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A Book of Reading in Interpretation of Fiction

**Ministry of Education and Science,
Youth and Sports of Ukraine
State Institution
"Luhansk Taras Shevchenko National University"**

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Хрестоматія для студентів факультету іноземних мов та магістрантів вищих навчальних закладів

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Хрестоматія представляє збірник творів для читання та аналізу на практичних заняттях із дисципліни “Інтерпретація художнього тексту”. Кожна з чотирьох частин містить два художніх твори, (оповідання, вірш, поема або п’єса) та питання для їх літературознавчого аналізу відповідну до аспекту, якому присвячено практичне заняття. На початку кожного твору надано стислі біографічні та бібліографічні дані про автора твору. Останній твір наведено для комплексного аналізу з урахуванням усіх літературознавчих знань та навичок, що набуті студентами.

Хрестоматія своїм наповненням відповідає вимогам програми з дисципліни „Інтерпретація художнього тексту” для студентів та магістрантів спеціальності „Мова та література (англійська)”. Вона може бути використаною викладачами англійської мови вищих і спеціальних середніх навчальних закладів, студентами інститутів, університетів та факультетів іноземних мов.

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PREFACE

The Book of Reading of the course “Interpreting Fiction” is intended for the students who study English as their major. It is an attempt to supply them with a practical appendix to the lecture and seminar course. The aim of the Reading Book is to help the students use the knowledge and techniques necessary for the literary analysis.

The Book is divided into 4 thematic parts according to the aspects of the practical analysis:

- *Plot and Plot Structure;*
- *System of Images. Means of Characterisation;*
- *Types of Narrator. Narrative Method;*
- *Tonal System.*

Each part contains 2 literary works, representing the whole scope of literary genres, carefully selected with reference to the aspect analysed in a given part. Each text is followed by a set of questions guiding the students in their process of interpretation.

The Book also contains a Glossary of literary terms which will equip the students with the necessary apparatus criticus and contribute to the adequate and comprehensive interpretation of a literary work.

The authors do not aim to cover everything. They emphasize the most essential dimensions of the literary analysis. If the students are guided by their teacher, they will succeed in shaping their philological and literary competence.

PLOT AND PLOT STRUCTURE

1. Plot and plot structure.
2. Plot structure techniques and presentational sequencing.
3. Conflict. Types of conflict.
4. Theme and idea of a literary work.

Period Piece

By Joyce Cary

Arthur Joyce Lunel Cary *(1888-1957), novelist; born in Derry into an Anglo-Irish family which settled in Ulster during the 17th-cent. plantation. Cary spent his childhood in London, where his father worked as a civil engineer, returning for holidays to the Inishowen peninsula. Cary was educated at Clifton and Trinity College, Oxford. In 1912 he served in Montenegro with the Red Cross and as a Second Lieutenant in the Cameroons. In 1917 he was appointed Assistant District Officer in the Colonial Service, in Nigeria. Leaving the Service in 1920, he settled in Oxford. Aissa Saved (1932) was the first of four novels about Africa, to be followed by An American Visitor (1933), The African Witch (1936), and Mister Johnson (1939). Castle Corner (1938) grew out of his concern with change at the turn of the century. Charley Is My Darling (1940) and A House of Children (1941) are two novels about children, the latter drawing on his recollections of Donegal. The first ('Gulley Jimson') trilogy—Herself Surprised (1941), To Be a Pilgrim (1942), and The Horse's Mouth (1944) explores the conflict between imagination and responsiblity. The Moonlight (1946) is a reply to Tolstoy's The Kreutzer Sonata. A Fearful Joy (1949) deals with female courage and vitality. In the second trilogy, Prisoner of Grace (1952), Except the Lord (1953), and Not Honour More (1955), he studies the destructive use of power. In 1949 Cary declined a CBE. In 1956 he prepared the Clark Lectures, Art and Reality (1958). A novel, The Captive and the Free (1959), and a collection of short stories, Spring Song (1960), were published posthumously.*

Tutin, married sixteen years, with three children, had an affair with his secretary, Phyllis, aged eighteen, and wanted a divorce. His wife, Clare, with her usual good sense, was resigned. 'If you feel you just make a break,' she said, sadly but without bitterness, 'there's no more to be said. It would be stupid to try to hold you against your will. You'd only hate me and that wouldn't help either of us.'

But when her mother in remote Yorkshire heard of this arrangement, she wrote and said it was preposterous and wicked, she wouldn't allow it. Old Mrs. Beer was the widow of a canon. She was a short, stout woman with a red face and a heavy jaw—a pugnacious and indomitable face. Yet there was something defeated about it too. The little faded blue eyes especially seemed to confess that the old woman had long given up hope of any serious attention from anybody.

You see such faces in boxing booths among the seconds and backers, men who have been in the ring all their lives and lost all their fight, but still follow the game as bottle holders, training partners, punching bags for young champions.

Her son-in-law laughed at her when she didn't exasperate him to madness by her sudden raids and arbitrary commands. Each time a child was born she planted herself in the household and took charge of every detail—laying down the law in an intolerable manner and flatly contradicting everybody from the doctor to the monthly nurse. Now, at this talk of divorce, she excelled herself. When Clare wrote her explanations she came south without any warning whatever, broke into Tutin's office and, marching up to his desk, umbrella in hand as if about to beat him, demanded, 'What's this nonsense about a divorce?'

This in the presence of the secretary who was taking dictation—not Phyllis, of course—Phyllis was no longer a secretary. As the future Mrs. Tutin she had to think of her dignity. She had a nice flat in a new building in Mayfair and spent her time shopping. The new secretary, on promotion from the general office, was a widow of fifty, Mrs. Bateman, with a dark moustache and a strong cast in one eye. Phyllis had chosen her as a thoroughly reliable person.

All the same, Tutin was not anxious to have his most private affairs discussed in front of her. He opened his mouth to tell her to go but Mrs. Beer had now come between. She planted her umbrella on the desk, and shouted at him, 'But there's not going to be a divorce—'

'My dear Mamma, all this has been discussed between Clare and me and we are completely agreed that it's impossible to go on.'

'Of course you can go on—if you *had* to go on you'd go on very well.'

Mrs. Bateman was still folding up her notebook, now she dropped her pencil. Tutin, a thoroughly good-natured man, hating to quarrel with anybody, answered patiently. 'Of course, these things are not so simple.'

Frank Tutin was a humane, a kindly man. He was extremely upset by this crisis in his family life. He realised how his wife was suffering, how much the children were concerned. He did not forget for a moment, he said, the danger to them of a broken home. Divorce was a very serious thing.

For days he had discussed it with Clare, analysing all the complex factors involved: Clare's feelings, his feelings, the children's feelings, Phyllis's feelings and everybody's right to consideration. Sometimes he had thought that there was no way out—divorce would be as bad as the present unhappy situation. But gradually he had found confidence; certain large principles detached themselves in the confusion—that the children of divided parents in an unhappy home were, according to a psychiatrist consulted by Frank himself, just as likely to suffer in character as those left with one or the other, alone but devoted, after divorce; that the Tutin's home life was growing every day more distracted, tense and impossible, that the one guiltless person who must not be let down was poor little Phyllis, that Frank and Clare had had many years of happiness together and could not fairly expect to go on for ever.

Clare in this crisis lived up to all Frank's expectations of her. Like the highly intelligent woman she was she took all his points.

And now, just when the divorce had been arranged in the most civilised manner, when Clare had agreed to ask Phyllis to the house to discuss the whole affair—Clare had been charming to

Phyllis, so young and so worried, so terribly in love, Phyllis was already quite devoted to her—and when she had agreed to accept a reasonable alimony and allow Tutin to have free access to the children, Mrs. Beer comes charging in like some paleolithic monster, hopelessly thick-skinned, brutal, insensitive. Comes and calls him selfish.

One could not blame the poor old woman. She was simply out of touch—she belonged to a rougher, cruder age where psychology was practically unheard of, where moral judgments were simply thrown out like packets from a slot machine, where there were only two kinds of character, bad and good, and only one kind of marriage, with no problems except the cook’s temper, the drains or, in extreme cases, the monthly bills.

He could ignore poor old Mrs. Beer—but suddenly he felt a strange uneasiness in the middle of his stomach. What was this? Indigestion again. He had had a touch of indigestion for the first time during these anxious weeks—Clare had been worried about him and sent for the doctor who had warned him strongly against worry. But how could he help worrying—he wasn't made of stone. It was worry, a new worry, that was working in him now. Had the old woman yet seen Clare, and what would she say to her? Clare didn't take her mother too seriously, but she was fond of her. And Mrs. Beer had never before been quite so outrageous. The uneasiness grew to a climax; and suddenly he jumped up and made for home. He drove far too fast and beat at least two sets of lights. He had an extraordinary fancy that Clare might have decided to walk out and take the children with her. He rushed into the house as if his shirt-tail were on fire.

What a marvellous relief—Clare was in her usual corner of the sitting-room doing her accounts. She looked at him with mild surprise, blushed and asked, 'Is anything wrong? Do you want me for anything?'

'No, my dear,' Tutin caught his breath and gathered his nerve. 'It's nothing—by the way, your mother is in town. She turned up just now in the office.'

'Yes, she's been here too.'

'Oh, I suppose she's been telling you that I'm a selfish brute.'

Clare was silent, and Tutin's irritation rose. 'Selfish—spoiled—a mummy's boy.'

'Of course, Mamma is always rather—'

'Do you think I'm a selfish brute?'

'Of course not, Frank, you know I don't. You've been most considerate from the beginning. You've done your best to be fair to everyone.'

'Yes, but especially to myself, the mummy's boy.'

'What do you mean—I never said—'

'But you didn't contradict.'

'Mamma is so upset.'

But Frank knew his Clare. He could detect in her the least shade of criticism and he perceived very easily that she was not prepared to say that he was quite free from a certain egotism.

To himself he admitted that he had acted, partly, in his own interest. But so had Clare in hers. He was the last to blame her. To do anything else would have been flying in the face of all the best modern opinion; everyone nowadays was bound to pay attention to his psychological make-up, quite as much as to his physical needs. A man who did not, who took no trouble to keep himself properly adjusted in mind as well as body, was not only a fool but a selfish fool. It was his plain duty, not only to himself but to his dependents, to look after himself, and only he could tell exactly what was necessary to keep him in health.

They had agreed that Phyllis was the key to the problem. In fact, the matter was decided and now he could not do without Phyllis—it was impossible. She adored him. The poor kid simply lived for him. This new exciting love coming to him now in his early fifties had transformed his life.

He had simply forgotten what love and life could mean, until Phyllis came to him. Since then he had been young again—better than really young, because he knew how to appreciate this extraordinary happiness.

And he exclaimed to Clare, in a furious, even threatening voice, 'She's got round you, in fact, but I don't care what you think of me. If you refuse a divorce I'll simply go away—Phyllis is ready for anything, poor child.'

'Oh, but of course I'll give you the divorce. Mamma doesn't understand about—well, modern ideas.'

Tutin didn't even thank her. He had been profoundly disillusioned in Clare. Apparently she took very much the same view of him as her mother. In this indignant mood those sixteen years of happy marriage seemed like sixteen years of deceit. He could not bear the thought that during the whole time Clare had been regarding him with her critical eye. He was too furious to stay in the house.

He went out abruptly and then made for Phyllis's flat. It had suddenly struck him that Mrs. Beer in her rampageous mood might even attack Phyllis, and he was at the moment particularly anxious to avoid the least chance of any misunderstanding with Phyllis on account of a slight difference of opinion between them about a mink coat. Phyllis considered that, as the future Mrs. Tutin, it was absolutely necessary to her to have a mink coat. Tutin was not yet convinced of the absolute necessity.

As he came in Mrs. Beer came out. And Phyllis was in an extraordinary state of mind. Red, tearful and extremely excited, even, as he had to admit, unreasonable. For she flew at him. What did he mean by letting her in for that old bitch? She'd been here half an hour—she'd be here still if he hadn't turned up, bawling her out as if she were a tart. She was damned if she'd take it.

'But Phyll, I didn't even know she was coming to London.' 'Where did she get my address?' 'Well, the office perhaps—'

'It's never you, is it—what are you gaping at? I tell you you'd better do something. She called me a common little tart. She said I'd put my hooks on you because you were meat for a floozy.' 'But you needn't mind her—she's only a silly old—' 'Not mind her,' shouted Phyllis; she advanced on him with curled fingers. 'Why, you fat old fool—'

For a moment he had the awful expectation of her nails in his face. But she did not claw, perhaps she was afraid of breaking a nail; she only shrieked again and went into hysterics.

Even after Tutin gave her the mink coat she still considered that she had been cheated of her case for damages against Mrs. Beer.

Phyllis had very strong ideas about her rights. She asked Tutin several times if he didn't agree that this was a free country and

he agreed at once, very warmly. He could not forget those awful words, 'a fat old fool.' He did not wish to offend Phyllis again. He even had some gloomy doubts about his future bliss with this darling child.

But he did not change his plans. He was too proud to creep back to the treacherous Clare.

And Clare was a woman of her word. The divorce went forward, and Mrs. Beer, defeated again, trailed back to her bear's den in the northern wilds. Three weeks later, and before the case had come to court, Phyllis met a young assistant film director who promised to make her a star. They went to Italy on Tutin's furniture, and got a house within a hundred yards of the assistant director's favourite studio on the mink coat.

Tutin did not go back to Clare; he felt that confidence between them had been destroyed. There was no longer sufficient basis for a complete and satisfactory understanding, without which marriage would be a farce; a patched-up thing. It was Clare who came to him and apologised. In the end she succeeded in persuading him at least to let her look after him while he was getting over the great tragedy of his life.

He was, in fact, a broken man. He felt ridiculous and avoided his friends. He neglected to take exercise and ate too much. He went quite grey and in an incredibly short time developed the sagging figure of middle age. But under Clare's care his sleep and digestion greatly improved.

All this was seven years ago. The other day a visitor, a new acquaintance, who had stayed a week-end at the Tutin’s, congratulated him on his happy family life, his charming wife, his delightful children.

And in his B and B letter* he declared that he would never forget the experience.

The young fellow, who wanted to join Tutin's firm, was obviously anxious to be well with him. Tutin was amused by his compliments. But suddenly it struck him that there was some truth in them.

After all, most of his happiness was in his home, and it was a very considerable happiness. How and when it had begun to re-

establish itself he could not tell. He had not noticed its arrival. He had not noticed it at all. It wasn't romantic—it had nothing exciting about it. It was not in the least like that matrimonial dream of young lovers, an everlasting honeymoon agreeably variegated by large and brilliant cocktail parties for envious friends; it was indeed the exact opposite—a way of life in which everything was known and accepted, simple and ordinary, where affection was a matter of course and romantic flourishes not only unnecessary but superfluous, even troublesome. As for parties, they were perhaps necessary, but what a bore, really, what a waste of time, that is, of peace, of happiness.

And it seems to Tutin that he has made a great success of life in its most important department, at home. How wise he had been to make all those subtle adjustments in his relation with Clare, necessary to render possible their continued life together.

As for Phyllis, he has seen her once in a film, an extra in a crowd scene. It is a night-club and she is a hostess—he is entranced—he feels his heart beat double time—he thinks, 'I might be her husband now, and living just such a life as those roisterers.' He shudders all down his spine and an immense gratitude rises in his soul. He thanks his lucky stars for a notable escape.

Mrs. Beer is seventy-eight and has shrunk down to a little old woman with a face no bigger than a child's. The angry red of her cheeks is now the shiny russet of a country child's, and its look of the defeated but still truculent pug has turned gradually to a look of patient surprise. The high arched eyebrows in the wrinkled forehead, the compressed lips seem to ask, 'Why are young people so blind and silly—why does the world get madder and madder?'

She rarely comes south, but when she does she gives no trouble. The Tutins cosset her and keep her warm; she plays a great deal of patience. Once only, after her good-night kiss from the children, and possibly exhilarated by getting out two games running,* she murmurs something to Frank about how things had come right again as soon as he had given up the idea of a divorce. Frank is startled—he has forgotten the old woman's excitement seven years before. But, looking at her as she lays out a new game, he

detects in her expression, even in the way she slaps down the cards, a certain self-satisfaction. It seems that she cherishes one victory.

For a moment Frank is astonished and irritated. Had the poor old thing really persuaded herself that her ideas had had anything to do with what no doubt she would call the salvation of his marriage? Did she really suppose that people hadn't changed in the last half-century, or realise that what might have been sense for her contemporaries in the 1890's, before psychology was even invented, was now a little out of date? Had she the faintest notion of the complex problems that he and Clare had had to face and solve, individual problems quite different from anyone else's, in which her antique rules of thumb had no more value than a screw-wrench to a watchmaker?

The old woman is still slapping down her cards and for a moment Frank is inclined to tell her how little he agrees with her on the subject of divorce, but he thinks at once,

'Poor old thing, let her enjoy her little illusion ' Mrs. Beer puts a red ten on a black jack, gets out an ace, looks up and catches Frank's eye. She gives a smile and a nod, quite openly triumphant.

Frank smiles as at a child who dwells in a world of phantasms.

Questions for the Text Analysis:

What pattern or structure is there to the development of the plot?
Can you describe the way the events are organized?
Is the structure significant to the meaning?
What is the setting - the time and location?
How important are these elements in the story?
Could it be set in another time or place just as well?
Is the setting significant to the meaning?
Does surprise play an important role in the plot? Is there foreshadowing? Does the author use flashbacks?
How do they contribute to the text idea?
How do they influence the reader's attitude towards the events and characters?

Bedtime Story

By Sean O'Casey

Sean O'Casey, 1884–1964, Irish dramatist, one of the great figures of the Irish literary renaissance. A Protestant, he grew up in the slum district of Dublin and was active in various socialist movements and in the rebellions for Irish independence. His first plays, The Shadow of a Gunman (1923), Juno and the Peacock (1924), and The Plough and the Stars (1926), were performed by the Abbey Players with great success. These grim, satiric, and often violent tragicomedies are usually considered O'Casey's most brilliant works. They all treat aspects of the Irish movement for independence, and they are not always kind to the Irish people. The Plough and the Stars, with its unsympathetic treatment of the participants in the Easter Rebellion, touched off a riot in the theatre, and after this event O'Casey left Ireland for England, never to return. His later plays, more experimental and expressionistic, include The Silver Tassie (rejected by the Abbey Theatre in 1928, but successfully produced in London and New York in 1929), Within the Gates (1934), Purple Dust (1940), Red Roses for Me (1942), and The Bishop's Bonfire (1955). All of O'Casey's plays exhibit a mastery of language and an unsentimental sympathy for the poor. His six autobiographical volumes—I Knock at the Door (1939), Pictures in the Hallway (1942), Drums under the Windows (1945), Irish fallen, Fare Thee Well (1949), Rose and Crown (1952), and Sunset and Evening Star (1954)—were collectively published as Mirror in My House (2 vol., 1956). He also wrote a book of drama criticism, The Green Crow (1956). His collected plays appeared in four volumes in 1949–51.

C h a r a c t e r s

John Jo Mulligan, a clerk
A policeman
Angela Nightingale, a gay lass
A doctor
Daniel Halibut, a clerk — friend to Mulligan
A nurse
Miss Mossie, a very respectable lodging-house keeper

Time — the present

Scene: The sitting-room of the bachelor-flat rented by John Jo Mulligan from Miss Mossie, owner of one of the old houses of Dublin, decayed a little, but still sternly respectable, and kept presentable by her rigid attention to it. She has divided it into lodgings for respectable young gentlemen. A rather dull though lofty room. To the right is an ordinary gas fire; over it a mantelpiece on which is a clock, flanked On either side by a colored vase; over there, on the wall, a square, gilt-framed mirror. Further up, towards back, is a door leading to Mulligan's bedroom. By the back wall, near this door, is a small bookcase with a few books sprawled out on its shelves; and on top is a pale-green vase holding a bunch of white pampas grass. To the left of this is a window, now heavily curtained with dull, brown hangings. In the window's center is a stand holding a colored flower-pot containing some kind of a palm plant. Further on is a picture of a white-washed cottage, with purple heather growing in tufts on its edges, and, in the distance, the dark-blue peaks of hills, all surmounted by a bright blue sky. In the side wall on the left is the door leading to the rest of the house. On this door several overcoats are hanging. To the left of it is an umbrella-stand in which are a walking-stick and two umbrellas, one newer than the other. Close to the fireplace is an armchair clad in dark-green leather, and further away, at an angle, is a settee to hold two, clad in the same colour. In the room's centre is a round table covered with a red table-cloth. On the table are a photograph or two, a vase of chrysanthemums, and a book, open, with its face turned down, so that the place might not be lost when the reader left it aside. The room is lighted from a bulb hanging from the centre of the ceiling:

the light is softened by being covered with a yellow parchment shade. A standard lamp stands on the floor a little way from the sitting-room door, towards the window, its light mollified by a deeply-fringed red silk shade. A key is sticking in the keyhole of the sitting-room door. A pair of Mulligan's tan shoes are beside the fireplace. It is three or four of a cold, sleety January morning. The fire is unlit, the room in darkness, when, presently, the bedroom door opens, and Mulligan comes into the sitting-room, showing the way to himself by the light of an electric torch. He is but half dressed, in blue shirt, bright-checked, baggy plus-fours, and coloured-top stockings. He is a young man of twenty-four or-five; tall, but not thin. His hair is almost blond, and he wears it brushed back from his forehead, which is too high for the rather stolid face, giving him, at times, the look of a clown, never able to take the gayer needs of life in his stride — though he would be glad to do it, if he could; but he can never become convalescent from a futile sense of sin. His clean-shaven face shows a very worried look. He comes into the room cautiously, waving the light over the floor, the table, the chair, as if looking for something — as a matter of fact, he is; then returns to the door to peep into the bedroom.

M u l l i g a n (sticking his head into the room—in a cautious whisper)'. I can't see the thing anywhere. Sure you left it out here? *(There is no reply to the question.)* I say I can't find it anywhere out here. *(There is no reply. He mutters to himself as if half in prayer.)* I shouldn't have done it; I shouldn't have done it! I musta been mad . Oh, forgive me! *(He clicks his tongue and peeps into the room again.)* Dtch dtch! Gone asleep again! *(Whispering)* Angela! Angela! *(In a louder whisper)* Are you awake? Eh, Angela?
A n g e l a (within the room — sleepily): *Wha'?*
M u l l i g a n *(echoing her):* Wha', wha'! *(To himself)* Oh, it was a mad thing to do. Miserere mei. *(Speaking into room with irritation)* Have you forgotten what you sent me out to get? *(Appealingly.)* Please try to arouse yourself, Angela!
A n g e l a *(within):* Wha'?
(Silence again for a few moments while Mulligan flashes the light on to the

clock.)
M u l l i g a n : It's going to four o'clock in the morning, Angela.
A n g e l a *(within):* Didja get the lipstick?
M u l l i g a n *(testily):* I've told you I can't see it anywhere.
A n g e l a *(sleepily):* Have another look — there's a dear. I know I left it out there somewhere.
M u l l i g a n *(shivering a little):* It's nothing like a tropical climate out here, you know.
A n g e l a *(sleepily):* It's easy to li' the fire, isn't it?
(Mulligan crosses to the fireplace, turns the gas tap, and sees that the meter wants another shilling . He irritatedly turns the tap off, and, crossing quickly
back to the bedroom, knocks over the vase of flowers on the table, sending the water spilling over the table and on to the floor.)
M u l l i g a n *(half to himself and half to Angela — with annoyance):* There's the vase down! Wather into me shoes and all over the floor! *(Putting his head into the bedroom again)* I've knocked the vase down now! The place is flooded! And I can't light the fire — the meter needs another shilling.
A n g e l a *(sleepily):* Look in me han'bag, somewhere about.Maybe there's a bob in it.
(In desperation, Mulligan goes to the cupboard, opens it, takes out a wallet
from which he takes a shilling, goes back to fireplace, puts it in the slot, and lights the fire. Then he returns to the bedroom door.)
M u l l i g a n *(putting his head into the bedroom again):* Angela, are you up yet? The whole place is flooded. *(He gets no answer.)* You're not going asleep again, are you? Angela!
A n g e l a (w i t h i n – s l e e p i l y) : W h a t t i m e i s i t ?
M u l l i g a n (in a loud and impatient whisper): I told you long ago. It’s going to 4 o’clock in the morning. That friend of mine I told you of, will be back any minute from his all-night dance, before you slip away, if you don’t hurry.
Angela (from within) : And what if he is? If he knew what had been going on in here, he’d be sorry he ever went to the dance.

Mulligan: Looka, Angela, I don't feel a bit funny about it. We should never have done it. Please get up, and face the situation. Remember your solemn promise to slip off when things were still.
(Angela appears at the door. She is a girl of twenty-five to twenty-seven, tall, trimly-formed, and not without dignity. Her hair is auburn, inclining towards redness. She is something of a pagan. At present, she is dressed in her cami-knickers, covered by Mulligan's brown dressing-gown, and her bare feet are thrust into Mulligan's slippers. Far and away too good a companion of an hour, a year, or a life, for a fellow like Mulligan.)
A n g e l a *(from the doorway):* D'ye like the dark because your deeds are evil, or what? Switch on the light for God's sake, man, and let's have a look at each other before you banish your poor Eve from her Mulligan paradise.
M u l l i g a n *(as he switches on the light):* I was afraid someone outside might see it, stay to look, might hear our voices, and wonder.
A n g e l a : Wonder at what?
M u l l i g a n : At hearing a girl's voice in my room at this time of night or morning. A n g e l a *(mockingly):* And isn't it a sweet thing for a girl's voice to be heard in a man's room at this time o'the night or morning?
M u l l i g a n *(almost tearfully)*: You know it's not; not as we're situated. You know you did wrong to practice on a body who didn't know enough. Situated as we are, without divine warrant, it's not proper. We're in the midst of a violent sin, and you should be ashamed and sorry, instead of feeling sinfully gay about it. It's necessary to feel sorry for a sin of this kind.
A n g e l a : You were quite gay when we were coming in, boy, weren't you? You've had your few bright moments, and you've given a sparkle to your life, so don't spoil it all. It may well be more serious for me than it is for you. *(She shivers.)* Burrr! It's cold here! I'll come back when the room's warmer, and make myself ready to meet the respectable world.
She goes b*ack into the bedroom, while he stands at the bedroom door for a few moments, not knowing what to do.)* M u l l i g a n *(eyes raised appealing to the ceiling):* Oh, that one'll be well punished for her gaiety and carelessness in sin! Oh, when will I

forget this night's doings? Shattering fall! The very next day after me Novena too! *(peeps into the bedroom)Don' t get* cosy there, or you won't want to move. Move we must, and on. *(He goes to the cupboard, relocks it, and puts the key in his pocket; then he goes to the armchair, sits down in it, and starts to put on his shoes. Putting on a shoe — in a half- prayer.)* Sweet Saint Panteemalaria, get me outa this without exposure. (He clicks his tongue.) Dtch dtch! Soaking wet! and I'll be a cautious goer from this out — I promise. (He goes over to bedroom door again with but one shoe on, and peeps in.) Angela, room's warm now; quite warm. The time's flying, mind you. (There is no reply.) Aw, God, have you gone to sleep again! Please, Miss Nightingale, please have some regard for others!

Angela (from within — sleepily): Did you find it?

Mulligan: Find what, find what?

Angela: Me lipstick you were looking for?

Mulligan: No, no, I didn't; must be in there somewhere.

Angela: I remember I had it when you had me perched on your lap. Remember?

M u l l i g a n *(as if to someone in sitting-room):* Oh, don't be reminding me of things! *(Into the bedroom)* No, I don't remember. Oh, for goodness' sake, get up!

A n g e l a : All right. Put out a glass of wine, and I'll be out in a minute.

(Mulligan goes to the cupboard, unlocks it, and takes out a bottle of wine and a glass. He locks the cupboard again, leaving the key in the keyhole. He goes to the table, fills out a glass of wine, and leaves it, with the bottle, on the table, in readiness for Angela. He sits down in the armchair, puts on the other shoe, then winds a woolen muffler round his neck, puts on a pullover and coat that have been hanging over the back of a chair, and finally places a trilby hat on his head. As he does these things, he occasionally mutters to himself.)

M u l l i g a n *(busy with the wine for Angela)-.* Not a single thought has she for what might happen to me if discovery came. Utterly abandoned to her own interests. *(As he sits in chair putting on the second shoe — in a full-blown prayer.)* Oh, gentle Saint Gamisolinus, guardianess of all good young people, get between me and this petticoated demonstrator of

sinful delusion, and I'll be OK for evermore. I will, I promise!

(Angela comes into the room at last, and makes quick for the fire. She has put on her stockings — silk ones — and skirt, a short well-tailored one of darkish green, with broad belt of dark red and black buckle. She carries a brown jersey over her arm, and her shoes in her hand.)

