

night, flew into my room . . . reborn! She made me wonder how much I believe in life.

FELICE. (*Rushing on.*) I had my nose fixed! Could I show it to you? The Doctor took the bandage off. But I put it back because I wanted you to be the first! Do you mind?

QUENTIN. No. But why me?

FELICE. Because . . . remember that night I came up here? I was trying to decide if I should have it done. 'Cause there could be something insincere about changing your nose; I wouldn't want to build everything on the shape of a piece of cartilage. You don't absolutely have to answer me, but . . . I think you wanted to make love to me that night. Didn't you?

QUENTIN. I did, yes.

FELICE. I knew it! And I felt it didn't matter what kind of nose I had!—So I might as well have a short one! Could I show it to you?

QUENTIN. I'd like very much to see it.

FELICE. Close your eyes. (*He does. She lifts the bandage.*) Okay. (*He looks. She raises her arm in blessing.*) I'll always bless you. Always! (*He slowly turns to the Listener as she walks into darkness.*)

QUENTIN. And I even liked her first nose better. I feel like a mirror in which she somehow saw herself as glorious. (*Two pall bearers in the distance carry an invisible coffin.*) It's like my mother's funeral. (*Mother appears on upper platform.*) She's under the ground, but I still hear her voice in the street sometimes, loud and real, calling me. I don't seem to know how to grieve for her. (*Ike appears, a blanket over him, two nurses tend him.*) Or maybe I don't believe that grief is grief unless it kills you! (*Dan appears talking to a nurse.*) Like when I flew back and met my brother in the hospital. (*The nurse hurries out, and Dan speaks to the air.*)

DAN. I'm so glad you got here, kid; I wouldn't have wired you but I don't know what to do. You have a good flight?

QUENTIN. (*To Listener.*) He couldn't bear to tell my father. Why did he know I could? Why is that?

DAN. (*To Quentin who comes to him.*) But he was only operated on this morning. How can we walk in and say, "Your wife is dead"? It's like sawing off his arm. Suppose we tell him she's on her way; then give him a sedative?

QUENTIN. Dan I feel it as much as you, but don't you think after fifty years you owe one another a death?

DAN. Kid, the woman was his right hand—he'll fall apart.

QUENTIN. You want me to tell him?

DAN. (*Unwillingly: afraid but challenged.*) I'll do it.

QUENTIN. I think it belongs to him, Dan, as much as his wedding.

DAN. You tell him. If you don't mind. (*They turn together toward Ike in the bed. He does not see them yet. They move with the weight of their news. Quentin turns as he walks.*)

QUENTIN. Or is it simply that I am crueller than he? (*Now Ike sees them and raises up his arm.*)

DAN. Dad, look. . . .

IKE. For cryin' out loud! Look who's here! I thought you were in Europe!

QUENTIN. Just got back. How are you?

DAN. You look wonderful, Dad.

IKE. What do you mean, "look"!—I am wonderful! I tell you, I'm ready to go through it again! (*They laugh proudly with him.*) I mean it—the way that doctor worries, I finally told him, "Look, if it makes you feel so bad you lay down and I'll operate!" Very fine man. I thought you'd be away couple months more.

QUENTIN. (*Hesitantly.*) I decided to come back and . . .

DAN. (*Breaking in, his voice turning strange.*) Sylvia'll be right in. She's downstairs buying you something.

IKE. Oh, that's nice! I tell you something, fellas—that kid is more and more like Mother. Been here every day. . . . Where is Mother? I been calling the house. (*The slightest empty, empty pause.*)

DAN. One second, Dad, I just want to . . . (*Crazily, without evident point, he starts calling, and moving u. toward the nurse. Quentin is staring at his father.*) Nurse! Ah! Ah . . . could you call down to the gift shop and see if my sister . . .

IKE. Dan! Tell her to get some ice; when Mother comes you'll all have a drink! I got a bottle of rye in the closet! (*To Quentin.*) I tell you, kid, I'm going to be young.—Mother's right; just because I got old I don't have to act old. I mean we could go to Florida, we could . . .

QUENTIN. Dad.

IKE. What? Is that a new suit?

QUENTIN. No, I've had it.

