JOHN WHITING'S THE GATES OF SUMMER: A TEXTUAL STUDY

by

REGINALD JAMES WATTS

B. A. (Hons.), University of British Columbia, 1965

A THESIS SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT
OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF
MASTER OF ARTS

in the Department

of

English

© REGINALD JAMES WATTS 1972

SIMON FRASER UNIVERSITY

July, 1972
APPROVAL

Name: Reginald James Watts
Degree: Master of Arts
Title of Thesis: John Whiting's The Gates of Summer:
   A Textual Study
Examinin Committee:
   Chairman: Stephen A. Black

Gerald M. Newman
Senior Supervisor

Robin Blaser

Malcolm Page

Reginald W. Ingram
External Examiner
Professor of English
University of British Columbia
Vancouver, B. C.

Date Approved: July 15, 1972
Abstract

This textual study presents nine drafts consisting of manuscripts, transcripts of the manuscripts, author's typescripts and the author's revisions and notes to the drafts so that the reader may see the gestation of John Whiting's The Gates of Summer. All the emendations and marginalia existing in the manuscripts, typescripts and the revisions and notes have been indicated and listed.

Eight photostat drafts were provided by Indiana University and one by Tom Spencer, Theatre Education Organizer at the York Theatre Royal. In addition, Indiana University provided a copy of the fifty-two pages of revisions and notes.

The two chapters and five appendices in this study comprise the following. Chapter One: data of the productions in England - two professional and one amateur - a description of the drafts, evidence of the chronology (with notes on the evidence), and a detailed statement of the methodology used to describe the changes made by Whiting in each draft. Chapter Two: photostat manuscripts and typescripts, transcriptions of the manuscripts, and lists of all the emendations and marginalia. The five appendices comprise: Whiting's revisions and notes together with transcriptions, emendations and marginalia, photostat programmes, reviews of the 1956 pre-London tour productions and the 1970 London premiere
production, letters to the present writer from Whiting's friends, colleagues and admirers, and a bibliography that supplements the bibliographies of Charles Slater and Gabrielle Scott Robinson, the only other extensive bibliographies known to exist.

John Whiting has always been something of an enigma, a solitary figure who astounded the theatre world by winning the coveted Festival of Britain award in 1951. He remains a controversial figure. The purpose of this present study is to establish definitive versions of the full play and parts of the play as seen by the author at the particular time they were written. It is hoped that the establishment of these definitive texts will be of substantial aid to further study.
Acknowledgement

I would like to express my appreciation for the assistance given me in the development of this thesis: Indiana University provided the photostat manuscript, typescript and "Revisions and Notes"; Thérèse Dobroslavic, librarian at the Vancouver Public Library, helped to find references, Georgina Carlson undertook the typing, and Gerald M. Newman, my senior supervisor, gave a considerable amount of time, thought and counsel throughout the preparation and completion of the study.
TABLE OF CONTENTS

Examining Committee Approval ii
Abstract iii
Acknowledgement v

I: INTRODUCTION 1
   i Production Data 2
   ii General Description of Drafts 7
   iii Chronology of Drafts 15
      Evidence 15
      Argument 23
   iv Key to the Methods Employed in Describing and Establishing the Texts 25

II: TEXTS 31
   i Draft "A" 32
      Emendations 34
      Transcription 48
      Marginalia 49
   ii Draft "B" 56
      Emendations 57
      Typescript 60
      Marginalia 72

vi
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Draft</th>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Pages</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Draft &quot;C&quot;</td>
<td>Act One</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Emendations</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Transcription</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Marginalia</td>
<td>134</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Manuscript</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Draft &quot;D&quot;</td>
<td>Act One</td>
<td>265</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Emendations</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Transcription</td>
<td>266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Marginalia</td>
<td>310</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Manuscript</td>
<td>311</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Act Two</td>
<td>323</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Emendations</td>
<td>324</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Transcription</td>
<td>325</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Manuscript</td>
<td>365</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

vii
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Draft</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Emendations</th>
<th>Typescript</th>
<th>Marginalia</th>
<th>Manuscript</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>v</td>
<td>Act Three</td>
<td>375</td>
<td>376</td>
<td>377</td>
<td>410</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Emendations</td>
<td>376</td>
<td>377</td>
<td>410</td>
<td>411</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Transcription</td>
<td>377</td>
<td>410</td>
<td>411</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Marginalia</td>
<td>377</td>
<td>410</td>
<td>411</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Manuscript</td>
<td>377</td>
<td>410</td>
<td>411</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Draft &quot;E&quot;</td>
<td>420</td>
<td>421</td>
<td>437</td>
<td>477</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Emendations</td>
<td>421</td>
<td>437</td>
<td>477</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Typescript</td>
<td>437</td>
<td>477</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Marginalia</td>
<td>437</td>
<td>477</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Manuscript</td>
<td>437</td>
<td>477</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>vi</td>
<td>Draft &quot;G&quot;</td>
<td>483</td>
<td>484</td>
<td>486</td>
<td>527</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Emendations</td>
<td>484</td>
<td>486</td>
<td>527</td>
<td>528</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Transcription</td>
<td>486</td>
<td>527</td>
<td>528</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Marginalia</td>
<td>486</td>
<td>527</td>
<td>528</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Manuscript</td>
<td>486</td>
<td>527</td>
<td>528</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>vii</td>
<td>Draft &quot;G&quot;</td>
<td>538</td>
<td>539</td>
<td>544</td>
<td>583</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Act One</td>
<td>539</td>
<td>544</td>
<td>583</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Emendations</td>
<td>539</td>
<td>544</td>
<td>583</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Typescript</td>
<td>544</td>
<td>583</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Marginalia</td>
<td>544</td>
<td>583</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Manuscript</td>
<td>544</td>
<td>583</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>viii</td>
<td>Act Two</td>
<td>584</td>
<td>587</td>
<td>624</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Emendations</td>
<td>584</td>
<td>587</td>
<td>624</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Typescript</td>
<td>587</td>
<td>624</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Marginalia</td>
<td>587</td>
<td>624</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Act Three</td>
<td>625</td>
<td>627</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Emendations</td>
<td>625</td>
<td>627</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Typescript</td>
<td>627</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Section</td>
<td>Page</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marginalia</td>
<td>657</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Draft &quot;H&quot;</td>
<td>658</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Act One</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emendations</td>
<td>659</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Typescript</td>
<td>668</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marginalia</td>
<td>707</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Act Two</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emendations</td>
<td>708</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Typescript</td>
<td>714</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Act Three</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emendations</td>
<td>752</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Typescript</td>
<td>755</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Draft &quot;I&quot;</td>
<td>785</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emendations</td>
<td>786</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Transcription</td>
<td>768</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Typescript</td>
<td>811</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marginalia</td>
<td>826</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III: APPENDICES</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Notes and Revisions</td>
<td>828</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Introduction</td>
<td>829</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Transcription and Annotation</td>
<td>832</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manuscript and Typescript</td>
<td>999</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Programmes</td>
<td>1052</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Index</td>
<td>1053</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Photostat Copies</td>
<td>1054</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
iii Reviews
   Index 1066
   Photostat Copies 1069

iv Letters
   Index 1086
   Photostat Copies 1089

v Bibliography 1119
   Introduction 1120
   Listings 1121
I: Introduction
Theatre Production Data

Presentation by Independent Plays Ltd., September 11 - October 27, 1956

Directed by Peter Hall
Scenery and costume designed by Leslie Hurry

New Theatre, Oxford, September 11-15 (premiere)
King's Theatre, Edinburgh, September 17-22
King's Theatre, Glasgow, September 24-29
Manchester Opera House, Manchester, October 1-6
Theatre Royal, Brighton, October 8-13
Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, October 15-20
Grand Theatre, Leeds, October 23-27

Cast of Opening Performance:
Sophie Faramond
Cristos Papadiamantis
John Hogarth
Henry Bevis
Caroline Traherne
Selwyn Faramond
Prince Basilios

Isabel Jeans
Martin Miller
James Donald
Lionel Jeffries
Jocelyn James
Harold Scott
David Kossoff
Note:

Dorothy Tutin was scheduled to play the part of Caroline Traherne, but she was too ill to appear on the opening night and the part was played by her understudy Jocelyn James. During the tour Dorothy Tutin performed the part at the King's Theatre, Edinburgh, and the King's Theatre, Glasgow, but again became ill and the part was once more played by Jocelyn James.

Arrangements had been made for the company to close their tour of the play at the Phoenix Theatre in London. However, the final performance took place in Leeds, and London audiences did not see a London production until 1970.
Presented by the Tavistock Repertory Company at the Tower Theatre (London premiere), June 12-20, 1970

Directed by Edgar Davies
Assisted by Dolly Wraith
Settings designed by John Dorsett
Lighting designed by Peter Edwards and Marilyn Gold
Costume designed by Kirsten Williams

Cast:
Sophie Paramond
Cristos Papadiamantis
John Hogarth
Henry Bevis
Caroline Traherne
Selwyn Paramond
Prince Basilios

Joan Roberts
Garry Benson
Trevor Williams
Michael Flagg
Gillian Redhead
David Walker
Edgar Davies
Broadcast performance by the British Broadcasting Corporation (Radio 4) on July 19, 1971

Adapted and produced by John Powell

Cast:
Sophie Faramond
Cristos Papadiamantis
John Hogarth
Henry Bevis
Caroline Traherne
Selwyn Faramond
Prince Basilios

Isabel Jeans
Clifford Norgate
Martin Jarvis
Dinsdale Landen
Dorothy Tutin
Gerald Cross
David March
Note:

In addition to the preceding data it should be noted that in the doctoral dissertation on Whiting by Gabrielle Scott Robinson (London University, 1968) mention in the bibliographical listing is made of German productions. Since a definitive examination of productions is not part of this present thesis the information is provided simply for those who wish to pursue this particular line of enquiry. The possibility that productions may have existed elsewhere must of course be taken into consideration in any such enquiry.
General Description of the Drafts

Nine photostat copies of the drafts have been analyzed in this study; eight were provided by Indiana University\(^1\) and one by Tom Spencer of the York Theatre Royal.\(^2\) These drafts have been alphabetically designated by the present writer "A", "B", "C", "D", "E", "F", "G" "H", and "I" to indicate their chronology. Draft "I" is a fragment discovered through correspondence with Tom Spencer.

Two further drafts cited by Gabrielle Scott Robinson in her dissertation have not been examined. Robinson refers to a draft in Mrs. Whiting's possession and to another held by Margaret Ramsay, Whiting's agent. Several attempts were made to obtain either a copy or a loan of these drafts, but the attempts were unsuccessful.

From a statement by Ronald Hayman, the editor of Whiting's complete plays, the present writer has concluded that the version held by Margaret Ramsay was used as the basis for the text published by Heinemann in 1970.

In a letter Hayman writes:

As far as I know, the published version of The Gates of Summer was the final version, as used in performance. The script was provided by Margaret Ramsay, Whiting's agent.

It seems reasonably certain that with the exception
of the two drafts mentioned above all other extant drafts have been included in this study.

It may be assumed that draft "A" is Whiting's first attempt to write the text of The Gates of Summer. However, it is possible that draft "A" is a rewriting of previous material. In any event it represents a part of the play at a very early stage.

An interesting aspect of drafts "A", "B" and "I", is that they all end abruptly before the conclusion of Act One. The reason for these abrupt endings is not known by the present writer. "B" and "I" end with completed sentences. "A" however is unique in that, although the final line extends to the right-hand margin, the sentence is not complete. The possibility therefore that "A" is a fair copy of a preceding version cannot, as I have already suggested, be excluded. It is of course possible that other versions, particularly those in typescript, may also be fair copies, but there is no way of determining this assumption at present. It is important to note the exact form of "A" in so far as it is the earliest of the versions known.

Descriptions of the specific drafts follow.

Draft "A" — manuscript

Beginning of Act One, early draft of six handwritten pages:

Pages:

Title — "A Comedy. 1953."
List of characters - "Persons" - and description of setting
Text - (four pages)

Draft "B" - typescript

Beginning of Act One, later draft of eleven typed pages.

Pages:
Title - "A Comedy. 1953."
List of characters - "Persons" - and description of setting
Text - (nine pages)

Draft "C" - manuscript

First draft of complete play, thirty handwritten pages.

Pages:
List of characters - "Persons" - and description of setting
Text - Act One (nine pages)
Title - "Act II 1st Draft."
Text - Act Two (nine pages)
Title - "Act III 1st Draft."
Text - Act Three (eight pages)

Draft "D" - manuscript

Second draft of complete play, twenty-eight handwritten pages.
Pages:

2nd Draft."

List of characters - "Persons" and description of setting

Text - Act One (nine pages)

Title - "Act II 2nd Draft."

Text - Act Two (eight pages)

Title - "Act III 2nd Draft."

Text - Act Three (seven pages)

Draft "E" - typescript

Third draft of complete Act One, thirty-nine typed pages.

Pages:

Title - "The Gates of Summer. A Comedy. 1953."

List of characters - "Persons"

Description of Setting

Text - (thirty-six pages)

Draft "F" - manuscript

Fourth draft of complete Act One, nine handwritten pages.

Pages:

Title - "Act I. 4th Draft."

Text - Act One (eight pages)
Draft "G" - typescript

Third draft of complete play, one hundred three typed pages.

Pages:

Title - "The Gates of Summer. A Comedy. 1953."
List of characters - "Persons"
Description of Setting

Title - "Act I"
Text - (thirty-four pages)
Title - "Act II"
Text - (thirty-five pages)
Title - "Act III"
Text - (twenty-eight pages)

Draft "H" - typescript

Fourth draft of complete play, one hundred three typed pages.

Pages:

Title - "The Gates of Summer. A Comedy. 1953."
List of characters - "Persons"
Description of Setting

Title - "Act I"
Text - (thirty-four pages)
Title - "Act II"
Text - (thirty-five pages)
Title - "Act III"
Text - (twenty-eight pages)
Draft "I" - typescript

Beginning of Act One, later draft of fourteen typed pages.

Pages:

Text - Act One (fourteen pages)

In addition to the drafts described above, fifty-two photostat pages of notes and revisions were provided by Indiana University. The drafts, including emendations and marginalia, represent Whiting's view of the separate texts at the time they were written.

In section II of the thesis the following order of arrangement has been observed: in the case of the handwritten drafts - emendations, transcripts, marginalia, manuscripts; in the case of the typed drafts - emendations, typescripts, marginalia. These arrangements apply to both fragments and to individual acts. Draft "I" provides an exception to the other typescripts; because of its partial illegibility, it has been transcribed and presented in a manner similar to the manuscripts.

A description of the notes and revisions appears in the introduction to appendix them.

Note:

The stage directions in the manuscripts are not underlined but they have been in the transcriptions to conform with the underlining in Whiting's typescripts. Despite the underlining in the transcriptions the parentheses used in the manuscripts have been retained.
Throughout the manuscripts, Whiting uses an ampersand. In the transcriptions the ampersand has been replaced with "and".

In the manuscripts the spelling of "archaeological" is not consistent. In the transcriptions the spelling has been made uniform.
Footnotes:

1. Elfrieda Lang, letter to the present writer, June, 1969. In the letter accompanying the photostat copies of the drafts from Indiana University, reference is made to the "Third complete draft of 104 pages typed". However, the evidence that follows substantiates this draft as not the third but as the fourth complete draft designated as "H". Similarly, Indiana's reference to the "Fourth complete draft..." is incorrect; this draft is the third complete draft designated as "G".

2. Tom Spencer, letter to the present writer, July 4, 1968.

Chronology of Drafts - Evidence

Draft "A"

In a far shadowed corner of the room is a young Greek boy, Cristos Papadimantios. He is standing at a tall desk and holds a pen in his hand.)

John: I followed your instructions to the word. The house stands alone on a hill, you wrote. It is the colour of fruit and from the road each morning at eleven o'clock the topmost window winks at the sun. I shall be waiting for you at the windows on the west side, you said. Could I fail to find you after such a description? I've left the cart which brought me at the bottom of the hill. The driver is drunk but when the sun really gets up he should be jolted back to the city on all the four square wheels. (he kisses Sophie)...

Emendations:

49. ...hand.)

Immediately following "hand." lines (19-32) are obliterated.

Draft "B"

in a far shadowed corner of the room is a young Greek boy, Cristos Papadimantios. He is standing at a tall desk and holds a pen in his hand)

John: The house stands alone in a wilderness, you wrote. It is the colour of fruit and from the road each morning at eleven o'clock the topmost window winks at the sun. I shall be at the windows on the west side, you said. Could I fail to find you after such a description? I've left the cart which brought me at the bottom of the hill. The driver is drunk but when the sun gets up he should be jolted safely back to the city on all the four square wheels. (he kisses Sophie) ...
Emendations:

46. ("I...word" is deleted). The...

47. ...alone (caret; "on a hill" is deleted), you...

"in a wilderness" is inserted in the margin adjacent to a caret.

48. of ("fruit" is deleted) and...

50. be ("waiting for you" is deleted) at...

Draft "C" Act One

In a far shadowed corner of the room is Cristos Parasigmanis. He is a Greek of about fifty years of age. He is standing at a tall desk and holds a pen in his hand.)

John: The house stands alone in a wilderness. It is the colour of fruit and each morning at eleven o'clock the topmost window winks at the sun. I shall be at the windows on the south side, you said. Find you I must, I think, after such a description. Now I've left the cart which brought me at the bottom of the hill. The driver is drunk but let the sun get high and he'll be jolted safely back to the city on all the four square wheels. (he kisses Sophie)...

50

55

60
Emendations:

47. is (obliteration) Cristos...

47-8. ...Papadiamantis. (caret) He...

"He is a Greek of about fifty years of age." is inserted above the line.

52. ...colour of fruit and...

A vertical line appears before "of"; two vertical lines appear after "fruit".

54. ...sun. I...

Two vertical lines appear before "I".

Draft "D" Act One

In a far shadowed corner of the room
is Cristos Papadiamantis, a Greek of sixty years of age. He is standing
at a tall desk and holds a pen in
his hand)

John: The house stands alone above a wilderness.
It is the colour of fruit and, looking up,
the traveller asks, Will it topple? I
shall be at the windows on the South side,
you said. Find you I must, I think, after
such a description. Now - I've left the
cart which brought me at the bottom of
the hill. The driver is drunk but let
the sun get high and he'll be jolted
safely back to the city on all the four
square wheels. (he kisses Sophie)...
In a far shadowed corner of the room is Cristos Papadiamantis, a Greek of sixty years of age. He is standing at a tall desk and holds a pen in his hand.

John: The house stands alone above a wilderness. It is the colour of fruit and, looking up, the traveller asks, Will it topple? I shall be at the windows on the South side, you said. Find you I must, I think, after such a description. I've left the cart which brought me at the bottom of the hill. The driver is drunk but let the sun get high and he'll be jolted safely back to the city on all the four square wheels. (he kisses Sophie)...

Emendations:

54. jolted safely...

"jolted" is in parentheses.

Marginalia:

43-6. A square bracket appears adjacent to a circled "X".

Draft "F"

In a far shadowed corner of the room is Cristos Papadiamantis, a Greek of sixty years of age. He is standing at a tall desk and holds a pen.

Sophie's hands are stretched out in welcome towards John Hogarth who is standing in the window. He has a top coat over his shoulders and carries a hat and gloves.

John: The house stands alone above a wilderness. It's the colour of fruit and looking up the traveller asks, Will it topple? I'll be at the windows on the South Side, you said. Find you I must, I think after such a description. I've left the cart which brought me at the bottom of the hill.
The driver is drunk but let the sun get high and he'll be bumped back to the city on all the four square wheels. (he kisses Sophie)...

Emendations:

48. ...pen (obliteration).

The period after the obliteration is included in the transcription after "pen".

Draft "C" Act One

In a far shadowed corner of the room is Cristos Panadjiamantis, a Greek of sixty years of age. He is standing at a tall desk and holds a pen.

Sophie's hands are stretched out in welcome towards John Howarth who is standing in the window. He has a top coat over his shoulders and carries a hat and gloves.

John: The house stands alone above a wilderness. It's the colour of fruit and looking up the traveller asks, Will it topple? I'll be at the windows on the South side, you said. Find you I must, I think, after such a description. I've left the cart which brought me at the bottom of the hill. The driver is drunk but let the sun get high and he'll be hurried back to the city on all the four square wheels. (he kisses Sophie)...

Draft "H" Act One

In a far shadowed corner of the room is Cristos Panadjiamantis, a Greek of sixty years of age. He is standing at a tall desk and holds a pen.

Sophie's hands are stretched out in welcome towards John Howarth who is
standing in the window. He has a top coat over his shoulders and carries a hat and gloves)

The house stands alone above a wilderness. It's the colour of fruit and looking up the traveller asks, Will it topple? I'll be at the windows on the South side, you said. Find you I must, I think, after such a description. I've left the cart which brought me at the bottom of the hill. The driver is drunk but let the sun get high and he'll be hurried back to the city on all the four square wheels. (he kisses Sophie)...

Emendations:

56. ...be ("bumped" is deleted) back...

Draft "I"

John: The house stands alone above a wilderness. It's the colour of fruit and looking up the traveller asks Will it topple? I'll be at the windows on the South side, you said. Find you I must, I think, after such a description. I've left the cart which brought me at the bottom of the hill. The driver is drunk but let the sun get high and he'll be hurried back to the city on all the four square wheels. (he kisses Sophie)...

In addition, the following excerpts from drafts "G" and "H" should be noted.

Draft "G"

Sophie: I was getting old. That is a reason. But you're young - shall I reckon on thirty-six years for you? - and you've left England, you say, for ever. Or did I misunderstand your letter?

John: No. Everything's been sold up.
Sophie: Then I imagine you must be burdened with a great deal of money. What have you done with it?

John: Bought a state of exile.

Sophie: Shameful! Not a proper purpose. What are you up to?

John: I'm free, Sophie. Quite alone.

Emendations:

76. ...ever.

Immediately following "ever.", "Or did I misunderstand your letter?" is inserted.

77. ...Everything's....

"No." is inserted before "Everything's".

82. ..., Sophie....

"Quite alone." is inserted after "Sophie.".

Draft "H"

Sophie: I was becoming aware of my age. That's a reason. But you're young - shall I reckon on thirty-six years for you? - and you've left England, you say, for ever. Or did I misunderstand your letter?

John: No. Everything's been sold up.

Sophie: Then I imagine you must be burdened with a great deal of money. What have you done with it?

John: Bought a state of exile.

Sophie: Shameful! Not a proper purpose. What are you up to?
John: I'm free, Sophie.

Emendations:

74. ...was ("getting old" is deleted) That's....

"Becoming aware of my age." is inserted above the line.

77. ...ever.

"Or did I misunderstand your letter?" is inserted after "ever.".

78. ...Everything's....

"No." is inserted before "Everything's".

83. ..., Sophie. ("Quite alone." is deleted)

Draft "I"

The draft "H" excerpt shown above is identical to the corresponding section in draft "I" when all the draft "H" emendations are included.
I:iii Chronology of Drafts - Argument

Draft "A"

50. I followed your instructions to the word.

This line is deleted in draft "B", 1.46.

55. ...waiting for you...

These words appear in draft "B", 1.50, and are deleted.

Draft "B"

42-3. ...a young Greek boy...

The words "young" and "boy" in this context do not appear in any other draft except draft "A".

Draft "C"

47. is Cristos Papadiamantis...

Some of the loops in the obliterated words before "Cristos" (see under Emendations) suggest that the obliterated words previously read "a young Greek boy" (see note above under Draft "B").

Draft "D"

51-2. ...Papadiamantis, a Greek of sixty...

The period after "Papadiamantis" in draft "C" is replaced with a comma in draft "D". Also, the character's age in draft "C" reads "fifty". In all the drafts other than "A", "B", "C" and "I" the age of Cristos Papadiamantis reads "sixty".
Draft "E"

54. jolted...

"jolted" is in parentheses. This word appears in drafts "A", "B", "C" and "D". In draft "F", "bolted" is replaced with "bumped" l. 62. In drafts "G", "H" and "I" the word "hurried" occupies a similar position to "bumped" respectively l. 56, l. 56 and l. 9.

Draft "F"

48. ...pen.

In drafts "A", "B", "C", "D" and "E" the line continues after "pen" with "in his hand". In draft "F" an obliteration after "pen" approximates in length "in his hand". These three words are not included in drafts "G" and "H".

The preceding evidence establishes the chronology of drafts "A", "B", "C", "D", "E" and "F", and establishes "G" and "H" as later drafts. The chronological relationship of "G" and "H" is apparent from the additional evidence noted above.

Draft "G"

The insertions, l. 76 and l. 77 appear as insertions in draft "H". However, the insertion, l. 62 appears as a deleted insertion in draft "H".

Draft "H"

The emendations appearing in "H" draft are included as part of the unaltered text in "I" draft. This indicates that "H" draft is chronologically prior to "I" draft.
Key to the Methods Employed in Describing and Establishing the Texts

Insertions

All the author's insertions in manuscripts and typescripts have been transcribed and included in full. The position of each insertion relative to the line is indicated by one of the words: "above", "below", "before", or "after". Where the possibility of an ambiguity exists a more specific reference is given.

Examples:

Draft "C" Act One - manuscript

115. ...uneasy (caret) in...?

"reading" is inserted above the line.

878. ...weeping. (obliteration) The cold strikes (obliteration)

"my body" is inserted above the second obliteration.

Deletions

In all instances, decipherable deletions occurring in the manuscripts have been completely transcribed and noted under emendations or marginalia. Such deletions in the typescripts are indicated by suspension points since the original text is legible. These are also noted under emendations or marginalia. In the typescripts, where deletions involve complete lines, a simple statement to the effect that deletion has occurred is made.

Draft "C" Act One - manuscript

1544. ...find ("you again" is deleted; caret) in...

"that" is inserted above the line.

Examples:

Draft "B" - typescript

101-3. ("I...warranted." is deleted)
Draft "H" Act One - typescript

907-15. These lines are deleted.

Numerous obliterations appear in the manuscripts. One or more words and frequently several lines are obliterated. In such instances neither deciphering nor conjecture is possible, and these facts have been noted under emendations or marginalia by the use of the word "obliteration" enclosed in parentheses or by a statement that obliteration has taken place.

Examples:

Draft "C" Act One - manuscript

47. is (obliteration) Cristos...

1103. ...poetry.

The remaining portion of the line (517) is obliterated; immediately following line (517), lines (518-21) are obliterated.

(Note: The numbers in parentheses refer to the original manuscript lines. See below).

Indecipherable Words.

Where words are not clearly decipherable but conjecture is reasonable, the conjectured text is enclosed in a square bracket. Where no appropriate conjecture can be arrived at, that portion of the text is indicated by four stars and enclosed in square brackets.

Examples:

Draft "E" - typescript

711. ("[woemn]" is deleted) carrying...

"woman" is inserted in the margin.

Draft "C" Act One - manuscript

500. ("bedtime" is deleted) story

"[magic]" is inserted below the line.

Draft "G" Act Three - typescript
575. ...so busy being...

"Y" in "busy" is inserted over [****].

Vertical lines

Numerous instances of single and double vertical lines appear in the drafts. These may be concerned with intended emendation, but they are not systematic and final conclusions concerning them have not been made.

Examples:

Draft "C" Act One - manuscript

52. ...colour of fruit and...

A vertical line appears before "of"; two vertical lines appear after "fruit".

281. century. We're going...

Two vertical lines appear before and after "We're".

323-4. (obliteration) So...way. Have...before?

Two vertical lines appear before "Have" and after "before?".

817. ...as beautiful as

A vertical line appears before and after "beautiful"; "beautiful" is underlined.

Parentheses

In addition to the parentheses that indicate asides, numerous portions of the text, particularly in draft "C" Act Two, are also in parentheses. These parentheses may indicate potential emendation.

Examples:

Draft "C" Act Two - manuscript

12. ...centre, a few steps...

"a few" is in parentheses.

95-7. .....beautiful! - and...unknown.

"and...unknown." is in parentheses.
Square brackets

The words "square brackets" are used to distinguish such brackets from parentheses. Square brackets occur in the margin and the body of the text. At what line a margin bracket begins or ends is not always determinable. When it is not, a reasonable conjecture as to what the bracket contains has had to be made. As in the case of the parentheses noted above, it has been assumed that these brackets may refer to potential emendations. These brackets are not to be confused with those previously mentioned as part of the present writer's editorial practice.

Examples:

Draft "C" Act One - manuscript

1411. This line is inserted in the body of the text, line (669). The inserted line is enclosed in a square bracket and preceded by a caret. The placement of the line in the transcription is conjectured from the logical development of the dialogue.

346-52. (139-52) A square bracket appears.

Punctuation

In many instances, punctuation immediately following a deletion is not deleted. In some instances, it is clear that the punctuation may be considered as deleted, whereas in other cases it is appropriate to include the punctuation in the transcription. Whenever punctuation appears immediately after a deletion, it is shown after the closing parenthesis. A comment indicates how the punctuation has been treated.

Examples:

Draft "C" Act One - Manuscript

571. ...clothes, (obliteration), made...

The comma immediately after the obliteration is not included in the transcription.

1298. ..., I (obliteration; caret). You'll...

"agree" is inserted above the line. The period immediately after the caret is included in the transcription.
In all quotations the terminal punctuation of the line or the last line of a series of lines is shown, should such punctuation exist.

Example:

Draft "C" Act One - manuscript

1356. ..., what (obliteration; caret) we...?

"have" is inserted above the line.

Emendations

All emendations pertaining to the actual text of the play, including punctuation and potential deletions, are listed under "Emendations".

Marginalia

All notes and marks not clearly intended specifically as part of the dialogue or stage directions of a particular version have been discussed under "Marginalia".

Line References

Two line references are provided under the "Marginalia" appended to the transcriptions. Those without parentheses refer to the transcription, and those with parentheses to the manuscript. Two line references are provided under "Emendations" where further clarification of the reference in relation to the manuscript seems necessary.

Note on Draft "I"

The typescript includes frequent typographical errors such as mis-spacings and transpositions. Where the meaning of the text is clear the typographical errors have not been noted. Where the meaning of the text is not clear, clarification has been undertaken. In many instances Mr. Spencer clarified a word by delineating it in ink.
II: TEXTS
Draft "A"
Emendations - Draft "A"

Persons page

(obliteration) Faramond

"Selwyn." is inserted before the obliteration.

49.  ...hand.)

Immediately following "hand.)" lines (19-32) are obliterated.

101-2.  ...a (obliteration). The...

"bishop" is inserted above the line. The period after the obliteration is included in the transcription after "bishop".

151.  ...

Immediately following "room)" lines (71-105) are obliterated. "X" appears after line (84).

258.  ...

"English" is inserted above the line.

301.  ...

Immediately following "windows)" lines (170-89) are obliterated.

302-3.  ...

"creature" is inserted below the line.
334. ... Sophie!

Immediately following "Sophie!" lines (205-10) are obliterated. Another obliteration appears above line (205).

349. (obliteration) You said that. (caret) Because...

"very gently." is inserted above the line adjacent to a caret. The period after "that" is not included in the transcription.

359. ....I (obliteration) to...

"had" is inserted above the line.

361. ...exploration. I (obliteration) 'd known...

373. (obliteration) And...back (obliteration) there...

380. ...know.

Immediately following "know." lines (231-42) are obliterated.

386-7. ...go. (caret) You...

"And to go with Selwyn." is inserted after lines (243-4) adjacent to a caret.
Draft "A" Transcription
A Comedy.

1953.
Persons.

Sophie Faramond.

Cristos Papadiamantis.

John Hogarth.

Caroline Traherne.

Selwyn Faramond.

Henry Wriothesley.

Prince Basilio.

The action of the play takes place in various rooms of a country house in Greece a little way from Athens: the time is the early Summer of the year 1913.
Act One.

(The scene is a room in a country house in Greece a little way from Athens.

The time: morning of a day in the early Summer of the year 1913.

The house which is built in two floors stands above a valley.

The room has several high windows which allow entrance from a stone terrace. Through these windows can be seen part of an exterior wall which is washed in raspberry colour and contains a small window. A great vine surrounds the house. The floor of the room is stone partly covered by rugs. The ceiling, almost lost in shadow, is painted. There is a main door to the room which stands open showing the wide sweep of a stairway beyond. Also, there is a small arched entrance to a passage way leading to other parts of the house by way of a few shallow steps.

Within the room it remains cool as yet and the purple shadows - like the bloom on fruit - are only now beginning to shift. The sun strikes through the windows and brings to life in a vivid way several objects about the room - a scarlet shawl carelessly thrown over a chair, a piece of jewellery, a gold cross hanging on the ever-plain wall - and the brilliance of these are marked in the quickening heat.

Sophie Faramond is sitting in a high-backed chair set to face the windows. Even at her age - she is sixty-five - Sophie can stare boldly into the morning sun for she is very beautiful. She has never feared the
light: she has never feared anything except, perhaps, the consequences of her vanity. At the moment her hands are stretched out towards John Hogarth who is standing in the window. He has a top coat over his shoulders and carries a hat and gloves.

In a far shadowed corner of the room is a young Greek boy, Christos Papadiamantis. He is standing at a tall desk and holds a pen in his hand."

John: I followed your instructions to the word. The house stands alone on a hill, you wrote. It is the colour of fruit and from the road each morning at eleven o'clock the topmost window winks at the sun. I shall be waiting for you at the windows on the west side, you said. Could I fail to find you after such a description? I've left the cart which brought me at the bottom of the hill. The driver is drunk but when the sun really gets up he should be jolted back to the city on all the four square wheels. (he kisses Sophie) I couldn't let you know when I should be here. I left Alexandria two days ago and crossed in a boat with a party of devout but seasick pilgrims. I stayed last night in Athens but didn't sleep because of the cats and the bugs. With your letter clutched in my hand I set out at dawn this morning. All along the way - how many miles is it? - I thought of you. I remembered that day ten years ago when you left England to begin the endless travels. Why did you do it, Sophie?

Sophie: I told you my reasons at the time. We don't want to go into that again. I was getting old even then but you're young - by my reckoning thirty-three - and you've left England, as your letter said, for ever. Is it true that you've sold up everything? If you have done that I imagine you must be burdened by a great deal of money. You
must be putting it to some proper purpose and not merely buying a state of exile. However, whatever you're up to let me say that you're as welcome to me here as ever you were those years in London. Let me make the most of you, John, before you move on to wherever you're going. Your letter was mysterious about that — a visit, you said, before going on elsewhere. You must stay with me as long as you can. I see you and I haven't lost any of my fondness for you. How well you look and how happy.

John: I'm free, Sophie. The first step into middle-age did it. Her arms were round my neck and she was whispering to me on the evening of my thirty-third birthday. Her name was Ada. She had very short legs, was a comfortable shape and the wife of a bishop. The next morning I began the sale of everything I possessed. When that was finished I felt remarkable — a feeling almost of sanctity. I possessed nothing but money and I could put that to any use I wanted. I began to look around — and for the first time in my life I didn't look at women. No, it was at an old man with the appearance of a gigantic beetle. He was the leader of a committee. We sat in my rooms and talked through the night. At half-past five in the morning I gave him my cheque for one hundred thousand pounds. At half-past seven I gave him my hand and the promise of my services. You can always assess the degree of integrity in a man by the way he accepts money for a cause which is near his heart.

Sophie: I remember — and I remember very well — that you were inclined to give a deeper significance to a casual social gesture than was warranted. That is a mistake young people make. They always interpret the simple sentence I love you as the more meaningful and on so much more complicated, I shall love you until the end of this that and the other and all the rest of the hopelessly detailed poetic passion. When really it means nothing more than, I love you.
John: I love you, Sophie.

Sophie: And I you, John. But this man to whom you've given your money and promises - is it his cause that has brought you to Greece? What is his name?

John: Basilios.

(Cristos Papadimantis moves into the room: John looks up and sees him)

I'm sorry. Have you been hiding?

Sophie: No, we've been working together. Cristos is my secretary. This is Mr. John Hogarth from England.

Cristos: How do you do, sir.

John: You must forgive me for not seeing you over there. I haven't seen Mrs. Faramond for ten years.

Cristos: I understand. (to Sophie) You won't want to go on any more this morning, I expect. I'll go upstairs and make a fair copy as far as we've gone.

(Cristos quietly leaves the room)

Sophie: I spend a few hours every morning dictating to Cristos. I'm putting down a few of my memories.

John: Is the present unattractive?

Sophie: Certainly not. I'm very happy here. I'm not living the past, John. I'm recording it.

John: Won't some of it make uneasy reading in England?

Sophie: I hope so. How is that damned country? I suppose I should've felt regret in leaving it - in being forced to leave it. But nothing of the kind. Like my childhood it is in the past and regarded with affection but with no sense of loss. I am having to consider the fifty or so
years I lived there, of course, in the writing of these memories. Yet I am managing to remember without tears. Cristos tells me that is a most unusual gift. It's tiresome enough to have to put oneself in the past without crying over. After all, memories are a luxury and so often lead to nothing more than dusty fingers poking about in the attics of recollection. There are the lay figures which posed as our friends, our enemies and our lovers. Here is a head! Does it go on this body - or on this? Neither, probably - it is only a trophy of some insulted wretch whose head once fell into my lap. And the hearts about the place. Some still speaking, complaining or even reasoning. I admit that can be disturbing. All shut away in the past of that damned country. How did you leave it?

John: The sun was shining. No one saw me off, of course. There was nothing to signal my departure but the baying of the newspapers and that woman shut up in the country. She would be weeping, we can be sure of that, and in a lower room holding a holy book in one hand and biting the nails of the other would be her husband. They're probably still at it, God help them!

Sophie: (she laughs) But, John - the wife of a bishop!

John: She tried to lead me to the righteous life, Sophie. That was her only mistake. You know where such an excursion must end. On this occasion it was an episcopal four-poster in a cathedral town. The rooks mourned over us for the night. He forgave me, like the good man he is, but that wasn't enough for Ada. She had to make a public confession. Modesty prevents me saying why.
Sophie: Then I'll say it for you. She wanted everyone to know how lucky she'd been. After all, John, I'm very proud to be only your friend so I can appreciate Ada's feelings. There, I'm already speaking of her as an old friend.

John: In the end I took her teaching to heart and sold up my worldly goods. I'm afraid I've put the proceeds to a most ungodly purpose. Revolution. Which brings me here. Alone.

Sophie: The difficulty of exile for a woman is that she can't go unaccompanied. I had to provide myself with an escort at a small church in Kensington on the Thursday before I sailed.

John: Ah, yes, I'm sorry. How is Selwyn? Where is Selwyn?

Sophie: At the diggings below. You must have passed him on the road. Selwyn has been working that excavation for eighteen months. He has found nothing.

John: Is there anything to be found?

Sophie: Selwyn is sure of it. There have been several false alarms. When that happens a most unpleasant man comes hurrying here from the Royal Museum in Berlin. They are putting up money. But we've been left alone for some months now.

John: Has Selwyn found anything under the ground in all these years of digging?

Sophie: Nothing important. Here he thinks he may uncover some place of worship of great antiquity. Am I right, Henry?

   (she speaks to Henry Wriothesley who has come into the room.)

Henry: Quite right, Sophie.
Sophie: Henry Wriothesley is with us, John, as a special correspondent for The Times. This is John Hogarth from London, Henry. 250

Henry: From London? (he shakes John's hand) How is that beautiful country of ours?

John: Have you been away from it a long time, Mr. Wriothesley?

Henry: Yes. 255

John: I thought so. Well, it was looking very pretty in the Spring.

Henry: And the English people. How are the people?

John: They've never been pretty at any time of the year, have they? But I thought they were looking very fit. 260

Henry: Good, good.

Sophie: Henry's absence from England isn't voluntary, John. He was sent here to report on whatever is found in that great hole Selwyn has been digging. How he has managed to fill a column of The Times once every two weeks I've never understood. There must be a limit, surely, to the number of ways even he can describe such quantities of mud. 265

Henry: It's the suspense, Sophie. No one knows exactly what Selwyn expects to find.

Sophie: Least of all Selwyn. Surely, Henry, the flutter of anticipation even in those small archaeological circles about St. James' Square must now be stilled after eighteen months. 275

Henry: You mustn't expect quick results in this kind of work, Sophie. Must she, Mr. Hogarth? 280

John: I've no idea. I know nothing about it.

Henry: Selwyn has all the patience of an old soldier.
Sophie: Yes, I suppose those many years of quite undistinguished service must have taught him that.

Henry: How unlike you are. Is that the basis for a successful marriage, I wonder?

John: Sophie, I've remembered something. When I got out of the cart at the bottom of the hill I left a box of my things at the side of the road.

Sophie: One of the men can bring it up later.

Henry: I'll go down and get it.

John: No, please! It's very heavy and that hill is very long.

Henry: I'm going down to the diggings. I can bring it back with me. I shall be pleased to do that for you, Mr. Hogarth.

John: Well, thank you.

(Henry goes out through the windows)

Sophie: Such an old young man. And how the poor creature sweats in this climate. Why did you suddenly remember that box?

John: It was the mention of marriage.

Sophie: I don't see any connection.

John: There is none. But we were on the verge of a discussion. I wanted to avoid it.

Sophie: You'll find when you get to know him that it's never difficult to knock Henry off a subject.

John: Must I get to know him?

Sophie: That depends on how long you're thinking of staying.
John: Four days if everything goes well. I told Basilios - he's in the north - that I should be here today. He'll fetch me when all the preparations are made and we shall go together. The insurrection will begin then.

Sophie: I find this kind of talk very strange from you. This house is to be a kind of jumping off ground for your activities. Is that right?

John: Yes. You were always so generous to me as a young man when I was indulging in the most trivial pursuits that I felt sure you wouldn't object to helping me in this - the most important decision of my life.

Sophie: I believed in your activities in London ten years ago. I believed and understood the kind of life you were leading.

John: But it was useless, Sophie!

Sophie: Of course. You were beautiful and amateur. But this - how shall I put it? - this new engagement to revolution. Am I expected to understand that? It seems you are near to some real seriousness. Oh, not the subject! Ten years ago you would have been capable of making a joke of revolt. But now, your looks - come to me - yes, there about your eyes - God help you, those are lines of thought. I can see they'll soon be lines of contemplation. This is what Henry would call, A sign of the Times.

John: You also left England, Sophie.

Sophie: You said that very gently. Because it was a reminder, I suppose, not a reproach. Yes, I also left England - but, John, I was getting old even then. These last ten years in the East - well, truly, I've been playing hide and seek with the past just as much as Selwyn has with his relics from under the ground.
John: Why did you marry Selwyn?

Sophie: How do you want me to answer that? You know the circumstances. I had to leave England. Selwyn was going off on this protracted exploration. I'd known him for many years. I had admired his amazing spirit. I knew I could never replace his first wife - she lies buried, you know, beneath a solitary tree in the Orient, a sacrifice to Selwyn's military career - and he knew that he could never replace for me the man who - oh, you're mad - mad! What are you doing here? Go home! Yes, I still call that place home and so will you - without smiling! - before you die in some foreign place.

John: And if I do go back - back there so that I can grow old and die at home - if I do that, Sophie, how do you suggest I should pass the time? According to the common reckoning I'm only half-way in years. What shall I do with the remaining thirty-five in that place called home?

Sophie: I don't know. I don't know.

John: Darling, there's more than age between us now. There are the separate ways which brought us here. After the years in England, those brilliant years which belonged so much to you, you suddenly decided it was time to go. And to go with Selwyn. You died at that moment, Sophie. (Sophie laughs) Not as a corporate being for there you sit. But you went out of existence as a person - the person I knew and loved.

Sophie: You mean I made the one certificate serve for both marriage and death.

John: Lots of people do that. I truly believe, though, that you took Selwyn - of all people! - seriously. Of course you must have done that. How else could you have got your ticket to oblivion? You became a woman, Sophie. Oh, Sophie!
Sophie: This business of getting through some seventy years is not so easy — as I see you've begun to understand. The time itself is not long and we should be able to pass it without fuss and even with a certain dignity. But that's not enough, is it? No, for we want to do something with those years. We want to use them and not just have them use us. Well, I took the first fifty-five years of my life and put them to some purpose, you'll remember. Those were the
278. (156-86) An ink mark appears in the body of the text. The mark may be an ink smudge.

(235) An obliteration appears.

(236) An obliteration appears.
The action of the play takes place in various rooms of a
boarding house in Boston a long time from America: it
may be the spring summer of 1826 or 1873.
The days of a woman's life is shorter a week ago than now.

The morning that I lie in the clear summer sun
That I find the world a happy place when I

This image was rotated 90 degrees clockwise.
ii: Draft "B"
Draft "B" - Emendations

46.  ("I...word" is deleted). The...

47.  ...alone (caret; "on a hill" is deleted), you...
    "in a wilderness" is inserted in the margin adjacent to a caret.

48.  of ("fruit" is deleted) and...

50.  be ("waiting for you" is deleted) at...

58.  ...but (caret) seasick....
    "olive-green" is inserted in the margin adjacent to a caret.

60.  ...letter ("clutched" is deleted)

61.  ...set (caret; "out" is deleted) at...
    "off" is inserted above the line.

62.  ...way - ("how...you" is deleted).

65.  ...Sophie?
    " - ? - " is inserted after "Sophie?".

66-7.  I...again. I...
    "I...again." is in parentheses.

89.  ...of sanctity. I...money.
    "sanctity." is in parentheses; two vertical lines appear after "money".
101-3. ("I...warranted." is deleted) That...

117-9. These lines are deleted.

120-4. These lines are deleted.

135-6. ...past (caret; "and...loss" is deleted). I...

    "[***] her childhood you grow out of [***]"

is inserted in the margin adjacent to a caret.

140. ...gift. (caret) It's...

148. ...wretch ("whose head" is deleted) once...

    "which" is inserted above the line.

154. ...my ("departure" is deleted) but...

    "going" is inserted above the line.

172-3. ...in ("simple...as [*these]" is deleted) so...

    "the drawing room" is inserted in the right hand margin, line 172.

177. ...purpose. ("Revolution" is deleted). Which...

193. ...Selwynfound...

    A vertical line separates "Selwyn" and "found".

211. They' ("ve n" is deleted) ever ("been" is deleted) pretty...of ("the" is deleted) year,

    "re" is inserted above the line.

212. ("have" is deleted) they?...

    "are" is inserted before "have".
235. "Sophie: Don't brood over me, Henry." is inserted above line 235.

241. ...the dig ("gings" is deleted) . I...

254. ...subject.

"But he has been negotiating on marriage for some weeks now." is inserted after "subject.".

257. ...well. I...

Two vertical lines appear between "well." and "I".

233. ...remember.

" - But in the end we are forced to take even a Selwyn seriously. The times change. You are a young man and yet you are intending to take seriously - a revolt, ("human liberties and rights" is deleted) and a possibly mad old man." is inserted below line 333.

"the rallying cries of text books. -" is inserted below line 333.
Draft "B" Transcript
A Comedy
1953

Writing Note
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
PERSONS

Sophie Faramond.
Cristos Papadiamantis.
John Hogarth.
Henry Wriothesley.
Selwyn Faramond.
Caroline Traherne.
Prince Basilios.

The action of the play takes place in various rooms of a country house in Greece a little way from Athens: the time is the early summer of the year 1913.
Act One

(The scene is a room in a country house in Greece a little way from Athens.)

The time: morning of a day in the early summer of the year 1913.

The house which is built in two floors stands above a valley.

The room has several high windows which allow entrance from a stone terrace.
Through these windows can be seen part of an exterior wall which is washed in raspberry colour and contains a small window. A crest vine surrounds the house.
The floor of the room is stone partly covered by rugs. The ceiling, almost lost in shadow, is painted. There is a main door to the room which stands open showing the wide sweep of a stairway beyond. Also, there is a small opened entrance to a passage leading to other parts of the house by way of a few shallow steps.

Within the room it remains cool as yet and the purple shadows - like the cloaks on fruit - are only now beginning to shilt.
The sun strikes through the windows and brings to life in a vivid way several objects about the room - a scarlet shawl carelessly thrown over a chair, a piece of...
jewellery, a gold cross hanging on the 
eggshell-white wall — and the brilliance 
of these are marked in the quickening heat.

Sophie Farandon is sitting in a high-backed 
chair set to face the windows. She is sixty-five — Sophie can stare 
boldly into the hothead sun for she is very 
beautiful. She had never feared the literal; 
she had never feared anything except, perhaps, 
the consequences of her vanity. At the moment her lapses are stretched out toward John. 
He has a top coat over his shoulders and carries 
a hat and gloves.

In a far shadowed corner of the room is a 
young Greek boy, Kristos Panaiotannis. He 
is standing at a tall desk and holds a pen 
in his hand.

John: I followed your instructions to the word. The house 
stands alone on a hill, you wrote. It is the colour 
of fruit and from the road each morning at eleven 
o'clock the topmost window winks at the sun. I shall 
be waiting for you at the windows on the west side, 
you said. Could I fail to find you after such a 
description? I've left the cart which brought me at 
the bottom of the hill. The driver is drunk but when 
the sun really gets up he should be jolted safely 
back to the city on all the four square wheels. (He 
kisses Sophie) I couldn't let you know when I should 
be here. I left Alexandria two days ago and crossed 
in a boat with a party of devout but seasick pilgrims. 
I stayed last night in Athens but didn't sleep because 
of the cats and the bugs. With your letter clutched 
in my hand I set out at dawn this morning. All along 
the way — how many miles is it? — I thought of you. 
I remembered that day ten years ago when you left 
England to begin these endless travels. Why did you 
do it, Sophie?

Sophie: (I told you my reasons at the time. We don't want to 
go into that again. I was getting old even then but 
you're young — by my reckoning thirty-three — and 
you're left England, so your letter said, for ever. 
Is it true that you've sold up everything? If you've 
done that I imagine you must be burdened with a great 
deal of money. You should be putting it to some proper 
purpose and not merely buy a state of exile. However, 
whatever you're up to let me say that you're as
welcome to me here as ever you were in those years in London. Let me make the most of you, John, before you move on to wherever you're going. Your letter was mysterious about that - a visit, you said, before going on elsewhere. You must stay with me as long as you can. How well you look and how happy.

John: I'm free, Sophie. The first step into middle-age did it. On the evening of my thirty-third birthday her arms were round my neck and she was whispering to me. Her name was Ada. You notice I speak of her in the past. She had very short legs, was a comfortable shape and the wife of a bishop. The next morning I began the sale of everything I possessed. When that was finished I felt remarkable - almost a feeling of sanctity. I possessed nothing but money and I could put that to any use I wanted. I began to look around - and for the first time in my life I didn't look at women. No, it was at an old man with the appearance of a gigantic beetle. He was the leader of a committee. We sat in my rooms and talked through the night. At half-past five in the morning I gave him my cheque for one hundred thousand pounds. At half-past seven I gave him my hand and the promise of my services. You can always assess the degree of integrity in a man by the way he accepts money for a cause which is near his heart.

Sophie: I remember - and I remember very well - that you were inclined to give a deeper significance to a casual social gesture than was warranted. That is a mistake young people make. They always interpret the simple sentence I love you as the more meaningful and oh so much more complicated I shall love you until the end of this that and the other and all the rest of the hopelessly detailed poetic passion. When it really means nothing more than, I love you.

John: I love you, Sophie.

Sophie: And I you, John. But this man to whom you've given your money and promises - has his cause brought you to Greece? What is his name?

John: Basilios. (Cristos Papadiamantis moves into the room. John looks up and sees him)

Sophie: I'm sorry. Have you even hiding?

John: No, we've been working together. Cristos is my secretary. This is Mr. John Hogarth from England.
Cristos: How do you do, sir.

John: I haven't seen Mrs. Faramond for ten years.

Cristos: I understand.

Sophie: We won't do any more this morning. Go upstairs and make a fair copy as far as we've gone.

(Cristos quietly leaves the room)

I spend a few hours every morning dictating to Cristos. I'm putting down some of my memories.

John: Is the present unattractive?

Sophie: Certainly not. I'm very happy here. I'm not living the past, John. I'm recording it.

John: Won't some of it make uneasy reading in England?

Sophie: I hope so. How is that damned country? I suppose I should've felt regret in leaving it - in being forced to leave it. But nothing of the kind. Like my childhood it is in the past, and regarded with affection but with no sense of loss. I am having to consider the fifty or so years I lived there, of course, in the writing of these memories. Yet I am managing to remember without tears. Cristos tells me that is a most unusual gift. It's tiresome enough to have to put oneself in the past without crying about it.

After all, memories are a luxury and so often lead to nothing more than dusty fingers poking about in the attics of recollection. There are the lay figures which posed as our friends, our enemies and our lovers. Here is a head! Does it go on this body - or on this? Neither, probably - it is only a trophy of some insulted wretch who once fell into my lap.

And the hearts about the place. Some still speaking, complaining and even reasoning. I admit that can be disturbing. All shut away in the past of that damned country. How did you leave it?

John: The sun was shining. No one saw me off, of course. There was nothing to signal my departure but the baying of the newspapers and that woman shut up in the country. She would be weeping, we can be sure of that, and in a lower room holding a holy book in one hand and biting the nails of the other would be her husband. They're probably still at it, God help them!
Sophie: (she laughs) But, John – the wife of a bishop!

John: She tried to lead me to the righteous life, Sophie. That was her only mistake. You know where such an excursion must end. On this occasion it was an episcopal four-poster in a cathedral town. The rooks mourned over us for the night. He forgave me like the good man he is but that wasn't enough for Ada. She had to make a public confession. Modesty prevents me saying why.

Sophie: Then I'll say it for you. She wanted everyone to know how lucky she'd been. After all, John, I'm very proud to know you in simple circumstances such as these so I can appreciate Ada's feelings. There, I'm already speaking of her as an old friend.

John: In the end I took her teaching to heart and sold up my worldly goods. I'm afraid I've put the proceeds to a most ungodly purpose. Revelation. Which brings me here. Alone.

Sophie: The difficulty of exile for a woman is that she can't go unaccompanied. I had to provide myself with an escort at a small church in Kensington on the Thursday before I sailed.

John: Ah, yes, I'm sorry. How is Selwyn? Where is Selwyn?

Sophie: At the diggings below. You must have passed him on the road. Selwyn has been working that excavation for eighteen months. He's found nothing.

John: Is there anything to be found?

Sophie: Selwyn is sure of it. There have been several false alarms. When that happens a most unpleasant man comes hurrying here from the Royal Museum in Berlin. They are putting up money. But we've been left alone for some months now.

John: Has Selwyn found anything under the ground in all these years of digging?

Sophie: Nothing important. Here he thinks he may uncover some place of worship of great antiquity. Am I right, Henry? (she speaks to Henry Wriothesley who has come into the room)
Henry: Quite right, Sophie.

Sophie: Henry Wriothesley is with us, John, as a special correspondent for The Times. This is John Hogarth from London, Henry.

Henry: From London! (he shakes John by the hand) How is that beautiful country of ours?

John: Have you been away from it a long time, Mr. Wriothesley?

Henry: Yes.

John: I thought so. Well, it was looking very pretty in the Spring.

Henry: And the English people. How are the people?

John: They've never looked pretty at any time of the year, you know they? But I thought they were looking very fit.

Henry: Good, good!

Sophie: Henry's absence from England isn't voluntary, John. He was sent here to report on whatever is found in that great hole Selwyn has been digging. How he has managed to fill a column of The Times once every two weeks, I've never understood. There must be a limit, surely, to the number of ways even he can describe such quantities of mud.

Henry: It's the suspense, Sophie. No one knows exactly what Selwyn expects to find.

Sophie: Least of all Selwyn. Surely, Henry, the flutter of anticipation even in those small archeological circles about St. James' Square must now be stilled after eighteen months.

Henry: You mustn't expect quick results in this kind of work, Sophie. Must she, Mr. Hogarth?

John: I've no idea. I know nothing about it.

Henry: Selwyn has all the patience of an old soldier.

Sophie: Yes, I suppose those many years of quite undistinguished service must have taught him that.

Henry: How unlike you are. Is that the basis for a successful marriage, I wonder?
John: Sophie, I've remembered something. When I got out of the cart at the bottom of the hill I left a box of my things at the side of the road.

Sophie: One of the men can bring it up later.

Henry: I'll go down and get it.

John: No, please! It's very heavy and that hill is very long.

Henry: I'm going down to the diggings. I can bring it back with me. I shall be pleased to do that for you, Mr. Megarth.

John: Well, thank you.

Sophie: Such an old young man. And how the poor creature sweats in this climate. Why did you suddenly remember that box?

John: It was the mention of marriage.

Sophie: I don't see any connection.

John: There is none. But we were on the verge of a discussion. I wanted to avoid it.

Sophie: You'll find out when you get to know him that it's never difficult to knock Henry off a subject.

John: Must I get to know him?

Sophie: That depends on how long you're thinking of staying.

John: Four days if everything goes well. I told Basilius—he's in the north—that I should be here today. He'll fetch me when all the preparations are made and we shall go together. The insurrection will begin then.

Sophie: I find this kind of talk very strange from you. This house is to be a kind of jumping off ground for your activities. Is that right?

John: Yes. You were always so generous to me as a young man when I was indulging in the most trivial pursuits that I felt sure you wouldn't object to helping me in this—the most important decision of my life.

Sophie: I believed in your activities in London ten years ago.
I believed in and understood the kind of life you were leading.

John: But, Sophie, it was useless.

Sophie: Of course. You were very beautiful and amateur. But this - how shall I put it? - this new engagement to revolution. As I expected to understand that? It seems you are near some new seriousness. Oh, not the subject! Ten years ago you would have been capable of making a joke of revolt. But now, your looks - come to me - yes, there about your eyes - God help you, those are lines of thought. I can see they'll soon be lines of contemplation. This is what Henry would call, A sign of the times.

John: You also left England, Sophie.

Sophie: You said that very gently. Because it was a reminder, I suppose, not a reproach. Yes, I also left England - but, John, I was getting old even then. These last ten years in the East - well, truly, I've been playing hide and seek with the past just as much as Selwyn has with his relics from under the ground.

John: Why did you marry Selwyn?

Sophie: How do you want me to answer that? You know the circumstances. I had to leave England. Selwyn was going off on this protracted exploration. I had known him for many years. I had admired his amazing spirit. I knew I could never replace his first wife - she lies buried, you know, beneath a solitary tree in the Orient, a sacrifice to Selwyn's military career - and he knew that he could never replace for me - oh, you're mad - mad! What are you doing here? Go home! Yes, I can still call that place home and so will you - without smiling! - before you die in some foreign place.

John: And if I do go back? - back there so that I can grow old and die at home - if I do that, Sophie, how do you suggest I should pass the time? According to the common reckoning I'm only half-way in years. What shall I do with the remaining thirty-five in that place called home?

Sophie: I don't know. I don't know.

John: Darling, there's more than age between us now. There
are the separate ways which brought us here. After
the years in England, those brilliant years which
you made so much your own, you suddenly decided
that it was time to go. And to go with Selwyn.
You died at that moment, Sophie. (Sophie laughs)
Not as a corporate being for there you sit. But
you went out of existence as a person - the person
I knew and loved.

Sophie: You mean I made the one certificate serve for both
marriage and death.

John: Lots of people do that. I truly believe, though, that
you took Selwyn - of all people! - seriously. Of
course, you must have done that. How else could you
have got your ticket to oblivion? You became a woman,
Sophie. Oh, Sophie!

Sophie: This business of getting through some seventy years
is not so easy - as I see you've begun to understand.
The time itself is not long, and we should be able to
pass it without fuss and even with a certain dignity.
But that's not enough, is it? No, for we want to do
something with those years. We want to use them and
not just have them use us. Well, I took the first
fifty-five years of my life and put them to some
purpose, you'll remember.
Draft "B" - Marginalia

90. "Break" appears adjacent to a mark consisting of two vertical lines crossing two horizontal lines. The word "Break" and the mark are circled. A similar mark appears in the line between "wanted." and "I".

90-113. A square bracket appears.

115-25. A square bracket appears.

333. ...remember.

The following notes are inserted below line 333.

John A Basilios
wall Exterior (window) To be John's room - Use This.

Cristos - Sophie - John.
Sophie - John.
Sophie - John.
Sophie - John Caroline
Sophie - John.
Sophie - John - ("Caroline?" emends "Henry.")
Caroline - ("John" is deleted) - Sophie.
Caroline - John.
iii: Draft "C"
Emendations Draft "C" Act One

47. is (obliteration) Cristos...

47-8. ...Papadiamantis. (caret) He...

"He is a Greek of about fifty years of age."

is inserted above the caret.

52. ...colour of fruit and...

A vertical line appears before "of"; two vertical

lines appear after "fruit".

54. ...sun. I...

Two vertical lines appear before "I".

115. ...uneasy (caret) in...?

"reading" is inserted above the line.

121. ...I'm (obliteration) having...

194. ...important. Here he...

A vertical line appears before and after "Here".

228. Surely the...

A vertical line appears before and after "Surely".

252. (caret; obliteration) back...

"the box" is inserted above the line.

257. ....Why did

The first letter in the word "did" is inserted

over an obliteration.
Yes, Sophie, we're...

Two vertical lines appear before "Yes," and after "Sophie,"

century. We're going...

Two vertical lines appear before and after "We're"

we love...

Two vertical lines appear before and after "we"

...revolution. (obliteration)

(obliteration) So...way. Have...before?

Two vertical lines appear before "Have" and after "before?"

No...time

Two vertical lines appear before "No" and after "time"

Is it agreeable?

Two vertical lines appear before "Is" and after "agreeable?"

Very frightening.

Two vertical lines appear before "Very" and after "frightening"
360. contracted (caret; obliteration) years...
   "seven" is inserted above the line.
376. (obliteration) us...
376-9. ...here. After...go. And...
   Two vertical lines appear before "After" and after "go."
412-3. ...books and...man.
   Two vertical lines appear before "and" and after "man."
425-8. You're...am.
   Two vertical lines appear before "You're" and after "am."
474. ...Thursday.
   Immediately following "Thursday." the following lines are deleted:
   (199). Caroline: No, it mustn't start on a Thursday. Only bad things happen on a Thursday.
   (200). Sophie: Then I'd say it's a very good day for an uprising.
   (201). Caroline: I was married on a Thursday. It rained.
   (202). Sophie: Ah! But that was in England. It'll be fine out here. For the revolution, I mean.
493. ...you're (caret)
   "uncomplainingly" is inserted above the line.
...when

"you're throwing at some innocent bystander"
is inserted after "when".

...didn't.

"Off he went - on a Thursday, was it?" is deleted.

Note: It is conjectured that the words "Off he" are
deleted even though the deletion mark does not appear
through these two words.

Immediately after the deletion the following lines
are deleted:

(212). Caroline: Sunday.

(213). Sophie: Another bad day?

(214). Caroline: Good day - Sunday. There were
always iced buns for tea.

(215). Sophie: Now it's plain buns every day.

(216-7). Caroline: I remember Bobo walked out -
he made a long speech - and I
was left in the house alone. It
was half-past four and there were
six buns shining on a plate. I
ate every one with a curse.

(218). Sophie: But you ate them. Very sensible
thing to do. (obliteration)

("bedtime" is deleted) story

"[magic]" is inserted below the line.

...clothes, (obliteration), made...

The comma immediately after the obliteration is
not included in the transcription.
588-90. linen - (caret) Let's...

"build up the corsage and the corset the sagging breasts and unruly bottoms." is inserted in the margin adjacent to a caret, lines (257-60). The "1" in "let's" has been capitalized in the transcription.

594. ...call It

Two vertical lines appear before and after "It".

597-8. ...it. Let's pretend!  John...

Two vertical lines appear before "Let's" and after "pretend!".

598. ...it. There's...

Two vertical lines appear before "There's".

598. ...nothing ("[under and]" is deleted)

601. ...but (obliteration) a...

602. ...and (two obliterations) a...

603. ...them (caret; obliteration) what

"they make up" is inserted below the line.

606. ...) Oh, (obliteration) ! darling!

The exclamation mark immediately after the obliteration is not included in the transcription.

610. ...is (caret) - from...

"not" is inserted above the line.
616-9.  ...doing. (caret) Why...?

"No one wants to play a lifelong game seriously but if it is really a charade - well, then!" is inserted below the line.

617.  ...a lifelong game seriously

Two vertical lines appear before "lifelong" and after "game"; two horizontal lines underline "lifelong game".

622.  now comes into...)

Two vertical lines appear before and after "comes"; "comes" is underlined in the draft.

651.  ...go ("through" is deleted) that...

"into" is inserted above the line.

681.  said (caret) art...

"all" is inserted above the line.

757.  I see.

Two vertical lines appear before "I" and after "see.".

759-60.  ...suppose. I'm...else's.

Two vertical lines appear before "I'm" and after "else's.".

777.  ...was (obliteration)

"fifteen." is inserted above the line.
782. ...out my hand which you
    "my" is inserted above "your"; "you" is inserted
above "I"; "your" and "I" are in parentheses.

790. your - infamous behaviour.
    Two vertical lines appear before "infamous"
and after "behaviour.".

796. ...pat.
    Immediately following "pat.", lines (364-7)
are obliterated.

809. ...little dumpy Ada
    Two vertical lines appear before and after
"dumpy",

817. ...as beautiful as
    A vertical line appears before and after
"beautiful"; "beautiful" is underlined.

819. ...is a danger line -
    A vertical line appears before "a"; the first
three letters in "danger" are underlined.

820. ...it.
    Two vertical lines appear after "it.".

831-2. ...home. You...like. How...
    Two vertical lines appear before "You" and
after "like.".
855. ...myself and the other with...
   
   A vertical line appears before "and" and after "other".

864. ...You (caret) absolutely....
   
   "were" is inserted above the line.

873. as burdensome as a shroud. Throw...
   
   Two vertical lines appear before and after "burdensome" and before and after "shroud."

878. ...weeping. (obliteration) The cold strikes (obliteration) "my [body]" is inserted above the second oblitera-
   tion.

892. ...caller! A gentleman.
   
   Two vertical lines appear before "A" and after "gentleman."

896. England means the....
   
   A vertical line appears before and after "means".

899. ...others. Seek out a substitute. So
   
   A vertical line appears before "Seek" and after "a"; a vertical line appears after "substitute."

902. ...bow. Hohum! The...
   
   Two vertical lines appear between "Ho" and "hum!".

902-3. ...gone so...streets. (caret) The...
Two vertical lines appear before "so" and after "streets.". It is conjectured that a vertical line covers a period after "streets."

910. turning away. It....
A vertical line appears before "turning" and after "away."

915. The fraction of...
A vertical line appears before and after "fraction".

916. ...of the...face
A vertical line appears before "the" and after "face".

917. ...sense.
Immediately following "sense.", lines (423-33) are obliterated.

918. ...this (obliteration) moment?...

941. ...I found...a
Two vertical lines appear before "found" and after "a".

942. ...parliament. I...opportunity
Two vertical lines appear before "I" and after "opportunity".

958-9. ...a yellowing newspaper which...
Two vertical lines appear before "yellowing"
and after "newspaper".

963. known. Spoken by myself when...

Two vertical lines appear before "Spoken" and after "myself". It is conjectured that one of the vertical lines covers a period after "known."

966. ...joke. (obliteration) .

The period immediately after the obliteration is not included in the transcription.

967-8. No...me.

Two vertical lines appear before "No" and after "me."

971. ...condole (caret) you...

"with" is inserted above the line.

975. ...you. (caret)

"Caroline: I love you." is inserted after the caret.

992. I've...bath. Caroline....

A vertical line appears before "I've"; two vertical lines appear after "bath."

993. dutiful and run and...

A vertical line appears before "and" and after "run".
997. I...you.
    A vertical line appears before "I"; two vertical lines appear after "you.".

1028-9. ...here. Try...up.
    Two vertical lines appear before "Try" and after "up.".

1090. ...much.
    Two vertical lines appear after "much.".

1096. ...disaster.
    Two vertical lines appear after "disaster.".

1101. ...country.
    Two vertical lines appear after "country."

1103. ...poetry.
    The remaining portion of the line (517) is obliterated; immediately following line (517), lines (518-21) are obliterated.

1106. (obliteration) You....

1112. rhymed, (caret) scratched...
    "written" is inserted in the margin adjacent to a caret line (525).

1120. ...think (obliteration) the...
1124. ...horror.

The remaining portion of the line (528) is obliterated; immediately following line (528), most of line (529) is obliterated.

1126. ...that (obliteration; caret) up....

"broke" is inserted above the line.

1127. ...them (obliteration) into...

1137. ...out (caret; obliteration) the...

"through" is inserted above the line.

1142. (obliteration; caret) day....

"yester" is inserted above the line.

1146. ...hand! That's the...

Two vertical lines appear before and after "That's".

1149. ...any free,...thing and

Two vertical lines appear before "free" and after "thing".

1158. ...Hogarth (obliteration; caret) not

"is" is inserted above the line.

1161-2. ...remembered the...was. Like

Two vertical lines appear before "the" and after "was.".
1175-6. ...discovering some...
   Two vertical lines appear before "some".

1239. despatch (caret) and
   "we've heard so much about" is inserted above
   the line.

1253. ...him. (obliteration) I...

1281. ...but (obliteration)

1298. ...I (obliteration; caret) . You'll...
   "agree" is inserted above the line. The period
   immediately after the caret is included in the
   transcription.

1306-7. ...here. It...fact. Accept....
   Two vertical lines appear before "it" and after
   "fact."

1308-10. It's...soldiers.
   Two vertical lines appear before "It's" and
   after "soldiers."

1329. ...he usually sends....
   "lly" in "usually" is partly obliterated.

1356. ...what (obliteration; caret) we...?
   "have" is inserted above the line.

1368. :..stairs (")" is deleted) . John...
The period immediately after the deletion is included in the transcription.

1370-3. These lines are inserted in the body of the text, lines (651-3); "X - X" is placed vertically before the inserted lines.

1400. ...all, (obliteration) founded

1402. (obliteration) In...

1409. become charged with [mystery].

"charged with mystery" is in parentheses and inserted above "very dear". The former is included in the transcription.

1410. This line is inserted in the body of the text, line (669). The speaker is not indicated but from the logical development of the dialogue it appears to be John speaking.

1411. This line is inserted in the body of the text, line (669). The inserted line is enclosed in a square bracket and preceded by a caret. The placement of the line in the transcription is conjectured from the logical development of the dialogue.

1423-7. ...case -

The remaining portion of line 1423 to line 1427 is inserted in the body of the text, lines
(673–6). The placement of the lines in the transcription is conjectured from the logical development of the dialogue.

1444. ...for (obliteration) the...sanctity (caret) the...
"is" is inserted above the line.

1452–3. ...sleep (caret; obliteration) to...
"is more than an escape" is inserted below the line.

1463. ...yourself?
Immediately following "yourself?", line (688) is obliterated.

1464. (obliteration) takes...
"John" is inserted above the line.

1464. ...his)
Immediately following "his)", lines (671–2) are obliterated.

1489. (obliteration) I'll....

1490. (obliteration) Yes?

1509. ...smallest (caret) and
Text for insertion is not adjacent to the caret.

1511. ...suppose, (caret)
"to comfort my extreme age," is inserted below
the line.

1516-7. eyes? (caret) - is....
    "Oh yes, you have eyes! - before you" is inserted above the line.

1532. ...- Caroline - (caret) let's...
    "so" is inserted above the line.

1544. ...find("you again" is deleted; caret) in...
    "that" is inserted above the line.

1545. campaigning. (caret)
    "(they are fast in each other's arms)" is inserted after the caret.
The Gates of Summer.

A Comedy.

1953.

1st Draft.
Persons.

Sophie Faramond.
Cristos Papadiamantis.
John Hogarth.
Henry Bevis.
Caroline Traherne.
Selwyn Faramond.
Prince Basilios.

* 

The action of the play takes place in various rooms of a country house in Greece a little way from Athens: the time is the early Summer of the year 1913.

*
Act One.

(The scene is a room in a country house in Greece a little way from Athens.

The time: morning of a day in the early Summer of the year 1913.

The house which is built in two floors stands above a valley.

The room has several high windows which allow entrance from a stone terrace. Through these windows can be seen part of an exterior wall which is washed in raspberry colour and contains a small window. A great vine surrounds the house. The floor of the room is stone partly covered by rugs. The ceiling, almost lost in shadow, is painted. There is a main door to the room which stands open showing the wide sweep of a stairway beyond. Also, there is a small arched entrance to a passage leading to other parts of the house, by way of a few shallow steps.

Within the room it remains cool as yet and the purple shadows - like the bloom on fruit - are only now beginning to shift. The sun strikes through the windows and brings to life in a vivid way several objects about the room - a scarlet shawl carelessly thrown over a chair, a piece of jewellery, a gold cross hanging on the open small white wall - and the brilliance of these are marked in the quickening heat.

Sophie Farmand is sitting in a high-backed chair set to face the windows. Even at her age - she is
sixty-five — Sophie can stare boldly into the morning sun for she is very beautiful. She has never feared the light; she has never feared anything except, perhaps, the consequences of her vanity. At the moment her hands are stretched out in welcome towards John Hogarth who is standing in the window. He has a top coat over his shoulders and carries a hat and gloves.

In a far shadowed corner of the room is Cristos Papadiamantis. He is a Greek of about fifty years of age. He is standing at a tall desk and holds a pen in his hand.)

**John:** The house stands alone in a wilderness. It is the colour of fruit and each morning at eleven o'clock the topmost window winks at the sun. I shall be at the windows on the south side, you said. Find you I must, I think, after such a description. Now, I've left the cart which brought me at the bottom of the hill. The driver is drunk but let the sun get high and he'll be jolted safely back to the city on all the four square wheels. (he kisses Sophie) Did you want to know when I should be here or have you been patient? I left Alexandria two days ago and crossed in a boat with a party of olive-green pilgrims who sang sad songs. I stayed last night in Athens but didn't sleep because of the song of the cats and the silent mischief of the bugs. With your letter in my hand I set off at dawn this morning. All along the way I remembered you, Sophie. From ten years ago when you left England to begin the endless journey which brought you here. Why did you do it?

**Sophie:** I was getting old. That's why I'm here. But you're young — shall I reckon on thirty-three years for you? — and you've left England, so your letter said, for ever. Everything's been sold up, you
say. Then I imagine you must be burdened with a great deal of money. What have you done with it? Bought a state of exile. Shameful. Not a proper purpose. What are you up to?

John: I'm free, Sophie. The first step into middle-age did it. On the night of my thirty-third birthday her arms were round my neck and she was whispering to me. Her name was Ada. You notice I speak of her in the past. She had very short legs, was a comfortable shape and the wife of a bishop. The next morning I began the sale of everything I possessed. When that was done I felt remarkable - almost a feeling of sanctity. I had nothing in the world but money.

Sophie: This is Cristos, my secretary. This is Mr. John Hogarth from England.

John: To make uneasy reading in England?

Sophie: I hope so. How is that damned country? I suppose I should have felt regret in leaving it - in being forced to leave it. But nothing of the kind. Like my childhood I had grown out
of that place. I'm having to consider the fifty or so years I lived there, of course, in the writing of these memories. Yet I am managing to remember without tears. After all, memories are a luxury and so often lead to nothing more than dusty fingers poking about in the attics of recollection. There are the lay figures which posed as our friends, our enemies and our lovers. Here is a head! Does it go on this body - or on this? Neither, probably - it is only a trophy of some insulted wretch which once fell into my lap. And the hearts about the place! Some still quaking, some still loving. I admit that can be disturbing. All shut away in the past of that damned country. How did you leave it?

John: The sun was shining. No one saw me off, of course. There was nothing to signal my going but the baying of the newspapers and that woman shut up in the country. She would be weeping, we can be sure of that, and in a lower room holding a holy book in one hand and biting the nails of the other would be her husband. They're probably still at it, God help them!

Sophie: But the wife of a bishop! (she laughs)

John: She tried to lead me to the righteous life, Sophie. That was her only mistake. You know where such an excursion must end. On this occasion it was an episcopal four-poster in a cathedral town. The rooks mourned over us through the night. He forgave me like the good man he is but that wasn't enough for Ada. She had to make a public confession to a national newspaper. Modesty prevents me saying why.
Sophie: Then I'll say it for you. She wanted everyone to know how lucky she'd been. After all, John, I've always considered myself happy to know you in the drawing-room so I can appreciate Ada's feelings. There, I'm already speaking of her as an old friend.

