

rushed to the stern of the ship, screaming
"It's the rudder - the rudder is jammed
(that's steering the ship) We must tear it off !"
But the crew protected the rudder, for they knew
it was in perfect order, and the ship would be
helpless without it. Just at that moment, the
ship lurched to one side, with the rudder turned
far to the left. The Captain had given the order
to change course. He, too, by now had seen the
icebergs, and the crew, schooled in naval discipline
had acted swiftly. They knew it was the Captain's
responsibility to steer a safe course. After the
danger was over the Captain assembled the whole
crew, and the passengers, on the deck; and told
them that, owing to his swift and decisive action,
the small matter of the iceberg had been successfully
resolved. But even as he spoke, there could be
heard, deep in the ship, the sound of banging and
shouting - from the look-out in the locker-room.
But any who heard the distant sound, quickly
forgot it when the new look-out came up to the
Captain to say the ship was fast approaching
another iceberg. The Captain rushed to the
bridge and spat out orders to avoid one
iceberg after another. The crew went to their
posts to do everything necessary to avoid a
disaster. The passengers still more frantically
shouted "Stop the engines! Smash the rudder!" -
as the ship took one zig-zag after another.
One of the passengers, who thought the
whole endeavour to save the ship hopeless
from the start, did not hoin in the clamour.
He looked at the ship and then at the sea.
Then slipped quietly under the railings.
In the few seconds of life he had in the
freezing water, he heard the sound of the
banging of the look-out, through the hull of
the ship. Then sank into oblivion and was
never seen again.

(The sailor concludes his enactment of the
story in the position of the look-out, shut
up in the locker room.

George and Käthe are silent for a moment)

G It's a good story. Who was the Russian sailor ?
K My husband. He was put in a labour camp by
Stalin for telling stories like that.
G I see
K Do you ? I've not heard from him in two years.
Join us again and fight.
G Me. Trotsky ? No !
K Why not ?
G Just leave it
K Why not you ?
G You can't trap me
K I'm not trying to....
G I'm a deserter, running away to capitalist
America.
K Mr. Grosz !
G You wanted to open the box well, inside is
Mr. Dad. Mr. Doctor George Propagandadada.
And what is dada, ladies and gentlemen ?
Dada is the art of anti-everything. Anti-art ;
anti-people; anti-communist; anti law and
order. Anti-dada. Anti-Anti.
The child has come of age and is loosed upon
the world in the Absolute Dada. Heil Hitler.
And now, I'll slip under the railings and
into the sea. Good day.
(He leaves. Käthe stands at the railings.
The sailor rises. His clothes are torn.
He is bloody and bruised like a man who
has been beaten up. He leaves. After a
moment the woman walks along the deck walkway.
Seeing Käthe, she immediately approaches her)
W (speaking) Lost your man, then ? Doesn't
do to preach at them, does it ?
What is he anyway an anarchist or something ?
He's unstable. Cat got your tongue ? Has it ?
Are you allright ?
(There is no answer. She leaves. Käthe remains
looking out to sea during the closing music).