

THE PARSON'S FAMILY

[PAPIN PERHE]

by Minna Canth

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ABSTRACT AND SYNOPSIS

THE PARSON'S FAMILY by Minna Canth

This is the first translation into English of Finnish dramatist and women's rights activist Minna Canth's influential play *Papin Perhe* [*The Parson's Family*] (1891). The historical significance of this work can hardly be overstated. The action of the play depicts the crises a bourgeois clergyman's family encounters as his children begin to adopt the new morality of the late nineteenth century. When the play was originally performed, this scene of turmoil was a mirror of the growing pains the whole of Finnish society was experiencing as it began to throw off the shackles of strict moral control by the Lutheran clergy, lingering linguistic repression by the Swedish minority and foreign political rule by the Czar.

In the first act all of the main characters are introduced and a streak of rebellion is revealed in the youngest daughter of the family, Maiju, who wishes to become an actress. In the second act the pastor quarrels with his son, Jussi, over their political differences, after which Jussi is disowned and sent packing because of his liberal views. In the third act young Maiju runs away from her oppressive home life and seeks shelter with her brother and sister in Helsinki. In the fourth act the pastor comes in search of his daughter, but finds that she has already taken to the stage, with much success. A terrible row ensues and Maiju takes ill from the stress and shock of seeing her father again. The pastor realizes the pain his inflexibility has caused his family and all are reconciled.

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

As the nineteenth century came to an end, what we now know as the nation of Finland was in the throes of a wrenching process of self-definition. After hundreds of years of subjugation to foreign rule, Finnish speakers were beginning to recognize themselves as a unique cultural entity. The German romantic movement had prompted pioneers such as Elias Lönnrot to collect the oral folk poetry of the rural population (most notably the *Kalevala* and *Kanteletar*), thus transposing the Finnish cultural soul into the literary sphere. Rising literacy rates ensured that this cultural revelation would not fall upon deaf ears. In 1870 these currents yielded their first major product with the publication of Aleksis Kivi's *Seitsemän Veljestä* [Seven Brothers], an original novel in the vernacular. Although lambasted by contemporary critics for its realistic audacity, *Seitsemän Veljestä* is now a literary classic and cultural milestone. As the Finnish-speaking majority began to gain a voice in literate society, it was inevitable that the social ills of Russian-controlled Finland would become a major theme of creative works. Most portentously, it was a woman, Ulrika Wilhelmina "Minna" Canth, who stepped to the fore to take up the torch of this new realism.

Minna Canth was a mother of seven, educator, journalist, novelist, and dramatist. From the start she was successful as an essayist and playwright and early on took up the cause of the working class and women. She became a student of Ibsen, Strindberg, and Zola and soon emerging as the premier Finnish realist. Her plays were consistently successful, reputedly enjoying more productions at the Finnish Theater (later the National Theater) than even those of Shakespeare, despite resistance from religious and

conservative authorities. By the time of her death in 1897, Canth had established herself as the brightest light of her generation in drama, literature, and social commentary.

Minna Canth was one of the most important in the host of courageous personalities who led Finnish women to enfranchisement in 1906 and the Finnish nation to independence in 1917, not to mention her influence in the New World among the nearly 300,000 Finnish immigrants of this period. Despite her historical and literary significance, the works of Minna Canth are virtually inaccessible to the English-speaking world. Among her most important works are:

<i>Novelleja ja Kertomuksia [Short Stories and Tales]</i>	1879
<i>Murtovarkaus [Burglary]</i>	1880
<i>Roinilan Talossa [In the House of Roinila]</i>	1885
<i>Työmiehen Vaimo [The Workman's Wife]</i>	1885
<i>Köyhää Kansaa [Poor People]</i>	1886
<i>Hanna</i>	1886
<i>Salakari [Pitfall]</i>	1887
<i>Kovan Onnen Lapsia [Children of Misfortune]</i>	1888
<i>Lain Mukaan.[According to the Law]</i>	1889
<i>Kauppa-lopo [Trader Lopo]</i>	1889
<i>Papin Perhe [The Parson's Family]</i>	1891
<i>Novelleja [Short Stories]</i>	1892
<i>Hän on Sysmästä [He is from Sysmä]</i>	1893
<i>Sylvi</i>	1893
<i>Noveller [Short Stories]</i>	1894
<i>Spiritistinen Istunto [The Seance]</i>	1894
<i>Anna-Liisa</i>	1895
<i>Kotoa Pois [Away from Home]</i>	1895

TRANSLATION NOTES

My broad goal in this translation has been to accurately translate the text, with an eye towards balancing literalness of translation with sufficient elegance for the text to be pleasant to the reader. To accomplish this I have divided my work into three stages: lexical translation, grammatical translation, and stylistic refinement.

In the first stage I translated the text as literally as possible. This gave me a version which was comprehensible in English, but still retained many structures which were clumsy or not idiomatic in English. The next phase was to replace all remaining Finnish grammatical structures with equivalent English structures. Often this required sacrificing some interesting idioms for the sake of clarity, but a surprising number of the Finnish idioms and syntactic structures did prove to have close analogs in English. All of this was done with strict adherence to the original text. This revision yielded a text which was always technically correct in English, but which contained many archaisms and the syntax of which was often overly-complicated. In the last phase I made the final unavoidable concessions to readability. Although I generally consulted the original text, this usually did not affect my decisions, since the translation I already had contained the meaning and only needed to be reworded. This resulted in the current version, which I believe is both readable and very true to the original. If I have erred, I hope it has always been on the side of literalness.

After long deliberation I have chosen not to translate the various proper names of characters, places, and personalities throughout. In one instance I have changed the length of a vowel in the title *Noora*, shortening it to the English spelling *Nora*, since the

lengthened Finnish vowel notation would naturally lead English speakers to mispronounce the name. The names *The Dawn* and *The Sunset* are translations of the words *Aamurusko* and *Iltarusko*, meaning “morning reddening” and “evening reddening,” respectively. More precise contextual translations than those I have used would be “the red of dawn” and “the red of evening,” but these seem far too clumsy to be used as newspaper titles. This ought to be kept in mind in the passages which open act four.

A few comments about the pronunciation of the Finnish character names is in order. Below I have assembled a simple IPA transcription of each of the names. You will notice that the primary stress in Finnish is always on the first syllable (for this reason I have assumed that the {é} in Savén indicates an abnormal stress, since such an accent mark is not normal Finnish orthography). Please take special notice that all /r/'s are trilled and that every letter is pronounced and almost always has the same sound.

Anni	['ɑn:i]
Bergbom	['bɛrgbɔm]
Elias	['ɛliɑs]
Elisabeth	['ɛlɪsɑbetʰ]
Hanna	['hɑnɑ]
Henrik	['hɛnrɪk]
Lönnrot	['lɔn:rɔt]
Maiju	['mɑiju]
Martha	['mɑrtʰɑ]
Nyström	['nystrɔm]
Olga	['ɔlgɑ]
Rastas	['rɑstɑs]
Savén	[sɑ'vɛn]
Savo	['sɑvo]
Tavasti	['tɑvɑsti]
Teuvo	['tɛu»vɔ]
Valtari	['vɑltɑri]
Vuorio	['vuɔriɔ]

If a director would prefer to use English names for the main fictional characters, the following are close approximations:

Henrik:	Henry
Jussi:	John or Johnny
Maiju:	Maria
Nyström:	Newton
Rastas:	Robbins
Rosina:	Rose
Savén:	Clay
Tavasti:	Talbot
Teuvo:	Teddy or Ted
Valtari:	Walters
Vuorio:	Hill

I have not translated the short passages of German and Swedish which appear in acts one and two. Although these languages would be more familiar to a Finnish than an English-speaking audience, they were intended to be foreign utterances and I have thus left them as foreign utterances.

I have yet to identify the snippets of song Maiju sings in act one, but it has been brought to my attention that they bear a striking resemblance to the song “Matchmaker” from the 1964 musical *Fiddler on the Roof*. Since *Papin Perhe* was published seven decades earlier, there presumably is some common folk source. I pity any director the task of devising a tune for Maiju to follow as she sings these lines without infringing upon musical copyright. Please feel free to take whatever liberties with the text are deemed necessary.

Two passages of Finnish folk poetry appear in act three. The first, spoken by Martha, is an excerpt of poem 1:IV:234 of the *Kanteletar*, commonly referred to as “Oli(n) ennen onnimanni.” This poem/song is a sort of word game lullaby, the structure

of which is much more important than the particular words used. Indeed, some of the words used are nonsense words which only serve to fit the pattern of the poem, and even those words which are not nonsense seem to have no common semantic thread. The opening line contains a compound word, which is then repeated in the second line. To this is then added a simple word, beginning with the same syllable as the second word of the previous compound word. On the third line the previous simple word is repeated and a new compound word is added, the first syllable of which matches that of the previous simple word. Semantically, each new word in the poem is said to “come from (or out of)” the previous word. This pattern repeats for twenty-four lines and then loops back into the third line, creating a never-ending chant.

I contend that this poem cannot be translated and still function well contextually. To quote *Suometar* 1847, no. 13 on the subject, “Muiden kiellien laulurakennuksen halpuus tekisi täällaisen laulun aivan tyhjääksi sotkuksi. [The poverty of other languages’ poetic structure would turn a song like this into an utter mess.]” Thus, I have substituted the closest English approximation I have yet happened upon, the traditional Southern lullaby “Hush, Little Baby.” I feel this is an appropriate substitution for four reasons: first, it is a lullaby; second, it is a familiar folk song; third, words repeat from line to line and are added upon; and fourth, each new object is a replacement for the previous object. I have appended a copy of the original poem for any reader who happens to be interested.

The second passage of folk poetry in act three the character Teuvo attributes to the *Kanteletar*. It is in fact lines 85-86 of the thirty-ninth book of the *Kalevala*. The

attribution of these lines to the *Kanteletar* is either a mistake or suggests that Teuvo thinks of the two works as one. It is interesting to note that the first collection of Elias Lönnrot's research which was to become the *Kalevala* was printed under the name *Kantele* (1829-1831). In my translation I have followed Eino Friberg's translation more closely than W.F. Kirby's, although I have departed from Friberg's syntax for contextual reasons.

I turn now from these technical matters to my personal experience with this play. I have now devoted a significant portion of the last twelve months to this translation. I was fortunate enough to receive a grant from Brigham Young University, and for that I thank the Office of Research and Creative Activities. I also thank Dr. Ralph Larson, who gave me the idea for this project, although he did so unawares while we struggled through *Seitsemään Veljestä* together. I also thank all those who have proofread my drafts and offered their critique.

Read on, and pray learn some of Jussi's zeal, Maiju's sentiment, and Hanna's charity. And do not forget to pity their father and all like him their short-sightedness. Remember always that whatever this work may seem now, when it first appeared it shook the foundations of a nation. If my own experience is admissible, none of the conflicts Minna Canth portrays are entirely irrelevant to this or any age.

Hyvää lukemista!

Owen Frederick Witesman
July, 2001

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Pastor Henrik Valtari.

Elisabeth, his wife.

Jussi Valtari, their son, a college student.

Hanna, their daughter.

Maiju, another daughter.

Teuvo Rastas, a college student.

Mrs. Savén.

Miss Vuorio.

Martha, a maidservant in the Valtari household.

Carriage driver.

Printer's assistant.

ACT ONE

(A parlor, decorated in a severe style. To the rear a door to the entryway, on the left a door to the pastor's study, on the right to the dining room; from the left-side door downstage, a window and tall plants. Farther back a wall clock. Maiju bounces a ball. Her handwork, a large, colorful throw-rug, has fallen from her chair to the floor.)

Elisabeth (yells from the right): Maiju!

Maiju (without interruption): Yes, Mother?

Elisabeth: Are you there?

Maiju: Yes, yes.

Elisabeth: Come here for a moment.

Maiju: In a second – I'll be right there –

Elisabeth: What are you doing in there?

Maiju: Nothing, Mamma. I never do anything – just a little . . . fun . . . –

Elisabeth: Hurry along then!

Maiju: Yes, yes. Just when I finish this . . . it won't take but a minute more . . . one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight . . .

Elisabeth (enters): What on earth –? So that's it, I thought so – bouncing that ball again!

Maiju (without interruption): – eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen –

Elisabeth: Put that away now. What are you thinking, my dear, when we're in such a hurry?

Maiju: – twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven –

Elisabeth: Can't you hear me, Maiju?

Maiju: – twenty-eight – oops, there it went! And it was Mamma's fault; I've always finished a hundred before, but now Mamma came and interrupted me. No one ever lets me finish a single game in peace, even though it wouldn't take but fifteen minutes at the most.

Elisabeth: You never consider how much we still have to do because Jussi and Hanna are coming.

Maiju: We could manage almost anything by tomorrow.

Elisabeth: Do you even have that rug ready?

Maiju: I'll finish it tonight in a jiffy.

Elisabeth: In a jiffy! That's what you always say, and even so, you're terribly rushed in the end every time.

Maiju: Mamma oughtn't worry now. –In the morning we'll bake a cake so it will be fresh and ready when they come.

Elisabeth: Put that ball away now; it positively vexes me.

Maiju: Of course I'll put it away.

Elisabeth: A big girl and still she wants to play games just like a little child.

Maiju (puts the ball away): "Big girl!" Hurrah! Will Mamma remember now that she herself called me a "big girl?"

Elisabeth: Of course I'll remember.

Maiju: So that you won't say, "What? You're still such a child!" anymore when I'm

trying to have fun?

Elisabeth: Yes, but that's a very different matter.

Maiju: How is it a different matter? Either I am a child or I am not a child –

Elisabeth: Don't talk back now. Let's have a look at this rug. But – my goodness – look how much is left to sew.

Maiju: I can finish it in half an hour.

Elisabeth: Maybe I'll take this into my charge.

Maiju: No, Mamma, leave it here, I'll finish it myself.

Elisabeth: Pay more attention to your task. You still have to fetch home a sugarloaf and bag of flour.

Maiju: Couldn't Martha –

Elisabeth: She's putting Jussi's room in order.

Maiju: Aha! Well, in that case I'll go then.

Elisabeth: Just make sure that they give you Helsinki Choice sugar and top-grade flour.

Maiju: Top-grade, blue ribbon – I understand, Herr Commandant!

Elisabeth: Don't linger too long.

Maiju (goes into the entryway): I won't!

Elisabeth: Such a flighty girl!

Maiju (hat on head, looks from the door): Did Mamma say something?

Elisabeth: I said that you are a flighty girl.

Maiju: But I'm not flighty. Or am I? – Mamma will take that back, otherwise I won't go after all. – I'm not flighty, am I?

Elisabeth: No, you aren't, you aren't.

Maiju: And may I chat for half a minute if one of the girls happens to come along?

Elisabeth: Yes, half a minute, just so long as you don't stop longer.

Maiju: No longer, just half a minute. *(Exit.)*

Elisabeth (knitting hurriedly): Henrik must be sleeping, since there isn't a sound from in there.

Martha (from the right, with bare feet, short skirt raised about her legs, sleeves rolled up above the elbow): Now it's finally ready. I for my part can't do anything more with it.

Elisabeth: Is the floor at least scrubbed clean?

Martha: Clean in one going-over! And windows washed, dusting finished, doors and posts polished clean. Master Jussi could just as well arrive at this very moment.

Elisabeth: Not yet, not before this rug is finished too.

Martha: Well, Madam ought to finish it soon then.

Elisabeth: That was my intent. –But now there's surely someone coming?

Martha: My God, if visitors were to happen along, too –

Elisabeth: Martha, Martha! What is the second commandment?

Martha: Well, I'll have to think about that now.

Maiju (flowers and a letter in hand): Mamma, Mamma, I got a letter from Jussi. You won't believe what he wrote, dear me, what fun, I could just die of happiness.

(Laughs and dances.)

Martha: He's engaged?

Maiju: No, no, no, more fun – more fun! Try and guess.

Elisabeth: Hush, hush, Pappa may be sleeping. – Well, what does he write?

Maiju: Both Hanna and Jussi are coming already tonight. And Jussi is bringing a friend along – Mamma, guess who.

Elisabeth: How would I –

Maiju: Yes, Mamma doesn't even know him. But I've sent regards to him through Jussi.

Elisabeth: To a stranger –?

Maiju: Well, I mean, he sent the same to me too.

Elisabeth: His name –?

Maiju: Teuvo Rastas. Isn't it a beautiful name? Teuvo Rastas. Well, Mamma? Isn't it, Mamma?

Elisabeth: Certainly it is.

Martha: A boarder is coming to stay with us?

Maiju: Of course with us, isn't it so, Mamma?

Elisabeth: How else? I'm sure Jussi has invited him to stay here.

Maiju: That's how it sounded in his letter. How marvelous that they're coming already tonight!

Martha: So a boarder is coming! Again a new task! Another bed must be set up in Master Jussi's room, a mattress, pillows, and blankets down from the attic – the devil and all.

Maiju: Martha dear, it'll be done quickly enough. I'll come and help, as soon as I've arranged these flowers.

Martha: Just when I thought I'd finished everything – damn, it makes me so angry.

(Pushes a pair of chairs angrily to the side and exits right.)

Maiju: Good heavens, how beautiful those roses are. Look, Mamma!

Elisabeth: They are very beautiful.

Maiju (singing):

“Pappa wanted a rich one
and Mamma wanted a sweet one
but I wanted a handsome one” –

Pastor (speaking from the left): Maiju!

Maiju: “A handsome man’s face – ”

Elisabeth: Sh–! Quiet, I think Pappa just said something.

Maiju (stops and listens): No he didn’t, Mamma is just hearing things. – This is a completely new song, Mamma, very pretty. I learned it one day from a small boy on the street. – Listen!

Elisabeth: But you’ll wake Pappa.

Maiju: No I won’t; I’ll sing softly. (*At first she sings softly, but soon raises to full voice.*)

“Pappa wanted a rich one
and Mamma wanted a sweet one,
but I wanted a handsome one.
A handsome man’s face shines afar
but money soon is gone.”

Pastor (from his study): Maiju, Maiju!

Elisabeth: Look now!

Pastor (enters): What bawdy songs are you singing in here? Do you think they are proper for a young girl, those sorts of songs? – When will you, dear child, learn a little propriety? when, tell me?

Maiju: I don't know. – Perhaps when I grow very, very old.

Pastor (seriously): No, you must change your ways now and change them for good. A seventeen-year-old girl may not act like an unruly scamp. Put that in your head and see that I don't have to constantly remind you.

Maiju (puts her head down and fingers her flowers).

Pastor: Well now, actually I was just thinking to send you on an errand. Mrs. Savén asks in this letter whether we could come tonight to the missionary society sewing circle, and asks me to read or say a few words there.

Maiju: Tonight?

Pastor: Yes, tonight. You shall go see her and tell her that it would be my pleasure, but that I won't be able to come until a little later, around eight o'clock. You of course will all leave here at six as usual.

Maiju: But we can't leave tonight at all.