John: Well, I took her teaching to heart and sold up my worldly goods. I'm afraid I've put the proceeds to a most ungodly purpose. Which brings me here. Alone.

Sophie: The difficulty of exile for a woman is that she can't go unaccompanied. I had to provide myself with an escort at a small church in Kensington on the Thursday before I sailed.

John: Ah, yes, I'm sorry. How is Selwyn? Where is Selwyn?

Sophie: Buried alive at the dig below. You passed the place on the road. Selwyn has been working the excavation for eighteen months. He's found nothing.

John: Is there anything to be found?

Sophie: Selwyn is sure of it. There've been several false alarms. Then a most unpleasant man comes hurrying here from the Royal Museum in Berlin. They are putting up money. But we've been left alone for some months now.

John: Has Selwyn found anything under the ground in all these years of digging?

Sophie: Nothing important. Here he thinks he may uncover some place of worship of great antiquity. Am I right, Henry?

(She speaks to Henry Devis who has come into the room)

Henry: Quite right, Sophie.
Sophie: Henry Bevis is with us, John, as a special correspondent to The Times. This is John Hogarth from London, Henry.

Henry: From London! (he shakes hands with John) How is that beautiful country of ours?

John: Have you been away from it a long time, Mr. Bevis?

Henry: Yes.

John: I thought so. Well, it was looking very pretty in the Spring.

Henry: And the English people. How are the people?

John: They've never been pretty at any time of year, have they? But I thought they were looking very fit.

Henry: Good, good!

Sophie: Henry's absence from England isn't voluntary, John. He was sent here to report on whatever is found in that great hole Selwyn is digging. How he has managed to fill a column of The Times once every two weeks, I've never understood. Surely, Henry, there must be a limit to the number of ways even you can describe such quantities of mud.

Henry: It's the suspense, Sophie. No one knows exactly what Selwyn expects to find.

Sophie: Surely the flutter of anticipation even in those small archaeological circles about St. James' Square must now be stilled after eighteen months.

Henry: You mustn't expect quick results in this kind of work, Sophie. Must she, Mr. Hogarth?

John: I've no idea. I know nothing about it.
Henry: Selwyn has all the patience of an old soldier.

Sophie: Yes, I suppose those many years of quite undistinguished service must have taught him that.

Henry: How unlike you are. Is that the basis for a successful marriage, I wonder?

Sophie: Don't brood over me, Henry.

John: Sophie, I've remembered something. When I got out of the cart at the bottom of the hill I left a box of my things at the side of the road.

Sophie: One of the men can bring it up later.

Henry: I'll go down for it.

John: No, please! It's very heavy and that hill is very long.

Henry: I'm going down to the dig. I can bring the box back with me. I'll be pleased to do that, Mr. Hogarth.

John: Well, thank you.

(Sophie goes out through the windows)

Sophie: Such an old young man. And how the poor creature sweats in this climate. Why did you suddenly remember that box?

John: It was the mention of marriage.

Sophie: I don't see any connection.

John: There is none. But we were on the verge of a discussion. I wanted to avoid it.

Sophie: You'll find when you get to know him that it's never difficult to knock Henry off a subject. But he's been meditating on marriage for some weeks now.
John: Must I get to know him?

Sophie: That depends on how long you're thinking of staying. Your letter was mysterious about that. A visit, you said, before going on elsewhere.

John: I shall be here four days if everything goes well.

Sophie: Why should it go badly? Come here - yes, there about your eyes - God help you, those are lines of thought. I can see they'll soon be lines of contemplation. This is what Henry would call, A sign of the times.

John: Yes, Sophie, we're well into the twentieth century. We're going to have to accustom ourselves to a change in the faces of those we love. Shall I tell you why? I'll go back a little. When I left Ada curled up and quilt covered, when for the last time I left the safety of that great bed and went back to my rooms I had decided to sell out. In that familiar living place everything about me, except a bottle of gin, lay cowering beneath the hammer. For two days I stayed there alone. On the night of the second day there was a disturbance on the stairs. It seemed I had a visitor. I went down to meet him. I found an old man looking like a gigantic beetle. He embraced me. I fought my way from a pair of arms which had crushed all breath from me. Unable to speak I made some gesture towards my room. He went in and collapsed before the fire like a ruin and at once began to talk. It was terrifying! He spoke about freedom, about liberty. Not freedom for me but for others. He talked of oppression and torture and the misery of want. The words he spoke were like charges of explosive which blew up in my face until I could neither see nor hear. He had read a speech of mine, he said, which I'd made in the House during my brief career as a politician. He quoted...
it to me: I'd forgotten it was ever made. He loved me, he said, for I was a son of freedom. He, too, Basilios, was a son of freedom. I was again enfolded in his arms. He talked through the night. At half-past five I gave him my cheque for one hundred thousand pounds. At half-past seven I gave him my hand and the promise of my services. At half-past nine he left. But there remained on the table a document which made altogether too clear my future commitments to revolution.

Sophie: So you are on your way. Have you ever travelled for anything but pleasure before?

John: No. This is the first time.

Sophie: Is it agreeable?

John: Very frightening.

Sophie: This man — to whom you've given your money and promises — is he in Greece? What's his name?

John: Prince Basilios. Yes, he's in the North. I'm to wait here for him. Those are the arrangements.

(Caroline Traherne comes into the room by the window. She is twenty-four years old. She carries a large bouquet of wild flowers and herbs which are recently gathered. She stops on entering the room)

Sophie: Do you know John Hogarth, Caroline?

Caroline: No.

John: No.

Sophie: Well, this is he. Mrs. Traherne, John. My daughter by Selwyn's first wife.

John: How do you do.

Caroline: I'm looking for Cristos.
Sophie: He's working upstairs.

Caroline: I need him. By the way, Henry's staggering about on the hill under an enormous box.

          (Caroline leaves the room and goes up the stairs. John stares after her)

John: I'd no idea Selwyn had a daughter. Did you know when you married him?

Sophie: It was mentioned. She was a child then, of course. In the keeping of some nuns.

John: What's she doing here?

Sophie: Recovering from a disastrous marriage—don't wince like that!—a marriage contracted seven years ago at the age of eighteen.

John: Who was her mother?

Sophie: Nobody at all. She lies buried, I believe, beneath a solitary tree in the Orient. A sacrifice to Selwyn's military career.

John: Why did you marry him, Sophie?

Sophie: You know the circumstances. I had to leave England. Selwyn was going on this protracted exploration of the past. I'd known him for many years. I'd admired his amazing spirit. I needed a companion in exile. I chose—and married—Selwyn.

John: You know—I've just understood this—there's more than age between us now. There are the separate ways which brought us here. After the years in England, those brilliant years which you made so much your own, you suddenly decided that it was time to go. And to go with Selwyn. You died at that moment, Sophie.

Sophie: You mean I made the one certificate serve for both marriage and death.
John: Lots of people do that. I truly believe, though, that you took Selwyn — of all men! — seriously. Of course you must have done that. How else could you have got your ticket to oblivion? You became a woman, Sophie. Oh, Sophie!

Sophie: This business of getting through some seventy years is not so easy, as I see you've begun to understand. The time itself is not long and we should be able to pass it without fuss and even with a certain dignity. That is all I've tried to do.

John: Nonsense! You passed through most of your life with a considerable amount of fuss. And as for a certain dignity you know perfectly well it was nothing of the kind. The whole affair was conducted in an atmosphere of staggering grandeur.

Sophie: Yes, well, perhaps I understated it. But these last years, John, these last little years which are left to me — I've chosen to spend them in the wilderness. Damn it, John, surely at my age I'm allowed to take something seriously even if it's only Selwyn. But you surprise me. You're a young man at the kindergarden age of thirty-five and yet you're intending to take seriously — a revolt, the rallying cries of text books and a possibly mad old man.

John: I take all those quite seriously. And the reason is simple. I've got through far more than is usual — far too much — in thirty-five years. How else can I account for these grey hairs and the fact that I can no longer make love without sadness. My contemporaries remain splendidly pigmented and continue to go to bed laughing. And so you must regard me, Sophie, as an old man who has reached a time when he must also be serious. You're remembering what I was like when you knew me ten years ago. (Sophie nods) Well, stop it. Be pleased to see me as I am.
Sophie: Very well. But you mustn't expect me to talk to you about such things as revolution and freedom. They're not my kind of seriousness at all.

(Caroline has come down the stairs and is standing in the doorway)

John: What is your kind of seriousness?

Sophie: It is now entirely reserved for myself. As I am. Not for the past. Ha! you feel contempt for that, don't you? I mean for all that went on when we were in London together.

John: Not contempt. No, this same feeling of sadness.

Sophie: Emptiness.

John: No, sadness. Quite a different thing.

(Caroline, speaking, comes into the room)

Caroline: Don't go on explaining. I know very well what you mean.

Sophie: You're far too young to understand what he's talking about.

Caroline: Age doesn't come into it, Sophie. That's the mistake you're both making. You can be finished at twenty-four.

John: How old are you?

Caroline: Twenty-five.

John: And you're finished?

Caroline: Yes. Hasn't Sophie told you?

(Henry Bevis comes in through the windows. He is bowed beneath a large box which he carries on his shoulders)

John: Many, many thanks. Are you all right? (Henry nods) Where am I, Sophie? I feel we should get it up at once.
Sophie: (she points through the main windows to the small window set in the exterior wall) You're there.

(Henry sets off for the stairs with the box)

John: I should go with him, I think.

(John follows Henry from the room)

Caroline: Is he staying here?

Sophie: John? For a little while. He's on his way to a revolution. He seems to think it should begin about Thursday.

Caroline: He's the man you've been writing about, isn't he? He's the man you'd have loved if you hadn't been so old and he so young. He's on every page of your book, you know. The time you can't get out of your head. Shall I tell you something? Shall I tell him something? I met him once when he was beautiful and famous and when I was so high. He'd never remember - but I've never forgotten. Never shall - forget.

Sophie: Now, come along! Everyone is in love with John at sometime or another.

Caroline: Don't become [hearty] in your old age, Sophie. It's like football in church. Wrong, you know. Surely two women can talk about their wretchedness without back-slapping and cheering cries.

Sophie: I don't know when you're most objectionable, Caroline. When you're uncomplainingly carrying your cross or when you're throwing at some innocent bystander.

Caroline: I'm just objectionable always. Why do people - God! - why do they put up with me?

Sophie: Your husband didn't.

Caroline: Do you think he'd be interested in my [magic] story?
Sophie: He? Call him by his name.

(after a considerable pause Caroline softly and tentatively says:)

Caroline: John. (she laughs) Ouf! that first time you say a name. Like slowly walking into the unknown sea. But once you're in - hey! - it's fine and exciting. John, John! (she raises her voice) John! John! John!

(John Hogarth appears at the window of his room and looks down into the room)

John: Yes?

Caroline: Nothing - nothing.

John: I thought you called me.

(he goes back into the room)

Caroline: Is he - was he ever - could he have been - as extraordinary - so wonderful - such an original as they said? Who said? Well, they did, you know. And you do in your book - I kissed Cristos and he showed it to me - you say, John Hogarth was a man. Just that. Why, was a man? What's that up there? Isn't that fine and good? Now, may I ask, is it not?

Sophie: It is. But I was writing of him in relation to myself. In the past, you see. To me he was a man. To you, he is.

Caroline: Oh, yes.

Sophie: He was more than they said. Much more. He was that strange thing a legend in his own time.

Caroline: But what did he do? I heard about him, too, of course, when I was a child but what did he do?
Sophie: Nothing. He was. That's all. But if you're what John is it's sufficient. You don't have to do anything. You just have to be.

Caroline: What?

Sophie: A man. He was that.

Caroline: And did nothing?

Sophie: Lived. It's not possible to describe how in so many words. Let's take it from a view opposed to my own. Then you may get a clear picture. He wasted time and money, these others say. More than that he put them to a black use - himself. He did that thing which is essentially English and yet which every English man condemns - he dabbled.

Another thing made him very suspect in England - he laughed a great deal. As well as all this - oh! how it upset these others! - he was kind and more than kind he was gentle. His great sin was inconsistency. He preached the virtue of cowardice and was braver than any of them. He threw out the stock phrases - I love you - I shall love you till I die - and refused to use the common everyday symbols which bind us one with another - and yet - and yet - he was the most faithful friend and - within his own narrow bounds - so they tell me - yes, so they tell me - the most constant lover.

Caroline: That was sadly said. Oh, I've never heard you speak as sadly as that.

Sophie: Smaller men that, John, at that time had to take life seriously. Believe it was desperately important - that they wore the right clothes, made money, made love, made friends, - believed that the intricate figure they cut in the melting ice of social life was permanent. If they didn't believe all this then they'd wake up one morning and find themselves strangers in this old
familiar world. No one to stretch out a hand containing friendship or money or a business contract - no one to bully, to hate, to love - no one - they'd have no one but themselves. So of course the whole caper must be made to appear serious even if it is not. So build imposing structures, banks and museums, palaces and cathedrals - dress up men and women - let's have tall hats and black coats and very white linen - build up the corsage and the corset the sagging breasts and unruly bottoms. Let's have art - let us paint and sculpt and hide the meaning in a sonnet - let us invent machines and go further into the future and further into the past - let's, oh let's call it love or romance or beauty or truth and let's pretend. Let's pretend! They all know the truth but won't say it. Let's pretend! John said it. There's nothing behind the buildings, in the clothes, written in poetry, nothing driving the machine but a scarlet, naked, screaming baby and a disgusting, incontinent, dirty old man. Between them they make up what we call existence.

Caroline: But that's it! That's it! (she looks up at the window) Oh, darling!

Sophie: Just a minute! I'm speaking of a little time ago. Ten years to be exact. That was John then. I'm not at all sure who that is up there but it is not from what he told me - that kind of man. He's changed very much.

Caroline: He can't have done. A man who believed all that - why should he ever want to change? Look at it that way and - God! - it suddenly all becomes worth doing. No one wants to play a lifelong game seriously but if it is really a charade - well, then! Why should he want to change?
Sophie: I don't know but I believe he has. 620

(Henry has come down the stairs and
now comes into the room)
Is it the heat, Henry?

Henry: What?

Sophie: You look — how shall I put it? — distressed. 625
That's not an offensive thing to say, is it?

Henry: Not at all. I am — distressed — a little. Yes.

Sophie: Bad news from home?

Henry: In a way. I've been talking to Hogarth. 630
I thought I'd give him a hand with the
unpacking. Naturally enough we chatted. I think in the beginning about the climate here. Certainly nothing serious. Then — I was taken unawares — we were suddenly
talking about something else. That is, he was talking in a very strange way.

Caroline: What did he say?


Caroline: What's that mean? Yes! 640

Henry: I've remembered something. He wants to see you, Sophie. He's brought you a gift from London. Will you go up, please.

Sophie: Certainly.

(Sophie goes from the room and up
the stairs)

Henry: Caroline, would you say I am an intelligent
man?

Caroline: As a literary gent, Henry, you're a duck.

Henry: And as a man?

Caroline: Don't let's go into that again. I've said it was all my fault. And it was too hot that afternoon.
Henry: You can't blame everything on the climate. Anyway, I didn't mean that. I meant do you think I'm on the right lines? 655

Caroline: What did he say to you up there?

Henry: I'll tell you. You know, don't you, Caroline, that although I'm a writer — a sort of artist in my own way — you know I've always thought of myself as an ordinary sort of fellow. I've never understood why just because a chap's got a bit of talent for putting words on paper or paint on canvas he should think himself a cut above other chaps who do an honest job. I mean, although I am with The Times I'm prepared to meet other people on any ground. Well, that's how I began to talk to Hogarth. 660

Caroline: And something went wrong?

Henry: Yes. I don't quite know how. I made some civil remark and he looked up and said, "Honest work means dirty hands." That took me aback so I went on to tell him that I did other things besides my Times stuff. Wrote my poems and worked on my book about my schooldays. 665

Caroline: I expect that quietened him.

Henry: No. He really began to talk then. He said all art was going to finish very soon — there would be no more of it. Then he said something really astonishing. He said before long, The Times would be gone. The Times — gone! — no more. Then he laughed and went on, "so you'll have to find another job, won't you?" He was really most offensive. After all, I did carry his box up that hill. 670

Caroline: You'd heard of him before today, surely.

Henry: Oh, yes. Everyone must have done. He was always a bit eccentric for an Englishman but I didn't expect him to be so rude.
Caroline: Sophie says he's changed.

Henry: Sophie's a very charitable woman. D'you know I was looking forward to having a long talk with someone straight from London.

Caroline: You miss it, don't you, Henry?

Henry: Very much. In all the small ways which you don't seem to understand.

Caroline: I was very unhappy there.

Henry: Are you happier here?

Caroline: I could be. But why don't you go back?

Henry: I shall do as soon as your father's completed the excavation and I can put in my final article. If he finds something which I can really write about - something to which I can do justice - well, it'll make my name. That's what I'm bargaining for. I think I'd better go down to the dig for my morning session now. Care to walk with me?

Caroline: No. What do you do down there?

Henry: Sometimes I do a little sifting. But not often. I don't get on with the workmen. They're inclined to shout at me.

Caroline: Do you ever shout back?

Henry: Of course not.

Caroline: One day you will, Henry, and then you'll be a happy boy.

Henry: I often wonder how Sophie puts up with it here after her life in London all those years. That most extraordinary time. I remember my mother speaking about it and saying that Sophie represented everything a woman should not be. What went on in that house? She entertained a lot of foreigners, didn't she? And - I don't know if I should tell you this, Caroline,
for she is your step-mother - it is said she often received a Certain Person. I wonder if Selwyn knows.

Caroline: Of course he knows.


Caroline: Not surprisingly, Henry, you've got it the wrong way about. It was because she was so sweet and generous that she had to leave.

(there is a pause and then, shortly)

Henry laughs)

Henry: Ha! I see what you mean.

Caroline: If you do it must be the very first time.

(John has come down the stairs and now enters the room)

Henry: I shall be down at the dig for a while, Caroline.

John: You're not going out in this heat, are you?

Henry: For the moment - until the fall of empire, Mr. Hogarth - it's my job.

(Henry goes out through the windows)

John: Sophie tells me that you've been very unhappy.

Caroline: There was a time.

John: You're getting over it.

Caroline: Yes, it was nothing, really. A marriage. He left me. Ran away.

John: I see.

Caroline: Do you see it from his point of view or mine?

Caroline: Surely you're running away from something more than that.

John: Well, of course, you must always run away from something in order to run towards something.

Caroline: I just scurried for refuge. From what I hear you're making for the open country.

John: I hope so.

Caroline: You're looking for more than the heroism of love.

John: I'd say the stoicism of love. Yes, more than that.

Caroline: Liberation.

John: Of others. Not myself.

Caroline: We've met before this. You don't remember. (John shakes his head) At the time I was too young for you to recognize. I was fifteen.

John: That's a very difficult age.

Caroline: Yes, it is. Men never know whether to pat you on the top or the bottom.

John: Which did I do?

Caroline: Neither. You put out my hand which you didn't take. You walked on. I didn't think it impolite. I thought it wonderful. They said later that you were looking more splendid than was usual. You were in trouble, I believe. Even the government were turning up old laws to find something which could be brought against you for your - infamous behaviour.

John: That's all a long time ago. I was young and foolish: you were young and wise: - now - : I'm into the time which was the future then: you - well, you're grown up and - I should know - do know - very well - which end I'm expected to pat.
Caroline: You're trying to tell me things have changed. That I'm not to expect such behaviour from you now. Then, please, what am I to expect from you?

John: Nothing.

Caroline: May I whisper a question?

John: No!

Caroline: What's the matter?

John: Some weeks ago I had the last conversation of this kind in my life. I want no more of it!

Caroline: Sophie told me her name. It was Ada.

John: Yes, it was Ada. And little dumpy Ada was the last -

Caroline: - the last person to say -

John: Shut up!

{(there is a pause: John walks to the windows and stands looking out over the countryside. In a moment he quietly says:)}

I'm sorry. With someone as beautiful as you are - as honest and as unhappy - well, you must know there is a danger line - and I mustn't cross it.

Caroline: Of course not. Why did the London mob throw stones at your windows?

{(John turns back into the room to Caroline)}

I read that in Sophie's book about you. Did you know she was writing a book?

John: Yes, but surely not entirely about me.

Caroline: Entirely. Why did they throw stones?
John: They'd got it into their heads that I was breaking up something which is very dear to their hearts: a home. You know what that country's like. How they domesticate their fools - their monarchs, their animals, their artists - all must answer the call from the servant's hall. Otherwise they throw bricks. The main demonstration at that time, though, was a parade past my house of elderly women carrying banners, which went on for several hours. I felt compelled to send them out tea and sandwiches. They leaned against the railings eating and drinking and booing whenever I passed a window.

Caroline: Women have always felt strongly about you.

John: Women feel too much about everything. That is the dreadful inequality of sex.

Caroline: Surely when you were younger you could match them in depth of feeling.

John: Certainly. It was their inexhaustible capacity for demonstrating emotion which at last defeated me. Poets are lucky: they can spin out the truth of their passion to at least the length of a sonnet. With my lesser talent I had to content myself and the other with a brisk action and one short word.

Caroline: Which so often led to broken windows.

John: All the best games end in destruction.

Caroline: Sophie gave that as the reason. For everything. How loved you were and how hated. Because you played it as a game - without seriousness. Is that true?

John: I suppose so.

Caroline: You were right. You were absolutely right.

John: I lost.

Caroline: But it makes sense. The whole thing from the beginning to the end makes wonderful [sense] if you believe it is nonsense.
John: Does this make sense? Dawn. London. I wake. It is night within the room until the heavy curtains are drawn back. The bed covers over my naked body are as burdensome as a shroud. Throw them off! Step freely - haha! boldly - to the windows. Draw back the curtains. Stare at the sky for a sign. Hm. It's raining. The policeman at the corner is weeping. The cold strikes my [body] like an unkind word. Last night's warrior becomes a goose-pimpled pudding. Cover the poor mockery with a gown. The day must be begun it seems. Very well, then - good morning and good morning. Breakfast. Beside the tray that still virgin the morning news. So, there's energy to rape her for a start. She gives up her miserable secrets and the sign is not one of them. Go, light fires. Open the letters of the day. Will one hold the secret, the news from another land, the call to action? No. They demand, beg, entreat, abuse - nothing more. A caller! A gentleman. He complains of my treatment of his daughter. He threatens me with action. Action! Christ, if it were true. He means litigation which in England means the same. My interest fades. The day is going. Something must be done. Well then, be as others. Seek out a substitute. So to a theatre where men knock each other about with wooden swords and die, get up and bow. Hohum! The day has gone so into the streets. The sky remains inscrutable. Curtain it off. It is another room - another place. I am welcome. There's no doubt about it. Here between the sheets there is something to be done with authority if not with dignity. Let me look at the face before turning away. It smiles so all is well. Goodnight. Goodnight.

Caroline: Does that make sense? Well, let me see. Yes, for a moment.

John: When is that?
Caroline: The fraction of happiness which was in the smile of the pretty, the sad face before you turned away. That's sense.

John: More sense than this moment? Here in this place. With you expecting something of me which I'm no longer interested in giving to your [untumed] face. In the North under the open white sky the faces look up but not in love - no - in death they look up at the open white sky in the North. Victims of wounds more mortal than yours. No one dies of love, Caroline, but they die of hunger and the whip. It is the crack of that whip echoing through the sleeping rooms of Europe which has brought me here. I'm waiting for the man who through one loveless night in London took me by the hand and dragged me from childhood and into the present time. I am wanted not by a lovesick girl or an impatient matron - but by a nation. This won't be liberation gained by a tremor of ecstasy but absolute freedom gained by the breaking of chains.

Caroline: Bravo! Why did they choose you?

John: Some years ago by the misguided efforts of my friends I found myself to be a member of parliament. I took the opportunity to make one speech. The motion happened to concern the government's attitude to this minority group in the North. They had recently shot the British Minister and subjected his wife and daughter to humiliating proposals which both had accepted before returning to England. In a speech in the House opposing reprisals I suggested the country should be accepted into the British Empire and the perpetrators of the crime honoured for having the courage to do what no Englishman had dared. The speech was dismissed by my countrymen as an impertinence - which indeed it was. I thought it was forgotten as a bad joke. Yet it was that speech in a yellowing newspaper which brought Basilios to my rooms. The fading cutting was taken from
his pocket. It remained the one call to unity and action his country had ever known. Spoken by myself when I didn't know the place was on the map. How could I resist such an appeal for leadership?

Caroline: So the whole business really is a joke. No more. You don't take it any more seriously than - Ada - or perhaps me.

John: I'm sorry. I do. Believe me, I don't want to seem boorish about this. Let me condole with you for your recent unhappiness but, I beg you, don't ask me to console you. Anyway, there'd hardly be time, my darling, for Basilios will be here before you can say I love you.

Caroline: I love you.

(Henry Bevis and Selwyn Faramond come into the room by the windows. They stop on hearing John's last words to Caroline)

Selwyn: Then marry her, my dear fellow. Congratulations. Excellent news. Been worried about the child. How are you otherwise?

John: Otherwise I'm very well. What on earth are you talking about, Selwyn?

Selwyn: Declaration of love. Made by you as I came in. Bevis heard it. Yes?

Henry: Yes.

Selwyn: Never mind. Shouldn't have come in at that moment.

Caroline: Why did you?

Selwyn: I've come up for a bath. Caroline, be dutiful and run and tell the men to carry hot water up to my room.

(Caroline moves towards the archway. Henry intercepts her. He whispers:)

Henry: I want to speak to you.
(Caroline passes him and he follows her out)

Selwyn: Dirty work, Hogarth.

John: What?

Selwyn: This digging.

John: Oh, I see what you mean. Yes, it must be.

Selwyn: But I think it'll be worth it. I'm sure we're about to uncover something remarkable.

(he takes a small metal maquette of a human figure from his pocket and holds it out to John)

What do you make of that?

John: (he takes the figure) It's a woman, isn't it?

Selwyn: Yes. One of the workmen found it yesterday. Significant attitude of worship, don't you think?

John: It seems familiar yet I can't think why.

(he turns the figure over in his hands)

Selwyn: If we can get something from this site it'll shake them up in London. I so want to do the BM crowd in the eye. They've never shown the faintest interest in my work, you know. If it wasn't for the Germans we shouldn't be able to go on. England's done nothing for the expedition except send out that idiot from The Times. And all he's done is to get in the way and upset Caroline. She had a bad time before she came here. Try and cheer her up.

John: I shan't be here long.

Selwyn: Bevis was saying something about you being on your way to a revolution in the North. No truth in that, is there?

John: Yes.
Selwyn: There is? Then do be careful. They're very untrustworthy up that way. Why are you going?

John: It gave me a reason to leave England.

Selwyn: That's a substantial reason, certainly. Some woman, was it?

John: I wanted to get away from the whole business.

Selwyn: There was no need to go to the length of starting a revolution. You could always have helped me. We're very fond of you, Hogarth, you know. Sophie's pleased to see you, I expect.

John: I think she is.

Selwyn: Then stay here for a while, my dear boy. We're not much troubled by the nuisances of London. The weather's good, the local people are friendly, the sanitation's not up to much but it's as good as my club and we don't have to be pleasant to each other if we don't want to. As for women - you don't have to worry about them here. They're a simple good people without the refinements which make life such hell in London. Stay on, do.

John: (smiling) I'm sorry, Selwyn, no.

(Caroline returns to the room followed by Henry)

Caroline: They're getting the bath ready. The water will be in by the time you're stripped off.

Selwyn: Thank you, Caro. Come up and talk to me, Hogarth. Have a bath if you like.

John: I'll come and talk.

Selwyn: This business of an uprising in the North. I once handled something like that in China. It was very amusing - no rules, you know. Every man for himself. Damned dangerous.
As I was saying, Caroline, I've never harmed a woman in my life.

(Caroline is looking towards the stairs)

I say, I've never harmed –

I know, Henry dear. You're the gentlest person I've ever had to do with.

Well, then –

You're just not very nice, that's all.

That may well be. Yet I'm quite sincere in wanting to help you in your unhappiness.

Oh, do shut up about my unhappiness. Everyone talks about it as if it were a deformity. Poor Caroline's got the hump! Anyway, I'm not unhappy just at the moment, thank you very much.

You were earlier this morning when you were gathering flowers. It was on that very hillside – I was good enough for you then and there.

You weren't good enough, Henry, that's the point. It was disaster. Then when that shepherd came across and stood smiling down at us – it was a smile like a benediction – you had to sit up and say, "I'm afraid I must ask you to leave".

There's no privacy in this country.

It's a very simple thing, really, Henry, but you must complicate it with poetry.

Poetry can be a great comfort in moments of distress.

You seem to forget that was my trouble. I went through a poetical marriage. Bobo knew about every art except one. Life with him was too damned beautiful for words.
Well, no, stay a minute. There were so many words, spoken, sung, whispered, rhymed, written, scratched on the window pane, carved into wood and stone - words for everyday use and casually slung at each other, words for secret use and muttered into the pillow, words with single meaning and words with double meaning, good words, bad words, holy words and dirty words. And when the day was over and you'd think the talking would have to stop - well, no, there'd always be just that dribble of stale words for explanation of failure, betrayal, misery and horror. So, you see, Henry, the words that make up your poetry are the same words that broke up my marriage. Rearrange them into a form which will comfort me, if you can. When you've done that come back and we'll start from there.

(Cristos is standing on the stairs looking down into the room)

What do you want?

Cristos: I thought you were alone.

Caroline: I can be.

(she turns and stares at Henry. He walks smartly out through the windows)

Cristos: You shouldn't be unkind to Mr. Bevis.

Caroline: Why not?

Cristos: He hasn't been hardened by the sun against such things yet. I found him alone yesterday quietly weeping.

Caroline: What about?

Cristos: I don't know. He was sitting with a book in his hand -

Caroline: A book in his hand! That's the reason for you. O, weep for Adonais and Henry'll give you buckets full. But weep for you or me or any free, warm living thing and Henry's pale eye remains as dry as -?
Cristos: All the same, you must try to be kinder to him.

Caroline: All right, I'll try. Is that what you wanted to say to me?

Cristos: No. I wanted to tell you that what Sophie has remembered and written in these memories - (he is carrying several notebooks) - about John Hogarth is not entirely accurate.

Caroline: You mean Sophie's lying.

Cristos: No, no. She's remembered the man he should have been and not the man he was. Like all works of reminiscence it is really fiction.

Caroline: How do you know?

Cristos: Through seeing him in person this morning.

Caroline: And from only that you make such a general statement.

Cristos: Yes.

(there is a pause)

Caroline: All right. Why tell me?

Cristos: Because your knowledge - your understanding of him comes entirely from these books. I remember the morning you sat with me reading them. It was as if you were discovering some kind of faith and I found it very disturbing.

Caroline: So did I. But Cristos, I've met him now. He lives outside that book of Sophie's. He is, Cristos.

Cristos: Very well. Take him as he is, if you wish. There's only the everyday danger in doing that.

Caroline: Isn't the everyday danger enough? It was just that which made me so wretched before I came here.
Cristos: What I'm obliged to call by custom "your unhappiness."

Caroline: You don't believe it, do you?

(Cristos shakes his head: he is smiling)

Cristos: Do you?

Caroline: Not any more.

Cristos: I expect you were angry when he left you. English women are admirable losers in every game except marriage.

Caroline: I remember how astonished I was at not being wanted. Not just not wanted in bed but in public and even around the house. That hurt won't get better for a long time. Pride, you know.

(Sophie comes down the stairs and into the room)

Sophie: Just because John Hogarth's here I do hope I'm not going to find people standing in corners talking about him all the time.

Caroline: Cristos came down to give me a word of advice that's all.

Sophie: Would you like to tell me what it was?

Caroline: Certainly. He told me to look at John through my own eyes and not yours. Also not to be unkind to Henry. Also to remember that I've not really been unhappy - I've just been angry.

Sophie: All of it very good advice. I hope you'll take it to heart.

Caroline: Yes. Oh, yes.

Sophie: Where is John?

Caroline: Upstairs talking to Selwyn in his bath.

(Henry comes through the windows)
Henry: I say, I think somebody responsible should come down to the dig. Something's happened. I'm not quite sure what. One of the workmen has fallen through a hole and disappeared but there seems to be more to it than that.

Sophie: Selwyn's in his bath.

Henry: If I could understand what those fellows are talking about it might help.

Cristos: I'll come down. I speak the same language as those fellows.

Henry: So you do. But then of course, you are Greek, aren't you?

Cristos: Yes. It's very helpful.

(Henry and Cristos go out through the windows)

Sophie: How happy Henry will be if at last that excavation gives up its secret. He'll be able to write this final brilliant despatch we've heard so much about and return at once to London and honour. What will you do?

Caroline: By that time I hope to've found someone else to put up with me.

Sophie: I suppose you mean, John. But he's going away in no time at all.

Caroline: Well, I don't suppose revolutions go on forever any more than archaeological excavation.

Sophie: Do you mean to make your intentions clear to him? In so many words.

Caroline: Are you jealous - Mummie?

Sophie: A little. Then again I don't think you're good enough for him. I never knew your husband - indeed, I've never met anyone who admitted to doing so - but from what you've told me about him he was tolerant and kind if not very bright. And he left you.
Caroline: You, anyway, are not going to let me forget that, are you?

Sophie: Not for a moment.

Caroline: Well, at least I had the guts to get married when I was young. Unlike you, who'd never take the responsibility until you were old and could safely enter into this arid married state with Father.

Sophie: That's a point. I suppose it does need courage when you're young. Especially when you intend to marry someone called Bobo Traherne.

Caroline: What about John Hogarth?

Sophie: Darling, he'd never marry you. He might pop you under the covers for an hour or two.

Caroline: Well, that'd be a start. I wouldn't be lonely and unwanted for that little time, at least.

Sophie: So that's what you're expecting from him. Aren't you forgetting he's changed? Aren't you thinking of him as he used to be? My dear child, you'll find that it is a fact that men sometimes get sick of us. Not sick of us individually or personally but of the whole ravening sex. When that happens they take up soldiering or archaeology, throw themselves into politics or find something to do which we don't understand - such as revolution. And when they do those things, my God, we haven't a chance. We can fight among ourselves for a man but when we're faced with competition from something a man believes to be right then collectively we're beaten. All we can do is to sit back and meditate on past triumphs.

Caroline: You're lucky. I never loved anyone but Bobo. I can't meditate on him for the rest of my life.
Sophie: Well, Bobo could hardly be described as a triumph, I agree. You'll find someone worthy of you, I'm sure, Caroline - but it won't be John. He hasn't come all this way to find you. He's come to do his part in something which is of importance to him. He believes most sincerely in the liberation by revolt of these wretched people in the North. That is why he is here. It may seem silly to us but it is a fact. Accept it.

Caroline: It's such a waste, for a charming, able-bodied man to go off playing at soldiers.

Sophie: But they're only tolerable when they're with us if we let them play these games on occasion. Even the laziest man must be sometimes dedicated to a life of action if only in thought. What happened to Bobo after he left you?

Caroline: He had a nervous breakdown.

Sophie: Which proves my point.

(John comes down the stairs and into the room)

John: Selwyn is a most energetic bather, isn't he? The room's flooded and as a mere spectator I'm soaked to the skin. He saw Henry Bevis and the Greek gentleman running down the hill to the excavation and wants to know what it's all about.

Sophie: At the moment nobody knows. Henry arrived up here with an account even more garbled than he usually sends in to The Times. Pay no attention. We've had such alarms before.

John: I think you should have a word with Selwyn. He's at his bedroom window, stark naked, with a pair of binoculars and an improvised megaphone.

Sophie: I'll go up in a moment. John, when are you expecting your friend to come for you?
John: Basilios? In two or three days. Why?
Sophie: Couldn't you travel North to meet him?
John: Do you mean at once?
Sophie: Well, say tomorrow morning.
John: I suppose I could. Are you trying to get rid of me?
Caroline: Yes, she is.
Sophie: John, we're old enough friends to be frank with each other, aren't we?
John: Certainly, Sophie. But I don't think we're old enough friends to be straightforwardly impolite to each other.
(Caroline laughs)
I'd like to stay here for a few days, Sophie. A little while ago you seemed quite happy about that. Why have you changed your mind?
Sophie: I haven't.
John: Well, what have we to be frank about?
Caroline: Me.
Sophie: I'm so very fond of you, John, and I wouldn't wish anything to take away from your affection for me. Certainly not this arrogant and impertinent child. In other words, I don't want to be blamed for what happens.
Caroline: Dear Sophie. Always burning her bridges before I come to them.
Sophie: I'll go up to Selwyn.

(Sophie leaves the room and goes up the stairs. John, in silence, moves to the windows. Caroline watches him)
Caroline: I'm glad you put Sophie off about going.
John: That wasn't the reason. It's not that I want to stay here. I don't want to go North - at least I want to put it off a little.
Caroline: What's the matter?

(John does not answer)
What's the matter?
John: Selwyn seems to think I may get killed in this business up North.

Caroline: Well, don't sound so surprised. Hadn't it occurred to you?

John: Oh, yes, it had occurred to me but I didn't think it had occurred to anybody else - not seriously.

(he is looking out through the windows)

This is a strange, undisciplined country. A good place to be alive in.

Caroline: But that isn't the reason you came.

John: Why did you come? Was it only because your father happened to be here?

Caroline: Not only that. When I was shut up in a nunnery as a child one of my teachers was a Greek. She told me wild, unorthodox stories of the country. I remembered them when I was alone in London and I thought this might be the place to bring me alive again. It's done that.

John: I know what you mean. You became aware. Yes? Am I right? Aware that you're occupying space - that the sun and air exist to strike down and enwrap you. Aware, by God, that you are something. It's a discovery to be reckoned with, I agree. Life is not, after all, founded on the meal-table, the privy and the bed.

Caroline: In this place even those things might take on a certain significance.

John: In this place. You think it is just the place?

Caroline: Not entirely. It is also because of what Selwyn said to you. With that in my mind even the most commonplace objects can become [charged with mystery].

John: I should never have thought of you as such.

Caroline: A commonplace object.
John: You're confusing me. Are you doing it deliberately?

Caroline: I want you to see things in the proper light, that's all. As a man who hasn't got all his life before him you should, you know.

John: You talk as if I'm condemned.

Caroline: There's time for a reprieve. You've only to change your mind.

John: That's out of the question. I'm committed to action - on my honour.

Caroline: In that case - It's as well that you should come to love the country you are going to -

John: I beg you.

Caroline: I was going to say the country you are going to fight for.

(she moves to John and holds out her hand)

- good luck. The world will surely go on without you.

(John takes her hand: he does not release it)

Yet I so much admire you for what you're doing. To give up those things which mean so much to us lesser people. The things you have known in such fullness in the past and which must make them all the more difficult to renounce. The pleasure of food, the charm of sleep, the comfort of women - all - all gone in this spartan search for a better truth, a harsher reality. Fine man - almost a saint you are, for the way of sanctity is the dusty road to the North.

(John is still holding her hand)

John: All the pleasure you've talked about had become as bitter to me as any torment. Each had a ghastly reality which I couldn't stomach. They're only tolerable when they are more than themselves - when the food
feeds more than the body - when sleep is more than an escape to a dream - and the comfort of a woman is more than a cushion.

Caroline: Tell me something. Did you say to yourself, This is the last time? D'you see what I mean? For instance, did you say to yourself, This is the last kiss, the last embrace? This is not only farewell to whatshernamenname - Ada - but farewell to all loving for all time. Did you say that to yourself?

(John takes both her hands in his)

Say it now.

(John is silent)

Let the day go. It gets cooler towards evening. Then's the time for thought, for decision. The smell of the baked earth comes up from the valley making the scent of the flowers sour and more understandable. Evening is the time for straight talking and straight thinking in this country. Then the senses aren't treacherously attacked by every colour and shape and sound taking on a form of something somewhere long ago. The days in this place - the days under the sun have all been - have happened before. But the nights are new in time - so new to people - you me - that they can be used in anyway we - you me - please.

Put off, John - John, put off telling - secrets! - Telling whether it was a last attachment.

(John pushes back her hair over her ears and then folds his hands about the nape of her neck)

John: I'll tell you - now - in broad daylight.

Caroline: Yes?

John: The last chance.

Caroline: What about it?
John: All my life - since I can remember - I've treated every opportunity as the last chance. I've looked - oh, very sadly - on each encounter as the last. But I was cheated. The sun came up and the sun went down and, damn it, life had to be lived. And opportunity didn't knock once - it beat a positive tattoo at my door.

Caroline: Which every time you opened.

John: No. It was never shut. 

(he kisses her on the forehead)

But now the inexorable foot of time is edging it to. Soon there will only be space in that doorway for the lightest and most frivolous opportunity to get through. The last - the smallest and least consequential - will have to remain, I suppose, to comfort my extreme age. For there'll be no getting out.

Caroline: My God! You talk nonsense - (John kisses her on the mouth) - nonsense! Can't you see - that before you - haven't you eyes? On yes, you have eyes! - before you - is not a quickly closing door. No, John - darling, my newfound wonder - there before you are the wide - open gates of summer. You have lived only - nothing but - the early months of your year of life. You've known the fair - yes, but so that you may be aware - not old, not sleeping - of the fairest. Go on from me, if you want to - on towards the fairest of all -

(John puts a finger against her mouth)

John: Now you're lying. You're saying something you don't believe. That's not good. That's bad. You think - you must think you are the right true end - Caroline - that you hold the answer - Caroline - so let's have no renunciation from you.
(Selwyn comes down the stairs, crosses the room and goes out through the windows)

Caroline: You won't. I don't give up - anything - ever. But there comes a time - furtive: secret: upon you before you - no! - know it - and a decision has to be made. (she kisses him)

There! You'll not find that in a day's march, will you?

John: I'll not find that in a lifetime's campaigning.

(they are fast in each other's arms)

Caroline: Ah! my revolutionary, tear away the accepted old conventions: dynamite the last remaining foundations of custom: initiate me: tell me of the new order of things - not as they have been but as they are to be: in your rule - total - imperious: and then set the flag - the blazing, glorious banner - high - proud - in the receptive ground and defy. Defy!

CURTAIN.
Marginalia - Draft "C" Act One

Note. Most of the marginalia appears in the left hand margin of the manuscript. Where this does not occur the position of the marginalia in the manuscript is noted.

237-41. (90-1) A caret appears adjacent to a question mark.

346-52. (139-42) A square bracket appears.

373-5. (152) An incomplete square bracket appears.

456-9. (188-9) A caret appears adjacent to a question mark.

471-501. (197-220) A square bracket appears. An obliteration appears adjacent to line (197). A question mark appears adjacent to lines (208-9).

571-5. (254-5) "The railway train." appears.

573-605. (255-65) A vertical arrow mark appears with the arrow head pointing towards line (265).


621-35. (273-80) "to end of cene" appears midway in an arrow mark. The arrow mark is vertical with the head pointing towards line (280).

719-30. (324-7) A square bracket appears.
758-67. (345-9) A square bracket appears adjacent to a question mark.

774-7. (354-5) A caret adjacent to a question mark appears.

797-801. (368-70) A square bracket adjacent to a question mark appears.

825-31. (384-7) A square bracket adjacent to a question mark appears.

859-65. (400-4) A square bracket appears.

911-7. (419-24) A square bracket appears.

939. (441) "X——X" appears after "...you?".

940-76. (442-55) A square bracket adjacent to "break this for Caroline." appears.

1035-40. (485-7) A square bracket adjacent to a question mark appears.

1049-59. (493-5) A square bracket adjacent to a question mark appears.

1068-71. (501) A square bracket adjacent to a question mark appears.

(519-21) "Henry on John" adjacent to a question mark appears. The marginalia is adjacent to obliterated lines.
1106-32. (523-32) A square bracket adjacent to a question mark appears.

1273-93. (607-12) A square bracket adjacent to a question mark appears.

1314-8. (602-2) A square bracket adjacent to a question mark appears.

1336-57. (630-44) An incomplete square bracket adjacent to a question mark and a caret appears.
To Ceres
Schuman

A
country,
1953.

Whiting Ves.
Manuscripts Deparment, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Arms.

Syria.

British Raj.

Foreign Office.

Foreign Office.

India Office.

India Office.

India Office.
Waiting for,

Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
covering. When you are through you will understand the point in this story.

The story is about a young man named John who lived in a small town. He was always thinking about different ways to make money. One day, he decided to start a small business selling handmade crafts. At first, he had some difficulty finding customers, but he persevered and eventually started making a good profit.

John continued to work hard and improve his business. He learned from his mistakes and continued to innovate and try new things. Eventually, his business grew and he was able to hire other people to help him. He was proud of what he had accomplished and knew that he had made the right decision to pursue his dreams.

In the end, John was able to enjoy the fruits of his labor and was happy with the success of his business. He had proved that with hard work and determination, anything was possible. The story is a reminder that with perseverance, anyone can achieve their goals and live a successful life.

Whiting, Mrs.

Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Whiting MSS
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Emendations - Draft "C" Act Two

12. ...centre, a few steps...
   "a few" is in parentheses.

95-7. ...beautiful! - and...unknown.
   "and...unknown." is in parentheses.

103. ...it? (caret) Just...
   "In England?" is inserted above the line.

104-5. ...extraordinary. Was...truth?
   "Was...truth?" is in parentheses.

104-5. ...political? (obliteration) Were...

106-7. No. Surely...art.
   "Surely...art." is in parentheses.

117-8. Homer II. Its...enclosure. It...
   "Its...enclosure." is in parentheses.

142. ...deeply. (caret) as...
   "Yet" is inserted in the margin, line (65);
   "a" in "as" is capitalized in the transcription.

144. ...not to...
   "[fail]" is inserted above the line.

157. ...have got through to...
   "got through" is in parentheses.
182. Bevis. (caret) You're...

204. ...daffodillies/
   "X" is inserted after "daffodillies".

276. ...shape. (obliteration)

279. ...of (two obliterations), today..., 
   A comma or period appears after the obliterations; 
it has not been included in the transcription.

282. ....My (obliteration) understanding...

300. ...morbid anthropolical interest
   "anthropical" is in parentheses; it has been 
   transcribed as "anthropological".

344. ...you. Did you know?
   "Did you know?" is in parentheses.

350. Not enough, no.
   "Not enough, no." is in parentheses.

352. him very unhappy.
   "very" is in parentheses.

435-6. ...narrowest (caret; "meaning" is deleted). Yours...
   "and most personal sense." is inserted above 
the line. The period after the deletion is not 
   included in the transcription.

437. suggestion, (obliteration) if...
455. ...briefly)
   Immediately following "briefly", lines (218-22) are obliterated.

457-8. I...life: when...
   "I...life:" is in parentheses.

476. ...were (obliteration)

480. ...was (obliteration) well...

490. ....If (obliteration) offended (obliteration) in -

496. ...stairs. (obliteration) So...

497. way...
   Immediately following "way", line (237) is obliterated. The obliterated lines is immediately followed by another obliteration.

497-8. ...letter (obliteration) quietly, desperate over...
   "ly, pursuing me" is inserted above the line.

499-500. ...miles, (obliteration) : (caret) I...
   "and speaking after me. By your silence it seems" is inserted above the line. The colon after the obliteration is not included in the transcription.

501. you (obliteration). Now...
   The period after the obliteration is included in the transcription after "you".
502. remember...

"remember" has been transcribed as "remembered".

511. ...pass (obliteration) this

520-1. ...room. Caroline...lamps)

A closing parenthesis appears between "room." and "Caroline"; it has been replaced with a period in the transcription.

542-3. It's...hill. Very..., It's...hill." is in parentheses.

569. (obliteration) Ah!...

575. ...(obliteration) give...

593-6. ...revealing...girl.

"revealing...girl." is in parentheses.

596. ...girl.

Immediately following "girl.", lines (284-5) are obliterated.

597. (obliteration) You...

607-8. It...concern. You...

"It...concern" is in parentheses.

619-21. ...unpleasant. God...both. Come...

"God...both" is in parentheses.
Did...?  

And...woman'.  

"John...woman'." is in parentheses.  

But...--  

Naturally. She's touched (obliteration) in...one.  

"She's...one." is in parentheses; "me" is inserted above the obliteration.  

...my (caret) happiness? (obliteration)  

"present" is inserted below the caret.  

But (obliteration) we...  

...you (caret) putting...  

"for" is inserted above the line.  

...on (obliteration) I...  

"your failure" is inserted above the line.  

...look (obliteration) at...  

...wonderful. (obliteration) It's...  

...mind (obliteration) if...  

like (caret; obliteration), John,...  

"you to knock on my door," is inserted above the line. The comma after the obliteration is not included in the transcription.
693-4. ...go (caret) That...
   "to shake my hand." is inserted above the line.

695-6. ...night. (caret) Caroline...
   "At that time" is inserted below the caret.

697. goodbye, (obliteration) .
   The period after the obliteration is not included
   in the transcription; a comma has been placed after
   "goodbye" in the transcription.

698. ...goes (caret) up
   "from the room and" is inserted below the line.

748. churchman (caret) Retirement...
   It is conjectured that the caret covers a period
   after "churchman"; the period is included in the
   transcription.

763. ...me.
   Immediately following "me."; lines (364-6) are
   obliterated.

770. ...amuse (obliteration) me...

771-2. ...mannerisms (obliteration; caret) me...
   "enchant" is inserted below the caret.

783. ....The (obliteration) families...
785. battle. (obliteration) Someone (obliteration) made (obliteration) comment...

788-9. ...two (obliteration) children...

856. Not at all bad...
   "at all" is in parentheses.

867. (obliteration) That....

868. (obliteration) Yes....

869. (obliteration) I...

879. I'm...piece.
   "I'm...piece." is in parentheses.

953. an elaborate joke.
   "an elaborate joke." is in parentheses.

957-9. Oh...know. Darling...this.
   An opening parenthesis appears before "Oh";
   an opening parenthesis appears before "Darling";
   a closing parenthesis appears after "this.".

987-9. ...porridge. (caret) They'll...
   An obliteration appears above the line. "I thought you'd behave so finely about this and I'm sure Sophie'd expect it, too." is inserted in the margin, lines (468-72)

990. ...Letters ("now" is deleted) to...
...there. (obliteration).

The period after the obliteration is not included in the transcription. "I've been sent up for drawing things. He wants to make some sketches." is inserted in the body of the text, lines (476-7).

(obliteration) Has...?

...interesting?

Immediately following "interesting?", line (478) with the exception of the speaker's name is obliterated. Immediately following the obliteration is another obliteration. The question mark after the second obliteration has not been included in the transcription.

...yet.

Immediately following "yet.", line (480) with the exception of the speaker's name is obliterated.

(obliteration) Why...

...tomorrow.

Immediately following "tomorrow.", lines (484-7) are obliterated.

...Times. (obliteration)

...love. (caret) Has

"with me" is inserted above the line. The period
after "love" has been placed after "me" in the transcription.

1039-41. We've...know. (obliteration) How...you!
   "We've...you!" is enclosed in square brackets.

1054. ...after (obliteration) came...
   "she" is inserted above the line.

1097. (obliteration) I....

1192-3. I'm...question.
   "I'm...question." is in parentheses.

1213-6. ...course. ("I'll not have the final chapter of my book turned into a farce" is deleted). That's
   "You're keeping me in suspense as to what the final chapter of my book is going to be but under no circumstances will I allow it to be a farce" is inserted in the body of the text, lines (583-5).
   The period immediately after the deletion is included in the transcription after "farce".

1276-7. ...cry - ah, Xanthe! - laughter...
   "ah, Xanthe!" is in parentheses.

1392-4. ...something. If...her.
   "If...her." is in parentheses.
1397. ...post-mortem.

Immediately following "post-mortem.", lines (669-88) are obliterated.

1435. ...sympathy. (obliteration) Go...

1455. (obliteration) let's...of (obliteration) it..., "l" in "let's" is capitalized in the transcription.

1502. (obliteration) May...

1502. ...speak?

Immediately following "speak?", lines (742-6) are obliterated.
Act Two

1st Draft.
A c t T w o.

(The scene: part of the room of the first act remains showing the windows and the door leading to the stairway.

Now the terrace beyond the windows is also revealed.

The time: two days later: evening.

The terrace is a compact area before the house and is enclosed by a low wall. The passage of slippered feet - it is a place of leisure - has given a gentle patina to the mosaic floor. At the centre, a few steps lead to a pathway going down to the road. The exterior wall containing the small window of John Hogarth's bedroom is now clearly seen.

A long table with food and drink has been brought out to the terrace.

The harshness of daylight has gone and with the sun low there is an incisive coolness which seems to etch the scene in a most unmisty twilight. It will not be night for some time.

John Hogarth is alone on the terrace. He is holding a long-barrelled, single-shot practice pistol. A little way from him and lined on the wall are various objects: a drinking glass, an orange, a small bottle, a hat (Henry's), a playing card and a cigar. John is using these as targets.

He fires. Not one of the objects is disturbed.
Caroline appears at the small window above and looks out to the countryside)

Caroline: The dancers! Don't frighten away the dancers. Do you see them? On the hill. There's been a wedding. One of the workmen. Up there the men and women are making the bond. That slow and heavy circle - formal and grave - will tread the pattern into the earth through the night. There's a tribute of love if ever there was one. Can you hear the music? It'll be a thin pipe. Listen.

(John has reloaded the pistol: he fires)

Ah! you don't want to hear. Does that sharp noise comfort you? Yet you'll not save your life with that kind of toy. Practice all you can - you'll never shoot your way out.

(Cristos has come down the stairs of the house, and crossed the room. He now stands inside the windows unseen by John and Caroline)

Do you still believe the quickest way to touch someone's heart is with a bullet? Will you never learn? They're dancing up on the hill, John - set your sights a little higher and you'll see them - dancing the day into the earth - burying it for ever and ever. Doesn't that mean something to you?

John: No.

(he fires again. Caroline goes back into the room. After a moment Cristos steps out on to the terrace)

Cristos: I don't want to disturb you.

John: I'm alone.

Cristos: I mean, disturb your practice.

John: The required number of rounds have been shot off. I can rest now.
(Cristos pours some wine and takes a glass to John)

Cristos: I hope you're happy with our local wine.

John: To be quite happy I should need to be here a few weeks. It still bites a little.

Cristos: You're not intrigued enough by it to stay on. No, I see you're not. Unfortunately, it doesn't travel. Like myself.

John: How do you come to speak English so well?

Cristos: I went to school in England, and afterwards lived there for many years.

John: From choice?

Cristos: Yes. The place fitted my temperament for I think it must be the saddest country in the world. Where it is unnecessary – indeed, impossible – to face reality in that perpetual Autumn. Where every tearing taking is performed with the grave courtesy of an obsequy – where the houses look like tombs and the tombs houses. Where everything – words, deeds, plans, sounds – all are softened as the contour of an overhung fruit – beautiful! – and where that barbed, barbarous, cruel, wounding stuff called wit is quite unknown.

John: Why did you leave?

Cristos: Ah! that is where my national characteristics failed me. Not being an Englishman I craved something unworthy. I was ruined by a desire for excitement.

John: You mean you found it? In England? Just a minute! This is extraordinary. Was it political? Were you unwise enough to speak the truth? No. Surely you were not mad enough to try and create a work of art.

Cristos: Of course not.

John: Women? My dear fellow. You must have known Englishwomen were created to purge us by pity and terror.
Cristos: I know it well.

John: Then I give up.

Cristos: Do you know Epsom Downs?

John: Horse-racing. Of course!

Cristos: I lost everything. The horse was called Homer II. Its liquid eye avoided mine as it was led past me to the enclosure. It had carried my ten thousand pounds into fourth place. I came back here to my only remaining property.

John: I'm sorry. I'd not understood that this was your house.

Cristos: Selwyn rents it from me for the period of the excavation. Yes, it's my house. My position is difficult. I sometimes forget myself and behave very much as a host. Forgive me.

John: It's a charming lapse. Please sit down.

Cristos: I am happy to act as amanuensis to Sophie. To see even in retrospect life in that country through eyes as gentle as hers is a great comfort to me.

John: Sophie's book is gentle! You astonish me.

Cristos: Gentle, indeed. For example - speaking of a certain Mrs. F., she says:

(he takes one of his little notebooks from a pocket and reads:)

"15th. October, 1867. Mrs. F. came to dinner. Alone. Her husband's misappropriation of the club funds seems to have affected her deeply. Yet as she came slowly up the stairs, leaning on her stick, I could not fail to notice the gentleness of her expression framed as it was in her picturesquely disordered white hair. The flame of charity, I thought, still burns in that wasted frame." You see?
John: Does she mention that at that time Mrs. P. was twenty-eight? (Henry has come up the hill and now steps on to the terrace. John speaks to him:)
What's happening down there?

Henry: They're still trying to get through to the workman who fell into the hole. He seems to have got through to some underground chamber. He's been there two and a half days now. Selwyn lowered food and wine and some candles to him. But the fellow makes no attempt to get out. All he does is wander about below and shout with laughter.

John: Has he gone mad?

Henry: We should know later tonight. Selwyn seems to think he can reach the chamber himself within a couple of hours. Of course, everything's been held up by this marriage of the foreman. About two hundred of his relations are down there at the dig roasting sheep. Have you noticed the dancers on the hill?

John: They've been pointed out to me.

Henry: Queer music. Rather infectious, though. Even I found myself tapping my foot.

Cristos: That's because dancing's in your blood, Henry.

John: Henry has dancing in his blood!

Cristos: From his mother. She's an actress.

John: Really. Locally?

Cristos: No, no. In London.

John: Bevis. You're not Bunny Bevis's boy?

Henry: Yes.

John: Little Bunny Bevis! You mean, you're her flesh and blood.
Henry: Yes.

John: How extraordinary! I saw her before I left London.

Henry: Did you, indeed?

John: That ageless, bewitching creature. I looked into the Gaiety the night before I sailed. She came on to a scene decorated with enormous flowers. The gentlemen of the chorus swept off their toppers and Bunny came through them to the footlights with her eyelids working like shutters and confided a song to us which must have been written by her worst enemy.

(John, twirling an imaginary parasol, sings:)

I'm the wild wed wose / You didn't pluck from your garden / On your way to your new sweetheart. / You chose those silly lilies / And the silly daffodillies / For your wedding day bouquet. / But you didn't seem to see me / Your only lonely dweamy, / Dainty, jaunty, scenty, / Little wild wed wose.

(Selwyn has come up the hill and on to the terrace)

Selwyn: Bravo! The latest thing from London, eh?

John: Henry's mother's new song.

Selwyn: Enchanting, ever young thing she is, too. I remember her when I was quite a boy.

(he pours himself some wine)

This is very pleasant. Where are the women?

John: Dressing.

Henry: Shall I fetch them?

Selwyn: I think you've missed the point, Henry. My statement that this is very pleasant and my query as to where the women happen to be are not unconnected. See what I mean?
John: So you hope to get right into the excavation tonight, Selwyn.

Selwyn: Yes. I've left them working on the tunnel. We should know the result of eighteen months work by the morning. You'd better be there, Henry, standing by with your adjectives when I go in. The Times will want a full report.

Henry: I'm ready for anything. What about the fellow already down there?

Selwyn: I can't get a word of sense from him. Damned fool!

Henry: Is he still laughing?

Selwyn: Yes. With all respect to your countrymen, Cristos, I've found these workmen inclined to take the whole business rather lightly. I mean, this little fellow falls through a hole into a place where no man has set foot for over two thousand years and all he does is to wander about giggling like a lunatic. Not only that but the night we propose to enter the inner chamber the foreman decides to get married. It would've been churlish not to send down wine but I can't say that I approve.

Cristos: Our past is so much more remote than yours, Selwyn, as an Englishman. Your feeling for our ancient civilisation is as peculiar to us as the American attitude to Europe is odd to you. The little man who's fallen through the hole has come into abrupt contact with his ancestors. You mustn't expect anything but laughter from him. After all, perhaps he's happy. To discover ancestors, I mean.

John: It has always seemed, sir, that as a nation you're unconcerned with the past.

Cristos: We've always left our digging to others, if that's what you mean. Those Germans, you know - untiring.
Selwyn: Every country seems to leave historical research to foreigners. Makes for objectivity, I suppose.

Cristos: It's a game, isn't it, for the wealthy and otherwise unoccupied. Let me put it this way: when you have uncovered whatever there is to be uncovered down there Henry will go out of his way in his article to demonstrate how exactly alike those people and ourselves happen to be. But we already know that instinctively. We shall find, of course, that they drank from a different kind of cup and their plates were a different shape. But the problem of the men who are working for you down there is how to fill the cups and plates of today. Thank you, Selwyn, for renting my house and employing my men but please don't ask me to take it seriously. No, no. My understanding is entirely for Mr. Hogarth who is so magnificently concerned with our present history.

(Sophie has come down the stairs into the room. She now comes out on to the terrace)

Sophie: Will you take me down, Selwyn?

Selwyn: Down, my dear. Do you mean you want to see the digging?

Sophie: Certainly not. I want to join the wedding party for a while. I think we should all go. Is the girl pretty?

Selwyn: Not very. She has a heavy moustache.

Sophie: Come along, Cristos. You must interpret my best wishes. And John - how can I make you come along?

John: You might drag me by the hair.

Sophie: I see. I'm sure I shan't have to persuade Henry with his morbid anthropological interest in marriage.

Henry: I'll come down, certainly.
Sophie: We can all do with a little gaiety of this kind. And think how pleased they'll be to see that we're interested.

Selwyn: You'll find it very different, my dear, to the goings on at Saint Margaret's.

Sophie: Nonsense, Selwyn. People the whole world over get married for the same thing.

John: Tell us what it is, Sophie.

Sophie: I'd like to give the bride a small gift, Cristos. What do you think'd be suitable?

(Sophie, Selwyn and Cristos go from the terrace. Henry remains for a moment to pick up his hat from the wall)

John: It's very strange. A simple ritual invented by lawyers and priests can make a woman like Sophie behave in this absurd way. You'd think it was ten years ago and her cook was getting married. You'd better look out, Henry, in her present mood she might try to engage you to one of the local girls.

Henry: I very much want to get married, Mr. Hogarth. Not, of course, to a local girl but to someone of my own class.

John: Have you anyone in mind?

Henry: I had.

(He begins to go. John calls after him:)

John: Do you mean Caroline?

Henry: Yes, I mean Caroline.

(Henry goes from the terrace. John stares after him and then sadly looks down the barrel of his pistol. Caroline has come down the stairs into the darkened room. She stands, silent, within the room watching John. It is John who speaks:)
John: I know you're there. Come out.

(Caroline stays in the room in the dark)

Caroline: And I know you're there. Alone.

John: Henry wants to marry you. Did you know?

Caroline: Well, he once got as far as telling me what his income is.

John: What is it?

Caroline: Eight hundred.

John: Not enough?

Caroline: Not enough, no.

John: Why didn't you tell me? Perhaps I've made him very unhappy.

Caroline: Well, someone had to be made unhappy in this business. And that's what the Henrys are for. You've made me very happy.

John: Oh, damn you. (Caroline laughs) Come out here.

Caroline: Do you truly find comfort in caressing that oily little weapon? Are you expecting to be attacked?

John: Yes.

Caroline: From what quarter? Ah! be brave and put it down.

(John returns the pistol to its case. He walks through the window into the room. Caroline, who is beside the window, quickly puts her arms around his neck. They kiss)

John: You're a pest.
Caroline: You shouldn't be doing this. But you've every excuse. When you left London you didn't know I existed. Wait - I'll wait, you thought - safe with Sophie. That's what you were going to do. Wait for your friend before going off to war. You could no more've imagined me, eh, as a friend on the way. Don't look so cross. It's annoying, I know, to be knocked off y'path to war and glory which y'd so carefully plotted but it's something you've got to get used to. So don't be angry. Please!

John: You arrogant bitch -

Caroline: Call me names.

John: - later - why should you think this is any more than an interlude?

Caroline: How to pass a night or two in a waiting room without the loneliness of boredom?

John: Just that. How do you know it's more?

Caroline: Shall I tell you? Because you've never known anything like this before.

John: This! Each and every one is not only the last chance. It is the first time. And I'm not a man to be detained by novelty. Try again.

Caroline: All right. I'm better than any of the others.

John: Who've gone before. Are you?

Caroline: I'm just putting the idea in your head. Am I?

John: Yes.

Caroline: Then there's your reason for staying on.

John: Oh, no. Not good enough. Far from being good enough. I left the best horse I ever had in England. With regret but I left it.

Caroline: Will you leave me - with regret?
John: Of course.

Caroline: But you'll leave?

John: I shall.

(she breaks from him away across
the room)

Don't go.

Caroline: Well, now. You may go it seems yet I must
stay. Very well. (she sits down) I haven't
the cruelty needed to leave you after what
we've been through together.

John: Put like that it sounds an ordeal.

Caroline: What else? A game like everything else?
No.

John: Stop answering your own questions and
listen to me. I'm an innocent traveller -
I mean, I'm travelling in an innocent way.
I break my journey. Now, then - you say
I didn't know you'd be here. That's true -
but - Caroline, the maid who brought us
coffee this morning - you were asleep -
she was not you certainly but she had -
ah! well, the sun was already high. But
y' see what I mean? She wouldn't have
kept me so why should you? Show me,
squirrel, the ever so very special reason
why I should stay with you and not go
North with Basilios.

Caroline: Stay with me and you can stay alive with
honour.

John: The word honour should never pass a woman's
lips except in its narrowest and most
personal sense. Yours is a monstrous
suggestion, if I don't lead this revolt
and stay with you everyone will applaud
my courage in exchanging the perils of
revolution for the horrors of marriage.
Is that what you mean? It's the most
charitable interpretation.

Caroline: I've never spoken of marriage.
John: You will.

Caroline: Have you ever been in love?

John: When I was fifteen. She was -

Caroline: I don't want to know. What about the others?

John: I've travelled a great deal, you must remember.

Caroline: And of all the travelling companions I was the best. Remember? There! you've a dear face when you relax your mouth. To smile or to kiss - me.

(John does so: briefly)

Will the man be here tonight to fetch you? I only ask because time when you're here is life: when you've gone it'll be only the ticking of clocks, night and day, getting on in age and finding something to fill a blank page. I know that's what it'll be - for I've always been very dependent on a person. Such as you. D'you know, I don't think you've ever met a person. To you the world's full of humanity - just men and women - never people. It's the same with everyone who wants to stir up trouble. Revolution is for men who can't love. You can. If you'll give yourself the chance.

John: I gave myself every chance in the past. You've read Sophie's book. I always presented myself well - scrubbed and well-dressed, sober and tactful for the preliminaries. If there was a husband I was good-natured. The early stages were distinguished by punctuality and discretion. The mutual pact was sealed with - on my part - affection and no nonsense. Time, Caroline, and time again I was well on my way to being in love with a person. But then the moment came when I had to say, "I'm tired. Will you please go away." In itself it seems a simple thing to ask. They went. Always with a long
backward look which was meant to pierce me. Remorse, ah! Then would come the letters. Your cruelty to me last night - cruelty? A request: nothing more. Letters: Unanswered. A telegram. If offended in any way - offending? You delighted me: then I asked you to go away. At last, in person on the doorstep day and night - veiled - in a carriage across the street when I went out. Once even disguised as a washerwoman who I met on the stairs. So it always ended one way. In flight. With the last letter quietly, desperately, pursuing me over the many miles, and speaking after me. By your silence it seems I have failed to please you. Now so far away I shall hope to be remembered as nothing more than a little fellow you once knew. That's what it seemed to say but it was always hard to be sure with the page scarred and blistered with tears. So into the tin box with it. And on. No, Caroline, love can never stand up to the onslaughts of your sex. Never.

Caroline: And each time you ran away it led to - the next until in headlong flight you pass this way.


(Sophie has returned up the hill on Cristos's arm. They now come on to the terrace)

Sophie: Who's in there? Why don't you light the lamps?

(Sophie and Cristos come from the terrace into the room. Caroline begins to light the lamps)

John: Back so soon? What was it like?

Sophie: Very disappointing. Even at my age I've not lost the illusion that a peasant wedding should be charmingly idyllic. That is nothing of the kind. How could it be when the man is obviously a black-guard and the girl quite distressingly ugly - and drunk.
Caroline: You'll have to look elsewhere for your romance, Sophie.

Sophie: Certainly. Far beyond this house, for example. Cristos, I'd intended to ask you to go to my room and fetch one of my handkerchieves to give to that poor girl down there but now I feel sure she'd only blow her great nose on it. Instead, will you go to the kitchen and find an old tablecloth to present with my compliments.

John: You are in a bad temper.

(Cristos goes out)

Sophie: It's the first time I've ever taken the walk down that hill. Very tiring.

John: It took a wedding to get you out and about.

Caroline: I suppose you insulted them. The wedding couple, I mean.

Sophie: Why should you suppose I'd do any such thing?

Caroline: Because you're always so damned rude to anyone who disappoints you.

Sophie: It would have been difficult as everything I said had to be translated through Cristos. However, I can speak English and be understood by both of you.

(Caroline begins to leave the room) Where are you going?

Caroline: Kitchen. Oil for that lamp.

Sophie: The lamp's all right.

Caroline: It won't be in a moment.

(she goes out)

Sophie: So you're staying on with us. I'm very sorry. The sight of you being brought down by Caroline during the last two days has been very unpleasant. I'd hoped it
was only a matter of soldier's comfort but it seems I have to watch your final humiliation. A tacit admission of love.

John: What are you talking about?

Sophie: Ah! my dear boy, to be caught by love is one thing: to give in to it is another.

John: You know, Sophie, you're becoming a very contradictory old lady.

Sophie: John!

John: You obviously see nothing extraordinary in the fact that you should give your blessing to the lovers at the bottom of the hill and immediately return to abuse Caroline and myself - so much nearer to your heart - in the same situation.

Sophie: Then it is true. The night you arrived I saw the lamp in her irresponsible hand go bobbing towards your room. Even then I feared for your safety. Yet I believed you'd break free. We know, don't we, that there's little commitment made in the small hours. Dawn breaks most pacts and the sun burns up all vows. This time, however - well, you've changed, as you say. You're older and you must at last come to rest in someone's bed. I was afraid it would be Caroline's and I was right it seems. For your daytime behaviour with her has been most revealing. I think it's tragic - tragic that after all you've been, after all you've avoided you should end with that girl.

John: You forget. In London you only knew of such things by letter and through conversation with me. Remember, Sophie, this is the first time you've seen the irresponsible little lamp go bobbing down the corridor. This is no better and no worse than those times in the past. And no more dangerous. I'm not staying.
You're not? Then why are you letting me say all this?

It was charming to hear you so forceful in my concern. You must still be very fond of me.

(Cristos comes in. He has a cloth folded over his arm)

It's not enough. A cloth. Give the girl a sum of money as well.

Certainly. How much?

All you have on you. Let Selwyn and Henry also contribute.

Very well.

I've been uncharitable. It's not the girl's fault she's so unpleasant. God visits us with ugliness as he visits us with sin. At least we can forgive both. Come back at once, Cristos. I shall dictate a chapter at least tonight.

(Cristos goes out to the terrace and down the hill)

I'm sorry I made a mistake about you and Caroline.

Did you know Henry wants to marry her?

That's only because he's been here such a long time. Henry is the kind of man to whom marriage is less horrible than celibacy.

And of course for him it must be a 'white woman'.

Of course. Nothing will come of it.

What will happen to her? I'd like her to be happy. Someday.

But not today. Not until you're far off - Let her be happy then.
John: How?

Sophie: You're very concerned.

John: Naturally. She's touched me in more ways than one.

Sophie: When are you expecting your friend?


Sophie: Tonight?

John: Perhaps. But about Caroline -

Caroline: Yes?

(she has come from the darkness of the passageway)

Sophie: We were speaking of your future happiness, my child.

Caroline: Were you, darling? What about my present happiness?

Sophie: We thought it problematic or -

(Caroline has taken John's arm)

- merely affected. But we can be generous and admire you for putting a good face on your failure. I suppose you must have some qualities, Caroline, but I'm surprised that one of them should be to know when you've lost.

Caroline: You come of a different and older generation, Sophie, than John and I. We're made happy by smaller things of less duration than ever you could be. I suppose you were very beautiful when you were young but I never look at you - knowing you as I do - without thinking that you must've gone yah-yah! - gobble - and then sat back emotionally stuffed and sleepy. (to John) Women eating. Do you hate it?

John: Hate it.
Caroline: I'll starve. (to Sophie) But for me — well, when I've been miserable a smile from a stranger has sometimes been enough. You don't understand that, do you?

Sophie: When I was a girl no stranger would've dared smile at me.

Caroline: Poor thing! So what I've known with John is very wonderful. It's not f'rever. But what is? Over f'both of us. Tonight — maybe we'll see the morning. But I doubt it. There, I've taken away your cause for triumph, Sophie. Sorry. You were all ready, I know, to rub my nose in the fact that this man was also leaving me.

John: Would you mind if I waited outside while this goes on?

Sophie: Not necessary. Please tell Cristos when he comes back that I'm in my room. I'd like you to knock on my door, John, for a moment before you go to shake my hand. That is, if your friend should arrive in the middle of the night. At that time Caroline will undoubtedly be in a position to kiss you goodbye.

(Sophie goes from the room and up the stairs)

John: Let me look at you, Caroline. I'd have to know you longer before I could say you're serious.

Caroline: If ever there was a time for me to be serious this is it.

John: I thought you were just maddening Sophie.

Caroline: No. You've taught me what you failed to teach the others. But I don't want Basilios to turn up before morning even now. How will he come? How does a man go off to war these days? What am I to look for? A group of silent horsemen on the hill. Is that it?
John: Forgive me. I must at least try to die in action: after all that's happened it would be unbecoming for me to end in a bed.

Caroline: I understand perfectly. As a famous man you must finish up in glory.

John: I'd like to confound my obituaries as they stand written at the moment. Of course, I may come through the whole affair untouched. It'd be just my luck.

Caroline: Let's behave as if it wasn't happening - as if it wasn't that way at all. Come on. Here's an opportunity you've never known. Always before you'd to be careful - wary - because a word might've meant being trapped. But there's no fear of committing yourself with me. You'll be gone by morning and there'll be no letters following after you, I promise.

John: I'm allowed to say honestly and without commitment that I love you.

Caroline: Yes, you're allowed to say that.

John: And having said it -

Caroline: You haven't.

John: I love you. Having said it I must at once get ready to go. I'm in an impossible situation.

Caroline: I know. (she holds out her arms) Take refuge. (John does so)

John: I think aloud and you hear my thoughts. What would it have been? An abject return to England ( - your hair smells of wood smoke: why is that? - ) to crave the benefit of clergy to do something which is no suitable concern for a churchman. Retirement to the country to give us leisure to begin to hate each other - your hands are stained with fruit - to hate each other for having
dared to think we could make each other happy – quite bloodied over, they are: see them – until the time would be when we'd only be truly happy in that hatred. I know: my mother and father were married. There'd be no one in the world interested enough in our private war to take sides. So we'd have children – your pulse: racing: oh, dear, yes, it is – children equally divided to carry on the battle when we were too old and tired to care. You've tears in your eyes.

Caroline: I know, you fool! Stay with me.

John: What has it been? Discovery without the vulgar necessity of staking a claim. Mystery without fear of mundane explanation. Silence without misunderstanding. You see, we haven't used up all our poetry on each other and been driven to counterfeit. Your lies amuse me – your unhappiness concerns me – your most idiotic mannerisms enchant me. Leave it so. Be thankful for the silent horsemen on the hill.

Caroline: Stay with me.

John: No.

(Caroline turns away and goes out on to the terrace leaving John alone in the room. Cristos has come up the hill and on to the terrace)

Cristos: As a man long since unmarried I'm always amazed at the savagery attendant upon the simple union of two people who are supposed to love each other. The families of the wedding party are engaged in a pitched battle. Someone made a comment on the bride's exact state of chastity, it seems. Personally, I shouldn't have thought it was a debatable point as she has two children with her, who cried, Momma, throughout the ceremony.

(he passes Caroline and enters the room)
John: Sophie asked me to say that she's in her room waiting to dictate.

Cristos: Thank you. Her memory at this time of the day is extraordinary.

John: Is it accurate? Surely that's the point.

Cristos: Accuracy about the past. Mr. Hogarth. You speak like a scholar.

John: Is there another value in reminiscence?

Cristos: Certainly. The record of experience.

John: Even though it be imaginary?

Cristos: Now you speak, sir, as if you believed experience to be a practical detail.