IKE. (Remembering—to Dan, of the nurse.) Oh tell her glasses, we'll need more glasses.

QUENTIN. Listen, Dad. (Dan balts, and turns back.)

IKE. (Totally unaware.) Yeah?

QUENTIN. Mother died. She had a heart attack last night on her way home. (Ike straightens suddenly as though stabbed. Little cries burst from his throat, his eyes show his desolation and astonishment. Quentin gripping Ike's arm.) Dad, I didn't want to tell you but you had to know, didn't you? (Ike continues his little cries, apparently toward an outburst, Quentin is afraid.) Dad, it's nobody's fault. . . . (Quentin swings about to the Listener.) Somebody had to tell him, didn't they?! And who loves him more, the ones who offer him a sedative? But why feel guilty for telling the truth! Or is there something else behind it? (Felice appears, raising her arm in blessing.)

FELICE. Close your eyes, okay?

QUENTIN. (Turned toward her by her force.) Maybe she sticks in my mind . . . because I didn't lie to her. Not one lie. (Felice is moving away.) The trouble is . . . telling the truth leaves you kind of . . . cold. And when she left . . . I did a stupid thing. There are two light fixtures on the wall of my hotel room. I noticed for the first time that they're . . . a curious distance apart. If you stood between them . . . (He starts to spread out his arms.) you could reach out and rest your arms. (Maggie sits up aborting his gesture.)

MAGGIE. Liar! Judge!

QUENTIN. (He drops his arms, in agony.) Can you ever tell someone the truth . . . with love? Is that ever possible? To love, and never lie? (The Tower lights up with Holga beneath it, she is descending the stair.) We visited a concentration camp in Germany. This woman, Holga took me there. It's strange. . . .

HOLGA. (She has mounted the platform. He is still below it.) This is the room where they tortured them.—No, I don't mind, I'll translate it. (She bends a little to read a legend hanging on a wall.)

QUENTIN. (Moving onto the platform beside her.) Nothing in Europe, nothing in the world, seemed quite this true.

HOLGA. (Reading.) "The door to the left leads into the chamber where their teeth were extracted for gold; the drain in the floor

carried off the blood. At times instead of shooting, they were individually strangled to death. The barracks on the right were the bordello where women . . ."

QUENTIN. I think you've had enough, Holga.

HOLGA. No, if you want to see the rest . . .

QUENTIN. (Taking her arm.) Let's walk, dear. Country looks lovely out there. (They walk. The light changes to day.) They sure built solid watchtowers, didn't they? Here, this grass looks dry. (They sit.) Strange. I thought this would make me angry, or indignant. But it's more like a fact of nature.

HOLGA. Yes.

QUENTIN. It's like swallowing a lump of earth.

HOLGA. I'm sorry! (Cheerfully to raise his spirits.) You still want to see Salzburg? I'd love to show you Mozart's house. . . .

QUENTIN. Was there somebody you knew died here?

HOLGA. Oh no. I feel people ought to see it, that's all—and you seemed so interested. I've brought foreign colleagues, once or twice.

QUENTIN. (Indicating the Tower.) You feel you understand this?

HOLGA. I think . . . we all do, but we don't dare admit it. Or we would find it hard to go on living. The first time I came to America after the war they held me three days for questioning.—How could one be in forced labor and not be a Communist? Or a Jew? (Glancing at the Tower.) There is something in this that is terribly . . . acceptable.—But I didn't mean to depress you so! (She starts to press him back.) Lie down for a while and perhaps you . . .

QUENTIN. No, I'm . . . (He has fended off her hand.) I'm sorry, dear, I didn't mean to push you away.

HOLGA. (Rebuffed and embarrassed.) I see wildflowers on that hill; I'll pick some for the car! (She gets up quickly.)

QUENTIN. Holga? (She continues off. He jumps up and burries to her, turning her.) Holga. (He does not know what to say.)

HOLGA. Perhaps we've been together too much. I could rent another car at Linz; we could meet in Vienna sometime.

QUENTIN. No. I don't want to lose you, Holga.

HOLGA. I hear your wings opening, Quentin. I am not helpless alone. I love my work. It's simply that from the moment you spoke to me I felt somehow familiar, and it was never so before. . . .