Pastor: You can't leave? How so?

Elisabeth: Jussi and Hanna are coming on the *Elias Lönnrot*¹. You didn't know yet.

Maiju: And Jussi is bringing a friend along with him.

Pastor: Is that so! – My, tonight already –. But what would that get in the way of? They can come along.

Maiju: They cannot come, of that I am sure.

Elisabeth: Especially on their first night.

Pastor: Why wouldn't they come? They can see old acquaintances there.

¹Presumably a steamboat, named for the author/compiler of the *Kalevala*.

Maiju: Aunty Savén and Aunty Emilia? As if they would care about them. They're so pious and tedious now that they're positively ghastly –

Elisabeth: Maiju, Maiju –!

Pastor: That's just fine! Honestly, I don't know what to say anymore. Has such blasphemy ever been heard from a young girl's mouth, – of her own mother's friends, still more of her own godmothers! – "Pious and tedious!" Those words alone reveal your whole heart.

Elisabeth: She is still so childish and thoughtless, poor little Maiju.

Pastor: Light-mindedness that is, not childishness. Light-mindedness and spite.

Maiju: But they're spiteful and they speak ill of people too. (*Half weeping.*) And they lie and gossip more than anyone else.

Elisabeth: Control yourself, dear child.

Pastor: You will come tonight my dear to the sewing circle and tell Aunt Savén and Aunt Emilia what you've said about them, and you will ask forgiveness. Do you understand?

(*Maiju lowers her head and weeps harder.*)

Pastor (turns to Elisabeth): I'm going to *The Dawn's* office. Send word if something more important comes up. (*Goes into the entryway.*)

Elisabeth: Why did you have to go and speak to your father like that?

Maiju: Because they are just like that; what can I do if they're that way! – Doesn't Mamma remember how they claimed that one time that Anni Tavasti and Olga Nyström –

Elisabeth: Oh, that old thing!

Maiju: Yes, and it was all just a lie, I know it for a fact, – just a lie, the whole thing!

Elisabeth: Don't use such words as "lie." They were mistaken –

Maiju: They lied, they lied on purpose, and they've done it many times. And I won't ask their forgiveness, no matter what! Let them ask forgiveness from Anni Tavasti and Olga Nyström first –

Elisabeth: Shh, quiet, quiet! Yes, you must obey your pappa, my child. Now get control of yourself, otherwise your eyes will puff up. The *Elias Lönnrot* could arrive at any moment. – Look now, I've got the rug ready, but your flowers are still all scattered about. Put them in a vase while I take this to Jussi's room.

Maiju: Let it come, what of it! I don't care anymore about anything, nor will I ever sing again. I'll never be happy again. I'll just be miserable and make my face just as bitter as Aunt Savén's is – then Pappa won't have anything to say. Like this, here!

Elisabeth: And then I'm sure you'll have a marvelous time – you naughty child.

Maiju: Look, Mamma! Aren't I beautiful now?

Elisabeth: You certainly are, very distinctive. – I'm sure you could even make the magpies laugh. (*Exit right*).

Maiju: But now shan't I do just what I intended to? That I'd write to Dr. Bergbom and apply to be an actress in the national theater? Marvelous! It's decided! Martha! – Where has she hidden my paper, pen, and ink this time? – Martha, Martha, Martha!

Martha (from the right): Yes, yes? What's the matter in there?

Maiju: In here, quick! As if you already were!

Martha (enters): Well, Lord bless –

Maiju: Where have you hidden the paper and writing supplies from me, since they don't seem to be anywhere?

Martha: And why do you always bring them in here? Do they belong on the parlor table – do they? *(Brings them out from a shelf, behind the books.)* Here they are. *(She brings them to the other table.)*

Maiju: Don't leave. You can take this letter to the postbox at the same time.

Martha (goes to the coffee table): Once again you've made a beautiful mess. Nothing but covering your tracks. –Why did these have to be scattered on the table? Couldn't they just as well have been put in a vase right away? *(Shoves them helter skelter into a vase.)*

Maiju (writes and then reads aloud): “Honorable Mr. Professor! I hereby humbly ask, whether you will take me on at the National Theater. I am seventeen years old and have been through the local girls' school. – I request a positive response as quickly as possible. Respectfully: Maiju Valtari.” – Good enough.

(Puts it into an envelope, addresses it and affixes a stamp.) Martha, – here!

Martha: To the Linqvist's box?

Maiju: Yes, – there, there! And quickly now.

Martha: I doubt there's such a rush that I won't make it. *(Exit right.)*

Maiju: Tomorrow it will be there and the day after tomorrow perhaps I'll already receive an answer. – If he asks me to come at once – what then? – What will Mamma and Pappa say? – And Hanna and Jussi? – And all the others? – What will they say –?

Elisabeth (enters from right): Didn't the *Elias Lönrrot* just arrive, since so many carriages are out there driving to the waterfront?

Maiju: What's done is done! – The letter is in the box, nor will I ever get it back however I may wish.

Elisabeth: Did you hear me?

Maiju: What did Mamma say?

Elisabeth: Good heavens! Is that the way you've arranged those flowers now?

Maiju: What wa – ? – Hey, that was Martha!

Elisabeth (arranges them): Well – I'm positively shocked! You're head is simply spinning.

Maiju: Mamma, dear sweet –! (*laughing*) Martha is the one who put them that way.

Martha (from the door): They're coming, they're coming!

Maiju: Who?

Martha: Hanna, – Jussi, – my God, still she asks! – when they're already in the yard.

(*Pulls her head back.*)

Maiju: She's making fun! – Mamma, could it be –?

Elisabeth: Well, that's just what I said a moment ago. – There they are!

Hanna (comes running from the entryway): Hello, hello!

Maiju: Good Heavens – Hanna!

Elisabeth: Hello! How are you, child?

Hanna (running from one embrace to the another): I'm well, perfectly well in fact! It's as if I were in heaven. – You're all very naughty for not having even come to welcome us.

Maiju: Well, since we didn't know. – Is that really you now? I don't dare believe my eyes. Hanna, let me look at you!

Hanna: Look, look!

Maiju: Yes, it is you, you yourself! You, you, yo –

Hanna: Ah – ah – you’ll squeeze me to death. Let up already, dear child, otherwise I’ll die.

Elisabeth: Come here now so I can look at you too; sit here on the sofa.

Hanna: You won’t believe how fun it is to come home! – I can’t stand to sit, Mamma, I can’t, I can’t!

Maiju: But I still can’t seem to get it into my head that Hanna is right there! That she really is there! I’m almost giddy.

Elisabeth: And here comes Jussi. I just thought to ask where he had gotten to. (*Jussi and Teuvo enter. They put down their baggage in the entryway.*)

Jussi (from the entryway): Greetings from Helsinki!

Elisabeth: Thank you, thank you!

Maiju (running into the entryway towards him): Jussi! – Oh Jussi, Jussi, Jussi!

Jussi: Little magpie! Do you still know how to fly? – (*Brings her inside dancing and spinning.*)

Maiju: Dear me, how fun! Now I can live again! From the very bottom of my heart!

Jussi: That I promise! Happiness and joy –!

Maiju: Happiness and joy! Up to the heavens.

Jussi: Hello, Mamma!

Elisabeth: Welcome home!

Jussi: Thanks! And now may I introduce my companion, Teuvo Rastas, who’s almost as

jolly a fellow as I.

Elisabeth: Welcome, Mr. Rastas!

Jussi: Turn this way, Teuvo! You see, this is my sister, Maiju, quite a scamp –

Maiju: Hmpf, Jussi, how you lie.

Jussi: From whom the old man has hopelessly tried to make a respectable and serious-minded young lady, after the English governess style.

Maiju: Don't you believe him, Mr. Rastas, all pure rubbish.

Teuvo: Splendid to meet you!

Hanna: Everything just as it was. Nothing has changed!

Maiju: No, God help us! No change will ever happen here. There hasn't a single new piece of furniture appeared so long as I can remember. And each day is just like every other. The closest thing to change is the miracle of what appears on the supper table, you see, when in turn porridge, gruel, soup, and so on appear.

Elisabeth: Thank the Creator for that, my child.

Hanna: This is a good home, don't you know. What a wonderful home! If you were away for even a year, Maiju, then you would recognize it. — But, where is Pappa?

Elisabeth: He left just a moment ago for *The Dawn's* office.

Jussi: What? Does Pappa belong to that paper?

Elisabeth: Well, not directly.

Jussi: Well, that could apply even to me.

Elisabeth: But, yes, he does write for them often.

Jussi: So they've lured the old man in. Look now!

Teuvo: That's certainly perfectly natural.

Maiju: You should have come here a week ago, then you would have gotten to dance at the Finnish Club.

Teuvo: Do you like to dance, Miss Maiju?

Maiju: Oh yes! And how! I could dance every day, especially the mazurka. I'm terribly keen on that.

Hanna: And you know how? Have you taken mazurka lessons?

Maiju: O—ho no! As if Pappa would let me! No, but I've learned from others who have, and at the club I dance like a man.

Teuvo: Like a *man*?

Maiju: Like — like a *master*, I meant.

Jussi: And you brag about that with Mamma listening?

Maiju (puts her arm around Elisabeth's neck): With Mamma listening.

Jussi: And Mamma doesn't say a thing?

Maiju: Not a thing.

Elisabeth (smiling): What would it help?

Maiju: Mamma isn't dangerous. You can say whatever you like with Mamma listening.

Pappa on the other hand —

Jussi: Yes, he —?

Maiju: Pappa is sort of a firmly-principled person, as you know.

Elisabeth: And so Mamma isn't?

Maiju: She is, she is, of course, Mamma is too. But Mamma is so sweet and good at the

same time.

Jussi: And so Pappa isn't? — Poor little Maiju, you'll talk yourself into a corner by and by.

Maiju: How is it that you're so spiteful? I won't say anything anymore, because you twist each and every word I say.

Hanna: That is just Jussi's way. But don't pay him any mind, he's still a good boy despite that.

Jussi: Boy? Am I a boy?

Maiju: That got him!

Jussi: As I remember, I'm four years older than you, Hanna.

Hanna (smiling): You just may be, — although you wouldn't think so all the time.

Maiju: Girls, you see, mature earlier.

Teuvo: Bravo! — What can you say to that, Jussi?

Jussi: Be quiet already!

Maiju: So that, really, we can be considered older than our brother.

Jussi (tries to take her in his lap): You? — Little child.

Maiju (slips off): Don't! I'm not a "little child" anymore. Mamma just said so today. And soon you'll get to see —

Jussi: Oh, ho! What could happen now?

Maiju: Soon you'll get to see that I have more independence than any one of you.

Teuvo: Aha — emancipation!

Jussi: Heaven forbid! Are children going to start protesting now too? Don't we have just

about enough with the women's movement?

Maiju: Jussi! Wait right —

Jussi: Teuvo, come away! Otherwise we'll fall from the frying pan into the fire, — from the women's movement in Helsinki into the children's movement here.

Maiju: I am *not* a child, do you hear —

Jussi: Come, come —

Teuvo (follows): Really — ?

Elisabeth: No, but Jussi! Where to now?

Jussi: To wash up, Mamma. And to put away our things.

Elisabeth: Well now! I'll come and show you the drawers where you can put your clothes. (*They go into the entryway.*)

Maiju: Aha! Jussi had to take flight. He had to, he had to!

Hanna: Let them go, and come here and tell me what all has happened here in the mean time.

Maiju: But you've already heard it. Nothing! Not a single thing! — You probably have something to tell. From that great, wide world! Oh if only I could go too — ! Oh yes, listen — I do have something after all. Something wonderfully wonderful. But shh! It's a big secret.

Hanna: Has it to do with our family?

Maiju: It does, of course. Our family is just what it has to do with.

Hanna: What is it then? Oh, Maiju, say it quick!

Maiju: Something very, very remarkable. You could never guess —

Hanna: Don't tease me now. Tell me already!

Maiju: Do I dare? You see, not even a single person knows yet, besides myself. Tell me, can you keep a secret?

Hanna: You keep asking questions. You know so from times past.

Maiju: Shh! Don't talk so loud! So no one can hear. Wait while I see whether Martha is behind that door. She sits there snooping sometimes. (*Looks into the dining room.*) Nope. Well now — ears open, I'll say it now: (*in a ceremonious manner*) I intend to go into theater. — To become an actress, you see.

Hanna: You? — Don't start now!

Maiju: I've already written to Professor Bergbom and am awaiting a response at any moment.

Hanna: But, Maiju! — You're pulling my leg?

Maiju: Believe it or not. — I'm not joking.

Hanna: What are you thinking? Does Mamma know?

Maiju (throws herself on the sofa): No, for God's sake, no one knows; I said that already. And you can't breathe a word either, not to a single person; remember that! I'll tell Mamma and Pappa only when everything is set. Whew — whew — let the whole storm come then in one fell swoop.

Hanna: They'll forbid it flatly, of that you can be sure.

Maiju: Let them forbid! I'll go just the same.

Hanna: And when did you get that fancy into your head?

Maiju: Oh, it's been rolling around in there for quite a while now. Ever since we

performed *Sleeping Beauty* once during the festival of St. Lucia and everyone was amazed at how well I did. Pappa was angry when he heard and laid into the schoolmistress like a wild beast –

Hanna (smiling): Good Lord, look how you're talking!

Maiju: But "hast du mein spotted calf gesehen," it was too late: I already knew why I was created and what my purpose in life was!

Hanna: And you're deciding that from that one experience?

Maiju: No, dear child, since then I've performed every day.

Hanna: Plays? Where? With whom?

Maiju: By myself, here at home. Or more precisely, with these plants and furniture. That ficus over there has usually played my lover. – A handsome lover – don't you think? – And he has been so faithful to me – just as I have been to him.

Hanna: How childish you are!

Maiju: Picture what happened once. I'm playing Juliet in the garden scene. I've lifted this armchair onto the table and I climb up it. The arm is my windowsill and the ficus stands in place of Romeo down on the floor. To my great misfortune I didn't know Pappa was home. In my enthusiasm I recite:

O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world. (II.ii)

– I don't hear at all when Pappa opens the door and stands behind me. "What on earth are

you supposed to be?” rings a gruff voice behind me. I come down like so much cloth, like I had a mind to fly.

Hanna: Well? And then?

Maiju: Nothing more. – I lifted Romeo into his place over there and took down my balcony.

Hanna (laughs).

Maiju: You just laugh. But let it be, something will come of me yet. Something great!

Hanna (seriously): Dear Maiju, don't daydream too much. What if you don't make it after all?

Maiju: Be quiet, I *won't* fail.

Hanna: Many have done just that, and many lives have been broken by just such disappointment.

Maiju: So you don't believe that I have any talent.

Hanna: Goodness gracious, I don't know, you see. I'm just warning you.

Maiju: But, I can assure you –

Hanna: Well, you just may have talent; I don't accept or reject before I see.

Maiju: It would be strange if I didn't! And that I wouldn't know it best myself. – At the first chance I'll perform for you. Then we'll see what you say. I imagine you'll be surprised.

Hanna: I can hardly wait.

Maiju: It feels a little uncomfortable performing for my own family, – visitors would be much easier.

Hanna: Well, isn't it all the same?

Maiju: If you don't pay any attention, eh? – Just try to imagine that there isn't anyone watching.

Hanna: Just so. – Listen, someone is in the entryway.

Maiju: Heavens! Aunty Savén and Aunty Emilia! Oh no, I forgot Pappa's errand! Now the devil will take me, alive as I am.

Hanna: What is it? What's the matter?

Maiju: Go and welcome them. I'm sure they can hear – go, go! – This will make for a fine mess.

Hanna (goes into the entryway): Welcome! – – – – Yes, Mamma is home – – – – Today on the *Elias Lönnrot* – – – – Thank you – – – – by all means, do come in – – – –

Maiju: What will I do now? They'll surely kill me. – Mamma, where is Mamma? (*Runs into the dining room. Mrs. Savén and Miss Vuorio enter.*)

Mrs. Savén: Was it us that so frightened Maiju that she ran off?

Miss Vuorio: Of course us. The young can't stand old people. We've experienced it before.

Hanna: Oh, aunty! – Maiju just went to fetch Mamma. – Please do sit down. (*Elisabeth and Maiju enter.*)

Elisabeth: Well, I didn't remember either with so much excitement. – Good day, Rosina, good day Emilia.

Maiju (curtsies and greets them).

Elisabeth: Little Maiju is in a bit of trouble now.

Mrs. Savén: And why is that?

Elisabeth: Pappa sent her on some business to Mrs. Savén and she forgot.

Mrs. Savén: Well, I had begun to wonder why I hadn't received any answer. – What is it, then? Will the pastor come and read for us this evening?

Elisabeth: Yes, he'll come, but not until about eight, he can't make it earlier.

Mrs. Savén: Why, that's awfully strange! I imagine that many members will come tonight specifically in the hope that they can hear the pastor.

Miss Vuorio: We came to fetch you. Of course you will all come along!

Elisabeth: Well, I don't rightly know what these new arrivals will say. Will they have enough energy after their trip –?

Miss Vuorio: One always has the energy, if one wishes. – What do you think, Hanna?

Hanna: If Mamma wants –

Maiju: Hanna, – it's just a heathen-mission sewing circle – (*quietly, tugging at her*). Let's not go, don't say you will!

Mrs. Savén: Not "heathen-mission," Maiju, just "missionary society."

Maiju: Yes, yes, "missionary society," – where you make clothing for the children of the heathens – (*quietly*) deny it, pitiful creature, deny it!

Mrs. Savén: Yes, we sew clothing for those poor naked dears, who have to grow up like forest beasts, without care, without education, far from the society of Christian people.

Miss Vuorio: In the midst of savages, from whom they learn only brutality and all manner of evil, so that they can't even recognize their own nakedness, the poor things. Isn't that dreadful?

Mrs. Savén: We have tried to arouse sympathy for them in this area, and with the pastor's help we have been able to organize this sewing circle. It now has fifty members, all devout Christians, who gladly sacrifice their time and energy in the labor of love.

Miss Vuorio: We certainly have many friends, – but on the other hand, many opponents as well, who don't do anything but mock and ridicule our efforts individually and in public.

Hanna: Who would be so evil?

Maiju: Yes – who indeed is so evil?

Elisabeth: We needn't worry about *them*.

Mrs. Savén: No indeed. We gladly suffer this disgrace for the sake of our Lord. It is our glory. And in the coming life we will receive our reward for it.

Miss Vuorio: It's just sad that there are people who are so hardened –

Maiju: That they slander and gossip –

Elisabeth: What have we decided? Are we going or not?

Maiju: No! Let's not go. Hanna looks so very tired.

Hanna: If we do go after all, then we would get to see Pappa that much sooner. He'll surely go straight there from *The Dawn's* office?

Elisabeth: I suppose so. And I'm sure he wouldn't mind our being there.