John: Sophie's life in London then is a myth.

Cristos: It will be by the time we've got it on paper.

John: Until this moment I've looked on you as an historian.

Cristos: I'm sorry to have misled you. How do you see me now?

John: As an artist, you charlatan. I'm naturally concerned. I play a large part, I'm told, in your forthcoming work.

Cristos: You won't suffer, Mr. Hogarth. Where, in the past, your behaviour has seemed irresponsible I've taken care to provide a motive even at the expense of slandering others. Where your actions have appeared cruel or selfish the reader will find an excuse - even if it is in a footnote. In this work at least, sir, you will be represented as a hero.

John: Thank you so much.

(Cristos goes from the room and up the stairs as Caroline returns to the room from the terrace. She has poured two glasses of wine: she
carries one to John and holds it out to him. He takes it)

What's this?

Caroline: You're going. Let's drink to it.

John: Not at all necessary.

Caroline: Now why should it embarrass you to have a woman - me - see you as you see yourself? You act the romantic hero and carry his accessories. Well then, you must damned well be expected to be treated as such. You cannot brood over your pistols and your past, your copy of Malory and your death in battle and have me see you as I see Henry. He's trying to make his way in the world. You're trying to make your way out of it. Let me help.

John: Very well, darling. If it's going to help you through these last hours by all means take part in my imaginary costume drama. (he raises his glass) To the freedom of man!

(he drinks)

Caroline: Oh, you did that beautifully! Anyone'd thought it was real. Let me try. (she raises her glass) To the freedom of man! (she drinks)

How was that?

John: Not at all bad. There was a note in your voice - militantly feminine - disturbing - might cause alarm in the liberal ranks. Try again.

Caroline: No.

(she takes the glass from John and with her own goes out on to the terrace. She throws the glasses far out where they smash on the hillside. She comes back into the room. She speaks:)

That wine was poisonous.

John: Yes. It wasn't very nice.
Caroline: I mean, I put poison in it. The wine you've just drunk. While we were fooling about. It was toxic.

John: What are you talking about?

Caroline: The wine, darling. I put poison in it.

John: Are you serious?

Caroline: You'd have to know me longer before you could say that so I'll tell you. Yes, I'm serious.

John: Caroline, pull yourself together!

Caroline: I'm all of a piece.

John: And stop smiling!

Caroline: I'm happy.

John: You're mad!

Caroline: No, I'm not. The stuff was in my drink, too.

John: I'm not concerned with you at the moment.

Caroline: You must be. We were together in another way. We're together in this. That's right and proper. I'd not do anything for you alone. I love you.

John: So much?

Caroline: Oh, so much! Just before we went to sleep last night I asked, How can I make this last for ever? And you said, That's only tomorrow. And I suddenly knew it was.

John: Give me the facts. The facts! Perhaps if we drank milk -

Caroline: Do they matter? Nothing to them. Walking on the hillside with Cristos one day I saw the purple berries. We'd been talking of the unhappiness of love - of the impossibility of absolute oblivion.
Then Cristos took a handful of the berries and told me that many people in this tragic country believed they held the secret. He threw them away but the day you came by chance I'd been out on the hillside and gathered more.

John: I want the facts! Nothing more! Salt and water.

Caroline: Do you mean the cook book facts? All right. Place whole in a pan. Cover with boiling water. Simmer on a wood fire. Drain. Put the liquid in a small bottle and when the horsemen on the hill approach use it.

John: A wood fire -

Caroline: - yes, it stays in my hair. With the stain on my hands.

John: I think you're lying.

Caroline: You'll know I'm not in about eight hours. When you fall asleep. Mild und leise.

John: Don't whisper your romantic German nonsense to me!

Caroline: Why not? Let it be known in this century with its passion for steam engines and plotting in cellars, for anatomy and flying - machines, for mass-movement and counter-revolution - let it be known that there were two people - a man and a woman - who were unafraid to give themselves up to the oldest passion of all. The beauty and the sacrifices are all in the story books now. I want them - as you do - to be here in life. You must want it that way or you wouldn't have lived the way you have and wanted to go off to the North in further search. Sophie called you the first twentieth-century man. Live up to that.

John: Live up to it! Give me a chance.
Caroline: You'll live for ever in Sophie's book. As you really are. And I shall live with you in history as your last attachment. That makes me all at once want to cry. It's very wonderful.

John: Splendid. Now, listen to me, Caroline. I'm very, very angry with you. A naughty girl, that's what you've been. A very inconsiderate girl, indeed, to frighten me so much. Now, I won't be angry any more - promise! - if you'll say it's all an elaborate joke.

Caroline: Believe that if you want to. It won't do any harm. After all, you've always looked on everything as a joke so why not this?

John: Oh, my God! Is it true? That's what I want to know. Darling, if you love me don't do this.

Caroline: You mean, you're going to look silly and most unlike yourself, if you make an uproar before Sophie and Henry and Daddie and then find all you've drunk is a little fruit juice. Yes, that's a difficult position. I'd be brave and keep quiet. Let's be dignified, for goodness sake. I'll say it again not that you'll believe me. It's true. And there's nothing you can do about it. God! I love you looking like that. Let's go upstairs. We've got eight hours or so.

John: Certainly not! You're indecent. You should occupy the eight hours -

Caroline: How?

John: I don't know. I don't know.

Caroline: Everyone thought you'd leave me. As Bobo left me. Won't they be surprised? It's all so simple, too. Why didn't the others think of it instead of writing you long complaining letters?

John: They didn't think of it because they were decent respectable women.
Caroline: Poor things! They'll be so mad when they hear about us. So many morning papers to tell them on so many breakfast tables and so many tears of frustration falling in the porridge. I thought you'd behave so finely about this and I'm sure Sophie'd expect it, too. They'll all have to move up a bit in your Life and Letters to make room for me.

John: Very well. As you say, I can't go rushing about the place screaming, Murder! Behaviour such as that would undo all the hard work of the past years to build a reputation based on a certain philosophy. I'd certainly quite forfeit Sophie's respect. She'd probably start to write her bloody book again from the beginning. If I'm alive in the morning — excellent. If not — well, there'll be a certain mystery about the business which won't be unsuitable. Eight hours, you said. What are you going to do?

Caroline: Well, there's time to —

John: If you take my advice you'll keep your mind off such things.

(he walks out on to the terrace where he immediately comes face to face with Henry who has come up the hill)

Henry: Selwyn's got through to the inner chamber of the dig. He's still there. I've been sent up for drawing things. He wants to make some sketches.

John: Has he found something interesting?

Henry: I think it must be. I've not been in yet. Why don't you go down? They've enlarged the entrance. You've only to lower your head.

John: Perhaps tomorrow.

Henry: Will you forgive me? I must think about my column for the Times.
John: Tell me, you're very fond of Caroline, aren't you?

Henry: Do you think that's a fair question, Mr. Hogarth? I know the circumstances of your stay here.

John: Not all of them. What do you know about Caroline, that's the point?

Henry: She's capable, I believe, of very great errors.

John: Such as?

Henry: Believing herself to be emotionally attached, to unsuitable men.

John: I suppose you mean, in love with me. Has she ever threatened you?

Henry: With violence? You can't mean that.

John: I do.

Henry: Never. She's always been most sympathetic. We've had some good talks on the subject, you know.

John: How awful for you!

Henry: It was the only way. To recognize without faltering that I'd get over it. Given time, of course.

John: Are you over it now?

Henry: I shall never forget her. She says and does things she doesn't mean. Always regretting them later.

John: Too late sometimes, I expect.

Henry: But she's so very kind. Need I tell you?

John: I should know, shouldn't I? She's mad.

Henry: Wild? I suppose she is. Yet she's the kind of person we'd always forgive, isn't she? Soon after she came here and I suppose I was pestering her she played a joke on me.
John: A Joke! Tell me all about it.

Henry: It was really nothing—although I might've been killed. We were out riding together. Caroline used to wear boy's clothes for convenience. As an Englishman I was naturally interested in local habits and customs. On this ride we were going down a narrow defile near the coast when we came on a group of men. I wanted to speak to them and Caroline kindly offered to translate. I asked them various questions about their way of life. As I went on I saw the men's attitude become surly and then threatening. I did the best I knew: I held out a sum of money to them. At that they set on me. They dragged me from my horse. Luckily they were unarmed and had only their fists. I called to Caroline to ride off which she did and I made my way back alone and very much the worse for wear.

John: Hired assassins, I suppose.

Henry: No, no. Cristos put the police on the case and a few days later they arrested two of the men. They both swore that Caroline had told them that I was a wealthy Turk travelling the country buying up young girls—in this case their daughters—for immoral purposes. Caroline admitted that it was true. My innocent questions had been translated by her into damning demands. Poor child, she cried a little when she asked me to forgive her foolishness.

John: Did you cry, too?

Henry: I found it very touching that she should've thought those Greeks to have a sense of humour. She quite expected them to join in the joke.

(John laughs after a moment)

I must get the drawing board.

John: I'd like to speak to Cristos. Will you ask him to come down? He's with Sophie.
Henry: Of course.

(he goes into the room, leaving John on the terrace, and sees Caroline sitting alone smoking a cigarette)

Hullo, you're there. We've been talking about you. Can't stop. Must go to my room. I've some hard thinking to do. They've found something down at the dig so I must start my last article. Then it'll be goodbye, Caroline.

Caroline: Goodbye, Henry.

Henry: I mean when I've finished the article.

Caroline: Well, get on with it, my dear.

(she goes to the window and out on to the terrace to join John as Henry leaves the room and goes up the stairs. Caroline speaks to John:)

Not a satisfactory conversation for you, I'm afraid. Henry will always believe in the ultimate innocence of women. He'll make the perfect husband.

John: The juice from a few berries in a glass of wine can't have any effect.

Caroline: Can't they, darling? Look at the effect a few words to some strangers had on Henry when he was being boring.

John: You're a monster.

Caroline: There's something you insist on forgetting. I'm with you in this. We'll always be together now. That's not monstrous. It's not even selfish.

John: You'll convince me in a moment that you've done everyone some good.

Caroline: You - I've saved you from the disappointments of this revolution. You could never have managed it - not at all. If I've stopped you putting a dream into disastrous practice - then yes, I've done some good.

John: Now I'm supposed to be grateful.
Caroline: You can be if you wish.

(she shuts her eyes and waits to be kissed)

John: Can you cook?

Caroline: Yes.

John: I was wondering why your husband left you.

(he kisses her. Sophie has come down the stairs and into the room. She calls:)

Sophie: John! Are you there?

John: Yes.

(he moves into the room leaving Caroline on the terrace)

Sophie: Why do you want to speak to Cristos?

John: To ask him about a local custom I've just encountered. A matter of hospitality.

Sophie: He's gone out. Left in quite a temper. About you.

John: Have I annoyed him?

Sophie: No. He was championing you. When he came to my room and picked up his pen I said, Now I shall begin to tell the truth about John Hogarth. He at once put down the pen and said, I'll not be a party to the destruction of a legend which the world in a later time will badly need - a destruction brought about, moreover, by your momentary pique. I answered him sharply. For a moment we were about to have a scene when he fortunately left the room. And the house.

John: Can he be found?

Sophie: I see no reason for it. I'm capable of writing in my own hand.
John: I meant for myself.

Sophie: It's very strange. I recently described you as -

John: - the first twentieth century man. I know.

Sophie: Yet Cristos sees you as the true representative of an age which is passing if not past. Something to be swallowed up by a world which is going to regret the action and then find its comfort in fairy stories about the man it has destroyed. That is your place in history according to Cristos. A kind of Jack of the Bean-stalk. Interesting, isn't it?

John: Very. But at the moment, Sophie, I'm unconcerned with my part in history and deeply interested in my part in the present. So tell me, why did Caroline's husband leave her?

Sophie: I'm right: Cristos is wrong. You've proved it by your question.

John: Which you've not answered.

Sophie: He left her for none of the usual reasons. They say he was terrified of her.

John: Go on.

Sophie: Is there any more to be said?

John: Nothing, I suppose.

Sophie: Then let's change the subject.

John: Certainly. How do you think I'll face up to the enemy?

Sophie: In the past you've made your own enemies and been very careful in doing so. You were wise. Friends don't matter but it's very necessary to have the right enemies one can face with dignity and restraint.
John: I'm speaking of physical danger.

Sophie: Oh, that. Well, I hope you won't make a fool of yourself.

John: You feel I should pass into history silent and uncomplaining.

Sophie: Of course. You're keeping me in suspense as to what the final chapter of my book is going to be but under no circumstances will I allow it to be a farce. That's Henry's part.

John: The wealthy Turk.

Sophie: Ah! such a disgraceful incident. Lacerated and bruised mercifully beyond recognition for several days. She knew what she was doing. He might have been killed. And the fool still believes it was a joke.

John: The fool!

(Selwyn has come up the hill and on to the terrace. He speaks to Caroline:)

Selwyn: Success!

Success, my dear child, after all these months. Go down and see your old Daddie's crowning triumph. The find that'll put our names in the history books if anything will. Go down!

(Caroline slowly leaves the terrace to go down the hill. Selwyn enters the room to John and Sophie)

Sophie: What have you found?

Selwyn: The most astonishing state of preservation.

Sophie: Of what?

Selwyn: An inner room - sixteen feet square or so - Hogarth, my dear fellow, we spoke
of a place of worship, remember? -
dedicated, oh yes, it's that. A
basrelief runs round the four walls
from floor to ceiling.

Sophie: What does it represent?

Selwyn: Ostensibly man and woman's progress from
the cradle to the grave with overwhelming
emphasis on a certain aspect.

Sophie: Come, Selwyn. Be brief: be lucid.

Selwyn: A strange experience. I climbed down
into the darkness. The little idiot
man already there had gone to sleep
surrounded by his burnt out candles.
The lamps were handed through to me
and in their dancing light the still
figures of the wall seemed to be animate.
For two thousand years they'd remained
until I brought them the light which
set them performing again their endless
love rites. A great moment. To hear
a poem of Anacreon spoken by a voice
of the time. The young sun-hot bodies
joined endlessly by the freshly - poured
wine to perform the most natural dance
forever to the silent music.

Sophie: Selwyn, my dear. Selwyn, pay attention.
I hardly think this is the correct
academic attitude towards what I take
to be an important archaeological find.

Selwyn: There was an overwhelming impression of
youth. Even at that depth the place
is warmed by the heat of the sun and
there remains an echo of a cry - ah,
Xanthe! - laughter and the last deep
silence. That is echoed, too, in the
inspired graffiti. My God, I'd no idea
what I was looking for. Remember, that
little figure I showed you, Hogarth?
Significant attitude, we said, but it
meant little. My dear fellow, we were
holding the poor creature upside-down.
Forgive me but you look quite shaken.
John: It's surprising, Selwyn, that you should come all this way and spend all this time and then be pleased to verify a fact of human behaviour which could be observed at ease by visiting any one of a dozen houses in London.

Selwyn: I'm not an anthropologist. I know why you're upset. You left London to free yourself only to come so far and find material proof that the formal pattern of behaviour you wanted to escape was fully developed perhaps beyond your experience over two thousand years ago.

John: I've never had the idea that I invented such goings-on.

Selwyn: Distressing, all the same. Now, where's that fool Bevis? I sent him up for a drawing-board. I must get some of this down on paper for the people in Berlin. My word, the Bloomsbury crowd are going to be mad when they hear about this.

(he has reached the foot of the stairs. He calls:)
Bevis, come down! Come down at once, man!

(Selwyn returns to the room and speaks to John:)
I must set him to work on this article for The Times. A detailed and poetic account is what's needed. Something that'll carry a breath of fresh air into a hundred reading rooms. I'm sure the boy can do it if he puts his mind to it.

Sophie: He'll do his best for he's relying on this final article to bring him fame.

Selwyn: Why don't you go down, my dear? You'll find it interesting.

Sophie: Not tonight. I'm afraid of the path in the darkness.

Selwyn: What about you, Hogarth?
John: I'll go tomorrow.

Selwyn: Caroline couldn't wait so long. From the way she ran down the hill you'd have thought there was to be no tomorrow for her.

John: What's that? She's gone?

Selwyn: Like a bird.

John: Selwyn, could you spare me a moment on another matter?

Selwyn: Certainly. What is it?

John: Your family.

Selwyn: What about it?

John: Any insanity?

Selwyn: Hogarth, my excitement and enthusiasm are only natural to a man who's been working in the dark for eighteen months.

John: I don't mean you. Have you - oh, really, this is very delicate - have you observed Caroline recently?

Selwyn: In passing. Is her behaviour eccentric? The girl's been unhappy in the past but I don't think there's cause to fear for her mind. You mustn't worry that she'll do herself harm.

John: What about others?

Selwyn: She very much resembles her mother: more likely to kill with kindness than with malice.

John: Thank you, Selwyn.

Selwyn: Anything more I can tell you?

John: Nothing.
(Henry has come down the stairs
and he now enters the room carrying
a drawing-board and a handful of
pencils)

Selwyn: There you are. What've you been doing?

Henry: Sharpening the pencils.

Selwyn: Look to your wits. I want a masterpiece
of description from you.

Henry: Shall we go down?

Selwyn: At once.

(Selwyn and Henry go from the room,
cross the terrace, and begin the
descent of the hill)

Sophie: John, pièce touchée, pièce jouée.

John: What do you mean?

Sophie: You know very well. Did you really think
the game with her could be ended by
knocking over the board?

John: She's coming back.

(he is standing at the window looking
down the hill)

Sophie: When you first came here you wagged your
head and talked of my marriage to Selwyn.
You made use of your gravest indictment:
you said I'd become a woman. Oh, Sophie!
Now we have the problem. What am I to
gather from your present behaviour? That
you've become a man? Oh, John!

John: She speaks to her father. Kisses him.
Claps Henry on the shoulder in a comradely
way. And laughs. Laughs!

Sophie: Why not? She obviously has you, for one,
at a disadvantage. No, no, John, it really
won't do at all. This lack of decision.
Let me tell you something. If you want
to stay on here I'll do everything to
make you happy with her.
John: I may have no alternative.

Sophie: The game's up, is it? Then let's hear the post-mortem.

Caroline: John stays at the window between the two women: Caroline on the terrace and Sophie in the room.

Caroline: Come out here. The ground under my feet is still warm from the sun.

John: Your father's just told me that you wouldn't harm anyone.

Sophie: He meant, like her mother, she'd put up with anything.

John: I liked the sincere way it was said, Sophie.

Caroline: I can't think why. I wish I could put you out of your misery.

John: Haven't you?

Caroline: I mean, by making you understand that it's not a joke.

John: You're beginning to regret it.

Sophie: That's only because it's nightfall. She'd always get maudlin about Bobo at this time.

John: You should credit her with remorse at least.

Caroline: Why should she? Besides, I only regret it when I look directly at you. Look away - like this - to the country and the naked hill waiting for the horsemen - then I don't regret it for a moment. Have you told the old lady?

John: She knows nothing.

Sophie: The old lady knows nothing.
John: I'd have thought even over the many years that separate you and Caroline the voice of distress might be heard. But no, you continue to fire on each other even though you're both sinking and hopelessly out of range.

Caroline: Tell her what's happened. See if you get any more sympathy. Go on, have a moment of panic.

John: In front of Sophie? Unthinkable!

Sophie: Why don't you walk down and confide in the men, John?

John: Henry Bevis? I don't think so. Did you see the excavation, Caroline?

Caroline: Yes. Nothing more than a little dark forgotten hole in the ground dedicated to an old friend of ours. I looked at it closely. The figures of the men and women are very seriously happy. But, darling, you and I've learnt nothing new in over two thousand years. Mind you, we've forgotten nothing - you'n'me - that's clear enough. So let's be content. (a moment's silence) There! did you feel that? The whole land took a deep breath and settled down for the night.

John: Let's take advantage of it. Sophie, earlier this evening in a moment of nineteenth century romantic ardour Caroline put poison in my wine.

Sophie: Oh, you silly girl!

John: That somehow sounds inadequate.

Sophie: Yet it makes a much better ending.

John: To what?

John: Sophie, I love you but ~

Sophie: And I love you, John. You're looking quite upset.

John: Is that foolish of me?

Sophie: It's surprising. I don't understand. I mean, you came out here with the idea of ending your life on some sordid battlefield among complete strangers. You know how I felt about that: I thought it unwise. But this, John, this fits. Yes, I feel it's much the best way considering your early life. It has a tidiness which is most appealing.

John: I'm glad you're pleased.

Sophie: Not pleased, exactly. But there's a feeling of satisfaction.

John: Good. Caroline took the stuff as well.

Sophie: That's not important. She'll hardly be mentioned.

(Caroline comes quickly into the room)

Caroline: Now, look here, Sophie, you've been pretty filthy to me but that's the dirtiest trick yet. I'm going to be in that book!

Sophie: I'll do my best to cram you into an appendix.

Caroline: I want the whole story. Nothing less. And, I want a portrait. The Sargent, I think. Done when I was sixteen. Don't you dare monkey about with the facts. I loved him more than anyone.

Sophie: No, no, Caroline. Your agitated personality would ruin the dying fall of the last chapter. You must be muted.
Caroline: I won't be muted!
Sophie: Well, at least, dear, don't shout.
John: May I just speak?

(The two women attend him. There is a long silence)

CURTAIN.
Marginalia - Draft "C" Act Two

Note. Most of the marginalia appears in the left hand margin of the manuscript. Where this does not occur the position of the marginalia in the manuscript is noted.

215-6. (101-2) "extend on Bunny." adjacent to a caret appears.

222-3. (106) A caret appears.

237-84. (113-29) A square bracket appears.

370-81. (173-6) A square bracket appears.

597-604. (286-8) "extend." adjacent to square bracket appears.

741-75. (355-71) "X" NOTE 2." adjacent to a square bracket appears.

791-824. (378-95) A square bracket appears.

925-40. (445-9) A square bracket appears.

983. (468) A horizontal line appears.

992-1003. (469-72) A square bracket appears.

1004-6. (473-4) A square bracket and horizontal line appears.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page Numbers</th>
<th>(Document Numbers)</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1024-35</td>
<td>(490-5)</td>
<td>A square bracket appears.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1104-9</td>
<td>(528-9)</td>
<td>A square bracket appears.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1133-7</td>
<td>(542-3)</td>
<td>A square bracket appears.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1142-4</td>
<td>(547-9)</td>
<td>A square bracket appears.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1192-3</td>
<td>(572)</td>
<td>A square bracket appears.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1228-35</td>
<td>(591-2)</td>
<td>A square bracket appears.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Whiting Mrs.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
CURTAIN.
Emendations - Draft "C" Act Three

135-46. She...husbands. She,

Two vertical lines appear before "She" and after "husbands."

150. vulgarity of...

"vulgarity" is in parentheses and adjacent to "X", lines (62-3); it has been transcribed in place of "oblivion", also in parentheses, line (65).

333. ...packing.

Immediately following "packing.", lines (154-70) are obliterated.

418-9. ...dust (caret) for....

"and weapon oil" is inserted in the margin adjacent to a caret, lines (210-1).

448. ...further ("than that" is deleted).

The period after the deletion is placed after "further" in the transcription.

468. (Caroline (caret) come (obliteration) into...)

"has" is inserted above the line.

470-1. ...ever (obliteration) paused...

"before" is inserted above the line.
586. ...it'd (obliteration) an...
   "be" is inserted above the line.

604. (obliteration) We....

617. ("John:" is deleted) I....

618. ...thing. (obliteration) Bring..., 

652-3. life. (caret) But..., 
   "when so many look forward we look backwards"
   is inserted below the line adjacent to a caret.
The "w" in "when" has been capitalized and a period 
   included after "backwards" in the transcription.

819. ...the (obliteration) Committee 

829. ...dear? 
   Immediately following "dear?", lines (396-416) 
   are obliterated.

910. ...souls (obliteration) be...

992. ...wealth (obliteration) and (obliteration) even...

1025. ...cartoon (caret) showed... 
   "in Punch" is inserted in the margin adjacent 
   to a caret, lines (516-7).
1129. ("Yes, isn't it" is deleted) ? Is....

The question mark immediately after the deletion is not included in the transcription.
Act Three

1st Draft.
Act Three

(The scene is John Hogarth's bedroom.

The time is later the same night.

The room is almost entirely occupied by a bed which is Byzantine in size and splendour. At the four corners gilded columns swirl giddily to the great canopy above. All around hang damasked curtains of extreme weight. There is a light burning directly over the bed beneath the canopy. The rest of the room is barely furnished by one chair and a small dressing table. John's box is open in a corner. His possessions are spilling out giving the impression of flight suddenly abandoned.

There is one door to the room and one window.

John is lying on the bed. He is in a state of undress being only in his shirt and trousers.

There is a knock on the door.)

John: Go away!

(Henry comes into the room)

Henry: May I come in?

John: What do you want?

Henry: Your advice. How are you feeling? Caroline told me you've taken something which disagreed with you.
John: Yes. And I'm not in a state to give any advice on any subject.

Henry: That's a pity. It's really help I need. I'm very worried.

John: Look, Bevis, I've something on my mind as well as on my stomach and I'd like to be alone.

Henry: You want me to go away. You mustn't worry. At this time of night problems seem so frightening. So often they're solved by morning. [****] [month] I know. I've been walking about the hillside trying to get my mind in order.

John: Have you managed that?

Henry: No. You see, I've been in the dig with Selwyn.

John: Was it instructive?

Henry: Mr. Hogarth, what on earth am I going to say?

John: Say?

Henry: About Selwyn's discovery. For The Times.

John: I don't know.

Henry: That's my problem. Shall we deal with it first and then come to you? From the moment I met you I felt there was a sympathetic understanding between us and that this situation might well come up. When we could be of help to each other.

John: What do you want me to do? I've not seen the place.

Henry: Well, look at these. They're rough sketches made by Selwyn of the images in the place. (he unrolls a bundle of drawings he carries under his arm and gives them to John) You see my difficulty.
John: Yes. (he laughs) I see your difficulty. 
Having to describe these golden children.

Henry: For The Times.

John: You should work for The Daily Mail.

Henry: Could you give me a hint as to a line 
I might take?

John: Ignore them.

Henry: That's bad journalism.

John: What else is there in the hole?

Henry: Nothing. It's all really too bad! I've 
waited for this discovery to give me 
material for my last article and now look 
what turns up. If I don't make a success 
of it I can see myself being stuck in this 
wretched country for the rest of my life. 
I've been walking about at my wits' end.

John: Why didn't you go to Sophie? She'd 
concoct something in a moment.

Henry: I can't go to her with these.

John: I don't know what to say. You'd best 
give a straightforward description, I'd 
think.

Henry: It'll read like a book of anatomy.

John: What more do you want?

Henry: A way to approach the subject. Suitable 
for The Times. Informative, of course.

John: Athens: Monday. (Have you a pencil?) The 
expedition led by Colonel S. F. Pamamond 
(well, come on, man: take it down!) today 
reached an inner chamber of the excavation. 
(Shorthand, eh?) The work of eighteen 
months, as observed by Your Correspondent, 
(that's you) has been successful. The find
will disappoint many who had hoped for some revelation of the Periclean age but will be of interest to those who have never before had any sympathy for archaeological science. (Stop sucking the pencil, Henry. Get it down. Here we go!)

This place - (have you a picture of your ideal reader? I have) - a room stamped down by time under the earth holds, sir, your youth. This place, dedicated to the sparrow and the swan, the rose, the poppy and the lime tree, sacred to Aphrodite, keeps safe the dark girl, the gay brave one, in the language of the time, who loved you (so she said) most. Your Correspondent has no wish to use these columns for confession or reminiscence but, yes, she was known to him. For she was born for many of us among the raspberry bushes on a hot afternoon in the garden when the younger children laughed and played but you and I, sir, older, (at least fourteen) silent, horribly wiser stayed out of sight: (I speak personally, Henry. You were probably curled up in a theatrical basket) born in your fevered head on that sweltering day with the sun falling out of the sky. She stayed with you growing in beauty and experience as your imagination and longing swept you into manhood. (Were you swept into manhood, Henry? I was. It entailed swimming the length of an ornamental lake at four o'clock in the morning. You're right. Another story) She danced with you, dined with you and slept with you in the person of a number of people. There was always the chance of absolute discovery in those encounters. And always there was a resemblance but it was not enough. They were not free and alone. The legs were too short and the bottom too square, the mouth too small and the tongue too long. Also, it was not only a matter of geometry. They moved in a world with mothers and
brothers and sometimes husbands. She, the dark girl, was free with the gaiety of the sparrow, the viciousness of the swan, the arrogance of the rose, the vulgarity of the poppy and the contentment of the lime tree. She was with you until you lost your ambition. Yes, sir, age is responsible for too much. That's agreed. It's responsible, you'll remember, for the loneliness which made you make do with that angel in tweeds across the breakfast table who is kind to dogs. At the moment she is patting the flat head and believes you to be reading the financial page. Soon she'll go from the room and pat you on the head as she passes. If you're lucky.

Your Correspondent wishes to send a message of hope to the unloved. The dark girl, the love born in the garden, has been protected after all. Here, sir, are your boyish scribblings on the wall, the formal patterns of desire scrawled on the end papers of your Liddell and Scott, the undergraduate poems and the solitary drinking of your thirties all translated to beauty and (God help us, Henry, look here!) truth. (I'd no idea Selwyn could draw so well. See that with the hands - so) How foolish you were, dear reader of The Times, to think she was lost. She was here in every way, playing the games, laughing, lying, acting all the scenes and being a woman. She was here in this place. Waiting.

So put the dogs in the kennels and send the angel in tweeds to church. Trains leave daily. From Tunbridge Wells and Leamington Spa, from Cheltenham and all university cities, from Baden, Monte Carlo, Venice, Calais, Aix and all places of loveless exile. A thousand bags can be packed. The pilgrimage can begin.

But with the message of hope must come a warning - Ah! Sir, in two thousand years she has not aged. Her bed is still a jousting ground; yours is now a place of rest. Her way of adoration has not become a goodnight kiss pecked into the forehead.
There are other differences too painful for this journal to print. Let the train go. That whistle is the signal for departure not an impertinence. She is here for another now. That's the way it goes. That's the tragedy and the farce. Yet the scene is unchanging for - You remember how she - There was a day when - Your enfranchised hand could tell - But not I. Words have failed Your Correspondent. Turn to Page Six for reproductions of the find in detail.

Henry: No, no!

(there is a knock on the door)

John: Nobody here!

(Cristos comes into the room)

Hullo. I thought it might be - well, almost anyone else in this damned house.

Cristos: I've only just come in. The place seemed deserted. I felt you must've gone. What are you doing?

John: Henry's article for The Times.

Henry: Mr. Hogarth, when I'm asked for my help I treat the situation seriously. That is, I've always done so until now. I don't know what your particular problem is but if you told me you were in the most horrible dilemma known to man I think I'd laugh. Laugh in your face!

(Henry goes out of the room)

Cristos: What have you done to upset him?

John: What are we always doing to upset people? You've had a difference of opinion with Sophie, I understand.
Cristos: I wouldn't take down the dictation she was giving about you. She meant to rewrite certain passages in the light of her present knowledge.

John: You think that's cheating.

Cristos: Oh, the whole thing's a swindle. It depends on who is to be the victim. I don't want it to be you.

John: Why should you try to defend my reputation?

Cristos: Forgive me. I'm not. I'm trying to save my own creation.

John: How does it happen to be your creation when Sophie dictates?

Cristos: I'm making the book from her notes, certainly. You might say that I'm creating a work of fiction from certain established facts.

John: Why doesn't Sophie protest?

Cristos: She'd only do that, I think, if she took the trouble to read it. She's not done so yet.

John: At the moment she's in her room writing herself.

Cristos: I'm sure she's not. She's tried to write in her own hand before but she's too lazy. Half a line, perhaps, nothing more. That won't scratch the surface. My central figure can stand up to that.

John: I see. So even what happens to me can't really affect your legend.

Cristos: Not really. I'll have to observe the practical details, of course. I'm hoping that from the arrival of Basilios you'll begin to live up to the book. [It'll] make my work much easier. I've always preferred the truth.
John: I'd like to help you in that. But I can't. The only thing I can do is to give you the facts and hope that your imagination can translate them to something worthy of your earlier chapters. I don't think it's possible, though. For the one end you can't have foreseen is domestic tragedy.

Cristos: Not marriage!

John: No, no. Not that. Sometime ago you were walking with Caroline. You were talking of the unhappiness of love.

Cristos: We've done that many times.

John: But on this occasion you pointed out a solution. The purple berries growing on the hillside.

Cristos: As a joke I believe I said -

John: Many people in this tragic country believe those to be the answer. Am I right?

Cristos: Something like that.

John: You've been taken at your word. Caroline distilled some of those berries this evening and put the stuff in my wine. And in hers.

Cristos: Oh, my God!

John: So it seems as if the story will end here.

Cristos: You can't let that happen.

John: Surely it's out of my hands.

Cristos: Keep away from her.

John: I am. Too late.

Cristos: Your mind must be elevated. Make an effort.

John: There's no point. She says the stuff takes effect in eight hours.
Cristos: Less than that.

John: Less? Then I'm dying before your eyes. Hadn't you better make notes?

Cristos: Dying, Mr. Hogarth?

John: Yes. From the effect of the poison. Don't distress yourself. I'm calm. What's that funny little noise you're making? Are you laughing?

Cristos: Yes.

John: The news of my departure from this life seems to have a very odd effect on almost everyone.

Cristos: I said to Caroline when she spoke of love, Those - the berries - are believed by many to be the answer. Obviously our minds were not in accord.

John: Meaning?

Cristos: The effect is mild. Romantic literature calls it a love potion.

John: An aphrodisiac.

(he looks at the drawings which he holds and then throws them out of the window)

Cristos: That's what I meant. I should've remembered that Caroline's apt to see anything in terms of mortality. She thought it was poison. Oh dear, I must tell the poor child at once.

John: No! I'll do that. Later.

Cristos: Be gentle. An unexpected return to life can be disturbing.

John: Yes. Yes, I'm understanding that at the moment. Here's the damned thing on my hands again. What do I do with it? Finish packing.

(Sophie comes into the room)
Sophie: I thought it would do you no harm at all to have to think on a serious subject for a while. Especially after your silly behaviour of the past two days. But I've relented and come to tell you: the wine Caroline gave you was harmless: it has no effect that a day's forced march won't cure.

Cristos: Mr. Hogarth had already confided in me and I'd put him right on that point.

Sophie: Have you, indeed? You're extending your meddling activities beyond his written life now.

John: You knew all the time, Sophie.

Sophie: Yes, my dear. The cock has a most comprehensive recipe book. I knew the moment you mentioned the berries from the hill.

John: That's why you called Caroline, A silly girl.

Sophie: Well, she is. The place is overgrown with dangerous herbs which would have polished you off in an instant. But she chose that.

John: Have you thought that it might've been intentional? That she knew what she was doing and lied to me.

Sophie: I don't think that's so.

John: I'd like to believe she meant it.

Sophie: Why?

John: Because I'm in love with her.

Sophie: You mean you'd like to believe she meant no harm.

John: No, no. I'd like to believe she tried to kill me. It shows a degree of attachment I've never known before.
Sophie: Surely there've been several, who tried to kill themselves.

John: Oh, yes, several. But only themselves. That was mere selfishness.

Sophie: Then the news that you are what everyone else would call all right is not very welcome.

John: Not at all welcome. It makes flight imperative.

Cristos: Ah! you're an Englishman. How shall I ever get you truly down on paper for posterity to marvel at?

Sophie: Now it is you who are writing my book.

Cristos: My dear Sophie, read it.

Sophie: That's what I've been doing for the last two hours. I wasn't able to concentrate myself so I picked up your manuscript.

Cristos: Well?

Sophie: You've done a good job of transcription. Nothing more.

Cristos: You think the John Hogarth in that book is the man you've been remembering aloud to me.

Sophie: Of course. What else? Do you mean I don't know what I've been talking about?

Cristos: If you see any resemblance between the man in the book and the man you've told me about then yes, I do.

(Cristos goes out of the room)

Sophie: Don't let me stop you from going on with your packing. I take it you're not waiting for Basilios.

John: No, I must get out of here. It's a very dangerous situation.
Sophie: It is if you've fallen in love with the girl. I was afraid it would happen but you seemed so sure.

John: I can't go until morning. There's no way of transport.

Sophie: Selwyn's been using some mules. You might take a couple of those.

John: But only in daylight. What's the time?

Sophie: Just past midnight.

John: Only one person can save me now. Basilios. Why doesn't he come? To be under way through the night, rolled up for sleep in a blanket with the smell of the road dust and weapon oil for company could save me. If he's not here by morning I shall go to meet him.

Sophie: I think perhaps that's best. You know I'm not in favour of this insurrection but I can see it's the only way out.

John: I haven't lost my taste for it. Don't think that. It's not a mere expedient. My affections may now be here in this place but - how can I say this to you? - my duty and my honour are under the open sky in the North.

Sophie: Did you hanker after all that during the years in London?

John: I think I must've done.

Sophie: You gave no sign of it.

John: No, because I couldn't have told you what it was I wanted then. It wasn't until I met Basilios that I knew.

Sophie: Your behaviour now explains something I couldn't understand in those days. The way you lived seemed a complete contradiction to the mixture of American and Scots blood in you. But now when you stop to weigh your affections against your honour and duty I hear the Scot: and when
you persist in the quixotic behaviour with Basilios to which you are committed by a casual word then I hear the Yankee.

John: You can go further. Belonging to that eternal minority group, the Scots, by birth gives me sympathy with the under-dog everywhere: belonging to America gives me the desire to take the world under my wing. There you have the reason for my predilection for revolution.

Sophie: Ah! if you'd been an Englishman by birth this'd never have happened. There's not much to be said for us but we do face up to our disreputability. Only we glory in being the most detested nation in the world. There's a kind of thumb to nose impudence in that, you must admit, which must be admired.

John: Yes, if I'd been English it would have helped. But the American in me wants to be loved and the Scot in me wants to be safe and so we have this everlasting and headlong flight.

(Caroline has come into the room)

Caroline: You've always known what you've been running away from but have you ever before paused to think what you're running towards? No, for I'm the first person to check you.

Sophie: You want him to think about it now?

Caroline: Why not? There's the rest of the night.

Sophie: John, a few minutes ago you spoke of your duty. I know mine at the moment very well. It is to stay here in this room and not leave you alone with this girl. But I can't do it. Perhaps I'm weak but to one of my age the sight of you together is most hurtful. No, Caroline! Try for once to keep your mouth shut. It's a hurt caused by my
vanity and envy, I suppose. You must forgive me if I leave you to your own resources. I can, of course, send someone up in my place. Selwyn is still at the dig and Cristos is sulking. But there's Henry. I could send Henry to you.

John: No.

Sophie: Then try, John, try to be all Scot.

(Sophie goes out of the room)

Caroline: I found these lying on the terrace. (she is carrying Selwyn's drawings) Is this what you've been doing up here alone?

John: I have not. They're your father's drawings of the figures in the dig.

Caroline: Oh, I thought you might've been remembering past triumphs.

John: Caroline, why did you do it?

Caroline: Put the stuff in the wine?

John: Yes.

Caroline: Because I know I can't weather another storm.

John: Another!

Caroline: There'd have been someone else, darling, somewhere, sometime after you. You'd have gone and — well, so you'd have gone and whatever I'd pretended I'd have been in clear calm water again with no excuse in the world for not sailing on. I'd have been on my way again smartly answering the helm when — look! it's nothing but a cloud. The sky's full of them. Natural things like men. What's to be afraid of? That bloody little cloud's to be afraid of. And once again you're trying to get through the deep waters. Exciting? Yes, it's exciting enough trying to steer a course. But there's panic aboard and
Reason, the only unpaying passenger we have, is the first to go over the side. You know how frightening it is when you can't see the sky and there's no landmark in your past to go by. All swept away, they are. The tempest blows itself out. Nothing lasts for ever not even bad weather. Some dawn or other it clears and you find yourself a long way out. You're safe. But you're drifting. And you're alone. Reason, the poor soaked fool, humble and ashamed, is fished out, hauled aboard, restored to its seat and at once starts giving advice. You take it and paddle on. This time I wanted to go down with all hands. And with you.

John: It's not going to happen.

Caroline: Oh, yes, it is.

John: No. You made a mistake. The berries are harmless.

Caroline: But Cristos said -

John: You misunderstood. The stuff has a certain effect.

Caroline: What effect?

John: Well, shall we say it strikes at a more private part than the immortal soul.

Caroline: I didn't know.

John: Are you sure?

Caroline: Of course I'm sure.

John: I'm glad.

Caroline: You're glad I thought we'd both be finished?

John: Yes. No one's ever balanced my life so precisely with their own before.

Caroline: My God! You love me, don't you?

John: Very much.
Caroline: Wait a minute. Have you forgotten? There's going to be a tomorrow after all. Can you say it knowing that?

John: Yes.

Caroline: But, John, it's going to have to be for quite a while. Now say it.

John: A man takes leave of a woman he's loved and an art he's practised in much the same spirit. He loves but he goes. That's what I'm doing now. Both are taken up in a moment of abandon which may occur in the best ordered life. It's difficult to believe that you, for example, who occupy little space as a person and the trivial act of writing a poem could in time crowd out the many necessary and wonderful ways of living. But it's common knowledge that such is the case. Some escape but too many end up as husbands or artists. Sometimes even the ultimate subjection: both.

Caroline: So I'm wrong again. It's not to be for quite a while. What's the matter with marriage?

John: I don't know. Ask Boysie.

Caroline: He at least tried to make it work. You've never done that.

John: I could make it work perfectly well. But as an arrangement it'd be an impossible demand on the genius of the woman.

Caroline: Will you marry me, please? So forget Sophie. Go on. Be all Yankee. Will you?

(Sophie has come into the room)

Sophie: If you can delay your answer for a moment, John, there's some business you should attend to. (she turns to the door) Will you come in, please? I found this gentleman waiting below.
(Prince Basilios comes into the room; he carries a large black iron bicycle)

Basilios: Hogarth, my dear child!

(he casts aside the bicycle and embraces John)

John: I'm very happy to see you, sir. Did you have a good journey?

Basilios: We feared an ambush of our person.

John: Has your machine brought you all the way?

Basilios: No, no! We came by train. Our machine was bought nearby for the emergency.

John: You must tell me about that. First, may I present to Your Highness Mrs. Paramond and Mrs. Traherne?

Basilios: We are made happy, Mrs. Traherne. The beautiful Sophie engaged our attention and our affection below.

John: Did she, indeed?

Basilios: You, Mrs. Traherne, are beloved of our great Archistrategos?

Caroline: I hope to be if you mean John.

Basilios: That is a fine thing. Bring him comfort, madam. Prepare your breasts for his tears. God sent us such little animals for our sorrow.

Caroline: I'll wait until he comes back.

Basilios: Where shall we look for comfort? It is a question which must be settled later.

Sophie: Infected with John's enthusiasm we've all waited your coming with impatience. When does the revolution begin?

Basilios: We are shocked. Disturbed. Hearing such a word from the mouth of a woman.
Sophie: You mean our sex should concern itself only with the status quo, ante.

Basilios: If you please. When all seems to be lost the world may still find its salvation in the conservatism of the great regiment of women.

Sophie: That sounds strange coming from a famous revolutionary. I must say that remembering your charming conversation and manner downstairs I find it difficult to see you leading a mob of peasants to storm a palace.

Basilios: Hogarth, I think, has the same feeling about the participation of so beautiful a creature in the mud and blood of politics. He has told you nothing. Have you, my dear.

John: Very little.

Basilios: So it seems. Do not think so ill of us, Sophie. We rise not at the head of the people. No, my darling simpleton. The revolt is to restore the impoverished and unhappy aristocracy. We are a happy few, brothers in a belief of a former way of life. When so many look [forward] we look backwards. But such things must not - no, never! - concern you. Now, shoo-shoo, little ones! Hogarth and I must talk in secret. So, shoo! To your prattle and gossip, your novels and embroidery frames. Shoo!

Caroline: I think he wants us to go.

Sophie: For the first time in my life, Caroline, I feel you're on my side against something.

(Sophie and Caroline go out of the room)

Basilios: No cause to give way to despair before them.

John: You've come with bad news.
Basilios: You see it from my face. Yes, my beloved boy, there is bad news.

John: May I be told?

Basilios: I left London when I had converted your cheque into gold. There was too much to carry about my person and so I stored it in a number of containers. I hired two Germans for my bodyguard. Always, my dear, employ that nation for such a purpose. They are so busy being dishonest about other things that they can always be trusted with money.

John: Yet you were robbed.

Basilios: Wait! We made the journey across Europe safely. We arrived in my country. At once I called a meeting of the Committee. I spoke to them. I told them of your promises. Many wept. I told them of your donation and the hundred thousand golden pounds were brought in. They were silent each man with his own thoughts.

John: This is very moving. Please go on.

Basilios: The Archbishop spoke first. Where, he wanted to know, was the money to be kept? He immediately suggested the cathedral. I countered this at once. It was to be kept, I said, under my bed. Hogarth, my dear, I will not even let my bicycle out of my sight in this country. On my way here I left it by the roadside to perform a natural function. A matter of a moment but when I returned the machine had been stripped of its pneumatic tyres as you see.

John: So the money found its way under your bed. Preparatory, I hope, to its original purpose of paying soldiers for the revolt.

Basilios: Of course. Yet no sooner was it beneath the bed than I began to receive petitioners. All my old friends. The Archbishop came to ask for a new roof on the cathedral,
an aged general wanted new colours for a long disbanded regiment and my brother needed money for his gambling debts.

John: I hope you reminded them of the true purpose of the funds.

Basilios: I did, my son. All of them. Except one.

John: A woman.

Basilios: So beautiful. So unlike the others. Modest, she came with no demands but with a proposition. Not for love of politics. For love of me. Precise and smiling she proposed that your money should be spent on a great reception. She told me it was the English way. It is known as charity. Admission would be charged. Your money would be doubled. The Committee of Freedom could sweep to victory. The idea was mad, yes? But I loved her, Hogarth! I listened to her talk but I didn’t hear what she said. Before I could bring myself to my senses I found the grounds of my house to be transformed. It became the setting for an English garden party. Marquees had arrived from the Army and Navy Stores, cakes were sent from Buszards, a military band was playing Lehar and my darling was in white organdy with English roses on her arm. I wept, my dear Hogarth. I wept for unutterable joy. The affair cost a fortune.

John: Yes. And it was not a success.

Basilios: Nobody came except my beloved. We walked the gardens in silence and happiness until the sun went down and the Chinese lanterns were lit. The river pageant moved past in splendour for my lady. My God! Hogarth, never have I loved in such a way. Her face was lit with excitement as the firework display was set off. Later in the ballroom we danced for the first and last time. The thousand empty drinking glasses rang a lament for the guests who had never come. But for us the fiddles sang — and
sang until their voices were faint through the empty corridors of the house which led us dancing to our secrecy. When I took her in my arms the diamonds fell from her hair, her throat and wonder from her fell down the gown. At that moment, unknown to me, the mob led by the Committee of Freedom - the archbishop, the general and my brother - had stormed through the gates of the house. Also, alas, well known to me the box beneath the bed on which we played held no more than fifty golden pounds.

John: Just enough to pay your fare here and buy a bicycle.

Basilios: Immediate flight was necessary the moment they broke down the door. Treachery at cock-crow, Hogarth. It was dawn as I went on foot over the hills to the South. They may still be at my heels. That's why I bought the machine.

(John is sitting at the window in silence)

You're angry with me, my son.

John: No. What happened to the lady?

Basilios: Being Russian she pleaded diplomatic immunity. She was weeping over the Archbishop as I left. Don't be angry with an old man, Hogarth.

John: Was she beautiful and were you truly happy?

Basilios: She was beautiful, yes, and for the last time I was truly happy. The last time. For with her hands she closed the gates of love behind me.

John: I wanted to be sure the money wasn't wasted, that's all.

Basilios: Don't forgive me, Hogarth, or I shall weep!

John: Nonsense. There's nothing to forgive.
Basilios: Ah! my wonderful boy, you came to bring freedom to a country and instead you're content to bring happiness to an old man. (he is beside John at the window and he kisses him)

Call back the ladies. See, there they walk. Let's be brave before them. Let's show we're not unmanned. (he calls) Come up, my children. Come up, my darlings.

John: Shall I be honest with you, Basilios? I wasn't concerned with the freedom of the country. I wanted freedom for myself. I'd have died in your cause, Basilios, whatever it was.

Basilios: My dear boy, you came from a country which has always spoken lightly of dying for the cause. Your great predecessor, Noel Byron, said you remember, If thou regret'st thy youth, why live? / The land of honourable death / Is here: - up to the field, and give / Away thy breath! God took him at his word, though, and fetched him off here.

John: Even Englishmen must expect God to take them at their word sometimes.

Basilios: He must love them as he loves all his children. I think more than most for he gave them a special duty. To provide the legends of our time: the men that fight on the other side. But a time is coming, Hogarth, when the single man of vision will need more than God on his side. He will also need a party organization.

John: You were to provide that in the Committee of Freedom.

Basilios: I was only a weak instrument. I failed. Hogarth, have you anything at all to thank me for?

John: Yes, I think so. You trusted me. That may not seem much to be thankful for at the moment but it will tell in time. Also you brought me here.
Basilios: To the beautiful Mrs. Traherne? Shall I be content, my dear?
(Sophie and Caroline come into the room)
We called you to us as we wish to take our leave. Our conference is done. I can go away content, he tells me.

Sophie: It's very late. Won't you stay tonight and go on in the morning?

Basilios: As things are it is wiser to travel at night.

Caroline: Is John not going with you?

Basilios: Answer her yourself, Hogarth. See how much happiness can be given in one small word.

Caroline: Well? Either yes or no will do.

Sophie: I take it there's been some upset in your plans.

Basilios: To explain I'd have to talk politics and you don't want me to do that.

Sophie: I don't mind.

Basilios: Sophie, from deep experience I've found that women as beautiful as you should not be allowed even to speak of politics. They confuse a woman and a woman however charitable confuses them with humanitarianism. A woman will always try to do right and such a philosophy has nothing to do with political life.

Sophie: Very well. If the matter is only domestic I'd like to know how much longer we'll have John as a house guest.

Basilios: Cherish him. He's a great man. I wish I could tell you the magnificent part he's played but I must leave it to history. Now I must leave him. Dear Hogarth. Pray don't think me a foolish old man in all things. When we're young it's possible to control the affairs of the state and the affairs of the heart.
at the same time. Older, one of them must be relinquished. Dear Hogarth. (he embraces John) I shall make for the coast. The fishermen are still friendly, they tell me. So a little boat shall carry me off.

John: What will happen to you, sir? Where will you go?

Basilios: Where can I go? There is only one place. To Ithaca. To my wife's family.

John: God help you.

Basilios: And you, my son.

(Basilios, who has picked up the bicycle, and Sophie go out of the room)

Caroline: I'd say there's nothing left for you but to be happy. Sad, isn't it?

John: And what is there left for you?

Caroline: You. Or have you some other commitment of honour to fulfil?

John: No. I've nothing at all. Not even money. What do you say to that? People always thought I was a rich man. I was not. I had an indulgent mother.

Caroline: Could you work?

John: That's unkind.

Caroline: I didn't mean it.

John: Yes, you did. You were looking at me in a way — well, as if — as if I was a pack horse you were about to load. You're not going to send me out to work, Caroline. My God! that's one thing nobody's suggested.

Caroline: Don't get so excited. We shall have to eat.

John: There it is! The voice of the new century. We shall have to eat!

Caroline: Sorry. Boysie always left the practical details to me.
John: You talk like a housekeeper.

Caroline: That will be my position, won't it?

John: Now listen to me. For one moment listen to me. When I say that I love you I love you. Why when you hear it you should also hear the clatter of saucepans, the rattle of teacups and the rustle of bills I don't know. For God's sake, why should the mystical union of two souls be celebrated in a kitchen? Is the act of desire now dependent on the price of bedding? Caroline, Caroline, I give you with my heart myself. Am I expected to provide a home as well?

(Cristos comes into the room)

Cristos: Sophie's standing on the terrace kissing a strange old man with a bicycle.

John: Never mind. Now that Selwyn's finished the excavation you'll be seeing the last of them both.

Cristos: I've been talking to Selwyn about that. It leaves me with a domestic problem.

John: Oh, my God!

Cristos: You see, Selwyn's lease of the house runs only to the end of the excavation. I shall have the place on my hands again.

Caroline: How much does Selwyn pay?

Cristos: Only a nominal sum. It's not that which worries me. I like having people around me. English speaking people. I've explained why to Mr. Hogarth.

Caroline: Surely the excavation would be of great interest to tourists. It's on your land. A small sum for admission. A guide.

John: No, Caroline, no! You're a monster, a fiend! First of all you domesticate love. Now you're starting to trade it. There's a name for that sort of thing, my girl.
Caroline: What are you talking about. I'm only advising Cristos on how not to be lonely.

John: If you can't leave me in peace at least leave those young everlasting lovers down the hill the privacy.

Caroline: Now you're talking romantic nonsense.

Cristos: Aren't you going to the revolution, after all, Mr. Hogarth?

John: No.

Cristos: I'm sorry to hear that. What are you doing instead?

Caroline: Well, what are you doing?

John: I'll wait for some decision to be made for me.

Cristos: That reminds me. Where's Henry?

John: Walking the countryside, I expect, looking for another way to spell Sex.


(he has taken a cable from his pocket)

Caroline: What does it say?

Cristos: I've not read it.

Caroline: Give it to me.

(she takes the cable from Cristos and opens it. She reads:)

"Proceed at once as Special Correspondent to expected trouble centre Scutari stop Interview local ruler Prince Basilios on situation. Signed Northcliff repeat Northcliff."  

John: How wonderful it must be to have a man repeat man in London to make up your mind for you.
Cristos: I don't want that back.

(\textit{Caroline is holding out the cable to Cristos})

I'll never have enough courage to give it to the poor boy.

Caroline: Someone'll have to give it to him.

Cristos: He's very fond of you.

Caroline: Very well. Send him up when he comes back.

John: Are you off to work on your book?

Cristos: No, I'm going to bed. And so goodnight.

(\textit{Cristos goes out of the room})

John: There's another person who won't forgive me for not living up to their ideals.

Caroline: Forget all that. Just be yourself.

John: I've never been anything else. Come here. Don't stand so far away.

Caroline: But I'm so near I can -

(she kisses him)

John: What on earth's going to happen to us?

Without the benefit of clergy, the sanctity of wealth and even the solace of age. Don't go away. I want you where I can lay hands on you at a moment's notice.

Caroline: I've not moved. I'm in your pocket.

John: No one will receive, respect or love us, worst of all, they'll laugh at us. There's nothing so funny as a man who's given up the world for love. They'll look at you and think, Is that it? And I'll have to admit it is.

Caroline: This is a beautiful house. Sophie, Selwyn and Henry'll soon be gone. No one would find us here.

John: In a few days the place'll be overrun by German professors with little trowels.
They'd nose out why we were here.

**Caroline:** We could lie to them. I can lie in any language. They won't stay long when you remember we'll be here for ever. Cristos will accept the situation in no time and be so proud to have you living here.

**John:** Not now. He'd have been proud to say I'd stopped here on my way but he won't even be happy if I stay here permanently.

**Caroline:** Every moment makes it obvious that I put the wrong stuff in the wine. Tonight could have been so simple. Now we shall sit up talking.

**John:** Caroline, a way has got to be found. You don't seem to understand my position. I left England saying that I was going to fight for a glorious cause. I made a great deal of it. The papers were full of it. A cartoon in Punch showed me going aboard a ship called The Rake's Progress. A question was asked in the Upper House: in the Lower House there were cheers and counter- cheers. From the fuss no one would've thought I was trying to get out of the country. But I did. Only to find the cause is lost before I arrive. Now, I'm very sensitive to public opinion. How shall I feel when the news gets back to England that there was nothing but pillow fighting with you in a villa near Athens. Of course the matter must be discussed. If we have to sit here all night.

(Sophie comes into the room)

**Sophie:** I'm on my way to bed.

**Caroline:** Have you seen Basilios off?

**Sophie:** Yes, poor man. From what he told me he won't see a bed for weeks. He was insistent, John, on the fine part you've played in the revolution. You passed through it, apparently, untarnished and burning bright. His words.
If you can conduct all political manoeuvres in such a way and yet gain such a reputation there's a future for you as Leader of His Majesty's Opposition.

John: You got on well with the old man.

Sophie: He has a natural sympathy. I'd be a fool if I didn't see that his sorrow is caused by more than the failure of a revolt. When a man looks into your face, kisses you and whispers, So dies my ambition, he's not referring to a political party. Ah, well, he's gone. But you're still here.

John: Don't let that be a problem any longer.

Sophie: I won't. For it's I who'll be leaving now Selwyn's finished at this dig. Somewhere in Asia there's another piece of innocent ground waiting to be molested by him. Soon he'll be at work again digging up a day a thousand years ago and I, nearby, less fortunate, at work on a mere decade. Remember? Oh dear, why can't we forget?

John: Sophie, don't be sad! What can I do? Take you home? Back to that damned country. We'll all go - everyone of us. We'll charter a boat and sail right up the Thames and drop the hook smack on their seat of government. And there we'll stay, the bloodiest band of expatriates, until they pass a law about us and make up our minds by a popular vote.

Sophie: Would you do that to stop me being sad? But, John, for me the saddest part of all would be the going back. You see, darling, it might be that no one would notice me or even remember me after all this time. No, the future definitely seems to lie in the past.

Caroline: I don't believe that. For you, if you like. But you meant all of us, didn't you?
Sophie: Yes. Except, perhaps, Henry.

Caroline: Well, as a matter of fact we were talking about our future when you came in.

Sophie: You're planning it together?

Caroline: Yes. (they speak together)

John: No. (they speak together)

Sophie: You've both been staggering under the past. You'll double the burden for each other if you share it. Not, as you think, halve it.

John: The problem's not arithmetical, Sophie. It is how I can decently continue after what's happened. If you've any suggestions please tell me. If not, go to bed.

Sophie: I've been thinking about it since Basilios left.

John: Any conclusion? For example, how are you going to end your book now?

Sophie: About that I could wait no longer. Some decision had to be taken. You'll die on the battlefield, as you wished.

John: How can you? I thought you loved me.

Sophie: I do. That's why I'm ending the book in that way. It had to be arranged for another reason. You must know modern readers like a book to end sanctified by marriage. They call it, rather strangely, the happy ending. I've known from the beginning, of course, that such a resolution would be impossible with you as the main character. So I shall use the best alternative for the lending libraries. You'll die in battle.

John: When?

Sophie: Tomorrow morning. I've sent a cable to the editor of The London Times. It says reports
from the mountains speak of you falling gallantly at the head of your native troops led in a lost cause. Naturally, I signed myself Henry Bevis.

(Sophie goes out of the room)

Caroline: How sad! How terribly sad!


Caroline: I mean because no one will believe me now when I say we were here together.

John: No, not a soul will believe you.

Caroline: Unless, of course, you turn up in London as yourself.

John: I'll not do that.

Caroline: I feel as if I've never seen you before. Damn, oh damn, damn! This is what Cristos warned me about. Falling in love with a legend. You're a man. Just a man. Two a penny. That's what you are.

John: I'm more fortunate. You've never been anything but a woman to me. I've never asked that anyone I've loved should be more. (he lifts Caroline in his arms and puts her on the bed. Then by pulling on the heavy silken cord he draws the curtains which quite surround the bed. There is a knock on the door)

Yes? (Henry comes into the room)

Henry: I want to apologize. I'm afraid the worry about my article made me lose my sense of humour and then my temper.

John: It's all right. Sorry I couldn't be more helpful. I hope you'll get it straightened out.

Henry: I think I have. I took another long walk and I had an idea.
John: Why don't you sleep with it?

Henry: No, I must get it down on paper. I think I've found the right approach. After the usual introductory paragraph about the date of the excavation I shall continue something like this: "It is encouraging to see from the statuary in the excavation that the Greeks of this period very much resembled in their habits the Englishmen of today. Your Correspondent found the same emphasis on the sanctity of marriage which is to be found in British social life. Also, it is clear they had much the same sense of fun. This can be seen in the frieze representing an old man chasing a group of laughing girls who are in turn chasing a bull which is chasing a young man who is running after another girl. The resemblance to many English pastoral games will be understood." And so on.

John: And so on.

Henry: I shall sit up until morning getting it down on paper. Then I can think about going home.

John: Wait a minute.

(he looks in his pockets. Whilst he is doing so Caroline's bare forearm comes through the curtains of the bed. She is holding out the cablegram to Henry. He takes it and at once staring towards the bed and taking the cablegram from the envelope moves to the door. Caroline speaks from the bed:)

Caroline: May I ask one question? Just one.

John: What is it?

Caroline: If you're not the legend I can believe in what is? Love?
(Henry's cry comes from beyond the closed door for he has gone from the room)

Henry: No!

John: Yes.

CURTAIN.
Draft "C" Act Three - Manuscript
Marginalia - Draft "G" Act Three

Note. Most of the marginalia appears in the left hand margin of the manuscript. Where this does not occur the position of the marginalia in the manuscript is noted.

197. (82) Two vertical lines crossing two horizontal lines appear.

(412) An obliteration adjacent to an obliterated line appears.

Note. The lines are numbered at each interval of twenty-five lines.
Curtain.
iv: Draft "D"
Emendations - Draft "D" Act One

350. ...can (caret) cool
   "be" is inserted above the line.

435. No. (obliteration) The...

535. figure (obliteration) we...

677. (obliteration) I...

723-4. (caret) I...
   "I believe she even received a Certain Person."
   is inserted below the line.

950. ...Empire. (two obliterations). It...
   The period after the obliterations is not
   included in the transcription.

1109. ...you (obliteration) it...

1112. stood (obliteration) down...
   "looking" is inserted above the line.

1116. (obliteration) There's....

1328. occasion. (obliteration) A...

1461. ...up (obliteration) so....

1483. ...you (obliteration) say...
The Gates
of Summer.

A
Comedy.
1953.

2nd Draft.
Persons.

Sophie Faramond.
Cristos Papadiamantis.
John Hogarth.
Henry Bevis.
Caroline Traherne.
Selwyn Faramond.
Prince Basilios.

*

The action of the play takes place in various parts of a country house in Greece a little way from Athens: the time is the early Summer of the year 1913.

*
Act One

(The scene is a room in a country house in Greece a little way from Athens.

The time: morning of a day in the early Summer of the year 1913.

The house which is built in two floors stands above a valley.

The room has several high windows which allow entrance from a stone terrace. Through these windows can be seen part of an exterior wall which is washed in raspberry colour and contains a small window. A great vine surrounds the house. The floor of the room is stone partly covered by rugs. The ceiling, almost lost in shadow, is painted.

There is a main door to the room which stands open showing the wide sweep of a stairway beyond. There is also a small arched entrance to a passage which leads to other parts of the house by way of a few shallow steps.

Within the room it remains cool as yet and the shadows - like bloom on fruit - are only now beginning to shift. The sun strikes through the windows and brings to life in a vivid way several objects in the room - a scarlet shawl carelessly thrown over a chair, a piece of jewellery, a gold cross hanging on the eggshell white wall - and the brilliance of these are marked in the quickening heat.

Sophie Faramond is sitting in a high-backed chair set to face the windows. Even at her age - she is fifty-odd years - Sophie can stare boldly into the morning sun for she
In a far shadowed corner of the room is Cristòs Papadímanitis, a Greek of sixty years of age. He is standing at a tall desk and holds a pen in his hand.

John: The house stands alone above a wilderness. It is the colour of fruit and, looking up, the traveller asks, Will it topple? I shall be at the windows on the South side, you said. Find you I must, I think, after such a description. Now - I've left the cart which brought me at the bottom of the hill. The driver is drunk but let the sun get high and he'll be jolted safely back to the city on all the four square wheels. (he kisses Sophie) With the best will in the world I couldn't let you know when I'd be here. Have you been patient? I left Alexandria three days ago and crossed in a boat with a party of olive-green pilgrims who sang sad songs. I stayed last night in Athens but didn't sleep because of the song of the cats and the silent mischief of the bugs. With your letter in my hand I set off at dawn this morning. All along the way I remembered you, Sophie. I thought of the day you left England to come out here. Ten years gone by. Time to go, you said - and went. Why did you do it?

Sophie: I was getting old. That's a reason. But you're young - shall I reckon on thirty-five years for you? - and you've left England, so your letter said, for ever. You say everything's been sold up. Then I imagine
you must be burdened with a great deal of money. What have you done with it? Bought a state of exile. Shameful! Not a proper purpose. What are you up to?

John: I'm free, Sophie. The first step into middle-age did it. On the night of my thirty-fifth birthday her arms were round my neck and she was whispering to me. Her name was Ada. You see, I speak of her in the past. She had very short legs, was a comfortable shape and the wife of a bishop. The next morning I began the sale of everything I possessed. When that was done I felt remarkable - sanctified. I had nothing in the world but money.

(Cristos Papadiamantis moves into the room. John looks up and sees him)

Sophie: This is Cristos, my secretary. This is Mr. John Hogarth from England.

(Cristos bows to John)

We won't do any more this morning. Go upstairs, please, and make a fair copy as far as we've gone.

(Cristos quietly goes out of the room)

I spend a few hours every morning dictating to Cristos. I'm putting down some of my memories.


Sophie: I hope so. How is that damned country? I suppose I should have felt regret in leaving it - in being forced to leave it. But nothing of the kind. I'd grown out of the place - passed through it like a childhood. I'm having to consider the fifty or so years I lived there, of course, in the writing of these memories. Yet I'm managing to remember without tears. After all, memories are a luxury and so often lead to nothing more than dusty fingers poking about in the attics of
recollection. There, remaining, are the lay figures which posed as our friends, our enemies and our lovers. Here is a head! Does it go on this body - or on this? Neither, probably - it is only a trophy of some insulted wretch which once fell into my lap. And the hearts about the place! Some still quaking, some still loving. I admit that can be disturbing. All shut away in the past of that damned country. How did you leave it?

John: The sun was shining. No one saw me off, of course. There was nothing to signal my going but the baying of the newspapers and that woman shut up in the country. She would be weeping, we can be sure of that, and in a lower room holding a holy book in one hand and biting the nails of the other would be her husband. They're probably still at it, God help them!

Sophie: The wife of a bishop! (she laughs) Now, why should that be absurd?

John: She tried to lead me to the righteous life, Sophie. That was her only mistake. You know where such an excursion must end. On this occasion it was an episcopal four-poster in a cathedral town. The rooks mourned over us through the night. He forgave me like the good man he is but that wasn't enough for Ada. She had to make a public confession to a national newspaper. Modesty prevents me saying why.

Sophie: Then I'll say it for you. She wanted everyone to know how lucky she'd been. After all John, I've always considered myself happy to know you in the drawing-room so I can appreciate Ada's feelings. There, I'm already speaking of her as an old friend.

John: Well, I took her teaching to heart and sold up my worldly goods. I'm afraid I've put the proceeds to a most ungodly purpose. Which brings me here. Alone.
Sophie: The difficulty of exile for a woman is that she can't go unaccompanied. I had to provide myself with an escort at a small church in Kensington on the Tuesday before I sailed.

John: Ah, yes. I'm sorry. How is Selwyn? Where is Selwyn?

Sophie: Buried alive at the dig below. You passed the place on the road. Selwyn has been working the excavation for eighteen months. He's found nothing.

John: Is there anything to be found?

Sophie: Selwyn is sure of it. There've been several false alarms and then a most unpleasant man comes hurrying here from the Royal Museum in Berlin. They're putting up money.

John: Has Selwyn found anything under the ground in these ten years of digging?

Sophie: Nothing important.

John: What's he looking for here?

Sophie: He thinks he may uncover some place of worship of great antiquity. Am I right, Henry? (She speaks to Henry Bevis who has come into the room)

Henry: Quite right, Sophie.

Sophie: Henry Bevis is with us, John, as a special correspondent to The Times. This is John Hogarth from London, Henry.

Henry: From London! (He shakes hands with John) How is that beautiful country of ours?

John: Have you been away from it a long time, Mr. Bevis?
Henry: Yes.

John: I thought so. Well, it was looking very pretty in the Spring.

Henry: And the English people. How are the people?

John: They've never been pretty at any time of year, have they? But I thought they were looking very fit.

Henry: Good, good!

Sophie: Henry's absence from England isn't voluntary, John. He was sent here to report on whatever is found in that great hole Selwyn is digging. How he has managed to fill a column of The Times once every two weeks I've never understood. Surely, Henry, there must be a limit to the number of ways even you can describe such quantities of mud.

Henry: It's the suspense, Sophie. No one knows exactly what Selwyn expects to find.

Sophie: I'd have thought the flutter of anticipation even in those small archaeological circles about St. James' Square must now be stilled after eighteen months.

Henry: You mustn't expect quick results in this kind of work, Sophie. Must she, Mr. Hogarth?

John: I've no idea. I know nothing about it.

Henry: Selwyn has all the patience of an old soldier.

Sophie: Yes, I suppose those many years of quite undistinguished service must have taught him that.

Henry: How unlike you are. Is that the basis for a successful marriage, I wonder?

Sophie: Don't brood over me, Henry.
John: Sophie, I've remembered something. When I got out of the cart at the bottom of the hill I left a box of my things at the side of the road.

Sophie: One of the men can bring it up later.

Henry: I'll go down for it.

John: No, please! It's very heavy and that hill is very long.

Henry: I'm going down to the dig. I can bring the box back with me. I'll be pleased to do that, Mr. Hogarth.

John: Well, thank you.

(Sophie: Such an old young man. And how the poor creature sweats in this climate. Why did you suddenly remember that box?)

John: It was the mention of marriage.

Sophie: I don't see any connection.

John: There is none. But we were on the verge of a discussion. I wanted to avoid it.

Sophie: You'll find when you get to know him that it's never difficult to knock Henry off a subject. But he's been meditating on marriage for some weeks now.

John: Must I get to know him?

Sophie: Well, how long are you staying? Your letter was mysterious about that. A visit, you said, before going on elsewhere.

John: I shall be here four days if everything goes well.

Sophie: Why should it go badly? Come here - yes, there about your eyes - God help you, those are lines of thought. I can see they'll soon be lines of contemplation. This is what Henry would call, A sign of
the times.

John: We're well into the twentieth century, Sophie. You're going to have to accustom yourself to a change in the faces of those you love.

Sophie: Why?

John: Because the news is beginning to get through.

Sophie: How did it reach you? And what is the news?

John: When I left Ada curled up and quilt covered, when I left the safety of that great bed for the last time and went back to my rooms I'd decided to sell out. Everything around me - except a bottle of gin - lay cowering beneath the hammer. I stayed there alone for two days. No one came near me except my ancient firelighter. On the second night there was a shout on the stairs. It seemed I had a visitor. I went down to meet him. I found an old man entangled in the curtain over the door - caught like a gigantic bat. I freed him. He embraced me. I freed myself and made some gesture towards my room. He went in and collapsed like a ruin before the fire and at once began to talk. I was very frightened. He talked and the words were like charges of explosive which blew up in my face until I could neither see nor hear. He loved me, he said, for I was a son of freedom. He, too, Basilios, was a son of freedom. I was again taken in his arms. He talked through the night. At half-past five I gave him my cheque for one hundred thousand pounds. At half-past seven I gave him my hand and the promise of my services. At half-past nine he left. But there remained on the table a document which made altogether too clear my future commitments to revolution.

Sophie: Revolution. So that's the news you've brought me. Who is this man?
John: Basilios? A patriot. His people in the North suffer from a monstrous regime administered by, among other powers, the church. Basilios is a prince of his country but now only in name for he's given his estates, all property, to the people. But such a gift was not enough to oppose the tyranny of great power. Open revolt is the remaining answer. He has formed the Committee of Freedom for that very purpose. Basilios is now in the North. I'm to wait here for him.

Sophie: But your motives can't be patriotic.

John: I'm what might be called a spiritual mercenary. I've given them money and I shall fight with Basilios. The affair is small enough for me to play a big part. In return I shall expect nothing - and get everything. That was Ada's idea. I believe someone had the notion before her but his name escapes me.

(Sophie comes into the room by the windows. She is twenty-five years old. She carries a large bunch of wild flowers and herbs which are recently gathered)

Sophie: Do you know John Hogarth, Caroline?

Caroline: No.

John: No.

Sophie: Well, this is He. Mrs. Traherne, John. My daughter by Selwyn's first wife.

John: How do you do.

Sophie: Why have you gathered those flowers?

Caroline: I've brought them in to save them from the heat of the sun.

Sophie: Save them! But you've uprooted them.
Caroline: Well, then, their last hours can be cool and dignified. Unlike Henry who is staggering about in the sun under an enormous box.

(Caroline goes from the room and up the stairs. John stares after her)

John: I'd no idea Selwyn had a daughter. Did you know when you married him?

Sophie: It was mentioned. She was a child then, of course. In the keeping of some nuns.

John: What's she doing here?

Sophie: Recovering from a disastrous marriage. Don't wince like that! A marriage contracted seven years ago when she was eighteen.

John: Who was her mother?

Sophie: Nobody at all. She lies buried, I believe, beneath a solitary tree in the Orient. A sacrifice to Selwyn's military career.

John: Why did you marry him, Sophie?

Sophie: You know the circumstances. I had to leave England. Selwyn was going on this exploration of the past. I'd known him for many years. I'd admired his amazing spirit. We were of an age and both needed a companion in exile.

John: There's more than age between us now, Sophie. There are the separate ways which brought us here. You came in resignation. I've come in affirmation. The day I heard you'd married Selwyn I mourned for you, Sophie.

Sophie: You feel I made the one certificate serve for both marriage and death.

John: Everyone does that. No, I mourned the end of an era which you had made so much your own. Those brilliant years. I think I could have borne it if you'd died - but you married! You became a woman, Sophie. Oh, Sophie!
Sophie: This business of getting through some seventy years is not so easy, as I see you've begun to understand. The time itself is not long and we should be able to pass it without fuss and even with a certain dignity. That's all I've tried to do.

John: Nonsense! You passed through most of your life with a considerable amount of fuss - and as for a certain dignity you know perfectly well it was nothing of the kind. The whole thing was conducted in an atmosphere of spectacular grandeur.

Sophie: Those years don't concern me any more. But the remaining time does. I've chosen to spend these last little years which are left to me in the wilderness. Damn it, John, surely at my age I'm allowed to take something seriously even if it's only Selwyn. But you! What excuse have you to give? You're a young man at the kindergarten age of thirty-five and yet you're intending to take seriously - what? - a revolt, the rallying cries of manifestos and a mad old man.

John: Yes, I take all that seriously. And the reason is simple. I can own to only thirty-five years but I feel the weight of the full span. How else can I account for these grey hairs and the fact that I no longer make love without sadness. My contemporaries remain splendidly pigmented and continue to go to bed laughing. So you must think of me, Sophie, as one who has also reached a time to be serious.

Sophie: Very well but you mustn't expect me to talk about revolution and freedom. They're not my kind of seriousness, at all.

(Caroline has come down the stairs and is standing in the doorway)

John: What is your kind of seriousness?
Sophie: It is now entirely reserved for myself. As I am. Not for the past. Ah! you feel contempt for all that went on in London.

John: Not contempt. No, this same feeling of sadness for what I love.

Sophie: Emptiness.

John: No. The fullness of sadness. Quite a different thing.

(Caroline, speaking, comes into the room)

Caroline: Don't go on explaining. I know very well what you mean.

Sophie: You're far too young to understand what he's talking about.

Caroline: Age doesn't come into it, Sophie. That's the mistake you're both making. You can be finished at twenty-four.

John: How old are you?

Caroline: Twenty-five.

John: And you're finished?

Caroline: Yes. Hasn't Sophie told you?

(Henry Bevis comes in through the windows. He is bowed beneath a large box which he carries on his shoulders)

John: Many, many thanks. Are you all right?

(Henry nods)

Henry: Where am I?

John: I feel we should get it up at once, Sophie.

(Sophie points through the main windows to the small window set in the exterior wall)
Sophie: You're there.

(Henry sets off for the stairs with the box)

John: I should go with him, I think.

(John follows Henry from the room)

Caroline: Is he staying here?

Sophie: John? For a little while. He's on his way to a revolution. He seems to think it should begin about Thursday.

