



# *Angelika's Promise*

a monologue play by Angelika Littlefield  
music by Ennio A. Paola

**AGO**

**Art Gallery of Ontario  
Musée des beaux-arts de l'Ontario**

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**Special thanks to:** Stephanie Gibson, Jack Koca and Gold Picture Frame, Barry Boothe, System Music Warehouse – Audio System, Judy Stonkus, Irene Pauzer, Linda Neilly and AGO management who have supported a multi-dimensional approach to recognizing Angelika Hoerle. Canadian performers – Sochi Fried, Taryn Jorgensen and Eva Barrie and Marianne Jette – stage manager and makeup design

For more on Angelika Hoerle:

[www.angielittlefield.com/AngelikaHoerle.html](http://www.angielittlefield.com/AngelikaHoerle.html)  
[www.angielittlefield.com/AngelikaHoerle/AngelikasPromise.html](http://www.angielittlefield.com/AngelikaHoerle/AngelikasPromise.html)  
[www.ago.net/Family-Secrets-Short-Life-of-Angelika-Hoerle](http://www.ago.net/Family-Secrets-Short-Life-of-Angelika-Hoerle)  
[www.ago.net/Angelikas-Promise-Monologue-Play](http://www.ago.net/Angelikas-Promise-Monologue-Play)  
[www.ago.net/angelika-hoerle-comet-of-the-cologne-avant-garde-book](http://www.ago.net/angelika-hoerle-comet-of-the-cologne-avant-garde-book)  
[www.ago.net/angelika-hoerle-cologne-avant-garde](http://www.ago.net/angelika-hoerle-cologne-avant-garde)

# Angelika's Promise

The play is set in Cologne, Germany August 10 to September 2, 1923 at the height of post WWI inflation. Twenty-two year old political activist and artist Angelika Hoerle lives in an attic apartment at 243 Bachemer Street. Heinrich (Heinz) Hoerle, with whom she eloped in June 1919, left her August 1922 to live with his mother and sister Marie. All but her closest friends think that Angelika's husband left because he feared her tuberculosis. This play tests that theory. Angelika's brother Willy Fick and best friends, the married artist couple Marta Hegemann and Anton Raederscheidt, visit the gravely ill Angelika.

No one, however, is physically present. The five scenes represent the last five weeks of her life. Angelika Fick Hoerle died September 9, 1923. Willy Fick paid 3,400,000 Reichmark to bury his sister.

The stage is set with a single chair. An empty picture frame doubles as a window and projection screen. Angelika enters approximately five minutes before the play begins and busies herself with art work. She continues to focus on her art as *Comets and Shadows* by Ennio Paolo plays and images of her and her family are projected on the screen.

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## Scene One, August 10, 1923

*Angelika's coughs occasionally draw attention during the prologue. When the music is over, she goes to the window and waves. The music fades as her brother Willy Fick enters.*

*I knew it was you. You're regular as clock-work. I don't know why a few coughs have turned you into a regular visitor, but, I appreciate it. Thanks for the groceries. I still go out you know. I'm not a total recluse.*

*Angelika follows Willy with her eyes as he crosses to bring groceries to the kitchen. As he passes, he shows her some items. She pauses to allow him time to answer questions.*

Mocha Java. How good of you! That's how much it cost? I can't believe it! And you paid what for eggs?! I know that mama will know how to stretch them, but \$500,000 Mark for ten eggs, that's incredible!

How are mama and papa? (Coughing while listening to a story) Good. (Waiting for a story). Good. It's great they're still holding music evenings ... but papa singing to a Shimmy-Foxtrot ... now that would be worth going back for.

Don't start again. I know they're happy Heinz is gone. I know they'll take me back ... and so on and so forth ... but I can't go. I have too much to do. If I go back, I'll be put to bed and mama will fuss and keep me from my work. It's just coughing spells. Nothing I can't handle. I can do so much here and Nierendorf feels Dreier's purchase of three works might open up a bigger market for my art. Maybe even in America.

