

'HELLEBORE THE CROWN'



HELLEBORE

THE CLOWN.

MAURICE ROWDON,
YORK COTTAGE,
HIGH ST.
SHOREHAM
KENT.

CHARACTERS.

HELLEBORE, a clown, otherwise Jonathan Finstanley.

Edgar, a child and the son of Hellebore.

Albert Lorraine, a theatrical manager and owner.

Bernard Charpentier, a journalist.

NIDOK, an illusionist, otherwise Heinrich Eiselleim.

Eliya Manning, one of Nidok's assistants.

Helen Eugenie, another of Nidok's assistants.

Jean Duboi-Bordeau, an acrobat.

Pierre Duboi-Bordeau, his brother, also an acrobat.

Henry Sangson, a young Englishman.

Criordano Celida, an Italian jeweller.

Maria Celida, his wife.

Francine ~~Dubois~~ ^{Berger}, a seamstress, nicknamed "The Virgin".

Bénédict Amurat, the producer.

Louis Conte, the stage manager.

Jacques, the dancing master.

The scene — apart from that of the induction — is laid in Paris during Easter, 1920.

INDUCTION.

Induction

1.

Scene: A hill in Sussex during the early spring of 1907. Dawn.

A group of actors stood on the crest of the hill with Helleore, while the others strolled down to a path which crossed the valley. On the right of the hill was the road leading back to London, and waiting there at this moment were the four hackney carriages belonging to the company. The coachmen were gathered round the first carriage polishing wine-glasses and putting them on a large silver tray.

Helleore was wearing a black overcoat much too big for him, and at his side, holding ~~it~~^{on} to his trousers, stood a child of ten or so years. They were both looking down into the valley, a few feet from the other actors. Helleore had thrown part of his overcoat across the boy's shoulders.

The first morning wind was beginning to blow.

Helleore: You were asleep, Edgar. We had to carry you down to the cab.

Edgar: Jeanne promised to wake me up, but she didn't, ^{the child.} / Did you see her?

Helleore: No, I only saw the Irish girl. Jeanne was still asleep. How is she?

Edgar: Oh, alright.

Hellelone: How are things at Monty Brane's?

Edgar (instantly): Two of the ponies got something wrong with them. They both went down together, and they had to be shot.

Hellelone: Have you been watching Jeanne lately?

Edgar: Yes, but I don't like trapeze work. She wants me to try, but I don't like the work.

Hellelone: Well, they can't make you do it if you don't want to.

Edgar: Oh, Jeanne told me to tell you that people still talk about the Fins.

Hellelone: Do they? I should never have thought so. $\frac{3}{2}$

Edgar: What was the Fins?

Hellelone: Your mother and me ~~used~~ used to do a turn together. Did you try those stunts I showed you?

Edgar: Yes, and I did them on my own.

Hellelone: I'll come down and see you at it one day. I'll take you by surprise.

Edgar: Are you going to take me away this summer?

Hellelone: Well, the show comes off in the first week of June, - I'll write to Jeanne about it. Don't sweat on it.

Edgar: I heard Jeanne say to Monty you're a rich man. Is it true?

Hellelone: Yes, I'm richer than those two rolled together. What were you doing listening?

Edgar: I was next door. I heard them.

Hellelone: Don't call Jeanne a litch either.

He looked down at the child and put

his arm round his shoulder. He turned to a young actress standing near him.

Hellelme: Hear what he called Jeanne?

Actress: Oh, I expect he hears worse than that.

Hellelme: Down at Molly Brane's, you mean?

Actress: Yes, ~~and I should think so~~

Hellelme: They have to grow up early down here.

Actress: Has he started properly yet?

Hellelme: No, not till he's turned fourteen. Then he'll be like his dad.

An actor (behind Hellelme) Well, you can keep your dawns, Jack.

Hellelme (with a laugh) You'll pull through. There's some brandy coming.

The coachmen brought the silver tray and glasses to a stile at the foot of the hill, and when he saw them Hellelme walked down with the others. When the company was together again he filled the glasses with brandy and took the tray from one person to another.

While the carriages were being turned round they stood drinking in silence, watching the dawn come up. Hellelme bent down and gave Edgar a sip from his glass.

Hellblows - ^{madness -} the cause of attacks Greece

Epilogue: —

In Seven Phases

JACK'S SHEEP
AN Epilogue:

Sampson. Sampson ✓

The Dream. Dream of the performance in which he collapses and the audience weeps sending up great cries and hurrahs from the auditorium; then lifts off again and they laugh; then fall to crying and howling again.

The Act. last night he had an audience of living people, and this night his audience is trees, stars, mountains, all breathing towards him.

"It's, beast of love" - Mania: splat - and you crying across the night, moved in the left of the night. Tiny child starts from the flesh and the cry is the crying of its rising.

Mania's
Confession
and Giordano's
Howling.

Mania praying in the Notre Dame after confession, and Giordano howling.

All. Nido to Germany; hayling heeds. Charpentier's plundered by children. Lorraine in the silence of room preparing another man. ?

Seventh Phase

The last phase is of the coming of the child:
Mania up with child.

The plant, the fields, the beasts,

Hellblows flow. The stirring of beasts, plant and fields is down. The watching of all things, and the patient and silent and unweary waiting of all things.

Night is a day of songs
Sung in the spouts of mountains
Heard by the fingers and the thigh.
The traps of heaven swing back
And let you tread the yelling wastes.

Sunday
Easter Saturday 3 a.m.

Maia Celida's Boudoir

Child starts from the splash

And her cry is the crying of a child's rising,

Flying
Crying, Maia

The child rising is night
crying lapped in the night, ^{sighing} crying

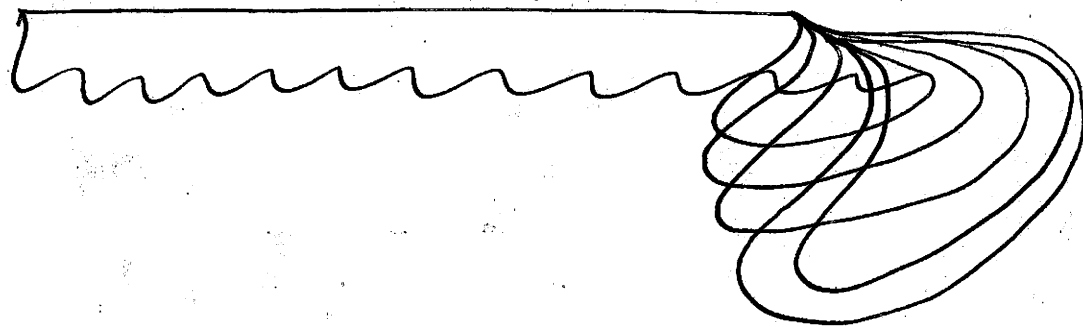
On the night,

Through bears' pipes ~~straight~~ ^{cut} cut
dying crying for the ~~black~~ ^{finny} child's rising
Helleboring
into her ~~right~~ ^{right} chested flesh.

Jack-turned

In the sky,

Through bears' pipes cut
crying for the ^{finny} mute child's rising
Up to her Jack-turned flesh.



16. Call the waiter over now and tell him you want six bottles of champagne. Drink yourself in champagne. It's only raw apples. But have the kindness first of all to tell me what ^{that} ~~last~~ ^{I'm} a repulsive, and insulting hell-bag. Tell me that you no longer need me, because I have no place in the theatrical business."

"Albest doesn't mean that, Mademoiselle," Hellebore murmured.

"He means what he says. He says that he can't keep away from these theatrical creatures. That means he can't keep away from people who think of me as a foul and disordered thing."

Hellebore still liked her. Everything she said was a little speech, and she never hesitated from the first word to the last. She ~~enunciated every one of her words very clearly, despite the fact that she kept her mouth rather closed.~~ She pronounced every syllable very clearly. Her logic was that of a woman who had thought everything over beforehand, alone in her room, for hours. ~~Her~~ ^{Her} eyes were shrewd and keen. Looking homaine said disinterested her. She sat erect in her chair, inspired by her own words, as if she were the agent of some speech-giving presence outside her. ~~She was profoundly different from everything else in the room; her hair and her white face were a combination no man had noticed; but above all it was her stillness that distinguished her from other people.~~ She wore an elegant black dress, with a large dull gold clasp — as large as a man's fist — ~~on the right side of her chest~~ a few inches under the right shoulder. This conventional and careful way of dressing served to make her more noticeable. There was none else in the image ^{who had her} ~~with her~~ utterly still, disinterested watchfulness. Hellebore liked her because everything she said seemed to come from ~~from~~ very deep suffering, and because he felt that once he had made real friends with her — if it was to be — she would be able to explain a lot of things to him. He liked her because she gave ^{one} the impression of ~~knowing~~ so much that she knew so much: not that she accumulated knowledge deliberately, but that she was naturally at home with mysteries, like a half-mortal thing. ~~He thought she would be able~~

Several times during the past ~~four~~ ^{two} years she had tried to get homaine out of the theatre. ~~It was possible~~ Perhaps she did not understand these ~~theatrical~~ ^{theatrical} associations of his, ~~with the theatre~~ ^{with them}. ~~But~~ ^{none likely} ~~probably~~ she understood ~~it~~ ^{them} so well that she was afraid of ~~the~~ ^{them}. For as a theatrical man homaine was without ~~superstition~~, no longer superstitious, or hesitating, or melancholy; ~~and it was perhaps~~ ~~her~~ a fact which he was a man with whom she had nothing

Then I'll ~~seem~~ ^{be} sad, I'll ~~seem~~ ^{be} Phantastical,
But I'll ^{watch} eye the worm in thy side.

These eyes of the darkling green, and flower
To give a Christmas redling wonder, flower
To linger on the soils, a flower
To shake ^{his} ~~top~~ bumble with, his bumble-tree,
Flower of snow, of time, of denial,
Bumble's green and laughing, ^{darkest} ~~greenest~~, ^{eye} ~~eat~~

Then I'll seem sad, I'll seem Phantastical;
(I'll watch the worm in thy side.)
~~And laugh it aw~~

~~Under my finger lies a flower, and this flower's
Dripped ~~Grant~~ under my palm lies a flower, whose
Seed is Hell. Under my arm lies a flower,
And~~

~~He cannot wander up the night so.~~

God will forbid it.

By and by I caught a leaf, I by my laughing

God will forbid it.

God will forbid it

Then and then I staved the hill out, staved the hill at

God will forbid it.

God will forbid it

There and there I found a leaser, bound a scholar

God will forbid it.

Flyer and flyer

God will forbid it

Flyer and flyer I saw a sun there, sounded a signet

God will forbid it.

God will forbid it

Higher and higher I tipped a star here, tipped a site ^{there} a

God will forbid it.

God will forbid it

Clouder and clouder I flew, fettered, flocked,
fenced, fanged, fittily-hunged
it sues and sues

God forbade it.

God forgive it.

God forsake it.



(To be slept)

These are pipes in the sky
Millions of miles long
Which sound and wobble the earth.

Among the stars are winds
Blowing the ~~down~~^{floating} pipes
And men know nothing of it.

Beasts command the heavens,
Their whips tap comets
And ashes fall when they speak.

Comets, winds, stars revolve
To this sill^y piped song,
But the beasts never look round.

The beasts are always frowning
And their paw like talons
With which they make wrinkles.

The only witnesses of this
Because they are still
Are stones in the fixed pools.

(Sometimes you come on a pool
At the top of a rock
And this is your fixed redeemer)

These are pipes in the sky
Millions of touches old
And time's the dust in their mouths.

When they sound out
Trinkets slip from wrists,
hairs yawn, and Jack turns over.

When the winds roar on the stars
The footballs giggle
And Maria makes lovely increase.

When they make the jungle-clouds thunder
Why, tinkets
Skip from the mist of ladies,
hairs yawn,
And tack turns over in his August bed.

~~When the winds flap round the stars,
Between their yelling corners, a star
And blow a high ^{sandkisses, mountains high} ~~himalayan dust~~
Off and upon the stars,
Kissing and killing with breeze,
Star, the star, stars
with yellow sand-kisses,~~

~~Why,~~

~~The footglets giggle~~

~~AND MARIA MAKES HIGHT-HAIRED INCREASE.~~

~~When the winds flap round the stars
And between their yelling corners,
Blow sandkisses mountains and mountains high~~

When the winds flap round the stars,
Jumping their yelling corners,
Blowing sandkisses mountains and mountains high
Off and upon the stars,
Kissing and killing with breeze
Star, the star, stars —

Why!

The footglets giggle

AND MARIA MAKES HIGHT-HAIRED INCREASE.

Tell your beads a wondrous tale
Of giants, harmony and hell;

Tell to your beads a wondrous tale
Of giants, medicine men and hell;
As you pass along the town
Kneel your beads ~~from under~~ ^{beneath} your gown
And say aloud to the sandy wall, —
That when giants come the towers ^{must} fall.

Tell your Hail Mary's to the mercury moon
~~to~~ ^{hoping} hope that the towers will fall down soon;
Do not despair as you by the wall
Of some day seeing the

Tell your Hail Mary's to the mercury moon
Hoping that the towers will fall down soon;
Look at the hillocky desert behind
As a reminder ~~of~~ ^{that} the giant's unkind.

~~And if you start~~

~~If you should come across his flaws
Pick it to make your sweet-from-sour;
If you should fall upon the place
where roses have a winter face,
Pick it for blowing in a jar~~

If you should come across his flaws
Pick it to make your sweet-from-sour;
If you should slip upon the place
where roses have a winter face
And dung is icy on the ground,
Draw back and make no human sound;
~~First the day that love you leads~~

For these's a place

Epilogue:

With cicada sound and may
Go Naia and Virginie;
To solemnest Mass they go
With ~~each~~ ^{hidden} progeny.

With cicada sound and may
Go Mistresses Paul and Jack;
They'll surely the same month lie
Who had the same Easter luck.

With cicada sound and may
Go the swelling maidens two;
By Notre Dame's gravel walk
Their veiny prayers to pursue.

With cicada sound and may
Beneath their huge gowns stir
Two ~~sinner~~ ^{sinner} original,
And Jack's ~~to~~ ^{if} will be called a Sir.

With cicada sound and way
Go Naia and Virginie ;
To ~~sternest~~ Mars they go
To work ^{their} ~~a~~ progeny.

With cicada sound and way
Go Jack's and Sampson's ~~planned~~
And they 'll the same month lie
Who conceived the same day.

With cicada sound and way
Go the swelling maidens two ;
And through the triumph arch
They ~~sturdy~~ ^{on} away ^{sturdy} their way.

With cicada sound and way
Under their huge fowns stir
Two sins original,
And each will be a Sire.

I am now his pre^y-man, under his grin-men?

Is it, Oh is it, that I've his silver of tongue
And his quickness, his fleet spare feet,
That no longer am I of your own cloud,
No longer your son, your minion's moon,
Your darling, your quaint flesh of yield,
Your platter, your pleaser, no longer your game
But the game of grin-men, grimacing?

Gods, gods: do not leave me fleet,
Not flee so the cloud with such feet
As mine with grin-men heeled was made of!
Come back, back. In the chasm disappear not,
You who are gone, with greenery,
And me here, with raillery.

Lorraine: ~~What is his name?~~ Our? Who is we?

Dulci-Bordeau: Mine and Pierre's. You told me not to mention your name.

Lorraine: Was he well dressed?

Dulci-Bordeau: Not respectably. He took us to his house was the ~~bois de Boulogne~~ ^{de} Bois de Boulogne for an aperitif.

Lorraine: Does he own a house?

Dulci-Bordeau: No, he shares ~~house~~ ^{house} with Italian people called Celida.

Lorraine: Oh, yes, the jewellery people. ~~But I don't think I should get~~
~~involved with them~~

Dulci-Bordeau: We couldn't lay hands on a young English gentleman, could we? Whose would that have ended?

Lorraine (with anxiety) But I don't feel safe. Suppose he came to the theatre tonight and caused trouble?

Dulci-Bordeau: We know what he looks like. And we know that a box has been ~~reserved~~ ^{reserved} in the name of Celida for tonight?

Lorraine: Ah, you found that out, did you?

Dulci-Bordeau (with pride) Yes, I looked in ~~at~~ ^{at} the ~~box office~~ ^{box office} on my way up.

Lorraine: It might have been better to hold him...

Dulci-Bordeau: But that would be a criminal offence.

Lorraine (biting his lip) Even so.

Dulci-Bordeau: No, these would have been hell to pay for that.

Lorraine: He must know someone in ~~the~~ ^{this} theatre.

Dulsi-Bordeau: Or, he does.

Lorraine (swiftly) Who?

Dulsi-Bordeau: Madeiroelle ~~is~~ Berger. They're close friends, so he told me.

Lorraine: He knew the Virgin? (with a shrug) Well, he told you that himself, so perhaps ^{it all above board.} That's the feeling you had in his presence, was it not? That he was above board?

Dulsi-Bordeau: If appearance ~~are~~ anything to go by, yes.

Lorraine: You'd better go down and change, then. On your way tell the attendants at the ~~stage~~ ^{stage-door} not to admit any personal visitors for Mr. Fristanley.

Dulsi-Bordeau: I think you worry too much. Goodbye.
First as Dulsi-Bordeau left the room Lorraine picked up the telephone receiver.

Jaques clapped his hands and ushered the girls of the dancing chorus onto the stage. A powerful battery of yellow lights in the flies ^{was} ~~was~~ switched on, then two plain arc-lamps in the wings. ~~The girls of the chorus~~ ^{the girls} joined two lines in front of ~~Jaques~~ ^{him, then} following his example, they began taking up one dancing posture after another, without ~~any~~ piano accompaniment. They were dressed in blouses and short ^{filled} skirts of black lace, ^{with} ~~and~~ black stockings, ~~and~~ ^{there was} on their right legs, just above their knee-caps, a single silver garter two or three inches in width.

~~There was a small table~~
~~headed on either side by a stag and two black ravens~~
~~his~~

Jack's Sleep

(If you are confused by the following, comfort yourself with the thought that, after all, Jack's asleep.)

~~When Helleborus stirs~~

When Jack stirs he stirs mutely like a root. But Saigon lies along the topsoil, roots exposed, desiccating in the merciless sunlight; Paris refuses him, for its pavements are very hard and its walls, unbreachable while allowing a little root and perhaps here and there a _____, has no taste for such disenchanted flowers.

the plant we saw on
Hen's wall in Wheatley.

rosarumdi, ^{most} Jack's Helleborus, then Saigon's
medieval in ^{his} origin and

Maia: ^{Heldove's} ~~He~~ ~~has~~ is very large.

Grondaw: Bigger than —?

Maia: Much.

Grondaw: Oh, dear.

For Prologue

He'll give you fantastical mysteries
And all the green in his eye.
He'll tell you a ruse,
And dance you a tune,
And sing you a lullaby!

He'll give you romantic histories,
And all the sap in his hand.
He'll tell you a lie
And ask you to sigh
And dance you a saraband!

He'll give you fantastical mysteries
And all the green in his eye.
He'll tell you a ruse
And dance you a tune
And sing you a lullaby!

Let's join in a ring
And warble and sing
To

Hellbore the Joey
Who'd never say Noey,
Hey Ho
To Joey!

For Prologue.

Rise plant of pleasure, come leisure, come dawn:
laugh and yaw teeth love the dawn;

Green
Boy,

Jack,

Clown —

He's grace in a gait, and brings the moon down.

Up plant of treasure, come pleasure, come dawn:
blink and your eye is in flower;

Green

Boy,

Jack,

Clown —

He's hung on a stem, he dreams like the moon.

Out plant of pleasure, now leisure, now dawn:
Speak and your lips are a nest;

Green

Boy,

Jack,

Clown —

He's star-on-the-rose, there's moon in her gown.

PROLOGUE and EPILOGUE.

Hungry Jack jumped in the belly,
Woke in winter, kissed the moon;
Tosking the snow his soils made rally
And secretly smiled at his rising dawn.

Hungry Jack jumped in the belly,
Woke in winter, kissed the moon;
Tosking the snow his soils made rally
And pushed his green head through the dawn.

Under my finger ^{stept} ~~stept~~ a flower, and this flower's
Greenery. Under my breath ^{wake} ~~wake~~ a face, and ~~she's~~ ^{he's}
Named rose of the winter. Under my right star
Laughed a bumble-tree, ~~she's~~ ^{he's out} my Hellebore.

(Pray not unpatal ^{his} ~~her~~ laughter, patrons,
Else God will commit you to maggots.)

EPHAG

Epilogue : —

He had been using performing
with all his body in the theatre to an
audience of living people, and now he
was performing with all his body to
an audience of silent things all about
him, hills, trees, mountains, skies,
in an eternal universe of silent and
listening things, in the very dead of
night.

Imagines?

Sanyasa

Maia - notes.

Calida morning.

act of conception

glaze, and your

lying across the night;

Stis, sense of love.

→ in the lap of the night →

In Seven Phases

Child starts from the splash
And her cry is the crying of a child's rising,
The child rising is night
Crying, Maria crying lapped in the night, crying
In beasts' pipes straight
Thought the night for a child without fingers or night rising
Down in her crying
~~Under the making~~ flesh.

Child starts from the splash
And her cry is the crying of a child's rising,
The child rising is night
Crying, Maria crying lapped in the night, crying
In beasts' pipes straight
Through the ^{sky} night for a fingerless child's rising
Down in her crying flesh.

Child starts from the splash
And her cry is the crying of a child's rising,
The child rising is night
Crying, Maria crying lapped in the night, crying
In beasts' ~~small~~ pipes straight
Through the night, crying for the blind child's rising
Under ^{into her} ~~the~~ night-charged flesh.

Child starts from the splash

And her cry is the ^{hurry} cry of a child's rising,

The child rising in night

Crying, Maria crying lapped in the night, crying

Through beast's pipes cut

on the sky, crying for the finny child's rising

Into her Jack-turned flesh.



Nido.

Nido calls by a young stream
In the heart of some praying hills.
A word of black fir
Hies almost in the cup of his milky hand.

Almost in the cup of his milky hand
Hies the word of nudging black fir
In the heart of praying hills.

Nido prays among wood and streams.
The hills are praying about him
In cloues of fluid green:
Almost on the cup of his milky hand
The words of black fir,
And almost on his staring eyes
Are the long-winged raven birds
About to rest.
Almost on his ^{foot} toes the grasses talk
And ~~make his stepping slow.~~
In green and multicolored thunder.

Nido has failed, Nido
has failed...
But the birds were down
and whisper in his eyes...
The sun bows its brutal
ashy head
beckons and sulkily
smiles and slides
At his side.
The mountain with crooked
eyes
Frowns and turns again to
the sky.
The fir-woods blackly wedge
him as he goes
And wave and snugly
muffledly call from within

And low and low in their leaves
For the lonely Nido lost by the
glacial land.
fir-tree woods black: hill.
Blue sky. Sun. Bees.
Sauntering by stream. Brown mountain mist.
glacial water. Hardy-bells.
C. Europea.

Make what you will in Nido's sootings
For Nido moves his creatures where you will.

Snow.

His fingers are stick-slender, long
And crusting with dence. The hair
of his father was lush and lusc,
Their toe-nails slated piles, their
word, thunder, eyes lightning.

And, ^{with} each gust, each twisted fall of fruit,
Each sun-poke down, each ~~strangely~~ ^{strongly} squaw
Drawn from the hawk, come words,
Come jospel, come signs, signs, sayings
From father upon fathers of Nido,
hooked unbreathing in the land of glaciers,
Mumbly brooding at the steepy root,
~~Steeplly sailing at the~~
Turning the screaming earth on her pole
With unspoken magical device.

At the morning of songs
When the moon splits grimly on a lough
Hellelone sees Nido
And they pass each other by,

At the morning of songs
When the moon splits
Grimly on a lough
And the rivers trinkle
with paper of nighttime,
like nighttime paper,
~~At the morning of songs,~~
At the singing of snows,
Hellelone knows Nido
And they pass each other by.

At the morning of songs
When the moon splits
Grimly over the lough
And the rivers all trinkle
And dribble with silver,
At the morning of songs,
At the plainchant of mores,
Hellelone knows Nido
And they pass each other by.

~~Summer does retrieve you.~~

~~Oh, times, times, times
Some darkness falls and you foam.~~

Summer does retrieve you.

And you're not the first to foam.

Under the giant long gowns of mountains

Many calamities have come;

And where streams slip modestly round the thorn-crag islands

And apples ^{to} sappy brown

have calamities —

There have ^{been} men with comets under their eyelids

Herding the baby seas before them,

Wasting the breathy cities, kicking the cricks

To make — what? — a foothold in skyline.

Deep.

Summer comes. Birds yield, wheel, turn,

Nervily gossip, chirp. Flowers cluck up the lawn,

Coils new pages. Summer men

like a ~~street~~ ^{golden} fury round the trees.

Who are your witnesses?

Pebbles, fossils in the still pool, are witnesses of this,

The time of calamity in dark

And the retaliation by summertime.

Thought interspersed -
Jack's movements.

Jack tips across the night
And hanging in the nook of a star
Sees Saigson.
Screams
And tries to take his hand.
But all the night yells out
And the stars ~~are~~ shake
And Saigson coat-a-flap
Falls down into space from the spaces,
Spacelessly down into the spaces.

Jack runs.

Jack tips across the night
And hanging in the nook of a star
Sees Saigson.

Screams
And tries to take his hand.

But all the night yells out
And the stars shake
With Jack in their midst
And Saigson coat-a-flap falls.

Past Jack's arm
Into the trough of spaces.

The footlights grin.

At this morning of songs
When the moon splits
Grimly over the bough
And the rivers all tinkle
And dabble with silver
Hellelone passes Nido by
And they know not each other.

He looks round the mined trees
slow, sad, falling, ~~black~~, black things
Pieces of black cloth falling off a tree.....

Epilogue

IX

Tuck's fingers smiled when they touched the bed, the curtains, and then the eiderdown. When he kissed Maria Celida, mother of mummies, the skull grinned happily in his head.

(Was that a sob I heard? I saw back, skull —)

He thought he heard Giordano sob ~~in the distance~~ ⁱⁿ along the corridor. But Maria pulled him back towards her and said, "Tomorrow ~~his sobbing will~~ ^{he'll be laughing.} ~~turn to laughter.~~"

X

Time exists only by day. Night is eternal, it is eternal, it is eternal.

XI

The Paris - Brussels express blew ~~at~~ hot ~~and~~ steam over Saugon as it passed, but he did not even blink, or ~~resisted~~ ^{licked} his lips with his tongue. Tears would not wet him nor kisses warm him.

Tean Juloi-Bordeau sleeps fitfully, turning and grinding his teeth in his bed, ~~while~~ ^{while} and Pierre, while he loses so sleep ^{by night} ~~stares~~ ^{stares} before him ~~during~~ ^{by day} the day and sometimes slips in his exercises. It is possible that they will ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~be~~ ^{be} performing at the Théâtre de la Figue ~~for long~~, but ^{at} some infernal provincial circus where they are neither ^{known} nor cared about, and are paid very badly. On the tenth day of Hellclove's own horrors is beginning to look at them dauntingly, while for Hellclove he has only smiles and further suggestions for the renewal

9 contracts.

XII

Fiselheim is on his way to Cracow, and
three hours behind him, hot and desperate, is Helen.

As for Eliza, she —

XIII

Epilogue

Nido.

Nido has failed, Nido has failed,
But the birds make ~~many~~^{needly} speeches in his ears,
And reubanks and the cries know;
The girl-streams ^{glide and giggle} giggle and gild at his side
In their closetted scotch of lawn;
The fir-woods blackly widge him as he goes
And they wave and call from within,
They low in their leaves and low again
For this lonely, Nido lost in the icy world.

And with each saucy quest,
Each lust fall of fruit,
Each squaw loftly drawn
From the hanging hawk,
Come words to Eiselheim.

These are his fathers' words
Who sleep with the shaded root
Where glacial rivers argue place,
And turn with magical device
The ~~low~~ lust and mourning globe.

... But the birds come down and chatter in his ears

Nido moves his creature
where he wills.

In the cup of Nido's sulky hand
lies a wood of black pins
Nudging each other.
The little pine all about him
In clumps of green.

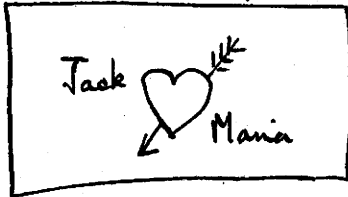
Maia and Girdanus sleep
but in a smaller bed
And behind no curtain;
On account of desolation.
Their rustles clank
And cooing of Baa-Baa to the moon
(who naps down).

That's all

Child starts from the flesh
And her cry is the crying of a child's ^{noisy},
The child noisy is night
Crying, Maria crying lapped in the night, crying
In beasts' pipes straight
Through the night for a child without sight or fingers ^{noisy}
Under the ^{making} belly's mass.

Child starts from the ^{splashed} flesh
And her cry is the crying of a child's ^{noisy},
The child noisy is night
Crying, Maria ^{noisy} ~~crying~~ lapped in the night, crying
In beasts' pipes straight
Through the ^{crying} night for a child without fingers or sight ^{noisy}
Under her ^{noisy crying} ~~making~~ belly's mass.
making flesh.

A lavatory wall
is the Champs Elyées:



H. thinks N.
a supercilious c—.

THE FALL.

It seemed I had already fallen
Down from the high sea-wall
To where the water quietly purred:
It seemed I had seen my shrieking frame
Dive, swiftly turning, coat aflag,
Arms cleaving outwards for a hold,
Till the sea splashed
Golden under my fall
And all was then quiet,
A matter of ripple again.

In every twitch, wild cry and turn
It seemed I had seen some joy
The sea would let make enter
And close for ever:
Some incredible flower or face
It was easy to grasp,
Or untried stores of mind and earth
Where my hand had dipped.
It seemed that never were sun, sky, skin,
Matters of a ripple, purring, tamed.

I turned from the high sea-wall
To where the sheep stirred
On the parkland behind:
Came with stealth upon them
And asked their vague stare
How their world fared within.
But they also turned
And jogged away in momentary fear.

My darling Maurice

This is the first evening I have had to myself for ages, so I feel like writing to you again, even though I posted a letter to ^{you} only this afternoon. It was rather a nasty letter and I hope it hasn't worried you. Perhaps I am quite wrong about your play. You must take other people's opinions & see - but I have a feeling I am right. Anyway, it doesn't matter - I have a feeling that everything is beginning to work towards our mutual benefit, that we shall soon be making working people

good things of life, without
being half as nice, beautiful or
clean as we are, hating their guts,
& at the same time masochistically
accepting it as my fate, for too
long, far too long - I am
so greedy for all the things
that should have been my
birthright, & that my dear pious
mother deprived me of - for
all things bizarre, expensive
sophisticated "camp" modish
& epicurean. I am tired of
Drips Sausages & baby's rappier
when

Veronica gave a wonderful coronation
 "childrens party on the barge
 Jason," took 60 screaming kids
 & their parents up the Regents
 Canal with music & flap, iced
 hock & vodka for the grown
 ups, fuzzy pop, strawberries &
 cream & sausage rolls for the small
 fry including Clare. It was

an all-uppers party, everyone
 there had a kite & had been in
 the abbey - the barge was stiff with
 ex-gold sticks in waiting & royal
 pages. Herm who was in the
 abbey says its not embarrassing
 if you want to go to the
 lavatory you have to be preceded
 by a gold stick in waiting - I
 asked an old courier how he
 had enjoyed it & he said ~~that~~
 he thought it the greatest fun,

Something between a prewar family party + the Turf Club, don't you know. Some young Britons were chucking bottles at a covey of domestic duck, + the mother beside me called in great alarm. Julian! Julian! Do not throw your finger pop bottles at those birds! - Let's face it darling, they are not absolute the type of duck one shoots!!! Camilla stayed behind in the kitchen with five old hammers, sitting up over a huge ham + pickle tea.

Well, the Coronation is over, + it was wonderful - even John Rudge is going round in a daze of Royalist enthusiasm. ~~It~~ I watched it on television at Davids - Thousands including Vicky, lay out all night in the rain along the route. Everyone was incredibly cheerful, in spite of

and hence it cannot leave this fact behind it and remove itself & onto an altogether different level of observation from that which we call human. For underlying the belief that the universe is mathematical are certain metaphysical assumptions which, because their holders are not aware of having them at all, pass for "scientific" when they are merely naive and unproved propositions. For those who deny that the pursuit of metaphysics as a study is meaningful or in any way comparable with the pursuit of science, will usually construct out of their method a kind of metaphysical system and introduce an idola theatri into their conceptions strangely like the God of theology in the way it is first postulated. For this reason a metaphysical system is unshackled out of the mathematical world, while the idola theatri - at least so far as Newton was concerned - is described by means of the terms "absolute space and time" or "external matter."

Berkeley attacked the conception of an absolutely external ^{matter} and a mathematical universe of extended objects devoid of all properties except those required for mathematical analysis. It was not difficult for him to kick the ladder away between the real object and the perceiving mind, leaving the "image on the retina" the image recorded in the "little sensorium" alone, quite incapable of providing us with ~~the~~ knowledge about anything "real" behind it. If the world is "represented" as it is, is it possible for us to know more than the representation?

And if, of course, the secondary qualities are unreal because they are mathematically less definite, or seem to be, it is not difficult to prove that, since the primary qualities are perceived in precisely the same form of intuition, they too are unreal. With such a mathematical view it is only possible to hold i) that many, if not most, of our experiences are utterly without significance, real continuity or aim, ii) that an appearance of something (in perception) yields us to us a fact quite foreign to its nature (a mathematical definition), or else iii) that mathematical laws are valid and real because they are a priori, and we cannot escape this fact. It is, on the other hand, more plausible to add that science does not disclose more than a certain type of object in its description of the external world, that its propositions are hypothetical and designed only as instruments to describe regularity and to predict, and that the "mathematical attitude" is itself grounded in unproved metaphysical assumptions more naive than those of the extreme kind of subjectivism in philosophy.

8. Is Hume right in holding that the self is "nothing but a bundle or collection of different perceptions"?

Hume's fundamental principle was that all ideas are derived from impressions: this was to say that no idea was possible to us ~~in idea~~ unless we could "cash" it to use Professor Price's term) into impressions of the senses. He succeeded in attacking the rationalist or Cartesian philosophy, with its ontology, its abstraction, and its mathematical structure of laws, more successfully than any other philosophy of the eighteenth century. What had before been accepted in knowledge

as the self-evident and a priori, he showed to have no ground in either experience or logic. If all ideas were derived from impressions it went without saying that we should sense no view about the ultimate nature of the universe, the sense of purpose in life and even the assumptions already made by science about the world since the seventeenth century.

He found, for instance, that causality represented an empty concept devoid of logical or experiential ground: it was neither self-evident that A would continue to be followed by B, nor necessitated by experience itself. How, then, could we come to apply to experience so confidently? How could we make the fundamental principle of scientific procedure? From well-protiated empiricism Hume passed into scepticism, from which he never really recovered himself: failing to find any other seat for ideas or concepts other than in impressions he had finally to doubt the validity or meaningfulness of those very ideas or concepts which the mind designed to give some sort of continuity to the impressions. His greatest contribution to philosophy was to show that the mind seemed to bring something to the mere passive world of sensation, seemed to bring some of what we may call "organizational" knowledge. But he failed to give an adequate description of this organizational knowledge, and for this reason his doctrine of the self as "nothing but a bundle of a collection of different perceptions" was not really a completed doctrine. It ~~remained~~ suffered from the scepticism which was a feature of all his philosophy: like his doctrine of causality, his doctrine of self was only proposed and completed (we may say this whether we hold or not to the original distinction with philosophers make between mental activity and sense perception) by Kant.

Like the rest of his philosophy, this particular doctrine of Hume gives no proper account of imagination, understanding and reason; he fails to give them true epistemological status and fails to see that they may have different functions. Fundamentally his difficulty, in failing to describe properly the functions of the mind, and thus the nature of self was in his denial to the mind of any synthesizing or transcendental activity, by means of which sensations and impressions ~~and memories~~ ~~and the~~ ~~images of the imagination~~ were not to march gathered up in a whole, ~~but~~ subjected to a selective, discriminatory process, by means of which - in this free play over the objects of sensation, or sense perceptions and the memory of perceptions - the mind discovered its aim, or ideal, or self-identity: it was this kind of synthesizing activity which Hume failed to recognize in his judgement of validity or ~~super~~ necessity as being grounded rationally either in logic or in experience, even though he did point in the direction of some such Copernican Revolution as Kant undertook. It was only in Kant's "transcendental unity of apperception" that the synthesizing activity of self was described and epistemology rescued from scepticism.

