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"WE WILL NEVER DIE"

A Memorial dedicated to the 2,000,000 Jewish dead of Europe

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Produced by.....Billy Rose
Directed by.....Moss Hart
Musical Score by.....Kurt Weill
Settings by.....Lemuel Ayers
from
Scheme by.....S. Syrjala
Lighting by.....Moe Hack

CAST

Soloist.....Kurt Baum
Narrators.....Paul Muni
Edward G. Robinson
Herbert Rudley
Luther Adler
Rabbi.....Jacob Ben-Ami
Remember Us.....Paul Lindenberg
Solvie Wiberg
William Malten
David Leonard
Margaret Waller
Edward Franz
Walter Kohler
Mark Schweid
Eleanora Mendlesohn
Sylvia Sidney
Orchestra conducted by.....Isaac Van Grove

Episode One.....The Roll Call
Episode Two.....Jews in the War
Episode Three...Remember Us
.....

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WE WILL NEVER DIE

By BEN HECHT

The lights of the meeting hall are dim.

On the stage are the lights of the six candelabra. They brighten the two towering tablets of the Ten Commandments at the back of the stage.

There is a space between the two tablets that remains dark, until the service begins.

It grows sharply light. Out of this brightened space steps the figure of a Jew. He wears a black synagogue robe. He raises the shofar and blows on it the wild and ancient blast of the Jewish faith.

As the Shofar blows, the balcony above the Tablets lights up. Here behind a scrim sits the choir. It begins singing. It sings the Yom Kippur music.

The shofar blower steps back and the bright space between the Tablets remains empty during the singing of the choir.

As the singing nears its close the figure of a second Jew appears between the Tablets. This is a Rabbi in talith, satin robe and embroidered hat.

The Rabbi walks down the steps in front of the Tablets. A pool of light follows him to a microphone at the edge of the stage.

When the Rabbi reaches the microphone, the singing of the choir ends. The organ continues now playing softly. The light between the Tablets goes out. The Tablets themselves are flooded with light. The organ plays as the Rabbi speaks.

THE RABBI

"Almighty God, Father of the poor and the weak, Strength of the Righteous and Hope of all who dream of goodness and justice; Almighty God who favored the children of Israel with his light—we are here to affirm that this light still shines in us.

We are here to say our prayers for the two million who have been killed in Europe, because they bear the name of your first children—the Jews.

Before our eyes has appeared the strange and awesome picture of a folk being put to death, of a great and ancient people in

whose veins has lingered for so long the earliest words and image of God, dying like a single child on a single bayonet.

We are not here to weep for them although our eyes are stricken with this picture and our hearts burdened with their fate.

We are here to honor them and to proclaim the victory of their dying.

For in our Testament are written the words of Habakkuk, prophet of Israel "They shall never die."

They shall never die though they were slaughtered with no weapon in their hands.

Though they still fill the dark land of Europe with the smoke of their massacre, they shall never die.

For they are part of something greater, higher and stronger than the dreams of their executioners.

Dishonored and removed from the face of the earth, their cry of Shema Israel remains in the world.

We are here to strengthen our hearts, to take into our veins the pride and courage of the millions of innocent people who have fallen and are still to fall before the German massacre.

They were unarmed. But not we!

We live in a land whose arm is stronger than the arm of the German Goliath. This land is our David.

Almighty God, we are here to affirm that our hearts will be a monument worthy of our dead.

We are here to affirm that the innocence of their lives and the dream of goodness in their souls are witnesses that will never be silent. They shall never die.

We are here to affirm that we shall stand beside David and in the name of the innocent dead and of human honor battle forever and

without end.

Such is the meaning of our Memorial tonight.

Our service will begin with the prayer, Shema Israel, the prayer that holds the last words of the millions who have died in the massacres by the Germans.

This prayer proclaims the soul's allegiance to God. It is out of the pages of Deuteronomy and it has risen from the stricken and the dying in all the lands of the earth—for many centuries.

"Hear, O Israel, the Lord is Our God, the Lord is One. And thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy might."

The space between the Tablets brightens once more. The choir balcony is lighted and the choir begins to sing softly.

As the choir sings, Twenty Rabbis in the various ritualistic costumes of their sects and countries, enter through the space between the Tablets. They take their places in a row on the top step.

Four men in black robes holding aloft the Torah emerge from the Tablet space.

The choir singing ends after the Rabbis are in their positions. The organ continues softly and the Rabbi at the microphone resumes.