*Willy obviously doesn't agree.*

You know what Willy? I don't care if it doesn't and I don't care if you keep harping on my killing myself by staying here. With you, Marta and Anton helping me, I CAN WORK. And besides, cough or not we're all going to die. Only a few people really live. I'm really living Willy. Look ... look at what I've done this week.

*She shows him some sheets of paper. He doesn't go to look at what she has in her hands. The picture frame shows a projected image of Angelika's Abstract Head*

Don't pout Willy. I don't like to see you sad. (Dancing towards him) Come on Jimmy, do a shimmy ... over here. (Willy dances towards her in a suggestive way.) That's more like it. They weren't wrong. You are a vulgar dilettante just as they said!

*Pointing at the work in her hand which is projected on the screen.*

I know there's not much to it, but look at those three strands of hair. Those are my fly away bangs. We always talk about transformation through art at our meetings ... hell ... let's talk real transformation. I'm glad the bob's become the shingle since even I can be transformed to ... fashionable. (Patting down her bangs) But you know what? I don't need to plaster down my hair ... the way Marta does. My night sweats do that.

Oh come on! I didn't mean to turn you serious again. I'm not that sick. Jankel's been here working on ... You know what? (Pointing to herself) Yes! The portrait of the one and only ... Dada-Angelika! Exciting right? And ... I'm going to the City Park with Marta and Anton next week, too. They promised me a boat ride. Yeah, yeah ... the dough it'll take to rent the boat will probably sink it. No, I don't know where they get the money. I bet Anton's father helps. (Incredulous) I know! It is hard to believe that a stuffy old school director like his dad writes carnival songs, in dialect yet!

(Hands over her ears) Stop, stop all that singing! (He's changed tunes) Okay, you can keep going with that song. (She hums a few bars of a Cologne carnival song.) I sure do miss the carnival. First war ... then Occupation in the Rhineland ... now the Ruhr's occupied too. You'd think those damn Frenchies could at least give carnival back. (Stopping her rant to ponder) But, wait, my dear Willy, that song you are currently singing is not by Anton's dad ... Du dummes Luder!

Oh, don't like me calling you a dumb jack ass? Well, you're not! You're my sweet William! (Grabbing his arm to kiss him) No? That's driven you off? More shopping today? My goodness, that briefcase is to carry money? I thought it was work from your mighty masters at Cologne's High Rise Division. They pay you daily now because of the inflation? Wow! I'm lucky you shop for me ... and for mama and papa ... and now you say it's got to be daily?! I can't believe the prices rise that quickly. (Moving towards the door) Off you go then, Saint Willy, the silly!

*She changes into a serious mood at the door.*

By the way, thank you for your comments about my work, Willy. I'm trying to simplify the way our friends at the meetings of Stupid preach. Your appreciation means a lot. (Looking back towards the painting and with sarcasm) Yes, I'll try to look for her other eye for next week. I know you think I have a mania for the one-eyed monsters ... but it's my lack of insight that haunts me.

*Angelika is caught in a reverie which has held the imaginary Willy frozen. She comes to and gestures.*

Go, go! (Coughing and laughing) I didn't mean to keep you from more shopping. I release you!

*As she goes back to her chair to work on her art, the transition music starts.  
Lights fade.*

## Scene Two, a week later, August 17, 1923

*The transition music fades when the lights come up. Angelika is again looking out at the picture frame/window. She has a coat and a broad-brimmed black hat nearby. Angelika goes from the window to look down the stairs as Anton Raederscheidt and Marta Hegemann enter.*

There you are. Please thank your parents for looking after little Johannes so that you can take Rapunzel from the tower! (Coughing). Ah Marta, you say my blind love is still wandering in the wilderness? Do tell? Alright Anton, I see your impatience. Off you go! I've placed my work on the table in the kitchen. There are cookies as well. Willy left them. I expect a full critique when Marta and I are caught up.

*Anton leaves and Angelika listens to what must be a longish story from Marta. She nods and ads in a few words here and there.*

Heinz is openly squiring Tata around and at her parents' pub too! Incredible! She's still married! For that matter, I'm still married to Heinz! I was at that pub with you not that long ago. Do the progressive artists still meet there? I guess we'll see just how progressive these so-called Progressives can be?