A n g e l a *(throwing her shoes on to the armchair, and stretching her hands to the fire):* Burrr! It's cold out here still! I thought you said the room was warm? *(She notices how he's dressed.)* All ready for the journey, eh? Soon we'll be skiing down the stairs, wha'? Praying to all the saints you know to see me out, eh? *(She puts the jersey on over her head before the mirror over the fireplace, and pats it down smoothly over her breast and shoulders).*

A n g e l a : We have to face the hard, cold facts now, haven't we, dear?

M u l l i g a n : We've got to think now of what would become of if you were discovered here.

A n g el a *(mockingly):* Really? Of course, when one thinks of it, that becomes the one important problem.

M u l l i g a n *(not noticing the mockery):* It is, actually. You see, Angela, the head of my department's a grand Knight of Columbians, an uncompromising Catholic, strict in his thought of life, and if he heard of anything like this, I'd — I'd be out in the bleaker air , quick; the little gilt I have on life would be gone; I'd run to ruin! God help me!

A n g e l a *(prompting him):* And then there's Father Demsey?

M u l l i g a n : Then there's Father Demsey whose right-hand man I am in the Confraternity and at all Saint Vincent de Paul meetings, with his "We can safely leave that matter with Mr. Mulligan," or "John Jo will do this for us." You see, it's a matter of importance to more than me. So, come on — we better get off at once.

A n g e l a *(rising from the chair, and drinking the glass of wine):* Angela's bright eyes, her scarlet lip, fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh have lost their charm for Mr. Mulligan. He's all for go-ahead godliness now! *(She pours out another glass of wine and drinks it.)* And what is to become of me? You don't care, and I don't

care either. *(She moves about the room in a slow, semi-reckless rhythm as she lilts — Mulligan following her trying to get her quiet again.)*

A n g e l a *(lilting and moving about):*

I don't care what becomes of me; I don't care what becomes of me.

M u l l i g a n *(shuffling after her as she moves as well as he can — in a low, anguished voice)-.* Angela, please! Sit down, do!

A n el a *(lilting):*I don't care if I'm out till two, I don't care for the man in blue.

M u l l i g a n *(following her):* Please, Miss Nightingale, be serious! The landlady'll hear you, and then we'll be done!

A n g e l a (lilting): '

I don't care what the people say, Here, there, and everywhere;

M u l l i g a n *(appealing to the ceiling):* Saint Curberisco, help me!

A n g e l a *(in a final burst):*For I'm going to be married in the morning, So tonight, boys, I don't care! *(Facing towards Mulligan)* Sometime or other, we have to face out of all we get into: face out of getting into bed with a woman no less than face out into silence from the glamour of prayer; face out of summer into winter; face out of life into death!

M u l l i g a n *(crossing himself):* Your talk's near blasphemy, Angela! Now you're going where you shouldn't venture. You'll

bring a curse down on me, if you're not careful! Please be more discreet.

A n g e l a : They're facts.

M u l l i g a n : We're not fit for facts now.

A n g e l a *(facing him fiercely):* You stand there mustering up moans for yourself, and never once realize that you've ruined me. Yes, ruined me!

M u l l i g a n *(startled):* Oh, God, d'ye hear her! Ruined you? O come, now, don't try to act the innocent.

A n g e l a : It's you who's acting the innocent, but it won't work I was only an innocent kid till I met you. You led me on and destroyed all confidence in the goodness of me own nature. You never, never ceased from persuasion till you got me here, wasn't even to take off

my hat, if I was the least bit suspicious We were just to sit quiet discussing Yeats's poems. You were to sit ice-bound in your chair.
M u l l i g a n *(indignantly):* I led you on! Angela Nightingale you're inventing things. It was you insisted on coming, because you didn't like restaurants. A sorry thing for me I ever listened to you!
A n g e l a *(ignoring his remarks):* It's me's the sorry soul for listening to you. You promised a quiet hour of poetry, but we were hardly here when you began to move. Yeats's poems soon flew out of your head and hand. You got as far as "I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree"; then before the echo of the line was hushed, you had me clapped down on your knee. *(She' becomes tearful.)* That was the start of my undoing. What am I going to do!
M u l l i g a n *(lifting his eyes to the ceiling):* There's lies! *(Facing her)* Astounded I was, when without a word of warning, found you fitting into me lap! *(Coming closer to her — fervently)* The truth is, if you want to know, that all the way to here, I was silently praying to a bevy of saints that you stay torpid in any and every emergency of look or motion.
A n g e l a : You took care to leave your saints out on the doorstep; ay, and shut the door in their faces, too. You gave your solemn word, before I'd take one step to this place, that you'd be harmless as an image in a looking-glass. I trusted you. I heard you were a good boy. I thought you were a gentleman.
M u l l i g a n : What about your uplifting can-can round the table while I was reading Yeats's poem?
A n g e l a *(going her own way):* You made me believe you'd keep the width of a world between us while we were together - to avoid accidents. You said anyone who knew you would tell me you had a profound respect for girls; that you were slow in love-making.
Mulligan (with insistence): The can-can; what about the can-can around the table?
A n g e l a *(with a great wail in her voice) :* And then you stunned me with your speed!
M u l l i g a n *(with greater insistence):* I'm asking you what about the can-can you danced around the table while I was trying to read "I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree"?

A n g e l a *(acting the innocent) :* What can-can? What are you talking about? 1 don't know what you mean by can-can.
M u l l i g a n : I mean the dance that uplifted your skirt out of the way of your movements and juggled a vision of spiritual desolation into a mirage of palpitating enjoyments.
A n g e l a *(appealing to the world at large):* Oh, d'ye hear the like o'that! Meanness is most of you to try to put the cloak of your own dark way round my poor shoulders! The dance I did could be done by an innocent figure in a nursery rhyme. You were bent on this awful mischief from the first. I sensed it when I walked with you — something evil hovering near. Oh, why didn't 1 follow me intuition *(She begins to be hysterical.)* And I thought you such a nice man; and now, after fencing me in with shame, you're making out I gave you the stuff to make the fence around me. Oh, the infamy of it! *(She moves rapidly up and down the room, clasping and unclasping her hands.)* Oh, what shall I do, where shall I go, what shall I say!
M u l l i g a n *(getting very frightened):* Angela, calm yourself. Speak lower, or you'll wake Miss Mossie, and we'll be ruined. Sit down; do, please!
A n g e l a *(fluttering about and staggering a little).* I'm undone, undone completely. I won't be able to look any honest woman in the face; I won't be able to shake the hand of any honest man I meet; my future's devastated! *(She presses a hand to her heart.)* I'm not feeling well; not at all well; you'd better get Miss Mossie.
M u l l i g a n *(horrified and very agitated):* Angela!
A n g e l a *(staggering towards the chair):* Not well at all. I feel I'm going to faint! No, no; yes, yes — I am going to faint! (*She sinks down on the chair, stretches out, and closes her eyes.)*
M u l l i g a n (falling on a knee before her — well frightened now): Angela, don't! Angela, dear, wake up! *(Lifting his eyes to the ceiling)* Saint Correlliolanus, come on, and deliver us from utter destruction!
A n g e l a *(plaintively and faintly):* Wather!
M u l l i g a n *(panic-stricken):* No, wine! *(He rises from his knee, pours out a glass of wine, and brings it to her.)* Oh, Angela, why did you let yourself get into such a state? Here, take it quietly in sips. *(As she drinks it)* Sip, sip, sip. That should do you good. Hope no one

heard you. Miss Mossie sleeps with one ear cocked. *(He strokes her hand.)* You'll soon be all right, and able to slip away in a few minutes.

A n g e l a *(noticing the ring on the hand stroking hers):* Pretty ring; garnet set in gold; precious garnet, didn't you say?
M u l l i g a n *(none too sure of what he should say):* Yep. Not much value though.
A n g e l a : Why's it on the little finger?
M u l l i g a n : Knuckle's too big on the right one; won't go over it.
A n g e l a *(fingering it):* Let me see it in me hand. *(He hesitates, then takes it o f f , and gives it to her with reluctance. Putting it on the engagement finger)* Fits me to a nicety. How did you come by it?
M u l l i g a n : An uncle left it in my care when he went on a job to Hong Kong. He never came back, and as no one asked about it, I made it my own.
A n g e l a : Oh? Lucky one. *(She looks up into his face, smiling archly, displaying the finger with the ring on it.)* Looks like we were an engaged couple, John Jo, dear, wha'?
M u l l i g a n : An engaged couple? *(With an uneasy and constrained laugh)* Yis! Funny thought, that; quite. Feeling better?
A n g e l a : Seem to; hope it won't come over me again.
M u l l i g a n *(fervently):* God forbid! What about taking off our shoes, and making a start? *(He takes o f f his.)*
A n g e l a *(taking off her shoes):* I suppose we must go sometime.
M u l l i g a n *(trying to speak carelessly):* Let's have the ring back, dear.
A n g e l a *(as if she'd forgotten it):* The ring? Oh, yes; I near forgot. *(She fiddles with it; then suddenly straightens herself to listen.)* Is that the sound of someone at the door below?
M u l l i g a n *(agitated again):* Oh God, if it's Halibut home from the dance we'll have to wait till he settles down! I wish you'd gone when the going was good!
A n g e l a *(who has taken o f f her shoes — rising from the chair):C*ome on, we'll chance it!
M u l l i g a n *(pushing her back):* Chance it! We can't afford to chance it. *(Going over to the door leading to rest of the house)* I'll

reconnoiter down, and make sure the way's clear, before we chance *it. (He goes out of the room, is absent for a few moments, while Angela swallows another glass of wine; then he returns hastily, a hand held up warningly for silence.)*

M u l l i g a n *(in frightened whisper):* Near ran into him on the stairs. Thank God it was so dark. Just had time to turn back. We'll have to wait now till he settles in. *(He listens at the door, shuts it suddenly, and glides over to Angela.)* Quick! He's gone by his own place, and is coming up here! *(He catches her by the arm, hurries her across the room, and shoves her into the bedroom.)* Get in, and keep silent for God's sake!

(As he shoves her in, a knock is heard at the sitting-room door. Mulligan shuts the bedroom door, slides over to the chair, sits down, takes the book from the table and pretends to be reading. Another knock is heard at the door, then it opens, and Mr. Daniel Halibut is seen standing there. He is a man of twenty- five, a little below medium height, inclining to be plump. His hair is reddish, and a thick moustache flowing from his upper lip hides his mouth. Sometimes his hand tries to brush it aside, but the moment the hand is removed, it falls back into its old place at once. A fawn-colored overcoat covers an informal evening-suit — dinner-jacket and black tie. A black Homburg hat is on his head. He comes in as one who is full himself as if he had done himself well at the dance, and as one who feels himself a man of the world above the cautious, and timorous Mulligan. His hat and coat are damp.)

H a l i b u t *(coming into the room):* Ha, there you are, me son, rotten night out; sleet. Coming up, I could have sworn I seen you coming down the stairs.

M u l l i g a n *(in pretended surprise):* Me coming down the stairs? At this time of the morning? What would I be doing on the stairs at this hour?

H a l i b u t : Well, what are you doing up at this time of the morning?

M u l l i g a n : I found it impossible to sleep, so got up to see if a bit of Yeats's poetry would make me drowsy.

H a l i b u t : Is it Yeats, is it? God, man, he wouldn't let you sleep; drive you nuts! All people liking Yeats are all queer. He's all

questions. What am I? Why am I? What is it? How did it come? Where will it go? All bubbles. Stuck up in the top of his old tower, he sent the bubbles sailing out through a little loophole to attract the world outside. And all the little writers copied them, and blew bubbles of their own, till you could see them glistening among the things of the althar, or shining in the hair of the girl you were courting.

M u l l i g a n *(with an obvious yawn):* Well, Yeats has made me sleepy, anyway. *(He flings the book on the table, and goes to get out of the chair.)* I'll be off to bed again.

H a l i b u t *(shoving him back into the chair):* Wait till I tell you. You should ha' been at the dance. There never was a grander occasion; divel a grander ever! The place was fair gushing with girls. And only a few who'd make you shut your eyes if they were sitting on your knee. A hilariously hopeful whirlwind of skirt and petticoat, John Jo, when a waltz was on!

M u l l i g a n *(getting up and edging Halibut towards the sitting-room door):* Go to bed, now, like a good fellow. I'm tired. We'll talk about it tomorrow. Goodnight.

H a l i b u t *(edging Mulligan back towards the fireplace):* Wait till I tell you. You are a boyo . You'd never guess who was there? Your old flame of a week — Jessie! She told me things! When will you wake up? When he asked me out for the first time, says she, I expected a hilarious night at a dance or a music-hall, says she; I near fainted, says she, when, instead, he asked me to go with him to Benediction*! Mulligan's management of maidens! Oh, John Jo, when will you wake up?

M u l l i g a n *(annoyed, pushing Halibut towards the door)*: I f I elect to keep from danger, that's my affair. Looka , Dan, I've got to get up early to go to Mass on my way to the office, so be a good fellow, and go. I'm not concerned with girls.

H a l i b u t : Better if you were. *(He pushes Mulligan back toward the fireplace again.)* You'd sleep better at night for one thing. *(He puts an arm around Mulligan and forces him into being a partner.)* Roamin' in th' gloamin'*, eh? Oh, boy! *(Lilting)* With a lassie by yeer side. Oh, it's lovely to go roamin' in th' gloamin'!

M u l l i g a n *(angrily — struggling from Halibut's hold, and rather roughly forcing him to the door):* Aw, lay off it, damn it, Dan! I'm in no mood for a Highland fling *! Please go to your own room, and leave me in peace — I'm done in! *(He shoves him out and closes the sitting-room door.)*

H a l i b u t *(as he's being shoved out):* All right, if that's the way you feel. It'd be a good thing to put your hand on a girl's knee, and chance it.

(Mulligan listens at the door for a few moments. Then he gets down on his knees, and puts an ear to the floor. He rises, goes to the bedroom door, opens it, and calls Angela out.)

M u l l i g a n : Now, Angela; now's our time. No delay, please. A n g e l a *(going behind the curtains on the windows):* What kind of a night or morning is it? *(From behind the curtains)* Mother o'God! It's snowing or something! *(She comes from behind them, goes to the door, and takes one of Mulligan's coats hanging there.)* I must have a coat. *(Angela puts the coat on.)*

M u l l i g a n *(in a faint protest):* Eh, Angela, that's me best one. A n g e l a *(taking an umbrella from the stand):* And an umbrella too.

M u l l i g a n : That's my best umbrella.

A n g e l a : Never mind, dear. I'll let you have it back when you hand me into the taxi on the all-night rank . Let's hurry now, boy.

(Mulligan opens the door cautiously, listens a moment; takes a torch from a pocket, and shines it forth, then leads the way from the room, shutting the door gently behind him. Both of them are in their stockinged feet. After a few moments have passed, the door suddenly flies open, and Angela hurries in, followed by Mulligan wearing a look of agony on his face. They carry their shoes under their arms. As she comes in.)

You louser, you'd have let me go off without it! Didn't care a damn once you were rid of me. And all I have for another fortnight is in that handbag!

M u l l i g a n *(appealingly):* Speak lower, Angela, or you'll have the Mossie one down on top of us! I just can't remember you having a handbag when you first came in.

A n g e l a *(angrily):* You can't remember! Well, I had one, and a good one, too, and I've got to get it — see! D'ye mean to hint I'm making it up?

M u l l i g a n *(in agony)-.* No, no; but for God's sake, speak easy; please, Angela!

A n g e l a (leaving her shoes down, and pulling the cushions o f f the settee and throwing them on the floor)-. Well, then, find it for me. Mind you, had I been down the street when I missed it, I'd have banged the door down to get in to get it!

M u l l i g a n (leaving his shoes down, and pulling the table about, pulling the chairs from the wall, and pulling the umbrella-stand away, to look behind them)-. This is terrible! I'll be ruined if I'm discovered. What colour was it? Where had you it last? Where d'ye think you could have put it?

A n g e l a : I don't know, fool. It was a dark-green one I bought last week, and gave five pounds for. I got confused and forgot about everything when you started to pull me on to your knee.

M u l l i g a n : But we can't stay to look for it. Miss Mossie'll soon be going about with her candle in her hand.

A n g e l a : I'm not going without it! I think I remember you snatching it outa me hand when you started to pull me on to your lap.

M u l l i g a n : Oh, give over about me pulling you on to me lap, and give us a hand to look for it! *(He runs into the bedroom, and starts to search there, flinging the bedclothes about. In bedroom.)* I can't see it anywhere here, so I can't.

A n g e l a *(tearfully):* And I was to come here only for a quiet glass of wine and a biscuit. That's what you said, and kept repeating; and I believed you, oh, I believed you!

M u l l i g a n *(coming out of bedroom):* No sign of it there.

A n g e l a (marching up and down the room, clasping and unclasping her hands)-. Oh, isn't this a nice end to a quiet glass of wine and a biscuit!

M u l l i g a n : Get a hold of yourself. What sort was it?

A n g e l a : A pure morocco leather one, dark green, with initials on it filigreed in mother o'pearl.

M u l l i g a n *(impatiently):* Yis, yis; *(Anxiously)* but how much was in it altogether?

A n g e l a : Fifteen pounds odd.
M u l l i g a n *(aghast):* Good Lord!
A n g e l a : And the lipstick you couldn't find musta been in it too; silver — cased and all; and a lovely bracelet watch waiting to be mended. Oh, what will I do! Oh, yes, and a silver brooch I wanted to get a pin for. What will I do, what will I do?
M u l l i g a n : You slip off, and when I come back, I'll search high and low for it.
A n g e l a *(with rising nervous tension):* And how am I to fare till you find it? You wouldn't turn a hair if I was willing to go in my shift! John Jo Mulligan, you're a bastard! It would be the price of you to let Miss Mossie and the whole house know the sort you are!
M u l l i g a n : For God's sake, Angela! What d'ye want me to do; only tell me what you want me to do?
A n g e l a *(moving about distracted):* And to think I thought I was safe with you! (*Her glance falls on the cupboard, and she makes a bee-line for it.)* Could it have got in here?
M u l l i g a n *(hastily):* No, no; it couldn't have got in there.
A n g e l a *(drawing out a leather wallet)-.* What's this?
M u l l i g a n *(going over to take wallet from her):* Nothing there but a few private letters, and a lot of bills.
(But before he can reach her to get it away, she has whisked a bundle of note
from it.)
A n g e l a *(giggling — a little hysterical):* John Jo's hidden treasure. *(She counts them rapidly.)* Eighteen pounds ten. All fresh ones too. Nice to handle.
M u l l i g a n : They're not mine. I'm minding them for a friend. You can put them back.
A n g e l a *(mockingly):* At once, dear. I'll mind them for you, dear. *(She takes a checkbook out of the wallet.)* A checkbook, too. *(As he comes closer.)* Keep your distance, keep your distance, or I'll claw the gob off you!
M u l l i g a n : I was only going to give you a few of them to tide you over, dear.

A n g e l a *(fiercely):* You were? How sweet of you! I'll have them all, you primly-born yahoo. And more. *(She raises her voice.)* And more!

M u l l i g a n *(whisperingly):* All right, all right, only keep calm; keep quiet.

A n g e l a *(indicating the checkbook):* Make me out a check for five pounds like a decent, honest man.

M u l l i g a n *(taking a fountain pen from his pocket, and settling down to write):* All right; anything to pacify you.

A n g e l a *(patronizingly patting his head):* You're not the worst, John Jo. You're really a pleasant chap when you get going. Make a check out for ten, darling, to compensate for the goods in the handbag. Ten, dear; that's all now. Well, we've had a right good time together. Pity I can't stay longer. See you again soon, when you're feeling frisky, eh? Naughty boy! *(She has taken the check from the dazed Mulligan, put it in his wallet, and now straightens herself to go, taking her shoes o f f the floor, and putting them under an arm. At the door)* I know my way down, so don't you stir. I'll steal away like a maid of Araby. I'll be seeing you. Be good.

(Dazed and stunned, Mulligan sits still for a few seconds; then he gets up from the chair to look around him.)

M u l l i g a n *(rising from the chair):* Fully-fledged for hell *, that one, and you never noticed it! Oh, John Jo, John Jo! *(He suddenly stiffens.)* She had no handbag! She never had a handbag! Oh, Mother o'God, she's codded me! *(He looks in the cupboard, then looks over the table.)* She's taken away me wallet, too! Me umbrella!

(He runs out of the room to follow her, so agitated that he leaves door wide open behind him. There are a few moments of silence; then Miss Mossie appears at the open door with a lighted candle in a candlestick in her hand. She is a short, stout woman of thirty-five or so. She is dressed in a brown skirt reaching to her ankles, and we get a glimpse of black stockings sinking into a pair of stout black shoes. Her dark hair is gathered into a knob, and made to lie quiet on the nape of her neck. She wears a yellow jumper, and a brown Jaeger topcoat is flung over her shoulders. She wears spectacles. She looks

into the room for a moment, a look of perplexed anxiety on her face, then turns aside to call to Halibut.)

M i s s M o s s i e : Mr. Halibut, Mr. Halibut, come up, come up quick!

(Halibut appears at the door. He is now wearing a pair of blue pajamas, covered by a dressing-gown of dark red, and his bare feet are slippered.)

Oh, Mr. Halibut, what can the matter be? Oh, dear, what can the matter be?

H a l i b u t *(agog with excitement):* What's up, Miss Mossie?

M i s s M o s s i e *(coming into the sitting-room, followed by Halibut):* Looka the state of the room; and Mr. Mulligan's just run out into the street in his stockinged feet!

H a l i b u t *(astonished):* No? How d'ye know he went out into the street?

M i s s M o s s i e : I seen him go. I heard something stiring when I was putting on me jumper, so I looked out, and there was Mr. Mulligan scuttling down the stairs. Walking in his sleep, he musta been. He had an air on him as if he was enraptured within himself; a look as if he was measuring life and death together to see which was tallest.

H a l i b u t : Is that right? Coming back from the dance, I thought I saw him on the stairs, too, but when I came up, he was sitting reading Yeats's poems. Said he couldn't sleep. I warned him against the poems.

M i s s M o s s i e *(coming over to the bedroom door, and opening it):* Oh, looka the state of this room, too! Everything flung about.

H a l i b u t *(awed):* Looks like he had a wild fit, or something! M i s s M o s s i e : Something terrific! This isn't just disarray, Mr. Halibut — it's an upheaval! You don't think it could be that something suddenly went wrong in him?

H a l i b u t *(startled by a thought):* Wrong in him, Miss Mossie? What could go wrong in him?

M i s s M o s s i e : A quietly-disposed man like Mr. Mulligan doesn't do this *(Indicating disorder of rooms)* without something whizzing within him.

H a l i b u t *(frightened)-.* You mean in his mind?
M i s s M o s s i e *(firmly):* We must act. We can't let him roam the streets or do any harm here. I'll phone the police and a doctor, and I'll slip out for the constable that usually stands at the corner. *(They move to the sitting-room door.)* I'll go now. You stay on the lobby here in the dark, and watch over him if he comes back.
H a l i b u t *(dubiously):* I'm not a strong man, Miss Mossie.
M i s s M o s s i e : After all, Mr. Halibut, we don't want to be murdered in our beds.
H a l i b u t *(crossing himself):* God forbid, Miss Mossie!
M i s s M o s s i e : And the odd thing is, he'd be doing it with the best intentions. If he comes back, he may still be asleep, so don't shout at him and wake him too suddenly. Just humour him, unless he gets violent.
H a l i b u t *(picturing in his mind all that might happen):* Ay, violent — that's the danger!
M i s s M o s s i e : Then you'll just have to close with him, and hold him till the constable comes.
H a l i b u t *(panic-stricken):* Close with him? Hold him till the constable comes? But, woman alive, I'm not gifted that way!
M i s s M o s s i e : You'll do your best, I know; if he overcomes you, it won't be your fault.
H a l i b u t : Don't you think it would be only prudent to have a poker handy?
Miss Mossie: Too violent-looking. *(Indicating a corner of the lobby)* There's the bit of curtain pole I use to push the window up — you can keep that handy; but don't let him guess why you have it. *(She takes the key from the inside and puts it in the keyhole on the outside of the door.)* There now, if the worst comes, you can fly out and lock him safely within the room.
H a l i b u t : It sounds easy, but it's really a desperate situation.
M i s s M o s s i e : Don't let him see you're frightened. Keep him under command. That's what me sister did with me when I used to walk in my sleep a few years ago.

H a l i b u t *(stricken with confused anxiety):* What, you used to sleepwalk, too?

Miss Mossie: That's why I dread the habit coming back to me, for then you never know whether you're always asleep and never awake, or always awake and never asleep. I'll be off now. You'll be quite safe if you only keep your wits about you.

(She goes off with her candle, leaving a world of darkness to poor Halibut. There is a silence for a few moments, then the watcher in the darkness, and any who are listening, hear a patter of feet on stairs outside, and the voice of Mulligan calling out loudly the name of Miss Mossie several times. Then a great bang of a closing door; dead silence for a moment, till Mulligan is heard calling again.)

M u l l i g a n *(outside):* Dan, Dan, are you awake? Dan Halibut, are you awake, man? *(Mulligan appears on the lobby just outside the sitting-room door. He is talking to himself, a haggard, lost, and anxious look on his face, and he is a little out of breath. His coat and hat are damped by the falling sleet outside; his feet wet. He pauses on the lobby, and waves his electric torch about till its beam falls on the silent and semi-crouching Halibut.)* Oh, it's here you are? Thought you were in bed fast asleep. Called you, but got no answer. What a night! Twenty-eight pounds ten gone with the wind! *(He lifts a cushion from the floor to look under it.)* It's not there! *(He flings it viciously away. To Halibut)* What has you here in the dark and the cold?

H a l i b u t : Just shutting the window to keep it from rattling.

M u l l i g a n *(going into the sitting-room)'.* We must do something. Miss Mossie's gone rushing hatless out into the darkness and the sleet. Hatless, mind you! Looked as if she was sleepwalking again. A one-time habit of hers, did you know? You'll have to go after her.

*H a l i b u t (coming a little way into the room, but staying close to the door, holding the sprig of curtain pole behind his back):*I know, I know; but what were you doing out in the sleet and the darkness yourself? And in your stockinged feet, too, look at them!

M u l l i g a n : Me? Couldn't sleep; felt stifled; went out for some fresh air. Didn't think of shoes. Something whizzing in me mind. *(A little impatiently)* But you dress and go after Mossie. See what's

wrong with her. Several times, before you came, she came into my room, fast asleep, at dead of the night, with a loving look on her face. We can't afford to let ourselves be murdhered in our sleep, Dan. *(He flops into chair.)* Saint Fairdooshius, succor me this night.

H a l i b u t (bewildered with anxiety, eyes lifted to ceiling in a low appeal): Oh, sweet Saint Slumbersnorius, come to me help now! *(To Mulligan)* All right; yes. I'll settle you in first. You go to bed, John Jo, quiet. Go to bed, go to bed, and go asleep, and go asleep!

M u l l i g a n (looking at Halibut curiously — a little impatiently): I've told you I can't sleep. Twenty-eight pounds ten, and my fine leather wallet gone forever!

H a l i b u t *(in a commandingly sing-song way):* Never mind. Put them out of your thoughts, and go to bed, go to bed, and go to sleep, and go to sleep — I command!

M u l l i g a n (half rising from his chair so that Halibut backs towards the door — staring at Halibut in wonderment): What's wrong with you, Halibut? *(He sinks back into the chair again, and Halibut returns into the room.)* Me best coat and best umbrella, too! Gone. *(His glance happens to fall on his hand, and he springs out of the chair with a jump, sending Halibut backing swiftly from the room again.)*

M u l l i g a n : Me ring! I never got it back!

H a l i b u t *(straying cautiously back into the room again):* Money, best coat, best umbrella, wallet, and ring! When did you lose all these things, man?

M u l l i g a n : A minute or so ago; no, no, an hour ago; two hours ago; more. *(He leans his arms dejectedly on the table, and buries his head on them.)* I di'n't lost them, Dan; I gave them away, flung them all away!

H a l i b u t : In an excess of charity of having too many possessions, or what? You know, I've warned you, John Jo; often warned you.

M u l l i g a n *(raising his head from his arms — resentfully and suspiciously):* Warned me? How warned me?

H a l i b u t : I warned you that running out to devotions morning and night, and too much valuable time spent on your knees, would upset you one day or another. And, now, you'll have to admit that

these things couldn't have happened to you if you had had a girl with you tonight.

M u l l i g a n *(with a wail of resentment)*: Oooh! Don't be a blasted fool! *(He notices that Halibut has something behind his back.)* What's that you have behind you?

H a l i b u t *(trying to be carelessly funny):* Me tail. Didn't you know? I'm a wild animal. *(He wags the piece of curtain pole.)* Now, the wild animal says you're to go to bed, go to bed, and go to sleep, and go to sleep. Obey the wild animal at once!