RABBI

"The prayer, Shema Israel will be led by our rabbis who have come from the dead ghettos of Europe. They are among the few who have survived. They were witnesses of the killing of our folk in Germany, Poland, Holland, France, Czecho Slovakia, Roumania, Russia and all the places overrun by the Germans."

The Twenty Rabbis walk down the steps and move to the brightly lighted front of the stage.

The four men holding aloft the Torah follow them and take a position in center stage behind the line of rabbis.

The organ music swells and the Twenty one Rabbis recite the prayer of Shema Israel in Hebrew. The choir sings its responses in the praying.

When the prayer is finished the rabbis leave the stage via the stairways to the left and right. The four men holding aloft the Torah walk back up the steps to the space between the tablets. This is brightly lighted as they approach it. They exit here.

During the exiting of the rabbis and the Torah holders, the choir singing swells out into a powerful hymn.

The stage is empty as the singing continues. The light on the Tablets is dimmed. The light between them grows bright. Two figures appear in this light. They walk down the stairs. They are costumed only by a small collar talith around their necks.

The two are the Narrators. They go down stage and take up positions at microphones at the left and right sides of the stage.

The choir has finished its singing. The organ music continues softly as the Voice of the First Narrator at the left is heard.

FIRST NARRATOR

"Long ago there was a tribe that tended sheep and tilled the ground in the half barren places beyond the River Jordan.

There were many civilizations already in the world. Many heroes and philosophers had already entered history.

But in the record of man's rise out of the fogs of savagery there was still one page empty.

It was on this page that the little tribe of shepherds and farmers beyond the Jordan wrote their creed--the creed that was destined to change the soul of man.

They wrote that the soul of man had not come from the beasts but been given him by God.

They wrote that above all the greeds and lusts in the human soul stood goodness, righteousness and justice.

They wrote that the destiny of man called him to serve this

mighty creed, to serve it above all the other powers on earth.

Writing thus on the empty page, this little tribe put down the words of a battle cry that has never ended and of a dream that has alone survived all the debacles of history. The first tribesman who wrote on this empty page was named Abraham.

And the handful of farmers who crossed the Jordan with Abraham — were the first Jews."

SECOND NARRATOR

"Today in the dark lands of Europe the Germans are seeking to destroy the creed written by Abraham and that now belongs to the whole world.

Statisticians have estimated that it costs \$50,000 for the Germans to kill a single allied soldier. This is an expensive gesture.

The killing of a Jew is less expensive. It costs nothing.

The Jew of Europe is the step son in the house. The laws of nations do not include his safety, his honor or his inheritance.

FIRST NARRATOR

"However bravely he dies as a soldier in defense of American fox holes, of British cruisers, of French outposts, however wildly he fights as a soldier under the twenty flags of civilization— as a Jew he is the most inexpensive corpse in history. The killing of two million Jews has cost the Germans less than the killing of a single American soldier."

SECOND NARRATOR

"It is the cheapness of his death that gives the Jew in military lands a bad name. Against this bad name earned by his helpless death he has only one defense — the value of his living."

FIRST NARRATOR

"This is his shield."

SECOND NARRATOR

"This is his sword."

FIRST NARRATOR

"This is his indestructability."

SECOND NARRATOR

"This is his valor and his victory."

FIRST NARRATOR

"Here is his roll call."

SECOND NARRATOR

"No scroll is large enough to hold all his names."

FIRST NARRATOR

"We summon this fame, not to boast, but to give strength to hearts that have forgotten in their sorrow, the shield, the sword, the valor and the indestructability of their people."

During the foregoing the Two Tablets have filled with clouds, with flames and been animated with shadows.

Toward the latter part of the Narrators' talk, the Tablets have grown dimmer. Now as the Narrators call the roll of the great Jews, each of them appears half visible through the Tablets. The costumes and faces of all the centuries light up one by one and reach from the foot of the Tablets to the top...They appear quickly, singly and in groups as the Narrators talk.

SECOND NARRATOR

"There was Moses, the lawgiver to the Jews and through them, to the world. Moses who brought down from Mount Sinai the Ten Commandments which are the moral laws of today and which will be the moral laws of a tomorrow-rid of Nazis."

FIRST NARRATOR

"There was David, founder of the Jewish kingdom whose voice,

lifted in song twenty eight hundred years ago, still sounds to comfort the heavy laden of the earth.

SECOND NARRATOR

"There was Solomon whose wisdom still remains as the homeland of Truth."