I know nothing shocks them. Not after the high and mighty Max Ernst ran off to play the third party with Paul and Gala in Paris. Luise heard from him? He's going to sell all his Paris paintings? To do what?! He can't send Luise money for little Jimmy but he's trying to go to Indochina with that snake Gala!? Yeah, Luise always called her that 'slithering snake'. Stop, stop ... I don't even want to begin to picture what those three do to one another!!

What is it with these Gala-Tata times? Fine for women to work in war ... fine to vote—and now it's just sex! Get out of the workplace! Shut up! And, by the way, get back down on your knees where you belong. (Coughing) I know I shouldn't get so upset, but, it makes me angry. (Coughing) and I really don't have the breath to be angry.

*Marta tells her that she looks poorly and that she should eat more.*

Marta, I can't eat more. I don't have any appetite. (She looks in a mirror.) I do look a fright. My hair sticks to my head no matter what I do. And those bags under my eyes ... Oh my! You look beautiful though. Motherhood agrees with you. Why are you whispering?

You're pregnant again? How wonderful! (Shocked) Anton is angry? (Coughing) Damn them all! They want their mothers those little cry babies. Can't wait to run to mama, but, heaven forbid their wives should be mothers! Sex goddess or mother ... take your pick! As if they're mutually exclusive! And that's supposed to be progress! Did I ever

tell you what Max said to Luise when he left? He told her: "You don't need a husband anymore. You have a son!" Stupid man! He nearly broke her.

Your little Johannes and Jimmy Ernst play together? That's wonderful ... but you're changing the subject Marta. I know you want to keep me calm.

Stop fussing and stop worrying about me. No, I don't get lonely much. When I do, I play the harmonica. (Coughing)Yes, when I have enough breath. I always have enough ... to play your favourite though. (The imaginary Marta starts singing *La paloma* and Angelika joins in). You can't hear *La paloma* enough, can you?

*Anton has come from the kitchen. Frauenportrait (Lady's Portrait) is projected in the frame.*

Yes, Anton, that was your cue. You liked the hats? (Grabbing hers from the chair and putting it on). Do you recognize this (Indicating the hat) in my pictures? I'm using hats in a new way. They're part of the withered vine of my life. You're kind Anton, but, you see the model for the eyes here (Pointing at the bags under her eyes). Thank goodness you're taking me out for sun.

You think I need a coat? It's August! Ah, I see ... the hat and coat will cover the walking corpse. (Reciting a poem)"Pestilent corpse ... why do you grin so, Minoise, already I have cut you seventeen times from the gallows ... " Remember that verse from *Bulletin D?* That uproar about Dada seems ages ago. But ... I still see Nierendorf spluttering over the guild pipe. (Using a mocking voice to indicate Nierendorf)."And, how pray, Herr Kuhlemann, is that 'antique' object from your Pipe Museum a piece of modern art?" He just never got it. Dada wasn't good for business ... his art sales business.

Calling me back to reality? I know, I know. You didn't mean anything bad about my appearance. I do appreciate what you do for me. Come, let's go while the sun's hot. I want to luxuriate in Mother Nature. Off to the Park!

(Stops in her tracks) What! Anton, tell me you didn't just say that that monarchist pig Stresemann is Chancellor? Since when? Monday? (He's shown her a newspaper) You'd think I'd have felt the evil seep in through the windows. (Muttering) Hell, why not just bring back Kaiser Wilhelm? I don't get it. We go forward a few small steps ... allow ourselves hope ... and ... Bang! It's back we go.

*Marta and Anton speak to Angelika from two different sides and she turns to each of them.*

Okay, we still have Clara Zetkin in parliament, for the far left ... and for women. But, what can she accomplish with someone as conservative as Stresemann? A voice for

the people ... for women ... lost in a wasteland.

*Anton has said something about the establishment. Angelika reaches for and then flourishes an envelope in response.*

If the establishment understood anything at all, I wouldn't be paying 75,000 Marks for a stamp to write my sister in Hamburg!

Okay, I'll count to ten. You're right. We should enjoy the sunshine. Onwards!