In Hume discussed only what we may call "local" or "common" imagination and what he described as "association": he never made Kant's allowance for the fact that the imagination has two functions, namely

The associative and the transcendental. The source of them is a mere sense that to conclude his descriptions of causality and self with a vague and quite unsatisfactory appeal to custom or habit, to a psychological mechanism which seemed to be quite fortuitous and unauthentic. So struck in the first case by the fact that causality seemed to have no logical or experiential ground for its "necessity" and in the second case by the fact that self could never be to speak grasp in a moment its true identity or essential nature by an act of introspection, Hume abandoned ~~both~~ causality to psychological mechanism and self to a kind of parcel of perceptions quite lacking any essential quality, even though it must have been clear to him that anything with limits must also have essence and that the Cartesian *ego* *ergo* *sum* had done something to declare these limits. Without a synthesizing function in imagination the self does of course lose its ~~self~~ identity and its sense of being limited in its play of ever different perceptions: but without such synthesis no description of differentia or means lack of continuity would be possible. Thus Hume's proposition is self-destructive: in saying that self is "nothing but a bundle or collection" he makes the assumption ^{that} some act of introspection is possible by means of which that "bundle"-quality or "collection"-quality may be known: the idea of the synthesizing activity of self was already within his premise, ~~and~~ ^{yet} quite concealed.

2B

13. Explain and discuss the view that finite selves are in the end only appearances of the Absolute.

The doctrine that finite selves are ultimately manifestations or appearances of the Absolute Reality is grounded in a ~~specific view of the universe. It belongs to the~~ Subjectivist theory of knowledge, and is perhaps indebted most of all to the work of two philosophers for its inspiration, Berkeley and Hegel. In its epistemological doctrine (e.g. its view that all propositions are hypothetical) ~~it seems to be~~ it seems to draw in the first place from Berkeley and for its postulation of an Absolute Reality it seems to draw from Hegel. But yet it forms the essence of a specific philosophical system shared by such Oxford Idealists as Bosanquet and Bradley.

The line of reasoning may be briefly described in the following way. Berkeley had shown that it is impossible to provide strong logical footing for the view that the real or "external" world is at all knowable by us if we receive only representations of it. We have no guarantee that anything beyond these representations exists: nothing is possible which is not of the mind; to exist "without the mind" is not to exist at all. The Idealist accepts this unimpeachable argument and proceeds to argue that all propositions are hypothetical, since they postulate an existence which is really beyond the grasp of our minds: they cannot, in a word, give us firm categorical ground for our assertions. We must regard all our judgements as merely

probable. In the Oxford Idealists were strongly opposed to the view of the perceiving self as an entity quite distinct from the "environment" which it perceived: the mere use of the word "environment" in an epistemological or psychological discussion was enough to show that a misconception of the nature of the mind and existence was present. For Bergson self was "situated" in environment, while for Bradley "self does not stand over against the world in external relation to it."

Finally on this view all the world is spirit, since we are aware of a totality of things of which these particulars which we perceive are only parts; in other words we regard our particular perceptions as continuous parts of a whole possible concept perception of reality; in fact, of course, this perception of the whole reality is impossible to us as individuals, just as the totality is inconceivable to us, but it is yet this totality, this complete kind of impossible perception, which we refer in all our propositions about anything and in all our activities of mind. Postulating the existence in a judgement of any real existent we postulate the existence of the whole universe of possible and real phenomena. The totality we describe is beyond perception, just, although it seems to begin in the given, it is quite beyond the given. If we "think through" a coal-battle, for example, asking what its relations with other objects are (its relations by its own nature, so to speak) we shall begin postulating its relation with the coal it works, with the mine from which the coal was drawn, until if we proceeded for an infinite length of time we should postulate the existence of every possible phenomena of the conceivable universe. This totality is called the "Absolute Reality" and is the reference or ideal of all our activity of mind.

The doctrine bears perhaps a striking resemblance to St. Thomas' doctrine that the human mind is by its very constitution capable in some way grasping the essence of finite being and seeing the absolute ground of its finitude, seeing it as a creature of God in a flash of intuition, grasping it in its true ontological nature. There might secondly be some similarity between the description of the Absolute Reality and the Thomistic doctrine of "objective reality". But the supreme difficulties of the Idealist doctrine are perhaps (largely) two in number: first that destroying the distinction between subjective and objective, the Idealist cannot proceed to make objective statements without ^{acknowledging} ~~employing~~ the fallacy of the such a ~~division~~ distinction, - he cannot find firm ground for belief in himself, in the reality of the world, or in the truth of his propositions, without destroying such a distinction; and secondly, that he ceases the ultimate from the given without recourse to a theory of intuition. This latter difficulty is also one of the supreme virtues of the doctrine, since it violates none of the most important requirements of a rational philosophy: we get, like the Hegelian argument from intentional causality, it is not really sufficient to postulate the existence of a very vague something "beyond the given" (rather like St. Anselm's "something than which no greater can be conceived"), namely the Absolute Reality. St. Thomas' doctrine suffers from neither of these difficulties and is especially successful since it sets finally in a doctrine of intuition. The given yields up an Ultimate Reality with attributes

only on the basis of such a doctrine.

Bx

5. What is Berkeley's view of the nature of the causal relation, and what part does this view play in his philosophical system?

Like Hooke and Leibniz, Berkeley regarded the causal relation as that which permitted us to reach beyond the given into a postulation of the existence of a First Cause. This view was fundamental to Berkeley's philosophical system in that he regarded God as the continuous and operating cause of the world, not as "one who had sometime in the very distant 'wind up the clock' and left the turning wheels to their own devices, but as one who so gave the world to men, presented it so perfectly to men, that 'ideas' and 'perceptions' (two terms which Berkeley tended to confuse and which really amount to the same thing, at least in this context) are given to them by God as His own 'ideas.' Thus human thought and perception was moment by moment caused by an Archetypal God; no other view of 'causal relation' — as the mere necessary connection between observed cause and observed effect in the phenomenal world — would suffice to explain the fact that nothing called "matter without the mind" could exist; the world was bounded by self, and God's activity toward perceiving human beings was to infringe the limits of his world by imposing the very content of their perceptions.

The profound difficulty which ^{posed} Berkeley was that of explaining an utterly supernatural causation in terms of ideas and perceptions which seemed in themselves to yield no knowledge of anything beyond themselves; if esse was percipi, how was it that the Archetypal God was not himself "percipi"? Here Berkeley reasoned that the mind has two functions, a sensible one and a spiritual one: it is quite impossible to pass from the esse of sensibilia to the esse of an archetypal Archetypal God, but esse the spiritual function of mind is useful, in that it is the only possible source of knowledge about God. But Berkeley did not override the obstacles which had faced Descartes in this same problem of causality: how, Descartes seemed to ask, is it possible for matter to pass over to the realm of spirit by means of the causal relation; how can spirit "cause" matter, if I make such a distinction between mind and matter in the first place. Now Berkeley allows the mind a kind of active capacity into the ultimate, but he does not explain how the world of spirit can "cause" the world of matter in the sense of the word "cause" which he is using; as for Descartes and Newton, so for Berkeley (although he detached scientific writings of the universe) the world seemed to be divided into sensible and spiritual reality, without any bridge between the two. Thus while Berkeley abolished the naïf ~~scientific~~ view

4. of the physicists concerning "external matter" yet finally he seemed to adjust his philosophical system with (largely their differentiation of) nature into spirit and matter (in their case with spirit quite unproven & a time went on irrelevant) in his mind. This is to say that his description of the causal relation as in some way "joining" God to the sensible world still makes the tacit assumption that the scientific view of causality (as formal causality) and the scientific view of a bifurcated universe still hold good. It is perhaps true that Berkeley had too close to his mind a consideration of formal causality when he was trying to discover efficient causality: had he secured his doctrine from subjectivism without recourse to a doctrine of archetypal God he would then have been able to offer arguments about the existence of a God from the more valid angle of efficient causality. As it is his archetypal God is a denial of his firm empiricist premise. esse percipi et percipere est.

BH

Nido moves his creatures where he wills.

His fingers are stick-slender, long —
They clasp with device.

He listens to the head-bells in the hills

~~And takes in a long, cold breath,~~

~~There is ice on his fingertips.~~

And ^{lying} on his fingertips is ice.

In the cup of Nido's sulky hand

Lies a wood of black firs

Who nudge each other; ~~and nudge~~

The hills pray all about him

In clouses of green.

On account of devaluation

Maria and Giordano sleep

In a smaller bed

And behind no curtain.

In another chamber

Their suckling dribbles, farts, snores,

And cries out Baa-Baa

To the moon.

The moon wisely frowns

And sneevly melts a city from its ^{hair.} ~~hair.~~

~~Nowly in her chair. Lorraine sits down in an armchair opposite him. They contemplate each other and sip.~~

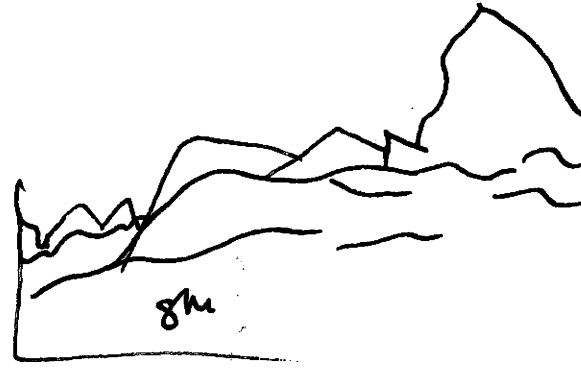
~~Albert: I hope, Jack, that whatever holy powers may be present in ^{this} theatre tonight will bless your performance.~~

~~H. : ha-di-da.~~

~~Albert: I feel better, having said that.~~

Under my finger sleeps a flower, and this flower's
Greenery. Under my cheek wakes a flower, and she's
Named rose of the winter. Under my right star
^{laughs} sleeps a bumble-tree, she's my Helleborus.

~~Do not undo him, God will forbid it;~~
~~God will forsake you, do not ^{unpetal} ~~undo~~ him.~~
Do not unpetal ^{laughs} ~~her~~ God will forsake you.



Under my finger sleeps a flower, and this flower's
Greenery. Under my ^{breath} cheek wakes a ^{glass face,} ~~flower~~ and she's
Named rose of the winter. Under my right star
Laughs a bumble-tree, she's my Helleborus.

^{Pray} ~~Do~~ not ~~X~~ unpetal her laughter, patrons,
^{Else} God will committ you to maggotry.

Epilogue.

- i) Describe the curtains of the bed. Light of the entire wood. The deep warmth and softness of the caudles. The mixing of splendours in the shadows. The floor, her muffled behind her skirts, and she cries out, like a woman laughing and laughing.
- ii) The evening of the coming of the child. World opening out in light. How it shifted in the belly. The events of H. & C.
- iii) Recall all the events of the last work.

Vienna is inevitable, hastening from Paris to the Germany, fearing Lasty Munich ladies.... laughs, and his children Phude he is the creator. His ladies... honaine profit, making with child. See for mother me, in the sentence Revelation, which is almost dead in his room. Celida is in Notre Dame, praying in the shadows.

EPHAG

Epilogue : —

He had been using performing
with all his body in the theatre to an
audience of living people, and now he
was performing with all his body to
an audience of silent things all about
him, hills, trees, mountains, skies,
in an eternal universe of silent and
listening things, in the very dead of
night.

Imatime?

In Seven Phases

Sanyon
Mata - water.
Cetida morning.
act of conception
'plash' and 'pur'
Crying across the night;
Stis - house of love. This word
→ in the lap of the night →

Child starts from the splash
And her cry is the crying of a child's rising,
The child rising is night
Crying, Maria crying lapped in the night, crying
In beasts' pipes straight
Thought the right for a child without fingers or right rising
Down in her crying
~~Under the making~~ flesh.

Child starts from the splash
And her cry is the crying of a child's rising,
The child rising is night
Crying, Maria crying lapped in the night, crying
In beasts' pipes straight
Through the ^{sky} right for a fingerless child's rising
Down in her crying flesh.

Child starts from the splash
And her cry is the crying of a child's rising,
The child rising is night
Crying, Maria crying lapped in the night, crying
In beasts' ~~still~~ pipes straight
Through the night, crying for the blind child's rising
Under ^{into her} ~~the~~ night-charged flesh.

Child starts from the splash

And her cry is the ^{hurry} cry of a child's rising,

The child rising is night

Crying, Maria crying lapped in the night, crying

Through beast's pipes cut

on the sky, crying for the finny child's rising

Into her Jack-turned flesh.



Nido.

Nido calls by a young stream
in the heart of some praying hills.
A word of black firs
hies almost in the cup of his milky hand.

Almost in the cup of his milky hand
hies the word of nudging black firs
in the heart of praying hills.

Nido prays among wood and streams.
On the hills are praying about him
in cloues of fluid green:
Almost on the cup of his milky hand
hie woods of black firs,
And almost on his staring eyes
Are the long-winged raven birds
about to rest.
Almost on his ^{foot} toes the grasses talk
And ~~make his stepping slow.~~
In green and multicoloured thunder.

Nido has failed, Nido
has failed...
But the birds wave down
and whisper in his eyes...
The sun bows its frontal
ashy head
beckons and ritually
smiles and slides
At his side.
The mountain with crooked
eyes
Frowns and turns again to
the sky.
The fir-woods blackly wedge
him as he goes
And wave and snugly
muffledly call from within

And low and low in their leaves
For the lonely Nido lost by the
glacial land.
C. European.
Blue sky. Sun. Bees.
Sauntering by stream. Brown mountain mist.
glacial water. Herds-bells.

Make what you will in Nido's morning
For Nido moves his creatures where you will.

Snow.

His fingers are stick-slender, long
And knitting with device. The hair
of his father was lush and luscious,
Their toe-nails slated piles, their
words, thunder, eyes lightning.

And, ^{with} each gust, each twisted fall of fruit,
Each sun-poke down, each ~~straw~~ ^{straw} square
Drawn from the hawk, came words,
Came gospel, came signs, signs, sayings
From father upon fathers of Nido,
hooked unbreathing in the land of glaciers,
Humbly brooding at the steepy root,
~~Steeplly sailing at the~~
Turning the screaming earth on her pole
With unspoken magical device.

At the morning of songs
When the moon splits grimly on a laugh
Hellelone sees Nido
And they pass each other by,

At the morning of songs
When the moon splits
Grimly on a laugh
And the rivers trickle
with paper of nightime,
like nightime paper,
~~At the morning of songs,~~
At the singing of snates,
Hellelone knows Nido
And they pass each other by.

At the morning of songs
When the moon splits
Grimly over the laugh
And the rivers all trickle
And dribble with silver,
At the morning of songs,
At the plainchant of mores,
Hellelone knows Nido
And they pass each other by.

~~Summer does retrieve you.~~

~~Oh, times, times, times
Some darkness falls and you foam.~~

Summer does retrieve you.

And you're not the first to foam.

Under the giant long gowns of mountains
Many calamities have come;
And where streams slip modestly round the thorn-crag islands
And apples ^{to} sappy brown
have calamities —

There have ^{been} men with comets under their eyelids
Herding the baby seas before them,
Wasting the breathy cities, kicking the cricks
To make — what? — a foothold in skyline.

Deep.

Summers come. Birds yield, wheel, turn,
Nestly gossip, chirp. Flowers cluck up the lawn,
Coils new pages. Hummers run
like a ~~streak~~ ^{golden} fury round the trees.

Who are your witnesses?

Pebbles, fossils in the still pool, are witnesses of this,
The time of calamity in dark
And the retaliation by summer-time.

Throughout interspersed -
Jack's movements.

Jack trips across the night
And hanging in the work of a star
Sees Saugson.

Screams

And tries to take his hand.

But all the night yells out

And the stars ~~shake~~ shake

And Saugson coat-a-flap

Falls down into space from the spaces,

Spacelessly down into the spaces.

Jack runs.

Jack trips across the night
And hanging in the work of a star
Sees Saugson.

Screams

And tries to take his hand.

But all the night yells out

And the stars shake

With Jack in their midst

And Saugson coat-a-flap falls

Past Jack's arm

Into the trough of spaces.

The footlights grin.

For Prologue

He'll give you fantastical mysteries
And all the green in his eye.
He'll tell you a ruse,
And dance you a tune,
And sing you a lullaby!

He'll give you romantic histories,
And all the sap in his hand.
He'll tell you a lie
And ask you to sigh
And dance you a saraband!

He'll give you fantastical mysteries
And all the green in his eye.
He'll tell you a ruse
And dance you a tune
And sing you a lullaby!

Let's join in a ring
And warble and sing
To
Helene the Joey
Who'd never say Noey,
Hey Ho
To Joey!

For Prologue.

Rise plant of pleasure, come leisure, come dawn:
laugh and yaw teeth love the dawn;

Green

Boy,

Jack,

Clown —

He's grace in a gulf, and brings the moon down.

Up plant of treasure, come pleasure, come dawn:
blink and your eye is in flower;

Green

Boy,

Jack,

Clown —

He's hung on a stem, he dreams like the moon.

Out plant of pleasure, now leisure, now dawn:
Speak and your lips are a nest;

Green

Boy,

Jack,

Clown —

He's star-on-the-rose, there's moon in her gown.

PROLOGUE and EPILOGUE.

Hungry Jack jumped in the belly,
Woke in winter, kissed the moon;
Tosking the snow his soils made rally
And secretly smiled at his rising dawn.

Hungry Jack jumped in the belly,
Woke in winter, kissed the moon;
Tosking the snow his soils made rally
And pushed his green head through the dawn.

Under my finger ^{stept} ~~stept~~ a flower, and this flower's
Greenery. Under my breath ^{wake} ~~wake~~ a face, and ~~she's~~ ^{he's}
Named rose of the winter. Under my right star
laughed a bumble-tree, ~~she's~~ ^{he's out} my Hellebore.

(Pray not unpatal ^{his} ~~her~~ laughter, patrons,
Else God will commit you to maggots.)

EPHAG

Epilogue : —

He had been using performing
with all his body in the theatre to an
audience of living people, and now he
was performing with all his body to
an audience of silent things all about
him, hills, trees, mountains, skies,
in an eternal universe of silent and
listening things, in the very dead of
night.

Imagined?

In Seven Phases

- Sanyasa
- Maia - notes.
- Calida morning.
- act of conception
- glad, and your
- lying across the night;
- Stis, sense of love. ~~Stasia~~ ~~ward~~
- ↳ In the lap of the night →

Child starts from the splash
And her cry is the crying of a child's rising,
The child rising is night
Crying, Maria crying lapped in the night, crying
In beasts' pipes straight
Thought the night for a child without fingers or night rising
Down in her crying
~~Under the making~~ flesh.

Child starts from the splash
And her cry is the crying of a child's rising,
The child rising is night
Crying, Maria crying lapped in the night, crying
In beasts' pipes straight
Through the ^{sky} night for a fingerless child's rising
Down in her crying flesh.

Child starts from the splash
And her cry is the crying of a child's rising,
The child rising is night
Crying, Maria crying lapped in the night, crying
In beasts' ~~small~~ pipes straight
Through the night, crying for the blind child's rising
Under ^{into her} ~~the~~ night-charged flesh.

Child starts from the splash

And her cry is the ^{hurry} cry of a child's rising,

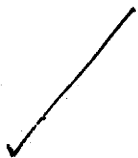
The child rising in night

Crying, Maria crying lapped in the night, crying

Through beast's pipes cut

on the sky, crying for the finny child's rising

Into her Jack-turned flesh.



Nido.

Nido calls by a young stream
In the heart of some praying hills.
A word of black fir
Hies almost in the cup of his milky hand.

Almost in the cup of his milky hand
Hies the word of nudging black fir
In the heart of praying hills.

Nido prays among wood and streams.
The hills are praying about him
In clouves of fluid green:
Almost on the cup of his milky hand
The words of black fir,
And almost on his staring eyes
Are the long-winged raven birds
About to rest.
Almost on his ^{foot} toes the grasses talk
And ~~make his stepping slow.~~
In green and multicolored thunder.

Nido has failed, Nido
has failed...
But the birds were down
and whisper in his eyes...
The sun bows its brutal
ashy head
beckons and sulkily
smiles and slides
At his side.
The mountain with crooked
eyes
Frowns and turns again to
the sky.
The fir-woods blackly wedge
him as he goes
And wave and snugly
muffledly call from within

And low and low in their leaves
For the lonely Nido lost by the
glacial land.
C. Europea.
Blue sky. Sun. Bees.
Sauntering by stream. Brown mountain mist.
glacial water. Hardy-bells.

Make what you will in Nido's sootings
For Nido moves his creatures where you will.

Snow.

His fingers are stick-slender, long
And crusting with dence. The hair
of his father was lush and luscious,
Their toe-nails slated piles, their
word, thunder, eyes lightning.

And, ^{with} each gust, each twisted fall of fruit,
Each sun-poke down, each ~~strangely~~ ^{strangely} squaw
Drawn from the hawk, come words,
Come jospel, come signs, signs, sayings
From father upon fathers of Nido,
hooked unbreathing in the land of glaciers,
Mumbly brooding at the steepy root,
~~Steeplly sailing at the~~
Turning the screaming earth on her pole
With unspoken magical device.

At the morning of songs
When the moon splits grimly on a lough
Hellelone sees Nido
And they pass each other by,

At the morning of songs
When the moon splits
Grimly on a lough
And the rivers trinkle
with paper of nighttime,
like nighttime paper,
~~At the morning of songs,~~
At the singing of snows,
Hellelone knows Nido
And they pass each other by.

At the morning of songs
When the moon splits
Grimly over the lough
And the rivers all trinkle
And dribble with silver,
At the morning of songs,
At the plainchant of moans,
Hellelone knows Nido
And they pass each other by.

~~Summer does retrieve you.~~

~~Oh, times, times, times
Some darkness falls and you foam.~~

Summer does retrieve you.

And you're not the first to foam.

Under the giant long gowns of mountains

Many calamities have come;

And where streams slip modestly round the thorn-crag islands

And apples ^{to} sappy brown

have calamities —

There have ^{been} men with comets under their eyelids

Herding the baby seas before them,

Wasting the breathy cities, kicking the cricks

To make — what? — a foothold in skyline.

Deep.

Summers come. Birds yield, wheel, turn,

Nervily gossip, chirp. Flowers cluck up the lawn,

Coils new pages. Summer men

like a ~~street~~ ^{golden} fury round the trees.

Who are your witnesses?

Pebbles, fossils in the still pool, are witnesses of this,

The time of calamity in dark

And the retaliation by summertime.

Thought interspersed -
Jack's movements.

Jack tips across the night
And hanging in the nook of a star
Sees Saugon.
Screams
And tries to take his hand.
But all the night yells out
And the stars ~~are~~ shake
And Saugon coat-a-flap
Falls down into space from the spaces,
Spacelessly down into the spaces.

Jack runs.

Jack tips across the night
And hanging in the nook of a star
Sees Saugon.

Screams
And tries to take his hand.

But all the night yells out
And the stars shake
With Jack in their midst
And Saugon coat-a-flap falls.

Past Jack's arm
Into the trough of spaces.

The footlights grin.

At this morning of songs
When the moon splits
Grimly over the bough
And the rivers all tinkle
And drible with silver
Hellelone passes Nido by
And they know not each other.

He looks round the mined trees
slow, sad, falling, ~~black~~, black things
Pieces of black cloth falling off a tree.....

Epilogue

IX

Tuck's fingers smiled when they touched the bed, the curtains, and then the eiderdown. When he kissed Maria Celida, mother of mummies, the skull grinned happily in his head.

(Was that a sob I heard? I saw back, skull —)

He thought he heard Giordano sob ~~in the distance~~ ⁱⁿ along the corridor. But Maria pulled him back towards her and said, "Tomorrow ~~his sobbing will~~ ^{he'll be laughing.} ~~turn to laughter.~~"

X

Time exists only by day. Night is eternal, it is eternal, it is eternal.

XI

The Paris - Brussels express blew ~~at~~ hot ~~and~~ steam over Saugon as it passed, but he did not even blink, or ~~resist~~ ~~his~~ ~~lips~~ with his tongue. Tears would not wet him nor kisses warm him.

Tean Juloi-Bordeau sleeps fitfully, turning and grinding his teeth in his bed, ~~while~~ ^{and} Pierre, while he loses so sleep ^{by night,} stares before him ^{by day,} ~~during~~ the day and sometimes slips in his exercises. It is possible that they will ~~not~~ ^{be} performing at the Théâtre de la Figue ~~for long,~~ ^{instead} but ^{at} some infernal provincial circus where they are neither ^{known} nor cared about, and are paid very badly. On the tenth day of Hellebre's own horrors is beginning to look at them dauntingly, while for Hellebre he has only smiles and further suggestions for the renewal

9 contracts.

XII

Fiselheim is on his way to Cracow, and
three hours behind him, hot and desperate, is Helen.

As for Eliza, she —

XIII

Epilogue

Nido.

Nido has failed, Nido has failed,
But the birds make ~~many~~ ^{needly} speeches in his ears,
And reubanks and the cries know;
The girl-streams ^{glide and giggle} giggle and gild at his side
In their closetted scotch of lawn;
The fir-woods blackly widge him as he goes
And they wave and call from within,
They low in their leaves and low again
For this lonely, Nido lost in the icy world.

And with each saucy quest,
Each lust fall of fruit,
Each squaw loftly drawn
From the hanging hawk,
Come words to Eiselheim.

These are his fathers' words
Who sleep with the shaded root
Where glacial rivers argue place,
And turn with magical device
The ~~low~~ lust and mourning globe.

... But the birds come down and chatter in his ears

Nido moves his creature
where he wills.

In the cup of Nido's ^{subly} hand
lies a wood of black pine
Nudging each other
The little pine all about him
In clumps of green.

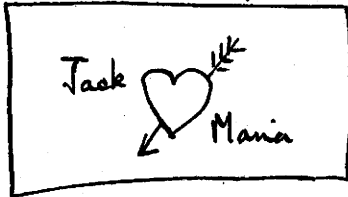
Maia and Gondaur sleep
but in a smaller bed
And behind no curtain;
On account of desolation
Their rustles clank
And cooing of Baa-Baa to the moon
(who naps down).

That's all

Child starts from the flesh
And her cry is the crying of a child's wailing,
The child wailing is night
Crying, Maria crying lapped in the night, crying
In beasts' pipes straight
Through the night for a child without sight or fingers wailing
Under the ^{making} belly's mass.

Child starts from the ^{splashed} flesh
And her cry is the crying of a child's wailing,
The child wailing is night
Crying, Maria ^{wailing} ~~crying~~ lapped in the night, crying
In beasts' pipes straight
Through the ^{crying} night for a child without fingers or sight wailing
Under her ^{wailing crying} ~~making~~ belly's mass.
making flesh.

A lavatory wall
is the Champs Elyées:



H. thinks N.
a supercilious c—.

THE FALL.

It seemed I had already fallen
Down from the high sea-wall
To where the water quietly purred:
It seemed I had seen my shrieking frame
Dive, swiftly turning, coat aflag,
Arms cleaving outwards for a hold,
Till the sea splashed
Golden under my fall
And all was then quiet,
A matter of ripple again.

In every twitch, wild cry and turn
It seemed I had seen some joy
The sea would let make enter
And close for ever:
Some incredible flower or face
It was easy to grasp,
Or untried stores of mind and earth
Where my hand had dipped.
It seemed that never were sun, sky, skin,
Matters of a ripple, purring, tamed.

I turned from the high sea-wall
To where the sheep stirred
On the parkland behind:
Came with stealth upon them
And asked their vague stare
How their world fared within.
But they also turned
And jogged away in momentary fear.

My darling Maurice

This is the first evening I have had to myself for ages, so I feel like writing to you again, even though I posted a letter to ^{you} only this afternoon. It was rather a nasty letter and I hope it hasn't worried you. Perhaps I am quite wrong about your play. You must take other people's opinions & see - but I have a feeling I am right. Anyway, it doesn't matter - I have a feeling that everything is beginning to work towards our mutual benefit, that we shall soon be making working people

good things of life, without
being half as nice, beautiful or
clean as we are, hating their guts,
& at the same time masochistically
accepting it as my fate, for too
long, far too long - I am
so greedy for all the things
that should have been my
birthright, & that my dear pious
mother deprived me of - for
all things bizarre, expensive
sophisticated "camp" modish
& epicurean. I am tired of
Drips Sausages & baby's rappier
when

Veronica gave a wonderful coronation
 "childrens party on the barge
 Jason," took 60 screaming kids
 & their parents up the Regents
 Canal with music & flap, iced
 hock & vodka for the grown
 ups, fuzzy pop, strawberries &
 cream & sausage rolls for the small
 fry including Clare. It was

an all-uppers party, everyone
 there had a kite & had been in
 the abbey - the barge was stiff with
 ex-gold sticks in waiting & royal
 pages. Herm. who was in the
 abbey says its not embarrassing
 if you want to go to the
 lavatory you have to be preceded
 by a gold stick in waiting - I
 asked an old courier how he
 had enjoyed it & he said ~~that~~
 he thought it the greatest fun,

Something between a prewar family party + the Turf Club, don't you know. Some young Romans were chucking bottles at a covey of domestic duck, + the mother beside me called in great alarm. Julian! Julian! Do not throw your finger pop bottles at those birds! - Let's face it darling, they are not abba the type of duck one shoots!!! Camilla stayed behind in the kitchen with five old hammers, sitting up over a huge ham + pickle tea.

Well, the Coronation is over, + it was wonderful - even John Rudge is going round in a daze of Royalist enthusiasm. ~~It~~ I watched it on television at Davids - Thousands including Vicky, lay out all night in the rain along the route. Everyone was incredibly cheerful, in spite of

and hence it cannot leave this fact behind it and remove itself & onto an altogether different level of observation from that which we call human. For underlying the belief that the universe is mathematical are certain metaphysical assumptions which, because their holders are not aware of having them at all, pass for "scientific" when they are merely naive and unadvised propositions. For those who deny that the pursuit of metaphysics as a study is meaningful or in any way comparable with the pursuit of science, will usually construct out of their method a kind of metaphysical system and introduce an idola theatri into their conceptions strangely like the God of theology in the way it is first postulated. For this reason a metaphysical system is unshackled out of the mathematical world, while the idola theatri - at least so far as Newton was concerned - is described by means of the terms "absolute space and time" or "external matter."

Berkeley attacked the conception of an absolutely external ^{matter} and a mathematical universe of extended objects devoid of all properties except those required for mathematical analysis. It was not difficult for him to kick the ladder away between the real object and the perceiving mind, leaving the "image on the retina" the image recorded in the "little sensorium" alone, quite incapable of providing us with ~~the~~ knowledge about anything "real" behind it. If the world is "represented" as it is, is it possible for us to know more than the representation?

And if, of course, the secondary qualities are unreal because they are mathematically less definite, or seem to be, it is not difficult to prove that, since the primary qualities are perceived in precisely the same form of intuition, they too are unreal. With such a mathematical view it is only possible to hold i) that many, if not most, of our experiences are utterly without significance, real continuity or aim, ii) that an appearance of something (in perception) yields us to us a fact quite foreign to its nature (a mathematical definition), or else iii) that mathematical laws are valid and real because they are a priori, and we cannot escape this fact. It is, on the other hand, more plausible to add that science does not disclose more than a certain type of object in its description of the external world, that its propositions are hypothetical and designed only as instruments to describe regularity and to predict, and that the "mathematical attitude" is itself grounded in untested metaphysical assumptions more naive than those of the extreme kind of subjectivism in philosophy.

8. Is Hume right in holding that the self is "nothing but a bundle or collection of different perceptions"?

Hume's fundamental principle was that all ideas are derived from impressions: this was to say that no idea was possible to us ~~as an idea of what~~ unless we could "cash" it (to use Professor Price's term) into impressions of the senses. He succeeded in attacking the rationalist or Cartesian philosophy, with its ontology, its abstraction, and its mathematical structure of laws, more successfully than any other philosophy of the eighteenth century. What had before been accepted in knowledge

as the self-evident and a priori, he showed to have no ground in either experience or logic. If all ideas were derived from impressions it went without saying that we could sense no view about the ultimate nature of the universe, the sense of purpose in life and even the assumptions already made by science about the world since the seventeenth century.

He found, for instance, that causality represented an empty concept devoid of logical or experiential ground: it was neither self-evident that A would continue to be followed by B, nor necessitated by experience itself. How, then, could we come to apply to experience so confidently? How could we make the fundamental principle of scientific procedure? From well-protiated empiricism Hume passed into scepticism, from which he never really recovered himself: failing to find any other seat for ideas or concepts other than in impressions he had finally to doubt the validity or meaningfulness of those very ideas or concepts which the mind designed to give some sort of continuity to the impressions. His greatest contribution to philosophy was to show that the mind seemed to bring something to the mere passive world of sensation, seemed to bring some of what we may call "organizational" knowledge. But he failed to give an adequate description of this organizational knowledge, and for this reason his doctrine of the self as "nothing but a bundle of a collection of different perceptions" was not really a completed doctrine. It ~~remained~~ suffered from the scepticism which was a feature of all his philosophy: like his doctrine of causality, his doctrine of self was only proposed and completed (we may say this whether we hold or not to the original distinction with philosophers make between mental activity and sense perception) by Kant.

Like the rest of his philosophy, this particular doctrine of Hume gives no proper account of imagination, understanding and reason; he fails to give them true epistemological status and fails to see that they may have different functions. Fundamentally his difficulty, in failing to describe properly the functions of the mind, and thus the nature of self was in his denial to the mind of any synthesizing or transcendental activity, by means of which sensations and impressions ~~and memories and the~~ ~~images of the imagination~~ were not to march gathered up in a whole, ~~but~~ subjected to a selective, discriminatory process, by means of which - in this free play over the objects of sensation, or sense perceptions and the memory of perceptions - the mind discovered its aim, or ideal, or self-identity: it was this kind of synthesizing activity which Hume failed to recognize in his judgement of validity or ~~super~~ necessity as being grounded rationally either in logic or in experience, even though he did point in the direction of some such Copernican Revolution as Kant undertook. It was only in Kant's "transcendental unity of apperception" that he synthesizing activity of self was described and epistemology rescued from scepticism.

In Hume discussed only what we may call "local" or "common" imagination and what he described as "association": he never made Kant's allowance for the fact that the imagination has two functions, namely

The associative and the transcendental. The source of them is a mere sense that to conclude his descriptions of causality and self with a vague and quite unsatisfactory appeal to custom or habit, to a psychological mechanism which seemed to be quite fortuitous and unauthentic. So struck in the first case by the fact that causality seemed to have no logical or experiential ground for its "necessity" and in the second case by the fact that self could never be to speak grasp in a moment its true identity or essential nature by an act of introspection, Hume abandoned ~~both~~ causality to psychological mechanism and self to a kind of parcel of perceptions quite lacking any essential quality, even though it must have been clear to him that anything with limits must also have essence and that the Cartesian ego *ergo* *sum* had done something to declare these limits. Without a synthesizing function in imagination the self does of course lose its ~~self~~ identity and its sense of being limited in its play of ever different perceptions: but without such synthesis no description of differentia or means lack of continuity would be possible. Thus Hume's proposition is self-destructive: in saying that self is "nothing but a bundle or collection" he makes the assumption ^{that} some act of introspection is possible by means of which that "bundle"-quality or "collection"-quality may be known: the idea of the synthesizing activity of self was already within his premise, ~~and~~ ^{yet} quite concealed.

2 B

13. Explain and discuss the view that finite selves are in the end only appearances of the Absolute.

The doctrine that finite selves are ultimately manifestations or appearances of the Absolute Reality is grounded in a ~~specific view of the universe. It belongs to the~~ Subjectivist theory of knowledge, and is perhaps indebted most of all to the work of two philosophers for its inspiration, Berkeley and Hegel. In its epistemological doctrine (e.g. its view that all propositions are hypothetical) ~~it seems to be~~ it seems to draw in the first place from Berkeley and for its postulation of an Absolute Reality it seems to draw from Hegel. But yet it forms the essence of a specific philosophical system shared by such Oxford Idealists as Bosanquet and Bradley.

