

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Turandot, Princess of China: A Chinoiserie in
Three Acts

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Turandot, Princess of China: A Chinoiserie in Three Acts

Author: Carlo Gozzi

Author: Karl Vollmöller

Translator: Jethro Bithell

Release date: September 30, 2008 [eBook #26730]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Chuck Greif

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK TURANDOT, PRINCESS OF CHINA: A
CHINOISERIE IN THREE ACTS ***

PLAYS OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

TURANDOT
PRINCESS OF CHINA

A CHINOISERIE IN THREE ACTS

BY
KARL VOLLMOELLER

AUTHORIZED ENGLISH VERSION,
BY
JETHRO BITHELL

LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN

ADELPHI TERRACE

First Edition, January, 1913

(All rights reserved.)

THE FIRST ACT

SCENE I, SCENE II, SCENE III, SCENE IV,
SCENE V, SCENE VI, SCENE VII, SCENE
VIII, SCENE IX, SCENE X, SCENE XI

THE SECOND ACT

SCENE I, SCENE II, SCENE III, SCENE IV,
SCENE V, SCENE VI., SCENE VII, SCENE
VIII, SCENE IX, SCENE X, SCENE XI,
SCENE XII, SCENE XIII, SCENE XIV

THE THIRD ACT

SCENE I, SCENE II

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

TURANDOT	Princess of China
ALTOUM	Emperor of China, her father
ADELMA	Princess of Tartary, favourite slave of Turandot
ZELIMA	Another slave of Turandot
SKIRINA	Zelima's mother
BARAK	(Under the name of Hassan), Skirina's husband; formerly Major-domo of
CALAF	Prince of Astrakhan
ISHMAEL	Major-domo of the beheaded Prince of Samarkand
PANTALONE	Prime Minister of the Emperor Altoum
TARTAGLIA	Lord High Chancellor of China
BRIGELLA	Captain of the Imperial pages
Truffaldino	Chief Eunuch of Turandot's harem
PRINCE OF SAMARKAND	(Silent)
Eight Doctors. Female Slaves and Eunuchs of the harem. A Headsman. Soldiers of the Palace Guard.	

SCENE: Pekin.—All the acting characters wear Chinese costume, except Adelma and Calaf, who are in Tartar dress.

Cast of the play as produced at the St. James's Theatre, London, on January 18, 1913, under the management of Sir George Alexander.

Turandot	EVELYN D'ALROY
Altoum	J. H. BARNES
Adelma	HILDA MOORE
Zelima	MAIRE O'NEILL
Skirina	MARGARET YARDE
Barak	ALFRED HARRIS
Calaf	GODFREY TEARLE
Ishmael	JAMES BERRY
Pantalone	EDWARD SASS
Tartaglia	E. VIVIAN REYNOLDS
Brigella	FRED LEWIS
Truffadino	NORMAN FORBES
Prince of Samarkand	AUSTIN FEHRMAN

The action takes place outside the gates of Peking, and inside the Emperor's Palace.

TO
MY FRIEND THAT GREAT ARTIST
FERRUCCIO BUSONI

NOTE

The very affecting history of the cruel Princess Turandot and the handsome Prince Calaf may be read in those Persian tales which are known by the name of *The Thousand and One Nights*.

Twice already has the story gone over the boards: in 1762 in Venice as "Turandotte," one of the *fiabe* of Count Carlo Gozzi; in 1804 in Weimar, as Friedrich Schiller's "Turandot." Both versions lived their passing hour, and died to the stage.

The present dramatisation of the ancient fable—a modest attempt to cast good metal anew—closely follows the Italian of the sardonic nobleman whose bones have been mouldering by the blue lagoons for over a hundred years.

KARL VOLLMOELLER.

THE FIRST ACT

SCENE I

One of the city gates of Peking. Over the gate, planted on iron poles, a row of severed heads with shaven crowns and Turkish tufts.

TIME: *Shortly after sunrise. When the curtain rises the gate is closed. From within the roll of drums and military commands.*

BRIGELLA.

(Behind the scenes.) Halt! Present arms!

TRUFFALDINO.

(Behind the scenes.) Halt! Slope swords!

Open the gate! At ease! Quick march!

(The gate is thrown open. TRUFFALDINO, leading the eunuchs; then, between PANTALONE and TARTAGLIA, the PRINCE OF SAMARKAND; behind them, at the head

of his pages, BRIGELLA. The whole procession halts in front of the gate, they all draw up in one line, and gaze upwards at the bloody heads.)

PANTALONE.

(Stepping in front of the footlights.)

My name is Pantalone, and I am a native of Venice. At the moment I am the Prime Minister of the Chinese Empire. Eh, what d'ye say? What I'm doing here in Pekin? H'm. *(Puts his hand in front of his mouth.)* Venice got too hot for me. An ind-indelicate affair. My wife of course, you guess my meaning. *(To the PRINCE.)* This, your Royal Highness, is the place you have heard so much of. Have a good look at it, *please*. Make yourself *quite* at home. Yes, quite right, up there, *please!* *(To TARTAGLIA.)*

I say, my dear Lord Chancellor. Be so good as to show his Royal Highness the elevated position he will occupy in the near future. You have the information, I presume.

(TARTAGLIA turns towards the PRINCE, PANTALONE pulls his sleeve.)

Don't forget, my dear Lord Chancellor.

TARTAGLIA.

(Stepping in front of the footlights.) My name is Tat-Tra-Tartaglia *(stammers)*. From Naples. My mother always maintained that she was the daughter of a Spanish grandee, but I fear she was a fisherman's daughter from Po-Po-Pozzuoli. My father, on the other hand *(stops short and looks round)*—

(PANTALONE makes signs to him.)

PANTALONE.

Better not.

TARTAGLIA.

Better not! That old scarecrow there makes out that nobody ever knew who my father was. He is a... li-li-liar. Excuse me, one moment, ladies and gentlemen. *(To the PRINCE.)* That head up there on the right, which I beg your Royal Highness graciously to observe, is the head of the valiant Prince of Hyrcania. A valiant prince, a sweet prince. But silly, silly. There's quite a nice open space next to him for you, a fine, sunny situation with a pleasant prospect. How would that do, eh? Company to your liking?

All of 'em in the Almanach de Gotha.

PANTALONE.

(*To BRIGELLA.*) Send the executioner up with the pole. We'll let this charming young Prince select his own point of vantage.

BRIGELLA.

(*To the headsman.*) What are you hanging about here for, you hangman, you? Up on the wall with you, by Hikey Mo! Up on the wall or I'll wallop you.

PANTALONE.

Halt! 'Sh! Don't forget!

BRIGELLA.

(*Stepping in front of the footlights.*) I'm Brigella, begging your pardon. One of the old honest family of the Brigellas. As you can hear by the way I talk, I was born in Ferrara. There are lying rogues, drat 'em, as say as how you can tell any one that comes from Ferrara by his knavish face. Concerning my own person, though I says it as shouldn't, I've a heart of gold. Not half. Talking about gold now, you'll be wondering, sure enough, what brought *me* from Ferrara to Pekin. Well, now, it was a purse of gold, God bless ye! It was a little matter of two hundred florins that belonged to my employer, the celebrated Dr. Gratiano...

PANTALONE.

(*Pulls his sleeve.*) Better not!

BRIGELLA.

And now with this heart of gold of mine blest if I ain't got to conduct this broth of a boy, bless his honest face! to the block, by command of my mistress, the high and mighty Turandot ...the cru'l Turandot. (*Sobs.*)

TRUFFALDINO.

(*Pushing BRIGELLA aside.*) That's enough. Get out of that. A regular rogue. Standing there and talking about florins.... H'm! Regular rogue.

(PANTALONE *pulls his sleeve.*)

Ah! quite so. I am Truffaldino, by your leave.
Truffaldino from the Giudeccao Quite so.
(*Turning towards* BRIGELLA.) Regular rogue.
It is monstrous that the dirtiest rascals should
always get on best. I have not myself always
had the best of luck in these parts... Would you
believe it, my voice used to be a very fine, deep
baritone. But now... (*Sings falsetto*):

I am not young; I am not old;
I live, yet have no life!
Ask him who hath suffered woes untold
From some volcanic strife
Of passionate years, if he remember,
Tombed in the grave of life's December,
Its vanished golden June.

What do you say about my voice? Lady-like?
Well, yes, you see I've spent so much of my
time in the society of ladies that I'm afraid my
voice has assimilated the quality of theirs. (*Sighs
deeply.*) Oh, yes. Not that there is any lack of
good nourishment. Oh, no. Nor of liquid
refreshment. Oh, no. Nor of refined and entertaining
company. Oh, no. Nor could any one
suggest that I am not in high favour. Oh, no.
I have been appointed Chief... Inspector...
Oh, no, no, Chief... Manager... Oh, no, no,
no... Chief Administrator... Quite so!
Chief Administrator of the Harem of her Imperial
Highness the Princess Turandot. A position of
distinction, a—

(PANTALONE *pulls his sleeve, and drags him away.*)

PANTALONE.

Confound you, sir!... (*To the hangman, who
has appeared on the wall.*) Another inch or so
to the right. Halt! a fine place that.

TARTAGLIA.

Too far to the right, my dear colleague. Much
too far to the right. There's a fine place quite
near there between the young Maharajah of Timbuctoo
and the Crown Prince of Beluchistan. (*To
the headsman.*) Just a shade farther—to the
left, that's it, you've got it—straight up, straight
up. Halt!

PANTALONE.

That will never do, my dear Lord Chancellor.
That will never do. Really, we *can't* have three
moustaches together. Back to the right—to the
right. The Prince of Hyrcania is clean-shaven.
His Royal Highness, the dear fellow, will have
quite a martial appearance next to him. That's
it, right in the middle. A little bit more to
the front. Right you are. Halt! (*To the*

Prince.) I do hope your Royal Highness is delighted with the situation we have been at such pains to select for you. Commanding position, don't you think? Eh? Very well, then, that's all right. Drive it in fast. Down with you. Quick—march! And now, your Royal Highness, my dear old fellow, may we request the honour of your company back to town? We shall proceed, according to instructions, past the harem of our illustrious Princess to the place of execution. But you won't need to make-a, long stay *there*, you'll be back here again very shortly. Let me take this opportunity of introducing to you one of our most capable, one of our busiest officials, with whom you will soon come into closer contact. A very charming man—(*whispers to him*). You'll find him sharp though, he has a cutting manner. ...But don't look so cut up, your Royal Highness; keep your pecker up. Come now, love hasn't treated you so badly after all; it brings most men to the altar and then to the halter—you'll keep your head out of that noose anyhow. And your flame, your idolized, lovely Turandot, will perhaps do you the honour of appearing on the grated balcony. I tell you this in case you should by any chance desire to cast her one of your languishing glances, your Royal Highness, my dear old chappie. You silly fool you... Forward, march!... Forward, I tell you, march, and be damned to you! Right about turn, forward march!

(*Music. Exeunt all, in the same order as they came, towards the interior of the city. Enter CALAF, from the left, on a pony. He dismounts, and looks round about him in a dazed and dreamy manner.*)

SCENE II

CALAF.

(*Stepping in front of the footlights.*) I am Prince Calaf, 'sh! Nobody must know my name. Calaf—I don't mind telling *you*. My father is Timur, once the mighty King of Astrakhan—the cruel Sultan of Taschkent drove us out of our own country. O miserable fate! O heavenly gods! I wandered for months and months with my parents in the desert. Our foe, the Sultan, sent riders after us. At the Court of Kaikobad, King of the Carcasenes, I served as a gardener. His daughter, the Princess Adelma, fell in love with me. I had to flee again, and came to Berlas. There I kept my poor parents by carrying burdens, and by begging. Then a happy chance gave me these fine clothes, a horse, and this purse of gold. I set out in quest of adventure. And here I am now in Pekin.

(*Noise behind the scenes. Enter BARAK from the city.*)

SCENE III

CALAF, *then* BARAK.

BARAK.

Whence come you, stranger?

CALAF.

Who asks?

BARAK.

Dare I believe, my eyes?

CALAF.

Do I see right?

BARAK.

It is he!

CALAF.

None else!

BARAK.

My Prince!

CALAF.

My tutor, friend!

BARAK.

Prince Calaf!

CALAF.

Barak!

BARAK.

Yet alive!

CALAF.

You here?

BARAK.

And you, Prince?

CALAF.

Quiet. Betray me not. But whisper low,
How comes it that in Pekin you are found?

