A CHAMBER THEATRE ADAPTATION AND ANALYSIS OF ARTHUR SCHNITZLER'S "THE BLIND GERONIMO AND HIS BROTHER"

THESIS

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This oral interpretation thesis describes and analyzes Chamber Theatre as a technique for the presentation and critical understanding of narrative prose. Arthur Schnitzler and his work are analyzed, and his short story, "The Blind Geronimo and His Brother," is adapted to Chamber Theatre script form. It was discovered that Schnitzler's work is well suited to and would probably benefit from Chamber Theatre productions.
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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

Combining the spectacle of theatre with the objective criticism of narrative prose has been the purpose behind the development of Chamber Theatre since its introduction in the mid-1940's by Dr. Robert S. Breen at Northwestern University. Breen has said, "Chamber Theatre is dedicated to the proposition that the ideal literary experience is one in which the simultaneity of the drama, representing the illusion of actuality (that is, social and psychological realism), may be profitably combined with the novel's narrative privilege of examining human motivation at the moment of action."¹ As a form of group interpretation of literature, Chamber Theatre has been discussed in many of the leading textbooks on oral interpretation, but little in the way of major scholarly writing has been done in the field.² This is probably due, in part, to the lack of any definitive explanation of the Chamber Theatre technique by its inventor. With the publication of his book, Chamber Theatre, Breen has given the potential scholar the firm footing on which to base observations and further develop ideas about Chamber Theatre. Before the publication of Chamber Theatre, most of the work done in the field had been based on personal exposure to
Dr. Breen's teachings or limited access to his unpublished manuscript.

As a method for the study and analysis of literature, Chamber Theatre is concerned primarily with narrative prose. Coger and White quote Breen at the Secondary School Theatre Conference, August 21, 1962, at Eugene, Oregon:

Chamber Theatre may be defined simply as a method of preparing and presenting undramatized fiction for the stage, as written, the only changes being those to accommodate the limitation on time, physical stage set-up, or number of actors. . . . What an audience sees in a Chamber Theatre production bears some resemblance to a traditional play—there are characters speaking dialogue, expressing emotions in a plotted action, and giving all the evidence of vital immediacy. What distinguishes the production from a conventional play, however, is the use of the author's narration to create setting and atmosphere and more important, to explore the motivations of the characters at the moment of action. 3

In his doctoral dissertation, Thomas Anderson explains Chamber Theatre in six parts:

(1) The scene of the literature is staged so as to keep the locus on stage. (2) The narrator, or narrators, serve as mediators between the story and the audience. (3) Theatrical devices may be employed to stylistically heighten the illusionary quality of the scene. (4) Actors may deliver dialogue and indirect discourse from memory rather than from a carried script. (5) The literature is presented as a narrative, not as drama. (6) Literature best-served by Chamber Theatre performance is that in which there is a strong point of view—a dynamic interaction between the narrator and the story. 4

In both of the above explanations, there is a major concern for the use of the narrator. In adapting literature to Chamber Theatre, the narration is left intact so the role of the narrator becomes one of primary concern. In narrative, it
is the person telling the story who controls what the reader sees and influences how the reader will react to any given situation, so the narration, or point of view will "control and dictate the entire concept of a performance in Chamber Theatre." 5

In a Chamber Theatre production, actors take on the different characters in the story, delivering direct discourse just as it is written in the story. In addition to this, the different characters often deliver the narrative portions relating to their actions or feelings, keeping the temporal mode but saying the lines in character. For this reason, the separation of narration between the characters and the narrator is one of the major concerns in adapting literature to Chamber Theatre. It is the process of determining from whose point of view different narrative passages should be delivered (whether it be the narrator or one of the characters in the story) that help to heighten the intellectual and critical observations of an audience and, therefore, press the explorations of "the motivations of the characters at the moment of action." 6 The true value of Chamber Theatre is the vividness with which it develops the critical appreciation of narrative prose. Charlotte Lee writes: "The heart of Chamber Theatre . . . is the careful, intelligent use of the narrator through whom the author controls the point of view. Not only does point of view govern the author's selectivity; it also conditions the listener's responses to the characters and the action." 7
It becomes obvious that the kind of story best suited to Chamber Theatre adaptation is one with strong narrative point of view. An acknowledged master of narrative prose is the Austrian-born writer, Arthur Schnitzler. Though relatively unknown in the United States, Schnitzler has an international reputation of the first-rank. He was at the center of the literary movement at the turn of the century known as "Young Vienna." Robert Kann notes that, "there is wide agreement that imperial Vienna of the last pre-First World War decades encompassed in many fields an unparalleled array of scholarly and artistic geniuses." Sol Liptzin points out "this group (Young Vienna) dominated Austrian letters until the outbreak of the World War." Claude Hill writes: "He was the foremost artist of the German language to give articulation to the Impressionistic leanings of that group which called itself 'Young Vienna' and dominated Austrian letters until World War I." 

Schnitzler's work is particularly well suited to Chamber Theatre because of the great conflicts between his characters' inner- and outer-selves. Martin Swales clearly states this concept: "Schnitzler demonstrates the discrepancy between a character's inward understanding of himself and an outward, morally critical evaluation of him, and he sees the discrepancy not simply in terms of an obvious lack of congruity between the two perspectives, but as a deeply ambiguous relationship in which each set of insights is relativized by the other." An
on-stage narrator directing an audience's focus on the conflict would maximize its understanding of the situation. A Chamber Theatre production would also serve to vivify and bring greater depth to each person's character in Schnitzler's stories. Swales states: "Much of Schnitzler's narration is interior monologue in the strict sense of the term: that is, the character, plunged into psychological confusion by a specific event or sequence of events, delivers a monologue to himself, and, by implication, to the world at large, in order to come to terms with his new situation." In addition to Swales's statement, Claude Hill states: "With the equipment of the psychiatrist, [Arthur Schnitzler] expressed through the medium of literature what Freud arrived at through scientific research. The extent of Schnitzler's familiarity with Freud's theories is not known yet, although a letter by Freud exists in which he commends the author for having independently discovered the same truths." Swales also points out that, "As readers we are, as it were, put in the position of the person being talked to, and the persuasive appeal of the monologue, the attempt to reach a decision and then to prove that this is the right one, confronts the reader directly. He is, as a result, made immediately aware of the tone, and hence, of the direction of the monologue." A Chamber Theatre production would take the monologues and give them greater impact with the visual and vocal presence of a character's emotions.

For this thesis, one of Schnitzler's short stories, "The Blind Geronomio and His Brother," has been developed into a
Chamber Theatre script. This work was chosen because it contains many of the themes and style elements of Schnitzler's early works and expands them in ways that influenced his later writings. William K. Cook puts "The Blind Geronimo and His Brother" in perspective saying: "It functions as a culmination of what has gone before, while simultaneously breaking ground for future work." 16

Purpose
The purpose of this thesis has been to examine Chamber Theatre as a technique for the presentation of narrative prose. Application of the technique has been made to Arthur Schnitzler's short story, "The Blind Geronimo and His Brother," in order to show the compatibility of Schnitzler's work to Chamber Theatre as well as the benefit of his work can receive from a Chamber Theatre production.

Procedure
An explanation of Chamber Theatre is given based primarily on Breen's book, Chamber Theatre. From there an examination of the work of Arthur Schnitzler has been conducted using research material taken from literary essays and criticisms in books, magazines, and dissertations, culminating with a close examination of "The Blind Geronimo and His Brother" using William K. Cook's definitive criticism on the subject. An adaptation of the short story has been developed into a Chamber Theatre script form and finally suggested production methods are discussed.
NOTES


3 Coger and White, p. 21.


5 Lee, p. 230.

6 Coger and White, p. 21.

7 Lee, p. 230.


12 Swales, p. 91.

13 Hill, p. 89.

14 Swales, p. 91.

CHAPTER II

CHAMBER THEATRE

Chamber Theatre is a technique, not an art. It lacks the creative autonomy of art; rather it provides a practical and formal means by which the art of literature may be manifested. Chamber Theatre is in the service of literature; it makes manifest for an audience the structure, the theme and the tone of literature. Chamber Theatre articulates the literary elements directly; the literature is always in focus, always present while the Chamber Theatre performance is in progress.¹

When a museum places a painting on display, the purpose is to show that painting to its best advantage so the viewing public will be able to receive its full impact. Anything that distracts the viewer from the painting does that painting, as well as the viewer, a great disservice. A glare on the painting or a frame that is too large or a room that is too crowded will prevent a person from focusing his full attention on the work of art. Should this happen, the museum will have failed in its purpose of displaying that painting to its best advantage.

The adaptation of a piece of literature to Chamber Theatre serves much the same purpose a museum does for a painting. The main purpose of the adapter is to show that piece of literature off to its best advantage so the viewing public will receive its full impact. Anything that takes away from the meaning of the literature does it and the public a disservice.
The literature must be presented as written. Any embellishments, such as costuming, set pieces or lighting, must never overpower the literature. The performance aspects should never be the major emphasis. Establishing the purpose of Chamber Theatre, as well as any other form of Oral Interpretation, is extremely important. Every decision in the adaptation process must be made in light of its contribution to the understanding of the literature.

The most novel aspect of Chamber Theatre is having characters in the story give their own narration, often speaking of themselves in the third person. Breen only alludes to the difficulty people have in accepting the viability of characters giving descriptions of their actions as they occur. In defending one example of this technique, he says: "If it seems awkward for the character to speak of herself in the third person, remember that it often happens in social intercourse."\(^2\) He goes on to explain the use of third person as something natural to real life. The difficulty of imagining a staged production that leaves almost every aspect of narrative prose intact can be a major stumbling block to realizing that Chamber Theatre can be a thrilling audience experience as well as a tool for literary criticism. Breen exhibits some frustration when he attempts to explain one Chamber Theatre technique as it applies to a certain literary situation. Breen states: "This \(\sqrt{\text{Brecht's alienation-effect as it applies to Chamber Theatre}}\) . . . cannot be demonstrated in print so well
as it can on stage. . . ."\(^3\) He then goes on to attempt an explanation. At the National High School Institute of Speech in 1971 at Northwestern University, Dr. Breen, in a lecture-demonstration, explained that one of the most difficult things to understand about Chamber Theatre is the idea that everything on stage is happening right now, but the performers are telling the audience that what they are representing at that moment is something that occurred some time in the past. It is probable that only by witnessing a well done Chamber Theatre performance can one truly accept the fact that this kind of production, designed to keep an audience critically aware, can also be an exciting and dynamic theatre experience.

There is not just one correct way to adapt a piece of literature to Chamber Theatre. Each story must be approached a little differently. This section of the thesis attempts to identify some general characteristics of Chamber Theatre and aspects of potential adaptive literature that must be examined.

Point of View

One of the most important elements that must be looked for when choosing literature to be adapted to Chamber Theatre is the presence of a strong point of view. Breen seems to make this the only qualifying factor when he says: "... a story with a well-defined point of view, regardless of the amount of dialogue or action, is suitable for Chamber Theatre production." He identifies four separate narrative points of view: first-person, major character, first-person, minor
character; third-person: omniscient; and third-person: objective observer. There are several aspects of a Chamber Theatre production that cannot be adequately managed without a clear understanding of the role point of view plays in the literature.

The first-person narrator: major character is a storyteller who must talk to the audience about a story that has already happened and at the same time play a significant part and interact with characters in the story. "More succinctly, we can say that the audience is in one time and place, the characters in another time and place, while the narrator-character alternates his existence between both setting." There are two ways the Chamber Theatre adapter might want to approach the problem of a character's dual responsibilities. It is not inconceivable that one actor could effectively play both the narrator and a major role. With the early establishment of some convention that would allow the audience to have no doubt as to which role the narrator-character was performing at any time, one person could play both roles. Breen suggests, as a second approach, that the adapter might consider having two actors play the narrator-character. He points out that: "Sometimes an author will separate the elements in the duality by using the ego pronoun for one aspect of the narrator and the third person (proper noun or personal pronoun) for the other." This is a situation that would most likely benefit from having one actor play the narrator and another play the narrator: major
character. Breen briefly describes a third possibility for handling the first-person narrator: major character.

There is the choice of using three different actors in those circumstances where the narrator, at various times, makes objective observations to the audience, engages in external dialogue with characters on stage or speaks an internal monologue of his own feelings. This final instance would probably find the two actors playing the character very close together and close to the action, while the narrator-actor would be continually moving in and out of the scene.

The first-person narrator: minor character is often used to avoid the usually narrow and prejudicial outlook of a major character. He is, of course, a part of the story but is far enough removed from the main developments to be fairly objective and still give firsthand accounts. Breen comments that: "Generally speaking, the first-person narrator who is a minor character echoes or reflects the point of view the author wishes his/her readers or audience to take. The best position for the narrator then would be somewhere between the audience and the action, a position that stresses a mediating role between the audience and the action of the principal characters." This is not to say that the narrator should find a position halfway between the acting area and the audience and deliver lines from that one spot the entire performance. As a character in the story, the narrator is required to move in and out of scene. However, as the narrative function is required, there should
be little reason why a mediating position could not be arrived at with ease.

With the use of the third-person narrator: omniscient, the author is able to present a story that can delve into hidden reaches of a character's feelings and motivations. The narrator not only relates the external actions of the characters, but is also capable of explaining the reasons for those actions. Many times the characters themselves are unaware of or incapable of explaining their motivations. A Chamber Theatre adaptation allows the narrator and the several characters to share a great deal of the narration. Descriptions of most actions and explanations of hidden feelings should be handled by the third-person narrator, but actions that relate directly to a character's attitude or revelations of his own thoughts should probably be left for the character to narrate. The narrator should move freely within the scene directing the audience's attention to the most important aspects of the story as they develop. To more successfully separate the narrative passages appropriate to either the narrator or one of the characters, Breen suggests that the adapter look for clues in the style of speech.10 Narration attributable to a certain character is often presented in his style of speech.