Caroline: He's the man you've been writing about, isn't he? He's the man you'd have loved if you hadn't been so old and he so young. He's on every page of your book, you know. Even the pages when he's not mentioned. For he's the time you can't get out of your head. Shall I tell you something? Shall I tell him something? I met him once when he was beautiful and famous and when I was so high. He'd never remember - and I've never forgotten. Never shall -

Sophie: You can't make a tragedy from that episode, Caroline. Everyone's in love with John at sometime or another.

Caroline: Surely two women can talk about their wretchedness without cheering cries of that kind.

Sophie: I don't know when you're most objectionable, Caroline. When you're uncomplainingly carrying your cross or when you're angrily throwing it at some innocent bystander.

Caroline: I'm always objectionable. Why do people - God! - why do they put up with me?

Sophie: Your husband didn't.

Caroline: Do you think he'd be interested in my tragic story?

Sophie: He? Call him by his name.
(after a considerable pause Caroline softly and tentatively says:)

Caroline: John.

(she laughs)

Ouf! that first time you say a name as a name. Like slowly walking into the unknown sea. But once you're in - hey! you're in - and it's fine and exciting. John. John!

(she raises her voice)

John! John! John! (John Hogarth appears at the window of his room and looks down)

John: Yes?

Caroline: Nothing - nothing.

John: I thought you called me.

(he goes back into the room)

Caroline: Is he - was he ever - could he have been - so extraordinary - so wonderful - such an original as they said? Who said? Well, they did, you know. And you do in your book - I kissed Cristos and he showed it to me - you say John Hogarth was a man. Just that. Why was a man? What's that up there? Isn't that fine and good? Now, may I ask, is it not?

Sophie: I was remembering him all to myself. In the past, you see. To me he was a man. To you, he is.

Caroline: Oh, yes! And to other people?

Sophie: He was that strange thing a legend in his own time.

Caroline: How did that come about?

Sophie: You were a child at the turn of the century. Life in London for people of our kind at that time was meant to be taken seriously. We had to make ourselves believe that we were all right, and that the intricate figure we cut in the melting ice of social life was permanent. Perhaps when history
looks at that age it will become known as the Great Thaw. Times were getting warmer. No one would admit it, of course — and as if to deny it the fashion in clothes became rather stuffy. The men wore heavier coats and harder hats and the women complained of the cold. And it was not only people that were affected but their institutions. We had built our banks and museums, our palaces and cathedrals to keep our money, our history, our monarchs and our God safe for all time. But as the twentieth century set in it showed the foundations of all these to be ice which was melting away. Now, no sane man or woman could be happy in such a situation. But we were Englishmen. We merely said, It isn't happening and went on making money, making love and making do.

Caroline: Your analysis of historical decline is very clever, Sophie. But I want to know about John.

Sophie: John Hogarth came into that age as a man — a boy, rather — of twenty. He — blew in, I think is the phrase — yes, blew in like the sirocco from — of course, paradoxically — the North. He had a quite extraordinary amount of money — his mother was an American, you know. He had a great amount of energy and no seriousness at all. From all he did and all he said he was not the force to be met with when you were trying to prolong an ice age. Everyone hoped the thaw would last for at least ten years so that they could save something; but with John about the place it looked as if all would be over in ten days. You see, he was the first twentieth century man: that's why everyone hated him.

Caroline: You loved him.

Sophie: Very much.

Caroline: Why?
Sophie: What a silly question! He had an idea in his head. Not a new idea to the rest of the world and so absolutely novel in London. They said he must've picked it up travelling in some not very nice places. It was this: he likened the whole business of living to being on one of those nasty railway trains. We're all aboard and we're holding our hats as we go faster. Progress is undoubtedly being made. We think we know in which direction but whether we know or not we must trust the driver. It was left to John to say that the driver alone and screaming in the cab is a naked, scarlet baby and at the back in the brake van among the restraining controls is the guard who is a disgusting, incontinent and dirty old man. Between the two are all straight-thinking, intelligent, liberal men and women.

Caroline: But that's it! That's it! (she looks up at the window) Oh, yes! - darling!

Sophie: Believing that - John lived his life in London accordingly. Of course, it caused considerable panic among the other passengers on John's infernal excursion. Especially the women who turned to him for comfort whilst their husbands were busy throwing their luggage out of the window and saving what they could. John attended the women with all the charm and tact of a doctor during a catastrophe but he never called it beauty or truth or love. I don't think he's ever known the last in his life.

Caroline: And why - God help us - why should he want that sort of love - rubnose, softpaw, tongueinchek - why? when he believes what he believes he believes?

Sophie: Just a minute! I'm speaking of some time ago. Ten years. That was John then. He's changed.

Caroline: He can't have done. A man who believed all that - why should he want to change? Look at it his way and it suddenly becomes
worth doing. Nobody wants to play out the thing seriously as we're taught but if it's really a charade - well, then! - how d'you do.

Sophie: He left England in all seriousness, I know. He left Ada in all seriousness.


Sophie: Something which has no place in a warrior's bed.

Caroline: So John kicked her out. Good. Whoever took a[****] seriously, anyway?

Sophie: But there's something else. The fighting he's going to in the North.

Caroline: That's really a long-faced business, is it?

Sophie: So he says. And speaking of long faces - (Henry has come down the stairs and is now in the room) Is it the heat, Henry?

Henry: What?

Sophie: You look - how shall I put it? - distressed. That's not an offensive thing to say, is it?

Henry: Not at all. I am - distressed - a little.

Sophie: Bad news from home?

Henry: In a way. I've been with Hogarth. I thought I'd give him a hand with the unpacking. Naturally enough we chatted. I think in the beginning about the climate here. Certainly nothing serious. Then - I was taken unawares - we were suddenly talking about something else. That is, he was talking in a very strange way.

Caroline: Seriously?

Caroline: Tell.

Henry: He wants to see you, Sophie. He's brought you a gift from London. Will you go up, please?

Sophie: Certainly. To receive the first present in ten years - certainly.

(Sophie goes from the room and up the stairs)

Henry: Caroline, would you say I'm an intelligent man?

Caroline: As a literary gent, Henry, you're a duck.

Henry: And as a man?

Caroline: Don't let's go into that again. I've said it was all my fault. And it was too hot that afternoon.

Henry: You can't blame everything on the climate. Anyway, I didn't mean that. I meant do you think I fill my own little niche satisfactorily?

Caroline: I think your little niche fits you like a glove, Henry.

Henry: Do attend to what I'm saying. You know, don't you, that although I'm a writer - a sort of artist in my own way - I've always thought of myself as an ordinary kind of fellow. I've never understood why just because a chap's got a bit of talent for putting words on paper he should think himself a cut above other chaps who do an honest job. I mean, although I am with The Times I'm prepared to meet other people on any ground. Well, that's how I began to talk to Hogarth.

Caroline: Of course. As man to man.

Henry: Exactly. But something went wrong. I made some civil remark and he looked up and said, "Honest work means dirty hands".
That took me aback so I went on to tell him that I did other things besides my Times stuff. Wrote my poems and worked on my book about my schooldays.

Caroline: So he said he was sorry.

Henry: No. He said all art was going to finish very soon – there'd be no more of it. I thought that was going rather but then he said something really astonishing. He said before long The Times would be gone. The Times – gone! – no more. He was really most offensive. After all, I did carry his box up that hill.

Caroline: What did you expect him to be like? You'd heard of him before today, surely.

Henry: Oh, yes. He was always a bit eccentric for an Englishman but I didn't expect him to be so rude.

Caroline: Sophie says he's changed.

Henry: Sophie's a very charitable woman. I often wonder how she puts up with it here after all those years in London. That most extraordinary time. I remember my mother speaking about it and saying that Sophie represented everything a woman should not be. What went on in that house? She entertained a lot of foreigners, didn't she? I believe she even received a Certain Person. I wonder if Selwyn knows.

Caroline: Of course he knows.

Henry: How dreadful for him. She had to leave England, they say. Yet she's so sweet and generous. I don't understand.

Caroline: Not surprisingly, Henry, you've got it the wrong way about. It was because she was so sweet and generous that she had to leave.

(there is a pause and then, shortly, Henry laughs)
Henry: Ha! I see what you mean.

Caroline: If you do it must be the very first time.

Henry: Pity about Hogarth. I was looking forward to having a long talk with someone straight from London.

Caroline: You miss London, don't you, Henry?

Henry: Very much.

Caroline: Why don't you go back?

Henry: I shall do as soon as your father's finished the excavation and I can put in my final article. If he finds something I can really write about - something to which I can do justice - well, it'll make my name. That's what I'm bargaining for. I think I'd better go down to the dig for my morning session now. Care to walk with me?

Caroline: No. What do you do down there?

Henry: Sometimes I do a little sifting. But not often. I don't get on with the workmen. They shout at me.

Caroline: Do you ever shout back?

Henry: Of course not.

Caroline: One day you will, Henry, and then you'll be a happy boy.

(John has come down the stairs and now enters the room)

Henry: Well, I'll be down at the dig for a while, Caroline.

John: You're not going out in this heat, are you?

Henry: For the moment - until the fall of empire, Mr. Hogarth - it's my job.

(Henry goes out through the windows)
John: Sophie tells me that you've been very unhappy.

Caroline: There was a time.

John: You're getting over it.

Caroline: Yes. It was nothing, really. A marriage. He left me. Ran away.

John: I see.

Caroline: Do you see it from his point of view or mine?

John: His, I suppose. I'm also running away from a marriage. Not my own. Someone else's.

Caroline: I just went into hiding. From what I hear you're making for the open country.

John: I hope so.

Caroline: You're looking for more than the heroism of love.

John: I'd say the stoicism of love. Yes, more than that.

Caroline: Liberation.

John: Of others. Not myself.

Caroline: We've met before this. You don't remember. (John shakes his head)

At the time I was too young for you to recognize. I was fifteen.

John: That's a very difficult age.

Caroline: Yes, it is. Men never know whether to pat you on the top or the bottom.

John: Which did I do?

Caroline: Neither. I put out my hand but you didn't take it. You looked over my head and walked on. You were in trouble, I think.
The government were turning up old laws to find something which could be brought against you for your - infamous behaviour.

John: That's all a long time ago. I was young and foolish: you were young and wise: - now - we're here and you - well, you're grown up and - I should know - do know - very well - which end I'm expected to pat.

Caroline: Expected. Then I'm not to expect such behaviour from you now. Well, look here - may I whisper a question?

John: No!

Caroline: What's the matter?

John: I've had the last conversation of this kind in my life. I want no more of it!

Caroline: Sophie told me her name. It was Ada.

John: Very well, so it was Ada.

Caroline: And because of her the London mob threw stones at your windows. It was in the papers. Was she worth it?

John: They'd got it into their heads that I was breaking up something very dear to their hearts: a home. You know how that country domesticate their idols. All must answer the call from the servant's hall. Or they throw bricks. The main demonstration though was a parade past my house of elderly women carrying banners. That went on for several hours. I felt compelled to send them out tea and sandwiches. They leaned against the railings eating and drinking and booing whenever I passed a window.

Caroline: Women have always felt strongly about you.

John: Women feel too much about everything. That is the dreadful inequality of sex.

Caroline: Surely when you were younger you could match them in depth of feeling.
John: Certainly. It was their inexhaustible capacity for demonstrating emotion which at last defeated me. Poets are lucky. They can spin out the truth of their passion to at least the length of a sonnet. With my lesser talent I had to content myself with a brisk action and one short word.

Caroline: Which so often led to broken windows.

John: All the best games end in destruction.

Caroline: Ah! that's the reason Sophie gave for everything. Why you were loved and why you were hated. We never got out of the nursery where everything finishes broken up. You played the whole of your life in London that way, didn't you? Without seriousness because you knew the time would come when you'd have to put your toys away - so better smash them! You were right. You were absolutely right.

John: I lost.

Caroline: But it makes sense. The whole thing makes wonderful sense if you believe it to be nonsense.

John: Does this make sense? Dawn. London. I wake. It is night within the room until the heavy curtains are drawn back. The bed covers over my body are as heavy as sin. Throw them off! Step freely - heha! boldly - to the windows. Draw back the curtains. Stare at the sky for a sign. Hm. It's raining. The policeman at the corner is weeping. The cold strikes me like an unkind word. Last night's warrior becomes a goose-pimpled pudding. Cover the poor mockery with a gown. The day must be begun it seems. Very well, then - good morning and good morning. Breakfast. The morning news beside the tray. So, energy to engage that still virgin for a start. She gives up her miserable secrets and the sign is not one of them. Go, light fires! Open the letters of the day. Will one hold the secret, the news
from another land, the call to action? No. They demand, beg, entreat, abuse—nothing more. Dress. Talk to myself in the looking glass as I do so. Walk out. Meet a man. He complains of my treatment of his daughter. He threatens me with action. Action! Christ, if it were true. He means litigation which is the English substitute. My interest in him has gone and so, I see, has the sun. Something must be done if only to put in my journal. Well, then, turn in here. It is a theatre where men knock each other about with wooden swords and die, get up and bow. Hohum! The day has gone as the curtain rattles down. Away. The sky remains inscrutable—positively unhelpful. Curtain it off. It is another room—another place. I'm welcome. There's no doubt about it. Here between the sheets there is something to be done with authority if not with dignity. Let me look at the face before turning away. It smiles so all is well. Goodnight. Good-hoh-night.

Caroline: Is there sense in that? Well, let me see. There is one thing.

John: What's that?

Caroline: The moment of happiness which was in the smiling face before you turned away. That's sense.

John: It wasn't a very intelligent face.

Caroline: Nothing to do with it. Always sensible to make someone happy.

John: More sense than this moment in this place. With you expecting something of me which I'm no longer interested in giving to your upturned face. In the North—Caroline—under the open white sky—Caroline—the faces look up but not in love—no—in death they look up at the open white sky in the North. Victims of wounds more wretched than yours. No one dies of love,
Caroline, but they die of hunger and the whip. It is the crack of that whip echoing through the sleeping rooms of Europe which has brought me here. I'm waiting for the man who through one night in London took me by the hand and dragged me from childhood and into the present time. My rendezvous is not with a love-sick girl or an impatient matron but with a fighting nation.

Caroline: Bravo! Why did they choose you? I wouldn't have asked you to lead a revolt. How did it come about?

John: Some years ago my friends wanted to get me settled. Before I knew what was happening I found myself to be a member of parliament. It seemed a good opportunity to make a speech. The motion happened to concern the government's attitude to this minority group in the North. They had recently shot the British Minister and subjected his wife and daughter to humiliating proposals which both had accepted before returning to England.

Caroline: One of the lesser perils of our Imperial policy.

John: In a speech to the House opposing reprisals I suggested the country should be accepted into the British Empire. It seemed that at the moment of surrender both ladies had wrapped themselves in a Union Jack. No one agreed with me that it was the natives' way of honouring the flag and the speech was dismissed as an impertinence - which indeed it was. I thought it forgotten as a bad joke. Yet it was that speech in an old newspaper which brought Basilios to me. The faded cutting was in his pocket. It remained the one call to unity and action his country had ever known. Spoken by me when I didn't know the place was on the map. How could I resist such an appeal for leadership?
So the whole business is a joke after all. Just a joke. You don't take it any more seriously than - Ada - or perhaps me. You haven't changed.

I'm sorry. I have. I take it all very seriously. I don't want to seem unreasonable about this. You've been unhappy, I know, but please don't ask me to console you. Anyway, there'd hardly be time, my darling, for Basilios will be here before you can say, I love you.

Caroline: I love you.

(Selwyn Paramond and Henry Bevis come into the room by the windows. They stop on hearing John's last words to Caroline)

Then marry her, my dear fellow. Congratulations. Excellent news. Been worried about the child. How are you otherwise.

Otherwise I'm very well. What on earth are you talking about, Selwyn?

Declaration of love. Made by you as I came in. Bevis heard it. Yes?

Yes.

Never mind. Shouldn't have come in at that moment.

Why did you?

I want a bath. Be a dutiful daughter and tell the men to carry hot water up to my room.

Dirty work, Hogarth.

Dirty work, Hogarth.
John: What?

Selwyn: This digging.

John: Oh, I see what you mean. Yes, it must be.

Selwyn: But I think it'll be worth it. I'm sure we're about to uncover something remarkable. (he takes a small metal maquette of a human figure from his pocket and holds it out to John) What do you make of that?

John: (he takes the figure) It's a woman, isn't it?

Selwyn: Yes. One of the workmen found it yesterday. Significant attitude of worship, don't you think?

John: It seems familiar yet I can't think why. (he turns the figure over in his hands)

Selwyn: If we can get something from this site it'll shake them up in London. I do so want to do the BM crowd in the eye. They've never shown the faintest interest in my work, you know. If it wasn't for the Germans we shouldn't be able to go on. England's done nothing for the expedition except send out that idiot from The Times. And all he's done is get in the way and upset Caroline. She had a bad time before she came here. Married a bastard. Try and keep her mind off it.

John: I shan't be here long.

Selwyn: Bevis was saying something about your being on your way to a revolution in the North. No truth in that, is there?

John: Yes.

Selwyn: There is? Then do be careful. They're very untrustworthy up that way. Why are you going?

John: I wanted to leave England.
Selwyn: That's a substantial reason, certainly. Some woman, was it?

John: All women. I wanted to get away from the whole business.

Selwyn: There was no need to go to the length of starting a revolution. You could always have helped me. Nothing like digging and sifting for keeping your mind off sex.

John: I suppose not. Here. (he gives the figure to Selwyn)

Selwyn: When I found it troublesome when I was in the army I always used to call a church parade. Made the men rather fed up turning out so late at night but it always worked. Still, everyone has their own method.

John: Well, it's a personal problem.

Selwyn: Where's Sophie? She's pleased to see you, I expect.

John: I think she is.

Selwyn: Then stay here for a while, my dear boy. We're not much troubled by the nuisances of London. The weather's good, the local people are friendly, the sanitation's not up to much but it's as good as my club and we don't have to be pleasant to each other if we don't want to. As for women - you don't have to worry about them here. They're a simple good people without the refinements which make life such hell in London. Stay on, do.

John: (smiling) I'm sorry, Selwyn, no. (Caroline returns to the room followed by Henry)

Caroline: They're getting your bath ready. The water will be in by the time you're stripped off.

Selwyn: Thank you, Caro. Come up and talk to me Hogarth. Have a bath if you like.
John: I'll come and talk.

Selwyn: This business of an uprising in the North. I once handled something like that in China. It was very amusing - no rules, you know. Every man for himself. Damned dangerous.

(Selwyn and John go out of the room and up the stairs)

Henry: As I was saying, Caroline, I've never harmed a woman in my life.

(Caroline is looking towards the stairs)

I say, I've never harmed -

Caroline: I know, Henry dear. You're the gentlest person I've ever had to do with.

Henry: Well, then -

Caroline: You're just not very nice, that's all.

Henry: That may well be. Yet I'm sincere in wanting to help you in your unhappiness.

Caroline: Oh, do shut up about my unhappiness. Everyone talks about it as if it were a deformity. Poor Caroline's got the hump. Anyway, I'm not unhappy just at the moment, thank you very much.

Henry: You were earlier this morning when you were gathering flowers. I was watching you.

Caroline: From a safe distance.

Henry: It was that very hillside - I was good enough for you then and there.

Caroline: You weren't good enough, Henry. That's the point. It was disaster. And it always will be for you with everyone until you learn not to try and make something else out of it. Not for you the ordinary time and place - oh, no! - for you it has to be out on the hillside underneath the stars. Then when that shepherd came along and stood looking down at us - with a smile like a benediction - you had to sit up
and say, "I'm afraid I must ask you to leave."

Henry: There's no privacy in this country.

Caroline: The place, time and even incident was of your own choosing. You can't complain. When will you learn that it's a very simple thing, Henry, if you don't complicate it with poetry.

Henry: Poetry can be a great comfort in moments of distress.

Caroline: It's only words, Henry. Look you here, I went through a poetical marriage. Bobo knew about every art except one. Life with him was too damned beautiful for words. Well, no, stay a minute. There were so many words. Spoken, sung, whispered, written, rhymed, scratched on the window pane, carved into wood and stone—words for everyday use and casually slung at each other, words for secret use and muttered into the pillow, words with single meaning and words with double meaning, good words, bad words, holy words and dirty words. And when the day was over and you'd think the talking would have to stop—well, no, there'd always be just that dribble of stale words for explanation of failure, betrayal, misery and horror. So, you see, Henry, the words that make up your poetry are the same words that broke up my marriage. You call yourself a poet. Very well. Get to work. Rearrange those words into a form which will comfort me, if you can. When you've done that come back and we'll start from there.

(Cristos is standing on the stairs looking down into the room. Caroline speaks to him:)

What do you want?

Cristos: I thought you were alone.

Caroline: I can be.

(she turns and stares at Henry. He walks quickly out through the windows)
Cristos: You shouldn't be unkind to Mr. Bevis.

Caroline: Why not?

Cristos: He hasn't yet been hardened by the sun against such things. I found him alone yesterday quietly weeping.

Caroline: What about?

Cristos: I don't know. He was sitting with a book in his hand -

Caroline: A book in his hand! There's the reason. O, weep for Adonais and Henry'll give you buckets full. But weep for you or me or any real thing and Henry's pale eye remains as dry as a biscuit.

Cristos: All the same, you must try and be kinder to him.

Caroline: All right. I'll try. Is that what you wanted to say to me?

Cristos: No. I wanted to tell you about this. (he is carrying several notebooks) Sophie's book. Her memories of John Hogarth are not accurate. I thought you should know that.

Caroline: You mean Sophie's lying?

Cristos: No, no. But don't go by what's written here. Like all works of reminiscence it is fiction.

Caroline: How do you know?

Cristos: By seeing him in person this morning.

Caroline: And from only that you make such a general statement.

Cristos: Yes.

Caroline: You seem very sure. All right. Why tell me?
Cristos: Because your knowledge - your understanding of him comes entirely from these books. I remember the morning you sat with me reading them. You were smiling. I found it very disturbing.

Caroline: So did I. But I've met him now. He lives outside that book of Sophie's. He is, Cristos.

Cristos: Very well. Take him as he is, if you wish. There's only the everyday danger in doing that.

Caroline: Isn't the everyday danger enough? It was just that which made me so wretched before I came here.

Cristos: What I'm obliged to call by custom "your unhappiness."

Caroline: You don't believe it, do you?

(Cristos shakes his head: he is smiling)

Cristos: Do you?

Caroline: Not any more.

Cristos: I expect you were angry when he left you. Englishwomen are good losers in every game except marriage.

Caroline: I remember how astonished I was at not being wanted. Not just not wanted in bed but in public and even around the house. That hurt won't get better for a long time. Pride, you know.

(Sophie comes down the stairs and into the room)

Sophie: Just because John Hoar's here I do hope I'm not going to find people standing in corners talking about him all the time.

Caroline: Cristos came down to give a word of advice, that's all.

Sophie: Would you like to tell me what it was?
Caroline: Certainly. He told me to look at John through my own eyes and not yours. Also not to be unkind to Henry. Also to remember that I've not really been unhappy - I've just been angry.

Sophie: All of it very good advice. I hope you'll take it to heart. Where's John?

Caroline: Upstairs talking to Selwyn in his bath.

(Henry comes through the windows)

Henry: I say, I think somebody responsible should come down to the dig. Something's happened. I'm not quite sure what. One of the workmen has fallen through a hole and disappeared but there seems to be more to it than that.

Sophie: Selwyn's in his bath.

Henry: If I could understand what those fellows are talking about it might help.

Cristos: I'll come down. I speak the same language as those fellows.

Henry: So you do. But then, of course, you are Greek, aren't you?

Cristos: Yes. It's very helpful.

(Henry and Cristos go out through the windows)

Sophie: How happy Henry will be if at last that excavation gives up its secret. He'll be able to write his final brilliant despatch we've heard so much about and return at once to London and honour. What will you do?

Caroline: By that time I hope we've found someone else to put up with me.

Sophie: I suppose you mean John. But he's going away in no time at all.

Caroline: Well, I don't suppose revolutions go on for ever any more than digging up the past.
Sophie: Do you mean to make your intentions clear to him? In so many words.

Caroline: Are you jealous - Mummie?

Sophie: A little. Then again I don't think you're good enough for him. I never knew your husband - indeed, I've never met anyone who admitted to doing so - but from what you've told me about him he was tolerant and kind if not very bright. And he left you.

Caroline: You, anyway, are not going to let me forget that.

Sophie: Not for a moment.

Caroline: Well, at least I had the guts to get married when I was young. Unlike you, who'd never take the responsibility until you were old and could safely enter into this arid married state with Father.

Sophie: That's a point. I suppose it does need courage when you're young. Especially when you intend to marry someone called Bobo Traherne.

Caroline: What about John Hogarth?

Sophie: Darling, he'd never marry you. He might pop you under the covers for an hour or two.

Caroline: That'd be something. I wouldn't be lonely and unwanted for that little time, at least.

Sophie: So that's what you're expecting of him. Aren't you forgetting he's here for a different purpose. He's not travelling for pleasure this time. My dear child, you'll find that it's a fact that men sometimes get sick of us. Not sick of us individually or personally but sick of our whole ravening sex. When that happens they take up soldiering or archaeology, throw themselves into politics or find other things to do which we don't understand - such as revolution. When
that happens we haven't a chance. We can fight among ourselves for a man but when we have to get to grips with an idea a man believes to be right then collectively we're beaten. All we can do is to sit back and meditate on past triumphs.

Caroline: You're lucky. I never loved anyone but Bobo. I can't meditate on him for the rest of my life.

Sophie: Well, Bobo could hardly be described as a triumph, I agree. But you'll find someone worthy of you, Caroline, I'm sure. Goodness knows where and it won't be John. Remember why he's here. He's come to do his part in something real. He believes in the liberation by revolt of these wretched people in the North. It may seem absurd to us but it's a fact. Accept it.

Caroline: It's such a waste of time for a man to go off playing at soldiers.

Sophie: They're only tolerable when they're with us if we let them play such games on occasion. A man always wants to do something positive after a love affair. John's just left Ada, remember. What did Bobo do after he left you?

Caroline: He had a nervous breakdown.

Sophie: It proves my point.

(John comes down the stairs and into the room)

John: Selwyn is a most energetic bather, isn't he? The room's flooded and as a mere spectator I'm soaked to the skin. He saw Henry Bevis and the Greek gentleman running down the hill to the excavation and he wants to know what it's all about.

Sophie: Nobody knows at the moment. Henry arrived up here with an account even more garbled than he sends in to The Times. Pay no attention. We've had such alarms before.
John: I think you should have a word with Selwyn. He's at his bedroom window, stark naked, with a pair of binoculars and an improvised megaphone.

Sophie: I'll go up in a moment. John, when are you expecting your friend to come for you?

John: Basilios? In two or three days. Why?

Sophie: Couldn't you travel North to meet him?

John: Do you mean at once?

Sophie: Well, say tomorrow morning.

John: I suppose I could. Are you trying to get rid of me?

Caroline: Yes, she is.

Sophie: John, we're old enough friends to be frank with each other, aren't we?

John: Certainly, Sophie. But no friends are old enough to be straightforwardly impolite to each other.

(Caroline laughs)

I'd like to stay here for a few days. A little while ago, Sophie, you seemed quite happy about that. Why have you changed your mind?

Sophie: I haven't.

John: Well, what have we to be frank about?

Caroline: Me.

Sophie: I'm so very fond of you, John, and I wouldn't wish anything to take away from your affection for me. Certainly not this arrogant and impertinent child. In other words, I don't want to be blamed for what happens.

Caroline: Dear Sophie. Always burning her bridges before I come to them.

Sophie: I'll go up to Selwyn.
(Sophie goes from the room and up the stairs. John, in silence, moves to the windows. Caroline watches him)

Caroline: You were right to put off Sophie like that. Of course you can stay here if you want to.

John: That wasn't the reason. It's not that I particularly want to stay here. I just want to put off going North for a little while.

Caroline: Why? (John does not answer)

What's the matter?

John: Selwyn seems to think I may get killed in this business.

Caroline: Well, don't sound so surprised. Hadn't it occurred to you?

John: Oh, yes, it had occurred to me but I didn't think it had occurred to anybody else - not seriously.

Caroline: Come, now - if you think of it at all you think of it seriously.

John: This is a strange, undisciplined country. A good place to be alive in.

Caroline: But that isn't the reason you came.

John: Why did you come? Was it only because your father happened to be here?

Caroline: Not only that. When I was shut up in a nunnery as a child one of my teachers was a Greek. She told me wild, unorthodox stories of the country. I remembered them when I was alone in London and I thought this might be the place to bring me alive again. It's done that.

John: I know what you mean. You became aware. Yes? Am I right? Aware that you're occupying space and that the sun exists
to strike down and enwrap you. Aware that you are something — and, what's more, something that works, ticks, goes, if you like. It's a discovery to be reckoned with, I agree. Life is not, after all, founded on the meal-table, the privy and the bed.

Caroline: In this place even those things might take on a certain significance.

John: In this place. You think it is just the place?

Caroline: Not entirely. It's also because of what Selwyn said to you. With that in mind even the most commonplace objects can become charged with mystery.

John: I should never have thought of you as a commonplace object.

Caroline: What did you say?

John: You're confusing me. Are you doing it deliberately?

Caroline: I want you to see things in the proper light, that's all. As a man who hasn't got all his life before him you should, you know.

John: You talk as if I'm condemned. You're like your father.

Caroline: There's time for a reprieve. You've only to change your mind.

John: That's out of the question. I'm committed to action — on my honour.

Caroline: In that case —

(she moves to John and holds out her hand)

goodbye. The world will surely go on without you.

(John takes her hand: he does not let it go)

You're doing something which I don't understand but I suppose is very fine.
John: I'm not one of those men who have to love the country they're prepared to - to fight for.

Caroline: I didn't mean that. I meant it's supposed to be a good thing to give up so much. Everything you have known in such fullness in the past. The pleasure of food, the charm of sleep, the comfort of women - all gone in this spartan search for a better truth, a harsher reality. Fine man - almost a saint you are - yes - for the way of sanctity is the dusty road to the North.

(John is still holding her hand)

John: I think you've misunderstood. The pleasures you've talked about had become as bitter to me as a penance. Every one was the harshest reality which I couldn't stomach. For they're only tolerable when they're more than themselves. When the food feeds more than the body - when sleep is more than an escape to a dream and the comfort of a woman is more than a cushion.

Caroline: I see. But tell me something. Did you say to yourself, This is the last time? D'you see what I mean? For example, did you say to yourself, This is the last kiss, The last embrace? This is not only farewell to whatshername - Ada - but farewell to all loving for all time. Did you say that to yourself?

(John takes both her hands in his)

Say it now.

(John is silent)

Let the day go. It gets cooler towards evening. Then's the time for thought, for decision. The smell of the baked earth comes up from the valley making the scent of the flowers sour and more understandable. Evening is the time for straight talking and straight thinking in this country. The sun goes down and rubs the gilt from the edges. The senses aren't treacherously attacked by every colour and shape and sound taking on a form of something, somewhere long ago
with someone else. The days in this place -
the days under the sun have all been -
have all happened before. But the nights
are new in time - so new to newmet people -
younme - that they can be used by younme
in any way we - younme - please. Please!
put off, John - John, put off telling -
secrets! - telling whether 'twas last -
very last time.

(John pushes back her hair over her
ears and then folds his hands about
the nape of her neck)

John: It was the last chance.

Caroline: How - chance?

John: All my life - since I can remember - I've
treated every opportunity as the last
chance. I've looked - sadly - on each
encounter as the last. But I was cheated.
The sun came up and the sun went down and,
damn it, life had to be lived. And oppor-
tunity didn't knock once - it beat a
positive tattoo at my door.

Caroline: Which every time you opened.

John: It was never shut.

(he kisses her on the forehead)
But now the heavy foot of Time is edging
it to. Soon there will only be space in
that doorway for the lightest and most
frivolous opportunity to get through.
The last - the smallest and least con-
sequential - will have to remain, I
suppose, to comfort my extreme age for
there'll be no getting out.

Caroline: My God! you talk nonsense -

(John kisses her on the mouth)
- nonsense! Can't you see - that before
you - haven't you eyes? - oh, yes, you
have eyes! - before you is not a quickly
closing door. No, John - darling, my
newfound one:der - fool! there before
you are the wide open gates of Summer.
You've lived only - onely - nothing but the
early months of your year of life. Never
mind - I'll never mind if you go on from me to a fairer - but be aware - beware - not old, not sleeping - of the fairest. Go on from me - after all - if you want but go - on. Go on.

(John puts a finger against her mouth)

John: Now you're lying. You're saying something you don't believe. That's not good. That's bad. You think - you must believe you are the last person - Caroline - that you hold the secret - Caroline - so let's have no renunciation from you.

Caroline: You won't. I don't give up anything - ever. But there comes a time - furtive: secret: upon you before you - no! - know it and a decision has to be made.

(she kisses him. Selwyn comes down the stairs, crosses the room and goes out through the windows) There! you'll not find that in a day's march, will you?

John: I'll not find that in a lifetime's campaigning.

(they are fast in each other's arms)

Caroline: Ah! my revolutionary, I'll be your marching song. This can be a fight for freedom worth fighting. So to the friendly barri-cades which are down, down - fallen before the uprising. Take the law into your own hands and strike - strike! for the tormented are impatient of control.

John: Be still.

Caroline: Yes. Yes. Yes.

CURTAIN
Marginalia - Draft "D" Act One

Note:

An obliteration appears adjacent to the figure "3" in the top right-hand corner of the manuscript.

The manuscript lines are numbered by the author after each interval of twenty-five lines.
Draft "D" Act One – Manuscript
Vhiting: Qs.

Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Ad Age

This scene is a moment in a country house in front of a little girl from Athens.

Scenes: morning in the early summer of the year 00.

The house which is built in the form of a square, has a roof of red brick. The central part of the house is a three-story building. The main entrance is through the front door. The house includes a large living room, a dining room, a kitchen, and several bedrooms. The interior of the house is furnished with modern furniture. The garden is full of flowers and trees.

In the living room, a woman is sitting on a sofa, reading a book. She is wearing a blue dress and a hat. The room is filled with light from the windows.

This scene is a moment in the life of a family. The mother is busy with the children, while the father is working in the garden.

Whiting Mus.

Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Whiting Mrs.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Whiting Mc.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Act
Two,

2nd Draft.
Emendations - Draft "D" Act Two

30. ..., a (obliteration) straw

205-6. .../Dainty, (caret; obliteration) - ooh...,  
"remembering" is inserted in the margin,  
line (99).

1222. (obliteration) Somehow feel...  
"I" is inserted between "Somehow" and "feel".

1301. ("more" is deleted) likely...kindness. ("than with malice." is deleted)  
"most" is inserted above "more".
Draft "D" Act Two - Transcription
Act Two

(The scene: part of the room of the first act remains showing the windows and the door leading to the stairway.

Now the terrace beyond the windows is also revealed.

The time: two days later - evening.

The terrace is a compact area before the house and is enclosed by a low wall. The passage of slippered feet - it is a place of leisure - has given a gentle patina to the mosaic floor. At the centre several steps lead to a pathway going down to the road. The exterior wall containing the small window of John Hogarth's bedroom is now clearly seen.

A long table with food and drink has been brought out to the terrace.

The harshness of daylight has gone and with the sun low there is an incisive coolness which seems to etch the scene in a most unmisty twilight. It will not be night for some time.

John Hogarth is alone on the terrace. He is holding a long-barrelled, single-shot practice pistol. A little way from him and lined on the wall are various objects: a drinking glass, an orange, a small bottle, a straw hat, (Henry's) a playing card and a cigar. John is using these as targets.

He fires. Not one of the objects is disturbed.
Caroline: The dancers! Don't frighten away the dancers. Do you see them? Under the hill. There's been a wedding. One of the workmen. Down there the men and women are making the bond. That slow and heavy circle will tread the pattern into the earth through the night. There's a tribute to love if ever there was one. Can you hear the music? It'll be a thin pipe. Listen.

(John has reloaded the pistol; he fires)
Ah! you don't want to hear. Does that sharp noise comfort you? Yet you'll not save your life with that kind of toy. Practise all you can you'll never shoot your way out.

(Cristos has come down the stairs of the house and crossed the room. He now stands inside the windows unseen by John and Caroline)
Do you still believe the quickest way to someone's heart is with a bullet? Will you never learn. They're dancing under the hill. Set your sights a little higher, John, and you'll see them - dancing the day into the earth - burying it for ever and ever. Doesn't that mean something to you?

John: No.

(Cristos goes back into the room. After a moment Cristos steps out on to the terrace)

Cristos: I don't want to disturb you.

John: I'm alone.

Cristos: I mean, disturb your practise.

John: The required number of rounds have been shot off. I can rest now.
(Cristos pours some wine and takes a glass to John)

Cristos: I hope you're happy with our local wine.

John: To be quite happy I'd need to be here a few weeks. It still bites a little.

Cristos: You're not intrigued enough by it to stay on. No, I see you're not. Unfortunately, it doesn't travel. Like myself.

John: How do you come to speak English so well?

Cristos: I went to school in England and afterwards lived there for many years.

John: From choice?

Cristos: Yes. The place fitted my temperament for I think it must be the saddest country in the world. I long for that perpetual Autumn where it's unnecessary - oh, impossible - to face reality; where every leave-taking is performed with the grave courtesy of an obsequy; where the houses look like tombs and the tombs houses; where everything - even the harshest human gesture - are as misty as the contour of an overhung fruit. Beautiful!

John: Why did you leave?

Cristos: My national characteristics failed me. Not being an Englishman I craved something unworthy. I was ruined by a desire for excitement.

John: You mean you found it? In England? Just a minute. This is extraordinary. What did you do? Start a political party? Not that? Surely you were not mad enough to create a work of art.

Cristos: Of course not.

John: Women? My dear fellow, you must've known from your schooldays that Englishwomen were created to purge us by pity and terror.
Cristos: Yes. I learnt that at an early age.

John: Then I give up.

Cristos: Do you know Epsom Downs?

John: Horse-racing. Of course!

Cristos: I lost everything. The animal was called Homer II and its liquid eye avoided mine as it was led to the enclosure. It'd carried my ten thousand pounds into fourth place. I came back here to my only remaining property.

John: I'm sorry. I didn't know this was your house.

Cristos: Selwyn rents it from me for the period of the excavation. Yes, it's my house. My position is difficult. I sometimes forget myself and behave very much as a host. Forgive me.

John: It's a charming lapse. Please sit down.

Cristos: But I'm very happy to act as amanuensis to Sophie. To look back on life in that beautiful country through her gentle eyes is a great comfort to me.

John: Sophie's book is gentle! I can't believe it.

Cristos: Very gentle. For example, speaking this morning of a certain Mrs. F., she says:

"15th. October 1897: Mrs. F. came to dinner. Alone. Her husband's misappropriation of the club funds seems to have affected her deeply. Yet as she came slowly up the stairs, leaning on her stick, I could not fail to notice the gentleness of her expression framed as it was in her picturesquely disordered white hair. The flame of charity, I thought, still burns in that wasted body." You see?
John: Does she mention that at that time Mrs. F. was twenty-eight? (Henry has come up the hill and now steps on to the terrace. John speaks to him:)
What's happening down there?

Henry: They're still trying to get through to the workman who fell into the hole. He seems to have dropped into some underground chamber. He's been there two and a half days now. Selwyn lowered food and wine and some candles to him. But the fellow makes no attempt to get out. All he does is wander about below and shout with laughter.

John: Has he gone mad?

Henry: We should know later tonight. Selwyn seems to think he can reach the place himself within a couple of hours. Of course, everything's been held up by this marriage of the foreman. About two hundred of his relations are down there at the dig roasting sheep. Have you noticed the dancers?

John: They've been pointed out to me.

Henry: Queer music. Rather infectious, though. Even I found myself tapping my foot.

Cristos: That's because dancing's in your blood, Henry.

John: Henry has dancing in his blood!

Cristos: From his mother. She's an actress.

John: Really. Locally?

Cristos: No, no. In London.

John: What's she doing at the moment?

Henry: "The Feather Duster Girl."

John: Bevis! You're not Bunny Bevis's boy?

Henry: Yes.
John: Little Bunny Bevis! You mean, you're her flesh and blood.

Henry: Yes.

John: How extraordinary! I saw her before I left London.

Henry: Did you, indeed?

John: That ageless, bewitching creature. I looked into the Gaiety the night before I sailed. Bunny came on to a scene decorated with enormous flowers. You'd have been proud of her, Henry. The gentlemen of the chorus swep' off their Toppers and Bunny came through them to the footlights with her eyelids working like shutters and confided a song to us which must've been written by her worst enemy.

   (John, twirling an imaginary parasol, sings:)

   I'm the wild, wed wose / You didn't pluck fwm your garden / On your way to your new sweetheart. / You chose those silly lilies / And the silly daffodillies, / To cawwy on your way / For your wedding day bouquet. / But you didn't seem to see me / Your only lonely, dweamy / Dainty, remembering - ooh! / (presto) Little wild, wed wose.

   (Selwyn has come up the hill and on to the terrace)

Selwyn: Bravo! The latest thing, from London, eh?

John: Henry's mother's new song.

Selwyn: Enchanting, ever young thing she is, too. I remember her when I was quite a boy. She's one of the few women, I'd say, who know exactly what qualities to bring into a man's life to make him happy. Equal proportions of gaiety, silence and plain damned silliness. Not an idea in her head, you know. So refreshing. Punny she's never married.

   (he has poured himself some wine)

   This is very pleasant. Where are the women?
Dressing.

Shall I fetch them?

I think you've missed the point, Henry. My statement that this is very pleasant and my query as to where the women happen to be are not unconnected. See what I mean?

So you hope to get right into the excavation tonight, Selwyn.

Yes. I've left them working on the tunnel. We should know the result of eighteen months work by the morning. You'd better be there, Henry, standing by with your adjectives when I go in. The Times will want a full report.

I'm ready for anything. What about the fellow already down there?

I can't get a word of sense from him. Damned fool!

Is he still laughing?

Yes. With all respect to your countrymen, Cristos, I've found these workmen inclined to take the whole business rather lightly. I mean, this little fellow falls through a hole into a place where no man has set foot for over two thousand years and all he does is to wander about giggling like a lunatic. Not only that but the night we propose to enter the inner chamber the foreman decides to get married. It would've been churlish not to send down wine but I can't say that I approve.

Our past is so much more remote than yours, Selwyn, as an Englishman. Your feeling for our ancient civilisation is as strange to us as the American attitude to Europe is odd to you. The little man who's fallen through the hole has come into abrupt contact with his ancestors. You mustn't expect anything but laughter from him. After all, perhaps he's happy.
discover ancestors, I mean.

John: It has always seemed, sir, that as a nation you're unconcerned with the past.

Cristos: We leave our digging to others, if that's what you mean. Those Germans, you know—untiring.

Selwyn: Every country seems to leave historical research to foreigners. Makes for objectivity, I suppose.

Cristos: Well, it's nothing but a game, is it, for the wealthy or otherwise unoccupied? Let me put it this way: when you've uncovered whatever there is to be uncovered down there Henry will go out of his way in his article to demonstrate how exactly alike those people and ourselves happen to be. But we already know that instinctively. We shall find, of course, that they drank from a different kind of cup and their plates were a different shape. But the problem of the men who are working for you down there is how to fill the cups and plates of today. Thank you, Selwyn, for renting my house and employing my men but please don't ask me to take it seriously. No, no, my understanding is entirely for Mr. Hogarth who is so magnificently concerned with our present history.

(Sophie has come down the stairs into the room. She now comes out on to the terrace)

Sophie: Will you take me down, Selwyn?

Selwyn: Down, my dear. Do you mean you want to see the digging?

Sophie: Certainly not. I want to join the wedding party for a while. I think we should all go. Is the girl pretty?

Selwyn: Not very. She has a heavy moustache.
Sophie: Come along, Cristos. You must interpret my best wishes. And John - how can I make you come along?

John: You might drag me by the hair.

Sophie: I see. I'm sure I shan't have to persuade Henry with his morbid interest in marriage.

Henry: I'll come down, certainly.

Sophie: We can all do with a little gaiety of this kind. And think how pleased they'll be to see that we're interested.

Selwyn: You'll find it very different, my dear, from the goings-on at Saint Margaret's.

Sophie: Nonsense, Selwyn. People the whole world over get married for the same thing.

John: Tell us what it is, Sophie.

Sophie: I'd like to give the bride a small gift, Cristos. What do you think'd be suitable?

(Sophie, Selwyn and Cristos go from the terrace. Henry remains for a moment to pick up his hat from the wall)

John: It's very strange. A simple ritual invented by lawyers and priests can make a woman like Sophie behave in this absurd way. You'd think it was ten years ago and her cook was getting married. You'd better look out, Henry. In her present mood she might try to engage you to one of the local girls.

Henry: I very much want to get married, Mr. Hogarth. Not, of course, to a local girl but to someone of my own class.

John: Have you anyone in mind?

Henry: I had.

(he starts to go. John calls after him:)

John: Do you mean Caroline?
Henry: Yes, I mean Caroline.

(Henry goes from the terrace. John stares after him and then sadly looks down the barrel of his pistol. Caroline has come down the stairs into the room. She stands, silent, within the room watching John. It is John who speaks.)

John: I know you're there. Come out.

(Caroline stays in the room)

Caroline: And I know you're there. Alone.

John: Henry wants to marry you.

Caroline: He once got as far as telling me what his income is.

John: What is it?

Caroline: Eight hundred.

John: Not enough. Why didn't you tell me about him? I've made him unhappy.

Caroline: Well, someone had to be made unhappy in this business. And that's what the Henrys are for. You've made me very happy.

John: Oh, damn you. (Caroline laughs) Come out here.

Caroline: Do you truly find comfort in that little weapon? Are you expecting to be attacked?

John: Yes.

Caroline: From what quarter? Ah! be brave and put it down.

(John returns the pistol to its case. He walks through the window into the room. Caroline, who is beside the window, quickly puts her arms around his neck. They kiss)

John: You're a pest.
Caroline: You shouldn't be doing this. But you've a good excuse. When you left London you didn't know I existed and neatly filled this space. Wait! I'll wait, you thought, safe with Sophie. You meant t'do it. No doubt about it. Wait for your friend before going off to war. You could no more've imagined me, eh, as a friend on the way. Don't look so cross. It's upsetting, I know, to be knocked off y'path to war and glory which y'd so carefully plotted but it's something you've got to get used to. So don't be angry. Please!

John: You arrogant bitch -

Caroline: Call me names.

John: - later - why should you think this is any more than an interlude?

Caroline: How to pass a night or two in a waiting room without the loneliness of boredom?

John: Just that. How do you know it's more?

Caroline: Shall I tell you? Because you've never known anything like this before.

John: This! Each and every one is not only the last chance. It is the first time. And I'm not a man to be detained by novelty. Try again.

Caroline: All right. I'm better than any of the others.

John: Who've gone before. Are you?

Caroline: I'm just putting the idea in your head. Am I?

John: Yes.

Caroline: Then there's your reason for staying on.

John: Oh, no. Not good enough. Far from being good enough. I left the best horse I ever had in England. With regret but I left it.

Caroline: Will you leave me - with regret?
John: Of course.

Caroline: But you'll leave?

John: I shall.

(Caroline breaks from him across the room)

Don't go.

Caroline: Well, now. You may go it seems yet I must stay. Very well. (she sits down) I haven't the cruelty needed to leave you after what we've been through together.

John: Put like that it sounds an ordeal.


John: Stop answering your own questions and listen to me. I'm an innocent traveller - I mean, I'm travelling in an innocent way. I break my journey. Now then - you say I didn't know you'd be here. That's true - but - Caroline, the maid who brought us coffee this morning - you were asleep - she wasn't you certainly but she had - ah, well, the sun was already high. But y'see what I mean? She wouldn't have kept me so why should you? Tell me, squirrel, the ever so special reason why I should stay with you and not go North with Basilios.

Caroline: Stay with me and you can stay alive with honour.

John: The word Honour should never pass a woman's lips except in its narrowest and most personal sense. You've made a monstrous suggestion. If I don't lead this revolt and stay with you everyone will applaud my courage in exchanging the perils of revolution for the horrors of marriage. Is that what you mean?

Caroline: I've never spoken of marriage.

John: You will.
Caroline: Have you ever been in love?

John: When I was fifteen. She was –

Caroline: I don't want to know. What about the others?

John: I've travelled a great deal, you must remember.

Caroline: And of all your travelling companions I was the best. Remember? There! you've a dear face when you relax your mouth. To smile or to kiss – me.

(John does so; briefly)

Will the man be here tonight to fetch you?

I only ask because when you're here time's life; when you've gone it'll be only the ticking of clocks, night and day, getting on in age and finding something to fill a blank page. I know that's what it will be – for I've always been very dependent on a person. Such as you. D'you know, I don't think you've ever met a person.

To you the world's full of humanity – just men and women – never people. It's the same with everyone who wants to stir up trouble. Revolution is for men who can't love. You can. If you'll give yourself the chance.

John: I gave myself every chance in the past. You've read Sophie's book. I always presented myself well-scrubbed and well-dressed, sober and tactful for the preliminaries. If there was a husband I was good, natured. The early stages were distinguished by punctuality and discretion. The mutual pact was sealed – on my part – with affection and no nonsense. Time, Caroline, and time again I was well on my way to being in love with a person. But there came the day – usually within three weeks – various hours – when – what was it? – my attention, perhaps, was distracted. I had to be alone or my identity was in danger of being swallowed up. I'd try to be polite in phrasing. "I'm Tired. Will you please go away," I'd say. In itself it seems a simple thing to ask. They went. Always with a long backward look which was meant to pierce
me. Remorse, ah! Then the letters would start coming. "Your cruelty to me last night -" Cruelty? A request: nothing more. Letters: unanswered. A Telegram. "If offended in any way -" Offended? You delighted me: then I asked you to go away. At last, in person on the doorstep day and night - veiled - in a carriage across the street when I went out. Once even disguised as a washerwoman to be met on the stairs. So it always ended one way. In flight. With the last letter quietly, desperately pursuing me over the many miles. Speaking after me: "By your silence it seems I have failed to please you. Now so far away I shall hope to be remembered as nothing more than a good pal you once had," That's what it seemed to say but it was always hard to be sure with the page scarred and blistered with tears. So into the tin box with it. And on. No, Caroline, love can never stand up to the onslaughts of your sex. Never.

Caroline: And each time you ran away it led to the next and the next until - in headlong flight you pass this way.


(Sophie has returned up the hill on Cristos's arm. They come on to the terrace)

Sophie: Who's in there? Why don't you light the lamps?

(Sophie and Cristos move from the terrace into the room. Caroline begins to light the lamps)

John: Back so soon? What was it like?

Sophie: Very disappointing. Even at my age I'd have thought a peasant would be charmingly idyllic. That is nothing of the kind. How could it be when the man is obviously a blackguard and the girl quite distressingly ugly - and drunk.
Caroline: You'll have to look elsewhere for your romance, Sophie.

Sophie: I shall. Far beyond this house, for example. Cristos, I'd intended to ask you to go to my room and fetch one of my handkerchiefs to give to that poor girl down there but now I feel sure she'd only blow her great nose on it. Instead, will you go to the kitchen and find an old tablecloth to present with my compliments.

John: You are in a bad temper.

(Cristos goes out)

Sophie: It's the first time I've walked down that hill. Very tiring.

John: It took a wedding to get you out and about.

Caroline: I suppose you insulted them. The wedding couple, I mean.

Sophie: Why should you suppose I'd do any such thing?

Caroline: Because you're always so damned rude to anyone who disappoints you.

Sophie: It would have been difficult as everything I said had to be translated through Cristos. However, I can speak English and be understood by both of you.

(Caroline begins to go from the room)

Where are you going?

Caroline: Kitchen. Oil for that lamp.

Sophie: The lamp's all right.

Caroline: It won't be in a moment.

(she goes out)

Sophie: So you're staying on with us. I'm very sorry. The sight of you being brought down by Caroline during the last two days has been very painful. I'd hoped it was only a matter of soldier's comfort but it seems I have to watch your final humiliation. A tacit admission of love.
John: What are you talking about?

Sophie: Ah! my dear boy, to be caught by love is one thing: to give in to it is another.

John: You know, Sophie, you're becoming a very contradictory old lady.

Sophie: John!

John: You obviously see nothing odd in the fact that you should give your blessing to the lovers at the bottom of the hill and immediately return to abuse Caroline and myself — so much nearer to your heart — in the same situation.

Sophie: Then it is true. The night you arrived I saw the lamp in her irresponsible hand go bobbing towards your room. Even then I feared for your safety. Yet I believed you'd break free. We know, don't we, that there's little commitment made in the small hours. Dawn breaks most pacts and the sun burns up vows. This time, however — well, you've changed, as you say. You're older and you must at last come to rest in someone's bed. I was afraid it would be Caroline's and I was right it seems. For your daytime behaviour with her has been most revealing. Tragic, I feel, that after all you've been and more important after all you've avoided you should end up with that worthless girl.

John: I must remind you, it seems. In London you only knew of such things by letter and through conversation with me. Remember, Sophie, this is the first time you've actually seen the little lamp go bobbing down the corridor. This is no better and no worse than those times in the past. And no more dangerous. I'm not staying.

Sophie: You're not? Then why are you letting me say all this?

John: I like to hear you so concerned. You must still be very fond of me.
(Cristos comes in. He has a cloth folded over his arm)

Sophie: It's not enough. A cloth. Give the girl a sum of money as well.

Cristos: Certainly. How much?

Sophie: All you have on you. Let Selwyn and Henry also contribute.

Cristos: Very well.

Sophie: I've been uncharitable. It's not the girl's fault she's so unpleasant. Come back at once, Cristos. I shall dictate a chapter at least tonight.

(Cristos goes out to the terrace and down the hill)

I'm sorry I made a mistake about you and Caroline.

John: Did you know Henry wants to marry her?

Sophie: That's because he's been out here such a long time. Henry is the kind of man to whom marriage is less horrible than celibacy. Nothing will come of it.

John: What will happen to her? I'd like her to be happy. Someday.

Sophie: But not today. Not until you're far off. Let her be happy then.

John: How?

Sophie: You're very concerned.

John: Naturally.

Sophie: When are you expecting your friend?


Sophie: Tonight?

John: Perhaps. But about Caroline -

Caroline: Yes?
(she has come from the darkness of
the passageway)

Sophie: We were speaking of your future happiness, my child.

Caroline: Were you, darling? What about my present happiness?

Sophie: We thought it problematic or -

(Caroline has taken John's arm)

- merely affected. But we can be generous and admire you for putting a good face on your failure. I suppose you must have some qualities, Caroline, but I'm surprised that one of them should be to know when you've lost.

Caroline: You come of a different and older generation than John and I. We're made happy by smaller things of less duration than ever you could be. I suppose you were very beautiful when you were young but I never look at you - knowing you as I do - without thinking that you must've gone yah-yah! gobble - and then sat back emotionally stuffed and sleepy. (to John) Women eating. Do you hate it?

John: Hate it.

Caroline: I'll starve. (to Sophie) But for me - well, when I've been miserable a smile from a stranger has sometimes been enough. You don't understand that, do you?

Sophie: When I was a girl no stranger would've dared smile at me.

Caroline: Poor thing! So what I've known with John is very wonderful. It's not f'rever. But what is? Over f'both of us - tonight? - perhaps we'll see the morning but I doubt it. There, I've taken away your cause for triumph, Sophie. Sorry. You were all ready, I know, to rub my nose in the fact that this man was also leaving me.

John: Would you mind if I waited outside while this goes on?
Sophie: Not necessary. Please tell Cristos when he comes back that I'm in my room. I'd like you to knock on my door, John, for a moment before you go to shake my hand. That is if your friend should arrive in the middle of the night. At that time Caroline will undoubtedly be in a position to wish you a long farewell.

(Sophie goes from the room and up the stairs)

John: Let me look at you, Caroline. I'd have to know you longer before I could say you're serious.

Caroline: If ever there was a time for me to be serious this is it.

John: I thought you were just maddening Sophie.

Caroline: No. You've taught me what you failed to teach the others. But I don't want Basilios to turn up before morning even now. How will he come? How does a man go off to war these days? What am I to look for? A group of silent horsemen on the hill. Is that it?

John: Forgive me. I must at least try to die in action; after all that's happened it would be unbecoming for me to end in a bed.

Caroline: I understand perfectly. As a famous man you must finish up in glory.

John: I'd like to confound my obituaries as they stand written at the moment.

Caroline: You might come through the whole affair untouched. I hadn't thought of that.

John: I had. It'd be just my luck.

Caroline: Let's behave as if it wasn't happening - as if it wasn't that way at all. Come on. Here's an opportunity you've never known. Always before you'd to be careful - wary - because a word might've meant being trapped.
But there's no fear of committing yourself with me. You'll be gone by morning and there'll be no letters following after you, I promise.

John: I'm allowed to say honestly and without commitment that I love you.

Caroline: Yes, you're allowed to say that.

John: And having said it -

Caroline: You haven't.

John: I love you. Having said it I must at once get ready to go. I'm in an impossible situation.

Caroline: I know. (she holds out her arms) Take refuge.

(John does so)

John: I think aloud and you hear my thoughts. What would it have been? An abject return to England to crave legal indulgence - to tell this story of ours in straight answers to leading questions. Your hair smells of wood smoke: why is that? Marriage and retirement to the country to give us leisure to begin to hate each other - your hands are stained with fruit - to hate each other for having dared to think we could make each other happy - quite blooded over, they are: see them - until the time would be when we'd only be truly happy in that hatred. I know: my mother and father were married. There'd be no one in the world interested enough in our private war to take sides and so we'd have children - your pulse: racing: oh dear, yes, it is - children equally divided to carry on the battle when we were too old and tired to care. You've tears in your eyes.

Caroline: I know, you fool! Stay with me.

John: What has it been? Discovery without the vulgar need to stake a claim. Mystery without fear of explanation. Silence without misunderstanding. You see, we
haven't used up all our poetry on each other and been driven to counterfeit. Your lies amuse me - your unhappiness concerns me - your most idiotic mannerisms enchant me. Leave it so. Be thankful for the horsemen on the hill.

Caroline: Stay with me.

John: No.

(Caroline turns away and goes out on to the terrace leaving John alone in the room. Cristos has come up the hill and on to the terrace)

Cristos: As a man long since unmarried I'm always amazed at the savagery attendant upon the simple union of two people who are supposed to love each other. The families of the wedding party are engaged in a pitched battle. Someone made a comment on the bride's exact state of chastity, it seems. Personally, I'd not have thought it was a debatable point as she has two children with her who cried, Momma, throughout the ceremony.

(he passes Caroline and enters the room)

John: Sophie asked me to say that she's in her room waiting to dictate.

Cristos: Thank you. Her memory at this time of day is too accurate for comfort.

John: Surely that's what you want.

Cristos: Accuracy about the past! Mr. Hogarth, you speak like a scholar.

John: Is there another value in reminiscence?

Cristos: Certainly. A record of what might have been.

John: In that case, where does the truth get to?

Cristos: Now, you speak, sir, as if the truth was a considerable detail. The book will only be read by the future.
John: Sophie's life in London then is a myth.

Cristos: It will be by the time we've got it on paper.

John: Until this moment I've looked on you as an historian.

Cristos: I'm sorry to have misled you. How do you see me now?

John: As an artist, you charlatan. I'm naturally concerned. I play a large part, I'm told, in your forthcoming work.

Cristos: You won't suffer, Mr. Hogarth. Where in the past your behaviour has seemed irresponsible I've taken care to provide a motive even at the expense of libelling others. Where your actions have appeared cruel or selfish the reader will find an excuse - even if it's in a footnote. In this work at least, sir, you will be represented as beyond your wildest dreams.

John: Thank you so much.

(Cristos goes from the room and up the stairs as Caroline returns to the room from the terrace. She has poured two glasses of wine: she carries one to John and holds it out to him. He takes it)

What's this?

Caroline: You're going. Let's drink to it.

John: Not at all necessary.

Caroline: Now why should it embarrass you to have a woman see you as you see yourself? You act the last of the romantics and carry his accessories. Then you must damned well be expected to be treated as such. You can't brood over your pistols and your past, your copy of Malory and your death in battle and have me see you as I see Henry. He's trying to make his way in the world. You're trying to make your way out of it.
John: Very well, darling. If it's going to help you through those last hours by all means take part in my imaginary costume drama. (he raises his glass) To the freedom of man! (he drinks)

Caroline: Oh, you did that beautifully! Anyone'd thought it was real. Let me try. (she raises her glass) To the freedom of man! (she drinks) How was that?

John: Not at all bad. There was a note in your voice - militantly feminine - disturbing might cause alarm in the liberal ranks. Try again.

Caroline: No. (she takes the glass from John and with her own goes out on to the terrace. She throws the glasses far out where they smash on the hillside. She comes back into the room. She speaks:) That wine was poisonous.

John: Yes. It wasn't very nice.

Caroline: I mean I put poison in it. The wine you've just drunk. While we were fooling about. It was toxic.

John: What are you talking about?

Caroline: The wine, darling. I put poison in it.

John: Are you serious?

Caroline: You'd have to know me longer before you could say that so I'll tell you. Yes, I'm serious.

John: Caroline, pull yourself together!

Caroline: I'm all right.

John: And stop smiling!

Caroline: I'm happy.

John: You're mad!
Caroline: No, I'm not. The stuff was in my drink, too.

John: I'm not concerned with you at the moment.

Caroline: You must be. We were together in another way. We're together in this. That's right and proper. I'd not do anything for you alone. I love you.

John: So much?

Caroline: Oh, so much! Just before we went to sleep last night I asked, How can I make this last for ever? And you said, That's only tomorrow. And suddenly I knew it could be.

John: Give me the facts. The facts! Perhaps if we drank milk -

Caroline: Do they matter? Nothing, to them. Walking on the hillside with Cristos one day I saw the purple berries. We'd been talking of the unhappiness of love - of the impossibility of absolute oblivion. Then Cristos took a handful of the berries and told me that many people in this tragic country believed they held the secret. He threw them away but the day you came I'd happened to be out on the hillside and gathered more.

John: Just give me the facts. Nothing more. Salt and water. Disgusting.

Caroline: Do you mean the cook book facts? All right. Place whole in a pan. Cover with boiling water. Simmer on a wood fire. Drain. Put the liquid in a small bottle and when the horsemen on the hill approach use it.

John: A wood fire -

Caroline: - yes, it stays in my hair. With the stain on my hands.

John: I think you're lying.
Caroline: You'll know I'm not in about eight hours. When you fall asleep. Mild und leise.

John: Don't whisper your romantic German nonsense to me!

Caroline: Why not? Let's show them, John. Let's show this whole damned century with its passion for steam-engines and plotting in cellars that there were two people who were unafraid to give themselves up to the oldest passion of all. The beauty and the sacrifices are all in the story books now. I want them as you do to be here in life. You must want it that way or you wouldn't have done the things you have and wanted to go off to the North in further search. Sophie called you the first twentieth century man. Live up to that.

John: Live up to it! Give me a chance.

Caroline: You'll live for ever in Sophie's book. As you really are. And I shall live with you in history as your last attachment. That makes me all at once want to cry. It's very wonderful.

John: Splendid. Now listen to me, Caroline. I'm very, very angry with you. A naughty girl, that's what you've been.

Caroline: I thought you'd behave so finely about this and I'm sure Sophie'd expect it, too.

John: You mean I can't rush about the place screaming, Murder!

Caroline: Well, you can but you're going to look silly and most unlike yourself if you make an uproar before Sophie and Henry and Daddie, and then find all you've drunk is a little fruit juice.

John: I'd certainly quite forfeit Sophie's respect. She'd probably start to write her bloody book again from the beginning.
Caroline: It's a difficult position. I'd be brave
and keep quiet.

John: It's all a joke, isn't it, Caroline?

Caroline: Believe that if you want to. It won't
do any harm. You've always looked on
everything as a joke so why not this?

John: Oh, my God!

Caroline: Everyone thought you'd leave me. As Bobo
left me. Won't they be surprised? It's
all so simple, too. Why didn't the others
think of it instead of writing you long
complaining letters?

John: They didn't think of it because they were
decent respectable women.

Caroline: Poor things! They'll be so mad when they
hear about us. So many morning papers to
tell them on so many breakfast tables and
so many tears of frustration falling in
the porridge. God! I love you looking
like that. Let's go upstairs. We've got
eight hours or so.

John: Certainly not. You're indecent. You should
occupy the eight hours -

Caroline: How?

John: I don't know. I don't know.

(he walks out on to the terrace where
he immediately comes face to face with
Henry who has come up the hill)

Henry: Selwyn's got through to the inner chamber
of the dig. He's still there. I've been
sent up for some drawing things. He wants
to make some sketches.

John: Has he found something interesting?

Henry: I think it must be. I've not been in yet.
Why don't you go down? They've enlarged
the entrance. You've only to lower your
head.
Perhaps tomorrow.

Will you forgive me? I must think about my column for The Times.

Tell me. You're very fond of Caroline, aren't you?

Do you think that's a fair question, Mr. Hogarth? In the circumstances.

I think so. What do you know about her, that's the point?

She makes mistakes.

Such as?

Believing herself to be emotionally attached to unsuitable men.

I suppose you mean in love with me. Has she ever threatened you?

With violence? You can't mean that.

I do.

Never. She's always been most sympathetic.

She's never been cruel to be kind.

There've been times when she's said or done something she regretted later.

Too late sometimes, I expect. She's mad.

Wild? I suppose she is. Yet we'd always forgive her, wouldn't we? Soon after she came here and I suppose I was pestering her she played a joke on me.

A joke! Tell me all about it.

It was really nothing -- although I might've been killed. We were out riding together. Caroline used to wear boy's clothes for convenience. As an Englishman I was naturally interested in local habits and customs. On this ride we were going down
a narrow defile near the coast when we came on a group of men. I wanted to speak to them and Caroline kindly offered to translate. I asked them various questions about their way of life. As I went on I saw the men's attitude become surly and then threatening. I did the best I knew: I held out a sum of money to them. At that they set on me. They dragged me from my horse. Luckily they were unarmed and had only their fists. I called to Caroline to ride off which she did and I made my way back alone and very much the worse for wear.

John: Hired assassins, I suppose.

Henry: No, no. Cristos put the police on the case and a few days later they arrested two of the men. They both swore that Caroline had told them that I was a wealthy Turk travelling the country buying up young girls - in this case their daughters - for immoral purposes. Caroline admitted that it was true. My innocent questions had been translated into damning demands. Poor child, she cried a little when she asked me to forgive her foolishness.

John: Did you cry, too?

Henry: I found it very touching that she should've thought those Greeks to have a sense of humour. She quite expected them to join in the joke.

(John laughs; after a moment)

I must get the drawing-board.

John: I'd like to speak to Cristos. Will you ask him to come down? He's with Sophie.

Henry: Of course.

(he goes into the room, leaving John on the terrace, and sees Caroline sitting alone smoking a cigarette)

Hallo, you're there. Can't stop. Must go to my room. I've some hard thinking to do. They've found something down at the dig so I must start my last article. Then it'll be goodbye, Caroline.
Caroline: Goodbye, Henry.

Henry: I mean when I've finished the article.

Caroline: Well, get on with it, my dear. (she goes to the window and out on to the terrace to join John as Henry leaves the room and goes up the stairs. Caroline speaks to John:)

Not a satisfactory conversation for you, I'm afraid. Even you could never convince Henry that such a thing as treachery exists. If you shot him dead on the spot his last thought would be, An unfortunate mishap.

John: The juice of a few berries in a glass of wine can't have any effect.

Caroline: Can't they, darling? Look at the effect a few words to some strangers had on Henry when he was being boring.

John: You're a monster.

Caroline: There's something you insist on forgetting. I'm with you in this. We'll always be together now. That's not monstrous. It's not even selfish.

John: You'll soon convince me that you've done everyone some good.

Caroline: Well, this revolution was a mistake, you know. You'd never have managed it - never. Things would have gone wrong and you'd have made a fool of yourself and it would have got into the papers and - well, it was a silly idea. I've stopped you putting a bad dream into disastrous practice. Yes, I've done some good.

John: Now I'm supposed to be grateful.

Caroline: You can be if you wish.

(she shuts her eyes and waits to be kissed)

John: Did your husband drink?
Caroline: Yes. I tried to cure him.

John: I was wondering why he left you.

(Sophie has come down the stairs and into the room. She calls:)

Sophie: John, are you there?

John: Yes.

(he moves into the room leaving Caroline on the terrace)

Sophie: Why do you want to speak to Cristos?

John: To ask him about a local custom I've just encountered. A matter of hospitality.

Sophie: He's gone out. Left in quite a temper. About you.

John: Have I annoyed him?

Sophie: No. He was championing you. When he came to my room and picked up his pen I said, Now I shall begin to tell the truth about John Hogarth. He at once put down the pen and said, I'll not be a party to the destruction of a legend which the world will badly need in a few years. A destruction brought about, moreover, by your momentary pique. I answered him sharply. We were about to have a scene when he fortunately left the room. And the house.

John: Can he be found?

Sophie: I see no reason for it. I'm capable of writing in my own hand.

John: I meant for myself.

Sophie: It's very strange. I once described you as -

John: - the first twentieth century man. I know.

Sophie: Yet Cristos sees you as the true representative of an age which is passing if not past. He thinks you'll be swallowed up
by a world which is going to regret the action and then find its comfort in fairy stories about the man it's destroyed. That is your place in history according to Cristos. A kind of Saint Jack of the Beanstalk. Interesting, isn't it?

John: Very. But at the moment, Sophie, I'm unconcerned with my part in history and deeply interested in my part in the present. So tell me, why did Caroline's husband leave her?

Sophie: For none of the usual reasons. They say he was terrified of her. He became very strange towards the end. Did all his own cooking and kept his tooth powder in a wall safe in the bathroom.

John: Go on.

Sophie: Is there any more to be said?

John: Nothing, I suppose.

Sophie: Then let's change the subject.

John: Certainly. How do you think I'll face up to the enemy?

Sophie: In the past you've made your own enemies and been very careful in doing so. You were wise. Friends don't matter but it's very necessary to have the right enemies one can face with dignity and restraint.

John: I'm speaking of physical danger.

Sophie: Oh, that. Well, I hope you won't make a fool of yourself.

John: You feel I should pass into history silent and uncomplaining.

Sophie: Of course. You're keeping me in suspense as to what the final chapter of my book is going to be but under no circumstances can I allow it to be a farce. That's Henry's part.

John: The wealthy Turk.
Sophie: Ah! such a disgraceful incident. Lacerated and bruised mercifully beyond recognition for several days. She knew what she was doing. He might have been killed. And the fool still believes it was a joke.

John: The fool!

(Selwyn has come up the hill and on to the terrace. He speaks to Caroline:)

Selwyn: Success!

(John and Sophie stand listening within the room)
Success, my dear child, after all these months. Go down and see your old Daddie's crowning triumph. The find that'll put our names in the history books if anything will. Go down!

(Caroline slowly leaves the terrace to go down the hill. Selwyn enters the room to John and Sophie)

Sophie: What have you found?

Selwyn: The most astonishing state of preservation.

Sophie: Of what?

Selwyn: An inner room — sixteen feet square or so. Hogarth, my dear fellow, we spoke of a place of worship, remember? — dedicated, we said. It's that all right. A bas-relief runs round the four walls from floor to ceiling.

Sophie: What does it represent?

Selwyn: Ostensibly man and woman's progress from the cradle to the grave with overwhelming emphasis on a certain aspect.

Sophie: Come, Selwyn. Be brief: be lucid.

Selwyn: A strange experience. I climbed down into the darkness. The little idiot man already there had gone to sleep surrounded by his burnt out candles. The lamps were handed through to me and in their dancing...
light the still figures on the wall seemed to be animate. For two thousand years they'd remained until I brought them the light which set them performing again their endless love rites. A great moment. To hear a poem of Anacreon spoken by a voice of the time. The young sun-hot bodies joined by the freshly poured wine and performing the most natural dance forever to the silent music.

Sophie: Selwyn, my dear. Selwyn, pay attention. Somehow I feel this is not the correct academic attitude towards what seems to be an important archaeological find.

Selwyn: There was an overwhelming impression of youth. Even at that depth the place is warmed by the heat of the sun and there seems to remain an echo of a cry - ah! - and of laughter. The last deep silence. That is echoed, too, in the inspired graffiti. My God, I'd no idea what I was looking for. Remember the little figure I showed you, Hogarth? Significant attitude, we said, but it meant little. My dear fellow, we were holding the poor creature upside-down. Forgive me but you look quite shaken.

John: It's surprising, Selwyn, that you should come all this way and spend all this time and then be pleased to verify a fact of human behaviour which could be observed at ease by visiting any one of a dozen houses in London.

Selwyn: I'm not an anthropologist. I know why you're upset. You left London to free yourself only to come so far and find material proof that the formal pattern of behaviour you wanted to escape was fully developed perhaps beyond your experience over two thousand years ago.

John: I've never thought I invented such goings-on.

Selwyn: Distressing, all the same. Now, where's that fool Bevis? I sent him up for a drawing-board. I must get some of this
down on paper for the people in Berlin. My word, the Bloomsbury crowd are going to be mad when they hear about this. (he has reached the foot of the stairs. He calls:)

Bevis, come down! Come down at once, man! (Selwyn returns to the room and speaks to John:)

I must set him to work on this article for The Times. A detailed and poetic account is what's needed. Something that'll carry a breath of fresh air into a hundred reading rooms. I'm sure the boy can do it if he puts his mind to it.

Sophie: He'll do his best for he's relying on this final article to bring him fame.

Selwyn: Why don't you go down, my dear? You'll find it interesting.

Sophie: Not tonight. I'm afraid of the path in the darkness.

Selwyn: What about you, Hogarth?

John: I'll go tomorrow.

Selwyn: Caroline couldn't wait so long. From the way she ran down the hill you'd have thought there was to be no tomorrow for her.

John: What's that? She's gone?

Selwyn: Like a bird.

John: Selwyn, could you spare me a moment on another matter?

Selwyn: Certainly. What is it?

John: Your family.

Selwyn: What about it?

John: Any insanity?

Selwyn: Hogarth, my excitement and enthusiasm are only natural to a man who's been working in the dark for eighteen months.
John: I don't mean you. Have you - oh, really, this is very delicate - have you observed Caroline recently?

Selwyn: In passing. Is her behaviour eccentric? The girl's been unhappy in the past but I don't think there's cause to fear for her mind. You mustn't worry that she'll do herself harm.

John: What about others?

Selwyn: She very much resembles her mother: most likely to kill with kindness.

John: Thank you, Selwyn.

Selwyn: Anything more I can tell you?

John: Nothing.

(Selwyn and Henry go from the room, cross the terrace, and begin the descent of the hill)

Selwyn: There you are. What've you been doing?

Henry: Sharpening the pencils.

Selwyn: Look to your wits. I want a masterpiece of description from you.

Henry: Shall we go down?

Selwyn: At once.

(Selwyn and Henry go from the room, cross the terrace, and begin the descent of the hill)

Sophie: John, pièce touchée, pièce jouée.

John: What do you mean?

Sophie: You know very well. Did you really think the game with her could be ended by knocking over the board.

John: She's coming back.
(he is standing at the window looking
down the hill)

Sophie: When you first came here you wagged your
head and talked of my marriage to Selwyn.
You made use of your gravest indictment:
you said I'd become a woman. Oh, Sophie!
Now we have the problem. What am I to
gather from your present behaviour? That
you've become a man? Oh, John!

John: She speaks to her father, kisses him. Claps
Henry on the shoulder in a comradely way.
And laughs. Laughs!

Sophie: Why not? She obviously has you, for one,
at a disadvantage. No, no, John, this lack
of decision really won't do at all. You
tell me that you're not staying yet every
word - all those questions! - indicate
that you've given up hope of going. Now,
come along, what's it to be?

John: She's amazingly beautiful - carelessly so -
as she walks - her head thrown back - sure-
footed - sure of herself - sure of me -
oh, God!

Sophie: The game's up, is it? Then let's have
the post-mortem.

(Caroline comes on to the terrace
from below. John stays at the window
between the two women: Caroline on
the terrace and Sophie in the room)

Caroline: Come out here. The ground under my feet
is still warm from the sun.