M u l l i g a n *(slowly rising from the chair, staring anxiously and suspiciously at Halibut):* What's amiss with you, Halibut? Are you sleepwalking, too? Leave down that curtain pole. Don't be acting the goat, man. *(Coaxingly — as Halibut brings the piece of curtain pole to his front.)* Go on, Dan, oul' son, leave the thing down!

H a l i b u t : As soon as you're safely settled in bed, John Jo. Then I'll pop out after Mossie. To bed; to bed; and go to sleep, go to sleep — I command!

M u l l i g a n *(fear having come on him — suddenly seizes the wine- bottle by the neck, and holds it as a club, running to window, swinging back the curtains, and trying to open it)*: God Almighty, I'm alone with a lunatic! *(Shouting — as he tries to open the window)* Help!

H a l i b u t : I'll not let you destroy yourself — come away from that window, or I'll flatten you!

M u l l i g a n (wheeling round, still holding bottle by the neck to use it as a club, and facing towards Halibut): Looka, Halibut, leave that clubs down. *(Coaxingly)* Now, be sensible, Dan, like a good chap, and drop that club.

H a l i b u t : Drop that bottle first, I say; drop that bottle first!

M u l l i g a n : Drop that club, I tell you. *(Fiercely)* Drop that club!

H a l i b u t *(dancing up and down — panic-stricken)*: Put that bottle down! Put it down, and go to bed, I tell you!

M u l l i g a n *(dodging about):* Drop that club at once, Halibut!

H a l i b u t : Put that bottle down immediately!

M u l l i g a n : I command you!

H a l i b u t : I command you!
(They have been dodging about without coming near to each other; Halibut swinging the piece of curtain pole to and fro in front of him for protection. In one of the blind swings, the pole slips from his hand, and sails out through the window, causing a great sound of falling glass. They both stare at the window — dumbfounded for a few moments.)
M u 1 1 i g a n *(exultingly):* Aha, I've got you now!
(But Halibut has fled from the room, banged the door after him, and locked it from the outside. Mulligan hurries to the door and presses his back to it. Then Miss Mossie's voice is heard outside.)
M i s s M o s s i e *(outside):* Oh, what's happened? I feared it would end in violence! Mr, Halibut, Mr. Halibut, are you much hurted?
M u l l i g a n *(shouting through the door to Miss Mossie):* Miss Mossie; here, Miss Mossie!
M i s s M o s s i e *(from outside):* Oh, Mr. Mulligan, what have you done to poor, innocent Mr. Halibut? We've found him lying in a dead faint out here on the lobby.
Mulligan *(indignantly — shouting outwards):* Poor, innocent Mr. Halibut! What has he not tried to do to me! He rushed in here, lunacy looking out of his eyes, and tried to shatther me with a club, with a club; tried to murder me! Now he's locked me in.
M i s s M o s s i e *(soothingly):* Now isn't that a shame! What a naughty man he is! Never mind now. You go to your chair and sit down by the fire, and I'll get the key to open your door. Everything will be all right, Mr. Mulligan.
M u l l i g a n *(indignantly):* Everything isn't all right now! I'll live no longer in the same house with Halibut!
M i s s M o s s i e *(coaxingly):* Do go and sit down by the fire, Mr. Mulligan, there's a dear. I'll bring you a hot drink, and we'll talk about things; do, now, like a good man.
(Mulligan goes to the fireplace, and sits down in the armchair. He lights a cigarette and puffs it indignantly. After a few moments, the door opens, and Miss Mossie lets into the room a big, topcoated and helmeted policeman, the doctor with his case, wearing an anxious look on his face, and a nurse, enveloped with a dark-blue cloak on

the left side of which is a white circle surrounding a large red cross. She carries the usual nursing-suitcase in her hand. Miss Mossie is in the midst of them, and Halibut, in the rear, with a ghastly pale face, rises on his tiptoes to gaze over their shoulders. All but Halibut form a semicircle round Mulligan's back, who puffs away, unconscious of the entrance of the crowd. Bending sidewise from behind the policeman to speak to the sitting Mulligan.)

M i s s M o s s i e : Now, Mr. Mulligan, we'll see what all this little disturbance was about, and what was the cause of it, and then we'll be all — er — O K., eh? And I've brought in a few kind friends to help me.

M u l l i g a n *(rising from his chair in blank surprise, and almost echoing Miss Mossie):* A few friends to help you? *(He turns around to face Miss Mossie, but is confronted by the big, helmeted Policeman, the Doctor, and the Nurse. He slides back into the chair almost in a dead faint. Falling back into the chair.)* Good God!

CURTAIN

Questions for the Text Analysis:

How does the plot evolve from scene to scene?

What are the time and setting of the play? How important are these elements? Could the play be set just effectively in another time and place?

What is the central conflict in the play? How is it resolved?

How does the conflict help to develop the plot?

Where does the conflict lie? Is between two characters or between a character and his (her) surroundings?

Does the play contain any secondary conflicts /subplots/? If yes, how do they relate to the main conflict?

Does the play follow a traditional dramatic structure? What is the climax? Is there a denouement?

How does the playwright emphasize the play's theme? Where is the theme first introduced?

Does the title provide any clues to an understanding of the play?

SYSTEM OF IMAGES.
MEANS OF CHARACTERISATION

1. Image. Types of images.
2. Character images. Protagonist/hero. Anti-hero/anti-heroine.
3. Antagonist. Villain.
4. Simple and complex characters.
5. Artistic details and particularities.
6. Types of characterization. Means of characterization (speech characteristics, portrayal, appearance, world of things, etc.)

A Cup of Tea

By Katherine Mansfield

Katherine Mansfield was born in Wellington as the daughter of a successful businessman. Her family was wealthy enough to afford to send her to Queen's College, London for her education. She then returned to New Zealand for two years, before going back to London to pursue a literary career.

She quickly fell into the bohemian way of life lived by many artists of that era. With little money, she met, married and left her first husband, George Bowden, all within just three weeks. She then found herself pregnant (not by her husband) and was forced to stay in a Bavarian hotel by her concerned mother. She miscarried the child, but the whole sequence of events and experiences gave her the impetus to publish her first collection of Short stories The German Pension (1911). In that same year she met the critic and essayist John Middleton Murray. Their tempestuous relationship together brought Katherine Mansfield into contact with many of leading lights of English literature of that era. Most notably, she came to the attention of D. H. Lawrence. This attention is most obvious in his depiction of Mansfield and Murry as Gudrun and Gerald in Woman in Love (1917).

Her life and work were changed forever with the death of her brother during The Great War. She was shocked and traumatised by the experience, so much so that her work began to take refuge in the nostalgic reminiscences of their childhood in New Zealand. For the imperial historian, it is this body of work that is the most interesting: Prelude (1917), Bliss, and Other Stories (1920) and The Garden party and Other Stories. (1922) She could evoke stunning mental images of the natural beauty of New Zealand as well as showing a keen ear for the oddities of Upper Class English and Colonial society.

The last years of her life were punctuated with bouts of the tuberculosis that would eventually kill her in 1923. This sense of impending and unnaturally early death also added to the sharpness and poignancy of her later works. Her husband, John Middleton Murry, would later publish many of her works, letters and papers posthumously. However, he guarded her image jealously and is thought to have censored much of this body of work.

Rosemary Fell was not exactly beautiful. No, you couldn't have called her beautiful. Pretty? Well, if you took her to pieces... But why be so cruel as to take anyone to pieces? She was young, brilliant, extremely modern, exquisitely well dressed, amazingly well read in the newest of the new books, and her parties were the most delicious mixture of the really important people and...artists—quaint creatures, discoveries of hers, some of them too terrifying for words, but others quite presentable and amusing.

Rosemary had been married two years. She had a duck of a boy. No, not Peter—Michael. And her husband absolutely adored her. They were rich, really rich, not just comfortably well off, which is odious and stuffy and sounds like one's grandparents. But if Rosemary wanted to shop she would go to Paris as you and I would go to Bond Street.

If she wanted to buy flowers, the car pulled up at that perfect shop in Regent Street, and Rosemary inside the shop just gazed in her dazzled, rather exotic way, and said: "I want those and those and

those. Give me four bunches of those. And that jar of roses. Yes, I'll have all the roses in the jar. No, no lilac. I hate lilac. It's got no shape." The attendant bowed and put the lilac out of sight, as though this was only too true; lilac was dreadfully shapeless. "Give me those stumpy little tulips. Those red and white ones." And she was followed to the car by a thin shop-girl, staggering under an immense white paper armful that looked like a baby in long clothes....

One winter afternoon she had been buying something in a little antique shop in Curzon Street. It was a shop she liked. For one thing, one usually had it to oneself. And then the man who kept it was ridiculously fond of serving her. He beamed whenever she came in. He clasped his hands; he was so gratified he could scarcely speak. Flattery, of course. All the same, there was something...

"You see, madam," he would explain in his low respectful tones, "I love my things. I would rather not part with them than sell them to someone who does not appreciate them, who has not that fine feeling which is so rare...." And, breathing deeply, he unrolled a tiny square of blue velvet and pressed it on the glass counter with his pale finger-tips.

To-day it was a little box. He had been keeping it for her. He had shown it to nobody as yet. An exquisite little enamel box with a glace so fine it looked as though it had been baked in cream. On the lid a minute creature stood under a flowery tree, and a more minute creature still had her arms round his neck. Her hat, really no bigger than a geranium petal, hung from a branch; it had green ribbons. And there was a pink cloud like a watchful cherub floating above their heads. Rosemary took her hands out of her long gloves. She always took off her gloves to examine such things. Yes, she liked it very much. She loved it; it was a great duck. She must have it. And, turning the creamy box, opening and shutting it, she couldn't help noticing how charming her hands were against the blue velvet. The shopman, in some dim cavern of his mind, may have dared to think so too. For he took a pencil, leant over the counter, and his pale bloodless fingers crept timidly towards those rosy, flashing ones, as he murmured gently. "If I may venture to point out to madam, the flowers on the little lady's bodice."

"Charming!" Rosemary admired the flowers. But what was the price? For a moment the shopman did not seem to hear. Then a murmur reached her. "Twenty-eight guineas, madam."

"Twenty-eight guineas." Rosemary gave no sign. She laid the little box down; she buttoned her gloves again. Twenty-eight guineas. Even if one is rich... She looked vague. She stared at a plump tea-kettle like a plump hen above the shopman's head, and her voice was dreamy as she answered: "Well, keep it for me—will you? I'll..."

But the shopman had already bowed as though keeping it for her was all any human being could ask. He would be willing, of course, to keep it for her for ever.

The discreet door shut with a click. She was outside on the step, gazing at the winter afternoon. Rain was falling, and with the rain it seemed the dark came too, spinning down like ashes. There was a cold bitter taste in the air, and the new-lighted lamps looked sad. Sad were the lights in the houses opposite. Dimly they burned as if regretting something. And people hurried by, hidden under their hateful umbrellas. Rosemary felt a strange pang. She pressed her muff against her breast; she wished she had the little box, too, to cling to. Of course the car was there. She'd only to cross the pavement. But still she waited. There are moments, horrible moments in life, when one emerges from shelter and looks out, and it's awful. One oughtn't to give way to them. One ought to go home and have an extra-special tea. But at the very instant of thinking that, a young girl, thin, dark, shadowy—where had she come from?—was standing at Rosemary's elbow and a voice like a sigh, almost like a sob, breathed: "Madam, may I speak to you a moment?"

"Speak to me?" Rosemary turned. She saw a little battered creature with enormous eyes, someone quite young, no older than herself, who clutched at her coat-collar with reddened hands, and shivered as though she had just come out of the water.

"M-madam," stammered the voice. "Would you let me have the price of a cup of tea?"

"A cup of tea?" There was something simple, sincere in that voice; it wasn't in the least the voice of a beggar. "Then have you no money at all?" asked Rosemary.

"None, madam," came the answer.

"How extraordinary!" Rosemary peered through the dusk and the girl gazed back at her. How more than extraordinary! And suddenly it seemed to Rosemary such an adventure. It was like something out of a novel by Dostoyevsky, this meeting in the dusk. Supposing she took the girl home? Supposing she did do one of those things she was always reading about or seeing on the stage, what would happen? It would be thrilling. And she heard herself saying afterwards to the amazement of her friends: "I simply took her home with me," as she stepped forward and said to that dim person beside her: "Come home to tea with me."

The girl drew back startled. She even stopped shivering for a moment. Rosemary put out a hand and touched her arm. "I mean it," she said, smiling. And she felt how simple and kind her smile was. "Why won't you? Do. Come home with me now in my car and have tea."

"You—you don't mean it, madam," said the girl, and there was pain in her voice.

"But I do," cried Rosemary. "I want you to. To please me. Come along."

The girl put her fingers to her lips and her eyes devoured Rosemary. "You're—you're not taking me to the police station?" she stammered.

"The police station," Rosemary laughed out. "Why should I be so cruel? No, I only want to make you warm and to hear— anything you care to tell me."

Hungry people are easily led. The footman held the door of the car open, and a moment later they were skimming through the dusk.

"There!" said Rosemary. She had a feeling of triumph as she slipped her hand through the velvet strap. She could have said, "Now I've got you," as she gazed at the little captive she had netted. But of course she meant it kindly. Oh, more than kindly. She was going to prove to this girl that—wonderful things did happen in life, that—fairy godmothers were real, that—rich people had hearts, and that women *w e r e* sisters. She turned impulsively, saying: "Don't be frightened. After all, why shouldn't you come back with me? We're both women. If I'm the more fortunate, you ought to expect..."

But happily at that moment, for she didn't know how the sentence was going to end, the car stopped. The bell was rung, the door opened, and with a charming, protecting, almost embracing movement, Rosemary drew the other into the hall. Warmth, softness, light, a sweet scent, all those things so familiar to her she never even thought about them, she watched that other receive. It was fascinating. She was like the rich little girl in her nursery with all the cupboards to open, all the boxes to unpack.

"Come, come upstairs," said Rosemary, longing to begin to be generous. "Come up to my room." And, besides, she wanted to spare this poor little thing from being stared at by the servants; she decided as they mounted the stairs she would not even ring to Jeanne, but take off her things by herself. The great thing was to be natural!

And "There!" cried Rosemary again, as they reached her beautiful big bedroom with the curtains drawn, the fire leaping on her wonderful lacquer furniture, her gold cushions and the primrose and blue rugs.

The girl stood just inside the door; she seemed dazed. But Rosemary didn't mind that.

"Come and sit down," she cried, dragging her big chair up to the fire, "in this comfy chair. Come and get warm. You look so dreadfully cold."

"I daren't, madam," said the girl, and she edged backwards.

"Oh, please,"—Rosemary ran forward—"you mustn't be frightened, you mustn't, really. Sit down; when I've taken off my things we shall go into the next room and have tea and be cosy. Why are you afraid?" And gently she half pushed the thin figure into its deep cradle.

But there was no answer. The girl stayed just as she had been put, with her hands by her sides and her mouth slightly open. To be quite sincere, she looked rather stupid. But Rosemary wouldn't acknowledge it. She leant over her, saying: "Won't you take off your hat? Your pretty hair is all wet. And one is so much more comfortable without a hat, isn't one?"

There was a whisper that sounded like "Very good, madam," and the crushed hat was taken off.

"And let me help you off with your coat, too," said Rosemary.

The girl stood up. But she held on to the chair with one hand and let Rosemary pull. It was quite an effort. The other scarcely helped her at all. She seemed to stagger like a child, and the thought came and went through Rosemary's mind, that if people wanted helping they must respond a little, just a little, otherwise it became very difficult indeed. And what was she to do with the coat now? She left it on the floor, and the hat too. She was just going to take a cigarette off the mantelpiece when the girl said quickly, but so lightly and strangely: "I'm very sorry, madam, but I'm going to faint. I shall go off, madam, if I don't have something."

"Good heavens, how thoughtless I am!" Rosemary rushed to the bell.

"Tea! Tea at once! And some brandy immediately!"

The maid was gone again, but the girl almost cried out: "No, I don't want no brandy. I never drink brandy. It's a cup of tea I want, madam." And she burst into tears. It was a terrible and fascinating moment. Rosemary knelt beside her chair.

"Don't cry, poor little thing," she said. "Don't cry." And she gave the other her lace handkerchief. She really was touched beyond words. She put her arm round those thin, birdlike shoulders.

Now at last the other forgot to be shy, forgot everything, except that they were both women, and gasped out: "I can't go on no longer like this. I can't bear it. I can't bear it. I shall do away with myself. I can't bear no more."

"You shan't have to. I'll look after you. Don't cry any more. Don't you see what a good thing it was that you met me? We'll have tea and you'll tell me everything. And I shall arrange something. I promise. *Do* stop crying. It's so exhausting. Please!"

The other did stop just in time for Rosemary to get up before the tea came. She had the table placed between them. She plied the poor little creature with everything, all the sandwiches, all the bread and butter, and every time her cup was empty she filled it with tea, cream and sugar. People always said sugar was so nourishing. As for herself she didn't eat; she smoked and looked away tactfully so that the other should not be shy.

And really the effect of that slight meal was marvellous. When the tea-table was carried away a new being, a light, frail creature

with tangled hair, dark lips, deep, lighted eyes, lay back in the big chair in a kind of sweet languor, looking at the blaze. Rosemary lit a fresh cigarette; it was time to begin.

"And when did you have your last meal?" she asked softly.

But at that moment the door-handle turned.

"Rosemary, may I come in?" It was Philip.

"Of course."

He came in. "Oh, I'm so sorry," he said, and stopped and stared.

"It's quite all right," said Rosemary, smiling. "This is my friend. Miss—"

"Smith, madam," said the languid figure, who was strangely still and unafraid.

"Smith," said Rosemary. "We are going to have a little talk."

"Oh, yes," said Philip." Quite," and his eye caught sight of the coat and hat on the floor. He came over to the fire and turned his back to it. "It's a beastly afternoon," he said curiously, still looking at that listless figure, looking at its hands and boots, and then at Rosemary again.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Rosemary enthusiastically. "Vile." Philip smiled his charming smile. "As a matter of fact," said he, "I wanted you to come into the library for a moment. Would you? Will Miss Smith excuse us?"

The big eyes were raised to him, but Rosemary answered for her: "Of course she will." And they went out of the room together.

"I say," said Philip, when they were alone. "Explain. Who is she? What does it all mean?"

Rosemary, laughing, leaned against the door and said: "I picked her up in Curzon Street. Really. She's a real pick-up. She asked me for the price of a cup of tea, and I brought her home with me."

"But what on earth are you going to do with her?" cried Philip.

"Be nice to her," said Rosemary quickly. "Be frightfully nice to her. Look after her. I don't know how. We haven't talked yet. But show her—treat her—make her feel—"

"My darling girl," said Philip, "you're quite mad, you know. It simply can't be done."

"I knew you'd say that," retorted Rosemary. "Why not? I want to. Isn't that a reason? and besides, one's always reading about these things. I decided—"

"But," said Philip slowly, and he cut the end of a cigar, "she's so astonishingly pretty."

"Pretty?" Rosemary was so surprised that she blushed. "Do you think so? I—I hadn't thought about it."

"Good Lord!" Philip struck a match. "She's absolutely lovely. Look again, my child. I was bowled over when I came into your room just now. However... I think you're making a ghastly mistake. Sorry, darling, if I'm crude and all that. But let me know if Miss Smith is going to dine with us in time for me to look up *"The Milliner's Gazette"*.

"You absurd creature!" said Rosemary, and she went out of the library, but not back to her bedroom. She went to her writing-room and sat down at her desk. Pretty! Absolutely
lovely! Bowled over! Her heart beat like a heavy bell. Pretty! Lovely! She drew her cheque book towards her. But no, cheques would be no use, of course. She opened a drawer and took out five pound notes, looked at them, put two back, and holding the three squeezed in her hand, she went back to her bedroom.

Half an hour later Philip was still in the library, when Rosemary came in.

"I only wanted to tell you," said she, and she leaned against the door again and looked at him with her dazzled exotic gaze. "Miss Smith won't dine with us to-night."

Philip put down the paper. "Oh, what's happened? Previous engagement?"

Rosemary came over and sat down on his knee. "She insisted on going," said she, "so I gave the poor little thing a present of pioney. I couldn't keep her against her will, could I?" she added softly.

Rosemary had just done her hair, darkened her eyes a little and put on her pearls. She put up her hands and touched Philip's cheeks.

"Do you like me?" said she, and her tone, sweet, husky, troubled him.

"I like you awfully," he said, and he held her tighter. "Kiss me."

There was a pause.

Then Rosemary said dreamily: "I saw a fascinating little box today. It cost twenty-eight guineas. May I have it?"

Philip jumped her on his knee. "You may, little wasteful one," said he.

But that was not really what Rosemary wanted to say.

"Philip," she whispered, and she pressed his head against her bosom, "am I *p r e t t y ? "*

Questions for the Text Analysis:

Who is the main character?
What is the main quality that is accentuated in the main character?
Does the character belong to a particular character type or represent a certain idea, value, quality or attitude?
Does this person's character change during the course of the story?
How does the author visualize the characters?
What are the dominant means of the characters' characterization?
Do you feel sympathetic toward the main character?
Does the author characterize the character through comment or through description?
What sort of person is he/she? Does this character have a foil?
Is there any symbolism in the story?
How does the author make you aware of symbolic actions, people, or objects?

V
Hiawatha's Fasting
from The Song of Hiawatha

By Henry Wadsworth-Longfellow

Henry Wadsworth-Longfellow was a powerful figure in the cultural life of nineteenth century America. Born in 1807, he had become a national literary figure by the 1850s and a world-famous personality by the time of his death in 1882.

Henry's grandfather, Peleg Wadsworth (1748-1829), was a Revolutionary War general who later served seven terms in the United States Congress. The family home in Portland was built for Peleg in 1785-6.

Father Stephen Longfellow (1776-1849) was a lawyer and legislator who helped found many of Maine's early cultural institutions, including the Maine Historical Society (1822). Henry's mother and early encourager was Zilpah Wadsworth Longfellow (1778-1851), direct descendant of Plymouth's John and Priscilla Alden, and a woman of learning, wit, and liberal religious convictions.

Longfellow attended Bowdoin College, in Brunswick, Maine, where he met Nathaniel Hawthorne, his lifelong friend and literary colleague. After graduation in 1825 and three years of touring and study in Europe, he assumed the professorship of modern languages — then a relatively new field — at Bowdoin.

His publishing record (six foreign language textbooks in as many years) finally earned him a similar post at Harvard in 1834, beginning his long association with the city of Cambridge.

Longfellow was a devoted husband and father with a keen feeling for the pleasures of home. But his marriages ended in sadness and tragedy — the first to Mary Potter, of Portland, who died in 1835; the second to Fanny Appleton — the great love of his life and the mother of his six children — who died of burns from a terrible accident in 1861.

A deep nostalgia for his life with Fanny colored the rest of Longfellow's life. Longfellow published his first poem at the age of thirteen in the Portland Evening Gazette — a precocious sign of an astounding literary career as editor, anthologist, translator, playwright, novelist, and, above all, poet. His many published works sold in phenomenal numbers and multiple editions.

Most important are Ballads and Other Poems (1841), Poems on Slavery (1844), Evangeline (1847), The Song of Hiawatha (1855), The Courtship of Miles Standish (1858), Tales of a Wayside Inn (1863), his translation of Dante's Divine Comedy (1867), and Keramos (1878).

You shall hear how Hiawatha
Prayed and fasted in the forest,
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumphs in the battle,
And renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.

First he built a lodge for fasting,
Built a wigwam in the forest,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
In the blithe and pleasant Spring-time,
In the Moon of Leaves he built it,
And, with dreams and visions many,
Seven whole days and nights he fasted.

On the first day of his fasting
Through the leafy woods he wandered;
Saw the deer start from the thicket,
Saw the rabbit in his burrow,
Heard the pheasant, Bena, drumming,
Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Rattling in his hoard of acorns,
Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,

Building nests among the pinetrees,
And in flocks the wild-goose, Wawa,
Flying to the fen-lands northward,
Whirring, wailing far above him.
"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,
"Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the next day of his fasting
By the river's brink he wandered,
Through the Muskoday, the meadow,
Saw the wild rice, Mahnomonee,
Saw the blueberry, Meenahga,
And the strawberry, Odahmin,
And the gooseberry, Shahbomin,
And the grape.vine, the Bemahgut,
Trailing o'er the alder-branches,
Filling all the air with fragrance!
"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,
"Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the third day of his fasting
By the lake he sat and pondered,
By the still, transparent water;
Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leaping,
Scattering drops like beads of wampum,
Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
Like a sunbeam in the water,
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
And the herring, Okahahwis,
And the Shawgashee, the crawfish!
"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,
"Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the fourth day of his fasting
In his lodge he lay exhausted;
From his couch of leaves and branches
Gazing with half-open eyelids,

Full of shadowy dreams and visions,
On the dizzy, swimming landscape,
On the gleaming of the water,
On the splendor of the sunset.

And he saw a youth approaching,
Dressed in garments green and yellow,
Coming through the purple twilight,
Through the splendor of the sunset;
Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,
And his hair was soft and golden.

Standing at the open doorway,
Long he looked at Hiawatha,
Looked with pity and compassion
On his wasted form and features,
And, in accents like the sighing
Of the South-Wind in the tree-tops,
Said he, "O my Hiawatha!
All your prayers are heard in heaven,
For you pray not like the others;
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumph in the battle,
Nor renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.

"From the Master of Life descending,
I, the friend of man, Mondamin,
Come to warn you and instruct you,
How by struggle and by labor
You shall gain what you have prayed for.
Rise up from your bed of branches,
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me!"

Faint with famine, Hiawatha

Started from his bed of branches,
From the twilight of his wigwam
Forth into the flush of sunset
Came, and wrestled with Mondamin;
At his touch he felt new courage
Throbbing in his brain and bosom,
Felt new life and hope and vigor
Run through every nerve and fibre.

So they wrestled there together
In the glory of the sunset,
And the more they strove and struggled,
Stronger still grew Hiawatha;
Till the darkness fell around them,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her nest among the pine-trees,
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a scream of pain and famine.

"'T’is enough!" then said Mondamin,
Smiling upon Hiawatha,
"But tomorrow, when the sun sets,
I will come again to try you."
And he vanished, and was seen not;
Whether sinking as the rain sinks,
Whether rising as the mists rise,
Hiawatha saw not, knew not,
Only saw that he had vanished,
Leaving him alone and fainting,
With the misty lake below him,
And the reeling stars above him.

On the morrow and the next day,
When the sun through heaven descending,
Like a red and burning cinder
From the hearth of the Great Spirit,

Fell into the western waters,
Came Mondamin for the trial,
For the strife with Hiawatha;
Came as silent as the dew comes,
From the empty air appearing,
Into empty air returning,
Taking shape when earth it touches,
But invisible to all men
In its coming and its going.

Thrice they wrestled there together
In the glory of the sunset,
Till the darkness fell around them,
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her nest among the pine-trees,
Uttered her loud cry of famine,
And Mondamin paused to listen.

Tall and beautiful he stood there,
In his garments green and yellow;
To and fro his plumes above him,
Waved and nodded with his breathing,
And the sweat of the encounter
Stood like drops of dew upon him.

And he cried, "O Hiawatha!
Bravely have you wrestled with me,
Thrice have wrestled stoutly with me,
And the Master of Life, who sees us,
He will give to you the triumph!"

Then he smiled, and said: "To-morrow
Is the last day of your conflict,
Is the last day of your fasting.
You will conquer and o'ercome me;
Make a bed for me to lie in,
Where the rain may fall upon me,

Where the sun may come and warm me;
Strip these garments, green and yellow,
Strip this nodding plumage from me,
Lay me in the earth, and make it
Soft and loose and light above me.

"Let no hand disturb my slumber,
Let no weed nor worm molest me,
Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,
Come to haunt me and molest me,
Only come yourself to watch me,
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,
Till I leap into the sunshine"

And thus saying, he departed;
Peacefully slept Hiawatha,
But he heard the Wawonaissa,
Heard the whippoorwill complaining,
Perched upon his lonely wigwam;
Heard the rushing Sebowisha,
Heard the rivulet rippling near him,
Talking to the darksome forest;
Heard the sighing of the branches,
As they lifted and subsided
At the passing of the night-wind,
Heard them, as one hears in slumber
Far-off murmurs, dreamy whispers:
Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

On the morrow came Nokomis,
On the seventh day of his fasting,
Came with food for Hiawatha,
Came imploring and bewailing,
Lest his hunger should o'ercome him,
Lest his fasting should be fatal.

But he tasted not, and touched not,

Only said to her, "Nokomis,
Wait until the sun is setting,
Till the darkness falls around us,
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Crying from the desolate marshes,
Tells us that the day is ended."

Homeward weeping went Nokomis,
Sorrowing for her Hiawatha,
Fearing lest his strength should fail him,
Lest his fasting should be fatal.
He meanwhile sat weary waiting
For the coming of Mondamin,
Till the shadows, pointing eastward,
Lengthened over field and forest,
Till the sun dropped from the heaven,
Floating on the waters westward,
As a red leaf in the Autumn
Falls and floats upon the water,
Falls and sinks into its bosom.

