

Albert Erich Knolle.

That's a name.

This man doesn't exist. Until we produce him.

We say: He has arms and legs, a torso, and the required organs. In the same way we put a head on him with everything that goes along with it. And now we clothe him in a gray suit and black shoes, and put a hat in his hand. Now he's supposed to walk as if he were already finished.

There he goes. What else can you say about him?

He has an irregular walk.

Not that he limps, it's just that some of his strides are longer than others. Maybe because he's thinking.

This man leaves his family one day in

order to write a play, and returns home without having written it.

What sort of play was it supposed to be and why didn't he write it?

The play was supposed to be called "The Break-down." It was supposed to take place in a factory. It was supposed to be critical.

And the man Knolle let himself be convinced that critique has a disintegrating effect.

Now then: Knolle, without a play and sunk in thought. Under trees we have put there expressly for him, just now, so-called theatrical set trees, of a deep green shade.

We'll have a talk with him, and the first thing we'll say is: Hello Mr. Knolle. And after that we'll say: And how are you Mr. Knolle? And finally: But now you say something.

Now Knolle speaks. My play, he says.

So with that we learn what we already know.

Knolle continues. I'm a lonely person, I'd like you to know.

We don't think so. Knolle has a profession in a publishing house. He has a family with whom he makes music, eats and sleeps with, and friends he drinks with. So he's got to explain himself more closely.

So he comes to speak of his play again. He says: I have come to see that critique has a

disintegrating character. Well, what do I do with this awareness?

Nothing at all.

What should I do then?

Write the play anyway.

Against my awareness?

At least try.

Knolle says: Yes, leaves his family again, writes, gets as far as the third act, goes to a theatrical agent, delivers his manuscript there.

After two weeks a drama critic by the name of Dr. Overabove tells him that the play has been approached in an extraordinarily interesting manner, that's the way he expresses himself, but while reading it some misgivings arose in him.

Like bubbles.

Now we are as far as we were, but actually even further — namely the third act. And we induce Knolle to keep writing.

Now the play is done, and is called "The Prevented Break-down." Knolle has undergone development and given a constructive turn to his criticism.

The sequence of events or object that was criticized, as it turned out, only *seemed* to be worthy of critique. The leading character was subject to an error. That resolved itself, insight triumphed broadly.

Such plays are being offered. The actors

last the longest at it. And Knolle is still sitting in the theater, his family didn't come along.

So now Knolle is finished as a figure. Now he himself has got to see how he can get along.