FIRST NARRATOR

"And around these three, there stands a host of heroes, prophets and poets. Issiah, Joshua, Saul, Samuel, Jeremiah, Elijah, Amos, Judah of the Macabees, Mordecai. and Hosiah. Thunderers all, whose dreams and phrases molded the soul of man and illumined forever his tomorrow."

SECOND NARRATOR

"And if you would know whence the Jewish soldiers in the fox holes, tanks and bombers of today derive their fierceness, look on Bar Cochba. Bar Cochba the mighty warrior who marched forth against the Roman legions and scattered and terrified them for three years... And who for a year stood with his small army against the entire might of the Roman world...and died with all his soldiers on the ramparts of the ancient city of Bethar.

FIRST NARRATOR

"Scattered like quicksilver under the hammers of persecution, the Jews raised their voices in the many houses of the world. Theirs was the voice that ushered in the Renaissance and the new light for the world."

SECOND NARRATOR

"Solomon Ben Gabirol and Abraham Bar Hanasi, philosophers in the Spain of the 12th century, rekindled the torches of learning and beauty that ended the dark ages."

FIRST NARRATOR

"With them sang Jehudah Halevi and the many poets of exile.

SECOND NARRATOR

"There was Don Isaac Abrabanel, minister of finance to the court of Ferdinand and Isabella who raised money for the venture of Christopher Columbus."

FIRST NARRATOR

"There was Baruch Spinoza who in the north erected a tower for soul of man."

SECOND NARRATOR

"Far and wide the genius of the Jew-who then as now must die so helplessly- added to the values of life. Amatus Lusitanus, father of European medicine enters the scroll. And Benjamin of Tudela, the first great geographer of Europe. And Dr. Astruc, father of gynocology... And Dr. Avenzoar, the Hippocrates of the Jews. The names are many and the scroll is small."

FIRST NARRATOR

"There was Montaign called the noblest mind of the French."

SECOND NARRATOR

"There was Moses Mendelssohn, the little hump-backed Jew of Germany who wrote his people out of the German ghettos. And whose grandson, Felix Mendelssohn made music for the world."

FIRST NARRATOR

"Abraham Schreiner of Galicia, discoverer of petroleum."

SECOND NARRATOR

"Rachel, the great actress of Europe and Bernhardt, Pissaro the painter, Ached Hamm, the philosopher."

FIRST NARRATOR

"Maurice de Hirsche, genius of industrialism and hero of Jewish

philanthropy."

SECOND NARRATOR

"Siegfried Marcus, inventor of the benzene propelled engine, forerunner of the automobile."

FIRST NARRATOR

"Haym Solomon who helped finance the armies of the American revolution and Isaac Franks, colonel under Washington and one of the hundreds of Jewish heroes of '76."

SECOND NARRATOR

"Sir Moses Montefiore, adviser to Queen Victoria and the great champion of human and political tolerance."

FIRST NARRATOR

"Benjamin Disraeli called Lord Beaconsfield, novelist and statesman whose brilliant mind carried England into the East."

SECOND NARRATOR

"Zangwill the writer. Sholem Aleichem, Ached Hamm, Werfel, Feuchtwanger, Sholem Asch, Pinero, Schnitzler, Molnar, Zweig, Wasserman, Halevy, Catulle Mendes, Bret Harte, Olive Schreiner- the names of the Jewish writers are many."

FIRST NARRATOR

"Marcel Proust...Anatole France."

SECOND NARRATOR

"Nostradamus, the great astrologer whose prophecies are today coming true."

FIRST NARRATOR

"John Howard Payne, American dramatist and author of the song, 'Home Sweet Home.'"

SECOND NARRATOR

"And of music makers there is no end. The Jews have sung and

played and given songs and symphonies to the world as if Orpheus himself had crossed the Jordan with them. From the great liturgical music echoing through history to the tune makers of the people they have serenaded a hundred lands."

FIRST NARRATOR

"Bizet, composer of Carmen."

SECOND NARRATOR

"Meyerbeer and Saint Saens."

FIRST NARRATOR

"Rubenstein, Oscar Strauss to whose melodies a world still dances."

SECOND NARRATOR

"Horowitz, Heifetz, Korngold and Gershwin."

FIRST NARRATOR

"Bauer, Offenbach, Berlin, Goldmark."

SECOND NARRATOR

"Kern, Schoenberg, Bloch and the last great master of the classics, Gustav Mahler."

FIRST NARRATOR

"Luis Ponce de Leon, the greatest lyric poet of Spain."

SECOND NARRATOR

"Bialik, the great singer of Palestine."

FIRST NARRATOR

"Heinrich Heine, the greatest lyric poet of Germany."

