

# *Angelika*

*(Drawing Woman 1920)*

*Juhan Puhm*



*Angelika Hoerle*  
*Drawing: Woman, 1920*

# *Angelika ~ (Drawing Woman 1920)*

## Cast

<b>Angelika Hoerle</b>	<b>A</b>
<b>Willy Fick</b> (her brother)	<b>W</b> (one
<b>Richard Fick</b> (her father)	<b>R</b> performer)
<b>Saxophonist</b>	<b>Sax</b>
<b>Marta Räderscheidt</b> (on tape)	

-all are dressed in black

-**Angelika** and **Willy** sit across from each other at a small table, sides to the audience

-**Angelika's** chair is draped with a black blanket that she is sitting on,  
but not draped around her

-**Willy** has in his pocket a three minute flare that he lights in the end

-the **Saxophonist** runs the reel to reel tape player with the voice of **Marta Räderscheidt**

## Set

Reel to Reel

**Sax**

\_\_\_\_\_ (suspended backdrop of  
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**R** (standing, back to audience)

**W Table A**

(**W** and **A** seated)

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I

- **Sax** begins reel to reel – voice of **Marta Räderscheidt** quietly heard.
- after about a minute **W** and **A** (whose heads have been bent over the table) slowly raise their heads and look at each other for a moment.
- **W** takes a cigarette and slowly puts it in **A**'s mouth
- it drops out
- this is repeated 5 or 6 times, each time **A** refusing longer and **W** more insistent
- 2<sup>nd</sup> to 6<sup>th</sup> time (1<sup>st</sup> time is silent) **A** disapprovingly moans as cigarette is put back in her mouth
- after a few times **W** as well begins to verbalize
- this verbal mime begins very softly and indiscreetly, and builds to a moderate level with the action and tension
- last time cigarette remains in **A**'s mouth

**W** (calling for her)

Angelika...

Angelika...

Angelika...

is dead

if it matters to anyone

- **W** gets up, walks a few feet to face backdrop, back to audience
- as soon as **W**'s (now **R**'s) back is to the audience (he doesn't even have to be at the backdrop yet) **A** begins next section (after discreetly removing cigarette from her mouth)
- on **A**'s voice the **Sax** stops the reel to reel

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**A** and **R** speak this page together and overlap one another.  
Lines correspond and underlined words are to be spoken simultaneously.

<p style="text-align: center;"><b><u>A</u></b> (loudly, half screaming, pleading in argument)</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b><u>R</u></b> (lower voice, booming threatening, angry)</p>
<p>Why? Why not? At least he was there Papa. That is some honour. You weren't.</p> <p>Does it matter where? Pacifism is greater honour than sanctioned murder for country or whatever. It is the same with <u>Willy</u>.</p> <p>Papa so is Heinz. Maybe you should see his work before judging.</p> <p>What do you so disapprove of? <u>Worthy</u> of what? Tell me what?</p> <p>You won't then agree?</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">I am quite old enough. You can no longer dictate what I am to do.</p> <p>Papa I shall marry whom I desire.</p> <p>Did mother only teach us to respect the arts and not the artist? I am an artist as <u>Heinz</u>.</p> <p style="text-align: right; padding-right: 40px;"><u>An</u></p> <p><u>artist</u> must show the <u>people</u>.</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;"><u>You know</u> I will marry him, <u>blessing</u> or not.</p> <p>Papa, please try to understand. Heinz has proposed. I have accepted Papa.</p>	<p>Insolent girl, don't dare compare me Angelika. Younger in years I as well would commit my services, and on the lines, not cowering behind.</p> <p><u>Willy</u> is at least employed, though I don't agree with everything he does.</p> <p>I have seen and know enough of him. He is penniless and not <u>worthy</u>.</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">A girl from a respectable home. You are forbidden to see him anymore.</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Angelika, as long as you are in my house you will obey me.</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Are you so foolish that you cannot see your disaster?</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;"><u>Heinrich</u> is a penniless bohemian rogue, not <u>an</u> <u>artist</u>. <u>People</u>, what do <u>you know</u>?</p> <p>Not with my <u>blessing</u>. It is a disgrace, you are then no longer my daughter. I no longer have a daughter. I no longer have a daughter.</p>