The final point of view Breen identifies is the third-person narrator: objective observer. The objective observer can describe only what can be seen. Occasionally he might point out things that seem to be true, in other words making personal
judgments based on perceived truths. In this way, an objective observer is almost never entirely objective. The narrator and characters share narration much as they would with an omniscient narrator. The objective nature of the narrator might suggest that he be placed away from the scene so he might have a more commanding view of all that happens, but Breen warns that there are many instances where the close physical presence is necessary to justify his observations. "That is to say, the narrator must maintain that distance from the object or action which is appropriate to the nature of the observation."¹¹

The importance of point of view and the role of the narrator cannot be overemphasized. Traditional dramatic presentations almost ignore this aspect of literature, but it is essential to Chamber Theatre and the goal of adapting literature to oral and visual presentations in order to facilitate a better understanding of its form and meaning. Thomas Anderson is especially helpful when he explains the importance of the narrator to literature and its performance. He states:

Although the scenes and settings of the actual events are simulated for presentation to the chamber theatre audience, the narrative filter is never removed from the literature. The narrator stands between the story and the audience, ostensibly controlling what that audience will be shown and what they will be told. His relationship with the action influences the audience's relationship with the story for it is through his eyes that the story is seen. While discrepancies may exist between what the audience sees and what they are told, the narrative point of view remains the essential element of any chamber theatre production.¹²
Style

In *Chamber Theatre*, Breen devotes a short chapter to the discussion of style. In it, he explains the manner in which Chamber Theatre can amplify certain stylistic elements that might go unnoticed if only read silently. The narrator plays the central and connecting role in performance and so should exemplify the "feel" of the literature. Breen states:

As the narrator moves about the stage, his/her nonverbal behavior is expected to be consonant with the style in which he/she speaks. . . . If the style of the narration can be said to be stiff, awkward, or pedestrian, we can expect the narrator to behave in the same fashion; if the style of the narration, on the other hand, is smooth, elegant, and graceful, we will not be surprised to find the narrator’s nonverbal manner much the same.

Attention to style should not be limited to the narrator alone. Obviously, the actors should perform their roles in character, but this includes those instances when an innocuous gesture may be hiding a great deal of emotion. A person drinking coffee with a small group of people may be hiding contempt for the others in the group. An actor, playing that role, would be able to show no outward sign of agitation but would still be able to show hate by the sound of his voice while narrating the description of him raising the cup to his lips.

Chamber Theatre also allows for actions and vocal tones that are not specifically called for in the text. Performers are "able to employ vocal inflections and nonverbal gestures which are inferred from the general laws of human personality and the social matrix which is the cultural model for us all."
Sound devices found on the written page such as onomatopoeia, alliteration, and assonance are enhanced by their oral presentation in Chamber Theatre.

There should be no fear that Chamber Theatre might become nothing more than actors on stage reading a story aloud, frozen by a stagnant narration. "In Chamber Theatre the words of a literary text are more fully realized as gestures, and there is little danger of the narrative attitudes reverting to substitutes for action; there is, rather, a promise of advancing from preparation for action into action itself. Chamber Theatre guarantees the vitality of the symbolic nature of literature."16

Just as style in literature is important, the style of performance in Chamber Theatre is also important. Breen prefers the style of Epic Theatre.17 Bertolt Brecht is generally credited with the development of Epic Theatre. Definitions of this form of theatre are generally very long and complicated, but a short segment from one such explanation does show a definite relationship between Chamber Theatre and Epic Theatre. Breen explains:

The demonstrator in the theatre, the actor, must employ a technique by means of which he can render the tone of the person demonstrated with a certain reserve, with a certain distance (allowing the spectator to say: 'Now he's getting excited, it's no use, too late, at last,' etc.). In short, the actor must remain a demonstrator. He must render the person demonstrated as a different person. He must not leave out of his presentation the 'he did this, he said that.' He must not let himself be completely transformed into the person demonstrated.18

Breen adds to this explanation saying: "He [Brecht] insisted on pastness, that is, audiences were not to be deceived into
thinking that the events on the stage were occurring before their eyes here and now but that they were sitting in a theatre listening to a story whose action took place in the past and in another place."19

Brecht used what is called an "alienation-effect" in his rehearsals to help prepare his actors in their actual performance. The actors would describe their actions and repeat stage directions as they portrayed their characters. Breen takes this technique one step further by making it a part of the performance.

Breen uses the term "double-distance" to explain what happens as the addition of a narrator and the use of an alienation technique both create and eliminate aesthetic distance. He uses the example of the stage manager in Our Town to explain the effect of a narrator-character on an audience.20 As a "real" stage manager, the narrator is outside of the performance, dealing with the audience as someone just like them. No distancing exists. As the stage manager rejoins the action on stage, the audience is once again immersed in what they perceive to be the actual performance. No one is attempting to, in an overt manner, communicate directly with the audience. Aesthetic distance is re-established.

An "Epic" acting style creates a constant ebb and flow in the presence of aesthetic distance during a Chamber Theatre performance. This effect is justified in Breen's statement that: "'Epic' acting . . . assures the audience that
what it sees and hears is accurately represented; appearances are to be trusted and the actors and characters are separated so that the audience is allowed to see the artist at work demonstrating his or her character consciously and conscientiously."21 One further justification for the break with more traditional styles of acting and forms of presentation is found when Breen repeats Brecht's statement that: "We make something natural incomprehensible in a certain way, but only in order to make it all the more comprehensible afterwards. In order for something known to become perceived it must cease to be ordinary; one must break with the habitual notion that the thing in question requires no elucidation."22

Staging

The staging of Chamber Theatre can, strangely enough, perhaps be best understood through the study of some basic film techniques. It would seem that a close study of traditional stage techniques might be of more benefit, but by comparing the Chamber Theatre narrator to the film director's cameras, a more useful model develops. Breen suggests that the narrator, in Chamber Theatre, be used and thought of much like a camera is in film. A partial explanation can be seen in the following comparison:

The conditions in the Chamber Theatre, when the narrator takes the place of the camera, are similar to those that obtain in a film studio. The audience sees the action taking place on the lot or sound stage just as it would in a legitimate theatre, but it also sees the camera in action, dollying, trucking, panning, tilting, etc. On
the stage in a Chamber Theatre production of the scene the audience would see, not the camera, but replacing it, the narrator in action.23

Put very simply, when trying to stage the narrator’s relationship to the characters in a story, the director should try to imagine the same scene being filmed. If in film it would be logical for a scene to begin with a long shot followed by a medium shot and finished with a close-up of the main character in the scene, comparable staging might be used for Chamber Theatre. The narrator begins by describing the entire scene at the center of the stage. As one particular character in the scene becomes important to the story, the narrator might move slowly toward that person while describing some obvious or well-known characteristics of that person. When more intimate details are revealed, the narrator should be in close proximity to the person. Certainly, other considerations must go in to the staging, but these are dependent on the story itself.

The relationship to film is not limited strictly to staging Chamber Theatre. The similarities of film to narrative literature also make a study of cinematic forms desirable. Breen discusses a few of the similarities in Chamber Theatre.24 In film, the director controls point of view with a camera. A writer uses narration for the same purpose. Many times, the Chamber Theatre adapter is better able to make line assignments by visualizing from whose eyes different thoughts and actions are being observed. In both film and literature, there
is an attempt to tell a story. The writer "shows" readers the scenes through the use of colorful language while the director uses pictures of the actual scene. Chamber Theatre attempts to combine the two techniques. The novelist often goes back in time and explains the events that have led to a character's current situation. The writer also switches from one setting to another in the space of a few words so the reader can observe two scenes that are happening simultaneously. In film the two techniques would be called flashbacks and cross-cuts. It is impossible to go back in time or to personally view two simultaneous events in different places. However, because of "the willing suspension of disbelief," the reader or viewer accepts the deceptions as reality.

There are other similarities between narrative prose and film, but the discussion finally leads to the following question: If literature and film are so much alike, wouldn't cinematic presentations be more effective and so, more desirable than Chamber Theatre adaptations? Phyllis Bentley provides a comprehensive answer in her discussion of the limits and powers of narrative prose. She states:

The prose narrative of the novel has only one limitation: it is confined to words. The novelist cannot show you the actual colour of his heroine's eyes and curls, of the trees in the woods, of the heather on the moors, as a painter (or a technicolor film) can. He cannot show you actual shapes, as a sculptor can. He cannot let you hear an actual lark's song, actual thunder, actual voices--as a play, a film, a radio-play can. The novelist cannot give his readers real trees, or painted trees, or marble trees, or wooden trees or photographs of trees, or let you hear the sound of trees; he can only give you trees in words.
The above statement is countered with the following:

But it is these words which enable him to blend scene and description with summary; it is these words, therefore, which enable the novelist to present life with such unique and astonishing power. For not only is the novelist able to compress longer stretches of time, vaster stretches of space, into his work than any other kind of artist. His dual command of the specific and the integrated enables him to present changes either slow or rapid, with an ease and power no other art form possesses.

Consider, for example, what tremendous scope his narrative allows him in his setting, that continuum of time and place in which his characters move.26

Chamber Theatre is able to present on stage a visual picture of the different elements described in narration much as a film does on screen. The advantage Chamber Theatre has is that the literature must be presented as written. The disadvantage narrative literature has, of not being visual, is overcome without interfering with the advantages of the narrative elements.

The true value of Chamber Theatre can only be realized by observing the results of a performance. It has seen limited use as a tool of literary criticism for over thirty years. Breen defends the value of and continued study of Chamber Theatre by saying: "If Chamber Theatre facilitates the viewer's evaluation of fiction as an object of criticism, no further justification of the technique is necessary."27

In pursuit of a better understanding of the technique, the following chapters attempt to apply the theories behind Chamber Theatre. In Chamber Theatre, Breen does this by going through the adaptation process with excerpts from
several novels and short stories. This is very helpful because it exposes the reader to many different styles and the corresponding responses. However, Breen's approach makes it difficult to get a feeling for full process. The only fault one reviewer could find with the book was that it lacked a complete script. Rather than attempt to duplicate Breen's efforts in presenting the full scope of the adaptation process, this study deals with only one author, Arthur Schnitzler, and his short story, "The Blind Geronimo and His Brother."
NOTES


3 Breen, Chamber Theatre, p. 45.

4 Breen, "Chamber Theatre," p. 22.

5 Breen, Chamber Theatre, pp. 21-34.

6 Breen, Chamber Theatre, p. 22.

7 Breen, Chamber Theatre, p. 22.

8 Breen, Chamber Theatre, p. 26.

9 Breen, Chamber Theatre, p. 28.

10 Breen, Chamber Theatre, pp. 28-29.

11 Breen, Chamber Theatre, p. 33.


13 Breen, Chamber Theatre, pp. 35-41.

14 Breen, Chamber Theatre, p. 35.

15 Breen, Chamber Theatre, p. 39.

16 Breen, Chamber Theatre, p. 41.

17 Breen, Chamber Theatre, p. 71.

24. Breen, *Chamber Theatre*, pp. 54-68.
27. Breen, *Chamber Theatre*, p. 27.
CHAPTER III

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER AND "THE BLIND GERONIMO
AND HIS BROTHER"

Martin Swales attempts to put the relative greatness of Arthur Schnitzler in perspective with the following statement: "Critics have tended either to hail him as a major writer whose greatness has unaccountably not been recognized, or to condemn him as a skillful but utterly second-rate and peripheral figure from a great age of literary and artistic activity. Both judgements seem to me false . . . Schnitzler may be only a secondary writer, but at times he touched on greatness."¹ Claude Hill is more generous when he states: "Considering the delicate and daring nature of many of his themes, his sure artistic tact seems astonishing. He knew what to say, how much to say and where to stop. His graceful, simple style ranks with the best masters of German prose."²

Schnitzler and Fin de Siècle Vienna

Schnitzler began his writing career at the turn of the century in what is commonly referred to as fin de siècle Vienna. It was a time and area of great artistic and scientific accomplishment. Schnitzler's world was one dominated by such men as the great composer, Richard Strauss and the father of psychoanalysis, Sigmund Freud. In order to truly
understand Schnitzler and his works, as well as to discover some clues to the undeserved comparative obscurity he suffers in this country, it is necessary to examine the effect his world had upon him as well as the effect he had upon his world.

Arthur Schnitzler was born in Vienna on May 15, 1862, into a middle-class Jewish family and followed his father's footsteps by becoming a physician. From 1887 to 1894, he edited a medical journal and wrote scientific articles detailing his studies and experiments on the use of hypnosis in cases of hysteria. Schnitzler gave up his medical practice in the 1890's, but was still giving limited consultations into the 1920's. His first major nonscholarly work as a collection of short plays that featured Anatol, a character whose sole ambition in life seemed to be the seduction of beautiful women. These playlets were published as a collection in 1892. Some of his major works include *A Love Affair* (1896); *The Green Cockatoo* (1899); *Reigen* (1897); *Lieutenant Gustl* (1901); *Casanova's Return* (1918); *Miss Elsa* (1924); *Dream and Fate* (1931) as well as numerous short stories. In 1903, he married his mistress, Olga Gusman, by whom he already had a son. He also had a daughter who, in 1928, committed suicide. Schnitzler died in Vienna on October 21, 1931.

