The Last Act of Revolution

Scene: The high security wing of Stammheim prison where the leadership of the Red Army faction are being held during trial. Their specialized “prison within the prison” consists of several cells, all connected to a common room where they may meet for certain hours of the day to plan their defense. The cells themselves are full of possessions they have been permitted to accumulate in prison: books, record players, papers, and food. The common room, much larger than the cells, contains only a fold out table and some chairs. The guards are never seen, as they only enter the room to bring meals and to open or close cells, otherwise they observe from a glass booth some thirty or forty feet away, at the end of the large common room. For our purposes, only the common room and Ulrike’s cell will be represented. The time is the afternoon and evening of May 8th, 1976.

Scene I

Ulrike sits in the common room, alone. Andreas and Gudrun enter, angry.

Excited $ \frac{q}{j} = 144$

Piano

Andreas $fp$

Colla voce $f$

Swine!

Rat fuck-ing

Colla voce
Giusto

Colla voce

Giusto

p sub.

swine! trea-che-rous rat fuck-ing swine! That

Giusto

Colla voce

Giusto

p sub.

That

Giudrun

Fas-cist! Fas-cist!

stooge that cro - ny that...

I should have smashed his fas - cist face!
Ulrike

What has happened now André?

Den ied!

What has been denied

Witnesses, reasoning the
justice of our struggle. He's scheming to thwart us at every moment. He puts up such a pre-tense.

With those flabby, crumby little jowls,
Of whom do you speak Andrew?

spouting off that bourgeois crap. That crane.

That minion, that lacquer, that

stool. That crane. That minion, that lacquer, that
Colla voce

Giusto

What has stooge. That cock-sucker judge is tryin' to rob us of our voices!

Colla voce

Giusto

The pitter.

Meno mosso $q = 120$

hap-pened now, Gu-drun?

Meno mosso $q = 120$

mat-ter in the court? Our job in Ham-burg.
We blasted that base that shipped the bombs to

Vietnam.

The judge tries to dis-

credit our just reasons, our pure and selfless motives.
If we killed a few soldiers,

G

we saved ten thousand innocents.

A tempo $J=120$ Colla voce

Giusto

imperiously

We did not

tes- ti-fy to that?

What wit-ness- es?

Giusto
hope for testimony, we hoped for a confession. So we called to court the men that led that genocidal war.

What's the point of a show like that?
The judge would throw us out?

You must have known for sure...

Of course, the show's the point.

We called his bluff in front of Germany.
They'll never try a guilty man.

They won't offend America.

A tempo $\q = 120$

This trial is a scheme cooked up to
But through this puppet show, we can reach out to the
make us in to monsters.

people, we can speak to the world and show them what we are.
And how close free-dom's

rivals make their dens.
But what are you expecting? We're trapped against the wall.

We're bound and tied, they're beating us, we play this game in court each day and the

people see a joke.
surprised
But you said yourself Ulrike:

The nation is a fascist state.

All Europe is a prison.

But the sparks of revenge...
aspiration may come from within these cells.

There are embers ready alla marcia

everywhere to set the world a light.

Of course, I didn't mean to doubt.
Yet you won't attend the trial.

Because I cannot stand the smell.

Never mind.

I have something else.

Today in court our lawyers
Giusto f holds up a sheet of paper

Colla voce

passed this to me. A note that speaks of all the work our friends have

Giusto

Colla voce

Piu mosso

Giusto

Colla voce

done outside. The faction is not dead,

Giusto

Colla voce

it still thrives amongst the masses,

Più mosso — 144

ff

Piu mosso — 144

ff
and now they’ve hatched a plan to spring us from this hole.

What plan?

What plan?

years.

A tempo \( \frac{1}{4} = 144 \)
They have money now and weapons. They've been helped by our allies.

Any kind of fool could think of something they can do.
A takes a hundred flights, they'll borrow

Pno.

A

With hashtags?

A

one or two.

Pno.