John: Your father's just told me that you'd not
harm anyone.

Caroline: I wish I could put you out of your misery.

John: Haven't you?

Caroline: I mean by making you understand that
it's not a joke.

John: You're beginning to regret it.
Caroline: Only when I look directly at you. Look away - like this - to the country and the naked hill waiting for the horsemen - then I don't regret it for a moment. Have you told the old lady?

John: She knows nothing.

Sophie: The old lady knows nothing.

Caroline: Tell her what's happened. See if you get any sympathy. Go on, have a moment of panic.

John: In front of Sophie? Unthinkable.

Sophie: Why don't you walk down and confide in the men, John?

John: Henry Bevis? I don't think so. Did you see the excavation, Caroline?

Caroline: Yes. Nothing more than a little dark forgotten hole in the ground dedicated to an old friend of ours. I looked at it closely. The figures of the men and women are very seriously happy. But, darling, you and I've learnt nothing new in over two thousand years. Mind you, we've forgotten nothing - that's clear enough. So let's be content.

(a moment's silence)
There! did you feel that? The whole land took a deep breath and settled down for the night.

John: Let's take advantage of it. Sophie, earlier this evening in a moment of nineteenth century romantic ardour Caroline put poison in my wine.

Sophie: Oh, you silly girl!

John: That somehow seems inadequate.

Sophie: Yet it makes a much better ending.

John: To what?

John: Sophie, I love you but -

Sophie: And I love you, John. You're looking quite upset.

John: Is that foolish of me?

Sophie: It's surprising. I don't quite understand. I mean you came out here with the idea of ending your life story on some sordid battlefield among complete strangers. You know how I felt about that. I thought it unwise. But this, John - this fits. Yes, I feel it's much the best way considering your early life. It has a tidiness which is most appealing.

John: I'm glad you're pleased.

Sophie: Not pleased, exactly. But there's a feeling of satisfaction.

John: Good! Caroline took the stuff as well.

Sophie: That's not important. She'll hardly be mentioned.

(Caroline comes quickly into the room)

Caroline: Now, look here, Sophie, you've been pretty filthy to me but that's the dirtiest trick yet. I'm going to be in that book!

Sophie: I'll do my best to cram you into an appendix.

Caroline: I want the whole story. Nothing less. And I want a portrait. The Sargent, I think - done when I was sixteen. Don't you dare monkey about with the facts. I loved him more than anyone.

Sophie: No, no, Caroline. Your agitated personality would ruin the dying fall of the last chapter. You must be muted.

Caroline: I won't be muted!
Sophie: Well, at least, dear, don't shout.

John: May I just speak?

(the two women attend him. There is a long silence)

CURTAIN
Draft "D" Act Two - Manuscript
Whiting MSS.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Whiting, Loe.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Whiting, Inc.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Act

Three.

2nd Draft.
Emendations Draft "D" Act Three

260. ...can't. (obliteration)

334. ...Hogarth ha (obliteration) already...
    "s" is inserted above the line.

335. and I' (obliteration) put....
    "ve" is inserted above the line.

385. ...are (obliteration) the...

447. ...courage. (obliteration), we...
    The comma after the obliteration is not included in the transcription. The "w" in "we" is capitalized in the transcription.

556. ...that (caret) you...
    "say" is inserted above the line.

969. ...to (obliteration) ideals.
    "his" is inserted above the line.

978. ...receive, (obliteration) respect...

1022. ...? Of course the...
    "course" is repeated in the manuscript. It has not been included in the transcription.
Act Three.

(The scene is John Hogarth's bedroom.
The time is later the same night.
The room is almost entirely occupied by a bed which is Byzantine in size and splendour. At the four corners gilded columns whirl giddily to the great canopy above. All around hang damasked curtains of extreme weight. There is a light burning directly over the bed beneath the canopy. The rest of the room is barely furnished by one chair and a small dressing table. John's box is open in a corner. His possessions are spilling out giving the impression of flight suddenly abandoned.

There is one door to the room and one window.

John is lying on the bed. He is in a state of undress being only in his shirt and trousers.

There is a knock on the door.)

John: Go away!

(Henry comes into the room)

Henry: May I come in?

John: What d'you want?

Henry: Your advice. How are you feeling? Caroline told me you've taken something which disagreed with you.

John: Yes. I'm in no state to give advice on any subject.
That's a pity. It's really help I need. I'm very worried.

I've something on my mind, Bevis, as well as on my stomach and I'd like to be alone.

You want me to go away. You mustn't worry. Problems seem so frightening at this time of night. So often they're solved by morning. That's been my experience. But after the sun's down what can you do? I've been walking about the hillside trying to get my mind in order.

Have you managed that?

No. You see, I've been in the dig with Selwyn.

Instructive, I'm told.

Mr. Hogarth, what on earth am I going to say?

Say?

About Selwyn's discovery. For The Times.

I don't know.

That's my problem. Shall we deal with it first and then come to you? From the moment I met you I felt there was a sympathetic understanding between us and that this situation might well come up. When we could be of help to each other.

What do you want me to do? I've not seen the place.

Well, look at these. They're rough sketches made by Selwyn of the images in the place. (he unrolls a bundle of drawings and gives them to John)

You see my difficulty.

Yes. (he laughs) I see your difficulty. Having to describe these golden children.
Henry: For The Times.

John: You should work for The Daily Mail.

Henry: What line do you think I should take?

John: Ignore them.

Henry: That's bad journalism.

John: What else is there in the hole?

Henry: Nothing. It's all really too bad! I've waited for this discovery to give me material for my last article and now look what turns up. If I don't make a success of it I can see myself being stuck in this wretched country for the rest of my life. I've been walking about at my wit's end.

John: Why didn't you go to Sophie? She'd concoct something in a moment.

Henry: I can't go to her with these.

John: I don't know what to say. You'd best give a straightforward description, I'd think.

Henry: It'll read like a book of anatomy.

John: What more do you want?

Henry: A way to approach the subject. Suitable for The Times. Informative, of course.

John: Athens: Monday. (Have you a pencil?) The expedition led by Colonel S. F. Faramond (well, come on, man: take it down!) today reached an inner chamber of the excavation. (Shorthand, eh?) The work of eighteen months, as observed by Your Correspondent, (that's you) has been successful. The find will disappoint many who had hoped for some revelation of the Periclean age but will be of interest to those who have never before had any sympathy for archaeological science. (Stop sucking the pencil, Henry. Get it down. Here we go!)
This place—(have you a picture of your ideal reader? I have)—a room stamped down by time under the earth holds, sir, your youth. This place, dedicated to the sparrow and the swan, the rose, the poppy and the lime tree, sacred to Aphrodite, keeps safe the dark girl, the gay brave one, in the language of the time, who loved you (so she said) most. Your Correspondent has no wish to use these columns for confession or reminiscence but, yes, she was known to him. For she was born for many of us among the raspberry bushes on a hot afternoon in the garden when the younger children laughed and played but you and I, sir, older, (at least fourteen) silent, horribly wiser stayed out of sight: (I speak personally, Henry. You were probably curled up in a theatrical basket) born in your fevered head on that torrid day with the sun falling out of the sky. She stayed with you growing in beauty and experience as your imagination and longing swept you into manhood. (Were you swept into manhood, Henry? I was. It entailed swimming the length of an ornamental lake at four o'clock in the morning. You're right. Another story) She was so nearly met. There was always the chance of absolute discovery in so many encounters. And yet. And yet. Where was she? The dark girl with the gaiety of the sparrow, the viciousness of the swan, the arrogance of the rose, the vulgarity of the poppy and the contentment of the lime tree. Then it was not longer a question of where she was. She was with you until you lost your ambition. Yes, sir, age is responsible for too much. That's agreed. It's responsible, you'll remember, for the loneliness which made you make do with that angel in tweeds across the breakfast table. She's kind to dogs. At the moment she's patting a flat head and believes you to be reading the financial page. Soon she'll go from the room and pat you on the head as she passes. If you're lucky. Your Correspondent wishes to send a message of hope to the unloved.
The dark girl, the ideal born in the
garden, has been protected after all.
Here, sir, are your boyish scribblings
on the wall, the formal patterns of desire
scratched on the end papers of your Liddell
and Scott, the undergraduate poems and the
solitary drinking of your thirties all
translated to beauty and (God help us,
Henry! look here) truth. (I'd no idea
Selwyn could draw so well. See that with
the hands - so) How foolish you were,
dear reader of The Times, to think she
was lost. She was here in every way,
playing the games, laughing, lying, acting
all the scenes and being a woman. She
was in this place. Waiting.
So put the dogs in the kennels and send
the angel in tweeds to the committee
meeting.
Trains leave daily. From Tunbridge Wells
and Leamington Spa, from Cheltenham and
all university cities, from Baden, Monte
Carlo, Venice, Aix, Calais and all places
of loveless exile. Bags can be packed.
The pilgrimage can begin.
Yet wait! Before you blow the dust from
your Gladstone. With the message of hope
must come a warning.
Ah! sir, in two thousand years she has
not aged. Her bed is still a jousting
ground: yours is now a place of rest.
Her way of adoration has not become a
goodnight kiss pecked into the forehead.
There are other differences too painful
for this journal to print.
Wait!
The breath you used to blow the dust from
your travelling bags has left you giddy
and confused. Let the train go. That
whistle is the signal for departure not
an impertinence.
She is for another now. That's the way
to look at it.
Yet the scene is unchanging for -
You remember how she -
There was a day when -
Your enfranchised hand could tell -
But not I.
Words have failed Your Correspondent.
Turn to Page Six for reproductions of the
find in detail.
Henry: No, no!

(there is a knock on the door)

John: Nobody here.

(Cristos comes into the room)

Hullo. I thought it might be - well, almost anyone else in this damned house.

Cristos: I've only just come in. The place seemed deserted. I felt you must've gone. What are you doing?

John: Henry's article for The Times.

Henry: Hogarth, when I'm asked for my help I treat the situation seriously. That is, I've always done so until now. I don't know what your particular problem is but if you told me you were in the most horrible dilemma known to man I think I'd laugh. Laugh in your face!

(Henry goes out of the room)

Cristos: What have you done to upset him?

John: What are we always doing to upset people? You've had a difference of opinion with Sophie, I understand.

Cristos: I wouldn't take down the dictation she was giving about you. She meant to re-write certain passages in the light of her present knowledge.

John: You think that's cheating.

Cristos: Oh, the whole thing's a swindle. It depends on who's to be the victim. I don't want it to be you.

John: Why should you try to defend my reputation?

Cristos: Forgive me. I'm not. I'm trying to save my own creation.

John: How does it come to be your creation when Sophie dictates?
Cristos: I'm making the book from her notes, certainly. You might say that I'm creating a work of fiction from certain established facts. 240

John: Why doesn't Sophie protest?

Cristos: She'd only do that, I think, if she took the trouble to read it. She's not done so yet.

John: At the moment she's in her room writing herself.

Cristos: I'm sure she's not. She's tried to write in her own hand before but she's too lazy. Half a line, perhaps. Nothing more. That won't scratch the surface of my central figure.

John: I see. So whatever happens to me can't really affect your legend.

Cristos: No. I'll have to observe the practical details, of course. I'm hoping that from the time Basilios arrives you'll begin to live up to the book. That'll make my work much easier. I've always preferred the truth.

John: I'd like to help you in that. But I can't. I can only give you the facts and hope that your imagination can translate them to something worthy of your early chapters. I don't think it's possible. For the one end you can't have foreseen is domestic tragedy.

Cristos: Not marriage!

John: No, no. Not that. Sometime ago you were walking with Caroline. You were talking of the unhappiness of love.

Cristos: We've done that many times.

John: But on this occasion you pointed out a solution. The purple berries growing on the hillside.

Cristos: As a joke I believe I said -
Many people in this tragic country believe those to be the answer. Am I right?

Something like that.

You've been taken at your word. Caroline distilled some of those berries this evening and put the stuff in my wine. And in hers.

Oh, my God!

So it seems as if the story will end here.

You can't let that happen.

Surely it's out of my hands.

Keep away from her.

I am. Too late.

Your mind must be elevated. Make an effort.

There's no point. She says it takes effect in eight hours.

Less than that.

Less? Then I'm dying before your eyes. Hadn't you better make notes?

Dying, Mr. Hogarth?

Yes. From the effect of the poison. Don't distress yourself. I'm calm. What's that funny little noise you're making? Are you laughing?

Yes.

Well, stop it at once!

I said to Caroline when she spoke of love, Those - the berries - are believed by many to be the answer. Obviously our minds were not in accord.

Meaning?
Cristos: The effect is mild. Romantic fiction calls it a love potion.

John: An aphrodisiac.

Cristos: That's what I meant. I should've remembered that Caroline's apt to see everything in terms of mortality. She thought it was poison. Oh dear, I must tell the poor child at once.

John: No! I'll do that. Later.

Cristos: Be gentle. An unexpected return to life can be disturbing.

John: Yes. Yes, I'm understanding that at the moment. Here's the damned thing on my hands again. What do I do with it? Finish packing.

(Sophie comes into the room)

Sophie: I thought it would do you no harm at all to have to think on a serious subject for a while. Especially after your frivolous behaviour of the past two days. But I've relented and come to tell you. The wine Caroline gave you was harmless: it has no effect that a day's forced march won't cure.

Cristos: Mr. Hogarth has already confided in me and I've put him right on that point.

Sophie: Have you, indeed? You're extending your meddling activities beyond his written life now.

John: You knew all the time, Sophie.

Sophie: Yes, my dear. The cook has a most comprehensive recipe book. I knew the moment you spoke of the berries from the hill.
John: That's why you called Caroline, A silly girl.

Sophie: Well, she is. The place is overgrown with dangerous herbs which would have polished you off in an instant. But she chose that.

John: Have you thought that it might've been intentional? That she knew what she was doing and lied to me.

Sophie: I don't think that's so.

John: I'd like to believe she meant it.

Sophie: Why?

John: Because I'm in love with her.

Sophie: You mean you'd like to believe she meant no harm.

John: No, no. I'd like to believe she tried to kill me. It shows a degree of attachment I've never known before.

Sophie: Surely there've been several who tried to kill themselves.

John: Oh, yes, several. But only themselves. That was mere selfishness.

Sophie: Then the news that you are what everyone else would call all right is not very welcome.

John: Not at all welcome. It makes flight imperative.

Cristos: Ah! you're an Englishman. How shall I ever get you truly down on paper for posterity to marvel at?

Sophie: You are now writing my book.

Cristos: My dear Sophie, read it.

Sophie: That's what I've been doing for the last two hours. I wasn't able to concentrate myself so I picked up your manuscript.
Cristos: Well?

Sophie: You've done a good job of transcription. Nothing more.

Cristos: You think the John Hogarth in that book is the man you've been remembering aloud to me.

Sophie: Of course. What else? Do you mean I don't know what I've been talking about?

Cristos: If you think the man in the book and the man you told me about are the same then yes, I do.

(Cristos goes out of the room)

Sophie: Don't let me stop you from going on with your packing. I take it you're not waiting for Basilios.

John: No, I must get out of here. It's a very dangerous situation.

Sophie: It is if you've fallen in love with the girl. I was afraid it would happen but you seemed so sure.

John: I can't go until morning. There's no way of transport.

Sophie: Selwyn's been using some mules. You might take one of those.

John: But only in daylight. What's the time?

Sophie: Just past midnight.

John: Only one person can save me now. Basilios. Why doesn't he come? To be under way through the night rolled in a blanket with the smell of the road dust and weapon oil for company could save me. If he's not here by morning I shall go to meet him.

Sophie: I think perhaps that's best. You know I'm not in favour of this insurrection but I can see it's the only way out.
John: I haven't lost my taste for it. Don't think that. It's not a mere expedient. My affections may now be here in this place but - how can I say this to you? - my duty and my honour are under the open sky in the North.

Sophie: Did you hanker after all that during the years in London?

John: I think I must've done.

Sophie: You gave no sign of it.

John: No, because I couldn't have told you what it was I wanted then. It wasn't until I met Basilios that I knew.

Sophie: Your behaviour now explains something I couldn't understand in those days. The way you lived seemed a complete contradiction to the mixture of American and Scots blood in you. But now when you stop to weigh your affections against your honour and duty I hear the Scot: and when you persist in the quixotic behaviour with Basilios to which you're committed by a casual word then I hear the Yankee.

John: You can go further. Belonging to that eternal minority group, the Scots, by birth gives me sympathy with the underdog everywhere: belonging to America gives me the desire to take the world under my wing. There you have the reason for my predilection for revolution.

Sophie: Ah! if you'd been an Englishman by birth this'd never have happened. There's not much to be said for us but we do face up to our disreputability. To glory in being the most detested nation in the world shows some kind of courage. We must be admired for that if nothing else.

John: Yes, if I'd been English it would've helped. But the American in me wants to be
loved and the Scot in me wants to be safe and so we have this everlasting and headlong flight.

(Caroline has come into the room)

Caroline: You've always known what you've been running away from but have you ever before paused to think what it is you're running towards? No, for I'm the first person to check you.

Sophie: You want him to think about it now?

Caroline: Why not? There's the rest of the night.

Sophie: John, a few minutes ago you spoke of your duty. I know mine at the moment very well. It is to stay here in this room and not leave you alone with this girl. But I can't do it. Perhaps I'm weak but to one of my age the sight of you together is most hurtful. No, Caroline! try for once to keep your mouth shut. It's a hurt caused by my vanity and envy, I suppose. You must forgive me if I leave you to your own resources. I can, of course, send someone up in my place. Selwyn is still at the dig and Cristos is sulking. But there's Henry. I could send Henry to you.

John: No.

Sophie: Then try, John, try to be all Scot.

(Sophie goes out of the room)

Caroline: I found these lying on the terrace.

(She is carrying Selwyn's drawings) Is this what you've been doing up here alone?

John: It is not. They're your father's drawings of the figures in the dig.

Caroline: I thought you might've been remembering past triumphs.
John: Caroline, why did you do it?

Caroline: Put the stuff in the wine?

John: Yes.

Caroline: Because I know I can't weather another storm.

John: Another?

Caroline: There'd have been someone else, darling, somewhere, sometime, after you. You'd have gone and - well, so you'd have gone and whatever I'd pretended I'd have been in clear calm water again with no excuse in the world for not sailing on. Yes, I'd have been on my way again smartly answering the helm when - look! it's nothing but a cloud. The sky's full of them. Natural things like men. What's to be afraid of? That bloody little cloud's to be afraid of. And once again I'm trying to get through the deep waters. Exciting? Yes, it's exciting enough trying to steer a course. But there's panic aboard and Reason, the only unpaying passenger I have, is the first to go over the side. You know how frightening it is when you can't see the sky and there's no landmark in your past to go by. All swept away, they are. The tempest blows itself out. Nothing lasts for ever not even bad weather. Some dawn or other it clears and you find yourself a long way out. You're safe. But you're drifting. And you're alone. Reason, the poor soaked fool, humble and ashamed, is fished out, hauled aboard, restored to its seat and at once starts giving advice. You take it and paddle on. This time I wanted to go down with all hands. And with you.

John: It's not going to happen.

Caroline: Oh, yes, it is.

John: No, you made a mistake. The berries are harmless.
Caroline: But Cristos said -
John: You misunderstood. The stuff has a certain effect.
Caroline: What effect?
John: Well, shall we say it strikes at a more private part than the immortal soul.
Caroline: I didn't know.
John: Are you sure?
Caroline: Of course I'm sure.
John: I'm glad.
Caroline: You're glad I thought we'd both be finished?
John: Yes. No one's ever balanced my life so precisely with their own before.
Caroline: My God! You love me, don't you?
John: Very much.
Caroline: Wait a minute. Have you forgotten? There's going to be a tomorrow after all. Can you say it knowing that?
John: Yes.
Caroline: But, John, it's going to have to be for quite a while. Now say it.
John: A man takes leave of a woman he's loved and an art he's practised in much the same spirit. He loves but he goes. That's what I'm doing now. Both are taken up in a moment of abandon which may occur in the best ordered life. It's difficult to believe that say you who occupy little space as a person and the trivial act of writing a poem could in time crowd out the many necessary and amusing ways of living. But it's common knowledge that such is the case. Yet too many men end up as husbands or artists. Sometimes
even the ultimate subjection: both.

Caroline: So I'm wrong again. It's not to be for quite a while. What's the matter with marriage?

John: I don't know. Ask Boysie.

Caroline: He at least tried to make it work. You've never done that.

John: I could make it work perfectly well. But as an arrangement it'd be an impossible demand on the genius of the woman.

Caroline: Will you marry me, please? So forget Sophie. Go on. Be all Yankee. Will you?

(Sophie has come into the room)

Sophie: If you can delay your answer for a moment, John, there's some business you should attend to. (she turns to the door) Will you come in, please? I found this gentleman waiting below.

(Prince Basilios comes into the room: he carries a large black iron bicycle)

Basilios: Hogarth, my dear child!

(he casts aside the bicycle and embraces John)

John: I'm very pleased to see you, sir. Did you have a good journey?

Basilios: No. We feared an ambush of our person.

John: Has your machine brought you all the way?

Basilios: No, no! we came by train. Our machine was bought nearby for the emergency.

John: You must tell me about that. First, may I present to Your Highness Mrs. Faramond and Mrs. Traherne.

Basilios: We are made happy, Mrs. Traherne. The beautiful Sophie engaged our attention and our affection below.
Did she, indeed?

You, Mrs. Traherne, are beloved of our great Archistrategos?

I hope to be if you mean John.

That is a good thing. Bring him comfort, Madam. Prepare your breasts for his tears. God sent us such little animals for our sorrow. Where shall I look for comfort? It is a question which must be settled later.

Infected with John's enthusiasm we've all waited your coming with impatience, Prince Basilios. When does the revolution begin?

We are disturbed. Shocked to hear such a word come from the mouth of a woman.

You mean our sex should concern itself only with the status quo ante.

If you please. When all seems to be lost the world may still find its salvation in the conservatism of the great regiment of women.

That sounds strange coming from a famous revolutionary. I must say that remembering your charming conversation and manner downstairs I find it difficult to see you leading a mob of peasants to storm a palace.

Hogarth, I think, has the same feeling about a beautiful woman touched by the mud and blood of politics. He's told you nothing. Have you, my dear?

Very little.

So it seems. Do not think so ill of us, Sophie. We do not rise at the head of the people. No, my darling simpleton. The revolt is to restore the impoverished and unhappy aristocracy of my country. We are a few brothers bound by the policy in a former way of life. When so many today
look forward we look back. But such things must not - no, never! - concern you. Now, shoo-shoo little ones! Hogarth and I must talk in secret. So, shoo! to your prattle and gossip, your novels and embroidery frames. Shoo!

Caroline: I think he wants us to go.

Sophie: For the first time in my life, Caroline, I feel you're on my side against something.

(Sophie and Caroline go out of the room)

Basilios: No cause to give way to despair before them.

John: You've come with bad news.

Basilios: You see it in my face. Yes, my beloved boy, there is bad news.

John: May I be told?

Basilios: I left London when I had converted your cheque into gold. There was too much to carry about my person and so I stored it in a number of containers. I hired two Germans for my bodyguard. Always, my dear boy, employ that nation for such a purpose. They are so busy being dishonest about other things that they can always be trusted with money.

John: Yet you were robbed.

Basilios: Wait! We made the journey across Europe safely. We arrived in my country. At once I called a meeting of the Committee. I spoke to them. I told them of your promises. Many wept. I told them of your donation and the hundred thousand golden pounds were brought in. They were silent. Each man with his own thoughts.

John: This is very moving. Please go on.

Basilios: The Archbishop spoke first. Where, he wanted to know, was the money to be kept? He at once suggested the cathedral. I countered this. It was to be kept, I said, under my bed. Hogarth, my dear, I
will not even let my bicycle out of my sight in this country. On my way here I left it by the roadside to perform a natural function. A matter of a moment but when I returned the machine had been stripped of its pneumatic tyres as you see.

John: So the money found its way under your bed. Preparatory, I hope, to its original purpose of paying soldiers for the revolt.

Basilios: Of course. Yet no sooner was it beneath the bed than I began to receive petitioners. All my old friends. The Archbishop came to ask for a new roof on the cathedral, an aged general wanted new colours for a long disbanded regiment and my brother needed money for his gambling debts.

John: I hope you reminded them of the true purpose of the funds.

Basilios: I did, my son. All of them. Except one.

John: A woman.

Basilios: So beautiful. So unlike the others. Modest, she came with no demands but with a proposition. Not for love of politics. For love of me. Precise and smiling she proposed that your money should be spent on a great reception. She told me it was the English way. It is known as charity. Admission would be charged. Your money would be doubled. The Committee of Freedom could sweep to victory. The idea was mad, yes! But I loved her, Hogarth! I listened to her talk but I didn't hear what she said. Before I could bring myself to my senses I found the grounds of my house to be transformed. All had become the setting for an English garden party, Marquees had arrived from the Army and Navy Stores, cakes were sent from Buszards, a military band was playing Lehar and my darling was in white organdy with English roses on her arm. I wept, my dear Hogarth. I wept for unutterable joy. The affair cost a fortune.
John: Yes. Yet it was not a success.

Basilios: No one came except my beloved. We walked the gardens in silence and happiness until the sun went down and the Chinese lanterns were lit. The river pageant moved past in splendour for my lady. My God! Hogarth, never have I loved in such a way. Her face was lit with excitement as the firework display was set off. Later in the ballroom we danced for the first and last time. The thousand empty drinking glasses rang a lament for the guests who had never come. But for us the fiddles sang - and sang until their voices were faint to us through the empty corridors of the house which led us dancing to our further sport. When I took her in my arms the diamonds fell from her hair, her throat and wonder from her fell down the gown. At that moment, unknown to me, the mob led by the Committee of Freedom - the Archbishop, the general and my brother - had stormed through the gates of the house. Well known to me, alas, was the box beneath on which we played to hold no more than fifty golden pounds.

John: Just enough to pay your fare here and buy a bicycle.

Basilios: Immediate flight was necessary the moment they broke down the door. Treachery at cock-crow, Hogarth. It was dawn as I went on foot over the hills to the South. They may still be at my heels. That's why I bought the machine.

(John is sitting at the window in silence)

You're angry with me, my son.

John: No. What happened to the lady?

Basilios: Being Russian she pleaded diplomatic immunity. She was kneeling before the Archbishop as I left. Don't be angry with an old man, Hogarth.

John: Was she beautiful and were you truly happy?
Basilios: She was beautiful, yes, and for the last time I was truly happy. The last time. For with her hands she closed the gates of love behind me.

John: I wanted to be sure the money wasn't wasted, that's all.

Basilios: Don't forgive me, Hogarth, or I shall weep!

John: Nonsense! There's nothing to forgive.

Basilios: Ah! my wonderful boy, you came to bring freedom to a country and instead you're content to bring happiness to an old man. 

(he is beside John at the window and he kisses him)

Call back the ladies. See, there they walk. Let's be brave before them. Let's show we're not unmanned. (he calls) Come up, my children. Come up, my darlings.

John: Shall I be honest with you Basilios? I wasn't concerned with the freedom of the country. I wanted freedom for myself. I'd have died in your cause, Basilios, whatever it was.

Basilios: My dear boy, you come from a country which has always spoken lightly of dying for the cause. Your great predecessor, Noel Byron, said you remember, If thou regret'st thy youth, why live?/ The land of honourable death/ Is here: - up to the field, and give/ Away the breath! God took him at his word, though, and fetched him off here.

John: Even Englishmen must expect God to take them at their word sometimes.

Basilios: He must love them as he loves all his children. I think more than most for he gave them a special duty. To provide the legends of our time: the men that fight on the other side. But a time is coming, Hogarth, when the single man of vision will need more than God on his side. He will also need a party organization.
John: You were to provide that in the Committee of Freedom.

Basilios: I was only a weak instrument. I failed. Hogarth, have you anything at all to thank me for?

John: Yes, I think so. You trusted me. That may not seem much to be thankful for at the moment but it will tell in time. Also you brought me here.

Basilios: To the beautiful Mrs. Traherne? Shall I be content, my dear?

(Sophie and Caroline come into the room)

We called you to us as we wish to take our leaves. Our conference is done. I can go away content, he tells me.

Sophie: It's very late. Won't you stay tonight and go on in the morning?

Basilios: As things are it is wiser to travel at night.

Caroline: Is John going with you?

Basilios: Answer her yourself, Hogarth. See how much happiness can be given in one small word.

Caroline: Well? Either yes or no will do.

Sophie: I take it there's been some upset in your plans.

Basilios: To explain I'd have to talk politics and you don't want me to do that.

Sophie: I don't mind.

Basilios: Sophie, from deep experience I've found that women as beautiful as you should not be allowed even to speak of politics. A woman will always try to do right and such a philosophy has nothing to do with political life.
Sophie: Very well. If the matter is only domestic I'd like to know how much longer we'll have John as a house guest.

Basilios: Cherish him. He's a great man. I wish I could tell you the magnificent part he's played but I must leave it to history. Now I must go. Dear Hogarth. Pray don't think me a foolish old man in all things. When we're young it's possible to control the affairs of the state and the affairs of the heart at the same time. Older, one of them must be relinquished. Dear Hogarth. (he embraces John) I shall make for the coast. The fishermen are still friendly, they tell me. So a little boat shall carry me off.

John: What will happen to you, sir? Where will you go?

Basilios: Where can I go? There is only one place. To Ithaca. To my wife's family.

John: God help you.

Basilios: And you, my son. (Basilios, who has picked up the bicycle, and Sophie go out of the room)

Caroline: I'd say there's nothing left for you but to be happy. Sad, isn't it?

John: And what is there left for you?

Caroline: You. Or have you some other commitment of honour to fulfil?

John: No. I've nothing at all. Not even money now. What do you say to that? People always thought I was a rich man. I was not. I had an indulgent mother.

Caroline: Could you work?

John: That's unkind.

Caroline: I didn't mean it.
John: Yes, you did. You were looking at me as if I'm a pack horse you're about to load. You're not going to send me out to work, Caroline. My God! that's one thing nobody's ever suggested.

Caroline: Don't get so excited. We shall have to eat.

John: There it is! The voice of the new century. We shall have to eat!

Caroline: Sorry. Boysie always left the practical details to me.

John: You talk like a housekeeper.

Caroline: Won't that be my position?

John: Now listen to me. For one moment listen to me. When I say that I love you I love you. Why when you hear it you should also hear the clatter of saucepans, the rattle of teacups and the rustle of bills I don't know. For God's sake, why should the mystical union of two souls be celebrated in a kitchen? Is the act of desire now dependent on the price of bedding? Caroline, Caroline, I give you with my heart myself. Am I expected to provide a home as well?

(Cristos comes into the room)

Cristos: Sophie's standing on the terrace kissing a strange old man with a bicycle.

John: Never mind. Now that Selwyn's finished the excavation you'll be seeing the last of her.

Cristos: I've been talking to Selwyn about that. It leaves me with a domestic problem.

John: Well, now!

Cristos: You see, Selwyn's lease of the house runs only to the end of the excavation. I shall have the place on my hands again.

Caroline: How much does Selwyn pay?
Cristos: Only a nominal sum. It's not that which worries me. I like having people around me. English speaking people. I've explained why to Mr. Hogarth.

Caroline: Surely the excavation would be of great interest to tourists. It's on your land. A small sum for admission. A guide.

John: No, Caroline, no! You're a monster, a fiend! First of all you domesticate love. Now you're starting to trade it. There's a name for that sort of thing, my girl.

Caroline: What are you talking about? I'm only advising Cristos on how not to be lonely.

John: If you can't leave me in peace at least leave those young everlasting lovers down the hill their privacy.

Caroline: Now you're talking romantic nonsense.

Cristos: Aren't you going to the revolution after all, Mr. Hogarth?

John: No.

Cristos: I'm sorry to hear that. What are you doing instead?

Caroline: Well, what are you doing?

John: I'll wait for some decision to be made for me.

Cristos: That reminds me. Where's Henry?

John: Walking the countryside, I expect, looking for a new way to spell Sex.

Cristos: A cable's come for him. From England. A boy brought it from Athens tonight. (he has taken a cable from his pocket)

Caroline: What does it say?

Cristos: I've not read it.
Caroline: Give it to me.
         (she takes the cable from Cristos and opens it. She reads:)
         "Proceed at once as Special Correspondent to expected trouble centre Scutari stop interview local ruler Prince Basilios on situation. Signed Northcliffe repeat Northcliffe."

John: How wonderful it must be to have a man repeat man in London to make up your mind for you.

Cristos: I don't want that back.
         (Caroline is holding out the cable to him)
         I'll never have enough courage to give it to the poor boy.

Caroline: Someone'll have to give it to him.

Cristos: He's very fond of you.

Caroline: All right. Send him in when he comes back.

John: Are you off to work on your book.

Cristos: No. I'm going to bed. And so goodnight.
         (Cristos goes out of the room)

John: There's another person who won't forgive me for not living up to his ideals.

Caroline: Forget all that. Just be yourself.

John: I've never been anything else. Come here. Don't stand so far away.

Caroline: But I'm so near I can -
         (she kisses him)

John: What on earth's going to happen to us?
       Without the benefit of clergy, the sanctity of wealth and even the solace of age. No one will receive, respect or love us. Worst of all, they'll laugh at us. There's nothing so funny as a man who's given up the world
for love. They'll look at you and think, Is that it? And I'll have to admit it is. Don't go away. I want you where I can lay hands on you at a moment's notice.

Caroline: I've not moved. I'm in your pocket. This is a beautiful house. Sophie, Selwyn and Henry'll soon be gone. No one would find us here.

John: In a few days the place'll be overrun by German professors with little trowels. They'd nose out why we were here.

Caroline: We could lie to them. I can lie in any language. They won't stay long when you remember we'll be here for ever. Cristos will accept the situation in no time and be so proud to have you living here.

John: Not now. He'd have been proud to say I stopped here on my way but he won't even be happy if I stay here permanently.

Caroline: Every moment makes it obvious that I put the wrong stuff in the wine. Tonight could have been so simple. Now we shall sit up talking.

John: Caroline, a way has got to be found. You don't seem to understand my position. I left England saying that I was going to fight for a glorious cause. I made a great deal of it. The papers were full of it. A cartoon in Punch showed me going aboard a ship called The Rake's Progress. A question was asked in the Upper House: in the lower house there were cheers and counter-cheers. From the fuss no one would've thought I was trying to get out of the country. But I did. Only to find the cause is lost before I arrive. Now, I'm very sensitive to public opinion. How shall I feel when the news gets back to England that there was nothing but pillow fighting with you in a villa near Athens? Of course the matter must be discussed. If we have to sit here all night.
(Sophie comes into the room)

Sophie: I'm on my way to bed.

Caroline: Have you seen Basilios off?

Sophie: Yes, poor man. From what he told me he won't see a bed for weeks. He was insistent, John, on the fine part you've played in the revolution. You passed through it, apparently, unmarred and burning bright. His words. If you can conduct all political manœuvres in such a way and yet gain such a reputation there's a future for you as Leader of His Majesty's Opposition.

John: You got on well with the old man.

Sophie: He has a natural sympathy. I'd be a fool if I didn't see that his sorrow is caused by more than the failure of a revolt. When a man looks into your face, kisses you and whispers, So dies my ambition, he's not referring to a political party. Ah well, he's gone. But you're still here.

John: Don't let that be a problem any longer.

Sophie: I won't. For it's I who'll be leaving now Selwyn's finished at this dig. Somewhere in Asia there's another piece of innocent ground waiting to be molested by him. Soon he'll be at work again digging up a day that was a thousand years ago and I, nearby, less fortunate, at work on a mere decade. Remember? Oh dear, why can't we forget?

John: Sophie, don't be sad! What can I do? Take you home? Back to that damned country. We'll all go. Everyone of us. We'll charter a boat and sail right up the Thames and drop the hook smack on their seat of government. And there'll we stay, the bloodiest band of expatriates, until they pass a law about us and make up our minds by a popular vote.
Sophie: Would you do that to stop me being sad? But, John, for me the saddest part of all would be the going back. You see, darling, it might be that no one would notice me or even remember me after all this time. No, the future definitely seems to lie in the past.

Caroline: I don't believe that. For you, if you like. But you meant all of us, didn't you?

Sophie: Yes. Except, perhaps, Henry.

Caroline: Well, as a matter of fact, we were talking about our future when you came in.

Sophie: You're planning it together?

Caroline: Yes. (they speak together)

John: No. (they speak together)

Sophie: You've both been staggering under the past. You'll double the burden for each other if you share it. Not, as you think, halve it.

John: The problem's not arithmetical, Sophie. It is how I can decently continue after what's happened. If you've any suggestions please tell me. If not, go to bed.

Sophie: I've been thinking about it since Basilios left.

John: Any conclusion? For example, how are you going to end your book now?

Sophie: About that I could wait no longer. Some decision had to be taken. You'll die on the battlefield, as you wished.

John: How can you? I thought you loved me.

Sophie: I do. That's why I'm ending the book in that way. It had to be arranged for another reason. You must know modern readers like the end of a book to be sanctified by
John: When?

Sophie: Tomorrow morning. I've sent a cable to the editor of The London Times. It says reports from the mountains speak of you falling gallantly at the head of your native troops led in a lost cause. Naturally, I signed myself Henry Bevis.

(Sophie goes out of the room)

Caroline: How sad! How terribly sad!


Caroline: I mean because no one will believe me now when I say we were here together.

John: No, not a soul will believe you.

Caroline: Unless, of course, you turn up in London as yourself. With me.

John: I'll not do that.

Caroline: I feel as if I've never seen you before. Damn, oh damn, damn! This is what Cristos warned me about. Falling in love with a legend. You're a man. Just a man. Two a penny. That's what you are.

John: I'm more fortunate. You've never been anything but a woman to me. I've never asked that anyone I've loved should be more.

(he lifts Caroline in his arms and puts her on the bed. Then by pulling on the heavy silken cord he draws the curtains which quite surround the bed. There is a knock on the door)
Yes?

(Henry comes into the room)

Henry: I want to apologize. I'm afraid the worry about my article made me lose my sense of humour and then my temper.

John: It's all right. Sorry I couldn't be more helpful. I hope you'll get it straightened out.

Henry: I think I have. I took another long walk and I had an idea.

John: Why don't you sleep with it?

Henry: No, I must get it down on paper. I think I've found the right approach. After the usual introductory paragraph about the date of the excavation I shall continue something like this: "It is encouraging to see from the statuary in the excavation that the Greeks of this period very much resembled in their habits the Englishmen of today. Your Correspondent found the same emphasis on the marriage vow which is to be found in British social life. Also, it is clear they had much the same sense of fun. This can be seen in the frieze representing an old man chasing a group of laughing girls who are in turn chasing a bull which is chasing a young man who is running after another girl. The resemblance to many English pastoral games will be understood." And so on.

John: And so on.

Henry: I shall sit up until morning getting it down on paper. Then I can think about going home.

John: Give my regards to your mother. Home! Wait a minute.

(he looks in his pockets. Whilst he is doing so Caroline's bare forearm comes through the curtains)
of the bed. She is holding out the cablegram to Henry. He takes it and at once staring towards the bed and taking the cablegram from the envelope moves to the door. Caroline speaks from the obscurity of the bed:

Caroline: May I ask one question? Just one.

John: What is it?

Caroline: If you're not the legend I can believe in what is? Love?

(Henry's cry comes from beyond the closed door for he has gone from the room)

Henry: No!

John: Yes.

CURTAIN.
Marginalia - Draft "D" Act Three

Note:

The manuscript lines are numbered by the author after each interval of twenty-five lines.
Whiting Mss.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
ZUSTAIN.

Whiting Miss.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
v: Draft "E"
Draft "E" - Emendations

Setting

...takes (single vertical line) place in ("various parts" is deleted and in parentheses; "and about" is inserted above the line; ("of" is deleted) a country (single vertical line) house...way (single vertical line) from...the (single vertical line) early...year (single vertical line) 1913.

38-9. ...vanity ("At...her" is deleted) hands...
   A circled "X" immediately precedes the deletion. "Sophie's" is inserted and precedes line 39.

54. jolted safely...
   "jolted" is in parentheses.

59. ...who sang sad songs. I
   "sang sad songs" is in parentheses.

60. ...in Athens but...
   "Athens" emends "Atenns".

63. ...morning. All...
   Two vertical lines appear between "morning." and "All".

70. ...ever.
   Two vertical lines appear after "ever.".
71. Everything's...up. Then...
   "John:" is inserted above "Everything's".
   Two vertical lines and "S" appear between "up." and "Then".

73. ...it? Bought...exile. Shameful!
   A closing parenthesis appears after "it?".
   Two vertical lines and "S" appear between "exile." and "shameful!".

75. ... Sophie. The...
   Two vertical lines appear between "Sophie." and "The".

93. ("They'll...England" is deleted).

101-11. ...tears. ("After...did" is deleted)
   Two vertical lines appear before "After" and after "country.".

113. ("The...course" is deleted).

121-2. ("The...absurd" is deleted and enclosed in square brackets) ?
   "I hope he wasn't a provincial bishop." is inserted above line 121.

138. ("Well" is deleted) I took (caret) her...
   "nothing but" is inserted above the line.
...goods. ("I'm afraid" is deleted) I've...

("an" emends "a"; "most" is deleted) ungodly....

...the ("English" is deleted) people ("?" emends "-"; "How are the people" is deleted) ?

("Henry: Good, good." is deleted)

"/ - x" appears vertically adjacent to the line.

James/ Square...

"s" is inserted after "James".

box ("of my things" is deleted) at....

...very ("long" is deleted).

"steep." is inserted after "long.".

...that Mr.

A comma is inserted after "that".

remember ("that" is deleted) box?

"your" is inserted below the line.

("There...But" is deleted) we...

"Nobody here except you knows anything about me." is inserted below line 229.

...badly? Come...

Two vertical lines appear between "badly?" and "Come".
...covered, ("when...bed" is deleted) for...

...him. ("I found" is deleted) an

...man entangled...door -
"entangled...door -" is in parentheses.

...myself ("and...room" is deleted). He...

("like...hear" is deleted). He...

...I ("believe...me" is deleted).

No.

"(Yes?)" is inserted after "No.". A bracket is inserted and joins the two lines after "(Yes?)". "(they speak together.)" is inserted between the lines after the bracket.

Well, (caret) this...Traherne, Jo (caret) n.

My...

"yes or no," is inserted above the line.
"h" is inserted above the second caret.

...do.

"Have I [****] met you (he at last gently disengages his hand)." is inserted after "do."

("Why have you gathered those flowers?" is deleted)
311-2. ...marriage. ("Don't...marriage" is deleted)
contracted...

A vertical line appears between "marriage."
and "Don't" and "marriage" and "contracted".

319. ...circumstances. ("I...England" is deleted) .

336-49. ("This...wilderness" is deleted) . Damn...

360-1. ...remain (caret; "splendidly" is deleted) pigmented...
"darkly" is inserted in the margin.

363. ...time (caret) to....
"if not an age." is inserted below the line.

364. Verywell...

A vertical line separates "Very" and "well".

370-4. ("It...No" is deleted) , this ("same" is deleted)
feeling...love. (caret)

375-7. ("Sophie:...thing" is deleted) .

379. ("Don't...explaining" is deleted) . I...

383. ...That's ("the" is deleted)
"a" is inserted after "the".

384. ...mistake you ("'re both making" is deleted) .
You...

"would make." is inserted above the line.
394. "(Henry nods) is deleted"

395. "Henry: ?...I?" is deleted and in parentheses).

396. "John:" is deleted and in parentheses) I...Sophie.
   "Where am I?" is inserted after "Sophie."

400. (Henry sets off...
   "sets off" is in parentheses.

401. I...think.
   "I...think." is in parentheses.

407. ("He's...he?" is deleted and in parentheses)

412-6. ...head. ("Shall...forget" is deleted and in parentheses).

413-6. "Sophie: How do you come to've seen that book?"
   is inserted in the margin.
   "Caroline: I kissed Cristos and he showed it to me." is inserted in the margin.

417-24. ("Sophie:...bystander" is deleted).

417. you....
   An opening parenthesis appears before "you".

418. Everyone's....
   An opening parenthesis appears before "Everyone's".
419. Surely...
   An opening parenthesis appears before "Surely".

420. without...
   An opening parenthesis appears before "without".

435. ...into the unknown sea. But
   "into the unknown sea." is in parentheses.

443. Nothing - ("nothing" is deleted).
   A period is inserted after "Nothing".

444. ("John: I thought you called me" is deleted).

445. (he goes...
   "John" is inserted over "he".

449-50. ...book - ("I...me" is deleted)....

458. ("You...century" is deleted). Life

459. ...at ("that time" is deleted; caret) was
   "the turn of the century" is inserted above
   the line.

461. ...were ("all right" is deleted) and...

466. ("it" is deleted), of...
   "the charge" is inserted above the line.

471. (obliteration) We...
480-94. ("Your...twentieth" is deleted)

486-7. ...
money - his...know. He...

Two vertical lines appear between "money -" and "his" and "know." and "He".

494. ...
days. You...

Two vertical lines appear between "days." and "You".

495. ...
him.

Two vertical lines appear after "him.".

500-15. ("Not...women." is deleted)

519-29. ("Believing...life." is deleted)

528-9. ...
love. I...life.

Two vertical lines appear before "I" and after "life.".

532. "S What does he believe?" is inserted below line 532,
"C: Speech on the joke." is inserted below line 532.

539. "(she looks up at the window)" is inserted below line 539.

552-652. (Is...boy." is deleted)
"H" I've been talking to Hogarth." is inserted in the body of the text.

"C" Did he make you laugh?" is inserted in the body of the text.

"H: Good heavens. He's been talking" is inserted in the body of the text.

"Have you been talking to Sophie?" is inserted and circled in the body of the text.

("We've...now." is deleted) Well...?

...is. Men...bottom.

Two vertical lines appear before "Men" and after "bottom."

...more ("of" is deleted) it!

"[***]**" is inserted below the line.

...windows. ("It" is deleted) was...

"That" is inserted below the line.

("All...bricks." is deleted) The...

("though" is deleted) was...

("[women]" is deleted) carrying...

"women" is inserted in the margin.

("Caroline:...feeling." is deleted).
720.  (John: Certainly." is deleted) It...

721.  ...for (caret) demonstrating...

"actively" is inserted in the margin adjacent to a caret.

737.  ("I lost. What is more left to play with" is deleted) ?

759.  glass ("as I do so" is deleted). Walk...

A period is inserted after "glass".

786.  ...giving ("to your upturned face" is deleted). In

786-94.  ....In...yours. No...Caroline, but...whip. It...here. I'm...

Square brackets enclose "In...yours.", "but...whip." and "It...here.".

794-7.  ....here. I'm...time. My...

Two vertical lines appear before "I'm" and after "time".

814.  ...had (caret) wrapped ("themselves" is deleted)

"beer" is inserted above the line.

848.  ....Be ("a dutiful" is deleted) daughter (caret) and...

"a" is inserted above the line; "to me" is inserted above the caret.
849. ...carry (caret) hot water ("up to my room" is deleted).
    "up" is inserted above the line.

851. ("Henry...whispers:" is deleted and in square brackets)

852. ("Henry: I...you." is deleted and "I...you." is in square brackets)

853. (Caroline ("passes ...her" is deleted) out)
    "goes" is inserted above the line; square brackets enclose "(Caroline...out.)".

873. ...expedition except
    A vertical line appears between "expedition" and "except".

874. ...out ("that" is deleted) idiot...
    "an" is inserted above the line.

873-5. "John: Do you mean this one?" is inserted in the margin. "Selwyn: Yes, I mean that one. etc.," is inserted in the margin.

880. ...to ("a revolution" is deleted) in...

881. ...there?
    "Some trouble" is inserted after "there?".

885. (caret) I....
    "Good God, no!" is inserted above the line.
905. ...friendly,

A vertical line appears after "friendly,"

906-7. ("the...club" is deleted) and...

909. ("you don't have to" is deleted) worry...

"no" is inserted in the margin.

911. ...hellin....

A vertical line separates "hell" and "in".

912. ("(smiling) I'm sorry, Selwyn, no." is deleted)

913-4. ...room ("followed by Henry" is deleted) )

Two vertical lines appear before "followed" and after "Henry"

916. ...you're stripped off.

"stripped off." is in parentheses.

920-3. ("This...dangerous." is deleted)

926-61. ("As...distress" is deleted)

964. ...was (caret) too

"never" is inserted above the line.

965-6. ....words. ("Well, no, stay a minute" is deleted) .

There were so many ("words" is deleted) . Spoken...

A vertical line separates "were" and "so";

"to be" is inserted above "words".
...horror. ("So...there." is deleted. "Stet" is circled and inserted at the beginning of the deletion)

...horror. So...marriage. You...

Two vertical lines appear before "So" and after "marriage."

He...weeping.

Two vertical lines appear before "He" and after "weeping."

...books. I...disturbing.

Two vertical lines appear before "I" and after "disturbing."

What....

Two vertical lines appear before "What".

...heart. ("Where's John" is deleted) ?

("Caroline:...bath" is deleted).

("Sophie:" is deleted) Selwyn's....

"Caroline:" is inserted above "Sophie:"

You anyway....

A comma is inserted after "You".

...the guts to...

"guts" is in parentheses.
1094-5. ...old ("and could safely" is deleted) enter....
   "enough to" is inserted before "enter".

1104. ...expecting ("of him" is deleted). Aren't

1107. ...child, ("You'll find that" is deleted) it's...

1144. ...to (caret; "know" is deleted) what....
   "be told" is inserted above the line.

1157. ...,say ("tomorrow morning." is deleted)
   "tonight." is inserted above the line.

1183. ...you ("want to" is deleted).
   "wish." is inserted after "to.".

1195. ("occurred" is deleted) to...else - not seriously.
   "not seriously" is in parentheses and underlined. A question mark is inserted after the closing parenthesis.

1196-7. Come...seriously.
   "Come...seriously." is in parentheses. A question mark is inserted below the line.

1198. ...undiciplined...
   "s" is inserted between "c" and "i".

1200. (caret) That ("isn't" is deleted; caret) the....
   "It seems" is inserted above the first caret;
   "not" is inserted above the deletion.
1208. ...done ("that" is deleted).
    "so." is inserted after "that".

1228-9. ...light, that's all. As...
    "that's all." is in parentheses.

1230. ...should ("you know" is deleted).
    A period is inserted after "should". A question
mark in parentheses is inserted after "know.".

1247-8. ...past. ("The pleasures of" is deleted) food,
    ("the charm of" is deleted) sleep...women.
    "The...women." is in parentheses. "good"
    is inserted before "of".

1252. ...the dusty road....
    "dusty" is in parentheses.

1259-60. When...dream and...
    "When...dream" is in parentheses.

1278. ...the g (caret) ilt from...
    "u" is inserted above the line.

1285. people - younme - that...by younme
    "younme" in each instance is in parentheses.

1289. ...hair ("back" is deleted) over...
    "from" is inserted above the line.
1290. ...the ("nape" is deleted) 
          "back" is inserted after "nape"

1294. ...life ("since I can remember" is deleted) I've...

1327. think...

          "must" is inserted before "think".
Draft "E" - Typescript
THE GATES OF SUIJMER
A Comedy
1953

Manuscripts, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
The action of the play takes place in various parts of a country house in Greece a little way from Athens: the time is the early Summer of the year/1913.
PERSONS

Sophie Faramond
Cristos Papadiamantis
John Hogarth
Henry Bevis
Caroline Traherne
Selwyn Faramond
Prince Basilios
Act One

(The scene is a room in a country house in Greece a little way from Athens.

The time: morning of a day in the early Summer of the year 1913.

The house which is built in two floors stands above a valley.

The room has several high windows which allow entrance from a stone terrace. Through these windows can be seen part of an exterior wall which is washed in raspberry colour and contains a small window. A great vine surrounds the house. The floor of the room is stone partly covered by rugs. The ceiling, almost lost in shadow, is painted. There is a main door to the room which stands open showing the wide sweep of a stairway beyond. There is also a small arched entrance to a passage which leads to other parts of the house by way of a few shallow steps.

Within the room it remains cool as yet and the shadows—like bloom on fruit—are only now beginning to shift. The sun strikes through the windows and brings to life in a vivid way several objects in the room—a scarlet shawl carelessly thrown over a chair, a piece of jewellery, a gold cross hanging on the eggshell white wall—and the brilliance of these are marked in

Whiting Mas.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
the quickening heat.

Sophie Farazon is sitting in a high-backed chair set to face the window. Even at her age – she is fifty-odd years – Sophie can stare boldly into the morning sun for she is very beautiful. She has never feared the light; she has never feared anything except, perhaps, the consequences of her vanity. At the moment her hands are stretched out in welcome towards John Hogarth who is standing in the window. He has a top coat over his shoulders and carries a hat and gloves.

(John is standing at a tall desk and holds a pen in his hand)

John: The house stands alone above a wilderness. It is the colour of fruit and, looking up, the traveller asks, Will it topple? I shall be at the windows on the South side, you said. Find you I must, I think, after such a description. I've left the cart which brought me at the bottom of the hill. The driver is drunk but let the sun get high and he'll be (jolted) safely back to the city on all the four square wheels. (he kisses Sophie) With the best will in the world I couldn't let you know when I'd be here. Have you been patient? I left Alexandria three days ago and crossed in a boat with a party of olive-green pilgrims who (sang sad songs) I stayed last night in Athens but didn't sleep because of the song of the cats and the silent mischief of the bugs. With your letter in my hand I set off at dawn this morning. All along the way I remembered you, Sophie. I thought of the day you left England to come out here. Ten years gone by. Time to go, you said – and go you did. Why did you do it?

Sophie: I was getting old. That's a reason. But you're young – shall I reckon on thirty-five years for you? – and you've left England, you say, for ever. (whisper) Everything's been sold up. (whisper) Then I imagine you must be burdened with a great deal of money. What have you done with it? Bought a state of exile? Shameful! Not a proper purpose. What are you up to?
John: I'm free, Sophie. The first step into middle age did it. On the night of my thirty-fifth birthday her arms were round my neck and she was whispering to me. Her name was Ada. You see I speak of her in the past. She had very short legs, was a comfortable shape and the wife of a bishop. The next morning I began the sale of everything I possessed. When that was done I felt remarkable - sanctified. I had nothing in the world but money.  

(Cristos Pavadiamantis moves into the room.)

Sophie: This is Cristos, my secretary. This is Mr. John Hogarth from England.  

(Cristos bows to John)  

We won't do any more this morning. Go up, please, and make a fair copy as far as we've gone.  

(Cristos goes out of the room)  

I spend a few hours every morning dictating to Cristos. I'm putting down some of my memories.  

John: They'll make uneasy reading in England.  

Sophie: I hope so. How is that damned country? I suppose I should have felt regret in leaving it - in being forced to leave it - but nothing if the kind. I'd grown out of the place - passed through it like a childhood. I'm having to consider the fifty or so years I lived there, of course, in the writing of these memories. Yet I'm managing to remember without tears. After all, memories are a luxury and so often lead to nothing more than dusty fingers poking about in the attic of recollection. There remaining, are the lay figures which posed as our friends, our enemies and our lovers. Here is a head! Does it go on this body or on this? Neither, probably. It is only a trophy of some insulted wretch which once fell into my lap. And the hearts about the place? Some still quaking, some still loving. I admit that can be disturbing. Tell that away in the past of that damned country! How did you leave it?  

John: The sun was shining. No one saw me off, of course. There was nothing to signal my going but the baying of the newspapers and that woman shut up in the country. She would be weeping, we can be sure of that, and in a lower room holding a holy book in one hand and biting the nails of the other would be her husband. They're probably still at it, God help them!
Act I : 4

Sophie: The wife of a bishop! (she laughs) Now why should that be absurd?

John: She tried to lead me to the righteous life, Sophie. That was her only mistake. You know where such an excursion must end. On this occasion it was an episcopal four-poster in a cathedral town. The rooks mourned over us through the night. He forgave me like the good man he is but that wasn't enough for Ada. She had to make a public confession to a national newspaper. Modesty prevents me saying why.

Sophie: Then I'll say it for you. She wanted everyone to know how lucky she'd been. After all, John, I've always considered myself happy to know you in the drawing-room so I can appreciate Ada's feelings. There, I'm already speaking of her as an old friend.

John: Well, I took her teaching to heart and sold up my worldly goods. I'm afraid I've put the proceeds to an ungodly purpose. Which brings me here. Alone.

Sophie: The difficulty of exile for a woman is that she can't go unaccompanied. I had to provide myself with an escort at a small church in Kensington on the Tuesday before I sailed.

John: Ah, yes. I'm sorry. How is Selwyn? Where is Selwyn?

Sophie: Buried alive at the dig below. You passed the place on the road. Selwyn has been working the excavation for eighteen months. He's found nothing.

John: Is there anything to be found?

Sophie: Selwyn is sure of it. There've been several false alarms and then a most unpleasant man comes hurrying here from the Royal Museum in Berlin. They're putting up money.

John: Has Selwyn found anything under the ground in these ten years of digging?

Sophie: Nothing important.

John: What's he looking for here?
Sophie: He seems to think he may uncover some place of worship of great antiquity. Am I right, Henry? (she speaks to Henry Bevis who has come into the room)

Henry: Quite right, Sophie.

Sophie: Henry Bevis is with us, John, as a special correspondent to The Times. This is John Hogarth from London, Henry.

Henry: From London! (he shakes hands with John) How is that beautiful country of ours?

John: Have you been away from it a long time, Mr. Bevis?

Henry: Yes.

John: I thought so. Well, it was looking very pretty in the Spring.

Henry: And the English people? How are the people?

John: They've never been pretty at any time of year, have they? But I thought they were looking very fit.

Henry: Good, good.

Sophie: Henry's absence from England isn't voluntary, John. He was sent here to report on whatever is found in that great hole Selwyn is digging. How he has managed to fill a column of The Times once every two weeks I've never understood. Surely, Henry, there must be a limit to the number of ways even you can describe such quantities of mud.

Henry: It's the suspense, Sophie. No one knows exactly what Selwyn expects to find.

Sophie: I'd have thought the flutter of anticipation even in those small archeological circles about St. James's Square must now be stilled after eighteen months.

Henry: You mustn't expect quick results in this kind of work, Sophie. Must she, Mr. Hogarth?

John: I've no idea. I know nothing about it.
Henry: Selwyn has all the patience of an old soldier.

Sophie: Yes, I suppose those many years of quite undistinguished service must have taught him that.

Henry: How unlike you are. Is that the basis for a successful marriage, I wonder?

Sophie: Don't brood over me, Henry.

John: Sophie, I've remembered something. When I got out of the cart at the bottom of the hill I left a box of—my things at the side of the road.

Sophie: One of the men can bring it up later.

Henry: I'll go down for it.

John: You'll do nothing of the kind. It's very heavy and that hill is very long.

Henry: I'm going down to the dig. I can bring the box back with me. I'll be pleased to do that, Mr. Hogarth.

John: Well, thank you.

Henry: A word. Very unwise to leave anything about here. (Henry goes out through the windows)

Sophie: Such an old young man. And how the poor creature sweats in this climate. Why did you suddenly remember that box?

John: It was the mention of marriage.

Sophie: I don't see any connection.

John: There is none. But we were on the verge of a discussion. I wanted to avoid it.

Sophie: You'll find when you get to know him that it's never difficult to knock Henry off a subject. But he's been meditating on marriage for some weeks now.

John: Must I get to know him?

Sophie: Well, how long are you staying? Your letter was mysterious about that. A visit, you said, before
going on elsewhere.

John: I shall be here four days if everything goes well.
Sophie: Why should it go badly? Come here - yes, there about your eyes - God help you, those are lines of thought. I can see they'll soon be lines of contemplation. This is what Henry would call, A Sign of the Times.

John: We're well into the twentieth century, Sophie. You're going to have to accustom yourself to a change in the faces of those you love.
Sophie: Why?
John: Because the news is beginning to get through.
Sophie: How did it reach you? And what is the news?
John: When I left Ada curled up and quilt covered, when I left the safety of that great bed for the last time and went back to my rooms I'd decided to sell out. Everything around me - except a bottle of gin - lay cowering beneath the hammer. I stayed there alone for two days. No one came near me except my ancient firelighter. On the second night there was a shout on the stairs. It seemed I had a visitor. I went down to meet him. I found an old man (entangled in the curtain over the door -) caught like a gigantic bat. I freed him. He embraced me. I freed myself and made some gesture towards my room. He went in and collapsed like a ruin before the fire and at once began to talk. I was very frightened. He talked and the words were like charges of explosive which blew up in my face until I could neither see nor hear. He loved me, he said, for I was a son of freedom. He, too, Basilios, was a son of freedom. I was again taken in his arms. He talked through the night. At half-past five I gave him my cheque for one hundred thousand pounds. At half-past seven I gave him my hand and the promise of my services. At half-past nine he left. But there remained on the table a document which made altogether too clear my future commitments to revolution.

Sophie: Revolution. So that's the news you've brought me. Who is this man?
John: Basilios? A patriot. His people in the North suffer from a monstrous regime administered by, among other powers, the church. Basilios is a prince of his country but now only in name for he's given his estates, all property, to the people. Such a gift was not enough to oppose the tyranny of great power. Open revolt is the remaining answer. He has formed the Committee of Freedom for that very purpose. Basilios is now in the North. I'm to wait here for him.

Sophie: But your motives can't be patriotic.

John: I'm what might be called a spiritual mercenary. I've given them money and I shall fight with Basilios. The affair is small enough for me to play a big part. In return I shall expect nothing—and get everything. That was Ada's idea. I believe someone had the notion before her but his name escapes me.

(Caroline Traherne comes into the room by the windows. She is twenty-five years old. She carries a large bunch of wild flowers and herbs which are recently gathered)

Sophie: Do you know John Hogarth, Caroline?

Caroline: No. (Yes?)

John: No.

Sophie: Well, this is he. Mrs. Traherne, John. My daughter by Selwyn's first wife.

John: How do you do, Mrs. Traherne? (very respectfully, kissing her hand).

Sophie: Why have you gathered those flowers?

Caroline: I've brought them in to save them from the heat of the sun.

Sophie: Save them? But you've uprooted them.

Caroline: Well, then, their last hours can be cool and dignified. Unlike Henry who is staggering about in the sun under an enormous box.

(Caroline goes from the room and up the stairs. John looks after her)

John: I'd no idea Selwyn had a daughter. Did you know
when you married him?

Sophie: It was mentioned. She was a child then, of course. In the keeping of some nuns.

John: What's she doing here?

Sophie: Recovering from a disastrous marriage. Don't waste your time like that! A marriage contracted seven years ago when she was eighteen.

John: Who was her mother?

Sophie: Nobody at all. She lies buried beneath a solitary tree in the Orient. A sacrifice to Selwyn's military career.

John: Why did you marry him, Sophie?

Sophie: You know the circumstances. I had to leave England. Selwyn was going on this exploration of the past. I'd known him for many years. I'd admired his amazing spirit. We were of an age and both needed a companion in exile.

John: There's more than age between us now, Sophie. There are the separate ways which brought us here. You came in resignation. I've come in affirmation. The day I heard you'd married Selwyn I mourned for you, Sophie.

Sophie: You feel I made the one certificate serve for both marriage and death.

John: Everyone does that. No, I mourned the end of an era which you had made so much your own. Those brilliant years. I think I could have borne it if you'd died - but you married! You became a woman, Sophie. Oh, Sophie!

Sophie: This business of getting through seventy years is not so easy, as I see you've begun to understand. The time itself is not long and we should be able to pass it without fuss and even with a certain dignity. That's all I've tried to do.

John: Nonsense! You passed through most of your life with a considerable amount of fuss - and for a certain dignity you know perfectly well it was nothing of the kind. The whole thing was conducted
Act I

Sophie: These years don't concern me any more. But the remaining time does. I've chosen to spend these last little years which are left to me in the wilderness. Damn it, John, surely at my age I'm allowed to take something seriously even if it's only Selwyn. But you! What excuse have you to give? You're a young man at the kindergarten age of thirty-five and yet you're intending to take seriously - what? - a revolt, the rallying cries of manifestos and a mad old man.

John: Yes, I take all that seriously. And the reason is simple. I can own to only thirty-five years but I feel the weight of the full span. How else can I account for these grey hairs and the fact that I no longer make love without sadness. My contemporaries remain childishly pigmented and continue to go to bed laughing. So you must think of me, Sophie, as one who has also reached a time to be serious.

Sophie: Very well, but you mustn't expect me to talk about revolution and freedom. They're not my kind of seriousness at all.

John: What is your kind of seriousness?

Sophie: It is now entirely reserved for myself. As I am. Not for the past. Ah! you feel contempt for all that went on in London.

John: Not contempt. No, this same feeling of sadness for what I love.

Sophie: Emptiness.

John: No, no. The fullness of sadness. Quite a different thing.

Caroline: Don't go on explaining. I know very well what you mean.

Sophie: You're far too young to understand what he's talking about.

Caroline: Age doesn't come into it, Sophie. That's the end.
mistake you've been making. You can be finished at twenty-four.

John: How old are you?
Caroline: Twenty-five.
John: And you're finished?
Caroline: Yes. Hasn't Sophie told you? (Henry Bevis comes in through the windows. He is bowed beneath a large box which he carries on his shoulders)

John: Many, many thanks. Are you all right? (Henry

(Udney))

I feel we should get it up at once, Sophie. (Sophie points through the main windows to the small window set in the exterior wall)

Sophie: You're there.

(Henry (sets off for the stairs with the box)

John: (I should go with him, I think.) (John follows Henry from the room)

Caroline: Is he staying here?
Sophie: John? For a little while. He's on his way to a revolution. He seems to think it should begin about Thursday.

Caroline: He's the man you've been writing about, isn't he? He's the man you'd have loved if you hadn't been so old and he so young. He's on every page of your book, you know. Even the pages when he's not mentioned. For he's the time you can't get out of your head. (Shall I tell you something? Shall I tell him something? I met him once—when he was beautiful—and famous and when I was so high—he'd never remember—and I've never forgotten. Never shall—forget.)

Sophie: (You can't make a tragedy—out—that—episode, Caroline. Everyone's in love with John Sometime or another.

Caroline: Surely two women can talk about their wretchedness

Whiting Miss,
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Act I

Caroline: I'm always objectionable. Why do people — God! — why do they put up with me?

Sophie: Your husband didn't.

Caroline: Do you think he'd be interested in my tragic story?

Sophie: He? Call him by his name.

Caroline: John. (she laughs)

Out! That first time you say a name as a name. Like slowly walking into the unknown sea. But once you're in — hey! you're in — and it's fine and exciting. John. John!

(she raises her voice)

John! John! John! (John Hogarth appears at the window of his room and looks down)

John: Yes?

Caroline: Nothing. — nothing.

John: I thought you called me. (he goes back into the room)

Caroline: Is he — was he ever — could he have been — so extraordinary — so wonderful — such an original as they said? Who said? Well, they did, you know. And you do in your book — I kissed Cristo and he showed it to me — you say John Hogarth was a man.

Just that. Why, was a man? What's that up there? Isn't that fine and good? Now, may I ask, is it not?

Sophie: I was remembering him all to myself. In the past, you see. To me he was a man. To you, he is.

Caroline: Oh, yes. And to other people?

Sophie: He was that strange thing a legend in his own time.

Whiting MSS.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Caroline: How did that come about?

Sophie: You were a child at the turn of the century. Life, in London for people of our kind at that time, was meant to be taken seriously. We had to make ourselves believe that we were all right, and that the intricate figure we cut in the melting ice of social life was permanent. Perhaps when history looks at that age it will become known as the Great Thaw. Times were getting warmer. No one would admit of course — and as if to deny it the fashion in clothes became rather stuffy. The men wore heavier coats and harder hats and the women complained of the cold. And it was not only people that were affected but their institutions. We had built our banks and museums, our palaces and cathedrals to keep our money, our history, our monarchs and our God safe for all time. But as the twentieth century set in it showed the foundations of all these to be ice which was melting away. Now, no sane man or woman could be happy in such a situation. But we were English. We merely said, It isn't happening, and went on making money, making love and making do.

Caroline: Your analysis of historical decline is very clever, Sophie. But I want to know about John.

Sophie: John Hogarth came into that age as a man — a boy, rather — of twenty. He blew in, I think it is the phrase — yes, blew in like the sirocco from — of course, paradoxically — the North. He had a quite extraordinary amount of money; his mother was an American, you know. He had a great amount of energy and no seriousness at all. From all he did and all he said he was not the force to be met with when you were trying to prolong an ice age. Everyone hoped the thaw would last for at least ten years so that they could save something but with John about the place it looked as if all would be over in ten days. You see, he was the first twentieth century man: that's why everyone hated him.

Caroline: You loved him.

Sophie: Very much.

Caroline: Why?

Sophie: What a silly question! He had an idea in his head.
Not a new idea to the rest of the world and so absolutely novel in London. They said he must've picked it up travelling in some not very nice places. It was this: he likened the whole business of living to being on one of those nasty railway trains. We're all aboard and we're holding our hats as we go faster. Progress is undoubtedly being made. He think we know in which direction but whether we know or not we must trust the driver. It was left to John to say that the driver alone and screaming in the cab is a naked scarlet baby and at the back in the brake van among the restraining controls is the guard who is a disgusting, incontinent and dirty old man. Between the two are all straight thinking, intelligent and liberal men and women.

Caroline: But that's it! That's it! (she looks up at the window)
Oh, yes! — darling!

Sophie: Believing that John lived his life in London accordingly. Of course, it caused considerable panic among the other passengers on John's infernal excursion. Especially among the women who turned to him for comfort whilst their husbands were busy throwing their luggage out of the window and saving what they could. John attended the women with all the charm and tact of a doctor during a catastrophe but he never called it beauty or truth or love. I don't think he's ever known the last in his life.

Caroline: And why — God help us — why should he want that sort of love — rubnose, softpaw, tongueincheek — why? when he believes what he believes he believes?

Sophie: Just a minute. I'm speaking of some time ago. Ten years. That was John then. He's changed.

Caroline: He can't have done. A man who believed all that — why should he want to change? Look at it his way and it suddenly becomes worth doing. Nobody wants to play out the thing seriously but if it's really a charade — well, then! — how d'you do.

Sophie: He left England in all seriousness, I know. He left Ada in all seriousness —

Sophie: Something which has no place in a warrior's bed.

Caroline: So John kicked her out. Good.

Sophie: There's something else. The fighting he's going to in the North.

Caroline: That's really a long-faced business, is it?

Sophie: So he says. End speaking of long faces—

(Henry has come down the stairs and is now in the room)

Is it the heat, Henry?

Henry: What?

Sophie: You look—how shall I put it?—distressed. That's not an offensive thing to say, is it?

Henry: Not at all. I am—distressed— a little. Yes.

Sophie: Bad news from home?

Henry: In a way. I've been with Hogarth. I thought I'd give him a hand with the unpacking. Naturally enough we chatted. I think in the beginning about the climate here. Certainly nothing serious. Then—I was taken unawares—we were suddenly talking about something else. That is, he was talking in a very strange way.

Caroline: Seriously?


Caroline: Tell.

Henry: ❌ He wants to see you, Sophie. He's brought you a gift from London. Will you go up, please?

Sophie: ✅ Certainly. To receive the first present in ten years—certainly.

(Sophie goes from the room and up the stairs)

Henry: ❌ Caroline, would you say I'm an intelligent man?

Caroline: ✅ As a literary gent, Henry, you're a duck.

Henry: And as a man?
Act I

Caroline: Don't let's go into that again. I've said it was all my fault. And it was too hot that afternoon.

Henry: You can't blame everything on the climate. Anyway, I didn't mean that. I meant, do you think I filled my own little niche satisfactorily?

Caroline: I think your little niche fits you like a glove, Henry.

Henry: Do attend to what I'm saying. You know, don't you, that although I'm a writer - a sort of artist in my own way - I've always thought of myself as an ordinary kind of fellow. I've never understood why just because a chap's got a bit of talent for putting words on paper he should think himself a cut above other chaps who do an honest job. I mean, although I am with the Times I'm prepared to meet other people on any ground. Well, that's how I began to talk to Hogarth.

Caroline: Of course. As man to man.

Henry: Exactly. But something went wrong. I made some civil remark and he looked up and said, "Honest work means dirty hands". That took me aback so I went on to tell him that I did other things besides my Times stuff. Wrote my poems and worked on my book about my schooldays.

Caroline: So he said he was sorry.

Henry: No. He said all art was going to finish very soon - there'd be no room for it - no need for it. I thought that was going rather far but then he said something really astonishing. He said before long The Times would be gone. The Times - gone! no more. He was really most offensive. After all, I did carry his box up that hill.

Caroline: What did you expect him to be like? You'd heard of him before today, surely.

Henry: Oh, yes. He was always a bit eccentric for an Englishman but I didn't expect him to be so rude.

Caroline: Sophie says he's changed.

Henry: Sophie's a very charitable woman. I often wonder how she puts up with it here after all those years.
in London. That most extraordinary time. I remember my mother speaking about it and saying that Sophie represented everything a woman should not be. What went on in that house? She entertained a lot of foreigners, didn't she? I believe she even received a Certain Person. I wonder if Selwyn knows?

Caroline: Of course he knows.

Henry: How dreadful for him. She had to leave England, they say. Yet she's so sweet and generous. I don't understand.

Caroline: Not surprisingly, Henry, you've got it the wrong way about. It was because she was so sweet and generous that she had to leave.

(t here is a pause and then, shortly, Henry laughs)

Henry: Ha! I see what you mean.

Caroline: If you do it must be the very first time.

Henry: Pity about Hogarth. I was looking forward to having a long talk with someone straight from London.

Caroline: You miss London, don't you, Henry?

Henry: Very much.

Caroline: Why don't you go back?

Henry: I shall do as soon as your father's finished the excavation and I can put in my final article. If he finds something I can really write about - something to which I can do justice - well, it'll make my name. That's what I'm bargaining for. I think I'd better go down to the dig for my morning session now. Care to walk with me?

Caroline: No. What do you do down there?

Henry: Sometimes I do a little sifting but not often. I don't get on with the workmen. They shout at me.

Caroline: Do you ever shout back?

Henry: Of course not.
Caroline: One day you will, Henry, and then you'll be a happy boy.

(Henry has come down the stairs and now enters the room)

Henry: Well, I'll be down at the dig for a while, Caroline.

John: You're not going out in this heat, are you?

Henry: For the moment – until the fall of empire, Mr. Hogarth – it's my job.

(Henry goes out through the windows)

John: Sophie tells me that you've been very unhappy.

Caroline: There was a time.

John: You're getting over it.

Caroline: Yes. It was nothing. A marriage. He left me. Ran away.

John: I see.

Caroline: Do you see it from his point of view or mine?

John: His, I suppose. I'm also running away from a marriage. Not my own. Someone else's.

Caroline: I just went into hiding. From what I hear you're making for the open country.

John: I hope so.

Caroline: You're looking for more than the heroism of love.

John: I'd say the stoicism of love. Yes, more than that.

Caroline: Liberation.

John: Of others. Not myself.

Caroline: We've met before this. You don't remember.

(John shakes his head)

At the time I was too young for you to recognize.

I was fifteen.

John: That's a very difficult age.

Caroline: Yes, it is. Men never know whether to put you on the top or the bottom.

Whiting MSS.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
John: Which did I do?

Caroline: Neither. I put out my hand but you didn't take it. You looked over my head and walked on. You were in trouble, I think. The government were turning up old laws to find something which could be brought against you for your--infamous behaviour.

John: That's all a long time ago. I was young and foolish; you were young and wise; now we're here and you--well, you're grown up and I should know--do know--very well which end I'm expected to put.

Caroline: Expected. Then there'll be no such behaviour from you now. Well, look here--may I whisper a question?

John: No!

Caroline: What's the matter?

John: I've had the last conversation of this kind in my life. I want no more of it!

Caroline: Sophie told me her name. It was Ada.

John: Very well, so it was Ada.

Caroline: And because of her the London mob threw stones at your windows. It was in the papers. Was she worth it?

John: They'd got it into their heads that I was breaking up something very dear to their hearts: a home. You know how that country domesticates their idols. All must answer the call from the servant's hall. Or they throw bricks. The main demonstration was a parade past my house of elderly women carrying banners. That went on for several hours. I felt compelled to send them out tea and sandwiches. They leant against the railings eating and drinking and booing whenever I passed a window.