And behold! the young Mondamin,
With his soft and shining tresses,
With his garments green and yellow,
With his long and glossy plumage,
Stood and beckoned at the doorway.
And as one in slumber walking,
Pale and haggard, but undaunted,
From the wigwam Hiawatha
Came and wrestled with Mondamin.

Round about him spun the landscape,
Sky and forest reeled together,
And his strong heart leaped within him,
As the sturgeon leaps and struggles
In a net to break its meshes.
Like a ring of fire around him

Blazed and flared the red horizon,
And a hundred suns seemed looking
At the combat of the wrestlers.

Suddenly upon the greensward
All alone stood Hiawatha,
Panting with his wild exertion,
Palpitating with the struggle;
And before him breathless, lifeless,
Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled,
Plumage torn, and garments tattered,
Dead he lay there in the sunset.

And victorious Hiawatha
Made the grave as he commanded,
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
Stripped his tattered plumage from him,
Laid him in the earth, and made it
Soft and loose and light above him;
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From the melancholy moorlands,
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a cry of pain and anguish!

Homeward then went Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis,
And the seven days of his fasting
Were accomplished and completed.
But the place was not forgotten
Where he wrestled with Mondamin;
Nor forgotten nor neglected

Was the grave where lay Mondamin,
Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,
Where his scattered plumes and garments
Faded in the rain and sunshine.

Day by day did Hiawatha
Go to wait and watch beside it;
Kept the dark mould soft above it,
Kept it clean from weeds and insects,
Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings,
Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.

Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another,
And before the Summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses;
And in rapture Hiawatha
Cried aloud, "It is Mondamin!
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!"

Then he called to old Nokomis
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
Showed them where the maize was growing,
Told them of his wondrous vision,
Of his wrestling and his triumph,
Of this new gift to the nations,
Which should be their food forever.
And still later, when the Autumn
Changed the long, green leaves to yellow,
And the soft and juicy kernels
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,
Then the ripened ears he gathered,
Stripped the withered husks from off them,
As he once had stripped the wrestler,
Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,
And made known unto the people
This new gift of the Great Spirit.

Questions for the Text Analysis:

Who is the speaker of the poem? How would you describe this persona? What images does the poet use?
How do the images relate to one another?
Are the images literal or figurative, abstract or concrete?
What sensory experiences are evoked?
Are certain images repeated?
Do these images form a unified pattern/a motif throughout the poem?
Is there a central, controlling image?
Are there any symbols? What do they mean?
Are they universal symbols, or do they arise from the particular context of the poem?
What figures of speech extend the imaginative range, the complexity and comprehensibility of the poem?
Does the poet use metaphors to make comparisons and express images or abstract ideas? Is there an extended metaphor?

TYPE OF NARRATOR.
THE NARRATIVE METHOD

1. Narrative method.
2. Types of narrators. Advantages and disadvantages of each.
3. The narrative method and the language of the story (novel).

A Perfect Day for Bananafish

By Jerome David Salinger

Jerome David Salinger (1919 – 2010) wrote The Catcher in the Rye, the classic 20th-century novel of disaffected youth. Salinger started publishing short stories in the 1940s, in magazines like the Saturday Evening Post, Colliers and, especially, the New Yorker. The Catcher In the Rye was published in 1951, became a bestseller and remains a favourite of high school and college students. (The book tells the tale of Holden Caulfield, a troubled adolescent who leaves his fancy prep school for an urban walkabout.) Always a private man, Salinger became increasingly reclusive throughout the 1950s and eventually stopped making public appearances or statements of any kind. He retreated to his remote home in Cornish, New Hampshire, refused requests for interviews, and did not publish after 1965 -- though he reportedly continued to write into the 21st century. He died of natural causes in 2010.

Salinger served in the U.S. Army in World War II and participated in the D-Day landings of 6 June 1944... He married Claire Douglas, a student at Radcliffe, in 1955. They had two children, Margaret Ann (b. 1955) and Matthew (b. 1960), and were divorced in 1965... Salinger had a love affair with author Joyce Maynard in the early 1970s, which Maynard described in her 1998 memoir At Home In the World. She auctioned her personal letters from Salinger for nearly $160,000 in 1999... Salinger attended Valley Forge Military Academy from 1934-36; it is generally considered to be the model for the school Pencey Prep in <u>The Catcher In the Rye</u>.

THERE WERE ninety-seven New York advertising men in the hotel, and, the way they were monopolizing the long-distance lines, the girl in 507 had to wait from noon till almost two-thirty to get her call through.

She used the time, though.

She read an article in a women's pocket-size magazine, called "Sex is Fun-or Hell."

She washed her comb and brush.

She took the spot out of the skirt of her beige suit. She moved the button on her Saks blouse.

She tweezed out two freshly surfaced hairs in her mole. When the operator finally rang her room, she was sitting on the window seat and had almost finished putting lacquer on the nails of her left hand.

She was a girl who for a ringing phone dropped exactly nothing. She looked as if her phone had been ringing continually ever since she had reached puberty.

With her little lacquer brush, while the phone was ringing, she went over the nail of her little finger, accentuating the line of the moon. She then replaced the cap on the bottle of lacquer and, standing up, passed her left-the wet-hand back and forth through the air. With her dry hand, she picked up a congested ashtray from the window seat and carried it with her over to the night table, on which the phone stood. She sat down on one of the made-up twin beds and--it was the fifth or sixth ring-picked up the phone.

"Hello," she said, keeping the fingers of her left hand outstretched and away from her white silk dressing gown, which was all that she was wearing, except mules- her rings were in the bathroom.

"I have your call to New York now, Mrs. Glass," the operator said.

"Thank you," said the girl, and made room on the night table for the ashtray.

A woman's voice came through. "Muriel? Is that you?"

The girl turned the receiver slightly away from her ear. "Yes, Mother. How are you?" she said.

"I've been worried to death about you. Why haven't you phoned? Are you all right?"

"I tried to get you last night and the night before. The phone here's been-"

"Are you all right, Muriel?"

The girl increased the angle between the receiver and her ear. "I'm fine. I'm hot. This is the hottest day they've had in Florida in-"

"Why haven't you called me? I've been worried to-"

"Mother, darling, don't yell at me. I can hear you beautifully," said the girl. "I called you twice last night. Once just after-"

"I told your father you'd probably call last night. But, no, he had to-Are you all right, Muriel? Tell me the truth."

"I'm fine. Stop asking me that, please."

"When did you get there?"

"I don't know. Wednesday morning, early."

"Who drove?"

"He did," said the girl. "And don't get excited. He drove very nicely. I was amazed."

"He drove? Muriel, you gave me your word of-"

"Mother," the girl interrupted, "I just told you. He drove very nicely. Under fifty the whole way, as a matter of fact."

"Did he try any of that funny business with the trees?"

"I said he drove very nicely, Mother. Now, please. I asked him to stay close to the white line, and all, and he knew what I meant, and he did. He was even trying not to look at the trees - you could tell. Did Daddy get the car fixed, incidentally?"

"Not yet. They want four hundred dollars, just to-"

"Mother, Seymour told Daddy that he'd pay for it. There's no reason for-"

"Well, we'll see. How did he behave--in the car and all?"

"All right," said the girl.

"Did he keep calling you that awful-"

"No. He has something new now."

"What?"

"Oh, what's the difference, Mother?"

"Muriel, I want to know. Your father-"

"All right, all right. He calls me Miss Spiritual Tramp of 1948," the girl said, and giggled.

"It isn't funny, Muriel. It isn't funny at all. It's horrible. It's sad, actually. When I think how-"

"Mother," the girl interrupted, "listen to me. You remember that book he sent me from Germany? You know - those German poems. What'd I do with it? I've been racking my- "

"You have it."

"Are you sure?" said the girl.

"Certainly. That is, I have it. It's in Freddy's room. You left it here and I didn't have room for it in the- Why? Does he want it?"

"No. Only, he asked me about it, when we were driving down. He wanted to know if I'd read it."

"It was in German!"

"Yes, dear. That doesn't make any difference," said the girl, crossing her legs. "He said that the poems happen to be written by the only great poet of the century. He said I should've bought a translation or something. Or learned the language, if you please."

"Awful. Awful. It's sad, actually, is what it is. Your father said last night- "

"Just a second, Mother," the girl said. She went over to the window seat for her cigarettes, lit one, and returned to her seat on the bed. "Mother?" she said, exhaling smoke.

"Muriel. Now, listen to me."

"I'm listening."

"Your father talked to Dr. Sivetski."

"Oh?" said the girl.

"He told him everything. At least, he said he did - you know your father. The trees. That business with the window. Those horrible things he said to Granny about her plans for passing away. What he did with all those lovely pictures from Bermuda--everything."

"Well?" said the girl.

"Well. In the first place, he said it was a perfect crime the Army released him from the hospital - my word of honor. He very definitely told your father there's a chance- a very great chance, he said - that Seymour may completely lose control of himself. My word of honor."

"There's a psychiatrist here at the hotel," said the girl.

"Who? What's his name?"

"I don't know. Rieser or something. He's supposed to be very good."

"Never heard of him."

"Well, he's supposed to be very good, anyway."

"Muriel, don't be fresh, please. We're very worried about you. Your father wanted to wire you last night to come home, as a matter of f- "

"I'm not coming home right now, Mother. So relax."

"Muriel. My word of honor. Dr. Sivetski said Seymour may completely lose contr- "

"I just got here, Mother. This is the first vacation I've had in years, and I'm not going to just pack everything and come home," said the girl. "I couldn't travel now anyway. I'm so sunburned I can hardly move."

"You're badly sunburned? Didn't you use that jar of Bronze I put in your bag? I put it right- "

"I used it. I'm burned anyway."

"That's terrible. Where are you burned?"

"All over, dear, all over."

"That's terrible."

"I'll live."

"Tell me, did you talk to this psychiatrist?"

"Well, sort of," said the girl.

"What'd he say? Where was Seymour when you talked to him?"

"In the Ocean Room, playing the piano. He's played the piano both nights we've been here."

"Well, what'd he say?"

"Oh, nothing much. He spoke to me first. I was sitting next to him at Bingo last night, and he asked me if that wasn't my husband playing the piano in the other room. I said yes, it was, and he asked me if Seymour's been sick or something. So I said--"

"Why'd he ask that?"

"I don't know, Mother. I guess because he's so pale and all," said the girl. "Anyway, after Bingo he and his wife asked me if I wouldn't like to join them for a drink. So I did. His wife was horrible. You remember that awful dinner dress we saw in Bonwit's window? The one you said you'd have to have a tiny, tiny- "

"The green?"

"She had it on. And all hips. She kept asking me if Seymour's related to that Suzanne Glass that has that place on Madison Avenue--the millinery."

"What'd he say, though? The doctor."

"Oh. Well, nothing much, really. I mean we were in the bar and all. It was terribly noisy."

"Yes, but did - did you tell him what he tried to do with Granny's chair?"

"No, Mother. I didn't go into details very much," said the girl. "I'll probably get a chance to talk to him again. He's in the bar all day long."

"Did he say he thought there was a chance he might get - you know - funny or anything? Do something to you!"

"Not exactly," said the girl. "He had to have more facts, Mother. They have to know about your childhood - all that stuff. I told you, we could hardly talk, it was so noisy in there."

"Well. How's your blue coat?"

"All right. I had some of the padding taken out."

"How are the clothes this year?"

"Terrible. But out of this world. You see sequins--everything," said the girl.

"How's your room?"

"All right. Just all right, though. We couldn't get the room we had before the war," said the girl. "The people are awful this year. You should see what sits next to us in the dining room. At the next table. They look as if they drove down in a truck."

"Well, it's that way all over. How's your ballerina?"

"It's too long. I told you it was too long."

"Muriel, I'm only going to ask you once more - are you really all right?"

"Yes, Mother," said the girl. "For the ninetieth time."

"And you don't want to come home?"

"No, Mother."

"Your father said last night that he'd be more than willing to pay for it if you'd go away someplace by yourself and think things over. You could take a lovely cruise. We both thought - "

"No, thanks," said the girl, and uncrossed her legs. "Mother, this call is costing a for - "

"When I think of how you waited for that boy all through the war -I mean when you think of all those crazy little wives who - "

"Mother," said the girl, "we'd better hang up. Seymour may come in any minute."

"Where is he?"

"On the beach."

"On the beach? By himself? Does he behave himself on the beach?"

"Mother," said the girl, "you talk about him as though he were a raving maniac--"

"I said nothing of the kind, Muriel."

"Well, you sound that way. I mean all he does is lie there. He won't take his bathrobe off."

"He won't take his bathrobe off? Why not?"

"I don't know. I guess because he's so pale."

"My goodness, he needs the sun. Can't you make him?

"You know Seymour," said the girl, and crossed her legs again. "He says he doesn't want a lot of fools looking at his tattoo."

"He doesn't have any tattoo! Did he get one in the Army?"

"No, Mother. No, dear," said the girl, and stood up. "Listen, I'll call you tomorrow, maybe."

"Muriel. Now, listen to me."

"Yes, Mother," said the girl, putting her weight on her right leg.

"Call me the instant he does, or says, anything at all funny - you know what I mean. Do you hear me?"

"Mother, I'm not afraid of Seymour."

"Muriel, I want you to promise me."

"All right, I promise. Goodbye, Mother," said the girl. "My love to Daddy." She hung up.

***

"See more glass," said Sybil Carpenter, who was staying at the hotel with her mother. "Did you see more glass?"

"Pussycat, stop saying that. It's driving Mommy absolutely crazy. Hold still, please."

Mrs. Carpenter was putting sun-tan oil on Sybil's shoulders, spreading it down over the delicate, winglike blades of her back. Sybil was sitting insecurely on a huge, inflated beach ball, facing the ocean. She was wearing a canary-yellow two-piece bathing suit, one piece of which she would not actually be needing for another nine or ten years.

"It was really just an ordinary silk handkerchief - you could see when you got up close," said the woman in the beach chair beside Mrs. Carpenter's. "I wish I knew how she tied it. It was really darling."

"It sounds darling," Mrs. Carpenter agreed. "Sybil, hold still, pussy."

"Did you see more glass?" said Sybil.

Mrs. Carpenter sighed. "All right," she said. She replaced the cap on the sun-tan oil bottle. "Now run and play, pussy. Mommy's going up to the hotel and have a Martini with Mrs. Hubbel. I'll bring you the olive."

Set loose, Sybil immediately ran down to the flat part of the beach and began to walk in the direction of Fisherman's Pavilion. Stopping only to sink a foot in a soggy, collapsed castle, she was soon out of the area reserved for guests of the hotel.

She walked for about a quarter of a mile and then suddenly broke into an oblique run up the soft part of the beach. She stopped short when she reached the place where a young man was lying on his back.

"Are you going in the water, see more glass?" she said.

The young man started, his right hand going to the lapels of his terry-cloth robe. He turned over on his stomach, letting a sausaged towel fall away from his eyes, and squinted up at Sybil.

"Hey. Hello, Sybil."

"Are you going in the water?"

"I was waiting for you," said the young man. "What's new?"

"What?" said Sybil.

"What's new? What's on the program?"

"My daddy's coming tomorrow on a nairiplane," Sybil said, kicking sand.

"Not in my face, baby," the young man said, putting his hand on Sybil's ankle. "Well, it's about time he got here, your daddy. I've been expecting him hourly. Hourly."

"Where's the lady?" Sybil said.

"The lady?" the young man brushed some sand out of his thin hair. "That's hard to say, Sybil. She may be in any one of a thousand places. At the hairdresser's. Having her hair dyed mink. Or making dolls for poor children, in her room." Lying prone now, he made two fists, set one on top of the other, and rested his chin on the top one. "Ask me something else, Sybil," he said. "That's a fine bathing suit you have on. If there's one thing I like, it's a blue bathing suit."

Sybil stared at him, then looked down at her protruding stomach. "This is a yellow," she said. "This is a yellow."

"It is? Come a little closer." Sybil took a step forward. "You're absolutely right. What a fool I am."

"Are you going in the water?" Sybil said.

"I'm seriously considering it. I'm giving it plenty of thought, Sybil, you'll be glad to know."

Sybil prodded the rubber float that the young man sometimes used as a head-rest. "It needs air," she said.

"You're right. It needs more air than I'm willing to admit." He took away his fists and let his chin rest on the sand. "Sybil," he said, "you're looking fine. It's good to see you. Tell me about yourself." He reached in front of him and took both of Sybil's ankles in his hands. "I'm Capricorn," he said. "What are you?"

"Sharon Lipschutz said you let her sit on the piano seat with you," Sybil said.

"Sharon Lipschutz said that?"

Sybil nodded vigorously.

He let go of her ankles, drew in his hands, and laid the side of his face on his right forearm. "Well," he said, "you know how those things happen, Sybil. I was sitting there, playing. And you were nowhere in sight. And Sharon Lipschutz came over and sat down next to me. I couldn't push her off, could I?"

"Yes."

"Oh, no. No. I couldn't do that," said the young man. "I'll tell you what I did do, though."

"What?"

"I pretended she was you."

Sybil immediately stooped and began to dig in the sand. "Let's go in the water," she said.

"All right," said the young man. "I think I can work it in."

"Next time, push her off," Sybil said. "Push who off?"

"Sharon Lipschutz."

"Ah, Sharon Lipschutz," said the young man. "How that name comes up. Mixing memory and desire." He suddenly got to his feet. He looked at the ocean. "Sybil," he said, "I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll see if we can catch a bananafish."

"A what?"

"A bananafish," he said, and undid the belt of his robe. He took off the robe. His shoulders were white and narrow, and his trunks were royal blue. He folded the robe, first lengthwise, then in thirds. He unrolled the towel he had used over his eyes, spread it out on the sand, and then laid the folded robe on top of it. He bent over, picked up the float, and secured it under his right arm. Then, with his left hand, he took Sybil's hand.

The two started to walk down to the ocean.

"I imagine you've seen quite a few bananafish in your day," the young man said.

Sybil shook her head.

"You haven't? Where do you live, anyway?"

"I don't know," said Sybil.

"Sure you know. You must know. Sharon Lipschutz knows where she lives and she's only three and a half."

Sybil stopped walking and yanked her hand away from him. She picked up an ordinary beach shell and looked at it with elaborate interest. She threw it down. "Whirly Wood, Connecticut," she said, and resumed walking, stomach foremost.

"Whirly Wood, Connecticut," said the young man. "Is that anywhere near Whirly Wood, Connecticut, by any chance?"

Sybil looked at him. "That's where I live," she said impatiently. "I live in Whirly Wood, Connecticut." She ran a few steps ahead of him, caught up her left foot in her left hand, and hopped two or three times.

"You have no idea how clear that makes everything," the young man said.

Sybil released her foot. "Did you read `Little Black Sambo'?" she said.

"It's very funny you ask me that," he said. "It so happens I just finished reading it last night." He reached down and took back Sybil's hand. "What did you think of it?" he asked her.

"Did the tigers run all around that tree?"

"I thought they'd never stop. I never saw so many tigers."

"There were only six," Sybil said.

"Only six!" said the young man. "Do you call that only?"

"Do you like wax?" Sybil asked.

"Do I like what?" asked the young man. "Wax."

"Very much. Don't you?"

Sybil nodded. "Do you like olives?" she asked.

"Olives - yes. Olives and wax. I never go anyplace without 'em."

"Do you like Sharon Lipschutz?" Sybil asked.

"Yes. Yes, I do," said the young man. "What I like particularly about her is that she never does anything mean to little dogs in the lobby of the hotel. That little toy bull that belongs to that lady from Canada, for instance. You probably won't believe this, but some little girls like to poke that little dog with balloon sticks. Sharon doesn't. She's never mean or unkind. That's why I like her so much."

Sybil was silent.

"I like to chew candles," she said finally.

"Who doesn't?" said the young man, getting his feet wet. "Wow! It's cold." He dropped the rubber float on its back. "No, wait just a second, Sybil. Wait'll we get out a little bit."

They waded out till the water was up to Sybil's waist. Then the young man picked her up and laid her down on her stomach on the float.

"Don't you ever wear a bathing cap or anything?" he asked.

"Don't let go," Sybil ordered. "You hold me, now."

"Miss Carpenter. Please. I know my business," the young man said. "You just keep your eyes open for any bananafish. This is a perfect day for bananafish."

"I don't see any," Sybil said.

"That's understandable. Their habits are very peculiar." He kept pushing the float. The water was not quite up to his chest. "They lead a very tragic life," he said. "You know what they do, Sybil?"

She shook her head.

"Well, they swim into a hole where there's a lot of bananas. They're very ordinary-looking fish when they swim in. But once they get in, they behave like pigs. Why, I've known some bananafish to swim into a banana hole and eat as many as seventy-eight bananas." He edged the float and its passenger a foot closer to the horizon. "Naturally, after that they're so fat they can't get out of the hole again. Can't fit through the door."

"Not too far out," Sybil said. "What happens to them?"

"What happens to who?"

"The bananafish."

"Oh, you mean after they eat so many bananas they can't get out of the banana hole?"

"Yes," said Sybil.

"Well, I hate to tell you, Sybil. They die."

"Why?" asked Sybil.

"Well, they get banana fever. It's a terrible disease."

"Here comes a wave," Sybil said nervously.

"We'll ignore it. We'll snub it," said the young man. "Two snobs." He took Sybil's ankles in his hands and pressed down and forward. The float nosed over the top of the wave. The water soaked Sybil's blond hair, but her scream was full of pleasure.

With her hand, when the float was level again, she wiped away a flat, wet band of hair from her eyes, and reported, "I just saw one."

"Saw what, my love?"

"A bananafish."

"My God, no!" said the young man. "Did he have any bananas in his mouth?"

"Yes," said Sybil. "Six."

The young man suddenly picked up one of Sybil's wet feet, which were drooping over the end of the float, and kissed the arch.

"Hey!" said the owner of the foot, turning around.

"Hey, yourself We're going in now. You had enough?"

"No!"

"Sorry," he said, and pushed the float toward shore until Sybil got off it. He carried it the rest of the way.

"Goodbye," said Sybil, and ran without regret in the direction of the hotel.

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The young man put on his robe, closed the lapels tight, and jammed his towel into his pocket. He picked up the slimy wet, cumbersome float and put it under his arm. He plodded alone through the soft, hot sand toward the hotel.

On the sub-main floor of the hotel, which the management directed bathers to use, a woman with zinc salve on her nose got into the elevator with the young man.

"I see you're looking at my feet," he said to her when the car was in motion.

"I beg your pardon?" said the woman.

"I said I see you're looking at my feet."

"I beg your pardon. I happened to be looking at the floor," said the woman, and faced the doors of the car.

"If you want to look at my feet, say so," said the young man. "But don't be a God-damned sneak about it."

"Let me out here, please," the woman said quickly to the girl operating the car.

The car doors opened and the woman got out without looking back.

"I have two normal feet and I can't see the slightest God-damned reason why anybody should stare at them," said the young man. "Five, please." He took his room key out of his robe pocket.

He got off at the fifth floor, walked down the hall, and let himself into 507. The room smelled of new calfskin luggage and nail-lacquer remover.

He glanced at the girl lying asleep on one of the twin beds. Then he went over to one of the pieces of luggage, opened it, and from under a pile of shorts and undershirts he took out an Ortgies calibre 7.65 automatic. He released the magazine, looked at it, then reinserted it. He cocked the piece. Then he went over and sat down on the unoccupied twin bed, looked at the girl, aimed the pistol, and fired a bullet through his right temple.

Questions for the Text Analysis:

What is the narrative method of the story?
How does it influence the total effect of the story?
What is the type of narrator? How can you prove it?
What are the advantages and disadvantages of the presented narrator's type?
What types of speech does the author use?
Is the author involved or detached?
What kind of language is used?
How long does the main character speak?
Are the sentences logically joined or disjointed, rational or otherwise ordered, or disorderly?
How forceful is the language?
What aspects of feeling are supported or created by the sound of the language?

Making It All Right

By Francis King

Francis King (1923 –2011), a British novelist, short-story writer, and critic, born in Switzerland, educated at Shrewsbury School and Balliol College, Oxford. His early years were spent in Switzerland and India and in 1949, after the publication of To the Dark Tower (1946) and An Air that Kills (1948), he began working abroad for the British Council. Subsequent novels include The Dividing Stream (1951), a study of English, Americans, and Italians in post-war Florence; The Dark Glasses (1954) and Man on the Rock (1957), both of which offer insights into the Greek character; The Widow (1957); and a novel with a Japanese background, The Custom House (1961). After his return to Britain in 1963, King's fiction became more intense in its imaginative and psychological investigation of human behaviour. Thus the central character of The Needle (1977) is a compulsive paedophile, and Act of Darkness (1983) deals with the murder of a small boy. King has always sought

to explore the homosexual predicament: A Domestic Animal (1970) is a moving scrutiny of the obsessive feelings a handsome young Italian philosopher arouses in a rather repressed English writer. King's interest in the psychology of older women finds fictional expression in Voices in an Empty Room (1984) and The Woman Who Was God (1988). Punishments (1989) tells of a young English medical student in the bombed Germany of 1948 and his sexual involvement with Jurgen, a young German whose object is to make him suffer for what the British did to his country. Visiting Cards (1990) draws on his experience of British Council activities. Again, set in Florence immediately after the Second World War and based on King's own experiences, The Ant Colony (1991) concerns an innocent young Englishman who is exposed to an intense spectrum of new sexual and cultural experiences. In The One and Only (1994) a respectable middle-class man finds evidence of a very doubtful act in his past when reading a friend's autobiography; the novel is a haunting examination of the dark forces beneath English respectability and the vulnerability of identity. King's volumes of short stories include The Brighton Belle and Other Stories (1968), Hard Feelings and Other Stories (1976), and One Is a Wanderer (1985). In his social comedy, his use of other cultures as points of reference in the dissection of his own, and in his recognition of homosexuality as an incontestable force, King stands very much in the tradition of E. M. Forster, though he is in fact a far more conservative writer, both formally and in his values. His other works include Florence: A Literary Companion (1991) and Yesterday Came Suddenly (1993), an autobiography.

'If you want to see Iris Clark, we ought to call her soon. She's got herself into the habit of going to bed early. As she spoke, Diana Lucas jumped up from the settee and, stooping over, began to edge a six-panel gold screen out from the wall behind it. 'Oh, this woman! She never puts anything back straight. And the filth behind here. Mary, just look at this filth, just look at it.' Mary Hirst glanced over her shoulder. 'Bob, just look.' Mary's husband, Bob, clumsy hands clasped between bony knees, continued to stare down at the Chinese silk carpet which, Diana had told them, she had bought off a restaurant in Kobe 'for a song, an absolute song'. 'Oh, well, I suppose

that I oughtn't to grumble about her. She's really rather a dear. And she's been with me twelve years. Did you realise that, Mary? She's been with me twelve years. I taught her everything she knows—which isn't saying much.

'Oh, I think that she's a lovely cook,' Mary said. She enunciated her words slowly and carefully with a trace of an Australian accent.

'On a good day,' Diana conceded. 'Now what about that call to Iris?'

'Well, I don't know, dear.' Mary looked at her watch and then looked at Bob. 'It's getting late. It's such a long drive back to Kyoto and Bob has to be on duty at the hospital at nine o'clock.'

'She'd appreciate a visit from you, I know. Even if we looked in just for ten minutes. They were always inseparable; other people never really counted for them. And now that she's on her own, well, the poor thing seems so utterly lost. Again Diana fidgeted with the screen. 'It's a beauty, isn't it? The gold alone is worth a fortune.'

'Isn't that the one you picked up with me at that little junkshop behind Kyoto station?" Mary queried.

'Yes, of course, so I did! I'd quite forgotten. Yes, that's right.' But Diana did not care to be reminded. 'Of course it was in a ghastly condition then. Remember? But I saw at once that it had its possibilities. I had it remounted. Touched up by a little man whom I've found, a real artist. The gold restored—that cost me a pretty penny, I can tell you. Yes, I'm pleased with the result... Now, Mary, let's put through that call. You'll be doing her such a good turn.'

Mary, who hardly knew Iris Clark, was less sure of this. But the news of the car accident in which Frank Clark had been killed and Iris herself gravely injured had appalled her when she had read of it in the newspaper and ever since she had hoped for some opportunity to be of comfort or assistance. 'Would we really be welcome—at this hour, I mean?'

'Quarter-to-ten,' said Diana with a brisk look at the platinum-and-diamond watch on her wrist. 'She doesn't go to bed all *t h a t* early. Come.' She held out a hand to Mary and yanked her, with surprising ease considering the disparity in their size, out of the sofa

and on to her feet. 'You'd better speak to her. It'll make it nicer, coming from you.'

'Me, dear?'

'I'm always running over to see her. Almost daily. And now that it seems likely that I shall be taking over the house—'

'Taking over the house?' Mary stared at her in amazement.