SECOND NARRATOR

"And another, Emma Lazarus, whose sonnet stands in bronze on our statue of Liberty- "Send these, the homeless, tempest tossed to me, I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

FIRST NARRATOR

"Graziadio Ascoli, the foremost Italian philologist."

SECOND NARRATOR

"Sir John Herschel, astronomer and inventor of modern photography."

FIRST NARRATOR

"Caesar Lombroso, scientist. Otto Lillienthal of Prussia, inventor of the glider and called the grandfather of the aeroplane."

SECOND NARRATOR

"Samuel Gompers, founder of the American Federation of Labor."

FIRST NARRATOR

"Louis Brandeis, jurist and philosopher."

SECOND NARRATOR

"Ferdinand Lassalle and Karl Marx, historians of the future."

FIRST NARRATOR

"Cardozo, American jurist and philosopher."

SECOND NARRATOR

"The brothers Zandeck, pioneers in the study of glands."

FIRST NARRATOR

"Chaim Weitzman, Jewish patriot and inventor of T N T."

SECOND NARRATOR

"Ludwig Traube, founder of the science of pathology whose statue still stands in Paris."

FIRST NARRATOR

"Rose Bonheur, the painter, Modigliani Chagall, the painter."

SECOND NARRATOR

"Emin Pasha, explorer and statesman, Joseph Israels, painter. Max Nordau, the Voltaire of neurology."

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FIRST NARRATOR

"Theodore Herzl, founder of Zionism. Max Lieberman, painter, Jaques Loeb, the great biologist."

SECOND NARRATOR

"Sigmund Freud, inventor of a new science of thought."

FIRST NARRATOR

"The names are too many and the scroll too small but here are our world champions--the Jewish winners of the Nobel Prizes."

SECOND NARRATOR

"In 1905, for his work on organic dyes--Adolph von Bayer. In 1907 for his work in meteorology, Albert Abraham Michelson."

FIRST NARRATOR

"In 1908 for his invention of color photography, Gabriel Lippman. In 1908 for his work in the cure of syphilis, Paul Ehrlich."

SECOND NARRATOR

"In 1908 for his work on bacteria immunity, Ilya Metchnikoff. In 1909 for his invention of the wireless telegraphy with Guglielmo Marconi, Karl Ferdinand Braun."

FIRST NARRATOR

"In 1910 for his pioneer work in organic chemistry, Otto Wallach. In 1911 for their literary efforts in behalf of peace, Karl Landsteiner, and Otto Loewi."

SECOND NARRATOR

"In 1914 for his work on pathology, Robert Barany. In 1915 for his botanical researches, Richard Willstaetter."

FIRST NARRATOR

"In 1919 for his work in chemistry, Fritz Haber. In 1921 for his services in the theory of Physics, Albert Einstein."

SECOND NARRATOR

"In 1922 for his work on the atomic theory, Niels Bohr. In 1922 for his work in organic chemistry, Otto Meyerhoff."

FIRST NARRATOR

"In 1925 for their work in atomic physics, James Franck and Gustave Hertz. In 1925 for his work in chemistry, Richard Zsigmondo.

SECOND NARRATOR

"In 1928 for his work in philosophy, Henry Bergson. In 1931 for his work in chemistry, Ottor Heinrich Warburg."

FIRST NARRATOR

"The scroll overruns. The halls of fame of a hundred nations hold the names of Jews who have given value to life. The prophet Hoshiah spoke of Israel that it was destined to bloom and bud and fill the world with its fruit. Here is that fruit. Here is that Jew who shall never die..."

The choir sings as the lighted tableau remains.

The Narrators exit to the left and right of the stage.

During the singing of the choir the tableau of the Jews of fame continues brightly lighted. When the singing ends the tableau fades. The two Tablets remain dimly lit.

A bright light fills the space between them. An American Soldier emerges in this space. He stands between the tablets and blows reveille on a bugle. A second American soldier appears. He blows a battle call on a bugle.

Two other uniformed soldiers emerge in the space. These walk down the steps to the microphones at the right and left of the stage.

The organ music has swelled into a march militaire.. Above the organ music, as the soldiers take their places at the microphones comes the quick loud click of a Morse code message.

The two buglers stand at attention on the top step in front of the tablets.

As the telegraph clicking grows louder, the lighting on the Tablets changes. Red lights flicker over it and a swirl of cloud and smoke obscures the Ten Commandments. The space between the Tablets grows dimmer.