Caroline: Women have always felt strongly about you.

John: Women feel too much about everything. That is the dreadful inequality of sex.

Caroline: Surely when you were younger you could match them in depth of feeling.
Certainly. It was their inexhaustible capacity for demonstrating emotion which at last defeated me. Poets are lucky. They can spin out the truth of their passion to at least the length of a sonnet. With my lesser talent I had to content myself with a brisk action and one short word.

Caroline: Which so often led to broken windows.

John: All the best games end in destruction.

Caroline: Ah! that's the reason Sophie gave for everything. Why you were loved and why you were hated. We never get out of the nursery where everything finishes broken up. You played the whole of your life in London that way, didn't you. Without seriousness because you knew the time would come when you'd have to put your toys away - so better smash them! You were right. You were absolutely right.

John: ...

Caroline: But it makes sense. The whole thing makes good sense if you believe it to be nonsense.

John: Does this make sense? Dawn. London. I wake. It's night within the room until the curtains are drawn back. The bed covers over my body are as heavy as sin. Throw them off! Step freely - hah! boldly - to the windows. Draw back the curtains. Stare at the sky for a sign. Hm. It's raining. The policeman at the corner is weeping. The cold strikes me like an unkind word. Last night's warrior becomes a goose-pimpled pudding. Cover the poor mockery with a gown. The day must be begun it seems. Very well, then - good morning and good morning. Breakfast. The daily news beside the tray. So, there's energy to engage that still virgin for a start. She gives up her miserable secrets and the sign is not one of them. Go, light fires! Open the letters of the day. Will one hold the secret, the news from another land, the call to action? No. They demand, beg, entreat, abuse - nothing more. Dress. Talk to myself in the looking glass, as - do so. Walk out. Meet a man. He complains of my treatment of his daughter. He threatens me with action. Action! Christ, if it were true. He means litigation which is the English substitute. My interest in him has gone and so, I see, has the

Whiting MSS.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
sun. Something must be done if only to put in my journal. Well, then, turn in here. It is a theatre where men knock each other about with wooden swords and die, get up and bow. Hohum! The curtain rattles down on the play and the day. The sky remains inscrutable—positively unhelpful. Curtain it off with the rest. It is another room—another place. I'm welcome. There's no doubt about it. Here between the sheets there is something to be done with authority if not with dignity. Let me look at the face before turning away. It smiles so all is well. Goodnight. Goodhohnight.

Caroline: Is there sense in that? Well, let me see. There is one thing.

John: What's that?

Caroline: The moment of happiness which was in the smiling face before you turned away. That's sense.

John: It wasn't a very intelligent face.

Caroline: Nothing to do with it. Always sensible to make someone happy.

John: More sense than this moment in this place with you expecting something of me which I'm no longer interested in giving to-your-upturned-face.] In the North—Caroline—under the open white sky—Caroline—the faces look up but not in love—no—in death they look up at the open white sky in the North. Victims of wounds more horrible than yours.] No one dies of lpye, Caroline,[but they die of hunger and the whip.] It is the crack of that whip echoing through the sleeping rooms of Europe which has brought me here.] I'm waiting for the man who through one night in London took me by the hand and dragged me from childhood and into the present time./ My rendezvous is not with a lovesick girl or an impatient matron but with a fighting nation.

Caroline: Bravo! Why did they choose you?

John: Some years ago my friends wanted to get me settled. Before I knew what was happening I found myself to be a member of parliament. It seemed a good time to make a speech. The motion happened to concern the government's attitude to this minority group.

Whiting Yss.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
in the North. They had recently shot the British
Minister and subjected his wife and daughter to
humiliating proposals which both had accepted
before returning to England.

Caroline: One of the lesser perils of our Imperial policy.

John: In a speech to the House opposing reprisals I
suggested the country should be accepted into
the British Empire. It seemed that at the moment
of surrender both ladies had wrapped themselves
in a Union Jack. No one agreed with me that it
was the natives way of honouring the flag and
the speech was dismissed as an impertinence
which indeed it was. Yet it was that speech in
an old newspaper which brought Basilios to me.
The faded cutting was in his pocket. It remained
the one call to unity and action his country had
ever known. Spoken by me when I didn't know the
place was on the map. How could I resist such an
appeal to leadership?

Caroline: So the whole business is a joke after all. Just
a joke. You don't take it any more seriously than
Ada - or perhaps me. You haven't changed.

John: I'm sorry, I have. I take it all very seriously.
I don't want to seem unreasonable about this.
You've been unhappy, I know, but please don't
ask me to console you. Anyway, there'd hardly
be time, my darling, for Basilios will be here
before you can say, I love you.

Caroline: I love you.

(Selwyn Faramond and Henry Bevis come into
the room by the windows. They stop on
hearing John's last words to Caroline)

Selwyn: Then marry her, my dear fellow. Congratulations.
Excellent news. Been worried about the child. How
are you otherwise?

John: Otherwise I'm very well. What on earth are you
talking about, Selwyn?

Selwyn: Declaration of love. Made by you as I came in.
Bevis heard it. Yes?

Henry: Yes.
Selwyn: Never mind. Shouldn't have come in at that moment.

Caroline: Why did you?

Selwyn: I want a bath. Be a dutiful daughter and tell the men to carry hot water up to my room.

[Caroline moves towards the archway, Henry enters, he whispers]

Henry: [I want to speak to you.]

[Caroline passes him and he follows her out]

Selwyn: Dirty work, Hogarth.

John: What?

Selwyn: This digging.

John: Oh, I see what you mean. Yes, it must be.

Selwyn: But I think it'll be worth it. I'm sure we're about to uncover something remarkable.

[Selwyn takes a small maquette of a human figure from his pocket and holds it out to John]

What do you make of that?

John: [He takes the figure] It's a woman, isn't it?

Selwyn: Yes. One of the workmen found it yesterday. Significant attitude of worship, don't you think?

John: It seems familiar yet I can't think why.

[Selwyn turns the figure over in his hands]

Selwyn: If we can get something from this site it'll shake them up in London. I do so want to do the EM crowd in the eye. They've never shown the faintest interest in my work, you know. If it wasn't for the Germans we shouldn't be able to go on.

England's done nothing for the expedition except send out that idiot from the Times. And all he's done is to get in the way and upset Caroline. She had a bad time before she came here. Married a bastard. Try and keep her mind off it.

John: I shan't be here long.

Selwyn: Bevis was saying something about your being on your way to a revolution in the North. No truth in that, is there?
Act I :24

John: Yes.

Selwyn: There is? Then do be careful. They're very untrustworthy up that way. Why are you going?

John: I wanted to leave England.

Selwyn: That's a substantial reason, certainly. Some woman, was it?

John: All women. I wanted to get away from the whole business.

Selwyn: There was no need to go to the length of starting a revolution. You could always have helped me. Nothing like digging and sifting for keeping your mind off sex.

John: I suppose not.

Selwyn: When I was in the army and found it troublesome I always used to call a church parade. Made the men rather fed up turning out so late at night but it always worked. Still, everyone has their own method.

John: Well, it's a personal problem. Here. (he gives the figure to Selwyn)

Selwyn: Where's Sophie? She's pleased to see you, I expect.

John: I think she is. (he goes outside)

Selwyn: Then stay here for a while, my dear boy. We're not much troubled by the nuisances of London. The weather's good, the local people are friendly, the sanitation's not up to much but it's as good as my club and we don't have to be pleasant to each other if we don't want to. As for women - you don't have to worry about them here. They're a simple good people without the refinements which make life such hell in London. Stay on, do.

John: (carrying) I'm sorry, Selwyn, no. (Caroline returns to the room/ followed by)

Caroline: They're getting your bath ready. The water will be in by the time you're (stripped off.)

Selwyn: Thank you, Caro. Come up and talk to me, Hogarth. Have a bath if you like.

Whiting Hall, Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
John: I'll come and talk.

Selwyn: This business of fighting in the North. I once handled something like that in China. It was very amusing — no, no, you know. Every man for himself. Damned dangerous.

(Selwyn and John go out of the room and up the stairs)

Henry: As I was saying, Caroline, I've never harmed a woman in my life.

(Caroline is looking towards the stairs)

I say — I've never harmed —

Caroline: I know, Henry dear. You're the gentlest person I've ever had to do with.

Henry: Well, then —

Caroline: You're just not very nice, that's all.

Henry: That may well be. Yet I'm sincere in wanting to help you in your unhappiness.

Caroline: Oh, do shut up about my unhappiness. Everyone talks about it as if it were a deformity. Poor Caroline's got the hump! Anyway, I'm not unhappy just at the moment, thank you very much.

Henry: You were earlier this morning when you were gathering flowers. I was watching you.

Caroline: From a safe distance.

Henry: It was that very hillside — I was good enough for you then. And there.

Caroline: You weren't good enough, Henry, that's the point. It was disaster. And it always will be for you with anyone until you learn not to try and make something else out of it. Not for you the ordinary time and place — oh, no! — for you it has to be out on the hillside underneath the stars. Then when that shepherd came along and stood looking down at us — with a smile like a benediction — you had to sit up and say, "I'm afraid I must ask you to leave."

Henry: There's no privacy in this country.
Act I: 26

Caroline: The place, time and even incident was of your own choosing. You can't complain. When will you learn that it's a very simple thing if you don't complicate it with poetry.

Henry: Poetry can be a great comfort in moments of distress.

Caroline: It's only words, Henry. Look you here, I went through a poetical marriage. Bobo knew about every art except one. Life with him was too damned beautiful for words—well, no, stay a minute. There were so many words. Spoken, sung, whispered, written, rhymed, scrawled on the window pane, carved into wood and stone—words for everyday use and casually slung at each other, words for secret use and muttered into the pillow, words with single meaning and words with double meaning, good words, bad words, holy words and dirty words. And when the day was over and you'd think the talking would have to stop—well, no, there'd always be just that dribble of stale words for explanation of failure, betrayal, misery and horror. Can you see, Henry, the words that make up your poetry are the same words that broke up my marriage. You call yourself a poet. Very well. Get to work. Rearrange those words into a form which will comfort me, if you can. When you've done that come back and we'll start from there.

(Cristos is standing on the stairs looking down into the room. Caroline speaks to him.)

What do you want?

Cristos: I thought you were alone.

Caroline: I can be. (she turns and stares at Henry. He walks quickly out through the window)

Cristos: You shouldn't be unkind to Mr. Bevis.

Caroline: Why not?

Cristos: He hasn't yet been hardened by the sun against such things. I found him alone yesterday quietly weeping.

Caroline: What about?
Cristos: I don't know. He was sitting with a book in his hand.

Caroline: A book in his hand! There's the reason. O, weep for Adonais and Henry'll give you buckets full. But weep for you or me or any real thing and Henry's pale eye remains as dry as a biscuit.

Cristos: All the same, you must try and be kinder to him.

Caroline: All right, I'll try. Is that what you wanted to say to me?

Cristos: No. I wanted to tell you about this. (he is carrying several notebooks) Sophie's book. Her memories of John Hogarth are not accurate. I thought you should know that.

Caroline: You mean Sophie's lying?

Cristos: No, no. But don't go by what's written here. Like all works of reminiscence it is fiction.

Caroline: How do you know?

Cristos: By seeing him in person this morning.

Caroline: And from only that you make such a general statement.

Cristos: Yes.

Caroline: You seem very sure. All right. Why tell me?

Cristos: Because your knowledge - your understanding of him comes entirely from these books. I remember the morning you sat with me reading them. You were smiling. I found it very disturbing.

Caroline: So did I. But I've met him now. He lives outside that book of Sophie's. He is, Cristos.

Cristos: Very well. Take him as he is if you wish. There's only the everyday danger in that.

Caroline: Isn't the everyday danger enough? It was just that which made me so wretched before I came here.

Cristos: What I'm obliged by custom to call, your unhappiness.
Caroline: You don't believe it, do you? (Cristos shakes his head. He is smiling)

Cristos: Do you?

Caroline: Not any more.

Cristos: I expect you were angry when he left you. English-women are good losers in every game except marriage.

Caroline: I remember how astonished I was at not being wanted. Not just not wanted in bed but in public and even around the house. That hurt won't get better for a long time. Pride, you know. (Sophie comes down the stairs and into the room)

Sophie: Just because John Hogarth's here I do hope I'm not going to find people standing in corners talking about him all the time.

Caroline: Cristos came down to give me a word of advice, that's all.

Sophie: Would you like to tell me what it was?

Caroline: Certainly. He told me to look at John through my own eyes and not yours. Also not to be unkind to Henry. Also to remember that I've not really been unhappy - I've just been angry.

Sophie: All of it very good advice. I hope you'll take it to heart. Where's John?

Caroline: Talking to Selwyn in his bath. (Henry comes through the windows)

Henry: I say, I think somebody responsible should come down to the dig. Something's happened. I'm not quite sure what. One of the workmen has fallen through a hole and disappeared but there seems to be more to it than that.

Caroline: Selwyn's in his bath.

Henry: If I could understand what those fellows were talking about it might help.

Cristos: I'll come down. I speak the same language as those fellows.
Henry: So you do. But then you are Greek, aren't you?

Cristos: Yes. It's very helpful.

(Sophie and Cristos go out through the window)

Sophie: How happy Henry will be if at last that excavation gives up its secret. He'll be able to write this final brilliant despatch we've heard so much about and return at once to London and honour. What will you do?

Caroline: By that time I hope to have found someone else to put up with me.

Sophie: I suppose you mean John. But he's going away in no time at all.

Caroline: Well, I don't suppose revolutions go on for ever any more than digging up the past.

Sophie: Do you mean to make your intentions clear to him? In so many words.

Caroline: Are you jealous - Mummie?

Sophie: A little. Then again I don't think you're good enough for him. I never knew your husband - indeed, I've never met anyone who admitted to doing so - but from what you've told me about him he was tolerant and kind if not very bright. And he left you.

Caroline: You, anyway, are not going to let me forget that.

Sophie: Not for a moment.

Caroline: Well, at least I had the (guts) to get married when I was young. Unlike you, who'd never take the responsibility until you were old and - needed - safely enter into this arid married state with Father.

Sophie: That's a point. I suppose it does take courage when you're young. Especially when you intend to marry someone called Bobo Traherne.

Caroline: What about John Hogarth?

Sophie: Darling, he'd never marry you. He might pop you under the covers for an hour or two.
Caroline: That'd be something. I wouldn't be lonely and unwanted for that little time, at least.

Sophie: So that's what you're expecting. Aren't you forgetting he's here for a different purpose? He's not travelling for pleasure this time. My dear child, you'll find that it's a fact that men sometimes get sick of us. Not sick of us individually or personally but sick of our whole ravenging sex. When that happens they take up soldiering or archeology, throw themselves into politics or find other things to do which we don't understand such as revolution. When that happens we haven't a chance. We can fight among ourselves for a man but when we have to get to grips with an idea a man believes to be right then we're beaten. All we can do is sit back and meditate on past triumphs.

Caroline: You're lucky. I never loved anyone but Bobo. I can't meditate on him for the rest of my life.

Sophie: Well, Bobo could hardly be described as a triumph, I agree. But you'll find someone worthy of you, Caroline, I'm sure. Goodness knows where and it won't be John. Remember why he's here. He's come to do his part in something real. He believes in the liberation by revolt of these wretched people in the North. It may seem absurd to us but it's a fact. Accept it.

Caroline: It's such a waste of time for a man to go off playing at soldiers.

Sophie: They're only tolerable when they're with us if we let them play such games on occasion. A man always wants to do something positive after a love affair. John's just left Ada, remember. What did Bobo do after he left you?

Caroline: He had a nervous breakdown.

Sophie: That proves my point.

(John comes down the stairs and into the room)

John: Selwyn is a most energetic bather, isn't he? The room's flooded and as a mere spectator I'm soaked to the skin. He saw Henry Devis and the Greek gentleman running down the hill to the excavation.
and he wants to know what it's all about.

Sophie: Nobody knows at the moment. Henry arrived up here with an account even more garbled than he sends in to The Times. Pay no attention. We've had such alarms before.

John: I think you should have a word with Selwyn. He's at his bedroom window, stark naked, with a pair of binoculars and an improvised megaphone.

Sophie: I'll go up in a moment. John, when are you expecting your friend to come for you?

John: Basilios? In two or three days. Why?

Sophie: Couldn't you travel North to meet him?

John: Do you mean at once?

Sophie: Well, say tomorrow morning.

John: I suppose I could. Are you trying to get rid of me?

Caroline: Yes, she is.

Sophie: John, we're old enough friends to be frank with each other.

John: Certainly, Sophie. But no friends are old enough to be straightforwardly impolite to each other.

Sophie: I'd like to stay here for a few days. A little while ago, Sophie, you seemed quite happy about that.

Caroline: Why have you changed your mind?

Sophie: I haven't.

John: Well, what have we got to be frank about?

Caroline: Me.

Sophie: I'm so very fond of you, John, and I wouldn't wish anything to take away from your affection for me. Certainly not this arrogant and impertinent child. In other words, I don't want to be blamed for what happens.

Caroline: Dear Sophie: always burning her bridges before I come to them.
Sophie:  I'll go up to Selwyn.
(Sophie goes from the room and up the stairs.
John, in silence, moves to the windows.  
Caroline watches him)

Caroline: You were right to be firm with Sophie. Of course 
you can stay here as long as you want.

John: That wasn't the reason. It's not that I particularly 
want to stay here. I just want to put off going 
North for a while.

Caroline: Why?  
(John does not answer)  
What's the matter?

John: Selwyn seems to think I may get killed in this 

business.

Caroline: Well, don't sound so surprised. Hadn't it occurred 
to you?

John: It had occurred to me but I didn't think it had 
occurred to anyone else — (not seriously.)

Caroline: Come now — if you think of it at all you think of 
it seriously.

John: This is a strange undisciplined country. A good 
place to be alive in.

Caroline: That's what the reason you came.

John: Why did you come? Was it only because your father 
happened to be here?

Caroline: Not only that. When I was shut up in a nunnery as 
a child one of my teachers was a Greek. She told 
me wild, unorthodox stories of the country. I 
remembered them when I was alone in London and 
I thought this might be the place to bring me 
alive again. It's done that.

John: I know what you mean. You became aware. Yes? Am 
I right? Aware that you're occupying space and 
that the sun exists to strike down and enwrap you. 
Aware that you are something — and, what's more, 
something that works, ticks — goes, if you like. 
It's a discovery to be reckoned with, I agree. 
Life is not, after all, founded on the meal table, 
the privy and the bed.
Caroline: In this place even those things might take on a certain significance.

John: In this place. You think it is just the place.

Caroline: Not entirely. It's also because of what Selwyn said to you. With that in mind even the most commonplace objects can become charged with mystery.

John: I should never have thought of you as a commonplace object.

Caroline: What did you say?

John: You're confusing me. Are you doing it deliberately?

Caroline: I want you to see things in the proper light, (that's all.) As a man who hasn't got all his life before him you should, you know.

John: You talk as if I'm condemned. You're like your father.

Caroline: There's time for a reprove. You've only to change your mind.

John: That's out of the question. I'm committed to action - on my honour.

Caroline: In that case - (she moves to John and holds out her hand) - goodbye. The world will surely go on without you. (John takes her hand: he does not let it go)

You're doing something which I don't understand but I suppose is very fine.

John: I'm not one of those men who have to love the country they're prepared to - fight for.

Caroline: I didn't mean that. I meant it's supposed to be a good thing to give up so much. Everything you've known in such fullness in the past. (The pleasure of food, the charm of sleep, the comfort of women) all - all gone in this spartan search for a better truth, a harsher reality. Fine man - almost a saint - you are - yes - for the way of sanctity is the (dusty) road to the North. (John is still holding her hand)
John: I think you've misunderstood. The pleasures you've talked about have become as bitter to me as any penance. Every one was the harshest reality which I couldn't stomach. For they're only tolerable when they're more than themselves. When the food feeds more than the body - when sleep is more than an escape to a dream - and the comfort of women is more than a cushion.

Caroline: I see. But tell me something. Did you say to yourself, This is the last time? D'you see what I mean? For example, did you say to yourself, This is the last kiss, the last embrace? This is not only farewell to whatshername - Ada - but farewell to all loving for all time. Did you say that to yourself?

Say it now.

(John takes both her hands in his)
Let the day go. It gets cooler towards evening. Then's the time for thought and decision. The smell of the baked earth comes up from the valley making the scent of the flowers sour and more understandable. Evening is the time for straight talking and straight thinking in this country. The sun goes down and rubs the gilt from the edges. The senses aren't treacherously attacked by every colour and shape and sound taking on a form of something, somewhere long ago with someone else. The days in this place - the days under the sun have all been - have all happened before. But the nights are new in time - so new to new met people - (youmme) - that they can be used by (youmme) in any way we - John - please. Please! put off, John - John, put off telling - secrets! - telling whether it was last - very last time.

(John mueshis hair back over her ears and then folds his hands about the nape back of her neck)

John: It was the last chance.

Caroline: How - chance?

John: All my life since I can remember I've treated every opportunity as the last chance. I've looked - sadly - on each encounter as the last. But I was cheated. The sun came up and the sun went down and, damn it, life had to be lived. And opportunity didn't knock once - it beat a positive tattoo at my door.
Caroline: Which every time you opened.

John: It was never shut.

(he kisses her on the forehead)

But now the heavy foot of time is edging it to. Soon there will only be space in that doorway for the lightest and most frivolous opportunity to get through. The last - the smallest and least consequential - will have to remain, I suppose, to comfort my extreme age for there'll be no getting out.

Caroline: My God! you talk nonsense -

(John kisses her on the mouth)

- nonsense! Can't you see - that before you - haven't you eyes? - oh, yes, you have eyes! - before you is not a quickly closing door. No, John - darling, my newfound one:der - fool! - there before you are the wide open gates of Summer. You've lived only - nothing but-the early months of your year of life. Never mind - no, I'll never mind if you go on from me to a fairer - but be aware - beware - not old, not sleeping - of the fairest. Go on from me - after all - if you want to go - on. Go on.

(John nuts his finger against her mouth)

John: Now you're lying. You're saying something you don't believe. That's not good. That's bad. You think - you must believe that you are the last person - Caroline - that you hold the secret - Caroline - so let's have no renunciation from you.

Caroline: You won't. I don't give up anything - ever. But there comes a time - furtive: secret: upon you before you - no! - know it and a decision has to be made.

(she kisses him. Selwyn comes down the stairs, crosses the room and goes out through the windows)

There! you'll not find that in a day's march.

John: I'll not find that in a lifetime's campaigning.

(they are fast in each others arms)

Caroline: Ah! my revolutionary. I'll be your marching song. This can be a fight for freedom worth fighting. So to the barricades which are down - down - fallen before the uprising. Take the law into
your own hands and strike! strike! for the
tormented are impatient of control.

John: Be still.

Caroline: Yes. Yes. Yes.

CURTAIN
Draft "E" - Marginalia

1. "Directions as written." appears and is circled.

43-6 A square bracket appears adjacent to a circled "X".


102-11. A vertical line appears and at each end of the line is an "X".


239-40. A square bracket appears.

269-88. A square bracket appears.

269-86. A vertical line appears and at each end of the line is an "X".


297. A square bracket appears.

301-3. A square bracket appears.

317-8. A caret adjacent to a question mark appears between the two lines. "Caroline on book." is inserted in the body of the text.

318-28. A square encloses lines 318-23. The marginal line of the square extends to line 328. A circled "A" appears adjacent to the square.

335-6. A circled "A" adjacent to a caret appears.

335-42. A square bracket appears. Adjacent to the bracket is "John and Sophie (laughing) on their time together in London".

370-2. "John and Sophie on the past." is inserted in the body of the text.

389. "Caroline on marriage." appears after the line and is deleted.

426-7. "Detail Caroline's marriage" appears in the body of the text. The note is in square brackets and underlined.

446-56. Part of a square bracket appears.

481-7. "John was Sophie's protege - she watched him grow" appears and is circled.

486. An "X" appears.
494. An "X" appears.

501-2. An "X" appears.

504-8. "rewrite this on Joke theme" appears. Two vertical lines appear on each side of the note.

528-9. An "X" appears.

530-47. A square bracket appears.

530-2. "Keep rewrite" appears adjacent to a caret.

568-9. An "X" appears.

570-1. An "X" appears.

573. An "X" appears.

574. An "X" appears.

580. An "X" appears.

581-2. An "X" appears.

607. An "X" appears adjacent to a question mark.

636-45. A square bracket appears.

639-42. "[****] Rewrite" appears and is circled adjacent to an "X".

657-8. A square bracket appears.
660-2. "Rewrite John-Caroline scene. C.'s awe of John -
his patronage?" appears. Two vertical lines appear on each side of this note.

663-4. "[****] later part of[****] for Caro." appears.

695. An "X" appears.

738-9. A line arrowed at one end and circled at the other appears.

784-99. A square bracket appears.

784-5. "Break for Caro" appears.

792. "Rewrite" appears in a square bracket.

795. "keep" appears. Two vertical lines appear on each side of the note.


825-7. "Keep this exact - KEY." appears.

850-2. "Keep the [**** ****] in scene with John and Selwyn." appears in the body of the text.

901-2. "(Selwyn on John's earlier knowledge of Sophie. He is proud.)" appears in the body of the text.

940-1. An "X" appears.

942. An "X" appears.
962-84. A square bracket appears.

968-72. "Rewrite. [****] to [**** ****.] John did not write he did" appears. "write" is underlined twice. "did" is underlined three times.

986-96. A square bracket appears.

989-90. "Rewrite. new theme." appears

992-3. An "X" appears between the lines.

997-1029. A square bracket appears.

1000-1. An "X" appears.

1021. An "X" appears.

1028-9. An "X" appears adjacent to two lines.

1030-41. Part of a square bracket appears.

1030-5. Part of a square bracket appears.

1042-56. Part of a square bracket appears.

1058-60. "Keep as written to END with revision." appears. Two vertical lines appear on each side of the note.

1079-80. A square bracket appears.

1129-30. A square bracket appears.
1136-8. Two square brackets appear.

1196-7. "[on] serious" appears in the body of the text. The note is circled and a drawn line indicates a relationship between the note and line 1196.

1197-8. A caret appears between the lines.
vi: Draft "F"
Emendations - Draft "P"

48. ...pen (obliteration).
   The period after the obliteration is included in the transcription after "pen".

122. ...here. (obliteration) You'll...

150. them!...
   Immediately following "them!" line (61) is obliterated. Immediately following the obliterated line there is another obliteration.

299. ...meet (obliteration) it.

332-3...to (obliteration; caret) a...
   "talk to me in" is inserted above the line.

334. ...but ("I" is inserted over an obliteration) 'd never...

369. (obliteration) I'd...

412. ...flinching: ("everyone else had cheerfully ignored the day for twenty years." is deleted) I...

454. ...freedom. (obliteration)
   "That's" is inserted above the line.

455. ...seriousness (obliteration).
   The period after the obliteration is included in the transcription after "seriousness".
463-4. ...is ("now" is deleted). I...

"those days" is inserted in the margin, line (199). The period after "now" is included in the transcription after "days".

509. liked Bobo either.

"Bobo" is in parentheses.

748. ...more (obliteration; caret) it!

"of" is inserted above the line

939. ..., what's (obliteration) this...

1329. ...it's (obliteration) just....

1383. Mean? (obliteration) Take...
Act
One.

4th Draft.
The scene is a room in a country house in Greece a little way from Athens.

The time is morning of a day in the early Summer of the year 1913.

The house which is built in two floors stands above a valley.

The room has several high windows which allow entrance from a stone terrace. Through these windows can be seen part of an exterior wall which is washed in raspberry colour and contains a small window. A great vine surrounds the house. The floor of the room is stone partly covered by rugs. The ceiling, almost lost in shadow, is painted. There is a main door to the room which stands open showing the wide sweep of a stairway beyond. There is also a small arched entrance from a passage which leads to other parts of the house, by way of a few shallow steps.

Within the room it remains cool as yet and the shadows are only now beginning to shift. The sun strikes through the windows and brings to life in a vivid way several objects in the room — a scarlet shawl thrown over a chair, a piece of jewellery, a gold cross hanging on the off-white shell white wall — and the brilliance of these are marked in the quickening heat.

Sophie Faramond is sitting in a high-backed chair set to face the
John: The house stands alone above a wilderness. It's the colour of fruit and looking up the traveller asks, Will it topple? I'll be at the windows on the South side, you said. Find you I must, I think, after such a description. I've left the cart which brought me at the bottom of the hill. The driver is drunk but let the sun get high and he'll be bumped back to the city on all the four square wheels. (he kisses Sophie) With the best will in the world I couldn't let you know when I'd be here. Have you been patient? I left Alexandria three days ago and crossed in a boat with a party of olive-green pilgrims. I stayed last night in Athens but didn't sleep because of the song of the cats and the silent mischief of the bugs. With your letter in my hand I set off at dawn this morning to come here.

Sophie: To someone of my age a meeting after ten years should be avoided. I was tempted to send you false instructions. But you were already on your way. And I remembered you.

John: All along the way I remembered you, Sophie. I thought of the day you left England to come out here. Ten years gone by. Time
to go, you said - and go you did. Why did you do it?

Sophie: I was getting old. That's a reason. But you're young - shall I reckon on thirty-six years for you? - and you've left England, you say, for ever.

John: Everything's been sold up.

Sophie: Then I imagine you must be burdened with a great deal of money. What have you done with it?

John: Bought a state of exile.

Sophie: Shameful! Not a proper purpose. What are you up to?

John: I'm free, Sophie.

Sophie: Again? For how long?

John: Until the end. The first step into middle age did it.

Sophie: Who was she?

John: Her name was Ada. You see I speak of her in the past. She had very short legs, was a comfortable shape and the wife of a bishop. On the night of my thirty-fifth birthday her arms were round my neck and she was whispering to me. The next morning I began the sale of everything I possessed. When it was done I felt remarkable. Sanctified. I had nothing in the world but money.

(Cristos Papadiamantitis moves into the room)

Sophie: This is Cristos, my secretary. This is Mr. John Hocarth from England.

(Cristos bows to John)

We won't do any more this morning. Go up, please, and make a fair copy as far as we've gone.

(Cristos goes out of the room and up the stairs)
I spend a few hours every day dictating to Cristos. I'm putting down some of my memories. For that matter, I'm glad you've come here. You'll sharpen my recollection of a number of incidents of the time in England we knew together. How is that damned country? I suppose I should've felt regret in leaving it but nothing of the kind. I'd grown out of the place - passed through it like a childhood. I'm having to consider the fifty or so years I lived there, of course, in the writing of these memories. Yet I'm managing to remember without tears.

John: Are you writing the truth?

Sophie: Yes.

John: Then you're not going to publish.

Sophie: Certainly I am. This Autumn.

John: That'll upset a lot of people. But I suppose this is a safe distance. The most they can do is hang your publisher.

Sophie: You escaped, I see.

John: Without violence, yes. There was nothing to signal my going but the baying of the newspapers and that woman shut up in the country. She would be weeping, we can be sure of that, and in a lower room holding a holy book in one hand and biting the nails of the other would be her husband. They're probably still at it, God help them! She tried to lead me to the righteous life, Sophie. That was her only mistake. You know where such an excursion must end. On this occasion it was an episcopal four-poster in a cathedral town. The rooks mourned over us through the night.

Sophie: I'd hoped he wasn't a provincial bishop.
John: He forgave me like the good man he is but that wasn't enough for Ada. She had to make a public confession to a national newspaper. Modesty prevents me saying why.

Sophie: Then I'll say it for you. She wanted everyone to know how lucky she'd been. After all, John, I've always considered myself happy to know you in the drawing room so I can appreciate Ada's feelings. There, I'm already speaking of her as an old friend.

John: In the end I took nothing but her teaching to heart and sold up my worldly goods. I've put the proceeds to an ungodly purpose. Which brings me here. Alone.

Sophie: The difficulty of exile for a woman is that she can't go unaccompanied. I had to provide myself with an escort at a small church in Kensington on the Tuesday before I sailed.

John: Ah, yes. I'm sorry. How is Selwyn? Where is Selwyn?

Sophie: Buried alive at the dig below. You passed the place on the road. Selwyn has been working the excavation for eighteen months. He's found nothing.

John: Is there anything to be found?

Sophie: Selwyn is sure of it. There've been several false alarms and then a most unpleasant man comes hurrying here from the Royal Museum in Berlin. They're putting up money.

John: Has Selwyn found anything under the ground in these ten years of digging?

Sophie: Nothing important.

John: What's he looking for here?
Sophie: He seems to think he may uncover some
place of worship of great antiquity.
Am I right, Henry?

(she speaks to Henry Bevis who has
come into the room)

Henry: Quite right, Sophie.

Sophie: Henry Bevis is with us, John, as a special
correspondent to The Times. This is John
Hogarth from London, Henry.

Henry: From London!
(he shakes hands with John)
How is that beautiful country of ours?

John: Have you been away from it a long time,
Mr. Bevis?

Henry: Yes.

John: I thought so. Well, it was looking very
pretty in the Spring.

Henry: And the people?

John: They've never been pretty at any time
of year, have they? But I thought they
were looking very fit.

Sophie: Henry's absence from England isn't
voluntary, John. He was sent here to
report on whatever is found in that
great hole Selwyn is digging. How he's
managed to fill a column of The Times
once every two weeks I've never under-
stood. Surely, Henry, there must be
a limit to the number of ways even you
can describe such quantities of mud.

Henry: It's the suspense, Sophie. No one knows
exactly what Selwyn expects to find.

Sophie: I'd have thought the flutter of antici-
pation even in those small archaeological
circles about St. James's Square must
now be stilled after eighteen months.
Henry: You mustn't expect quick results in this kind of work, Sophie. Must she, Mr. Hogarth?

John: I've no idea. I know nothing about it.

Henry: Selwyn has all the patience of an old soldier.

Sophie: Yes, I suppose those many years of quite undistinguished service must have taught him that.

Henry: How unlike you are. Is that the basis for a successful marriage, I wonder?

Sophie: Don't brood over me, Henry.

John: Sophie, I've remembered something. When I got out of the cart at the bottom of the hill I left a box at the side of the road.

Sophie: One of the men can bring it up later.

Henry: I'll go down for it.

John: You'll do nothing of the kind. It's very heavy and that hill is very steep.

Henry: I'm going down to the dig. I can bring the box back with me. I'll be pleased to do that, Mr. Hogarth.

John: Well, thank you.

Henry: A word: very unwise to leave anything about here.

   (Henry goes out through the windows)

Sophie: Such an old young man. And how the poor creature sweats in this climate. Why did you suddenly remember your box?

John: It was the mention of marriage.

Sophie: I don't see any connection.

John: We were on the verge of a discussion. I wanted to avoid it.
Sophie: You'll find when you get to know him that it's never difficult to knock Henry off a subject. But he's been meditating on marriage for some weeks now.

John: Must I get to know him?

Sophie: Well, how long are you staying? Your letter was mysterious about that. A visit, you said, before going on elsewhere.

John: I'll be here two days if everything goes well.

Sophie: Why should it go badly? Come here. Yes, there about your eyes - God help you, those are lines of thought. This is what Henry would call A Sign of the Times.

John: We're well into the twentieth century, Sophie. You're going to have to accustom yourself to a change in the faces of those you love.

Sophie: And to a change in their customs and habits, it seems. Where are you going from here?

John: When I left Ada curled up and quilt covered for the last time and went back to my rooms I'd decided to sell out. Everything around me - except a bottle of gin - lay cowering beneath the hammer. I stayed there alone for two days. The storm had broken about me and Ada. There were no letters except postcards containing a single word usually of a biblical nature. No one came near me but my ancient firelighter. Then, on the second night, there was a shout on the stairs. I thought at first the mob had come. I picked up the poker and went to meet it. Instead I found one old man entangled in the curtains on the stairs - caught like a gigantic bat. I freed him. He embraced me. I freed myself. He went on and collapsed like a ruin before the
fire and at once began to talk. He used none of the words recently associated with me — fornicator, adulterer — indeed, he'd never heard of Ada, he said. He talked and the words were as fresh to me as his friendliness. He loved me, he said, for I was a son of freedom. He, too, Basilios, was a son of freedom. I was again taken in his arms. He talked through the night. At half-past five I gave him my cheque for one hundred thousand pounds. At half-past seven I gave him my hand and the promise of my services. At half-past nine he left. But there remained on the table a document which made altogether too clear my future commitments to revolution.

Sophie: Revolution. So that's the latest sport. I think you've been ingenuous. You'll never see your friend again and certainly not your money.

John: Yes, I shall. Basilios is a man — the one sex I don't make mistakes about. He'll be here to fetch me as he promised within two days.

Sophie: You're very sure.

John: I've reason to be. Basilios seemed to talk to me in a language which I'd known since childhood but I'd never before heard spoken. That alone would have been worth the money.

Sophie: Am I to expect barricades on my doorstep?

John: No. I shall travel North four hundred miles to the trouble centre. The affair is small enough for me to play a big part. I shall be happy.

(Caroline Traherne comes into the room by the windows. She is twenty-five years old. She carries a large bunch of wild flowers and herbs which are recently gathered)
Sophie: Do you know John Hogarth, Caroline?

Caroline: Yes.

John: No.

Sophie: Well, yes or no, this is he. Mrs. Traherne, John. My daughter by Selwyn's first wife.

John: How do you do. Have I met you before?

Caroline: No. But I know you from Sophie's book.

John: That's very interesting.

(they speak together)

Sophie: Those are most unsuitable flowers for the house.

Caroline: I brought them in to save them from the heat of the sun.

Sophie: Save them? But you've uprooted them.

Caroline: Well, then, their last hours can be cool and dignified. Unlike Henry who is staggering about in the sun under an enormous box.

(he at last gently disengages his hand from Caroline's)

Sophie: Those are most unsuitable flowers for the house.

Caroline: I brought them in to save them from the heat of the sun.

Sophie: Save them? But you've uprooted them.

Caroline: Well, then, their last hours can be cool and dignified. Unlike Henry who is staggering about in the sun under an enormous box.

(he at last gently disengages his hand from Caroline's)

Sophie: Those are most unsuitable flowers for the house.

Caroline: I brought them in to save them from the heat of the sun.

Sophie: Save them? But you've uprooted them.

Caroline: Well, then, their last hours can be cool and dignified. Unlike Henry who is staggering about in the sun under an enormous box.

Sophie: Those are most unsuitable flowers for the house.

Caroline: I brought them in to save them from the heat of the sun.

Sophie: Save them? But you've uprooted them.

Caroline: Well, then, their last hours can be cool and dignified. Unlike Henry who is staggering about in the sun under an enormous box.

(he at last gently disengages his hand from Caroline's)

Sophie: Those are most unsuitable flowers for the house.

Caroline: I brought them in to save them from the heat of the sun.

Sophie: Save them? But you've uprooted them.

Caroline: Well, then, their last hours can be cool and dignified. Unlike Henry who is staggering about in the sun under an enormous box.

(Sophie goes from the room by the passageway. John looks after her)

John: I'd no idea Selwyn had a daughter. Did you know when you married him?

Sophie: It was mentioned. She was a child then, of course. In the keeping of some nuns.

John: What's she doing here?

Sophie: Recovering from a disastrous marriage contracted seven years ago when she was eighteen.

John: Who was her mother?

Sophie: Nobody at all. She lies buried beneath a solitary tree in the Orient. A sacrifice to Selwyn's military career.
John: What did the girl mean when she said she
knew me from your book.

Sophie: I didn't know she'd seen it.

John: It means, though, that you've written
about me.

Sophie: Of course. Do you think I could write
of those days and forget you? Without
you there'd be no story to tell. Let's
always remember there was nothing but
the years between us in those days.

John: There's more than age between us now,
Sophie. There are the separate ways which
brought us here. You came in resignation.
I've come in affirmation. The day ten
years ago I heard you'd married Selwyn
I mourned for you, Sophie.

Sophie: You feel I made the one certificate serve
for both marriage and death.

John: Everyone does that. No, I mourned the
end of an era which you had made so much
your own. Those brilliant years. I
think I could have borne it if you'd died - but
you married! You became a woman, Sophie.
Oh!, Sophie! Why?

Sophie: It was the morning of my forty-eighth
birthday. I awoke terribly alone. You
were in the country. What were you doing?
I forget. No one came near me for hours,
it seemed. Then your gift was brought up
to me. Ah! you were still young enough
at that time to give me birthday presents
without flinching: I took off the wrappings
and there was the musical box. It was a
gift to be given to a child - or to me -
or to me. I opened the lid and the music
began. And with the music the tears,
I'd not known such things since I was a
girl. It was when those strangers stole
down my face that I knew it was time to
Go. Selwyn had called several times to
tell me he was going on this exploration
of the past. I'd known him for many years.
I'd long admired his amazing spirit. We were of an age and both needed a companion in exile. I proposed marriage that evening and was accepted.

John: When I came back from the country you were married and gone without a word. No one knew why. All they said was that you seemed serious. That I wouldn't believe. I knew it must be some kind of joke but I couldn't see the point. My mouth was open wanting to laugh but your silence gave me no cause. You were gone. That was all I allowed myself to believe.

Sophie: Damn it, John, surely that was a time to take something seriously even if it was only Selwyn. But you - here - now - what excuse have you? You're at the kindergarten age of thirty-five and yet you're intending to take seriously - what? - a revolt, the rallying cries of manifestos and a mad old man.

John: Yes, all those. And the reason is this: thirty-five - yes, I am - but how do I account for these grey hairs and the fact that I no longer make love without sadness? My contemporaries remain darkly pigmented and continue to go to bed laughing. So you must think of me, Sophie, as one who has also reached a time if not an age to be serious.

Sophie: Very well. But you mustn't expect me to talk about revolution and freedom. That's not my kind of seriousness.

John: You once had no seriousness at all.

Sophie: In those days. But was there so much to be serious about? No. You could always find it if you went looking for it. Like trouble. Why should I have bothered? I was what is called happy. That's nothing to be serious about. At least, it wasn't when I was young. Perhaps it is those
days. I don't know. I expect now you've found something to be serious about you. Look back in horror on the years we spent in London. I think that's a pity.

John: Not horror. This feeling of sadness for what I loved.

(Caroline has come into the room)

Caroline: I know very well what you mean.

Sophie: You're far too young to understand what he's talking about.

Caroline: Age doesn't come into it, Sophie. That's a mistake you would make. You can be finished at twenty-four.

John: How old are you?

Caroline: Twenty-five.

John: And you're finished?

Caroline: Yes. Hasn't Sophie told you?

(Henry Bevis comes in through the windows. He is bowed beneath a large box which he carries on his shoulders)

John: Many, many thanks. Are you all right? I feel we should get it up at once, Sophie. Where am I?

(Sophie points through the main windows to the small window set in the exterior wall)

Sophie: You're there.

(Henry moves towards the stairs with the box)

John: I'd better go up with him, I think.

(John follows Henry from the room)
Caroline: Is he staying here?

Sophie: John? For a little while. He's on his way to a revolution. He seems to think it should begin the day after tomorrow.

Caroline: He's on every page of your book, you know. Even the pages where he's not mentioned. For he's the time you can't get out of your head.

Sophie: I didn't know you'd read the book.

Caroline: I kissed Cristos and he showed it to me.

Sophie: You're a horrid child in almost every way.

Caroline: Yes. Why do people put up with me?

Sophie: Your husband didn't.

Caroline: Don't be sentimental. You wouldn't have liked Bobo either.

Sophie: I dislike him intensely for one thing. That is running off and making it necessary for you to be here at this time.

Caroline: Do you think he'd be interested in my tragic story?

Sophie: He? Call him by his name.

(after a considerable pause Caroline softly and tentatively says:)

Caroline: John. (she laughs) Ouf! that first time you say a name as a name. Some cold bath, eh? But once you're in - hey! you're in - and it's fine and healthy. John. John! (she raises her voice)

John! John!

(John Hogarth appears at the window of his room and looks down)

John: Yes?

Caroline: Nothing. (John goes back into the room)
The man in the book: the man up there in the bedroom. Now, then - I've to put them together, haven't I, to make sense?

Sophie: To make a man.

Caroline: That time you were together. What about that?

Sophie: Life in London for people of our kind at the turn of the century was meant to be taken seriously. We had to make ourselves believe that we were secure and that the intricate figure we cut in the melting ice of social life was permanent. Perhaps when history looks at that age it will become known as the Great Thaw. Times were getting warmer. No one would admit the change, of course, and as if to deny it the fashion in clothes became rather stuffy. The men wore heavier coats and harder hats and the women complained of the cold. It was not only people that were affected, but their institutions. We had built our banks and museums, our palaces and cathedrals to keep our money, our history, our monarchs and our God safe for all time. But as the twentieth century set in it showed the foundations of all these to be impermanent and melting away. Now, no sane man or woman could be happy in such a situation. But we were English. We said firmly, It isn't happening, and went on making money and making do.

Caroline: You've set the scene. All right. Let the man into it. Enter John Hogarth. Applause. Deep attention.

Sophie: He came to London when he was eighteen. Where did he come from? I've never bothered to ask. Where does love come from? He had a lot of money - his mother was an American. He had a lot of energy - his father was a Scot. Yet he had no pretensions - he didn't want to do anything with his money or himself. He was not a force to be met with when you
were trying to prolong an ice age.

Caroline: But the secret. I want to know the secret. 575
The something you know. Tell me.

Sophie: The secret of John's life at that time?

Caroline: Yes. I've an idea he was happy.

Sophie: I think he was. Although -

Caroline: That's not in your book.

Sophie: I shall come to it.

Caroline: Come to it now. With me. In your book you call him, the first twentieth century man. What do you mean by that?

Sophie: I mean he's the only person I know who seems fully equipped to face what's coming.

Caroline: Good. What's he got?

Sophie: Nothing.

Caroline: Yes. Yes. I see. Go on.

Sophie: No attachment. No loyalty. No faith. That's the equipment of the genius or the great criminal. And no seriousness. I loved him for that.

Caroline: It's the answer. No unhappiness in other words.

Sophie: And no love.

Caroline: And why - now, why should he want that sort of love? - rubnose, softpaw, tongueincheek - when he believes what he believes he believes? That between the weak wail of arrival and the whimper of departure there is - not cause for alarm but cause for laughter. Can I see it that way - with him - through him? Can I?

Sophie: Wait a minute. I'm speaking of John ten years ago. He's changed.
Caroline: A man who believed all that - why should he want to change? Look at it his way and it suddenly becomes worth doing - this hanging around. Nobody wants to play out the thing seriously but if it's really a charade - well, then! - how d'you do.

(she looks up at the window)

Sophie: He left England in all seriousness. He left Ada -

Caroline: Ah! she was the great scandal, was she? Ada, you say. Like that. And then tell me he left in all seriousness.

Sophie: He was very fond of her.

Caroline: I'm attached to a hot water bottle on cold nights. Seriously? Not at all. A man doesn't give up a country for a flannel bound comforter.

Sophie: He didn't. He gave it up to start a revolution. That's the business in hand.

(Henry has come down the stairs and is now in the room)

Caroline: That's a solemn fact, is it?

Sophie: So he says. Is it the heat, Henry?

Henry: I've been talking to Hogarth.

Caroline: Did he make you laugh?

Henry: Good God, no. He's been telling me the most terrible stories of those people he's going to in the North. I'd never have thought such injustice went on in these days.

Sophie: He's impressed you, I see.

Henry: Such sincerity must be impressive.

Sophie: (to Caroline) You see what I mean.

(Sophie begins to go from the room)
Caroline: Where are you going?

Sophie: I think it's worth a little more discussion — with him.

(Sophie goes up the stairs)

Henry: Caroline, would you say I'm a sensitive man?

Caroline: As a literary gent, Henry, you're a duck.

Henry: I only ask because sometimes I seem to lack an appreciation of the suffering of other people. The conversation with Hogarth made me understand that. It worries me. I know perfectly well that unhappiness exists but I've never been able to think of a way to do anything about it. You, for example. I know you've been very unhappy. When I first came here I tried to help you with my companionship. But it wasn't any good, was it?

Caroline: No.

Henry: I think your kind of unhappiness confused me. I'm very muddled about marriage.

Caroline: Who isn't?

Henry: I am more than most people. What I'm trying to say is this: I don't think I'm big enough to take on a revolution as Hogarth's doing but I think I could help you. I say, I think I could help you. To be happy — happier.

Caroline: All right. Go ahead.

Henry: Now?

Caroline: Well, it depends on what sort of comfort you're thinking of giving me.

Henry: Do you read poetry? I mention this because when I was a boy I was lonely and unhappy and I found it a great help.
Caroline: Henry, I need more than a rhymed couplet.

Henry: That's what I mean, do you see? I never seem to be able to suggest anything helpful. It's this place, I think. Although most of us are English the values seem to be different. I wish I was home.

Caroline: You miss London.

Henry: Very much.

Caroline: Why don't you go back?

Henry: I shall do as soon as your father's finished the excavation and I can put in my final article. If he finds something I can really write about - something to which I can do justice - well, it'll make my name. That's what I'm bargaining for. I think I'd better go down to the dig for my morning session now. Care to walk with me?

Caroline: No. What do you do down there?

Henry: Sometimes I do a little sifting but not often. I don't get on with the workmen.

(John has come down the stairs and now enters the room)

Anyway, that's where I'll be for a while, Caroline.

Caroline: If anyone should want you I'll tell them where you are.

Henry: No one will want me, I'm afraid.

(Henry goes out through the windows)

John: Sophie tells me that you've been very unhappy.

Caroline: There was a time.

John: You're getting over it.

Caroline: Yes. It was nothing. A marriage. He left me. Ran away.
John: I see.
Caroline: Do you see it from his point of view or mine?
John: His, I suppose. I'm also running away from a marriage. Not my own. Someone else's.
Caroline: I just went into hiding. From what I hear you're making for the open country.
John: I hope so.
Caroline: You're looking for more than the heroism of love.
John: I'd say the stoicism of love. Yes, more than that.
Caroline: Liberation.
John: Of others. Not myself.
Caroline: Have you been talking to Sophie?
John: For a moment. But she insisted on asking a lot of questions so I came away.
Caroline: She thinks you've changed.
John: She's quite right.
Caroline: I don't think so.
John: How can you possibly know?
Caroline: By remembering what I've read about you. Not only in Sophie's book but in the papers. All show what a great and good man you are. Why should you want to change?
John: What are you talking about? A great and good man, my God! That's something the newspapers have never called me.
Caroline: No, but that's how I see you from their descriptions.
John: Have you been interested so long?
Caroline: As long as I can remember. I'm not concerned with the morality of your behaviour in the past. I'm concerned that you're here - now. Why won't you look straight at me? There. What do you see?

John: I've had the last conversation of this kind in my life. I want no more of it!

Caroline: Sophie told me her name. It was Ada.

John: Very well, so it was Ada.

Caroline: And because of her the London mob threw stones at your windows. That was in the papers. Was she worth it?

John: They'd got it into their heads that I was breaking up something very dear to their hearts: a home. You know how that country domesticates its idols. The main demonstration was a parade past my house of elderly women carrying banners. That went on for some hours. I felt compelled to send them out tea and sandwiches. They leant against the railings eating and drinking and booing whenever I passed a window.

Caroline: Women have always felt strongly about you.

John: Women feel too much about everything. That is the dreadful inequality of sex. It was their inexhaustible capacity for actively demonstrating emotion which at last defeated me. Poets are lucky. They can spin out the truth of their passion to at least the length of a sonnet. With my lesser talent I've had to content myself with a brisk action and one short word.

Caroline: Which so often led to broken windows.

John: All the best games end in destruction.

Caroline: That was the reason, Sophie said, why you were loved by some and hated by many. We never get out of the nursery where everything finishes broken up. You
played the whole of your life in London that way, didn't you? Without seriousness because you knew the time would come when you'd have to put your toys away - so better smash them! You were right. You were quite right.

John: You seem very sure.

Caroline: If I'd seen my marriage - and its breakup - in the same way that you saw your love affairs then I wouldn't have been unhappy. By the way, I'm not unhappy any more. Why should I be now I understand that the only good sense is nonsense?

John: Is this good sense? Dawn. London. I wake. It's night within the room until the curtains are drawn back. The bed covers over my body are as heavy as sin. Throw them off! Step freely - haha! - boldly - to the window. Draw back the curtains. Stare at the sky for a sign. Hm. It's raining. The policeman at the corner is weeping. The cold strikes me like an unkind reminder. Last night's warrior becomes a goose-pimpled pudding. Cover the poor mockery with a gown. The day must be begun, and good morning. Breakfast. The day's news beside the tray. So, there's energy to engage that still virgin for a start. She gives up her miserable secrets and the sign is not one of them. Go, light fires! Open the letters of the day. Will one hold the secret, the news from another land, the call to action? No. They demand, beg, entreat, abuse - nothing more. Dress. Talk to myself in the looking glass. Walk out. Meet a man. He complains of my treatment of his daughter. He threatens me with action. Action! Christ, if it were true. He means litigation which is the English substitute. My interest in him has gone and so, I see, has the sun. Something must be done if only to put in my journal. Well, then, turn in here. It is a theatre where men knock each other about with wooden swords and die, get up and bow. The curtain rattles down on the
play and the day. Hohum! The sky remains inscrutable - positively unhelpful. Curtain it off with the rest. It is another room - another place. I'm welcome. There's no doubt about it. Here between the sheets there is something to be done with authority if not with dignity. Let me look at the face before turning away. It smiles so all's well. Goodnight. Goodnight.

Caroline: Good sense? Well, let me see. There is one thing.

John: What's that?

Caroline: The moment of happiness which was in the smiling face before you turned away. That's sense.

John: It was never a very intelligent face.

Caroline: Nothing to do with it. Always sensible to make someone happy.

John: I'm sorry. Not possible now. Sorry. My appointment is not with you, I'm afraid. It's with the man who took me by the hand and dragged me from childhood - all those broken toys, remember - to this present time. Basilios.

Caroline: It is a serious business, I see. Then we'd better talk about that. Why did he choose you?

John: Some years ago my friends wanted to get me settled. Before I knew what was happening I found myself to be a member of parliament. It seemed a good time to make a speech. The motion happened to concern the government's attitude to this minority group under Basilios in the North. They had recently shot the British Minister and subjected his wife and daughter to humiliating proposals which both had accepted before returning to England.

Caroline: One of the lesser perils of our Imperial policy.
John: In a speech to the House opposing reprisals I suggested the country should be accepted into the British Empire. It seemed that at the moment of surrender both ladies had been wrapped in a Union Jack. No one agreed with me that it was the natives' way of honouring the flag and the speech was dismissed as an impertinence— which indeed it was. Yet it was that speech reported in an old newspaper which brought Basilios to me. The faded cutting was in his pocket. It remained the one call to unity and action his country had ever known. Spoken by me when I didn't know the place was on the map. How could I resist such an appeal to leadership?

Caroline: So the whole thing's a joke after all. Just a joke as it was in the past. You don't take it any more seriously than— Ada?— or perhaps me. You haven't changed.

John: I don't want to seem unreasonable about this. An incident which begins as a joke can have very serious consequences. You've been unhappy, I know, but please don't ask me to console you. Anyway, there'd hardly be time for Basilios will be here before you can say, I love you.

Caroline: I love you.

(Selwyn Faramond and Henry Bevis come into the room by the windows. They stop on hearing John's last words to Caroline)

Selwyn: Then marry her, my dear fellow. Congratulations. Good news. Been worried about the child. How are you otherwise?

John: Otherwise I'm very well. What on earth are you talking about, Selwyn?

Selwyn: Declaration of love. Made by you as I came in. Bevis heard it. Yes?

Henry: Yes.
Selwyn: Never mind. Shouldn't have come in at that moment.

Caroline: Why did you?

Selwyn: I want a bath. Be a daughter to me and tell the men to carry up hot water. (Caroline goes out by the passageway) Dirty work, Hogarth.

John: What?

Selwyn: This digging.

John: Oh, I see what you mean. Yes, it must be.

Selwyn: But I think it'll be worth it. I'm sure we're about to uncover something remarkable. (he takes a small maquette of a human figure from his pocket and holds it out to John)

What do you make of that?

John: (he takes the figure) It's a woman, isn't it?

Selwyn: Yes. One of the workmen found it yesterday. Significant attitude of worship, don't you think.

John: It seems familiar yet I can't think why.

Selwyn: If we can get something from this site it'll shake them up in London. I want to do the BM crowd in eye. They've never shown any interest in my work, you know. If it wasn't for the Germans we shouldn't be able to go on. England's done nothing for the expedition.

Henry: Are you being quite fair, Selwyn? The Times has kept the country informed. Through me.

Selwyn: Tell me, Hogarth, what's this about you being on your way to some trouble in the North? Is it another of Bevis's fairy stories?

John: No, it's true.
Selwyn: Then do be careful. The political situation in the Balkans seems more confused than ever. Why are you going? Have you been sent by the Crown?

John: Good God, no! I wanted to leave England.

Selwyn: That's a substantial reason, certainly. Some woman, was it?

John: All women. I wanted to get away from the whole business.

Selwyn: There was no need to go to the length of starting a revolution. You could have helped me. Nothing like digging and sifting for keeping your mind off sex.

John: I suppose not.

Selwyn: Bevis has found it invaluable. Haven't you? When I was in the Army and it became troublesome I always called a church parade. Made the men rather fed up turning out so late at night but it always worked. Still, everyone has their own method.

John: Well, it's a personal problem. Here.

(Selwyn takes the figure)

Selwyn: Sophie's pleased to see you, I expect.

John: Yes. We've been talking.

Selwyn: About the old days? She pretends she doesn't miss them. And she pretends very well. Stay on for a while, my dear boy, and keep her amused. And Caroline. She had a bad time before she came here. Married a bastard. Stay. We're not much troubled by the nuisances of London. The weather's good, the local people are friendly, and we don't have to be pleasant to each other if we don't want to. As for women - no worry about them here. They're a simple good people without the refinements which make life such hell in London. Stay on, dc.
(Caroline comes back to the room)

Caroline: They're getting your bath ready. The water will be in by the time you've undressed.

Selwyn: Thank you, Caro. Come up and talk to me, Hogarth. Have a bath if you like.

John: I'll come and talk. Are you going back to England when you've finished here?

(Selwyn and John move towards the stairs)

Selwyn: No. Sophie and I'll never go back. There's some very interesting work going on in Asia Minor. I may join in. Different period, of course. Same digging.

(Selwyn and John go out of the room and up the stairs)

Henry: I try to make myself believe that I feel such an outsider because I'm here as an official observer. No more.

Caroline: (she is looking after John) He's only a visitor.

Henry: Hogarth? Yes, but he seems to have the art of engaging himself at once. I heard some of your conversation as I came in. He's given you more comfort in a few words than I've been able to give in months. I suppose it's the way he said it.

Caroline: It's not a matter of words, Henry. That's the mistake you're making. Read poetry, you said. There you were off the mark. I went through a poetical marriage. Bobo knew about every art except one. Life with him was never too damned beautiful for words. There were so many to be spoken, sung, whispered, written, rhymed, scratched on the window pane, carved into wood and stone - words for everyday use and casually slung at each other, words for secret use and muttered into the pillow, words for public abuse and shouted from the housetops, words with single meaning and words with
Henry: Now you listen to Hogarth. Intently. You're right. I've talked to him. He's running from the very life I want for myself. He told me that he wanted to get away from people. That's why he's going on this journey. All I ask is to be accepted into some pattern of life; he's achieved that and wants to break from it.

Caroline: Henry, couldn't you take an overwhelming interest in something?

Henry: I think I could if I tried.

Caroline: I don't mean in me. I mean food or politics or God. Or something.

Henry: Would that help you?

Caroline: Not at all. But why should you help me?

Henry: I cling to that as the one definite purpose I have.

Caroline: Nonsense! You're a working journalist put down in this place for quite another reason. You're probably the only person I know, Henry, for whom hard work is the solution.

Henry: My work, yes. It's shocking that the one completely serious concern of my life is bread and butter.

Caroline: And the rest? Don't you feel everything else - your ambition to be in love, to be somewhere else than here, to be someone - don't you feel it's an enormous joke?

Henry: Yes, I do. But I don't want to laugh. It seems I'm the only member of the party who can't see the point.
Caroline: That's the joke, Henry. So throw up your hat and laugh with the rest.

(Cristos has come down the stairs and into the room)

What do you want?

Cristos: I thought you were alone.

Caroline: I can be. Can't I, Henry?

(Henry walks out of the room by the windows)

Cristos: That was unkind. I didn't mean to interrupt you.

Caroline: We were only talking about ourselves. Same subject as usual.

Cristos: What I'm obliged to call by custom, your unhappiness.

Caroline: You don't believe it, do you?

Cristos: No. Do you?

Caroline: Not any more.

Cristos: I expect you were angry when your husband left you. Englishwomen are good losers in every game except marriage.

Caroline: Oh, damn! Where is he?

Cristos: Talking to Selwyn in his bath.

Caroline: You know who I mean.

Cristos: Apparently I do.

Caroline: Have you met him?

Cristos: For a moment. I've known a John Hogarth for some months, of course. Very well.

(he holds up two small notebooks he is carrying)

Caroline: From Sophie's book.
Cristos: I'm very interested. Is it the same man?

Caroline: Yes. He's the person Sophie's been writing about.

Cristos: I know that. Let me put it this way: is it the man in the book you're willing to come down those stairs?

Caroline: It's a question of identity. Is that what you mean?

Cristos: I remember the morning you sat with me reading these books. You were smiling. I found it disturbing. Sophie and I seem to have done the job too well. Did you smile when you met the other Hogarth? Not the man Sophie and I put together but the man of independent action. They're not the same.

Caroline: Why tell me that?

Cristos: You're English and so you're likely to prefer a romantic fiction to the real thing. If you were Greek or French - or even German - I'd not be saying this to you.

Caroline: It sounds like a warning.

Cristos: I mean it to be that.

(Sophie comes down the stairs and into the room)

Caroline: Can you really believe, Cristos, that I'm still young enough to be in love with a man in a book?

Cristos: I wanted to be sure that you're not.

Sophie: Now John Hogarth's here I hope I'm not going to find people standing in corners talking about him all the time.

Caroline: Cristos was giving me advice.

Sophie: Would you like to tell me what it was?
Caroline: He thinks that after my misery with Bobo I may be on the look out for an ideal. He's afraid that I might have found it in your book under the name of Hogarth. He pointed out that there's a man of that name in the house at the moment. However, I'm not to confuse them. They're not the same.

Sophie: I told you that earlier.

Caroline: With a difference. You forgot to tell me that the man in the book's a fiction. According to Cristos.

Sophie: That's untrue. My memory's as clear as a spy-glass.

(Henry comes through the windows)

Henry: I say, I think somebody responsible should come down to the dig. Something's happened. I'm not quite sure what. One of the workmen has fallen through a hole and disappeared but there seems to be more to it than that.

Caroline: Selwyn's in his bath.

Henry: If I could understand what those fellows are talking about it might help.

Cristos: I'll come down. I speak the same language as those fellows.

Henry: So you do. But then you are Greek, aren't you?

Cristos: Yes. It's very helpful.

(Henry and Cristos go out through the windows)

Sophie: How happy Henry will be if at last that excavation gives up its secret. He'll be able to write this final brilliant despatch we've heard so much about and return at once to London and honour. What will you do?
Caroline: By that time I hope to have found someone else to put up with me.

Sophie: I suppose you mean John. Will you make your intentions clear to him? In so many words.

Caroline: Are you jealous - Mummie?

Sophie: A little. Then again I don't think you're good enough for him. I never knew your husband - indeed, I've never met anyone who admitted to doing so - but from what you've told me I'd say he was tolerant and kind if not very bright. And he left you.

Caroline: You, anyway, are not going to let me forget that.

Sophie: Not for a moment.

Caroline: Well, at least I had the nerve to get married when I was young. Unlike you, who'd never take the responsibility until you were old enough to enter into this arid married state with Father.

Sophie: That's a point. I suppose it does take courage when you're young. Especially when you intend to marry someone called Bobo Traherne.

Caroline: What about John Hogarth?

Sophie: Darling, he'd never marry you. He might pop you under the covers for an hour or two.

Caroline: That'd be something. I wouldn't be lonely and unwanted for that little time at least.

Sophie: So that's what you're expecting. Have you forgotten He's here for a different purpose? He's not travelling for pleasure this time. My dear child, it's a fact that men sometimes get sick of us; not individually or personally but sick of our whole ravening sex. When that happens they take up soldiering or archaeology,
throw themselves into politics or find other things to do which we don't understand—such as revolution. When that happens we haven't a chance. We can fight among ourselves for a man but when we have to get to grips with an idea a man believes to be right then we're beaten. All we can do is to sit back and meditate on past triumphs.

Caroline: You're lucky. I never loved anyone but Bobo. I can't meditate on him for the rest of my life.

Sophie: Well, Bobo could hardly be described as a triumph, I agree. But you'll find someone worthy of you, Caroline, I'm sure. Goodness knows where and it won't be John. Remember why he's here. He's come to do his part in something real. He believes in the liberation by revolt of these wretched people in the North. It may seem absurd to us but it's a fact. Accept it.

Caroline: Why start playing at soldiers at his age?

Sophie: They're only tolerable when they're with us if we let them play such games on occasion. A man always wants to do something positive after a love affair. John's just left Ada, remember. What did Bobo do after he left you?

Caroline: He had a nervous breakdown.

Sophie: That proves my point.

(John comes down the stairs and into the room)

John: Selwyn's a most energetic bather, isn't he? The room's flooded and as a mere spectator I'm soaked to the skin. He saw Henry Bevis and the Greek gentleman running down the hill to the excavation and he wants to be told what it's all about.
Sophie: Nobody knows at the moment. Henry arrived up here with an account even more garbled than he sends in to The Times. Pay no attention. We've had such alarms before.

John: I think you should have a word with Selwyn. He's at his bedroom window, stark naked, with a pair of field glasses and an improvised megaphone.

Sophie: I'll go up in a minute. John, when are you expecting your friend to come for you?

John: Basilios? In two or three days. Why?

Sophie: Couldn't you travel North to meet him?

John: Do you mean at once?

Sophie: Well, say tonight.

John: I suppose I could. Are you trying to get rid of me?

Caroline: Yes, she is.

Sophie: John, we're old enough friends to be frank with each other.

John: Certainly, Sophie. But no friends are old enough to be straightforwardly impolite to each other.

(Caroline laughs)

I'd like to stay here for a few days. A little while ago you seemed happy about that. Why have you changed your mind?

Sophie: I haven't.

John: Well, what have we to be frank about?

Caroline: Me.

Sophie: I'm so very fond of you, John, and I wouldn't wish anything to take away from your affection for me. Certainly not this arrogant and impertinent child. In other words, I don't want to be blamed for what happens.
Caroline: Dear Sophie. Always burning her bridges before I come to them.

Sophie: I'll go up to Selwyn.

(Sophie goes from the room and up the stairs. John, in silence, moves to the windows. Caroline watches him)

Caroline: You were right to be firm with Sophie. Of course you can stay here as long as you wish.

John: That wasn't the reason. It's not that I particularly want to stay here. I just want to put off going North for a while.

Caroline: Why? (John does not answer)

What's the matter?

John: Selwyn seems to think I may get killed in this business.

Caroline: Well, don't sound so surprised. Hadn't it occurred to you?

John: It'd occurred to me but I didn't think it had to anyone else - not seriously.

Caroline: But I thought it was the point. That you should at last be taken seriously by others. Why else are you here?

John: Here. Why? This is a strange undisciplined country. A good place to be alive in.

Caroline: It seems that's not the reason you came.

John: Why did you come? Was it only because your father happened to be here?

Caroline: Not only that. When I was shut up in a nunnery as a child, one of my teachers was a Greek. She told me wild, unorthodox stories of the country. I remembered them when I was alone in London and I thought this might be the place to bring me alive again. It's done so.
John: I know what you mean. You became aware. Yes? Am I right? Aware that you're occupying space and that the sun exists to strike down and enwrap you. Aware that you are here - alive - wound up - more! - working, ticking, going. Registering something more than a mood. Yes. It's a discovery to be reckoned with, I agree. Life is not, after all, founded on the meal table, the privy and the bed.

Caroline: In this place even those things might take on a certain significance.

John: You think it's just the place.

Caroline: Not entirely. It's also because of what Selwyn said to you. About being killed. With that in mind even the most commonplace objects can become charged with mystery.

John: I should never have thought of you as a commonplace object.

Caroline: What did you say?

John: You're confusing me. Are you doing it deliberately?

Caroline: I want you to see yourself in the proper light, that's all. As a man who hasn't got all his life before him I think you should.

John: You talk as if I'm condemned. Like your father.

Caroline: There's time for a reprieve. You've only to change your mind.

John: Out of the question. I'm committed to action - on my honour.

Caroline: In that case -

(she moves to John and holds out her hand)

- Goodbye. The world will surely go on without you.
(John takes her hand: he does not let it go)
You're doing something which I don't understand but I suppose is very fine.

John: I'm not one of those men who have to love the country they're prepared to -

Caroline: Say, fight for. I didn't mean that. I meant it's supposed to be a good thing to give up so much. Everything you've known in such fullness in the past. Good food, sleep, the comfort of women are all - all gone in this spartan search for an absolute truth in a harsher reality. Fine man - almost a saint, you are - yes - for the way of sanctity is the road to the North.

(John is still holding her hand)

John: I think you've misunderstood. The pleasures you've talked about had become as bitter to me as any penance. Every one was the harshest reality which I couldn't stomach. For they're only tolerable when they're more than themselves. When the food feeds more than the body, when sleep is more than an escape to a dream and the comfort of women is more than a cushion.

Caroline: I see. But tell me something. Did you say to yourself, This is the last time? D'you see what I mean? Take the comfort of women. Did you say to yourself, This is the last kiss, the last embrace? This is not only farewell to whatshername - Ada - but farewell to all loving for all time. Did you say that?

(Say it now.)(John takes both her hands in his)

(John is silent)

Let the day go. It gets cooler towards evening. Then's the time for thought and decision. The smell of the baked earth comes up from the valley making the scent of the flowers sour and more understandable. Evening is the time for straight talking and straight thinking in this country. The sun goes down and rubs the guilt from the edges. The senses
aren't treacherously attacked by every
colour and shape and sound taking on a
form of something, somewhere long ago
with someone else. The days in this
place - the days under the sun have all
been - have all happened before. But
the nights are new in time - to newmet
people - you'n'me - that they can be
used by you'n'me in any way we - John -
please. Please! put off, John - John,
put off telling - to y'self - me -
telling whether Ada - a dead love, now
- was last - very last time.

(John pushes her hair from over
her ears and then folds his hands
about the back of her neck)

John: It was the last chance.

Caroline: How - chance?

John: All my life I've treated every opportunity
as the last chance. I've looked - sadly -
on each encounter as the last. But I was
cheated. The sun came up and the sun went
down and, damn it, life had to be lived.
And opportunity didn't knock once. It
beat a positive tattoo at my door.

Caroline: Which every time you opened.

John: It was never shut.

(he kisses her on the forehead)
But now the foot of time is edging it to.
Soon there'll only be space in that door-
way for the lightest and most frivolous
opportunity to get through. The last -
the smallest and least consequential -
will have to remain, I suppose, to comfort
my extreme age for there'll be no getting
out.

Caroline: My God! Can't you -
(John kisses her on the mouth)
- see? - Can't you see - that before you -
haven't you eyes? - oh, yes! you have
eyes - before you is not a quickly closing
doors. No, John - darling, my newfound
one:der - fool! - there before you are
the wide open gates of Summer. You've
lived only - nothing but - the early
months of your year of life. Stay on.
I'll not mind - never mind - if you go
on from me to another - fairer, she may
be - but be aware - beware - not old, not
sleeping but now - of the fairest. Stay. Go on from me - after all - if you want
to go - on. Go on.

(John puts her finger against her mouth)

John: You're lying. You're saying something
you don't believe. That's not good.
That's bad. You must - and of course
you do think - that you are the last.
No going on from you - Caroline - who
hold the secret - Caroline - the true
ending. So let's have no renunciation
from you.

Caroline: I don't give up anything - ever. But
there comes a time - furtive: secret:
upon you before you - no! - know it and
a decision has to be made.

(she kisses him. Selwyn comes down
the stairs, crosses the room, and
goes out through the windows)

There! You'll not find that in a day's

John: I'll not find that in a lifetime's cam-
paigning.

(they are fast in each other's arms)

Caroline: Ah! my revolutionary. I'll be your
marching song. This can be a struggle
for freedom worth fighting. So to the
barricades which are down - down - fallen
before the uprising. Take the law into
your own hands and strike! For the tor-
mented are impatient of control.

John: Be still.

Caroline: Yes. Yes. Yes.

CURTAIN
Marginalia – Draft "F"

Note:

The manuscript lines are numbered by the author after each interval of twenty-five lines.
Draft "F" - Manuscript
Whiting Mrs.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Waiting for Mr.

Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Waiting Box.

Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Whiting Mrs.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
LUSTAIN

Whiting Inc.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Draft "G" Act One - Emendations

53. ...a description. I've
   "description" is in parentheses.

56. ...be ("bumped" is deleted and in parentheses) back...
   "hurried" is inserted above the line.

65. ...morning to come here.
   "to come here." is in parentheses.

66. ("To someone of my age" is deleted; "A" emends "a")
    meeting...

67. ...avoided. (caret) I...
   "At [**** ****]" is inserted above the line.

73. ...Why ("did you do it?" is deleted)
    A question mark is inserted after "Why".

76. "? Or did I misunderstand your letter?" is inserted
    below the line adjacent to a caret and a question mark.

77. Everything's....
    "No." is inserted before "Everything's".

82. ..., Sophie.
    "Quite alone." is inserted after "Sophie."

93. ...felt remarkable. Sanctified...
    "remarkable." is in parentheses.
99... anymore...
A vertical line separates "any" and "more".

199... people. ("But" is deleted) I...
"Yet" is inserted above the line.

123-4... violence (caret), yes. ("There...to" is deleted)
signal my going ("but" is deleted) the...newspapers
(caret; obliteration) that
"to my person" is inserted above the first
caret. "The" is inserted above the first deletion.
"for" is inserted after "signal". "was" is inserted
above the second deletion. "The [**** ****] Except
from" is inserted above the second caret.

164... important. (obliteration)
"For six years we dug over most of the North
African desert. Egypt rewarded us with an antique
commode. And so we came to this place." is inserted
after "important.". The obliteration is in
parentheses.

200... idea. ("I...it." is deleted)

239-40... thought. This...Times.
"This...Times." is in parentheses.

250... I stayed alone...
"stayed" is in parentheses.
263. ...me ("-fornicator," is deleted)
   A period is inserted after "me".

264. ("adulterer -" is deleted) indeed...
   "Indeed" emends "indeed".

347. ...awoke ("terribly" is deleted and in parentheses) alone...
   "very much" is inserted above the line.

429. ("I...book." is deleted)
   "How do you come to have seen the book?" is inserted above the line.

498. him (obliteration) the...

500-1. ("I...coming." is deleted)
   "He was the only man I knew who seemed perfectly unequipped to face what's coming. I knew he'd survive." is inserted above line 500.

502. Good. ("What's he got?" is deleted)
   "T" is inserted above the line.

503. ("Nothing." is deleted)
   "It's a strange fact, Caroline, that the qualities needed for survival as a person are the same unsocial qualities which can destroy a nation or even the race of man. So the lack of equipment of the genius or the great criminal are much the same."
It's what you haven't got that matters." is inserted after "Nothing.".

504. ("Caroline:...on." is deleted)

505-6. ("Sophie:" is deleted) No...faith. ("That's... criminal." is deleted)

"Caroline:" is inserted above "Sophie:".

507. And...

"Sophie:" is inserted before "And".

526. ...scandal, was (caret) she...

"n't" is inserted above the line.

537. (caret; "that's" emends "That's") a...?

"And" is inserted above the caret.

544. ...on ("in" is deleted) these....

564. No.

( "( - )" is inserted after "No.".

669-70. ("That...We" is deleted) never....

("Good" is deleted; "Sense?" emends "sense?")

Well....

731-2. ...see. ("Then we'd better talk about that." is deleted) Why...?

765. ...time (",darling," is deleted) for...
...words. And...the (obliteration) talking...

horror. Buried...love.