'Sh! It's meant to be a secret. Don't tell a soul. Isn't it wonderful news?'

'But I—I thought that the *b a n k* rented it.'

'Yes, but Iris hated the thought of its falling into the hands of Frank's successor. A bachelor. After all they put into it, it would have been such a shame —one of the show-places of the district. So she's *arranged*—with a little scheming—for me to have it. Isn't it marvellous news? I can't wait to get out of this beastly western house. My things are going to look ten times better when they're on show in their proper setting.'

'But—how did she fix it?' Mary asked, as Diana continued to impel her inexorably towards the telephone.

'Quite simple. The company asked if the landlord would be willing to renew the lease—it ends this month by a lucky chance—and she said that she would ask him. Then she told them that he was awfully sorry but he wanted the house back as he had promised it to someone else. That was me, of course.' Mary was still looking at her openmouthed with a mixture of shock and admiration.' Now, come, dear. I'll dial the number and then you can speak to her.'

'But I hardly know—'

'Come!'

Mary submitted to Diana as people of far stronger wills found themselves submitting. 'Are you sure that we won't be disturbing you?' she asked, and Iris's far-away, plaintive voice answered her: 'No, no, I have nothing to do but to—to sit here. So please come. Do you think you can find the way ?'

'Oh, yes. Diana Lucas will be with us.'

'Diana! How lovely!'

'Tell her I'll bring the screen—I'll bring her screen over. Tell her it's gorgeous,' Diana hissed.

Mary did as she was bid.

'Oh, I am excited!' Iris exclaimed.

'Bob, give me a hand with this screen,' Diana said, advancing on the six-panel gold screen as soon as the telephone call had ended. 'Let's take your car, shall we? Then I needn't get mine out of the garage. Bob, dear!... Now be very careful, won't you, sweetie? That's right.' Between them they began to fold up the screen.

'Has—has Iris Clark—?' Mary began to ask.

'Yes, she begged me to let her have it. It breaks my heart,

I've really grown so fond of it. But that's the hell of this business ... Ah, well, I suppose that I'll find another.' Diana's own house was the showroom for the Chinese and Japanese antiques which she sold chiefly to rich American tourists, ignorant of the prices prevalent in the stores of Kobe and Kyoto from which Diana usually bought them. 'I let her have it for a quite unrealistic price, but she'd set her heart on it and in the circumstances...'

'You're a sentimentalist," said Bob. 'Bless your heart.' He meant the blessing, though he did not really consider her a sentimentalist. He had always admired Diana for her elegance, her sophistication and her business flair; all qualities in which Mary, bless her heart too, was conspicuously lacking.

'Well, kids, let's go!' Diana lifted one end of the screen, Bob the other. 'Yes, I sure am sorry to see that blank wall,' Diana said in a poor imitation of an American accent, gazing at it. 'You'll have to help me to find something really nice to put in its place, Mary. Mary has a wonderful eye, did you know that, Bob? She ought to go into business with me.'

'I'd love to,' Mary said, obviously pleased. 'If only I didn't have him to look after.'

'Oh, leave him!' Diana exclaimed. 'He'd manage on his own. Wouldn't you, Bob?'

For some reason Bob began to flush as he stopped to ease the screen through the narrow doorway.

Iris Clark was seated, not at the desk which stood in the glassed-in porch running the whole length of the vast, Japanese-style room, but at a small, gate-legged table which to Mary seemed perfectly ordinary but which Diana always eyed greedily, knowing it to be Sheraton. She was a tall, bony woman, whom grief and the

months she had spent in hospital had made even bonier. Light freckles dotted the pallor of her cheekbones, her forehead and her arms. When she drew back her lips in a smile, she revealed both large irregular teeth and the gums above them. Her hand made a brief, icy contact with Mary's and then Bob's, but on Diana she bestowed a kiss and convulsive hug.

'What have you been doing? What's all this?' Diana indicated the table.

'Invitations. For my farewell party.' She turned to Bob and Mary. 'I hope that you can come.'

'I've spoken to those two waiters and they've agreed to help,' Diana said before either of them could answer. She was examining a scroll-painting hanging in the alcove.

'Wonderful. You are good, Diana.

'Sweetie, I don't honestly like this very much.'

'Oh, don't you? No, I wasn't sure about it. Frank—' her voice trembled momentarily—'bought it off Cecil Courtney.'

'Well, that explains of course why nothing about it seems quite right.' Cecil Courtney was a rival dealer. Diana walked over and, putting her hand on Iris's shoulder, inspected her carefully. 'You know, you look so much better. Oh, much better. Doesn't she, Mary?'

Mary, who had not seen Iris since her accident, was in no position to judge; but she nodded her head emphatically.

'And that coat and skirt is *very* elegant. I sent Iris to Madam Keiko. Don't you like Iris's coat and skirt?... Now, Iris, you sit down and I'll see about the drinks. No, sit down, dear. You're looking much stronger and much better, but you've still got to take it easy. Sit down, there's a good girl.'

Iris did as she was told.

'I've just let Mary and Bob into our secret—Mary is one of my oldest friends, even if we do see so little of each other now that she and Bob have taken themselves off to Kyoto. She's as thrilled as I am. As she rightly said, my things are going to look ten times nicer in this setting than in that poky western-style house.' She seemed to have forgotten that it was in fact she herself who had said this.

Mary looked about her: the room, for a Japanese house, was vast, the ceiling far higher than customary, the various woods of

the floor beams, the transoms and the tokonoma all, even to her inexpert eye, of a costly variety. 'Yes, it's a gorgeous home,' she said, thinking of their own cosy but creaking and fragile wooden box, possible for entertaining only if they removed the sliding screens and threw all three downstairs rooms into one. 'You '11 have difficulty in heating it, Diana, won't you?

Diana leaned forward, as sleek, polished and finely-wrought as the birds which had been carved, perched among irises, in the transom above her. 'Well, that all depends on Iris,' she said in a soft, winning voice.

Iris glanced at her momentarily, glanced away and then glanced back, to hold her bright, appealing gaze, as she said in a voice pitched so low that Bob, who was growing deaf, could not hear her: 'It's Mrs. Macready. I did promise her the space-heater, oh, long, long ago.'

'But she can order one from the States. She won't even have to pay any duty.'

'Oh, yes, she will. They don't have any diplomatic privileges.'

'Anyway he's making so much money out of selling scrapiron that he can afford to pay duty. Whereas I...' She put one small hand over Iris's large one. 'Please, Iris dear. You don't want me to shiver all winter, do you?'

'Well, of course not.' Iris said with a laugh as brief as a hiccough.

'Then that's fixed. And presumably it was, since Iris merely stared down at her wedding-ring. 'Now you must tell me what I can do to help with the party.'

"Well, first—' Iris got up and went over to the gate-legged table—'do have a look at this list. I hope that I've remembered everyone that I ought to remember.'

Diana took the list and examined it, drawing on the long ivory cigarette-holder into which she had just eased a Turkish cigarette. 'Him,' she grunted. 'Him.' She looked up, frowning. 'Do you really want the Da Silvas?'

'Oh, yes. I must. I must have them. He was one of Frank's golfing friends, you know.'

'And that dreary Gulliver couple?'

She continued to go through the list until, suddenly, she put it down on her knees and said: 'Oh, Iris dear, I meant to ask you—would you mind if 1 started to bring over some of my things next Saturday? Sakurai has promised to let me have one of his company trucks. We could use the side- entrance,' she went on hurriedly, 'and stack the things in the two rooms which you never use—you know, the ones facing north. Would you mind, dear? Please be quite frank.'

To this Iris also agreed; as to the suggestion which followed, that—'for a little present, of course'—her driver should help with the loading and unloading of Diana's possessions. 'Oh, Iris, you really are an angel! You do spoil me so. Doesn't she, Mary? Aren't I lucky to have such a friend?'

Mary gave a taut smile and, hands crossed over the slight protuberance of her stomach, looked around her. She was not a jealous woman and it was not precisely jealousy that she felt, but rather a sense of exclusion. Diana, after all, was her friend; had been her friend ever since they had first met at the Kobe Women's Club in the early days of the occupation.* Besides, she now wanted to talk to Iris Clark herself in order to pour out over her all the sympathy which her warm, generous character secreted in such abundance. The other two women continued to discuss the party, Diana's move, the gas and electricity bills, the rates, a carpet which Diana wished to buy and a fur-coat she wished to sell; and there sat Mary and Bob, ignored and excluded except when Diana would turn to one or the other to ask for their confirmation or support—'I am right, aren't I, Bob dear?' 'You do agree, don't you, Mary?' 'Have you ever heard anything like it, Bob?'

Suddenly Diana jumped up: 'You've not yet looked at the screen. Do get your boy to bring it in. It's in the boot of the car. Bob, angel, do give me the key.” She took the bunch of the keys and held them out to Iris.

'Here.'

'Oh, I am longing to see it,' Iris said when she had sent the boy off to fetch the screen. 'You've seen it, haven't you?' It was the first time she had addressed Mary since the invitation to the party.

'Yes,' Mary said. 'It's a beauty.'

'It's so sweet of Diana to let me have it. It '11 be a wonderful reminder of Japan when I am in my poky little Chelsea flat. I never thought that I should possess a Kano Tanyu screen, never, never.'

'Kano Tanyu?' Mary was genuinely amazed.

Diana said hurriedly: 'Well, that's only my guess. It's not signed. If it were, of course the price would be quite astronomical and I'd be selling it to a museum and living happily ever afterwards on the proceeds. But I have a feeling – a hunch…" She laughed, as though at herself. 'One can't explain these feelings, can one? But it's the same feeling that I had about that Kemair head—remember, Mary? And then Professor Hunter came along and lo and behold my hunch had been right!'

Iris's driver came in, lugging the screen which was almost twice as tall as himself. 'Oh, do be careful!' Diana cried in Japanese. 'There!' She and the boy began to open it between them, revealing bamboos on a gold background, among which whiskered tigers, benevolent and plump as cats, stalked each other or crouched at rest. The four foreigners and the Japanese boy all gazed at it in silence.

'It's certainly awfully like those Kano Tanyu fusuma in Nijo Castle—or is it in Chion-in?' Mary said. Diana gave her a sharp look.

'You've got a mint of gold there.' Bob pointed his pipe at the screen.

'Real gold,' said Diana. 'Gold leaf. The technique is interesting. Do you know about this? They have these gold squares, each square about...' She spoke quickly and

efficiently like an instructor explaining a machine. 'Fascinating, isn't it?' she concluded. This was how she invariably won over the more sceptical of her customers.

'It's breathtaking,' Iris said; and she seemed literally to have had her breath taken away. She gulped for air: 'Oh, breathtaking,' she said. 'Darling, how can you bear to part with it?'

'Yes, it is a wrench. I really am in love with it. But in this case—well, I want you to have it. Very much.'

Iris went up to the screen and then suddenly, going down on her knees, scrutinised it from there.

'Yes, that's the right angle!' Bob exclaimed. 'We westerners tend to examine Japanese objects from the wrong—standing or from

a chair, instead of from the floor.' It was something which he had subconsciously remembered from one of Diana's sales-talks on another occasion.

'I love it,' Iris said. 'Oh, I do love it.'

Soon Iris and Diana went off together to decide which of two dresses Iris should wear at her farewell party.

'I can't think why she was so insistent that we should call,' Mary pouted. 'Iris has taken no notice of us ever since we got here.'

'She and Diana have a lot to arrange together,' Bob replied.

'Diana has a lot to arrange! She just wanted an excuse to come over here, if you ask me—to settle everything to her own satisfaction. That screen!'

'It's a beauty, isn't it?'

'Kano Tanyu! I was with her when she bought it. Three thousand yen, it cost her—less than ten dollars. Of course she must have spent a bit on having it restored. Oh, she's a clever business woman is our Diana.' Usually easy-going and kindly, Mary was now venomous.

'...Then if you want it,' Diana was saying as they returned, 'you must let me know soon. That American dealer is mad about it and he wants a decision before he goes back to Tokyo.

'You know, if you like, we could do an exchange. The bowl for the space-heater, how about that?' She had come back into the room her arm linked in Iris's. 'Iris adores that Ming bowl of mine—you know the one, Mary. It's flawless, quite flawless, and historically quite interesting because it's one of the few examples...' As she went on talking she crossed over to the sofa, picked up her bag and slipped into it a piece of paper which Mary's alert eye saw to be a cheque.

'Well, sweetie, you must get the rest which the doctor said that you needed and we must be on our way. Mustn't we, Mary? Bob?' Her two heavily-built friends struggled to their feet, Mary pulling down her girdle and Bob hitching up his trousers. 'Lovely to have seen you, Iris dear. Now if there's anything that you need—any help at all—'

When they were in the car, Diana suddenly said to Bob, who had already started the engine: 'Oh, I've forgotten, I ought to have asked Iris about her cook. I want to take her on. I must make sure

that it's all right. Could you—would you—wait just a moment for me?' She jumped out of the car before either of them had answered and ran wobbling up the drive on her high stiletto heels.

Mary and Bob sat in silence, the engine still running while Bob banged impatiently with one hand on the steering-wheel. Then, suddenly, Mary, sitting in the back of the car where Bob could not see her, opened Diana's bag and jerked out the cheque. Holding it up to the light which slanted down from the porch at the end of the drive, she made out the words with an amazement so intense that it felt like a sudden burst of rage; yen one hundred and fifty thousand only. One hundred and fifty pounds, *only* one hundred and fifty pounds! For the screen they had bought together in the junk-shop! 'Bob,' she began, but a crunch on the gravel made her slip the cheque back into the bag and click it rapidly shut.

'Dear Iris,' Diana said. 'Don't you think she's sweet?'

'Nice woman,' Bob agreed,

'I'm glad to see her so much better.'

'She relies on you a lot,' Bob said. 'Anyone can see that you have had a lot to do with her recovery.'

'Well, it's nice of you to say that. Yes, I've tried to do the best I can for her. What she needs is jollying along and cheering up.'

'And that's your speciality,' said Bob.

'You *are* being nice to me. What do you want from me?' Diana asked with a delighted laugh.

'Everything.'

Mary sat next to Diana, tense and silent. 'Just listen to your husband!' Diana exclaimed.

Mary was listening; but she still said nothing.

'Oh, I shall miss my beautiful screen!' Diana sighed. 'I let her have it for practically nothing, she'd so set her heart on it. Just enough to cover the cost of restoration. Hammersley—that American dealer, you know—well, I'm sure that he'd have offered me at least three hundred, four hundred dollars. But I wanted her to have it. I knew what it meant to her.'

'Very generous of you,' said Bob. 'Bless your heart.'

'Well here's my humble abode. Thank you very much, sir. Next time you visit me I'll be in residence in my palace. I can't wait, I

just can't wait, to settle myself in with all my things around me. ...Good night, Mary dear. Good night. Bob. God Bless. And come and see me soon. Soon.'

Diana wondered for a moment, as she turned away from them, why Mary had neither returned her greeting nor taken her hand, instead squinting at her with what was, yes, an almost paranoicaI intensity. Paranoical, paranoidal? She tried out both words as she slipped her key in the lock, smiling to herself. Mary was jealous, poor dear, that was it. As if anyone would want to take dear, dull old Bob away from her! Well, she'd make it all all right on the telephone tomorrow. She could always make it all all right—anything with anyone.

Questions for the Text Analysis:

Who narrates the story? Is the narrator an imaginary omniscient observer or a character in the story?
Does the narrator address the reader and comment on events or does he observe impartially and without intruding his opinions?
Does he just 'tell' the story or 'show it', letting events speak for themselves?
Does the narrator limit or focus knowledge through any particular character or characters?
Is the narrator reliable?
What effect does the point of view have on your understanding of the story?
What would be gained or lost if the story were told from a different viewpoint?
Is the narrator emotionally distant from the story she/he is narrating or, very close, very involved?
How does the language contribute to the story idea?
How would you characterize the narrator's word choice? Is it formal, conversational?

THE TONAL SYSTEM

1. Tonal system.
2. Markers of the tone.
3. Prevailing tone and emotional overtones.
4. Types of tones.

The Dumb Waiter

By Harold Pinter

The son of a Jewish tailor, Harold Pinter was born in East London in 1930. He started writing poetry for little magazines in his teens. As a young man, he studied acting at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and the Central School of Speech and Drama, but soon left to undertake an acting career under the stage name David Baron. He travelled around Ireland in a Shakespearean company and spent years working in provincial repertory before deciding to turn his attention to playwriting.

Pinter started writing plays in 1957. He had mentioned an idea for a play to a friend who worked in the drama department at Bristol University. The friend liked the idea so much that he wrote to Pinter asking for the play. The only problem was that if the university was to perform the play, they would need a script within the week. Pinter wrote back and told his friend to forget the whole thing - then sat down and wrote the play in four days. The product of his labors, a one-act entitled The Room, contained many of the elements that would characterize Pinter's later work - namely a commonplace situation gradually invested with menace and mystery through the deliberate omission of an explanation or motivation for the action. Later this same year, Pinter would develop his style still further in another one-act, The Dumb Waiter, about two hired killers employed by a mysterious organization to murder an unknown victim. In this second play, Pinter added an element of comedy, provided mostly through the brilliant small-talk behind which the two men hide their growing anxiety. Their discussion over whether it is more proper to say "light the kettle" or "light the gas" is wildly

comic and terrifying in its absurdity. The Dumb Waiter was first performed at the Hampstead Theatre Club in London in 1960.

Although written after The Dumb Waiter, Pinter's first full-length play (The Birthday Party) was produced two years earlier in 1958 at the Arts Theatre in Cambridge. The play centres around Stanley, an apathetic man in his thirties who has found refuge in a dingy seaside boarding house which has apparently had no other visitors for years. But when Goldberg and McCann (characters reminiscent of the hired assassins in The Dumb Waiter) arrive, it soon becomes clear that they are after Stanley. Like Samuel Beckett, Pinter refuses to provide rational explanations for the actions of his characters. Are the two men emissaries of some secret organization Stanley has betrayed? Are they male nurses sent to bring him back to an asylum he has escaped from? The question is never answered. Instead, the two men organize a birthday party for a terrified Stanley who insists that it is not his birthday.

Pinter went on to write a number of absurdist masterpieces including The Caretaker, The Homecoming, Betrayal, Old Times, and Ashes to Ashes. He also composed a number of radio plays and several volumes of poetry. His screenplays include The French Lieutenant's Woman, The Last Tycoon, and The Handmaid's Tale. He received numerous awards including the Berlin Film Festival Silver Bear, BAFTA awards, the Hamburg Shakespeare Prize, the Cannes Film Festival Palme d'Or, the Commonwealth Award and the Nobel Prize for Literature. His sparse style and gift for creating tension and horror through the most economic of means made him one of the most respected playwrights of his day.

Harold Pinter died on December 24, 2008, at the age of 78, after a long battle with cancer. He was survived by his wife, Lady Antonia Fraser.

C h a r a c t e r s

Ben
Gus

Scene: A basement room. Two beds, flat against the back wall. A serving hatch, closed, between the beds. A door to the kitchen and lavatory, left. A door to a passage, right. (Ben is lying on a bed, reading a paper. Gus is sitting on a bed, right, tying his shoelaces, with difficulty. Both are dressed in shirts, trousers, and braces. Silence. Gus ties his laces, rises, yawns, and begins to walk slowly to the door, left. He stops, looks down, and shakes his foot. Ben lowers his paper and watches him. Gus kneels and unties his shoe-lace and slowly takes off the shoe. He looks inside it and brings out a flattened matchbox. He shakes it and examines it. Their eyes meet. Ben rattles his paper and reads. Gus puts the matchbox in his pocket and bends down to put on his shoe. He ties his lace, with difficulty. Ben lowers his paper and watches him. Gus walks to the door, left, stops, and shakes the other foot. He kneels, unties his shoe-lace, and slowly takes off the shoe. He looks inside it and brings out a flattened cigarette packet. He shakes it and examines it. Their eyes meet. Ben rattles his paper and reads. Gus puts the packet in his pocket, bends down, puts on his shoe, and ties the lace. He wanders off, left. Ben slams the paper down on the bed and glares after him. He picks up the paper and lies on his back, reading. Silence. A lavatory chain is pulled twice, off left, but the lavatory does not flush. Silence. Gus re-enters, left, and halts at the door, scratching his head. Ben slams down the paper.)

B e n : Kaw! *(He picks up the paper.)* What about this? *(He refers to the paper.)* A man of eighty-seven wanted to cross the road. But there was a lot of traffic, see? He couldn't see how he was going to squeeze through. So he crawled under a lorry.

G u s: He what?
B e n: He crawled under a lorry. A stationary lorry.
G u s: No?
B e n: The lorry started and ran over him.

G u s: Go on!
B e n: That's what it says here.
G u s: Get away.
B e n: It's enough to make you want to puke, isn't it?
G u s: Who advised him to do a thing like that?
B e n: A man of eighty-seven crawling under a lorry?
G u s: It's unbelievable.
B e n: It's down here in black and white.
G u s: Incredible.

(Silence. Gus shakes his head and exits. Ben lies back and reads. The lavatory chain is pulled once off left, but the lavatory does not flush. Ben whistles at an item in the paper. Gus re-enters.)

I want to ask you something.
B e n : What are you doing out there? G u s : Well, I was just —

B e n : What about the tea?
G u s: I'm just going to make it.
B e n : Well, go on, make it.
G u s: Yes, I will. *(He sits in a chair. Ruminatively)* He's laid on some very nice crockery this time. I'll say that. It's sort of striped. There's a white stripe.

(Ben reads.)

It's very nice. I'll say that.

(Ben turns the pages.)

You know, sort of round the cup. Bound the rim. All the rest of it's black, you see. Then the saucer's black, except for right in the middle, where the cup goes, where it's white.

(Ben reads.)

Then the plates are the same, you see. Only they've got a black stripe — the plates — right across the middle. Yes, I'm quite taken with the crockery.
B e n *(still reading):* What do you want plates for? You're not going to eat.
G u s : I've brought a few biscuits.
B e n : Well, you'd better eat them quick.

G u s: I always bring a few biscuits. Or a pie. You know I can't drink tea without anything to eat.
B e n: Well, make the tea, then, will you? Time's getting on.
(Gus brings out the flattened cigarette packet and examines it.)
G u s: You got any cigarettes? I think I've run out. *(He throws the packet high up and leans forward to catch it.)* I hope it won't be a long job, this one. *(Aiming carefully, he flips the packet under his bed.)* Oh, I wanted to ask you something.
B e n (slamming his paper down): *Kaw!*
G u s: What's that?
B e n: A child of eight killed a cat!
G u s: Get away.
B e n: It's a fact. What about that, eh? A child of eight killing a cat!
G u s: How did he do it?
B e n: It was a girl.
G u s: How did she do it?
B e n: She — (He picks up the paper and studies it.) *It doesn't say.*
G u s: Why not?
B e n: Wait a minute. It just says — Her brother, aged eleven viewed the incident from the toolshed.
G u s: Go on!
B e n: That's bloody ridiculous. *(Pause)*
G u s I bet he did it.
B e n: Who?
G u s: The brother.
B e n: I think you're right. *(Pause. Slamming down the paper)* What about that, eh? A kid of eleven killing a cat and blaming it on his little sister of eight! It's enough to — *(He breaks off in disgust and seizes the paper. Gus rises.)*
G u s: What time is he getting in touch?
(Ben reads.)
What time is he getting in touch?
B e n: What's the matter with you? It could be any time. Any time.

G u s *(moves to the foot of Bens bed):* Well, I was going to ask you something.
B e n : What?
G u s : Have you noticed the time that tank takes to fill?
B e n : What tank?
G u s : In the lavatory.
B e n : No. Does it?
G u s : Terrible.
B e n : Well, what about it?
G u s : What do you think's the matter with it?
B e n : Nothing.
G u s : Nothing?
B e n : It's got a deficient ballcock, that's all.
G u s : A deficient what?
B e n : Ballcock.
G u s : No? Really?
B e n : That's what I should say.
G u s : Go on! That didn't occur to me. *(Gus wanders to his bed and presses the mattress.)* I didn't have a very restful sleep today, did you? It's not much of a bed. I could have done with another blanket too. *(He catches sight of a picture on the wall.)* Hello, what's this? *(Peering at it)* 'The First Eleven*.' Cricketers. You seen this, Ben?
B e n (reading): *What?*
G u s : The first eleven.
B e n : What?
G u s : There's a photo here of the first eleven.
B e n : What first eleven?
G u s (studying the photo): *It doesn't say.*
B e n : What about that tea?
G u s : They all look a bit old to me. *(Gus wanders downstage, looks out front, then all about the room.)* I wouldn't like to live in this dump. I wouldn't mind if you had a window, you could see what it looked like outside.
B e n : What do you want a window for?
G u s : Well, I like to have a bit of a view, Ben. It whiles away the time. *(He walks about the room.)* I mean, you come

into a place when it's still dark, you come into a room you've never seen before, you sleep all day, you do your job, and then you go away in the night again. *(Pause)* I like to get a look at the scenery. You never get the chance in this job.

B e n : You get your holidays, don't you?

G u s : Only a fortnight.

B e n *(lowering the paper):* You kill me. Anyone would think you're working every day. How often do we do a job? Once a week? What are you complaining about?

G u s : Yes, but we've got to be on tap though, haven't we? You can't move out of the house in case a call comes.

B e n : You know what your trouble is?

G u s : What?

B e n : You haven't got any interests.

G u s : I've got interests.

B e n : What? Tell me one of your interests. *(Pause)*

G u s : I've got interests.

B e n : Look at me. What have I got?

G u s : I don't know. What?

B e n : I've got my woodwork. I've got my model boats. Have you ever seen me idle? I'm never idle. I know how to occupy my time, to its best advantage. Then when a call comes, I'm ready.

G u s : Don't you ever get a bit fed up?

B e n : Fed up? What with?

(Silence. Ben reads. Gus feels in the pocket of his jacket, which hangs on the bed.)

G u s : You got any cigarettes? I've run out.

(The lavatory flushes off left.)

There she goes. *(Gus sits on his bed.)* No, I mean, I say the crockery's good. It is. It's very nice. But that's about all I can say for this place. It's worse than the last one. Remember that last place we were in? Last time, where was it? At least there was a wireless there. No, honest. He doesn't seem to bother much about our comfort these days.

B e n : When are you going to stop jabbering?

G u s : You'd get rheumatism in a place like this, if you stayed long,
B e n: We're not staying long. Make the tea, will you? We'll be on the job in a minute.
(Gus picks up a small bag by his bed and brings out a packet of tea. He examines
it and looks up.)
G u s: Eh, I've been meaning to ask you.
B e n : What the hell is it now?
G u s : Why did you stop the car this morning, in the middle of that road?
B e n *(lowering the paper):* I thought you were asleep.
G u s: I was, but I woke up when you stopped. You did stop, didn't you? *(Pause)* In the middle of that road. It was still dark, don't you remember? I looked out. It was all misty. I thought perhaps you wanted to kip, but you were sitting up dead straight, like you were waiting for something.
B e n: I wasn't waiting for anything.
G u s: I must have fallen asleep again. What was all that about then? Why did you stop?
B e n (picking up the paper) -. *We were too early.*
G u s: Early? *(He rises.)* What do you mean? We got the call, didn't we, saying we were to start right away. We did. We shoved out on the dot. So how could we be too early?
B e n *(quietly):* Who took the call, me or you?
G u s: You.
B e n : We were too early.
G u s: Too early for what? *(Pause)* You mean someone had to get out before we got in? *(He examines the bedclothes.)* I thought these sheets didn't look too bright. I thought they ponged a bit. I was too tired to notice when I got in this morning. Eh, that's taking a bit of a liberty, isn't it? I didn't want to share my bed-sheets. I told you things were going down the drain. I mean, we've always had clean sheets laid on up till now. I've noticed it.
B e n : How do you know those sheets weren't clean?
G u s: What do you mean?

B e n : How do you know they weren't clean? You've spent the whole day in them, haven't you?
G u s: What, you mean it might be my pong? *(He sniffs sheets.)* Yes. *(He sits slowly on bed.)* It could be my pong, I suppose. It's difficult to tell. I don't really know what I pong like, that's the trouble.
B e n (referring to the paper): *Kaw!*
G u s: Eh, Ben.
B e n : Kaw!
G u s: Ben.
B e n : What?
G u s: What town are we in? I've forgotten.
B e n : I've told you. Birmingham.
G u s: Go on! *(He looks with interest about the room.)* That's in the Midlands. The second biggest city in Great Britain. I'd never have guessed. *(He snaps his fingers.)* Eh, it's Friday today, isn't it? It'll be Saturday tomorrow.
B e n: What about it?
G u s *(excited):* We could go and watch the Villa.
B e n: They're playing away.
G u s: No, are they? Caarr! What a pity.
B e n: Anyway, there's no time. We've got to get straight back.
G u s: Well, we have done in the past, haven't we? Stayed over and watched a game, haven't we? For a bit of relaxation.
B e n : Things have tightened up, mate. They've tightened up.
(Gus chuckles to himself.)
G u s: I saw the Villa get beat in a cup-tie once. Who was it against now? White shirts. It was one-all at half-time. I'll never forget it. Their opponents won by a penalty. Talk about drama. Yes, it was a disputed penalty. Disputed. They go beat two-one, anyway, because of it. You were there yourself.
B e n : Not me.
G u s : Yes, you were there. Don't you remember that disputed penalty?
B e n : No.