BARAK.

When your ill-fated army fought and lost
Before the gates of Astrakhan, and fled
Close followed by the Sultan of Taschkent,
Who, barbarous, o'er the battlefield careered,
I in my helpless rage and wounded sore
Sought refuge in the city. There I heard
Timur, your noble father, like yourself,
Had fallen in the battle. Weeping then,
I hastened to the Palace, with intent
To save Elmase, your mother, from the foe.
I could not find her. And already raged
The Sultan o'er the unresisting town.
I turned my back on hope, and fled away.
And after months of wandering I came hither,
And took a false name, calling myself Hassan
The Persian, and as such I came to know
A widow in distress. By virtue of
My few remaining jewels which I sold
For her, and by the good advice I gave,
I rescued her from utter penury.
She was not thankless, I disliked her not,
And in the end I married her. And she
Even to this very day thinks that I am
A Persian, and she calls me Hassan, not
Barak. And so I live with her, and I
Am poor indeed after my former state,
But richer than a prince now that I find
You who are dearer to me than a son,
Now that I find my Prince Calaf alive.

(Kneels.)

CALAF.

'Sh! Speak no name! On that disastrous day
I hid me with my father to the Palace.
We snatched what precious things we could, and fled,
We and my mother, out of Astrakhan,
All three in beggars' garb.

BARAK *(weeps)*.

Prince, say no more!
My heart is breaking. Timur, my noble King,
The Queen herself in such sad lowliness.
But are they yet alive?

CALAF.

They are alive,
Barak. They both are living. And after that,
Wandering still farther, in the end we came

Unto the city of the Carcasenes.

BARAK (*rises*).

O say no more! I have heard enough of grief...
And yet I see you as a knight attired.
Tell me how fortune favoured you at last.

CALAF.

Tell you how fortune—*favoured* me? You jest!
But I will tell you how I fared. The Khan
Of Berlas hath a favourite sparrow-hawk,
That with his jesses to the forest flew.
By some good chance I caught this hawk, and brought him
Home to the Khan, who questioned of my name.
I hid my birth, and painted myself poor,
A porter of burdens, and my parents ill.
Straightway he sends them to the hospital... (*Weeps.*)
Barak, thy King, thy Queen, in a hospital!

BARAK.

Merciful God!

CALAF.

To me he gives this purse here;
A horse he gives me, too, and this attire.
I throw myself into my parents' arms,
And weeping say: "I will no longer bear
To see you so. Now I will fare in quest
Of the jade Fortune, and either I will lose
My life, or you shall hear from me anon."
They clung around my neck, would come with me.
(God grant they have not followed at my heels
In their blind love!) Now to Peking I come
Where in the Emperor's army I will 'list;
And if I rise!—The day of vengeance dawns!—
Why is the city full to overflowing?
Stay! I will seek thee out again, Barak;
But now I burn to see what festival
Swells such a crowd.

BARAK.

O go not, my dear Prince.
And spare your eyes the pitiable sight
Of most ignoble butchery.

CALAF.

Butchery?

BARAK.

It cannot be but you have heard the fame

Of Turandot, the Emperor's only daughter,
Who, beautiful as she is cruel, fills
Pekin with death and mourning without end?

CALAF.

Something I heard of this kind at the Court
Of Kaikobad. Indeed, they told me there
That Kaikobad's own son mysteriously
In Pekin found his death. And this was why
King Kaikobad waged war against Altoum.
But these are tales told for an idle hour.
Well, what comes next?

BARAK.

What next? Why, Turandot,
The mighty Emperor's daughter, unexcelled
In the mind's keenness, and of beauty such
That never master's pencil limned her (spite
Of the innumerable pictures of her
Which travel round the world), is so conceited,
And hates all men with such a ruthless hate,
The greatest princes woo her hand in vain.

CALAF.

That ancient fable. And what follows next?

BARAK.

This fable is a fable that is true.
Her father often sought to have her wed—
For she is sole heir to his mighty throne—
But she said "no" to every prince that came,
And his soft heart would not constrain her "yea."
Not seldom her refusal led to war,
And, though his arms were yet victorious,
He felt the approach of age, and so one day
He spake to her, deliberately resolved:
"Make up thy mind to take a husband now,
Or else show me a means to spare my land
The throes of war. Age bows my shoulders down,
And I have made too many kings my foes
By breaking faith with them for love of thee.
So once again I charge thee, promptly wed,
Or show the means I seek, then live and die
Even as it pleases thee." The proud maid then
Used every artifice to thwart his will,
Was sick with fury, yea, was nigh to death!
And when the Emperor would not bate a jot,
Hark what this wild she-devil then devised....

CALAF.

I know the tale! She craves an edict: this—
That any prince be free to sue for her.
With this condition: She will set the suitor
Three riddles, and before the whole Divan.

If he can solve them, he shall be her consort,
And heir of China. If he cannot solve them,
Altoum by most solemn oath is bound
To rid the reckless suitor of the head
Which could not solve the riddles of his daughter.
Goes not the fable so? Well, you go on with it;
It bores me.

BARAK.

Fable! Would to Heaven it were!
The Emperor would not hear of it at first;
But she with threats and feints and flattering
Forces the old man's gentle heart to yield,
Convincing him by saying: "No one ever
Will risk his head on it; and if he should,
In any case the Emperor would be blameless,
Since it were question of an edict sworn,
And noised abroad." And what she willed was done.
A fable, is it? Is it a fable, all
That this inhuman law has brought to pass?

CALAF.

Well, if you say it is so, I will credit
The edict. But I never will believe
That any fool has known, and risked his head.

BARAK.

You won't believe it? Pray you, look up here!

(Points to the heads on the wall.)

All those are heads of hopeful princes, who
Have tried their luck and could not solve the riddles,
And hence... are where they are.

CALAF (*HORROR-STRUCK*).

Most horrible!
But, tell me, who could ever be so mad,
So crazy, as to risk his head to win
A monster of a maiden such as this?

BARAK.

Prince, he who sees her picture is so lost,
That to possess the living picture he
Would blindly walk into the arms of death.

CALAF.

A fool might.

BARAK.

Yes, and a wise man, too.
Hark to the people pouring out to see
The wise and handsome Prince of Samarkand
Beheaded now. The Emperor himself weeps,
But the she-devil puffs herself with pride.

(In the distance a beating of muffled drums.)

This muffled rolling is the headsman's sign.
It was to see it not I left the town.

CALAF.

These are strange things you tell me, Barak
How
Could Nature ever fashion such a thing,
And call it woman, as this Turandot,
So harnessed against love, so pitiless?

BARAK.

My own wife's daughter serves her in the harem,
And tells such things about her—things, my
Prince!—
Worse than a tigress is this Turandot;
And worst of all her vices is her pride.

CALAF.

To Hell with such a monster! If *I* were
Her father,, I would burn her at the stake....

BARAK *(looking towards the city gate.)*

See, there comes Ishmael, the friend and guide
Of the young Prince they slaughtered even now.
My poor friend!

SCENE IV

ISHMAEL. *The foregoing.*

ISHMAEL *(Enters weeping from the city).*

Oh, my friend! Now he is dead.
My Prince is dead! Accursed headsman's axe,
Why hast thou severed not this neck of mine?

(Breaks out into despairing weeping.)

BARAK.

But why didst thou not hinder him in time,
My friend?

ISHMAEL.

Dost thou on all my misery
Heap reprimands, Hassan! I have done my duty
To the uttermost. I might, indeed, have summoned
His father hither, if there *had* been time;
But there was *not*.

BARAK.

Be calm, my friend, be calm.

ISHMAEL.

Calm? I be calm? Like arrows stinging sharp
The last words that he spoke stick in my breast:

"Weep not," he said, "for I am glad to die,
Since I may not possess her. Bear my greeting
Unto my father. May he pardon me
That when I fared I took no leave of him.
Tell him it was for fear lest his denial
Should force my disobedience. And show him
This picture.

(Draws a picture from the folds of his robe.)

When he sees such loveliness,
He will forgive, and weep my fate with thee."
Thus speaking, my dear Prince a hundred times
Kissed the accursed picture, and then bowed
His neck to the stroke. Blood spurts on high.
The trunk
Quivers, and falls. High in the headsman's hands
The head I love. Blind, dazed with pain I flee....

(Hurls the picture to the ground and tramples on it.)

Thou devilish, accursed witchery!
I tread thee in the dust, thou spawn of Hell!
And O that I could trample with these feet
The witch herself! Haha! I was to take thee
Unto his father, unto Samarkand?
I fancy
That Samarkand will never see me more.

(Exit in desperation.)

SCENE V

BARAK, CALAF.

BARAK.

Well? Did you hear?

CALAF.

You see me all amazed.
One thing I understand not: how such power
Should issue from a picture.

(Bends down to lift up the picture.)

BARAK *(screams)*.

Prince, bethink you I
What are you doing?

CALAF.

I will lift it up,
To gaze upon this perilous loveliness....

*(Makes a dash for the picture. BARAK holds
him back with force.)*

BARAK.

You might as well look on the Gorgon's head!
I will not let you.

CALAF.

Have you lost your wits?
Let go of me! If *you* are weak, *I* am not!

(Pushes him aside, and lifts the picture up.)

I tell you: woman's loveliness hath never
Fettered even for a second's space my eyes,
Much less my heart: I mean the loveliness
Of *living* women. And now a daub or so,
Cast on a canvas by some colour-grinder,
Will stagger me, you think! Am I a child?

(Sighs.)

Mine is no case of love...

*(Is about to look at the picture, when BARAK
quickly lays his hand upon it and prevents him.)*

BARAK.

Prince, close your eyes,
For Heaven's sake!

CALAF.

Offend me not. Let go!

(Looks at the picture, makes a gesture of surprise, and is seen to be in a state of ecstasy that grows with gazing.)

BARAK *(in anguish)*.

Disaster, take thy course!

CALAF.

O Barak, what
Do I behold? How can it be that this
Sweet face, these gentle eyes, this soft, white breast,
Should harbour such a heart as thou hast said,
A heart cold as the snows of yesteryear?

BARAK.

Unhappy man!

CALAF.

O worshipped rosy cheeks!
O magic-breathing lips! O angel eyes!...

BARAK.

Unhappy man!

CALAF.

What son of earth shall be
So brimmed with bliss, so blessed of the gods,
That he shall hold thee, breathing, animate
Perfection, in the hollow of his arms?

BARAK.

Unhappy man!

CALAF *(looks up for a moment, resolved)*.

This is the turn of fate!
The loveliest lady of the whole round earth,
Yea, and the richest empire time hath known,
I by a game of riddles now shall win—
Or else, thou turbid life of mine, farewell!

BARAK.

Unhappy man!

CALAF *(gazing at the picture again)*.

Thou sweetest promise! Thou
Pledge of my hope! Lo! a new sacrifice
Is coming to thy riddles and to thee.
Vouchsafe one smile, sweet lady, lady mine!—
O Barak, tell me, tell me, shall I once,
Before they murder me, behold her face?

(A new roll of drums from the centre of the city, sounding nearer than the first. CALAF hearkens, though his eyes are still riveted on the picture. The executioner appears on the city wall, a fearful sight, his bare arms bespattered with blood. He plants the head of the PRINCE OF SAMARKAND on the vacant pole and then disappears.)

BARAK.

Stop looking on her face and look on that!
That head up yonder, smoking yet with blood,
Is the last lunatic's. And the same headsman
Who set it there to-morrow will be yours.

(Bursts into tears.)

CALAF *(turning towards the Prince's head)*.

Unhappy man! What unknown power decrees
That I must be thy mate? Up, Barak, up!
Thou hast already once mourned me for dead,
And why not once again? I will venture it.
Tell no one who I am. Perchance the heavens
Are tired of heaping troubles on my back.
If fortune crown me in this game of riddles,
Barak, I shall be grateful! Now, farewell!

BARAK.

O Heaven! My son.... My child....

(Notices his wife coming out of her house.)

Come hither, quick!

Skirina, help thou also! See, this youth,
Whom I love well, is running from me now
To woo the Princess and her riddles....

SCENE VI

SKIRINA. *The foregoing.*

SKIRINA.

Hold!

What drives thee on, fair youth, to meet thy death?

CALAF.

My fate, good woman, and this loveliness....

(Shows the picture.)

SKIRINA.

Who gave him the she-devil's image? *(Weeps.)*

BARAK *(weeps likewise)*.

Chance.

CALAF *(frees himself)*.