Hanna: Yes, so oughtn't we then –

Maiju: Let's hear first of all, Mamma, what Jussi and Mr. Rastas say.

Elisabeth: Perhaps you should go and call them here.

Maiju: Certainly! – But don't decide anything in the mean time. (*She runs into the dining*

room.)

Mrs. Savén: How fun it would be if we all went together. The youth have mostly avoided us until now – whatever the reason may be.

Miss Vuorio: Because we aren't offering that which would be pleasing to flesh and blood.

Mrs. Savén: That's probably it. – Yes, yes, that's probably it. (*Jussi, Teuvo, and Maiju enter. The former greet the ladies, Teuvo is introduced.*)

Elisabeth: Here is the question –

Jussi: We know already. – Maiju told us.

Elisabeth: And what are you going to do? Are you coming along?

Jussi (smiling): What, us? – No, Mamma!

Teuvo: We don't even know how to sew – we haven't been to public school.

Mrs Savén: Oh, you don't have to sew, come along anyway. It will show that you support the cause.

Miss Vuorio: Yes, and we do other things there besides just sew. We discuss and read. – You know, there is always something to uplift the mind in our undertaking. At least I always return from there a better person than when I went there.

Jussi: Is that so? Just think how good you'll be in the end.

Hanna: Jussi, could you come to the dining room? I have a little something to say to you.

Jussi: No need! – I know already what's in your heart without you saying a word.

Hanna: Good Jussi –!

Jussi: I am not good. I haven't made a single shirt for a negro-whelp yet.

Elisabeth (gently scolding): You aren't good. It shows well enough.

Jussi: And even so Mamma is fond of me, although I am like this, – isn't it so?

Elisabeth: Charlatan!

Mrs. Savén: It's already late. – None of you are coming then?

Miss Vuorio: You heard it. – Vain to even hope.

Hanna: Mamma, won't we –?

Elisabeth: We'll all leave at once. – Let these stay home.

Maiju: Hanna, come here first, so I can whisper something to you. (*Mrs. Savén and Miss Vuorio say their goodbyes and exit into the entryway, Elisabeth follows them.*)

Maiju: Let Mamma go with them, you stay home, I'll perform scenes from *Nora* while they're gone.

Jussi: You're going to perform scenes from *Nora*?

Maiju: Yes, – if you'll be Elmer.

Jussi: Let Teuvo be Elmer, maybe I could play the tarantella.

Maiju: Grand! – Mr. Rastas is Elmer.

Teuvo: But I don't know how. I've never acted in my life.

Maiju: That doesn't matter. A first time for everything.

Elisabeth (from the entryway): Come now, Hanna! We're all ready to go.

Hanna: I'm coming. – Have a dress rehearsal now. Then tomorrow or some other day you can perform it for real – then we'll get to see too.

Maiju: Hanna, Hanna –! I would never have believed you were like that.

Jussi: But, Hanna, are you crazy? You must be kidding that you would really go there and sing the hymns of Zion with those old bats.

Hanna: I'm getting older, too, as time goes by. (*Exit*)

Jussi: They could make cold-weather clothes for children first.

Teuvo: I was just about to say the same thing.

Jussi: And they could let the Negroes be as they are, – then they would probably stay much happier.

Teuvo: That's certain. If they could just live their natural life –

Maiju (next to the shelves): Listen, can't we get started already? – Here's the book, Mr. Rastas. – Read Elmer's part while I go make myself up a bit. (*Exits into the dining room.*)

Jussi: I, Doctor Rank, will sit ready over here by the piano.

Teuvo: Now we'll see what good we are as actors.

Jussi: You've surely seen *Nora* at the National Theater?

Teuvo: Of course I have! Many times.

Jussi: Then no worry. Just do what you've seen Mr. Ahlberg do. (*Teuvo looks at the book. Jussi starts the tarantella.*)

Maiju (from the diningroom): Can I enter?

Teuvo: Yes, as far as I'm concerned!

Jussi: I'll start from the beginning.

Maiju (enters costumed, saucepan lid as a tambourine): Play, Doctor Rank, now I wish to dance! (*Jussi plays, Maiju dances.*)

Teuvo: Slower – slower.

Maiju: I can't do it any other way.

Teuvo: Not so wildly, Nora.

Maiju: It's supposed to be just like this.

Teuvo: No, no, it just won't do.

Maiju (swings the saucepan lid): But I said so!

(The pastor comes into the entryway, puts away his cane and hat and finally comes to the door, where he stops to watch. They don't notice him.)

Maiju: Here you see joy, Kristiina.

Teuvo: Rank, stop playing, this is obviously nonsense. Stop I say. *(Jussi stops. Maiju comes to a halt and falls backwards onto Teuvo's arm.)*

Teuvo: I wouldn't have believed this. You've forgotten everything that I've taught you.

Maiju (tosses away the saucepan lid): Do you see now yourself?

Teuvo: This requires proper leading.

Maiju: So, you see how necessary it is. You have to lead me right up to the end, Torvald.

Teuvo: You can have perfect faith in that.

Maiju: You can't have anything in your mind today nor tomorrow except me – you can't open any letters – nor even your postbox.

Teuvo: Aha, even now you still fear that man?

Maiju: I do, I fear that, too.

Pastor (at the door): Wh–what is this? – Maiju, is that you –?

Maiju (jumps up): Pappa –!

Jussi: Good evening, Father! Greetings from Helsinki!

Pastor: Good evening!

Jussi: My friend, Teuvo Rastas. He's come here to Savo² to spend the summer.

Pastor: Hello, hello! – Where are you going, Maiju!

Maiju: I thought – to bring in some tea.

Jussi: We were rehearsing a play just when you came, Father.

Pastor: Maiju's idea, I would guess. – She's got all sorts of nonsense in her head at any given time, with which she brings me constant worry.

Jussi: Don't chide her, Father; this wasn't anything dangerous. She just did it to amuse us, since Mamma and Hanna went to the sewing circle.

Pastor: And you didn't go, although I specifically instructed you to.

Maiju: But – Jussi stayed home too – and Mr. Rastas.

Pastor: Has that anything to do with you?

Jussi: She didn't want to leave us alone on our first night. Maiju had good intentions.

Pastor: Yes, I know what intentions. – Get ready quickly and get yourself over there, – I'll come right behind.

Jussi: But Father, must she really go?

Pastor: She must. It was already decided hours ago. – Well –? Why are you lagging?

(Maiju exits.)

Pastor: Well now! – So you've come to spend the summer in Savo, Mr. – what was your name again?

Teuvo: Rastas.

Pastor: Rastas, that's right. – So, is your intention to get to know the Savo people or just

²Central Finland.

to otherwise –?

Teuvo: I had a little of that in mind, too – since Jussi has talked it up so –

Pastor: Yes, –Jussi is strongly attached to this region. Yes – yes – yes – yes – nor is it extraordinary either. There is so much good here – much good, although much evil as well. – Otherwise, you came just at the best time, Jussi. As if you were heaven-sent. I’ve big plans here – I was just at *The Dawn*’s office and stopped to see if you were already home. –Well, now – big plans, for which I’ll need your help.

Jussi: I’m happy to hear –?

Pastor: I don’t have time right this moment to talk about it any more. – Let’s leave it ‘til morning. – I would gladly have wished to make everything clear as quickly as possible... But you see, I promised them I’d come – yes, go I must. Nothing to be done about it. Let’s leave it until morning, like I said. We’ll still have plenty of time then, too. – They still await me there – Farewell, for now! (*Exit*).

Jussi: Farewell, farewell! – What could the old man have on his mind?

Teuvo: Something first-rate.

Jussi: Something first-rate, indeed – judging from it all.

Teuvo: I guess...

Jussi: Well –?

Teuvo: He intends to marry you off.

Jussi: Shut up!

Teuvo: You’ll see. He wants to get you into the safe haven of Christian marriage.

Jussi: A vain hope! That haven doesn’t tempt me in the slightest. – But how are we going

to spend the evening when we've been left like this?

Teuvo: Can't we go walking?

Jussi: Down to the point, yes! That's it. And we'll have a nip of brandy.

Teuvo: Agreed.

(Curtain down.)

ACT TWO

(The following morning. The same room. Elisabeth is watering the flowers. The pastor sits in a rocking chair smoking a pipe.)

Pastor: You should keep a closer eye on Maiju. Don't give her too much freedom. And don't ever leave her alone with young men. Not under any circumstance.

Elisabeth: But that's almost impossible to prevent. Especially when she's to be sent out into the world so soon, anyway.

Pastor: Where now?

Elisabeth: Well – onto more schooling, I imagine, just like Hanna. There was talk of it already last year. Don't you remember?

Pastor: Perhaps! But now things have been turned all around. I don't have the resources to support her in more schooling. Hanna will have to interrupt her studies as well – I just thought to mention it to you.

Elisabeth: Hanna drop out? But that's impossible; now when she's just a year left.

Pastor: Well, now – a year left! But what good will it really do her? It's doubtful she'll receive a teaching position – the competition is so fierce now. And in any other case, she won't really do anything with her knowledge.

Elisabeth: Poor Hanna! How very upset she's liable to get over this.

Pastor: Hmm – unfortunate indeed. But what can be done?

Elisabeth: As diligent as she's been and with such great desire as she's tried to advance.

Pastor: Diligent she is, that I'll give you, but talent – that she lacks.

Elisabeth: How do you know that? You've never bothered to find out.

Pastor (shrugs his shoulders): It shows.

Elisabeth: I think exactly the opposite. I don't know – but in my opinion it's downright wrong to force her to quit now – and leave everything in the middle.

Pastor: What can you do? I don't have the money, as I already said. And I don't want to go into debt; it's against my principles.

Elisabeth: But, Henrik dear, we've had enough until now.

Pastor: Until now I haven't needed money elsewhere, so I've been able to use it all for the good of the family. Now it's different. Public endeavors need support, too. It won't do to neglect them any longer.

Elisabeth: You haven't neglected them, Henrik. You've always fulfilled your office conscientiously.

Pastor: That isn't enough – these days. Disbelief is spreading like wildfire. The Word isn't read, sermons aren't heeded, the sacrament isn't partaken of. In society and in the state, destructive currents of thought are afoot. These must be forcibly opposed.

Otherwise they'll overthrow our church altogether.

Elisabeth: Opposed, yes. But in what way?

Pastor: Chiefly through the papers. They have the power and influence nowadays. They guide public opinion. They lead people along in flocks wherever they please.

Elisabeth: So you don't trust in the Church's own internal strength anymore, then?

Pastor: Its – internal strength?

Elisabeth: Yes, spiritual strength, I mean.

Pastor: Yes, I understand. And why shouldn't I trust in it? Of course I trust it. But that doesn't prevent me from working with the newspapers.

Elisabeth: Do you intend to found a religious journal?

Pastor: No – no! I'm just thinking of the normal, local papers. It's precisely through these that they spread that heretical poison to the people, but when we get them into the control of priests or primarily Christian-minded people, yes – By the way, where's Jussi? Is he still sleeping?

Elisabeth: I don't know, I'll go look. *(She exits to the right and returns after a moment.)*

Pastor: You see, now things are such that *The Dawn* has produced great financial losses for its publisher this last year and he intends on this account to quit it altogether. But the paper was founded, as you know, precisely as a counter-weight to those unchristian, so-called "liberals" – thus, we can't under any circumstance allow it to die. We've held numerous meetings in which this has been discussed and pondered again and again. And last night I finally decided that I will take it on.

Elisabeth: As publisher?

Pastor: As both publisher and editor. The whole thing will be my responsibility.

Elisabeth: But – how will you have time? All of your time is taken up in your own duties.

Pastor: I'll have to stay up later – unless someone else helps.

Elisabeth: And then – is it good to divide your strengths? Now just when the Church needs them more than ever before. That's where a priest should do his work, – remedy grievances, purify, inspire–

Pastor: We do that, we've been doing that the whole time.

Elisabeth: And what if you've made a mistake and gone in the wrong direction?

Sometimes it feels like –

Pastor: Feels like what?

Elisabeth: Like our opponents are in the right to some degree.

Pastor: You're starting to make me nervous. They in the right? Those who deny God, who spread unbelief? You shouldn't speak that way, even if you are a woman. – Well, here comes Jussi. Good morning! You've slept awfully long.

Jussi: Mm, long. We stayed awfully late down at the point –

Pastor: An evil habit. You ought to avoid such things. But – let's not bother to talk about that now. I'd like to discuss an important matter with you.

Jussi: Yes, you did mention something like that last night, Pappa.

Maiju (from the dining room): Mamma! Mamma, come here for a moment! (*Looks from the doorway.*) Just quickly to check if the oven is warm enough for the ginger snaps.

Elisabeth: I'm coming. (*Takes the watering can and trimmings from the flower pots and exits right.*)

Pastor: Was it you who wrote a few short stories for *Our Lady Finland* this winter under the pen name "Jussi?"

Jussi: That it was. Just little vignettes –

Pastor: Just as I supposed. So they were your writing.

Jussi: So Pappa read them then?

Pastor: It wasn't until last night that I read them properly; back then I just skimmed them. But now I dug up the papers again, in order to see just what kind of pen you have.

Jussi: Well – and what does Pappa have to say about it?

Pastor: Oh yes, – very good. Smooth and clear.

Jussi: My friends have given the same praise. And they’ve just asked for more of the same in *Our Lady*.

Pastor: You have talent, you should give yourself over completely to the newspaper profession.

Jussi: You know, Pappa – I’ve just been thinking that very thing. That’s funny that our thoughts happened to coincide like that.

Pastor: And I already have a recommendation. Our paper *The Dawn* – you have followed it there in Helsinki?

Jussi: Well, not to speak of. But I do know its politics just the same.

Pastor: A serious, Christian-minded paper.

Jussi: Yes, I know.

Pastor: We’ve one and all tried to support it here.

Jussi: During the evening I heard that Pappa has given it his support as well.

Pastor: I’ve only written one or two articles. But now by autumn I’ll become editor-in-chief.

Jussi: What? No! Pappa a newspaper editor?

Pastor: And in this regard I’ve been counting specifically on you.

Jussi: On me?

Pastor: Listen now to what I’ve been thinking. – You could come and be both my secretary and assistant. You’ll collect news, write short-stories, “miscellany” and that

sort of short, light things. Of course, I'll take care of the editorials.

Jussi: And the paper's position would remain as before?

Pastor: I want it even more uncompromising. Up 'til now the paper has been too lukewarm, sometimes almost colorless. More forcefulness is needed if it's to have any sway.

Jussi: No, Pappa – I'll have nothing to do with that business.

Pastor: Why wouldn't you? You're already quite able, that's obvious from what you wrote in *Our Lady Finland*. And you'll accomplish more once you really get down to work.

Jussi: I don't doubt that. But I'm completely liberal, Pappa. And I'd try to progress precisely in the realistic direction. No, I can't be part of a conservative paper, in any way.

Pastor: Liberal, you –? You'd try to progress *towards* realism –? That trash – What nonsense! You don't yet have your own firm opinions. At your age one normally wavers here and there. Once you've grown up a bit, then you'll understand that there isn't any progress in that direction, just progress towards evil and self-destruction. It leads into the gutter, nowhere else. – Liberal! Nothing of the sort! You've just gotten that into your head there in Helsinki because others have forced it on you. – But now is your time to stay at home, it seems. Yes, indeed!

Jussi: I'm no young scamp anymore, Pappa. There's already enough man in me that I know how to think independently and form an opinion.

Pastor: Well, I didn't mean *that*. I just want to say that you've been under others' influence, like most young people are. But besides that – what does your opinion really

have to do with this? It isn't being asked. You'll undersign a sketch or something playful about the day's happenings on the last page or some such. This or that, whatever happens. Just light, easily digested snippets. You needn't say a single thing about more serious matters. You can hold your own opinions unmolested about these things if you so wish.

Jussi: You wouldn't take part in the publication of a liberal newspaper on the same conditions, Pappa.

Pastor: That's completely different. Another matter altogether. How can you even compare the two? I have firm beliefs which are founded on the revealed word. And as a priest I'm obliged to fight on behalf of the Church and the Christian faith. – But let's not bother to argue about that now. As I already said, no more is required of you than what you can give. Nor do you need to get mixed up in these questions at all. As a rule it's completely pointless for the young to talk about things that they don't understand anyway. Better for them to reserve their judgment until they've matured and are able to judge things properly.

Jussi: You're dead wrong in that, Pappa. It is precisely criticism that is the best weapon of the young nowadays. Criticism that tears down the authoritarian religions and prejudices in all spheres – not to mention the idle ravings from which the wretched mass is set free in a stroke.

Pastor: Hardly! Just childish tongue wagging, nothing more. But an end will have to be made of that too, before it turns the people wild. – Well then, the matter is settled! You'll stay home next year?

Jussi: No, Pappa, forget the whole idea. I can't write for that paper.

Pastor: Quiet! You can, and you will. I promise that there won't be any problems. And besides, you can leave if you see fit. We'll take someone else in your place, and that's that. But now in the beginning we'll try it together, father and son.

Elisabeth (enters from the dining room): Are you coming to eat? Breakfast is on the table.

Pastor (checks his watch): I can't. I've got to leave for the press. Strange that they haven't brought the proofs over. – So, Jussi, think the matter over, then you'll realize yourself that it's good in all respects. – In about an hour I'll be back. Then I hope it will all be clear to you. (*Exit.*)

Jussi: I won't have anything to do with that paper, nothing! Pappa won't get me into it, no matter –! But I'm sure he'll torment me about it, no doubt for the whole summer. – I don't know how I'll make an end of this.

Elisabeth: I doubt he'll bother you about it once you've made a firm decision. Pappa can't force you. – Anyway, come and eat now, the potatoes are getting cold in there.

Jussi: I'm not hungry, and I don't feel like eating.

Elisabeth (picks up her handwork): My, how impatient you are! Such a little thing puts you all out of sorts. If you were in Hanna's place, then what would you say!

Jussi: In Hanna's place? What's wrong with her?

Elisabeth: You'll find out.

Jussi: I can hear Hanna's voice from the dining room, just as joyful as before.

Elisabeth: Yes, but it only sounds so.

Jussi: She's hiding something – just pretending to be happy? (*To the dining room door.*)

Hanna, come 'ere!

Elisabeth: Don't, – let her eat.

Hanna (enters): What do you want, Jussi? – I've already finished, Mamma.

Jussi: Listen here – what's bothering you?

Hanna: Nothing. – How so?

Jussi: Well, Mamma said –

Elisabeth: Hanna doesn't even know about the whole matter herself

Hanna: About what matter? – Mamma, what?

Elisabeth: That now you'll have to end your studies midway, my child.

Hanna: What? Why?

Elisabeth: Your pappa wishes it. He doesn't have the resources to support you anymore.

Jussi: Did he say so?

Elisabeth: He did.

Hanna: And that's how all my studies will end then? Forever?

Elisabeth: I don't know anything to say.

Hanna: If only I could support myself somehow.

Elisabeth: How, dear child?