*Angelika puts on her coat and hat and heads out the imaginary door. Photo of Angelika with Marta and Anton in a rowboat appears in the frame. As the light fades and the transition music starts, Angelika stumbles a little.*

Thanks Anton. I am a little unsteady.

*The music becomes louder as the lights fade to black. During this transition, the music changes from Comets and Shadows to a romantic piece of music from the Fick household collection of sheet music.*



### Scene Three, a week later, August 24, 1923

*Nur eine Nacht sollst Du Mir gehoeren/Be mine for only a night plays on an imaginary gramophone stage left as lights come up. Angelika sits on her chair catching her breath. She has a framed photo on her lap, face down. She looks gaunt. Her hair lies lank. She is trying to sing the chorus of the song but keeps coughing.*

Be mine for only a night, 'til the morning's dawning/ You needn't swear love everlasting, 'til death/ Only one night, when the moon laughs through the window, rest your head on my heart/ Only one night when the wine's emboldened you, whisper in my ear, I'm yours and it will be good.

*Angelika gets up to turn off an imaginary gramophone setting the photo on the chair. As she puts away a record, she's looking for another.*

No more love songs! (Pausing to think) It should be Schubert. Where is *Death and the Maiden*?

*Coughing, she finds it and puts it on. It plays quietly in the background.*

That's more like it. There HE is ... Death calling. (Turning away from the gramophone) Death called your first girlfriend Milly; he's whispering to your sister Marie right now. There ... listen to that ... now he's calling me.

*Angelika picks up a framed photo of Heinz. Hoerle's Death and the Maiden appears in the picture frame. She talks to the photo of Hoerle.*

Oh Heinz, it is dangerous loving you!

Poor, sweet Milly, dead so young! I should have been wiser ... learned from her, but, I was too young ... too eager! Her death was my beginning. (Coughing). No long bouts of coughing for her though. With your love came ... inflammation ... fever ... death. It was all over for Milly ... before I was even 17 years old!

You know Heinz ... Milly's sister, told me her parents still curse you.

Heinz, mama and papa curse you too.

Why shouldn't they?

Milly was warm in her coffin when you planted death in me.

I should have seen the Hoerle curse. I heard your father cough through the walls. He lay dying, a few feet away from us in our first home, the studio where you painted with

Max. What did we do? We shut out the coughing to plan new worlds. Did you have tuberculosis even back then, my love? Or, did that come, later when you stood shoulder to shoulder in trenches, deep in mud, with coughing men? Were you the giver or receiver of death?

*She turns away from the photo of Heinz.*

I'm fixating ... and I shouldn't. I wanted you. I chose you.

We were fire ... in explosive times. Anything was possible ... War ... Revolution ... A new world. I was ... Dada-Angelika. No! I was called Angelika, the master of Dada!! The papers named you the Prince of the dilettantes. We were so excited that we yelled right along with everyone:

Tear down the theatres!

Torch the museums!

Blow up what YOU call art!

We demand an end (Coughing and tailing off) ...

Ah, we did great things, you and I, Anton, Willy, Marta, Max and Luise. Even our rage worked! (Laughing to herself). The look in the French Consul's eye when he saw Heinz' Cripple drawing pasted on his front door! That newspaper man's stunned face when he came to review the Dada fiasco at the Brauhaus pub and had to enter through the pub's urinals. It was priceless!

And what fun Luise and I had dragging hat forms from her father's factory. Lowenstern and Strauss it was. And she 8 months pregnant! Max called his hat-man something like—*The Old Lecher ... shields the Museum's Toilets ... from Dada's Interferences!*

Ah, rejection can be so very fertile! So, boy oh boy, did I love the Brauhaus! We laughed ourselves silly when Max kept chanting: The state ... It is me! L'état c'est moi! ... until we all joined in. L'ETAT C'EST MOI...L'ETAT.....C'EST.....MOIIII.

But in the end women weren't part of the state ...

We couldn't move forward. And when we tried...

(Covering her ears) Arguments! Doors slamming! (Taking her hands off her ears) Long silences. We were wrong ... are wrong. Everything about us ... wrong. How ironic that change was meant for art and politics ... not for women ... at least not for women like us. Our independence, our work, even our look was wrong.

