), no. 1 (winter 2002): 6–12. The illustrations are by Kevin Kihn.

Comments and suggestions are welcome. Please write to hubertk@pacbell.net.

Introduction

Mackay conceived the idea of his literary struggle for the cause of man-boy love in early 1905s. He first appeared as Sagitta, the pseudonym he chose for this project, with a poem in February of that year in *Der Eigene* (Berlin). On 1 August 1905 he sent out the subscription invitations for the first two of Sagitta's Books of the Nameless Love: *The Nameless Love: A Creed* and *Who Are We? A Poem of the Nameless Love*. Almost a year later, on 1 July 1906, invitations for the next two were sent out. But circumstances did not allow their publication. Mackay explained this in a circular written in January 1908, in which he described his original project:

> When I began work on my "Books of the Nameless Love" three years ago, a definite plan was made from the beginning. I wished, after I had sought to define the concept "nameless love" and poetically answer the question *Who Are We?* in the first two of these books, to deepen it psychologically in the third (*Fenny Skaller*) and sing its praises in the fourth (*Over the Marble Steps*) and the fifth, of poems, before I intended, in a sixth and last, the *Book of Letters*, to finally come to terms with its questions in particular.[1]

1. John Henry Mackay, *Fenny Skaller and Other Prose Writings from the Books of the Nameless Love*, trans. Hubert Kennedy (Amsterdam: Southernwood Press, 1988), p. 144.

The project was not completed until 1913, when the sixth *Book of Letters* was replaced by the essay *Listen! Only a Moment! A Cry*, in which Mackay tried to answer the objections to this love that had been raised in the meantime by the sensational events surrounding the so-called Eulenburg Affair, in which intimates of the German emperor were accused of homosexuality. In the meantime, too, Mackay's first two books and the essay *Listen!* had been legally declared obscene and ordered destroyed. Thus, Mackay had to publish the one-volume edition of the books underground. As a further precaution he gave Paris as the place of publication and orders for the books were taken by his friend J. H. François in the Netherlands.

Neither of Mackay's two biographers paid attention to *Over the Marble Steps*. Thomas A. Riley named the work without comment,[2] and K. H. Z. Solneman wrote only: "*Over the Marble Steps* is a scene of the nameless love, which is played in Venice between Richard, a young sculptor, and Walter, his younger friend, a sixteen-year-old schoolboy."[3] Mackay's longtime friend Friedrich Dobe recalled: "Of the fourth Book of the Nameless love [*Over the Marble Steps*], the poet told me that he had inserted this, in itself unimportant, little work to some extent as a counter-balance to the heavy third Book [*Fenny Skaller*], to be able once to describe the unburdened happiness of his

2. Thomas A. Riley, *Germany's Poet-Anarchist John Henry Mackay: A Contribution to the History of German Literature at the Turn of the Century, 1880–1920* (New York: Revisionist Press, 1972), p. 109.

3. K. H. Z. Solneman [Kurt Helmut Zube], *Der Bahnbrecher John Henry Mackay: Sein Leben und sein Werk* (Freiburg/Br.: Mackay-Gesellschaft, 1979), p. 231.

love.[4] But Paul Snijders is more enthusiastic; in a biographical article on Mackay he wrote:

> *Over the Marble Steps* is a fascinating one-acter about the love between a young sculptor and his Eros, a sixteen-year-old schoolboy. This play is cheerful by nature, and it ends in the bliss of a promising friendship. It is mainly set in a Venetian palazzo that strongly corresponds with the building in which the collection of Peggy Guggenheim is now housed.[5]

And Will Ogrinc wrote: "I find the theatrical scene *Over the Marble Steps* the most successful part of the Books [of the Nameless Love]."[6]

Despite Dobe's dismissive comment ("in itself unimportant"), I share the views of Snijders and Ogrinc and find this little work a delightful gem. In the complete Books of the Nameless Love, it indeed serves as a much needed counter-balance to the heavy, angst-ridden *Fenny Skaller*, but it can stand on its own, with its charming, light-hearted, and sentimental view of man-boy love. There is no eroticism here

---

4. Friedrich Dobe, *John Henry Mackay als Mensch* (Koblenz: Edition Plato, 1987), p. 76.

5. Paul Snijders, "Pijlen van naamloze liefde: John Henry Mackay (1865–1933)," in *Pijlen van naamloze liefde*, ed. Hans Hafkamp and Maurice van Lieshout (Amsterdam: SUA, 1988), pp. 170-174, here p. 171. Gregor F. Lüthy has further identified this building as the Palazzo Venier dei Leoni, build in 1748 by Lorenzo Boschetti, but left unfinished. See Gregor F. Lüthy, "Ganz Leben nur wie Du: John Henry Mackay 'Die Bücher der namenlosen Liebe' und die Auseinandersetzung des Schriftstellers mit der Zeitgenössischen Sittengeschichte" (Master's thesis, Technical University Berlin, 2001).