There are two major areas that must be examined to understand the basis for Arthur Schnitzler's work not receiving the acclaim it deserves. The political and social changes affecting *fin de siècle* Vienna, as well as most of the Western World, had
a profound effect on Schnitzler and his acclaim. His birth came at a time when the great monarchies in Europe were coming under a great deal of pressure from liberal elements in society. In Austria, a coalition of middle-class Germans and German Jews shared power with the aristocracy. Other political factions grew and by 1897 the anti-Semitic Christian Socials had taken political control of Vienna. Arthur Schnitzler apparently felt the anti-Semitic attacks. Noted historian Arthur J. May writes: "In his play Professor Bernardi Schnitzler, who had personally experienced the sling and arrows of Jew-baiters, touched on the Jewish question in Vienna—something he seldom did in his works. Suspicion, dislike, hatred, he seemed to say, were the common fate of minorities, and Zionism was no true way to salvation." Add to this the reaction Nazi-German critics had after his death and in their take-over of Austria, brushing him aside "as a representative of refined Jewish decadence, and this judgment says basically everything." The Nazis also ordered all of his writings burned. The political climate alone might have caused his downfall as a literary figure of merit, but the social changes of the day worked against him as well, causing many critics to dismiss him as a serious writer.

As the Victorian Age was coming to an end, the world that took its place seemed full of turmoil. All over Europe, people who had been deprived or suppressed began to revolt both peacefully and violently. There were women suffrage and union
movements in England and peasant revolts in Russia. This was also the beginning of what Marshall McLuhan calls the "age of electricity." Because of the telegraph, people were able to read about events a thousand miles away in the newspaper the next day. The people in Schnitzler's world were aware of great social concerns of the moment, but that was not what he was writing about.

Schnitzler defends his choice of themes very simply. Oskar Seidlin quotes him as saying: "In my work I have presented love and death and I cannot see why they should be less generally valid and timely than, for instance, a sailor's revolt." Seidlin adds, "He was convinced--and who would dare claim that he was wrong?--that only man's timeless concerns are truly timely, and that nothing is more dated than the events in yesterday's newspaper." It can perhaps be deduced that it was the age in which he lived that provided the greatest obstacle to an objective realization of his true worth in terms of literary achievement.

In recent years, however, an increasing interest has been shown in Schnitzler's work. In the mid-1960's, the International Arthur Schnitzler Research Association was formed. Murray H. Sherman points out that much of this interest stems from the similarities between Schnitzler's literary works and Sigmund Freud's scientific discoveries. He goes on to say: "Schnitzler's complex subtleties of plot and theme, his portrayal of role and character, and his social philosophical
ideas have been examined. A vital reassessment of Schnitzler has been in progress now for some years." The importance of Schnitzler's contribution to psychoanalysis, through his fictional writings, prompted a special issue of *The Psychoanalytic Review* that revolves around the contributions of four pioneers in the field of psychoanalysis: Freud; Theodor Reik; Karl Kraus; and Schnitzler.

This study is not intended to be an in-depth discussion of psychoanalysis, but its obvious importance must be kept in mind as Schnitzler's work is examined. The editor of *The Psychoanalytic Review* special issue recognizes Schnitzler's value beyond medical research with the statement: "Schnitzler's innovativeness, his capacity as social critic and depth psychologist, as well as the breadth of theme in his work, all exceed any meanly limited view of his literary stature."

Again, it should be pointed out that Chamber Theatre adapts itself especially well to literature that is rich in psychological interpretations.

Research has shown that Schnitzler did not discover the psychological truths which Freud attributes to him by accident. As a medical student, he worked with Theodor Hermann Meynert. Arthur J. May writes this about Meynert and his relationship with Schnitzler:

Theodor Hermann Meynert, primarily a brain anatomist, helped to lay the groundwork of a new branch of medicine, psychiatry. . . . The first Viennese psychiatrist of distinction, Meynert trained in his clinic many workers who advanced significantly the care and treatment of mental illness. He taught Sigmund Freud, for example, and had
Arthur Schnitzler, best known as an imaginative writer, as an assistant in his clinic.\(^{14}\)

Carl E. Schorske writes: "He \[Schnitzler\] . . . became expert in hypnotic clinical techniques."\(^{15}\) Schnitzler gave up what was apparently a very promising career in medicine in order to devote himself to a much more uncertain career in writing.

The cause or causes for such a change are not always easily identifiable, but they probably have their roots in his home environment and, to some degree, rebellion against some fatherly expectations. Schorske is illuminating on this point when he details some elements of Schnitzler's home life.

In Arthur Schnitzler . . ., the two strands of Austrian fin de siècle culture, the moralistic-scientific and the aesthetic, were present in almost equal proportions. Schnitzler's father, a prominent physician, destined Arthur for the solid medical career which he pursued for more than a decade. Sharing the Viennese enthusiasm for the performing arts, the senior Schnitzler proudly numbered Vienna's great performers among his patients and friends. But when Arthur contracted in his own home so severe a case of aesthetic fever that he felt the urge to a literary vocation, his father proved himself a mid-century moralist, violently opposing the young man's intentions.\(^{16}\)

Whatever his reasons for becoming a writer may be, he has left the world a collection of truly imaginative and thought-provoking literature filled with characters that "taken as a whole, represent all human problems regardless of the social setting in which they are cast."\(^{17}\)

Schnitzler's Unique Literary Style

Literary critics who attempt to analyze Schnitzler's work soon become aware that he refuses to fit into any one style of
writing or school of thought. Those critics who do try to label him generally use unsatisfactory titles, calling him a writer with "Impressionistic leanings,"\textsuperscript{18} or saying, "He wrote under the influence of . . . French Impressionism."\textsuperscript{19} Other critics try to point out what he is not when they say he "stood in violent opposition to the naturalism of Berlin . . . as well as to the pseudo-classicism of Grillparzer and his Viennese epigones."\textsuperscript{20} Frida Ilmer believes Schnitzler is neither an Impressionist or a Naturalist, though he "has much in common with those two schools."\textsuperscript{21} Even those critics who put Schnitzler in the "psychological school"\textsuperscript{22} must be looked on with some skepticism because Schnitzler himself objected to that kind of emphasis being given to his work. He felt that it took away from the literary merit of his work. "More essentially, however, Schnitzler objected to the tendency of psychoanalysts to read unconscious motivations into his dramatic and literary figures that he had not intended and therefore rather resented. Furthermore, analysts often interpreted his works as direct exemplifications of psychoanalytic theory, and in fact still do, whereas Schnitzler would have preferred that they be judged on their literary merits alone."\textsuperscript{23} The lack of a consensus among critics seems to be an indication of the innovative nature of his work. As in the case with most great writers, Schnitzler has a unique style that cannot be categorized through the use of generalized classifications.

In his introduction to \textit{Some Day Peace Will Come}, Robert O. Weiss outlines several of the literary classifications under
Schnitzler's many works can be categorized. Conceding that several of his better-known works are impressionistic, Weiss points out that stories like *The Legacy*, *Free Game*, and *Theresa* all lean toward naturalism. Schnitzler's untranslated puppet play *Zum großen Wurstl* is expressionistic. Romanticism can be found in short stories like "The Triple Warning" and "The Shepherd's Pipe." Weiss goes further in acknowledging that mysticism is evident in several works. Literary style, however, is not the only area of disagreement and confusion for critics. Theme, in Schnitzler's work, has raised just as much controversy.

Schnitzler has long been dismissed by many critics as nothing more than a chronicler of a decadent Viennese society. This view, when based on his earliest popular works including *Anatol* and *Reigen*, can be accepted as fairly accurate, but it ignores at least thirty years of literary output. As discussed earlier, *Anatol* is the story of a young sophisticate who spends most of his life planning and carrying out the seduction of several women. *Reigen* describes sexual relationships between ten couples as they come in contact with each other. Heinz Politzer explains the main characters in these early works as simply actors who are living out sexual rituals. These rituals soon become games which in turn become automatic functions that have no meaning or feeling to them. Schnitzler's early works are erotic and do tend to be preoccupied with sex, but his writings from around 1900 and on take a different direction. However, as Weiss points out, critics will continue to view Schnitzler only in light of
his early work because of "a tendency to classify and label an emerging author, and then, with a tenacity proportionate to the incorrectness of the initial evaluation, to ignore all evidence of subsequent growth, maturation, or change." 26

Though not abandoning the importance of sex in human relationships, after the turn of the century, Schnitzler began exploring many different themes. When he published *None but the Brave*, he was stripped of his commission in the Austrian Army. The story is a cruel satire on honor as seen by a young army officer. The officer almost kills himself over the real or imagined insult of a baker. In the process, he makes a fool of himself and must live in shame. The play *Professor Bernhardi* confronts the issue of an anti-Semitic society. The novel *Theresa* examines the problem of who is really to blame when a mother is killed by her son. One of Schnitzler's last works, *Flight into Darkness*, follows the development of a man as he slowly loses his mind. One does not need to examine every one of his works to realize that Schnitzler is far more versatile than his earliest works show. "The truth is that, far from having created only a succession of upper-class Anatols ..., Schnitzler has in fact made an impressive addition to the literature of the *comédie humaine.*" 27

Schnitzler's work seems to follow no pattern, yet one may discover certain elements that do give his work its distinct character. There appear to be three things that can generally be viewed throughout his work: stories that seem to turn out
completely opposite from the way they begin; a great sense of physical environment; and a philosophy that is, at the same time, deterministic but tied to a belief in freedom of choice.

Richard Plant is quite lucid in his discussion of Schnitzler's "turnabout structure." He says, "Schnitzler is a juggler of psychological situations which he wheels around and around, and in which usually someone's attempt to achieve a certain aim brings, ironically, the opposite result." Plant uses over fifteen different works to explain his theory. One of the examples he uses, *None but the Brave*, follows true to form because on the day the main character, Gustl, is going to commit suicide because of the disgrace he believes he has endured at the hands of a common baker, the baker dies. Rather than follow through with the face-saving device of suicide, Gustl reasons that with the death of the baker, he is avenged. In reality, what he has done is brought even more disgrace on himself and his position as a gentleman soldier. Another example of "turnabout structure" can be seen in the short story "The Shepherd's Pipe." A beautiful young woman, Dionysia, is married to a much older man, Erasmus, who has developed a philosophy that would permit any behavior from his wife without any objections on his part. Seeing that Dionysia is bored with her life, Erasmus encourages her to go out on her own and experience new things and go where her heart leads her. Unaccustomed to this kind of freedom, Dionysia throws herself into a hedonistic existence that takes her all over the country and into relationships
with many different men. When this life begins to sour, she reluctantly decides to go back to Erasmus. Exhibiting what seems to be the best qualities of the father of the "prodigal son," Erasmus welcomes Dionysia back without any question. She obviously desires him to chastise her, giving her the kind of attention a child desires when he is deliberately bad simply to receive attention from uncaring parents. Erasmus refuses to say anything about her travels, firmly believing that each person is entitled to live his own life without need of moral responsibility. As a result of this philosophy, Dionysia leaves her husband to go back to the life that had dealt her misery, not because she enjoyed it but because she could not stand being with a man who seemed to care so little for her. Erasmus lost his wife because he loved her so much he was willing to give her the freedom he thought she wanted.

The surprise endings that are a part of most of Schnitzler's works should not be confused with the surprises found in a story by O. Henry. Whereas O. Henry tends to deal with very simple truths that are gotten at by examining very obvious motivations and actions of the main characters, with Schnitzler, character's motivations and the results of their actions are not always obvious even at the end of a story. Schnitzler forces the reader to examine each character and every action as they relate to the smallest details found in any other part of a story. There are not easy answers as to why any one thing happens. As a result, when a story takes an ironic twist at the end, the
reader almost expects it, but somehow wishes it had come sooner or had been a little more obvious in the results. Perhaps this is the psychoanalyst in Schnitzler playing with the hopes and expectations people feel in their own worlds.

Another element common to most of Schnitzler's works is the sense of the environment. He often takes great pains in describing the weather or the light or the countryside. When carefully examined, these descriptions can often give insight into what characters are feeling or the direction coming events will take. H. B. Garland writes:

...Schnitzler's success in conveying atmosphere and mood in his plays foreshadow one of the most important features of his stories. He constantly shows a sensitive awareness of temperature, humidity, sunshine and cloud.

These are outwardly passages of description and may seem at first sight akin to hundreds of passages in novels of the nineteenth century. The appearance, however, is deceptive. The atmospheric writing is only incidentally a portrayal of the external world. Its real function is psychological, the rendering of a state of mind. Always Schnitzler is concerned, not with fine writing or the elaboration of background, but with the suggestion, subtle, sensitive and indirect, of a state of mind.29

The importance of and the effect atmosphere has in Schnitzler's writing can be greatly enhanced with a Chamber Theatre presentation. The addition of subtle lighting, as well as set pieces, scenery and costumes can help tremendously in adding to the mood and atmosphere the audience should be enveloped by to sufficiently understand what Schnitzler is trying to create. "Greater efforts to acquire true understanding of the local scene are necessary to fully comprehend the general concepts and issues in Schnitzler's work."30
A third element common to most of Schnitzler's works is the philosophy behind them. Schnitzler places his characters in conflicts with different elements in the story whether it be another person or society or the character's own conscience. Some characters strive diligently to overcome these crises while others seem resigned to let events take their course and to accept whatever happens. Those characters that struggle do not always win, but those that give up almost always suffer unpleasant consequences. "... Some people are alive while countless others are reposing under the sod. He \textit{Schnitzler}\cite{31} therefore begs those who live to cease moaning and to avoid darkening with cares their all too few days on earth."

Schnitzler believes that situations arise that cannot be avoided, but a person's reaction to these situations is not predetermined. The circumstances may limit the nature and number of options available, but man does have limited control of his destiny. Herbert Lederer argues that Schnitzler believed that man is deterministic but can make choices; these choices having already been predetermined.\cite{32} Robert Weiss is perhaps closer to the free will aspect of Schnitzler's determinism in his observations on Schnitzler's own thoughts. Weiss writes:

As to the question of free will, which is so central to Schnitzler's thinking, we find the clearest expression of Schnitzler's break with absolute determinism in his \textit{Reflections and Aphorisms}, where he wrote: 'Can one really imagine a God who would simply be content to create the law of causality, whereupon--after the first impetus
with which he got the world started—all further events would occur as immutable and predetermined? No, He did not make it that easy for Himself. He placed into the universe an opponent worthy of Himself, free will—ready at any moment to combat causality, and to do so even when it believes itself that it is humbly submitting to an inscrutable decision.'33

Schnitzler's philosophy can be compared to an experiment in film displayed at the San Antonio World's Fair, Hemisfair '68. At strategic points throughout the film, action would stop and the audience would be given several options as to how the film's plot could continue. Audience members would register their choices on an electronic voting device, and the film would continue in the direction the majority desired. Though the actual choices had been predetermined, there was complete freedom in choosing among the options.