The line of reasoning may be briefly described in the following way. Berkeley had shown that it is impossible to provide strong logical footing for the view that the real or "external" world is at all knowable by us if we receive only representations of it. We have no guarantee that anything beyond these representations exists: nothing is possible which is not of the mind; to exist "without the mind" is not to exist at all. The Idealist accepts this unimpeachable argument and proceeds to argue that all propositions are hypothetical, since they postulate an existence which is really beyond the grasp of our minds: they cannot, in a word, give us firm categorical ground for our assertions. We must regard all our judgements as merely

probable. In the Oxford Idealists were strongly opposed to the view of the perceiving self as an entity quite distinct from the "environment" which it perceived: the mere use of the word "environment" in an epistemological or psychological discussion was enough to show that a misconception of the nature of the mind and existence was present. For Bergson self was "situated" in environment, while for Bradley "self does not stand over against the world in external relation to it."

Finally on this view all the world is spirit, since we are aware of a totality of things of which these particulars which we perceive are only parts; in other words we regard our particular perceptions as continuous parts of a whole possible concept perception of reality; in fact, of course, this perception of the whole reality is impossible to us as individuals, just as the totality is inconceivable to us, but it is yet this totality, this complete kind of impossible perception, which we refer in all our propositions about anything and in all our activities of mind. Postulating the existence in a judgement of any real existent we postulate the existence of the whole universe of possible and real phenomena. The totality we describe is beyond perception, just, although it seems to begin in the given, it is quite beyond the given. If we "think through" a coal-battle, for example, asking what its relations with other objects are (its relations by its own nature, so to speak) we shall begin postulating its relation with the coal it works, with the mine from which the coal was drawn, until if we proceeded for an infinite length of time we should postulate the existence of every possible phenomena of the conceivable universe. This totality is called the "Absolute Reality" and is the reference or ideal of all our activity of mind.

The doctrine bears perhaps a striking resemblance to St. Thomas' doctrine that the human mind is by its very constitution capable in some way grasping the essence of finite being and seeing the absolute ground of its finitude, seeing it as a creature of God in a flash of intuition, grasping it in its true ontological nature. There might secondly be some similarity between the description of the Absolute Reality and the Thomistic doctrine of "objective reality". But the supreme difficulties of the Idealist doctrine are perhaps (largely) two in number: first that destroying the distinction between subjective and objective, the Idealist cannot proceed to make objective statements without ^{acknowledging} ~~employing~~ the fallacy of the such a ~~division~~ distinction, - he cannot find firm ground for belief in himself, in the reality of the world, or in the truth of his propositions, without destroying such a distinction; and secondly, that he ceases the ultimate from the given without recourse to a theory of intuition. This latter difficulty is also one of the supreme virtues of the doctrine, since it violates none of the most important requirements of a rational philosophy: we get, like the Hegelian argument from intentional causality, it is not really sufficient to postulate the existence of a very vague something "beyond the given" (rather like St. Anselm's "something than which no greater can be conceived"), namely the Absolute Reality. St. Thomas' doctrine suffers from neither of these difficulties and is especially successful since it sets finally in a doctrine of intuition. The given yields up an Ultimate Reality with attributes

only on the basis of such a doctrine.

Bx

5. What is Berkeley's view of the nature of the causal relation, and what part does this view play in his philosophical system?

Like Hooke and Leibniz, Berkeley regarded the causal relation as that which permitted us to reach beyond the given into a postulation of the existence of a First Cause. This view was fundamental to Berkeley's philosophical system in that he regarded God as the continuous and operating cause of the world, not as "one who had sometime in the very distant 'wind up the clock' and left the turning wheels to their own devices, but as one who so gave the world to men, presented it so perfectly to men, that "ideas" and "perceptions" (two terms which Berkeley tended to confuse and which really amount to the same thing, at least in this context) are given to them by God as His own "ideas." Thus human thought and perception was moment by moment caused by an Archetypal God; no other view of "causal relation" — as the mere necessary connection between observed cause and observed effect in the phenomenal world — would suffice to explain the fact that nothing called "matter without the mind" could exist; the world was bounded by self, and God's activity toward perceiving human beings was to infringe the limits of his world by imposing the very content of their perceptions.

The profound difficulty which ^{posed} Berkeley was that of explaining an utterly supernatural causation in terms of ideas and perceptions which seemed in themselves to yield no knowledge of anything beyond themselves; if esse was percipi, how was it that the Archetypal God was not himself "percipi"? Here Berkeley reasoned that the mind has two functions, a sensible one and a spiritual one: it is quite impossible to pass from the esse of sensibilia to the esse of an archetypal Archetypal God, but esse the spiritual function of mind is useful, in that it is the only possible source of knowledge about God. But Berkeley did not override the obstacles which had faced Descartes in this same problem of causality: how, Descartes seemed to ask, is it possible for matter to pass over to the realm of spirit by means of the causal relation, how can spirit "cause" matter, if I make such a distinction between mind and matter in the first place. Now Berkeley allows the mind a kind of active capacity into the ultimate, but he does not explain how the world of spirit can "cause" the world of matter in the sense of the word "cause" which he is using; as for Descartes and Newton, so for Berkeley (although he detached scientific writings of the universe) the world seemed to be divided into sensible and spiritual reality, without any bridge between the two. Thus while Berkeley abolished the naïf ~~scientific~~ view

4. of the physicists concerning "external matter" yet finally he seemed to adjust his philosophical system with (largely their differentiation of) nature into spirit and matter (in their case with spirit quite unproven & a time went on in vain) in his mind. This is to say that his description of the causal relation as in some way "joining" God to the sensible world still makes the tacit assumption that the scientific view of causality (as formal causality) and the scientific view of a bifurcated universe still hold good. It is perhaps true that Berkeley had too close to his mind a consideration of formal causality when he was trying to discover efficient causality: had he secured his doctrine from subjectivism without recourse to a doctrine of archetypal God he would then have been able to offer arguments about the existence of a God from the more valid angle of efficient causality. As it is his archetypal God is a denial of his firm empiricist premise. esse percipi et percipi esse.

BH

Nido moves his creatures where he wills.

His fingers are stick-slender, long —
They clasp with device.

He listens to the head-bells in the hills

~~And takes in a long, cold breath,~~

~~There is ice on his fingertips.~~

And ^{lying} on his fingertips is ice.

In the cup of Nido's sulky hand

Lies a wood of black firs

Who nudge each other; ~~and nudge~~

The hills pray all about him

In clouses of green.

On account of devaluation

Maria and Giordano sleep

In a smaller bed

And behind no curtain.

In another chamber

Their suckling dribbles, farts, snores,

And cries out Baa-Baa

To the moon.

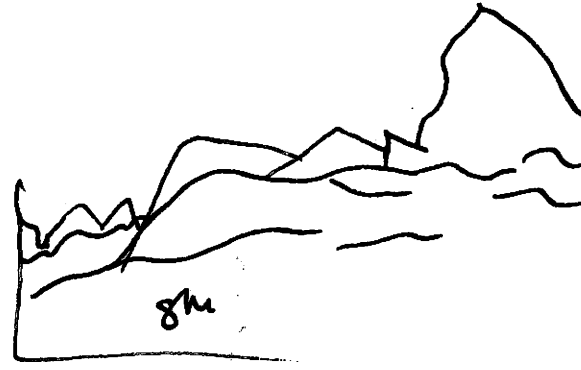
The moon wisely frowns

And sneevly melts a city from its ^{hair.} ~~down~~

~~Nowly in her chair. Lorraine sits down in an armchair opposite him.
They contemplate each other and sip.
Albert: I hope, Jack, that whatever holy powers may be present in
~~this~~ ^{the} theatre tonight will bless your performance.
H. : ha-di-da.
Albert: I feel better, having said that.~~

Under my finger sleeps a flower, and this flower's
Greenery. Under my cheek wakes a flower, and she's
Named rose of the winter. Under my right star
^{laughs} sleeps a bumble-tree, she's my Helleborus.

~~Do not undo him, God will forbid it;
God will forsake you, do not ^{unpetal} ~~undo~~ him.
Do not unpetal ^{laughter} ~~her~~ God will forsake you.~~



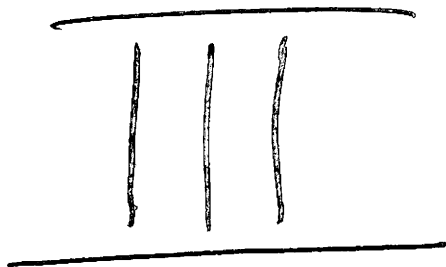
Under my finger sleeps a flower, and this flower's
Greenery. Under my ^{breath} cheek wakes a ^{glass face,} ~~flower~~ and she's
Named rose of the winter. Under my right star
Laughs a bumble-tree, she's my Helleborus.

^{Pray} ~~Do~~ not ~~X~~ unpetal her laughter, patrons,
^{Else} God will committ you to maggotry.

Epilogue.

- i) Describe the curtains of the bed. Light of the entire wood. The deep warmth and softness of the caudles. The deep warmth of the room. The mixing of the floor, her maddened cries, muffled behind her skirts, and she is a splash of color, like a woman laughing and laughing.
- ii) The evening of the coming of the child. World opening out in light. How it shifted in the belly. The events of the last work.
- iii) Recall all the events of the last work.

Vienna is inevitable, hastening from Paris to the Germany, fearing his success. His ladies... laughs, and his children phude to the creator. Lasty, Mischief for mother me, in the sentence with child. See Revelation, which is almost dead in his room. Celida is in Notre Dame, praying and praying in the shadows.



III Club Purgatorial.

Scene: Les Anges, a casino at the fashionable end of the Rue St. Honoré, soon after one o'clock in the morning.

The entrance halls of Les Anges had high columns and tapestried walls on either side. At the top of a wide stone staircase was the corridor leading into the club-rooms themselves. The lustres in this entrance hall were not alight, and only a bare arc-lamp shone down onto the staircase from the third landing.

As they walked across the hall Hellebore stared up at the marble columns and the tapestries, then, as they came to the staircase, at the arc-lamp high above them. He walked behind Sauphon down the narrow corridor to the curtained doors of the dining room. Sauphon pulled aside one of the curtains and went in. The orchestra could be heard from their right playing a quick waltz.

The dining room was crowded at this moment, but few people were eating. Most of them sat drinking and talking, or watching the dancers in the long ballroom below. The floor of this room was on two levels, with three steps between them which formed a narrow gangway along the middle like the gangway in the dress circle of a theatre. The ceiling was made of frosted glass with robed figures engraved across it. Being illuminated

from behind this glass had the appearance of being a huge, solid block of light. * **AXI**

The ballroom ~~was visible~~ ^{could be seen} beyond an archway occupying the space of an entire wall. It was at the foot of a small staircase leading down from the dining-room, so that the orchestra and the dancers could be seen from every table as from a gallery.

There was a small stage behind the orchestra, and at this moment its silver drop-curtain was lowered. Four spotlights shone onto the orchestra from four places along the minstrel's gallery, that is to say, through the archway and above the heads of the diners. The ballroom was much larger and taller than the dining room, and along its sides ran several rows of velvet-covered seats, arranged in tiers like the sides of an arena.

* **AXI** At the back of the dining-room there was a minstrel's gallery of carved oak. This

At the back of the dining room there was a minstrel's gallery of carved oak supported by

* **AXI** **IP** At the back of the dining-room there was a minstrel's gallery with two arms extended along the side-walls. It was supported by white columns a few feet apart, so that there was an open, corridor skirting three sides of the room with the floor of the minstrel's gallery as its roof. In the walls there were arched niches each containing small plaster castes of

I

Scene: The Hôtel de la Reine in the Rue de Rivoli. The evening of Good Friday, 1920.

The foyer was a long hall with wicker chairs and palms on either side, and at the end there was a wide staircase leading up to the apartments. Albert Homaine stood waiting at the foot of this staircase in his evening clothes. He glanced at his watch, then touched his hair lightly with the tips of his fingers. He was between fifty and sixty years old, a small, plump man with a very pale face. He had tiny, delicate eyes and lips nervously pursed.

He walked back and glanced in at the lounge, where there were already thirty or forty people, most of them standing and talking together. A clock in the foyer-wall chimed half-past seven.

Helléme turned the corner of the first landing and waved to Homaine. They smiled at each other. When he reached the foot of the staircase they shook hands in silence, looking into each other's eyes. Homaine took Helléme's arm, and they went towards the lounge.

~~Homaine: How soon~~

Homaine: Did the journey pass quickly?

Helléme (shyly) Yes, I enjoyed it, Albert.

Homaine (putting his hand on Helléme's shoulder, walking slower) There are fifty people coming tonight.

Helléme: Fifty? Do I know any of them?

Homaine: You know Bernard Charpentier, and Eliza Manning, Francine Berger, Jean and Pierre Dulo-Bordeaux.

Helléme: Is Eichelheim here?

Homaine: No, he stayed at the theatre. We've interrupted rehearsals, see.

Helléme: What, for me?

Homaine: Yes. We wanted to give you a good welcome, Jack.

Helléme: Have you seen Eliza?

~~Jack: Yes. You'll find she doesn't look a year older.~~

Lorraine: Yes. She's inside waiting to see you.

Hellene glanced into the lounge and instantly took hold of Lorraine's arm. He drew him back from the door.

Hellene: Is all this for me?

Lorraine (with a nervous smile): Yes, Jack.

Hellene: But I don't know these people.

Lorraine: I'll keep most of them away from you. I do promise that. We'll have the introductions after dinner.

They went into the lounge side by side and most of the guests turned to look at them. Lorraine took Hellene between the groups of standing people, looking about him.

Lorraine: Can you see Eliza?

Hellene (also looking about): Are you sure she came?

~~A young woman's voice immediately behind~~
~~him~~ ~~quietly~~ said: "Jack!" Hellene turned

A young woman walked up behind Hellene and said quietly in his ear: "I'm here, Jack!" She was a well-built young woman, a little taller than both Lorraine and Hellene. Across her right cheek there was a dark scar.

Hellene turned instantly.

Hellene: Eliza!

They hugged each other, laughing.

~~Eliza:~~

Eliza (looking at him closely): I've been so nervous waiting for you.

~~Hellene~~ Hellene took her hand and turned to

~~to~~ Lorraine.

Hellene: Let's find somewhere quiet, — just the three of us.

Lorraine: Yes, we'll have the introductions after dinner.

They walked to a corner of the lounge and sat down, a little apart from the other guests.

Lorraine: I heard you kept cattle in the War, Jack.

Hellene: I only had a couple of Abyssinians.

Lorraine (glancing about the room): Well, I want to hear about all that. Have you decided what it's to be after the Théâtre de la Fête?

Hellene: Ya. Madrid, — the Circo Alegria. (To Eliza) What about Eisenstein? Where will he be going?

Eliza? ~~He's~~ ~~behaving~~

Eliza (watching him with a smile) Belgium again, I think. He went down well there. I shall see more of you now that you're working again, shall I? Did you really not go on a stage once?

Hellebore: I gave three private performances, that's all. And one of those was at my own place.

Eliza (touching the back of his hand with her finger-tips) Why, Jack? nobody here knows why you did it.

Hellebore: I don't think I know myself.

Lorraine turned towards them.

Lorraine (to Eliza) He did keep his hand in, though. Did you hear about the gymnasium?

Eliza: Yes, Bernard was telling me last night.

Lorraine (to Hellebore) I told Bénédicte a dress rehearsal at three o'clock tomorrow afternoon. Is that convenient?

Hellebore: Yes, provided I have the stage in the morning.

Lorraine: I shall call for you here soon after ten o'clock.

(To Eliza) Has he changed?

Eliza (gazing at Hellebore) I don't think so, Albert. The eyebrows are a little fairer, and he isn't quite so slim. (To Hellebore) What about me?

Hellebore: No, you haven't changed, ~~at all~~, my dear. Are you going to have lunch with me tomorrow in the Crimson Tower? Does it still exist?

Lorraine: I had it lengthened, Jack. It now has a magnificent balcony of its own, and the walls are panelled with mirrors. I shall take you round the theatre tomorrow morning.

Eliza: Alright, then, we'll lunch together in the Crimson Tower.

Hellebore: And ask Helen. Is she here tonight?

Eliza: No, she's at the theatre with Heinrich. They do annoy me.

Hellebore: Why, are they together too much?

Eliza: They spend all day together, but ~~she~~ ^{he} never says a word to her. They ^{just} look at each other. She adores him, you know. And I think he's jealous of you.

Lorraine (quietly) You shouldn't tell Jack these things, ~~Eliza~~ Eliza. I don't know what you can have against Eislerheim. What have you got against him?

Eliza (half smiling) His silence, his composure... Sometimes he makes

we feel quite frightened. Sometimes I turn round, and there he is watching me. His eyes are so clear!

Hellelone laughed.

Eliza: He hasn't come tonight because he is jealous of you, Jack
(To Lorraine, as he began to speak) Of course he is! And Helen must always follow his whims. Sometimes I'd like to bang their heads together.

Lorraine: Don't listen to her, Jack. Eisellheim is at rehearsal.

Eliza (waving her hand in front of Lorraine) Oh, the rehearsal isn't important! We only finished at Brussels three days ago. He could easily have come, Jack. So could Helen.

A waiter brought each of them an aperitif. Lorraine and Eliza raised their glasses to Hellelone, and they drank. Hellelone (looking up at the ceiling, then at the palms) This is different from the old place in the Rue de Tournon. They'll miss me there.

Lorraine: I thought it was better to have you near the theatre.

Hellelone (to Eliza) You know why, don't you?

Eliza: No, tell me.

Hellelone: He likes to keep his eye on his first turns. There's a clause in my contract about leaving ~~the~~ ^{the} hotel after midnight, too. He couldn't keep his eye on me in the Rue de Tournon.

Eliza: What's the clause, then?

Hellelone: You tell her, Albert.

Lorraine: It simply says that if Jack leaves his hotel after midnight during rehearsal-time he is guilty of a breach of contract, except in the case of war, fire, pestilence, robbery, earthquake, assault or kidnap. But Jack isn't the only one who ~~has~~ ^{has} it in his contract.

Eliza (to Hellelone, with a smile) You're his prisoner, dear.

Hellelone (hiding a yawn with his hand) A willing one tonight.

Eliza: Did the journey tire you out?

Hellelone: No. I sat on deck and enjoyed myself. It was sunny all the way over.

Eliza: Have you spoken to Bernard yet?

Hellelone: No.

Eliza (pointing) Well, there he is. He has just come in.

Eliya: We came straight from rehearsals. Albert insisted. He promised us a little snack as soon as we got here, but nothing came of it. He said he must have at least five people for the theatre here, — so there are Françoise, the Dubois-Bordeaux's, myself and Charpentier.

He picked up his glass and offered it to him. He took a sip and she laid it down.

~~Eliya: You haven't asked after the Virgin.~~

~~Helléne: Is she here?~~

Eliya: You haven't asked after the Virgin.

Helléne: No, I was looking round for her a minute ago.

Eliya: Even now she doesn't look a day older than seventeen. She was a nurse in the War. She was in one of ~~those~~ the hospitals very near the front line, and she had to deal with all sorts of horrible cases, — so Albert was telling me. And when she was offered leave she wouldn't take it. She refused leave twice.

Helléne: Yes, she's a calm girl, very calm. Has she still got that lovely fair hair down to her shoulder? She hasn't cut it?

Eliya: No, dear.

He took his hand again.

(in a low voice)
Eliya: I heard about your son. Where was he killed?

Helléne: Flanders somewhere. I don't ~~know~~ ^{know} exactly.

Eliya (with a sigh) We came down from Brussels by car, and all along the road there were these mined villages.

They sat in silence for some time.

Eliya: Did you notice my scar when you came in?

Helléne: No, of course not. It doesn't make any difference to your face.

~~Lorraine returned~~

Helléne

Lorraine came back and sat down again.

He watched Lorraine anxiously.

Helléne: What's the matter?

Lorraine: I was thinking, Jack. There's still time enough to postpone — (intimately) if you really want to. I have everything ready in case you want to do the wise thing and rehearse for another week. You know what I feel about it from my letters.

I
 Hellelwe: I know just when I need a long rehearsal, and at present a day's enough for me.

Horaine (frowning) Of course, this leaves me feeling a little worried.

Hellelwe: When weren't you worried over a First Night?

Horaine: I sent you twenty-four cables inside ten days, Jack, but you seem set against all advice. In 1911 you let me revise the whole of your turn, but you've changed since then.

(hearing forward) You see, Jack, business has been none too good since ~~the~~ the Armistice, and I have sunk more into this show of yours than I like to think about. My restoration costs since 1918 have actually trebled the ~~sum~~ fund I set aside for repairs and delapidations. During the War, Jack, my theatres went to wreck and ruin. Now without you I can't recoup that loss. Naturally, I'm unwilling to take unnecessary risks. Of course, Jack, like all business men I tend to minimise my profits and make much of a ~~total~~ loss. But business isn't an easy game, and I don't want to throw away my chances for the sake of a few more rehearsals.

Hellelwe: What do you think I've been doing in England?

Horaine: But I wasn't there to see you, Jack, and from my point of view over here that show of ours is going to be under-rehearsed. It's not a risk I enjoy taking, and the more I think about it the more terrible it seems. Who can I counsel about your rehearsal in England? No one. Four years is time enough to lose all your ~~about~~ ^{Jack} abilities. In that time you could forget how to act, you could ~~grow~~ ^{run} to fat, you could lose enthusiasm, you could forget what it feels like to stand in front of two thousand people every man, woman and child of whom look on you as the greatest clown in the ~~world~~ world.

Eliza: Don't be depressing, Albert. You're silly to talk like that.

Horaine (watching Hellelwe) I want him to do the wise thing. And I wonder whether an English manager would take the risk I'm taking.

Hellelwe: Shall I go back and find out?

Eliza: You're annoying him, Albert.

Horaine: In the War, Jack, people used to be asking about you all the time. Bernard kept you alive in this country, and without that column of his people would never have gone

asking, where is Hellelone?

Eliza: Don't take any notice, Jack. He had no sleep last night.

Lorraine: No, I'm very worried about it.

He gazed at the floor with a frown, then he suddenly smiled and looked up at Hellelone.

Lorraine: ~~Well~~, I promise not to worry over dinner. And — (Feeling in one of his pockets) — I wanted to give you something for luck, Jack. Did I bring it?

Eliza: Yes. I saw you put it in your pocket. It's only beads, Jack.

Hellelone (with a smile) Ah. you still carry your beads, do you?

Lorraine: Now don't refuse them, Jack, because I must be humoured in these things, as Bernard will tell you.

He took from one of his pockets a rosary with black beads and a silver-plated crucifix. He handed it to Hellelone.

Lorraine: Now take it to the theatre tomorrow. (Smiling at Eliza and leaning back in his chair) There, that makes me feel better.

was embarking for France.

Hellewell: Yes, I remember that one letter.

Sangson: He thought you might disapprove of it, and he wrote the letter to find out.

Hellewell (puzzled by this) Disapprove of what?

Sangson: Disapprove of his having joined the Army and volunteered for the western front.

Hellewell: Who was I to disapprove?

Sangson: He had such a deep respect for you. He was anxious to know what you thought. He was anxious to have your good will.

Hellewell: Oh, he had that.

Sangson: He tried to imagine your face as you read the letter. One minute he thought you'd disapprove and refuse to answer. Another minute he thought you'd be proud of him and that your answer had gone astray. Another minute you were preparing a surprise for him, a father's surprise.

Hellewell: Did I not reply, then?

Sangson: No. I think he put it down to the bad postal arrangements. They were bad at the time. It was a pity. You could have helped him, you see. You could have prevented his death.

Hellewell: How?

Sangson: He wrote you many letters, you see, and you answered none of them. He should never have been allowed to go back to France. His nerve had gone. It was quite easy to see that from his letters. He knew it himself. He wrote you two letters from hospital and asked you to do your best for him, in just so many words.

Hellewell: But I only remember that one letter. Perhaps the others never reached me. I only remember the first ~~one~~ one, at the beginning of 1916. And how could I help a soldier?

Sangson: You could have used your influence to keep him in England. Your influence must have been very great on certain people. ~~He~~ In those letters he told you his nerve had gone and that if he went into the line again he'd certainly

walk into trouble. He told you that nightmares woke him up at night, that he seemed to hear men screaming. He wanted the company of ~~gentle~~ ~~people~~ gentle people, so that he could learn how to be at his ease again. Yet he lacked the courage to tell the Army that. It was up to you. He depended on you.

Hellene: What influence had I got, - a clown?

Sampson: Everyone ~~had~~ knew your name. You must have had powerful friends. You could have insisted like a father on his staying in England. He expected your fatherly interest and felt quite confident of it even when he was dying.

Hellene: What could I have done?

Sampson: The thing to do was to go straight down to the hospital and find out how long he'd be there, then make representations to the War Office, then visit all your most influential friends in London to press your claim privately. Oh, it was often done successfully. I've heard of many instances where mothers and fathers were able to do this service of mercy for their children simply by speaking to the right people at the right time. He had done quite enough in the War. People would have known that. When he was ~~wounded~~ wounded in 1916 he was one of only twelve or fifteen survivors. That was out of a battalion ^{of about 1000} ~~two~~ ^{two} hundred strong.

Hellene (turning nervously) You must understand, ^{at the time} young ~~man~~ ^{all this} man, 1916 was one of the busiest years of my life. There were contracts to terminate, managers to see, - I had thousands of jobs to do and I was never in the same place ~~for~~ for more than a fortnight. (Pacing the room, frowning) My secretary dealt with most of ~~the~~ the correspondence. And you must understand that every year I had many, many begging letters from people, - begging for money, for release from gaol, for rescue from cruel husbands...

He stopped and stared at Sampson, then walked to his chair.

Hellene (leaning back wearily) Did you come here tonight to show me how much I'm to blame?

Saugson (politely) No, Mr. Finstanley.

Hellblaw: I had the letter about his death when I was alone in the country at the end of 1917. That was one of my quietest years. I thought about his death. I wrote to Teame straight away.

Saugson: I remember he wrote your name as his next-of-kin in his army book. He gave ~~you~~ your address, not his mother's.

Hellblaw: Well, she brought him up. I only took him for holidays and taught him a few stunts.

Saugson: Really, I suppose, he invented you. You were one of his dreams, and very necessary to him. You were necessary to both of us, to bring some warmth into our bodies. We talked about you as if you belonged to us. You helped us to deny that everything we saw and heard and touched had death in it, that every man was dead or dying, that the meaning of everything in our world was death. You helped us to deny the truth. You helped us not to die too soon. (hearing forward) I chose the day when my eyes were opened to that empty, forlorn world where your son died. When he died he was cold, wet to the skin, speechless and blind, and he couldn't move. I remember the rain pouring down his face. He was sitting up. It was dark. All he could do was to sit and wait for death. I ~~wish~~ wish I could put that memory out. It was one thing to know and live in a dead and ruined world, but, my God, to fall into it, to become part of it as he did, to leave the universe torn it back on you, to be without any foothold in a huge desert of emptiness...

They sat gloomily in silence.

Hellblaw: Are you blaming me for that?

Saugson: You could have spared him that.

Hellblaw (quietly) But I had my own life.

He gazed at Saugson thoughtfully for some time.

Hellblaw: Will you listen to me if I tell you a few things about myself?

Saugson: Of course.

~~Hellblaw: I was only a boy of twenty-two when Edger was born.~~

Hellblaw: When Edger was born I was only a boy of twenty-two. His mother and I separated when he was five. He only grew up to think of me as a father because I had a famous name. ~~Monty~~ Monty Brave

and my wife lived together like married people, and Monty was more
of a father to him than I was. He heard ~~so~~ so many gaudy
~~his~~ stories about me down at Monty Brane's — the stories he
used to tell you — that he grew up very proud of me. I used to
give him treats, and — another thing — I never put my hand round
his mouth like Monty Brane did now and again.

~~My father~~
~~with my own hands~~ Saupoon, and I started to make him
when I was about your age. I was born in the circus, and
my father trained me up as an acrobat and tightrope walker,
when I was seventeen I could do everything outside juggling and bareback
riding I met Jeanne when my circus went on its first foreign
tour in 1894. I brought her over to England and we got married.

He paused to watch Saupoon.
Hello: Now I was born in a circus, and my father trained me
up as an acrobat and tightrope ~~walker~~ walker. When I was seventeen
I could do everything outside juggling and bareback riding. I met
Jeanne when my circus went on its first foreign tour in 1894.
I brought her to England and we got married. She persuaded me
to go in with her as a partner ~~is a partner~~ ~~in the business of our own~~
for an act of our own, so we practiced a highwire and trapeze
troupe. I went down to see Monty Brane, and he signed us on
as The Fins. But I was a clown, young man. I was born a
clown. We had a lot of quarrels. When I was just turned
twenty-two I fell off a rope-ladder in the middle of our act,
and I broke my leg. I was away for two months, and while I was
away she found out she was going to have a child. (With an
involuntary wink). That was very convenient. Monty Brane took me
on in a troupe of my own, as a clown. I made a little name for
myself, and then I told Jeanne I was finished with The Fins.
I told her I wanted to try the halls. I asked Monty Brane
to fix me up with something, and he was anxious to get me out
of the circus because he was keen on Jeanne. Anyhow, when I
was leaving the tent one night he called me over and told me
to go down to London the next day and see a certain manager —
a very big manager, too. That manager signed me up. I learnt
a lot about the stage in the next few years, — especially about
the way to use my face. I had hardly used my face at
all in the circus. The trouble with the circus is while you're

making one side of the audience laugh, the other side can only see the back of your head. Anyhow, I got my first good contract in London in 1903, and I took the name Hellebore. (With a smile) So I'm made of flesh and blood, after all. It took me years of practice to build up my turn. A lot of people used to worship me like Edgar did. That's quite natural. I was robbed once. But you can't lay a whole war at my feet. You and I lived in two different worlds. I knew nothing about yours. Thousands of men were killed in the War, but you can't lay their deaths at my feet.

Sauson: I would never try to.

Hellebore (with an uneasy smile) You sounded as though you were.

Sauson (without passion) All I said was that a word from you could have prevented Edgar's death. That was all.

~~Hellebore: Thousands of people used to write me letters. I had to travel up and down the country every week. When I wasn't travelling I was practising, and when I wasn't practising I was on the stage performing. Sometimes I never had a moment to myself for six months on end. ~~That's~~ ~~without~~ ~~a~~ ~~private~~ ~~life~~.~~

Hellebore: But I ~~had~~ hardly had a private life at all. Sometimes I never had a moment to myself for six months on end. Thousands of people used to write me letters. I had to travel up and down the country every week. When I wasn't travelling I was practising, and when I wasn't practising I was on the stage performing.

Sauson: Then you'd become a kind of statue.

Hellebore: Listen to me, young man, you could take all my carpets and my managers and my earnings and my cronies and my clothes and my cabs and my hotel suites and my foreign contracts and my masseurs, you could take them away and drop them in the sea if you liked, but I'd go out in the street and I'd do a turn and I'd get an audience somehow. ~~That's because I was cut out~~

That's because I've got the spunk of a clown. I'm a clown down to the nails on my feet. (Tapping his own chest,

(his face flushed) What do you think I am, some pot-bellied pie-can with a million of money? It's people like you who make us a statue, people like you and Edger. What about all those stories he told you, about rides in the Park and royal processions? They're not true, I tell you. They're not true.

~~He continued to stare from at Sangson who looked a little afraid. Then suddenly he smiled and jumped up. Hellove (liskly) let's go out, young man.~~

Sangson glanced at him diffidently and they sat in silence. Suddenly Hellove smiled and jumped up. Hellove (liskly) let's go out, young man. Let's find somewhere warm. I'm wide-awake and I'm hungry. You know Paris. Take me somewhere.

Sangson (astonished by this) but surely you must sleep now. Hellove (walking towards his bedroom) Come and talk to me while I change.

Sangson followed him into the bedroom, and Hellove took ~~his~~ his evening clothes out of the wardrobe. Hellove (excitedly) I haven't ~~had~~ done this, I haven't gone out at this hour of the morning for the best part of five years.

He began changing ^{while} ~~with~~ Sangson ~~watching him~~ stood at the door, watching him.

Hellove: Are you always thinking about the War?

Sangson: Yes.

Hellove (tying his shoes)

Hellove: It seems to have got into your blood.

Sangson: Yes, I suppose I belong to ^{the} War. I feel I shall never be able to ~~keep~~ myself away from it. It won't let me live properly.

Before it happened I felt I belonged to a few friends and a small town ⁱⁿ Somerset, but now I don't belong ~~anywhere~~ to anything, — except to war. When you fight in a war you ~~are~~ root yourself like a ^{plant} ~~plant~~ into another world, — a world of murder. Whereas once you helped people into chairs and smiled at them, now you set mines for them to fall on, and you run your bayonet through them. And there are things

II
 You can't forget. A man's scream goes like a knife through your stomach. Once you have heard it you are never really without it. He comes back to you again and again. I ought to have been killed, like Edgar. That would have been logical.

Helléme drew his chair nearer the mirror to tie his bow.

Helléme: Go about the world as if you didn't have a past, it can be done. ~~(Sighing, adjusting his tie) Perhaps you ~~are~~~~
 (Turning from the mirror to face him) What's your work?

Sanson: I work in a jeweller's shop.

Helléme: In a shop? An educated young fellow like yourself?

Sanson (nodding resignedly) Exactly. The work has no meaning for me.

Helléme: Why do it, then? Are you free to leave it? ~~Can~~ Could you leave Paris if you wanted to?

Sanson: Yes.

Helléme: Well, then, why don't you?

Sanson: I'm well looked after here. ~~But~~ I've nothing to go away to.

Helléme: And suppose there had never been a ~~war~~ war, - what would you have done?

Sanson: I had work as a solicitor's clerk when I was fifteen, and I would have ~~some~~ saved money from that and used it to take a teacher's certificate when I was nineteen.

Helléme (staring at him) And here you are selling jewels in a Paris shop.

Sanson: I refused to go back to England because my childhood was finished. In the War I met a man called Celida. We became friends, and he invited me to his house ^{here} in Paris. Then he offered me a job in one of his shops. He is a rich man, and his wife is devoted to me. He has a large house, and servants.

Helléme: But how is it you can do work that boxes you?

Sanson: Oh, I think while I'm doing it.

Helléme got up to put his jacket and overcoat on.

Helléme: War took away all your hope. But we've got to get used to death.

Sanson (shaking his head) I never did, and I never will.

Helléme: But mustn't you try and forget these things?

Sampson: Have you ever seen a dead man?

~~Hellene stopped and~~

Hellene stared at him.

Hellene: No.

Sampson: You came upon him suddenly. There he was, blind and mute, exactly as trees are. You sometimes felt him watching you. A moment before, perhaps, you heard his voice, but now you were alone. He was still there, yet you were alone. That's the petrifying thing that happens when you come across a dead man: you become alone in a universe of mute, eternal things. And you can't get used to that. No man can get used to that.

Hellene buttoned his overcoat, then took his hat and came from the dressing-table.

Sampson (watching him put on white gloves) I've been an evil visitor tonight.

Hellene walked into the sitting room. As he passed Sampson he pinched his cheek lightly with his gloved hand. Hellene: But suppose you had never come? I should have gone on living like an orchid on other people's dressers. (With a glance at the dying ashes in the fireplace) I shall move tomorrow. This room feels ~~like~~ like an undertaker's. Well, I'm ready to make a night of it. Where shall it be?

Sampson: I know a ~~place~~^{club} called Les Anges.^{ANGES.} It's the only place I can recommend after midnight.

Hellene: Is it far?

Sampson: No. It's in the Rue St. Honoré.

Hellene went across to a small table between the windows and took a rose from the bowl. He put it in his button-hole and smiled at Sampson.

Hellene: One for you?

He looked at Sampson in silence, waiting for an answer, smiling.

Sampson: You see, when I say you helped to kill Edgar I really mean you helped to kill me.