A

Just so.

For the revolution.

Pno.

A

They'll
take the plane from Hamburg, or some-place full of swine,

fly it off to Syria, or Africa.

First kill off the pilots,
242
A
f

a-ny cops,


Pno.

ff

 ci-vil ser-vants,


the ste-wards

245
A

Heavy $J = 76$

too and each and e-very one,


Heavy $J = 76$

un-til they

249
A

fp

free on from this


Pno.

f

cantabile

hole.
It's high time for this chance.

These hunger strikes and white cells drive me

For who's sake will we do this?
Not only for ourselves.

A revolution's waiting.

The masses are drunk with ignorance.

We must shock them to revolt.
Andreas and Gudrun review the hijacking
Ulrike retreats to a corner, sulking, while
Pantomime:
Ulrike retreats to a corner, sulking, while
Andreas and Gudrun review the hijacking
plans with increasing excitement.

At any price, a life in chains is not a life at all.
Ulrike's mood begins to lift

poco a poco accel.

Ulrike joins Andreas and Gudrun
Let blood pay the cost.

The world is a nightmare, full of greed and horror.

Nightmare, blood, cost.

dearly,

The world is a nightmare, full of greed and horror.
At peace in places, yet standing on the brink.

Action could send it to the fire.

Freedom,

Freedom, freedom,
The people of this country are fools to be so blind.

The people of this country are fools to be so blind.

The people of this country are fools to be so blind.

The people of this country are fools to be so blind.
Let them taste their freedom.

from the barrel of a gun.

Let them taste that freedom.
Let them taste their freedom from the barrel of a gun.
barrel of a gun. And
barrel of a gun. And
barrel of a gun. And

G

U

A

Pno.

once we've wiped the slate, we will make the
once we've wiped the slate, we will make the
once we've wiped the slate, we will make the

G

U

A

Pno.
world again.

So we'll

world again.

world again.

go on with the plan. May the struggle never end.

free-dom
End Scene I

Ulkrek exits

Gudrun exits

Repeat as needed
Scene II

Ulrike, alone in her cell, composes her memoirs at a typewriter.
To think that all this work began in columns. The struggle of the writer and the keys.

Calling for change with democratic
fervor relying on a system I despised

My husband and my readers were

left-ists. But their revolution was an art.
light-ing up the night, showing us our blind - ness, we
ra-di-cals, we think-ers who could ne-ver cross the line. An-dre-as!
And

yet I was alone that day I followed you.

Why did
No one from my circle join me?

Was it the blood they saw a head?

These human sacrifices?

If I have taken life, I

Con moto = 88

Con moto = 88

f
have surrendered mine!

My daughters’ laughing voices,
the love a mother

shares, I’ve given that away,
I've given that away.

Does that not prove me righteous?

Does that not prove me righteous?

Colla voce Giusto

Colla voce Giusto

righteous?

Does that not show?
But stop. Don't doubt. Those years of writing were a

game where not a single inch was gained. This

ruthless fighting is the only way.
Ulrike weeps silently

recovering herself, suddenly hostile

Who the fuck are you?

Good day, Frau Mein-hof.

In-de-pen-dant
U
520
mf
For me?
I

I
525
f
have no need.
This trial has been fixed.
And nothing you

Pno.

529
p
pigs can say will change the way it goes.

I

Pno.

Please madam,
533

I was not sent by the court.
I come here in good will,

539

to lend a hand.
Please, let me ask you some simple questions,

545

I cannot keep the flies away.
I'm sure you'll find me useful.
549

So ask me what you like.

554

Now, to prepare a defense we must gauge your motives. Now,

560

if your revolution is a labor meant to birth a better state...

39

You have no notion what this revolution
is. We could not seize the go-vern-men-t o-ver-night. Our goal is to trans
form the pub-lic mind, to show the

peo-ple they're ruled by fas-cist bour-geois

colla voce

colla voce

giusto

swine!

giusto
And so we'll hold our course

Yet the public still rejects your cause.