An opening square bracket appears before "And".
An opening square bracket appears before "Buried".
A closing square bracket appears after "love.".

I ("might ha" is deleted) ve found...

An apostrophe is inserted above the line.

("That (obliteration) be something." is deleted)
I...

Two obliterations appear above the line.

...sex. ("When that happens" is deleted)

"Then" is inserted after "happens".

("They're...occasion." is deleted) A...

But...point. That...

"But...point." is in square brackets.

("all - all" is deleted and in parentheses) gone...

before. But...used ("by you [****] is deleted)
in...time.

Square brackets enclose "But...time.".
THE GATES OF SUMMER

* A Comedy

1953
PERSONS

Sophie Faramond
Cristos Papadiamantis
John Hogarth
Henry Bevis
Caroline Traherne
Selwyn Faramond
Prince Basilios
The action of the play takes place in and about a country house in Greece a little way from Athens: the time is the early Summer of the year 1913.
Act One

(The scene is a room in a country house in Greece a little way from Athens.

The time is morning of a day in the early summer of the year 1913.

The house which is built in two floors stands above a valley.

The room has several high windows which allow entrance from a stone terrace.

Through these windows can be seen part of an exterior wall which is washed in raspberry colour and contains a small window. A great vine surrounds the house.

The floor of the room is stone partly covered by rugs. The ceiling, almost lost in shadow, is painted. There is a rail door to the room which stands open showing the wide sweep of a stairway beyond. There is also a small arched entrance from a passage which leads to other parts of the house by way of a few shallow steps.

Within the room it remains cool as yet and the shadows are only now beginning to shift. The sun strikes through the windows and brings to life in a vivid way several objects in the room—a scarlet shawl thrown over a chair, a piece of jewellery, a gold cross hanging...
on the egg-shell white wall - and the brilliance on these are marked in the quickening heat.

Sophie Paramond is sitting in a high-walled chair set to face the windows. She is eighty-eight years old but she can stare boldly into the morning sun for she is very cheerful. She has never feared the future; she has never feared anything except, perhaps, the consequences of her vanity.

In a far shadowed corner of the room is Cristos Marmaros, a monk of sixty years of age, he is standing at his tall desk and holds a pen.

Sophie's hands are stretched out in welcome towards John Barbola who is standing in the window. He has a top coat over his shoulders and carries a hat and gloves.

**John:** The house stands alone above a wilderness. It is the colour of fruit and looking up the traveller asks, "Will it tumble?" I'll be at the windows on the South side, you said. Find you I must, I think, after such a description. I've left the cart which brought me at the bottom of the hill. The driver is drunk, but let the sun get high and he'll be back to the city on all four square wheels. (He kisses Sophie.) With the best will in the world I couldn't let you know when I'd be here. Have you been patient? I left Alexandria three days ago and crossed in a boat with a party of olive-green pilgrims. I stayed last night in Athens but didn't sleep because of the song of the cats and the silent mischief of the bugs. With your letter in my hand I set off at dawn this morning (to come here.)

**Sophie:** A meeting after ten years should be avoided. I was tempted to send you false instructions, but you were already on your way. And I remembered you.

**John:** All along the way I remembered you, Sophie. I thought of the day you left England to come out here. Ten years gone by. Time to go, you said - and go you did. Why did you come?
Sophie: I was getting old. That's a reason. But you're young—shall I reckon on thirty-six years for you?—and you've left England, you say, for ever.

John: No. Everything's been sold up.

Sophie: Then I imagine you must be burdened with a great deal of money. What have you done with it?

John: Bought a state of exile.

Sophie: Shameful! Not a proper purpose. What are you up to?

John: I'm free, Sophie. Quick-witted.

Sophie: Again? For how long?

John: Until the end. The first step into middle age did it.

Sophie: Who was she?

John: Her name was Ada. You see I speak of her in the past. She had very short legs, was a comfortable shape and the wife of a bishop. On the night of my thirty-fifth birthday her arms were round my neck and she was whispering to me. The next morning I began the sale of everything I possessed. When it was done I felt (remarkable) sanctified. I had nothing in the world but money.

(Christos Paradisemantis moves into the room)

Sophie: This is Christos, my secretary. This is Mr. John Hogarth from England.

(Christos bows to John)

We won't do anymore this morning. Go up, please, and make a fair copy as far as we've gone.

(Christos goes out of the room and up the stairs)

I spend a few hours every day dictating to Christos. I'm putting down some of my memories. For that matter, I'm glad you've come here. You'll sharpen my recollection on a number of incidents of the time in England we knew together. How is that damned country? I suppose I should have felt regret in leaving it but nothing of the kind. I'd grown out of the place—passed through it like a childhood. I'm having to consider the fifty or so years I lived there, of course, in the writing of these memories. Yet I'm managing to remember without tears.
John: Are you writing the truth?
Sophie: Yes.
John: Then you're not going to publish.
Sophie: Certainly I am. This Autumn.
John: That'll upset a lot of people. But I suppose this is a safe distance. The most they can do is hang your publisher.
Sophie: You escaped, I see.
John: Without violence, yes. (Without violence, I mean to say the buying of the newspaper). That woman shut up in the country. She would be weeping, we can be sure of that, and in a lower room holding a holy book in one hand and biting the nails of the other would be her husband. They're probably still at it, God help them! She tried to lead me to the righteous life, Sophie. That was her only mistake. You know where such an excursion must end. On this occasion it was an episcopal four-poster in a cathedral town. The rocks mourned over us through the night.
Sophie: I'd hoped he wasn't a provincial bishop.
John: He forgave me like the good man he is but that wasn't enough for Ada. She had to make a public confession to a national newspaper. Modesty prevents me saying why.
Sophie: Then I'll say it for you. She wanted everyone to know how lucky she'd been. After all, John, I've always considered myself happy to know you in the drawing room so I can appreciate Ada's feelings. There, I'm already speaking of her as an old friend.
John: In the end I took nothing but her teaching to heart and sold up my worldly goods. I've put the proceeds to an ungodly purpose. Which brings me here. Alone.
Sophie: The difficulty of exile for a woman is that she can't go unaccompanied. I had to provide myself with an escort at a small church in Kensington on the Tuesday before I sailed.
John: Ah, yes. I'm sorry. How is Selwyn? Where is Selwyn?

Sophie: Buried alive at the dig below. You passed the place on the road. Selwyn has been working the excavation for eighteen months. He's found nothing.

John: Is there anything to be found?

Sophie: Selwyn is sure of it. There've been several false alarms and then a most unpleasant man comes hurrying here from the Royal Museum in Berlin. They're putting up money.

John: Has Selwyn found anything under the ground in these ten years of digging?

Sophie: Nothing important. (She speaks to Henry Bevis who has come into the room)

Henry: Quite right, Sophie.

Sophie: Henry Bevis is with us, John, as a special correspondent to The Times. This is John Hogarth from London, Henry.

Henry: From London!

John: Have you been away from it a long time, Mr. Bevis?

Henry: Yes.

John: I thought so. Well, it was looking very pretty in the Spring.

Henry: And the people?

John: They've never been pretty at any time of year, have they? But I thought they were looking very fit.

Sophie: Henry's absence from England isn't voluntary, John. He was sent here to report on whatever is found in that great hole Selwyn is digging. How he's managed
to fill a column of The Times once every two
weeks I've never understood. Surely, Henry,
there must be a limit to the number of ways
even you can describe such quantities of mud.

Henry: It's the suspense, Sophie. No one knows exactly
what Selwyn expects to find.

Sophie: I'd have thought the flutter of anticipation
even in these small archaeological circles about
St. James's Square must now be stilled after
eighteen months.

Henry: You mustn't expect quick results in this kind of
work, Sophie. Must she, Mr. Hogarth?

John: I've no idea. I know nothing about it.

Henry: Selwyn has all the patience of an old soldier.

Sophie: Yes, I suppose those many years of quite
undistinguished service must have taught him
that.

Henry: How unlike you are. Is that the basis for a
successful marriage, I wonder?

Sophie: Don't brood over me, Henry.

John: Sophie, I've remembered something. When I got out
of the cart at the bottom of the hill I left a
box at the side of the road.

Sophie: One of the men can bring it up later.

Henry: I'll go down for it.

John: You'll do nothing of the kind. It's very heavy
and that hill is very steep.

Henry: I'm going down to the dig. I can bring the box
back with me. I'll be pleased to do that, Mr.
Hogarth.

John: Well, thank you.

Henry: A word: very unwise to leave anything about here.

Sophie: Such an old young man. And how the poor creature
Act I: 7

sweats in this climate. Why did you suddenly remember your box?

John: It was the mention of marriage.

Sophie: I don't see any connection.

John: We were on the verge of a discussion. I wanted to avoid it.

Sophie: You'll find when you get to know him that it's never difficult to knock Henry off a subject. But he's been meditating on marriage for some weeks now.

John: Must I get to know him?

Sophie: Well, how long are you staying? Your letter was mysterious about that. A visit, you said, before going on elsewhere.

John: I'll be here two days if everything goes well.

Sophie: Why should it go badly? Come here. Yes, those about your eyes — God help you, those are lines of thought. (This is what Henry would call A Sign of the Times.)

John: We're well into the twentieth century, Sophie. You're going to have to accustom yourself to a change in the faces of those you love.

Sophie: And a change in their habits, it seems. Where are you going from here?

John: When I left Ada curled up and quilt covered for the last time and went back to my rooms I'd decided to sell out. Everything around me — except a bottle of gin — lay cowering beneath the hammer. I (stayed) alone for two days. The storm had broken about me and Ada. There were no letters except postcards containing a single word usually of a biblical nature. No one came near me but my ancient firelighter. Then, on the second night, there was a shout on the stairs. I thought at first the mob had come. I picked up the poker and went to meet it. Instead of the sensual culottes I found one old man entangled in the curtains on the stairs — caught like a gigantic bat. I freed him. He embraced me. I freed myself.
He went on and collapsed like a ruin before the fire and at once began to talk. He used none of the words recently associated with me. +-faced, indeed, he'd never heard of Ada, he said. He talked and the words were as fresh to me as his friendliness. He loved me, he said, for I was a son of freedom. No, too, Basilius, was a son of freedom. I was again taken in his arms. He talked through the night. At half-past five I gave him my cheque for one hundred thousand pounds. At half-past seven I gave him my hand and the promise of my services. At half-past nine he left. But there remained on the table a document which made altogether too clear my future commitment to revolution.

Sophie: Revolution. So that's the news you've brought me. I think you've been ingenuous. You'll never see your friend again and certainly not your money.

John: Basilius is a man -- the one sex I don't make mistakes about. He'll be here to fetch me as he promised within two days.

Sophie: You're very sure.

John: I've reason to be. Basilius talked to me in a language I've known since childhood. Yet until that night I'd never heard it spoken.

Sophie: Do you mean Greek?

John: I mean he spoke the language of action -- in English.

Sophie: Am I to expect barricades on my doorstep?

John: No. I shall travel North four hundred miles to the trouble centre. The affair is small enough for me to play a big part. I shall be happy.

(Caroline Traherne comes into the room by the windows. She is twenty-five years old. She carries a large bunch of wild flowers and herbs which are recently gathered.)

Sophie: Do you know John Hogarth, Caroline?

Caroline: Yes. (they speak together)

John: No.

Sophie: Well, yes or no, this is he. Mrs. Traherne, John.
My daughter by Selwyn's first wife.

John: How do you do. Have I met you before?

Caroline: No. But I know you from Sophie's book.

John: That's very interesting.

Sophie: Those are most unsuitable flowers for the house.

Caroline: I brought them in to save them from the heat of the sun.

Sophie: Save them? But you've uprooted them.

Caroline: Well, then, their last hours can be cool and dignified. Unlike Henry who is staggering about in the sun under an enormous box.

Sophie: Those are most unsuitable flowers for the house.

Caroline: I brought them in to save them from the heat of the sun.

Sophie: Save them? But you've uprooted them.

Caroline: Well, then, their last hours can be cool and dignified. Unlike Henry who is staggering about in the sun under an enormous box.

Sophie: Those are most unsuitable flowers for the house.

Caroline: I brought them in to save them from the heat of the sun.

Sophie: Save them? But you've uprooted them.

Caroline: Well, then, their last hours can be cool and dignified. Unlike Henry who is staggering about in the sun under an enormous box.

Sophie: Those are most unsuitable flowers for the house.

Caroline: I brought them in to save them from the heat of the sun.

Sophie: Save them? But you've uprooted them.

Caroline: Well, then, their last hours can be cool and dignified. Unlike Henry who is staggering about in the sun under an enormous box.

Sophie: Those are most unsuitable flowers for the house.

Caroline: I brought them in to save them from the heat of the sun.

Sophie: Save them? But you've uprooted them.

Caroline: Well, then, their last hours can be cool and dignified. Unlike Henry who is staggering about in the sun under an enormous box.
nothing but the years between us in those days.

John:  
There's more than age between us now, Sophie.  
There are the separate ways which brought us here. You came in resignation. I've come in affirmation. The day ten years ago I heard you'd married Selwyn I mourned for you, Sophie.

Sophie:  
You feel I made the one certificate serve for both marriage and death.

John:  
Everyone does that. No, I mourned the end of an era which you had made so much your own. Those brilliant years. I think I could've borne it if you'd died — but you married! You became a woman, Sophie. Oh, Sophie! Why?

Sophie:  
It was the morning of my forty-eighth birthday. I awoke (somehow) alone. You were in the country. What were you doing? I forget. No one came near me for hours, it seemed. Then your gift was brought up to me. Ah! you were still young enough at that time to give me birthday presents without flinching. I took off the wrappings and there was the musical box. It was a gift to be given to a child — or to me. I opened the lid and the music began. And with the music the tears. I'd not known such things since I was a girl. It was when those strangers stole down my face that I knew it was time to go. Selwyn had called several times to tell me he was going on this exploration of the past. I'd known him for many years. I'd long admired his amazing spirit. We were of an age and both needed a companion in exile. I proposed marriage that evening and was accepted.

John:  
When I came back from the country you were married and gone without a word. No one knew why. All they said was that you seemed serious. That I wouldn't believe. I knew it must be some kind of joke but I couldn't see the point. My mouth was open wanting to laugh but your silence gave me no cause. You were gone. That was all I allowed myself to believe.

Sophie:  
Damn it, John, surely that was a time to take something seriously even if it was only Selwyn. But you — here — now — what excuse have you? At the kindergarten age of thirty-five you're intending to take seriously — what? — a revolt, the rallying cries of manifestos and a mad old man.
John: Yes, all those. And the reason is this: thirty-five – yes, I am – but how do I account for these grey hairs and the fact that I no longer make love without sadness? My contemporaries remain darkly pigmented and continue to go to bed laughing. So you must think of me, Sophie, as one who has also reached a time if not an age to be serious.

Sophie: Very well. But you mustn't expect me to talk about revolution and freedom. That's not my kind of seriousness.

John: Once you had no seriousness at all.

Sophie: In those days. But was there so much to be serious about? No. You could always find it if you went looking for it. Like trouble. Why should I have bothered? I was what is called happy. That's nothing to be serious about. At least, it wasn't when I was young. Perhaps it is these days. I don't know. I expect now you've found something to be serious about you look back in horror on the years we spent in London. I think that's a pity.

John: Not horror. This feeling of sadness for what I loved.

(Caroline has come into the room)

Caroline: I know very well what you mean.

Sophie: You're far too young to understand what he's talking about.

Caroline: Age doesn't come into it, Sophie. That's a mistake you would make. You can be finished at twenty-four.

John: How old are you?

Caroline: Twenty-five.

John: And you're finished?

Caroline: Yes. Hasn't Sophie told you? (Henry Devis comes in through the windows. He is bowed beneath a large box which he carries on his shoulders)

John: Many, many thanks. Are you all right? I feel we should get it up at once, Sophie. Where am I? (Sophie points through the main windows)

Whiting Miss,
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
to the small window set in the exterior wall

Sophie: You're there.

(Henry moves towards the stairs with the box)

John: I'd better go with him, I think.

(John follows Henry from the room)

Caroline: Is he staying here?

Sophie: John? For a while. He's on his way to a revolution. He seems to think it should begin the day after tomorrow.

Caroline: He's on every page of your book, you know. Even the pages where he's not mentioned. For he's the time you can't get out of your head.

Sophie: Didn't know you could read the book.

Caroline: I kissed Cristos and he showed it to me.

Sophie: You're corrupt in almost every way.

Caroline: Yes. Why do people put up with me?

Sophie: Your husband didn't.

Caroline: Don't be sentimental. You wouldn't have liked Boy Treherne, either.

Sophie: I dislike him intensely for one thing. That is, running off and making it necessary for you to be here at this time.

Caroline: Do you think he'd be interested in my tragic story?

Sophie: He? Call him by his name.

(after a considerable pause Caroline softly and hesitatively says!)

Caroline: John. (she laughs) Ouf! that first time you say a name as a name. Some cold bath, eh? But once you're in - hey! you're in - and it's fine and healthy. John. John!

(she raises her voice)

John! John!

(John Hogarth appears at the window of his
Act I

John: Yes?

Caroline: Nothing. (John goes back into the room)

Sophie: To make a man.

Caroline: That time ten years ago. What about that?

Sophie: Life in London for people of our kind at the turn of the century was meant to be taken seriously. We had to make ourselves believe that we were secure and that the intricate figure we cut in the melting ice of social life was permanent. Perhaps when history looks at that age it will become known as the Great Thaw. Times were getting warmer. No one would admit the change, of course, and as if to deny it the fashion in clothes became rather stumpy. The men wore heavier coats and harder hats and the women complained of the cold. It was not only people that were affected, but their institutions. We had built our banks and museums, our palaces and cathedrals to keep our money, our history, our monarchs and our God safe for all time. But as the twentieth century set in it showed the foundation of all these to be impermanent and melting away. Now, no sane man or woman could be happy in such a situation. But we were English. We said firmly, It isn't happening, and went on making money and making do.

Caroline: You've set the scene. All right. Let the man into it. Enter John Hogarth. Applause. Deep attention.

Sophie: He came to London when he was eighteen. Where did he come from? I've never bothered to ask. Where does love come from? He had a lot of money - his mother was an American. He had a lot of energy - his father was a Scot. Yet he had no pretensions - he didn't want to do anything with his money or himself. He was not a force to be met with when you were trying to prolong an ice age.

Caroline: But the secret. I want to know the secret. The something you know. Tell me.
Sophie: The secret of John's life at that time?
Caroline: Yes. I've an idea he was happy.
Sophie: I think he was. Although -
Caroline: That's not in your book.
Sophie: I shall come to it.
Caroline: Come to it now. With me. In your book you call him the first twentieth century man. What do you mean by that?
Sophie: [Unreadable text]
Caroline: Good. What's next?
Sophie: Nothing. She always put parties, parties, parties, after parties, after parties for parties. So
Caroline: [Unreadable text]
Sophie: No attachment. No loyalty. No faith. That's the equipment of the scrub on the scrub criminal.
Sophie: And no seriousness. I loved him for that.
Caroline: It's the answer. No unhappiness, in other words.
Sophie: And no love.
Caroline: And why - now, why should he want that sort of love - rubnose, soft paw, tongue in cheek - when he believes what he believes he believes? That between the weak wall of arrival and the whisper of departure there is not cause for alarm but cause for laughter. Can I see it that way - with him - through him? Can I?
Sophie: Wait a minute. I'm speaking of John ten years ago. He's changed.
Caroline: A man who believed all that - why should he want to change? Look at it his way and it suddenly becomes worth doing - this hanging around. Nobody wants to play out the thing seriously but if it's really a charade - well, then! - how do you do.
(she looks up at the window)
Sophie: He left England in all seriousness. He left Ada -
Act I

Caroline: Ah! she was the great scandal, was she? Ada, you say. Like that. And then tell me he left in all seriousness.

Sophie: He was very fond of her.

Caroline: I'm attached to a hot water bottle on cold nights. Seriously? Not at all. A man doesn't give up a country for a flannel bound comforter.

Sophie: He didn't. He gave it up to start a revolution. That's the business in hand.

(Henry has come down the stairs and is now in the room)

Caroline: That's a solemn fact, is it?

Sophie: So he says. Is it the heat, Henry?

Henry: I've been talking to Hogarth.

Caroline: Did he make you laugh?

Henry: Good God, no. He's been telling me the most terrible stories of the people he's going to in the North. I'd never have thought such injustice went on in these days.

Sophie: He's impressed you, I see.

Henry: Such sincerity must be impressive.

Sophie: (to Caroline) You see what I mean?

(Sophie begins to go from the room)

Caroline: Where are you going?

Sophie: I think it's worth a little more discussion — with him.

(Sophie goes up the stairs)

Henry: Caroline, would you say I'm a sensitive man?

Caroline: As a literary gent, Henry, you're a duck.

Henry: I only ask because sometimes I seem to lack an appreciation of the suffering of other people. The conversation with Hogarth made me understand that. It worries me. I know perfectly well that unhappiness exists but I've never been able to think of a way to do anything about it. You, for
example. I know you've been very unhappy. When you first came here I tried to help you with my companionship. But it wasn't any good, was it?

Caroline: No. (—)

Henry: I think your kind of unhappiness confused me. I'm very muddled about marriage.

Caroline: Who isn't?

Henry: I am more than most people. What I'm trying to say is this: I don't think I'm big enough to take on a revolution as Hogarth's doing but I think I could help you. I say, I think I could help you. To be happy — happier.

Caroline: All right. Go ahead.

Henry: Now?

Caroline: Well, it depends on what sort of comfort you're thinking of giving me.

Henry: Do you read poetry? I mention this because when I was a boy I was lonely and unhappy and I found it a great help.

Caroline: Henry, I need more than a rhymed couplet.

Henry: That's what I mean, do you see? I never seem to be able to suggest anything — helpful. It's this place, I think. Although most of us are English the values seem to be different. I wish I was home.

Caroline: You miss London.

Henry: Very much.

Caroline: Why don't you go back?

Henry: I shall do as soon as your father's finished the excavation and I can put in my final article. If he finds something I can really write about — something to which I can do justice — well, it'll make my name. That's what I'm bargaining for. I think I'd better go down to the dig for my morning session now. Care to walk with me?
Caroline: No. What do you do down there?

Henry: Sometimes I do a little sitting but not often. I don't get on with the workmen. (John has gone down the stairs and now enters the room.)

Anyway, that's where I'll be for a while, Caroline.

Caroline: If anyone should want you I'll tell them where you are.

Henry: No one will want me, I'm afraid. (Henry goes out through the window)

John: Sophie tells me that you've been very unhappy.

Caroline: There was a time.

John: You're getting over it.

Caroline: Yes. It was nothing. A marriage. He left me. Ran away.

John: I see.

Caroline: Do you see it from his point of view or mine?

John: His, I suppose. I'm also running away from a marriage. Not my own. Someone else's.

Caroline: He just went into hiding. From what I hear you're making for the open country.

John: I hope so.

Caroline: You're looking for more than the heroism of love.

John: I'd say the stoicism of love. Yes, more than that.

Caroline: Liberation.

John: Of others. Not myself.

Caroline: Have you been talking to Sophie?

John: For a moment. But she insisted on asking a lot of questions so I came away.

Caroline: She thinks you've changed.

John: She's quite right.
Act I: 18

Caroline: I don't think so.

John: How can you possibly know?

Caroline: By remembering what I've read about you. Not only in Sophie's book but in the papers. All show what a great and good man you are. Why should you want to change?

John: What are you talking about? A great and good man, my God! That's something the newspapers have never called me.

Caroline: No, but that's how I see you from their description.

John: Have you been intercated so long?

Caroline: As long as I can remember. I'm not concerned with the morality of your behaviour in the past. I'm concerned that you're here now. Why won't you look straight at me? There. What do you see?

John: I've had the last conversation of this kind in my life. I want no more of it!

Caroline: Sophie told me her name. It was Ada.

John: Very well, so it was Ada.

Caroline: And because of her the London mob threw stones at your windows. That was in the papers. Was she worth it?

John: They'd got it into their heads that I was breaking up something very dear to their hearts: a home. You know how that country domesticates its idols. The main demonstration was a parade past my house of elderly women carrying banners. That went on for some hours. I felt compelled to send them out tea and sandwiches. They leant against the railings eating and drinking and booing whenever I passed a window.

Caroline: Women have always felt strongly about you.

John: Women feel too much about everything. That is the dreadful inequality of sex. It was their inexhaustible capacity for actively demonstrating emotion which at last defeated me. Poets are lucky. They can spin out the truth of their passion to at
least the length of a sonnet. With my lesser talent I've had to content myself with a brisk action and one short word.

Caroline: Which so often led to broken windows.

John: All the best games end in destruction.

Caroline: That was the reason Sophia said, why you were loved by some and hated by many. We never get out of the nursery where everything finishes broken up. You played the whole of your life in London that way, didn't you? Without seriousness because you knew the time would come when you'd have to put your toys away - so better smash them! You were right. You were quite right.

John: You seem very sure.

Caroline: If I'd seen my marriage - and its breakup - in the same way that you saw your love affairs then I wouldn't have been unhappy. By the way, I'm not unhappy anymore. Why should I be now I understand that the only good sense is nonsense?

John: Is this good sense? Dawn. London. I wake. It's night within the room until the curtains are drawn back. The bed covers over my body are as heavy as sin. Throw them off! Stop freely - hallo! boldly - to the window. Draw back the curtains. Stare at the sky for a sign. Hm. It's raining. The policeman at the corner is weeping. The cold strikes me like an unkind reminder. Last night's warrior becomes a goose-pimpled pudding. Cover the poor mockery with a gown. The day must be begun, it seems. Very well, then - good morning and good morning. Breakfast. The day's news beside the tray. So, there's energy to engage that still virgin for a start. She gives up her miserable secrets and the sign is not one of them. Go, light fires! Open the letters of the day. Will one hold the secret, the news from another land, the call to action? No. They demand, beg, entreat, abuse - nothing more. Dress. Walk to myself in the looking-glass. Walk out. Meet a man. He complains of my treatment of his daughter. He threatens me with action. Action! Christ, if it were true. He means litigation which is the English substitute. My interest in him has gone and so, I see, has the sun. Something must be done if only to put in my
journal. Well, turn in here. It is a theatre
where men knock each other about with wooden swords
and die, get up and bow. The curtain rattles down
on the play and the day. Hol! The sky remains
inscrutable — positively unhelpful. Curtain it
off with the rest. It is another room — another
place. I'm welcome. There's no doubt about it.
Here between the sheets there is something to be
done with authority if not with dignity. Let me
look at the face before turning away. It smiles
so all's well. Goodnight. Goodnight.

Caroline: Good sense? Well, let me see. There is one thing.

John: What's that?

Caroline: The moment of happiness which was in the smiling
face before you turned away. That's sense.

John: It was never a very intelligent face.

Caroline: Nothing to do with it. Always sensible to make
someone happy.

John: I'm sorry. Not possible now. Sorry. My appointment
is not with you, I'm afraid. It's with the man who
took me by the hand and dragged me from childhood —
all those broken toys, remember — to this present
time. Basilios.

Caroline: It is a serious business, I see. Than—and—better
talk about—. Why did he choose you?

John: Some years ago my friends wanted to get me settled.
Before I knew what was happening I found myself to
be a member of parliament. It seemed a good time
to make a speech. The motion happened to concern
the Government's attitude to this minority group
under Basilios in the North. They had recently
shot the British Minister and subjected his wife
and daughter to humiliating proposals which both
had accepted before returning to England.

Caroline: One of the lesser perils of our Imperial policy.

John: In a speech to the House opposing reprisals I
suggested the country should be accepted into
the British Empire. It seemed that at the moment
of surrender both ladies had been wrapped in a
Union Jack. No one agreed with me that it was
the natives' way of honouring the flag and the speech was dismissed as an impertinence – which indeed it was. Yet it was that speech reported in an old newspaper which brought Basilios to me. The faded cutting was in his pocket. It remained the one call to unity and action his country had ever known. Spoken by me when I didn't know the place was on the map. How could I resist such an appeal to leadership?  

Caroline: So the whole thing's a joke after all. Just a joke as it was in the past. You don't take it any more seriously than – Ada? – or perhaps me. You haven't changed.  

John: I don't want to seem unreasonable about this. An incident which begins as a joke can have serious consequences. You've been unhappy, I know, but please don't ask me to console you. Anyway, there'd hardly be time for Admiral for Basilios will be here before you can say, I love you.  

Caroline: I love you.  

(Selwyn Fawcett and Henry Bevis come into the room by the window. They stop on hearing John's last words to Caroline)  

Selwyn: Then marry her, my dear fellow. Congratulations. Good news. I've been worried about the child. How are you otherwise?  

John: Otherwise I'm very well. What on earth are you talking about, Selwyn?  

Selwyn: Declaration of love. Made by you both as I came in. Bevis heard it. Yes?  

Henry: Yes.  

Selwyn: Never mind. I shouldn't have come in at that moment.  

Caroline: Why did you?  

Selwyn: I want a bath. Be a daughter to me and tell the men to carry up hot water. (Caroline goes out by the passageway)  

Dirty work, Magrath.  

John: What?
Selwyn: This digging.

John: Oh, I see what you mean. Yes, it must be.

Selwyn: But I think it'll be worth it. I'm sure we're about to uncover something remarkable. (He takes a small maquette of a human figure from his pocket and holds it out to John)

What do you make of that?

John: (He takes the figure) It's a woman, isn't it?

Selwyn: Yes. One of the workmen found it yesterday. Significant attitude of worship, don't you think?

John: It seems familiar. I don't know why.

Selwyn: If we can get something from this site it'll shake them up in London. I want to do the BBC crowd in the eye. They've never shown any interest in my work. If it wasn't for the Germans we shouldn't be able to go on. England's done nothing for the expedition.

Henry: Are you being quite fair, Selwyn? The Times has kept the country informed. Through me.

Selwyn: Tell me, Hogarth, what's this about you being on your way to some trouble in the North? Is it another of Bevis's fairy stories?

John: No, it's true.

Selwyn: Then do be careful. The political situation in the Balkans seems more confused than ever. Why are you going? Have you been sent by the Crown?

John: Good God, no! I wanted to leave England.

Selwyn: That's a substantial reason. Some woman, was it?

John: All women. I wanted to get away from the whole business.

Selwyn: There was no need to go to the length of starting a revolution. You could have helped me. Nothing like digging and sifting for keeping the mind off sex.
Act I : 23

John: I suppose not.

Selwyn: Devis has found it invaluable. Haven't you? When I was in the Army and it became troublesome I always called a church parade. Made the men rather fed up turning out so late at night but it always worked. Still, everyone has their own method.

John: Well, it's a personal problem. Here. (he gives the figure to Selwyn)

Selwyn: Sophie's pleased to see you, I expect.

John: Yes. We've been talking.

Selwyn: About the old days? She pretends she doesn't miss them. And she pretends very well. Stay on for a while, my dear boy, and keep her amused. And Caroline. She had a bad time before she came here. Married a bastard. Stay. We're not much troubled by the niceties of London. The weather's good, the local people are friendly and we don't have to be pleasant to each other if we don't want to. As for women — no worry about them here. They're a simple good people without the refinements which make life such hell in London. Stay on, do. (Caroline comes back to the room)

Caroline: They're getting your bath ready. The water will be in by the time you've undressed.

Selwyn: Thank you, Caro. Come up and talk to me, Hogarth. Have a bath if you like.

John: I'll come and talk. Are you going back to England when you've finished here?

Selwyn: No. Sophie and I'll never go back. There's some very interesting work going on in Asia Minor. I may join in. Different period, of course. Same digging.

(Selwyn and John go out of the room and up the stairs)

Henry: I try to make myself believe that I feel such an outsider because I'm here as an official observer. No more.
Caroline: (she is looking after John) He's only a visitor.

Henry: Hogarth? Yes, but he seems to have the art of engaging himself at once. I heard some of your conversation as I came in. He's given you more comfort in a few words than I've been able to give in months. I suppose it's the way he said it.

Caroline: It's not a matter of words, Henry. That's the mistake you're making. Read poetry, you said. There you were off the mark. I went through a poetical marriage. Boysie knew about every art except one. Life with him was never too damned beautiful for words. There were so many to be spoken, sung, whispered, written, rhymed, scratched on the window pane, carved into wood and stone — words for everyday use and casually slung at each other, words for secret use and muttered into the pillow, words for public abuse and shouted from the housetops, words with single meaning and words with double meaning; good words, bad words, holy words and dirty words. And when the day was over and you'd think the talking would have to stop — no, there'd always be that dribble of stale words for explanation of failure, betrayal, misery and horror. [Buried beneath, suffocated, dead, was love.]

Henry: Now you listen to Hogarth. Intently. You're right. I've talked to him. He's running from the very life I want for myself. He told me that he wanted to get away from people. That's why he's going on this journey. All I ask is to be accepted into some pattern of life: he's achieved that and wants to break from it.

Caroline: Henry, couldn't you take an overwhelming interest in something?

Henry: I think I could if I tried.

Caroline: I don't mean in me. I mean food or politics or God. Or something.

Henry: Would that help you?

Caroline: Not at all. But why should you help me?

Henry: I cling to that as the one definite purpose I have.
Act I : 25

Caroline: Nonsense! You're a working journalist put down in this place for quite another reason. You're probably the only person I know, Henry, for whom hard work is the solution.

Henry: My work, yes. It's shocking that the one completely serious concern of my life is bread and butter.

Caroline: And the rest? Don't you feel everything else — your ambition to be in love, to be somewhere else than here, to be someone — don't you feel it's an enormous joke?

Henry: Yes, I do. But I don't want to laugh. It seems I'm the only member of the party who can't see the point.

Caroline: That's the joke, Henry. So throw up your hat and laugh with the rest.

(Cristos has come down the stairs and into the room)

What do you want?

Cristos: I thought you were alone.

Caroline: I can be. Can't I, Henry?

(Cristos walks out of the room by the windows)

Cristos: That was unkind. I didn't mean to interrupt you.

Caroline: We were only talking about ourselves. Same subject as usual.

Cristos: What I'm obliged to call by custom, your unhappiness.

Caroline: You don't believe it, do you?

Cristos: No. Do you?

Caroline: Not any more.

Cristos: I expect you were angry when your husband left you. Englishwomen are good losers in every game except marriage.

Caroline: Oh, damn! Where is he?

Cristos: Talking to Selwyn in his bath.

Caroline: You know who I mean.
Cristos: Apparently I do.

Caroline: Have you met him?

Cristos: For a moment. I've known a John Hogarth for some months, of course. Very well.

(he holds up two small notebooks he is holding)

Caroline: From Sophie's book.

Cristos: I'm very interested. Is it the same man?

Caroline: Yes, he's the person Sophie's been writing about.

Cristos: I know that. Let me put it this way: is it the man in the book you're willing to come down those stairs?

Caroline: It's a question of identity. I see what you mean.

Cristos: I remember the morning you sat with me reading these books. You were smiling. I found it very disturbing. Sophie and I seemed to have done the job too well. Did you smile when you met the other Hogarth? Not the man Sophie and I put together but the man of independent action? They're not the same.

Caroline: Why tell me that?

Cristos: You're English and so you're likely to prefer a romantic fiction to the real thing. If you were Greek or French - or even German - I'd not be saying this to you.

Caroline: It sounds like a warning.

Cristos: I mean it to be that.

(Sophie comes down the stairs and into the room)

Caroline: Can you really believe, Cristos, that I'm still young enough to be in love with a man in a book?

Cristos: I wanted to be sure that you're not.

Sophie: Now John Hogarth's here I hope I'm not going to find people standing in corners talking about him all the time.
Caroline: Cristos was giving me advice.

Sophie: Would you like to tell me what it was?

Caroline: He thinks that after my misery with Boysie I may be on the look out for an ideal. He's afraid that I might have found it in your book under the name of Hogarth. He pointed out that there's a man of that name in the house at the moment. However, I'm not to confuse them. They're not the same. The man in the book's a fiction. According to Cristos.

Sophie: That's untrue. My memory's as clear as a spyglass.

Henry: I say, I think somebody responsible should come down to the dig. Something's happened. I'm not quite sure what. One of the workmen has fallen through a hole and disappeared but there seems to be more to it than that.

Caroline: Selwyn's in his bath.

Henry: If I could understand what those fellows are talking about it might help.

Cristos: I'll come down. I speak the same language as those fellows.

Henry: So you do. But then you are Greek, aren't you?

Cristos: Yes. It's very helpful.

Sophie: How happy Henry will be if at last that excavation gives up its secret. He'll be able to write this final brilliant despatch we've heard so much about and return at once to London and honour. What will you do?

Caroline: By that time I hope to have found someone else to put up with me.

Sophie: I suppose you mean John. Will you make your intentions clear to him? In so many words.

Caroline: Are you jealous - Mummy?

Sophie: A little. Then again I don't think you're good
Caroline: You, anyway, are not going to let me forget that.
Sophie: Not for a moment.
Caroline: Well, at least I had the nerve to get married when I was young. Unlike you, who'd never take the responsibility until you were old enough to enter into this arid married state with Father.
Sophie: That's a point. I suppose it does take courage when you're young. Especially when you intend to marry someone called Boysie Traherne.
Caroline: What about John Hogarth?
Sophie: Darling, he'd never marry you. He might pop you under the covers for an hour or two. That'd be something. I wouldn't be lonely and unwanted for that little time at least.
Sophie: So that's what you're expecting. Have you forgotten? He's here for a different purpose. He's not travelling for pleasure this time. By dear child, it's a fact that men sometimes get sick of us; not individually or personally but sick of our whole ravening sex. When that happens they take up soldiering or archaeology, throw themselves into politics or find other things to do which we don't understand—such as revolution. When that happens we haven't a chance. We can fight among ourselves for a man but when we have to get to grips with an idea a man believes to be right then we're beaten. All we can do is to sit back and meditate on past triumphs.
Caroline: You're lucky. I never loved anyone but Boysie. I can't meditate on him for the rest of my life.
Sophie: Well, Boysie could hardly be described as a triumph, I agree. But you'll find someone worthy of you, Caroline, I'm sure. Goodness knows where and it won't be John. Remember why he's here.
He's come to do his part in something real. He believes in the liberation by revolt of those wretched people in the North. It may seem absurd to us but it's a fact. Accept it.

Caroline: Why start playing at soldiers at his age?

Sophie: They're only tolerable when they're with us if we let them play such games on occasion. A man always wants to do something positive after a love affair. John's just left Ada, remember. What did Boysie do after he left you?

Caroline: He had a nervous breakdown.

Sophie: That proves my point.

(John comes down the stairs and into the room)

John: Selwyn's a most energetic bather, isn't he? The room's flooded and as a mere spectator I'm soaked to the skin. He saw Henry and the Greek gentleman running down the hill and wants to be told what it's all about.

Sophie: Nobody knows at the moment. Henry arrived up here with an account even more garbled than he sends in to the Times. Pay no attention. We've had such alarms before.

John: I think you should have a word with Selwyn. He's at his bedroom window, stark naked, with a pair of field glasses and an improvised megaphone.

Sophie: I'll go up in a minute. John, when are you expecting your friend to come for you?

John: Basilios? In two or three days. Why?

Sophie: Couldn't you travel North to meet him?

John: Do you mean at once?

Sophie: Well, say tonight.

John: I suppose I could. Are you trying to get rid of me?

Caroline: Yes, she is.

Sophie: John, we're old enough friends to be frank with each other.
John: Certainly, Sophie. But no friends are old enough to be straightforwardly impolite to each other.

(Caroline laughs)

I'd like to stay here for a few days. A little while ago you seemed happy about that. Why have you changed your mind?

Sophie: I haven't.

John: Then what have we to be frank about?

Caroline: Me.

Sophie: I'm so very fond of you, John, and I wouldn't wish anything to take away from your affection for me. Certainly not this arrogant and impertinent child. In other words, I don't want to be blamed for what happens.

Caroline: Dear Sophie. Always burning her bridges before I come to them.

Sophie: I'll go up to Selwyn.

(Sophie goes from the room and up the stairs. John, in silence, moves to the windows. Caroline watches him)

Caroline: You were right to be firm with Sophie. Of course you can stay here as long as you wish.

John: That wasn't the reason. It's not that I particularly want to stay here. I just want to put off going North for a while.

Caroline: Why?

(John does not answer)

What's the matter?

John: Selwyn seems to think I may get killed in this business.

Caroline: Well, don't sound so surprised. Hadn't it occurred to you?

John: It had occurred to me but I didn't think it had to anyone else - not seriously.

Caroline: [But I thought it was the point.] That you should at least be taken seriously by others. Why else are you here?
John: Here. Why? This is a strange undisciplined country. A good place to be alive in.

Caroline: It seems that's not the reason you came.

John: Why did you come? Was it only because your father happened to be here?

Caroline: Not only that. When I was shut up in a nunnery as a child one of my teachers was a Greek. She told me wild, unorthodox stories of the country. I remembered them when I was alone in London and I thought this might be the place to bring me alive again. It's done so.

John: I know what you mean. You became aware. Yes? Am I right? Aware that you're occupying space and that the sun exists to strike down and envelop you. Aware that you are here—alive—wound up—more!—working, ticking, going. Registering something more than a mood. Yes. It's a discovery to be reckoned with. I agree. Life is not, after all, founded on the meal table, the privy and the bed.

Caroline: In this place even those things might take on a certain significance.

John: You think it's just the place.

Caroline: Not entirely. It's also because of what Selwyn said to you. About being killed. With that in mind even the most commonplace objects can become charged with mystery.

John: I should never have thought of you as a commonplace object.

Caroline: What did you say?

John: You're confusing me. Are you doing it deliberately?

Caroline: I want you to see yourself in the proper light, that's all. As a man who hasn't got all his life before him I think you should.

John: You talk as if I'm condemned. Like your father.

Caroline: There's time for a reprieve. You've only to change your mind.
John: Out of the question. I'm committed to action — on my honour.

Caroline: In that case — (she moves to John and holds out her hand) — goodbye. The world will surely go on without you. (John takes her hand; he does not let it go) You're doing something which I don't understand but I suppose is very fine.

John: I'm not one of those men who have to love the country they're prepared to —

Caroline: Say fight for. I didn't mean that. I meant it's supposed to be a good thing to give up so much. Everything you've known in such fullness in the past. Good food, sleep, the comfort of women are (gone in this spartan search for an absolute truth in a harsher reality. Fine man — almost a saint, you are — yes — for the way of sanctity is the road to the North. (John is still holding her hand)

John: I think you've misunderstood. The pleasures you've talked about had become as bitter to me as any pomance. Every one was the harshest reality which I couldn't stomach. For they're only tolerable when they're more than themselves. When the food feeds more than the body, when sleep is more than an escape to a dream and the comfort of women is more than a cushion.

Caroline: I see. But tell me something. Did you say to yourself, This is the last time? Do you see what I mean? Take the comfort of women. Did you say to yourself, This is the last kiss, the last embrace? This is not only farewell to whatshenname Ada — but farewell to all loving for all time. Did you say that? (John takes both her hands in his)

Say it now.

(John is silent)

Let the day go. It gets cooler towards evening. Then's the time for thought and decision. The smell of the baked earth comes up from the valley making the scent of the flowers sour and more understandable. Evening is the time for straight talking and straight thinking in this country. The sun goes down and rubs the guilt from the edges. The senses aren't treacherously attacked
by every colour, shape and sound taking on a form of something somewhere long ago with someone else. The days in this place - the days under the sun have all been - have all happened before. But the nights are now in time - to set met people - you're mine - and they can be used by you. Jung in any way we - John - please. Please! put off, John - John, put off telling - to y'self - me - telling whether Ada - a dead love, now - was last - very last time.

(John pushes her hair from over her ears and folds his hands about the back of her neck)

John: It was the last chance.

Caroline: How - chance?

John: All my life I've treated every opportunity as the last chance. I've looked - sadly - on each encounter as the last. But I was cheated. The sun came up and the sun went down and, damn it, life had to be lived. And opportunity didn't knock once. It beat a positive tattoo at my door.

Caroline: Which every time you opened.

John: It was never shut.

(he kisses her on the forehead)

But now the test of time is easing it to. Soon there'll only be space in that doorway for the lightest and most frivolous opportunity to get through. The last - the smallest and least consequential - will have to stay, I suppose, to comfort my extreme age for there'll be no getting out.

Caroline: My God! Can't you -

(John kisses her on the mouth)

- see? Can't you see - that before you - haven't you eyes? - oh, yes! you have eyes - before you is not a quickly closing door. No, John - darling, my newfound onedier - fool! - there before you are the wide open gates of Summer. You've lived only - nothing but - the early months of your year of life. Stay on. I'll not mind - never mind - if you go on from me to another - fairer, she may be - but be aware - beware - not old, not sleeping but now - of the fairest to hand. Stay. Go on from me - after all - if you want to go - on. Go on.
(John puts his finger against her mouth)

John: You're lying. You're saying something you don't believe. That's not good. That's bad. You must — and of course you do — think that you are the last. No going on from you — Caroline — who hold the secret — Caroline — the true ending. So let's have no renunciation from you.

Caroline: I don't give up anything — ever. But there comes a time — secret: furtive: upon you before you — no! — know it and a decision has to be made. (she kisses him. Selwyn comes down the stairs, through the room, and goes out through the window.)

There! You'll not find that in a day's march.

John: I'll not find that in a lifetime's campaigning.

Caroline: Ah! my revolutionary. I'll be your marching song. This can be a struggle for freedom worth fighting. So to the barricades which are down — down — fallen before the uprising. Take the law into your own hands and strike! For the tormented are impatient of control.

John: Be still.

Caroline: Yes. Yes. Yes.

CURTAIN
Draft "G" Act One - Marginalia

173-4.  A caret appears.

283-5.  A square bracket appears.

286-7.  A square bracket appears.

500-7.  A square bracket appears.

867-85.  A square bracket appears.

870-4.  "[****] to Caroline on necessity of lying. KEEP IN" appears. "KEEP IN" is enclosed in square brackets.

934.  Part of a square bracket appears.

1055-7.  A square bracket appears.
Draft "G" Act Two - Emendations

10. ...a (caret; "gentle patina" is deleted) to
    "[***] surface" is inserted in the margin
    adjacent to a caret.

81. ...where it ("'s" is deleted)
    "is" is inserted after the deletion.

86-7. ("Everything...as the...fruit." is deleted. "the...
    fruit." is in parentheses)
    "the mist of bravely unshed tears, mists even
    the harshest human gesture." is inserted in the
    margin.

107. ....It (obliteration; caret) carried...
    "had" is inserted above the line.

119. Sophie's ("book is" is deleted; caret) gentle....
    "memories are" is inserted above the line.

140. into ("some" is deleted; caret) underground...
    "an" is inserted above the line.

224. ...would ("'ve" is deleted; caret) been...
    "have" is inserted above the line.

241. ("Well," is deleted) it's ("nothing but" is deleted)
    a game, ("is it" is deleted) ? (caret; "For the"
    is deleted)
"Surely" is inserted above "Well". "only" is inserted above "nothing". "Like science it adds nothing to the contented life." is inserted after the third deletion. A caret appears between "is" and "it" and an obliteration appears above the caret.

242. ("wealthy and otherwise unoccupied" is deleted). Let...

317. ...the Henry (obliteration) s are...

323. From ("what" is deleted) quarter....

   "this" is inserted above the line.

241. ...arrogant ("bitch" is deleted; two obliterations)

421. nonsense. Time...

   An "X" appears between "nonsense." and "Time".

431. ...me. Remorse, ah! Then...

   An "X" appears before "Remorse" and after "ah!".

440. ...flight. With...

   An "X" appears between "flight." and "With".

557-8. ("Henry...celibacy." is deleted) Nothing....

596. ...stranger would ("'ve" is deleted, caret) dared...

   "have" is inserted above the line.
657. ...to (caret) leading....
    "[****]" is inserted above the line.

708. Now ( a comma is deleted) you...

712. ...time ("we" is deleted) ve got....
    "I" is inserted above the line.

767. ....I mean ("[t] is obliterated) I...

797. ...secret. (caret) He...

838-9. ...Daddie ("and...juice." is deleted)
    A period is inserted after "Daddie".

981. ("Yes," is deleted) I....
    "Of course." is inserted above the line.

1024-5. ...end. ("Did...bathroom" is deleted).

1062. ("Caroline (slowly" is deleted) leaves...

1169. ...are. What ("'ve" is deleted) you...?
    "have" is inserted above the line.

1241. ("Let's" is deleted) take...
    "I'll" is inserted above the line.
Act Two

(The scene: part of the room of the first act remains showing two windows and the door leading to the stairway.

Now the terrace beyond the windows is also revealed.

The time is two days later: evening.

The terrace is a compact area before the house and is enclosed by a low wall. The passage of flowered fact - it is a place of leisure - has given a certain beauty to the mosaic floor. At the centre several steps lead to a pathway going down to the road. The exterior wall containing the small window of John Hoagarth's bedroom is now clearly seen.

A long table with food and drink has been taken out to the terrace.

The harshness of daylight has gone and with the sun low there is an insidious coolness which seems to etch the scene in a most uncertain twilight. It will not be night for some time.

John Hoagarth is alone on the terrace. He is holding a long-barrelled, single-shot practice pistol. A little way from him and lined on the wall are various objects:}
a drinking glass, an orange, a small bottle, a straw hat (Henry's), a playing card and a cigar. John is using these as targets.

He fires. Not one of the objects is disturbed.

Caroline appears at the small window above and looks out to the countryside.

Caroline: The dancers! Don't frighten away the dancers. Do you see them? Under the hill. There's been a wedding. One of the workmen. Down there the men and women are making the bond. That slow and heavy circle will tread the pattern into the earth through the night. There's a tribute to love if ever there was one. Can you hear the music? It'll be a thin pipe. Listen.

(John has reloaded the pistol; he fires)

Ah! you don't want to hear. Does that sharp noise comfort you? Yet you'll not save your life with that kind of toy. Practise all you can you'll never shoot your way out.

(Cristos has come down the stairs of the house and crossed the room. He now stands inside the window unseen by Joan and Caroline)

Do you still believe the quickest way to someone's heart is with a bullet? Will you never learn? They're dancing under the hill. Set your sights a little higher, John, and you'll see them - dancing the day into the earth - burying it for over and over. Doesn't that mean something to you?

John: No.

(Cristos pours some wine and takes a glass to John)

he fires again. Caroline goes back into the room. After a moment Cristos steps out on to the terrace)
Cristos: I hope you're happy with our local wine.

John: To be quite happy I'd need to be here a few weeks. It still bites a little.

Cristos: You're not intrigued enough by it to stay on. No, I see you're not. Unfortunately, it doesn't travel. Like myself.

John: How do you come to speak English so well?

Cristos: I went to school in England and afterwards lived there for many years.

John: From choice?

Cristos: Yes. The place fitted my temperament for I think it must be the saddest country in the world. I long for that perpetual Autumn where it's unnecessary — oh, impossible — to face reality: where every leave-taking is performed with the grave courtesy of an obsequy: where the houses look like tombs and the tombs houses: where everything wears the hardest human gesture — as mistress (the contour of an overhanging fruit) Beautiful!

John: Why did you leave?

Cristos: My national characteristics failed me. Not being an Englishman I craved something unworthy. I was ruined by a desire for excitement.

John: You mean you found it? In England? Just a minute. This is extraordinary. What did you do? Start a political party? Not that? Surely you were not mad enough to create a work of art.

Cristos: Of course not.

John: Women? My dear fellow, you must have known from your schooldays that Englishwomen were created to purge us by pity and terror.

Cristos: Yes. I learnt that at an early age.

John: Then I give up.

Cristos: Do you know Epsom Downs?
John: Horse racing. Of course!

Cristos: I lost everything. The animal was called Homer II and its liquid eyes overflowed nine as it was led to the enclosure. It's carried my ten thousand pounds into fourth place. I came back here to my only remaining property.

John: I'm sorry. I didn't know this was your house.

Cristos: Selwyn rents it from me for the period of the excavation. Yes, it's my house. My position is difficult. I sometimes forget myself and behave very much as a host. Pardon me.

John: It's a charming lapse. Please sit down.

Cristos: But I'm very happy to act as amanuensis to Sophie. To look back on life in that beautiful country through her gentle eyes is a great comfort to me.

John: Sophie's very gentle! I can't believe it.

Cristos: Very gentle. For example, speaking this morning of a certain Mrs. F., she said:

(he has taken one of his notebooks from a pocket and reads)

"15th, October 1897: Mrs. F. came to dinner. Alone. Her husband's misappropriation of the club funds seems to have affected her deeply. Yet as she came slowly up the stairs, leaning on her stick, I could not fail to notice the gentleness of her expression framed as it was in her picturesquely disordered white hair. The flame of charity, I thought, still burns in that wasted body. "You see?"

John: Does she mention that at that time Mrs. F. was twenty-eight?

(Henry has come up the hill and now steps on to the terrace. John speaks to him.)

What's happening down there?

Henry: They're still trying to get through to the workman who fell into the hole. He seems to have dropped into some underground chamber. He's been there two and a half days now. Selwyn lowered food and wine and some candles to him. But the fellow makes no attempt to get out. All he does is wander about below and shout with laughter."
John: Has he gone mad?

Henry: We should know later tonight. Selwyn seems to think he can reach the place himself within a couple of hours. Of course, everything's been held up by this marriage of the foreman. About two hundred of his relations are down there at the dig roasting sheep. Have you noticed the dancers?

John: They've been pointed out to me.

Henry: Queer music. Rather infectious, though. Even I found myself tapping my foot.

Cristos: That's because dancing's in your blood, Henry.

John: Henry has dancing in his blood!

Cristos: From his mother. She's an actress.

John: Really. Locally?

Cristos: No, no. In London.

John: What's she doing at the moment?

Henry: "The Feather Duster Girl."

John: Bessie, You're not Banny Bessie's boy?

Henry: Yes.

John: Little Banny Bessie! You mean you're her flesh and blood?

Henry: Yes.

John: How extraordinary! I saw her before I left London.

Henry: Did you, indeed?

John: That ageless, bewitching creature! I looked into the Gaiety the night before I sailed. Bunny came on to a scene decorated with enormous flowers. You'd have been proud of her, Henry. The gentlemen of the chorus swept off their toppers and Banny came through them to the footlights with her eyelids working like shutters and confided a song to us which must have been written by her worst enemy.
(John, spinning an imaginary parcel, sings:)
I'm the wild wed wose / You didn't pluck them from
your garden / On your way to your new sweetheart. /
You chose those silly lilacs / And the twilly
daffodillies, / To carry on your way / For your
wedding day bouquet. / But you didn't seem to see
me / Your only, lonely, dreamy, / Dainty, chorub-
easy — ooh! / (mesto) Little wild wed wose.
(Selwyn has come up the hill and on to
the terrace)

Selwyn: Bravo! The latest thing from London, eh?
John: Henry's mother's new song.

Selwyn: Enchanting, ever young thing, she is, too. I
remember her when I was quite a boy. She's one
of the few women, I'd say, who know exactly what
qualities to bring into a man's life to make him
happy. Equal parts of gaiety, silence and plain
damned silliness. Not an idea in her head, you
know. So refreshing. Funny she's never married.
(He has poured himself some wine)
-This is very pleasant. Where are the women?

John: Dressing.

Henry: Shall I fetch them?

Selwyn: I think you've missed the point, Henry. My
statement that this is very pleasant and my
query as to where the women happen to be are
not unconnected. See what I mean?

John: So you hope to get right into the excavation
tonight, Selwyn?

Selwyn: Yes. I've left them working on the tunnel. We
should know the result of eighteen months work
by the morning. You'd better be there, Henry,
standing by with your adjectives when I go in.
The Times will want a full report.

Henry: I'm ready for anything. What about the fellow
already down there?

Selwyn: I can't get a word of sense from him. Damned fool!

Henry: Is he still laughing?
Selwyn: Yes. With all respect to your countrymen, Cristos, I've found these workmen inclined to take the whole business rather lightly. I mean, this little fellow falls through a hole into a place where no man has set foot for over two thousand years and all he does is to wander about giggling like a lunatic. Not only that but the night we propose to enter the inner chamber the foreman decides to get married. It would have been churlish not to send down wine but I can't say that I approve.

Cristos: Our past is so much more remote than yours, Selwyn, as an Englishman. Your feelings for our ancient civilization is as strange to us as the American attitude to Europe is odd to you. The little man who's fallen through the hole has come into abrupt contact with his ancestors. You mustn't expect anything but laughter from him. After all, perhaps he's happy. To discover ancestors, I mean.

John: It has always seemed, sir, that as a nation you're unconcerned with the past.

Cristos: We leave our digging to others, if that's what you mean. Those Germans, you know - untiring.

Selwyn: Every country seems to leave historical research to foreigners. It makes for objectivity, I suppose.

Cristos: Odd, it's nothing but a game, is it? A harmless pastime for wealthy and otherwise unoccupied. Let me put it this way: when you've uncovered whatever there is to be uncovered down there Henry will go out of his way in his article to demonstrate how exactly alike those people and ourselves happen to be. But we already know that instinctively. We shall find, of course, that they drank from a different kind of cup and their plates were a different shape. But the problem of the men who are working for you down there is how to fill the cups and plates of today. Thank you, Selwyn, for renting my house and employing my men but please don't ask me to take it seriously. No, no, my understanding is entirely for Mr. Hogarth who is so magnificently concerned with our present history.

(Sophie has come down the stairs and into the room. She now comes out on to the terrace)
Sophie: Will you take me down, Selwyn?
Selwyn: Down, my dear. Do you mean you want to see the digging?
Sophie: Certainly not. I want to join the wedding party for a while. I think we should all go. Is the girl pretty?
Selwyn: Not very. She has a heavy moustache.
Sophie: Come along, Cristos. You must interpret my best wishes. And John — how can I make you come along?
John: You might drag me by the hair.
Sophie: I see. I'm sure I shan't have to persuade Henry with his morbid interest in marriage.
Henry: I'll come down, certainly.
Sophie: We can all do with a little gaiety of this kind. And think how pleased they'll be to see that we're interested.
Selwyn: You'll find it very different, my dear, from the goings-on at Saint Margaret's.
Sophie: Nonsense, Selwyn! People the whole world over get married for the same thing.
John: Tell us what it is, Sophie.
Sophie: I'd like to give the bride a small gift, Cristos. What do you think would be suitable?
(Sophie, Selwyn and Cristos go from the terrace. Henry remains for a moment to pick up his hat from the wall)
John: It's very strange. A simple ritual invented by lawyers and priests can make a woman like Sophie behave in this absurd way. You'd think it was ten years ago and her cook was getting married. You'd better look out, Henry. In her present mood she might try to engage you to one of the local girls.
Henry: I very much want to get married, Mr. Hogarth. Not, of course, to a local girl but to someone of my own class.
John: Have you anyone in mind?

Henry: I had. (he starts to go. John calls after him:)

John: Do you mean Caroline?

Henry: Yes, I mean Caroline. (Henry goes from the terrace. John stares after him and then sadly looks down the barrel of his pistol. Caroline has come down the stairs into the room. She stands, silent within the room, watching John. It is John who speaks:)

John: I know you're there. Come out. (Caroline stays in the room)

Caroline: And I know you're there. Alone.

John: Henry wants to marry you.

Caroline: He once got as far as telling me what his income is.

John: What is it?

Caroline: Eight hundred.

John: Not enough. Why didn't you tell me about him? I've made him unhappy.

Caroline: Well, someone had to be made unhappy in this affair. And that's what the Henry's are for. You've made me very happy.

John: Oh, damn you. (Caroline laughs) Come out here.

Caroline: Do you really find comfort in that little weapon? Are you expecting to be attacked?

John: Yes.

Caroline: From what quarter? Ah! be brave and put it down. (John returns the pistol to its case. He walks through the window into the room. Caroline, who is beside the window, quickly puts her arms around his neck. They kiss)

John: You're a pest.
Caroline: You shouldn’t be doing this. But you’ve a good excuse. When you left London you didn’t know I existed and hastily filled this space. Wait! I’ll wait, you thought, safe with Sophie. You meant to do it. No doubt about it. Wait for your friend before going off to war. You could no more’ve imagined me, eh, as a friend on the way. Don’t look so cross. It’s upsetting, I know, to be knocked off y’path to war’n’glory which you’d so carefully plotted but it’s something you’ve got t’get used to. So don’t be angry. Please!

John: You arrogant Witch #2

Caroline: Call me names.

John: — later — why should you think this is any more than an interlude?

Caroline: How to pass a night or two in a waiting room without the boredom of loneliness?

John: Just that. How do you know it’s more?

Caroline: Shall I tell you? Because you’ve never known anything like this before.

John: This! Each and every one is not only the last chance. It is the first time. And I’m not a man to be detained by novelty. Try again.

Caroline: All right. I’m better than any of the others.

John: Who’ve gone before. Are you?

Caroline: I’m just putting the idea in your head. Am I?

John: Yes.

Caroline: Then there’s your reason for staying on.

John: Oh, no. Not good enough. Far from being good enough. I left the best horse I ever had in England. With regret but I left it.

Caroline: Will you leave me — with regret?

John: Of course.

Caroline: But you’ll leave?
John: I shall.
(Caroline breaks from him across the room)
Don't go.

Caroline: Well, now. You may go it seems yet I must stay.
Very well. I haven't the cruelty needed to leave you after what we've been through together.

John: Put like that it sounds an ordeal.


John: Stop answering your own questions and listen to me. I'm an innocent traveller - I mean I'm travelling in an innocent way. I break my journey. Now then - you say I didn't know you'd be here.
That's true. But - Caroline - the maid who brought us coffee this morning - you were asleep - she wasn't you, certainly, but she had - ah, well, the sun was already high. But y' see what I mean. She wouldn't have kept me so why should you? Tell me, squirrel, the ever so special reason why I should stay with you and not go North with Basilics.

Caroline: Stay with me and you can stay alive with honour.

John: The word honour should never pass a woman's lips except in its narrowest and most personal sense. You've made a monstrous suggestion. If I don't lead this revolt and stay with you everyone will applaud my courage in exchanging the perils of revolution for the horrors of marriage. Is that what you mean?

Caroline: I've never spoken of marriage.

John: You will.

Caroline: Have you ever been in love?

John: When I was fifteen. She was -

Caroline: I don't want to know. What about the others?

John: I've travelled a great deal, you must remember.

Caroline: And of all your travelling companions I was the best. Yes? There! you've a dear face when you relax your mouth. To smile or to kiss - no.

(John does go briefly)
Will the man be here tonight to fetch you? I only ask because when you're home I'll be only the ticking of clocks, night and day, getting on in age and finding something to fill a blank page. I know that's what it will be - for I've always been very dependent on a person. Such as you. D'you know, I don't think you've ever met a person. To you the world's full of humanity - just men and women - never people. It's the same with everyone who wants to stir up trouble. Revolution is for men who can't love. You can. If you'll give yourself the chance.

John: I gave myself every chance in the past. You've read Sophie's book. I always presented myself well scrubbed and well dressed, sober and tactful for the preliminaries. If there was a husband I was good natured. The early stages were distinguished by punctuality and discretion. The mutual pact was sealed, on my part, with affection and no nonsense. Time, Caroline, and time again I was well on my way to being in love with a person. But there came the day - usually within three weeks - various hours - when - what was it? - my attention, perhaps, was distracted. I had to be alone or my identity was in danger of being swallowed up. I'd try to be polite in phrasing. "Will you please go away," I'd say. In itself it seems a simple thing to ask. They want. Always with a long backward look which was meant to pierce me. "Remorse, ah!" Then the letters would start coming. "Your cruelty to me last night - " Cruelty? A request: nothing more. Letters; unanswered. A telegram. "If offended in any way - " Offended? You delighted me: then I asked you to go away. At last, in person on the doorstep day and night voiled - in a carriage across the street when I went out. Once even disguised as a washerwoman to be met on the stairs. So it always ended one way. In flight. With the last letter quietly, desperately pursuing me over the many miles. Speaking after me: "By your silence it seems I have failed to please you. Now so far away I shall hope to be remembered as nothing more than a friend of whom in future times of trouble you may ask anything." That's what it seemed to say but it was always hard to be sure with the page scorched and blistered with tears. So into the tin box with it. And on. No, Caroline,
love can never stand up to the onslaughts of your sex. Never.

Caroline: And each time you ran away it led to the next and the next until in headlong flight you pass this way.

John: Reass. Yes. Good girl. Pass this way. (Sophie has returned up the hill on Cristos's arm. They come on to the terrace)

Sophie: Who's in there? Why don't you light the lamps? (Sophie and Cristos move from the terrace into the room. Caroline begins to light the lamps)

John: Back so soon? What was it like?

Sophie: Very disappointing. Even at my age I'd have thought a peasant wedding would be charmingly idyllic. That is nothing of the kind. How could it be when the man is obviously a blackguard and the girl quite distressingly ugly — and drunk.

Caroline: You'll have to look elsewhere for your romance, Sophie.

Sophie: I shall. Far beyond this house, for example. Cristos, I'd intended to ask you to go to my room and fetch one of my handkerchiefs to give to that poor girl down there but now I feel sure she'd only blow her great nose on it. Instead, will you go to the kitchen and find an old table-cloth to present with my compliments.

John: You are in a bad temper. (Cristos goes out)

Sophie: It's the first time I've walked down that hill. Very tiring.

John: It took a wedding to get you out and about.

Caroline: I suppose you insulted them. The wedding couple, I mean.

Sophie: Why should you suppose I'd do any such thing?

Caroline: Because you're always so damned rude to anyone
who disappoints you.

Sophie: It would have been difficult as everything I said had to be translated through Cristos. However, I can speak English and be understood by both of you.

(Caroline begins to go from the room)

Where are you going?

Caroline: Kitchen. Oil for that lamp.

Sophie: The lamp's all right.

Caroline: It won't be in a moment.

(she goes out)

Sophie: So you're staying on with us. I'm very sorry. The sight of you being brought down by Caroline during the last two days has been very painful. I'd hoped it was only a matter of soldier's comfort but it seems I have to watch your final humiliation. A tacit admission of love.

John: What are you talking about?

Sophie: Ah! my dear boy, to be caught by love is one thing; to give in to it is another.

John: You know, Sophie, you're becoming a very contradictory old lady.

Sophie: John!

John: You obviously see nothing odd in the fact that you should give your blessing to the lovers down the hill and immediately return to abuse Caroline and me - so much nearer to your heart - in the same situation.

Sophie: Then it is true. The night you arrived I saw the lamp in her irresponsible hand go bobbing towards your room. Even then I feared for your safety. Yet I believed you'd break free. We know, don't we, that there's little commitment made in the small hours. Dawn breaks most vows and the sun burns up all vows. This time, however - well, you've changed, as you say. You're older and you must at last come to rest in someone's bed. I was afraid it would be Caroline's and I was right it seems. For your daytime behaviour with her
John: I must remind you, it seems. In London you only knew of such things by letter and through conversation with me. Remember, Sophie, this is the first time you've actually seen the little lamp go bobbing down the corridor. This is no better and no worse than those times in the past. And no more dangerous. I'm not staying.

Sophie: You're not? Then why are you letting me say all this?

John: I like to hear you so concerned. You must still be very fond of me.

Sophie: It's not enough. A cloth. Give the girl a sum of money as well.

Cristos: Certainly. How much?

Sophie: All you have on you. Let Selwyn and Henry also contribute.

Cristos: Very well.

Sophie: I've been uncharitable. It's not the girl's fault she's so unpleasant. Come back at once, Cristos. I shall dictate a chapter at least tonight.

John: Did you know Henry wants to marry her?

Sophie: That's because he's been out here such a long time. Henry as the kind of man to whom marriage is less horrible than celibacy. Nothing will come of it.

John: What will happen to her? I'd like her to be happy. Someday.

Sophie: But not today. Not until you're far off. Let her be happy then.
John: How?
Sophie: You're very concerned.
John: Naturally.
Sophie: When are you expecting your friend?
Sophie: Tonight?
John: Perhaps. But about Caroline —
Caroline: Yes? (she has come from the darkness of the
 Masquerade)
Sophie: We were speaking of your future happiness, my child.
Caroline: Were you, darling? What about my present happiness?
Sophie: We thought it problematic or — (Caroline has taken John's arm)
— merely affected. But we can be generous and
admire you for putting a good face on your failure.
I suppose you must have some qualities, Caroline,
but I'm surprised that one of them should be to
know when you've lost.
Caroline: You come of a different — and older — generation
than John and I. We're made happy by smaller
things of less duration than ever you could be.
I suppose you were very beautiful when you were
young but I never look at you — knowing you as I
do — without thinking that you must've gone Yah-
Yah! gobble — and then sat back emotionally
stuffed and sleepy. (to John) Women eating. Do
you hate it?
John: Hate it.
Caroline: I'll starve. (to Sophie) But for me — well, when
I've been miserable a smile from a stranger has
come been enough. You don't understand that,
do you?
Sophie: When I was a girl no stranger would've dared smile
at me.
Caroline: Poor thing. So what I've known with John is very wonderful. It's not f'rever. But what is? Over if'both of us — tonight? — perhaps we'll see the morning. But I believe not. There, I've taken away your cause for triumph, Sophie. Sorry. You were all ready, I know, to rub my nose in the fact that this man was also leaving me.

John: Would you mind if I waited outside while this goes on?

Sophie: Not necessary. Please tell Cristos when he comes back that I'm in my room. I'd like you to knock on my door, John, for a moment before you go to shake my hand. That is if your friend should arrive in the middle of the night. At that time Caroline will undoubtedly be in a position to wish you a long farewell.

(Sophie goes from the room and up the stairs)

John: Let me look at you, Caroline. I'd have to know you longer before I could say you're serious.

Caroline: If ever there was a time for me to be serious this is it.

John: I thought you were just maddening Sophie.

Caroline: No. You've taught me what you failed to teach the others. But I don't want Basilios to turn up before morning even now. How will he come? How does a man go off to war these days? What am I to look for? A group of silent horsemen on the hill. Is that it?

John: Forgive me. I must at least try to die in action. After all that's happened it would be unbecoming for me to end in a bed.

Caroline: I understand perfectly. As a famous man you must finish up in glory.

John: I'd like to confound my obituaries as they stand written at the moment.

Caroline: You may come through the whole affair untouched. I hadn't thought of that.

John: I had. It'd be just my luck.
Caroline: Let's behave as if it wasn't happening - as if it wasn't that way at all. Come on. Here's an opportunity you've never known. Always before you'd be careful - wary - because a word might've meant being trapped. But there's no fear of committing yourself with me. You'll be gone by morning and there'll be no letters following after you, I promise.

John: I'm allowed to say honestly and without commitment that I love you.

Caroline: Yes, you're allowed to say that.

John: And having said it -

Caroline: You haven't.

John: I love you. Having said it I must at once get ready to go. I'm in an impossible situation.

Caroline: I know. (she holds out her arms) Take refuge. (John does so)

John: I think aloud and you hear my thoughts. What would it have been? An abject return to England to crave legal indulgence - to tell this story of ours in straight answers to leading questions. Your hair smells of wood smoke: why is that? Marriage and retirement to the country to give us leisure to begin to hate each other - your hands are stained with fruit - to hate each other for having dared to think we could make each other happy - quite bloodied over they are: see them - until the time would be when we'd only find true happiness in our hatred. I know: my mother and father were married. There'd be no one in the world interested enough in our private war to take sides and so we'd have children - your pulse racing: oh, dear, yes, it is - children equally divided to carry on the battle when we were too old and tired to care. You've tears in your eyes.

Caroline: I know, you fool! Stay with me.

John: What has it been? Discovery without the vulgar need to stake a claim. Mystery without fear of explanation. Silence without misunderstanding. You see, we haven't used up all our poetry on each other and been driven to counterfeit. Your
lies amuse me — your unhappiness concerns me — and your most idiotic mannerisms enchant me. Leave it so. Be thankful for the horsemen on the hill.

Caroline: Stay with me.

John: No.

(Caroline turns away and goes out on to the terrace leaving John alone in the room. Cristos has come up the hill and on to the terrace)

Cristos: As a man long since unmarried I'm always amazed at the savagery attendant upon the simple union of two people who are supposed to love each other. The families of the wedding party are engaged in a pitched battle. Someone made a comment on the bride's exact state of chastity, it seems. I'd not have thought it was a debatable point as she has two children with her who cried, Nanna, throughout the ceremony.

(he passes Caroline and enters the room)

John: Sophie asked me to say that she's in her room waiting to dictate.

Cristos: Thank you. Her memory at this time of day is too accurate for comfort.

John: Surely that's what you want.

Cristos: Accuracy about the past! Mr. Hogarth, you speak like a scholar.

John: Is there another value in reminiscence?

Cristos: Certainly. A record of what might have been.

John: In that case, where does the truth get to?

Cristos: Now, you speak, sir, as if the truth was a considerable detail. The book will only be read by the future.

John: Sophie's life in London then is a myth.

Cristos: It will be by the time we've got it on paper.

John: Until this moment I've looked on you as an historian.
Cristo: I'm sorry to have misled you. How do you see me now?

John: As an artist, you charlatan. I'm naturally concerned. I play a large part, I'm told, in your forthcoming work.

Cristo: You won't suffer, Mr. Hogarth. Where in the past your behaviour has seemed irresponsible I've taken care to provide a motive even at the expense of libelling others. Where your actions have appeared cruel or selfish the reader will find an excuse - even if it's in a footnote. In this work at least, sir, you will be represented beyond your wildest dreams.

John: Thank you so much.

(Cristo goes from the room and up the stairs as Caroline returns to the room from the terrace. She has poured two glasses of wine; she carries one to John and holds it out to him. He takes it)

What's this?

Caroline: You're going. Let's drink to it.

John: Not at all necessary.

Caroline: Now why should it embarrass you to have a woman see you as you see yourself? You act the part of the romantics and carry his accessories. Then you must darned well expect to be treated as such. You can't brood over your pistols and your past, your copy of Malory and your death in battle and have me see you as I see Henry. He's trying to make his way in the world. You're trying to make your way out of it.

John: Very well, darling. If it's going to help you through these last hours by all means take part in my imaginary costume drama. (he raises his glass) To the freedom of man! (he drinks)

Caroline: Oh, you did that beautifully! Anyone'd thought it was real. Let me try. (she raises her glass) To the freedom of man! (she drinks)

How was that?

John: Not at all bad. There was a note in your voice -
militantly feminine - disturbing - might cause alarm in the liberal ranks. Try again.

Caroline: No. (she takes the glass from John and with her own goes out on to the terrace. She throws the glasses far out where they crash on the hillside. She comes back into the room. She speaks)

That wine was poisonous.

John: Yes. It wasn't very nice.

Caroline: I meant I put poison in it. The wine you've just drunk. While we were fooling about. It was toxic.

John: What are you talking about?

Caroline: The wine, darling. I put poison in it.

John: Are you serious?

Caroline: You'd have to know me longer before you could say that so I'll tell you. Yes, I'm serious.

John: Caroline, pull yourself together!

Caroline: I'm all right.

John: And stop smiling!

Caroline: I'm happy.

John: You're mad!

Caroline: No, I'm not. The stuff was in my drink, too.

John: I'm not concerned with you at the moment.

Caroline: You must be. We were together in another way. We're together in this. That's right and proper. I'd not do anything for you alone. I love you.

John: So much?

Caroline: Oh, so much! Just before we went to sleep last night I asked, How can I make this last for ever? And you said, That's only tomorrow. And suddenly I knew it could be.
Caroline: Do they matter? Nothing to them. Walking on the hillside with Cristos one day I saw the purple berries. We'd been talking of the unhappiness of love – the impossibility of absolute oblivion. Then Cristos took a handful of the berries and told me that many people in this tragic country believed they held the secret. He threw them away but the day you came I'd happened to be out on the hillside and gathered more.

John: Just give me the facts. Nothing more. Salt and water. Disgusting.

Caroline: Do you mean the cook book facts? All right. Place whole in a pan. Cover with boiling water. Simmer on a wood fire. Drain. Keep to hand and when the horsemen on the hill approach use it.

John: A wood fire –

Caroline: --yes, it stays in my hair. With the stain on my hands.

John: I think you're lying.

Caroline: You'll know I'm not in about eight hours. When you fall asleep. Mild and leise.

John: Don't whisper romantic German nonsense to me!