The First Soldier (at the microphone speaks)

FIRST SOLDIER

"That's a telegraph key clicking. It's a message coming from a faraway place. Listen to it. The date is May 5th. The faraway place is Corregidor. Do you remember Corregidor, the last bastion of American arms in the Phillipines. The Japs hit it with a ten to one army and a hundred to nothing air force. It held until this day-May 5th. This is the last hour of its defense. This is the hour of its defeat."

SECOND SOLDIER

"A twenty-two year old Jewish boy from Brooklyn, by name Irving Strobing sits at his post and pounds away at his wireless key. He's sending a last message to the world. Corregidor is saying goodbye to the folks back home."

FIRST SOLDIER

"Listen to it. This is how an American soldier sounds in defeat. Here's how a Jewish Boy from Brooklyn sends in his last words. We'll translate the morse code for you. Irving is telling the world."

SECOND SOLDIER

"Corregidor calling...Corregidor calling...They're not here yet. We're waiting for God only knows what. How about a chocolate soda? We've only got about one hour to go. Till noon. They're throwing men and shells at us. They've been shelling us faster than you can count. I am really low down."

(The telegraph key clicks out in silence again)

FIRST SOLDIER (resuming)

"Enemy heavy cross shelling and bombing. They've got all around us and from the skies. Corregidor used to be a nice place. But its haunted now...I can hardly think. Say, I have sixty pesos you can have for this weekend.

(The telegraph clicks on for a moment. The Soldier resumes.)

"The jig is up. Everyone is bawling like a baby. They are piling dead and wounded in our tunnel. My arms are weak from pounding this key. No rest. Short rations. Tired. Hey, I just got a treat. A can of pineapple."

(The telegraph key clicks for a moment)

"My name is Irving Strobings. Get this to my mother, Mrs. Minnie Strobings, 605 Barbey Street, Brooklyn. They are to get along O.K. My love to Pa, Joe, Sue, Mac, Harry, Jane and Paul. God bless 'em all. Tell Joe wherever he is to give 'em Hell for us. My love to all...God bless you and keep you...Stand by..."

(The clicking ends. The two buglers blow taps.)

(When Taps is finished the Second Soldier speaks)

SECOND SOLDIER

"That was the army's hail and farewell from Corregidor- the salute from the dying delivered by Irving Strobings. It's one of the epics of the war."

FIRST SOLDIER

"There are many epics in the war, written, spoken and lived by countless heroes. If we stress for these minutes the deeds of fighting Jews on all the battle fronts, it is not because they are the greatest or the most numerous. It is because they are our own. They are great enough for pride and many enough for history to count.

Hundreds of Jewish soldiers, sailors, fliers and marines have been decorated and cited for valor. Thousands of them lie dead and wounded on our battle fields."

SECOND SOLDIER

"The Jew, said the Nazis, cannot fight. Wait till Barney Ross gets to Berlin."

FIRST SOLDIER

"Wait till the legions of freedom storm across the forests of Bavaria and the fields of Saxony. In the legions under every flag that moves forward will be Jews."

SECOND SOLDIER

"They are under the fighting flags now. They have been under them since the first guns sounded in Poland. Bar Kochba's boys are scattered in a hundred armies."

FIRST SOLDIER

"They were under the brave flag of the Greeks."

(An Efzone emerges from between the Tablets. He carries a Greek flag. The music plays a Greek hymn. The Efzone moves down the steps to the front of the stage.)

SECOND SOLDIER

"They were with the Greek heroes who kicked Hell out of Mussolini's pathetic world conquerors and who stood off the mighty Nazi war machine for the twelve weeks that saved Russia. There were thousands of Jews who died fighting under the Greek flag."

FIRST SOLDIER

"They were with the French."

The Marseillaise plays and a French soldier enters from between the tablets carrying the French flag. He walks to the stage front and stands beside the Greek.

"They fought in the French retreat defending a flag that was

to repudiate them and turn them over to the Germans as Jews fit only for slavery and slaughter. And they clamor still in the concentration camps of France and Africa for a place on the battle field against the Hun."

SECOND SOLDIER

"They were under the flag of the Dutch.

(A Dutch Soldier carrying the Dutch flag enters as the Organ plays the Dutch anthem. He joins the others)

Thousands of them are still fighting in the jungles of Java and Batavia and aboard the ships of the Netherlands."

FIRST SOLDIER

"They are under the flag of Russia."

(A Russian soldier enters carrying a Russian flag. The Organ plays the Soviet march. The Russian takes his place beside the others.)

FIRST SOLDIER (Cont'd.)