In active, afraid to speak at trial?
How dare you come here taunting me.

I only wish to aid your defense.

This trial is a chance to revive the movement.

But Guðrun and Andreas are like...
wrecking balls.

You should be speaking for the R-A-F.

Don't you dare instruct me. I'd kill you if I could. Andreas is a leader who in -
---|---|---|---|---

614 | 614 | 614 | 614 | 614

U | U | U | U | U

614 | 614 | 614 | 614 | 614

U | U | U | U | U

618 | 618 | 618 | 618 | 618

U | U | U | U | U

622 | 622 | 622 | 622 | 622

U | U | U | U | U

626 | 626 | 626 | 626 | 626

U | U | U | U | U

---|---|---|---|---

**43** Affettuoso \( \frac{J}{63} \) | **43** Affettuoso \( \frac{J}{63} \) | **44** Misterioso con rubato \( \frac{J}{100} \) | **44** Misterioso con rubato \( \frac{J}{100} \) | **44** Misterioso con rubato \( \frac{J}{100} \)

mf | mf | pp | pp | pp

mites... | he lights the way for us to | fol... | as is our soul. | Leading by example, Yes I see. Much as he did

rit. | \( \frac{f}{p} \) | \( \frac{mp}{pp} \) | pp sub. | mf | pp sub.

... | \( \frac{pp}{mf} \) | \( \frac{pp}{mf} \) | \( \frac{pp}{mf} \) | \( \frac{pp}{mf} \) | \( \frac{pp}{mf} \)

---|---|---|---|---|---

\( \approx \) | \( \approx \) | \( \approx \) | \( \approx \) | \( \approx \) | \( \approx \)

3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3

° | ° | ° | ° | ° | °

3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3

---|---|---|---|---|---

3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3

° | ° | ° | ° | ° | °

3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3

---|---|---|---|---|---

Yes I see. Much as he did
in the hunger strikes that killed your comrade.

and nearly took your life. They

say you were given meals each day yet threw out every

crumb, lived in agonizing pain un-
til the guards sedated you and forced you through tubes. Molto rit.

Now, Andreas, I've heard he hoarded food, He

ate quite well. Unlike you, he cheated

Affettuoso \( j = 63 \)

Colla voce
60

Get out!

As you wish, but I think I will re-turn. My work could be a great help in your case.

Lawyer exits. Ulrike puts her head in her hands.

my accel.

I

f

ff

ff

ff
Ulrike sits up when she overhears Andreas and Gudrun in the common room.

Relaxed $j = 94$

The problem on this point is educative.

Relaxed $j = 94$

cation Re-education The state,

to its own people must occupy their minds.

Must claim them as productive means to capital and
Ulrike enters the common room. Guðrun sees her first.

That's very good. Here she comes.

What's going on?

Planning a new tactic for the trial.

Decisions, we'll make in court.
reading from notes at first

Locked away for years in white silent rooms.

We guessed your objective was our madness.

So we know the deep goal of this torture.

What is this?

The judge will say, "Irrelevant Herr Basler!"

Not
Here is our assassin our reason, extinguish our spirits. We know you can't afford to...
The judge asks, "Herr Bauer, let the people hear us speak."

I'll expel you do not be obscene."

ass holes have... Par-don me. You fascist ass hole. We know
It's why you want to make us fools: If the people learn to

But he'll throw us out. Perhaps they'll submit.

The point is that we must have better
again as the judge

"Herr Baader, I do not see the point of treatment, more common time to plan our defence.

this display?"

"Herr Baader, I sense. And for our health the court should conc...
Fur-ther- more, de-mand an end to sex u-

also se-gre-ga tion we want a com-mon cell for

Com-rade En-sulin and my self. And we

need more God-damned smokes you fuck-ing pigs!
Colla voce

And if these things are not done, we'll protest with another

Colla voce

Let's see how they take that!

hung - er strike.