Hassan, farewell! Farewell, thou worthy dame I
My charger and this purse I give to you.

(Draws his purse and hands it to SKIRINA.)

My poverty has nothing else to show
Its gratitude. I pray you, if you will,
Give something of it to the Heavenly Powers
That they protect me. And something to the poor,
That they may pray for me. And so farewell!

(Exit in the direction of the city.)

BARAK.

Prince, do not go! My son.... My dear, dear son....

SKIRINA.

Confucius be merciful to us!

SCENE VII

The great hall of the imperial Divan: two high doors on each side, on the right to TURANDOT'S harem, on the left to the EMPEROR'S chambers.

TRUFFALDINO, EUNUCHS.

TRUFFALDINO.

Halt! First scrubbing company, at ease,
march. Stack muskets. Attention! Present
besoms. Sweep. Sweep like the devil. Roll
up, spread, smooth.

(Eunuchs roll up the carpets.)

There's nothing I like better than watching other people work. Quite so. This here is the Great Throne. His Majesty the Emperor of China sits on that.

(Two eunuchs carry the throne past.)

We call it the Great Throne because it's a big 'un. And this is the Little Throne. Quite so, the Little Throne.

(Two eunuchs carry TURANDOT 's throne to its place.)

The Princess's, don't you know. We call this the Little Throne because it's a small 'un. Quite so. And *these* are the eight cushions of the learned doctors.

(Eight slaves carry cushions past.)

The sublime Divan will assemble immediately, and then they'll all sit on 'em—the Emperor on the Great Throne, the Princess on the Little Throne, and the Doctors on the eight cushions.

(BRIGELLA enters from the right.)

BRIGELLA.

I've always got the blues in Pekin. Not half! Here's the Emperor just gone and issued a fresh Court ceremonial again, and I can't get it into my noddle. I keep on practising. I can't do anything without practising. Oh, all right, you're a laughing at me. What are you laughing about?

TRUFFALDINO.

Business is good, that's what I'm laughing for. My business and my adored Princess's. Trade's flourishing, praised be the Lord! Huge turnover, commissions promptly executed. Greatest stock of sheep's heads in the world. The Divan will assemble immediately. There's another prince arrived, with his head itching.... *Ut veniant omnes*—let them all come.

BRIGELLA.

No, it's getting a bit too hot, all our young sparks going off like match-heads. Strike me dead, a man *can* talk without his head—he can talk with his belly if he's a ventriloquist—but he can't keep his mouth shut when he's lost his head. What *are* you a-laughin' at? It's no joke, not half! It's not three hours since the last was polished off, and you can find it in your heart to

laugh!

TRUFFALDINO.

I have good reason to laugh. Every time my sweet adored Princess has netted one of these sheepish little princes with her riddles she's in such an excellent temper she's sure to present me with a charming token of her Imperial favour. But you have no taste for such charms.

BRIGELLA.

I've more than you, anyhow! I can't come out with such high-flying language about your Princess. The hysterical water-wagtail. What right has she to turn her nose up at marriage? Considering she knows nothing about it. Perhaps she might like it. You never can tell.

TRUFFALDINO.

Marriage! Oh, fie!

BRIGELLA.

Look here, I can't stand hearing a carved turkey like you cackling rot about marriage. Think of your own mamma. If she hadn't got married, where would you be?

TRUFFALDINO.

That's a lie. My mamma never got married at all, and I'm here just the same. You see me, don't you?

BRIGELLA.

True; I ought to have seen at the first glance that you were a bastard.

TRUFFALDINO.

I am not a bastard. I am a child of love. All geniuses are children of love.

BRIGELLA.

But all children of love are not geniuses. You, for instance.

TRUFFALDINO.

I? I have risen in the world. I am Chief—

Chief—Chief—Administrator of the Harem. You understand. (Music is heard.) Anyhow, you go to the devil now and pay your customary assiduous attention to your pages. His Sublime Majesty the Emperor approaches....

SCENE VIII

(To the strains of music enter from the left the Imperial Guards, thereupon the eight doctors, behind them PANTALONE, TARTAGLIA, finally ALTOUM, at whose entrance all prostrate themselves, touching the floor with their brows. ALTOUM seats himself on his throne. PANTALONE and TARTAGLIA stand near him. The doctors sink on to their cushions. The music ceases.)

ALTOUM.

How long, ye faithful, shall this torture last?
Scarcely have we with seeming reverence
Mourned the poor Prince of Samarkand, mine eyes
Have scarcely dried their tears, but a new victim,
New sorrow comes. O cruel daughter, born
To be a curse to me! But what avails
To curse the day when by the highest God
I swore that edict! For I cannot break
My oath; I cannot touch my daughter's heart;
I cannot frighten those who come to woo.
Which man of you can tell me what to do?

PANTALONE.

My dearest Majesty, some other Counsellor
must advise you in this case. In my home in
Venice, Heaven knows, I never heard of such
laws. In my home there are never any edicts
of that sort. In my home princes don't fall in
love with a medallion, and then, out of sheer
love for the original, go hawking their heads about.
In my home in Venice there never was a girl
who refused a man when he offered, like this
Princess Turandot here. Heaven knows, in my
home such things don't happen even in dreams!
Before I had the ill-luck to have to run away
from Venice, and before I had the unmerited good
fortune to be appointed your Majesty's Prime
Minister, I had never heard anything about China,
except that you had to be careful not to smash
it; and Heaven knows it kind of knocks me
on the head that in this part of the world there
should be such obsolete customs and such obsolete
oaths and such obsolete males and females as
there are here in your country, Heaven knows.
And if I were to tell the story in my home in
Venice, they would say: "Shut up, you bounder!
Tell that to the marines!" They'd laugh in
my face, I tell you, Heaven knows!

(Goes to his place.)

ALTOUM.

(*To TARTAGLIA.*) Have you already seen the new arrival?

TARTAGLIA.

I have, your Majesty. We have given him the suite reserved for foreign princes. He has a remarkably good presence, a nice face, charming manners, and a good accent. I never saw a nicer prince in all my life. I am positively in love with him, and my heart goes pit-a-pat when I think that he is at this moment on his way to have his head chopped off, just like a silly sheep; such a handsome prince, such a charming prince, such a boy of a prince....

ALTOUM.

O sorrow!

(*To PANTALONE.*) Are the sacrifices made
By which we send up prayers to Providence
To teach this most unhappy man to solve
Our cruel daughter's riddles? Though I scarce
Can hope....

PANTALONE.

As far as the sacrifices are concerned, Heaven knows, your Majesty may be quite easy on that point. There has been no economy with regard to the sacrifices, your Majesty. I have ordered sacrifices to be made to High Heaven of one hundred dogs, sacrifice of one hundred horses to the Sun, and of one hundred cats to the Moon. (*Aside.*) I, for my own part, Heaven knows, expect nothing from this Imperial butchery except sausages and meat-pies.

TARTAGLIA.

(*Aside.*) It would have been far better to slaughter that cat of a Princess. Then everything would be in order. That would be the best way to end all this spitting and scratching.

ALTOUM.

Let the new-comer be conducted hither!

(*Exit one of the DOCTORS.*)

I will endeavour to dissuade him. You,
My reverend doctors, help in this, and you,
My faithful ministers and counsellors,
If, haply, grief should paralyse my tongue.

PANTALONE.

We've done our best in that direction often enough already, your Majesty, and we're getting about sick of it, Heaven knows. We shall talk at him till our throats are sore, and then he'll go and get his windpipe cut like a turkey.

TARTAGLIA.

Listen here, Pantalone. If my observations can be relied on, this young Prince has gifts of the very highest order, and a degree of ingenuity which is positively penetrating. I do not quite give up all hope.

PANTALONE.

Rot, my dear fellow, rot! You think he's going, to guess that snake's riddles. Rot! Stuff and nonsense! Humbug! Get out! He's done for.

SCENE IX

CALAF. *The foregoing.*

(Enter CALAF, escorted by the DOCTOR. He kneels, and rests his hand on his forehead.)

ALTOUM.

Arise, thou young and madly daring man!

(CALAF rises, makes an obeisance, and stands with noble bearing between the two thrones, facing the spectators. ALTOUM scans him carefully. Aside.)

How handsome the youth is! Compassion moves
My breast.

(Aloud.) Unhappy man, what is thy name?
What King calls himself father unto thee?

CALAF *(at first somewhat confused, then with a noble bow).*

Sire, let me beg a boon: that for the nonce
My name be covered up with dark.

ALTOUM.

How now!

You woo the Emperor's daughter, and withhold
Your name?

CALAF (*with pride*).

I am of royal blood. If Heaven
Decree my death, there will be time left then
To make my name and country known to you.

(*With another bow.*)

Vouchsafe me silence for the present, Sire.

ALTOUM (*aside*).

What noble speech and port!
(*Aloud.*) But if perchance
You solve the riddles, and then prove to be
Of mean extraction, how shall the edict...

CALAF (*interrupting him quickly*).

Sire,
The edict serves not save for sons of Kings.
If I by help of Heaven should solve the riddles,
And then were found to be of base extraction,
Let my head pay for it. My body give
To dogs and carrion crows upon the fields.
There is one man in Pekin knows my name,
And he will bear me witness.

(*With an obeisance to the EMPEROR.*)

Therefore I
Entreat you in your mercy once again,
Still let my name be covered up with dark.

ALTOUM.

So be it then! It is your pleasing speech
And noble bearing make me grant the boon.
Oh that you now would grant the Emperor
The boon he begs for from his very throne,
Beseeching you: Go back, my son, go back!
Desist from this adventure, and go back!

PANTALONE.

We can't get him any farther, your Majesty.

ALTOUM.

The nations are already nursing wrath
Against me for the reckless oath I swore.
Do not thou also force me to shed tears
Over thy corpse. Oh, force me not to hate
This daughter of my loins more than I do

Already; force me not to hate myself
Who brought her into the world, more than I do.
Proud, vain, and pitiless, and cruel, source
Is she of torment to me till I die.

CALAF.

Sire, but I cannot think that you have cause
To fill your heart with torment and unrest.
If in your daughter there is cruelty,
It is not from her father that it came.
If guilt you have, it can be only this:
That you have given the world such peerless beauty
As draws all men to her. I thank you, Sire,
For your great goodness! I have but one thought,
To win your Turandot or live no more.
All that I ask is death or Turandot.

PANTALONE.

H'm, my dearest Royal Highness, I presume
you vouchsafed to behold the severed heads on
the city wall. Eh? Heaven knows what pleasure
there can be in having oneself stuck like a pig,
so that afterwards the whole town is full of
tears and blowing of noses, Heaven knows. I
can tell you beforehand, the Princess will nail
you three riddles together that it would take
Old Moore himself seven years to take to pieces,
Heaven knows. We two sit here, year in, year
out, and the learned doctors, too, sit here in
judgment, judging who guesses well and who
guesses ill, and we've had a bit of practice and
we can "read print, Heaven knows—and yet we
can't make head or tail of our most wise Princess's
riddles. These are not riddles like those in
Saturday's *Daily Telegraph*, such as:

"Puts his head between his feet,
And rolls him in a ball complete,"

or:

"Four already, I'll be bound,
This is one when it is found."

No, these are confounded new-fangled puzzles
with man-traps in 'em and patent springs. And
if she didn't write the solutions beforehand on
slips of paper and pop 'em into sealed envelopes
and hand 'em in to the doctors, why even they
wouldn't know whether they were standing on their
head or their feet, Heaven knows. You go back
home, my dearest Royal Highness. It really
would be a pity, such a fine young fellow as you
are. Do as I advise you, Heaven knows. If
you don't I wouldn't give as much for your head
as I would for a turnip radish. No use, no use.

(PANTALONE *to his place.*)

CALAF.

You talk and lose your breath, old gentleman,
What I demand is death or Turandot.

TARTAGLIA.

Turandot.... Turandot.... What a damned stupid ass the dear fellow is! You just listen to me, my dear boy! This is not a question of drawing lots with blades of straw for a cup of coffee or an iced chocolate. Get that into your head; do be quick and get that into your head, please. It is a question here of keeping or losing your head. That is the only argument I will bring forward to reduce you to reason. This one argument *should* suffice. Your head is in danger, do you understand? Your head. His beloved Majesty in his own most gracious person begs and implores you not, to lose your head. His Imperial Majesty has in his own most gracious person sacrificed one hundred horses to the Sun, one hundred dogs to High Heaven, and one hundred cats to the Moon, to induce them to restore your lost wits—and you, you sweet little sugar-plum you, you actually refuse. Why, even if there were no other fish in the sea except Princess Turandot, your intentions would still amount to capital folly. You must give me credit, my dearest Prince, for talking so frankly, because I wish you well. Have you, may I ask, at any time carefully considered what it means to be shortened by a head? I can hardly believe you have.