G u s : He went down just inside the area. Then they said he was just acting. I didn't think the other bloke touched him myself. But the referee had the ball on the spot.
B e n : Didn't touch him! What are you talking about? He laid him out flat!
G u s: Not the Villa. The Villa don't play that sort of game.
B e n : Get out of it. *(Pause)*
G u s : Eh, that must have been here, in Birmingham.
B e n: What must?
G u s: The Villa. That must have been here.
B e n : ' They were playing away.
G u s : Because you know who the other team was? It was the Spurs It was Tottenham Hotspur.
B e n : Well, what about it?
G u s : We've never done a job in Tottenham.
B e n : How do you know?
G u s : I'd remember Tottenham.
(Ben turns on his bed to look at him.)
B e n: Don't make me laugh, will you? (Ben turns back and reads, Gus yawns and speaks through his yawn.)
G u s : When's he going to get in touch? *(Pause)* Yes, I'd like t see another football match. I've always been an ardent football fan. Here, what about coming to see the Spurs tomorrow
B e n *(tonelessly):* They're playing away.
G u s : Who are?
B e n : The Spurs.
G u s : Then they might be playing here.
B e n : Don't be silly.
G u s : If they're playing away they might be playing here. They might be playing the Villa.
B e n *(tonelessly):* But the Villa are playing away.
(Pause. An envelope slides under the door, right. Gus sees it. He stands, looking at it.)
G u s: Ben.
B e n : Away. They're all playing away.
G u s: Ben, look here.

B e n: What?
G u s: Look.
(Ben turns his head and sees the envelope. He stands.)
B e n : What's that?
G u s: I don't know.
B e n : Where did it come from?
G u s: Under the door.
B e n : Well, what is it?
G u s: I don't know.
(They stare at it.)
B e n : Pick it up.
G u s: What do you mean?
B e n : Pick it up!
(Gus slowly moves towards it, bends, and picks it up.)
What is it?
G u s: An envelope.
B e n : Is there anything on it?
G u s: No.
B e n : Is it sealed?
G u s: Yes.
B e n : Open it.
(Gus opens it and looks inside.)
What's in it?
(Gus empties twelve matches into his hand.)
G u s: Matches.
B e n : Matches?
G u s: Yes.
B e n : Show it to me.
(Gus passes the envelope. Ben examines it.)
Nothing on it. Not a word.
G u s : That's funny, isn't it?
B e n : It came under the door?
G u s : Must have done.
B e n : Well, go on.
G u s : Go on where?
B e n : Open the door and see if you can catch anyone outside.
G u s : Who, me?

B e n : Go on!
(Gus stares at him, puts the matches in his pocket, goes to his bed, and brings a revolver from under the pillow. He goes to the door, opens it, looks out, and shuts it.)
G u s: No one. (He replaces the revolver.)
B e n : What did you see?
G u s: Nothing.
B e n : They must have been pretty quick.
(Gus takes the matches from pocket and looks at them.)
G u s: Well, they'll come in handy.
B e n : Yes.
G u s : Won't they?
B e n : Yes, you're always running out, aren't you?
G u s : All the time.
B e n : Well, they'll come in handy then.
G u s : Yes.
B e n : Won't they?
G u s : Yes, I could do with them. I could do with them too.
B e n : You could, eh?
G u s: Yes.
B e n : Why?
G u s : We haven't got any.
B e n : Well, you've got some now, haven't you?
G u s : I can light the kettle now.
B e n : Yes, you're always cadging matches. How many have you got there?
G u s : About a dozen.
B e n : Well, don't lose them. Red too. You don't even need a box.
(Gus probes his ear with a match. Slapping his hand)
Don't waste them! Go on, go and light it.
G u s : Eh?
B e n : Go and light it.
G u s : Light what?
B e n : The kettle.
G u s : You mean the gas.
B e n : Who does?

G u s : You do.
B e n *(his eyes narrowing):* What do you mean, I mean the gas
G u s: Well, that's what you mean, don't you? The gas.
B e n *(powerfully):* If I say go and light the kettle I mean go and light the kettle.
G u s : How can you light a kettle?
B e n: It's a figure of speech! Light the kettle. It's a figure of speech!
G u s : I've never heard it.
B e n : Light the kettle! It's common usage!
G u s : I think you've got it wrong.
B e n *(menacing):* What do you mean?
G u s : They say put on the kettle.
B e n *(taut):* Who says? *(They stare at each other, breathing hard. Deliberately)* I have never in all my life heard anyone say put on the kettle.
G u s: I bet my mother used to say it.
B e n : Your "mother? When did you last see your mother?
G u s: i don't know, about —
B e n: Well, what are you talking about your mother for? *(They stare.)* Gus, I'm not trying to be unreasonable. I'm just trying to point out something to you.
G u s : Yes, but —
B e n : Who's the senior partner here, me or you?
G u s : You.
B e n : I'm only looking after your interests, Gus. You've got to learn, mate.
G u s: Yes, but I've never heard —
B e n *(vehemently):* Nobody says light the gas! What does the gas light?
G u s : What does the gas —?
B e n (grabbing him with two hands by the throat, at arm's length): *The kettle, you fool!*

(Gus takes the hands from his throat.)

G u s : All right, all right. *(Pause)*
B e n : Well, what are you waiting for?
G u s : I want to see if they light.

B e n : What?
G u s : The matches. (He takes out the flattened, box and tries to strike.) *No*. (He throws the box under the bed. Ben stares at him. Gus raises his foot.) *Shall I try it on here?*
(Ben stares. Gus strikes a match on his shoe. It lights.)
Here we are.
B e n *(wearily):* Put on the bloody kettle, for Christ's sake.
(Ben goes to his bed, but realizing what he has said, stops and half turns. They look at each other. Gus slowly exits, left. Ben slams his paper down on the bed and sits on it, head in hands.)
G u s *(entering):* It's going.
B e n : What?
G u s : The stove. *(Gus goes to his bed and sits.)* I wonder who it'll be tonight. *(Silence)* Eh, I've been wanting to ask you something. *(He rises and sits on Ben's bed.)*
B e n : What are you sitting on my bed for?
(Gus sits.)
What's the matter with you? You're always asking me questions. What's the matter with you?
G u s : Nothing.
B e n : You never used to ask me so many damn questions. What's come over you?
G u s : No, I was just wondering.
B e n : Stop wondering. You've got a job to do. Why don't you just do it and shut up? G u s: That's what I was wondering about. B e n : What? G u s: The job. B e n: What job?
G u s *(tentatively):* I thought perhaps you might know something
(Ben looks at him.)
I thought perhaps you — I mean — have you got any idea - who it's going to be tonight?
B e n : Who what's going to be? *(They look at each other.)*
G u s *(at length):* Who it's going to be. *(Silence)*
B e n : Are you feeling all right?
G u s : Sure.
B e n : Go and make the tea.
G u s : Yes, sure.

B e n : Well, what about it?
G u s : There's a meter.
B e n : I haven't got any money.
G u s : Nor have I.
B e n : You'll have to wait.
G u s: What for?
B e n : For Wilson.
G u s : He might not come. He might just send a message. He doesn't always come.
B e n: Well, you'll have to do without it, won't you?
G u s : Blimey.
B e n : You'll have a cup of tea afterwards. What's the matter with you?
G u s : I like to have one before.
(Ben holds the revolver up to the light and polishes it.)
B e n : You'd better get ready anyway.
G u s : Well, I don't know, that's a bit much, you know, for the money. *(He picks up a packet of tea from the bed and throws it into the bag.)* I hope he's got a shilling, anyway, if he comes. He's entitled to have. After all, it's his place, he could have seen there was enough gas for a cup of tea.
B e n : What do you mean, it's his place?
G u s : Well, isn't it?
B e n: He's probably only rented it. It doesn't have to be his place.
G u s : I know it's his place. I bet the whole house is. He's not even laying on any gas now either. *(Gus sits on his bed.)* It's his place all right. Look at all the other places. You go to this address, there's a key there, there's a teapot, there's never a soul in sight — *(He pauses.)* Eh, nobody ever hears a thing, have you ever thought of that? We never get any complaints, do we, too much noise or anything like that? You never see a soul, do you? — except the bloke who comes. You ever noticed that? I wonder if the walls are sound-proof. *(He touches the wall above his bed.)* Can't tell. All you do is wait, eh? Half the time he doesn't even bother to put in an appearance, Wilson.

B e n: Why should he? He's a busy man.
G u s *(thoughtfully):* I find him hard to talk to, Wilson. Do you know that, Ben?
B e n: Scrub round it, will you? *(Pause)*
G u s: There are a number of things I want to ask him. But I can never get round to it, when I see him. *(Pause)* I've been thinking about the last one.
B e n: What last one?
G u s: That girl. (Ben grabs the paper, which he reads. Rising, looking down at Ben) *How many times have you read that paper?*
(Ben slams the paper down and rises.)
B e n *(angrily):* What do you mean?
G u s: I was just wondering how many times you'd —
B e n: What are you doing, criticizing me?
G u s: No, I was just —
B e n: You'll get a swipe round your earhole if you don't watch your step.
G u s: Now look here, Ben —
B e n: I'm not looking anywhere! *(He addresses the room.)* How many times have I — ? A bloody liberty!
G u s: I didn't mean that.
B e n: You just get on with it, mate. Get on with it, that's all. *(Ben gets back on the bed.)*
G u s: I was just thinking about that girl, that's all. *(Gus sits on his bed.)* She wasn't much to look at, I know, but still. It was a mess though, wasn't it? What a mess. Honest, I can't remember a mess like that one. They don't seem to hold together like men, women. A looser texture, like. Didn't she spread, eh? She didn't half spread. Kaw! But I've been meaning to ask you.
(Ben sits up and clenches his eyes.)
Who clears up after we've gone? I'm curious about that. Who does the clearing up? Maybe they don't clear up. Maybe they just leave them there, eh? What do you think? How many jobs have we done? Blimey, I can't count them. What if they never clear anything up after we've gone?

B e n *(pityingly):* You mutt. Do you think we're the only branch of this organization? Have a bit of common. They got departments for everything.
G u s: What cleaners and all?
B e n : You birk!
G u s : No, it was that girl made me start to think —
(There is a loud clatter and racket in the bulge of wall between the beds, of something descending. They grab their revolvers, jump up, and face the wall. The noise comes to a stop. Silence. They look at each other. Ben gestures sharply towards the wall. Gus approaches the wall slowly. He bangs it with his revolver. It is hollow. Ben moves to the head of his bed, his revolver cocked. Gus puts his revolver on his bed and pats along the bottom of the centre panel. He finds a rim. He lifts the panel. Disclosed is a serving-hatch, a 'dumb waiter'. — A wide box is held by pulleys. Gus peers into the box. He brings out a piece of paper.)
B e n : What is it?
G u s : You have a look at it.
B e n : Read it.
G u s *(reading):* Two braised steak and chips. Two sago puddings. Two teas without sugar.
B e n: Let me see that, *(He takes the paper.)*
G u s *(to himself):* Two teas without sugar.
B e n : Mmnn.
G u s : What do you think of that?
B e n : Well — (The box goes up. Ben levels his revolver.)
G u s : Give us a chance! They're in a hurry, aren't they? (Ben reads the note. Gus looks over his shoulder.) *That's a bit funny, isn't it?*
B e n *(quickly):* No. It's not funny. It probably used to be a cafe here, that's all. Upstairs. These places change hands very quickly.
G u s : A cafe?
B e n : Yes.
G u s : What, you mean this was the kitchen, down here?

B e n : Yes, they change hands overnight, these places. Go into liquidation. The people who run it, you know, they do find it a going concern, they move out.
G u s : You mean the people who ran this place didn't find it a going concern and moved out?
B e n : Sure.
G u s : Well, who's got it now? *(Silence)*
B e n : What do you mean, who's got it now?
G u s : Who's got it now? If they moved out, who moved in?
B e n : Well, that all depends — (The box descends with a clatter and bang. Ben levels his revolver. Gus goes to the box and brings out a piece of paper.)
G u s *(reading):* Soup of the day. Liver and onions. Jam tart.

(A pause. Gus looks at Bon. Ben takes the note and reads it. He walks slowly to the hatch. Gus follows. Ben looks into the hatch but not up it. Gus puts his hand on Ben's shoulder. Ben throws it off. Gus puts his finger to his mouth. He leans on the hatch and swiftly looks up it. Ben flings him away in alarm. Ben looks at the note. He throws his revolver on the bed and speaks with decision.)
B e n: We'd better send something up.
G u s : Eh?
B e n : We'd better send something up.
G u s : Oh! Yes. Yes. Maybe you're right. *(They are both relieved* at the decision.)
B e n (purposefully): *Quick! What have you got in that bag?*
G u s : Not much. (Gus goes to the hatch and shouts up it.) *Wait a* minute.
B e n : Don't do that!
(Gus examines the contents of the bag and brings them out, one by one.)
G u s : Biscuits. A bar of chocolate. Half a pint of milk.
B e n : That all?
G u s : Packet of tea.
B e n : Good.
G u s : We can't send the tea. That's all the tea we've got.

B e n : Well, there's no gas. You can't do anything with it, can you?
G u s : Maybe they can send us down a bob.
B e n : What else is there?
G u s *(reaching into bag):* One Eccles cake.
B e n : One Eccles cake?
G u s : Yes.
B e n : You never told me you had an Eccles cake.
G u s : Didn't I?
B e n : Why only one? Didn't you bring one for me?
G u s : I didn't think you'd be keen.
B e n : Well, you can't send up one Eccles cake, anyway.
G u s : Why not?
B e n : Fetch one of those plates.
G u s : All right. (Gus goes towards the door, left, and stops.) *Do you* mean I can keep the Eccles cake then?
B e n : Keep it?
G u s : Well, they don't know we've got it, do they?
B e n : That's not the point.
G u s : Can't I keep it?
B e n : No, you can't. Get the plate. (Gus exits, left. Ben looks in the bag. He brings out a packet of crisps. Enter Gus with a plate. Accusingly, holding up the crisps.) *Where did these come from?*
G u s: What?
B e n: Where did these crisps come from?
G u s: Where did you find them?
B e n *(hitting him on the shoulder):* You're playing a dirty game, my lad!
G u s : I only eat those with beer!
B e n: Well, where were you going to get the beer?
G u s : I was saving them till I did.
B e n : I'll remember this. Put everything on the plate. (They pile everything on to the plate. The box goes up without the plate.) *Wait a minute!* (They stand.)
G u s : It's gone up.
B e n: It's all your stupid fault, playing about!
G u s : What do we do now?

B e n : We'll have to wait till it comes down. (Ben puts the plate on the bed, puts on his shoulder holster, and starts to put on his tie.) *You'd better get ready.*

(Gus goes to his bed, puts on his tie, and starts to fix his holster.)

G u s : Hey, Ben.

B e n : What?

G u s : What's going on here? *(Pause)*

B e n : What do you mean?

G u s : How can this be a café?

B e n : It used to be a café.

G u s : Have you seen the gas stove?

B e n: What about it?

G u s : It's only got three rings.

B e n : So what?

G u s : Well, you couldn't cook much on three rings, not for a busy place like this.

B e n (irritably): *That's why the service is slow!* (Ben puts on the waistcoat.)

G u s : Yes, but what happens when we're not here? What do they do then? All these menus coming down and nothing going up. It might have been going on like this for years.

(Ben brushes his jacket.)

What happens when we go?

(Ben puts on his jacket.)

They can't do much business.

(The box descends. They turn about. Gus goes to the hatch and brings a note.)

G u s *(reading):* Macaroni Pastitsio. Ormitha Macarounada.

B e n : What was that?

G u s : Macaroni Pastitsio. Ormitha Macarounada,

B e n : Greek dishes.

G u s: No.

B e n : That's right.

G u s: That's pretty high class.

B e n : Quick before it goes up.

(Gus puts the plate in the box.)

G u s *(calling up the hatch):* Three McVitie and Price! One Lyons Red Label! One Smith's Crisps! One Eccles cake! One Fruit and Nut!
B e n: Cadbury's.
G u s (up the hatch): *Cadbury's!*
B e n *(handing the milk):* One bottle of milk.
G u s (up the hatch): *One bottle of milk! Half a pint!* (He looks at the label.) *Express Dairy!* (He puts the bottle in the box. The box goes up.) *Just did it.*
B e n: You shouldn't shout like that.
G u s: Why not?
B e n: It isn't done. *(Ben goes to his bed.)* Well, that should be all right, anyway, for the time being.
G u s: You think so, eh?
B e n: Get dressed, will you? It'll be any minute now. (Gus puts on his waistcoat. Ben lies down and looks up at the ceiling.)
G u s: This is some place. No tea and no biscuits.
B e n: Eating makes you lazy, mate. You're getting lazy, you know that? You don't want to get slack on your job.
G u s: Who me?
B e n: Slack, mate, slack.
G u s: Who me? Slack?
B e n: Have you checked you gun? You haven't even checked your gun. It looks disgraceful, anyway. Why don't you ever polish it?

(Gus rubs his revolver on the sheet. Ben takes out a pocket mirror and straightens his tie.)

G u s: I wonder where the cook is. They must have had a few, to cope with that. Maybe they had a few more gas stoves. Eh! Maybe there's another kitchen along the passage.
B e 11: Of course there is! Do you know what it takes to make an Ormitha Macarounada?
G u s: No, what?
B e n: An Ormitha — ! Buck your ideas up, will you?
G u s: Takes a few cooks, eh? *(Gus puts his revolver in its holster.)* The sooner we're out of this place the better. *(He puts on his jacket.)* Why doesn't he get in touch? I feel like I've been

here years. *(He takes his revolver out of its holster to check the ammunition.)* We've never let him down though, have we? We've never let him down. I was thinking only the other day, Ben. We're reliable, aren't we? *(He puts his revolver back in its holster.)* Still, I'll be glad when it's over tonight. *(He brushes his jacket.)* I hope the bloke's not going to get excited tonight, or anything. I'm feeling a bit off. I've got a splitting headache.

(Silence. The box descends. Ben jumps up, Gus collects the note. Reading)

One Bamboo Shoots, Water Chestnuts, and Chicken. One Char, Siu and Beansprouts.

B e n : Beansprouts?

G u s : Yes.

B e n : Blimey.

G u s : I wouldn't know where to begin. *(He looks back at the box. The packet of tea is inside it. He picks it up.)* They've sent back the tea.

B e n *(anxious):* What'd they do that for?

G u s : Maybe it isn't tea time.

(The box goes up. Silence)

B e n (throwing the tea on the bed, and speaking urgently): *Look* here. We'd better tell them.

G u s : Tell them what?

B e n : That we can't do it, we haven't got it.

G u s: All right then.

B e n : Lend us your pencil. We'll write a note.

(Gus, turning for a pencil, suddenly discovers the speaking-tube, which hang on the right wall of the hatch facing his bed.)

G u s : What's this?

B e n: What?

G u s : This.

B e n *(examining it):* This? It's a speaking-tube.

G u s : How long has that been there?

B e n : Just the job. We should have used it before, instead of shouting up there.

G u s : Funny I never noticed it before.

B e n : Well, come on.

G u s : What do you do?
B e n : See that? That's a whistle.
G u s : What, this?
B e n : Yes, take it out. Pull it out.

(Gus does so.)

That's it.
G u s : What do we do now?
B e n : Blow into it.
G u s : Blow?
B e n : It whistles up there if you blow. Then they know you want to speak. Blow.

(Gus blows. Silence)

G us *(tube at mouth):* I can't hear a thing.
B e n : Now you speak! Speak into it!
(Gus looks at Ben, then speaks into the tube.)
G u s: The larder's bare!
B e n : Give me that! *(He grabs the tube and puts it to his mouth. Speaking with great deference.)* Good evening, I'm sorry to bother you, but we just thought we'd better let you know that we haven't got anything left. We sent up all we had. There's no more food down here. *(He brings the tube slowly to his ear.)* What? *(To mouth)* What? *(To ear. He listens. To mouth)* No, all we had we sent up. *(To ear. He listens. To mouth)* Oh, I'm very sorry to hear that. *(To ear. He listens. To Gus)* The Eccles cake was stale. *(He listens. To Gus)* The chocolate was melted. *(He listens. To Gus)* The milk was sour.
G u s : What about the crisps?
B e n (listening): *The biscuits were mouldy.* (He glares at Gus. Tube to mouth) *Well, we're very sorry about that.* (Tube to ear) *What?* (To mouth) *What?* (To ear) *Yes. Yes.* (To mouth) *Yes certainly. Certainly. Right away.* (To ear. The voice has ceased. He hangs up the tube. Excitedly) *Did you hear that? G u s : What?*
B e n : You know what he said? Light the kettle! Not put on the kettle! Not light the gas! But light the kettle!
G u s: How can we light the kettle?
B e n : What do you mean?

G u s : There's no gas.
B e n *(clapping hand to head):* Now what do we do?
G u s : What did he want us to light the kettle for?
B en: For tea. He wanted a cup of tea.
G u s : He wanted a cup of tea! What about me? I've been wanting a cup of tea all night!
B e n *(despairingly):* What do we do now? G u s : What are we supposed to drink?
(Ben sits on his bed, staring.)
What about us?
(Ben sits.)
I'm thirsty too. I'm starving. And he wants a cup of tea. That beats the band that does.
(Ben lets his head sink on to his chest.)
I could do with a -bit of sustenance myself. What about you? You look as if you could do with something too. *(Gus sits on his bed.)* We send him up all we've got and he's not satisfied. No, honest, it's enough to make the cat laugh. Why did you send him up all that stuff? *(Thoughtfully)* Why did I send it up? *(Pause)* Who knows what he's got upstairs: He's probably got a salad bowl. They must have something up there. They won't get much from down here. You notice they didn't ask for any salads? They've probably got a salad bowl up there. Cold meat, radishes, cucumbers. Watercress. Roll mops. *(Pause)* Hardboiled eggs. *(Pause)* The lot. They've probably got a crate of beer too. Probably eating my crisps with a pint of beer now. Didn't have anything to say about those crisps, did he? They do all light, don't worry about that. You don't think they're just going to sit there and wait for stuff to come up from down here, do you? That'll get them nowhere. *(Pause)* They do all right. *(Pause)* And he wants a cup of tea. *(Pause)* That's past a joke, in my opinion. *(He looks over at Ben, rises, and goes to him.)* What's the matter with you? You don't look too bright. I feel like an Alka-Seltzer myself. *(Ben sits up.)*
B e n *(in a low voice):* Time's getting on.
G u s: I know. I don't like doing a job on an empty stomach.

B e n *(wearily):* Be quiet a minute. Let me give you your instructions.
G u s: What for? We always do it the same way, don't we?
B e n: Let me give you your instructions.
(Gus sighs and sits next to Ben on the bed. The instructions are stated and repeated automatically.)
When we get the call, you go over and stand behind the door.
G u s: Stand behind the door.
B e n: If there's a knock on the door you don't answer it.
G u s: If there's a knock on the door I don't answer it.
B e n: But there won't be a knock on the door.
G u s: So I won't answer it.
When the bloke comes in —
G u s: When the bloke comes in —
Shut the door behind him.
G u s: Shut the door behind him. Without divulging your presence.
G u s: Without divulging my presence.
He'll see me and come towards me.
G u s: He'll see you and come towards.
He won't see you.
G u s: (absently): *Eh?*
He won't see you.
G u s: He won't see me.
But he'll see me.
G u s: He'll see you.
He won't know you're there.
G u s: He won't know you're there.
B e n: He won't know you're there.
G u s: He won't know I'm there.
B e n: I take out my gun. G u s: You take out your gun.
B e n: He stops in his tracks.
G u s: He stops in his tracks.
B e n: If he turns round —
G u s: If he turns round —
B e n: You're there.
G u s: I'm here.

(Ben frowns and presses his forehead.) You've missed something out.

B e n : I know. What?

G u s: I haven't taken my gun out, according to you.

B e n : You take your gun out —

G u s: After I've .closed the door.

B e n : After you've closed the door.

G u s: You've never missed that out before, you know that?

B e n : When he sees you behind him —

G u s: Me behind him —

B e n : And me in front of him —

G u s: And you in front of him —

B e n : He'll feel uncertain —

G u s: Uneasy.

B e n : He won't know what to do.

G u s: So what will he do?

B e n : He'll look at me and he'll look at you.

G u s: We won't say a word.

B e n : We'll look at him.

G u s: He won't say a word.

B e n : He'll look at us.

G u s: And we'll look at him.

B e n : Nobody says a word. *(Pause)*

G u s: What do we do if it's a girl?

B e n : We do the same.

G u s: Exactly the same?

B e n : *Exactly*. (Pause)

G u s: We don't do anything different?

B e n : We do exactly the same.

G u s: *Oh*. (*Gus rises, and shivers.) Excuse me*.

(He exits through the door on the left. Ben remains sitting on the bed, still. The lavatory chain is pulled once off left, but the lavatory does no flush. Silence. Gus re-enters and stops inside the door, deep in thought. He looks at Ben, then walks slowly across to his own bed. He is troubled. He stands, thinking. He turns and looks at Ben. He moves a few paces towards him. Slowly in a low, tense voice.)

Why did he send us matches if he knew there was no gas?

(Silence. Ben stares in front of him. Gus crosses to the left side of Ben to the foot of his bed, to get to his other ear.)

Ben. Why did he send us matches if he knew there was no gas? *(Ben looks up.)* Why did he do that?

B e n : Who?

G u s : Who sent us those matches?

B e n : What are you talking about?

(Gus stares down at him.)

G u s *(thickly):* Who is it upstairs?

B e n *(nervously):* What's one thing to do with another?

G u s : Who is it, though?

B e n : What's one thing to do with another? *(Ben fumbles for hit paper on the bed.)*

G u s : I asked you a question.

B e n : Enough!

G u s *(with growing agitation):* I asked you before. Who moved in? I asked you. You said the people who had it before moved out. Well, who moved in?

B e n *(hunched):* Shut up.

G u s : I told you, didn't I?

B e n *(standing):* Shut up!

G u s *(feverishly):* I told you before who owned this place, didn' I? I told you.

(Ben hits him viciously on the shoulder.)

I told you who ran this place, didn't I?

(Ben hits him viciously on the shoulder. Violently)

Well, what's he playing all these games for? That's what I want to know. What's he doing it for? B e n : What games?

G u s *(passionately, advancing):* What's he doing it for? We've been through our tests, haven't we? We got right through our tests, years ago, didn't we? We took them together, don't you remember, didn't we? We've proved ourselves before now, haven't we? We've always done our job. What's he doing all this for? What's the idea? What's he playing these games for?

(The box in the shaft comes down behind them. The noise is this time accompanied by a shrill whistle, as it falls. Gus rushes to the hatch and seizes the note. Reading)

Scampi! (He crumples the note, picks up the tube, takes out the whistle, blows and speaks.) *We've got nothing. Nothing. Do you understand?*

(Ben seizes the tube and flings Gus away, he follows Gus and slaps him he back-handed, across the chest.)

B e n : Stop it! You maniac!

G u s : But you heard!

B e n *(savagely):* That's enough! I'm warning you!

(Silence. Ben hangs the tube. He goes to his bed and lies down. He picks up his paper and reads. Silence. The box goes up. They turn quickly, their eyes meet. Ben turns to his paper. Slowly Gus goes back to his bed, and sits. Silence. The hatch falls back into place. They turn quickly, their eyes meet. Ben turns back to his paper. Silence. Ben throws his paper down.)

B e n : Kaw! *(He picks up the paper and looks at it.)* Listen to this! *(Pause)* What about that, eh? *(Pause)* Kaw! *(Pause)* Have you ever heard such a thing?

G u s *(dully):* Go on!

B e n : It's true.

G u s : Get away.

B e n : It's down here in black and white.

G u s *(very low):* Is that a fact?

B e n : Can you imagine it?

G u s : It's unbelievable.

B e n : It's enough to make you want to puke, isn't it?

G u s *(almost inaudible):* Incredible.

(Ben shakes his head. He puts the paper down and rises. He fixes the revolver in his holster. Gus stands up. He goes to the door on the left.)

B e n: Where are you going?

G u s : I'm going to have a glass of water.