Seven hundred thousand of them are on the Soviet fronts from Leningrad to the Don. Their valor is part of the great Russian spirit. Two hundred thousand of them have died standing in the way of the German tanks. These Jews who have shared with the Russians the infernos of the Soviet fronts are the happy Jews of Europe.

SECOND SOLDIER

They have a flag of their own-the Star of David raised above the reclaimed deserts of Palestine.

(A young man in civilian dress, trousers and a white shirt open at the throat, enters carrying the Palestinian flag.)

FIRST SOLDIER

There are a hundred thousand trained and wild hearted young Jews who have survived the German massacres.

SECOND SOLDIER

There are another hundred thousand sturdy pioneers of Palestine and they cry for the right to fight!

FIRST SOLDIER

"We Jews of Europe are being killed as Jews. Give us the right to strike back as Jews. Let the Star of David be one of the flags that enters Berlin.

SECOND SOLDIER

"They are under the English Flag.

(A soldier enters carrying the English flag and the organ plays the English anthem or Tipperary)

From Burma to Bizerte, in all the Imperial armies, raining death out of the skies over Berlin, Cologne, Frankfort, Milan; in the sieges of Tobruk, in the chase after Rommel, in the headlong drive to throw the Germans into the Mediterranean, Jews march and fly.

(A procession of soldiers carrying the flags mentioned in the next speech emerges from the Tablets space and marches down the steps to stand beside the others...The organ swells into a march militaire.

FIRST SOLDIER

"Under Mexican, Brazilian and Chinese flags, under the flags of Canada, Australia and South Africa, under the flags of the Serbian gorilla fighters, of the Polish Legions, of the Czech mountain heroes, under the banners of the Turk, the Siberian, and the free Belgian are the Jewish soldiers.

(When these have all lined up the organ starts playing Over There. And an American soldier carrying the American flag emerges.

SECOND SOLDIER

"And under the flag of the U.S.A., three hundred thousand Jews

are marching and sailing and flying forth to battle. And their spirit is the spirit of Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt-of Yankee Doodle and the Battle Hymn of the Republic-of Bar Kochba and Irving Strobinger - "

FIRST SOLDIER (in a ringing voice)

and- Meyer Levin.

SECOND SOLDIER

We ask of you a minute of silence in honor of a Jew who died for his country - Meyer Levin.

(The soldiers dip their flags and all stand silent for a minute)

The orchestra starts the Battle Hymn of the Republic- and the choir sing it. During the singing the soldiers place their flags in standards at the back. In the dimness the soldiers exit down the left and right stairways.

The stage is darkened except for the light from the candelabra. The choir balcony is brightly lighted. The choir begins a religious chant. During its singing the red lights and the swirl of cloud and smoke play on the Tablets.

These lights end and a large spotlight hits the center of the stage.

Into this spotlight come men carrying a long table. Other men bring chairs and place around it. Other men bring the flags of the United Nations and place them in standards on each side of the stage.

The space between the Tablets lights up. The Two Narrators appear here and walk down the steps to the microphones.

The singing of the choir ends. The organ takes up the music. It plays under the Narrators talk.

The scene setters have now exited. The long table, surrounded by empty chairs and the many flags on each side of the stage remain in the bright spotlight.

A separate light shines on the Narrator.

THE NARRATOR

"We come tomorrow. There will be a great meeting hall with

from here
the tape was
totally on
from the start

tall windows. In this hall will stand a long table. It will be the table of judgment.

(Three Germans, two in frock coats and one in uniform, with the swastika on their sleeves, enter from the stairs left. They go to the empty table and sit down with their backs to the audience - facing the Tablets.)

To this table the German peace delegates will come for judgment.

(Sixteen men follow them to the stage, eight coming from each side stairs. As the Narrator talks, these men seat themselves)

And the men of many countries will sit around this table. The eyes of the German delegates will look into the eyes of Americans, Russians, Englishmen, Poles, Greeks, Chinese, Belgians, Czechs, Frenchmen, Serbs and Dutchmen. All the victims of the German adventure will be there to pass sentence- all but one. Absent from the table of judgement will be the Jew.

There are two reasons for this. First is the reason that the Jews have only one unity - that of the target. Though they die in many lands, they have no land to represent them at the table of judgement.

The second reason for this is that there will be no Jews left in Europe for representation when the peace comes. They will have been reduced from a minority to a phantom.

Of the six million Jews in German held lands the Germans have said none shall remain. The four million left to kill are being killed - according to plan. When the time comes to make the peace these will have been done to death.