The characters in Schnitzler's literature have no choices as to their positions in life or the conflicts that confront them. They are allowed the opportunity to take an active role in the decisions that will affect their immediate situation and, ultimately, their entire future. Their decisions are, however, limited to only a few predetermined courses of action. It is in this way that Schnitzler's philosophy of life can, at the same time, contain freedom of will but still be deterministic.

"The Blind Geronimo and His Brother"

To find a work that is truly representative of the entire scope of Schnitzler's literary achievement would of course be
impossible, but one work in particular, "The Blind Geronimo and His Brother," does seem to exemplify a great many of the traits prevalent in much of his writing. As to its literary merit, Richard Plant calls it "one of Schnitzler's most moving, perhaps one of his best stories."34 In "The Blind Geronimo and His Brother," the three common elements to most of Schnitzler's work, outlined earlier, are present. Written in 1900, "The Blind Geronimo and His Brother" came at a time when Schnitzler began experimenting with the use of "the interior monologue, a technique new to German fiction."35 While the emphasis on sexual relations in Schnitzler's earlier works is not an overwhelming concern in this short story, sex does play a part in the conflict between the brothers. Some critics seem intent on never allowing Schnitzler to be seen as anything but a annalist of eroticism. Fredrick Beharriell points out one extreme case concerning "The Blind Geronimo and His Brother," declining "the suggestion of the psychoanalyst Theodor Reik that Carlo's shot may have been actuated by unconscious sexual love for the mother, and thus represent a jealous attempt to castrate his brother. . . ."36

There has been very little written about "The Blind Geronimo and His Brother." William Cook identifies only two major discussions other than his own.37 It is basically the story of Carlo and his blind brother, Geronimo, and the effect a stranger's lie about money has on their relationship. When very young, Carlo accidentally blinds his younger brother,
Geronimo, with an arrow. At a priest's suggestion, Carlo dedicates his life to caring for Geronimo. Circumstances cause the brothers to have to support themselves by wandering from one inn to another in the resort areas of the mountains between Austria and Italy, singing and begging for money. Geronimo sings while Carlo holds his hat out for traveler's offerings. One such traveler secretly tells Geronimo that he has given Carlo a twenty-franc gold piece and suggests that Carlo may be cheating him. This is all a lie, so when Geronimo asks Carlo to let him feel the gold piece, Carlo cannot produce it. This causes Geronimo to turn on his brother and challenge the sincerity of his devotion in the past twenty years. Carlo desperately attempts to find some way to convince Geronimo that he is wrong. In his search, Carlo delves deep into his own psyche and finds himself questioning their relationship and its significance. Ultimately, Carlo steals a gold piece and, not until he is caught and the threat of prison is apparent, Geronimo realizes he has been wrong and accepts their relationship once more.

While at first it would seem that Geronimo is the main focus of the story, as the story continues the focal point becomes the inner struggle which Carlo has with his own personal feelings and doubts about his purpose and meaning in life. As the story opens, Geronimo is the center of most of the action. The two brothers go into the courtyard as travelers arrive and Geronimo sings. His singing is what prompts
travelers to come near him and drop coins in Carlo's hat. His presence becomes even more commanding when he orders Carlo to bring him some wine. William Cook observes that at this point in the story, when a young couple has come near, there is direct insight into Geronimo's thoughts.\textsuperscript{38} This is the only point in the story where this occurs; everywhere else Geronimo is referred to in third-person narration or by direct quotation.\textsuperscript{39} There is a temptation to allow this one passage to be Geronimo's only spoken narration in a Chamber Theatre production. This kind of action would, however, ignore the importance of the many instances when Geronimo's actions carry as much meaning as any spoken words or thoughts. The added emphasis that would be attained from the simultaneous act of Geronimo doing, as well as describing other activities, would surely outweigh any advantage obtained by the added attention to one passage that symbolically describes the repetitious nature of Carlo's and Geronimo's lives.

When Carlo returns with wine for Geronimo, he takes over as the dominant character. It is through his eyes as well as third person descriptions of his own actions that most of the story takes place. Carlo's remembrance of the events that led to Geronimo's blinding and then to their current situation reveals the reasons for Carlo's guilt. It also provides a basis for speculation that Carlo should perhaps feel some animosity toward his brother for taking away any chance he had of living a normal life as a blacksmith, the trade he was training for before Geronimo's accident.
William Cook points out that Schnitzler "employs a combination of traditional third-person narration (with direct discourse between characters) and modified inner monologue (in which Carlo's inner thoughts are represented directly, but during which the flow of events is reported by reversion to third-person narration)." Cook goes on to explain that in "The Blind Geronimo and His Brother," the narrator is not omniscient but reports only what appearances show reality to be. When access to someone's inner thoughts or perceptions of a situation is desired, dialogue and interior monologue is used. Carlo's remembrance of his and Geronimo's early life is all told from his own perspective. Because a non-omniscient narrator would not be conscious of this view, Carlo should narrate the entire passage. As Carlo speaks, other performers could pantomine the story he tells. The danger exists that an audience might become uneasy listening to only one voice for so long a time, but this method would remain true to the style of writing and, perhaps, even provide greater awareness of the author's purpose in employing this method.

With Carlo and Geronimo's background firmly established, the story reveals the catalyst for the conflict that threatens to destroy the brothers' relationship. A stranger traveling through the mountains stops at the inn. While the driver goes inside to take care of some business, the traveler stretches his legs, giving little attention to Geronimo and Carlo.
Just before he is to leave, the traveler gives Carlo a franc. Carlo thanks him and then takes Geronimo’s glass into the inn to get more wine. With Carlo gone, the traveler seems to think of an idea all of a sudden and tells Geronimo that he has given Carlo a twenty-franc gold piece. Geronimo thanks him, but the traveler warns Geronimo not to let his brother cheat him. Geronimo protests that Carlo has always taken care of him and that he would never cheat him. As the stranger leaves, he seems to say by his look that it is not his concern and events are now out of his hands. Cook comments that the stranger can be seen as a Devil figure but then notes that there is so little that is demonic about him. He seems to be more of an egotistical and capricious type. When he first encounters Geronimo and Carlo, he ignores them and then looks at them critically. It is only at the last moment that he gives them money and then plays his cruel joke on Geronimo.

In order to emphasize these two qualities of the stranger, line assignment for Chamber Theatre becomes very important. The traveler himself should speak the lines that describes his physical features and, when he begins to think about his actions toward the brothers, his recitation of those lines would stress the impulsive nature of his actions.

When the stranger leaves, Geronimo naturally asks Carlo to let him touch the gold piece. Since Carlo does not know what Geronimo is talking about, he cannot satisfy his request. The passages which follow are a series of dialogues between
Geronimo and Carlo in which Geronimo accuses his brother of several injustices over the past twenty years with Carlo denying the accusations and attempting a defense. These dialogues are continually interrupted by the need to attend to their livelihood (going into the courtyard to sing for the travelers), eating, and the companionship Geronimo seeks of workmen who enter the inn. During these breaks from direct confrontation with Geronimo, Carlo is able to try to make sense of all that is happening. Among the accusations Geronimo makes, two are particularly painful. Geronimo accuses Carlo of having lived off him for twenty years, using his blindness to take advantage of him and holding back money to use for his own pleasures. Geronimo also accuses Carlo of having a romantic entanglement with Maria, the maid at the inn, as well as any number of other women along the road. Both of these accusations are false because Carlo has always shared any money they had equally and the only hint of romance in his life was several years earlier, and he gave that up realizing he could not take care of Geronimo's needs and have a wife at the same time.

Geronimo's rantings and irrational behavior finally cause Carlo to take him up to their room where Geronimo quickly falls into a drunken sleep. Again Carlo is able to consider the day's events and attempt to find some course of action. Among Carlo's thoughts is the realization that for Geronimo to be so easily taken in by a stranger's lie he must have had hidden
doubts for a long time. Carlo, at first, feels that if Geronimo distrusts him that much, maybe he should leave Geronimo and try to live a more normal life free of the burden of a blind brother. Carlo imagines the suffering that would come to Geronimo if left on his own and abandons thoughts of deserting him. Carlo also thinks how nice it would be to lie down by the side of the road somewhere and die. This though too passes. Carlo is left with nothing to do but either find a solution to the problem of convincing his brother of his faithfulness or living the rest of his life with Geronimo's contempt and distrust.

Line assignment for passages of dialogue is very obvious, but the sections dealing with Carlo's inner thoughts are more difficult. As noted earlier, the narration is not omniscient. Generally speaking, when attention to physical actions which are true indicators of thoughts are deemed necessary, the narrator should begin the observance in order to better direct the audience's attention to the character. However, the character himself should finish the narration so the fact that the actions do indicate his thought is always apparent. This should also be the case with Geronimo and his emotion-telling actions.

After Carlo resolves to find a way to continue his alliance with Geronimo, a series of fateful events occur which change the course of their conflict. Very few travelers spend the night at the inn in which they are staying, but on that night two men are sleeping in the room across the hall. Carlo reasons
that he could steal a gold piece from these men, give it to Geronimo, and all would be forgiven. As Carlo rises from his bed to attempt the theft, he has a change of heart but fate seems to make him continue. The lock on the door across the hall is broken, so it would be easy to get into the room.

Crawling into the room, Carlo finds a purse and takes one of the three gold pieces in it. He is successful getting back to his room and he lies awake contemplating his actions as he waits for dawn to break.

As Carlo is committing the theft, there are certain things of which his senses are keenly aware. The passages that describe his sensual awareness are lines that should be assigned to Carlo. Other descriptions, unimportant to or unnoticed by Carlo, should be assigned to the narrator. Hopefully, in this way, the audience has a much greater feel for the fear and desperation that is in Carlo's actions.

When Geronimo finally wakes up, Carlo tells him to hurry and get dressed so they can leave. Carlo then says his goodbyes to the innkeeper and his staff. As Carlo and Geronimo get out on the road and away from the inn, Carlo takes the stolen gold piece and gives it to Geronimo. Carlo makes up an excuse as to why he did not give the money to Geronimo the day before. To Carlo's surprise, Geronimo rejects the explanation and again accuses Carlo of having been unfaithful for the last twenty years. The shock of this rejection causes Carlo to give up all hope of reconciliation. He laments that he has
even become a thief for his brother. The final moments of the story come as Carlo and Geronimo are stopped by a policeman to be taken in for questioning about the robbery at the inn. When Carlo is unable to make a defense, Geronimo realizes that his brother is in trouble because of him and embraces Carlo to show his understanding and apology. Carlo realizes that this act symbolizes the fact that for the first time he and Geronimo have a relationship built on true love and understanding.

Many of the final passages are straight dialogue and physical descriptions. The moments of important personal feeling and emotion giving action are fairly obvious, so line assignment is a relatively simple task. Besides an analysis of narrative direction, several other elements of the story should be examined. There are many ambiguities about "The Blind Geronimo and His Brother" which should be explained or at least be the subject of speculation.

There are many psychological problems apparent in both Carlo and Geronimo that must be addressed. One of the first concerns is Carlo's real reason for taking responsibility for Geronimo's care. Was he doing it because of a true sense of duty or was he only interested in trying to feel less guilty? The village priest said it was Carlo's duty, but Carlo lets the reader know that it is only when he is with his brother stroking his hair and sharing in his suffering that he is less unhappy. This almost appears to be the satisfaction of some
masochistic tendency. As to the actual care that Carlo is giving, there is some question whether Carlo really is the provider. It is Geronimo who is responsible for making the money they live on. Carlo is little more than a servant. He gets Geronimo up in the morning and puts him to bed at night. He fetches wine and collects the money. True, these are necessary functions, but it seems that Geronimo is providing the greater part of their livelihood. Carlo's greatest service appears to be the kind of care a parent would give a child. The conclusion might be that they take an equal part in caring for each other. Geronimo provides the material comforts and perhaps some psychological therapy, while Carlo provides the basic physical care necessary for life.

The natural tendency would be to feel sorrow for Geronimo and his pitiful condition, but there are aspects of his character that seem almost inexcusable. Without ever having expressed any doubts before, Geronimo is willing to accept a stranger's lie and believe that his brother has been betraying him for twenty years. Jeffery Berlin talks about the use of a betrayer in many of Schnitzler's works and points out that "The Blind Geronimo and His Brother" is an example of "how an individual acts when he feels, however mistakenly, that he has been betrayed." There has to be some reason for the flood of accusations Geronimo pours on Carlo for some imagined injustices. It is possible Geronimo has felt all along that his brother has been "sponging" off of him, and the encounter with
the stranger was all that was needed to finally release those feelings. Because Geronimo has always treated the anguish he must feel, being blind, with silence, it is more likely that his irrational behavior is a result of pent-up emotions that have been accumulating over many years. Geronimo may never have truly accepted his fortune in life, and Carlo is the only one he can lash out at and blame. The personal attacks he makes on Carlo may only be his way of justifying his actions without having to admit his frustration at being blind. Geronimo and Carlo are both very dependent on the other and must have each other to survive. However, it is ironic that in the turnabout structure common to Schnitzler, the stranger's lie which was meant to cause havoc between the brothers ultimately brings them closer together and brings a greater sense of security to their lives.