6. Will Ogrinc, "Op het snijpunt van twee wegen—John Henry Mackay, anarchist en knapenminnaar," *Maatstaf* 31/8 (1983): 70–78, here p. 74.

(though it is implied by the drawing of the intermission curtain) and the piece is far from obscene—though the German court that condemned Mackay's first Sagitta books would probably have found it so.

The opening setting, “In our time, which is still an enemy of the nameless love,” applies as much today as it did when Mackay wrote it almost ninety years ago. And this love still exists today, even if we seldom have the luxury of our own Giuseppe—“their lookout.”

Hubert Kennedy

Over the marble steps, laid with effort for strides of happiness, goes our dream of the love that life denies us . . .

Venice. In our time, which is still an enemy of the nameless love. A summer evening on the Grand Canal. The scene of the nameless love is played between Richard, a young sculptor, and Walter, his younger friend. a sixteen-year-old German schoolboy. Giuseppe, the gondolier, is their lookout.

Its place is the unfinished palace LOREDAN-VALIER on the Grand Canal, only a short way downstream from Santa Maria della Salute. Planned in the eighteenth century by the daring fantasy of Giorgio Massari, it was never built beyond its ground floor. Only this remains: its two wings lie powerfully, like two white arms, around a double portal of wonderful ironwork. Originally planned as reception and party rooms, they now bear a flat temporary roof; the one on the right (seen from the water), is not lived in and its windows are barred. Through the grate of the portal one can see deep into an entirely weed-grown garden, which appears to stretch endlessly from the Canal of the Giudecca. In front of the two wings the terrace broadens out to a depth not possessed by any other palace of Venice and seven wide marble steps lead up to it from the canal. It is as if the garden behind the portal had shaken out part of its wild riches over it, so extravagantly unconcerned, that the right wing of the palace, with its mute windows, is smothered in the confusion of magnolias, laurel, evergreens, cane, and wild roses, while the left wing lies more free and allows from the canal a glance at least of its door (closed by a curtain) and part of its windows. Closed off from the water by a chest-high marble balustrade, this gigantic terrace allows one an idea of what part it would have had in Massari's work, if this had ever been car-

ried to completion. Yet, however humbled by the curse of its beauty not being brought to fruition, it still defiantly asserted its place among the other palaces of the Grand Canal by the splendor of its gigantic claws and drew many glances and inquiries.

There is no place in the world that is nearer to life and at the same time farther from it. Its rear gates, gained only by water, lead to the small side canals and have remained closed for years. The Loredans have never set foot on the place and the Valiers have always avoided it. The present owner, the old Princess Contarini, several years ago had the left wing prepared as a residence for occasional guests, and it was now let to a young German sculptor, who had been recommended by an acquaintance and even more by his work—at a price that was not so high that he would not have been able to pay and yet not so low that he would have to think of himself as a guest. Thus Massari's ground floor, which was originally probably intended as the dining hall of a proud old family, had become an incomparable studio for the artistic work of a newcomer.

The terrace lay open on its left side in front of the atelier: the square, variegated marble blocks had split apart and grass grew in the cracks. In the wilderness on the right a place had been made for a table and two wicker chairs. But the corner was almost completely hidden by a large bush of white roses, the same white roses that ranged along the whole balustrade on both sides and whose pale blossoms plunged deep below into the brown water of the canal.

Thus this, so to say, enchanted place was only to be reached by water. But Giuseppe, the gondolier, is always ready and a call to San

Zobenigo across the way draws his gondola over almost in an instant.

It is an evening in July and about ten o'clock. The hot sky hangs heavy over the dead city, which only now appears to be awakening to life. The tired palaces lean closer to one another in the shadows of the summer night and deeper over the waves. The canal is covered by innumerable gondolas that, like black shadows, scurry up and down.