CALAF.

You talk too much and lose your breath, dear sir.
Death is what I demand or Turandot.

ALTOUM.

Death have then, and with death my own despair.

(To the DOCTORS.)

Go, one of you, and bid the Princess come.
And tell her a fresh sacrifice awaits.

(Exit DOCTOR behind EMPEROR, front of stage.)

CALAF (*aside*).

Ye heavenly powers, help me, and lend me strength
And self-possession, lest the sight of her
Confuse me: for my mind already sways,
My heart pants, and my lips are quivering.

(To the assembly.)

Illustrious Divan, most reverend Doctors,
My answers' judges, judges soon to me
Over my life and death, oh, pardon now
My rash adventure, be not pitiless
To one disquieted and blind with love,
Who, heedless of the place and of the hour,
Forces the closed arms of his sullen fate.

SCENE X

(From the right the sounds of a march with kettledrums and tambourines. First appears TRUFFALDINO, shouldering his broadsword, at the head of his eunuchs. After them a troop of female slaves beating tambourines. Then, thickly veiled, the two favourite slaves of the PRINCESS—the one, ADELMA, in rich Tartar costume; the other, ZELIMA, in more simple Chinese dress. The latter carries a little dish, which contains sealed leaves with the solutions of the riddles. TRUFFALDINO and the eunuchs march past the EMPEROR'S throne, cast themselves face downwards on the earth, and rise again. The female slaves kneel, and lift their hands to their foreheads. Last appears TURANDOT in gorgeous Chinese costume, veiled, and with a haughty attitude of challenge. The eight doctors and the two ministers cast themselves down before her, touching the floor with their brows. ALTOUM rises. TURANDOT raises her hand to her forehead and greets her father with a solemn bow, then ascends her throne and sits down. ZELIMA stands at her right, ADELMA at her left. CALAF, who had bowed when the PRINCESS entered, now stands erect, sunk in admiration of her beauty. TRUFFALDINO, after performing various ceremonies in his comic way, takes the dish with the sealed leaves out of ZELIMA'S hand; he distributes these among the doctors, and then, with various ceremonies and obeisances, withdraws to his place. Music plays until TRUFFALDINO leaves the Divan. Then deep silence ensues.)

SCENE XI

ALTOUM, TURANDOT, CALAF, ZELIMA, ADELMA, PANTALONE, TARTAGLIA,
DOCTORS, GUARDS.

TURANDOT (*haughtily*).

What man is this again, who fondly hopes
To penetrate the darkness of my riddles
In spite of warnings manifold and grim?
What man comes speeding after dead men's heels,
And asks to lose his head?

ALTOUM.

Here stands the man.

(Points to CALAF.)

Look at him well. Does he, at last, not seem
Worthy to make you end this cursèd game?
Take him for consort, and so give me peace!

TURANDOT (*after scanning CALAF for a moment, whispers to ZELIMA*).

Pity I never felt! I pity him!

ZELIMA (*whispers*).

Then, quick, three easy riddles. Bid pride go!

TURANDOT (*flaring up, whispers*).

What sayest thou, rash girl?

ADELMA (*aside*).

God! dare I trust
My eyes? It is the very, man—the same
Who served my sire as gardener. Then he is
A prince—a prince, indeed. My heart guessed true.

TURANDOT.

Thou errant Prince, desist from this adventure.
See, I am nowise cruel, as men say.
It is but my deep loathing for all males
That forces me to stand as now at guard
To keep from me a sex that I abhor.
Why should I not be free to fight my foe?
What brings you here to harden me again?
If prayers can move you, I myself will beg:
Desist! Put not my sharp mind to the test.
It is my only pride, the only weapon
Heaven gave me. And I know that I should die
If any man were victor of my mind.
Claim not my riddles then. There still is time.
Else naught awaits you save a shameful death.

CALAF.

Voice of a goddess, body of an angel,
Rare mind, unparalleled intelligence,
Are gathered in one woman's being here.
Who calls the man a fool that risks his life
For treasures such as these? Princess, your own
High understanding cannot fail but see
That as your gifts in greater glory shine,
As your refusal is more violent,
So many more the hearts you set on fire.
Had I a thousand lives, I would with joy,
For your sake, Princess, die a thousand deaths.

ZELIMA.

Be kind! Three easy riddles. He deserves them.

ADELMA (*aside*).

Would he were mine! He is a prince. That I
Had known it then, ere I became a slave!
Now I do love him with a threefold strength.
Oh, why is love for ever weak in courage?

(Aside to TURANDOT.)

Princess, take care! Your honour is at stake!

TURANDOT *(aside)*.

So it was fated one should come at last
And teach me pity! Heart, be firm and cold!

(To CALAF, vehemently.)

Up, thou rash champion, gird thee for the fight!

ALTOUM *(to CALAF)*.

Are you still obstinate!

CALAF.

I said just now,
Death give me, or else give me Turandot.

ALTOUM.

Proceed, then, with the public recitation
Of that bad edict. Hark, and tremble, you!

(Music, ceremony. PANTALONE takes the Book of the Law from the folds of his raiment, kisses it, holds it first to his breast and then to his forehead, and hands it to TARTAGLIA, who has just cast himself on the floor, whereupon TARTAGLIA recites with a loud voice.)

TARTAGLIA.

There is no prince of royal lineage
But shall be free to woo. But first to him
Three riddles of the Princess shall be set
Before eight doctors in the full Divan.
Let him solve these, and TURANDOT is his;
But if he solve them not, he shall straightway
Be yielded up into the headsman's hands,
Who promptly shall, by severing his head,
Do him to death. Immediate execution
Of this our solemn edict we affirm
And swear by oath, by great Confucius,
We, Khan Altoum, Emperor of China.

(The recital ended, TARTAGLIA kisses the Book of the Law, holds it to his breast, then to his forehead, and hands it to

PANTALONE, *who has cast himself down with his face to the earth, and so receives it. He rises, and extends the book to ALTOUM, who lays one hand upon it to swear the oath.*)

ALTOUM (*sighing*).

Oh, bloody edict! To observe thee now
I do affirm, and by Confucius swear.

(PANTALONE *replaces the book in the folds of his garment. The whole Divan waits in profound silence. TURANDOT rises.*)

TURANDOT (*in a didactic tone*).

Come, stranger, name that tender pair of doves,
As white as innocence, as frail as roses,
Hiding from all men's eyes save his who loves
To see how by the other each reposes,
Even as a sister by her sister's aide.
But he that loves and finds them where they hide
Roams restless till he holds them to his breast.
They bring him from the Islands of the Blest
Heroic fire to make him do and dare,
And tidings from the Land of Heart's Desire.
Name, cunning stranger, name this tender pair.

(*Sits down again.*)

CALAF.

(*Gazes upwards for a moment in meditation, then makes a bow to TURANDOT and lifts his hand to his brow.*)

Two doves, thou sayest, doves so tender-hearted
That they are always paired and never parted;
Scarce grown enough to bear their weight aloft,
And yet already plump, and firm, and soft;
Two smooth, white doves to which my yearning wings,
To which by night my secret dreaming sings.
These two white doves which hold me free from scaith,
These doves my fortune—they are: HOPE and FAITH.

PANTALONE.

He's hit the mark, my dear Lord Chancellor!

TARTAGLIA.

Hit the bull's-eye.

THE EIGHT DOCTORS.

(*Open the first of the sealed papers. All together.*)

Optime. Hope and Faith! Hope and Faith!
Hope and Faith!

ALTOUM (*joyfully*).

Heaven help thee farther, my beloved son!

ZELIMA (*aside*).

Ye gods, protect him!

ADELMA (*aside*).

Blind him, O ye gods!
O give him not to her, or I shall die!

TURANDOT (*aside, indignantly*).

Can it be possible that *he* should win?

(*To CALAF, aloud.*)

Listen, poor fool! And solve this riddle now:

(*She stands up, and continues in her didactic tone.*)

Come, stranger, name those slender pillars twain
Which bear a bristling fortress on their summit,
A fort which still is in my sire's domain,
Although thy heart burns high to overcome it;
Pillars in strength and beauty smooth and rounded,
On which thy Hope and Faith are firmly founded:
These pillars holding Heaven upon their height—
Tell me the names, now, of these pillars white.

CALAF.

(*After some meditation, and with the same
bow as before.*)

These two white pillars soaring to the skies,
That bear a kingdom and all Paradise;
That bear the magic land my dreams divine,
Which are as slender as a forest pine;
Of every prince the very noblest aim;
Thine empire's fairest ornament and fame,
To which my hope clings like a climbing flower—
I call these pillars twain: KNOWLEDGE and POWER.

PANTALONE.

(*Joyfully.*) Hits the bull right in the eye,
my dear Lord Chancellor!

TARTAGLIA.

Centre. Centre.

THE EIGHT DOCTORS.

(In chorus, after unsealing the second leaf.)

Optime. Knowledge and Power! Knowledge
and Power! Knowledge and Power!

ALTOUM *(excitedly)*.

O joy! O joy!—Gods, help him to the end!

ZELIMA *(aside)*.

Would this had been the last!

ADELMA *(excitedly, aside)*.

Alas! I lose him!

(Aside to TURANDOT.)

This moment turns your fair renown to shame:
He is your better.

TURANDOT *(in a low voice)*.

Silence! Ere he win
Let the world go to pieces.

(Aloud to CALAF.)

Rash fool! know
My hatred step by step grows with thy hope
Of victory. Leave the Divan! Go! Flee
From my last riddle, and so save thy head!

CALAF.

Your hate weighs heavy, my adored Princess.
So much the lighter weighs this head of mine,
Since before you it finds so little grace.

ALTOUM.

Desist, my son. And thou, my child, desist
From further riddles. Reach thy hand to him,
For he deserves to be thy husband.

TURANDOT *(fiercely)*.

He!
My husband! Of my free will? Never!
Never!
Let the law have its course.

CALAF (*to ALTOUM*).

Free be her will.
Naught I demand but death, or Turandot.

TURANDOT.

So be it, then; take death. Hold still and mark!

(*Rises.*)

Now tell me: knowest thou the magic flower
By whose bright rays the soul's dark deeps are lit;
Which, hiding in its quiet, sacred bower,
Waits for the Fairy Prince to gather it;
But which, if he find not its shy recess,
Withers and dies in forlorn loneliness?
Within the bosom of its petals furled
Lies with Life's sense the Riddle of the World;
And he that first its chalice openeth
Glow with the wine of Life, the scorn of
Death.

(*She unveils herself.*)

Now look me in the face, now hold thy ground,
Die like a dog, or name the flower I mean.

CALAF (*in ecstasy*).

O beauty bright!

ALTOUM (*excitedly*).

Alas! he is wandering!
Compose thyself, my son. Keep clear! Keep clear!

ZELIMA (*aside*).

I am dizzy with excitement.

ADELMA (*aside*).

He is mine!

PANTALONE.

(*Beside himself.*) Cheer up, sonny! cheer up!
Wish I could give him a dig in the ribs, Heaven
knows! My shanks are quivering with fear he
shouldn't be able to get his wits together again.
Oh for a cooling draught of old Three Star!

TARTAGLIA.

If it weren't contrary to etiquette, I'd like to
run into the kitchen and fetch the vinegar bottle.

TURANDOT.

Death thou didst ask for, death thou hast received.

CALAF.

For one poor moment I was dazzled by
Your beauty—but I was not overcome.

(To the public.)

This magic flower by which the soul is lit,
Which makes the heart tremble with dreaming it;
This magic rose of all men's fiery dreams,
Which under soft moss hides its gentle beams;
Which is with beauty sweet and goodness shy,
And bears the hope that holds the heavens on high;
This magic flower of purest ray divine,
This flower is: LOVE—dearest, your love and mine.

PANTALONE.

Praised be the Lord! Praised be the Lord!
Here! I can't stand this any longer...

(Runs up to CALAF and embraces him.)

TARTAGLIA.

Victory, your Majesty! Hail! Victory!

THE EIGHT DOCTORS.

(Open the third leaf.) Love! Love! Love!