William Cook discusses two final aspects of the story that merit close attention in this study: the philosophy of fate and free will and the importance of environment. He explains how fate creates the settings for decisions that lead to the major conflict as well as the resolution of the conflict. The chance appearance of the stranger creates the need for Geronimo to either believe his lie or ignore it. Geronimo, of course, believes him and sets in motion events that almost destroy him and his brother. The second reference to fate, that Cook makes, concerns the moment Carlo makes up his mind to go through with the robbery. Just as
Carlo is about to give up his quest, he sees the stream of light coming from the traveler's room. This reminds him that the door is unlocked which would make the robbery much easier. Carlo, at that point, makes the decision to steal the money.

Another place in the story that shows the deterministic nature of life coupled with the free will of man is not mentioned by Cook. On the day Geronimo is blinded, it is a chance occurrence that he should receive the dart Carlo was aiming at a tree. Carlo had played there on many occasions, but he had no control over what happened that day. Because of Geronimo's blinding, Carlo makes a decision to devote his life to his brother. No one forces him to make the decision. The brothers cannot control the elements that affect their lives, but they can be instrumental in determining the results.

Environment, particularly in the form of light and darkness, makes an important symbolic contribution to the story. On the day Geronimo is blinded, the sun is shining brightly, but the major development of the story takes place on a day that is dark and rainy, suggesting the depression caused by the brothers' conflict. As Carlo makes his decision to steal a gold piece, a glimmer of light is present on the wall of his room. Finally, with the intervention of the police and Geronimo's realization of what has really happened, the sun is bright, and it is a beautiful day. Cook explains the obvious symbolism of light at the moment just before Geronimo's blinding to the total darkness at the time of Carlo's deepest
despair, back to brightness as Geronimo and Carlo come to see and understand each other at long last. In a Chamber Theatre production, the subtle changes in atmospheric coloring could be achieved very easily and to the benefit of the audience's appreciation of the story.

A particularly difficult consideration arises with the way in which "The Blind Geronimo and His Brother ends. As William Cook points out, it is one of Schnitzler's few works "which may be described as having a 'happy ending'." Even though Carlo and Geronimo find that they are together both physically and spiritually for the first time, the price they pay is a separation due to their almost certain arrest and potential prison term. The great happiness that is experienced by this reconciliation cannot be overemphasized due to the impending consequences. A delicate balance must be worked toward in any theatrical presentation of the story.

Finally, Cook unknowingly makes an enthusiastic appeal for the presentation of "The Blind Geronimo and His Brother" in Chamber Theatre form. As he finishes his critique, Cook makes a statement about the story that is at the very center of the value of Chamber Theatre. Cook even uses the film terminology of which Breen is so fond in the following passage:

When language fails to communicate, there remains only the sphere of gestures. Not surprisingly, they play a critical role in this story. Time and again, Schnitzler pans in upon a particularly vivid gesture, evidently in the conviction that it can communicate a specific mood more accurately than verbal narration alone. To
be sure, the realm of gesture is formulated in words and embellished by interpretive adjectives. Nevertheless, the visual image created in the narrator's mind ... communicates a definite emotional quality.
NOTES


10. Sherman, p. 5.


14. May, p. 56.
15 Schorske, p. 936.
16 Schorske, p. 936.
18 Hill, p. 89.
19 Langnas and List, p. 428.
20 Liptzin, p. 731.
22 May, p. 113.
23 Sherman, pp. 7-8.
26 Weiss, p. 16.
30 Kann, p. 554.
31 Liptzin, p. 732.
33 Weiss, p. 24.
34 Plant, p. 18.
35 Weiss, p. 17.
36 Beharriel, p. 304.


38 Cook, p. 128.

39 Cook, p. 133.

40 Cook, p. 132.

41 Cook, p. 134.

42 Cook, pp. 128-129.


44 Cook, pp. 129-130.

45 Cook, pp. 131-132.

46 Cook, p. 126.

47 Cook, p. 134.
CHAPTER IV

"THE BLIND GERONIMO AND HIS BROTHER":

THE SCRIPT

Cast of Characters

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<td>Carlo</td>
<td>Car</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hostler</td>
<td>Hos</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>T-1</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Y-M</td>
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<td>A Young Woman.</td>
<td>Y-W</td>
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<tr>
<td>A Traveler's Eldest Son.</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maria (a servant girl)</td>
<td>Mar</td>
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<tr>
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The Script

Narrator: The blind Geronimo rose from the bench and took up his guitar,

Geronimo: which lay in readiness on the table beside the wineglass. He had heard the distant rumbling of the first carriage.

Narrator: His brother followed him, and both took their position close by the stairs with their backs to the wall.
Oar: so as to be protected against the damp cold wind which swept over the soggy ground through the open gates.

Nar: All the carriages that went by the way of the Stelvio Pass had to pass beneath the gloomy archway of the old inn. For travelers going from Italy to Tyrol, it was the last stopping-place before the summit.

Hos: It didn't invite to a long stay, for the road here ran rather level, without views, between barren elevations. The blind Italian and his brother Carlo practically made their home here during the summer months.

Nar: The post-coach drove in; other vehicles soon followed it. Most of the travelers kept their seats, well wrapped in plaids and cloaks;

T-l: others alighted and impatiently walked back and forth between the gates.

Nar: The weather grew worse, a cold rain fell. After a succession of beautiful days, it seemed as if autumn had broken suddenly and all too soon. The blind man sang and accompanied himself on his guitar; he sang with an uneven voice, which sometimes suddenly became shrill as always when he had been drinking. From time to time he turned his head upward with an expression of fruitless pleading.

Ger: Yet the lines of his face, with its black stubble of beard and its bluish lips, remained completely immobile.

Narr: His older brother stood beside him,
Car: almost motionless. When someone dropped a coin in his hat, he nodded his thanks, and looked into the giver’s face with a quick, almost wandering glance.

Nar: But immediately,
Car: almost timidly,
Nar: he looked away again, and stared,
Car: like his brother,
Nar: into the void.
Car: It was as if his eyes were ashamed of the light which was granted to them, but of which they could not give a single ray to the blind brother.

Ger: Bring me some wine,
Nar: said Geronimo, and Carlo went, obedient as always. As he ascended the stairs, Geronimo began to sing again.

Ger: He had long since ceased listening to his own voice, and so he could pay attention to what was going on in his neighborhood.

Nar: Just now he heard two whispering voices quite close by,
Ger: those of a young man and a young woman. He wondered how often these two might have gone back and forth over the same way,

Nar: for, in his blindness and intoxication, it sometimes seemed as if day after day the same people wandered over the pass, now from the north to the south, now from the south to the north.

Ger: And so it seemed he had known this young couple for a long time.
Nar: Carlo came down and handed Geronimo a glass of wine.

Ger: The blind man raised his glass to the young couple and said, to your health, friends.

Y-M: Thanks!

Nar: said the young man, but the young woman drew him away, for the blind man made her feel uncomfortable.

Nar: Now a carriage with a rather noisy company drove in--father, mother, three children, a nurse.

Ger: German family, said Geronimo in a low voice to Carlo.

Nar: The father gave a piece of money to each of the children, and each was permitted to toss it into the hat of the beggar. Every time, Geronimo inclined his head in thanks.

Boy: The oldest boy peered with timid curiosity into the beggar's face.

Car: Carlo watched the boy. As always when he saw such children he had to think of the fact that Geronimo was just that age when the accident occurred which had cost him his sight. He even, to-day, after almost twenty years, remembered the day with perfect clarity. His ears still rang with the shrill childish cry with which the little Geronimo had dropped on the grass; he still saw the sun play in circles upon the white garden-wall and heard the Sunday bells which had sounded at that moment.

As on many an occasion, he had aimed at the ash-tree near the wall, and when he heard the cry he imagined at once that he had wounded his little brother who had just
run past. He let the blowgun slip from his hands; leaped through the window into the garden, and dashed toward his little brother who lay on the grass, wailing, with his hands clasped to his face. Blood was flowing down along his right cheek and neck. At this very moment their father came home from the fields through the little garden-gate, and now both knelt down beside the crying child without knowing what to do. Neighbors hurried hither; the old Vanetti woman was the first who succeeded in withdrawing the child's hands from his face. Then the blacksmith, to whom Carlo was apprenticed, came along too. He had some slight knowledge of surgery, and saw immediately that the right eye was lost. The physician who came from Poschiavo in the evening also could not do anything further. He indicated that the other eye was likewise endangered. And so it turned out. A year later the world turned into night for Geronimo. At first they tried to persuade him that he could be cured later, and he seemed to believe it.

Carlo, who knew the truth, wandered aimlessly over the highway for many days and nights, among the vineyards and forests, and was on the verge of killing himself. The priest in whom he confided explained that it was his duty to live and to devote his life to his brother. A great pity seized him. It was only when he was with the blind boy, when he stroked his hair, kissed his forehead,
told him stories, led him about in the fields behind the house and among the vine-trellises, that his unhappiness was less poignant.

Quite at the beginning he had neglected his hours at the blacksmith shop, because he did not want to be separated from his brother; later he could not make up his mind to take up his trade again, though his father urged him and was troubled. One day Carlo noticed that Geronimo no longer talked about his misfortune. Soon he knew why. The blind boy had come to understand that he would never again see the sky, the hills, the streets, people, light. Now Carlo's unhappiness was greater than ever, though he tried to reassure himself with the thought that the accident was entirely unintentional on his part.

And sometimes, when early in the morning he watched his brother, lying beside him, he was mortally afraid of seeing him wake up. He then ran out into the garden, so that he might not be present when the dead eyes each day anew seemed to seek the light which had gone out for them forever. It was at this time that it occurred to Carlo to have Geronimo take up music, for he had a pleasing voice. The schoolmaster of Tola, who sometimes came on Sundays, taught him to play on the guitar. The blind boy then did not dream that this new art was once to serve as a means of livelihood.

With that sad summer's day misfortune seemed permanently to have settled in old Lagardi's house. The
harvest failed year after year, and the old man was cheated by relatives of the small sum of money he had saved. When on a sultry August day he fell down in the open field under a stroke of apoplexy and died, he left nothing but debts. The little property was sold; the two brothers were poor and without shelter, and left the village.

Carlo was twenty years old, Geronimo fifteen. It was then that the wandering beggar's existence which still was theirs began. At first Carlo had thought of finding some sort of work which might support both him and his brother, but success would not come. Besides, Geronimo was restless everywhere; he always wanted to be moving.

It was twenty years now that they had wandered about among the roads and passes, in Northern Italy and Southern Tyrol, always where the densest crowd of travelers went by.

And even if after so many years Carlo no longer felt the burning torment with which formerly every gleam of the sun, every view of a friendly landscape, had filled him, there was still a continuous pity in him, persistent and unconscious, like the beat of his heart and his breath. And he was glad when Geronimo got drunk.

Nar: The carriage with the German family had driven away. Carlo sat down, as was his favorite habit, on the lowest step of the stairs, but Geronimo remained standing; he let his
arms hang down limply and kept his head turned upward.

Maria, the maid, came out of the main room of the inn.

Nar: Get much to-day? She called down to them.

Nar: Carlo did not even turn around.

Ger: The bland man bent down to his glass, raised it from the
ground, and held it out toward Maria.

Mar: Sometimes in the evening she sat by his side in the inn;

Ger: he knew, too, that she was beautiful.

Car: Carlo bent forward, and looked out toward the road.

Nar: The wind blew and the rain rattled, so that the rumble
of the approaching carriage was drowned out by the noisy
sounds.

Car: Carlo rose and again took his place by his brother's side.

Nar: Geronimo began to sing, just as soon as the carriage en-
tered the gate;

Car: there was only a single passenger.

Nar: The driver quickly unharnessed the horses, and then hurried
up into the inn. For a while the traveler remained sitting
in his corner, completely wrapped up in a gray raincoat;
he seemed entirely oblivious to the song. After a while
he leapt from the carriage and walked hurriedly to and
fro, without moving very far away from the carriage. He
rubbed his hands together all the time to warm himself.
Only now did he seem to notice the beggars.

Man: He stood still, facing them, and for a long time looked
critically at them.
Car: Carlo inclined his head slightly, as if in greeting.

Nar: The traveler was a very young man,

Man: with an attractive, beardless face and restless eyes.

Nar: After he had stood before the beggars for a considerable time, he hastened to the gateway again, through which he was to continue his journey,

Man: and shook his head in annoyance at the cheerless prospect of rain and fog.

Ger: Well?

Nar: asked Geronimo.

Car: Nothing yet, replied Carlo. He will probably give something when he leaves.

Nar: The traveler came back again and leaned against the pole of the carriage. The blind man began to sing.

Man: Now the young man suddenly seemed to listen with great interest.

Hos: The hostler appeared, and harnessed the horses again.

Man: And only now, as if just remembering it, the young man went down into his pocket, and gave Carlo a franc.

Car: Oh, thank you, thank you.

Nar: The traveler took his seat in the carriage, and again wrapped himself up in his cloak.

Car: Carlo picked up the glass from the ground, and went up the wooden stairs.

Nar: The traveler leaned out beyond the carriage, and shook his head with an expression of simultaneous superiority and sadness.
Man: Suddenly a fancy took him, and he smiled. He said to the blind man, who stood scarcely two paces away: What is your name?

Ger: Geronimo.

Man: Well, Geronimo, don't let them cheat you.

Nar: At this moment the coachman appeared at the topmost step.

Ger: How so, sir, cheat?

Man: I gave your companion a twenty-franc piece.

Ger: Oh, sir, thank you, thank you!

Man: Very well, but look out.

Ger: He is my brother, sir; he wouldn't cheat me.

Man: The young man hesitated for a moment,

Nar: but while he was still pondering, the driver had gotten on his seat and started the horses.

Man: The young man leaned back with a movement of his head, as if he meant to say, Fate, take your course!

Nar: and the carriage drove off.

Ger: The blind man expressed his thanks with lively gestures of both hands as the carriage drove off. Now he heard Carlo, who was just coming out of the inn.

Car: He called down to him; Come, Geronimo, it's warm up here; Maria has built a fire.