Hanna: If I could get a position as a tutor.

Elisabeth: And two hundred marks' wage at best. You can't save on that.

Hanna: Yes, – you can't save on that.

Jussi: So, he can't afford it! Of course not, when he has to support a newspaper and

darken peoples' minds. Next to *that* sort of noble pursuit, nothing is of any value.

Elisabeth: Jussi, don't say such things!

Hanna: I could edit copy, too.

Elisabeth: There wouldn't be much benefit from that either.

Hanna: Won't any option open up for me then? – Won't it ever?

Elisabeth: Dear child!

Jussi: Don't be upset, Hanna. I'll take care of you.

Hanna: Good Jussi! You have enough worries about your own future.

Jussi: Just one year left, isn't it?

Elisabeth: One year.

Jussi: You'll finish your studies, you can be sure of that. I'll support you, I'll earn the money.

Hanna: Do you hear, Mamma, how good-hearted he is?

Jussi: Now you talk about good hearts!

Elisabeth: But how would you, my Jussi, earn money any better than Hanna?

Jussi: With my work. It would be strange if this sort of man couldn't find work in the world.

Hanna (places her hand on his neck): I won't take your money. I'll still come up with some way that I can make a living myself.

Jussi: You'll take it, and you'll like it.

Hanna: But I won't, – no –. You dear, sweet brother!

Jussi: Don't be childish now. – Well now, look here! Why must you always get so

emotional?

Maiju (in the dining room): Martha – take the rest off of the cookie sheet soon! Don't let them burn! (*Enters running, a plate of ginger snaps in her hands, white apron on, sleeves rolled up.*) Hey, hey! Warm ginger snaps! Where is Mr. Rastas? (*Yells back into the dining room.*) Martha, run and tell Mr. Rastas that he should come in here right now. Hurry up! – we won't start tasting until he comes too. – But you can look. Jussi, look over here – aren't they beautiful? Do you want some?

Jussi: Let me taste one.

Maiju: Not yet, my good man. “Snälla barn bruka vänta” – Mamma can have one early, if she wants one, but no one else.

Elisabeth: Mamma can stand to wait too.

(*Teuvo enters from the right.*)

Maiju: Come in, come in, Mr. Rastas. Here we are having our great ginger snap tasting. Sit there and wait. Now we begin. Mamma first. Mamma can take two.

Elisabeth: Thank you, one is enough.

Maiju: Then comes Hanna's turn.

Hanna: How many?

Maiju: Only one! – Mr. Rastas, go ahead!

Teuvo: Thanks! Hey, these are even still warm.

Maiju: They just came from the oven. – Jussi, you, – hey, that rascal, he grabbed two! – Well, what does Mamma say? Are they good?

Elisabeth: No complaints.

Teuvo: These are excellent.

Maiju: Yes, aren't I a good cook? And there are so many of these, almost two hundred, do you know, Mamma? There was almost no way to fit them all on the cookie sheets. – And guess why that was.

Hanna: Well?

Maiju: Because I used some magic! I spun the bowl nine times clockwise and recited “Our Father” three times while stirring.

Elisabeth: But Maiju!

Maiju: What, is it evil for me to recite “Our Father” too? Now it comes out. No matter what I do, I always get a scolding. Let it be so! I shall no longer recite that prayer!

Hanna: How will the ginger snaps turn out then?

Maiju (takes out her ball): Let them turn out as they will, I don't care! Because I never get to – Hanna, come play jacks.

Hanna (moves closer): I don't know how.

Maiju: You'll learn soon. Watch while I play.

Elisabeth: Again!

Maiju: Again, Mamma! Just a little. I *have* been very good today. – Watch now, Hanna. First you go like this: one, two, three. And then comes this: one, two, three. Then one, two, and so on.

Jussi: Hey, Teuvo! What was that you said on our trip about *Young Finland*? Didn't you say that they need more editorial help? Who did you hear it from?

Teuvo: From them, from the chaps at *Young Finland*.

Jussi: When?

Teuvo: Just recently. Right as I was leaving.

Jussi: Would they take me on? What do you think?

Teuvo: You? Well, of course, they'd take you gladly, I'm absolutely certain of it.

Jussi: But what if they've already gotten someone?

Teuvo: Then they'd take you then, too. Your pen is already that well known. Anything else, or shall I send a telegram now and ask?

Teuvo: Send it! – Of course send it!

Maiju (stops bouncing the ball): Take care! Let's hear what those two are saying.

(Listens, hands and ball behind her back.)

Jussi: That way I'll clear this whole thing up immediately.

Elisabeth: So you'll get into newspaper editing after all, Jussi? And you just turned your father down so abruptly.

Jussi: But this is completely different, Mamma. *Young Finland* is liberal. In it I'll get to write according to my own convictions. Look at things from my own perspective. No, this is entirely different!

Elisabeth: Liberal, you say? Then it's just one of those papers that your pappa opposes? These anti-Christians?

Jussi: No, you're worrying for no reason, Mamma. In fact it isn't any more "anti-Christian" than *The Dawn*. The only difference is that it doesn't use Christianity as a pretext.

Elisabeth: But, my dear child, they're still dangerous in your father's mind.

Jussi: Well, what can I do about that? Then again, in my opinion the papers he supports are dangerous in that they make people stupid. They don't let people freely exercise their ability to think. Instead they contaminate what ability people already have.

Elisabeth: And what will happen if you and Pappa end up working for opposing papers?

Hanna: Don't decide yet, Jussi! Think about it until tomorrow.

Jussi: Thinking about it won't fix it. Enough time has already been wasted here, now it's time to buckle down. And it's my own business, no one's permission is going to be asked.

Maiju (snaps her fingers): Splendid! Just what I was thinking too. (*Twirls around and throws the ball in the air a couple of times.*) Just what I was thinking too.

Teuvo: So I'll go then.

Jussi: As quickly as possible.

Teuvo (exits into the entryway, from which at the same time he lets in the printer's assistant): Young Mr. Valtari? Come in. – Jussi, there's a certain boy here looking for you.

Jussi: What's your business?

Boy: The pastor asked you to come down to the press immediately. The editors of *The Dawn* are there and they want to meet you.

Jussi: Me? What do they want with me?

Boy: I don't know. The pastor didn't say anything more.

Jussi: *The Dawn's* editors? I won't go.

Elisabeth: You won't go? – Even though Pappa sent for you?

Jussi: We'll just get into an argument, Mamma, with strangers listening. And what would I do there, when I don't intend to get involved with their paper anyway?

Elisabeth: What if you just went to let them know?

Jussi: I'd rather write it. (*Tears a page out of his notebook, on which he writes, and gives it to the boy.*) Take this to my father. (*The boy goes.*)

Elisabeth: What did you write, Jussi?

Jussi: The truth, straight out, like it is.

Elisabeth: And that you've offered yourself to *Young Finland* too?

Jussi: That too. –

Elisabeth (half-voiced): What will come of this!

Hanna: A wide field of opportunity will open up to you as a newspaper editor, Jussi.

Jussi: Yes, isn't it so? Especially in the current transition period, when reform is required in every sphere, fundamental reform.

Hanna: Little man! Now you'll get to know what life really is.

Jussi: With one hand we can swing the sword, with the other rebuild.

Maiju: Like the children of Israel in Jerusalem in the time of Nehemiah.

Jussi: A striking comparison.

Maiju: It is clever! Presto!

Elisabeth: Maiju!

Maiju: I didn't say anything but presto. Is that something dangerous now? If Mamma knew a certain thing then she would say presto, too.

Elisabeth: A certain thing?

Maiju: Which is so clever, so infinitely clever! And which no one knows besides me and Hanna. Don't say a thing, Hanna. – "Tyst, tyst, lilla råtta, katten söker efter dig." (*Throws her ball.*) Don't breathe a word, little mousie, the kitty –

Jussi: Tell me!

Maiju: Oh – no! Or maybe I'll say – no – no – no matter what. Don't even think it! (*Throws the ball and hums.*) "On the slope of this steep mountain the pretty flowers grow. Two young lovers' passion burns as sun upon the snow –"

Jussi: Hey, listen; who is it about?

Maiju: Me! No one else but me. – Yes, and it has a bit to do with the theater, too – and the public – and Finnish art –

Jussi: Hmm, I've guessed it already. You intend to be an actress.

Maiju: Hmpf, Jussi, you're so mean.

Hanna: There it is! Now your secret's out.

Maiju: Because you happened to be so monstrously evil, Jussi.

Jussi: You're making it my fault? You let it out yourself.

Maiju: No one else would have gotten it –

Elisabeth: Don't start fooling around, dear child. We have enough of that in the others.

Maiju: It isn't foolishness, Mamma. I can follow my talents just as well as Jussi can.

Elisabeth: You're a child, what do you know yet about your talents?

Maiju (half crying): Well, there it is again! Now Mamma is calling me a child again.

Even so, I'll still show –

Hanna: Quiet, Pappa is coming –

Maiju: Don't even breathe a word to Pappa. You won't talk? – Mamma, dear, sweet –
(*Flees to the right just as the Pastor enters from the entryway.*)

Pastor: Jussi, this can't really be from you.

Jussi: It is, Father.

Pastor: But you don't know what you're doing. You haven't weighed the matter.

Jussi: It's so clear to me that I don't have to weigh it much at all.

Pastor (looks at his watch): You haven't written yet?

Jussi: I haven't written at all; instead I asked Rastas to send a telegram. He's there right now.

Pastor: Take it back! Send another telegram immediately and withdraw your offer.

Jussi: I won't do it, Father. Not under any circumstances.

Pastor (wipes his brow): Do you know what spirit *Young Finland* is the child of? Have you followed that paper closely?

Jussi: I have, of course. I wouldn't apply to it so willingly otherwise.

Pastor: And you also understand its aims?

Jussi: Perfectly. *Young Finland* is liberal and is interested in progress.

Pastor: Yes – the progress of evil. Progress along the road that leads to damnation.

Hanna: No, Pappa –

Pastor: Progress, I say, along that road, which leads to damnation. I know them, those subversive, disruptive endeavors. This isn't the first time that the human spirit has rebelled against God. It rejects His authority and sets in His place its own limited understanding that doesn't extend farther than the moment, higher than the dust of the

earth, much less that it could grasp eternal, revealed truth.

Jussi: In Pappa's opinion, we should always just blindly believe whatever is forced upon us, use neither thought nor reason. – Where will humanity end up by following that path? It'll no doubt drown in its own stupidity.

Pastor: That it will, if it forsakes the light of the Word and throws itself into the pit of its own darkened mind. Do you know what a slippery slope it is, on which the wretches will slide then? I'll explain it to you in the simplest terms.

Jussi: I've heard it all since I was a child.

Pastor: When the human mind is set in place of God's authority, free will follows. But man's will is evil from his very childhood. For that reason free will is nothing other than boundless selfishness taking control. And then comes a war of everyone against everyone. God's earthly organization is pulled down, the laws of society and institutions don't mean anything anymore. Each and every person strives up the hill, and no one is content to be in the valley.

Jussi: What evil is there in it, just so long as it happens according to merit and natural ability, unlike up until now when only a few have had that privilege?

Pastor: Everyone wants power and power is the same as right. What are those so-called new ideas: the women's movement, the labor movement, universal suffrage, – what are they other than expressions of selfishness and the lust for power? The same expressions which we meet throughout the history of the whole human race. The only thing new here is the effrontery and boldness with which they've presented themselves in our time, and for which no comparison could be found up until now.

Jussi: The spirit of the age tries to help everyone receive human rights; it doesn't allow that some are trampled and others exalted.

Hanna: That's it, Pappa, both the women's movement and the labor movement promote a sense of justice and charity; how can they be against Christian doctrine then?

Pastor: I'm speaking with Jussi, – stay out of things which you don't understand and which don't have anything to do with you anyway. "Tries to help everyone receive human rights," you say? – What next! Those words are just empty window dressing the evil spirit uses to veil himself. Their real purpose is to agitate the mind, to set fire to the lusts of the uninformed masses, who are no more able to weigh their own interests than society's. Instead, they blindly fight against all good order and achieve nothing but destruction just like those fierce, dominant forces of nature.

Jussi: Wonder of wonders, what a conception –! The people, Pappa, often has many times more healthy sense than the learned and educated –

Pastor: Not, at least, when they blindly entrust themselves to some brilliant "leader's" power, who then uses their lusts for his own benefit; in order to raise himself up with their help. "Universal suffrage," "the right of the majority" they cry out, and the people presume that they are at the reins, although in reality they are just tools in the hands of one or two "leaders."

Jussi: Better then that they be in the hands of the priests, like in Catholic countries?

Elisabeth: Jussi!

Pastor: The priests in Protestant countries are the people's teachers, not agitators. They guide along the path to Heavenly Father's presence, which gives us all power to bear the

sorrows and cares of life. Now the unfortunate are being deprived of that faith in His care and love, deprived of the hope of eternal life, and – what is given in its place? Minuscule rights, earthly advantages which are won in one amendment and lost in the next. Great God in Heaven! And with these they presume to satisfy the deepest needs of the human heart!

Hanna: Not the deepest, Pappa. But they are still important.

Jussi: Pappa sees everything in such a terribly bleak light. – And that’s natural given that sort of viewpoint.

Pastor: I’ve thought all these things over carefully here in solitude and quiet. Only out of care for my people and my fatherland have I sat up through these many nights. Over and over again I’ve come to the conclusion that this “new direction” and all that belongs to it, this loose “liberality,” this “realistic” literature that wallows in the gutters, that, I say, this all will draw us helpless to ultimate ruin unless we turn away from it in time. For this reason I decided at last to enter the fight, me myself, into the hard, desperate fight. And I shall remain unwavering in that decision.

Jussi: What good will it do, Pappa? Now when the old truths have been sentenced to death–

Pastor: Then I will die with them. And now, choose yourself! Do you wish to be on the side of right, or will you go over into the ranks of the enemy?

Jussi: I don’t have your faith, Pappa. My way of seeing things is completely different.

Pastor: Without excuses – will you stay here and help me in publishing *The Dawn*?

Jussi: Don’t demand that, Pappa. You see yourself how different our opinions are. I

doubt we could understand each other, let alone come to any agreement.

Pastor: Rubbish! Everything that I've said is so clear as daylight that even a child can understand it.

Jussi: I just don't think the same way. But – it's pointless for us to argue –

Pastor: You had to understand the situation, that's why I spoke. Now you know what's at stake and can act accordingly.

Jussi (falls silent).

Pastor: It would be bitter to see my own son among the group of those who fight against the Lord.

Hanna: Pappa, dear –

Pastor: Quiet, don't you meddle in this. I already said, you aren't able to judge these things.

Elisabeth: Henrik, leave this discussion 'til tomorrow so you'll have time to calm down.

Pastor: No, it must be decided now, this very moment.

Jussi: Let's end this, Pappa. We can't clear it up anymore anyway.

Pastor: You still haven't given me an answer.

Jussi: I don't want to upset you, Pappa. But, if you insist –

Pastor: I insist.

Jussi: – then I must emphatically decline. I, too, cannot do other than stand by my beliefs.

Pastor: And those "beliefs" of yours supposedly prevent you from participating in the publication of *The Dawn*?

Jussi: They do.

Pastor: Well – let it be so! But don't get involved with *Young Finland* either, then. Stay sensibly aloof .

Jussi: For what reason? I surely have a right to work and accomplish something in the world just as much as anyone else.

Pastor: You may not spread unbelief to the people. I forbid it.

Elisabeth: Henrik, don't get angry –

Pastor: Now I shall ask you, Jussi: do you intend hereafter to join *Young Finland*?

Jussi: That or some other liberal paper.

Pastor: And write in their spirit?

Jussi: Yes, of course – according to the same opinions I hold.

Pastor: In other words: you intend to go along with all of those “new age” endeavors of which I just spoke?

Jussi: With all my strength.

Pastor: And spread unbelief and all manner of evil through the people? To mock, to blaspheme religion –

Hanna: He won't do *that*, Pappa.

Pastor: To attack the Church, to destroy responsibility and the sense of decency –

Hanna: No, no –! Jussi, explain your position, you'll see how poorly Pappa understands you.

Jussi: I'll explain it best in my work.

Hanna: Pappa, wait for the fruits, judge only then.

Elisabeth: I stand with Hanna. Perhaps we've been mistaken to some degree, Henrik.

Pastor: You speak only according to the amount of sense you have. When I see my people being thrust towards their ruin, am I supposed to sit with my hands clasped and disbelieve my own eyes until help is too late?

Jussi: We're in ruin this very moment. Not because of the "new" ideas, but for the reason that the "old" ideas no longer hold water. That whole so-called "God's holy world order" is teetering because of its own weakness. The only salvation for us is in the progress of the new truths.

Pastor: For the last time, Jussi: will you give up your intention or not? Think carefully before you answer.

Jussi: I won't give it up.

Pastor: Is that your last word?

Jussi: It is, Pappa, – it's the last.

Elisabeth: Quit this already.

Pastor: Not yet. I also want to say my last word.

Elisabeth: Henrik –!

Jussi: What's the word?

Pastor: I no longer have a son.

Hanna: Pappa, dear Pappa –

Pastor: I no longer have a son.

Elisabeth (rises): Henrik! "The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God."

Pastor: He who sets himself against God and makes his work the destruction of religion among the people, he is not my son, and to him that door is shut.

Hanna: Have mercy, Pappa! God doesn't reject anyone. He loves everyone just as much. Oh, Pappa, you yourself now transgress against God, although you think you're in the right.

Elisabeth: Perhaps tomorrow you'll think otherwise, Henrik.

Pastor: My decision stands: from this moment on, he, there, is not my child.

Hanna: If perhaps he, too, is mistaken, Pappa, forgive him. We all make mistakes and God gives us all forgiveness.

Pastor: Go away! Leave me in peace.

Hanna: Don't be harsh, Pappa. You'll regret it.

Pastor: Go, I say.

Jussi: Hanna, quiet yourself!

Pastor: You could have prevented your brother from turning to the wrong path when you were closer to him.

Hanna: He isn't on the wrong path, but instead – God help us –

Pastor: Say it!

Hanna: Instead you yourself have gone astray.

Pastor: You dare –

Elisabeth: Calm yourself, Henrik, don't go any farther. We're already unfortunate enough.

Pastor: And I'm the reason for it? Me, who punishes this atheist?

Hanna: He isn't an atheist, – that's just it. But even if he were, – , yes, even if he were, Pappa, even then you couldn't reject him. – The Good Shepherd will leave all the other

sheep in the woods and search for the one which is lost. And Christ loved the sinners even—

Pastor: Have you come to instruct *me*? You – you to instruct *me*? Don't you think that you're too – too stupid?

Jussi: Don't pray for mercy on my behalf, Hanna. It offends me. I haven't committed any transgression such that I should be humbled. Father has broken our tie himself, it can't be made whole between us anymore.

Pastor: Such language he already uses. The fruit begins to ripen.