*(Vociferous hurrahs of the crowd outside and
noisy music. TURANDOT falls all of
a heap on her throne, ZELIMA and
ADELMA busy themselves with her.
ALTOUM lifts the PRINCE off his feet
and kisses him, PANTALONE and TARTAGLIA
helping. The doctors retire in
a row to the background.)*

ALTOUM.

And now enough of tyranny and whims—
Do you hear me, Turandot! And you, dear son,
Come to my heart.

(He embraces CALAF.)

TURANDOT.

(Has recovered herself, and rushes in a rage at the embracing pair.)

Stay! Do not let this man
Believe he is my husband. I demand
Another meeting and three riddles more.
The time I was allowed was far too short.
Stay!—

ALTOUM *(interrupting her)*.

False and cruel child! The game is played.
Thou shalt not so begin a second time.
The edict has run out, and is surrendered
Into the keeping of my ministers.

PANTALONE.

I beg a thousand pardons. But we can't do
with any more of these riddles, Heaven knows!
We can't do with any more head-chopping,
Heaven knows, as if they were nothing but
lettuces. The young man there has guessed
right. The edict must be executed in its entirety.
The bridecake has got to go into the oven. *(To*
TARTAGLIA.) What do you say, my Lord
Chancellor?

TARTAGLIA.

Must be executed—in its entirety. There is no
call for any further explanations, interpretations,
dissertations, appeals, and commentaries. What
do our learned doctors say?

THE EIGHT DOCTORS.

(All together.) Must be executed! Must be
executed—in its entirety. Decision final—irrevocable!

ALTOUM.

Straight to the altar, then. This stranger prince
Will now reveal his birth and name, the priests—

TURANDOT *(in despair)*.

Grant me a respite, father!

ALTOUM.

Not one minute.

TURANDOT.

(Casting herself on her knees before him.)

If you would have me living, father, father!
Grant me another day, another contest.
I cannot bear the shame of it. I will rather
Die than be subject to that coxcomb there,
Die rather than be wife to that proud boy.
The very word "wife," the mere thought of it,
Of being his possession, strikes me dead.

ALTOUM (*descending from his throne*).

Savage and obstinate and ruthless child!
Not one word more. Come, gentlemen, let us go!

CALAF (*to TURANDOT*).

Arise, fair, cruel mistress of my heart!

(*To ALTOUM.*)

I beg you, sire, grant her the respite! How
Could I be happy if she hated me?
And what avails my love, breeding but hate?
If I have not the power to touch her heart,
Let her be free. I do not claim my right.

(*To TURANDOT.*)

If you could see into my heart that bleeds,
Torn as it is, you would be merciful.
You are determined I shall die. So be it.

(*To ALTOUM.*)

Grant her another match. My life is cheap.

ALTOUM.

No more of that! On to the Temple, on I
The games are over now.... Imprudent youth!

TURANDOT (*determinedly*).

So be it, to the Temple, I say, too!
But on the altar steps your daughter dies.

CALAF.

Dies? Lord and master, and my Princess you...
I pray you both to grant me one desire:
I will myself set my unbending Queen
One riddle now. And this is my riddle: Who
Is that King's son and of what stock is he,
Who was a beggar, porter, menial,
Yet in good fortune more unfortunate?
Woman without a heart, guess here to-morrow
In the Divan his and his father's name.
If you can *not*, take pity on my pain,
Appease your heart, refuse your hand no more!

But if your cunning tell those two names true,
Your pride may drink its fill out of my blood.

TURANDOT.

Stranger, I take the bargain. It shall hold.

ZELIMA (*aside*).

Alas, new fears!

ADELMA (*aside*).

New hope is beckoning!

ALTOUM.

I do *not* take the bargain. The law alone
Holds good, and shall be carried out.

CALAF (*kneels before him*).

Sublime
Ruler of nations, star of all the world,
Let your great heart be softened, and vouchsafe
To grant what here your daughter begs with me.
Deny her not the satisfaction
Do not withhold. Let her bestir her brains;
And if her brains can serve her, let her give
The answer to my riddle here to-morrow.

TURANDOT (*aside*).

Rage stifles me, and he is mocking still.

ALTOUM.

Blind fool, you know not what you ask. But have
Your wish! Another contest there shall be!
If she can name the names, we will not force
Marriage on her; but you—for I forbid
New carnage—free and scatheless go your way!

(*In a low voice to CALAF.*)

Now follow me! Blind fool, what have you done?

(*Music strikes up with a march. ALTOUM turns, followed by the guards, the doctors, PANTALONE, and TARTAGLIA, to left exit. Exeunt TURANDOT, ZELIMA, TRUFFALDINO, the eunuchs, and female slaves, with their tambourines, through the door to the right.*)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

THE SECOND ACT

SCENE I

Chamber in the harem.

TURANDOT, ZELIMA. *Afterwards* ADELMA.

TURANDOT.

I cannot bear to think of it, Zelima;
I cannot bear the thought of my disgrace.

ZELIMA.

I cannot think you mean it, mistress mine.
A young prince, noble, handsome, so enamoured,
And you so full of hatred and disgust?

TURANDOT.

Torture me not. That is the very reason...
I am ashamed to say that it is so....
But there are other feelings strange to me....
I seem to shiver both with heat and frost....
No, no, I hate him, I am sure, Zelima—
Hate him for making me a laughing-stock
Before the whole Divan—nay, the whole world!
How they will laugh at me! Help me, Zelima!
Come to my help! How did his riddle run:
"Who is that Prince and of what stock is he,
Who was a beggar, porter, menial,
Yet in good fortune more unfortunate?"
So much is clear that he himself is meant.
But how in all the world am I to guess
His and his father's names? Here no one knows him.
The Emperor himself has granted him
For the time being still to be unknown.
Only to save time did I take the odds.
What shall I do now? I am helpless, helpless!

ZELIMA.

How would it do to ask a fortune-teller?

TURANDOT.

A fortune-teller?

ZELIMA.

No, that would not do.
But think, how genuine his pain, his sighs!
And how he cast himself at your father's feet

To plead for you!

TURANDOT.

Enough of this—enough!
I said, indeed... my heart... believe it not.
It is not true. I hate him. For I know
They all are treacherous: pretending love
Until they have the maiden in their toils;
But when they have their will, they laugh at us,
Dallying with now this woman and now that;
Nor is there any slave too base for them,
Nor any harlot at too low a price.
Zelima, speak no more of him. If he
To-morrow is victorious again,
Oh, I shall hate him worse than death.

ZELIMA.

Dear mistress,
So long as you are young and beautiful,
Rebellion beseems you. But when age
Comes creeping on, and wooers stay away,
What will be yours beside too late regret?...
What would you lose now save a little pride,
The phantom of your fame?...

ADELMA.

(Has slowly come nearer, and now interrupts her.)

They that are base
In birth may, it is true, so basely think
As thou, Zelima. How couldst thou conceive
The feelings of our noble mistress, when
After so many years with triumph crowned,
A stranger roving here from who knows where
Puts her to shame in public? How shouldst thou
Know anything of pride and pain and shame?
Thou didst not see the looks of mockery,
The slanted smile round every mouth. I saw it,
Saw it and shook with rage and shame for her.
I love her. And shall I stand and see her now,
Against the promptings of her heart and will,
Delivered up into a stranger's hands?

TURANDOT (*vehemently*).

Stop! Do not make me mad beyond control!

ZELIMA.

Delivered up? Is it so bad as that?

ADELMA.

Be silent, thou! Thou pretty little slave,
Thou hast no need to understand these things.

What matters it to thee if, heedlessly,
She pledged her word? And what shall come to pass
In the Divan to-morrow if in shame
She hold her tongue? I can already see
The mockery scarcely hid, the open scorn,
And the base wit, such wit as is the meed
Of a poor actress.

TURANDOT (*beside herself*).

Hold your tongue, Adelma!
Unless I know the names before to-morrow,
I shall have nothing save this dagger....

ADELMA.

Do not despair, Princess. By taking thought—
Or, if it must be so, by trickery—
We yet will find the names.

ZELIMA.

Oh, find the names,
Dear, wise Adelma....

TURANDOT.

I must know the names,
Adelma. His name, and his father's name.
How shall I find them out? Adelma, help me!

ADELMA.

One thing I know: to-day in the Divan
Himself betrayed it: in this city lives
One man who knows his name and origin.
Now what behoves us is to ferret through
The town, and if we make no stint of gold
Haply we may discover what we seek.

TURANDOT.

Take anything—gold, gems—do what you will.

ZELIMA.

What can she do with gold or precious stones?
Whom shall she give them to, to purchase help?
And if the plan succeed, what will you do
If some one find your mesh of trickery?

ADELMA.

Who would betray the trick—if not Zelima?

ZELIMA (*flaring up*).

Shame on your venomous tongue! Princess, hear *me*:
Cast not your gold away. I had indeed
Hoped to appease, convince you in the end,
Hoped you would give the Prince your hand—the Prince
Who loves you, and well is worthy of your love.
Now I will be obedient. My old mother,
Skirina, came to visit me just now.
Rejoicing at the fortune of the Prince,
And knowing nothing of the imminent
Encounter which to-morrow shall decide,
She told me she had spoken to the stranger
The night before, and said that my step-father,
Old Hassan, knows him. There and then I asked
What might his name be, but she did not know,
Or swore she did not. Hassan, so she said,
Would not betray his name for any price.
This notwithstanding, she has promised me
To do her best to worm the secret out.
Now, Princess, doubt my zeal, if still you can.

(*Exit in excitement.*)

TURANDOT.

Come, to my arms! Why does she run away?

ADELMA.

Let the fool go. Now we have got the scent,
And let us with swift cunning track the game.
But come with me straightway and let me tell you
The plan I have. Put all your trust in me.

TURANDOT.

Adelma, I put all my trust in you.
But save me from this stranger whom I loathe.

(*Exeunt both.*)

SCENE II

Before the Palace.

CALAF, BARAK.

CALAF.

But seeing that in all Pekin no man
Knows me, save you, and since my country lies
A hundred days of journeying from here,
And when you think we have been wanderers
O'er the earth's face eight years as unknown men,
And when you think we are reported dead:
I say, Barak, the wretched have no name.

BARAK.

And yet my mind misgives me: Here you win
At one throw of the dice the loveliest
Of maidens and a mighty empire too:
You stake your head to win, and, having won,
You throw the prize away.

CALAF.

You must not measure
My actions by the ell: I am in love....
But you have been discreet, Barak, I know?
Even to your wife?

BARAK.

Even to my wife, be sure.
And yet my heart forebodes much evil hap.

SCENE III

PANTALONE, TARTAGLIA, BRIGELLA, SOLDIERS. *The foregoing.*

PANTALONE.

Here he is, by the Lord Harry, here he is!

TARTAGLIA.

Who is this man, your Royal Highness?

PANTALONE.

Where the dickens have you been to, my dearest
Prince? What sort of people are you honouring
with your intercourse, my dearest Prince?

BARAK (*aside*).

Great heavens, what threatens now?

CALAF.

This is some stranger,
Whom here I met and questioned of the way.

TARTAGLIA.

By your leave, my dearest Royal Highness, I

had not previously noticed that there was any screw loose under your turban. Your conduct so far had led me, I trust not misled me, to believe that your head was screwed on quite safe. But what the deuce are you up to now, if you will allow me to say so?

PANTALONE.

'Sh! 'Sh! It's no use crying over spilt milk. Heaven knows, my dear Prince, you little suspect what hot water you've got into, and if we hadn't kept a sharp eye on you, you'd be in a fine pickle at this moment. (*To BARAK.*) Your presence here, Mr. Nanny-goat, is no longer desired! As for you, my dearest Royal Highness, will you have the goodness to withdraw to your private apartments? Brigella, you will forthwith call two thousand men of the guards to arms, and with your corps of pages sentinel the entrance to his suite, taking care that no one gains admission. Our most Sublime Majesty, the Emperor, is so much in love with the Prince that he is all the time in a perfect state lest anything should happen to him. If he is not his son-in-law by to-morrow morning, Heaven knows the old gentleman will succumb to this violent passion. (*To CALAF.*) And let me tell you, you've been making a fool of yourself. (*Whispering to him.*) For Heaven's sake, don't let your name get between your teeth! But if by any chance you would care to whisper it to a venerable, discreet old man, I can assure you it would be in good keeping. What do you say?

CALAF.

You serve your Emperor ill, old gentleman!

PANTALONE.

Oh, bravo! Oh, bravo! Now then, Mr. Brigella, off you go!

BRIGELLA.