There are lights everywhere; everywhere calls and laughter; everywhere singing, swelling and echoing up and down the canal.

On the terrace Richard walks up and down in inner restlessness, constantly looking down the canal toward the piazzetta, seeking with hot eyes one among the gondolas approaching from there. He is in his mid-twenties, with dark hair and dark eyes, lean, and with somewhat narrow cheeks; his smooth-shaven face has an honest and friendly seriousness; perhaps too serious for his years, but of an uncommon intelligence that is immediately unmistakable when he speaks. He is now entirely taken with restless expectation. Then, while he is looking over the table in the green recesses to the right for the twentieth time, with hardly controlled impatience—the slender glasses and flasks, the bowls of fruit, sweets, and cigarettes—a faint call, which he knows from all the others, makes him jump up and he hurries back to the steps.

A gondola quickly shoots to the steps, lands, and a boy, Walter, impetuously jumps, with both feet at once, onto the slippery steps, slips, and falls, somewhat frightened, but laughing, into the arms of Richard, who catches him.

Walter: (*Still holding onto Richard and laughing*) Here I am! Everything went well!

Richard: (*Still quite startled*) But, Walter, that's not the way to jump out of a gondola in Venice!

Walter: (*Freeing himself, a bit ashamed*) Yes, I still have to learn that. I almost plopped into the water!

(He is slender, but not too tall for his age. He wears a lightweight traveling suit of a light color and of the best material, with short pants, soft shirt and tie, and a flat straw hat. His dark blue, intelligent eyes gleam from youth and joy. They appear to always want to see everything with one glance, and to see it. He is handsome.)

Richard: (*To Giuseppe*) Giuseppe, come back in two—no, in one hour. In one hour. Understood?

Giuseppe: Yes, sir. Understood. In one hour. Good.

(While he is shoving his gondola away again with a stroke of his oar, Richard has already turned to Walter and fastened on him a look of almost overpowering joy, but a look that he forces not to show this joy so much.)

Richard: You are really here!

Walter: (*Still looking all around*) Yes. But where am I actually?

Richard: (*Simply*) At my house.

Walter: (*Incredulous*) You live here? Where then? What is this here?

Richard: An old palace from the last century, which was never completed. But now come on, let's sit down first. I'll show you everything later.

Walter: (*At the table, wipes his hand over his forehead, still incredulous*) What is all this? Who is all this for? Who are you still expecting today?

Richard: No one.

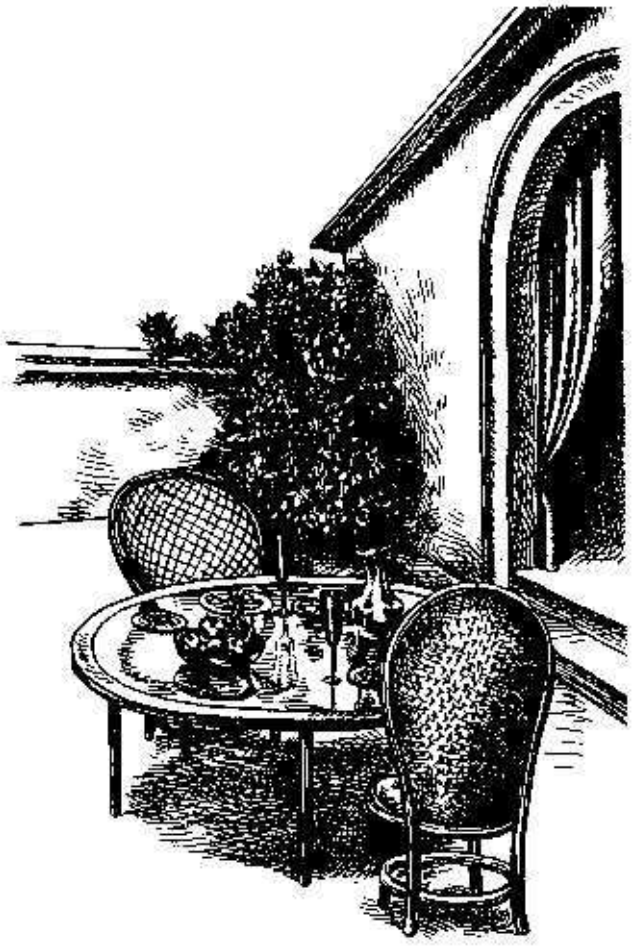
Walter: Do you do this every evening?