And these millions who were hanged, burned and shot will have died without the dream of abasements to be avenged or homelands to

be restored. For when the Jews die in massacre they look toward no tomorrow to bring their children happiness and their enemies disaster. For no homeland is ever theirs no matter how long they live in it, how well they serve it or how many of its songs they learn to sing.

When the plans for the new world are being thrashed out at the peace table, when the guilts are being fixed and the color and shape of the future determined, there will be nothing for the Jews of Europe to say to the delegates but the sad, faint phrase-- "Remember Us."

The dead of many lands will speak for justice through their spokesmen around the table of judgment.. The Jew alone will have no one to speak for him. His voice will remain outside the hall of judgment, to be heard only when the window is opened and the sad faint phrase drifts in, "Remember Us."

(Through the last few moments of the Narrator's talk the choir has been singing softly. The bright light has illumined the space between the Tablets. The light is removed from the Narrator. Out of the Tablets come seven Jews, two men, a rabbi, two women and a child. Their faces are grey. They move slowly, and stiffly the fingers of their hands are curled inward. They advance down two steps and remain motionless facing the peace table. They are the dead and their heads are bowed. One of the dead raises his head. He speaks in emotionless tones. (The voice is that of an actor off stage)

VOICE

Remember us. In the town of Freiberg in the Black Forest two hundred of us were hanged and left dangling out of our kitchen windows. We watched our synagogue burn and our rabbi flogged to death.

(The voice ends and the group move slowly toward the left of the steps. The choir singing grows

louder as they move and as a second group emerges from the Tablets. They are six, two men, a woman and three children. One of the dead raises his face toward the peace table and another voice speaks for him.

VOICE

In Mannheim and Hindenberg the Germans drove us all into our burning churches. Here we knelt and prayed and died while they sang German songs outside.

(Another voice is heard singing)

Break the skulls of all the Jews
And future glory win
Proudly will our banners fly
When Jewish blood runs from our swords.

(The singing ends and the Voice of the dead Jew continues softly)

VOICE

Remember Us.

(The group moves to the right end of the steps. The choir singing swells, as another group takes its place, emerging from the tablets. There are ten figures, four men, three women and three children. A new voice speaks for these dead—its pitch altered but its monotone the same.)

VOICE

In the town of Szcucin in Poland on the morning of September 3 which is the day set aside for our Atonement we were all in church praying God to forgive us. All our village was there, our bakers and millers and harness makers. All our wives and mothers and sisters were there and every child old enough to pronounce the name of God was there. Above our prayers we heard the sound of motor lorries. They, stopped in front of our synagogue. The Germans tumbled out, torches in hand. The Germans set fire to us. When we

ran out of the flames they turned machine guns on us. They caught our women and undressed them and made them run naked under whips through the market place. All of us were killed before our Atonement Day was done. Remember us.

(The group moves to the left. The choir singing swells. Another group appears. These are five bearded old men. One of them raises his head and speaks.)

VOICE

"Remember us in Wloclowek. The Germans came when we were at prayer. They tore the prayer shawls from our heads. Under whips and bayonets they made us use our prayer shawls as mops to clean out German latrines. We were all dead when the sun set- a hundred of us. Remember us."

(The five bearded old men move to the left as the choir singing swells. Six women of different ages and four children come out of the Tablets. They stand with their heads bowed. One of them looks up and the quiet voice of a woman is heard.

WOMAN'S VOICE

"In Lublin five hundred of our women and children were led to the market place and stood against the vegetable stalls we knew so well. Here the Germans turned machine guns on us and killed us all. Remember us."

(The women and children move to the right. Out of the Tablets come six workingmen in overalls. They stand bowed as one of them raises his head and the voice speaks.)

VOICE

"In Riga a thousand of us arrived on a transport from Germany as conscripted laborers. We had been traveling in sealed compartments for many days without food. The Germans in Riga unlocked our compartments and looked us over. They decided we were too weak to be

of any use in the factories. They put us into sealed wagons and drove us into the fields and dynamited us. Remember us who were workingmen."

(The six move to the left. Twelve men come out of the Tablets. They stand bowed as one head is raised to speak.)

VOICE

"Remember us who were put in the freight trains that left France and Holland and Belgium and who rode across Europe to the city of Jassy in Rumania- standing up. We died in the freight cars standing up, for there was no food or water or air. Of the 20,000 who made that trip only a few hundred were taken alive from the box cars. We were too weak for work and the Rumanians killed us. Remember us."

(The twelve dead move to the right. Fifteen men, women and children come out of the tablets. One of their dead speaks.)