Oh Heinz, you didn't want THE NEW WOMAN. You wanted A new woman! I waited in our cold apartment while you were out hunting for my replacement. I had become too 'difficult'. We ... Marta, Luise and I ... were too difficult.

You told everyone tuberculosis made you leave. Oh, Heinz ... How do you live with yourself? Your sister is dying faster than I am.

It's not tuberculosis that drove you away. Another Hoerle is coughing to death—right now. Only the venue has changed. Death and the Maiden Part II. Marie Hoerle at Gladbacher Street.

You left because you couldn't stand the mirror ... here. (Pointing to her eyes) I didn't reflect what you wanted. Suddenly ... I was too tall. Odd ... I wasn't too tall until I found my will, my work, recognition. Marta said you began to scowl, walking beside me ... like an evil principle. What principle, Heinz?

What did you represent, Heinz?

Svengali, Caligari?

I should have seen through you ...

The seducer hypnotizes. He takes the body but puts the spirit to sleep ...

He doesn't want the woman's spirit ...

Please ... no female artists ... need apply to be what you consider ... the new woman.

(Laughing to herself) ... And to think ... I still I love you.

(Stiffening) But, there is a difference now ...

Because ... I don't need you! (Going over to the gramophone) Just as I don't need YOU *Death and the Maiden!* It's full speed ahead for me.

Twenty-two years old ... TO HELL WITH IT ALL ...!

Luise and Marta and I have work. We have identities ... (Coughing) ... Women ... (Coughing cuts her off)

*Angelika composes herself from her coughing fit as her drawing Tree and Wall appears in the frame. The romantic song Be Mine for Only a Night starts softly but keeps increasing in volume. She changes direction, turning from thinking just about herself and her friends ...*

Listen women! Get outside! Into the world! Rapunzel ... you're out of the tower. For god's sake, don't waste tears on the prince! Let him wander around blind. Look to your needs!

*As Angelika's coughing gets worse, the romantic song Be Mine for Only a Night gets even louder. She fights against its intrusion in her mind.*

Stop that! (She continues with her rant.) We can go forward! Women ... listen ...

*The music is so loud that she can't concentrate.*

I SAID STOP THAT!

*Instant blackout. All music stops. After a pause, transition music begins.*

## Scene Four, a week later,

August 31, 1923

*When the lights come up, Angelika is slumped on the chair which now has a footstool; a blanket covers her from the waist down. She is turned towards the door. Her hair is plastered back from a sepulchral face. She is short of breath. She dabs a blood-stained handkerchief to her mouth when she coughs.*

*Angelika's Theme plays quietly in the background. She becomes visibly agitated as Willy's footsteps ascend slowly up the stairs paced like a death march.*

Yes, I've been waiting. But, you're here now. Come ... sit by me. Face away from me though. I look dreadful. Jankel didn't mind when he was here, but he's very kind. Yes, he came to see me with the finished work. He **did** explain the symbols.

*Adler's portrait of Angelika appears projected through the picture frame.*

I started calling Jankel my "death coach" after he told me the floorboards were getting ready to form my coffin and that Sabbath written in Hebrew stood for eternal rest.

Don't be peeved with Jankel. You're one for morbid humour too, Willy. You had me put the auto horn into that work that ended up with Dreier..to announce death BOLDLY. I know you didn't figure on my death then ... but, I didn't figure on it then ... and I don't now ... in spite of having a death coach.

Jankel put in a second cat springing out of the mirror just for me when I told him I wouldn't ever accept death. I told him I'd come and go throughout eternity ... If there's any crack in the universe anywhere, I promise you Willy, I'll get through!

(Coughing) No, I haven't been able to work except for these sketches and what's in my imagination. (He's been unloading coal.) Thanks for the coal Willy. It's only the beginning of September coming up but I've been so very cold. When I rub my hands together, I run out of energy.

Please, stop for a moment ... Just listen to me. I've waited all week to tell you my ideas. If you'll be quiet, I'll do as you say ... but let me finish. These ideas really matter to me. Maybe they're the only things that matter to me. (Willy sits)

Thank you. Now ... Close your eyes and I'll tell you what I see.