Ireland: Woodward.

The Union 1800.

The English gorr. & the Irish landlords would not allow the Ireland its agrarian revolution: a selfish attitude towards Irish manufactures.

Cath. priests lived among people: teaching does not encourage prudential checks on population. ∴ pop continued to increase ~~despite~~ unless there was a famine - the famine 1845 for 3 previous generations. ∴ 1815 6 mill. 1845 8½ mill. people.

No security of tenure: multiple small holdings.

No compensation for improvements for tenants; none for landlords for disturbances. Could be ejected without compensation. (Leaving the land, landlord's only means to

improvement: e.g. from tillage to pasture etc.

Once improving landlords marked out for persecution, there was little incentive to invest capital in Irish land.

Secret societies: Whitefeet, Blackfeet, Terryll's, Lady classes, Molly Maguires,

Rockets - Ribbon or Riband spread out as one body, agrarian 1835-1848.
Reclamation of waste land (1-10 an acre) had been a total partial
suggestion - suggested by 5 diff. committees before the Devonshire commission. But not adopted.

~~No poor law - relief only for aged, young, sick.~~

1) No poor relief.

But Melbourne's gorr. Poor law (?). Made eviction easier, since now peasants

could go to workhouse.

2) Withdrawal of protective duties of 10% on many goods imported to Ireland; 1824. Irish landlords complained.

3) Taxation: Ireland to pay nr of Union 2/17th of taxation of U.K. Heavy war-charges following 1800 raised contribution beyond Irish taxable capacity. Ireland on lower standard: Irish loans 51% of total sum raised.

1801-1817 Irish debt rose from £28 mill. to £112 mill, while Brit. debt, under £446 is £737 mill.

Parl. Comm. 1815 consolidated revenues etc of 2 countries & Irish contribution halved. Ireland saved from heavily poor further loan but the taxation not lessened.

4) Title: peasant's main grievance.

was payable by humble peasant collected by harsh tithe-proctors. Payment to keep what was for mag. - Went South 'hobby of their oppressors' - an end to the ~~Catholic church~~ Anglican church.

5) Tobacco being eliminated elsewhere; in Ireland increased.

Catholic Emancipation.

Political disabilities of Catholic Irish made easier issue than agrarian problem: ∴

O'Connell:

Opp: - Union, Rebellion,

Beloved: - Irish Parl.

Cath. Emanc. -

Disendowment of Anglican Church.

Fixity of tenure.

Compulsory leases.

Tax on Absentee landlords.

himself as Irish landlord, kindly & casual, not as 'improving'

The device of breaking custom of landowner protestants breaking votes control 40/- votes.

1828 O'Connell voted for Caste when Fitzgibbon became Peer of Board of T.

∴ 1828 Caste relief received majority of 6. Peel of Wellington persuading George IV.

April 1829 Caste cause was: —
All Irish Officers of State opened to Catholics — except vicaroy, Chancellor.

40/- freeholder disfranchised & qualification fixed at £10 a year. (to prevent O'Connell from controlling the Irish vote.
Any struggle for Union on O'Connell's part dangerous — either end of force in elective movement or rebellion, defeat.

~~After 1832~~
After 1832

1832 Tithe Act reduced tithe payer by 1/3 or 1/2 & removed tithe payment: no. tithe-payment now by landless landlords but Irish not satisfied. Wanted abolition of tithe.

Pop. for Whigs to maintain order in Ireland. Decided on simultaneous concession and concession creation:

1) Irish Church Bill (1832?) (Protestant).

Tenures abolished; Bishops, chapters & richer benefices to extent of £60,000 a year, taxed.

2) Creation Bill.

Suspended right of pub. meeting.
Partially suspended Habeas Corpus.
Applied martial law and curfew rules — ^{disturbed} some districts.

Grey's gov. took up on Irish question: — Atthrop did not like Creation Act.

O'Connell supported an alliance of diff branches of opposition — in compact made at Killybegs House — 1835.

When Whigs back he gave them a chance:

- i) Poor Law: reformed corporations, settled
- ii) Reformed corporations. Took Syn on account of local opposition.
- iii) Settled tithe question.

From Irish pt of view results of cooperation meagre.

But Improvement Thomas Drummond, 1835-1840: under-secretary.

He reformed Orange as well as Ribbon societies.
Reorganized police & recruited them freely from Caths.
Gave Caths. fair share of appointments.

The Irish people showed little enthusiasm for O'Connell's cause of repeal. But O'Connell remembered that union. (Peel, Wel) had given way to threat of civil war: he therefore intensified activities in Ireland.

Younger influenced by nationalist movements on Continent — 'Young Ireland' in Italy. Revival of Irish Song. In the history of Ireland they bridged the gulf between the Fenians and O'Connell.

but Peel did not give way to O'Connell. he passed an arms act & sent drafted troops to Ireland; said wd never concede repeal.

In 1843 O'Connell called mass meeting at ~~Clontarf~~ Clontarf — meeting forbidden & O'Connell told followers to obey orders. Govt. had won.
Peel arrested O'Connell. Trial verdict in his appeal was favourable.

But O'Connell's power had gone. Quarrels with Young Ireland.

Peel wanted incessant;

- i) App. Commission 1843 to study Irish agricultural questions.
- ii) Lord Viceroy to give as much patronage as possible to Catholics.
- iii) Tried to incite clergy by increased grant to Maynooth.

These measures raised storm in England.
Public Education Dublin - but Catholics objected to un-religious teaching.

Potato disease spread to Ireland Oct. 1845.
4 mill. in Ireland 2 mill. in Eng. lived almost wholly on potatoes.
Crop of 1847 good, disease fleeting: but deaths from resultant epidemics etc. of famine were more than three of famine itself.

Peel insisted on taking of corn duties & continuing to import Irish corn. He alienated English agric. interest & starving Irish peasantry.
His solution of famine - prob. was to import American maize - to Ireland at retail penny a pound. 'Peel's Corn Law' secretly to institute relief works, requiring thousands of officers to control. Comptrolr. 1847 3 mill. people rightly being supported by national funds.
Seasonal migration of labour to Eng. fell; agric. work in Ireland neglected etc.

Russell decided March 1847 to give up workers' virtual outdoor relief.
Exported large amounts of corn, wheat & salt meat.
Famine turning - prob. - Irish hist. - Irish now began to leave Ireland in large numbers. Discovery of gold in California & opening of Newland in America diverted work from Brit. colonies. 342.

A tenant right act was passed for the second time in 1848 and that was the end of it (Russell did not want Peel's extreme coercive powers).
The Encumbered Estates Act vested rights disregarded & sale of bankrupt landlords' property made possible. But the un-Irish buyers of Irish land few.

In a time the govt. had to deal with threat of post. rebellion: since summer 1848 rebellions inciting 'Young Ireland' Young Irelanders (O'Brien etc.) appealed for French aid and were transported.

1849-51 36,755 families were evicted.
Tenant-protection initiated all over Ireland. In 1850 50 Irish members returned to Parlt. after return of Conservatives: Joseph Napier, Irish attorney general, introduced bills recognizing the principle of retrospective compensation, and offering loans for improvements. Opposition's delays. Dragged on, finally dropped by opp. 17 months later.

In 1860 Cadwall, Irish Secretary, introduced two acts:
i) Gave tenants right to compensation for improvements earned as with the landlord's consent.
ii) Defined relation between landlord & tenant as founded on contract, & simplified the assignment of tenancies.
But few Irish made use of first, since so elaborate; for as to second, landlords could find tenants more easily than tenants could find land.

Fenian Brotherhood founded 1838 & spread through U.S.A. Important in Ireland after 1865. After American War Irish - Federal Army armed & prep. to fight.

Fenian leaders arrested Sept. 1865.
Hel. Comm. susp. 1866. Incompetent leadership: seemed to be damped after 1867. It was clear that the Irish peasantry as a whole had no wish for rebellion.

No rival party succeeded in obtaining O'Connell's support - might not address of agrarian grievances & abolition of Church privileges bring not a reconciliation? This at least was Gladstone's reasoning.

March 1868. Glad. declared that the Irish Church, as a state church, must cease to exist. Carried in the same year, with compensation for church.

1870: Irish Land Act. This left Gladstone to deal with land tenure. Land Bill passed with very little opp. - both Houses - ~~parties convinced that some~~ his because Glad did not wish to interfere with rights of property - merely to protect tenants from unjust treatment. Allowed loans of pub. money to tenants for purchases: - Bill limited landlords' power of arbitrary eviction. A scale of damages drawn up for ~~whole of Ireland~~ evictions - case of unprotected tenant.

Act not a success:

- i) Landlords could raise rents & force tenants into arrears.
- ii) Good landlords could be charged & compensated.
- iii) Smaller the holding, higher the compensation.
- iv) Tenants wanted fixity of tenure & fair rents: - Glad's Bill did not satisfy either of these demands.

Problem of reconciling Ireland to union still unresolved.

1869, 1870 brought an increase of agrarian crime. Lib. Gov. compelled to bring in a peace preservation act.

1870: 'Home Government Association of Ireland' founded in Dublin. Included Catholics and Protestants, Liberals and Conservatives. The aim was to elect an Irish ~~1874~~ of Irish Parl.

1874: 60 Home Rulers returned to Parliament. A new phase:

Ballot Act of 1872 had sev. consequences in Ireland. (Voting made secret) Parnell (then 26 year-old landowner) saw that this meant no further intimidation & the possibility of a Irish party at Westminster devoid of English influence.

1873 Glad's Irish Universities Bill, falling between 2 stools, brought about his first (Temporary) defeat.

Placard 'Home Rule' invented by Isaac Butt as preferable to old term 'Repeal'. Butt, with other 58 members, put case before Commons 1874-1877 in a conciliatory manner. Ignored. Butt resigned to more extreme policies - party. Parnell replaced him. Entered Parl. by election April 1875.

Plimsoll incident of that year saw Parnell a predecessor of disorganised. Began systematic obstruction - 1877. This party explains why the Disraeli ministry, beginning so fruitfully, was so barren of legislation towards the end. Conservatives neglected to ~~protect~~ ^{protect} farming during agricultural slump - fall in agricultural prices - Ireland made rents impossible to pay. This crisis tore Gladstone's Land Act into shreds.

Phases of hard hitting in Donegal (1878)
1879 Irish Land League formed: Parnell president, & 4 Fenians on staff.

3. The movement made dual attack: ~~one~~ ~~single~~ ~~one~~ at Westminster and at one Ireland.

1880 Queen announced that ministers hoped to govern by the ordinary law. This could only have been successful had it been coupled with elements of instant relief. Root of agrarian trouble was 'these miseries' - that of the evicted tenants. Compensation will throw out by hords in 1880. While fabric of Irish society shaken.

'Captain Noonlight' ruled 3 or 4 provinces; only life spared. But Lord Mountcashel in County Galway murdered.

19 Sept. Parnell urged that anyone taking - farm from which a tenant had been evicted and be isolated from his kind as if he were - leper of rd! - first victim Captain Boycott, agent of large landowner in County Mayo.

Nov. 1880 prosecution for conspiracy against land league. Parnell defendant. A triumph for Parnellites. Gladstone - 1880 ->

1) Coercion: Foster introd Coercion Bill Jan 1881 - an 'orgy' of obstruction followed. Imp. of Habeas Corpus: absolute prov of abstr. & prev. avers inferred.

2) Redress: 2nd Irish Land Reform. April 1881: gave tenants 3 F's:-

- 1) Fixity of tenure,
2) Fair rents,
3) Free sale,

But 'extra often in England's dealings with Ireland, the administration conceded to violence and crime what it had denied to reason & justice' (conceded i.e. to Parnell what it had denied Butt).

When Act passed Parnell for himself expelled & went on advising Irish not to go to new land courts - effort salutary, for it kept him support of settlement Irish-Americans & won better eventual terms from land courts.

Our Parnell imprisoned in Kilmainham Jail. In custody until 1882 - already poisoned + Mrs. O'Shea. Foster's coercion a complete failure:-

3) No. of agrarian outrages rose by 60% in decade following his coercion, hence:-

1882 Kilmainham Treaty - Parnell allowed not to visit dying in 2 daughters. He asked for ~~for~~ wiping out of careers. A bargain struck that got shel. mig in an Arsons Bill while Parnell used influence to end crime & disorders

But Tragedy overtook it:- Phoenix Park Murders:- Lord Cavendish & Burke, under-secretary, walking in the Park. Murderers belonged to 'Invincibles', murdered ~~at~~. Parnell's iron impotence for once shaken: felt that he had been stabbed in the back.

Crim. Bill - Parnellites had to oppose; Arsons Act

his adequate.

17 Aug. 1882. Maamtrasna massacre — while household slaughter, Burke's still active. Amert of Burke's, secret of extended Coercion Bill to include spying & questioning.

1883 Parnell at height of influence — presented \$38,000 collected for him all over the world. He wanted appeal for the time — for his own season's independence.

1884 Franchise Bill extended the franchise to Ireland on same terms as England, while maintaining the full number of Irish seats! This meant that all Ireland except N.E. corner Liberal & Tories wd. be swept away & Parnell wd. be supreme now a part. Outright much larger than a population basis warranted.

This really felt end of whips (N.B. Parnell had allied + Conserv. r. for them in).

Parnell's regular intermediary Att is Gladstone Stn, O'Shea — same he 'scheme' of how we Oct. 1885 — v. undesirable. Result of liberals disregarding it, a manifesto to Irish — England to vote Conservative.

Town County turned against Gladstone, but county refused liberals for franchise. Liberal Majority = 86 -

But Parnell's Party - Part: 86 - Glad converted to Home Rule!

He then became visibly the coiler in the combination — for which he had been working. Contact + Glad. resumed. Watts let Conserv. know that he wd support them if they pushed Home Rule. This leaked out. Events moved to rupture between Tories & Parnell. Now it was clear that Parnell had handed 30-40 seats to Tories and had in no doing added 30-40 votes against Home Rule! For, it seemed Parnell Home Rule to Parnell, seemed like handing Ireland over to Conserv.

radical Chamberlain's opp. finally put out Gladstone's Bill. He had great support — country.

Salisbury resigned over 3 acres & a cow (27 Jan 1886) & Gladstone formed 3rd Cabinet. No secret now that he was converted to Home Rule.

March 1886 when Home Rule Bill left Cabinet, Chamberlain & Trevelyan, 2 leading radicals, resigned. Glad's masterly 3 1/2 hrs speech: plan to take up Irish parl & executive in Dublin, to have power of legislation & control over reserved subjects (matters affecting army, peace & war, defence & forces, customs & revenue, trade, post office etc) 1/5th of the

⁴ charges in Budget for 'Imperial purposes' to be met by Ireland.

Judges to be appointed by Irish.

Law in separate bill, but essential to H.R. Bill, was plan to buy out the landlords.

(Opp. in that Ireland pays part of Brit. revenue but not in long as to be represented).

8 June 1886 2nd reading defeated 343-313. 93 lib. voted in majority.

Dissolved - in July lib + Parnellites became allies. But Country now more anti-home rule than the house: majority to Conservatives. Lord Salisbury in office with majority 918.

Defeat of Parnell's Tenants Relief Bill.

Reply to England from Ireland was the 'Plan of Campaign'?

20 November 1887. It called on tenants to organise, to treat + landlord as a body, keep a campaign fund. Chief promoters, William O'Brien + John Dillon. New series of evictions created a tsunami.

1887: Parl. passed a New & drastic Crimes Bill (Lord Balfour Irish Sec.) - after pub. of facsimile letters of Phoenix Park murder 1882 & Parnell's part. Also a companion measure with concessions to Irish tenants.

Serv of war = Ireland for 3 yrs + National League there.

Nicholson. Sept, 1887.

Commission to decide on genuineness of 'Times' Parnell letters: Sept. 1888. They were forgeries.

This might rock sympathy for both Parnell and his cause.

Balfour's accession not popular. But suddenly Parnell's career finished: - 1890.

17 Nov 1890 Divorce court granted decree nisi to Captain O'Shea - Parnell co-respondent, no defence. Stigma attached to divorce under Victoria.

Nat. Lib. Fed. stated it cd. not continue assoc. + such a man. A letter to press from Glad etc. which offered Irish party either Glad or Parnell.

Parnell issued 'manifesto' to Irish people Nov. 1890.

At last, party and Cardinal Manning's influence, Irish episcopacy came out against Parnell - Fenianism influence. 1891 Parnell cont. to fight. 6th Oct. died. 1891: Balfour's Land Purchase Act

Liberal Interlude 1892-1895.

Covv. paralysed for want of any real majority.

Glad's premiership lasted till 3 March 1894. Main success 2nd Home Rule Bill. Feb 1893, passed 1st reading 21 April, 2nd 3rd in Sept 1.

It provided that Irish should send members to Imperial Parl. Bill dropped dead in the Lords.

The Irish

Irish Land Purchase Act, 1903, sponsored by George Wyndham - disciple of Lord Balfour. With Ireland calm & Home Rule off the map for the time being, a special effort had to be made to heal the economic grievances. ~~to give~~ The Act gave a large cash contribution towards bridging the gap between what landlords could afford to accept & tenants to pay. It dealt with entire estates, not merely simple holdings. If tenants & landlords agreed on price, State would add 12% to it, paid ^{to vendors} in stock floated on state's credit, while purchasers paid at rate of only 2 3/4% int. & 1/2% for sinking fund. The Act set up a system of out-right peasant proprietorship, in place of 'dual ownership' set up by 1881 Act.

Wyndham ~~was~~ ^{approved} ~~acted~~ in accordance with Sir. Macdonnell's policy of denunciation - Ireland - negotiation - unionists heard about it & Wyndham forced to resign his career to the 'unionist wolves' - did not reflect great credit on Balfour. (P.M.)

John Redmond led 70 out of 102 Irish members. - unlike Parnell he had warm admiration for England & Englishmen. ~~He did not~~ ~~feeling~~ ~~enough~~ + Ireland to suggest any help but ~~for~~ Home Rule for all Ireland - but Unionists, Conservatives & co-operative refused to come in. both unionists sought to commit their party to the

5 3 Home Rule Bill

Differed from others in being federalist: 92 Irish Members in Imperial Parliament - Home Rule Bill passed for Ireland - modern Ulster const. is one originally intended for the whole.

In 1886 Ireland had just emerged from its agrarian revolution - class war & nationalist upheaval, Land Acts since 1881 however transformed rack-rented tenants into prosperous small farmers. 1898 Gerald Balfour's Act gave county & district councils, so that Irish were already used to some form of self-government.

Irish Nat Party had also changed: Parnell's successor John Redmond, was anglophile. But Irish par. party had acquired character of - watched closely by Irish labor movement, Sinn Fein, Gaelic League & Irish Repul. Brotherhood. Par. party knew, having been worked on Home R. for 4, Ireland wd. stand no mean compromises.

Protestant landowners, proletariat etc. The controversy on H.R. Bill made Ulster (capital Belfast) more aware of itself as a separate entity. Faction-fuels between Catholic National & Prot. settlers: - Belfast larger than Dublin, ship-building, growth, prosperous. Redmond did not feel strong enough to offer H.R. to anything but whole of Ireland - but Ulster wd. not come in.

But Irish Unionists told cause of stimulating Irish Ulster opp. in order to defeat Home Rule altogether, 27 Feb 1910 Carson accepted invitation to lead ~~Ulster~~ Ulster group in the H. of C.

A Dubliner: programme is defy Dublin Rule & to be so far from part of the Protestant Rulers of Ulster.

Jan. 1912 began training v.unteers-force.
Asquith defeated - did not see

- 1) Impossible to improve H.R. in Notes.
- 2) Should suppress 'private armies'

From 1914 he had no clear policy - stood committed to
Bill which excluded Ulster, yet he knew he could not create Ulster.
Thus treated with weak resistance Carson. On not straight &
Redmond - had to imposed control of Ulster in Redmond.
Irish people wd. have accepted latter's sympathies for Ireland.

Carson:- this an English commitment to Ulsterism.
By the end of 1913 the Ulster issue was the serious
ground of minister's opposition to home rule.

1912-13 central & southern Ireland involved succession of
strikes - Irish Transport Workers' Union. Violent methods of
hacking & cutting. Work-out by employers. Jan 1914 union's
effort collapsed.

Result cleavage between Irish Nat. Party & Dublin
workers - leading latter now to Sinn Féin.

1913 first move to compromise a 3rd N.R. Bill.

Letter Times had headline urged policy of special treatment
for Ulster. Belmore Sept. Conversation Churchill's Bonus Law,
Lloyd George's prop. to delay bill for Ulster Counties 5 yrs.
In def. to Redmond no reply made. Carson - Asquith report, but
withip' resulting.

9 March 1914 Asquith gave details: any county might with
majority vote vote itself out of Home Rule for six years. Unfair
to Ulstermen since only 4 counties - Antrim, Down, Londonderry
& Fermanagh which yielded them a majority. Carson claimed no
time-limit; Parl. wd. satisfy fact twice.

Proposals violently rejected by unionists. Carson
now became leading advocate of refusing to pass Army Annual
Act. Result: naval & military manifestations against
Ireland.

Carson episode Maj. Gen. Sir Arthur Paget. Wrote its
'disappearance' to all officers - 57 out of 70 prefer to be
dismissed if ordered with.
Disarmed 8000.

8. Home gun-running: - enabled Ulster Volunteers to become armed. New National Volunteers soon out-numbered Carsonites - June Redmond took over leadership.

Lord Dunsany & Elibank's proposals failed - plebiscite to withdraw from H.P., & one to get out - Carson & Bona had not, have ceased oppos.

Kings' Conf. of party-leaders failed.

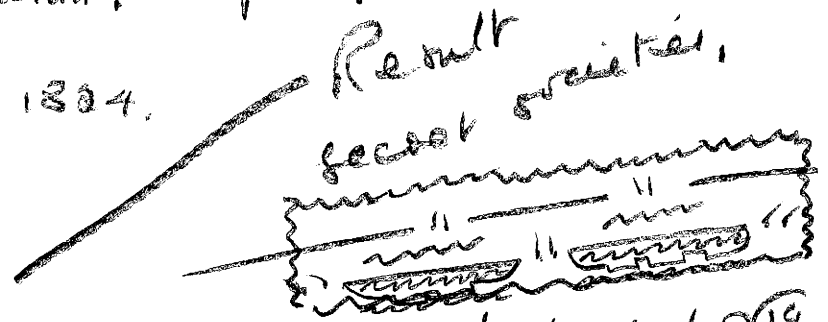
Nat. Volunteers 26 July carried out Howth gun-running on Ulster model. Soldier fired a civilian: Ireland did not forget this.

Redmond brought Irish into war as free men. Great moral effect.

I i) England a weight in the social development of Ireland.
 Catholicism - over population under famine.

Basis: struggle landlord & tenant

- ii) No security of tenure; small holdings
- iii) No compensation, ejectment, 'improving'
- iv) No poor relief.
- v) Protective duties 1824.
- vi) Taxation.
- vii) Tithe.
- viii) Tithing.



The coming of the agrarian revolution took end 19 -
 delayed - results:
 i)

The Nature of government: a steady vacillation between concession and coercion, strength and weakness, knowledge and ignorance, practiced by every government without any exception - since - the nature of the problem, unpalatable

The Union of Ireland 1800 (Problem how to reunite Ireland to union)

II Agrarian problem not easy. At this early stage, no clear issue; for people had not enough.

i) The leadership of O'Connell.

III Catholic Emancipation,
 Tithe Act.

IV a) Irish Church Bill,
 b) Coercion Bill,

Whigs
 i) Whig Hitchfield House Alliance with Whigs & results.
 Improvement under Drummond.

Tones ii) Irish people did not want Repeal. 15th Dec, interposed activities.

Young Ireland.

Peel firm. Won by CLONTARF, O'Connell, arrested.

Four years. Quarrels + young Ireland.

This first trace of formation of nationalist int. in Ireland, premature because no agrarian rev: mainly intell. Can we compare.

III iii) The Peel want's concessions. Good concession mainly storm England.

2) The Famine. Periodical safety valve. Bad results of Peel's relief policy

Temporary - point - emigration.

3) The Tenant Problem.

a) Incumbered Estates Act.

b) No. 7 enactments.

c) Tenant protection Acts.

d) Caldwells acts.

But people still had no wish for rebellion.

IV Fenian Brotherhood - American inf. - Young Ireland 1846 - appeal for French similitude.

Hat Corp. 1866. Incomp leaders. No

wish for rebellion.

V what was the solution?

Glad. for no thought

i) Agrarian grievances.

ii) Abolition of church privileges.

i) March 1868 Dissol. of Irish Church.

ii) 1870 Land Bill. Glad not interfering +

property: easy passage. Against enactment.

did not really deal with agrarian reform, but tenant grievances

~~1869-70 Agrarian crisis.~~

VI Home Rule

A new phase, 1870 'Home Govt Assoc of Ireland'

Ballot Act 1872 reformed, Parnell born in this.

Isaac Butt, Council - ignored, Parnell.

- i) Disorders, Phoenix.
- ii) Syst. Div. 1877.

1869-70 Agrarian crisis.

Failure of big middle classes to protect agric. during slump - mainly Ireland wd. because no industrial etc. Tore Glad's hand Act in Ireland.

Lord Keith (1878)
High hand regime 1879 - Parnell.

Dual attack:
Westminster
Ireland.

VII Class

This agrarian rev. in Irish + indist.

Captain Noonlight.

1880 Statement by Queen.

Lord Dunsborough.

19 Sept.

Parnell's victory.

Policy: 3 whip

VIII

1) Coercion

2) 3 F's 1881

3) Parnell - Kilmainham - agrarian outrages.

Phoenix Park Murders

Parnell's iron compromise.

1882. Naamastown massacre.

Parnell's power, 1884. Led 7 Whips.

IX Glad's passion for Home Rule as only escape. Conversion.

Parrell - ~~Don~~ Coladstone - Mrs O'Shea.

Balance 86 - 86.

Sal. study.

Tray delact pr Parrell.

3rd Glad Cabinet -

1886 Bill

Defeat.

hard sal's way. opp. - country.

X

Parrell's T. R. Bill failed. Cornes Bill.

Forganis - syn. Parrell

Baylow - co-operation.

1890 End of Parrell

End of 2nd H.R. Bill.

XI

Forganis Rev. (P. 5.)

Change in whole structure.

Thesis passed: John Redmond.

Dublin v. Ulster.

1703 Wyndham's act.

Development of 3rd H.R.

1912

Vacillation of Asquith.

1914 was

Cobden:

"I believe the progress of freedom depends more upon the maintenance of peace, the spread of commerce and the diffusion of education than upon the labors of cabinets and foreign offices."

[June 28 Debate H.C. 1850]

i) Responsibility in foreign policy -

"What we want is a sounder public opinion upon the question of national rights and the sovereignty of peoples." (Cobden to Mr. Ashworth, Nov. 16. 1851). This a letter to Kozeuth. Cobden opposed to American & British official welcome to Kozeuth, since such would reduce no moral ornaments; with Kozeuth, on the other hand, and the Hungarian rebels, he is in disheveled support. Dignity - in Pacific code, indignant because Russia justified in sending Nesselrode's moral note. * See next leaf.

Crimean War. * 2 overleaf.

ii) War:

Letter to Mr. Thomason of Bolton, Sept 27, 1853.

Deploring national enthusiasm for Wellington, esp. at his death; he accuses invasion-panic partly to British warlike word:

"I wish to see a map on Nesselrode's projection published, with a red spot to mark the places on sea and land where bloody battles have been fought by Englishmen. It would be found that unlike every other people, we have during seven centuries been fighting with foreign enemies everywhere excepting on our own soil. Need another word be said to prove us the most aggressive race under the sun?"

iii) The citizens of one nation must do justice to the better mind of ^{every} other: this a duty. We pay homage to Wellington; the French to Napoleon, and the restive in either case are not open to question. It was Cobden's sound principle that heroes of men never accept maxims or idols without something generous, rational and worthy of no respect in the restive which sanctified their acceptance. We should understand the foreign mind: we could not diminish Nap^{III} by calling him a despot; we should have to ponder that Englishmen seem to be more interested in personal liberty than equality, Frenchmen more in equality than personal liberty. ("1793 and 1853, in Three letters" - Pamphlet.)

See debates 1854 Crimean War. Especially March 13, 1854 ^{Bright} Cobden - Lord Palmerston. June 5, 1855 Cobden.

"I do not know how it is to be done, but I am quite sure there is no security for anything better until we can teach the people a lesson of moderation and modesty in foreign affairs, and enlighten that almost Spanish or Chinese ignorance about everything going on abroad which characterises the masses of our countrymen." (Oct 1, 1854 - to Bright).

"In my past, I can't think of these things and to what an extent we as a people are wrong in our alliances and tendencies without most cynical misgivings respecting the future course of our foreign policy. There is positively no intelligence amongst the masses on such subjects to serve as a leverage in dealing with the abounding fallacies of the 'jubilant', who, fresh from college, 'do' this department of our periodical literature, and take either the line of our old aristocratic diplomacy in favour of the 'balance of power' and dynastic alliances, or the more modern and equally unsound and mischievous line newly adopted by no so-called 'democrats' on behalf of Mazzini and the 'nationalists'. There is no av-^d-closed support for the party of peace and non-intervention." Feb. 11. 1855. To Bright.

- Effect of Crimean War at Congress of Paris 1865:
- i) International disputes to be submitted to arbitration in the future.
 - ii) Trade to be made as free as possible during war.

The Chinese - "Arrow" incident and bombardment of Canton, 1857.
 Cobden's visit Feb. 26, 1857 (see Harwood for his "most masterly" speech).
 Majority of 16 against the Government. Palmerston dissolved.
 Bright & Cobden lost seats - Discherdees school routed. Palmerston victorious.

* "... so far from this country being in a condition to be menaced by Russia, such are the advantages you possess in your great wealth, and your machine commerce, in the knowledge and use of mechanical science, and in the advanced state of the arts over Russia, that if you behaved with dignity to small states, she would not venture even to look at you disparagingly, far less to use such language towards you." June 28, 1850, Harwood.

June Debate 1850.
 The principle of non-intervention: but how does one prevent Austria invading Italy and Russia Hungary? Cobden replies, by setting them an example.

The Commercial Treaty; 1860, 23 January.

- [Main provisions:
- i) Abolition of duties on French silk, articles of fashion; reduction on wine duty, spirit duty. As for Britain.
 - ii) Fixing of 30% ad valorem duty on British textiles, iron and steel. & reduction of British duty on British coal to 3 pence 6d per ton. For French.] Trade France-England more than trebled during next 2 decades. A landmark for abandonment of protection in England.

* 2 from meeting.
 Clarendon's claim that Britain's aims in the Crimean War were unselfish - "we want nothing for our trade, and we fear nothing for our Indian possessions ... It is to maintain our honour and self-respect." It was to save "honour and self-respect" in pacific principles that Cobden urged statesmen.

III Club L'Argonaute.

2.

classical sculpture illuminated by violet, blue and yellow lights.

Some people in fancy dress were throwing long paper streamers ~~across the ball~~ over the heads of the dancers in the ballroom. One after another the streamers flew across the room, falling onto the shoulders of the dancers, then gradually floating down until they were split and trodden underfoot. The throwers laughed loudly, and one of them clapped his hands at a waiter nearby and imitated a man thirstily drinking.

Hellelone looked up with astonishment at the brilliant frosted glass. He followed Saupron along the ~~lower~~ level of the dining-room floor, then left to the gangway between the tables. They ascended to a table at the very back of the room, almost under the minstrel's gallery.

Hellelone turned and gazed at the plaster statues in their niches, then at the heavy carving of the minstrel's gallery and, immediately above his head, its coloured medallion. He looked across the room at the wide archway and down into the ballroom.

Saupron (leaning across the table towards Hellelone) (It belongs to a wealthy silk merchant. He bought it in the last year of the War, and it was only opened six months ago. He designed it himself. The house was built in the middle of the seventeenth century and it was called the Hôtel de Serbelli. Then twenty years ago it became a consulate,

and the ~~casualty~~ ~~set~~ released this small wing in the last year of the War. The entrance hall downstairs still belongs to them. It used to be their ^{grand} reception hall. ~~This room used to be a banquet hall in the original house, and the ballroom you see was originally six rooms on two upper floors~~ (heaving back in his chair with a smile) This is what happens when a manufacturer from Lyons decides to buy a club. He thought he was going to get a fashionable clientele, but all he got were people much like himself.

Hellene: Who owns it?

Saugon: A wealthy silk-merchant. He bought it in the last year of the War, and it was only opened six months ago.

Hellene: He bought the entire house?

Saugon: No, only this small wing of it. The house was built in the middle of the seventeenth century and it was called the Hôtel de Sésalini. Then twenty years ago it became a 'casualty' and the casualty released this wing in the last year of the War. The entrance hall downstairs still belongs to them. It used to be their grand reception hall. (heaving back with a smile) This is what happens when a manufacturer from Lyons decides to buy a club. He thought he was going to get a fashionable clientele, but all he got were people much like himself.

Hellene: ~~What a~~

Hellene (quietly, still watching the ballroom) What are you doing here, then, as a member?

Saugon: ~~Why shouldn't I be a member?~~

III Club Prognostical.

3.

Hellelone: There aren't any young people here. It's a club for middle-aged people. ^{None of these people have ever been young. You can see that by the look on their faces.}

Saugson: The ~~people~~ ^{Italians} I share house with brought me here.

~~Hellelone: I don't know where I should go to look.~~

Hellelone: Has the War taken all the go out of you, then?

Saugson (puzzled) Why?

Hellelone: Well, I thought any other young man would have found a club of his own. You don't seem to know Paris.

You don't know where to eat and have a good time. You come here where everybody is middle-aged. None of these

~~people have ever been young. You can see that by the look on their faces. Have you got a girl?~~

Saugson (slightly) Yes.

Hellelone: Do you bring her here?

Saugson: No. We go to cafes and theatres.

~~Saugson watched Hellelone, lifting his lip.~~

The waltz ended, and two or three couples ascended from the ballroom to the dining room.

Saugson; but you wanted supper. (Rising) By the way, I shall have to introduce you to my benefactors. They're here.

Hellelone: To who?

Saugson: To the Italian couple I told you about this evening; the Celida's, the ~~prop~~ people I share house with. I saw them as I came in.

Hellelone: Yes, you must tell me about them.

Saugson ~~walked~~ left the table. ~~Hellelone~~

spoke to a waiter on his way down the steps to the second tier, then he turned left into a corridor.

A new dance began, and Hellelone watched a man and woman from the table nearest him go down to the second tier of the dining-room, then into the ballroom. The streamers were now all in fragments on the dance-floor and their rustling could be heard from the dining-room as the couples swept them forward with their feet.

While Sampson was away a waiter brought two glasses of Italian vermouth to the table, then laid the cutlery for a meal. Hellelone sipped his drink, and a few moments later Sampson returned.

Hellelone: They only seem to do the old dances. I've been waiting for the one-step and the Big Apple. Circa 1934-6

Sampson: No, they don't play ragtime here. The band does the Roger de Coverley and the hancers if you ask them. You have to put in a request with one of the waiters.

Hellelone: But do these French people know how to dance the Roger de Coverley and the hancers?

Sampson: Some do.

Hellelone continued to stare down into the ballroom with a frown. They were silent. Sampson sipped his drink slyly, watching Hellelone.

Sampson: Do you prefer the new dances, then?

Hellelone: No, I like the old tunes. But I'd give anything to see young people dancing round that floor and enjoying themselves. I like the ny-step and the Big Apple because

III Club Purgatorial.

x.

young people do it.

Again they sat in silence, listening to the orchestra.

Saugson: Have I made you miserable this evening? I'm sorry I used those words about your killing me. I don't know why I said it or what I meant.

Hellclow: No, but the fact is you said it.

He turned towards Saugson slowly.

Hellclow: Listen to me, Saugson. You went out to Flanders because you wanted to. I didn't ask you to go. And in your place I'd never have gone. In your place I'd never have joined up. My work comes first with me, and it always has done. I don't care if Jerry had won the War and then burnt my theater down, my work still comes first. You'd never have caught me taking the ~~trip~~ trip to Flanders.