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- **Sax** starts reel to reel
- **A**, who has taken the cigarette out of her mouth for the previous dialogue, discreetly puts the cigarette back in her mouth
- **R** (now **W**) slowly returns to his seat
- for a short time **A** and **W** are motionless
- cigarette drops out of **A**'s mouth
- **W** returns cigarette to **A**'s mouth
- repeat 5 or 6 times from frantic and tense, to calm and slow (retrograde to the first cigarette sequence)
- the 2<sup>nd</sup> to the 6<sup>th</sup> time **A** uses her hand to remove the cigarette from her mouth and place it on the table
- the last time (motions now slow and soft), **A** slowly brings her hand up to remove cigarette, but is stopped by a quick movement of **W**'s arm and hand.
- slowly, **W** with his hand lowers **A**'s hand to the table
- hands are held for the following voice and saxophone sequence
- **W** starts to sing in a high pure boy soprano voice to the syllables of “**An-ge-li-ka**”, long, drawn out, sorrowful, slightly archaic and atonal.
- after **W** has finished singing “An-ge-li-ka” twice, the **Sax** joins in the same style (ethereal, soft, long notes)
- in the middle of the sequence the **Sax** turns off the reel to reel
- **W** fades out
- **Sax** continues a short while longer and dies out
- **A** takes cigarette out of her mouth and puts it into **W**'s mouth
- **W** lights cigarette

## **II**

- **Section II** is to be developed into a word collage, lines overlapping, repeated etc.
- The five sections should be organized into a whole, any section may be repeated. (e.g. **1 2 3 1 4 2 5**) (**1** must always be first and **5** last)

**One**

**W -** come Angelika home

**A -** this is home

**W -** no, we must go

**A -** no  
more they come, here

**W -** your hands are cold

**A -** Ernst, Arp, Baargeld, they are gone

**W -** and Heinrich . . . . . ?

**A -** Heinz,  
Heinz will return  
Marta so said

**W -** he is terrified

**A -** no

## Two

W - he saw so many in the war,  
then his father  
die

A - yet it is he, he. why I am afflicted.

W - Heinz is home. Maria is stricken. she is dying

A - tell him to come  
to come tell him  
tell him I want to see him  
he can stay where his sister is infected  
but his wife?

W - I don't know

A - I

W - the

A - need

W - living

A - to

### **Three**

**W -** ones

**A -** do you remember Lebendige?

**W -** Seiwert, Räderscheidt?  
they saw him days ago

**A -** and?

**W -** Heinz is Heinrich

**A -** the scum, only himself

**W -** the same

**A -** Stupid Stupid Stupid

**W -** it was Stupend

**A -** we all agreed Stupid so the printer's error.  
we wished to be the voice of the people.

## Four

- W -** Geschöpfe, ABC Bilderbuch, Frauen
- A -** he always thought Frauen, wandering eyes  
and me in an empty cold Dadaheim  
he thinks Stupid still?
- W -** Die Schammade maybe
- A -** hell with Die Schammade, Die Brücke, Die Aktion,  
Der Strom, Der Ventilator, Bulletin D,  
it is all nothing  
empty words
- W -** is nothing is everything is nothing  
is Dada is
- A -** Dada Seigt?  
Dada Sterben  
and for you? I am deteriorating into nothing  
is that everything?
- W -** Ebert sent the Reichswehr, the Freikorps to eliminate  
the communist threat in the Ruhr  
thousands are ruthlessly, killed, butchered
- A -** Aufmarsch der unter dem Regime der Ebert – Noske  
Ermordeten.
- W -** Die Krüppelmappe  
the culture of this century has created organized murder.
- A -** tuberkulös . . . . .  
tuberkulös . . . . .



**III**

- **W**'s last spoken "Angelika's" of **Section II, No5** turn into singing, but more angular and despairing (not boy soprano this time)
- at climax of singing **W** lights flare
- on lighting of flare **Sax** starts reel to reel
- **Sax** begins to play ever so quiet (long, atonal line)
- **W** gets up and wraps **A** in blanket, picks her up, and slowly walks through audience to back doors, (if need be someone designated opens back door).
- **Sax** follows, but not too close, playing soft and sad, but slowly getting more frantic
- if possible, **W** carrying **A**, followed by **Sax**, walk outside and up the street
- the farther away they get the louder and more frantic the **Sax** gets until **fff**, then cut
- the flare dies of its own accord
- the reel to reel runs until the tape pulls through and flaps around, or until it automatically turns off
- **A, W** and **Sax** return no more that evening to receive applause or anything
- they are gone "if it matters to anyone"

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**Marta Räderscheidt** (older voice on reel to reel tape, spoken slowly with numerous pauses, quasi-narration)