Richard: (*Amused*) Of course. It's like this every evening.

Walter: Oh come on, that's not really true. (*Then with a little smile and thoughtfully, as if to himself*) Wine. Cigarettes.

Richard: (*With the same smile*) Dolci. Frutti.

(They look at one another and both laugh. Then the boy throws himself onto one of the chairs, picks a fruit wrapped in colored paper from the bowl, looks at it, lays it down again, leans back, crosses his legs, and looks at Richard, now quite secure.)



Richard: (*Who has smilingly watched him*) Well, don't you want it? It's a stuffed fig.

Walter: Yes, gladly. But only later.

Richard: But now talk. Give me a report. Did everything really go well?

Walter: (*Lively*) Super! After you left, we ate at the big table with all the people and then they rode in the gondola to the opera. I said

good night right away and promised to go to my room. Of course I didn't do that, but rather sat in a chair on the platform by the water—in one like this one here—and waited there, just as we planned. I did not wait long at all; then came your . . . (*The name does not come to him*)

Richard: Giuseppe!

Walter: Yes, your dark Gi-u-seppe with his gondola—I got in, and here I am! Ecco!

Richard: (*Laughing*) 'Ecco!' You are already beginning to speak Italian!

Walter: Oh you! He described and pointed out everything as we came, and I also understood a lot. And he treated me . . . like a prince!

Richard: Well, of course! After all that I told him!

Walter: Just what did you tell him?

Richard: I . . . No, you don't need to know everything. But come on, light up a cigarette and let's toast . . . (*He pours a yellow wine. They clink glasses and drink*)

Richard: Do you like it?

Walter: Fine. What is it?

Richard: Lispida. From the Euganean hills on which the sun of Petrarca shone and it's not very light . . . (*He bends over and takes him by the hand*) But now, Walter, you must tell me first of all how it is that you came here. So suddenly! And so—unexpected! Your card came only today. From Munich. I can still hardly believe it. (*He holds his hand tighter and looks steadfastly at him*) But you are here. It is really true.

Walter: Yes, I am here. I don't really believe it myself yet. (*Then lively and fast*) Now then, the story—but it's a long story, I tell you right off—happened like this: you know that a trip to Italy was always talked about at my house, and you can well imagine how I paid attention whenever they talked about it, especially when Venice was named! But Father can only get away in summer in his position, he's become such a big shot, and he said it would be nonsense to travel to Italy in summer, when you could hardly stand the heat already at home. But then Dr. Klinckhardt came by once—do you still not know him, he goes to Italy every year!—and he laughed and said that it was most beautiful precisely in summer, when the foreigners are away and you can see the people in their own element. Mother was also for it, and Erna started pestering him, and when she wants something . . . He finally gave in. But what was to be done with me during that time? It was impossible to take me along—I ask you, Richard, why not?—Because I'm a boy?! But of course I said nothing, for that's the best thing to do in such cases, until I noticed an opportunity when he let slip off hand: "Well, if you get promoted you might be allowed to come along. Otherwise you stay here, and won't get away at all!" Of course he believed that I wouldn't get promoted. For, as you know, school is still a problem for me and there was really little hope that I would pass . . . let's not talk about that . . . But now I had him by his word, and he kept it too—and then I set myself down and crammed— (*With a deep sigh*) It was simply awful! But I passed!

Richard: Oh, you poor boy! But why didn't you write me right away?

That must have been at Easter already.

Walter: No, I didn't want to write. First, I wanted to surprise you. And second, I didn't really believe it myself yet. The whole, beautiful plan could still have fallen through, and then we would have gone again to the boring Baltic, to Heringsdorf or Misdroy, and we would have looked forward to it in vain. Then when it was really about to happen, I said to myself: No, I'll write to him only on the last day, so that he will be able to come to the hotel and wait for our arrival there. That seemed to me so beautiful. Then I knew I would see you again!

Richard: And then we did meet again and as good luck would have it, your parents wanted to go this very evening to the opera, which never ends here until two, and before dining, while they were changing, we still had just enough time to make a date for today. But how long are you all staying here?

Walter: A week, I think. But we'll see each other every day. For you have to show us Venice. Father always said: Richard is in Venice. (*Softly, as if obvious*) And evenings, when the others are out or are sleeping, I'll always come to you, like today. (*Then frightened and slowly*) That is, if it won't be too much for you!