Elisabeth: Anger breeds anger. Harshness, harshness.

Jussi: Perhaps it is best that we're complete strangers to one another. I will be able to walk my own paths that much more freely.

Pastor: Now you hear it. He doesn't long for family or home. Understandable. He who once renounces the Highest, what does he then care about anything else either?

Elisabeth: Perhaps it feels that way at this moment.

Jussi: If home and family tie me down, then – I would rather be free of them.

Hanna (takes hold of his arm): You naughty boy! I won't reject you, don't even think it. I'll stick to you like a burr.

Jussi (breaks loose from her): Let go, this is no longer the time – *(takes his cap)*. Perhaps I can say my farewells.

Elisabeth: You're leaving already? – No – you didn't mean that, Henrik?

Jussi: I have to get out, Mamma, right now.

Elisabeth: Stay until tomorrow or the next day. Everything could still change.

Jussi: Don't ask, Mamma, I can't.

Elisabeth: But your clothes, your bags?

Jussi: Send them to the Helsinki station.

Hanna: Jussi, wait, I'm leaving with you.

Jussi: Away from home? For what?

Elisabeth: Go ahead and follow him. You're doing right, Hanna.

Jussi: Well, now – well, come on then!

Hanna: Mamma will stay here with Pappa.

Pastor: Let her go too, if she wishes, let everyone go!

Elisabeth: And leave you alone, Henrik?

Pastor: I won't be alone – God is with me.

Elisabeth: You would be ready to send every one of us away.

Pastor: If the Lord's business required it.

Elisabeth: I won't leave you, Henrik. – Farewell, my dears! I leave you in God's care.

Farewell!

(Curtain down.)

ACT THREE

(The same room. Martha scrubs the floor on hands and knees and hums a verse. Maiju enters from the right, drags a pillow and blanket along with her to the sofa on which she stretches herself out.)

Martha: Well – what now? You’re sleeping there?

Maiju: Yes, since there are so many flies in my room that I can’t get any peace.

Martha: Isn’t it time to rouse your wits, what with the clock showing almost nine?

Maiju: Nine, or ten, or eleven – it won’t move me. I’ll sleep the whole day, morning ‘til night, and tomorrow I’ll do the same, and the day after as well. And from now on every single day. Do you hear, every single day!

Martha: Yes, or course I hear you. But – good Lord – why?

Maiju: Because I don’t feel like getting up. Because it *doesn’t pay* to get up, do you understand?

Martha: Doesn’t pay to get up?

Maiju: It doesn’t pay, it isn’t worth the trouble, nor is it necessary.

Martha: You ought to have sooner stayed in your own room, no way can you stay here, since the pastor and missus are coming home – with any luck some visitors will happen by too.

Maiju: Quiet now so I can sleep.

Martha: Sleep away for all I care, I’ll keep my mouth shut. *(She scrubs, jostles the chairs about and begins her verse anew.)*

Maiju (gets up and snaps): Be quiet so I can sleep! How many times do I have to say the same thing?

Martha: Good God, I still have to clean the room, nothing can help that. Or will you take responsibility if I leave it unfinished?

Maiju: So clean, then, but don't make a racket.

Martha: Well now, go ahead and sleep, I'll try to move quietly. (*Cleans and continues her verse again. Maiju tosses and moans many times, but Martha doesn't notice.*)

Maiju (sits up abruptly): Does she have to sing that while she scrubs? No, Martha is intentionally tormenting me so I can't sleep. Everyone is so wicked and cruel to me, so that – (*bursts into tears*). And there's nothing other than misfortune and misery – (*sobs*) – nothing else in the whole world – (*sobs*) –

Martha: Dear me! I had no idea that this was irritating you so, what with me just quietly humming here. Don't cry over that now, I surely know how to keep quiet, if it comes to that.

Maiju: If I could just die, I wouldn't wish anything else.

Martha: Die? The Good Lord forbid! At such a young age?

Maiju: I can't stand this, I can't. I'll go to the lake, finish myself off.

Martha: Bless and protect that child, how she talks! To the lake now! Don't let that sort of thing out of your mouth a second time, for God's sake.

Maiju: Why should I live, then, tell me, why? When I'm so sad that I don't even want to go on.

Martha: You're awfully grumpy today. What's really bothering you? You can't be well.

Maiju: Tell me something funny now, Martha. Something really funny that will at least make me laugh a little.

Martha: If only I could think of something, I'd surely tell you: Leave it be – no, nothing like that comes to mind just now.

Maiju: Tell me anything then, no matter how silly, just so long as you tell me something. Otherwise I'll go completely crazy from this boredom.

Martha: Well, wait now – I'll tell you a story. It goes like this: "Hush, little baby, don't say a word, Mama's going to buy you a mockingbird. And if that mockingbird don't sing, Mama's going to buy you a diamond ring –"

Maiju: Not that, not that!

Martha: "And if that diamond ring turns brass, Mama's going to buy you a looking glass. And if that looking glass gets broke, Mama's going to buy you a billy goat –"

Maiju: I didn't want that, no!

Martha: "And if that billy goat won't pull, Mama's going to buy you a cart and bull. And if that cart and bull turn over, Mama's going to buy you a dog named Rover –"

Maiju: Stop! Oh, good heavens, you're still tormenting me, and on purpose –

Martha: Look now, she's crying again! Well, it's no wonder, when she's got no support from anyone. Even Master Teuvo went away.

Maiju: Why should he have stayed here in this boredom? – Oh, I'll just die!

Martha: Maiju certainly isn't well now. Wouldn't it be best to go to the doctor?

Maiju: And where is Mamma?

Martha: Wouldn't she be at the daycare? She's been there the whole time since Hanna

and Jussi left. – Shall I go fetch her?

Maiju (tiredly): No. – Let it be.

Martha: How can I know how to help you now? Listen here –!

Maiju: What then?

Martha: Get up right this instant, dress yourself and go walking. Eh?

Maiju: I won't.

Martha: Or get to work. Lets rearrange your room into a whole new look together today.

We'll move the furniture, push the sofa into the corner and –

Maiju: I don't feel like it, no matter –!

Martha: Take some other work then. Mend the hem of your black skirt, it looks like it's already gone out.

Maiju: No, no, no, no! I don't care about any kind of work.

Martha: But he who doesn't work also doesn't eat.

Maiju: Then I'll go hungry.

Martha: Ai, ai, ai, ai! God will still punish you, Maiju. Get up and earn your bread.

Maiju: If only I had even one person I could talk to and who I could trust. But I don't have anyone, not a single person.

Martha: You have your pappa and mamma.

Maiju: Pappa doesn't care at all about his children. To him it's the same whether we exist or not.

Martha: Doesn't care? Good Lord, what things you've gotten into your head. So he doesn't care!

Maiju: What if I were to tell you a certain thing, Martha, would you promise to keep quiet?

Martha: I promise, of course.

Maiju: On your word of honor?

Martha: Yes, on my word of honor!

Maiju: Then listen (*sits up*). It was Pappa who drove Jussi and Hanna away from home.

Martha: What now –! The pastor drove them away? His own children?

Maiju: Yes, isn't it monstrous? That's why I've been crying so much these days.

Martha: No wonder the mistress has been so sad as well. And so absent-minded that she doesn't know what to do or say. – What a shame! Such sweet children should be the greatest joy he has. And they've been sent away for good?

Maiju: For good! Think of it, forever!

Martha: And for what reason?

Maiju: For no real reason at all. He just got angry with Jussi, and it really was Jussi that he meant to send away. Hanna went with Jussi because she felt sorry for him, and I would have gone with them, but they wouldn't let me. They've purposely forced me to do something crazy. And I'm not far from it anymore. Then we'll see how they feel.

Martha: Don't speak so morbidly, dear Maiju. That's a sin for sure.

Maiju: But I'm just not satisfied with this kind of life, I'm not.

(*A ring from the entryway.*)

Martha: Shall I answer it?

Maiju: Look first who's there.

Martha (goes to the entryway): Mr. Rastas. Shall I let him in?

Maiju: By all means let him in. And ask him to wait just one moment, I'll put something on. *(She runs to the right. Teuvo comes in with Martha right behind.)*

Martha: You came just while I was cleaning. Go on into the pastor's study while I get the furniture back into place here.

Teuvo: Can't I stay here? Or am I in the way?

Martha: No, not really. If the gentleman would be good enough to sit there on the sofa.

Teuvo: OK. Well, and how are things here otherwise? Is Miss Maiju healthy?

Martha: She's healthy.

Teuvo: And everyone feels well?

Martha: Well, and why not! – The gentleman is living in the country now?

Teuvo: Yes, out in the country. Close to here at Lappala.

Martha: Oh, so you're at Lappala. And you came from there by foot?

Teuvo: By foot, of course.

Martha: Such a long way off. That certainly is a walk.

Teuvo: Almost ten kilometers – but what's that to such a young man? – Miss Maiju doesn't happen to be home, does she?

Martha: She's home. She'll come down just as soon as she gets a dress on.

Teuvo: She's just gotten up?

Martha: E-aha! Just gotten up! When she's already baked so much bread this morning and done who knows what else. She's been slaving away since nearly four.

Teuvo: Since four? Not a bit of it.

Martha: One of these days she'll be the most energetic housewife the world has ever known. If anyone happens to catch her.

Teuvo: Yes, if anyone happens –? Listen – does she already have suitors?

Martha: Goodness only knows how many.

Teuvo: Is that so?

Martha: Aye, as sure as can be. Why would I lie about it? All of this city's young men have fallen in love with her. Hadn't you heard?

Teuvo: No. –Well, and Maiju? Who has she taken a fancy to?

Martha: No one so far as I know. It would still be early for Miss Maiju to be getting married. Plenty of time for that one day. It's good for her to be here at home and do nothing but lounge about.

Teuvo: Yes, but does Martha remember how it is said in the *Kanteletar* that: "Even as every vessel yearns for water from its tarry stocks, so also every maiden yearns for a man even from a happy childhood home."

Martha: There are always those foolish girls –

Maiju (enters from the right): Good morning, Mr. Rastas. You've come like a saving angel. I was just about to die of boredom. – Martha, dear, go boil us some coffee, really good coffee, – with fresh spring water, not the usual sludge.

Martha: And what bread?

Maiju: The best you can get from Suonio, and lots of kinds.

Martha: Good! (*Exits*).

Teuvo: So you've been bored?

Maiju: Terribly! – I don't know what to do. My whole life has felt so hard that all I can do is cry.

Teuvo: Goodness gracious! Haven't you even felt like acting?

Maiju: No –. I haven't tried since that time.

Teuvo: Well now we're sunk. – And your ball, doesn't that please you any more either?

Maiju: Not a bit. I don't even know where the dratted ball is.

Teuvo: In your pocket surely. – Try it!

Maiju: Yes, there it is.

Teuvo: Shall we start a game of jacks?

Maiju: I can't, no matter what I just can't. – Oh, you can't believe how hard it's been for me!

Teuvo: If only I could help you in some way.

Maiju: Would you like to?

Teuvo: Yes, gladly!

Maiju: How very good you are. – Do you know, I had just thought to turn to you.

Teuvo: Really? That's funny.

Maiju: I don't have anyone else now that Hanna and Jussi went away. You're my only hope.

Teuvo: Trust in me, I'll do whatever I can.

Maiju: I'll try to unburden my heart to you, then. – I don't know how to start –

Teuvo: However. Speak naturally and freely, I am your friend.

Maiju: Yes, you are my friend, why should I be afraid? It's just strange that the words

seem to stick in my mouth.

Teuvo: Don't take too long, someone may come soon.

Maiju: Mr. Rastas, could you live in this kind of isolation and silence, in this heavy, closed atmosphere where nothing is heard except the intermittent buzzing of flies? Could you get used to it, tell me?

Teuvo: To tell the truth – I don't suppose, – not for long, anyway.

Maiju: Nor could I. I'll surely suffocate, or go crazy, if I last that long. – So I was thinking that –

Teuvo: Say it!

Maiju: Oh, it's so rash, so extreme –

Teuvo: Now you've really made me curious.

Maiju: I'm afraid that you'll think ill of me.

Teuvo: I won't, on my word of honor: I won't. – But get to it now!

Maiju: If only I could get it off my tongue. – I've never been so shy before –

Teuvo: Do I dare guess?

Maiju: Oh, if only you could guess. Do try – !

Teuvo: You want to get away from here –?

Maiju: Yes!

Teuvo: With my help?

Maiju: Yes, yes! You've guessed it, I can see already. You've guessed it all.

Teuvo: I'd just like to hear it from your own mouth. – Couldn't you continue now that I've begun!

Maiju: No, I still can't.

Teuvo: But why can't you? You're always spry and fearless otherwise.

Maiju: This is just so very different, so terribly –

Teuvo: But how are we to be clear about it, then?

Maiju: You continue on to the end, since you know it anyway. Dear Mr. Rastas –!

Teuvo: Well then, – I'll continue. (*Takes Maiju by the hand.*) You want a change in your life – you're more fond of me than the others, and for that reason you've decided to suggest –

Maiju: That you take me away – that we go off –

Teuvo: And get married.

Maiju (starts, throws herself onto the sofa and starts to laugh): No – for God's sake – you're crazy! Married – good heavens, what are you thinking? – Do you suppose that I? – Ha-ha-ha-ha –

Teuvo: Don't laugh.

Maiju: You thought that I –ha–ha–ha–ha –

Teuvo: What did I think –? How do I know what you have in mind when you don't say.

Maiju: Did you suppose that I –ha–ha–ha–ha – that I – ha–ha–ha–ha – that I was proposing to you, –ha–ha–ha–ha –

Teuvo: I'll be on my way unless you stop laughing.

Maiju: No – don't go – ha – ha – ha – I'll stop – ha – ha – oh, oh, it just touches my heart – ha – ha don't – get upset, ha–ha – I'll stop now – yes, yes. – OK, now I'll be serious.

Teuvo: Could you now condescend to reveal what it was you really meant?

Maiju: Yes – hm, hm – I’m not laughing – hm, hm – I meant that we would go off to Helsinki together, that you would take me there. – How on earth did you get the idea that I – hm – hm – hm – how could you have even thought such a thing?

Teuvo: And why were you so coy about such an insignificant matter? Of course I guessed that it would be something more momentous. That we would go to Helsinki together? What’s so audacious, or unusual, or terrible in that?

Maiju: Well, it is anyway. What with my parents not knowing –

Teuvo: Ah, – without your parents knowing? That’s another matter. But why –?

Maiju: Because I have to. Because they wouldn’t let me otherwise. – Listen while I tell you a little story. A few days ago now I wrote to Doctor Bergbom that I would like to enter the national theater. Oh yes! Yesterday I received a reply in which he asked me to come to Helsinki so I could have an audition there. Before that he can’t say anything certain. – At first I lost all hope. How could I get there, where would I get the money? But when I saw you it occurred to me that perhaps you –

Teuvo: Now I understand.

Maiju: I would, of course, pay you back all the expenses, just as soon as I get money from the theater–

Teuvo: Don’t even consider that –

Maiju: And maybe Jussi and Hanna could give enough –

Teuvo: When would you leave?

Maiju: As soon as possible. Perhaps this very day.

Teuvo (checks his watch): On the noon train?

Maiju: Would you be able to make that? I'm ready to go.

Teuvo: And you've weighed the matter carefully? You won't regret it afterwards?

Maiju: Not under any circumstances. Understand that I don't have any other option.

Either I die of boredom or I run away. – Neither Pappa nor Mamma would ever voluntarily let me enter the theater, that can't even be questioned.

Teuvo: So we leave then! But on your own responsibility.

Maiju: How very good you are! I have you to thank for my very life –

Teuvo: What nonsense –

Maiju: You can't guess what a great service you're doing me. I'm not sure I wouldn't have jumped in the lake in the end –

Teuvo: Well, now!

Maiju: Yes, it wouldn't have taken much. Believe me.

Teuvo: But now we need to hurry so that we aren't late. Just an hour left now.

Maiju: Heavens! Yes, just an hour left now.

Teuvo: I'm leaving to put things in order. You just get to the train in time, or shall I swing by and fetch you?

Maiju: No, no, I'll be able to slip away from here more easily by myself.

Teuvo: I was just thinking that. Well, goodbye until then. Just don't be late.

Maiju: Goodbye! – Oh, I'm so scared –

Teuvo: What's scaring you? Regret already slowing you down?

Maiju: No, no – I'm just a little – You'll be on the train at twelve o'clock for sure?

Teuvo: I will.

Maiju: Good! Me too.

Teuvo: So, I'll see you there! Remember now to take everything that you'll need. (*Exits.*)

Maiju: Everything that I'll need –? What will I need? – Well, books, plays – *Nora* and – and, and, and – *Romeo and Juliet* – where are they? (*Looks for them on the desk.*) Oh, oh, where are they?

Martha (*enters from the right, coffee tray in her hands*): Well – the visitor left already?

Maiju: Already left.

Martha: And didn't even wait for coffee?

Maiju: Didn't wait.

Martha: Where did he have such a hurry to get to?

Maiju: I don't know, – oh, oh, *Martha*, where have you put my books now –

Martha: What books?

Maiju: The ones that are always out here, play scripts – *Romeo and Juliet*, with a grey cover, and *Nora*, with a brown cover –

Martha: I put them somewhere? Now – when you heap everything on the floor again and I had just got it organized.

Maiju: They aren't here –

Martha: Grey and brown covers? Take the coffee, I'll look.

Maiju: I don't care about coffee – You've surely carried them off somewhere –

Martha: Of course I've taken them! – in the same place – they're – Here, let me look.

Grey cover – and a brown cover –? What are those in your lap?

Maiju: Where, where?

Martha: God help us, – there!

Maiju: Oh, there they are. – But there are still some others, *Sarah* and *Night and Day* – yes – yes, yes, yes – all the other plays.

Martha: But what do you want with all of them at one time? Come away for some coffee. Your cup is getting cold.

Maiju: I don't care about coffee. I already said that. – Oh, oh, it's so late and I still need to have time to –

Martha: Yes, you have to drink some coffee, though a miracle occur. When you ask me to prepare good coffee and I do my best, and then no one drinks it. What's that? Take some on this very spot. Why, you haven't had a single thing to eat or drink all day.

Maiju: *Sarah* and *Night and Day*, – since nothing else comes to mind just now. Nor can I even find those. So be it – all the same – I'll perform these. – And what do I need then. Clothes –? Yes, for God's sake, clothes –! Let me alone about that coffee, you already heard that I won't drink.

Martha: I'll pour it on your head if you don't take it on your own.

Maiju: And you still torment me even though you see what horrible agony I'm in!

Martha: Well, well! Go thirsty, then, what do I care!

Maiju: Dear Martha, get out some of my clothes – my blue dress from the closet and my rain jacket – take them there into my room ready for me.

Martha: Where are you leaving for?

Maiju: Nowhere, and don't ask. Just do as I said.