I knew her well.....I have never...quite forgotten her....of course I remember Angelika...I was young.....she was young.....we spent a great deal of time together.....even when she became ill...and all had deserted her.....Anton and I....we would still see her...take her out....(pause)....that last summer....she had always loved the outdoors...and there was her brother Willy....I think the three of us was all she had....Heinrich had left....there was a last photograph....Willy took it that summer....the three of us in a rowboat.....she had changed terribly.....I remember how she used to be....so strong...vital....all that was gone...she had grown thin....her face thin....her eyes hollow...it was very difficult.....I remember the disease...the tuberculosis...deteriorating her like that.....(pause).....I remember how difficult it was for me.....to accept that she was dying.....I couldn't help but....feel angry.....feel helpless....I know...many had died in the war.....we all saw the cripples that came back....(pause)....dear Angelika....death was slowly ravaging her....we all knew one....everyone had lost someone....I an uncle.....every day someone else....it became a statistic....a faceless name.....terror...sorrow became common place....to see Angelika was different....a few years had passed.....the British finally had left...death was slowly forgotten...of course one doesn't truly forget death...except when there is so much of it...we all knew....knew that she was dying....I think....she knew herself...(pause)...it was 1919...I remember the war ended the year before...she eloped with Heinrich Hoerle.....he had been a telephone operator at the front...her father was furious....after their honeymoon to Kaltall....they set up apartment....her father disowned her.....I don't think they spoke again until the end....Angelika was a proud

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girl...(pause)...the apartment was the center of Cologne....everyone came there....Max Ernst.....Jean Arp....Baargeld.....Seiwert.....we were there...and of course Willy Fick.....it was the Dadaheim....everything happened....or began there....we met....planned.....the periodicals were published....like Die Schammade....soon after with Seiwert...we started the Stupid Group....it was time for some optimism....the war was over....why keep brooding ....Stupid was to build a proletariat...for the people a simple voice....say as much as we knew how to....Heinrich and Willy were both in Dada and Stupid....for a while....(pause).... Heinrich was short....and too talkative...her father was right....calling him a penniless bohemian....but still she married him....they seemed happy enough....Willy helped a lot....to keep them afloat....but all too often....the apartment was cold....and Heinrich wandering....with pride she endured...and then....it all ended in '22....Ernst left.....Arp ever only stayed a few months in '20.....Baargeld went climbing mountains.....Angelika.....caught tuberculosis.... Heinrich was terrified of infection.....he had seen his father die....and so many in the war....he left her.....she couldn't accept it.....everything collapsed....ever she waited....for Heinz to return....he didn't...every day...she looked at walls...walls that had seen so much activity ....echoing empty now....Heinrich went home to his mother...slowly she lost hope....Heinrich's sister....she too was infected...yet he stayed in that house....rather than return.....to Angelika .....we didn't think too highly of that....we tried to convince him back.....maybe she would have gathered strength...held on...had some reason to live...with everyone gone...Heinrich gone ...I think she lost....the will...the hope...(pause)... after she died....Heinrich caught tuberculosis...he lived for another dozen years though....poor Angelika....she died within one....she wouldn't return home....she had pride....she would not be looked upon....as a

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prodigal daughter....circumstances turned out so badly...for Angelika...(slowly)...in the end she was crushed.....both body and spirit....Willy tried to take her home a number of times... she always refused....it was only when she was....too weak...Willy wrapped her up...in a blanket...and carried her through the streets of Cologne.....home...she died shortly after .....she was only 23.....Angelika.....Angelika..

(This text is divided into three parts (*by chance or at planned and measured points*) by the **Saxophonist** turning on and off the reel to reel tape machine)

**Saxophone score**

- start reel to reel to begin play
- stop reel to reel at beginning of **A**'s line: "Why? Why not? At least he was there Papa"
- start reel to reel after **R**'s line: "I no longer have a daughter"
- after **W** sings "Angelika" twice: **Sax** joins in the same style (ethereal, soft, long notes)
- in the middle of this sequence (while still playing) turn off the reel to reel
- **W** fades out
- a short while longer **Sax** dies out
- start reel to reel at **W**'s lighting of flare
- **Sax** begins to play ever so quiet (long atonal line)
- **Sax** follows out **W** and **A**, but not too close, playing soft and sad, but slowly getting more frantic
- the farther away all get, the louder and more frantic the **Sax** gets until **fff**, then cut
- the reel to reel runs until the tape pulls through and flaps around, or until it automatically turns off

*Juhan Puhm*  
*March 9, 1989*