Richard: Too much! It's nothing, nothing! Eight days, what are they—after so long a separation! Eight days, and then everything has gone, and I'm alone again.

Walter: (*Hesitantly—he has taken Richard's hand in both of his—and close beside him*) You know, Richard, I've thought something out . . . Would it not be possible . . . but no, it probably can't happen.

Richard: (*Urging*) What then?

Walter: (*Decided*) Well, I thought that, during the weeks when the others are traveling around Italy, I might stay here . . . (*Again anxiously and very fast*) No, not here at your house. Only here in Venice. I would also surely not disturb you, you don't need to worry about that. But look here, my parents have only brought me along, because there was nothing else to do, and they would much rather travel alone with Erna and would be happy if they could be free of me in some nice way. So I thought, if they could leave me here and fetch me when they came back—really, I wouldn't bother you at your work, and spend the whole day by myself, and only come in the evenings—that is, if I may . . . (*He looks at Richard, who is pale and speechless)* But no, it just won't work, and it's all nonsense, what I've imagined . . . I would disturb you all the same . . . And it would not be agreeable to you anyway . . .

Richard: (*Softly*) Disturb! You, disturb me!!——It would be just unbearably beautiful!

Walter: (*Understands, jumps up, lays both hands on Richard's shoulders and shakes him*) Oh, Richard, I'm so happy, I look forward so much to the weeks with you! (*Again by him and leaning his head against his shoulder*) And I did deserve it too, didn't I? (*Then he sees the tears in the eyes of Richard, who has drawn him close. Startled*) But Richard, you're crying! What are you crying for?!

Richard: (*Beside himself*) I'm not crying! I'm only crying because I'm so happy! . . . I have longed for you so much!

Walter: (*Suddenly becomes quiet and very serious. The, close beside*

him and next to his ear and very softly) And I for you!

(They sit that way for a moment. Their excitement turns to an uneasy silence. Then Walter gently frees himself.)

Walter: You wanted to show me, where you live.

Richard: (*Standing up*) Yes, come, you should see everything.

(They slowly walk to the steps by the water and remain on them—Walter as if enchanted by the nocturnal picture of life and joy on the canal. It had reached its high point.)

Walter: What are they singing?

Richard: Yes, who knows! Many things. Their own songs, but mostly they sing them for the foreigners. They enjoy it, but they also do a good business at the same time.

Walter: It is all so curious. The streets filled with water . . . the black gondolas . . . with their beaks . . . the houses, all so old . . .

Richard: It is a dream. One has to dream it . . . Just not speak. Otherwise it vanishes . . . And everything has been said. Much too often already. One has to dream it . . .

Walter: (*Lost*) Yes one has to dream here . . .

(The summer night's breath comes in gasps. Everywhere there is laughter and lights; everywhere song and the calls of the gondoliers from all directions. The gondolas shoot, drive, and wind their way

through one another, without ever touching. One separates itself from the others: Giuseppe. But he still remains out there: the hour has not yet gone by.)

Walter: (*Slowly, with emphasis*) It is very curious, and very—beautiful . . . You must be very happy to live here, Richard!

Richard: I am beginning to be . . . Come on!

(He gently leads him away from the steps. They walk toward the left wing. Three steps lead up to a door, still covered by a dark curtain. Richard draws it back. A surprisingly large room is shown—so deep and wide that it could probably take up this whole wing. It is half lit: at the same time living room and atelier, a room for work and rest afterwards. Rugs cover the floor, pictures gleam their colors from the walls, at the foot of a huge bookcase a wide couch stretches out. Yet nothing is in the least effeminate; everything is just comfortable. All around are begun or completed statues and casts of such: marble, plaster, clay. One stands out in the middle of the room—a life-size statue covered in wet cloths.)

Walter: (*Again quite confused*) You live here? You work here?