Martha: God, how she's cross today. (*Exits to the right.*)

Maiju: Now I have to write to Pappa and Mamma. (*Takes out writing implements, writes a few words on the paper, which she puts in an envelope.*) What will they say when they read this? – What if Mamma swoons and falls dead? Lord God – what if Mamma dies? I would go mad then. Yes, that's for certain – then I would go mad. – No point in thinking such things. – She won't die. Dear, good God, strengthen Mamma so that she won't die. She won't die – since I'll pray the whole time, every morning and every evening and many times during the day. – But Pappa? – Bless and protect us – (*The pastor comes in. Maiju screams.*)

Pastor: Well? What is it now?

Maiju: Nothing, – nothing.

Pastor: You were startled?

Maiju: Yes, – because Pappa came so suddenly.

Pastor: Odd – you're positively shaking!

Maiju: It isn't anything – it's passing now. Leave me be – just go away Pappa – into your own room.

Pastor: Poor child – just so long as you don't take ill. Where is Mamma?

Maiju: Don't know – She's probably at the daycare.

Pastor: How about we go and fetch her?

Maiju: No, dear Pappa, – let's not. What for? Since I'm perfectly well.

Pastor: Well, well, we won't go. Because you don't want to. But all isn't right now, that much I can see. Perhaps neurasthenia or some other disease. – You've probably sat here all by yourself? And lamented, isn't it so?

Maiju: Lamented, terribly.

Pastor: I could guess. You need company. From now on both Mamma and I must spend more time with you. – A case of the nerves is nothing to trifle with. It must be warded off in time.

Maiju: And doesn't it come from boredom, Pappa? I need to get away from home –

Pastor: Away from home? No such thing! We'll make home more fun for you. What do you say? What if, for example, we start playing ball together? Wouldn't that be pleasant? I used to know how, – even though it has been some thirty years since then. Well, where's the ball, get it out so we can give it a try. Mamma will be amazed when she comes home and sees us playing ball.

Maiju: I don't want to, Pappa, I don't.

Pastor: You don't want to play ball? What do you want then, tell me?

Maiju: Nothing. Oh – this is so hard –

Pastor: It's hard? What's hard?

Maiju: I don't know myself. I can't say. Oh, dear Pappa –!

Pastor: No – this won't do. We must counsel together about this immediately.

Maiju: Pappa should just go into his own room and write. Dear Pappa – go now. It's already so late.

Pastor: Don't you have anything to read? Some fun book –?

Maiju: No, I don't.

Pastor: Hold on, I'll get one for you. (*Goes into his study.*)

Maiju: I don't care, Pappa – heavens, it's almost half-past –

Pastor (from his study): You've always enjoyed reading – (*enters*). Look at this. *The New Genoveve or Rosa* – an especially beautiful and moving story. I remember that I cried uncontrollably when I first read it as a youngster. Rather this by far than those modern, realistic books. – It has, apparently, gotten a bit dusty there on my shelf, but that's nothing – when it's cleaned – there! Now you can take it in your hands. Come and sit here. I promise that you'll gladly read it from cover to cover. Just sit there, like so. I'll stay here with you. I'll just write a bit here at this other table. (*Goes with his papers and writing instruments to the table on the other side of the room and sits down to write.*)

Maiju (drops the book on the floor): This is just terrible! (*Gets up, looks first at the clock, then in turn at her father and the door.*)

Pastor: Well! So you won't even read?

Maiju: No.

Pastor: Didn't the book please you, or –?

Maiju: No. – I don't care about books – I don't feel like it –

Pastor: Strange – What can I do for you then –?

Maiju: Nothing, Pappa. I don't need anything.

Pastor: You should have some work to do, – some sort of pleasant task.

Maiju: Yes – that's it, Pappa! Some pleasant work –!

Pastor: Don't you need a new dress? I'll give you some money so you can go buy one.

That was a good idea, wasn't it?

Maiju (embarrassed): I don't know, – perhaps it was –

Pastor: Well – what now? When you could go and buy it yourself? And choose just what

you want? Mamma doesn't even have to know about the whole thing – you could do just as you please.

Maiju: Just as I please –?

Pastor: Yes, just as you please. – Just buy good, durable fabric. How much is needed for that? Will fifty marks be enough! I'll add ten marks more just to be sure. Look there. Go now!

Maiju: I'm going. – Farewell, Pappa!

Pastor: Goodbye, farewell for now!

Maiju: Pappa –!

Pastor: Yes –? Do you still have something?

Maiju: Isn't Pappa angry with me?

Pastor: No, dear child. Why are you afraid of that?

Maiju: Does Pappa promise that he won't be at all angry?

Pastor: I promise, – of course, I promise.

Maiju: For sure you promise?

Pastor: For sure.

Maiju: Good. Oh, good! Then I can go in peace. – Mamma won't be angry, that I know.

Pastor: Hmm – you are still a child.

Maiju: Yes, Pappa, isn't it true? I am still a child. It isn't fit to expect too much understanding from me.

Pastor: No, certainly. In that you are correct.

Maiju: You have to let me do as I myself wish – so that I can experience the world – isn't

it so, Pappa?

Pastor: Don't bother now to speak of that –

Maiju: Pappa would never reject me, of course? Nor drive me away from home if I come to visit? You wouldn't, dear Pappa, of course not?

Pastor: No, no, what nonsense are you –? You're forgetting the whole dress purchase – Mamma could happen to come at any moment –

Maiju: Mamma? Oh yes – Mamma!

Pastor: Hurry on your way now!

Maiju: Farewell, Pappa! (*Hugs him tightly and runs off.*)

Pastor: Hmm – I don't rightly understand that child – don't rightly understand. She has been so unique from the very beginning. (*Sits down at the table, takes his pen in his hand and looks over his writing.*) – She was in such emotional turmoil that she was almost in tears –

Elisabeth (*enters from the right, raincoat on, hat on her head; speaking into the dining room*): Yes – go ahead and bring it in, coffee will taste good now.

Pastor: So you are home.

Elisabeth: Yes. (*Throws her overclothes into the entryway.*) Have you missed me? – I always get so involved there at the daycare that I don't at all wish to get away. Awfully pleasant, those children.

Pastor: So you leave Maiju alone too much. It isn't good.

Elisabeth: How so? Such a big girl, she can take care of herself.

Pastor: Don't be so sure of that. We've had some difficult experiences recently. What if

she goes the same way as –

Elisabeth: You mean Hanna and Jussi?

Pastor: Yes – of course I mean them. (*Leans over his papers.*)

Elisabeth (approaches and places a hand on his shoulder): Henrik –! Just admit it.

You're suffering because Hanna and Jussi are away from home.

Pastor: And what of it! I know how to conquer my weakness.

Elisabeth: But is it weakness? Fatherly feelings warm and soften the heart, they needn't be cut off.

Pastor: Sometimes one must do so – when God requires it. Abraham was once ready to sacrifice his son, and it was accounted unto him as righteousness.

Elisabeth: God requires it? And if you're mistaken?

Pastor: You doubt? But I oughtn't be surprised by that. You've never been really firm in your faith.

Elisabeth: That "firm faith" scares me, since it has so often drawn Christians into gross errors.

Pastor: Long ago when they were still unenlightened. Why should we speak of such things anymore?

Elisabeth: Is there some guarantee that it still can't go the same these days, too?

Pastor: Isn't there just? Before perhaps they went too far sometimes, but – Yes, there! In any case those people had a burning zeal, and that, God help us, can't rightly be said of many in our listless time. – That kind of nature like Maiju's – If only she would give herself over to the service of Righteousness.

Elisabeth: What? Do you suppose that Maiju –?

Pastor: She can go far both in good and evil. But do you know what I believe and hope?

Elisabeth: What?

Pastor: That God will still give us joy because of her. Manifold joy.

Elisabeth: When shall such a hope be fulfilled! Where have you come by that decision anyway?

Pastor: Because of these recent events. I stood firm in tribulation. That will not be left unrewarded, Elisabeth.

Elisabeth: Dear Henrik –!

Pastor (looks his watch and compares it to the wall clock): It is true! I should have been – is that clock the same as the train station clock?

Elisabeth: Ten minutes behind. Should you have gone to the train?

Pastor: Yes. The bishop is leaving today for the Catechism Committee in Helsinki.

Elisabeth: It's already too late now. You won't make it anymore. The chimes have already rung.

Pastor: Well, I didn't hear.

Elisabeth: Now they just rang a third time.

Pastor: You're right. – And a whistle! – It's already gotten under motion.

Elisabeth: You can hear the rumbling clearly all this way.

Pastor: In calm weather you can always hear it. (*Martha brings the coffee in.*) Well, all right, let's have coffee, then, since Martha is bringing it.

Elisabeth: Put it down here on the table, Martha. And go and ask Maiju in here to drink.

Martha: Miss Maiju isn't even at home. (*Exits.*)

Pastor: Oh yes – she isn't home now. But she'll probably come soon.

Elisabeth: Where is she then?

Pastor: Well – it's a little secret between us, me and Maiju.

Elisabeth: Which I don't get to know about?

Pastor: Of course not. – Then it wouldn't be a secret at all.

Elisabeth: Oh indeed! Well – good, good! I won't be nosy. Then let's drink the two of us.

Pastor: It was just a sort of small matter. But it may become immeasurably important as regards her upbringing.

Elisabeth: Oh – then it's a little more important than I supposed.

Pastor: Yes, you see, this way I'll get closer to her in a way. I'll gain her childish trust and learn to understand her better. Then it won't be difficult any longer to take the reins in hand and lead her in the right direction.

Elisabeth: And I'm to be left completely by the wayside in this?

Pastor: Excuse me, Elisabeth, but I fear that you aren't cut out to be Maiju's caretaker.

Elisabeth: Henrik, you –! Oh, oh, the self-conceit!

Pastor: Yes, yes –!

Elisabeth: Where's this letter from? – “To Pappa and Mamma” – Maiju's handwriting.

Pastor: Give it here. – (*Reads.*) What? I don't understand –

Elisabeth: What's in it?

Pastor: Read!

Elisabeth: “Forgive, oh forgive me. I couldn't do anything else, life here became too

difficult. Don't judge me too terribly harshly. Farewell, Pappa and Mamma. Your Maiju."–

Pastor: What does she mean? What has she done?

Elisabeth: I can't imagine.

Pastor: Elisabeth – I fear the worst.

Elisabeth: God protect us – What do you fear?

Pastor: She was so agitated and strange. When I think about it now, – she has never been that way.

Elisabeth: Well. –? But the worst?

Pastor: She said such heartfelt goodbyes – and shook like an aspen leaf.

Elisabeth: You believe –?

Pastor: That she has – put an end to herself, – perhaps gone into the lake.

Elisabeth: No, no, Henrik! It isn't possible, how can you even think such a thing? Maiju – gone into the lake? Not a chance in the world.

Pastor: But what about the letter in your hand? What could she mean by it?

Elisabeth: I don't understand. I don't know yet what to say. Something else, of that I'm sure.

Pastor: You didn't see her mental state, how restless and startled she was. She almost cried out when I came in.

Elisabeth: Is that so? But, goodness sakes, suicide – she hasn't contemplated such an act, not in all her natural born days. Let's be calm. We'll wait. Perhaps she'll turn up soon.

Pastor: It shows how little you understand Maiju's nature. Would she have had time for

contemplation? Whatever happens into her head, she does.

Elisabeth: You're imagining nonsense, Henrik. And you're fearing for nothing. Think the matter over calmly.

Martha (enters from the right): May I take the coffee away?

Elisabeth: Listen, Martha! What sort of mood was Maiju in this morning?

Martha: What sort of mood?

Elisabeth: Yes – I mean – did she say anything?

Martha: She spoke. – And plenty.

Elisabeth: What did she say?

Martha: And I should remember it all?

Elisabeth: Something anyway. – Give it a try, – couldn't you –?

Martha: She was just very pained, – so much so that she even threatened to jump into the lake.

Pastor: There, you heard it!

Elisabeth (rises and moves restlessly to the other side of the room): Are you sure you remember that she threatened that?

Martha: Sure. Why shouldn't I remember? That hasn't been heard of in ages.

Pastor: Do you believe now?

Elisabeth: Whatever shall we do, Henrik?

Pastor: We go out searching, every man. Martha too.

Martha: Who are we looking for?

Elisabeth: Maiju. Martha will put a scarf on her head and we'll go together.

Martha: She left to the railroad.

Pastor: To the railroad?

Martha: Yes, she threw some clothes in a suitcase and left in a rush. At the gate she hailed a horse carriage. “Where are you traveling?” I asked, while I was carrying her case. She didn’t say anything until she was sitting in the carriage. Then she finally said, “To Helsinki,” and at the same time the horse set to moving. But that was probably just in fun—

Elisabeth: Yes, Martha, you may clear the coffee dishes away.

Martha: Shall I keep the pot warm for Maiju?

Elisabeth: No need. (*Martha exits.*)

Pastor: How is this to be understood?

Elisabeth: I fear that I’ve guessed it. Oh, that child, that child —!

Pastor: Guessed what?

Elisabeth: She had a certain hankering for the theater.

Pastor: The theater! Would she have gone into the theater? Maiju? My child?

Elisabeth: She knew that we would never agree to it, — especially not you. So she took up and fled. Poor Maiju!

Pastor: Poor? You still pity her? The kind that — that betrays her own parents, that wantonly abandons her home —

Elisabeth: She did it out of childishness. Remember that she is just seventeen years old.

Pastor: Childishness? Is deceit childishness? Even more, such malicious, cunning deceit as she has demonstrated here. Is that childishness, I ask.

Elisabeth: You always get so excited.

Pastor: And you, on the other hand, don't care about anything. To you it's all the same whatever you see from your children. – I'm appalled when I think about her actions. I take care of her, fear for her health, try to humor her in every way, in the end even give her money to buy a dress – and the whole time she has guile on her mind. She has the nerve to take that money and use it for her own devices – for of course with its help she was able to travel. Couldn't this drive a person crazy?

Elisabeth: I don't want to defend her in any way. But I imagine, nevertheless, that she herself, poor dear, will get to suffer the consequences.

Pastor: Yes, she will, that is sure. I'll bring her home just as quickly as she has left. And then things will be different around here.

Elisabeth: How different?

Pastor: Not a bit of tenderness anymore, nor weakness. Only stern discipline and strict supervision. She will never go into the city alone and will remain behind locked doors when we leave from home.

Elisabeth: Don't go too far, Henrik. She won't be able to stand such imprisonment.

Pastor: Yes – I guessed that you would take her side. But it won't help, don't even try, I warn you now in advance. You've gotten to spoil her for long enough. Now you see where it has led. We've lost all of our children. Every last one!

Elisabeth: And you blame me?

Pastor: You precisely. If you hadn't treated them so leniently, but rather from their childhood raised them in discipline and the admonition of the Lord, surely things

wouldn't have gone this way.

Elisabeth (quietly): I've done my best according to my understanding, more I cannot say.

Pastor: Well, fine, – it won't help to argue about that anymore. Now I'll take charge and try to heal what can be healed. Get my clothes ready in good time.

Elisabeth: When will you leave?

Pastor: That's just it! I can't leave before the coming weekend. Catechism school starts tomorrow. An unfortunate fact. I should have gone immediately after her. (*Collects his papers and goes into his study.*)

Elisabeth: Dear Heavenly Father – how shall this end?

(*Curtain down.*)

ACT FOUR

(Jussi and Hanna's apartment in Helsinki. A comfortably decorated room. Door to the entryway at the rear, another door to the left. Jussi's desk to the right, to the left a divan table, chaise longue, rocking chair, etc. Jussi sits at his desk reading the news, to the side folded proof sheets for his newspaper. Teuvo stands beside him, looking over some other proof sheets.)

Teuvo: Marvelous! . . . Superb! . . . Well I'll be – this is so witty and at the same time so stinging that I wish I could see what they have to say.

Jussi: I already know ahead of time. “*Young Finland* blasphemes religion, mocks the people's holiest sentiments.” That, of course, is the old tune.

Teuvo: Ha–ha–ha–ha!

Jussi: What part are you reading now?

Jussi: “A name change has been suggested for *The Dawn*. *The Sunset* would supposedly be more in keeping with its significance. This is nevertheless a great error. For what is the sunset? The earthward-bound sun's last reflection, the rosy goodbye of light-extinguishing rays. But let us think in its place of the birth of the dawn. The day rises, sends forth its first bright rays to wake the sleeping world. Do these reach their destination? No! Night has created fog, mist, and dark wisps of cloud along the border of heaven. Into their damp bosom the first rays of the nascent morn sink; the rays have time only to gild their own grave. Only then when the sun has gotten these obstacles chased out of its way” – marvelous! – “when the red of dawn has vanished from the sky” – aptly

said – “only then is the light’s victory complete. Our holy, venerable fathers have so carefully considered the meaning of their work, they have rightly guessed their place in giving their paper the name *The Dawn*.” – Ha–ha–ha–ha –

Jussi: Well, then, isn’t it so?

Teuvo: Exactly, exactly! So logical and clear that there’s no way out. But their faces may grow long as they read it. And what will your old man say, won’t he slip and yell:

“Godda–” ha–ha–ha–ha!

Hanna (enters from the left): Quiet, quiet, so Maiju can sleep. What are you laughing at in here?

Teuvo: At Jussi’s piece that’ll be in today’s paper. It’s so impossibly cutting; have you read it, Miss Hanna?

Hanna: No, I haven’t. Jussi never shows me beforehand anymore.

Jussi: Why do you always hassle me?

Hanna: I have to, since you can’t stand to go without badgering.

Jussi: Of course I badger, because others badger me.

Hanna: And that makes it right? That incessant quarreling is so tedious.

Teuvo: What! It isn’t tedious at all. Especially since Jussi knows how to give them a beating they can feel. He never comes off the loser. At least in polemics, you’re the master, Jussi, that I must say.

Jussi: You’re forced to learn that as a newspaper man. But Hanna doesn’t approve of it. You should always give the opponent the last word, not defend yourself and not use your weapons.

Teuvo: And what would come of that? They would just think that they'd thrashed Jussi so badly that he was keeping his mouth shut because of it. And the public would be of the same mind. And not long would pass before the hornets would be jumping at his nose twice as boldly.

Jussi: That's sure. No, Hanna, so long as even a little strength may be left I'll bat them away from my eyes. Otherwise I wouldn't even be a man.

Hanna: Until now the jokes were always about old hags quarreling and shouting at each other. Now men have taken that office from the old hags.

Jussi: Hey now! Are you comparing newspaper controversy to old ladies' prattle? There is a difference in the matter.

Hanna: To me the difference isn't all that great. – Anyway, may I read that article now?

Jussi: We're in a hurry, the boy is waiting in the entry. The paper will be out soon anyway; you'll have time to read it then. (*He rolls the proofs together and gives them to the boy at the door.*) Here, take these to the press quickly.

Teuvo (takes a certain article from the desk): What's this? "Wars must be done away with, conscription and the military must be abolished."