You stop your parleying first. I'll see to my duty in due course.

TARTAGLIA.

I should advise you to. Off you go, or off goes your head.

BRIGELLA.

My head's hard enough to stand *your* pecking, old cock.

TARTAGLIA.

(*Whispering to CALAF.*) I'm simply bursting with curiosity to know your dear, delightful name. If you would only have the kindness to confide it to me!

CALAF.

Enough! Enough! To-morrow you shall hear it.

TARTAGLIA.

Excellent. By George!

PANTALONE.

Your Royal Highness, I take my leave! (*To BARAK.*) And you, my worthy Mr. Nanny-goat, you will do well to depart this place and smoke your pipe on the market square instead of standing about here. I urgently recommend you to mind your own business. I believe that would do you a lot more good.

(*Exit.*)

TARTAGLIA.

(*To BARAK.*) A lot more good, believe me! You have, if I may say so, a rascal's face; and I can tell you I don't like it.

(*Exit.*)

BRIGELLA.

Permit me, your Royal Highness, to execute my commission. Have the goodness to follow me to your apartments!

CALAF.

I am coming.

(*To BARAK.*)

Friend, until we meet again,
Some better time, farewell.

BARAK.

Your humble servant.

BRIGELLA.

Come along! Come along! No more fooling.

(Exit at the head of his guards, who march in two lines, with CALAF between them.)

SCENE IV

BARAK, then SKIRINA.

BARAK.

(Sees SKIRINA coming from the Palace.)

Who's there? Skirina? What! And in such haste?
Whence come you? Whither are you going?

SKIRINA.

Why,
For sheer delight because the unknown Prince
Had won the game; a little, too, because
I itched to hear how the proud tigress took it,
I ran to see Zelima in the harem.

BARAK.

Incautious woman! What is this you say?
I see. I hear you boasting: "Yes, just fancy,
The strange Prince spoke to us; my husband knows him...."
Is it not as I say?

SKIRINA.

Well, if it is,
What harm is there?

BARAK.

Confess it! You have told!

SKIRINA.

Well, yes! She asked me straightway for his name,
And, to be frank, I promised her...

BARAK *(angrily)*.

Damnation!
The cat's out of the bag. Insensate woman!
Come hence! Away out of the town!

(TRUFFALDINO appears with his eunuchs in

the background.)

Too late!
There come the eunuchs.

(To SKIRINA.)

Fool of a woman, go!
Go home and hide thy folly!

(To the eunuchs.)

Here I am!

SCENE V

TRUFFALDINO, EUNUCHS. *The foregoing.*

TRUFFALDINO.

(Aside.) You ass! *(Aloud.)* Stop bleating and shaking your tags, you old ram you! *(In a kindly tone.)* You're going to have a fine time of it to-day, old boy.

BARAK.

I'm wanted in the harem. Good! let us go.

TRUFFALDINO.

Ass! you're going to have a fine time of it, you old baa-baa. And I'll help you. Against all the rules of etiquette and good breeding, I condescend to introduce you alive into the harem. Can you appreciate the height of your good fortune? H'm! A vigorous old chap like you! Inside the most holy seraglio? Baa! Baa! All those pretty ladies? Baa! Baa! Eh! is that nothing to you? Baa! Baa! *(More to the public.)* As a rule, we are very particular on this point—absolutely rigorous. As a rule, not even a flea is admitted into the harem before it has been carefully examined to see whether it's a male or a female. We tickle it, and if it laughs it's a she. Females have a silk thread tied round their left leg. Males are immediately executed. Baa! Baa! And now you have this good fortune thrust upon you.

BARAK.

I know the Princess sends you after *me*.
What of the woman there? I know her not.

TRUFFALDINO.

Thou knowest her not! Baa! Baa! Thou art a liar, old chap. Thou liest in thy throat, thou silvery ram. Thou knowest her not! Thou paralytic pack of prevarication! This buxom smiling lady, with her attractive, plump figure, thou knowest her not? Thou thrice-bleached hypocrite! And all the time you share all she has, year in, year out, as far as you are able to. Baa! Baa! I'll help you. Baa! Baa! I'll teach you to tell me lies! Baa! Baa! Me, the Grand Eunuch of China! (*Beckons to the eunuchs to bring SKIRINA closer to BARAK.*) Well, do you know her now? This lady? Your wife, you wretch, you wretch! Baa! Baa!

SKIRINA.

I can't make head or tail of it.

BARAK.

Remember
What I have said. And hold your tongue.
Poor fool,
You have now what you wanted.

SKIRINA.

Heaven help us!

TRUFFALDINO.

(*To the eunuchs.*) Up! Take the pair of 'em between you. Slope swords! Halt! Attention! Eyes front! Quick march!

SCENE VI.

In the harem. Anteroom with columns. In the middle a table, on which stands a large basin filled with gold coins. It is night.

(TRUFFALDINO and his eunuchs surround BARAK, who is fettered to a pillar. To the right stand SKIRINA and ZELIMA, weeping; to the left, in an imperious attitude, TURANDOT.)

TURANDOT.

There still is time. I offer you again
This dish of gold, if you will speak the names.
If you refuse, I'll have you whipped to death.
Come hither, slaves!

(*The eunuchs make her a deep bow and grip their sticks.*)

BARAK (*to* SKIRINA).

Now see what you have done!

(*To* TURANDOT.)

Princess, feed on your prey. Strike on, ye slaves!
I know the son's name and I know the sire's.
But direst torture shall not make me speak;
No, nor the pains of death. Your dish of gold
Is so much dirt to me.

SKIRINA *and* ZELIMA.

(*Cast themselves down before* TURANDOT.)

Princess, have mercy....

TURANDOT.

I am sick of this obstinacy. Slaves, hither!
Give this old man a whipping!

ZELIMA.

Frightful! Stay!

SKIRINA.

My husband! My poor husband!

ADELMA (*enters from behind the scenes*).

Take heed, Princess!
Hasten away! The Emperor hither comes!

(*Pointing to* BARAK *and* SKIRINA.)

Conceal this pair here in the deepest dungeon.
Give me this dish of gold, and let Zelima
Come with me. I have bribed the sentinels
That stand at guard before the stranger's room.
Zelima, if you love your mother, do
What now I bid.

TURANDOT.

In you I put my trust,
Adelma. Help me! Do what you think fit!

(*At a sign from* ADELMA, TRUFFALDINO
leads BARAK *and* SKIRINA *out to the*
right.)

ADELMA.

Zelima, come. (*To the eunuchs.*) One of you
bring this basin.

(*Exit ADELMA, followed by ZELIMA and one of the eunuchs, carrying the basin.*)

SCENE VII

TURANDOT.

TURANDOT.

What will Adelma do? If I should win,
Who would be greater then than Turandot?
Who then would dare to challenge her again?
Ah! what a joy, to cast the names to-morrow
Into his face, and drive him from my presence,
Shamed, disappointed! Not pure joy, perhaps....
I see him weeping, sad, depressed.... I feel
Something like pity at the thought of it....
Stay, Turandot, thou little soul, what thought
Is this thou harbourest now! Did *he* show pity,
When *he* in the Divan had solved the riddles?
Did he not make thee red with rage and shame?
Heaven, help Adelma now, and help me, Heaven,
To annihilate him utterly! Help me now
To guard my virgin freedom, succour me
Against the coarse and domineering sex!

SCENE VIII

ALTOUM, PANTALONE, TARTAGLIA, GUARDS, TURANDOT.

ALTOUM (*meditatively, aside, reading letter*).

So Fate at last has stricken that bloody robber,
The Sultan of Tashkent. And the same fate
Brings, by strange dispensation, Timur's son,
Calaf, to us, and to a great good-fortune.
Who dares to penetrate Thy mysteries,
Just Heaven?

PANTALONE (*whispering to TARTAGLIA*).

What the devil is the old gentleman always
drivelling about now?

TARTAGLIA (*whispering*).

A secret messenger has arrived. Hell's loose somewhere.

ALTOUM (*stepping up to TURANDOT*).

Child, the night is almost gone,
And, sleepless yet, you wander to and fro,
Seeking to know-something you cannot know.
I, who have nowise sought, have found it out:
You seek, and know it not.

(*Shows her the letter.*)

Both names are writ
Upon this sheet. From countries far away
A secret rider bore it even now,
With other tidings, grave and full of joy.
The messenger I hold in custody
Until to-morrow night. Your unknown suitor
Is of a truth a prince, and a King's son.
You will not, cannot guess the names. My child,
It is a father's pity brings me here:
Why will you once again, this day that dawns,
Have yourself put to shame before a crowd,
Suffering the cruel malice of their hate?

(*Makes signs to PANTALONE and TARTAGLIA
to leave him alone. Exeunt both with
the GUARDS.*)

Leave us alone! I hold it in my hand
To spare you all.

TURANDOT (*wavering*).

To spare me what? I thank you,
Father. I have no need of any help.
In my own wits I have my best defence.

ALTOUM.

You are now at your wits' end; you know it, too.
A desperate confusion fills your eyes.
We are alone with one another now.
Come, tell your father! Do you know the names?

TURANDOT.

You will know that in the Divan to-morrow.

ALTOUM.

Listen, my child. You do not know these names.
But if you do, trust in my love and say.
Then I will let the poor man know, and see
That he shall quit my lands without delay,
And we will have it noised abroad that you
Have conquered him, and spared him public shame.
Thus you escape the hatred of the crowd.
Will you deny your father this light boon?

TURANDOT.

I know the names.... I do not know the names....
Did *he* show any pity when *he* won?
Now let him bear what I myself have borne.
If I *do* know the names, I shall announce them
To-morrow to the crowd in the Divan.

ALTOUM (*makes first a gesture of impatience and
then forces himself to be calm.*)

All that he did was done in love, my daughter,
And in a game played for his head. Now bid
Ambition leave your heart, and anger too,
And let me show you how a father loves.
I pledge my head you do not know the names.
I have them here—and I will tell you them.
To-morrow then you may in the Divan
Put him to shame and contumely, and see
His anguish and his torture call for death,
Because with you he loses all he loved.
And only one thing do I crave: when you
Have fed your vengeance on him to the full,
Reach him your hand and be his willing wife.
Swear it; we are alone. Then have the names.
And all shall be a secret, mine and yours.

TURANDOT (*uncertain and excited, aside*).

What shall I do? Depend upon Adelma?
Or shall I let my father tell the names,
And bow my head to the yoke?... Less is the shame,
Beyond all doubt, to yield to one's own father.
But what if wise Adelma had succeeded
Already, and my oath had been too soon?

ALTOUM.

Why will you rack your brains when all is clear?
Let not irresolution harry you!
Would you still have me think you know the names?
Child, be persuaded!

TURANDOT (*aside*).

No, I will wait for Adelma.
My father urges me. This is a sign
The mystery is not impenetrable.
He is in league with that strange man, and seeks
To talk me over.

ALTOUM.

Hesitate no longer!
Make up your mind! Rein in your rearing pride!
Torture yourself no more.

TURANDOT.

I *am* resolved.
Call the Divan together in good time.
I have no more to say.

ALTOUM.

You are resolved
Rather to yield to force than to your father!

TURANDOT.

I am resolved to fight.

ALTOUM (*in a rage*).

Fool without heart!
I will indeed call the Divan together
To be your temple and your altar too.
And I will summon priests, to celebrate
Your marriage while a crowd looks on and mocks.
Yea, have your will, you stupid fool! Good night.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE IX

Scene shifted. A magnificent apartment with several doors. In the middle of the room an Oriental divan, which serves CALAF as a bed. Deep night.

BRIGELLA, CALAF.

BRIGELLA.

(*With a candlestick in his hand.*) Three hundred and seventy-seven, three hundred and seventy-eight, three hundred and seventy-nine. It's already three o'clock in the morning, your Royal Highness, and you've walked now exactly three hundred and eighty times from one corner of the room to the other. To be quite frank, I'm done up, and if you *would* lie down a little, it would do us both good. You're in safety here.

CALAF.

Yes, you are right. But my excited mind
Gives me no peace. Forgive me! Leave me!
Go!

BRIGELLA.

I should like to give you a piece of advice,
my dearest Royal Highness: if a ghost pays
you a visit, be prudent, be prudent; *try* to be prudent.

CALAF.

Ghosts, do you say? What ghosts? Is the place haunted?

BRIGELLA.