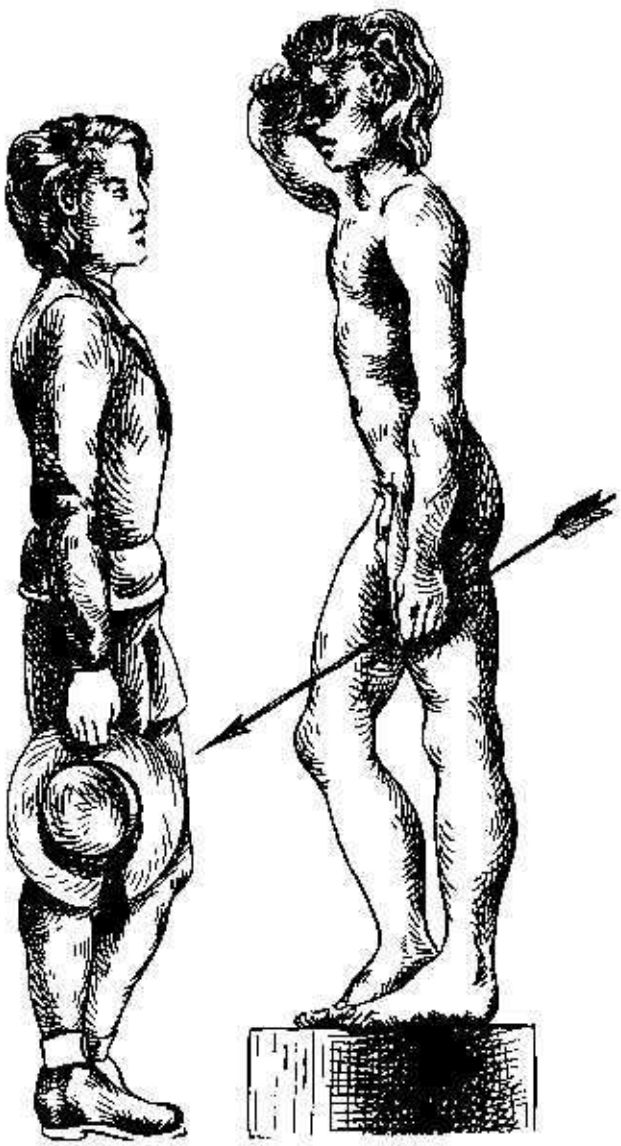
Richard: (*Simply*) Yes, I live here.

Walter: What are you working on now? What is this?

Richard: (*Who had expected this question first*) Wait, I'll show it to you.

(While the boy remains in front of the steps, he goes up to the draped statue and carefully removes, one after the other, the wet cloths The he steps back to Walter. He looks at him, the boy at the work.

It is the figure of a slender and naked boy, perhaps about sixteen years old. As if listening, the upper body is bent slightly forward, and the right knee is placed in front of the left. The right hand is laid horizontally against his forehead, as if to guard against the sun in order to see more clearly, and under it the boy gazes into the distance with a searching, almost longing look. The left hand hangs down; it holds an arrow, while the bow lies fallen to the ground.)



Walter: (*After he has observed the work for a long while, without finding a word, suddenly starts up, as if gripped by one thought*)What is it? Who is it? Who is it supposed to be?

Richard: It is “The Scout.” That’s how I call him.

Walter: But is he not finished?

Richard: No, he is not finished. He will never be finished.

Walter: Why not?

Richard: (*Uneasily*) It is not possible to work without a model.

Walter: Surely there are enough models here?

Richard: Models yes. But not for this.

Walter: Then how have you come this far?

Richard: Mostly I have worked from memory.

Walter: Memory? Memory—of—whom?

Richard: (*With decision*) Of you!

Walter: Of—me? . . .

Richard: Yes. I saw you like that—once, the first—no, the second time. We had met and had made a date. To go swimming. You were there in front of me and already stripped. You were standing on the diving board and looked over toward me. Thus. (*He points at his work*) As I came up the path. Do you no longer know where it was, Walter, and when?

Walter: Yes. At the lake. At our lake . . . (*After a short pause*) And from that you worked out this here?

Richard: Yes. I also saw you often afterwards . . .

Walter: But why don't you finish it?

Richard: (*Pained*) I can't.

Walter: Why not? Because you don't have a model? But I'm here now . . . That's me and—

Richard: Walter! You will—

Walter: (*Jumping up*) Can I help you, Richard? Tell me if I can help you!

Richard: But you can—

Walter: I can do anything, if you'll just let me help you. You only have to tell me what I should do.

Richard: You must . . . (*He hesitates*)

Walter: You must . . . You must . . . But I will, of course! I will! (*With a gentle reproach*)You know, Richard, sometimes I don't understand you at all. It seems to me then as if you were not really so fond of me . . .

