MOMČILO NASTASIJEVIC

*AT "THE ETERNAL TAP"

DRAMA IN THREE ACTS WITH A PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE (1928)

MUSIC BY SVETOMIR NASTASIJEVIC*

Dramatis Personae

Prologue ---------------- Epilogue

Son of Richard Dandelion, forty-years old
Son of Mark Lowlander, forty-years old
Magdalena, sixty-five-years old

ACT I ("Roman and Magdalena")

The action takes place forty years before the Prologue.

Aunty Tina, forty-five-years old
Hobbledehop, fifty-years old
Magdalena, twenty-five-years old
First drunkard
Second drunkard
Third drunkard

ACT II ("Two Knives in Two Bodies")

The action takes place a short time after the first act.

Uncle Jole, sixty-years old
Scrounge, thirty-years old
Richard Dandelion, thirty-years old
Mark Lowlander, twenty-five-years old
Wife of Dandelion
Wife of Lowlander
Magdalena
Roman
Aunty Tina

ACT III ("Tina": I, II and III Tableaux)

The action takes place twenty-five years before the first and second acts.

Roughneck, fifty-years old
Stanley, twenty-five-years old (later Hobbledehop)
Tina, twenty-years old
Jole, thirty-five-years old
Violet, twenty-six-years old
First Gypsy
Second Gypsy

Prologue

(A complex of crumbling houses, a dilapidated corner of town, in which habitation is no longer possible. But one can see that life used to seethe here once upon a time. Above the entrance into the one-time tavern, traces of a sign-board "At 'The Eternal Tap'." The shutters on the windows, by now rotten, stand the way someone closed them years earlier. The closed door is, in addition, barred with two criss-cross planks.

Someone, somewhere near-by, can be heard playing the flute. The tones are low, disturbed, as if this very ruin were giving off its voice. The sons of Richard Dandelion and Mark Lowlander, two former inhabitants of this town, arrive. The first, who walks ahead knowingly, is more self-assured; the second follows hesitantly, apparently anxious; both are greying, both are of the same age, and both seem to be tormented by the same torment).

DANDELION: Right here. – Here at the very entrance. Two knives in two bodies. My father and yours.

LOWLANDER: And over there, on the door, the stains, – on the wall!

DANDELION: From blood it is. – It stays when it is innocent.

LOWLANDER: Yes, innocent! . . . Time itself cannot wash it away!

DANDELION: Not even time! . . . Your father, with surer hand, – you all are like that of the Lowlander clan, – plunged into the very heart of mine.

LOWLANDER: Into the same! . . . We, of the Lowlander clan!