Hanna: Hey, don't read that!

Teuvo: Aha – miss Hanna! Have you too started to write for *Young Finland*? That's funny.

Hanna: Terribly funny. The good gentlemen don't care for my writing in their paper. Two have already been thrown in the wastebasket. This third will presumably go the same route.

Teuvo: But why?

Hanna: Yes. Why don't you explain it, Jussi.

Jussi: Can't you guess already from the headline without any other explanations?

Teuvo: "Wars must be done away with, conscription and the military establishment must be abolished" – yes, of course this is no good for publication.

Hanna: I don't understand why it isn't any good.

Jussi: Because the people must have the ability and power to defend themselves if an enemy invades the country.

Hanna: The people must have the ability and power to remain in Truth. If murder and bloodshed is sin and savagery, then nothing in the world justifies doing it. It's a clear fact.

Jussi: There are many clear facts that we can't carry out in life.

Hanna: We have to be able! Cowardice can't be allowed to stand in the way.

Jussi: Cowardice? Why do you always call it cowardice? Sense, practical intellect – these are what prevent us from jumping headlong into the jaws of death.

Hanna: Our forefathers did just that and it was called heroism. Does anyone reproach them as senseless although they put their lives in danger for the fatherland?

Teuvo: No, but listen now, miss Hanna –

Hanna: If the Finnish people would dare to die a martyr's death for the principle of peace, even then it wouldn't have lived for nothing. Hardly a greater historical mission could come to it.

Jussi: What do you say to that, Teuvo? Isn't it all outright insanity? But she doesn't

believe me.

Teuvo: No, no! Futile daydreams! And besides that it isn't fit to speak of those things in public, miss Hanna. Yes, Jussi is right in that. – But what did your previous compositions touch on?

Hanna: Is there even any point in talking about them? (*Sits down to do her handwork.*)

Jussi: They had the same sorts of impossible ideas in them. In the last one, for example, she argued that the prisons must all be turned into training facilities or sanitariums. Criminals must either be considered morally sick, or dull, or backward. Sure, we try to take care of the spiritual side, there are schools for everyone, even for the lone idiot, and asylums for the insane, but moral care is completely neglected –

Teuvo (smiles): Well, well, perhaps that isn't so crazy.

Jussi (lights his cigarette): Childishness!

Teuvo: Yes, – of course you could never realize these ideals. (*Looks at his watch.*) But listen, do you already have theater tickets for this evening?

Jussi: No, we don't. We had better get free tickets since it's Maiju's trial performance.

Teuvo: That's true, that. But I'll have to go buy one before they run out.

Jussi: You'll come back here then, so we can go together?

Teuvo: I will, I will. Goodbye 'til then. (*Exits.*)

Jussi: Well, Hanna?

Hanna: What now?

Jussi: You're upset.

Hanna: I am. Because you don't understand me at all.

Jussi: Sure, I understand you, but you don't understand me. Listen now, while I explain the whole thing to you from top to bottom. Put away that sewing and listen to me carefully.

Hanna (lays her project aside): Well?

Jussi: Let's suppose that a gardener from the south comes here into the north. He doesn't know our climate, but even so he plants the tender, delicate plants of his own land. How do you suppose those crops will fare?

Hanna: They won't do well. You know that.

Jussi: Right! They won't do well. So there wasn't any benefit from their planting, neither to him nor to others. Do we agree about that?

Hanna: We do.

Jussi: That gardener could have happened to be a very skillful husbandman, but nevertheless he was impractical and childish because he didn't find out about the land's climate before he went and started planting, isn't it so?

Hanna: Yes – I suppose.

Jussi: And we would like it if he could grow raisins, prunes, oranges, and wine grapes and other such. But what's impossible is impossible.

Hanna: Well, yes – but I don't understand –

Jussi: What this has to do with you? Wait, we're coming to that now. I want to propose, you see, that you are just that sort of impractical gardener.

Hanna: Me? How? In what way?

Jussi: You aspire to those sorts of ideals and truths which don't grow well in this world's

moral climate. They belong, you see, to some other heavenly body on which the conditions for a higher life are more favorable. Here they are impossible to attain.

Hanna: But we can still try. At least we can talk about them.

Jussi: Poets can do it, like Ibsen or Tolstoy and others. They can muse about this or that impossibility in their books, although they know full well that destruction would be at hand if their ideas were followed. Tolstoy himself acknowledges that his doctrine would lead humanity to ruin, and Ibsen's Rosmer – well he, the evil old man, is like one fallen from a tree and a little stunned. He doesn't grasp this world's goings-on at all.

Hanna: I fear that I don't grasp them either.

Jussi: But a newspaper, don't you see, has to take people as they are, and conditions as they are, – see what is possible to achieve, what isn't, and also what way each thing can be carried out. In short: it has to be practical and wise, not daydream up in the clouds nor hit its head against the wall either. Do you understand now?

Hanna: Yes, I understand what you mean. But that way we progress so terribly slowly – if we progress at all.

Jussi: Don't get discouraged, little Hanna. You have to let go of those lofty ideals and be content with lower, much lower. Otherwise you'll get sick in the head. What good does it do you if you insist on having oranges cultivated in this country when they are nevertheless impossible to grow? Less emotion, more sense, dear child – Well, what now? I guess Maiju is already creeping about in there. See, there she is. Don't you feel like sleeping anymore?

Maiju (enters looking tired from the side room).

Hanna: Maiju dear, how will you have the energy to perform tonight when you don't rest at all, and haven't gotten any sleep for nights?

Jussi: And think how important it is that you succeed tonight, when this is your debut performance.

Maiju: There isn't time anymore, it's so late already. I have to go to the theater.

Jussi: It's only just six o'clock. You have plenty of time to sleep another half-hour.

Hanna: Go back in and lie down. I'll wake you up if you happen to fall asleep.

Maiju: I can't anymore. Let me stay in here with you. If you knew how hard it is, then you surely wouldn't make me.

Jussi: What's hard?

Maiju: That, that –. I don't dare tell.

Hanna: I can guess. Those nightmares are bothering you.

Maiju: They are.

Hanna: Wonder of wonders! Didn't the salts or the hip bath we took today help at all?

Maiju: Not at all; the dreams are just getting worse.

Jussi: What kind of dreams are they? May I hear? Maybe I can chase them away.

Maiju: They don't bother me when I'm up and when we're talking together. But as soon as I lie down and try to sleep –

Jussi: Then they appear?

Maiju: Just then. If I drift off, then Father is next to my bed and leans over me. He has a long knife in his hand with which he intends to stick me straight through the heart. "Thus Abraham of old sacrificed his son Isaac," he says. I always take fright and start from my

sleep.

Jussi (laughing): And you're afraid of those sorts of dreams! My, you're childish.

Maiju: That isn't all. I see him sometimes when I'm awake, too, before I even get to sleep. When I close my eyes and try to sleep, I feel clearly that he is in the room. I tear my eyes open quickly and he really is standing in the corner at the back of the room, just like he's lying in wait; but when I really focus my eyes there, he slowly fades and disappears into the same space he was just standing in.

Jussi: Tricks of the eyes, very normal. There's no point in worrying about it at all. If you'd try not think about Pappa –

Maiju: But I *can't* get him out of my mind, no matter what I do.

Jussi: At least you wouldn't be afraid of him all the time. That's what all those delusions are coming from.

Maiju: Yes, why do I have to be so terribly afraid of him! I can't do anything about it.

Jussi: We'll go to a doctor tomorrow, maybe he'll have some advice. Now we'll forget all the ghosts and talk of other things.

Hanna: Let's do that. I just thought to suggest it.

Maiju: But shouldn't I be leaving already? Jussi, check your watch.

Jussi: Ah-ha! We don't have very long to dawdle here anymore. Ten minutes at the most.

Maiju: Oh, oh! What will become of me now!

Hanna: Are you getting stage fright?

Maiju: Listen – you have to promise me one thing.

Hanna: Namely –?

Maiju: You can't come to the theater tonight, neither of you.

Jussi: What nonsense? We not get to come to the theater?

Maiju: Not under any circumstances! I ask and pray: stay away!

Hanna: But what for?

Maiju: I simply wouldn't know how to perform if I knew you were watching. – I just thought of it in there.

Jussi: Well, that takes the cake!

Maiju: Don't you remember, Hanna? During school examinations I didn't fear anyone more than Mamma and you. It's the same now. No one close to me can come to the theater when I'm performing, no one.

Hanna: Not ever?

Maiju: Maybe later sometime – after many years, when I've been to Paris and the others. But especially not tonight.

Jussi: And we're supposed to sit here in ignorance the whole time? Here – that's no good.

Maiju: I'll come home immediately when *First Love* is finished. Then we'll sit together playfully and I'll tell you precisely how everything turned out.

Jussi: Yes, but – I don't know, can we agree to that, Hanna?

Maiju: You have to, I say so. Or do you insist on tormenting me. Are you hoping that I won't succeed?

Hanna: Let's stay away, Jussi, because she insists on it so. We'll see it later – some other time.

Maiju: Dear, good Hanna, you're always kind. Oh, oh, how sweet you are, I like you so immensely.

Hanna (smiling): By such a little the child's mood is remedied.

Maiju: But now I've got to rush. (*Checks her watch.*) Damn it! – nearly six-thirty. – Well, Jussi, will you stay away, or not?

Jussi: Hmm . . . We'll see then.

Maiju (stamps her foot): Out with it!

Jussi: Hey now, don't you start shouting.

Maiju: But I'm in such a rush. I should already be at the theater now.

Jussi: Get going then.

Maiju: Do you promise to stay away? Good Jussi!

Jussi: You always have all sorts of notions that don't actually require, well, anything. This sort of thing really irritates –

Maiju: Do you promise, do you promise?

Hanna: Give in, Jussi, otherwise she'll lose her temper.

Jussi: Hasn't she already lost her temper enough?

Maiju: Heavens, how you always hold me up. – Half-past six already!

Jussi: Oh, go, God's creation, go in the name of the Lord.

Maiju: And you won't come?

Jussi: No. Don't worry.

Maiju: Shake on it!

Jussi: Again I decline. If you don't trust my word, then –

Maiju: Shake on it, I say! (*Takes it from him half by force.*) Well, now everything is right.

Jussi: Scatterbrain!

Maiju: Now it will soon begin then! – Oh!

Hanna: Well, Maiju –? What's wrong?

Maiju: If only it would all be over already! If only it were nine and we were all sitting here at rest!

Hanna: Don't start thinking about that now. You'll be late.

Maiju: Yes, it's true. I have to leave, nothing can help that. Farewell, Hanna!

Hanna: Farewell, farewell! And good luck now! Just be confident, don't worry about anything. I'm sure you'll do well.

Jussi: And if you don't do well, well what of it! You'll be none the worse for wear.

Hanna: You'll switch to some other profession then.

Maiju: Farewell, Jussi! Don't be mean to me in your paper tomorrow.

Jussi: And that depends on me, when I don't even get to go watch? Let it be, so you won't get a chance to regret it.

Hanna: She won't. And why are you still teasing her for no reason, Jussi? Hurry now, Maiju dear.

Maiju: Farewell. (*Goes quickly into the entryway.*)

Hanna (escorts her to the door and returns): Head up! Show that there's steel and iron in you. – Poor Maiju! Do you suppose that she'll succeed, Jussi?

Jussi: Hard to know ahead of time.

Hanna: But if she doesn't succeed in getting into theater – what then? Pappa will surely

forbid her from coming home.

Jussi: What else then than getting married? Teuvo, I fancy, has gotten terribly stuck on her. And Teuvo is a wealthy boy, he can take on a wife whenever he pleases.

Hanna: Hooey to you!

Jussi: What hooey? Listen, Hanna, don't you belittle marriage, it is still one of the most important things of all for a woman.

Hanna: And just because of that we don't do it anymore just for our livelihood, but rather for love.

Jussi: What's stopping Maiju from falling in love with Teuvo? Such a fine boy –

Hanna: Sh! Someone came into the entryway. (*Goes to look.*)

Jussi: And love flares up and love dies down, but the main thing is that they get along well.

Hanna (at the door): Be quiet! – So, it was you out there?

Teuvo (enters): Now there's the devil to pay, do you know.

Jussi: Well?

Hanna: What's happened?

Teuvo: Your father is here.

Jussi: No –! How do you know?

Teuvo: I just passed him on the street. And he had as dark a look as a thundercloud.

Jussi: We're likely to be up against it shortly.

Hanna: Don't you laugh now, Jussi.

Jussi: By no means—I don't even know how to start bemoaning this.

Teuvo: It's hardly a game, though. He of course wishes to get Maiju out of the theater.

Why else would he have come?

Hanna: Yes, that's probably what he has in mind. How will this end, Jussi?

Jussi: What did he say to you?

Teuvo: Not much of anything. He just inquired after your apartment.

Jussi: So he intends to come here. Smashing!

Hanna: Jussi, don't quarrel! Dear Jussi!

Jussi: It won't come from my side first. But if he starts it – and he presumably will do so–

Hanna: But remember anyway that he is your father, that he's deeply rooted in a different way of looking at things –

Jussi: On the basis of which he supposes that he is justified in tyrannizing others. If he were given the power, he would spiritually smother to death every one of his children.

Hanna: Now you're already full of hate!

Teuvo: A horse is stopping in front of the steps. (*Looks from the window.*) Quite right – there he is.

Hanna: Pappa? (*Runs out.*)

Teuvo: But how now? We should already be leaving for the theater.

Jussi: Listen, Maiju wouldn't even let us come. Such a nuisance.

Teuvo: Wouldn't let you come?

Jussi: Well, no. She supposedly wouldn't be able to act if she knew that we were watching.

Teuvo: So what?

Jussi: I suppose we have to obey.

Teuvo: Now they're coming – you can hear the doors slamming. I'll take my leave now before it's too late.

Jussi: Wait while I say something. Send us word from the theater about how Maiju has done. Send it right when *First Love* finishes.

Teuvo: Yes, alright. (*Exit.*)

Jussi: Well, now, Father! So out of pure spite you want to test your strength against your child. Step forward! I'm ready.

(*The Pastor and Hanna enter.*)

Hanna (*in the entryway as she enters*): Mr. Rastas just told us that you were in the city, Pappa.

Pastor (*likewise in the entryway*): Jussi's at home?

Hanna: He is.

Pastor: Good! (*Comes in, newspaper in his hand. Hanna follows him.*)

Jussi: Good evening!

Pastor: Has this shameless article against *The Dawn* left *your* pen?

Jussi: Mine indeed.

Hanna: In today's paper no doubt?

Pastor: Your pen? Really your pen? I would never have believed it. I must admit: I am so amazed that I don't know what to say.

Hanna: Oh, Jussi, what have you written?

Pastor: You've gone a long way in a short time. At home you still had a grain of conscience left; even then you wouldn't have written so viciously against your own father.

Jussi: First of all, that article is not specifically written against you, and secondly – you've said yourself that you no longer have a son, and it should follow that I no longer have a father.

Hanna: Dear Pappa – come sit here.

Pastor: You still dare to defend yourself? You stand there with your eyes wide open and look me straight in the eyes? Don't you even know how to be ashamed?

Jussi: Of that piece? No – I'm certainly not ashamed of *that*. It is just a response to *The Dawn's* attack. Or do you expect to be able to slander me as much as you please and stone me perhaps to death, without your having to fear any resistance? In that you will be severely disappointed. I'm not such a wretch that I can be pulverized and trampled under foot like that. Oh, no – there wouldn't be much strength in me then. No – word for word, and two for good measure—there's nothing to criticize in that. You can't shut my mouth so readily; that I promise.

Hanna: Pappa, don't listen to him; he's controlled by his anger now and doesn't know what he's saying.

Pastor: I wouldn't say anything if you would defend yourself honestly, if you would stick to the subject and try to refute our arguments, explain your position, as well as you could. But truth is hard to refute, and that's it! For that reason you take to these sorts of arms. You answer serious discussion with sarcasm and light-minded ridicule. What do you

think you'll accomplish? You'll get the wags and the ignorant on your side, but all those who are able to think in the slightest, those will scorn you.

Jussi: You're mistaken. On the contrary, your writing in *The Dawn* was so inane that there was no point in answering it any other way. You've become an object of ridicule, and you can only blame yourselves. Your writing gave me such splendid weapons, and I'm not so noble-minded that I would let a good opportunity pass me by just because we happen to be in this war with each other. You wouldn't do it either, even though you are such a godly man.

Hanna: Oh, Jussi, why are you so cruel?

Jussi: Because they have been cruel to me first. And because I'm not like you. You let things happen to you however; anyone can abuse you and kick you out of the way. Men don't have to fear that they'll get kicked back. You suffer quietly and humbly, you don't ever open your mouth to defend yourself. But tell me, what have you gained from it? Have you perhaps softened their hearts? Far from it –!

Pastor: Go on, go on! Let fly more of the same. Pity that your mother isn't here to see and hear what sort of fruit her upbringing has borne.

Jussi: Mother sees me with different eyes. She sees that I'm no drunkard or bum or the apathetic, incompetent, good-for-nothing I would have become in your hands. Thanks be to Mother that I've gotten to progress freely, that I have the power and strength to function in this world.

Hanna: But she would hear you now with a heavy heart, Jussi. Your every word would awaken sorrow in her; be sure of that. For she has never encouraged you to treat Father

like that, neither by example nor instruction.

Jussi: Of course she hasn't; that's something my own sense has taught me. I've seen where that unconditional self-sacrifice leads. This desire for tyranny would never have been able to grow so in Pappa if Mother would have been the slightest bit more forceful and not given it impetus for so long with her excessive kindness –

Pastor: What –! Me tyrannize? – Has Mother complained –?

Jussi: No – she has never complained. She has endured and suffered, and submitted and forgiven harsh words without its even being asked. And in that is precisely where she went wrong.

Hanna: How can you say that, Jussi?

Jussi: She first did Father wrong, who through her was allowed to become hardened in his selfishness and severity and to consider his behavior as right. She did us wrong, who following her became the objects of that selfishness and severity.

Hanna: You presume to blame Mother! – Thank God she isn't hearing this after all.

Pastor: Your shamelessness no longer has any boundary!

Jussi: Understand me correctly. I don't wish to chasten Mamma with even a word, for she hasn't dreamed what consequences her excessive goodness would bring to others; she supposed that everything depended on her ability to suffer. Now I have to fix her mistakes, take my stand in more uncompromising resistance and give back each blow without hesitation. I'll show both Mother and you how one must act in these sorts of situations.

Hanna: No, Jussi, no, no! Mother is in the right, you in the wrong. Evil is not conquered

with evil. Not violence, not weapons. No wrong means for a just cause. It reaches victory by a different path.

Jussi: Yes! You should have had a totally different experience as well.