~~And if there's ever another war you can go and fight in it if you want to, but I'll stick to the stage. And if you love it for me I'll at least go down doing the work my flesh and blood and bones are made for. If Edgar wanted to go out and risk his life, that was his business. I didn't ask either of you to go, and I don't owe you any thanks for winning the War.~~

Saugson (uncomfortably) We weren't fighting for you or anyone else. We weren't even fighting for our country.

Hellclow: You went out to cut five figures, though.

Saugson: Well, that may be true.

Hellclow: If he'd come to me and asked me what to do,

I should have said, do what you want to do: if you do that you'll only have yourself to blame. When I was fourteen years old I wanted to be a clown and get a first ten, and I became a clown and I got a first ten. I'm the sort that gets what he wants. You've only got to look at my clinic — it belongs to a man who gets what he wants. (Putting his hands on the table) And the same with my hands. I never came along and asked you to live my life for me, and I'm not going to live yours for you. Every man's free to do what he can in this world.

He watched Sangsom in silence.

Hellme: You let the War Office push you about, and you've only yourself to blame. If you didn't like the War you ought to have been a conchy. It's no good being a conchy afterwards.

Sansom: It wasn't against my conscience to kill Germans. I volunteered to do it. I wanted to do it.

Hellme: Why?

Sansom: I think I volunteered to see men die, to see their blood and hear their scream. I only volunteered when I knew what kind of war it was, when I heard about the explosives and the casualty rate. I couldn't bear that there should be so much suffering and me not there. I wanted to suffer.

Hellme (shaking his head in wonder) I can't understand it. What made you want to suffer? I can't understand it.

III Club Purgatorial

5.

Why go and throw away your life? — a decent young man like you?

Sampson (with a shrug) Oh, well, I should have had to go anyway.

Hellclaw: But I can't understand it. Here you are working in Paris in a jeweller's shop when you could go back ~~back~~ to England tomorrow if you wanted to and live a life of your own.

Sampson: No, the War killed my faith in —. Well, it simply killed my faith.

Hellclaw: How did it do that?

Sampson (after a pause) It taught me that at any minute the worst can happen. It seemed to kill my sense of having a future before me. After the War the world became a cold and desolate place for me. I needed protecting against it. And my work at the jeweller's shop does protect me. It's so simple. It needs no thought whatsoever.

Hellclaw (staring at him) How does it protect you?

Sampson: It gives my life a fixed order. I go to the shop soon after nine in the morning, I call on Signor Celida for lunch at half-past noon, and then I return home for a bath and aperitifs soon after five o'clock in the evening. I haven't lived otherwise. I couldn't bear to have all day in which to remember my past. I couldn't bear freedom. I've become terrified of thinking, I suppose.

Hellelone: Then the War turned you into a child. Yes, you've got the look of a frightened child sometimes. What do you think about your work, then?

Saupson (stancing away) Oh, I daydream.

Hellelone: But ~~if~~ don't you ever want to do something else?

Saupson: Yes, I do, very often. But as far as ambition goes I'm like a man who worships the dawn and always sleeps through it.

He looked down at the second tier of the dining-room and watched a man and woman rise from their table and go towards the archway.

Saupson: Look. Those are my friends.

Hellelone: The Italian couple?

Saupson: Yes.

Hellelone watched them go down the staircase to the ballroom and begin dancing. The woman was dark and well-built, and she appeared to be in her late thirties. Her husband was a small, slim man with a pale face and hair grey at the edges. His clothes were very neat, and he moved deftly.

~~Hellelone: She looks a fine young woman~~

Saupson: They've been kind to me. Without them I shouldn't be living in Paris. Giordano and I met in Belgium in 1916, and we became friends. ~~He was part of a liaison detachment~~
~~from the Italian army~~ Then we met again in the last few months of the War and he invited me ~~to his house in Paris~~.
Paris. They have a large house on the Rue ^{du} Bois ^{de} Boulogne.

~~Hellelone: They're rich people, you say - isn't that right?~~

III Club Purgatorial

6.

Hellclare: She's a fine-looking young woman.

Sampson: They're not a happy couple. (With a quick glance at

Hellclare) They both want a child, and he can't give her one.

Hellclare: Can't?

Sampson: No. He'll never be able to.

Hellclare: Did he have an accident ~~in~~ⁱⁿ the War, then?

Sampson (shyly) No. He has been to the doctors, and it's true he's sterile. No doubt these are explanations. It isn't

merely that they'd like a child: they feel they must have one. She yearns for a child every day. And in a few years' time she'll be too old. Her body cries out for

a child, the more so because she feels she might never have one. And of course the idea of his being sterile

torments Giordano. He'd be willing to let her sleep with someone else just to get the child.

Hellclare (quietly) Well, then, there's the solution. Why doesn't she go and sleep with someone else?

Sampson: It's so difficult for them...

He turned and watched the couple dancing.

Sampson: She has her religion, and sleeping with someone else is a mortal sin.

Hellclare (with a shrug) It depends how badly she needs the child.

Sampson: She doesn't want to hurt Giordano. She insists ~~that~~ they choose a father together. They've waited too long, I think. She has dreamed about it too much. They've talked it over

too much. Giordano knew ~~that~~ he was sterile five years ago. They've waited all this time, presumably for the right father... Oh, it's a very miserable business, believe me. The more they wait for the right man the less likely are they to find him. Helene: What about yourself? You could have slept with her. You aren't sterile. You're decent-looking.

Sangson: ~~In with Maria and~~ I suppose.
Sangson (a little taken aback) ~~Perhaps~~ It would seem like incest, if I live in the same house, and ever since I came to Paris Maria has treated me like a son. (with a smile) Perhaps I sometimes look to them like a frightened child, as I do to you. No, they ~~may never be able to choose.~~ Perhaps she's incapable when I came to Paris I needed a little nursing. ~~No. Perhaps they'll never~~ No: perhaps they'll never be able to choose. ~~Helene but they confide in you.~~ She may be incapable of being unfaithful to him, and he of allowing it. I often wonder whether they are too devoted to each other.

A waiter brought champagne and an ice-box to the side of their table.

Helene (nodding slowly) Yes. It's a miserable business. The dance ended. Most of the couples went to the velvet seats at the side of the ballroom, and three or four waiters clad in white hurried down from the dining-room to take their orders. As Maria Celida returned to her table she looked towards the minstrel's gallery and noticed Sangson. She waved her hand, then ~~turned and spoke to her husband as he came up the staircase behind her then pointed him out to her husband.~~ He bowed and smiled.
Helene (watching them) They seem out of place here.

Saunson: Who's hormone?

Hellelone: My manager for continental tours. No, I've never been in need of religion myself.

Saunson filled Hellelone's glass with champagne.
Hellelone: You must meet some of these people. (Struck by the idea) You must meet hormone for me thing, ~~then a young woman called Eliza Manning~~ then Eliza. They'd like you.

Come along to the theatre tomorrow afternoon and we'll meet a few of them.

Saunson (a little awkwardly) But Mademoiselle ^{Berger} Dupont —

Hellelone: Ah, of course, you know Francine.

Saunson: She tells me the rehearsals are going to be rushed. Perhaps tonight to come next week. (Excitedly)

Hellelone: Yes, it's true the rehearsals are going to be rushed. I've come from England with only a day to spare. I wanted to slip into the show at the last minute. My dress rehearsal is tomorrow afternoon. I didn't want to break the spell. I would rather have begun my rehearsals tonight as soon as I arrived. Those five years of the stage made me very impatient. (Looking up at Saunson) But that won't prevent us having a cup of tea together in my dressing room. No, let's meet in the Crimson Tower. That's behind the Dress Circle. It's a ~~red~~ crimson room we use for rehearsals. Call at the Box Office first and find out whether I've left a message for you. I'll have finished my dress rehearsal by four o'clock. Come at four o'clock. ~~Yes~~

Saunson (politely) Very well, then. I shall look forward to that.

prettier. Have you ever heard of Nidok?

Saulson: Who?

Hellelone: Nidok the Illusionist.

Saulson: No.

~~Hellelone: Well, he's a magician, the best in his time~~

Hellelone: Well, he's in the show tomorrow night. And Eliza is one of his assistants. She gets sawn in half, and that sort of thing. She's a fine, sturdy girl. You ought to see her among the tigers. She can do anything with them.

Saulson: The tigers?

Hellelone: Yes, Nidok's tigers. ~~He does all his tricks in a cage with five tigers.~~ They are part of his act. That's how she got the scar. She was mauled during a performance about twelve years ago, when she was a girl of twenty-two. All the tigers were on their perches, and one of them got angry with Nidok. He had his back turned, and the tiger tried to claw at his shoulder. Eliza ~~ran~~ ~~seized~~ it wised and then looked as though it was going to leap on Nidok from behind. Eliza ~~started and~~ ran across and gave it a smack on the mouth with her whip. At the same time she shouted, and Nidok jumped out of the way. The tiger turned on her. It knocked the whip out of her hand and caught her on the right cheek with one of its claws.

Saulson: How horrible!

Hellelone: Now that tiger ~~has~~ ^{never} ~~given~~ ^{given} any trouble before ~~that~~ ^{and it has} never given any trouble since. Every day it watches

Hellelone: Horraine is the son of an American business-man. I think he's going to like you. His mother was French, a very religious woman. She brought him back to France from Boston when he was fourteen. Then he came into his father's money when he was a young man and invested some of it in a theatre. In 1889 he built his own theatre, and that's where I'm going to perform tomorrow night, — the Théâtre de la Fête. Of course, nowadays he owns four or five theatres in Paris, but that's his favorite. He puts on all the biggest shows at the Théâtre de la Fête. He's putting six hundred thousand francs into this show of mine tomorrow night, and I doubt whether he has spent more on a single show in his life. Yet I haven't been near a professional stage for five years. (Drinking back his champagne) He's one of the richest men in France, but he'll ~~never~~ never miss going to ~~the~~ church. I think he worries too much. But that's ^{because he isn't married.} ~~way he has to his being unmarried.~~ He needs a woman behind him, though I should think a woman would find him a little too fussy. He likes his two baths every day, and his fingernails are always just so. I've never seen a crease in his suit. He's terrified of being ill, and of course he never is ill. He takes good care to look after himself.

Sampson: Who was the other person you mentioned? A young woman.

Hellelone: Eliza. You'll like her. She's a special friend of mine. Now Horraine's been on her. She has a scar down one side of her face which I think makes ^{her} look all the

III Club Purgatorial.

9.

Elija come into the cage, and it never stops. She can do what she likes with that animal. It licks her ~~best~~ hand and lets her tickle its ears. Animals can be funny like that. This one was born in captivity, and they're always more dangerous than the wild ones, which ~~have been tamed,~~ ~~you know~~ They suddenly turn. The wildness comes out of them, and then it's all over. If you saw that tiger ^{now} you'd call her a docile animal. She'll be on that stage tomorrow night. I wonder if she remembers turning on Elija like that?

~~Sauzon once more filled Hellelone's glass~~ He took the champagne and filled Sauzon's glass, then his own.

Sauzon: Have you ever had an accident, in the circus?

Hellelone: Yes, I've had a good many little falls. But the worst accident I ~~was~~ ^{was} ever had ^{was} when I was doing an act called The Fins with my wife, ~~Wagner~~ Now I had that accident because I was unhappy. There was no other reason. I wasn't giving myself to the work. It was stilted work. There was nothing versatile in it. I always say a man's ~~work~~ work is what he needs to do, not what he's got to do. This was plain acrobatics and trapeze-work. My ~~work~~ heart wasn't in it. ~~And, I fell~~ ~~way up the rope ladder~~ ~~to the high wire~~ I fell and broke my leg. I was half-way up the rope ladder to the high-wire and I slipped. My $\frac{3}{4}$ right foot went ^{between} ~~two~~ the rings. I lost my grip and fell backwards. The ladder swung out a foot or two into the ring, otherwise I should have fallen straight ^(heaving forward eagerly) ~~(sturdily, leaning forward)~~ into the audience. I fell on one leg about twelve feet. You see, I was angry with my work. I was ashamed of it. I used to milk for hours on end. I was like a prisoner to this

woman. She thought ~~that~~ I was in the circus for a job of work. She didn't understand ~~that~~ the circus was my life. Now since I've been a clown with an act of my own I've hardly had a fall to speak of. I never have to think what I'm doing. My body wants the work, and therefore it obeys me all the time. When I was working with ~~Tenore~~ ^{Rex} I couldn't look people in the eyes. I remember that. I was ashamed of myself, you see. It wasn't my work. Yet another man would say the same about clowning. He'd say it was ~~x~~ dirty work. Well, it is sometimes. He looked to his left at the table where the Celida's were sitting, on the lower tier.

Hellolore: Do they come here often?

Saugon: Who?

Hellolore: Your Italian friends.

Saugon: Oh, yes, they consider it the fashionable thing to do. They come here twice or three times a week. They'd look on themselves as dull people if they didn't. ~~(Looking about at the other members)~~ (looking about at the other members) You'd be surprised what illegal business goes on between some of these people. Giordano has done a bit of smuggling in his time across the Italian border. Most of them deserve a prison sentence.

Hellolore: I can well believe it.

Saugon: Paris is no place for Maria. Her father was a small farmer in Turcany. She was born and brought up there. You can see ~~that~~ by the way she danced just now that she's a country woman. She doesn't try to dance elegantly like the other women here.

Saugon sipped his champagne slowly, and

Hellelone watched him as he did so.

Hellelone: Are you fond of the drink?

Saugson (pointing to his glass) This, you mean?

Hellelone: No. I mean, do you drink a lot?

Saugson: No. I very rarely have more than a few glasses of wine.

Hellelone: My father took to drink. He was finished for the circus after that. He tried his luck at the stage doors, selling songs at a dollar a number, but no good came of it. That was when I was fourteen. He used to be a fine acrobat in his day. Of course, those were the days when the circus used to ride through your town in a long procession, and the day when the circus turned up was a real holiday. The band used to go in front, then the horses and ponies and elephants all spruced up. There used to be big golden tableaux on the carts with the Trapeze-girls on top, and you could see the lions in their cages. The clowns used to walk alongside. They used to fool about and give sweets to the kiddies. You don't see that kind of thing nowadays. The circus my father was in went round the same circuit for thirty years, between 1862 and 1892. It was always the same circuit up to Leeds and back again. The circus could be a rough life, you know. We had to be careful of the gangs. Sometimes they'd try to burn the tents down. Three or four waiters went across the ballroom gathering up the paper streamers. They ~~scattered~~ left the floor with ~~an awful~~ ~~of~~ ~~them~~ ~~coloured~~ ~~papers~~. The plush seats on either side were now crowded with people waiting for the next dance. When the floor was again clear the orchestra

struck up into a polka, and most of them moved down from the kitchen to dance.

~~Helleore: To say you haven't a future. Now that's exactly like
I felt when I was working with my wife in the Firm & thought
I was dead & she was dead and finished.~~

When Helleore and Sangron had eaten Sangron called a wine-waiter to the table and ordered cognac.

~~He was to be dismissed.~~ Helleore watched the dance closely, tapping his feet to the tune of the music. When they had eaten Sangron called a wine-waiter up to the table and ordered cognac. Helleore leaned back with a smile.

Helleore: I've eaten like a trooper. It shows you I couldn't have eaten much at the hotel tonight. I was nervous. They asked me to give a little speech. I didn't feel at home. I expected something quite different when I got off the boat.

~~Sangron: He is a fine expert to make a lot of money
Sangron: Well, you must be quite a valuable asset to your
manager here. No wonder he treats you like a king. He
wants to make thousands of francs out of your visit.~~

~~Helleore: Yes, it's true that business is always on the make.~~

Sangron: Well, now that we've eaten I ought to ask Maria and Giordano to join us here. What do you think?

Helleore: I should be delighted. How's the time?

Sangron: A little after two o'clock. (Looking into his eyes)
Would you rather go back now?

Helleore (emphatically) No, no. Let me meet your friends.

Sangron rose and was just about to leave

III Club Purgatorial.

11.

the table when a waiter came with cognac. He drank it ^{standing,} in one gulp. Hellelme watched him, then did the same. They put their glasses back on the table simultaneously, and laughed, and as they did so they glanced at each other and laughed.

Saugson went down to the second tier and spoke to Maria and Giordano Celida. They turned and looked up with surprise at Hellelme. Giordano Celida peered at him and smiled as Saugson talked to them. Then he nodded and rose, and all three came up the narrow gangway towards Hellelme's table. Hellelme was still laughing a little to himself. He got up and pushed his chair back noisily, then went a little way to meet them, his hand outstretched.

Saugson introduced them, and a waiter brought two more chairs to the table. As they sat down Maria Celida watched Hellelme with a smile.

Maria: Do you always keep such late hours?

Hellelme: No, Maria. This is unusual for me.

Giordano (with genial familiarity) We have a box for tomorrow night.

Hellelme: (Helders) I'm delighted.

Maria: Tonight, my dear, tonight.

Giordano: Good! (Neatly pulling back his sleeve and glancing at his watch) In eighteen hours time.

Saugson introduced them, and a waiter brought two more chairs to the table.

Giordano (genially) We have a box for tomorrow night, Monsieur.

Hellelme: I'm delighted.

Maria (with a smile) Tonight, my dear.

Giordano: Of course! (Neatly pulling back his sleeve and glancing at his watch) In eighteen hours' time.

Hellelone: Don't remind me.

 Maria and Giordano laughed politely.

Giordano turned and beckoned to one of the waiters who was standing on the lower tier.

Giordano: Loan me of your performances in Italy.

Hellelone: Where would that have been?

Giordano: Ah, of course, you don't remember it. It was a long time ago, eleven years ago, in Rimini.

Hellelone: But I do remember. (Turning to Saupan) That was my first continental tour.

 A waiter stood at Giordano Celida's side, bowing respectfully.

~~Giordano: Now we shall celebrate this honour. (laying his hand on Hellelone's arm) Because you understand it is an honour meeting you here. I always thought you were — (raising~~

~~the arm and saying upwards) magical. Now we shall put your flesh and bones to the test by ordering — by ordering (taking the wine list from the waiter, and searching it) at good champagne. (with a quick, methodical glance at~~

~~Hellelone) You like champagne?~~

~~Hellelone (watching him) No~~

~~Hellelone (watching him).~~

Giordano: Now we shall celebrate this honour. (laying his hand on Hellelone's arm) Because you understand it is an honour meeting you here. I always thought you were a little — a little magical. But here you are in the flesh. So — (taking a wine-list from the waiter) — we shall celebrate. (with a quick, methodical

III Club Purgatorial

glance at Hellelève) You like champagne?

Hellelève nodded, watching him. Giordano

selected a vintage, and the waiter left hurriedly.

Hellelève: Have you always lived in Paris?

Giordano: No, Monsieur. We came away from Italy in 1904.

Hellelève: What made you want to leave?

Giordano (moving closer to him) There wasn't a big enough living to be had. Both of us love our country, but — (rubbing his thumb and forefinger together) — it was a question of bread and butter, you understand. My idea was to go to

America. I had just enough money. We were both young.

Mania was just turned twenty-one. But there! Mania — well, you know what women are!

Mania: I hated the thought of going to America.

Giordano (smiling at her) She's the daughter of a Tuscan farmer, and it was all I could do to get her here. We had ten years in Toulouse. We were in partnership with another Italian, — not a very successful partnership. Then we came to Paris a few months before War broke out. I managed to put the business on its feet in the first year of the War, — though I don't know.

Mania (to Hellelève) ~~It started late~~ By working very hard, believe me.

Giordano: It went well during the War, and now we have a very fashionable little business. And one of our clients is a gentleman called Monsieur Albert Lorraine who (with a

little low) I believe is known to you.

Hellelone: Of course, of course.

Circulano (flattered) He often visits us... Yes, I saw you perform

~~Marie (to Hellelone) You always keep such late hours, Hellelone~~

~~Hellelone: He always~~

~~Marie (to Hellelone) He always keeps such late hours?~~

~~Hellelone: A waiter brought champagne and fresh~~

~~flowers to their table.~~

~~Marie (to Hellelone) He always keeps such late hours?~~

~~Hellelone: He always keeps such late hours?~~

~~Marie: You always~~

~~Marie (to Hellelone)~~

~~Marie~~ in Rimini eleven years ago. I remember your name
outside the theatre: ~~EMERSON~~ ELLEBORO. But I never thought
I should ^{ever} come face to face with you. (To Sangson) You
called at M^r Firstanley's hotel, then?

Sangson: Yes.

Marie: You should have told me before. Then we could all
have had dinner at home.

A waiter brought champagne and fresh
glasses to their table.

~~Marie: He always keeps such late hours?~~

~~Marie: He always keeps such late hours?~~

Marie (to Sangson) We were so surprised to see you. Did you
walk down?

Sangson: Yes. I left the house soon after eleven
and walked down to the Rue de Rivoli.

Marie: You could have borrowed the car. We could quite

early have left it.

The waiter bowed the champagne, and Giordano

raised his glass.

Giordano ^(to Hellelove) health, then.

Maia and Sarpom raised their glasses.

Giordano: In honor of Hellelove, wishing him success tomorrow night — (connecting himself with a smile) — tonight.

Hellelove raised his glass first to Maia, then to Giordano, and they all drank.

Hellelove: Thank you both.

The polka came to an end and there was the sound of applause from the ballroom. Maia and Giordano turned. All the couples who had been dancing remained on the floor to ~~stop~~ applaud the orchestra.

Maia (with a laugh, to Hellelove) They want it again!

Giordano: She tries me out dancing.

Silence fell in the ballroom, and then the crowd sighed. The conductor raised his baton under a yellow spotlight from the minstrel's gallery, and the orchestra struck up into a second polka.

Maia (naively) It's another one!

naively. Giordano and Sarpom laughed at her, and, seeing their laugh, she put her hand over her mouth. There were now many couples on the dance-floor, and the light stamping of their feet could be heard above the orchestra.

Giordano (laying his hand on Hellelove's arm) Dance with my wife.

Please. Show her how you dance.

Hellelove: I should be delighted.

He got up and bowed to Maia. Together

They went down to the crowded ballroom. Giordano and Sampson watched them as they took up the dance.

Giordano: What made you call on him?

Sampson (still watching Helldore) I don't know why I went, Giordano. I'd already gone to bed. I got up again just after eleven and walked down to the hotel. Francine told me which hotel it would be.

Giordano: Does he know about her?

Sampson: Know what?

Giordano: I mean, what did you tell him about her?

Sampson (understanding) Oh, I said we were friends, — no more.

Giordano: And you talked about Edgar?

Sampson nodded sadly.

Giordano: I expect he was glad to see his son's only friend.

~~Sampson: He seemed to have forgotten a lot about Edgar. I thought it would all be so much easier.~~

~~Giordano: I wonder if it's wise to go up the past like that? You made him miserable, I suppose.~~

Sampson: He seemed to have forgotten a lot about Edgar. ~~It~~ about three years now, you see.

Giordano: Well, three years is ~~no~~ time enough to forget. I expect you made him feel a little miserable. But I'm glad you saw him.

Maria thinks it must be a relief to you. You needed to talk these things over, though I sometimes wonder whether ^{it was} wise to go back over the past like that. (Sipping his champagne) You look very tired, my dear boy.

Sampson: Yes, I worked hard today. I stayed at the shop until after seven.

Giordano: Oh, by the way, did the arrangement for Udine go?

Sampson: Yes. They ought to be there by Thursday of next

~~Henry~~ He took the bottle of champagne and filled Maria's glass. He then offered it to Hellelone, who shook his head.

Hellelone: No, thank you. I'm merry enough, thank you.

Giordano chuckled and held the bottle up to the light, squinting at it. It was ~~only~~ a quarter full.

Giordano: Come, you must have another glass. We must finish the bottle before we go back to our own table.

Yes? Of course!

He filled Hellelone's glass. Then they all touched glasses and drank.

Giordano (to Maria) The next dance ought to be for Henry. He looks so lonely sitting there.

Maria (with a tender glance at Saupson) Yes, I shall take him down to the ballroom and whirl him round. He looks so sad.

Saupson: I'm only feeling a little tired.

Giordano: He stayed at the shop until after seven this evening. (Glancing first at Maria, then at Hellelone) ~~And~~

~~the orchestra began a slow waltz, and Saupson Maria got up. He went down to the ballroom with Saupson behind her. It all used ~~was~~ more champagne.~~

And a little more champagne would do you both good. You look hot, both of you. Yes, I think so.

He beckoned to one of the waiters and ordered more champagne.

Maria: Mr Finstanley has already refused it, Giordano.

Giordano: Oh, mere politeness! Do you want to ^{be off} / ~~go~~ / come, then?

III Club Purgatorial.

week. I expect they'll go by aeroplane.

Giordano: And you included my little personal message?
Saupson nodded.

Giordano: Good. One never knows, — I may be going to Italy soon.

He turned and gazed at Hellelone and Maria as they danced.

Giordano: That's how I like to see a man dance, with his shoulders firm and straight. Look, he's as light as a feather.

(Glancing at Saupson) He's shorter than I would have thought. He looks taller on the stage, — at least as I remember him, though that was eleven years ago. Perhaps it's due to the floppy clothes he wears on the stage. He doesn't look sad now, does he?

Hellelone was laughing as he danced, and at every fourth beat he hopped particularly high.

Saupson: This is the first time he has left England since the War broke out.

Giordano (gazing down at Hellelone with a smile) Then I expect he means to enjoy himself.

As soon as the dance came to an end Hellelone and Maria returned to the table, laughing and breathless.

Maria (to Giordano) Hadn't we better go back to the table, if only for a few minutes?

Giordano glanced down at the table on the lower tier where they had been sitting.

Giordano: Not yet, my dear. We'll have a little more champagne, then go. (To Hellelone) We have three or four friends down there. We mustn't neglect them altogether.
~~We took the champagne and had some.~~

young man altogether, — helpless, quite helpless. He said he would never go back to England, I don't know why. I wanted to give him a home, and I knew Maria and I could give him a home. So I invited ^{him} to ~~my~~ ^{this} house ^{of mine} ~~here~~ ^{in Paris}. We have no children of our own, you see. I felt he needed a home more than anything else. We gave him a couple of rooms, and I found him a little work in one of our shops. (Watching Sampson and Maria in the ballroom) He is so very polite, you know. I can send him to talk trade with business agents from all over the world, and I can always be confident that he'll give a better impression than I ever could. (With a glance at Hellelone) He's an educated young man. I'm a shopkeeper. An education counts for a great deal these days.

Hellelone: I like listening to him talk.

Giordano: Yes, he can talk well.

They gazed down into the ballroom in silence.

Giordano: He liked war, you know.

Hellelone: Liked it?

Giordano: Yes. He liked the fighting. I think he was a good fighter. ~~But~~ He's lost now the war's over.

Hellelone: Yes, he talks like a lost man.

Giordano (with a sigh) Oh the War meant for me was my separation from Maria. We were too much in love with each other, perhaps. I used to yearn to be with her until I was almost mad. I was in the French army for three years. I lost weight. I ~~got~~ ^{had} skin-trouble. ~~I caught malaria~~

~~and after that I got malaria, and then after that~~

I caught malaria, and one thing after another. I'm not a fighter. War isn't for people like myself. People like her

III Club Purgatorial.

Mania: No, please! let's make a night of it!

Giordano (triumphantly, to Hellelore and Saupson) Shall we, then?

Mania: ~~Then~~ We can all back to the house together for an early breakfast at dawn!

Giordano (to Hellelore) Does that suit you?

Hellelore (nodding) You are both very kind.

The orchestra began a slow waltz, and

Mania got up. She touched Saupson's hair lightly, putting it back from his forehead, and together they went down into the ballroom. A waiter brought the second bottle of

champagne, and Giordano moved to a chair at Hellelore's side. He filled their glasses.

~~Hellelore: You came to know Saupson during the War, I believe.~~

~~Giordano: Yes, I was in the French army. I came across him~~

~~in 1916. We made friends quickly. Then I met him again at~~

~~the beginning of 1918 and found him quite different, a~~

~~different young man altogether. Your son's death made a~~

~~terrible change in him.~~

Hellelore: You came to know Saupson during the War, I believe?

Giordano: Yes, my friend. Has he made you feel sad? Has he brought back the past?

Hellelore (with a shrug, staring down at the table) He has suffered too much. It isn't right.

Giordano: Yes, he did suffer. I feel like a father towards him, you know, just as you must have felt towards Edgar. I met him for the first time in 1916, and we made friends very quickly. Then I met him again towards the end of the War after your son's death, and he was a different

man, I believe. He certainly knows the value of money. And his house is full of the most fabulous things, - so they say in the trade.

Maria: Is he richer than Mr Finstanley, then?

Giordano: But, of course. I should think Mr Finstanley is a good deal poorer than I am.

He gazed at Maria thoughtfully.

Giordano: Yet on the whole perhaps he's the richer man. He doesn't have to keep on the right side of people to make his profits, as I do. He doesn't have to entertain people he dislikes. He doesn't have to serve rude customers. Lorraine does all the scrambling for him, - all the investing and worrying and speculating. It must be wonderful, my dear, not to have to think about money all the time. Imagine what it must be like to feel the money piling up while you walk the streets on your way to rehearsal!

Maria (a little pained by this) But aren't you proud of your work? You chose it yourself. Nobody forced you into it.

Giordano: Yes, I chose my work and I enjoy doing it. But I have to be thinking about money all the time. We live very lavishly, you know. The money doesn't come of its own accord, though sometimes you behave as though it does. ~~I have to pay~~
~~side so much for mortgages, so much for clothes, so much for~~
I have to be watching the market all the time and exchanging this investment for that. I have to keep an eye on the real firms, and I have to open up new contacts in foreign countries. It seems to me I never have a moment's peace from money, even when we come out to enjoy ourselves. ~~I have~~
~~if you'd believe me~~ You wouldn't believe me if I told you how

War is for young men with nothing to lose.

Hellelone: Was Saupson like that?

Giordano: Well, what had he got to lose?

Hellelone nodded slowly, then glanced up at Giordano

Hellelone: Did you ^{ever} meet my son?

Giordano: No, my friend.

~~When the dance ended and Maria returned~~

Maria and Saupson returned to the table before

the dance ended, and Giordano got up.

Giordano (to Maria) Now we really must go back to our table.

(To Hellelone) For a few minutes, — would you mind?

Hellelone (rising) Not at all. (To Maria) But we must have another dance or two before dawn.

Maria laughed shyly.

Giordano: The champagne is there for you to drink.

They returned to their table, which was at the moment empty.

Maria (looking into the ballroom) The others are dancing. I can see them.

Giordano: Would you prefer the lounge?

Maria (sitting down) Oh, no, my dear. I like to watch the dancing.

(Glancing back at Hellelone's table) Is he as you remember him?

Giordano: Well, of course, they have their faces painted. He is shorter than I would have ~~thought~~ expected.

Maria: Who is this harraine you mentioned?

Giordano: His name's... He often comes to the shop, though I've never seen him myself. Perhaps you remember that fine little crucifix I picked up last year, — ~~that~~ a gold frame inset with rubies. He bought it and had it clipped onto one of his roses. He's a shrewd

The slow waltz came to an end, and Hellelone turned to Saupson.

Hellelone: This is my real welcome back to Paris. I'm beginning to feel among friends. I didn't feel among friends at the dinner party this evening. Most of them were tired. They had left the theatre in the middle of rehearsals, and most of them had gone without a bite to eat since the early afternoon. That was Lorraine's doing, of course. He wanted something dignified. He ~~wanted to turn me into a statue~~ wanted it described in all the newspapers. I like your friends. They're easy to get on with.

Saupson held the champagne bottle up to the light.

Hellelone: Empty.

Saupson (calling to one of the waiters) Deux cognacs!

Hellelone: In the old days we used to take limousine cabs round the West End after the show. We used to talk and sing in each other's bedrooms until the dawn came through. We used to have suppers on the stage with our make-up on. We used to play tricks on each other during the show. I wonder whether it'll ever be the same again? While the War lives on I never went near the stage. I had no managers and no ^{cronies} cronies. I used to see a few friends now and again, but somehow the real old-time artistes disappeared during the War. All I wanted to do was to keep away from the theatre; I didn't want to go near London. I felt too sad. None of my old pals were there. ~~After a week the managers~~ ~~and asked me to~~ ~~give them~~ No, I didn't feel comfortable at the hotel tonight, except with Eliza. Perhaps when we've all worked together again things will be like they used to be.

III Club Purgatorial.

much we ~~spend~~ ^{spend} ~~spend~~ ^{spend} on entertaining people, on dinners - parties and visits to the theatre and cocktails and tips to the country, from one end of the ~~other~~ year to the other. But I can tell you it gives me quite a headache now and again.

Maia: But Mr Finsterley has a lot of business, too. These must be contracts to sign for no thing. And ~~Henry~~ don't you remember Henry telling us how lavishly he used to live before the war, how he used build houses and then get tired of them as soon as they were finished? Well, there are your ~~mortgages~~ mortgages and loans and investments.

Giordano: Yes, but ~~it isn't~~ ^{it isn't} the same. He could entertain all the most influential people in Europe, but that wouldn't help him give a better performance on the stage. He isn't obliged to think about money all the time.

Maia: Well, someone has to do the thinking, otherwise there wouldn't be such a thing as trade, and ~~where~~ ^{where} would his food and costumes and houses come from?

Giordano (with a smile) I agree with you, my dear. I'm only saying I envy him a little. I envy ^{him} his powers, you see.

Maia: Well, you've made a success of your work, - that's one thing.

Giordano: But sometimes I do get tired of it. I advise a man who isn't on the make all the time.

The show really ~~seems to be~~ ^{is} ~~at~~ ^{an} end, and ~~most of~~

~~the dancers~~ ~~Walden~~ turned to Jackson.

Walden: They'll be coming back, I suppose?

Edison: Yes, Maia says she looks a ~~light~~ ^{light} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~at~~ ^{at}

~~she~~ ~~Walden~~ ~~seems~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~end~~ ~~of~~ ~~it~~

Walden

I	II	III	IIII	IIII	IIII
2I	2II	2III	2IIII	---	
3I	3II	3III	---	---	---
4I	4II	---	---	---	---
5I	---	---	---	---	---
6I	---	---	---	---	---

not to fall.

Hellelone: Who's watching me?

Saugson: Maria's friends. They all know who you are by now.

Hellelone (with a sigh)

Hellelone: There you are, I'm still a statue. Wherever I go they treat me like a statue. You can see for yourself. It's their fault. It's not my fault. I'll be alright. (leaning across the table and grasping Saugson's arm) I'll be alright. It was that brandy. Click.

Saugson (rising) I'll get the tonic water. Then we must go straight back to the hotel. You've got to sleep. I can take Grisdano's car.

Hellelone (making his head very slowly) ~~Get up the table~~ No. I won't go back, because I wouldn't sleep. I'm going to dance with that woman. I said I was going to dance with that woman and I'm going to.

Saugson (with a sigh) Let me get you the tonic water, then.

He went down to the second tier. As he turned left towards the lounge Maria called and beckoned to him. He went to her table and bowed to the other guests. Hellelone watched him, his eyes narrowed. Maria said something to Saugson, and he nodded awkwardly. ~~He~~ ~~came back slowly to Hellelone's table.~~

~~Saugson: He wants me to get her wrap. She left it at home. So I shall be taking the car.~~

Some minutes later he returned to Hellelone's table with a waiter.

Saugson (in Hellelone's ear) luckily you don't look very drunk.

The waiter put a glass of tonic water before Hellelone and departed.

Saugson (sitting down again) Maria wants me to get her wrap. She

A waiter brought their cognac. They touched glasses and drank it in one gulp.

Hellelme: That's one for old times.

He reeled a little in his chair and gripped the table firmly with both hands.

Hellelme (with a loose smile) I did murder Edgar.

Saugson (starting) Are you drunk? Your eyes are very bloodshot.

Hellelme (vehemently) I murdered him. ~~III~~

He stared at Saugson for a moment, then ~~leaned back and~~ took his hands from the table, ~~with a smile,~~ and leaned back with a smile.

Hellelme (quietly) I'm drunk. I'm not used to all this. I never touch

~~Saugson (looking at Hellelme) You must sit still. Sit still.~~

~~for a moment.~~

Saugson: Do you feel sick?

Hellelme: No.