There's a very simple, female, one-eyed being, like one of my Cyclops, reaching an eye towards a male who has three eyes, two of which are closed. The man and the woman— each —really has only one eye. You see, they're both partially blind, in

different ways. His three eyes are like the three breasts on my drawing with the rider. Just like the rider who's weighed down by her gender, this man is hampered by his gender too. He won't open his eyes to see new realities ... female realities ....

She's trying to give him a female eye so he can see things ... from her perspective ...

You may open your eyes now.

(Smiling she reaches into her pocket) Oh, I almost forgot. A while back you asked me to look for the lost eye of the woman I drew. (Reaching a marble towards him) Well, here it is.

*Her attempt at laughter ends in a coughing fit. Max Ernst's Oedipus Rex appears in the frame.*

You're not laughing ... but ... it all fits together ...

Blindness ... insight ... man ... woman ... You know the Oedipus story which Max just painted. Oedipus didn't want to marry his mother ... he tried hard not to ... to escape his fate ... but in the end ... he did. Then ... when he realized he had sex with his mother ... he fled ....

When Luise became a mother ... Max became Oedipus ... It's all so, so Freudian! Max's 'bow' opened Lou's walnut and that deed impaired his painter's hand—especially when a shell started emerging from the walnut. Max can't get back into the house. He doesn't want to actually ... He's become too big for it. He wants to follow the bull and the blue bird of happiness ... transcend walls and fences ... like them.

It's all so charged ... No wonder when Heinz left me he just pointed to Max! It's as if Max was the Messiah of Leaving and I was supposed to believe ...

Believe what? I wasn't even a mother!!

Never mind ... Exit stage left ... Max ... and Heinz ... August 1922 ... a year ago now ...

And there you have it ... ladies and gentlemen ...

Behind this Gala-Tata-door (Pointing out the window) ... Freedom ... Flappers ... Fun ...

And behind my door and Luise's ... (Pointing towards her door) The slings and arrows of ... responsibility ....

(Coughing) Well, to hell with that! These Jocastas won't hang like a bunch of dead paintings in a museum .... (Coughing) We have work to do!

I know, I have to calm down. But I despair when I calm down. When I see how depleted I am ... how I can hardly lift a pencil. Oh Willy ... what I could do if I had just a little more energy ... more time. The worlds I could create ...

Thanks for being so positive. I will feel better next week. I already feel better now that it's warm in here. The fire's really warmed up the room.

Thanks too for not harping on about going home. New sketches next week ... I promise. I have to have something to the IAH soon. You remember the International Workers' Aid? Their exhibition is travelling to Russia to raise money for the starving. You forgot? Kaethe Kollwitz and Gertrud Eysoldt are on the Committee to Help the Victims of the Famines I have to have a really special piece for the brand new Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. I already have an idea.

You never heard of Gertrud Eysoldt? Well, you remember the *Reigen* scandal, don't you? That Schnitzler play banned for being immoral? Eysoldt directed it in Berlin last year. She went to prison for that!

Aha, now you remember. Funny ... it's the stink bombs and the people storming the theatre in Vienna that sticks with you. I always remember the courage of the women ...

I have a pantheon of heroines ...

Don't worry ... I won't make you stay to hear about them!

Please, do hand me the harmonica before you go though. Thanks. I play only a little now. Not enough wind ... but ... a little music cheers me. Thanks for coming.

*Angelika's Theme plays; she starts to blow into the harmonica along with the theme, but it drops as the lights fade.*



## Scene Five, September 2, 1923

*Angelika is asleep in her chair with her feet on a footstool. A harmonica and some sketches lie scattered on the floor around her. Blankets are wrapped around her shoulders and feet. She has sketches on her lap, hidden by the blanket. Her face is white with dark circles under the eyes. The picture Death and the Maiden is in the frame. Angelika's Theme is playing. After a coughing spell, she clutches her chest. The front of her blouse is revealed and it's bloodstained. Her speech is slow.*

(Slowly) How long have you been there Willy? Turn around. Look at me. Ah ... you're crying. Oh Willy ... please don't! Look there ... (Pointing to sketches on the floor) I managed ... sketches. Fine work. (Coughing) No .... I won't stop talking. I want to show you my IAH work ... there ... that one ...