(He exits. Ben brushes dust off his clothes and shoes. The whistle in the speaking-tube blows. He goes to it, takes the whistle out and puts the tube to his ear. He listens. He puts it to his mouth.)
B e n *: Yes.* (To ear. He listens. To mouth) *Straight away. Right.* (To ear. He listens. To mouth) *Sure we're ready.* (To ear. He listens. To mouth) *Understood. Repeat. He has arrived and will be coming in straight away. The normal method to be employed. Understood.* (To ear. He listens. To mouth) *Sure we're ready.* (To ear. He listens. To mouth) *Right.* (He hangs the tube up.) *Gus!* (He takes out a comb and combs his hair, adjusts his jacket to diminish the bulge of the revolver. The lavatory flushes o f f left. Ben goes quickly to the door, left.) *Gus!*
(The door right opens sharply. Ben turns, his revolver levelled at the door. Gus stumbles in. He is stripped of his jacket, waistcoat, tie, holster, and revolver. He stops, body stooping, his arms at his sides. He raises his head and looks at Ben. A long silence. They stare at each other.)

CURTAIN

Questions for the Text Analysis:

What are the tone and the atmosphere of the play?
Do they contribute to the total effect?
What specific words convey the atmosphere of the play?
What are the tonal markers in the play?
What are the prevailing tone and emotional overtones?
Are they easily identified?

The Hollow Men

By Thomas Stearns Eliot

Thomas Stearns Eliot *(1888-1965) was born in St. Louis, Missouri, of an old New England family. He was educated at Harvard and did graduate work in philosophy at the Sorbonne, Harvard, and Merton College, Oxford. He settled in England, where he was for a time a schoolmaster and a bank clerk, and eventually literary editor for the publishing house Faber & Faber, of which he later became a director. He founded and, during the seventeen years of its publication (1922-1939), edited the exclusive and influential literary journal Criterion. In 1927, Eliot became a British citizen and about the same time entered the Anglican Church.*
Eliot has been one of the most daring innovators of twentieth-century poetry. Never compromising either with the public or indeed with language itself, he has followed his belief that poetry should aim at a representation of the complexities of modern civilization in language and that such representation necessarily leads to difficult poetry. Despite this difficulty his influence on modern poetic diction has been immense. Eliot's poetry from Prufrock (1917) to The Four Quartets (1943) reflects the development of a Christian writer: the early work, especially The Waste Land (1922), is essentially negative, the expression of that horror from which the search for a higher world arises. In Ash Wednesday (1930) and The Four Quartets this higher world becomes more visible; nonetheless Eliot has always taken care not to become a «religious poet». and often belittled the power of poetry as a religious force. However, his dramas Murder in the Cathedral (1935) and The Family Reunion (1939) are more openly Christian apologies. In his essays, especially the later ones, Eliot advocates a traditionalism in religion, society, and literature that seems at odds with his pioneer activity as a poet. But although the Eliot of Notes towards the Definition of Culture (1948) is an older man than the poet of The Waste Land, it should not be forgotten that for Eliot tradition is a living organism comprising past and present in constant mutual interaction. Eliot's plays Murder in the Cathedral (1935), The Family Reunion (1939),

The Cocktail Party (1949), The Confidential Clerk (1954), and TheElderStatesman(1959) were published in one volume in 1962; Collected Poems 1909-62 appeared in 1963. T.S. Eliot died on January 4, 1965

Mistah Kurtz—he dead.
A penny for the Old Guy

I

We are the hollow men
We are the stuffed men
Leaning together
Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!
Our dried voices, when
We whisper together
Are quiet and meaningless
As wind in dry grass
Or rats' feet over broken glass
In our dry cellar

Shape without form, shade without colour,
Paralysed force, gesture without motion;

Those who have crossed
With direct eyes, to death's other Kingdom
Remember us—if at all—not as lost
Violent souls, but only
As the hollow men
The stuffed men.

II

Eyes I dare not meet in dreams
In death's dream kingdom
These do not appear:
There, the eyes are

Sunlight on a broken column
There, is a tree swinging
And voices are
In the wind's singing
More distant and more solemn
Than a fading star.

Let me be no nearer
In death's dream kingdom
Let me also wear
Such deliberate disguises
Rat's coat, crowskin, crossed staves
In a field
Behaving as the wind behaves
No nearer—

Not that final meeting
In the twilight kingdom

III

This is the dead land
This is cactus land
Here the stone images
Are raised, here they receive
The supplication of a dead man's hand
Under the twinkle of a fading star.

Is it like this
In death's other kingdom
Waking alone
At the hour when we are
Trembling with tenderness
Lips that would kiss
Form prayers to broken stone.

IV

The eyes are not here
There are no eyes here
In this valley of dying stars
In this hollow valley
This broken jaw of our lost kingdoms

In this last of meeting places
We grope together
And avoid speech
Gathered on this beach of the tumid river

Sightless, unless
The eyes reappear
As the perpetual star
Multifoliate rose
Of death's twilight kingdom
The hope only
Of empty men.

V

Here we go round the prickly pear
Prickly pear prickly pear
Here we go round the prickly pear
At five o'clock in the morning.

Between the idea
And the reality
Between the motion
And the act
Falls the Shadow
For Thine is the Kingdom

Between the conception
And the creation
Between the emotion
And the response

Falls the Shadow
Life is very long

Between the desire
And the spasm
Between the potency
And the existence
Between the essence
And the descent
Falls the Shadow
For Thine is the Kingdom

For Thine is
Life is
For Thine is the

This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang but a whimper.

Questions for the Text Analysis:

Who is the speaker of the poem? How would you describe this persona?
What is the speaker's tone?
Which words reveal this tone?
Is the poem ironic?

What heavily connotative words are used?
What words have unusual or specific/special meanings?
Are any words or phrases repeated? If so, why?
Which words do you need to look up?

What figures of speech are used? How do they contribute to the tone and meaning of the poem? Are there any symbols? What do they mean? Are they universal symbols, or do they arise from the particular context of the poem?

What is the theme /the central idea/ of this poem? Can you state it in a single sentence? How important is the role of metrics /sound effects/, such as rhyme and rhythm? How do they affect tone and meaning?

How important is the contribution of form, such as rhyme scheme, line arrangement and graphical representation? How does the form influence the overall effect of the poem?

INTERPRETATION OF A TEXT AS AN ARTISTIC WHOLE

England versus England

By Doris Lessing

British writer whose novels and short stories are largely concerned with people involved in the social and political upheavals of the 20th century. She was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 2007.
Doris Lessing was born October 22, 1919, in the country of Persia, which is now Iran. Her family was living in Persia at the time of her birth but moved to a farm in Southern Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe), where she lived from age five until she settled in England in 1949. In her early adult years she was an active communist. In Pursuit of the English (1960) tells of her initial months in England, and Going Home (1957) describes her reaction to Rhodesia on a return visit. In 1994 she published the first volume of an autobiography, Under My Skin; a second volume, Walking in the Shade, appeared in 1997.
Her first published book, The Grass Is Singing (1950), is about a white farmer and his wife and their African servant in Rhodesia. Among her most substantial works is the series Children of Violence (1952–69), a five-novel sequence that centres on Martha Quest, who grows up in southern Africa and settles in England. The Golden Notebook (1962), in which a woman writer attempts to come to terms with the life of her times through her art, is one of the most complex and the most widely read of her novels. The Memoirs of a Survivor (1975) is a prophetic fantasy that explores psychological and social breakdown. A master of the short story, Lessing has published several collections, including The Story of a Non-Marrying Man (1972) and Stories (1978); her African stories are collected in This Was the Old Chief's Country (1951) and The Sun Between Their Feet (1973).
Lessing turned to science fiction in a five-novel sequence titled Canopus in Argos: Archives (1979–83). The novels The Diary of a Good Neighbour (1983) and If the Old Could (1984) were published pseudonymously under the name Jane Somers to dramatize the

problems of unknown writers. Subsequent novels include The Good Terrorist (1985), about a group of revolutionaries in London, and The Fifth Child (1988), a horror story, to which Ben, in the World (2000) is a sequel. The Sweetest Dream (2001) is a semiautobiographical novel set primarily in London during the 1960s, while the parable-like novel The Cleft (2007) considers the origins of human society. Her collection of essays Time Bites (2004) displays her wide-ranging interests, from women's issues and politics to Sufism.

I think I'll be off," said Charlie. "My things are packed." He had made sure of getting his holdall ready so that his mother wouldn't. "But it's early," she protested. Yet she was already knocking red hands together to rid them of water while she turned to say goodbye: she knew her son was leaving early to avoid the father. But the back door now opened and Mr. Thornton came in. Charlie and his father were alike: tall, over-thin, big-boned. The old miner stooped, his hair had gone into grey wisps, and his hollow cheeks were coal-pitted. The young man was still fresh, with jaunty fair hair and alert eyes. But there were scoops of strain under his eyes.

"You're alone," said Charlie involuntarily, pleased, ready to sit down again. The old man was not alone. Three men came into view behind him in the light that fell into the yard from the door, and Charlie said quickly: "I'm off, Dad, it's goodbye till Christmas." They all came crowding into the little kitchen, bringing with them the spirit of facetiousness that seemed to Charlie his personal spiteful enemy, like a poltergeist always standing in wait somewhere behind his right shoulder. "So you're back to the dreaming spires," said one man, nodding goodbye. "Off to t'palaces of learning," said another. Both were smiling. There was no hostility in it, or even envy, but it shut Charlie out of his family, away from his people. The third man, adding his tribute to this, the most brilliant son of the village, said: "You'll be coming back to a right Christmas with us, then, or will you be frolicking with fiords and t'earls you're the equal of now?"

“He’ll be home for Christmas,” said the mother sharply. She turned her back on them, and dropped potatoes one by one from a paper bag into a bowl.

“For a day or so, any road,” said Charlie, in obedience to the prompting spirit. “That’s time enough to spend with t’hewers of wood and t’drawers of water.” The third man nodded, as if to say: That’s right! and put back his head to let out a relieved bellow. The father and the other two men guffawed with him. Young Lennie pushed and shoved Charlie encouragingly and Charlie jostled back, while the mother nodded and smiled because of the saving horseplay. All the same, he had not been home for nearly a year, and when they stopped laughing and stood waiting for him to go, their grave eyes said they were remembering this fact.

“Sorry I’ve not had more time with you, son,” said Mr. Thornton, “but you know how ‘tis.”
The old miner had been union secretary, was now chairman, and had spent his working life as miners’ representative in a dozen capacities. When he walked through the village, men at a back door, or a woman in an apron, called: “Just a minute, Bill,” and came after him. Every evening Mr. Thornton sat in the kitchen, or in the parlour when the television was claimed by the children, giving advice about pensions, claims, work rules, allowances; filling in forms; listening to tales of trouble. Ever since Charlie could remember, Mr. Thornton had been less his father than the father of the village. Now the three miners went into the parlour, and Mr. Thornton laid his hand on his son’s shoulder, and said: “It’s been good seeing you,” nodded, and followed them. As he shut the door he said to his wife: “Make us a cup of tea, will you, lass?”

“There’s time for a cup, Charlie,” said the mother, meaning there was no need for him to rush off now, when it was unlikely any more neighbours would come in. Charlie did not hear. He was watching her slosh dirty potatoes about under the running tap while with her free hand she reached for the kettle. He went to fetch his raincoat and his holdall, listening to the nagging inner voice which he hated, but

which he felt as his only protection against the spiteful enemy outside: “I can’t stand it when my father apologises to me—he was apologising to me for not seeing more of me. If he wasn’t as he is, better than anyone else in the village, and our home the only house with real books in it, I wouldn’t be at Oxford, I wouldn’t have done well at school, so it cuts both ways.” The words “cuts both ways” echoed uncannily in his inner ear, and he felt queasy, as if the earth he stood on was shaking. His eyes cleared on the sight of his mother, standing in front of him, her shrewd, non-judging gaze on his face. “Eh, lad,” she said, “you don’t look any too good to me.” “I’m all right,” he said hastily, and kissed her, adding: “Say my piece to the girls when they come in.” He went out, with Lennie behind him.

The two youths walked in silence past fifty crammed lively brightly lit kitchens whose doors kept opening as the miners came in from the pit for their tea. They walked in silence along the fronts of fifty more houses. The fronts were all dark. The life of the village, even now, was in the kitchens where great fires roared all day on the cheap coal. The village had been built in the Thirties by the company, now nationalised. There were two thousand houses, exactly alike, with identical patches of carefully tended front garden, and busy back yards. Nearly every house had a television aerial. From every chimney poured black smoke.

At the bus stop Charlie turned to look back at the village, now a low hollow of black, streaked and spattered with sullen wet lights. He tried to isolate the gleam from his own home, while he thought how he loved his home and how he hated the village. Everything about it offended him, yet as soon as he stepped inside his kitchen he was received into warmth. That morning he had stood on the front step and looked out on lines of grey stucco houses on either side of grey tarmac; on grey ugly lampposts and greyish hedges, and beyond to the grey minetip and the neat black diagram of the minehead.

He had looked, listening while the painful inner voice lectured: “There’s nothing in sight, not one object or building anywhere, that is beautiful. Everything is so ugly and mean and graceless that it

should be bulldozed into the earth and out of the memory of man." There was not even a cinema. There was a post office, and attached to it a library that had romances and war stories. There were two miners' clubs for drinking. And there was television. These were the amenities for two thousand families.

When Mr. Thornton stood on his front step and looked forth he smiled with pride and called his children to say: "You've never seen what a miners' town can be like. You couldn't even imagine the conditions. Slums, that's what they used to be. Well, we've put an end to all that…. Yes, off you go to Don-caster, I suppose, dancing and the pictures—that's all you can think about. And you take it all for granted. Now, in our time …"

And so when Charlie visited his home he was careful that none of his bitter criticisms reached words, for above all, he could not bear to hurt his father.

A group of young miners came along for the bus. They wore smartly shouldered suits, their caps set at angles, and scarves flung back over their shoulders. They greeted Lennie, looked to see who the stranger was, and when Lennie said: "This is my brother," they nodded and turned quickly to board the bus. They went upstairs, and Lennie and Charlie went to the front downstairs. Lennie looked like them, with a strong cloth cap and a jaunty scarf. He was short, stocky, strong—"built for t'pit," Mr. Thornton said. But Lennie was in a foundry in Doncaster. No pit for him, he said. He had heard his father coughing through all the nights of his childhood, and the pit wasn't for him. But he had never said this to his father.

Lennie was twenty. He earned seventeen pounds a week, and wanted to marry a girl he had been courting for three years now. But he could not marry until the big brother was through college. The father was still on the coal face, when by rights of age he should have been on the surface, because he earned four pounds a week more on the face. The sister in the office had wanted to be a school-teacher, but at the moment of decision all the extra money of the family had been

needed for Charlie. It cost them two hundred pounds a year for his extras at Oxford. The only members of the family not making sacrifices for Charlie were the schoolgirl and the mother.

It was half an hour on the bus, and Charlie's muscles were set hard in readiness for what Lennie might say, which must be resisted. Yet he had come home thinking: Well, at least I can talk it out with Lennie, I can be honest with him.

Now Lennie said facetiously, but with an anxious loving inspection of his brother's face: "And what for do we owe the pleasure of your company, Charlie boy? You could have knocked us all down with a feather when you said you were coming this weekend."

Charlie said angrily: "I got fed with t'earls and t'dukes."
"Eh," said Lennie quickly, "but you didn't need to mind them, they didn't mean to rile you."

"I know they didn't."

"Mum's right," said Lennie, with another anxious but carefully brief glance, "you're not looking too good. What's up?"

"What if I don't pass t'examinations," said Charlie in a rush.

"Eh, but what is this, then? You were always first in school. You were the best of everyone. Why shouldn't you pass, then?"

"Sometimes I think I won't," said Charlie lamely, but glad he had let the moment pass.

Lennie examined him again, this time frankly, and gave a movement like a shrug. But it was a hunching of the shoulders against a possible defeat. He sat hunched, his big hands on his knees. On his face was a small critical grin. Not critical of Charlie, not at all, but of life.

His heart beating painfully with guilt, Charlie said: “It’s not as bad as that, I’ll pass.” The inner enemy remarked softly: “I’ll pass, then I’ll get a nice pansy job in a publisher’s office with the other wet-nosed little boys, or I’ll be a sort of clerk. Or I’ll be a teacher—I’ve no talent for teaching, but what’s that matter? Or I’ll be on the management side of industry, pushing people like Lennie around. And the joke is, Lennie’s earning more than I shall for years.” The enemy behind his right shoulder began satirically tolling a bell and intoned: “Charlie Thornton, in his third year at Oxford, was found dead in a gas-filled bed-sitting-room this morning. He had been overworking. Death from natural causes.” The enemy added a loud rude raspberry and fell silent. But he was waiting: Charlie could feel him there waiting.

Lennie said: “Seen a doctor, Charlie boy?”

“Yes. He said I should take it easy. That’s why I came home.”

“No point killing yourself working.”

“No, it’s not serious, he just said I must take it easy.”
Lennie’s face remained grave. Charlie knew that when he got home he would say to the mother: “I think Charlie’s got summat on his mind.” And his mother would say (while she stood shaking chips of potato into boiling fat): “I expect sometimes he wonders is the grind worth it. And he sees you earning, when he isn’t.” She would say, after a silence during which they exchanged careful looks: “It must be hard for him, coming here, everything different, then off he goes, everything different again.”

“Shouldn’t worry, Mum.”

“I’m not worrying. Charlie’s all right.”

The inner voice enquired anxiously: “If she’s on the spot about the rest, I suppose she’s right about the last bit too—I suppose I am all right?”

But the enemy behind his right shoulder said: “A man’s best friend is his mother, she never lets a thing pass.”

Last year he had brought Jenny down for a weekend, to satisfy the family’s curiosity about the posh people he knew these days. Jenny was a poor clergyman’s daughter, bookish, a bit of a prig, but a nice girl. She had easily navigated the complicated currents of the weekend, while the family waited for her to put on “side.” Afterwards Mrs. Thornton had said, putting her finger on the sore spot: “That’s a right nice girl. She’s a proper mother to you, and that’s a fact.” The last was not a criticism of the girl, but of Charlie. Now Charlie looked with envy at Lennie’s responsible profile and said to himself: Yes, he’s a man. He has been for years, since he left school. Me, I’m a proper baby, and I’ve got two years over him.

For above everything else, Charlie was made to feel, every time he came home, that these people, his people, were serious; while he and the people with whom he would now spend his life (if he passed the examination) were not serious. He did not believe this. The inner didactic voice made short work of any such idea. The outer enemy could, and did, parody it in a hundred ways. His family did not believe it, they were proud of him. Yet Charlie felt it in everything they said and did. They protected him. They sheltered him. And above all, they still paid for him. At his age, his father had been working in the pit for eight years.

Lennie would be married next year. He already talked of a family. He, Charlie (if he passed the examination), would be running around licking people’s arses to get a job, Bachelor of Arts, Oxford, and a drug on the market.

They had reached Doncaster. It was raining. Soon they would pass where Doreen, Lennie’s girl, worked. “You’d better get off here,” Charlie said. “You’ll have all that drag back through the wet.” “No, s’all right, I’ll come with you to the station.”

There were another five minutes to go. “1 don’t think it’s right, the way you get at Mum,” Lennie said, at last coming to the point.

“But I haven’t said a bloody word,” said Charlie, switching without having intended it into his other voice, the middleclass voice which he was careful never to use with his family except in joke. Lennie gave him a glance of surprise and reproach and said: “All the same. She feels it.”

“But it’s bloody ridiculous.” Charlie’s voice was rising. “She stands in that kitchen all day, pandering to our every whim, when she’s not doing housework or making a hundred trips a day with that bloody coal….” In the Christmas holidays, when Charlie had visited home last, he had fixed up a bucket on the frame of an old pram to ease his mother’s work. This morning he had seen the contrivance collapsed and full of rainwater in the back yard. After breakfast Lennie and Charlie had sat at the table in their shirt-sleeves watching their mother. The door was open into the back yard. Mrs. Thornton carried a shovel whose blade was nine inches by ten, and was walking back and forth from the coalhole in the yard, through the kitchen, into the parlour. On each inward journey, a small clump of coal balanced on the shovel. Charlie counted that his mother walked from the coalhole to the kitchen fire and the parlour fire thirty-six times. She walked steadily, the shovel in front, held like a spear in both hands, and her face frowned with purpose. Charlie had dropped his head on to his arms and laughed soundlessly until he felt Lennie’s warning gaze and stopped the heave of his shoulders. After a moment he had sat up, straight-faced. Lennie said: “Why do you get at Mum, then?” Charlie said: “But I haven’t said owt.” “No, but she’s getting riled. You always show what you think, Charlie boy.” As Charlie did not respond to this appeal—for far more than present charity—Lennie went on: “You can’t teach an old dog new tricks.” “Old! She’s not fifty!”

Now Charlie said, continuing the early conversation: “She goes on as if she were an old woman. She wears herself out with nothing—she

could get through all the work she has in a couple of hours if she organised herself. Or if just for once she told us where to get off."

"What'd she do with herself then?"

"Do? Well, she could do something for herself. Read. Or see friends. Or something."

"She feels it. Last time you went off she cried."

"She what?" Charlie's guilt almost overpowered him, but the inner didactic voice switched on in time and he spoke through it: "What right have we to treat her like a bloody servant? Betty likes her food this way and that way, and Dad won't eat this and that, and she stands there and humours the lot of us—like a servant."

"And who was it last night said he wouldn't have fat on his meat and changed it for hers?" said Lennie smiling, but full of reproach.

"Oh, I'm just as bad as the rest of you," said Charlie, sounding false. "It makes me wild to see it," he said, sounding sincere. Didactically he said: "All the women in the village—they take it for granted. If someone organised them so they had half a day to themselves sometimes, they'd think they were being insulted—they can't stop working. Just look at Mum, then. She comes into Doncaster to wrap sweets two or three times a week—well, she actually loses money on it, by the time she's paid bus fares. I said to her, 'You're actually losing money on it,' and she said: 'I like to get out and see a bit of life.' A bit of life! Wrapping sweets in a bloody factory. Why can't she just come into town of an evening and have a bit of fun without feeling she has to pay for it by wrapping sweets, sweated bloody labour? And she actually loses on it. It doesn't make sense. They're human beings, aren't they? Not just …"

"Not just what?" asked Lennie angrily. He had listened to Charlie's tirade, his mouth setting harder, his eyes narrowing. "Here's the station," he said in relief. They waited for the young miners to clatter

down and off before going forward themselves. “I’ll come with you to your stop,” said Charlie; and they crossed the dark, shiny, grimy street to the opposite stop for the bus which would take Lennie back to Doreen.

“It’s no good thinking we’re going to change, Charlie boy.”

“Who said change?” said Charlie excitedly; but the bus had come, and Lennie was already swinging onto the back. “If you’re in trouble just write and say,” said Lennie, and the bell pinged and his face vanished as the lit bus was absorbed by the light-streaked drizzling darkness.

There was half an hour before the London train. Charlie stood with the rain on his shoulders, his hands in his pockets, wondering whether to go after his brother and explain—what? He bolted across the street to the pub near the station. It was run by an Irishman who knew him and Lennie. The place was still empty, being just after opening time.

“It’s you, then,” said Mike, drawing him a pint of bitter without asking. “Yes, it’s me,” said Charlie, swinging himself up onto a stool.

“And what’s in the great world of learning?”

“Oh Jesus, no!” said Charlie. The Irishman blinked, and Charlie said quickly: “What have you gone and tarted this place up for?”

The pub had been panelled in dark wood. It was ugly and comforting. Now it had half a dozen bright wallpapers and areas of shining paint, and Charlie’s stomach moved again, light filled his eyes, and he set his elbows hard down for support, and put his chin on his two fists.

“The youngsters like it,” said the Irishman. “But we’ve left the bar next door as it was for the old ones.”

“You should have a sign up: Age This Way,” said Charlie. “I’d have known where to go.” He carefully lifted his head off his fists, narrowing his eyes to exclude the battling colours of the wallpapers, the shine of the paint.

“You look bad,” said the Irishman. He was a small, round, alcoholically cheerful man who, like Charlie, had two voices. For the enemy—that is, all the English whom he did not regard as a friend, which meant people who were not regulars—he put on an exaggerated brogue which was bound, if he persisted, to lead to the political arguments he delighted in. For friends like Charlie he didn’t trouble himself. He now said: “All work and no play.”

“That’s right,” said Charlie. “I went to the doctor. He gave me a tonic and said I am fundamentally sound in wind and limb. ‘You are sound in wind and limb,’ he said,” said Charlie, parodying an upperclass English voice for the Irishman’s pleasure.

Mike winked, acknowledging the jest, while his professionally humorous face remained serious. “You can’t burn the candle at both ends,” he said in earnest warning.

Charlie laughed out. “That’s what the doctor said. ‘You can’t burn the candle at both ends,’ he said.”

This time, when the stool he sat on, and the floor beneath the stool, moved away from him, and the glittering ceiling dipped and swung, his eyes went dark and stayed dark. He shut them and gripped the counter tight. With his eyes still shut, he said facetiously: “It’s the clash of cultures, that’s what it is. It makes me lightheaded.” He opened his eyes and saw from the Irishman’s face that he had not said these words aloud.

He said aloud: “Actually the doctor was all right, he meant well. But Mike, I’m not going to make it, I’m going to fail.”

“Well, it won’t be the end of the world.”

“Jesus. That’s what I like about you, Mike, you take a broad view of life.”

“I’ll be back,” said Mike, going to serve a customer.

A week ago Charlie had gone to the doctor with a cyclostyled leaflet in his hand. It was called “A Report Into the Increased Incidence of Breakdown Among Undergraduates.” He had underlined the words: “Young men from workingclass and lower-middleclass families on scholarships are particularly vulnerable. For them, the gaining of a degree is obviously crucial. In addition they are under the continuous strain of adapting themselves to middleclass mores that are foreign to them. They are victims of a clash of standards, a clash of cultures, divided loyalties.”

The doctor, a young man of about thirty, provided by the college authorities as a sort of father figure to advise on work problems, personal problems and (as the satirical alter ego took pleasure in pointing out) on clash-of-culture problems, glanced once at the pamphlet and handed it back. He had written it. As, of course, Charlie had known. “When are your examinations?” he asked. Getting to the root of the matter, just like Mum, remarked the malevolent voice from behind Charlie’s shoulder.

“I’ve got five months, doctor, and I can’t work and I can’t sleep.”

“For how long?”

“It’s been coming on gradually.” Ever since I was born, said the enemy.

“I can give you sedatives and sleeping pills, of course, but that’s not going to touch what’s really wrong.”

Which is all this unnatural mixing of the classes. Doesn’t do, you know. People should know their place and stick to it. “I’d like some sleep pills, all the same.”

“Have you got a girl?”

“Two.”

The doctor paid out an allowance of man-of-the-world sympathy, then shut off his smile and said: “Perhaps you’d be better with one?”

Which, my mum figure or my lovely bit of sex? “Perhaps I would, at that.”

“I could arrange for you to have talks with a psychiatrist—well, not if you don’t want,” he said hastily, for the alter ego had exploded through Charlie’s lips in a horselaugh and: “What can the trick cyclist tell me I don’t know?” He roared with laughter, flinging his legs up; and an ashtray went circling around the room on its rim. Charlie laughed, watched the ashtray, and thought: There, I knew all the time it was a poltergeist sitting there behind my shoulder. I swear I never touched that damned ashtray.

The doctor waited until it circled near him, stopped it with his foot, picked it up, laid it back on the desk. “It’s no point your going to him if you feel like that.”

All avenues explored, all roads charted.

“Well now, let’s see, have you been to see your family recently?”

“Last Christmas. No, doctor, it’s not because I don’t want to, it’s because I can’t work there.” You try working in an atmosphere of trade union meetings and the telly and the pictures in Doncaster. You try it, doc. And besides all my energies go into not upsetting them. Because I do upset them. My dear doc, when we scholarship boys jump our class, it’s not we who suffer, it’s our families. We are an expense, doc. And besides—write a thesis, Yd like to read it…. Call it: Long-term effects on workingclass or lower-middleclass family of a scholarship child whose existence is a perpetual reminder that they

are nothing but ignorant non-cultured clods. How's that for a thesis, doc? Why, I do believe I could write it myself.

"If I were you, I'd go home for a few days. Don't try to work at all. Go to the pictures. Sleep and eat and let them fuss over you. Get this prescription made up and come and see me when you get back."

"Thanks, doc, I will." You mean well.

The Irishman came back to find Charlie spinning a penny, so intent on this game that he did not see him. First he spun it with his right hand, anti-clockwise, then with his left, clockwise. The right hand represented his jeering alter ego. The left hand was the didactic and rational voice. The left hand was able to keep the coin in a glittering spin for much longer than the right.

"You ambidextrous?"

"Yes, always was."

The Irishman watched the boy's frowning, teeth-clenched concentration for a while, then removed the untouched beer and poured him a double whisky. "You drink that and get on the train and sleep."

"Thanks, Mike. Thanks."

"That was a nice girl you had with you last time."

"I've quarrelled with her. Or rather, she's given me the boot. And quite right too."