Saugson: Do you feel you might fall? ~~He had mistakenly taken the table and managed~~

Hellelme: I feel dizzy, and very sleepy.

Saugson looked down at the second tier where the Celida's were sitting. They had now been joined by their guests, and ~~one of those guests~~ ^{one of them} was watching Hellelme.

Saugson: You must sit still. You must try and sit still, and talk as little possible.

Hellelme frowned and stayed at the table. He wavered a little and tried to look at Saugson.

Hellelme: Why?

Saugson: People are watching you. ~~Will you please find some tonic~~ I'll get you some tonic water and a cachet. Speaking very distinctly) But meanwhile you must try and sit very still. Try

at Maria and Hellelone as they danced swiftly round the floor, faster than any of the other couples and more reckless. Hellelone whirled her round and round on the same spot as the dance ended. Maria fell back giddily, but he caught her in time with a laugh.

They turned, and Maria waved to Sampson. She came up the staircase, smiling at him. Hellelone came after her, sweating and panting.

Maria (taking the wrap) Thank you, my dear. We've been dancing all this time.

She kissed him lightly on the cheek.

Sampson: Where's Giordano.

Maria: He went back home.

Sampson: How long ago?

Maria: About an hour ago.

Sampson: He must have walked, then, because I had the car.

Maria: No, he took a cab. (Taking his hand and squeezing it)

You mustn't worry about things, my dear.

He slungged, and she went towards the lounge. He drew Hellelone to one of the tables near the white arch, and they sat down.

Sampson (in a soft voice) You've seen her, then.

Hellelone: What do you mean?

Sampson: She has chosen you.

Hellelone shook his head with a smile.

Hellelone: We had a dance or two. We had a good time. She's lovely little dancer. That doesn't mean anything. Giordano went home of his own free will.

Sampson: She has chosen you as the father of her child. I know her

left it at home. So I shall be taking the car. (Hesitantly) She wants you to join their little party while I'm gone. Will you?

Hellelone nodded and sipped the tonic water.

Sampson: Or should I take you back to the hotel?

Hellelone: No, I'll be alright. It's just a tummy.

Sampson: Your eyes are so bloodshot. (Giving Hellelone a tablet)

Swallow that with the water. It won't make you sick?

Hellelone: No, I don't feel sick. I feel dizzy.

Sampson: I'll wait until you're better. Then you must go to the lavatory and smarten yourself up. You've spilt champagne down your shirt-front, and your hair needs combing. When you join Maria's party refuse the first dance or two, until you are feeling really well.

Hellelone (watching him with a smile) You look like a school-teacher.

~~She gave a little smile and looked down to check the~~
~~of other people~~

~~He handed her the tablet and gasped~~

~~Hellelone had tried to smarten up, she had~~

~~felt well, she had~~

Scenes: The same, two hours later.

The dining-room was now deserted. A few couples were dancing, but most of them were sitting talking and drinking on the seats at the side. All the lights were lower than before.

Sampson stood with Maria's fur wrap over his arm ~~is~~ looking down into the ballroom. He stood in astonishment

Hellelme: Excuse me. * * INSERT BELOW AB

He went to the door leading out of the dining-room on the second tier. He turned in the half-light and waved to Sampson, then went out.

Another dance began, and Maria returned from the lounge.

~~Maria: Yes, Maria Hellelme?~~

~~Sampson (sighing) He went out long~~

~~Sampson (sighing)~~

Sampson (sighing) He'll be back soon, I expect.

Maria: Shall we dance while he's gone?

Sampson (impatiently) No, Maria. I'm sick of this place. I want a walk. Come for a walk.

* INSERT AB

Sampson: Are you alright?

Hellelme: Yes. I'm only going for my coat and hat.

He took her arm and tried to bring her away from the table.

Maria: No, Henry! What about Hellelme?

Sampson: We'll come back for him. I only want a short walk. But I shall be sick otherwise.

Maria: No, I'll wait here. You go, and we'll wait for you here.

Sampson (with a sigh) Alright, then!

Maria (seeing his expression) No, I'll come, if it's a very short walk, and if you really want me to.

Sampson: I do.

III Club Lugatinal

better than you do.

Hellclove looked ~~down~~ at him thoughtfully, wiping his brow.

Sampson: She'll ask you about it tonight or tomorrow. Or perhaps Giordano will.

Hellclove: To give her a child?

Sampson: As soon as I told her you were coming to Paris she began asking me questions about you. (With a smile) Well, you're a famous man, so it'll be a kind of immaculate conception, which is what she's after. Would you do it?

Hellclove (avoiding his gaze) Anybody with a heart would. She's a pretty woman. And I expect she knows a trick or two.

Sampson: Would you do it, then?

Hellclove: Yes. But I wonder what it would be like, in cold blood like that ...

Sampson: Has she mentioned anything of the kind to you?

Hellclove: No. We've been dancing. We've hardly said a word to each other.

Sampson: There you are, then. The blood wasn't cold while you danced, was it? Why should it be at any other time?

A waiter came to the table and put two glasses of cognac before them.

Sampson: Did you order this?

Hellclove: No. Maria said she'd send something in.

Hellclove drank his cognac and got up. He swayed a little at the edge of the table, then steadied himself against the arch.

He drew the wrap round her shoulders and they left the club.

Scene 3: The streets of Paris, a little later.

There were low, dark clouds, and the street-lamps were still alight. One side of the sky was clearer, where the dawn was coming, and a chill wind was beginning to blow. The streets were deserted and quiet, apart from a hansom cab here and there.

Sauzon and Maria walked slowly down the Rue St. Honoré towards the Place Vendôme, arm in arm.

Sauzon: You sent me home for the wrap so that you could be alone with him.

Maria: No, I didn't. I really wanted the wrap. I began to feel cold between the dances.

Sauzon: Anyway, you got what you were after. Why can't you leave my friends & alone? We went there for a quiet meal together. I was afraid you'd do this.

Maria: But what have I done? I got tired of Gordon's friends. They were all pigs, and Helldone is a wonderful dancer.

Sauzon: But you've chosen him, haven't you?

Maria: Chosen him?

Sauzon: Yes. You've chosen him to give you a child, haven't you?

Maria: I don't know, I don't know.

Sauzon: You chose him because he has a famous famous name, — the

cheapest possible reason. You chose him immediately, you saw him in the flesh. In fact, you were astounded to find that he'd got flesh at all!

Maria (half stopping, in tears) That isn't true. Why are you so angry?

Sauvignon: You've chosen him, haven't you? You're going to ask him to give you a child, aren't you? (Gravely, gripping her arm)

Tell me, Maria!

Maria: I can't answer you. I haven't thought about it!

Sauvignon: Well, why have you waited all this time? You've been waiting five years, and soon you'll be too old. Why don't you let me do it, Maria? Let me give you a child, Maria!

He took her by the shoulders and tried to pull her towards him. They swayed together on the pavement.

Maria: Henry, Henry! What's the matter? For God's sake tell me!

Sauvignon (his head bent forward, sobbing and screaming) I could do it!

I could do it, Maria!

Helléne turned into the Champs Elysées and went to the middle of the road. He carried his top hat, and his black overcoat was open. He lifted his feet high, as if there were steps to mount in front of him. He stood still, swaying a little, ^{with a frown.} ~~and drooping~~ The wide road was deserted and silent. He ran forward in a helpless, headlong

He reeled, then ~~took several~~ ^{took a} ~~little~~ ^{few} steps, ^{with a} ~~trying~~ ^{rush,} trying to stop himself falling. His top hat slipped out of his hand onto the road and rolled over ^{on its brim.} ~~to the~~ ~~left~~ He bent down and moved towards it, his arms stretched out. He

fell forward onto his knees and crawled to the hat. He put it on the back ~~again~~ of his head and slowly lifted himself up. He began walking towards the Arc de Triomphe.

As he walked he closed his eyes and smiled, and began singing at the top of his voice:

Bon soir, old time, cheerio, chin-chin,
Na-poo, toddleoo, goodbye-ee!

premonitions. (with sudden remorse) Why in the name of God am I letting him go on tonight at all? He's a sick man. I told him this morning I was postponing the performance - I had everything ready: ~~was~~ what has happened between this morning and now to alter my plan? Why is he going on? I can't tell you. It's so obvious that he shouldn't be going on. What has happened during the day to alter my plan? I can't remember, Fiselheim. These last few hours have gone past like a sleep. (Fixing Nidole with his eyes) Can I stop him now? Such things have been done before.

Nidole: How can you turn away ^{two thousand} ~~thousand~~ people? No, if ~~Frankie~~ Friskanley is about to end his career, let him do it in grand style. Let everybody see it, let ~~them~~ everybody know it ~~for~~ ^{for} certain, - that Hellclaw is finished once and for all. Then there'll be no question of further contracts. There'll be no more worrying on future First Nights. Take him off the programme tonight, and tomorrow you'll be ^{blaming} ~~blaming~~ yourself ^{for having done it:} you will feel that after all he may have done well if you'd let him go on. I believe in letting a man go to his ruin if ^{that's what} he wishes ~~to do~~ ^{to do}.

Fiselheim's lips were pursed as the spoke, and he gazed at Lorraine with clear, knowing eyes. ^{Francine} ~~Vergine~~, standing behind Hellclaw at the dressing table, fitted a wig carefully ^{over} his head. It was a wig with ample finger tufts at each side and a white bald patch between. As she pressed the edges ^{down} ~~down~~ ~~the~~ ~~hair~~ the telephone bell rang. She leaned forward and

Hellclaw, keeping his hand securely on his wig, and took the receiver.

~~Francine~~ ~~(the woman)~~
Virginia: Yes... I shall come at once.

She replaced the receiver slowly and looked at Hellclaw through the dressing-table mirror.

Hellclaw: What's the matter?

~~Francine~~ ~~(the woman)~~: Lorraine wants me to go up and see her at once.

Hellclaw (uneasily): At once? No, you've ~~needed~~ ^{needed} her, what's her up to?

~~Francine~~ ~~(the woman)~~: He said he wouldn't keep me ~~from~~ ~~you~~ ~~for~~ more than a few minutes, and ~~it's~~ ~~so~~ urgent.

Hellclaw: Run along, then.

She took off her smock and tucked her hair in ~~Hellclaw's~~ ^{his} mirror, then ~~she~~ left the room. ~~Hellclaw~~

~~He~~ ~~pressed~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~wig~~ ~~edge~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~wig~~ ~~and~~ ~~got~~ ~~up~~ ~~He~~ ~~went~~ ~~behind~~ ~~the~~ ~~screen~~ ~~and~~ ~~took~~ ~~off~~ ~~his~~ ~~shirt~~ ~~He~~ ~~sat~~ ~~down~~ ~~to~~ ~~undo~~ ~~his~~ ~~shoes~~ ~~then~~ ~~held~~ ~~his~~ ~~white~~ ~~piérot's~~ ~~costume~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~pom-pom~~ ~~buttons~~ ~~up~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~light~~.

He pressed at the wig edge of his wig ~~and~~ ~~got~~ ~~up~~. He went behind the screen and ~~took~~ ~~off~~ ~~his~~ ~~shirt~~. He sat down to undo his shoes, then held his white piérot's costume with the pom-pom buttons up to the light.

There was a knock at the door, and someone entered room. Lorraine's voice

~~Hellclaw~~ ~~who's~~ ~~that?~~ ~~the~~ called out, "Jack?"

Hellclaw (recognising Lorraine's voice): Hello, she's on the way up. She left just this minute.

Lorraine: Who?

Hellclaw: The Virgin.

Lorraine: Oh, yes, but I think I'd slip down and tell you the news.

Hellclaw: You sound miserable. (slipping the costume over his head) What

news is this? The Virgin and is ~~the Virgin~~ ~~appears~~ ~~as~~ ~~an~~ ~~evil~~ ~~thing~~ ~~h~~ ~~the~~ ~~Virgin~~ ~~and~~
horraime: ~~the Virgin~~ ~~appears~~ ~~as~~ ~~an~~ ~~evil~~ ~~thing~~ ~~h~~ ~~the~~ ~~Virgin~~ ~~and~~
for your friend Jaegerman ^{are} ~~as~~ ~~well~~ ~~lovers~~, Jack.

Hellclore ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~(surprised)~~ ^{by this} How do you know?

horraime: Birds. It makes it all the more suspicious to my mind.

horraime paused. He looked down at the powder-puff, ^{usage} pipe-stick and large ebony comb on Hellclore's table.

horraime: I have never trusted that girl. (Turning away to the door, in helpless misery) I shall sack her.

Hellclore (quietly) ^{Don't you} sack that girl, Albert. ~~and you'll get up and sack~~
you ~~your~~ ~~months~~.

horraime: I shall see you later. We must talk about it.

~~He~~ ~~left~~ ~~the~~ ~~room~~. On his way back to the office he ~~packed~~ ~~down~~ ~~his~~ ~~waistcoat~~ so that it was no longer ~~creased~~
buttoned up his jacket, ^{re-}arranged the cambric in his button-hole and smoothed back his hair. ~~with~~ ~~quick~~ ~~obedient~~ ~~movements~~ ~~of~~
~~his~~ ~~hands~~

When he reached his office-door he drew himself up a little, then entered the room.

~~Francis Berger~~ ^{Francis Berger} was already there, sitting ~~between~~
between his desk and the window.

^{Francis} ~~Francis~~: Good evening.

horraime (tensely, going straight to his desk) You happen to be a close friend of a young man called Jaegerman. Do you mind

telling me why he called on Jack Finstanley last night?

~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~sidgaps~~ ~~off~~ ~~thing~~ ~~Francis~~ ~~stared~~ ~~at~~ ~~him~~ ~~as~~ ~~he~~ ~~sat~~ ~~down~~,
her mouth a little open. She seemed about to reply, but said nothing.

horraime: You ~~left~~ ^{do} know, don't you, that he called on Jack Finstanley last night at the hotel, and that Jack Finstanley

was all this morning — and perhaps unfit to perform tonight — because of that visit?

He spoke and looked as if he were suffering a ~~terrible~~ pain. He gazed not into her eyes, but above her head, at the wall behind her.

Francine ~~Virginie~~ (in ^{an awed} ~~almost a~~ whisper) I knew he went to the hotel. But I don't know why ~~she~~ he went.

~~Francine: I suppose he did not~~

hormaine: What was the point of visiting him at midnight?

Francine ~~Virginie~~ (he undered) I don't know.

hormaine: And why talk to him about his son? Why make him feel that he had murdered his son? Wouldn't there a better time for all this?

Francine ~~Virginie~~: I knew nothing about his visit until this afternoon.

hormaine: But presumably, his intention was to break the man's heart, wasn't it?

Francine ~~Virginie~~ (coldly, her anger rising) I don't know. I suppose he wanted to tell the truth, — what he thought was the truth. But that's only my guess, and my guess is no better than yours in this matter.

hormaine: And by what right does one man tell another man the truth, by what right? Let him keep it to himself.

Virginie: Sampson is a friend of mine, but I'm not responsible for what my friends do.

hormaine: But in a way, you see, you are responsible. For instance, you told your friend where Jack Finstanley's hotel was, and you told him what hour he kept, and you told him when he would be arriving in Paris.

Virginie: I didn't think he'd use what I told him.

horraine: No, I'm not suggesting you did think. ^{but} I'm suggesting you think now, and tell me by what right and with what intention this young man decided to put his nose into the affairs of this theatre.

~~Virginia: He only paid a social call~~

Virginia: His visit had nothing to do with the theatre.

horraine: In effect it did, as you yourself saw this morning.

What had Jack Finstanley done during the War to deserve this?

~~Virginia: He decided just to pay a visit, that's all, I suppose.~~

Virginia: I know nothing about his intentions.

horraine: What had Jack Finstanley done to deserve that talk about murder? He never harmed anyone during the War.

Virginia: Sampson and Jack are grown men. They can look after themselves. You talk about them as if they were children in need of protection.

horraine: Yes, well, it strikes me that your young friend is a child and that other people like Jack Finstanley do need protection against him.

~~It's pretty like a child, you see, to expect other people to tell him the truth if it is the truth.~~

like a child he doesn't know when to hold the truth inside him as a secret, and when to ~~just~~ tell it. Like a child running to father he runs to Finstanley with the news of his guilt. Had he been a religious child — as I was a religious child — he would have gone to confession, and that would have been the end of it. Instead, he used Finstanley as his priest, — with consequences which ~~are~~ I have to mend as best I can. And who was he to

judge instantly? who is any man to judge another? A priest
would have told him to cleanse himself before he set about
trying to cleanse other people.

Virginie (with a shrug) Oh, I don't understand it...

hormaine (severely) But I want you to understand this: that I
dislike the idea of one of my employees introducing meddlers
to my — dangerous meddlers — to my best artists. I have
been thinking of asking you to leave this theatre for that reason.

Virginie (shaking eyes) I've nowhere else to go. My parents are dead.
hormaine: Then it's ~~so~~ all the more important that you understand
me: I won't have my artists interfered with. As you
know, I'm rather a suspicious man, I have to be; and I feel
~~that~~ your young friend is up to something, though
it isn't likely ~~that~~ you'd tell me what exactly he's up to.

(with sudden anger) Enormous fortunes depend on these artists
of mine, enormous fortunes and the careers of hundreds upon
hundreds of people, and I ~~ought~~ ^{would} have these — these boys
coming forward and imputing crimes to men with a thousand
times their distinction. ~~That's~~ ^{That's} all I have to say.

Virginie rose, looked at him with ^{curiosity} ~~astonishment~~
for a moment, then left the room. ~~hormaine's lips were~~
~~pale and frozen and~~ ~~as pale as the rest of his face,~~
~~stared after her~~ He stared after her, pale and furious.

hormaine (between his teeth) Des gosses, alors...
~~The foyer and the~~ ^{wide} ~~balustrade behind~~
~~the Dress Circle were now crowded.~~ ~~The silver and crimson lights~~
~~in the glass dome on the foyer were on~~ ~~There were jumps in~~
~~Groups of people~~
The foyer and the wide balustrade behind
the Dress Circle were now crowded. Silver and crimson lights,

12.
designed like five-pointed stars, shown from out of the glass dome
~~above~~ the foyer. The noise of cars and taxicabs ~~outside~~
in the street could be heard whenever the entrance doors were
opened. ~~And~~ ~~the~~ ~~doors~~

Giordano and Maria Celida arrived
ten minutes or so before the curtain was due to go up.
~~They walked across the foyer to the long carpeted corridor~~
~~which led to the boxes and were admitted by an attendant~~
~~to a box nearest the stage.~~ They followed an attendant
to the end of a long carpeted corridor which ran along the
side of the auditorium, and there they were admitted to
a box ^{at} the very edge of the stage. Giordano slipped
a few ~~coins~~ ^{coins} into the attendant's hand, then followed his
wife nervously to a seat. ~~He looked at her, especially at~~

~~the foyer.~~ Maria Celida gazed without embarrassment
at the stalls, which were now half full with people, but
Giordano averted his ^{eyes} ~~eyes~~ to the curtain, ~~glancing~~
~~at her in his surprise~~ and coughed into his hand
nervously and awkwardly.

Maria (watching a group of people take their ^{below} seats) You are
beginning to stoop when you walk, Giordano. I noticed it
this evening for the first time. (Facing him, suddenly)
You are going to take it badly, aren't you?

Giordano (his eyes lowered) No, my dear. And even if I do,
it's my choice, I shall have to go through with it.

Maria (watching his mouth) Yes, but it doesn't make me feel
any more comfortable. I would far rather you went
away, - (vehemently, with black eyes) (with a vehement glance

^(at him)
~~right~~ right away for a week, or a month, so that you
could ~~come back from and back from~~. Put your mind to
Giordano: other things.

Giordano: Well, ~~I~~ ^I am going away.

Maia: Yes, but you aren't anxious to go away. You want
to stay with me till the last moment. ~~I suppose you are~~ ^{(with}
~~am compassion)~~ ^{am compassion)} My poor Giordano, it doesn't do you any good
Giordano: to brood.

Giordano: I can't brood once I am out of Paris.

Maia: ~~Are~~ ^{Are} you ~~are~~ really going?

Giordano: Of course I'm going. I told you I was going. ^{I have}
looked ~~for~~ ^{my seat on the train} ~~the one express tonight~~. Don't you believe me?

~~Maia: Oh, I thought you'd find it too hard to leave~~
~~yourself a sign on the other side of Paris~~

Maia: Oh, I thought you might find it ^{too} hard to leave
me, and ~~then~~ ^{might} take a room on the other side of Paris.

Giordano: Well, I've looked, as I say. The train leaves
soon after eleven o'clock. ~~I shall~~ ^{tonight} I shall
~~find it unpleasant, but I shall go.~~

Good Maia: You look ill, my dear. (laying her hand
on his) Think of the child. Don't think of Helene.

Giordano withdrew his hand and nodded
politely. She continued to watch him.

Maia: Why do you torment yourself by coming here at all?
There was no need. We shall see each other when you come
back to Paris. We shall have a lovely holiday and we'll
go everywhere together from morning to night. An hour or

two makes no difference. Why do you want to come here and torment yourself with the sight of him?

Giordano: How do you know ~~that~~ I shall be tormenting myself?

Nania (in a low voice) I think ~~so~~ you will be.

Giordano: Yes, I suppose so. But I decided to go about everything as usual. I didn't tell anyone at the shop ~~that~~ I'd be leaving. That's a job for you tomorrow.

~~Nania: Do you go to the hotel?~~

~~Giordano (blankly) I haven't thought about it.~~

~~Nania: ~~Am~~ I coming to the station with you?~~

~~Giordano: I would like you to but not I think it's better if you stay. I shall leave this dressing room early.~~

~~Nania: For how long, coming to this dressing room for the champagne?~~

~~Giordano: Yes, but I shall go early. I shall leave you there and go to the station alone.~~

~~Nania: It's better to say goodbye in a crowd of people.~~

~~(Anxiously) You're not going to brood, are you?~~

~~Giordano: No.~~

~~Nania: But you look so ill, my dear. (Grasping his hand)~~

Nania: You are coming to the party, then?

Giordano: Yes. But I shall leave you there and go to the station alone.

Nania: ~~It's better to say goodbye in a crowd of people.~~

(Anxiously) You're not going to brood, are you?

Giordano: No.

Nania: You look so ill, my dear. (Grasping his hand)

~~forgetful~~ he's leave Paris together and go down into Italy and forget all about Hellere, — if you want to. I'll come with you if you want me to!

Giordano: No, we must go through with it. I hate these delays.

Maria: but I can't bear to think of you brooding, my dear.

~~If you want me to~~ If you want me to I'll leave this theatre now and we'll pack our things and go away from Paris and ~~forget~~ ^{forget} all about Hellere and adopt a little child from an orphanage.

Giordano: No. ~~to be your child~~ I want the child to be ~~your~~ ^{your} child.

He pushed his hands away lightly, as if to discourage her jestulations. He turned half away from her in his chair and looked at the audience below, ~~calmer~~ ^{calmer} now.

Giordano: You ~~make~~ ^{get} yourself a child. I'll look after myself.

Maria: You won't blame me for anything?

Giordano: No, of course not.

They gazed in silence at the members of the orchestra who were taking their places.

Giordano: Who'll be at the party?

Maria: Oh, theatre people.

~~Giordano: What are they like?~~
He nodded and dug into his hand again
~~He nodded and they continued to watch the~~
orchestra in silence.

Giordano: I've no right to ask fidelity of you, — at any ^{time.} ~~time.~~

I've taught myself to think that, ever since I married you.
~~Whenever~~ You're not obliged to be faithful to me because
I'm not really your husband.

Nania (in a low voice) Yes, you are. My religion says you are.

Giordano (standing up at the Gallery and then ^{at} the chandeliers over
the auditorium) I shall worry about no thing while I'm away.

Nania: What?

Giordano: Suppose you no longer want me once you have ^{stept} ~~stept~~
a bed ~~with~~ ~~with~~ with him?

Nania (bitterly) That's impossible.

Giordano: Why?

Nania: I don't know why.

Giordano: I'll tell why it's possible: because a woman
feels a strong tie ~~to~~ ~~to~~ to the man who takes her to
bed, - especially ^{to} the man who gives her a child. (with
a cunning glance at her) what do you think?

Nania: I shall be doing it for the child, - and nothing else.

Giordano: But the child will be a tie. ~~Both~~ You'll
see the father whenever you look at it.

Nania (with a sigh) Very well, then, we'll leave Paris together
and we'll forget about ~~him~~ ^{him}. This was your plan as
well as mine, remember.

Giordano: No, we must go through with it. I only wanted to
know what you think.

Nania: Well, I think ~~that~~ ~~you~~ ^{are talking} ~~is~~ nonsense.

She took a programme from a chair
next to her and broke its paper seal. She opened it and laid

it in front of her.

Mania: You seem to forget my religion, ~~and because you have~~
~~forgoten your own~~ My religion ^{would} allow me to forsake you,
it ^{would} allow me to ~~stay~~ stay with ~~him~~ ^{him}, even if he
~~wanted me to.~~

Giordano: ^{Yes, but} ~~and that's very hard~~ ^{knowing} your ~~only~~ only ~~step~~
to ~~come~~ ^{come} back to me ^{out of a} ~~of~~ a sense of duty towards God,
^(with another evening glance) or something. ^{Will} you be coming back to me out of a sense
of love? ~~to see me?~~

He looked at him in surprise, then turned to look at the curtain again.

Mania: I want you to believe in me, Giordano. ^{otherwise}
Everything's finished, isn't it?

Demand ^{Demand} ~~Chapenter~~ took off his cloak in the foyer and handed it to one of the attendants. ~~He~~ ~~stood~~
~~up at the staircase leading to the dress circle~~ then he
~~walked towards the stalls entrance.~~ ~~He~~ ~~went~~ ~~up~~ ~~the~~ ~~staircase~~
He went up to the ~~balustrade~~ ^{balustrade} behind the ~~dress circle~~
and leaned over the parapet. ^{He} ~~glanced~~ ^{glanced} down at the
groups of people in the foyer and ~~noticed~~ ~~noticed~~ and
~~noticed~~ ~~when~~ watched the doors open and close.

~~Hellene sat behind the screen in his~~
~~Piemont's white costume, and Virginia Dupont~~
~~white Piemont's costume, white Virginia Dupont, looking~~
~~seated at a place on his neck full with white~~
~~needed a tear in his neck full with white~~
~~coston.~~ His feet were bare

*** INSERT: AI. P. 16 1/2.**

~~Hellene sat behind the screen~~
~~He~~ ~~picked~~ ~~up~~ ~~his~~ ~~traced~~ ~~suit~~

No 15.

from the table behind the scenes, then his sequin costume, then his orange shoes, then his morning suit with the detachable tails; he peered closely at each of these articles in turn. He was dressed in his white pierrot's costume and his feet were bare. again.

Hellene: What about that tear in the sequin?

Virginie came from the dressing table and took the sequin costume. She showed him a place under the left sleeve which had been perfectly repaired.

Hellene (with a smile) How clever you are.

Virginie: Shall I do the neck-fill?

Hellene nodded and sat down. She took a needle and white thread from a small mahogany work box behind him and began sewing up a little tear at the back of his gorged neck-fill.

Hellene: Well, you can tell me now. He upset you, didn't he?

Virginie (tossing the hair out of her eyes) He suspects Henry Saumon of being a dangerous needle. (Bitterly) Those were his words: dangerous needle. And if I introduced any more dangerous needles to you he'd throw me out of the theatre.

Hellene: He upset you, didn't he?

Virginie: He frightened me. He told me to leave this theatre. I should have nowhere else to go. He knows that, and it's to his advantage.

Hellene: He upset you, didn't he?

Virginie (tossing the hair out of her eyes) He frightened me. He told me to leave this theatre. I should have nowhere else to go. He knows that. He knows he can frighten me.

Hellene: Don't worry, I wouldn't allow it. I could employ you myself.

Virginie (her eyes removed) But still, it makes me feel unsafe. I thought he liked me.

Hellolove: He'll come round to you again. But you must give him time.
Time is all he needs. (biting his lower lip) By the way, he said

you were Saugon's lover: is that true?

Virginie: Yes, but ~~but how who told me~~ it must have been his own guess.

Hellolove: I don't want to interfere with you. I only asked out of curiosity. ~~What are you going to do with you many him?~~

Virginie (off her guard) We've never spoken to each other about it.
(With a frown) (Pausing, with a frown) No, we shall never marry. We are intimate with each other, but in a very unsuccessful way. We like each other, but we like each other against our will. We make love, but really we ~~are~~ remain strangers to each other.

Virginie (off her guard) We've never spoken to each other about it.
(Pausing, with a frown) No we shall never marry. We are drawn to each other, but ~~we'd rather not be~~ ^{against our wishes, perhaps.} ~~perhaps the best~~ ^{only} ~~strangers to each other.~~ ~~We explore each other~~ ~~(but) we're together~~ ~~we don't see in each other.~~ ~~we should have married long ago.~~

We are never really intimate together, we are too strange to each other. We just explore each other. ~~(circles & frowns)~~

~~Hellolove: Do you want to marry someone?~~

~~Virginie:~~

Hellolove: Would you like to marry, ~~see~~ yourself?

Virginie: No, I don't think so. I think I am happy alone. I leave my work here, and I don't feel I need children.

Hellolove: Are you sure?

Virginie (flushing slightly) Yes, quite sure.

~~Hellolove: You did a lot in the war, didn't you?~~

Virginie: I was a nurse, yes. That was how I met Henry Saugon. He came to my casualty station not long before the war ended. In peace we should never have come across each other:

Hellelone: How did you get to know Langson?

Virginia: I met him during the War, when I was a nurse. He came to my casualty station.

Hellelone: Was he wounded, then? I remember

Virginia: No. His nerve had broken. (When he came in he was shivering and staring like a man with acute frost-bite.

In peacetime we should never have got to know each other; we are too different. But soon after he came the War ended and there was very little work for the nurses, so we talked to each other and then travelled to Paris together.

Hellelone: Why did his nerve break?

Virginia: Oh, ^{goldiers were} ~~it was~~ always ^{losing their nerve.} happening (reluctantly) but he put it down to your son's death.

He cut the white thread and ^{put back} ~~put~~ his tumbler and needle in the work-box.

Virginia: There, I've finished.

Hellelone ~~took~~ took from the table a pair of white socks and a pair of white slippers with a pom-pom on each. ~~He began putting them on~~

Hellelone: He brought home Edgar's death to me last night, you know.

Virginia: Yes, so I believe.

Hellelone: He frightened me, for his words frightened me. He made me feel like a murderer. Well, I told her this evening: I am a murderer, I did kill my son. I think Langson is a marvellous clever young man.

Hellelone: He frightened me, too. His words frightened me. He made me feel like a murderer. Well, I told her this evening: I am a murderer, I did kill my son. Until Langson spoke to me last night I hardly realised I had a son.

(turning suddenly to look at her) Do you think he's a clever young man?

Virginie (smiling at his ^{expression} ~~company~~) Yes, I think he's clever. Why do you ask?

Hellelve: ~~Excuse me~~ (thoughtfully) Well, I ask because I think an uneducated man — as I am uneducated — can sometimes have the wool pulled over his eyes. I have to be careful, you see; I meet so many educated people.

~~The huge chandeliers in the auditorium grew dimmer and then, together with the crimson side-lights, went out. The footlights flashed a stronger yellow onto the curtain and the orchestra struck up into the overture. The audience became quieter and after a few moments the curtain rose.~~

~~Nidok peeped between the curtain and the proscenium~~
Nidok glanced through a peep-hole in the curtain at the audience and watched Bernard Chaspenet's take his place in the second row of the stalls.
Chaspenet (with an ^{ironical smile} ~~amused grimace~~) ^{GOBE-MOUCHES,} Maurice Gobe-mouches, aloors!
and pointed Chaspenet ^{He touched} ~~out~~ to her: ~~she smiled,~~ she smiled, then mimicked Chaspenet's frown, ^{drawing} ~~drawing~~ herself up imperiously.

INSERT A 1. from P. 14^{1/2}.
Hellelve was dressed in his ^{own} white priest's costume, and his feet were bare. His nose ~~was~~ was painted red; he had ^{large} ~~round~~ red lips and thick semicircular eyebrows, and the rest of his face was chalk-white.
He went to the mirror ^{and} pressed a tiny contraption ^{he watched} ~~under~~ under his costume at his left thigh; ^{the} the ginger hair in his wig ^{stood} ~~stood~~ up at an end, quivered, then fell back into place again. ~~He watched his hair intently through the mirror and repeated once more what it stood on end. He did this twice more, watching his hair intently through the mirror.~~

V. There's Blood on Your Fingers.

Crossfire 17.

A red light above the ~~scattered~~-boards went on and off, and the orchestra struck up into a quick waltz. Two stagehands began sweeping the stage from the left to the right, and as they passed behind them Nido and Eliza Manning walked slowly into the wings. Four flats descended slowly from onto the stage, two at either side, and were pushed into position so that the wings ~~were~~ ^{became} invisible from the auditorium. A trucking curtain coloured plain yellow was then lowered from the ~~floor~~ ^{flies}. Several scene-shifters stood waiting for it, ~~and they steadied~~ ^{steadying} it as it approached the boards. Two cables were drawn out of sight, and a step-ladder was taken back stage. Louis Conte, standing under the switchboard, ordered the stage to be cleared. * A 14 For a moment the stage was empty. Jacques entered ~~the stage~~ from the right hand side. He ~~tuned~~ ^{clapped} impatiently clapped his hands to hurry the chorus girls forward from the wings. They entered the stage ~~laughing~~ ^{laughing} and laughing, passing Jacques without looking in his direction. They took up their places in two rows, and Jacques went among them tidying their filled skirts, ~~drawing their attention to defects in their make-up, getting them to keep their heads up.~~ He then walked into the wings and nodded to Bénédicte Amurat. The girls waited, patting their hair and talking to each other. The orchestra ended its waltz. The chandeliers in the auditorium faded out and the footlights were switched on. The audience stirred and those who had been standing in the gangways took their seats. The

smaller single lights in the roof, faded out.

hours Anurat looked at his watch and turned to the electrician at his side. A long battery of red lights in the flies were switched on, so that the backdrop curtain instantly turned ~~a rich green~~ ^{from yellow to a rich ~~brilliant~~ ^{deep} green.} Two acrobats ^{from the wings} The electrician pressed a switch at his side and the orchestra struck up into a quick ragtime tune. The red light above the switchboard switched on and off three times. The chorus girls stood ready, their heads lifted high. Jacques went forward from the wings and raised his hand. The moment he touched it they joined arms and ~~raised the~~ began the first dance, with smiles on their faces.

The curtain slowly rose and the chorus girls were dancing in two rows, their frilled skirts rising and falling as they kicked ^{out} their legs. ~~forward.~~

Then and Pierre Dubois-Burdan hurried down to the wings in their black dressing-gowns. The rest of their acrobatic troupe - two women and a young boy - ~~perhaps~~ ^{came} ~~came~~ ^{came} close behind them. They talked loudly to each other as they hurried along the stone corridor.

~~INSERT DELETED~~

~~Helene sat before his mirror again and put the finishing touches to his face. There was a knock on the door and someone entered the room. He was wetter than before and in evening clothes. ~~His~~ ^{His} lips were pursed and white with nervousness. ~~Virginia came from behind the~~~~

There's Blood on Your Fingers

Caroline. Dec 18.

~~screen. Then immediately withdrew. When she saw who it was. Helene lowered her head and glanced through the window at Horraine. He laughed.~~

~~Helene: Look at this, Virginia: a call-boy in tails. Virginia came from behind the screen and brought with a white hair brush. She began brushing~~

~~Virginia came from behind the screen and went to the fireplace at the opposite side of the room. As she passed him Horraine turned away, deliberately showing her his back. She laid two logs on the fire.~~

~~Horraine (to Helene) How do you feel?~~

~~Helene (pondering his forehead where the wig was fixed) Better than you do, I dare say.~~

~~Horraine sat down on the swan bed and sighed. Virginia put two small logs on the fire. Then she turned her hands behind the curtain~~

*** 14** Helene heard the orchestra strike up, and ^{re} started.

Helene: 'Blige us, what's the time?

Virginia: ! put the clock on the table.

Helene ^(turning) do you did.