Pastor: Silence! You have the spirit of heresy in you. You know how to muddle and distort things excellently. You turn everything to your advantage excellently, you lay the blame on others' shoulders and put yourself in a better light. As sure as can be! Wasn't I just standing there with my mouth shut and almost ready to be overcome myself by your artful speech? Why should I be surprised, then, that the women fall prey to your influence; especially Maiju, who is still young, inexperienced, altogether a child – Yes, now I nearly forgot – where is Maiju? Call her here to talk with me immediately.

Hanna: Maiju isn't home, Pappa.

Pastor: Not home? Where has she gone?

Hanna: To the theater. Ages ago. She has her debut performance today.

Pastor: Look now! This trifling debate –! Well, it can't be helped, I'm going there.

Hanna: To the theater? What for, Pappa?

Pastor: To stop her. My child may not appear as an actress.

Jussi: But couldn't you –? It would be a public humiliation.

Pastor: Would it, that a father demands obedience from his child? You have a strange notion of honor and shame. But – I don't wonder at that.

Jussi: What would they say if a liberal-minded father burst into a church and forcibly prevented his son from preaching?

Pastor: Would that be the same thing in your mind?

Jussi: Very nearly.

Pastor: There's no point in exchanging a single word with you. You just be as you are. I will still try to return at least one of my children to the right path.

Hanna: Is the artist's path wrong then, Pappa? Is her work of less value than others'? Her honest efforts – must they be condemned?

Pastor: I don't condemn them. Who has said that I condemn them? On the contrary, I've always acknowledged that art can have its meaning as well. That isn't the question. But my child may not become an actress. I forbid it and I have a right to.

Jussi: Poor Maiju – what will come of her. She isn't good enough to be a priest, the pulpit is so holy that women aren't allowed –

Hanna: Oh, don't go, dear Pappa. Maiju wouldn't bear it, she's so weak anyway. Good Pappa, think of her.

Pastor: Did she think of me when she left home by running away? Punishment follows sin; that she should have known. Let go of me, Hanna!

Hanna: Pappa, listen to me, if only this one time –!

Jussi (checks his watch): In any case, you're too late now. She's performing this very minute.

Pastor (rushes out): It was your fault!

Hanna: What does he intend? To interrupt the play?

Jussi: He is capable of it.

Hanna: But how?

Jussi: Who knows. I don't want to go see.

Hanna: And what will happen then?

Jussi: What will happen? A great scandal, I suppose. Damn it all.

Hanna: Don't curse.

Jussi: What else can I do now?

Hanna: Couldn't we prevent it somehow?

Jussi: Not any more. That I let him go at all! I should have put myself in front of the door and blocked his way. That's what I should have done! I was such a blockhead.

Hanna: No, you should have spoken quietly, peacefully. You should have treated Pappa with love—

Jussi: Away with you and your love! Don't you finally see that you don't get anywhere with that? Strength is needed here, not love. Tell me, did Father take you into account at all?

Hanna: No.

Jussi: Does he generally notice that you even exist? You or Mother? Other than when he scornfully dismisses you?

Hanna: I suppose you're right. (*Covers her face with her hands.*)

Jussi: Hanna —? Are you crying? Listen — what nonsense is this! (*Goes to her side and puts his hand on her neck.*) Don't cry, for God's sake, it isn't worth it. That's it! Don't worry at all, I'll be on your side. But then you can't set yourself against me, remember that. Come now, don't cry anymore. Come on, Hanna!

Hanna: I'm not crying.

Jussi: You are so. Look at that, you're pulling my leg. I know that you're crying, why

deny it? Show me your eyes – well, come on, show me – well – so you aren't crying?

What's really bothering you then? Admit it gracefully!

Hanna: I'm a useless person in this world. I don't have a place here. I don't fit into life, I can't produce anything.

Jussi: You useless? Pshaw! Everyone else before you. – Where would us worms end up if there weren't sweet, warm-hearted creatures like you and Mother – who always keep care of us and never of yourselves? Oh no, now I've hurt your feelings! It cuts my sinful soul to the quick. Sweet, little thing, don't be troubled anymore; look, I've already done my penance. Now if Pappa were here, I'd be so good to him, so good that, so that –! Just for your sake, little golden flower.

Hanna: Do you promise? You dear, sweet Jussi, I knew that you were completely different underneath.

Jussi: Yes, I am – I know that now. But there comes someone. Perhaps the printer's boy – No –?

(Carriage driver enters.)

Driver: Does a Mister Valtari live here?

Jussi: What about it? I am he.

Driver: A certain gentleman sent this from the National Theater.

Jussi (takes the note and opens it): From Teuvo! – “A brilliant success! Seven curtain calls, bouquet upon bouquet. General infatuation!” – Well hey! Hanna, don't be upset anymore, all is well.

Driver: Shall there be a reply?

Jussi: No, you may go. – Wait – here is a little drinking money.

Driver: Thanks. (*Exits.*)

Hanna: So there wasn't any public scandal. It was fun nevertheless.

Jussi: No, I guess Father dear didn't get there before the play ended. He ran his head against a wall. Now let him rage after the fact as much as he wants.

Hanna: But poor Maiju may be hard-pressed this very moment.

Jussi: Pshaw – she'll endure it. And let her flee here if distress comes. – Well now, speak of the devil.

Maiju (enters, bouquet in hand): Now it's over!

Hanna: A brilliant success, curtain calls, bundles of flowers – we already know.

Maiju: Who told?

Jussi: Congratulations! May I pick you up?

Maiju: No – don't, don't Jussi.

Hanna: Well, how do you feel? Tell us!

Maiju: As soon as I get over this. It's still like I have a fever. Give me some water.

Jussi: You should drink some beer, or port.

Maiju: No, I would rather water –

Hanna: Here.

Maiju: Thank you. It did me good.

Jussi: But you aren't really happy. I thought that you would have risen at least to the seventh heaven.

Maiju: Wait, brother dear, perhaps I will rise little by little. And by the same road I'll go

on all the way to the seventieth. What will you say then?

Hanna: Weren't you terribly frightened?

Maiju: I was in the beginning. But as soon as I came onto the stage and saw the crowd it was like it was all blown away. I forgot the whole world and received such power and fervor that I was surprised myself. I'm sure it was because the whole time I knew how friendly the crowd was towards me.

Hanna: You felt it?

Maiju: I felt it clearly. It came from them like an electric current and that's what did it. You wouldn't believe the inner joy with which I performed. I knew that I had succeeded and the better I knew it, the easier it became to perform. Oh, it was so different from performing for the blank walls there at home.

Jussi: I would guess so.

Hanna: Especially when there were living people playing opposite instead of plants.

Maiju: And then – when they were calling me out and when the whole room was ringing with the clapping of hands and shouts, and bouquets were passed over the apron –

Hanna: Yes, how did that all feel?

Maiju: Do you know, I was about to die of joy. I would have liked to press the whole crowd to my bosom at one time.

Jussi: My, my! You don't say.

Maiju: Yes, but now I feel so strange at the same time. So very strange. I don't understand myself, but – Oh, if only Mamma were here!

Jussi: And Pappa?

Maiju: For God's sake, no, let him just stay there at home.

Hanna: What? Then you didn't – (*Looks at Jussi.*)

Jussi (gives her a warning look): Yes, let him just stay there at home.

Maiju: Come, sit now. Hanna and I on the sofa, Jussi in the rocking chair.

Jussi: I'll be right there. I'll just get a cigarette.

Maiju: Hold on to me really tightly, Hanna. Just like that. How do people get along who don't have a brother, or a sister, or anyone in the world?

Hanna: Tell us now a little about the theater. Was there much of a crowd?

Maiju: A full house. It was sold out.

Jussi: Oh my? Really?

Hanna: But listen, why are you shaking ever so slightly.

Maiju: Am I shaking?

Hanna: Like that, that way. Can't you see it yourself?

Maiju: Yes, of course I see. It's nothing. Just nerves.

Jussi: You should have a glass of wine.

Maiju: Perhaps that would refresh me.

Hanna: Oh, but we don't have any in the house.

Maiju: Well, let it be then.

Jussi: No, I'll go and fetch some.

Hanna: You won't get into any shop this late.

Jussi: I know where I can get some. Just wait a little while. I'll be back before you know it.

Maiju: Don't bother to go, Jussi. It'll pass soon, I don't need anything.

Jussi: You need a glass of wine, that's certain. And then we can drink to your health with Hanna—it's only appropriate. Take out the glasses in the mean time, Hanna (*turns from the door*). Hey listen – or, well – he won't come here tonight anyway. – It's nothing – no need to fear. (*Exits.*)

Maiju: Who won't come?

Hanna: No one.

Maiju: But who did he mean?

Hanna: Whoever he may have meant.

Maiju: Probably Teuvo.

Hanna: Rest your head here on my shoulder. Like that. Is that good now?

Maiju: Yes.

Hanna: If you could try to sleep a little. Close your eyes.

Maiju: He said fear . . . No need to fear . . . Why did he say fear?

Hanna: Go to sleep now, don't talk anymore. Be perfectly still.

Maiju: I can't sleep. Maybe not the whole night.

Hanna: If you could just be quiet for a blessed moment. If you wouldn't think, if you wouldn't move about, if you wouldn't speak.

Maiju: Listen – what was that?

Hanna: Nothing, nothing at all. Are you starting to imagine again –?

Maiju: Voices surely?

Hanna: Perhaps from the street. What do you care about that?

Maiju: Listen, listen –!

Hanna: Don't get excited, dear child. Whatever that was now –

Maiju: They're stopping under the window. (*A serenade begins behind the window.*)

Hanna: A serenade –! The college boys are singing to you.

Maiju: College students! Oh, light, light! Hanna dear, let's light all the lamps and candles.

Hanna: Yes, yes. – You sit in peace, I'll light . . . And I'll even open the window.

Maiju: How beautifully they sing!

Hanna: Mighty beautifully. And hey – the street is full of people out there.

Maiju: Oh my, how friendly they are. And even more that they came to sing. Do you know, Hanna, I love those people so, so – so that I want to simply eat them up.

Hanna: Be quiet now. Let's listen.

Maiju: I can't stand to listen, since my heart is about to burst from joy. I wish this would last a hundred years; no, a thousand, a million. Just like this moment is. Don't you wish that too?

Hanna: Shh! Let's be quiet.

Maiju: Yes, let's be quiet. – But, Hanna –!

Hanna: What?

Maiju: Should I go to the window to thank them when they finish?

Hanna: I don't rightly know. But why not? Yes, I suppose.

Maiju: Shame that Jussi happened to leave just now. He would understand this best.

Hanna: Yes, in any event it would be more polite.

Maiju: But what will I say? Tell me, Hanna dear.

Hanna: You don't have to do anything but thank them.

Maiju: Not something like that I wish to love and serve the fatherland for my whole lifetime?

Hanna: No, no! – No, Maiju, better that you do it without previous promises.

Maiju: Then I'll just thank them, right? What, Hanna, say it!

Hanna: Don't –! Who is the first bass there with such a beautiful voice?

Maiju: Oh, you're no help.

Hanna: Now they've stopped. If you wish to thank them, then get to it quickly.

Maiju: And say what?

Hanna: I thank you from my heart – go, go!

Maiju (at the window): I thank you with all of my heart!

Singers (from outside): Long live Maiju Valtari, hurrah!

Maiju (waves to them joyfully, abashed): Hanna, what do I say now?

Hanna (stands): Long live Finland's students! Our future's hope and protection!

Maiju: Long live Finland's gallant students! Our future's hope and protection! Long live the Fatherland!

Singers: Hurrah! *(They move off singing a march.)*

Maiju: How fun! And how wonderful this life is after all! Hanna, let's stop the clock's hand for a thousand years!

Hanna: Do you suppose that would help?

Maiju: No, it wouldn't help, no. We must let time roll on. If only I knew how I could

show them my thanks.

Hanna: By diligently trying to progress.

Maiju: I will try! In memory of this moment I make a solemn promise that I will love and serve with all my heart the art of Finland so long as I live and that – (*The Pastor enters.*)

Maiju (turns pale and reels backwards): Hanna, Hanna –!

Hanna: Don't be frightened! Maiju dear –

Maiju: There it is again! Hanna, Hanna, it's there –!

Hanna: It is Pappa.– Pappa himself.

Maiju: No, a ghost, the same ghost –

Hanna: It is Pappa, believe me, he already visited here a moment ago, although we didn't tell you.

Maiju: No, no –

Pastor: You have been trained in acting, I see. But don't think that you'll deceive me with those tricks –

Maiju: Hanna! He wants to kill me –

Hanna: She's fainting. Pappa, oh, you'll scare her to death.

Pastor: She's just pretending. Give it up, Maiju, it won't help you anyway. For I already know you now, you light-minded child. Liar, traitor, seeker after worldly glory! Yes – you ask for glory, and you receive shame –

Maiju (faints).

Hanna: She's dying!

Jussi (enters): What's happening here!

Hanna: Jussi! Thank God! Come help, come! – – Let's carry her there into the other room.

Jussi: You did –?

Hanna: Come, come!

Jussi: Are you happy now? Are you satisfied now that you've killed your child? (*Hanna and Jussi carry Maiju away.*)

Pastor: Killed my child – did he say that? – – What did I do to her? – – I don't remember – I don't remember – my mind's getting all confused – I don't remember anything. – – My child – I want to see her – (*He intends to go into the side room.*)

Jussi (from the right): Not in here! (*Closes the door.*)

Pastor: They closed the door. – They won't let me in – – me, who did it – – who's at fault for all. . . Not even a whisper from in there. – – Why are they so quiet? Is she already –? Why are they so quiet? If she dies, I am a murderer, my child's murderer. – – They won't let me in. I'm going anyway. (*Tries to open the door.*)

Hanna (stops him and enters): Don't, Pappa, she would faint again, if she were to see you.

Pastor: Is she starting to recover then?

Hanna: She is.

Pastor: Thanks be to God. I want to see her.

Hanna: Not now, Pappa, later–another time.

Pastor: I would just come to calm her. I won't chastise her –

Hanna: Don't, Pappa, she would take fright – she's been so afraid of you the whole time

that she's been hallucinating.

Pastor: Hallucinations, what hallucinations?

Hanna: How Pappa has been trying to stab her to death with a knife.

Pastor: Poor Maiju! – But that could turn out to be something dangerous. Haven't you asked a doctor?

Hanna: Not yet.

Pastor: Why didn't you ask in time? Who knows what may come of this? Perhaps even—

Hanna: What do you mean, Pappa?

Pastor: Perhaps she may even lose her mind.

Hanna: Certainly not. God protect us! That would be terrible.

Pastor (sits): That would be terrible. But that sort of thing has happened. – You said that she's been afraid of me?

Hanna: She has, Pappa – terribly.

Pastor: So I've come to that – that one of my children hates me, and another fears me! – and nevertheless I've only wished to do my duty – my duty as a father and a caretaker. I've wanted to lead them to God.

Hanna: Dear Pappa –!

Pastor: I've wanted to lead them to God. Have I done wrong in that?

Hanna (wraps her arms around his neck): May I speak my mind, Pappa?

Pastor: Speak!

Hanna: God does not force anyone.

Pastor: Got does not force anyone. It's true. God does not force anyone. – My little

Hanna – don't you fear me?

Hanna: No, Pappa.

Pastor: Nor hate?

Hanna: Pappa –! Not one of us hates you. Not one.

Pastor: But didn't it hurt you when you had to interrupt your studies?

Hanna: Dear Pappa!

Pastor: Tell me, did it hurt you.

Hanna: It hurt – a little.

Pastor: A lot, I imagine. Perhaps you suffered more than anyone else. Nevertheless you didn't speak, you didn't open your mouth. – You have your mother in you. Just as kind and forgiving. A harsh word is never heard from you. You don't have any hardness in your heart, where would harsh words come from then?

Jussi (opens the door on the right): Hanna! Maiju wants you.

Hanna: I'm coming.

Pastor: Wait, I still have a little to say. – Jussi said that I've oppressed you, Mother and you –

Hanna: Pappa, don't remember that, he just said it out of anger.

Pastor: No, he was right, I have done it. But it has happened unintentionally, not out of conscious design. And now, when my eyes are opened –

Hanna: Dear Pappa! You won't be hard on Jussi or Maiju anymore then – you won't, dear, sweet Pappa?

Pastor: My child, let me embrace you! Where have you gotten your kindness? Did God

give it to you? – I won't be hard on Jussi anymore, nor Maiju. I promise that to you now. Go, tell it to them. I won't be hard anymore. God doesn't require it, for he himself does not force anyone.

Jussi (enters from the right): Haven't you come yet? She's longing for you.

Hanna: I'm coming! Now I can come. – Thanks be to Heaven, harmony and peace return to our family! (*Exits to the right.*)

Pastor: Jussi, come, I'd like to say a few words to you.

Jussi: I'd rather avoid an argument –

Pastor: So would I. Let us live in peace, forget everything that has been between us recently, all the blows, all the hard, angry words. Let's once again be father and son as before.

Jussi: Gladly from my side, because this break and discord – it doesn't make anyone happy.

Pastor: Let's exchange our opinions in love from now on. I hope that you'll come to understand me again someday –

Jussi: And I hope that Pappa will come to understand us young people and to see something good and right in our efforts. Life can't stop, it has to be allowed to move freely forward. Old truths have to move out of the way of the new.

Pastor: Let's not bother to start debating now. I hope, as I said, that you will come to understand me. But whatever happens, in any case we are father and son. We won't forget that anymore.

Jussi: Never. I still just want to say this, that the older generation can't fence in the

younger, for – (*Hanna and Maiju enter.*)

Hanna: Come, come, Maiju!

Maiju: I don't dare, I don't!

Pastor (extends his arms): Maiju, my child!

Maiju (falls into his lap): Pappa!

Jussi: For freedom, that is always the most important thing.

Hanna (leans on his arm): It isn't either, Jussi. Love is!

Jussi (pulls her to him and looks her in the eyes): Love?

(*Curtain down.*)

APPENDIX

Kanteletar 1:IV:234

1 Olin ennen onnimanni,	21 harakasta hangonvarsi,
2 onnimannista matikka,	22 hangonvarresta vatikka,
3 matikasta maitopyörä,	23 vatikasta vallesmanni,
4 maitopyörästä pytikkä,	24 vallesmannista matikka,
5 pytikästä pöytäristi,	25 matikasta maitopyörä,
6 pöytärististä ripukka,	26 maitopyörästä pytikkä,
7 ripukasta rintasolki,	27 pytikästä j.n.e.
8 rintasolesta sopukka,	… (vaikka loppumattomiin).
9 sopukasta Suomen kirkko,	
10 Suomen kirkosta kipinä,	
11 kipinästä kirjanmerkki,	
12 kirjanmerkistä meteli,	
13 metelistä meiän herra,	
14 meiän herrasta hevukka,	
15 hevukasta heinäkelkka,	
16 heinäkelkasta kekäle,	
17 kekäleestä kenkiraja,	
18 kenkirajasta rapukka,	
19 rapukasta raianhaara,	
20 raianhaarasta harakka,	