After the visit to the doctor Charlie had gone straight to Jenny. He had guyed the interview while she sat, gravely listening. Then he had given her his favourite lecture on the crass and unalterable insensibility of anybody anywhere born middle-class. No one but

Jenny ever heard this lecture. She said at last: “You should go and see a psychiatrist. No, don’t you see, it’s not fair.”
“Who to, me?”

“No, me. What’s the use of shouting at me all the time? You should be saying these things to him.”

“What?”

“Well, surely you can see that. You spend all your time lecturing me. You make use of me, Charles.” (She always called him Charles.)

What she was really saying was: You should be making love to me, not lecturing me. Charlie did not really like making love to Jenny. He forced himself when her increasingly tart and accusing manner reminded him that he ought to. He had another girl, whom he disliked, a tall crisp middleclass girl called Sally. She called him, mocking: Charlie boy. When he had slammed out of Jenny’s room, he had gone to Sally and fought his way into her bed. Every act of sex with Sally was a slow, cold subjugation of her by him. That night he had said, when she lay at last, submissive, beneath him: “Horny-handed son of toil wins by his unquenched virility beautiful daughter of the moneyed classes. And doesn’t she love it.”

“Oh yes I do, Charlie boy.”

“I’m nothing but a bloody sex symbol.”

“Well,” she murmured, already self-possessed, freeing herself, “that’s all I am to you.” She added defiantly, showing that she did care, and that it was Charlie’s fault: “And I couldn’t care less.”

“Dear Sally, what I like about you is your beautiful honesty.”

“Is that what you like about me? I thought it was the thrill of beating me down.”

Charlie said to the Irishman: “I’ve quarrelled with everyone I know in the last weeks.”

“Quarrelled with your family too?”

“No,” he said, appalled, while the room again swung around him. “Good Lord no,” he said in a different tone—grateful. He added savagely: “How could I? I can never say anything to them I really think.” He looked at Mike to see if he had actually said these words aloud. He had, because now Mike said: “So you know how I feel. I’ve lived thirty years in this mucking country, and if you arrogant sods knew what I’m thinking half the time.”

“Liar. You say whatever you think, from Cromwell to the Black and Tans and Casement. You never let up. But it’s not hurting yourself to say it.”

“Yourself, is it?”

“Yes. But it’s all insane. Do you realise how insane it all is, Mike? There’s my father. Pillar of the workingclass. Labour Party, trade union, the lot. But I’ve been watching my tongue not to say I spent last term campaigning about—he takes it for granted even now that the British should push the wogs around.”

“You’re a great nation,” said the Irishman. “But it’s not your personal fault, so drink up and have another.”

Charlie drank his first Scotch, and drew the second glass towards him. “Don’t you see what I mean?” he said, his voice rising excitedly. “Don’t you see that it’s all insane? There’s my mother, her sister is ill and it looks as if she’ll die. There are two kids, and my mother’ll take them both. They’re nippers, three and four, it’s like starting a family all over again. She thinks nothing of it. If someone’s in trouble, she’s the mug, every time. But there she sits and stays: ‘Those juvenile offenders ought to be flogged until they are

senseless.' She read it in the papers and so she says it. She said it to me and I kept my mouth shut. And they're all alike."

"Yes, but you're not going to change it, Charlie, so drink up."

A man standing a few feet down the bar had a paper sticking out of his pocket. Mike said to him: "Mind if I borrow your paper for the winners, sir?"

"Help yourself."

Mike turned the paper over to the back page. "I had five quid on today," he said. "Lost it. Lovely bit of horseflesh, but I lost it."

"Wait," said Charlie excitedly, straightening the paper so he could see the front page, wardrobe murderer gets second chance, it said. "See that?" said Charlie. "The Home Secretary says he can have another chance; they can review the case, he says."

The Irishman read, cold-faced. "So he does," he said.

"Well, I mean to say, there's some decency left, then. I mean if the case can be reviewed it shows they do care about something at least."

"I don't see it your way at all. It's England versus England, that's all. Fair play all round, but they'll hang the poor sod on the day appointed as usual." He turned the newspaper and studied the race news.

Charlie waited for his eyes to clear, held himself steady with one hand flat on the counter, and drank his second double. He pushed over a pound note, remembering it had to last three days, and that now he had quarrelled with Jenny there was no place for him to stay in London.

"No, it's on me," said Mike. "I asked you. It's been a pleasure seeing you, Charlie. And don't take the sins of the world on your personal

shoulders, lad, because that doesn't do anyone any good, does it, now?"

"See you at Christmas, Mike, and thanks."

He walked carefully out into the rain. There was no solitude to be had on the train that night, so he chose a compartment with one person in it, and settled himself in a corner before looking to see who it was he had with him. It was a girl. He saw then that she was pretty, and then that she was upperclass. Another Sally, he thought, sensing danger, seeing the cool, self-sufficient little face. Hey, there, Charlie, he said to himself, keep yourself in order, or you've had it. He carefully located himself: he, Charlie, was now a warm, whisky-comforted belly, already a little sick. Close above it, like a silent loud-speaker, was the source of the hectoring voice. Behind his shoulder waited his grinning familiar. He must keep them all apart. He tested the didactic voice: "It's not her fault, poor bitch, victim of the class system, she can't help she sees everyone under her like dirt…." But the alcohol was working strongly and meanwhile his familiar was calculating: "She's had a good look, but can't make me out. My clothes are right, my haircut's on the line, but there's something that makes her wonder. She's waiting for me to speak, then she'll make up her mind. Well, first I'll get her, and then I'll speak."

He caught her eyes and signalled an invitation, but it was an aggressive invitation, to make it as hard for her as he could. After a bit, she smiled at him. Then he roughened his speech to the point of unintelligibility and said: "'Appen you'd like t'window up? What wi' t'rain and t'wind and all."

"What?" she said sharply, her face lengthening into such a comical frankness of shock that he laughed out, and afterwards enquired impeccably: "Actually it is rather cold, isn't it? Wouldn't you like to have the window up?" She picked up a magazine and shut him out, while he watched, grinning, the blood creep up from her neat suit collar to her hair-line.

The door slid back; two people came in. They were a man and his wife, both small, crumpled in face and flesh, and dressed in their best for London. There was a fuss and a heaving of suitcases and murmured apologies because of the two superior young people. Then the woman, having settled herself in a corner, looked steadily at Charlie, while he thought: Deep calls to deep, she knows who I am all right; she's not foxed by the trimmings. He was right, because soon she said familiarly: "Would you put the window up for me, lad? It's a rare cold night and no mistake."

Charlie put up the window, not looking at the girl, who was hiding behind the magazine. Now the woman smiled, and the man smiled too, because of her ease with the youth.

"You comfortable like that, Father?" she asked.

"Fair enough," said the husband on the stoical note of the confirmed grumbler.

"Put your feet up beside me, any road."

"But I'm all right, lass," he said bravely. Then, making a favour of it, he loosened his laces, eased his feet inside too new shoes, and set them on the seat beside his wife.

She, for her part, was removing her hat. It was of shapeless grey felt, with a pink rose at the front. Charlie's mother owned just such a badge of respectability, renewed every year or so at the sales. Hers was always blueish felt, with a bit of ribbon or coarse net, and she would rather be seen dead than without it in public.

The woman sat fingering her hair, which was thin and greying. For some reason, the sight of her clean pinkish scalp shining through the grey wisps made Charlie wild with anger. He was taken by surprise, and again summoned himself to himself, making the didactic voice lecture: "The working woman of these islands enjoys a position in the family superior to that of the middleclass woman, et cetera, et

cetera, et cetera." This was an article he had read recently, and he continued to recite from it, until he realised the voice had become an open sneer, and was saying: "Not only is she the emotional bulwark of the family, but she is frequently the breadwinner as well, such as wrapping sweets at night, sweated labour for pleasure, anything to get out of the happy home for a few hours."

The fusion of the two voices, the nagging inside voice, and the jeer from the dangerous force outside terrified Charlie, and he told himself hastily: You're drunk, that's all; now keep your mouth shut, for God's sake.

The woman was asking him: "Are you feeling all right?"

"Yes, I'm all right," he said carefully.

"Going all the way to London?"

"Yes, I'm going all the way to London."

"It's a long drag."

"Yes, it's a long drag."

At this echoing dialogue, the girl lowered her magazine to give him a sharp contemptuous look, up and down. Her face was now smoothly pink, and her small pink mouth was judging.

"You have a mouth like a rosebud," said Charlie, listening horrified to these words emerging from him.
The girl jerked up the magazine. The man looked sharply at Charlie, to see if he had heard aright, and then at his wife, for guidance. The wife looked doubtfully at Charlie, who offered her a slow desperate wink. She accepted it, and nodded at her husband: boys will be boys. They both glanced warily at the shining face of the magazine.

"We're on our way to London too," said the woman.

“So you’re on your way to London.”

Stop it, he told himself. He felt a foolish slack grin on his face, and his tongue was thickening in his mouth. He shut his eyes, trying to summon Charlie to his aid, but his stomach was rolling, warm and sick. He lit a cigarette for support, watching his hands at work. “Lily-handed son of learning wants a manicure badly,” commented a soft voice in his ear; and he saw the cigarette poised in a parody of a cad’s gesture between displayed nicotined fingers. Charlie, smoking with poise, sat preserving a polite, sarcastic smile.

He was in the grip of terror. He was afraid he might slide off the seat. He could no longer help himself.

“London’s a big place, for strangers,” said the woman.

“But it makes a nice change,” said Charlie, trying hard.
The woman, delighted that a real conversation was at last under way, settled her shabby old head against a leather bulge, and said: “Yes, it does make a nice change.” The shine on the leather confused Charlie’s eyes; he glanced over at the magazine, but its glitter, too, seemed to invade his pupils. He looked at the dirty floor for comfort, and said: “It’s good for people to get a change now and then.”

“Yes, that’s what I tell my husband, don’t I, Father? It’s good for us to get away now and then. We have a married daughter in Streatham.”

“It’s a great thing, family ties.”

“Yes, but it’s a drag,” said the man. “Say what you like, but it is. After all, I mean, when all is said and done.” He paused, his head on one side, with a debating look, waiting for Charlie to take it up.

Charlie said: “There’s no denying it, say what you like, I mean, there’s no doubt about that” And he looked interestedly at the man for his reply.

The woman said: “Yes, but the way I look at it, you’ve got to get out of yourself sometimes, look at it that way.”

“It’s all very well,” said the husband, on a satisfied but grumbling note, “but if you’re going to do that, well, for a start-off, it’s an expense.”

“If you don’t throw a good penny after a bad one,” said Charlie judiciously. “I mean, what’s the point?”

“Yes, that’s it,” said the woman excitedly, her old face animated. “That’s what I say to Father, what’s the point if you don’t sometimes let yourself go?”

“I mean, life’s bad enough as it is,” said Charlie, watching the magazine slowly lower itself. It was laid precisely on the seat. The girl now sat, two small brown-gloved hands in a ginger-tweeded lap, staring him out. Her blue eyes glinted into his, and he looked quickly away.

“Well, I can see that right enough,” said the man, “but there again, you’ve got to know where to stop.”

“That’s right,” said Charlie, “you’re dead right.”

“I know it’s all right for some,” said the man, “I know that, but if you’re going to do that, you’ve got to consider. That’s what I think.”

“But Father, you know you enjoy it, once you’re there and Joyce has settled you in your corner with your own chair and your cup to yourself.”

“Ah,” said the man, nodding heavily, “but it’s not as easy as that, now, is it? Well, I mean, that stands to reason.”

“Ah,” said Charlie, shaking his head, feeling it roll heavily in the socket of his neck, “but if you’re going to consider at all, then what’s

the point? I mean, what I think is, for a start-off, there's no doubt about it."

The woman hesitated, started to say something, but let her small bright eyes falter away. She was beginning to colour.
Charlie went on compulsively, his head turning like a clockwork man's: "It's what you're used to, that's what I say, well I mean. Well, and there's another thing, when all is said and done, and after all, if you're going to take one thing with another …"

"Stop it," said the girl, in a sharp high voice.

"It's a question of principle," said Charlie, but his head had stopped rolling and his eyes had focussed.

"If you don't stop I'm going to call the guard and have you put in another compartment," said the girl. To the old people she said in a righteous scandalised voice: "Can't you see he's laughing at you? Can't you see?" She lifted the magazine again.

The old people looked suspiciously at Charlie, dubiously at each other. The woman's face was very pink and her eyes bright and hot.

"I think I am going to get forty winks," said the man, with general hostility. He settled his feet, put his head back, and closed his eyes.

Charlie said: "Excuse me," and scrambled his way to the corridor over the legs of the man, then the legs of the woman, muttering: "Excuse me, excuse me, I'm sorry."
He stood in the corridor, his back jolting slightly against the shifting wood of the compartment's sides. His eyes were shut, his tears running. Words, no longer articulate, muttered and jumbled somewhere inside him, a stream of frightened protesting phrases.
Wood slid against wood close to his ear, and he heard the softness of clothed flesh on wood.

“If it’s that bloody little bint I’ll kill her,” said a voice, small and quiet, from his diaphragm.

He opened his murderous eyes on the woman. She looked concerned.

“I’m sorry,” he said, stiff and sullen, “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean …”
“It’s all right,” she said, and laid her two red hands on his crossed quivering forearms. She took his two wrists, and laid his arms gently down by his sides. “Don’t take on,” she said, “it’s all right, it’s all right, son.”

The tense rejection of his flesh caused her to take a step back from him. But there she stood her ground and said: “Now look, son, there’s no point taking on like that, well, is there? I mean to say, you’ve got to take the rough with the smooth, and there’s no other way of looking at it.”

She waited, facing him, troubled but sure of herself.
After a while Charlie said: “Yes, I suppose you’re right.”
She nodded and smiled, and went back into the compartment. After a moment, Charlie followed her.

GLOSSARY

Allegory - A story which represents an idea or belief. An **allegory** can be religious or political. The most famous example of an **allegorical** work in English literature is John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress.*

Alliteration - The repetition of the initial consonant in two or more words. e.g. Mick mutilated mice in his madness. The term may also be applied to similar sounding

Allusion - A reference to an idea, place, person or text (or part of a text) existing outside the literary work.

Ambiguity - A word or expression which has more than one meaning. **Ambiguity** is not necessarily negative in literary criticism.

Antithesis - A contrast or polarity in meaning.

Assonance - A bit like alliteration for vowel sounds, the stressed vowel is repeated in 2 or more words e.g. lean mean fighting machine.

Ballad - A song which tells a story.

Character - The 'person' (sometimes a group of people, an animal, or a physical force) in a work of **fiction** or **drama**. The way the author creates **character**s in a literary work is called **characterization**.

Comedy - A literary work which is intended to amuse, and which normally has a happy ending. The term is usually applied to drama, but it can also be used for other literary **kinds**. Like many literary terms (**tragedy** and **epic** being prominent examples), the term has its origin in ancient Greece, but Aristotle's discussion on **comedy** in his **Poetics** is believed to be missing, and one consequence of this is that the term is less rigidly defined than **tragedy**.

Connotation - The associated meanings of a word or expression (for the opposite term, see **denotation**).

Conceit - Started to be used in 16th century to mean a 'popular figure of speech' in Elizabethan poetry - examples of conceit forms are simile, metaphor, hyperbole, oxymoron

Criticism or **literary criticism** - The evaluation of one or more literary works. The act of **criticizing** in **literary criticism** is not necessarily negative.

Deictic - Deictics are words which relate the objects and locations mentioned by a speaker to that speaker's physical location. They often occur in contrasting pairs, indicating that the objects concerned are close to (proximal) or remote from (distal) the speaker. Hence 'these chairs' are chairs close to the speaker (proximal), and 'those chairs' are chairs further away from the speaker (distal),. 'Here' is proximal, 'there' is distal. Deixis can apply metaphorically to other things which can be seen as speaker-related (cf. 'now' vs. 'then').

Denotation - The actual meaning of a word or expression (for the opposite term, see **connotation**).

Diction - The selection of words in a particular literary work, or the language appropriate for a particular (usually poetic) work. The term **poetic diction** refers to the appropriate selection of words in a poem.

Direct speech - One of the commonest methods of the representation of speech in writing, especially fiction. Represents the actual words a person says/said without any modification.

Discourse - A body of language comprising of a number of related sentences. Some people only apply the term to spoken language while others include written texts.

Drama - A literary work meant to be performed in a theatre. If viewed from this functional angle, the definition of **drama** as a literary **kind** is non-controversial. But problems may arise when one tries to define it in terms of the intrinsic qualities which a work must have in order for it to be classified as **dramatic**.

Echo - In conversation people sometimes 'echo' (part of) what someone else has said in order to check it or query it. So, if A says 'I need a cup of tea.' And B responds with 'A cup of tea?' we will understand the echo question as a contextually relevant checking or querying of the content of the echo question. For example, if there was lots of background noise when A was speaking, the question could be a check that B heard A correctly. Or if it is known that A does not like tea it could be interpreted as an indication of surprise by B.

Elegant Variation Also known as expolitio or exergasia. - The repetition of the same thought using different words, used for emphasis or to avoid plainness. Duplication of identical ideas

utilising alternative lexical expression in order to highlight or elaborate text. Usually more elegantly than that, though.

Elegy - A poem which mourns the death of someone.

Elizabethan - The adjective refers to British literary works which were written during the era of the British monarch Queen Elizabeth I (1558-1603).

Ellipsis - from the Greek 'leaving out'. a.k.a. reduced or contracted constructions.

A sentence that has part of the grammatical structure omitted, but is still readily understood. e. g. 'Pie?' in the right situation and context could be understood to mean, 'Would you like some pie?'

Epic - A long narrative poem on a serious subject, usually centred on a heroic or supernatural person. The term is now also used for other long literary works (usually **novels**) with historical settings.

Euphemism - The use of a more palatable word or phrase in place of a more direct or crude one.

Enactment - Where language reflects the meaning it expresses. i.e. form mirrors content. This could be achieved by variations in phonetic, rhythmic and clause structures. For example, onomatopoeia or sound symbolism could be seen as a type of enactment.

Fiction - Any narrative which has not actually occurred in the historical or real world, usually written in prose. Stylistically, the description or narration of fictional events usually has some noteworthy linguistic manifestations in the literary work. Fiction is often associated with the **novel**.

Figurative language - Language which goes beyond what is **denoted** (see **denotation**), and has a suggestive effect on the reader. A **figure of speech** is an instance of **figurative language**.

Flashback - A literary technique with the help of which the author turns back to earlier experiences in order to deepen the meaning of present experiences.

Free verse - Poetry which lacks a regular **stress** pattern and regular line lengths (and which may also be lacking in **rhyme**). Free verse should not be confused with blank verse.

Focaliser - Used in the study of perspective or point of view. To do with the ways in which the story is focused: physical perception

(close, distant, panoramic); cognitive orientation (knowledge of the world described); emotive orientation (subjective/objective). Often the narrator is the localizer. An omniscient narrator is usually provides an external, objective view. First person narrators often provide internal focalization; their, typically subjective, view of events.

Foregrounding - A psychological effect whereby one part of a text becomes more prominent, sometimes created by deviation from the linguistic norm and sometimes by the repetition of linguistic patterns.

Genre - A literary form; examples of literary **genres** are **tragedy**, **comedy**, **epic**, and **novel**. **Generic** classifications may appear simple on the surface, but one faces serious practical problems when one tries to define terms such as **comedy** and **tragedy** with reference to an actual corpus of literary works. One solution is to place spatio-temporal constraints on **generic** definitions (for example, the 'early **Victorian novel**', or 'Wordsworth's conception of the **lyric** poem').

Hyperbole - From Greek 'exceed'. Exaggeration or overstatement often used for emphasis.

Imagery - Often taken as a synonym for **figurative language**, but the term may also refer to the 'mental pictures' which the reader experiences in his/her response to literary works or other texts.

Intertextuality - Relations between one text (written or spoken) and another. The author making reference to an older text in order to evoke its meaning, or perhaps parody it. Note that potentially the reader may come across the texts in a different order, potentially creating a different effect than that intended by the author.

Litotes - The opposite of a **hyperbole** where the significance of something is understated.

Lyric - A short non-narrative poem that has a solitary **speaker**, and that usually expresses a particular feeling, mood, or thought.

Medium - The precise method and/or materials used to convey discourse. For example: written language may use the medium of books, email, graffiti etc; spoken language may use the medium of the telephone, or public announcement etc.

Metaphor - A word which does not precisely or literally refer to the entity to which it is supposed to refer. **Metaphors** are sometimes thought to exist only in works of literature, but is actually prevalent

in language in general. One engages in the metaphorical use of language, for instance, when one says that one is feeling 'down'.

Metonymic - Metonymy - from Greek 'name change' a rhetorical figure or trope by which the name of a referent is replaced by the name of an attribute, or of an entity related in some semantic way.

Metre - The recurrence of a similar **stress** pattern in some or all lines of a poem.

Motif - An element which recurs in a literary work, or across literary works.

Narrator - The personage who 'tells' the story in a narrative work. Like the **persona**, the **narrator** should **not** be confused with the author. It may also be useful for you to think about the difference between narrative, narration and the narrator.

Neologism - A neologism is a new word invented by the author

Nonce word - A neologism that is used once, i.e. not outside its original text

Novel - A long work of prose fiction. The **novel** as a more realistic literary **genre**, is sometimes distinguished in academic literary criticism from the **romance**; but this distinction is not maintained by all literary critics.

Occasional poem - A poem written for a specific occasion (eg. a birthday, a wedding etc.).

Onomatopoeia - A word or expression which resembles the sound which it represents, like the **meow** of a cat or the **quack** of a duck.

Orthography - A language's standard system of spelling. Deviation from orthography may be used to create effects such as dialect.

Oxymoron - From Greek 'sharp-dull'. The juxtaposition of contradictory expressions for witty or striking effects. None come to mind at the moment.

Parallelism - Repetition of words or a pattern of grammar or sound to create an effect of equivalence or opposition.

Pastoral - A literary **genre**. Originally a poem dealing with shepherds, a **pastoral** is usually written by an urban poet who idealizes the shepherds' lives. The term has now been extended to include any literary work which views and idealizes the simple life from the perspective of a more complex life.

Pathos - The sense of pity or sorrow aroused by a particular element or scene in a literary work.
Persona The unidentified personage who 'speaks' (see **speaker**) in a poem or prose work. The **persona** should not be identified with the author of the work.
Plot - The arrangement of actions in a particular (usually narrative) work of literature. Click here for more details.
Point of view - The perspective established by the **narrator** of a literary work. **Point of view** can either be of the **first-person**, in which case a **character** narrates the story, or it can be told from the narrative perspective of the **third-person**, where a personage who is not a character in the story, tells the story.
Pun - A word which has the same sound, but with different meanings.
Pun - A word which has the same sound, but with different meanings.
Register - Variety of language defined by situation. Formality or appropriateness depending on
Rhyme - Repetition of the same phoneme or group of phonemes e.g. soul/coal. Similar but not identical phonemes or groups of phonemes e.g. five/fife may be used to create what is termed half rhyme. It is also possible to create eye rhyme, a visual effect utilizing associations formed by repetition of groups of graphemes e.g. the cough/through, this effect tends to be weaker than rhyme using sounds. Of course the two effects may be combined e.g. cough/rough. In English it is most common to rhyme words at the ends of lines in a poem or song. This is called end rhyme. It is also possible to rhyme words in other positions. This is called internal rhyme.
Romantic Age - Literary works which were mainly written between 1798 and 1932. Among the characteristics of Romantic literary works are an emphasis on the individual and on the expression of personal emotions, a tendency to explore new literary forms or new means of expression, and a highlighting of nature or the natural landscape.
Satire - A literary work which belittles or savagely attacks its subject

Semantic Deviation - This describes relations that are logically inconsistent or paradoxical in some way. For example, it is normally assumed that any modifiers of a noun will be semantically compatible: 'The meat pie', or 'the crusty pie', but not 'the irritable pie'. This sort of deviation may prompt the reader to look beyond the dictionary definition of the words in order to interpret the text.

Simile - From Latin for Like. Compares X to Y using 'like' or 'as'. eg. She swims like a fish.

Soliloquy - The act of talking to oneself; in **drama**, a **soliloquy** is used by the playwright to reveal the **character**'s thoughts.

Speaker - The personage or **persona** responsible for the **voice** in a poem; like the **persona**, the **speaker** should not be confused with the poet.

Speech act - An utterance that performs an action, such as an apology, or a complaint. Some may be context dependent, for example saying 'I sentence you to life imprisonment' if you are not a judge and you are not in a courtroom probably won't result in the desire action.

Stream of consciousness - A technique or method in **modern** narrative **fiction** which attempts to convey the **character**s' rambling thoughts..

Stress (or **accent)** - The loud 'beats' in a poem; a regular pattern of stressed and unstressed syllables in a poem often gives the poem its distinctive quality. In literary criticism, there is no basic difference between **stress** and **accent**, and one concentrates only on two degrees of stress, unlike the four degrees of **stress** sometimes distinguished in phonetics and phonology.

Symbol - A word or expression which signifies something other than the physical object to which it directly refers. A rose for example, may symbolise love, and the cross, Christianity

Style - Characteristic or distinctive language use, this may vary between genres, roles, authors and so on.

Subject complements - The element of a clause that adds meaning to the subject. A subject complement usually follows the subject and verb. The verb is most often a form of 'be', but may be one of several other verbs that are able to link the complement meaning with the

subject meaning. These are copular or linking verbs. e.g. 'he is a baker', where 'a baker' is the complement.

Syntax - The rules governing the way in which words are combined to form a sentence.

Symbol - A word or expression which signifies something other than the physical object to which it directly refers. A rose for example, may symbolise love, and the cross, Christianity.

Tanka - A tanka is a five-line, 31-syllable poem that has historically been the basic form of Japanese poetry. Of all the poetic forms ever written by the Japanese, Tanka is clearly the most rigidly adhered to form in terms of structure. It is constructed by 5 lines or units which must contain an odd number of syllables (e.g. 1,3,5,7), ending in the traditional 7-7 onji pattern.

Tenor - Relationship between participants in situation - roles and status - informal/formal everyday/scientific.

Tone - The attitude, as it is revealed in the language of a literary work, of a personage, narrator or author, towards the other personages in the work or towards the reader.

Tragedy - A broad term, originally taken from drama; the term may refer to any work of literature which has an unhappy ending for the main **character**. The most prominent examples in English literature of **tragedy** as a literary **kind**, were found in the **Elizabethan** and **Jacobean** era, with Shakespeare being the most famous writer of **tragic** works. There have been various attempts to define **tragedy**, beginning with Aristotle's **Poetics** (which it must be noted, is more correct in its description of the tragic elements of Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex* than of Greek tragedy in general). Like most literary **genres** however, **tragedy** must frequently be re-defined when referring to individual works of literature. One is usually more successful if one defines **tragedy** in terms of certain periods of literature, or with reference to certain authors: for example **Elizabethan tragedy**, or **tragedy** in the works of Thomas Hardy.

Tragicomedy - A literary work which combines elements of both **tragedy** and **comedy**.

Tragicomic - plays were quite common during the **Elizabethan** and **Jacobean** periods of English literature.

Utopia - A literary work which describes the ideal state or way of life. The most famous example of a **Utopian** work is Thomas More's *Utopia* (from which the term is derived).

Victorian - The adjective Victorian refers to British literary works which were written, or which resemble those written during (or shortly before or after) the era of Queen Victoria (1837-1901). The adjective is also used to describe the code of morality which was believed to be predominant during her reign.

Voice - The dominating ethos or **tone** of a literary work. The **voice** existing in a literary work is not always identifiable with the actual views of the author (cf. **narrator** and **persona**).

Voicing - Creation of a sound by vibration of the vocal folds in the larynx.

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Навчальне видання

ЄЛІСЄЄВ Сергій Леонідович
ФІСЕНКО Вікторія Володимирівна

A Book of Reading in Interpretation of Fiction

Хрестоматія для студентів факультету іноземних мов та магістрантів вищих навчальних закладів

Англійською мовою

Хрестоматія представляє збірник творів для читання та аналізу на практичних заняттях із дисципліни "Інтерпретація художнього тексту". Кожна з чотирьох частин містить два художніх твори, (оповідання, вірш, поема або п'єса) та питання для їх літературознавчого аналізу відповідну до аспекту, якому присвячено практичне заняття. На початку кожного твору надано стислі біографічні та бібліографічні дані про автора твору. Останній твір наведено для комплексного аналізу з урахуванням усіх літературознавчих знань та навичок, що набуті студентами.

Хрестоматія своїм наповненням відповідає вимогам програми з дисципліни „Інтерпретація художнього тексту" для студентів та магістрантів спеціальності „Мова та література (англійська)". Вона може бути використаною викладачами англійської мови вищих і спеціальних середніх навчальних закладів, студентами інститутів, університетів та факультетів іноземних мов.

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