Meno mosso \( j = 92 \)

Piu mosso \( j = 100 \)

pleading

An dre - as,
you can not make those decadent demands. Opinion will not

turn on jokes like that. It's not a joke, I'm tired of this shit. And the

Some action. Stealing planes and hi-jacking will free us any way.
These are the measures taken.

G

U

Pno.

G

U

Pno.

G

U

Pno.

These are the measures taken.

G

U

Pno.

Our release will stoke the fire.

G

U

Pno.

poco rit. . . . poco accel. . . .

G

U

Pno.

Such vicious

G

U

Pno.

poco rit. . . . poco accel. . . .

G

U

Pno.

ness is apt to snuff it out.

G

U

Pno.

This reckless violence
Pno.

won't set us free.

They'll let us go to save those fools.

you stupid bitch. We'll pay them back with bullets. We'll

mass-ace those judges, we'll skin those kings of pigs, we'll

poco accel.,

mf
A tempo $J = 76$

Pno.

am their fuck-ing hous-es to the ground

A tempo $J = 76$

Pno.

Dolce

Don't waste words on this hy-po-crite Her mo-ther-ing mind is soft-end by pi-ty for the

A tempo $J = 76$

Pno.

with disgust

damned. This bour-geois milk-ing cow; her friends hat-ed her bit-ter taste.
They threw her out. It was our worst mistake to take her in.

You've joined a revolution. You'll

I've fought as hard as you.

begin spoken, gradually add pitch

You are a knife stuck in the Faction's
I've sacrificed,
back.

I've sacrificed,

Now that is

I've sacrificed my life.
some thing useful you can do.

molto rit.

Ulrike exits

Allegro $j = 120$

End Scene II
Scene III
Ulrike sits alone in the common room.
Lawyer enters, or appears onstage

Where does it all end? Frau Meine-hof? Where does it end?

The pig's re-turned to torture me. I've come be-cause I
know how lit-tle time you have. The jud-ges are im-pa-tient, a blood-debt

That debt is on this na-tion’s back, not

must be paid.

mine.

But what about your tri-al?
Do you not yearn for freedom? Do you not yearn to show the world the ache for it? Sickness it is hiding. Freedom is tangential.
Andreas would agree.

What does Baa-der think of that?

Sensuously \( j = 88 \)

About his freedom? I think not.

The urge for it eats at him, He knows he'll lose the...
trial. It isn't hard to guess.

he has a plan.

dog! You've given us a-way!

Baa-der gives him self a-way.
Not so

Come now, what is it?

A bombing? A shooting? Perhaps a

Uliker turns to the lawyer, but stops herself to hide her reaction.

trade for hostages?
An·dre·as will taste his blood-soaked freedom.

Are you behind this?

Meno mosso

poco rit.

I don’t too?
kill for my-self.

You don't? That's

I've always spoken honestly.

good. We have to use that one.

Then let me hear your honesty.
Must Meinhof have her freedom? Is Gu德rn needed too?

Will liberating Baader?

An-dreas lights the way, His help the cause?
guid-ance has no price.

Or per haps...

it comes quite cheap—by bought with a dead.

Meno mosso

You lis-tened to us!

stew-ard—ess or two.

I'm your law-yer.
It's con-fi-den-tial. So tell me if you three are freed by vi-o-lence does that help the R-A-F?

The pub-lic will des-pise us. And hate your cause in turn.
Meno mosso $J = 76$ \hspace{1cm} \text{rit.} \quad J = 66

So what is to be done?

Meno mosso $J = 76$ \hspace{1cm} \text{rit.} \quad J = 66

I can't quite say.

The trial...

That's so.

Then what is to be done?

You could stay here and rot.
slowly fade away, drifting into silence.

in the dark. Or, become a voice of protest, a

chained living martyr, a victim of the state you
L

Pno.
dared de- fy.

Do you have the en- er- gy for that?

Pno.

For years of tire- less scream- ing?

Pno.