~~He ~~took~~ looked across the alarm clock in front of the clock and looked at the dial. The time was fifteen minutes past eight.~~

Helene: That band gave me a tremor. I thought it wa a good deal earlier.

Virginia: Well, you're perfectly ready. How do you feel?

Helene: ~~I feel dead on my feet~~ I can't feel anything at all. (Rising) Feel. Are they cold?

He laid his fingers on ~~his~~ ^{the} cheek.

He drew back.

Virginia: They're so cold!


Hellchone: Well, I can't feel them.

Virginia (also rising) ~~As long as you don't feel ill...~~ ^{But it's hot in here.}

Hellchone went to his dressing-table.

Hellchone: Lorraine and Chaperon's designed this room. But they forgot a simple thing like a clock. They could have had one fixed into this dressing table of mine. That would have been just the idea. I had a clock with ~~some~~ ^{green} sands in my old room, - d'you remember? I used to have a round table covered with signed photographs, and old programmes pasted on the wall, if you remember. What happened to those things, - do you happen to know?

Virginia: I think they were burned when the old dressing room was demolished. But perhaps they are downstairs in ~~the green~~ ^{among} the old junk.

The dance ended and the curtain dropped rapidly to the boards. ~~There~~ The audience clapped and ~~the~~ ^{after a pause} curtain rose again for the chorus girls to take ~~the~~ ^{low} ~~low~~. 

a few minutes afterwards
The dance ended ~~and~~ and the curtain dropped rapidly to the boards. During the applause of the audience the orchestra struck up into a military march.

Trapezes ushered the chorus girls off the stage, smiling and patting their shoulders as they passed. The yellow backdrop curtain rose swiftly ~~back~~ ^{up} into the flies: the ladders, cables and chains behind it were cleared away. Again the stage was swept. Two trapezes

These's Blood on Your Fingers.

Crossfire ~~to~~ the 19.

were lowered to the level of the stage, and a ladder, a jumping-box, a steel see-saw and a tall structure with cross-bars and platforms for the acrobatic tableaux were brought on. A long mat was unrolled, and a ~~new~~ ^{white} back-drop, much further back than the previous one, was lowered.

The Dubi-Bordeau acrobatic troupe landed their black dressing-gowns to the attendants and ran together onto the stage. ^{while} They cartwheeled, somersaulted and hand-walked along the mat, / the two women went straight to the trapeze and were lifted, seated on the cross-bars, to ~~position~~ places just short of the proscenium arch.

The red light above the switchboard went on and off three times. Jean, Pierre and the boy stood ready on the mat, the women on their trapezes, smiling. The orchestra struck up again, and the curtain rose.

Hellene put on his white slippers.

Hellene (in a quiet voice) He said he'd be in the Crimson Tower at four o'clock this afternoon. But he didn't come.

Francine: You invited him?

Hellene: Yes, at the club last night.

Francine: He said nothing to me about it. Perhaps he knew I would have forbidden it.

Hellene (glancing at her sharply) Why?

Francine: Well, I thought he upset you last night. ~~And he~~ ~~would have done the same again just before your performance.~~ And he might have done the same again just before your performance. You can't deny he did upset you.

Hellene: (Eagerly) Oh, yes, he upset me. But I wanted another talk with him, Francine. I had a lot to tell him. He's a fine

Talker, you know. Why didn't he come?

Francine: I've no idea, Jack.

Hellene: When did you last see him?

Francine (after a little hesitation) This afternoon. He left my room about half-past two or three.

Hellene: Where did he go?

Francine: To Signor Cetida's shop in the Concorde.

Hellene: Then why didn't he come? I invited him last night.

Francine (saying it calmly) Why are you so anxious about it?

He got up and walked towards his dressing table.

Hellene: Oh, he's just the sort of young man who gets himself into harm.

Francine: But what sort of harm?

Hellene: Well, an accident or — I don't know exactly what. He looks a frightened look sometimes, don't you think so?

(Puzzled) I feel responsible for him, — more than I ever did for Edgar. He needs someone to look after him. Do you take enough care of him?

She began needlessly rearranging the costumes

~~Virginia (sadly) He has enough care taken of him. He's got me, and Signora Cetida, and now you~~

Virginia (sadly) He has enough care taken of him. He's got me, and Signora Cetida, and now you. And that's what's bad for him. Because he must learn to stand on his own feet. He only lives by sucking other people to death.

Hellene: Is he ^{in the audience} ~~there~~ tonight?

Francine: No, ~~he's not there~~

Hellene: Good.

Francine: Why?

These's Blood on Your Fingers

Crossfire. Re 20.

Hellelone: I don't know why.

Francine: Do you think you're going to make a mess of it?

Hellelone: Oh, I don't know!

Francine: You won't make a mess of it. You're so calm, like you used to be before the war.

Hellelone: That's because I know I will make a mess of it. Another talk with Susan might have made ^{me} feel better. It was my fault Edgar died, you see! I wish I could go back into the past. I'm alone, Francine, There's nobody to help me. Things were different before the war. I could depend on other people. I trusted horraine. Everybody laughed more, they weren't so selfish and suspicious. (Turning and staring at Francine) Everybody's waiting ^{for} me to do something wrong. They're all watching me. That's what it feels like. I've got no real friends.

Francine: You've only been in Paris a few hours, so how can you tell?

A muffled sound of applause came from the auditorium.

Francine: Listen to that. They aren't unfriendly. It's a good house tonight.

Hellelone (disconsolately) Well, if I get the bird I shan't try again. Once is enough for me.

~~There was a rushed drum roll as the boys prepared to~~
There ^{was} a rushed roll of drums as Pierre Dubois-

Bordeau ~~started~~ ~~himself~~ leaned put his hands on the
soles of Jean's feet, and leaned forward and then jumped ^{him}
swiftly up into a hand-stand. Jean was lying underneath
on his back, with his knees fully bent over his chest.
When Pierre was quite ~~the~~ steady the boy ~~came forward~~
~~and put his right foot on one of Jean's knees. He~~
~~then climbed slowly straight from the wings a~~ came forward
with a short steel ladder. ~~It had~~ At its base
were shoe-like attachments. Carrying the ladder, he put
his right foot on one of Jean's knees and climbed
slowly onto Pierre's shoulders. He then lifted the ladder
so that ~~the~~ Pierre could fit his feet into the shoes.
When ~~the~~ it was balanced at a slight angle he
climbed further up until he had his foot on the first
rung. The drum-roll ceased. There was silence, and
the group remained quite still. Jean called out: "Alley!"
and the boy began very slowly to climb the ladder.
~~As he climbed he reached for pull it towards himself~~
~~with his hands, and push it away from himself with his~~
~~feet.~~ He reached the ^{top} ~~and~~ ^{and gripped it} ~~with both hands.~~ ^{There was another}
cry from Jean, and the boy raised himself slowly
into a hand-stand. The ~~last~~-drum sounded out, ~~the~~
~~orchestra~~ and ~~amid~~ amid the applause the orchestra
~~the~~ started up again.

~~The two were ~~was~~ in front of~~
~~the ~~trapeze~~ and the ~~rope~~ used there to come down~~

V There's Blood on Your Fingers.

Crossfire #21.

The trapeze-girls swung to the floor by means of ropes. The boy came down from the ladder, and Jean and Pierre jumped to their feet. The troupe bowed low and the curtain fell.

Cont. Overleaf: "Performance. I."

"Hellfire sat..."

I There's Blood on Your Fingers

Performance. 1.

Hellelone sat before his mirror again and put the finishing touches to his face.

There was a knock on the door and Horraine entered the room, ~~the~~ neater than before, and in evening clothes. His lips were pursed and white with nervousness.

Virginia came from behind the screen, then immediately withdrew when she saw who it was. Hellelone lowered his head and glanced through the mirror. He laughed.

Hellelone: look at this, Virginia: a call-boy in tails!

Virginia went to the fireplace at the opposite end of the room. As she passed him Horraine turned away, deliberately showing her his back.

Horraine (to Hellelone) How do you feel?

Hellelone (powdering his forehead, where the wig was fixed) Better than you do, I dare say.

Horraine sat down on the divan-bed and sighed, while Virginia put fresh logs on the fire.

A united bell in the wall behind the screen rang three times, and Virginia went hurriedly to the door ~~leading into the corridor~~ and held it open for Hellelone.

As she did ^{so} an immense roar of applause sounded down the corridor from the wings above. Hellelone had a last look at his face, then rose.

A call-boy ran down from the stage to the dressing-room and was just about to call out to Hellelone when Horraine got up from the divan and, without looking

directly at him, waved to him to go away. The boy stood still in the corridor for a moment, daunted and frightened, then ran back to the stage.

Hellelone left the dressing-room followed by the heroine and Virginia. The bell behind the screen rang once again as they reached the stone steps leading to the pass-door. Hellelone walked slowly, his eyes on the ground; heroine seemed in pain, and there were large beads of sweat all over his brow. As Virginia pushed open the pass-door a great hot breath of air washed out to them from the wings.

~~The orchestra was now playing and the reverberations were stunning.~~
The orchestra was playing again, and ~~the scene was being changed.~~ ^{to and fro across the stage.} One of the two trapezes used by the ~~Dubou~~ ~~troupe~~ a acrobatic troupe had been ~~raised~~ ^{raised} up at a slight angle and the other moved a little more to the centre, ~~of the stages.~~ - The mat was rolled up, and the steel see-saw, the ladder and the jumping-box were quickly taken off into the wings. When the stage was clear the garlanded staircase for Hellelone's ~~act~~ ^{turn} was brought on and a section of the stage raised against it to form a balustrade. Hellelone's backdrop was slowly lowered in part of it.

This backdrop ^{curtain} was black, and diagonally across it, from corner to corner, there was a huge Christmas rose with dark green mottled leaves and a very deep red bloom.

As Hellelone came into the wings the stagehands and electricians drew back to make way for him.

V These's Blood on Your Fingers

Performance. 2..

They watched him as he walked towards the switchboard and stood there alone. Bénédicte Anuroat ran from the other side of the stage and shook hands with him. Hellelove smiled at him calmly, then looked about him, at the stagehands in the wings, then at the stage, as if the scene-changing deeply interested him. He stood quite still and spoke to no one.

The sawhackle piano was now wheeled on, and the wire was made taut between its stays on either side. Two stagehands brought on the chest-of-drawers, and the tiny bowler-hat was lowered from the flies.

The red light along the switchboard shone three times, and the orchestra played the final chords of its waltz. The last scene-shifters ran off the stage, and a great battery of lights up above was switched on, then the two arc-lamps on either side of the stage. The audience grew quiet, and the red light along the switchboard ^{shone once more!} ~~again went on and off three times.~~

The stage was now empty and Anuroat turned with a smile to Hellelove. Throughout the auditorium there was utter silence, and the curtain slowly rose.

Hellelove continued to gaze at the stage, lost and half-smiling. A few seconds passed, and he remained there. Anuroat ran to his side.

Anuroat (in an urgent whisper) The tabs are up, Jack!

Hellelove turned and stared at him sternly, as if he were trying to recognise his face. Then he nodded a little drowsily and went to the edge of one of the flats at the side of the stage. He carefully put his hand

round its edge so that ~~the~~ fingers would be visible to the audience. Then he leaned forward and passed round the flat at the auditorium, so that now the fingers of his right hand and the whole of his head were visible. There was a long sighing noise from the audience. ~~He~~ He started, his fingers ^{hair} rose and fell quickly, and in an instant ^{he withdrew his head and hand.} ~~the hand and head were withdrawn~~ haughtiness went across the auditorium, from the stalls to the gallery, and died away.

Hellfire walked slowly onto the stage in his white pierrot's costume. The audience clapped ~~at~~ his entrance, but he did not look in their direction. As the silence fell again he began strolling ^{about} ~~round~~ the stage, staring casually at its furniture, — first at the piano, then up at the trapeze and the taut wire, then at the huge Christmas rose across the backdrop curtain, then at the chest of drawers and the bowler-hat. He stared at them inquisitively, but he seemed afraid to touch anything. The audience was watching him very closely.

He went towards the piano and bent down to have a look at its legs. But in the act of doing this he seemed to become aware of the audience for the first time. He slowly raised himself up again and cast a quick side-glance at them. Then he turned his face in their direction, his jaw fell, his hair again rose and fell; ~~panic seized~~ he became rigid with panic and looked wildly behind him. He was just about to ~~to~~ flee towards the black curtain when he seemed to ~~to~~ grow

Y There's Blood on Your Fingers

Performance. 3.

calm again: he came towards the footlights with his former casual walk, staring down into the pit. Just short of the footlights he seemed to reel, and a light laugh came from the auditorium. He stood quite still, and the theatre was again in utter silence. For many seconds he did nothing, then seemed about to topple forward into the scorching footlights, but held himself back in time. The audience was not certain what this he meant by this and continued to watch him closely, waiting for the laugh.

~~A 3½ He stood still, legs astride, looking down into the pit. Then he seemed to shudder. There was the sound of whispering in the wings. Someone backstage shouted. Helmer turned ^{his face} quickly to ~~the~~ left. The moment he did so he lost his balance. He began toppling forward, but very slowly. Suddenly his eyes closed and tears poured down his face. He collapsed onto his back and the drop-curtain fell quickly a few inches from his head. The audience ~~stared~~ stirred noisily, and the orchestra struck up into loud, gay music.~~

A 3½ He stood still, legs astride, looking down into the pit. Then he seemed to shudder. There was the sound of whispering in the wings. Someone backstage shouted. Helmer turned quickly to the left. The moment he did so he lost his balance. He began toppling forward, ~~and as~~ ^{suddenly} ~~he fell~~ his eyes closed and ~~the~~ tears poured down his face. He ~~fell~~ ^{collapsed} onto his left shoulder, then turned over onto his back. The audience was just about to laugh

but the drop curtain ~~was lowered~~ fell rapidly, and the orchestra struck up into loud, gay music. The bottom of the curtain struck the boards ~~with a thump~~ only a few inches from Hellelme's head.

A 3 1/2 He peered into it as if he were trying to make out the faces.

Stagehands and electricians ran onto the stage. Two of them lifted Hellelme clear of the drop curtain, and Anuroat shouted for a stretcher. Hellelme ~~lay on his back~~

~~back with his eyes closed and his face contorted. He was not unconscious.~~ He leaned forward on his right elbow, weeping and shuddering.

Anuroat tried to lift his head to look at his eyes, but he pushed him away. ~~He~~ INSERTION AB4 ~~stretcher was brought~~ ~~and~~ ~~Hellelme~~ ~~lifted~~ ~~into~~ ~~it.~~

~~The~~ ~~two~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~stagehands~~ ~~were~~ ~~about~~ ~~to~~ ~~lift~~ ~~him~~ ~~backstage~~ ~~when~~ ~~horraine~~ ~~ran~~ ~~in~~ ~~from~~ ~~the~~ ~~wings.~~ ~~He~~ ~~was~~ ~~carrying~~ ~~the~~ ~~stretcher~~ ~~with~~ ~~him~~ ~~in~~ ~~his~~ ~~shirt-sleeves.~~ ~~His~~ ~~arm-pits~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~

greater ~~part~~ part of his sleeves were drenched with sweat.

He pushed the stagehands aside ~~his~~ ~~mouth~~ ~~was~~ ~~drawn~~ ~~down~~ and went to the stretcher. Hellelme lay there

with his eyes closed, breathing heavily. His powder was muddled, and there were red marks across his forehead.

There were also stains on his neck-pill, and one of the pom-pom ~~the~~ buttons on his costume was missing.

horraine (to Anuroat, slanting) What happened?

Anuroat: Nobody knows! He isn't hurt!

horraine (turning to a stagehand) Call the nurse! (To Conte) Get a

Y There's Blood on Your Fingers

Performance. 4.

with the other programme!

* INSERTION AB4 A stretcher was brought, and one of the men clasped him under the arm-pits. At this moment Hellelone opened his eyes again and, looking down, saw one of the hands. He watched it with an expression of terror. Then he looked up at the man's face.

Hellelone (deliriously, as he was laid on the stretcher) There's blood on your fingers.

The man let go of Hellelone's shoulders. He stared down at his own hand, then at Hellelone suspiciously.
Conte: It's alright, he's delirious.

Conte ran into the wings, and once more the scenery-shifters began clearing the stage. The stretcher was laid down behind one of the flats on the left-hand side. Hovaine walked over to the stretcher-bearers, shouting to them as he came.

Hovaine: No, no! Take him straight down to the dressing-room!

But at this moment the nurse came onto the stage. She waved smelling salts under Hellelone's nose and laid a cold towel across his forehead. He was still sobbing and shuddering a little as he lay on the stretcher.

The trapeze was drawn out of sight, and the stage was once again clear. The chorus girls crowded together behind a flat on the other side of the stage, waiting to go on, and a few yards in front of Hellelone stagehands were dismantling the steel-works.

The cold towel revived Hellelone, and he

suddenly started forward in the nurse's arms. Anuroat bent down to him immediately.

Anuroat: What happened, Jack?

The backdrop curtain with the Christmas rose left the stage and ascended slowly into the flies, and behind it ~~the neon lights were dismantling~~ ^{Hellelone's} garlanded staircase ~~was being dismantled.~~ ^{He} looked aghast at the rising backdrop, then at the chorus-girls and his stripped staircase.

Hellelone (with lionized astonishment) Stop them doing that. Stop those girls coming on.

Anuroat: It's the other programme. We mustn't waste ~~the~~ ^{time}, Jack.

Hellelone pushed the nurse's arm away and jumped up. He stared at Anuroat.

Hellelone: What happened?

Anuroat: You just fell down.

Hellelone: Well, get my stuff on the stage again.

horraine came forward from behind the stretcher and took Hellelone's arm. Hellelone turned.

Hellelone (wildly looking from Anuroat to horraine) Who's running another programme?

horraine: You're ill, Jack. Look at you. (Hardly able to speak) I knew you'd do this.

Hellelone: I'm not ill! (Shaking his head violently)

Isn't it true what happened, I don't know what happened!

He grasped the lapel of horraine's waistcoat.

Hellelone: Stop them.

horraine: No. I'm powerless to do that now.

V These's Blood on Your Fingers.

Performance, 5.

Hellclaw: Stop them.

horraine took his head untely. Hellclaw watched his steel wire go loose and fall to the ground, then, with his chin thrust forward, he strode across to the other side of the stage and shouted something to Jaques in English. Jaques drew back in fear, not understanding the English. His chorus girls were waiting together behind them, and the yellow backdrop for their turn was just about to be lowered. Hellclaw pushed at Jaques wildly, and Jaques fell against ^{one of the} flats with a shrill cry.

Hellclaw (to the girls) Allee! Allee!

He stretched out his arms ~~staircase~~ and pushed against them, so that they moved back as a crowd. They screamed and darted to Anuroat, and some of them fled through the pass-door. horraine and Anuroat ran up behind them and pulled him back. Most of the sceneshifters were now standing still watching the group.

Hellclaw: I'm going on again.

horraine: You've made that impossible, Jack.

Hellclaw: listen to me, I'm not leaving this stage tonight until I've done my turn. You can run another programme if you like, but I'm not leaving this stage. I'll go out in front, that certain and do my turn in the pit, if you like. (To Counte, in the wings) Call the Virgin!

He turned and faced the stage. He looked ~~off~~ at the sceneshifters who were dismantling his staircase, and ~~Hellclaw~~ shouted up at them.

Hellclaw (tapping his own chest) Hellclaw! Hellclaw! (Pointing

to the dancer ^{young} dancer girls on his right) Non la danse! ←

Amurat (with ~~with~~ hesitantly) Are you going to let him try?

The scene-shifters watched Lorraine, waiting for a decision. The sweat was still pouring from his brow. He looked sad and troubled. At last he ~~nodded~~ and nodded. Some of the scene-shifters groaned with annoyance, and Lorraine walked back into the rings with Amurat, shaking his head sadly.

Amurat: Suppose it goes wrong again?

Lorraine (with resignation) Oh, it will go wrong, it will

Lorraine: We've finished, Benedict. I knew he'd do this.

Amurat: Suppose it goes wrong again?

Lorraine (with resignation) Oh, it will go wrong, ^{But} it's ~~done~~ ^{done} finished. I'm going to let everybody see for themselves ~~that~~ he's finished. ~~That's~~

why I'm letting ^{him} ~~him~~ ~~go~~ ~~on~~ ~~by~~ ~~himself~~ I don't care what it costs me, but ^{some} ~~some~~ ^{is} ~~is~~ going to tell me after this that I stopped him going on. If he wants to ruin himself in front of two thousand people, let him. Not a manager in Europe is going to touch him after this. That was Eiselleim's advice to me this morning: let everybody see for themselves he's finished. And it's going to cost me six hundred thousand francs.

Virginie ran through the pass-door carrying rouge, a powder, ^{-puff} a brush and a mirror. Once more 'Hell-love', backdrop was lowered to the stage and the stays for his steel wire erected. A stagehand brought him a chair and placed it near the wicketboard. He sat down and smiled, watching his scenery return. Virginie quickly powdered and rouged his face again, too nervous to speak. She painted in his thick

V There's Blood on Your Fingers

Performance. 6.

eyebrows and rubbed white powder into the stains on his neck-
-fill.

Lorraine left Amurat and walked behind the scenery to the stairs leading up to his office. He climbed slowly up, in resigned despair. He stood still on the gallery for a moment, panting heavily after his climb, then he went into the office and slammed the door. He sat down at his desk. He wiped his brow and closed his eyes.

Hellclaw's scene was once more in place. The last stagehands ran off the stage, and the music came to an end as the red light shone three times. Hellclaw stood behind one of the flats as before. The theatre was in silence again, and slowly the curtain rose.

~~Hellclaw entered from the right and walked drowsily across the stage without looking at the audience. He went to the piano strolled to the piano and deftly played a little tune on it with his right hand. The lid suddenly the lid cracked down and he pulled ^{on} his fingers only an instant in time and he gave a terrified jump in the air. The audience~~

Hellclaw entered from the right and walked drowsily across the stage without looking at the audience. He strolled to the piano and ~~playing~~ ~~into~~ ~~the~~ ~~strings~~ deftly played a little tune with his right hand. Suddenly the lid fell smartly down on his fingers and he gave a terrified jump in the air. There was loud laughter, as if with relief. He ran to the centre of the stage sucking his fingers. Then he uttered a long, wild yell of pain. He

stopped, and seemed surprised at his own noise. He yelled again, experimentally, and again listened to his voice. Then he began to weep. The tears poured down onto his pierrot's costume. They grew, until they were two thin sprays of water from the corners of his eyes. He stood still for a moment, and again there was utter silence throughout the theatre.

Suddenly he ran back to the piano, flung the lid up, and began playing furiously, ^{as he played.} pumping up and then down ~~as he played.~~ ~~Then there~~ ~~was a deafening explosion,~~ ~~the piano-playing ceased abruptly,~~ ~~and~~ ~~neither~~ ~~with~~ ~~he~~ ~~fell~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~piano~~ ~~could~~ ~~be~~ ~~seen~~ for a great cloud of white smoke. ~~over the left hand side of the stage.~~ This cloud went slowly upwards, and after a few seconds ~~he~~ ~~became~~ ~~visible~~ at its edge, ~~near the centre of the stage,~~ ~~reeling~~ ~~and~~ ~~stumbling,~~ ~~in~~ ~~rag.~~ ~~his~~ ~~costume~~ ~~was~~ ~~without~~ ~~most~~ ~~of~~ ~~one~~ ~~sleeve~~ his pierrot's costume in rags. One tuft of ginger hair hung down over his right ear, his shoe slippers with the pom-pom buttons were missing, and beneath the rags of his dress ^{red and yellow striped} a vest ^{and yellow pants} ~~and combinations~~ ~~in~~ ~~violent~~ ~~red~~ ~~and~~ ~~yellow~~ ~~stripes~~ ~~were~~ ~~now~~ ~~visible.~~ Slowly he recovered his balance, and the smoke cleared away. ~~He~~ ~~glanced~~ ~~malevolently~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~piano,~~ ~~then~~ ~~caught~~ ~~sight~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~chest-of-drawers~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~right~~ ~~hand~~ ~~side.~~ Its top drawer was slightly open. ~~He~~ ~~went~~ ~~towards~~ ~~it~~ ~~casually.~~ ~~He~~ ~~went~~ ~~towards~~ ~~it~~ ~~self-righteously~~ ~~casually.~~ ~~He~~ ~~pushed~~ ~~the~~ ~~top~~ ~~drawer~~ ~~it~~ ~~came,~~ ~~but~~ ~~it~~ ~~instantly~~ ~~the~~ ~~lower~~ ~~drawer~~ ~~came~~ ~~out.~~ He stared down at it, and his one

There's Blood On Your Fingers

Performance. 7.

tuft of ginger hair rose and fell. He bent down, pushed the lower drawer home, and this time the second drawer struck him a blow in the head and he somersaulted backwards. He jumped up again and stood looking at the chest from a distance. ~~He walk towards it but gave the drawers themselves a wide berth.~~ He approached it from the side. He went towards it, kicked the middle drawer home with his foot and then ran wildly to the other side of the stage. There, behind the piano, he turned and looked back. All the drawers were now shut.

~~He now swept right by the tiny bowler-hat, and then approached the chest of drawers once more, but this time from the other side.~~ He walked back again. He smiled, and pointed to the tiny bowler-hat. He took it and ^{tried} ~~tried~~ ^{huddled} it on. He grinned slyly at the audience, then ^{huddled} ~~huddled~~ up his shoulder and giggled. An idea struck him. He laid the hat down again and ran over to the piano. He opened the main lid and brought ^{out} a huge hand-mirror two or three feet in length. This he took over to the chest-of-drawers. ~~He feared~~ He put the bowler-hat on again, ^{in front of} ~~in front of~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{top} ~~top~~ ^{of} ~~of~~ the mirror. ~~He feared~~ He leaned against the top drawer and ~~the~~ ^{simple} ~~simple~~ ^{ad} ~~ad~~ ^{simple} ~~simple~~ ^{of} ~~of~~ the mirror. Suddenly the top drawer ~~jumped out~~ came out and struck him smartly ^{on} ~~on~~ the shoulder. He yelled out with pain and fell straight onto his back. The huge hand-mirror toppled to the ground as the bass-drum ~~sounded out~~ ^{sounded out} slowly, ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~base~~ ^{base}, ~~dawanted~~ ^{dawanted} and ~~frightened~~ ^{frightened}. He lay rigid for some time, ~~then~~ ^{then} ~~dawanted~~ ^{dawanted} and ~~frightened~~ ^{frightened}, he got up.

He looked about dismally for his hat and found it immediately in front of the lower drawer. He went to the side of the chest, with his back to the audience, and kicked the hat towards the back of the stage. Then he walked round ~~the back~~ ^{behind} the chest. ~~and bent down to pick it up.~~ Just as he was about to ^{pick the hat up} ~~grasp it~~, it moved a little further towards the centre of the stage. ~~He stood up.~~ He stared at it, his head ^{on one side} ~~bent~~ ^{to one side} ~~sideways~~. Again he bent down, and again it moved away ^{a little further} from ~~him~~ ^{him}. He pondered, chin in hand. Then he walked ^{round} to the other side of the hat and again bent down. This time ~~the hat~~ ^{it} ~~came~~ ^{came} towards him, he chuckled and gathered ^{it} like a hen into his hands. He put it back on his head and began strolling about the stage. ~~But as soon as he did so~~ ^{But as} he walked towards the footlights ~~the hat~~ ^{it} rose into the air slowly and remained stationary three or four feet above his head. He continued to strut about, ~~the stage~~ ^{unaware} of this. ~~He struck~~ ^{reliantly} He walked round the chest-of-drawers and struck it with his foot as he passed. The more the audience laughed, the prouder he became. He bowed. He walked to the back of the stage, studied the Christmas rose on the back drop, then returned to the footlights. As he came down the stage he ~~flung~~ ^{flung} ~~upwards~~ and caught sight of the bowler hat in mid-air. He stopped short and again his one tuft of ginger hair rose and fell. Slowly ~~he~~ ^{he} raised his

V There's Blood on Your Fingers

Performance. 8.

laid to his head and found nothing there. He gaped
litterly at the hanging hat, then made an absurd effort to
reach it by standing on his toes. He stamped his foot impatiently
and turned his back on the audience. He walked away from
the footlights, sighing deeply.

As he did so he caught sight of the
steel wire. He stopped and gaped upwards. He turned to the
audience again with a snarl. He came to the footlights again.
He pointed to himself, his eyebrows raised, then to the steel wire. ↑
He walked to one side of the proscenium arch and began taking
off his ~~top~~ costume fragment by fragment. He folded each
piece and carefully laid it down in front of the footlights, and
at last he stood in his striped vest and long yellow pants.
He went into the wings, and silence gradually fell on the theatre
again.

The orchestra began playing quietly. A bellman
appeared on the wire at the right of the stage. He ~~put~~ stepped
forward, lost his footing, almost fell and ran back to his
little platform with a loud cry. He stepped onto the wire again,
and this time he ran ^{precipitately} ~~precipitately~~ to the middle. He jumped
in the air and turned about, his feet turned slightly outwards.
He jumped higher and higher in the air as the wire bounced
up and down, and the orchestra took up his rhythm. He
somersaulted forwards in the air, holding his knees. When
he had reached a sufficient height he took two forward
somersaults in the air above the wire. He jumped with
reckless confidence, crying out at the top of his voice, his
arms stretched sideways. Sometimes he landed on his feet,

sometimes he landed at a sitting position. ~~his limbs~~ ~~about~~
He moved his limbs in the air with a wonderful swiftness and
ease. He took a backward somersault in the air, missed
his footing on the wire and seemed about to ~~be~~ fall straight
down to the stage. The orchestra stopped playing instantly, there
was a crash on the bass drum, and Hellems hung by his
left arm on the wire, his confidence gone, tears pouring from
his eyes, yelling out vainly, his legs kicking wildly in
space. He tried ~~to~~ several times to ~~keep his legs up~~
~~and the wire again, but failed.~~ He ~~clung~~ ~~to~~ the wire with
~~both hands~~ and reach the wire with his right foot, but
failed. He ~~clung~~ ~~there~~ by both hands, and at last
he managed by swinging ^{his body upwards} ~~forward~~ to grip the ~~wire~~ ~~at~~ it
between his two feet, so that his body formed an ~~arc~~
~~underneath it~~ ~~under it~~ ~~He pressed himself into the~~
~~gap~~ ~~by~~ ~~struggling~~ ~~he~~ ~~steadied~~ ~~himself~~, then ~~twisted~~ ~~round~~
~~underneath it again.~~ ~~As~~ ~~he~~ ~~asked~~ ~~to~~ ~~then~~ ~~jumped~~ ~~that~~ ~~more~~
~~and~~ ~~fell~~ ~~down~~ ~~again.~~ He pulled himself up, lay along the
wire on his stomach, steadied himself, then lost his
balance ^{again} and twisted round underneath it. ~~again~~ ~~the~~ ~~feet~~
~~lost~~ ~~the~~ ~~grip~~, and ~~again~~ he dangled in space. But this
time he looked down and ~~he~~ ~~found~~ ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~stage~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~
~~more~~ ~~than~~ ~~10~~ ~~feet~~ ~~high.~~ He saw that he had no more than three feet
or so to ~~drop~~ ^{drop}. He jumped lightly down and stared
sulkily at the audience as they applauded him. He walked
to the footlights and lifted his chin defiantly. ~~He had lost~~ ~~the~~ ~~old~~ ~~swagger~~,
~~and~~ ~~he~~ ~~was~~ ~~shuddering~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~idea~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~wire~~
~~and~~ ~~his~~ ~~self-assurance.~~ With sudden revengeful fury he threw

V There's Blood on Your Fingers.

Performance. 9.

himself over into a forward somersault. He threw himself onto his hands, then back onto his feet again, so that he seemed momentarily to bend like a rubber dummy. He hand-walked round the stage, taking long, rapid strides, and jumped to his feet with the orchestra's final chords. He bowed proudly, showing himself off. Quietly confident ~~again~~ ^{again} & his lips pursed, he began putting ^{on} his ~~back on~~ ~~trousers~~ ^{trousers} dress. He put on his left sleeve, then one of his trouser legs. He dressed himself with dignity, caring for every little torn fragment. A spotlight rested on him at the side of the stage as he delicately fingered his dress.

~~With grotesque dignity she walked across the stage. The tiny bowler hat, which had remained in the air, descended two or three feet and came to rest immediately in front of his head. He stopped and stared at it. He stepped to the right, but the bowler hat moved with him. He walked forward and the bowler hat slipped onto his head. He stopped, then walked on again, and it remained with him. He ran a few paces, and it was still there. He looked into the auditorium and said slowly. The curtain falls.~~

As he came towards it ^{With grotesque dignity} he walked back across the stage. ~~the bowler hat~~ ^{the tiny bowler-hat} - which had remained in the air - fell a little lower, ~~that~~ and came to rest immediately in front of his head. He stopped and stared at it. He stepped to the right, but ~~the bowler hat~~ ^{it} moved with him. He walked forward and ~~the~~ ^{it} slipped onto his head. He stopped, then walked on again, and it remained with him. ~~He~~ ^{he} ran a few

paces, and it was still there. He looked into the auditorium and smiled shrewdly. The curtain fell.

When it rose again the piano and the chest-of-drawers were no longer on the stage. ~~The lights were less brilliant than before in the auditorium~~ ~~There was now a card-table near the footlights, and on it were a top hat, a small beer-barrel, a saw, a wand and an immense pack of cards.~~ ~~Helldone entered dressed in evening clothes, a starched front and a table.~~ Helldone ^{entered} dressed in evening clothes that were stained and many sizes too big for him. He had a starched front, and ^{there was} a red flower dangling from his button-hole. He ~~walked briskly~~ ~~to the table.~~ He walked ~~briskly~~ briskly to the table. He coughed into his hand. ~~He picked up the immense pack of cards.~~ He picked up the immense pack of cards and began shuffling them with astonishing swiftness, throwing them up with one hand and catching them with the other. He put them together again and ran his thumb along the top of the pack, so that they made a loud, smacking noise. He showed the Queen of Hearts to the audience and then ~~held it~~ leaned against the beer-barrel with its blank side showing. He brought the rest of the pack to the footlights and solemnly bent down. He crouched over the pack, raised himself, stretched out his arms, and the pack was gone. He turned round and walked back to the table. As he did so the cards fell loudly one after another from the tail of his jacket onto the floor. He stared down at them with horror, petrified in his tracks. ~~He then shrugged and~~ ^{he} unhooked the tails from his jacket and began inspecting the pocket inside them for holes. Then he shrugged and threw them with the

V There's Blood on Your Fingers

Performance. 10.

cards into the wisp. He returned to the table and litte
gloomily. An idea occurred to him, and he smiled. He
picked up the card which was leaning against the barrel
and showed it to the audience. It had changed to the
king of spades. He nodded persuasively as he showed it to
them, and giggled.

~~* INSERT P. 11~~

~~He took up his wand and as he did so
knocked the saw into ^{the} floor, accidentally pushed the saw off
the table, it bounced and landed on the floor in the air,
then~~

He opened a small lid in the barrel
and pulled out one coloured vial after another. He turned on
the tap, and nothing came forth. He held up his fingers
shrewdly to the audience and took his wand from the table.
He tapped the barrel twice with this wand. He turned the tap
on again, and this time a red liquid flowed out. He
took a large tumbler from one of his bulging pockets and
filled it with the red liquid. He drank it back, the ^{rim} of
the glass clattering loudly against his teeth, ~~and once more the~~
~~filled the tumbler, then~~ ~~filled it up.~~ He
~~snatched his lips and stood grossly over the~~ He ^{then} snatched
up his wand, tapped the barrel twice, filled his glass and
again drank it back. ~~He stood over the~~ He snatched his
lips and stood over the barrel grossly, seeming to grow
bigger. Glass after glass he drank, snatching his wand
up and tapping it on the barrel each time, until there
was nothing left. He frowned at the empty barrel. He
tipped it up and again tried the tap, but it was no use.

V There's Blood on Your Fingers

Performance. II.

from behind his neck, from his armpits, from his ear, slowly and methodically.