See ... it's a child. I've only done one child before. This new one isn't every woman's child. She's MY child. Marta has her Johannes ... Luise her Jimmy ... Maria our beautiful nephew Look at my child Willy. She's strong.

Yes ... she has two eyes. She's going to Russia and I want her to look around.

What's her name?

Angelika, of course.

Don't shake your head that way. I'm not dead. Just because I'm going home to mama and papa doesn't mean I'm done for. I have enough strength left to kill papa if I hear just one, "I told you so."

I don't need Heinz anymore..but, I did need him....once. He helped me ... (He cuts her off)

Stop! You're as bad as papa. Heinz isn't a death sentence. He's ... (Grasping for a new idea) He's ...

Well, you know how you always repeat, "How delightful it is to smell of schnapps in company where it's not allowed?"-Well, Heinz was the mocking spark we took into Cologne's polite company—like the smell of schnapps. I was more Dada Angelika and you more the vulgar dilettante because of him!

I know there were others who helped our attack on the status quo. Yes, Kuhlemann did bring lots of big boys to our meetings of Stupid at Hildebold Square and they did so much enjoy NOT being in polite company! Stop...you're rattling on...

Yes! I remember Erwin Schulhoff. I thought all the patronage we'd wrung out of people

like Nierendorff would shut off, like a spigot at the pub, when he recited from his *Sonata Erotica*. Hildebold Square never heard sounds like that from Marta! Yes ... yes ... YES!

Oh, I'm supposed to be serious ... because I have a little blood on my blouse? Okay, okay. Keep gathering my stuff. (Coughing) You look like St. Nicholas with that sack.

(Musing to herself) I'm going to create an ABC picture alphabet for my little Angelika ... for her to learn. She'll be a voice for women. She'll make sure they don't lose hard-won gains again. If there ever is another war (Coughing) women won't (More coughing) give up ... (Coughing) ... They won't go back ... (Coughing) wards ....

*After a long pause in which Angelika has been gasping for air and clutching her chest.*

Please take this (Handing him a sketch which drops to the floor) I need my *Angelika* ... . You'll help me get her to Russia?

(Looking around) I hate to leave ... ..

Not just things ... memories ...

Look ... .. on the wall ... there ... one of Max's. He and I had so much fun ... scheming to get a piano hammer as a sculpture for *Section D*. Our outrageous tailor talk preparing his prints for *Fiat Modes*. Who knew tailoring was suggestive? Heinz jealous seeing us ... heads together ... Max' blue eyes flashing. It meant nothing ... but poor Heinz!

(Looking at all her things). I wish I could take it all (Coughing)

That's nice. I appreciate you'll look out for my things.

You've helped me so much ....

(She still has some sketches on her lap) Look Willy ... Heinz gave me this for my 20<sup>th</sup> birthday. He drew this one of papa a few weeks later ....

We were happy once. Weren't we Willy?

Yeah, I guess I changed.

First I was going to change the world ... then art ... then women ...

I ended up ... only changing myself ...

I guess my art too ...

You think that's enough?

At least I'm not Mimi in a garrett in *La Boheme* ... pining for her love. That's progress!

Listen ... no arias ... (Angelika's Theme starts lightly and continues)

No, I won't stop joking ...

You never stop. Why should I?

I'll try to put my arms around your neck. (Struggling to get up) Wait ... I can't! The blanket is better ... It feels good in this blanket cocoon ...

*How good you are to carry me. For you ... I will be lightness. I will think doves ... feather down even ...*

*The lights dim very low as he lifts her. They move towards the stairs.*

Ah ... I am up ... become spirit ... wafting ... (Angelika's Theme becomes louder)

*Blackout, footsteps down stairs, heard from a distance ... )*

And you know what dear, sweet, William?

(Sounds of some more steps) I will not die.

(More steps) That I promise ...

*Sound of a door closing. Angelika's Theme all the way through with pictures of Angelika in the frame.*