Well.... H'm.... We have the most stringent orders to admit nobody, under penalty of death. H'm.... Poor servants *we* are, poor servants! The Emperor is the Emperor, you understand, but the Princess, she is the Empress, so to speak. Poor servants... it's hard to have to pick your way between two puddles. Not half! If you only knew it, we've always got our heads between the hammer and the anvil. We don't want to get into *anybody's* bad graces. I'm sure you understand me. And a man wants to put something aside for his old days. And so you see we poor devils are in the hell of a hole. Not half!

CALAF.

What are you driving at? Is my life in danger?

BRIGELLA.

I won't say that; but you are aware of the blessed interest people about here take in your name. By way of example it might possibly happen that a hobgoblin or a fairy steps in through the keyhole and leads you into temptation. Keep a tight rein on your five senses, that's all. You see what I mean, don't you? Poor servants *we* people! Poor devils! Not half!

CALAF.

Go. Have no fear. I stand upon my guard.

BRIGELLA.

(Slapping him on the back.) That's right, your Highness, that's right. I commend myself to your most gracious protection. *(Aside.)* I *have* heard that some people can find it in their hearts to refuse a purse of florins. *I have* done my very best, but I can't find it in my heart. So help me, God! A man can only do what he can do. I can't do it; no, I can't do it.

(Exit.)

SCENE X

CALAF.

CALAF.

What is this fellow warning me against?
Who is to visit me? Well, I can fight,
Yea, fight the very devil, if he come.
My thoughts are all for her. Short time remains
Of fearing and of torment: Dawn is nigh!
And can it be her heart is still so hard
And pitiless? Well, let us try to sleep.

SCENE XI

ZELIMA, CALAF.

Enter ZELIMA.

ZELIMA.

My Prince, I am a slave of Turandot,
And hither come by ways which even to her
Are closed. Good news I bring you.

CALAF.

Slave, you lie.
The heart of Turandot is pitiless.

ZELIMA.

You speak the truth. And yet: you are the first
That ever touched it. You believe me not,
And yet it is quite true. She says she hates you,
And she already loves you. May the earth
Swallow me if it is not true she loves you.

CALAF.

The news *is* good. I will believe. What next?

ZELIMA.

She bids me tell you, only her ambition
Drives her to desperation. Now she sees
That what she undertook she cannot do,
But thinking of to-morrow and its shame
She is consumed.... May the earth swallow me,
If here I lie!

CALAF.

Enough, my pretty slave.
I will believe. Go! Tell her: it is easy
To give the contest up. And she would win
Fairer renown by softening her heart,
And giving of her own free will the hand
He longs for to the man who loves her true.
Is this the message, haply, that you bring?

ZELIMA.

No, Prince. My message runs not so. We ask
Consideration for our weaknesses.
The Princess begs you for a favour. Spare
Her vanity. Help her to say those names
In the Divan to-morrow. Then she herself
Will from her throne descend, and reach to you
Her right hand. You it costs so little. Say
The names, and in this manner win her heart.

CALAF (*with a smile*).

H'm! Pretty slave, where is the speech's end?

ZELIMA.

What speech's end, your Highness?

CALAF.

"Let the earth
Swallow me if I lie in this."

ZELIMA.

You doubt it?

CALAF.

I do a little doubt it—just so much
That I refuse to do what you desire.
Go, tell your mistress, if I hide the names
It is because a lover must be cautious—
I do not hide them with intent to pain her.

ZELIMA (*violently*).

Fool, fool! you little know what this will cost you!

CALAF.

And if it cost my life!

ZELIMA.

You soon will see.
Good-night.

(Aside.)

The fool! He has made a fool of me.

(Exit in a rage.)

CALAF.

Be steadfast, heart! Only a few hours more
The skies will clear, and fear will have an end.
That I could sleep.... My tortured spirit yearns
For rest. Sink down upon me, gentle sleep!

(Goes to sleep.)

SCENE XII

CALAF, TRUFFALDINO.

TRUFFALDINO.

*(Comes creeping in cautiously from right,
creeps under the divan.)*

Well, thank God! he's gone to sleep at last.
'Sh! 'Sh! *(In the front of the stage before
the footlights.)* As my poor old mother used to
say, "A good name is worth a fortune." What
a good name this idiot of a Prince must have,
considering how my gracious Princess is throwing
all her money away on him! Skirina's got some,
Zelima's got some, Brigella's got some. I've got
some, and I'm going to get two purses extra if
I get this young hopeful's name. And I shall
get it! You watch me. I'm going to! *(With
much ceremony he pulls a big turnip, wrapped
in a strip of paper, out of his dress.)* Here I
have the famous magic root mandragora. The
Universal Doctor and Great Herbalist Pimpernel,
Market Square, second door to the right, let me
have it for a tanner. Warranted, of course.
Warranted to go two years. Printed instructions
for use attached. *(Unwraps the turnip, reads:)*
"The root mandragora opens all doors, bursts all
locks, raises hidden treasure, confers riches and
wisdom...." *(Looks up.)* Aha! just what
I want. *(Reads on:)* "It has influence over
the constellations and the planets, makes the blind
to see and the deaf to hear, is a protection
against the evil eye, heals all maladies of the
mind, depression in men and melancholy in
women...." *(Looks up.)* Aha! Depression,
quite so. Melancholy, quite so. *(Reads on:)* "It
confers the gift of second sight, reveals hidden
secrets...." *(Looks up.)* Ah! now we have

it. Hidden secrets.... "Let it be placed under the pillow of the person, whether male or female, whose secret it is desired to know, when the said person is asleep. Then the person aforesaid..." Hurrah! (*jumps for joy*) "will, by dreaming aloud, communicate what it is desired to know." Did you hear that? Isn't that the very thing? (*Creeps up to CALAF'S bed, and, with excessive caution, places the turnip under his pillow.*) 'Sh! 'Sh!

(*Draws back a little, and waits, in the greatest excitement, for what is going to happen. CALAF does not utter a sound. With a disappointed face TRUFFALDINO creeps nearer the bed again. CALAF remains dumb.*)

Do say something, my dear boy! Do say something, please! (*Waits a little.*) Out with the name, my sweet little lambkin.

(*With transfigured face CALAF whispers terms of endearment.*)

What's he saying now? Tu... Tu... Turandot. Oh, bother! I know that name already, the name of my adored Princess. It's *your* name I want to know, my darling boy.

(*CALAF goes on whispering excitedly. He smiles in his happy dream, and raises himself on his elbow during the following without opening his eyes.*)

Tu... nothing but Turandot! Well, then, here I am, duckie. Here I am, lovey, here I am—my own very self, your own little lovey duckie Turandot. (*Purses up his lips. CALAF smiles as though in rapture.*) What wouldst thou have of me, my sweetest heart? Eh? Well, what? Something like this? (*Smacks his lips.*) Well, then, you *shall* have it, and more besides. But first of all, darling, you must tell me your name, your own delightful, sweet little name, my honey!...

(*CALAF sinks back and lies dumb again, sulkily.*)

Oh, you won't, won't you? You really won't? How nasty of you, my love! Just look at me. See how pretty I am! (*Trips coquettishly up and down in front of the bed.*) Look at my lovely white arms and my lovely plump legs, and my glorious hair hanging all down my back! ...Just look at it, my sweet little chick!

(*CALAF begins to whisper excitedly, raising himself the while.*)

That's right, that's right, quite so: talk, talk, my bonny babe! (*Bends down again, till his mouth almost touches the sleeper's.*) Once again,

my sweet one! Say it once again, my little white
lambkin! It shall have its kiss, it shall, right
away.

(CALAF turns suddenly and violently round on the other side, and deals him a ringing box on the ear. (Squeaking noisily, TRUFFALDINO runs away. CALAF sits up for a moment in astonishment, opens his eyes, shuts them again immediately, and sinks back on his couch.)

SCENE XIII

ADELMA, veiled, with a lantern in her hand. CALAF sleeping.

ADELMA (*aside*).

O moment I have sighed for long! O love,
That lendest cunning courage unto me!
And Fortune, thou that through all obstacles
Hast led me hither: help a lovesick maid!
Oh, bring me to the goal of my desires!
Silence this yearning, love! And, Fortune, break
These galling fetters....

*(She lets the light of her lantern rest on
CALAF, and gazes at him.)*

My beloved sleeps.
Oh, burst not, heart! Dear eyes, how loth I am
To trespass on the rest possessing you!
And yet I must. At once. The short night flees.

(She puts her lantern down.)

Stranger, awake!

CALAF (*starts up in a fright*).

Whose voice awakens me?
What seekest thou again, thou creeping ghost?
Why are my eyes denied their sleep?

ADELMA.

Be calm!
Only a wretched woman stands before you.
And she does not come, as the other did,
To lure the names from you by trickery.

CALAF.

Let be! You cannot cheat me.

ADELMA.

I cheat *you*?

Has not a slave been here with such intent?

(Puts her lantern down.)

CALAF.

Yes, and she went as wise, as when she came,
And you will go as wise as when you came.

ADELMA.

You know me ill to be so rude. Sit up
And listen.

(Sits down on the divan.)

CALAF.

Well, then, what is your desire?

ADELMA.

First look at me, and then.... Prince, tell me now,
Who do you think I am?

CALAF.

In shape and bearing
Noble you seem, but by your dress a slave.
And as a slave I saw you yesterday
In the Divan.

ADELMA.

Five years since I saw you,
And then *you* were a slave.

(Raises her veil.)

Look at this face!
Do you not know it?

CALAF.

Adelma! How! Adelma,
Whom I thought dead!

ADELMA.

She is a serving-maid,
Who was the daughter of King Kaikobad.

CALAF.

Adelma! A slave!

ADELMA.

A slave! I'll tell you why.
I had a brother, blind with love, as you are,
For Turandot. In the Divan he met her.

(*Weeps.*)

You saw his head above the city gate
With all the others.

CALAF.

It is true, then, true.

ADELMA.

My father Kaikobad, in fury bold,
Led his array against Altoum. Fortune,
The fickle jade, lured him to his defeat
And death. Altoum's general devised
At one fell stroke to extirpate our race.
My brothers he assassinated. Me,
Together with my mother and three sisters,
He cast into the river, then in spate.
The gentle Emperor, coming on the scene,
Ordered his guards to fish us out again.
I was the only one brought to the shore,
And I was led in the triumphal train,
And given as a slave to Turandot,
To wait on the hard-hearted woman who
Was cause of all my griefs. Now, Calaf, speak,
Am I not worth compassion?

(*Weeps.*)

CALAF (*moved*).

Indeed you are,
Adelma, Princess of the Carcasenes!
But what can so unfortunate a man
As I am do for you? If fortune smile
On me to-morrow, I will promise help
For you, and freedom. And your grieving now
Can only heap the measure of my own.

ADELMA.

You know me now, my destiny, my race.
May you the better credit a King's daughter,
What pity—I will not say love—constrains her
Now to confide to you. False Turandot,
Malicious, cunning, cruel Turandot,
Soon as the morning dawns, will have you murdered.
All orders are already given. So much
From her, who is the mistress of your dreams.

CALAF (*starts up savagely*).

She will have me murdered, do you say?

ADELMA.

(*Rises likewise, with the most solemn emphasis.*)

Yes, murdered:

While you are on your way to the Divan.

A score of swords await your setting out.

CALAF (*beside himself*).

I will call the guards.

(*Makes for the door.*)

ADELMA (*holds him back*).

Bethink yourself, rash man!

The guards? They have been bought by Turandot!

CALAF (*in blind despair*).

Timur, my wretched father, thus it stands.

With Calaf, thy proud son; he that set out

To seek good fortune for himself and thee!

(*Covers his face with his hands.*)

ADELMA (*aside*).

Haha! Timur... Calaf... Be thrice blest, lie

That lured this forth. Doubly I hold him now.

CALAF.

Can it be possible that Turandot...

How *can* it be that such an angel's face

Should hide such devilry?...

(*Contemptuously.*)

No. You deceive me,

Adelma. Go!

ADELMA.

I will forgive your doubt.

An angel's face? Oh, would that you had seen her

As I have! In the harem rages she,

And like a snapping bitch runs to and fro,

Green in the face, and with her bloodshot eyes

Shining with hate under distorted brows.

Doubt if you will. That you should doubt my words

Is not such pain as your approaching death.

(*Weeps.*)

CALAF.

What treachery! By the very guards betrayed
Appointed to protect me! He spake right,
That rascal of a captain: Gold kills duty.
Life, fare thee well!

ADELMA.