Ger: Geronimo nodded, took his guitar, and felt his way along the banister up the steps.

Nar: Still on the stairs he called out:

Ger: Let me touch it. It is a long time since I have touched a gold piece.
Nar: What's the matter? What are you talking about?

Geronimo was upstairs, and felt with both hands for his brother's head,

a gesture with which he was always in the habit of expressing joy or tenderness. Carlo, dear brother, there are still good people.

Carlo: Of course. We got two lire and thirty centisimi so far, and here is some Austrian money, perhaps half a lire.

Geri: And twenty-francs-- and twenty francs. I know about them! He stumbled into the room, and sat down heavily on a bench.

Carlo: You know about what?

Geri: No joking! Put it in my hand! It is so long since I have held a gold piece in my hand.

Carlo: What do you want? Where am I to get a gold piece from? There are two or three lire.

Geri: The blind man struck the table. Enough of that now, enough! Are you trying to hide something from me?

Carlo: He sat down beside him, moved quite close, and touched his arm appeasingly. I am hiding nothing from you. How could you imagine I would? No one every thought of giving me a gold piece.

Geri: But he told me so!

Carlo: Who?

Geri: The young man, who walked back and forth.
Car: Who? I don't understand you!

Ger: He said to me, What is your name? and then, Look out, look out, don't let them cheat you.

Car: You must have dreamed it, Geronimo--it is pure nonsense!

Ger: Nonsense? I heard it, and my hearing is good. Don't let them cheat you, I gave him a gold piece . . . -- no, he said, I gave him a twenty-franc piece.

Inn: The tavern-keeper entered. Well, what's the matter with you? Have you given up business? A coach with four horses has just driven up.

Car: Come! Come!

Ger: Geronimo kept his seat. But why? Why should I come? What's the use? You stand there and --

Car: Carlo touched his arm. Hush, now, come down!

Nar: Geronimo was silent, and obeyed his brother.

Ger: But on the steps he said: We are not through talking yet, not yet!

Car: Carlo did not understand what had happened. Had Geronimo suddenly gone mad?

Nar: For even if he did easily fly into a passion,

Car: he had never spoken in the manner he had now.

Nar: Two Englishmen sat in the carriage and tossed a couple of coins into Carlo's hat.

Car: Carlo said, Thank you, and then as if to himself, Twenty centisimi!

Ger: Geronimo's face remained unmoved; he began a new song.
The carriage with the two Englishmen drove away. The brothers ascended the stairs in silence.

Geronimo sat down on the bench,

Carlo remained standing by the stove.

Why don't you say something?

Well, it happened just as I have told you. His voice trembled a little.

What did you say?

Perhaps he was crazy.

Crazy? Fine! If some one says, I have given your brother twenty francs, then he is crazy--eh, and why did he say, Don't let them cheat you--eh?

Maybe he wasn't crazy . . . but there are people who like to play jokes on poor people . . .

Eh! screamed Geronimo. Jokes? Of course, you had to say that--I was waiting for it! He emptied the glass of wine before him.

But Geronimo! Carlo exclaimed, and in his consternation he felt barely able to speak, why should I . . . how can you imagine . . . ?

Why does your voice tremble . . . eh? . . . why?

Geronimo, I swear, I--

Eh--and I don't believe you! You are laughing now . . . I know you are laughing now.

The hostler from below called, Hello, blind man, there are people here.
Entirely mechanically,
the brothers rose,
and went down the stairs.

Nar: Two carriages had arrived together, one with three men
and the other with an old married couple.

Ger: Geronimo sang;

Car: Carlo stood beside him, disconcerted. What was he to do?
His brother did not believe him. How was that possible?

Nar: And he looked with an anxious, sidewise glance at Geronimo,
who sang his songs with a cracked voice.

Car: It seemed to him as if he saw thoughts flit across his
brow, which he had never before noticed.

Nar: The carriages had already left, but Geronimo went on singing.

Car: Carlo did not dare to interrupt him. He did not know what
to say; he was afraid his voice would tremble again.

Nar: Then laughter sounded from above, and Maria called out,
What are you still singing for? You won't get nothing
from me!

Nar: Geronimo stopped in the middle of a melody;

Car: it sounded as if his voice and the strings had broken at
the same moment.

Nar: Then he went up the steps again, and Carlo followed him.
In the Inn he sat down beside him.

Car: What was he to do? There was nothing else, but to try
again to enlighten his brother. Geronimo, I swear to you
... think, Geronimo, how can you believe that I--
Geri Geronimo remained silent;
Nar: his dead eyes seemed to look out through the window into the gray mist.
Car: Carlo continued speaking, Well, maybe he wasn't just crazy, he may have been mistaken . . . But he felt that he himself didn't believe what he was saying.
Nar: Geronimo impatiently moved away,
Car: but Carlo went on talking, with sudden animation: Why should I--you know I don't eat or drink any more than you, and when I buy myself a new coat, you know that too. What use would I have for so much money? What should I do with it?
Ger: Then Geronimo ejaculated between his teeth, Don't lie, I hear how you lie!
Car: I am not lying, Geronimo, I am not lying! said Carlo frightened.
Ger: Eh! You've given it to her already? Or will she get it later? screamed Geronimo.
Car: Maria?
Ger: Who else, but Maria? Eh, you liar, you thief! And as if he no longer wished to sit beside him at the table, he shoved his brother in the ribs with the elbow.
Nar: Carlo got up. At first he stared at his brother; then he left the room, and went by the stairway into the courtyard. With wide-open eyes he looked out upon the highway, which disappeared before him in a brownish fog. The rain
had stopped. Carlo thurst his hands in his trousers' pockets, and went out into the open.

Car: He felt as if his brother had driven him away. What in the world had happened? He couldn't yet grasp it. What sort of a person had it been? He had given a single franc and said it was twenty! He must have had some reason.

Nar: And Carlo searched his memory,

Car: as to whether somewhere he had made an enemy and he had sent the stranger to avenge himself. . . .

Nar: But as far back as he could remember, he had never given an affront to any one, had never had a serious quarrel with any one. For twenty years he had never done anything but stand in courtyards or on the edge of the roads with hat in hand . . .

Car: Was, perhaps, some one angry with him on a woman's account? . . .

Nar: But what a long time since he had had anything to do with a woman . . .

Car: The waitress in La Rosa had been the last one, the spring before . . . but surely no one envied him on her account?

Nar: He couldn't understand it at all! . . . What sort of people might there be out in that world which he didn't know? . . . They came from everywhere. . . . What did he know of them? . . .

Car: This stranger must have had some motive that made him say, I have given your brother twenty francs. . . .
Surely . . . But what was he to do now? . . . It had suddenly become obvious, that Geronimo distrusted him! . . . He could not bear this! He had to do something to counter-act it . . . And he hurried back. When he again entered the room of the inn,

Geronimo lay stretched out on the bench and seemed not to notice Carlo's entrance.

Maria brought food and drink for the two. They didn't exchange a word during the meal.

When Maria was clearing away the plates, Geronimo suddenly laughed out aloud and said to her, What are you going to buy yourself with it?

With what?

Well, what? A new skirt or earrings?

What does he want of me? she said turning to Carlo.

In the meantime there was the sound of heavy-laden vehicles down in the courtyard, loud voices were heard, and Maria hurried down. After a few minutes three drivers entered, and sat down at the table;

the innkeeper went up to them and greeted them.

They growled about the bad weather. You are going to have snow to-night, said one of them.

The second one told how, ten years ago in the middle of August, he had been snowed in the pass, and had almost been frozen to death.

Maria sat down with them.
The hostler also joined them, and asked about his parents who lived down in Bormio.

Now another carriage with travelers arrived. Geronimo and Carlo went down; Geronimo sang. Carlo held out his hat, and the travelers gave their alms. Geronimo seemed perfectly quiet now.

Sometimes he asked, How much? and inclined his head slightly at Carlo's replies.

In the meantime Carlo tried to put his thoughts in order. But he always had a dread feeling that something terrible had happened, and that he was entirely defenseless.

When the brothers again went up the stairs, they heard the confused talk and the laughter of the drivers above.

The youngest called out to Geronimo, Sing something for us, we'll pay--Won't we?

He turned toward the others.

Maria, who was just coming with a bottle of red wine, said, Don't start anything to-day; he is in a bad humor.

Instead of answering, Geronimo stood up in the center of the room,

and began to sing.

When he stopped, the drivers clapped their hands.

Come here, Carlo, called one of them, we want to throw our money into the hat like the people below! And he took a small coin and held up his hand, as if to drop it in the hat which Carlo held out.
Geri: Then the blind man sought to lay hold of the driver's arm and said, Rather me, rather me! It might miss—fall down beside it!

2-D: How so, beside it?

Geri: Eh, maybe! Between Maria's legs!

Nar: Everybody laughed, the innkeeper and Maria too; Carlo alone stood there motionless.

Car: Never before had Geronimo joked in that way!

1-D: Sit down with us, the driver exclaimed.

2-D: You are a gay bird!

3-D: And they moved closer together to make room for Geronimo.

Nar: They talked more loudly and confusedly; Geronimo joined in, more loudly and gayer than usual, and didn't stop drinking. When Maria came in again, he tried to pull her over his way.

3-D: One of the drivers said, laughing, Do you think she's beautiful? She is an ugly old woman!

Geri: The blind man, however, drew Maria down on his lap. You are all blockheads, he said. Do you think I need my eyes to see? I know too where Carlo is now—eh?—he's standing over there by the stove with his hands in his trousers's pockets, and laughs.

Nar: They all looked at Carlo, who leaned with open mouth against the stove, and actually screwed his face into a grin,

Car: as if he did not dare to give his brother the lie.
The hostler came in. If the drivers wanted to reach Bormio before nightfall, they would have to hurry.

They got up, and took a noisy leave.

The two brothers again were alone in the room. It was the hour around which they sometimes were in the habit of sleeping. As always about this time, the hours of early afternoon, quiet fell over the inn. Geronimo with his head on the table seemed to sleep. Carlo, at first, walked back and forth; then he sat down on the bench.

He was very tired. It seemed to him as if he were involved in a bad dream.

He had to think of all sorts of things, of yesterday, the day before yesterday, and all the days that had been, and especially of the warm summer days and the white highways over which he and his brother were accustomed to wander. Everything seemed so far away and incomprehensible, as if it could never be thus again.

Late in the afternoon the mail coach from Tyrol arrived, and soon afterwards at brief intervals carriages also, bound southward. Four more times the brothers had to go down into the courtyard. When they ascended the last time dusk had fallen, and the little oil lamp which hung down from the wooden ceiling sputtered. Laborers came. They were employed in a nearby quarry, and had put up their wooden shacks a couple of hundred paces below the inn. Geronimo sat down with them;
Car: Carlo remained by himself at his table. It seemed to him as if his solitude had lasted a very long time already.

Nar: He heard Geronimo across the way telling about his childhood,

Ger: loudly, almost shrilly; that he still remembered very well all sorts of things which he had seen with his own eyes, persons and objects; that he recalled his father who worked in the fields, the little garden with the ash-tree by the wall, the low house belonging to them, the two daughters of the shoemaker, the vineyard behind the church, yes, even his own childish face as it at had looked at him out of the mirror.

Nar: How many a time Carlo had heard all this!

Car: To-day he could not bear it. It had a different sound from other times; every word that Geronimo spoke acquired a new meaning and seemed to be direct at him.

Nar: He slipped out, and again went to the highway which now lay in complete darkness. The rain had ceased, the air was very chill, and an almost luring thought came to Carlo

Car: to go on and on deep into the darkness; finally to lie down somewhere in a roadside ditch, to fall asleep, never to awake again.

Nar: Suddenly he heard the rumbling of a carriage, and saw the glimmering light of two laterns, approaching closer
and closer. Two men sat in the carriage which drove by. One of them, with a narrow, beardless face, started with fright when, under the lantern light, Carlo's figure rose out of the darkness. Carlo, who had remained standing still, raised his hat. The carriage and the lights disappeared. Carlo again stood deep in the darkness. Suddenly he started.

Car: For the first time in his life the darkness frightened him. He felt as if he could not bear it another minute. In a strange way the terrors which he himself felt mingled in his dulled senses with a tormenting pity for his blind brother, and they drove him home.

Nar: When he entered the inn, he saw the two travelers that had driven past him sitting at a table with a bottle of red wine, conversing earnestly with each other. They hardly looked up when he entered. At the other table Geronimo sat as before with the laborers.

Inn: Where have you been, Carlo? said the innkeeper to him at the door. Why do you leave your brother alone?

Car: What is the trouble? asked Carlo, frightened.

Inn: Geronimo is treating the people. It's all the same to me, but you should remember that hard times will soon be with us again.

Car: Carlo quickly went up to his brother, and took hold of his arm. Como! he said.

Car: Come to bed, said Carlo.

Ger: Leave me alone, leave me alone! I earn the money, I can do with my money what I please--eh!--you can't pocket all of it! You think he gives all of it to me! Oh no! I am only a blind man! But there are people--there are who say to me, I have given your brother twenty francs!

Nar: The laborers laughed.

Car: That's enough now, come! And he pulled his brother with him, almost dragged him up the stairs to the barren garret where they had their couch.

Ger: Along the whole way Geronimo screamed, Yes, now it's come to light, now I know! Ah, just wait! Where is she? Where is Maria? Or are you putting it in bank for her?--Eh, I sing for you, I play the guitar, you live off me--and you are a thief.

Nar: He fell down on the straw mattress. A pallid glimmer of light entered from the hallway; on the other side, the door of the only guest-room in the inn stood open, and Maria was getting the beds ready for the night. Carlo stood in front of his brother, and saw him lying there with bloated face, bluish lips, the damp hair sticking to his forehead, looking many years older than he was. And slowly he began to understand.

