

**MAGDA. A PLAY
IN FOUR ACTS**

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Magda. A play in four acts by Hermann Sudermann & Charles Edward Amory Winslow

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HERMANN SUDERMANN & CHARLES EDWARD AMORY WINSLOW

MAGDA. A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

Copyright, 1895,

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Note.

HERR HERMANN SUDERMANN has achieved surprising success in passing from novel-writing to dramatic authorship. He has a style of the utmost distinction, and is well skilled in technique. His masterpiece, "Heimat," is absolutely original. No play has ever produced a more impressive effect upon German audiences. When it ceases to be performed, it will still hold a permanent and important place in the libraries of dramatic literature. Though a psychological study, there is no concentration of attention upon morbid conditions. All these have passed before the play begins. There is no passion for mere passion's sake. Its development proceeds from the energies of circumstances and character.

Herr Sudermann, unlike some of the new dramatists, is not lacking in humor; and the snobbishness, stuffy etiquette, and scandal-mongering of a provincial town are well illustrated by the minor characters. Into this atmosphere comes the whirlwind from the outer world with fatal effect. It is scarcely possible to

conceive more varied and intense emotions naturally and even inevitably evolved from the action of a single day. The value of the drama lies in the sharp contrasts between the New and the Old, alternately commanding, in their strife, the adhesion of the spectator or reader. The preparation for the return of "The Prodigal Daughter" occupies an entire act, and invests her entrance with an interest which increases until the tremendous climax. Yet the proud martinet father commands our respect and sympathy; and the Pastor, in his enlightened self-conquest, is the antithesis alike of the narrowness and lawlessness of parent and child, and remains the hero of the swift tragedy.

It is not uncommon that the scrupulousness attending circumstances where partiality would be a natural impulse, makes criticism even unusually exacting. It is believed that in this spirit the present translation may be somewhat confidently characterized as being both spirited and faithful.

E. W.

THE OXFORD,
January, 1896.

Persons.

SCHWARTZE, *Lieutenant-Colonel on half-pay.*

MAGDA, } *his children by his first wife.*

MARIE, }

AUGUSTA, *born von WENDLOWSKI, his second wife.*

FRANZISKA VON WENDLOWSKI, *her sister.*

MAX VON WENDLOWSKI, *Lieutenant, their nephew.*

HEFFTERDINGT, *Pastor of St. Mary's.*

DR. VON KELLER, *Councillor.*

BECKMANN, *Professor Emeritus.*

VON KLEBS, *Major-General on half-pay.*

MRS. VON KLEBS.

MRS. JUSTICE ELLRICH.

MRS. SCHUMANN.

THERESA, *maid-servant of the Schwartze family.*

Place. The principal city of a province.

Time. The present.

MAGDA.



ACT I.

SCENE. *Living-room in house of LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SCHWARTZE, furnished in simple and old-fashioned style. Left, at back, a glass door with white curtains through which the dining-room is seen. There is also a hall door, through which a staircase to the upper story is visible. Right, a corner window, with white curtains, surrounded by ivy. Left, a door to the LIEUTENANT-COLONEL'S room. Steel engravings of a religious and patriotic character, in tarnished gold frames, photographs of military groups, and cases of butterflies on the walls. Right, over the sofa, among other pictures, is the portrait of the first Mrs. Schwartz, young and charming, in the costume of the sixties. Behind the sofa, an old-fashioned desk. Before the window, a small table with work-box and hand sewing-machine. At the back, between the doors, an old-fashioned tall clock. In the left-hand corner, a stand with dried grasses; in front, a table with a small aqua-*

rium. Left, in front, a corner sofa with a small pipe-cupboard behind it. A stove with a stuffed bird on it; and behind, a bookcase with a bust of the old Emperor William.

[MARIE and THERESA discovered. THERESA at the door. MARIE is occupied with the sewing-machine.]

THERESA.

Miss Marie!

MARIE.

Well!

THERESA.

Is your father still lying down?

MARIE.

What's the matter? Has any one called?

THERESA.

No, but — There! Look at that! [*Producing a magnificent mass of flowers.*]

MARIE.

Good Heavens! Take it to my room quickly, or papa — But, Theresa, when the first came yesterday, weren't you told not to let any more be left?

THERESA.

I'd have sent the florist's boy away if I could, but I was up on the ladder fixing the flag, and