Cry- ing through the wall?

Piu mosso

q = 72

accel.

Piu mosso

q = 72

accel.

Piu mosso

q = 84

accel.

Begg- ing that my
fail ing voice be heard?

I won't play conscience

Can this be true,
Ulrike?
From the woman who sacrificed her

Life?
Who turned away her children?

You name what I've rejected.
her friends, her piece of mind?
I've gained a greater purpose.

So tell me what you've gained?

Ppose steeped in blood and fire. Is that the path you choose?

Ppose steeped in blood and fire. Is that the path you choose?
Ulrike retreats to a corner, assuming a fetal position, covering her hands and face.
Do you hear?
Do you hear it?

wailing, molto vib.

G

A

Pno.
Ulrike leaps up

Freedom!

This agony must end.

This quarrel with Andreas must sub-
side. I must carry on. Even though these measures...

Can - not

just - ify them - selves? Even though they light the

way to revo - lution's ru - in? That rea - son-ing,
ma dam, has had its way. You haven't got the guts...
The public voice is\nlent.

Blood must pour and rouse them or else the Faction
1132 dies.

What blood do you dare spill?

1137 Will you end this revolution,

by trading lives for
ff

free - dom?

ff

No!  No!  Not__ for the good.

Not_for in - jus - tice.  Not for my free - dom

Not for my free - dom
The revolution falters when we take thought for ourselves.

My independent motives must be

A tempo $j = 60$

\[= 60\]
cut out from my mind.

My hope of free re-

lease, my hope of insur-

rection,

my hope to ex-

tir-pate the liv-ing death of 
bourgeois life.
I know what must be done. I'll make my own rebellion.

The last act of rebellion.

83

with increasing resolve

Meno mosso $j=48$ accel.

Meno mosso $j=48$ accel.

A tempo $j=72$

A tempo $j=72$

rit.

$f$

ff $>$ mp

ff $>$ $pp$
Free myself forever, as I accel.

A tempo \( j = 72 \)

set the world a light.

Measure out my hatred inside.
The last act of re

rit. . . . . . . . . . 85 Grave $J = 60$

ni-al of my life.


A mar-tyr's death.

bel-lion; that is death.
Andreas and Gudrun enter, triumphant

Lawyer exits, or dissappears to Gudrun

Swine! Swine!

Gudrun to herself

Swine! Swine!

The swine will give us freedom!

The swine are led to
slaughter

The word has come at last,

our plan to strike is hatched. These tyrant walls will fall and we'll have

freedom.

freedom.

freedom.

freedom.
Blood will pour to buy this free.

A furious revolution will en...
1239

1242

poco rit.

88 A tempo \( \approx 138 \)

88 A tempo \( \approx 138 \)
'1247

G:

Life for the innocent, death to the intolerant.
Fight! Fight!

U:

Death for their rebellion.

A:

Life for the innocent, death to the intolerant.
Fight! Fight!

'1250

G:

Justice through action. Liberate forever.

U:

Justice is action.

A:

Justice through action. Liberate forever.
brotherhood for all.  Fight!  Fight!  Fight!  Justice through action

bli - vi - on  
Death  

brotherhood for all.  Fight!  Fight!  Fight!  Justice through action

Fight!  Fight!  Fight!  
Justice through action

Fight!  Fight!  Fight!  
Justice through action

brotherhood for all.  
Justice through action

Li - ber ate for - ev - er,  
brotherhood for all.  
Justice through action

Li - ber ate for - ev - er,  
brotherhood for all.  
Justice through action
Ulrike turns to address Andreas and Gudrun, who begin to exit, ignoring Ulrike.

This way brings 1268 is a rebellion.

Death for us all. Death for us.

freeedom.

freeedom.
all. I know the path to

freedom. I'll light the way to freedom.

Andreas and Gudrun complete their exit.

Join one, join all, in

116
The lights begin to fade.

In solidarity, we'll carry on.

The stage is dark.

Fine