Car: The blind man's suspicion was not a thing of to-day; it must have lain dormant in him, and only the occasion, or, perhaps, the courage had lacked for him to express it openly.
Nar: And all that Carlo had done for him had been in vain; vain was his penance, vain the sacrifice of his entire life. What was he to do now? Should he continue day after day, for who knows how much longer, to lead him through his eternal night, watch over him, beg for him, and have no other reward but distrust and curses?

Nar: If his brother considered him a thief, a stranger would do as well as he, or even better. Truly, it would be wisest to leave him alone, and separate permanently.

Car: Then Geronimo would perceive how unjust he had been, then he would really learn what it means to be cheated and robbed, be alone and miserable.

Nar: And as for himself, what was he to do?

Car: Well he wasn't exactly old yet; if he were by himself alone, there were all sorts of things he could do. As a hostler at any rate he could always earn his keep anywhere.

Nar: But while these thoughts went through his head, his eyes remained fixed on his brother. And suddenly he visualized him sitting alone on a stone at the edge of a sunlit street, staring with his wide-open, white eyes toward heaven, which could not blind him, and grasping with his hands into the might which always surrounded him.

Car: And he felt that just as the blind man had no one in the world but him, so too he had no one beside his brother. He knew that his love for his brother completely filled
his life, and he knew for the first time with absolute clarity that it was only the faith that the blind man returned his love and had forgiven him which had made it possible for him to bear their misery so patiently. He could not give up this hope all of sudden. He felt that his brother was just as necessary to him as he was to his brother. He could not and did not want to desert him. He either had to bear his mistrust, or find some way to convince the blind man of the groundlessness of his suspicion. Oh, if only in some way he could secure a gold piece! If to-morrow morning he could only say to the blind man, I only put it away, so you wouldn't spend it for drink with the laborers, so that people wouldn't steal it from you . . . or something like that.

Nar: Steps were approaching on the wooden stair; the travelers were going to bed. Suddenly an idea flashed through his head; to knock at the door opposite,

Car: to tell the strangers the whole truth of what had happened to-day, and to ask them for twenty francs.

Nar: But he immediately realized that this was entirely useless!

Car: They would not even believe his story. And now he remembered how the pale one had started with fright when he, Carlo, had suddenly appeared out of the darkness in front of the carriage.

Nar: He stretched out on the straw mattress. It was absolutely dark in the room. Now he heard the laborers talking loudly
and going with heavy steps down the wooden stairs. A little later both the gates were locked. Once more the hostler went up and down the stairs, then everything was silent. All that Carlo heard now was Geronimo's snoring. Soon his thoughts fell into confusion with the beginning of dreams. When he awoke, deep darkness was still about him. He looked through the spot where the window was; when he strained his eye he recognized there in the center of the impenetrable blackness, a deep-gray quadrangle.

Geronimo still slept the heavy sleep of a drunken man. And Carlo thought of the day which the morrow was. It made him shudder. He thought of the night after this day, of the day after this night, of the future which lay ahead of him; dread of the loneliness which was before him filled him.

Car: Why had he not been more courageous in the evening? Why had he not approached the strangers, and asked them for twenty francs? Perhaps they would have had pity on him. And yet—perhaps it was well he had not asked them. And why was it well? . . .

Nar: He sat up suddenly, and felt his heart beating. He knew why it was well.

Car: If they had refused him, he would nevertheless have remained under suspicion— but now . . .

Nar: He stared at the gray spot, which began to grow a little light. . . .
Car: That which involuntarily had run through his mind was impossible, entirely impossible! . . . The door across the way was shut--and besides, they might wake up. . . .

Nar: Yes, there--the gray luminous spot in the center of the darkness was the new day. Carlo got up, as if something were drawing him thither, and touched the cold pane with his forehead.

Car: Why had he gotten up? . . . To make the attempt? . . . But why? . . . It was impossible--and besides it was a crime? What could twenty francs mean to people like them who travel thousands of miles for pleasure? They would not even notice that they were missing. . . .

Nar: He went to the door, and opened it softly. The other one was opposite, locked; it was only two steps away. On a nail in the door-post their clothes were hanging. Carlo felt them with his hand. . . .

Car: Yes, if people left their purses in their pocket, life would be very simple indeed, for then soon no one would have to go begging. . . .

Nar: But the pockets were empty. What was there to do now? Back to the room, to the straw mattress. Perhaps there was a better way yet to secure the twenty francs--one less dangerous and more honored.

Car: If he actually always held back several centisimi from the alms until he had saved up twenty francs, and then bought the gold piece . . . But how long might that
take--months, perhaps a year. Oh, if he only had the courage!

Nar: He was still standing in the hall. He looked over at the door. . . . What sort of streak was this that fell on the floor vertically from the top? Was it possible? The door was left ajar, not locked? . . .

Car: Why was he surprised at this? For months past it had be impossible to lock the door. What for? He remembered; people had slept here only three times this summer; twice, journeymen, and once a tourist who had hurt his foot. The door would not lock--all he needed now was courage--yes, and luck! Courage? The worst that could happen to him was that the two would wake, and even then he could still find an excuse.

Nar: He peered through the crack into the room. It was still so dark that he could only recognize the outlines of the two figures lying on the beds. He listened; they were breathing quietly and evenly.

Car: Carlo gently opened the door, and on his bare feet entered the room noiselessly.

Nar: The two beds were arranged lengthwise along the same wall, opposite the window. In the center of the room stood a table. Carlo stole up to it. He ran with his hand across the top, and felt a bunch of keys, a penknife, a little book--nothing else . . .

Car: Why, of course? . . . Absurd, that he should have imagined they would place their money on the table! It would be
And yet, perhaps it would take no more than a good grasp, and luck would be with him.

And he approached closer to the bed by the door; something lay on the chair—he felt for it—it was a revolver. Carlo started.

Carlo started. Had he not better take it and keep it? If he should awake, and see him. But no, he would say, It is three o'clock, sir, time to get up!

And he left the revolver where it was. And he stole further into the room. Here on the other chair, among articles of apparel.

Dear heavens! There it was. . . a purse—He held it in his hand! . . . At the same moment he heard a slight creaking.

With a quick movement he stretched down full length at the foot of the bed. . . . Again the creaking—a deep breathing—a clearing of the throat—then all was silent, profoundly silent.

Carlo remained lying on the floor, the purse in his hand, waiting.

Nothing stirred any longer. Dawn already fell palely into the room. Carlo did not dare rise, but crawled on the floor toward the door.

It was wide enough open to let him through; he continued crawling until he was out in the hall, and
only then did he slowly rise, with a deep breath. He opened the purse;

Carlo: it was divided into three parts;

Nara: on the right and left only small pieces of silver. Carlo now opened the middle compartment, which was shut by an additional clasp,

Carlo: and felt three twenty-franc pieces. For a moment he considered taking two of them, but he quickly put aside this temptation;

Nara: he took out only one gold piece, and closed the purse again. Then he kneeled down, and looked through the crack into the room, where everything was perfectly still again,

Carlo: and he gave the purse a push, so that it slid down under the second bed. When the stranger woke up he would assume that it had fallen from the chair.

Nara: Carlo got up slowly. The floor creaked slightly, and at the same moment he heard a voice from within,

Stranger: Hello? What's the matter?

Nara: Carlo quickly retreated two steps, holding his breath, and slipped into his room. He was safe, and listened.

... The bed across the way creaked again, and then all was silent. He held the gold piece between his fingers.

Carlo: He had succeeded—succeeded! He had the twenty francs, and now he could say to his brother, You see that I am not a thief! And to-day they would take up their wanderings again toward the south,
Nar: to Bormio, then further through the Valtellina . . .
then to Tirano . . . to Edole . . . to Breno . . . to Lake Iseo, as last year. . . . There would be nothing
to arouse suspicion,
Car: because only the day before yesterday he had said to
the innkeeper, In a couple of days we'll be going down.
Nar: It grew lighter, the entire room lay in a gray dawn.
Car: Ah, if only Geronimo would only soon wake up! It is
pleasant to walk early in the morning! They will start
before sunrise. A good morning to the innkeeper, the
hostler, and Maria, and then away, away. . . . Not until
they have walked two hours, and are already near the
valley, would he tell Geronimo.
Nar: Geronimo turned and stretched himself. Carlo called to
him.
Car: Geronimo!
Ger: Well, what do you want? And he supported himself on both
his hands, and sat up.
Car: Geronimo, let us get up.
Ger: What for? And he turned his dead eyes toward his brother.
Car: Carlo knew that he was now remembering yesterday's inci-
dent, and he knew also that he would not say another word
about it until he was drunk again. It is cold, Geronimo,
let us go. Things won't improve this season; I think we
had better go. By noon we will be in Boladore.
Nar: Geronimo rose. The noises of the awakening house were
becoming audible.
Inn: Down in the courtyard the innkeeper was talking with the hostler.

Nar: Carlo got up, and went down. He was always up early, and often in the halflight of dawn went out to the road.

Car: He went up to the innkeeper, and said, We are going to leave.

Inn: Ah, so soon? asked the innkeeper.

Car: Yes. It's too cold already when we stand here in the yard, and the wind goes hard.

Inn: Well, remember me to Baldetti, when you get to Bormio, and tell him he isn't to forget to send me the oil.

Car: Yes, I'll do that. Besides--today's lodging? He fumbled in his bag.

Inn: Never mind, Carlo, said the innkeeper. I'll make a present of the twenty centisimi; I listened to his singing too. Good morning.

Car: Thank you. Besides, we are not in such a hurry. We'll see you again, when you come back from the shacks; Bormio won't move from where it is, will it? He laughed and went up the wooden stairs.

Ger: Geronimo stood in the middle of the room, and said, Well, I am ready to leave.

Car: Right away.

Nar: Out of an old bureau, which stood in a corner of the room, he took their few belongings, and tied them up in a bundle.

Car: Then he said, A fine day but very cold.
Ger: I know.

Nar. Both left the room.

Car: Walk softly, the two that arrived last night are asleep here.

Nar: Stepping carefully, they went downstairs.

Car: The innkeeper wants to be remembered to you, he made us a present of the twenty centisimi for last night. He is down at the shacks, and won't be back for two hours. Anyhow, we'll see him again next year.

Nar: Geronimo did not reply. They went out on the highway which lay before them in the faint light of dawn. Carlo took hold of his brother's left arm, and together they walked in silence down toward the valley. After a short stretch they reached the spot where the road began to run in long windings. Mist were climbing upward, toward them, and the heights above them seemed as if ensnared by the clouds. And Carlo thought,

Car: Now I will tell him.

Nar: Carlo, however, said not a word,

Car: but took the gold piece out of his pocket, and handed it to his brother,

Ger: who took it with the fingers of his right hand. Then he carried it to his cheek and forehead, and finally he nodded. I knew it.

Car: And yes, replied Carlo, looking at Geronimo in an estranged way.
Even if the stranger hadn't told me, I would have known.

And yes, said Carlo helplessly. But you understand why up there, before all the others--I was afraid--that you would all at once--And see, Geronimo, thought I to myself, that it was about time you bought a new coat and a shirt and shoes; I thought; that is why . . .

The blind man shook his head violently. Why? And with one hand he felt along his coat. Good enough, warm enough; we are now going south.

Carlo didn't understand it. Geronimo didn't seem glad, he didn't make excuses. And he went on talking, Geronimo, didn't I do right? Aren't you glad? Now we've got it anyhow, haven't we? Now we have all of it. If I had told you up there, who knows. . . . Oh, it is good I didn't tell you--yes, surely.

Then Geronimo screamed, Stop your lying, Carlo; I am sick of it!

Carlo stood still, and let go of his brother's arm.

I am not lying.

But I know you are lying! You are lying all the time! You've lied a hundred times already! You wanted to keep this for yourself too, but you were afraid, that's all!

Carlo bowed his head, and did not reply. He again took hold of the blind man's arm, and went on with him.

It hurt him that Geronimo spoke thus; but he was really surprised that he wasn't sadder yet.
Nar: The fogs parted. After a long silence, Geronimo said,

Ger: It is getting warm.

Nar: He said it indifferently, as if it were something ob-

Car: Nothing had changed as far as Geronimo was concerned.  
  For him he had always been a thief. Are you hungry?

Nar: Geronimo nodded, and took a piece of cheese and bread 
  out of his coat pocket and ate of it. And they went on. The mail from Bormio passed them.

Dri: The driver called to them, Going down already?

Nar: Then other carriages came, all going upward.

Car: Going down already?  
  Nothing had changed as far as Geronimo was concerned.

Nar: Wind from the valley,

Car: Truly--nothing had changed, thought Carlo. Now I have 
  stolen on his account--and it has all been useless.

Nar: The glue of the sun tore holes into it. And Carlo thought,

Car: Perhaps it wasn't wise after all to leave the inn so 
  soon. The purse is lying under the bed; no doubt that 
  looks suspicious . . .

Nar: But how immaterial it all seemed! What dreadful thing 
  could still happen to him?

Car: His brother, the light of whose eyes he had destroyed, 
  believed he was robbed by him, had believed it for years,
and would always believe it. What more dreadful thing was there that could happen to him?

Nar: Below them lay the great white hotel, immersed in the morning's glow, and further down, where the valley began to widen, the village stretched out. Silently the two continued their way, and Carlo's hand lay always on the blind man's arm. They went past the grounds of the hotel, and on the terrace Carlo saw guests in light summer clothes, sitting at breakfast.

Car: Where do you want to stay?

Ger: At the Eagle, as always.

Nar: When they had come to the little inn at the end of the village, they entered. They sat down, and ordered wine.

Bal: What are you doing down here so early? asked the proprietor.

Nar: Carlo was a little startled at the question.

Car: Is it so early? The tenth or eleventh of September--isn't it?

Bal: Last year it certainly was much later when you came down.

Car: It's already cold up there. We nearly froze last night. And yes, I was to remind you not to forget to send up the oil.