He gripped his stomach and leaned on the table. His hair rose and fell as he swayed, and the whites of his eyes showed. He turned and began walking unsteadily across the stage with his arms stretched out before him, lifting his legs high with each step.

Suddenly he went back to the table and began throwing his properties into the wings with an immense clatter. He pushed the ~~labeled~~ ~~of the table~~ ~~onto~~ the floor, rolled it into the wings and then sent the table after it. He dusted his hands off and strolled insentiently to the other side of the stage. He whistled loudly, his hands in his pockets. As he strolled about, bored and pondering, the lights

INSERT * from P. 10.

He struck a match and lit a scrap of paper. He put this lighted paper into a small box and wrapped it round with a silk kerchief. He touched it lightly with his wand. He was about to untie the kerchief, fingering it ~~lightly~~ gingerly, when thick smoke began to pour out of it. He lopped about, hollering and throwing the box from one hand to ~~another~~ the other, then he ran to the side of the stage and threw it into the wings. He returned back to the table sucking his fingers. He bowed austere.

began to fade, and in a few moments the stage was in utter darkness. His whistling gradually became less forthright, then ceased altogether.

The orchestra began softly playing a

polka, and slowly the lights came on. He was standing in the same position as before, but the stage had now been transformed. There were now tall pillars on either side, and where the black curtain with the Christmas rose had been there was now the wall of a long ballroom, with gilt tables and chairs. He stared at all about him, turning round on his heels like a wondering child.

Two invisible guests came to being on the stage, and he moved respectfully among them. He re-arranged the red flower in his button-hole and tried to smooth down his tufts of ginger hair with the tips of his fingers. He wiped the toes of his shoes surreptitiously on his trouser-legs as he walked, smiling to someone ~~as he did so~~. ~~He took a partner, smiled to her and~~ whenever he did so. He listened to a group of people gossiping, then he himself joined in. He gabbled silently, his head thrust forward, his lips moving with an extraordinary rapidity, his eyes darting this way and that. He found a partner, smiled to her and bowed. They began dancing together, and he became postly and solemn. He took rigid little jumps up and down in the polka, holding her hand high. A waltz followed, and this he danced alone. The music seemed to draw his limbs into movement, swooning and dying away, then lighting up again. He moved with wonderful ~~swiftness~~ swiftness, delivered helplessly into the music. He danced the hancers, taking long, soft strides round and round the stage, narrowly avoiding the other guests.

The orchestra stopped suddenly in the middle of a chord, and he was struck still. He looked about him, the spell broken. The guests seemed to draw away. He became panic-stricken at the thought of their leaving him. He ran to

There's Blood on Your Fingers

Performance. 12.

the side of the stage to block their exit. He snapped his fingers at them, blew kisses at them, clapped his hands and pointed with pathetic gaiety onto the stage. But the orchestra remained silent. The pillars on either side rose slowly back into the flies. The ballroom wall gave place to the black curtain again, and the gilt chairs and tables sank underneath the stage by traps. Forlorn and sad, he walked to the footlights.

He took an invisible apple from his pocket and polished it on his sleeve. He took one bite, chewed it, paused, then ate the whole apple with fierce voracity, twisting it round and round in his fingers. ~~and then~~

He put his hands in his pockets again and walked to the middle of the stage, staring at the floor. There was silence. He whistled a snatch of one of the tunes to which he had danced. He danced a few steps and smiled to himself. He sighed nostalgically, and there were two or three very quick spurts of water from his eyes.

From somewhere ~~the~~ behind him came the sound of soft idyllic music, full of bird-notes. He stopped and listened. He turned and as he did so the back-drop curtain rose into the air. ~~He stepped~~ Behind it was a sunlit balustrade with a ~~wide~~ ~~flight~~ narrow flight of stairs leading up to it. There were three arches in the Gothic style and these were covered with wild climbing roses ^{and other blossoms} ~~and changing blossoms~~ in profusion. Above the three arches were written the words: "Le Berceau de verdure enchantée." The branches of a willow-tree hung down onto the balustrade, behind

the arches.

He walked slowly up the staircase, gazing at everything with his mouth open. At the top he began smelling the blossoms. He smelt them like a giraffe, long-necked, slender and inquisitive. He stood on tip-toe to smell a particularly full flower. The idyllic music ceased. He smelt the flower, then wanted to pull it down. He grasped hold of it, then pulled. A flood of water instantly poured down all over him. ~~He yelped like a dog~~ He yelled out.

~~It became a steady shower of water~~ ~~It became a steady~~
It became a continuous down-pour. He tried to struggle back down the staircase but became entangled in the branches of the willow-tree. At last, drenched to the skin, he threw himself out of one of the arches, ~~to~~ and in doing this he brought down with him to the stage all the wild climbing roses. He stood weeping and yelling among them, and the curtain fell.

~~There was a tremendous roar of applause~~

There was a great roar of applause.

Hellclow changed quickly into his sequin costume at the side of the stage. The trapeze was lowered, and he sat on the cross-bar. He was lifted up into the flies, and the curtain rose again. ~~After~~ There was a pause during which the stage was empty, then Hellclow came down from the flies on the trapeze in his sparkling sequin suit. The applause grew louder, and he waved his hand.

horraine opened his eyes and started in his chair. He picked up the telephone.
horraine: Greet me the stage... Hullo... Hullo, yes... What the devil's

What noise? (listening) No!

He put the receiver back and stared before him. He got up and went to the gallery-door, and as he opened it the applause grew ~~louder~~ louder. He looked down at the stage. The curtain was at that moment ~~down~~ ^{up} and the stage empty. Then Hellelone came cartwheeling from the wings in his sequin costume. He jumped to his feet just short of the footlights and bowed. The curtain came down again and Hellelone strolled to the side of the stage. He dabbed his neck with a handkerchief. Amurat ran forward and shook him by the hand.

Herraine went back to his desk and put his jacket on. ~~He then arranged his jacket and~~ ~~went down to the~~ Then he went down to the stage by the ~~wooden~~ wooden staircase.

[Continued ~~Post-Performance~~ "Post-Performance. 1."

"Hellelone took off his wig and slipped between the folds of the curtain...."

Hellelrose took off his wig and slipped between the folds of the curtain which two attendants were holding back for him. The applause grew into a huge roar as he appeared under the yellow spotlight in his sparkling sequin dress. He bowed low, with the wig in his right hand.

Behind the curtain sceneryshifters were putting up the cage for Nidok's act. Its walls were about ten feet high, with spikes at the top curving inwards. Nidok stood at the side in evening clothes and a top hat. He stood very still, watching the sceneryshifters at work. Behind him stood Eliya and Helen in long Chinese tea-gowns and sandals, their hair shining with oil and fastened at the back into buns. Their eyes were painted to give the appearance of being narrow and slanted.

When the walls were up they were connected with a wire corridor in the wings along which the tigers would enter. Nidok's table was taken into the cage, then his other properties — a black chest, a number of coloured silk kerchiefs, two top hats, a large dice, a wand decorated with tinsel, a tiny barrel with a golden tap, a saw, a ^{imitation} pack of cards, two chairs, a number of hoops and an ^{imitation} bass drum.

After the eighth curtain Hellelrose took his last bow. The yellow spotlight went out and the orchestra played again.

Nidok, Eliya and Helen went into the cage, and the door was locked behind them. At a signal

from Nidok two sceneshifters raised the grating over the wire
corridor by means of a chain, and others standing in the
wings goaded the animals, along with their pikes. The first
tiger stopped two or three $\frac{1}{2}$ from the entrance and yawned.
It looked about sleepily, then stared at the stage. It growled
at an attendant's pike, then walked slowly forward, its
teeth a little bared. Eliya waited at the entrance with
a Farmer's Whip. Nidok called to the tiger and showed
~~it a stool on the right hand side, its stool on~~
~~the right hand side, while Eliya drew her whip along the~~
~~floor, saying to it a stool on the right hand side.~~
Eliya trailed her whip along the floor towards the stool,
coaxing it. The tiger stopped again, and ^{it} stared first
at Nidok, then at ~~Eliya~~ ^{her}. It walked past ~~Eliya~~ ^{her}
whip and leapt softly onto the box, turning to growl at
her as she went towards the entrance again.

~~The five tigers were on their boxes
the sceneshifters lowered the grating again, and the red light
came on. The great arc-lamps were switched on
Nidok stood behind his table, and Eliya and Helen
on either side. Behind them the tigers
waited on their boxes, watchful and drowsy. The
curtain rose.~~

When all five tigers were on their
boxes the sceneshifters lowered the grating again, and the
red light came on. Nidok stood behind his table,
with Eliya and Helen on either side. Behind them the
tigers waited on their boxes, watchful and drowsy. The
curtain rose.

hormaine shook hands with Hellelone fervently. He gazed into his eyes, nodding all the time, but saying nothing. He put his arm round his shoulder, and together they went towards the pass-door between an avenue of jostling people, all of whom were trying to congratulate Hellelone or present him with flowers.

The dressing-room door was open. Waiting inside were Bernard Charpentier, Francine Dupont and Jean and Pierre Dubois-Bordeaux. On the right as Hellelone entered was a great bank of Christmas roses shaped like a horse-shoe and as high as a man, with the letter H in white roses against a red background. He pointed to it with astonishment as he came in, and laughed. ~~Then~~ The men shook hands with him, and Francine, tears in her eyes, came forward and kissed him on the cheek.

hormaine took Charpentier aside just by the door.

hormaine (in a low voice) Take care of him, Bernard. I must slip upstairs for a minute or two.

Charpentier nodded, and hormaine quietly left the room, closing the door behind him.

Hellelone (turning) Where's he off to?

Charpentier shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

hormaine returned to his office. He sat down at his desk again and put his hand over his eyes.

~~Nidok took at the side of the brass drum~~
~~Eliya found to the audience with a smile, then curled herself~~
Nidok took out one of the sides of the brass-drum and held it aloft. Eliya bent down and curled herself up inside the drum, and he put the side back, so that she could no longer be seen. He rolled the drum slowly from one side of the cage to the other, then he touched it several times with his wand. He again removed one of the sides, and Helen removed the other. The drum was now empty. He lifted up the drum-girdle and showed it to the audience. He held the girdle over one of the tigers, and it leapt through it onto another box.

Nidok then looked about him with a frown. He went up to another of the tigers and spoke to it, ~~intimately~~. The tiger raised itself up, slowly glanced from one side of the cage to the other, then leapt to the ~~the~~ floor. It began prowling to and fro across the stage, and Nidok watched ~~it~~ it ~~very~~ closely. It went across to the black chest, at the far side of the cage, and growled ~~at~~ ^{these}. Then it jumped ~~into~~ ^{followed} it to the chest, then ~~peered open the lid~~ ^{and in answer} ~~with raised eyebrows, enquiring something of the animal,~~ ~~it~~ touched the chest with one raised paw. Nidok pulled open the lid, and Eliya stepped out with a smile.

~~Two persons of ordinary dress~~
Charpentier lay on the divan with his head against the cushions. Jean and Pierre Dubois-Bordeaux sat on one side of the fire, Hellebore, in an easy chair, on the other. Francine sat on a low stool close to Hellebore. Her hair was now brushed straight down to her shoulders, and she was dressed in a white silk evening gown. They sat ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~of glass~~

V There's Blood on Your Fingers.

Post-performance. 3.

The dressing-table had now been cleared of Hellelone's paints and creams, and was covered from end to end with some fifty or sixty champagne glasses.

Hellelone: Well, what did you think was up, then?

Charpentier: I was puzzled, Tack, like everybody else. All your reeling about looked to me part of the act. So did your collapse. I was just going to burst out laughing and the curtain fell. It was like having the door closed in one's face.

Hellelone: Did the lights go up?

Charpentier: Oh, yes.

Hellelone: I can't understand it. I went on that stage with real first night nerves, but ~~the minute~~ the minute I got near the piano I felt alright. I was just steaming up nicely, then my ^{legs} ~~breast~~ ^{went} began to go weak. No, first of all something seemed to get hold of me in the belly, then I felt my legs go. I tried to stand still, but, of course, with everybody staring at me I lost my head.

Charpentier: Were you unconscious?

Hellelone: Everything went black for a few minutes, that's all.

~~Charpentier: Well, then I shall explain everything in tomorrow's edition, Tack. It'll make a good story - fatigue and nerves.~~

When I saw that curtain come down I could have wept.

Charpentier: You did weep, so hours told me. And you told a stagehand that he had blood on his fingers. (laughing) I should like to have seen his face! D'you remember saying that?

Hellelone (with a tired smile): Yes. Now I looked down at that hand

and I could have sworn there was blood all over the fingers.

Carpentier: You were delirious, my dear chap. Anyway, I shall explain the whole thing in tomorrow morning's edition. It'll make a good story.

A crushed sigh of surprise came from the auditorium. Carpentier yawned, and Jean Dubois-Bordeaux looked up at Francine.

Jean: What was so dangerous about your friend Henry Saugon?
Francine started and looked at Hellebore.

Hellebore (gazing at Jean through half-closed eyes) Why, what do you know about Saugon?

~~Jean: I called on my friend Saugon and told him to keep his
away from me this afternoon
Hellebore: What for, Jean?
Jean: Yes, we had ^{him} the paper and took him back to your
hotel by car. Hellebore (astonished) Where is she now, then?
Hellebore: God Almighty! Where is she now?
Jean: Oh, we didn't do him any harm
Carpentier (to Hellebore) Is this the young man who called on you last
night?
Hellebore (to Jean) Yes
Carpentier: Did you find a friend of Francine's?
Hellebore: Yes (to Jean) What happened?
Jean: (puzzled)
Jean: My friend Saugon called on me to his office. He said the
Police might be a little trouble and he said he wanted
to protect me against them. He thought there was other people~~

There's Blood on Your Fingers.

Post-Performance. 4.

Jean: We met him in the foyer this afternoon.

Hellene: Why?

Jean:orraine told us to. He wanted him kept away from you this afternoon.

Hellene (astonished) where is he now, then?

Jean: Oh, we didn't do him any harm.

Charpentier (to Hellene) is this the young man who called on you last night?

Hellene (his eyes on Jean) Yes.

Charpentier: And a friend of Francine's?

Hellene: Yes. (To Jean) What was rorraine's idea?

Jean: He thought Sampson might be a blackmailer. He asked us to protect you against him, so of course we said yes, right away.

Charpentier (chuckling) Poor Albert!

Jean (turning to him) Wasn't he right, then?

Hellene: Of course he wasn't.

~~That's what I said.~~

~~Jean: Well, that's what I said.~~

~~He was such a polite young man,~~

Jean: Well, that's what I said. He was such a polite young man, and he told us he knew Francine.

~~Hellene: Where did you take him?~~

Hellene: What happened in the foyer, then?

Jean: We told him your rehearsal had been cancelled and ~~that~~ you ~~were~~ would be wait for you at the hotel. So we took

him along to your hotel.

Hellelue: And there was I running all over this theatre trying to find him.

Jean: We're sorry, Jack.

Pierre: Yes.

Francine (critically) Lorraine threatened to throw me out for encouraging intruders.

Charpentier: Oh, you mustn't take that to heart. You ought to know Lorraine by now, Francine. ~~You know, I believe she then suddenly became an old man, quite suddenly, in the last few days. His little nightmares seem to have got worse. And she only realised the truth when they're all over. ~~Then she was sitting~~~~

Nothing can be done about his little nightmares. Only afterwards does he realise the truth, and then he suffers the most terrible remorse. So you needn't take his threats very seriously. ~~In fact, I don't know what would~~

~~disturb his little nightmares~~ (Gazing at the ceiling)

And I sometimes wonder whether his little nightmares aren't useful to us all. They do keep us alert. And it's possible, Jack, that without this nightmare of his about ^{your young friend} ~~his son~~, we wouldn't be sitting here now waiting for your guests to come and toast your health. Your young friend could have been up to some mischief. And how was Lorraine to know?

Hellelue: I could have told him.

Charpentier: I've known, I believe he has suddenly become an old man, quite suddenly, in the last few days? He needs our sympathy, Jack.

V There's Blood on Your Fingers

Post-Performance. 5.

Hellou (laughing) Yes, we'll have an appeal fund. My friends are my friends, and I won't have hormone or anybody else interfering with them. First he runs a second programme, then he sets Jean and Pierre on ~~as~~ a good friend of mine. One of these days he'll get himself into bad trouble. He'll end in the law-courts if he isn't careful. I know a thing or two about hormone that might interest the police. Then he'd turn to me for help. I met hormone long before you did, Bernard, and I'll give you a word of advice: when he looks sad and old, watch out for yourself, he's up to something.

Charpentier (to Francine) what was your friend's idea in calling on Jack last night, then?

Francine (looking at him coldly) hormone asked me that. How am I to know? I'm not responsible for what my friends do. Perhaps he called on Jack to see the father of someone he had served with during the War — and whom he loved.

Charpentier (politely) I see.

He smiled at her and got up from the divan.

Charpentier: Whenever you mention the War to me you sound a little harsh, Francine. (Walking towards her) Do you know what I did during your War?

Francine (staring at his shoes) No.

Charpentier: I kept my head well down. (Ducking his head with a chuckle) whereas you were positively up to your eyes in blood,

were't you? And now by the look on your face you are going to ask me why I should have considered myself different from anybody else. But I won't let you say it, because it would be so loving. That's the trouble with heroes and heroines, isn't it? — they're so loving.

He teased ^{her} with a smile and she lowered her eyes.
Francine: I won't going to say that, as a matter of fact.

Charpentier: By the grace of God we were spared it, then. (Turning and going towards the door) I shall go up and see the old gentleman now. (With a glance at Francine) Try and pretend you're a human being, my dear. The results might be interesting.

Helléme laughed. He patted Francine's arm, and Charpentier left the room.

Nidok took off his top hat. He collapsed it and opened it again. He twirled it round on his finger-tips. Then ~~put~~ put it crown downwards on the table. Eliza brought him a large green kerchief, then an orange one, then a yellow one, and these he pushed down into the hat. Helen brought him a ~~warm~~ mauve kerchief, a violet and a purple. He turned the hat crown downwards, with the silks inside. He tapped it twice with his wand. He then lifted it, and two doves flew it from underneath.

They flew up out of sight behind the proscenium arch. Nidok, Eliza and Helen gazed upwards, and after a pause the doves came fluttering down from the flies. One of them carried a green kerchief in its ~~bill~~ bill, the other a mauve. They settled on Nidok's shoulders. He thanked with

I could sleep the eternal sleep. How quiet everything is. Who's on?

Charpentier: Eiselleheim.

horraine: Ah, that explains it.

He got up and went to the door leading out onto the gallery. Charpentier followed him, and together they looked ~~down~~ ^{down} at the stage. ~~for Hellene~~ Eliza was trying to coax one of the tigers back to its box. She was trailing her whip along the floor in front of the animal, her head and shoulders bent forward. The tiger watched her, its long body stretched out, and growled at the whip. Nidok stood at the table drawing off a dark liquid from the barrel into a wine-glass. Throughout the theatre there was utter silence, apart from the tiger's low growling.

Charpentier and horraine returned to the office and closed the door.

Hellene leaned forward and ~~looked at Jean~~ ^{warned his hands} ~~at the fire.~~

Hellene: What annoys me is when people try and stuff me alive. That's why I hate this room. (Turning to Francine) Have you told horraine about that?

Francine: No. I think it's a lovely room.

~~Hellene~~ Hellene looked about him and smiled.

He glanced back at the dressing-table and the curtains behind it.

Hellene: Well, it looks better than it did an hour ago. (Steps up)

Francine: It only needs to be lived in.

Hellene (To Jean again) Who was he to protect me, as if I hadn't

There's Blood on Your Fingers.

Post-Performance 6.

a nod and took the kerchiefs from their lips. They flew up again and this time they brought an orange kerchief and a violet. They flew back for a third time and returned with the yellow and purple kerchiefs. ~~The stopping seemed slow and~~

~~and they~~ There was a little clapping.

Charpentier entered Lorraine's office. Lorraine indicated a chair and yawned.

Charpentier: You ought to be downstairs with Jack. He has just taken eight curtains and there you are sitting with your head in your hands. Did you even see the turn?

Lorraine: No, Bernard.

Charpentier sighed.

Charpentier: I've been hearing a strange account downstairs of how you sent the Dubois-Bordeaux's to waylay a ~~poor~~ homeless young friend of Francine's.

Lorraine: I want to know he was homeless. Everything seemed different before the show. I felt so Jewish.

Charpentier: But ~~with~~ that sort of behaviour ^{can get you into} ~~you could explain~~ the law-courts.

Lorraine (with a friendly smile) It wouldn't be ~~for~~ ^{for} the first time.

Charpentier: You threatened Francine with dismissal, I believe.

~~Lorraine: Oh, Jack can look after her~~

~~Lorraine (holding) but she's young and long with Jack~~

Lorraine: Yes, but she's going a tour with Jack, so it makes no

^{Lorraine:} You know, Bernard, I thought that was the end of my career when I saw him lying on that stage. I thought it was the end of all of us. (Yawning again) I feel so tired

She turned.

~~horraine (taking her hand) What went wrong?~~

~~Eliya (sobbing) There was just no go in it tonight.~~

horraine (taking her hand) What went wrong, my dear?

Eliya (breathlessly, through her sobs) There was just no go in it tonight.

He couldn't get anything out of them.

horraine: But did anything particular go wrong?

Eliya: No, that's what I can't understand. ~~It's a~~ ~~be~~ It's a beautiful act, Albert. He did the same turn in Brussels a fortnight ago and they wouldn't let him go off the stage. He seemed to hang fire tonight. He's broken-hearted about it. He's going to ask you to cancel his contract: you won't do it, will you?

horraine (averting his face) Well, perhaps he does need a rest.

Eliya (shaking his arm) No, Albert! Once you cancel his contract, he'll never try again. Look at me, dear. You won't cancel his contract, even if he pleads with you, will you?

He looked at her tenderly for a moment.

horraine: Very well, then.

The arc-lamps came on, and the stage was cleared for the chorus. The orchestra struck up again. Eliya and

horraine walked behind the back-drop towards the wooden staircase.

horraine: Come up to the office, Eliya.

Eliya: No. I want to change now. I'll see you at Jack's party.

horraine looked about him, then gripped her arm earnestly.

horraine: Leave him, Eliya! Let Helen look after him for a little while. Don't go away so soon. Stay here on whatever terms you like to make. I shall agree to anything. Will you?

Eliya (helplessly, as if she had no further strength) No. My answer will always be, no. Always no, no. Even if you cancel his contract

V There's Blood on Your Fingers.

Post-performance. 8.

I shall go away just the same. I don't know where I shall go, but I shan't stay here.

Herraine (withdrawing his hand) Forgive me for asking you, then. Say you forgive me.

Eliza (aghast at his expression) Yes, my dear, I told you I love you as a friend, and I do.

Scene 2: The same, ^{thirty minutes later.} Hellelone tidied the divan cover and patted down the cushions where Charpentier had been ~~sitting~~ lying.

Hellelone: Will you help me unbutton, Francine?

He followed him behind the screen, where he sat down on a stool, and began unbuttoning the back of his sequin dress.

There was a knock on the door and someone came in. Francine looked round the screen.

Francine: Good evening.

Hellelone (turning) Who is it?

Francine: M^r Eiselheim.

Hellelone stared at her in astonishment.

Hellelone: Tell him to come through.

He stood up, and Nidok came to the edge of the screen. He ~~was~~ ~~wore~~ wore his overcoat and was carrying a hat and cane.

Nidok: I shall take very little of your time.

Hellelone: Won't you sit down?

~~They sat down, ~~into by side~~ and~~ Virginia Berger went back to the hearth, where the brothers Dubois-Bordeaux were sitting.

Nidok (neurotically watching him) No, thank you. I must go immediately.

Hellelone stood awkwardly by his stool with his sequin costume open at the back.

Nidok: The audience went dead.
Hellelone gasped.

Hellelone: You got the bird?

Nidok (in a hushed voice) The audience died on me.

Hellelone gasped.

Hellelone: You got the bird?

Nidok: Not exactly. But it amounts to the same thing.

~~Hellelone: Oh, well, it won't happen to you.~~

Hellelone: Oh, well, it won't happen tomorrow night. ~~Don't let~~

~~you go.~~

Nidok: I've come to tell you that I shall be leaving Paris tonight.

Hellelone (with a frown) Why?

~~Nidok: I feel I'm unfit for the stage. M^r Fruistanley I haven't had a rest for twelve years. I'm beginning to rely on my reputation, and I don't think of new things as I used to. I have lost the power of - (hesitating) - putting things into effect.~~

Nidok (his eyes on the floor) I feel I'm no longer fit for the stage, M^r Fruistanley. I haven't had a rest for twelve years. I'm beginning to rely on my reputation, and I don't think of new things as I used to. I have lost the power of - (hesitating) - putting things into effect. Just now I askedorraine to cancel ~~her~~ my contract.

Hellelone (instantly) What did he say?

Nidok: He agreed it was ~~wise~~ wise.

~~Hellelone: But you didn't really get the bird at all! It won't happen tomorrow night.~~

~~Nidok (with a slight smile, watching Hellelone) I no longer believe in myself. M^r Fruistanley, what the audience did doesn't enter into it. These things always depend on my state of confidence.~~

Hellene: Don't listen to him, Eiselheim.

Nidok: I shall leave Paris tonight whatever he thinks.

Hellene (puzzled) But it isn't as if they had really given you the bird, is it? I can't understand you.

Nidok: These things depend on a man's state of confidence, as you must know, M^r Firstanley. I have lost faith in myself. That's why they died on me. In the last few months I have been imagining to myself all sorts of enmity where there has ~~been~~ ^{been} none, — a sure sign of my weakness, a sure sign that I had come to believe in the power of other people over me, and no longer in my own. I saw you on the stage this afternoon with Eliza, and I thought there must be some conspiracy against me between you.

Hellene: What conspiracy?

Nidok (embarrassed) Eliza has been miserable with us lately, and it seemed to me natural that she should conspire with you against me. One day I shall probably return to the stage, but now I need a long rest, a long period of solitude.

(More briskly) I won't deny I hoped it would be you who got the bird tonight. I knew what was going on in Lorraine's mind ~~then~~ this morning —

Hellene: What about?

Nidok: About whether the ~~show~~ show ought to be postponed.

Hellene: Ah, yes.

Nidok: And as a colleague I should have ~~come~~ come along and told you. It was a sign of my weakness that I didn't. This morning Lorraine wanted to postpone the show, and I tried to persuade him to let you go on. I did that because I wanted you to prove to everybody that you ~~was~~ were finished — I thought you were — and not because I wanted him to give you a fair chance. Can you forgive me that?

Hellene (mumbling) Of course.

Nidok held out his hand and

Hellene took it.

Nidok: I wanted to part from you on good terms.

Hellene (uncomfortably) Where will you go now?

Nidok: Oh, perhaps to Germany, perhaps to Poland. But these
was something else I wanted to ask you. Will you give
Eliza your help if she needs it?

Hellelone: Where is she now?

Nidok: In my dressing-room. She wants to go with me, but I
shant let her.

Hellelone: Why not?

Nidok: Because I am very deeply attached to her. She must
break away from me, otherwise she'll never be ^a happy young woman.
At present I am the excuse for not being happy. I shall
remove that excuse. ~~Keep well, there~~

He held out his hand again.

Nidok: Goodbye to you, then. Forgive me my — (with a
smile) strangeness.

They shook hands, and Nidok left the
room silently. Hellelone went to the edge of the screen and
stared after him. He took a white flower from the bank
of Christmas roses and ~~and~~ put it to his nose.

[Cont. Post-Performance. 10.]

V
Scene 3: The Casa Celida in the Rue du Bois de Boulogne.
Two hours later, at about fifteen minutes past midnight.

A log fire burned in Maria Celida's bedroom. Close to it there was a table laid for two, with with two bottles, several covered dishes and a lighted candelabra in the middle. On the other side of the room there was a wide four-poster bed enclosed by heavy damask curtains. These curtains hung from a dome of carved wood fixed to the ceiling. The only light in the room was from the candelabra.

Hellclown sat on one of the chairs by the table, still in his evening clothes, and Maria Celida lay on the bed with the ^{curtain at her side} ~~curtains~~ half drawn back. He gazed into the fire, his legs stretched out before him.

Hellclown: Are you sad, then?

Maria (her eyes closed) A little.

Hellclown: That's wrong, Maria. You've got to celebrate tonight with me. The two of us are alone in this room, and we can shrug our shoulders at everybody else in the world as long as the night lasts. ~~Will you promise~~ Will you promise ^{me} not to think about Grordano?

Maria: No, I don't think about him.

Hellclown: (With a snarl) Are we going to be cheerful tonight, then?

Maria: Of course. (With a ^{sigh} snarl) Your performance keeps coming back to me. I shall never forget those dances (Opening her eyes and looking across at him) You were quite near our box

when you ate the apple, you know.

Hellelone: I'd have given you a little glance if I'd known.

Maia: Oh, you were far away from Criordano and me, far away.

~~Hellelone: Well, who shall I be tonight, — Hellelone or Jack
Finstandley?~~

Hellelone: Well, who shall I be tonight, — Hellelone or Jack
Finstandley? I'll be plain Jack. Call me Jack.

Maia (slyly) Jack.

~~Hellelone~~ ^{He} got up, and

Hellelone: Don't you welcome your lovers with a kiss, then?

~~otherwise I might take offence and go~~

She turned and ~~with a smile~~ held out
her arms ^{to} ~~to~~ him. He sat down at her side, and
they kissed.

Maia (drawing him further down) Come closer.

Footsteps sounded above them, and instantly
she raised herself on her elbows. The footsteps left the room
above and came down the stairs at the far end of the
corridor leading to the bedroom. They slowly came nearer
the bedroom and stopped just outside. There was a light
knock, and Maia gripped Hellelone's arm. They waited in
silence, and there was another louder knock.

Sampson (from outside, speaking softly) Maia, are you there?

Neither of them moved. Hellelone stared
at the ~~door~~ fire, bent forward.

Sampson: Maia, Maia...

Maia (whispering to Hellelone and trying to rise) He needs somebody.
Call him in. Please call him in.

~~Hellelone (presenting)~~

~~Hellelone (holding her down) gently~~

V

POST-PERFORMANCE. II.

Hellelone (holding her shoulder down) What can you do for him?

Let him suffer if he has to.

Sampson walked to ^{away,} ~~the~~ other end of the corridor, ~~and a door~~ and after a few moments a door at the other end of the corridor closed quietly.

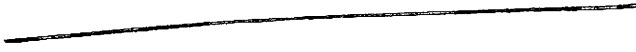
Hellelone: What did you mean, when you said he needed somebody?

Maria: Oh, I don't know, - he needs our help.

Hellelone: We must forget about him.

He went to the door and quietly turned the key in the lock, then returned to the bed and sat down at her side. He touched her brow, then her hair.

Hellelone: Forget about him.



Hellebore's eyes were still kindly, even loving, as they watched the knife pried over them, and behind the knife Sangson's eyes, no longer shifting, but deep-gazing, even beautiful in their wild intensity.

His moist, sparkling stare, now not wicked in the least, seemed to tell Sangson to do the job well: (Sangson must be every motive in him directed to the kill). Strike hard the stare said. Cannot you find a place? But hurry for Scogan's sake, it said.

From the next room Nonvieux horraine's cough, heavy-phlegmed, brief, seemed to say, like a sob, that this was the end of it all. ~~the trickling of the water from his fingers into the basin was like the [] [] []~~

Hellebore did not stir under the shaft. The room had become strangely quiet, the water trickling from Nonvieux horraine's hands into the basin.... This was the end of it all.

~~An invitation card from the ambassador's wife lay on the bedside table like a gaping, uncomprehending face~~

An invitation-card from the ambassador's wife lay on the bedside table and seemed, with its gilt tetter and flourished letters on a white backing, to gape with silent fright on the scene. Nonvieux horraine went into the bathroom and prepared a damp cloth for Hellebore's head. His cough, his cough, heavy-phlegmed, brief, breaking the dazed, humming silence, seemed to say, like a sob, that this was the end of it all; grief; that this was the end of it all.

~~His cough, heavy-phlegmed, brief, breaking the humming dazed, humming silence, seemed to say~~ rising quietly

His cough, heavy-phlegmed, brief, seemed to say, like a sob breaking invading the silence, the dazed, humming silence, that this was the end of it all. And after a muffled pause again: that this was the end of it all.

12. Bring out all the situations.

a) Sophisticated Hellebore's smallness (again) Madame Roulet for example.)

a) How Hellebore is struck into a kind of daze by the appearance of his old friend: dumb and sad with the thought of the years that had passed. Nonvieux horraine.

b) Descriptive at the beginning Madame Roulet move closely. c) Describe the feelings of Hellebore after his conversation. How the chat with Madame Roulet opened up his thoughts about the retirement etc. - which thoughts he had to defend for the dinner.

d) Smooth it all out in the idiom of Hellebore's feelings. Don't let it jerk along.

Club & whip.

Then staff with foot's head.

Always the bells — esp. all over body (15), who fashion of wearing bells abandoned to professional jugglers.

The court always thought better of minstrels than the church.

1160 'Actors & jesters may not be admitted to the sacrament.' — John of Salisbury.

'Believe no other official could enter the King's chamber uninvited, unlicensed or unannounced — than the jester.'

Minstrels treated as vagabonds under Elizabeth. Doan claims jesters derived from minstrel.

Vista ————— 'This is a practice,

As full of labour as a wise man's art:

For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;

But wise men, folly fallen, think their wit.'

Lodge: — Wit's Ruin. 1599. '... it is a special mark of him at the table, he sits and makes faces. Keep us their fellow company; for in juggling with him, your waddere shall be wasted, your credit cracked, your crown consumed, and your time ... utterly lost.'

he dances about, leaps over tables, trips up heels, gestures, dog-faces, mimics etc. and so.

Who's that damned jingling prelate?

See Pistol Henry IV

(in old warden of Newton used to say that these wild little drolls of the learning Newton possessed, seeing that every pupil brought a little with him and took none away).

Scogan - Oriel - Edward IV.

'Scogan's Jestes' — collection by Andrew BORD of Levensay. (stupid)

Henry VIII Patch.

Will Sommers, warden. with Sexton. Saxton, King's foot.

H. They tell us that in Rome for certain jestered the bells did ring backwards, every man and maid washed their faces in the holy words, 6 mill. & 400 dinges were sung in an hour. . . .

Maybe . . . maybe I will.

King's treatment of him

'He gave me such a box on the ear that stroke me clear through these chambers, some four pairs of stairs. I fell over five baskets in the bottom of the cellar, and if I had not well liquored myself these, I had never lived after it.'

Foot ejected from the clouds with a mask in one hand and clay figure in the other. The people celebrate his arrival.

skimble-skamble stuff.

looly. lumbering graces. roystering.

That people tolerate jests is a proof of his power over them — they are transfixed by the truth that is somehow revealed.

The Feast of Fools.

'The December kibeities' — Pope of Fools sits in coat of silk — and priests hold it over the sides at the onlookers. (France (12).

At the Feast of the Ass (again France) 14th January annually: it commemorates the flight of the Virgin into Egypt: she on ass goes to Church preceded by Bishop and clergy. At altar e.g. instead of singing 'Gaude Maria Virgo' priest sings 3 times Hin-Han, Hin-Han, Hin-Han, in imitation of donkey's bray. Devote to the donkey song in best worst discordant way possible.

'or by God and Ragony ye shall feel the smart of my whipcord.'

An idiot holds his double for a God. Shakespeare.

'haugh and you fat.'

H. 'Excuse me, sir. haugh and you fat, sir.'

Dorcas.

Flügel quoted.

conv. pres = ed. conv. foot.

Decline of prof. profession of hited foot began at period of discovery of printing.

In the courts of princes and the houses of wealthy men were to be found fools of various sorts, according to the taste of the lord. Some were crass, rude, licentious fellows. Others were refused of speech, acute of observation, quick at repartee, of much learning, and of great memory. Others again were unstrung deformities, or beasts of stupendous appetite, to contemplate whom was very good meat to weakacholy lords of all evil digestions and twisted minds.

Epictetus called me the ordinary laughing animal.

Sassaparilla.

The club of staff.

originally carried club, no more than the plant 'Typha LINNAEI' which grows in washes.