Richard: (*Looks at him for a moment motionless, then breaks out with*) I—I not fond of you? (*He can control himself no longer and pulls him to himself*)

Walter: (*At his ear, very fast and urgent*) Come on, Richard, let me help you! Let me stay near you these weeks. I'll come every morning and you can work and finish the piece. In the afternoon we'll go out, into the city or on the sea. And evenings we'll sit here . . . Come on, Richard, let me help you. (*He gently draws him along into the room*)

Richard: (*Beside himself*) Walter!—Walter!—You— (*He remembers something*) One moment . . . Just a moment . . .

(He once again walks quickly back to the steps by the water, where in the meantime Giuseppe has silently landed.)

Richard: (*Short and decided*) Giuseppe!

Giuseppe: Here, sir.

Richard: Wait here. Have some wine. Wait, until we return. No one is

to approach. No one. Do you understand?

Giuseppe: Yes, sir. Very well. I wait. No one approaches.

(An hour passes. Giuseppe has taken a flask from the table in the corner and has stretched out in the gondola. He drinks and smokes, occasionally exchanging long and indistinct calls with the other gondoliers passing by or singing his song to a passing bark. He is thinking about his Marietta, in whose arms he will lie later that evening. Now and then he casts a quick, almost tender look toward the thickly closed entrance to the atelier. He knows his duty and knows that he has been ordered to be a lookout for this love; and he—a child of the South—also knows this love. The traffic on the canal continues, but becomes softer and quieter.)

(After an hour the curtain is suddenly drawn back and Richard and Walter come out. They stand for a moment on the threshold, leaning close to one another. In the eyes of the older one lies a look, like that of a conqueror of new territory; in those of the younger there is a new radiance, so that they now seem to have a softer glance. They stand thus a moment, then slowly descend the steps to the terrace below and walk to the deserted spot under the bushes. But they do not sit down again. Richard slowly fills the glasses halfway again. They drink, but without looking at one another. After they have silently drunk, they again lean against one another and listen to the singing which still—but weaker, for the height of the night has passed—comes from the gondolas on the waves of the canal and wafts up to the silent palaces.

Walter has taken his friend's left hand in his, while the latter again and again strokes his hair with his right hand.)

Richard: You must be tired, Walter . . . You also have to go back.

Walter: I'm not tired. But I really do have to go now.

Richard: (*Hesitantly*) Just tell me one thing more, Walter. Did you know?

Walter: (*With a frank look, candidly*) Yes, I knew! Only I never believed it until today. (*After a short recollection and softly*) One probably always knows when he is loved.

Richard: Not always. I did not know.

Walter: But now you know?

Richard: (*In bliss*) Yes!—Yes, Walter, yes!

(They slowly walk to the gondola.)

Richard: And now you will not see Italy?

Walter: (*Indifferent*) Sometime later. With you. Now I'm here and with you. Next year you are coming back to Germany. Now everything has become different.

Richard: Yes, now everything has become different!—Everything!

(They are on the steps. Giuseppe stands ready to depart, his hand on the oar, in the rear of his gondola.)

Walter: When are you coming tomorrow, Richard?

Richard: Right after breakfast . . .

Walter: We will all be waiting for you.

Richard: The morning belongs to the city, the afternoon to the Lido.

Walter: Come quite early! I'll sit on the veranda like today and keep a lookout until your gondola comes. That way I'll see you before the others.

Richard: Giuseppe!

Giuseppe: Sir?

Richard: The young gentleman is going back to his hotel. Watch out for him when he gets out. Give him a careful ride.

Giuseppe: Yes, sir. I'll give him a careful ride.

Richard: Good night, Walter.

Walter: Good night, Richard.

(They shake hands with a firm grip and gaze at one another. But they do not kiss.)

Walter: (*Quickly whispering*) Why can't I stay with you?

Richard: (*The same*) Be quiet. Tomorrow . . . Come over again. Sleep well. Tomorrow . . .

Walter: (*Carefully climbs into the gondola, which shoves off, and throws himself onto the cushion, but he immediately jumps up again and—while the whole childlike high spirits of his years seizes him and he raises a prankish threatening finger—calls back to Richard with his bright voice*) You—but tomorrow we have to work!

Richard: (*Waves back at him with his hat, laughing, following the gondola with his gaze as long as he can still see it, and then throws out his arms with an impetuous gesture of no longer controlled happiness, as if to hold him again*) Tomorrow—yes, tomorrow!—Work, yes—and live!—live!