Nar: The air in the inn was heavy and thick. A strange restlessness fell upon Carlo; he wanted to be out in the open air again, on the great highway, that led to Tirano, to Edole, to Lake Iseo, everywhere into the distance! Suddenly, he got up.
Geri: Are we leaving already?

Car: Didn't we intend to be in Boladore by noon? The carriages stop at the Stag for their midday rest; it is a good place.

Nar: And they went. Benozzi, the barber, stood smoking in front of his shop.

Ben: Good morning, he called to them. How does it look up there? Suppose it snowed last night?

Car: Yes, yes,

Nar: said Carlo, and hastened his steps. The village lay behind them, the road wound white among the meadows and vineyards along the noisy river. The sky was blue and silent.

Car: Why did I do it? thought Carlo.

Nar: He looked sideways at the blind man.

Car: Does his face look different from other times? He always believed it--I've always been alone--and he has always hated me.

Nar: And it seemed to him as if he were walking under a heavy load, which he never could throw off his shoulders; it seemed as if he could see the night through which Geronimo walked by his side, while the gleaming sun lay on all the roads. And they went on, went and went for hours.

Geri: From time to time Geronimo sat down on a milestone,

Car: or the two of them leaned against the railing of a bridge in order to rest.
Nar: Again they passed through a village. In front of the inn stood carriages, travelers had gotten out and walked to and fro; but the two beggars did not halt. Out again upon the open road. The sun rose higher; it must be near noon. It was a day like a thousand others.

Ger: The tower of Boladore.

Nar: Carlo looked up.

Car: He was surprised how accurately Geronimo was able to reckon distances. The tower of Boladore really did appear on the horizon.

Nar: At a considerable distance some one was coming toward them.

Car: It seemed to Carlo as if he had been sitting along the roadside, and had suddenly gotten up.

Nar: The figure came closer.

Car: Now Carlo saw that it was a gendarme, one of those they so often met on the road.

Nar: Carlo started slightly. But when the man came closer, Carlo recognized him, and was reassured.

Car: It was Pietro Tenelli. Only in May had the two beggars sat with him in Raggazzi's inn at Morignone, and he had told them a terrible tale of how he had once almost been stabbed to death by a vagabound.

Ger: Some one has stopped.

Car: Tenelli, the gendarme.

Nar: By now they had come up to him.
Car: Good morning, Signor Tenelli,
Nar: said Carlo, and remained standing in front of him.
Ten: It happens that I have to take both of you to headquar-
ters at Boladore.
Ger: Eh? cried the blind man.
Nar: Carlo turned pale.
Car: How is it possible? he thought. It can't be on that
account. They can't know about it down here already.
Ten: It seems to be the way you are going,
Nar: said the gendarme, laughing,
Ten: and I don't suppose it makes any difference if we go
together.
Ger: Why don't you say something, Carlo?
Car: Oh yes, I'll talk. . . . Please, Signor Gendarme, how
is it possible . . . what have we . . . or rather, what
have I . . . really, I don't know . . .
Ten: Well, it just happens. Maybe you are innocent. How do
I know? Anyhow, we got a telegram at headquarters to
stop you, because you are suspected, very much suspected,
of having stolen money from people up there. Well it
may be you are innocent. Now, move on!
Ger: Why don't you say something, Carlo?
Car: I'll talk--oh yes, I'll talk.
Ten: Now move on! What sense is there in standing here on
the road? The sun burns like fire. In an hour we'll
be there. Move on!
Nar: Carlo, as always, touched Geronimo's arm, and so they slowly went on, the gendarme followed them.

Ger: Carlo, why don't you say something?

Car: What do you want, Geronimo, what am I to say? It will all clear up; I don't know myself . . .

Nar: And the thought flashed through his head,

Car: Shall I explain it to him, before we appear at cour? I don't suppose I had better. The gendarme will hear us. Well, what does it matter? I will say, this isn't a theft like the usual one. It happened in this way . . .

Nar: And he struggled to find the words to explain the circumstances clearly and intelligently to the court:

Car: A man drove through the pass yesterday . . . he may have been a crazy man—or maybe he was only mistaken . . . and this man . . . But what nonsense! Who would believe it? No one would believe this ridiculous story. Not even Geronimo believes it.

Nar: And he looked at him from one side. According to its old habit, the head of the blind man moved up and down as if keeping time to his walk, but the face was motionless and the vacant eyes stared into the air. And Carlo knew suddenly what thoughts were running behind his forehead.

Car: So that's the way things are, Geronimo no doubt thought. Carlo not only steals from me, but he robs other people too. Well, it's easy for him, he has eyes that can see,
and he uses them... That is what Geronimo was thinking, no doubt. And even the fact that no money can be found on me won't help me--neither with the judge, nor with Geronimo. They will lock me up, and him. Yes, him, as well as me, for he has the piece of money.

And he could not think beyond this, his mind was too confused. It seemed to him as if he no longer understood anything of the entire circumstance. He knew only one thing:

he would gladly go to prison for a year... or for ten, if only Geronimo would come to realize that it was for his sake alone he had become a thief.

And suddenly Geronimo stood still, so that Carlo too had to halt.

Well, what's the trouble?
said the gendarme angrily.

Move on, move on!

But in surprise he saw that the blind man had let his guitar fall to the ground, raised his arms, and felt with both hands for his brother's cheeks. Then he brought his lips close to Carlo's mouth, who at first did not know what was happening to him, and kissed him.

Are you crazy? Move on, move one! I have no mind roasting here!

Geronimo picked up his guitar from the ground without
Nar: Geronimo picked his guitar from the ground without saying a word. Carlo took a deep breath, and again put his hand on the blind man's arm.

Car: Was it possible? His brother was no longer angry with him? Perhaps he understood at last—?

Nar: And he looked at him doubtfully from the side.

Ten: Move on!

Nar: growled the gendarme.

Ten: Get going—and gave Carlo a punch in the ribs.

Nar: And Carlo, leading the arm of the blind man with a firm grip, went onward again. He hit a much faster pace than before.

Car: He saw Geronimo smile in a mild, perfectly happy fashion, such as he had not seen since his childhood days.

Nar: And Carlo smiled too. It seemed as if nothing terrible could happen to him now—neither at court, nor anywhere else in the world. He had found his brother again . . .

Car: No, he was really his own for the first time.
CHAPTER V

PRODUCTION NOTES

The first thing which might be noticed about the Chamber Theatre script for "The Blind Geronimo and His Brother" is the fact that there are no stage directions. The script in its present form is far from finished. Many changes are almost certain to occur as a location for the production is found, the magnitude of the production decided upon in terms of sets, costumes, lighting, and the quality and type of performers available is determined. One of the most important aspects of Chamber Theatre is the added insight and appreciation that can be derived from seeing a piece of literature performed. In rehearsing "The Blind Geronimo and His Brother," the need for changes in line distribution as well as the deletion of other lines and the summarization of entire passages will almost undoubtedly become apparent. Even though the adapter-director knows there will have to be many changes, he still should have a clear concept of what the final production should look like. He should also be flexible enough to make changes that might benefit the literature and enhance an audience's understanding of the work. Beverly Whitaker Long, Lee Hudson, and Phillis Rienstra Jeffrey discuss the idea of a "production concept" in their book, Group Performance of Literature.¹

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A production concept serves two main purposes; it requires the director to develop some degree of insight into what a piece of literature is all about and then force him to set goals as to how those insights will be realized on stage. Long, Hudson, and Jeffrey state: "A production concept establishes a causal relationship between what you take a piece of literature to mean and how it is actualized. A production concept embodies what you have found (your interpretation through analysis) and what you intend to do (adaptation, rehearsal, staging); it is the articulation of your intent." Much of the analysis for a production of "The Blind Geronimo and His Brother" has already been done, but the relationship between the literature and the performance must still be established.

"The Blind Geronimo and His Brother" is about two brothers who have unconsciously resigned themselves to a life of non-existence. For twenty years they have followed an unchanging routine until finally they no longer need to be cognizant of their actions. When their routine is interrupted by a stranger's meddling, the brothers are forced to deal with the reality of their being and the emotions that have been hidden for twenty years. Ultimately their conflict leads them to a better understanding of each other and a hope for a more fulfilling future.

One way to emphasize the incogitant nature of Carlo and Geronimo's lives is to let the narrator always describe the brother's unconscious and automatic thoughts and actions.
Developments that are out of the ordinary should be reported by the brothers. Ultimately the narrator's role will be almost exclusively that of an observer of scenery and character movement.

Even though the story ends with the possibility of a better life for the brothers, the story is far from a happy one. A feeling of depression pervades the brothers' entire existence. Some stories allow directors to exhilarate audiences, raising their hopes for the future, with examples of noble deeds and sacrifices. Audiences react to other stories with anger or disappointment at the evil and injustice in the world. "The Blind Geronimo and His Brother" should elicit no similarly passionate response. The unfulfilled expectations of a genuinely happy ending should leave the audience unsure of its emotions. Observers should be both depressed and gladdened. This is a frustrating feeling for an audience but, in light of the brothers' uncertain future, it is the only reasonable response.

What follows are some general and specific instructions as to how one production of "The Blind Geronimo and His Brother" might be approached.

Probably the greatest amount of time and energy in staging "The Blind Geronimo and His Brother" will be devoted to the performances of the narrator, Carlo and Geronimo. When casting in Educational Theatre, the director is at the mercy of whatever elements of the campus community are willing to audition
for the production. In the case of choosing an actor to play Geronimo, one element of his character should not be ignored. It may be desirable that the performer be reasonably proficient at playing the guitar. It is not necessary and, perhaps, not even desirable that Geronimo sing, but in the segments in the story in which Geronimo is performing for travelers, it may work well for him to play the guitar. There is always dialogue or narration occurring while Geronimo is performing and often it is himself who is narrating so, while a subtle use of the guitar might be effective, singing would prove awkward.

As the story opens, the narrator may be center stage looking to Geronimo and Carlo as they come into scene. Geronimo is the central character in the story at this point, so the narrator should stay close to him to better focus the audience's attention on his character. As Carlo become dominant, the narrator should move to him. As described earlier, Carlo's recollection of his early life should be done as other actors pantomime the story. As the flashback scene occurs, all other actors should be situated on the edges of the scene and be "frozen."

The narrator's relationship to Geronimo and Carlo should remain fairly constant through the rest of the story. As the two brothers engage in conversation between themselves and others, the narrator should stay close to the speakers. His narration should be an integral part of the action as observations from a distance would distract from the actual dialogue.
The narrator, being an objective observer, does not need to be very close to a character when describing external factors that are soon revealed through interior monologue. As the audience is allowed into a character's mind, the character should not have to share center stage. In these circumstances, the narrator's function is to relate environmental elements to the audience and to give cause for a change in scene. Rarely does the narrator's role justify a major physical intrusion into a character's interior monologue.

One particularly difficult scene to stage will be the scene in which Carlo steals the money from the travelers. In this scene Carlo crawls on his knees and then throws himself to the floor. At the same time he must comment on his mental state, all the while creating the illusion of suspense and physical stress. Timing is extremely critical, and the entire scene will probably require a great deal of experimentation until the desired effect is achieved; otherwise, the scene may have the undesired effect of appearing humorous.

Because the story calls for several horse-drawn carriages to enter and exit the scene, provision must be made to suggest the movement of travelers in and out of the courtyard by carriage. This might be accomplished by establishing the convention of having the travelers walk on stage and assume positions in a location, such as a low platform, that will serve as a point for arriving coaches through the entire story. Use of area lighting can help make entrances and exits as
unobtrusive as possible. When characters are required to care for the horses, pantomime may be employed.

Breen makes no hard and fast rules for the direction of Chamber Theatre except, as earlier noted, the director and actors should strive for a natural style that, nevertheless, emphasizes the use of the third person and past tense.

Set designs for Chamber Theatre are almost never going to be realistic. Most stories tend to move so rapidly from one scene to another that realism would be impossible. "The Blind Geronimo and His Brother" is no exception. The following sketch shows a set of platforms arranged to fit the requirements for a story set in and around an inn.

Fig. 1--Artist's rendering of the set design for "The Blind Geronimo and His Brother"
The down stage right platform represents the different carriages that arrive during the course of the story. The down stage left platform can serve as the area for Carlo's childhood recollections, his walk in the evening, and the point of the brother's arrest. The platform at center would be used for scenes inside the inn, and the two higher platforms left and right would be the rooms the brothers and the two strangers sleep in. The down center area would be used for the courtyard scenes. Effective use of area lighting should help even further to separate the different acting areas. While most of the story takes place under a dark foreboding sky, a gradual lighting toward the end can help achieve the feeling of hope for the future. A special lighting effect might even be attempted to represent the spot of light Carlo sees as he contemplates the robbery. There should be nothing very difficult about lighting this production as long as there are adequate facilities for mounting, connecting, and controlling the lighting instruments.

A final aspect of staging that should not be slighted is costuming. The period about which the story was written is a transition time between fin de siècle and New Century. Though the story itself does not really suggest one particular period in history, except for the absence of any motorized transportation, the aforementioned periods of dress can be used to serve two purposes. The costumes can, at the same time, satisfactorily serve the story and be of use in setting the mood of the time in which Schnitzler lived.
The above suggestions are ideas that are possible under almost ideal circumstances. There is no reason to think a production of "The Blind Geronimo and His Brother" could not be presented satisfactorily on a bare stage free of special lighting or costuming. The use of fairly involved scenic techniques can be very useful, but it is not essential. Ultimately, Chamber Theatre is an aural and visual tool for the study of literature. By allowing an audience the opportunity to see and hear a piece of literature at the same time, Chamber Theatre truly enhances the study and analysis of narrative literature.
NOTES


2Long, p. 19.

3Reference material for this section taken from Lucy Barton, Historic Costumes for the Stage (Boston: Walter H. Baker, Co., 1963).
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