

RADIO PLAY FROM THE WORLD-FAMOUS NOVEL

Jew Suss

Adapted by Robert Waldron
from the famous novel by
Lion Feuchtwanger

"JEW SUSS," adapted for broad-casting by Robert Waldron, from the famous novel by Lion Feuchtwanger. The following play corresponds closely with the Gaumont-British film version of "Jew Suss," which is to be released in New Zealand at the end of this month. The following is the cast of the radio play, the first instalment of which appears to-day:—

Josef Suss Oppenheimer (Jew Suss).
Marie Auguste.
Karl Alexander.
Rabbi Gabriel.
Weissensee.
Landauer.
Magdalen Sibylle.
Naomi.
And others.

In the 18th century Wurtemberg, one of the small independent States of the German confederacy, was ruled by a hereditary Duke. It was a time of brutality and universal intolerance. The Jews, above all, suffered oppression and boycott. At last there rose up a man who, determined to bring prestige to the state and to break down, for all time, the barriers of the ghetto. Josef Suss Oppenheimer was a man of human frailty. His work remained unfinished—his story lives.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

(There is the banging of a coach door and sounds of footsteps on a gravel road.)

Suss: Milles pardons! You have suffered no serious mishap? I hope, from my coachman's negligence?

Magdalen Sibylle: No, I was just a little faint.

Suss: I shall have the rascal thrashed! Magdalen: There is no need. Please let me proceed.

Suss: You live nearby?

Magdalen: Yes.

Suss: Then let me escort you. Hirsau is a large forest and a lonely one. It might be safer for you.

Magdalen: I shall be perfectly safe, thank you. (A voice in the background.)

Landauer: Reb Josef! Come, we must to Wildbad!

Suss: Yes, Landauer. . . . (The creaking of a coach and the banging of a door.) A lovely girl. Who is she?

Landauer: Magdalen Sibylle, the daughter of Weissensee, the President of the Council. . . . Jew haters, believing we butcher Christian children!

Suss: An old fable, Landauer. We are in 1730 now.

Landauer: What they believed in 1430 they believe in 1730—they'll believe in 1830—and in 1930! Who's going to change them? You? With your silk stockings and ruffles and buckles and attendants up behind! (There is the sound of horses and a coach moving.)

Suss: I want position . . . respect . . . not for my sake, but for the sake of all of us . . . I want power!

Landauer: You young folk! Can't you understand real power lies in never showing it? (There is a distant sound of crowds cheering and a band playing.)

Suss: What's that?

Landauer: His Highness Karl Alexander must be already arrived in Wildbad.

Suss: Magnificent. . .

Landauer: Magnificent! Schnorrer!

Suss: What do you mean? A member of the ducal house of Wurtemberg? Landauer: A poor relation . . . maybe a second cousin schnorrer! Not good for a thousand guilden . . . I know . . . I refused him a loan once. He's even got only one good foot.

Suss: He's a Field Marshal of the Emperor. A great general . . . wounded at Belgrade.

Landauer: What do you want me to

do? Make a way for him? I have other troubles. There'll be no room for us at the inn with him and his suite!

(Loud cheering can be heard from the mob.)

Suss: Come, friend Landauer! The noise is not good for you. Ah! We are arrived. I must meet this Karl Alexander. (They descend from the carriage among the protests of the crowd.)

Landauer: Make way, you fools, make way. (Sounds can be heard of two people entering the inn, the noise of glasses and the murmur of voices.)

Suss: Landlord! Accommodation for two weary travellers.

Innkeeper: Yes, gentlemen. . . .

Karl's Attendant: Good landlord, can you help me? The Prince of Thurn is expecting the honour of my master's company at the fancy dress ball to-night, but his Highness hasn't a costume in his baggage.

Suss: Permit me, I think I can arrange it.

Attendant: His Highness will appreciate it.

Suss: See my servant

Attendant: Thank you, sir. (Sound of footsteps and the door closes.)

Landauer: How much will you charge him for the hire?

Suss: My dear Landauer, I am only too happy to oblige his Highness as one gentleman to another

Landauer: You may be a gentleman to yourself—you may be a gentleman to your mother . . . I might even let you be a gentleman to me . . . but to a gentleman you sin't no gentleman.

Suss: Perhaps so, my dear Landauer. A Parisian fancy costume is but a small price to pay for his Highness's favour.

Landauer: A precious price, since he is so much in debt.

Suss: Methinks my fortunes lie close to his Highness's destiny.

Landauer: A crazy presentiment, young man . . . a crazy presentiment.

Suss: But to-night at the ball I shall begin to realise my crazy presentiment. (Sound of music.)

SCENE II

(General atmosphere of a ball-room, music, and the murmur of voices. Subdued voices in the background.)

Marie: I have a longing for fresh air. Karl: May I have the pleasure, cousin?

Marie: My dear Field Marshal, you honour me

Karl: The daughter of the Prince of Thurn is worthy of all honour

Marie: Pretty speech from a great warrior. Pray conduct me to the terrace. It is cool out there in the moonlight.

Karl: And private too.

Marie: Quite a courtier, my dear Karl. Now tell me how you trounced those heathen Turks. It must have been thrilling. (There is a sound of the terrace doors closing, and music can be heard in the distance.)



KARL: I've been looking everywhere for you. I've come to pay you my debts. You brought me luck, Jew. So you have a visitor, . . . a Jewish rabbi, eh?