VOICE

"Remember us who were in the Ukraine. Here the Germans grew angry because we were costing them too much time and ammunition to kill. They devised a less expensive method. They took our women into the roads and tied them together with our children. Then they drove their heavy motor lorries into us. Thousands of us died this way with the German military cars running back and forth over our broken bodies. Remember Us."

(These dead move to the left. And now a stream of dead figures comes, one by one, out of the tablets. They do not pause as did the others but continue to move slowly and stiffly toward the dead in the shadows..They form a rough circle around the brightly lighted peace table and the Voice of the Dead continues as they keep entering.)

VOICE

"We were in Warsaw. The Germans killed 73,000 Jews in Warsaw

in the year 1941. And seventy thousand more in the year 1942. They shot and burned us....In the seven months after June 1941 there were 60,000 of us massacred in Bessarabia and Bukovnia. All of us in Kiev, fifty thousand of us, were killed. There were eighty thousand of us killed in Minsk. We hung from the windows and burned in basements and were beaten to death in the market place. We were used as targets for the German bombing planes to practice on and this was a time of great celebration for the Germans. Remember us."

(The Voice changes as the Dead keep moving on from between the Tablets)

"We fill the waters of the Dneiper today with our bodies. There are myriads of us in the waters. And for a long time to come no one will be able to drink from that river or to swim in it for we are still there. And this, too, is held against us by the Germans- that we have poisoned the waters of their rivers with our dead bodies..."

(The stage is now filled. The Dead stand in the shadows beyond the brightly lighted peace table. The choir singing swells. There is a pause. Twenty girls in white robes appear out of the Tablets. They remain on the top step as a girl's voice speaks for them.)

GIRL'S VOICE (softly)

"Remember us, too, who were not killed by the Germans but who killed themselves. We were the daughters who lived in Warsaw. We were the daughters of good and pious people. We were young and raised in virtue. The Germans took a hundred and six of us and brought us to a hotel. They gave us perfumes and white robes to put on. They told us that at nightfall they would take us to a brothel and that we were to serve the Germans there. We waited all day. We anointed ourselves with the perfumes and put on the white robes. And when the sun was setting we knelt and prayed and each of

us poisoned herself and died. The Germans came but none of us went to the brothel. There were many other thousands like us. Remember us."

(The organ music starts. The Narrator appears again at his microphone. The organ plays under his words.)

FIRST NARRATOR

These are the two million Jewish dead of Europe today. They will have no one to speak for them at the table of judgment, no voice but ours to echo their cry of "Remember Us."

SECOND NARRATOR

Let us keep their cry alive. Let their dying be not without meaning. Let the manner of their dying be one of the measures of the German soul.

FIRST NARRATOR

Let their myriad corpses piled in the streets, fields and rivers of Europe be as the Hound of Heaven on the heels of evil men.

SECOND NARRATOR

Let them who died helplessly make stronger the arm of all those who fight. This is the message from the dead- avenge us.

FIRST NARRATOR

It is not a Jewish message.

SECOND NARRATOR

The massacre of two million Jews is not a Jewish situation.

FIRST NARRATOR

There are four million Jews surviving in Europe. The Germans have promised to deliver to the world by the end of the year a Christmas package of four million dead Jews. And this is not a Jewish problem.

SECOND NARRATOR

It is a problem that belongs to humanity. It is a challenge to

the soul of man.

FIRST NARRATOR

In allowing the slaughter of four million helpless people, in standing by without utterance, we who are the Four Freedoms of the world, become honorary members of the German Posse. Our silence is part of their massacre.

SECOND NARRATOR

The corpse of a people lies on the steps of civilization. Behold it. Here it is! And no voice is heard to cry halt to the slaughter, no government speaks to bid the murder of human millions end.

FIRST NARRATOR

But we here tonight have a voice. Let us raise it. Perhaps the dead will hear it and find comfort. Perhaps the dying will hear it and find hope. Perhaps the four freedoms will hear it and find their tongue...It is the voice of prayer.

The Jews have a prayer for their dead. It is the prayer called the Kaddish the prayer that begins Yis-ga-dall v-yis-ka-dash. It is the prayer spoken by hearts heavy with grief for the dead. But it does not speak of grief. It is the greatest poem of the Jewish soul. For in grief, however, great, it affirms the glory of life, and blesses God. Let us sing this prayer for the voiceless and the Jewish dead of Europe.

(A tenor leads the choir in the singing of Yis-ga-dall, v-yis-ka-dash. As the singing of the Kaddish continues, the Dead move slowly back through the lighted space between the Tablets..)