And yet you may escape
Your evil star. Up, I will show the way.
By saving you from death, I save myself
From slavery. With my jewels I have bought
Two of the guards, an escort I have hired,
And horses are in readiness. The Khan
Of Berlas is my kinsman. Leagued with him
Let us invade and seize my kingdom—yours,
If so you will. And this my hand be yours,
If you will have it. But if you will not,
The Tartar Kings are not unblest with daughters,
Fair maidens full of love and fit for you.
Be you the King, and I will be your subject.
Only flee, death. Only deliver me.
And I will conquer even my love, which now,
Crimson with shame, I have confessed.....
Day dawns!
Day dawns! My head swims.... Stranger, flee with me!

CALAF.

In vain. I have resolved to stay and die.

ADELMA.

Then I will, too, stay for a little while
In slavery yet. And soon it will be seen
Which of us two is readier to die.

(*Aside.*)

Often persistent love attains at last!
Calaf, Timur's son?

(*Aloud.*)

Stranger Prince, good-night!

(*Exit.*)

CALAF.

Oh, will this night of horrors never end?
And this fight of the soul that is consumed
In burning love? By Fortune cast away—
Cast into perils, by her hate pursued,
I tarry for the dawn and traitorous knives.

(The scene grows light.)

See, the sun rises. Now the hour is come
For her to feed her pleasure on my blood,
The hour has come that sees my torment end!

SCENE XIV

BRIGELLA, GUARDS, CALAF.

BRIGELLA.

Time's up, your Highness. Fun begins in a minute.

CALAF.

Oh, is it you? Well, carry out your orders!
Be quick! It doesn't matter. Get it over.

BRIGELLA (*astonished*).

What orders? Eh? I haven't got any orders.
The only order I've got is to escort you to the
Divan. Double quick! The Emperor has already
combed his beard and may appear in the Divan
any minute.

CALAF (*in a tragedy tone*).

Up, then, to the Divan! What though I do not
Reach it alive? What matters it? See here,
Am I the man to be afraid of death?

(Casts his sword away.)

I need no weapon. Let the Princess know
That I have offered of my own free will
To her assassins my defenceless breast

(Exit.)

BRIGELLA.

What the devil *is* the fellow raving about?
Women, those damned women! They've been at
him the whole night, not half, and his brain's
collapsed! Hello, you! Present arms! Dress
your ranks! March!

(Exeunt. Music of drums and other instruments of war.)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

THE THIRD ACT

SCENE I

The great hall of the imperial Divan. In the "background, covered by a curtain, an altar with a Chinese idol; two priests standing beside it. ALTOUM on his throne, the doctors on their cushions, PANTALONE and TARTAGLIA on each side of the EMPEROR. ALTOUM, PANTALONE, TARTAGLIA, the DOCTORS, the GUARDS. Later CALAF. (Enter CALAF excitedly from right. He looks round uneasily and suspiciously. When he arrives at the middle of the room he bows to ALTOUM.)

CALAF (*aside*).

How's this? No trace of ambushed murderers?
Did the slave lie? Can Turandot have found
The names out, and rescinded her commands?
Then I lose all. Death had been better far.

ALTOUM.

My son, you seem excited and in fear,
And I were fain had you a merry face.
Now all is well. Your sorrows are at end.
Glad tidings that concern you I will save
A little while. As for my daughter, she
Is yours. She sent to me thrice in the night
Petitioning release from this encounter.
Therefore I charge you, son, be of good cheer!

PANTALONE.

Heaven knows, my dearest Royal Highness, I
myself had to trot off in the night to pay a call
on her Royal Highness in the Seraglio and receive
her most illustrious commands. I didn't even
have the time to tumble into my slippers and
get dressed properly. And it was so cold,
Heaven knows (*coughs*), I'm shivering yet. Never
mind! Never mind!

TARTAGLIA.

They fetched me out of bed at 5 a.m. It was
just beginning to get light a bit. She made
me stand in front of her half an hour while she
went on whining something or other. For sheer
cold and vexation I talked the most clotted
nonsense to her. (*Aside.*) It would have suited
my humour better if I could have given her a
downright good spanking.

ALTOUM.

You see yourself: she is so slow in coming.
I have already sent explicit orders

In case of need to bring her here by force.
Here she shall stand and learn to blush, a pain
She would not let me spare her. Therefore, son,
Take good heart at the prospect of near joy.

CALAF.

I crave your pardon, sire, and give you thanks!
I am tormented by most fearful doubts,
And by the thought that for my sake she now
Is suffering shame and force. Much rather... No
Not that. If I *do* lose her, what remains
To me of life? With time and tenderness
I will compel her to forget this rage.
My will shall be her wish, my heart her heart.
For her sake I will grant what either asks,
And my love's banner be: Fidelity!

ALTOUM.

Let there be no more dallying! This Divan
Be changed into a temple, so that she,
Soon as she enters here, may recognize
That I too have a will. Prepare the marriage.
Unveil the altar.

*(The curtain in the background opens, and
the altar with the priests is seen.)*

PANTALONE.

She's coming, my dear Lord Chancellor, she's
coming. I believe I can already hear her whining.

TARTAGLIA.

The accompaniment does at all events sound
decidedly dismal. That's what I call a genuine
wedding march, just the same as for a funeral.

SCENE II

TURANDOT, ADELMA, ZELIMA, TRUFFALDINO, EUNUCHS, SLAVES. *The foregoing. (To the strains of a gloomy march TURANDOT appears. Before her proceed eunuchs. Her whole escort wear signs of mourning. With the same ceremonial as in First Act, TURANDOT ascends the throne, and at sight of the altar and the priests starts with surprise. The position of the actors is exactly the same as in the First Act. CALAF stands erect in the centre.)*

TURANDOT.

This mourning of my escort, *Prince unknown*,
These gloomy faces and these necks bowed down,
Are (well I know it) sweet to your hard heart;
And, mourning, I behold the altar ready.

For all my efforts to avenge the shame
Put on me yesterday, I still am helpless.
I have fought my fight. I bow my neck to fate.

CALAF.

Would you could read the heart you say is hard,
Princess, to see what wormwood your hate blends
With all its rapture. Let not your heart rue
Crowning the man with happiness who loves you
And worships you, and if it is a crime
To worship you, I beg you here: forgive!

ALTOUM.

Enough. She is not worth such humble words.
Now teach *her* to be humble! Music, ho!
Up! To the altar! Let the priests begin!

TURANDOT.

One moment more! What vengeance is so sweet
As this: to cradle in security
And restfulness an unsuspecting heart,
And then from the pinnacle of happiness
To dash it down into the blackest hell
Of torment?

(She rises.)

Hear me, all of you: Depart
From this Divan, *Calaf, son of Timur!*
There is the riddle solved you set me. Wretch,
Go! seek another wife, and shake with fear
Of Turandot, whom none can overcome.

CALAF (*confounded and stricken*).

Great Heaven! Lost! Lost!

ALTOUM (*taken aback*).

What do I hear? Great Heaven!

PANTALONE.

Holy Madonna, she's gone and done it in his
beard, my dear Lord Chancellor, Heaven knows.

TARTAGLIA.

(Mopping his face.) Holy Gorgonzola! this
gets over me and no mistake.

CALAF.

Lost! No one helps me. Who *could* help me now?
I have-been my own assassin, and in the end
I lose by too much loving love itself.
Why did I solve the riddles yesterday?
If I had failed to solve them, I were now
Cold, dumb, and free from torture worse than death.
Great-hearted Emperor, why do you not
Let that grim law hold good another time?
Now she has found the names, give your cold daughter,
To be her crowning triumph, this last head.

(Approaches TURANDOT'S throne.)

Most cruel Princess, does it not offend you
To know the heart still beating that has dared
To love you? Look upon your victim here,
Calaf, hateful to you, hateful to Heaven,
To the world hateful, and to fortune too—
Calaf, who at your feet now dies.

*(He draws a dagger, and makes a thrust at
his heart. TURANDOT leaps down from
her throne and seizes his arm.)*

TURANDOT *(in a tone of tenderness)*.

Calaf,
What are you doing?

ALTOUM.

Dare I trust my eyes?

CALAF.

Leave me alone, cold woman! Let me die!

*(Points the dagger again at his breast.
TURANDOT restrains him.)*

TURANDOT.

Stay! You shall live! and you shall live for me!
Listen!

(To ZELIMA.)

Run to the prisoners, Zelima!
Comfort old faithful Barak and your mother!

ZELIMA.

Mistress, I will, and lose no time.

(Exit.)

ADELMA *(excitedly, aside)*.

This moment
Spells death for me.

TURANDOT.

Now hear me: I have won
By accident. For in a sudden burst
Of feeling you betrayed yourself last night
To my quick-witted slave Adelma here.
But let the whole world know: I am above
Injustice. And know you: your chivalrous
Demeanour and fair features have o'ercome
This stubborn heart. Live then, live and be proud:
I am your prize.

ADELMA (*in pain, aside*).

Oh, torment worse than death....

CALAF (*casts his dagger to the floor*).

Mine! You! Oh, do not kill me, supreme joy!

ALTOUM (*descends from his throne*).

Let me embrace thee, daughter. This one hour
Makes good the pain you heaped upon my heart.

PANTALONE.

Wedding! Wedding! Reverend doctors, your
presence is no longer required here.

TARTAGLIA.

Have the goodness to withdraw to the posterior apartment.

(*Exeunt doctors back of stage.*)

ADELMA (*comes to the front. In the greatest excitement to CALAF*).

Live! Oh, yes, live! Live with my enemy
In happiness.

(*To TURANDOT.*)

To you, Princess, I say:
I hate you. All I tried to do last night
I did to snatch from you the man I love,
Whom secretly I loved ere he loved you.
Last night I sought to have him flee with me.
He would not. All my arts could lure from him
Were those two names, which I betrayed because
I hated you. I planned you should reject him,
And that I then should have him. All in vain.
There is one last way open to me now.

I, too, am royal, and I am ashamed.
That so long I have suffered servitude.
Take now the last of all the Carcasenes
To crown your triumphing....

(She picks CALAF'S dagger up from the floor.)

This steel, which you
Have warded from his breast, shall open me
The way to freedom....

CALAF *(restrains her)*.

Stay!

ADELMA.

Off! Let me die.

(In a voice stifled with tears.)

Ungrateful wretch!

CALAF *(snatches the dagger from her)*.

No, for I owe you all.
It was your treachery saved me. You shall not
Call me ungrateful.

TURANDOT.

Are you mad, Adelma,
All of a sudden?

CALAF.

Generous Emperor,
If my petition may in aught avail,
Give her her freedom!

TURANDOT.

I petition, too,
My noble father. I conceive it well,
She never can forgive me her distress;
No, nor believe that I can pardon her.
Give her her freedom.... And if you could grant
Some greater favour, do it for our sake!

ALTOUM.

On such a day of gladness be the measure
Of mercy full. I give her not alone
Her freedom but her father's kingdom back.
So let her choose a consort she can love,
And rule the realm with him....

ADELMA.

To all the weight
Of guilt upon my conscience, to my load
Of love sent back from where it should have lodged,
You add the burden of the greatest mercy.
I cannot yet conceive it. Give me time
To understand the height of my good fortune.
But now I have no answer save these tears....

CALAF.

Oh that I knew now where to find you, father!
My heart, so full of joy, burns to embrace you.

ALTOUM.

Calaf, rejoice exceedingly. This empire
You have twice won. Your father, too, has won
His kingdom back. Slain is the Sultan who
Robbed it from him. Until your sire's return
A faithful servant wields the sceptre for him,
And in the meantime sends out messengers
To seek you in all countries. Read this leaf I
It signifies the end of all your grief.

CALAF.

Ye heavenly gods, you raise and you cast down.
You cast down and make mighty, heavenly gods.

(All present sob in their emotion.)

TURANDOT.

Now nothing more trouble this wedding-day.

(Comes meditatively somewhat to the front.)

Calaf here risks his head to win a wife.
A faithful friend and servant risks his life
To save his Prince. A man wins back a throne
For his lost King, and makes it not his own.
A woman, who made out she loved me, hid
A false heart's treachery. And could I then,
After all this, look down in scorn on men?
No. And may Heaven forgive me all I did
That made me seem a monster in men's sight!

(Steps quite up to the footlights.)

Dear gentlemen, I tell you this because
I love you all; and if you are polite
Let my conversion have your loud applause.

QUICK CURTAIN

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE
THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

**Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project
Gutenberg™ electronic works**

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™’s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.