Caroline: Why not? Let's show them, John. Let's show this whole damned century with its passion for steam engines and plotting in cellars that there were two people who were afraid to give themselves up to the oldest passion of all. The beauty and the sacrifices are all in the story books now. I want them as you do to be here in life. You must want it that way or you wouldn't have done the things you have and wanted to go off to the North in further search. Sophie called you the first twentieth century man. Live up to it.

John: Live up to it! Give me a chance.

Caroline: You'll live for ever in Sophie's book. As you really are. And I shall live with you in history as your last attachment. That makes me all at
once want to cry. It's very wonderful.

John: Splendid. Now listen to me, Caroline. I'm very, very angry with you. A naughty girl, that's what you've been.

Caroline: I thought you'd behave so finely about this and I'm sure Sophie'd expect it, too.

John: You mean I can't rush about the place screaming, murder.

Caroline: Well, you can but you're going to look silly and most unlike yourself if you make an uproar before Sophie and Henry and Daddie, and then kind-hell you've drunk is a little sour juice.

John: I'd certainly quite forfeit Sophie's respect. She'd probably start to write her bloody book again from the beginning.

Caroline: It's a difficult position. I'd be brave and keep quiet.

John: It's all a joke, isn't it, Caroline?

Caroline: Believe that if you want to. It won't do any harm. You've always looked on everything as a joke so why not this?

John: Oh, my God!

Caroline: Everyone thought you'd leave me. As Doysie left me. Won't they be surprised? It's all so simple, too. Why didn't the others think of it instead of writing you complaining letters?

John: They didn't think of it because they were decent respectable women.

Caroline: Poor things! They'll be so mad when they hear about us. So many morning papers to tell them on so many breakfast tables and so many tears of frustration falling in the porridge. God! I love you looking like that. Let's go upstairs. We've got eight hours or so.

John: Certainly not. You're indecent. You should occupy the eight hours —
Caroline: How?

John: I don't know. I don't know.

(hes walks out on to the terrace where he immediately comes face to face with Henry who has come up the hill)

Henry: Selwyn's got through to the inner chamber of the dig. He's still there. I've been sent up for some drawing things. He wants to make some sketches.

John: Has he found something interesting?

Henry: I think it must be. I've not been in yet. Why don't you go down? They've enlarged the entrance. You've only to lower your head.

John: Perhaps tomorrow.

Henry: Will you forgive me? I must think about my column for the Times.

John: Tell me, you're very fond of Caroline, aren't you?

Henry: I was hoping that matter wouldn't come up again. Do you think it's a fair question, Mr. Hogarth?

John: I think so. What do you know about her, that's the point?

Henry: She makes mistakes.

John: Such as?

Henry: Believing herself to be emotionally attached to unsuitable men.

John: I suppose you mean in love with me. Has she ever threatened you?

Henry: With violence? You can't mean that.

John: I do.

Henry: Never. She's always been most sympathetic.

John: She never been cruel to be kind.

Henry: There've been times when she's said or done something she's regretted later.
Act II : 25

John: Too late sometimes, I expect. She's mad.

Henry: Wild? I suppose she is. Yet we'd always forgive her wouldn't we? Soon after she came here and I suppose I was pestering her she played a joke on me.

John: A joke! Tell me all about it.

Henry: It was really nothing — although I might have been killed. We were out riding together. Caroline used to wear boy’s clothes for convenience. As an Englishman I was naturally interested in local habits and customs. On this ride we were going down a narrow defile near the coast when we came on a group of men. I wanted to speak to them and Caroline kindly offered to translate. I asked them various questions about their way of life. As I went on I saw the men’s attitude become surly and then threatening. I did the best I knew: I held out a sum of money to them. At that they set on me. They dragged me from my horse. Luckily they were unarmed and had only their fists. I called to Caroline to ride off which she did. I made my way back alone and very much the worse for wear.

John: Hired assassins, I suppose.

Henry: No, no. Cristos put the police on the case and a few days later they arrested two of the men. They both swore that Caroline had told them I was a wealthy Turk travelling the country buying up young girls — in this case their daughters — for immoral purposes. Caroline admitted that it was true. By innocent questions had been translated into demanding demands. Poor child, she cried a little when she asked me to forgive her foolishness.

John: Did you cry, too?

Henry: I found it very touching that she should have thought those Greeks to have a sense of humour. She quite expected them to join in the joke.

John: I'd like to speak to Cristos. Will you ask him to come down? He's with Sophie.
Caroline: Goodbye, Henry.

Henry: I mean when I've finished the article.

Caroline: Well, get on with it, my dear.

Henry: Of course.

(Henry goes into the room leaving John on the terrace and sees Caroline sitting alone smoking a cigarette)

Hello, you're there. Can't stop. Must go to my room. I've some hard thinking to do. They've found something down at the dig so I must start my last article. Then it'll be goodbye, Caroline.

Caroline: The juice of a few berries in a glass of wine can't have any effect.

John: There's something you insist on forgetting. I'm with you in this. We'll always be together now. That's not monstrous. It's not even selfish.

Caroline: You'd never have managed it - never. Things would have gone wrong and you'd have made a fool of yourself and it would have got into the papers and - well, it was a silly idea. I've stopped you putting a bad dream into disastrous practice. Yes, I've done some good.

John: Now I'm supposed to be grateful.
Caroline: You can be if you wish. (she shuts her eyes and waits to be kissed)

John: Did your husband drink? 

Caroline: Yes. I tried to cure him.

John: I was wondering why he left you. (Sophie has come down the stairs and into the room. She calls)

Sophie: John, are you there?

John: Yes. (he moves into the room leaving Caroline on the terrace)

Sophie: Why do you want to speak to Cristos?

John: To ask him about a local custom I've just encountered. A matter of hospitality.

Sophie: He's gone out. Left in quite a temper. About you.

John: Have I annoyed him?

Sophie: No. He was championing you. When he came to my room and picked up his pen I said, Now I shall begin to tell the truth about John Hogarth. He at once put down the pen and said, I'll not be a party to the destruction of a legend which the world will badly need in a few years. A destruction brought about, moreover, by your momentary pique. I answered him sharply. We were about to have a scene when he fortunately left the room. And the house.

John: Can he be found?

Sophie: I see no reason for it. I'm capable of writing in my own hand.

John: I meant for myself.

Sophie: It's very strange. I once described you as -

John: - the first twentieth century man. I know.

Sophie: Yet Cristos sees you as the true representative
of an age which is passing if not past. He thinks you'll be swallowed up by a world which is going to regret the action and then find its comfort in fairy stories about the man it's destroyed. That is your place in history according to Cristos. A kind of Saint Jack of the Beanstalk. Interesting, isn't it?

John: Very. But at the moment, Sophie, I'm unconcerned with my part in history and deeply interested in my part in the present. So tell me, why did Caroline's husband leave her?

Sophie: For none of the usual reasons. They say he was terrified of her. He became very strange towards the end. Did add his own cooking and kept his tooth powder in a wall safe in the bathroom.

John: Go on.

Sophie: Is there any more to be said?

John: Nothing, I suppose.

Sophie: Then let's change the subject.

John: Certainly. How do you think I'll face up to the enemy?

Sophie: In the past you've made your own enemies and been very careful in doing so. You were wise. Friends don't matter but it's very necessary to have the right enemies one can face with dignity and restraint.

John: I'm speaking of physical danger.

Sophie: Oh, that. Well, I hope you won't make a fool of yourself.

John: You feel I should pass into history silent and uncomplaining.

Sophie: Of course. You're keeping me in suspense as to what the final chapter of my book is going to be but under no circumstances can I allow it to be a farce. That's Henry's part.

John: The wealthy Turk.
Sophie: Ah! such a disgraceful incident. Lacerated and bruised mercifully beyond recognition for several days. She knew what she was doing. He might have been killed. And the fool still believes it was a joke.

John: The fool!

Selwyn: Success!

Sophie: What have you found?

Selwyn: The most astonishing state of preservation.

Sophie: Of what?

Selwyn: An inner room - sixteen feet square or so. Hogarth, my dear fellow, we spoke of a place of worship, remember? - dedicated, we said. It's that all right. A bas-relief runs round the four walls from floor to ceiling.

Sophie: What does it represent?

Selwyn: Ostensibly man and woman's progress from the cradle to the grave with overwhelming emphasis on a certain aspect.

Sophie: Come, Selwyn. Be brief: be lucid.

Selwyn: A strange experience. I climbed down into the darkness. The little idiot man already there had gone to sleep surrounded by his burnt out candles. The lamps were handed through to me and in their dancing light the still figures on the wall seemed to be animate. For two thousand years they'd remained until I brought them the light which set them performing again their endless love rites. A great moment. To
hear a poem of Anacreon spoken by a voice of the time. The young sun-hot bodies rejoiced by the
freshly poured wine and performing the most
natural dance forever to the silent music.

Sophie: Selwyn, my dear. Selwyn, pay attention. I somehow feel this is not the correct academic
attitude towards what seems to be an important
archaeological find.

Selwyn: There was an overwhelming impression of youth.
Even at that depth the place is warmed by the
heat of the sun and there seems to remain an
echo of a cry — ah! — and of laughter. The
last deep silence. That is echoed, too, in the
inspired graffiti. By God, I'd no idea what I
was looking for. Remember the little figure I
showed you, Hogarth? Significant attitude, we
said, but it meant little. By dear fellow, we
were holding the poor creature upside down.
Forgive me but you look quite shaken.

John: It's surprising, Selwyn, that you should come all
this way and spend all this time and then be
pleased to verify a fact of human behaviour which
could be observed at ease by visiting any one of
a dozen houses in London.

Selwyn: I'm not an anthropologist. I know why you're
upset. You left London to free yourself only
to come so far and find material proof that the
formal pattern of behaviour you wanted to escape
was fully developed perhaps beyond your experience
over two thousand years ago.

John: I've never thought I invented such goings-on.

Selwyn: Distressing, all the same. Now, where's that fool
Bavis? I sent him up for a drawing board. I must
get some of this down on paper for the people in
Berlin. By word, the Bloomsbury crowd are going
to be mad when they hear about this.

(he has reached the foot of the stairs.
No calls:)

Devis, come down! Come down at once, man!

(Selwyn returns to the room and speaks
to John)

I must set him to work on this article for The
Times. A detailed and poetic account is what's
needed. Something that'll carry a breath of
fresh air into a hundred reading rooms. I'm sure the boy can do it if he puts his mind to it.

Sophie: He'll do his best for he's relying on this final article to bring him fame.

Selwyn: Why don't you go down, my dear? You'll find it interesting.

Sophie: Not tonight. I'm afraid of the path in the dark.

Selwyn: What about you, Hogarth?

John: I'll go tomorrow.

Selwyn: Caroline couldn't wait so long. From the way she ran down the hill you'd have thought there was to be no tomorrow for her.

John: What's that? She's gone?

Selwyn: Like a bird.

John: Selwyn, could you spare me a moment on another matter?

Selwyn: Certainly. What is it?

John: Your family.

Selwyn: What about it?

John: Any insanity?

Selwyn: Hogarth, my excitement and enthusiasm are only natural to a man who's been working in the dark for eighteen months.

John: I don't mean you. Have you - oh, really, this is very delicate - have you observed Caroline recently?

Selwyn: In passing. Is her behaviour eccentric? The girl's been unhappy in the past but I don't think there's cause to fear for her mind. You mustn't worry that she'll do herself harm.

John: What about others?

Selwyn: She very much resembles her mother; more likely to kill with kindness.
John: Thank you, Selwyn.

Selwyn: Anything more I can tell you?

John: Nothing.

Selwyn: There you are. What have you been doing?

Henry: Sharpening the pencils.

Selwyn: Look to your wits. I want a masterpiece of description from you.

Henry: Shall we go down?

Selwyn: At once.

(Sharlyn and Henry go from the room, cross the terrace, and begin the descent of the hill)

Sophie: John, pièce touchée, pièce jouée.

John: What do you mean?

Sophie: You know very well. Did you really think the game with her could be ended by knocking over the board?

John: She's coming back. (he is standing at the window looking down the hill)

Sophie: When you first came here you wagged your head and talked of my marriage to Selwyn. You made use of your gravest indictment: you said I'd become a woman. Oh, Sophie! Now we have the problem. What am I to gather from your present behaviour? That you've become a man? Oh, John!

John: She speaks to her father, kisses him. Claps Henry on the shoulder in a comradely way. And laughs. Laughs!

Sophie: Why not? She obviously has you, for one, at a disadvantage. No, no, John, this lack of decision won't do at all. You tell me that you're not staying yet every word – all those questions! – indicate that you've given up hope of going.
Now, come along. What's it to be?

John: She's very beautiful - carelessly so - as she walks - her head back - sure footed - sure of herself - sure of me - oh, God!

Sophie: The game's up, is it? Then let's have the post-mortem. (Caroline comes on to the terrace from below. John stays at the window between the two women: Caroline on the terrace and Sophie in the room)

Caroline: Come out here. The ground under my feet is still warm from the sun.

John: Your father's just told me that you'd not harm anyone.

Caroline: I wish I could put you out of your misery.

John: Haven't you?

Caroline: I mean by making you understand that it's not a joke.

John: You're beginning to regret it.

Caroline: Only when I look directly at you. Look away - like this - to the country and the naked hill waiting for the horsemen - then I don't regret it for a moment. Have you told the old lady?

John: She knows nothing.

Sophie: The old lady knows nothing.

Caroline: Tell her what's happened. See if you get any sympathy. Go on, have a moment of panic.

John: In front of Sophie? Unthinkable.

Sophie: Why don't you walk down and confide in the men, John?

John: Henry Bevis? I don't think so. Did you see the exavation, Caroline?

Caroline: Yes. Nothing more than a little dark forgotten hole in the ground. I looked at it closely. The
Sophie: Sophie, earlier this evening in a moment of nineteenth century romantic ardour Caroline put poison in my wine.

John: Better take advantage of it. Poison?

Sophie: Oh, you silly girl!

John: That somehow seems inadequate.

Sophie: Yet it makes a much better ending.

John: To what?


John: Sophie, I love you but —

Sophie: And I love you, John. You're looking quite upset.

John: Is that foolish of me?

Sophie: It's surprising. I don't understand. I mean, you come out here with the idea of ending your life on some sordid battlefield among complete strangers. You know how I felt about that. I thought it unwise. But this, John — this fits. Yes, I feel it's much the best way considering your early life. It has a tidiness which is most appealing.

John: I'm glad you're pleased.

Sophie: Not pleased, exactly. But there's a feeling of satisfaction.

John: Good. Caroline took the stuff as well.
Sophie: That's not important. She'll hardly be mentioned.

(Caroline comes quickly into the room)

Caroline: Now, look here, Sophie, you've been pretty filthy to me but that's the dirtiest trick yet. I'm going to be in that book!

Sophie: I'll do my best to cram you into an appendix.

Caroline: I want the whole story. Nothing less. And I want a portrait. The Sargent, I think. Done when I was sixteen. Don't you dare monkey about with the facts. I loved him more than anyone.

Sophie: No, no, Caroline. Your agitated personality would ruin the dying fall of the last chapter. You must be muted.

Caroline: I won't be muted!

Sophie: Well, at least, dear, don't shout.

John: May I just speak?

(the two women attend him. There is a long silence)

CURTAIN
Draft "G" Act Two - Marginalia

216. "XA" appears above the line.

257. "XB" appears below the line.

330. "XA" appears above the line.

456. "XB" appears and is circled.
Draft "G" Act Three - Emendations

61. ...for ("The" emends "the") Daily....

274. ...I should ("'ve" is deleted) remembered...
    "have" is inserted above the line.

385. ("prediliction" emends "predeliction") for....

392. ...it would ("'ve" is deleted; caret) helped...
    "have" is inserted above the line.

444. side. ("You know how" is deleted) frightening
    ("it is" is deleted) when...
    "It's" is inserted above the first deletion.

497. arrangement it ("'d" is deleted; caret) be...
    "would" is inserted above the line.

575. ...so busy being...
    "y" in "busy" is inserted over [****].

598. Of course....
    A vertical line separates "Of" and "course".

678. ...came ("except" is inserted over [****]) my...

693-4. ...time: the (obliteration) men...side. But...
    "the...side." is in parentheses.

694. ...a ("time" is deleted) is
    "day" is inserted above the line.
"bed" is inserted after "the".

"cablegram" emends "cabelgram"
Act
Three
Act Three

(The scene is John Hogarth's bedroom. The time is later the same night.

The room is almost entirely occupied by a bed which in Byzantine in size and splendour. At the four corners cilded columns vault skedally to the great canopy above. All around hang damask curtains of extreme weight. There is a light burning directly over the bed beneath the canopy. The rest of the room is barely furnished by one chair and a small dressing table. John's box is even in a corner; his possessions are spilling out giving the impression of flight suddenly abandoned.

There is one door to the room and one window.

John is lying on the bed. He is in a state of undress being only in his shirt and trousers.

There is a knock on the door)

John: Go away! (Henry comes into the room)

Henry: May I come in?

John: What do you want?
Henry: Your advice. How are you feeling? Caroline told me that you've taken something which disagreed with you.

John: Yes. I'm in no state to give advice on any subject.

Henry: That's a pity. It's really help I need. I'm very worried.

John: I've something on my mind, Bevis, as well as on my stomach and I'd like to be alone.

Henry: You want me to go away. You mustn't worry. Problems seem so frightening at this time of night. So often they're solved by morning. That's been my experience. But after the sun's down what can you do? I've been walking about the hillside trying to get my mind in order.

John: Have you managed that?

Henry: No. You see, I've been in the dig with Selwyn.

John: Instructive, I'm told.

Henry: Mr. Hogarth, what on earth am I going to say?

John: Say?

Henry: About Selwyn's discovery. For The Times.

John: I don't know.

Henry: That's my problem. Shall we deal with it first and then come to you? From the moment I met you I felt there was a sympathetic understanding between us and that this situation might well come up. When we could be of help to each other.

John: What do you want me to do? I've not seen the place.

Henry: Well, look at these. They're rough sketches made by Selwyn of the images in the place.

John: (he unrolls a bundle of drawings and gives them to John) You see my difficulty.

John: Yes. (he laughs) I see your difficulty. Having to describe these golden children.
Henry: For The Times.
John: You should work for The Daily Mail.
Henry: What line do you think I should take?
John: Ignore them.
Henry: That's bad journalism.
John: What else is there in the hole?
Henry: Nothing. It's all really too bad! I've waited for this discovery to give me material for my last article and now look what turns up. If I don't make a success of it I can see myself being stuck in this wretched country for the rest of my life. I've been walking about at my wits' end.

John: Why didn't you go to Sophie? She'd concoct something in a moment.
Henry: I can't go to her with these.
John: I don't know what to say. You'd best give a straightforward description, I'd think.
Henry: It'll read like a book of anatomy.
John: What more do you want?
Henry: A way to approach the subject. Suitable for The Times. Informative, of course.

John: Athens: Monday. (Have you a pencil?) The expedition led by Colonel S.F. Faramond (well, come on, man: take it down!) today reached an inner chamber of the excavation. (Shorthand, eh?) The work of eighteen months, as observed by Your Correspondent, (that's you) has been successful. The find will disappoint many who had hoped for some revelation of the Periclean age but will be of interest to those who have never before had any sympathy for archaeological science. (Stop sucking the pencil, Henry. Get it down. Here we go!)
This place - (have you a picture of your ideal reader? I have) - a room stamped down by time under the earth holds, sir, your youth. This place, dedicated to the sparrow and the swan, the rose, the poppy and the lime tree, sacred
to Aphrodite, keeps safe the dark girl, the gay brave one in the language of the time, who loved you (so she said) most. Your Correspondent has no wish to use these columns for confession or reminiscence but, yes, she was known to him. For she was born for many of us among the raspberry bushes on a hot afternoon in the garden when the younger children laughed and played but you and I, sir, older, (at least fourteen) silent, horribly wiser stayed out of sight: (I speak personally, Henry. You were probably curled up in a theatrical basket) born in your favored head on that torrid day with the sun falling out of the sky. She stayed with you growing in beauty and experience as your imagination and longing swept you into manhood.

(Were you swept into manhood, Henry? I was. It entailed swimming the length of an ornamental lake at four o'clock in the morning, You're right. Another story) She was so nearly met. There was always the chance of absolute discovery in so many encounters. And yet. And yet. Where was she? The dark girl with the wit of the sparrow, the viciousness of the swan, the arrogance of the rose, the vulgarity of the poppy and the contentment of the lime tree. Then it was no longer a question of where she was. She was with you until you lost your ambition. Yes, sir, age is responsible for too much. That's agreed. It's responsible, you'll remember, for the loneliness which made you make do with that angel in tweeds across the breakfast table. She's kind to dogs. At the moment she's patting a flat head and believes you to be reading the financial page. Soon she'll go from the room and pat you on the head as she passes. If you're lucky.

Your Correspondent wishes to send a message of hope to the unloved.

The dark girl, the ideal born in the garden, has been protected after all. Here, sir, are your boyish scrubbings on the wall, the formal patterns of desire scratched on the end papers of your Liddell and Scott, the undergraduate poems and the solitary drinking of your thirsts all translated to beauty and (God help us, Henry! Look here) truth. (I'd no idea Selwyn could draw so well. See that with the hands—so) How foolish you were, dear reader of The Times, to think she was lost. She was here in every way. Playing the games, laughing, lying, acting all the scenes and being a woman. She was in this place. Waiting.
So put the dogs in kennels and send the angel in tweeds to the committee meeting.

Trains leave daily. From Tunbridge Wells and Leamington Spa, from Cheltenham and all university cities, from Baden, Monte Carlo, Venice, Aix, Calais and all places of loveless exile. Bags can be packed. The pilgrimage can begin.

Yet wait! Before you blow the dust from your Gladstone. With the message of hope must come a warning.

Ah! sir, in two thousand years she has not aged. Her bed is still a jousting ground; yours is now a place of rest. Her way of adoration has not become a goodnight kiss pecked into the forehead. There are other differences too painful for this journal to print.

Wait!

The breath you used to blow the dust from your travelling bags has left you giddy and confused. Let the train go. That whistle is the signal for departure not an impertinence. She is for another now. That's the way to look at it.

Yet the scene is unchanging for -
You remember how she -
There was a day when -
Your enfranchised hand could tell -
But not I.

Words have failed Your Correspondent.

Turn to Page Six for reproductions of the find in detail.

Henry: No, no! (there is a knock on the door)

John: Nobody here! (Cristos comes into the room)

Hullo. I thought it might be - well, almost anyone else in this damned house.

Cristos: I've only just come in. The place seemed deserted. I felt you must have gone. What are you doing?

John: Henry's article for The Times.

Henry: Hogarth, when I'm asked for my help I treat the situation seriously. That is, I've always done so until now. I don't know what your particular problem is but if you told me you were in the most horrible dilemma known to man I think I'd
laugh. Laugh in your face! (Henry goes out of the room)

Cristos: What have you done to upset him?

John: What are we always doing to upset people? You've had a difference of opinion with Sophie, I understand.

Cristos: I wouldn't take down the dictation she was giving about you. She meant to rewrite certain passages in the light of her present knowledge.

John: You think that's cheating.

Cristos: Oh, the whole thing's a swindle. It depends on who's to be the victim. I don't want it to be you.

John: Why should you try to defend my reputation?

Cristos: Forgive me. I'm not. I'm trying to save my own creation.

John: How does it come to be your creation when Sophie dictates?

Cristos: I'm making the book from her notes, certainly. You might say that I'm creating a work of fiction from certain established facts.

John: Why doesn't Sophie protest?

Cristos: She'd only do that, I think, if she took the trouble to read it. She's not done so yet.

John: At the moment she's in her room writing herself.

Cristos: I'm sure she's not. She's tried to write in her own hand before but she's too lazy. Half a line, perhaps. Nothing more. That won't scratch the surface of my central figure.

John: I see. So whatever happens to me can't really affect your legend.

Cristos: No. I'll have to observe the practical details, of course. I'm hoping that from the time Basilios arrives you'll begin to live up to the book. That'll make my work much easier. I've always preferred the truth.
John:  I'd like to help you in that. But I can't. I can only give you the facts and hope that your imagination can translate them to something worthy of your early chapters. I don't think it's possible. For the one end you can't have foreseen is domestic tragedy.

Cristos:  Not marriage!

John:  No, no. Not that. Sometime ago you were walking with Caroline. You were talking of the unhappiness of love.

Cristos:  We've done that many times.

John:  But on this occasion you pointed out a solution. The purple berries growing on the hillside.

Cristos:  As a joke I believe I said —

John:  Many people in this tragic country believe those to be the answer. Am I right?

Cristos:  Something like that.

John:  You've been taken at your word. Caroline distilled some of those berries this evening and put the stuff in my wine. And in hers.

Cristos:  Oh, my God!

John:  So it seems as if the story will end here.

Cristos:  You can't let that happen.

John:  Surely it's out of my hands.

Cristos:  Keep away from her.

John:  I am. Too late.

Cristos:  Your mind must be elevated. Make an effort.

John:  There's no point. She says it takes effect in eight hours.

Cristos:  Less than that.

John:  Less? Then I'm dying before your eyes. Hadn't you better make notes?
Cristos: Dying, Mr. Hogarth?

John: Yes. From the effect of the poison. Don't distress yourself. I'm calm. What's that funny little noise you're making? Are you laughing?

Cristos: Yes.

John: Well, stop it at once!

Cristos: I said to Caroline when she spoke of love, Those - the berries - are believed by many to be the answer. Obviously our minds were not in accord.

John: Meaning?

Cristos: The effect is mild. Romantic fiction calls it a love potion.

John: An aphrodisiac. (he looks at the drawings which he holds and then throws them out of the window)

Cristos: That's what I meant. I should've remembered that Caroline's apt to see everything in terms of mortality. She thought it was poison. Oh dear, I must tell the poor child at once.

John: No! I'll do that. Later.

Cristos: Be gentle. An unexpected return to life can be disturbing.

John: Yes. Yes, I'm understanding that at the moment. Here's the damned thing on my hands again. What do I do with it? Finish packing. (Sophie comes into the room)

Sophie: I thought it would do you no harm at all to have to think on a serious subject for a while. Especially after your frivolous behaviour of the past two days. But I've relented and come to tell you. The wine Caroline gave you was harmless: it has no effect which a day's forced march won't cure.

Cristos: Mr. Hogarth has already confided in me and I've put him right on that point.

Sophie: Have you, indeed? You're extending your meddling
activities beyond his written life now.

John: You knew all the time, Sophie.

Sophie: Yes, my dear. The cock has a most comprehensive recipe book. I knew the moment you spoke of the berries from the hill.

John: That's why you called Caroline, A silly girl.

Sophie: Well, so she is. The place is overgrown with dangerous herbs which would have polished you off in an instant. But she chose that.

John: Have you thought that it might have been intentional? That she knew what she was doing and lied to me.

Sophie: I don't think that's so.

John: I'd like to believe she meant it.

Sophie: Why?

John: Because I'm in love with her.

Sophie: You mean you'd like to believe she meant no harm.

John: No, no. I'd like to believe she tried to kill me. It shows a degree of attachment I've never known before.

Sophie: Surely there've been several who tried to kill themselves.

John: Oh, yes, several. But only themselves. That was mere selfishness.

Sophie: Then the news that you are what everyone else would call all right is not very welcome.

John: Not at all welcome. It makes flight imperative.

Cristos: Ah! you’re an Englishman. How shall I ever get you truly down on paper for posterity to marvel at?

Sophie: You are now writing my book.

Cristos: My dear Sophie, read it.

Sophie: That's what I've been doing for the last two hours.
I wasn't able to concentrate myself so I picked up the manuscript.

Cristos: Well?

Sophie: You've done a good job of transcription. Nothing more.

Cristos: You think the John Hogarth in that book is the man you've been remembering aloud to me?

Sophie: Of course. What else? Do you mean I don't know what I've been talking about?

Cristos: If you think the man in the book and the man you told me about are the same then yes, I do. (Cristos goes out of the room)

Sophie: Don't let me stop you from going on with your packing. I take it you're not waiting for Basilios.

John: No, I must get out of here. It's a very dangerous situation.

Sophie: It is if you've fallen in love with the girl. I was afraid it would happen but you seemed so sure.

John: I can't go until morning. There's no way of transport.

Sophie: Selwyn's been using some mules. You might take one of those.

John: But only in daylight. What's the time?

Sophie: A little past midnight.

John: Only one person can save me now, Basilios. Why doesn't he come? To be under way through the night rolled in a blanket with the smell of the road dust and weapon oil for company could save me. If he's not here by morning I shall go to meet him.

Sophie: I think perhaps that's best. You know I'm not in favour of this insurrection but I can see it's the only way out now.

John: I haven't lost my taste for it. Don't think that. It's not a mere expedient. My affections may now
be here in this place but - how can I say this to you? - my duty and my honour are under the open sky in the North.

Sophie: Did you hanker after all that during the years in London?

John: I think I must've done.

Sophie: You gave no sign of it.

John: No, because I couldn't have told you what it was I wanted then. It wasn't until I met Basilius that I knew.

Sophie: Your behaviour now explains something that I couldn't understand in those days. The way you lived then seemed a complete contradiction to the mixture of American and Scots blood in you. But now when you stop to weigh your affections against your honour and duty I hear the Scot: and when you persist in the quixotic behaviour with Basilius to which you're committed by a casual word then I hear the Yankee.

John: You can go further. Belonging to that eternal minority group, the Scots, by birth gives me sympathy with the underdog everywhere: belonging to America gives me the desire to take the world under my wing. There you have the reason for my predilection for revolution.

Sophie: Ah! if you'd been an Englishman by birth this would never have happened. There's not much to be said for us but we do face up to our disreputab-ility. To glory in being the most detested nation in the world shows some kind of courage. We must be admired for that if nothing else.

John: Yes, if I'd been English it would've helped. But the American in me wants to be loved and the Scot in me wants to be safe and so we have this ever-lasting and headlong flight. (Caroline has come into the room)

Caroline: You've always known what you've been running away from but have you ever before paused to think what it is you're running towards? No, for I'm the first person to check you.
Sophie: You want him to think about it now.

Caroline: Why not? There's the rest of the night.

Sophie: John, a few minutes ago you spoke of your duty. I know mine. At the moment very well. It is to stay here and not leave you alone with this girl. But I can't do it. Perhaps I'm weak but to one of my age the sight of you together is most hurtful. No, Caroline! Try once to keep your mouth shut. It's a hurt caused by my vanity and envy, I suppose. You must forgive me if I leave you to your own resources. I can, of course, send someone up in my place. Selwyn is still at the dig and Cristos is sulking. But there's Henry. I could send Henry to you.

John: No.

Sophie: Then try, John, try to be all Scot.

Caroline: I found these lying on the terrace.

John: It is not. They're your father's drawings of the figures in the dig.

Caroline: I thought you might have been remembering past triumphs.

John: Caroline, why did you do it?

Caroline: Put the stuff in the wine?

John: Yes.

Caroline: Because I know I can't weather another storm.

John: Another?

Caroline: There'd have been someone else, darling, somewhere, sometime, after you. You'd have gone and — well, so you'd have gone and whatever I'd pretended I'd have been in clear calm water again with no excuse in the world for not sailing on. Yes, I'd have been on my way again smartly answering the helm when — look! it's nothing but a cloud. The sky's full of them. Natural things like men. What's to
Act III: 13

be afraid of? That bloody little cloud's to be afraid of. And once again I'm trying to get through
the deep waters. Exciting? Yes, it's exciting enough trying to steer a course. But there's panic aboard and Reason, the only unpaying passenger I have, is the first to go over the side. How-horrible frightening it was when you can't see the sky and there's no landmark in your past to go by. All swept away, they are. The tempest blows itself out. Nothing lasts for ever not even bad weather. Some dawn or other it clears and you find yourself a long way out. You're safe. But you're drifting. And you're alone. Reason, the poor soaked fool, humble and ashamed, is fished out, hauled aboard, restored to its seat and at once starts giving advice. You take it and paddle on. This time I wanted to go down with all hands. And with you.

John: It's not going to happen.

Caroline: Oh, yes, it is.

John: No, you made a mistake. The berries are harmless.

Caroline: But Cristos said -

John: You misunderstood. The stuff has a certain effect.

Caroline: What effect?

John: Well, shall we say it strikes at a more private part than the immortal soul.

Caroline: I didn't know.

John: Are you sure?

Caroline: Of course I'm sure.

John: I'm glad.

Caroline: You're glad I thought we'd both be finished?

John: Yes. No one's ever balanced my life so precisely with their own before.

Caroline: My God! You love me, don't you?

John: Very much.
Caroline: Wait a minute. Have you forgotten? There's going to be a tomorrow after all. Can you say it knowing that?

John: Yes.

Caroline: But, John, it's going to be for quite a while. Now say it.

John: A man takes leave of a woman he's loved and an art he's practised in much the same spirit. He loves but he goes. That's what I'm doing now. Both are taken up in a moment of abandon which may occur in the best ordered life. It's difficult to believe that you who occupy little space as a person and the trivial act of writing a poem could in time wound out the many necessary and amusing ways of living. But it's common knowledge that such is the case. Yet too many men end up as husbands or artists. Sometimes even the ultimate subjection: both.

Caroline: So I'm wrong again. It's not to be for quite a while. What's the matter with marriage?

John: I don't know. Ask Boysie.

Caroline: He at least tried to make it work. You've never done that.

John: I could make it work perfectly well. But as an arrangement it's an impossible demand on the genius of the woman.

Caroline: Will you marry me, please? So forget Sophie. Go on. Be all Yankee. Will you?

John: If you can delay your answer for a moment, John, there's some business you should attend to. (she turns to the door) Will you come in, please. I found this gentleman waiting below.

Sophie: If you can delay your answer for a moment, John, there's some business you should attend to. (she turns to the door) Will you come in, please. I found this gentleman waiting below.

Caroline: Sophie has come into the room.

Sophie: Prince Basildos comes into the room. He carries a large black iron bicycle.

Caroline: Hogarth, my dear child! (he casts aside the bicycle and embraces John)

John: I'm very pleased to see you, sir. Did you have a
Act III: 15

good journey?

Basilios: No, we feared an ambush of our person.

John: How has your machine brought you all the way?

Basilios: No, no. We came by train. Our machine was brought nearby for the emergency.

John: You must tell me about that. First, may I present to Your Highness Mrs. Faramond and Mrs. Traherne.

Basilios: We are made happy, Mrs. Traherne. The beautiful Sophie engaged our attention and our affection below.

John: Did she, indeed?

Basilios: You, Mrs. Traherne, are beloved of our great Archistragos?

Caroline: I hope to be if you mean John.

Basilios: Bring him comfort, Madam. Prepare your breasts for his tears. God sent us such little animals for our sorrow. Where shall I find comfort? It is a question which must be settled later.

Sophie: Infected with John's enthusiasm we've all waited your coming with impatience, Prince Basilios. When does the revolution begin?

Basilios: We are disturbed. Shocked to hear such a word come from the mouth of a woman.

Sophie: You mean our sex should concern itself only with the status quo ante.

Basilios: If you please. When all seems to be lost the world may yet find its salvation in the conservatism of the great regiment of women.

Sophie: That sounds strange coming from a famous revolutionary. I must say that remembering your charming conversation and manner downstairs I find it difficult to see you leading a mob of peasants to storm a palace.

Basilios: Hogarth, I think, has the same feeling about a beautiful woman touched by the mud and blood of
politics. He's told you nothing. Have you, my dear?

John: Very little.

Basilios: So it seems. Do not think so ill of us, Sophie. We do not rise at the head of the people. They have many leaders. No, my darling simpleton. The revolt is to restore the impoverished and unhappy aristocracy of my country. We are a few brothers bound by a belief in a former way of life. When so many today look forward we look back. But such things must not — no, never! — concern you. Now, sho-choo, little ones! Hogarth and I must talk in secret. So, sho-choo! to your prattle and gossip, your novels and embroidery frames. Sho-choo!

Caroline: I think he wants us to go.

Sophie: For the first time in my life, Caroline, I feel you're on my side against something.

(Sophia and Caroline go out of the room)

Basilios: No cause to give way to despair before them.

John: You've come with bad news.

Basilios: You see it in my face. Yes, my beloved boy, there is bad news.

John: May I be told?

Basilios: I left London when I had converted your cheque into gold. There was too much to carry about my person and so I stored it in a number of boxes. I hired two Germans for my bodyguard. Always, my dear boy, employ that nation for such a purpose. They're so busy being dishonest about other things that they can always be trusted with money.

John: Yet you were robbed.

Basilios: Wait! We made the journey across Europe safely. We arrived in my country. At once I called a meeting of the Committee. I spoke to them. I told them of your promises. Many wept. I told them of your donation and the hundred thousand golden pounds were brought in. They were silent. Each man with his own thoughts.

John: This is very moving. Please go on.
Basilios: The Archbishop spoke first. Where, he wanted to know, was the money to be kept? He at once suggested the cathedral. I countered this. It was to be kept, I said, under my bed. Hogarth, my dear, I will not even let my bicycle out of my sight in this country. On my way here I stopped by the roadside to perform a natural function. A matter of a moment but when I returned the machine had been stripped of its pneumatic tyres as you see.

John: So the money found its way under your bed. Preparatory, I hope, to its original purpose of paying soldiers for the revolt.

Basilios: Of course. Yet no sooner was it beneath the bed than I began to receive petitioners. All my old friends. The Archbishop came to ask for a new roof on the cathedral, an aged general wanted new colours for a long disbanded regiment and my brother needed money for his gambling debts.

John: I hope you reminded them of the true purpose of the funds.

Basilios: I did, my son. All of them. Except one.

John: A woman.

Basilios: So beautiful. So unlike the others. Modest, she came with no demands but with a proposition. Not for love of politics. For love of me. Precise and smiling she proposed that your money should be spent on a great reception. She told me it was the English way. It is known as charity. Admission would be charged. Your money would be doubled. The Committee of Freedom could sweep to victory. The idea was mad, yes! But I loved her, Hogarth! I listened to her talk but I didn’t hear what she said. Before I could bring myself to my senses I found the grounds of my house to be transformed. All had become the setting for an English garden party. Marquess had arrived from the Army and Navy Stores, cakes were sent from Bussards, a military band was playing Lohar and my darling was in white organdy with English roses on her arm. I wept, my dear Hogarth. I wept for unutterable joy. The affair cost a fortune.

John: Yes. Yet it was not a success.

Basilios: No one came except my beloved. We walked the gardens
in silence and happiness until the sun went down
and the Chinese lanterns were lit. The river
pageant moved past in splendour for my lady. My
God! Hogarth, never have I loved in such a way.
Her face was lit with excitement as the firework
display was set off. Later in the ballroom we
danced for the first and last time. The thousand
empty drinking glasses rang a lament for the
guests who had never come. But for us the fiddles
sang — and sang until their voices were faint to
us through the empty corridors of the house which
led us dancing to our further sport. When I took
her in my arms the diamonds fell from her hair,
her throat and wonder from her fell down the gown.
At that moment, unknown to me, the mob led by the
Committee of Freedom — the Archbishop, the general
and my brother — had stormed through the gates of
the house. Well known to me, alas, was the fact
that the box beneath the bed on which we played
held no more than fifty golden pounds.

John: Just enough to pay your fare here and buy a bicycle.

Basilios: Immediate flight was necessary the moment they
broke down the door. Treachery at cock-crow,
Hogarth. It was dawn as I went on foot over the
hills to the South. They may still be at my heels.
That's why I bought the machine.

You're angry with me, my son.

John: No. What happened to the lady?

Basilios: Being Russian she pleaded diplomatic immunity. She
was kneeling before the Archbishop as I left. Don't
be angry with an old man, Hogarth.

John: Was she beautiful and were you truly happy?

Basilios: She was beautiful, yes, and for the last time I
was truly happy. The last time. For with her hands
she closed the gates of love behind me.

John: I wanted to be sure the money wasn't wasted, that's
all.

Basilios: Don't forgive me, Hogarth, or I shall weep!

John: Nonsense! There's nothing to forgive.
Basilios: Ah! my wonderful boy, you came to bring freedom
to a country and instead you're content to bring
happiness to an old man.
[he is beside John at the window and he
kisses him] Call back the ladies. See, there they walk. Let's
be brave before them. Let's show we're not
unnerved. [he calls] Come up, my children!
Come up, my darlings!

John: Shall I be honest with you, Basilios? I wasn't
concerned with the freedom of the country. I
wanted freedom for myself. I'd have died in your
cause, Basilios, whatever it was.

Basilios: My dear boy, you came from a country which has
always spoken lightly of dying for the cause.
Your great predecessor, Noel Byron, said you
remember, if thou regret'st thy youth, why live?/
The land of honourable death/ Is here: — up to
the field, and give/ Away thy breath! God took
him at his word, though, and fetched him off here.

John: Even Englishmen must expect God to take them at
their word sometimes.

Basilios: He must love them as he loves all his children.
I think more than most for he gave them a special
duty. To provide the legends of our time:[the men
who fight on the other side. But a time]
is coming, Hogarth, when the single man of vision
will need more than God on his side. He will also
need a party organization.

John: You were to provide that in the Committee of
Freedom.

Basilios: I was only a weak instrument. I failed. Hogarth,
have you anything at all to thank me for?

John: Yes, I think so. You trusted me. That may not seem
much to be thankful for at the moment but it will
tell in time. Also you brought me here.

Basilios: To the beautiful Mrs. Traherne? Shall I be content
my dear? [Sophie and Caroline come into the room]
We called you to us as we wish to take our leave.
Our conference is done. I can go away content, he
tells me.
Sophie: It's very late. Won't you stay tonight and go on in the morning?

Basilios: As things are, it is wiser to travel at night.

Caroline: Is John going with you?

Basilios: Answer her yourself, Hogarth. See how much happiness can be given in one small word.

Caroline: Well? Either yes or no will do.

Sophie: I take it there's been some upset in your plans.

Basilios: To explain I'd have to talk politics and you don't want me to do that.

Sophie: I don't mind.

Basilios: Sophie, from deep experience I've found that women as beautiful as you should not be allowed even to speak of politics. A woman will always try to do right and such a philosophy has nothing to do with political life.

Sophie: Very well. If the matter is only domestic I'd like to know how much longer we'll have John as a house guest.

Basilios: Cherish him. He's a great man. I wish I could tell you the magnificent part he's played but I must leave it to history. Now I must go. Dear Hogarth. Pray don't think me a foolish old man in all things. When we're young it's possible to control the affairs of the state and the affairs of the heart at the same time. Older, one of them must be relinquished. Dear Hogarth. (he embraces John) I shall make for the coast. The fishermen are still friendly, they tell me. So a little boat shall carry me off.

John: What will happen to you, sir? Where will you go?

Basilios: Where can I go? There is only one place. To Ithaca. To my wife's family.

John: God help you.

Basilios: And you, my son. (Basilios, who has picked up the bicycle, and Sophie go out of the room)
Caroline: I'd say there's nothing left for you but to be happy. Sad, isn't it?

John: And what is there left for you?

Caroline: You. Or have you some other commitment of honour to fulfil?

John: No. I've nothing at all. Not even money now. What do you say to that? People always thought I was a rash man. I was not. I had an indulgent mother.

Caroline: Could you work?

John: That's unkind.

Caroline: I didn't mean it.

John: Yes, you did. You were looking at me as if I'm a pack horse you're about to load. You're not going to send me out to work, Caroline. That's one thing nobody's ever suggested.

Caroline: Don't get so excited. We shall have to eat.

John: There it is! The voice of the new century. We shall have to eat!

Caroline: Sorry. Boysie always left the practical details to me.

John: You talk like a housekeeper.

Caroline: Won't that be my position?

John: Now listen to me. For one moment listen to me. When I say that I love you I love you. Why when you hear it you should also hear the clatter of saucopans, the rattle of teacups and the rustle of bills I don't know. For God's sake, why should the mystical union of two souls be celebrated in a kitchen? Is the act of desire now dependent on the price of bedding? Caroline, Caroline, I give you with my heart myself. Am I expected to provide a home as well?

(Cristos comes into the room)

Cristos: Sophie's standing on the terrace kissing a strange old man with a bicycle.
Act III : 22

John: Never mind. Now that Selwyn's finished at the excavation you'll be seeing the last of her.

Cristos: I've been talking to Selwyn about that. It leaves me with a domestic problem.

John: Well, now!

Cristos: You see, Selwyn's lease on the house runs only to the end of the excavation. I shall have the place on my hands again.

Caroline: How much does Selwyn pay?

Cristos: Only a nominal sum. It's not that which worries me. I like having people around me. English speaking people. I've explained why to Mr. Hogarth.

Caroline: Surely the excavation would be of great interest to tourists. It's on your land. A small sum for admission. A guide.

John: No, Caroline, no! You're a monster, a fiend! First you domesticate love. Now you're trading it. There's a name for that sort of thing, my girl.

Caroline: What are you talking about? I'm only advising Cristos on how not to be lonely.

John: If you can't leave me in peace at least leave those young everlasting lovers down the hill their privacy.

Caroline: Now you're talking romantic nonsense.

Cristos: Aren't you going to the revolution, Mr. Hogarth?

John: No.

Cristos: I'm sorry to hear that. What are you doing instead?

Caroline: Well, what are you doing?

John: I'll wait for some decision to be made for me.

Cristos: That reminds me. Where's Henry?

John: Walking the countryside looking for a new way to spell Sex.
Act III: 23

Cristos: A cable's come for him. From England. A boy brought it from Athens tonight. (he has taken a cable from his pocket)

Caroline: What does it say?

Cristos: I've not read it.

Caroline: Give it to me. (she takes the cable from Cristos and opens it. She reads):

"Proceed at once as Special Correspondent to expected trouble centre Scutari stop interview local ruler Prince Basilios on situation signed Northcliffe repeat Northcliffe."

John: How wonderful it must be to have a man repeat man in London to make up your mind for you.

Cristos: I don't want that back. (Caroline is holding out the cable to him) I'll never have enough courage to give it to the poor boy.

Caroline: Someone'll have to give it to him.

Cristos: He's very fond of you.

Caroline: All right. Send him in when he comes back.

John: Are you off to work on your book?

Cristos: No, I'm going to bed. And so goodnight. (Cristos goes out of the room)

John: There's another person who won't forgive me for not living up to his ideals.

Caroline: Forget all that. Just be yourself.

John: I've never been anything else. Come here. Don't stand so far away.

Caroline: But I'm so near I can - (she kisses him)

John: What on earth's going to happen to us? Without the benefit of clergy, the sanctity of wealth and even the solace of age. No one will receive, respect or love us. Worst of all, they'll laugh
at us. There's nothing so absurd as a man who's
given up the world for love. They'll look at you
and think, Is that it? And I'll have to admit it
is. Don't go away. I want you where I can lay
hands on you at a moment's notice.

Caroline: I've not moved. I'm in your pocket. This is a
beautiful house. Sophie, Selwyn and Henry'll
soon be gone. No one would find us here.

John: In a few days the place'll be overrun by German
professors with little trowels. They'd nose out
why we were here.

Caroline: We could lie to them. I can lie in any language.
They won't stay long when you remember we'll be
here for ever. Cristos will accept the situation
in no time and be so proud to have you living here.

John: Not now. He'd have been proud to say I'd stopped
here on my way but he won't even be happy if I
stay here permanently.

Caroline: Every moment makes it obvious that I put the wrong
stuff in the wine. Tonight could have been so
simple. Now we shall sit up talking.

John: Caroline, a way has got to be found. You don't
seem to understand my position. I left England
saying that I was going to fight for a glorious
cause. I made a great deal of it. The papers were
full of it. A cartoon in Punch showed me going
aboard a ship called The Rake's Progress. A
question was asked in the Upper House: in the
Lower House there were cheers and counter-cheers.
From the fuss no one would've thought I was trying
to get out of the country. But I did. Only to find
the cause is lost before I arrive. Now, I'm very
sensitive to public opinion. How shall I feel when
the news gets back to England that there was nothing
but pillow fighting with you in a villa near Athens?
Of course the matter must be discussed. If we have
to sit here all night.

(Sophie comes into the room)

Sophie: I'm on my way to bed.

Caroline: Have you seen Basilios off?

Sophie: Yes, poor man. From what he told me he won't see
a bed for weeks. He was insistent, John, on the fine part you've played in the revolution. You passed through it, apparently, unshamed and burning bright. His words. If you can conduct all political manoeuvres in such a way and yet gain such a reputation there's a future for you as Leader of His Majesty's Opposition.

John: You got on well with the old man.

Sophie: He has a natural sympathy. I'd be a fool if I didn't see that his sorrow is caused by more than the failure of a revolt. When a man looks into your face, kisses you and whispers, So dies my ambition, he's not referring to a political party. Ah, well, he's gone. But you're still here.

John: Don't let that be a problem any longer.

Sophie: I won't. For it's I who'll be leaving now that Selwyn's finished at this dig. Somewhere in Asia there's another piece of innocent ground waiting to be molested by him. Soon he'll be at work again digging up a day that was a thousand years ago and I, nearly, less fortunate, at work on a more decade. Remember? Oh dear, why can't we forget?

John: Sophie, don't be sad! What can I do? Take you home? Back to that damned country. We'll all go. Everyone of us. We'll charter a boat and sail right up the Thames and drop the hook smack on their seat of government. And there we'll stay, the bloodiest band of expatriates, until they pass a law about us and make up our minds by a popular vote.

Sophie: Would you do that to stop me being sad? But, John, for me the saddest part of all would be the going back. You see, darling, it might be that no one would notice me or even remember me after all this time. No, the future definitely seems to lie in the past.

Caroline: I don't believe that. For you, if you like. But you meant all of us, didn't you?

Sophie: Yes. Except, perhaps, Henry.

Caroline: Well, as a matter of fact we were talking about our future when you came in.
Sophie: You're planning it together?

Caroline: Yes.

John: No.

(Sophie and John speak together)

Sophie: You've both been staggering under the past. You'll double the burden for each other if you share it. Not, as you think, halve it.

John: The problem's not arithmetical, Sophie. It is how I can decently continue after what's happened. If you've any suggestions please tell me. If not, go to bed.

Sophie: I've been thinking about it since Basilios left.

John: Any conclusion? For example, how are you going to end your book now?

Sophie: About that I could wait no longer. Some decision had to be taken. You'll die on the battlefield, as you wished.

John: How can you? I thought you loved me.

Sophie: I do. So I shall end the book that way. It had to be arranged for another reason. You must know modern readers like the end of a book to be sanctified by marriage. They call it, rather strangely, the happy ending. I've known from the first, of course, that such a resolution would be impossible with you as the main character. So I shall use the best alternative for the lending libraries. You'll die in battle.

John: When?

Sophie: Tomorrow morning. I've sent a cable to the editor of The London Times. It says reports from the mountains speak of you falling gallantly at the head of your native troops led in a lost cause. Naturally, I signed myself Henry Bevis.

(Sophie goes out of the room)

Caroline: How sad! How terribly sad!


Caroline: I mean because no one will believe me now when I say we were here together.
John: No, not a soul will believe you.

Caroline: Unless, of course, you turn up in London as yourself. With me.

John: I'll not do that.

Caroline: I feel as if I've never seen you before. Damn, oh dam, damn! This is what Cristie warned me about. Falling in love with a legend. You're a man. Just a man. Two a penny. That's what you are.

John: I'm more fortunate. You've never been anything but a woman to me. I've never asked that anyone I've loved should be more. (He lifts Caroline in his arms and puts her on the bed. Then by pulling on the heavy silicon cord he draws the curtains which quite surround the bed. There is a knock on the door)

Yes?

(Henry comes into the room)

Henry: I want to apologize. I'm afraid the worry about my article made me lose my sense of humour and then my temper.

John: It's all right. Sorry I couldn't be more helpful. I hope you'll get it straightened out.

Henry: I think I have. I took another long walk and I had an idea.

John: Why don't you sleep with it?

Henry: No, I must get it down on paper. I think I've found the right approach. After the usual introductory paragraph about the date of the excavation I shall go on something like this: "It is encouraging to see from the statuary in the excavation that the Greeks of this period very much resembled in their habits the Englishmen of today. Your Correspondent found the same emphasis on the activity of marriage which is to be found in British social life. Also, it is clear they had much the same sense of fun. This can be seen in the frieze representing an old man chasing a group of laughing girls who are, in turn, chasing a bull which is chasing a young man who is running after
And so on. Henry: I shall sit up until morning getting it down on paper. Then I can think about going home.

John: Give my regards to your mother. Home! Wait a minute.

(henry looks in his pockets. whilst he is doing so caroline's bare arm comes through the curtains of the bed. she is holding out the envelope to henry. he takes it and at once starting towards the door caroline speaks from the obscurity of the bed)

Caroline: May I ask one question? Just one.

John: What is it?

Caroline: I want to know. Do we all get what we deserve?

(henry's cry comes from beyond the closed door for he has gone from the room)

Henry: No!

John: Yes.

Caroline: Every time?

Henry: (distantly) No!

John: Yes.

CURTAIN
Draft "G" Act Three - Marginalia

81. "A" appears and is circled.

177. "B" appears and is circled.

386-91. A square bracket appears.

691-7. A square bracket appears.
viii: Draft "H"
Draft "H" Act One - Emendations

56. ...be ("bumped" is deleted) back...

   "hurried" is inserted above the line.

56. ("To...age" is deleted; "A" emends "a") meeting...

57. ...avoided (caret). I...

   "at my age" is inserted above the line.

73. ....Why ("did...it?" is deleted)

   A question mark is inserted after "Why".

74. ...was ("getting old" is deleted). That's...

   "becoming aware of my age." is inserted above the line.

76. "Or did I misunderstand your letter?" is inserted bellow the line.

77. Everything's....

   "No." is inserted before "Everything's".

82. ...Sophie.

   "Quite alone." is inserted after "Sophie." and deleted.

87. ...I (caret) speak...

   "can" is inserted above the line.

99. ...anymore....

   A vertical line separates "any" and "more".
123. ...violence (caret), yes. The ("re was nothing to" is deleted) signal
    "to my person" is inserted above the line.

124. my going ("but" is deleted) the...newspapers. (caret) "and" is deleted) that
    "for" is inserted before "my". "was" is inserted above "but". "There were no tears. Except from" is inserted above the caret.

164. ...important.
    "For six years we dug over most of the North African desert. Excavations in Egypt rewarded us with a gold commode. And so we came to this place." is inserted after "important.".

200. ...idea. ("I...it" is deleted).

239-40. ...thought. ("This...Times."
    "I'd say of recent contemplation." is inserted after "Times.".

263-4. ...me (" - fornicator, adulterer -" is deleted)
    indeed, he'd...
    A comma is inserted after "me". "Indeed" emends "indeed".

290. ...enough (obliteration) for...
314. (passageway. ("John looks after her") is deleted) 
A closing parenthesis is inserted after "passageway."

333. ...us ("in those days" is deleted). 
"then" is inserted above the line.

345. ..., Sophie! ("Why?" is deleted)

347. ...awoke ("terribly" is deleted) alone....
"very much" is inserted above the line.

394-5. ...expect ("now...about" is deleted) you...
"now you're [****]" is inserted above the line.

401-2. ("Sophie:...about" is deleted). 

429. ("I...book" is deleted).
"How do you come to have seen the book?" is inserted above the line.

476. ("impermanent and" is deleted) melting...

500-1. ("I...coming." is deleted)
"He was the only man who seemed perfectly unequipped to face the future. I knew he'd survive." is inserted above line 500.

502. (caret) Good. (caret; "What's he got" is deleted)?
"Riddles." is inserted above the first caret.
"He's not simple. Good." is inserted above the
second caret.

503. ("Nothing" is deleted).

"It's an unfortunate fact, Caroline, that the qualities needed for survival as a person are the same unsocial qualities which can destroy a community or even a nation. So the lack of equipment ("moral" is inserted above "equipment") of the genius or the great criminal are much the same. It's what you haven't got that matters." is inserted after "Nothing."

504. ("Caroline:...on." is deleted)

505-6. ("Sophie:" is deleted) No...faith. ("That's...criminal" is deleted).

"Caroline" is inserted above "Sophie:"

507. And...

"Sophie:" is inserted as the speaker of the line.

526. ..., was (caret) she...

"n't" is inserted above the line.

537. (caret) That's...?

"And" is inserted above the caret.

544. ...on ("in" is deleted) these....

581. ...mean ("do you see" is deleted)? I...

A period emends a comma after "mean".

...show ("what...good" is deleted; caret) man...
"the" is inserted above the deletion.

...about? ("A...me" is deleted).

("No...description" is deleted).
"You." is inserted above the line.

look ("straight" is deleted) at...

("That...many." is deleted) We...

("You...sure" is deleted).

("Does it" is inserted after "sure." and deleted; caret)
"help you?" is inserted after the caret.
"in any way?" is inserted after "you?" and deleted) ?
("How would such behaviour" is inserted above the line).

...marriage (caret - and ("its" is deleted) break
("up" is deleted; caret) - ("in" is deleted)
"to Boysie" is inserted above the first caret.
"the" is inserted above "its". "away" is inserted above the second caret. "as" is inserted after "in".

("the...that" is deleted) you...

...anymore...be now I...
A vertical line separates "any" and "more."

A question mark is inserted after "be". "How" emends "now".

683. ...this ("good sense" is deleted)? Dawn...

"reasonable?" is inserted above the line.

697. secrets (caret) and...

"reluctantly, comma by comma," is inserted above the line.

699. the ("secret" is deleted), the...

"word" is inserted above the line.

718. ...Goodnight. Gooda ("night" is deleted).

"Dawn. London. I wake. Reasonable? It's night within the room until the curtains are drawn back, the bed covers - and so on for day after day. Reasonable?" is inserted after the deletion.

" [morning] " is inserted above the deletion.

719. ("Good...see." is deleted) There....

720. ("What's that" is deleted)?

"Tell me." is inserted after "that?".

722. ...away. ("That's sense" is deleted).

725. ...Always ("sensible" is deleted) to...

"reasonable" is inserted above the line.
...see. ("Then...that." is deleted) Why...?

...time ("...darling," is deleted) for...

...work ("...going on" is deleted) in...

"to be done" is inserted above the line.

...heard ("...some" is deleted) of...

"enough" is inserted above the line.

...in. (caret) He's...

The period after "in" is obliterated. "to know" is inserted above the caret.

...the ("words" is deleted) talking...

These lines are deleted.

...a ("working" is deleted) journalist...

..., yes. ("It's" is deleted) shocking...

"Is it" is inserted above the line.

These lines are deleted.

...custom (a comma is deleted) your....

I ("might have" is deleted) found...

"'ve" is inserted after "I".

("That's be something." is deleted) I...
...sex. ("When that happens" is deleted) I...

"Then" is inserted after "happens".

..., Caroline, ("I'm sure." is deleted) Goodness...

("He's come" is deleted) to...

("They're...occasion" is deleted) A...

But ("I...point" is deleted). ("That" is deleted) you ("should" is deleted)

"Surely that's point" is inserted above the first deletion. "can" is inserted above the second deletion.

...undisciplined...

"i" is inserted between "d" and "s".

...you're ("occupying" is deleted) space...

"taking up" is inserted above the line.

...it's ("just the" is deleted; caret) place.

"the ("[****]" emends "unique"); "of" is inserted above the caret.

...because ("of what" is deleted) Selwyn ("said" is deleted) to...

"talked" is inserted after "Selwyn".

...condemned. ("Like your father." is deleted)
1163. ...very fine.
      "fine" is in parentheses.

1170. ("all - all" is deleted) gone...

1206. ...used ("by you" me" is deleted)

1242. ...beware...
      An indiscernible mark appears above "beware".

1243. ...now (caret) - of....
      "whilst young -" is inserted above the line.

1252. ...renunciation from ("you" is deleted).
      "from you." is in parentheses and underlined.
      "Caroline." is inserted after "you.".

1259. ("There!" is deleted) You'll....
THE GATES OF SUMMER

A Comedy

1953
PERSONS

Sophie Faramond
Cristos Papadiamantis
John Hogarth
Henry Devis
Caroline Traherne
Selwyn Faramond
Prince Basilios
The action of the play takes place in and about a country house in Greece a little way from Athens; the time is the early Summer of the year 1913.
ACT ONE

Whiting Mss.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Act One

(The scene is a room in a country house in Greece a little way from Athens.

The time is morning of a day in the early Summer of the year 1913.

The house which is built in two floors stands above a valley.

The room has several high windows which allow entrance from a stone terrace. Through these windows can be seen part of an exterior wall which is washed in raspberry colour and contains a small window. A great vine surrounds the house. The floor of the room is stone partly covered by rugs. The ceiling, almost lost in shadow, is painted. There is a main door to the room which stands open showing the wide sweep of a stairway beyond. There is also a small arched entrance from a passage which leads to other parts of the house by way of a few shallow steps.

Within the room it remains cool as yet and the shadows are only now beginning to shift. The sun strikes through the windows and brings to life in a vivid way several objects in the room—a scarlet shawl thrown over a chair, a piece of jewellery, a gold cross hanging...
on the eggshell white wall—and the brilliance of these are marked in the quickening heat.

Sophie Faramond is sitting in a highbacked chair set to face the windows. She is sixty-eight years old but she can stare boldly into the morning sun for she is very beautiful. She has never feared the light; she has never feared anything except, perhaps, the consequences of her vanity.

In a far shadowed corner of the room is Cristos Papadiamantis, a Greek of sixty years of age. He is standing at a tall desk and holds a pen.

Sophie's hands are stretched out in welcome towards John Hogarth who is standing in the window. He has a topcoat over his shoulders and carries a hat and gloves.)

John: The house stands alone above a wilderness. It's the colour of fruit and looking up the traveller asks, Will it topple? I'll be at the windows on the South side, you said. Find you I must, I think, after such a description. I've left the cart which brought me at the bottom of the hill. The driver is drunk but let the sun get high and he'll be drunk back to the city on all the four square wheels. (he kisses Sophie) With the best will in the world I couldn't let you know when I'd be here. Have you been patient? I left Alexandria three days ago and crossed in a boat with a party of olive-green pilgrims. I stayed last night in Athens but didn't sleep because of the song of the cats and the silent mischief of the bugs. With your letter in my hand I set off at dawn this morning to come here.

Sophie: A meeting after ten years should be avoided. I was tempted to send you false instructions. But you were already on your way. And I remembered you.

John: All along the way I remembered you, Sophie. I thought of the day you left England to come out here. Ten years gone by. Time to go, you said—and go you did. Why?
Sophie: I was getting old. That's a reason. But you're young - shall I reckon on thirty-six years for you? - and you've left England, you say, for ever.

John: Everything's been sold up.

Sophie: Then I imagine you must be burdened with a great deal of money. What have you done with it?

John: Bought a state of exile.

Sophie: Shameful! Not a proper purpose. What are you up to?

John: I'm free, Sophie.

Sophie: Again? For how long?

John: Until the end. The first step into middle age did it.

Sophie: Who was she?

John: Her name was Ada. You see I speak of her in the past. She had very short legs, was a comfortable shape and the wife of a bishop. On the night of my thirty-fifth birthday her arms were round my neck and she was whispering to me. The next morning I began the sale of everything I possessed. When it was done I felt remarkable. Sanctified. I had nothing in the world but money.

Sophie: This is Cristos, my secretary. This is Mr. John Hogarth from England.

(Cristos bows to John)

We won't do anymore this morning. Go up, please, and make a fair copy as far as we've gone.

(Cristos goes out of the room and up the stairs)

I spend a few hours every day dictating to Cristos. I'm putting down some of my memories. For that matter, I'm glad you've come here. You'll sharpen my recollection on a number of incidents of the time in England we knew together. How is that damned country? I suppose I should have felt regret in leaving it but nothing of the kind. I'd grown out of the place - passed through it like a childhood. I'm having to consider the fifty or so years I lived there, of course, in the writing of these memories. Yet I'm managing to remember without tears.
Act I: 4

John: Are you waiting the truth?

Sophie: Yes.

John: Then you're not going to publish.

Sophie: Certainly I am. This Autumn.

John: That'll upset a lot of people. But I suppose this is a safe distance. The most they can do is hang your publisher.

Sophie: You escaped, I see.

John: Without violence, yes. There was no signal to the baying of the newspapers, and that woman shut up in the country. She would be weeping, we can be sure of that, and in a lower room holding a holy book in one hand and biting the nails of the other would be her husband. They're probably still at it, God help them! She tried to lead me to the righteous life, Sophie. That was her only mistake. You know where such an excursion must end. On this occasion it was an episcopal four-poster in a cathedral town. The rooks mourned over us through the night.

Sophie: I'd hoped he wasn't a provincial bishop.

John: He forgave me like the good man he is but that wasn't enough for Ada. She had to make a public confession to a national newspaper. Modesty prevents me saying why.

Sophie: Then I'll say it for you. She wanted everyone to know how lucky she'd been. After all, John, I've always considered myself happy to know you in the drawing room so I can appreciate Ada's feelings. There, I'm already speaking of her as an old friend.

John: In the end I took nothing but her teaching to heart and sold up my worldly goods. I've put the proceeds to an ungodly purpose. Which brings me here. Alone.

Sophie: The difficulty of exile for a woman is that she can't go unaccompanied. I had to provide myself with an escort at a small church in Kensington on the Tuesday before I sailed.
Act I: 5

John: Ah, yes. I'm sorry. How is Selwyn? Where is Selwyn?

Sophie: Buried alive at the dig below. You passed the place on the road. Selwyn has been working the excavation for eighteen months. He's found nothing.

John: Is there anything to be found?

Sophie: Selwyn is sure of it. There've been several false alarms and then a most unpleasant man comes hurrying here from the Royal Museum in Berlin. They're putting up money.

John: Has Selwyn found anything under the ground in these ten years of digging?

Sophie: Nothing important. 

John: What's he looking for here?

Sophie: He seems to think he may uncover some place of worship of great antiquity. Am I right, Henry? *(she speaks to Henry Bevis who has come into the room)*

Henry: Quite right, Sophie.

Sophie: Henry Bevis is with us, John, as a special correspondent to The Times. This is John Hogarth from London, Henry.

Henry: From London! *(he shakes hands with John)*

How is that beautiful country of ours?

John: Have you been away from it a long time, Mr. Bevis?

Henry: Yes.

John: I thought so. Well, it was looking very pretty in the Spring.

Henry: And the people?

John: They've never been pretty at any time of year, have they? But I thought they were looking very fit.

Sophie: Henry's absence from England isn't voluntary, John. He was sent here to report on whatever is found in that great hole Selwyn is digging. How he's managed...
Act I: 6

Henry: It's the suspense, Sophie. No one knows exactly what Selwyn expects to find.

Sophie: I'd have thought the flutter of anticipation even in those small archaeological circles about St. James's Square must now be stilled after eighteen months.

Henry: You mustn't expect quick results in this kind of work, Sophie. Must she, Mr. Hogarth?

John: I've no idea. [Unreadable text]

Henry: Selwyn has all the patience of an old soldier.

Sophie: Yes, I suppose those many years of quite undistinguished service must have taught him that.

Henry: How unlike you are. Is that the basis for a successful marriage, I wonder?

Sophie: Don't brood over me, Henry.

John: Sophie, I've remembered something. When I got out of the cart at the bottom of the hill I left a box at the side of the road.

Sophie: One of the men can bring it up later.

Henry: I'll go down for it.

John: You'll do nothing of the kind. It's very heavy and that hill is very steep.

Henry: I'm going down to the dig. I can bring the box back with me. I'll be pleased to do that, Mr. Hogarth.

John: Well, thank you.

Henry: A word: very unwise to leave anything about here.

Sophie: Such an old young man. And how the poor creature
sweats in this climate. Why did you suddenly remember your box?

John: It was the mention of marriage.

Sophie: I don't see any connection.

John: We were on the verge of a discussion. I wanted to avoid it.

Sophie: You'll find when you get to know him that it's never difficult to knock Henry off a subject. But he's been meditating on marriage for some weeks now.

John: Must I get to know him?

Sophie: Well, how long are you staying? Your letter was mysterious about that. A visit, you said, before going on elsewhere.

John: I'll be here two days if everything goes well.

Sophie: Why should it go badly? Come here. Yes, there about your eyes — God help you, those are lines of thought. This is what Henry would call A-Sign of the Times.

John: We're well into the twentieth century, Sophie. You're going to have to accustom yourself to a change in the faces of those you love.

Sophie: And a change in their habits, it seems. Where are you going from here?

John: When I left Ada curled up and quilt covered for the last time and went back to my rooms I'd decided to sell out. Everything around me — except a bottle of gin — lay cowering beneath the hammer. I stayed alone for two days. The storm had broken about me and Ada. There were no letters except postcards containing a single word usually of a biblical nature. No one came near me but my ancient firelighter. Then, on the second night, there was a shout on the stairs. I thought at first the mob had come. I picked up the poker and went to meet it. Instead of the sans-culottes I found one old man entangled in the curtains on the stairs — caught like a gigantic bat. I freed him. He embraced me. I freed myself.
He went on and collapsed like a ruin before the fire and at once began to talk. He used none of the words recently associated with me, indeed, he'd never heard of Ada, he said. He talked and the words were as fresh to me as his friendliness. He loved me, he said, for I was a son of freedom. He, too, Basilios, was a son of freedom. I was again taken in his arms. He talked through the night. At half-past five I gave him my cheque for one hundred thousand pounds. At half-past seven I gave him my hand and the promise of my services. At half-past nine he left. But there remained on the table a document which made altogether too clear my future commitment to revolution.

Sophie: Revolution. So that's the news you've brought me. I think you've been ingenuous. You'll never see your friend again and certainly not your money.

John: Basilios is a man - the one sex I don't make mistakes about. He'll be here to fetch me as he promised within two days.

Sophie: You're very sure.

John: I've reason to be. Basilios talked to me in a language I've known since childhood. Yet until that night I'd never heard it spoken.

Sophie: Do you mean Greek?

John: I mean he spoke the language of action - in English.

Sophie: Am I to expect barricades on my doorstep?

John: No. I shall travel North four hundred miles to the trouble centre. The affair is small enough for me to play a big part. I shall be happy.

(Caroline Traherne comes into the room by the windows. She is twenty-five years old. She carries a large bunch of wild flowers and heroes which are recently gathered)

Sophie: Do you know John Hogarth, Caroline?

Caroline: Yes.

John: No.

Sophie: Well, yes or no, this is he. Mrs. Traherne, John.
My daughter by Selwyn's first wife.

John: How do you do. Have I met you before?

Caroline: No. But I know you from Sophie's book.

John: That's very interesting. (He at last gently disengages his hand from Caroline's)

Sophie: Those are most unsuitable flowers for the house.

Caroline: I brought them in to save them from the heat of the sun.

Sophie: Save them? But you've uprooted them.

Caroline: Well, then, their last hours can be cool and dignified. Unlike Henry who is staggering about in the sun under an enormous box.

(Sophie goes from the room by the passageway.) (Caroline looks after her)

John: I'd no idea Selwyn had a daughter. Did you know when you married him?

Sophie: It was mentioned. She was a child then, of course. In the keeping of some nuns.

John: What's she doing here?

Sophie: Recovering from a disastrous marriage contracted seven years ago when she was eighteen.

John: Who was her mother?

Sophie: Nobody at all. She lies buried beneath a solitary tree in the Orient. A sacrifice to Selwyn's military career.

John: What did the girl mean when she said she knew me from your book?

Sophie: I didn't know she'd read it.

John: It means, though, that you've written about me.

Sophie: Of course. Do you think I could write of those days and forget you? Without you there'd be no story to tell. Let's always remember there was
nothing but the years between us.

John: There's more than age between us now, Sophie. There are the separate ways which brought us here. You came in resignation. I've come in affirmation. The day ten years ago I heard you'd married Selwyn I mourned for you, Sophie.

Sophie: You feel I made the one certificate serve for both marriage and death.

John: Everyone does that. No, I mourned the end of an era which you had made so much your own. Those brilliant years. I think I could've borne it if you'd died - but you married! You became a woman, Sophie. Oh, Sophie! Why?

Sophie: It was the morning of my forty-eighth birthday. I awoke suddenly alone. You were in the country. What were you doing? I forget. No one came near me for hours, it seemed. Then your gift was brought up to me. Ah! you were still young enough at that time to give me birthday presents without flinching. I took off the wrappings and there was the musical box. It was a gift to be given to a child — or to me. I opened the lid and the music began. And with the music the tears. I'd not known such things since I was a girl. It was when those strangers stole down my face that I knew it was time to go. Selwyn had called several times to tell me he was going on this exploration of the past. I'd known him for many years. I'd long admired his amazing spirit. We were of an age and both needed a companion in exile. I proposed marriage that evening and was accepted.

John: When I came back from the country you were married and gone without a word. No one knew why. All they said was that you seemed serious. That I wouldn't believe. I knew it must be some kind of joke but I couldn't see the point. My mouth was open wanting to laugh but your silence gave me no cause. You were gone. That was all I allowed myself to believe.

Sophie: Damn it, John, surely that was a time to take something seriously even if it was only Selwyn. But you — here — now — what excuse have you? At the kindergarten age of thirty-five you're intending to take seriously — what? — a revolt, the rallying cries of manifestos and a mad old man.
John: Yes, all those. And the reason is this: thirty-five - yes, I am - but how do I account for these grey hairs and the fact that I no longer make love without sadness? My contemporaries remain darkly pigmented and continue to go to bed laughing. So you must think of me, Sophie, as one who has also reached a time if not an age to be serious.

Sophie: Very well. But you mustn't expect me to talk about revolution and freedom. That's not my kind of seriousness.

John: Once you had no seriousness at all.

Sophie: In those days. But was there so much to be serious about? No. You could always find it if you went looking for it. Like trouble. Why should I have bothered? I was what is called happy. That's nothing to be serious about. At least, it wasn't when I was young. Perhaps it is these days. I don't know. I expect now you've found something to be serious about you look back in horror on the years we spent in London. I think that's a pity.

John: Not horror. This feeling of sadness for what I loved. (Caroline has come into the room)

Caroline: I know very well what you mean.

Sophie: You're far too young to understand what he's talking about.

Caroline: Age doesn't come into it, Sophie. That's a mistake you would make. You can be finished at twenty-four.

John: How old are you?

Caroline: Twenty-five.

John: And you're finished?

Caroline: Yes. Hasn't Sophie told you?

(Henry Bevis comes in through the windows. He is bowed beneath a large box which he carries on his shoulders)

John: Many, many thanks. Are you all right? I feel we should get it up at once, Sophie. Where am I? (Sophie points through the main windows)
Act I : 12

Sophie: You're there.

John: I'd better go with him, I think.

Caroline: Is he staying here?

Sophie: John? For a while. He's on his way to a revolution. He seems to think it should begin the day after tomorrow.

Caroline: He's on every page of your book, you know. Even the pages where he's not mentioned. For he's the time you can't get out of your head.

Sophie: I didn't know you'd read the book.

Caroline: I kissed Cristos and he showed it to me.

Sophie: You're corrupt in almost every way.

Caroline: Yes. Why do people put up with me?

Sophie: Your husband didn't.

Caroline: Don't be sentimental. You wouldn't have liked Boy Traherne, either.

Sophie: I dislike him intensely for one thing. That is, running off and making it necessary for you to be here at this time.

Caroline: Do you think he'd be interested in my tragic story?

Sophie: He? Call him by his name.

Caroline: John. (she laughs) Out! that first time you say a name as a name. Some cold bath, eh? But once you're in - hey! you're in - and it's fine and healthy. John. John! (she raises her voice)

John! John!

Whiting Mrs.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
John: Yes?

Caroline: Nothing. (John goes back into the room)

The man in the book? the man in the bedroom.

Now, then - I've to put them together, haven't I, to make sense?

Sophie: To make a man.

Caroline: That time ten years ago. What about that?

Sophie: Life in London for people of our kind at the turn of the century was meant to be taken seriously. We had to make ourselves believe that we were secure and that the intricate figure we cut in the melting ice of social life was permanent. Perhaps when history looks at that age it will become known as the Great Thaw. Times were getting warmer. No one would admit the change, of course, and as if to deny it the fashion in clothes became rather stuffy. The men wore heavier coats and harder hats and the women complained of the cold. It was not only people that were affected, but their institutions. We had built our banks and museums, our palaces and cathedrals to keep our money, our history, our monarchs and our God safe for all time, but as the twentieth century set in it showed the foundation of all these to be impermanent and melting away. Now, no sane man or woman could be happy in such a situation. But we were English. We said firmly, It isn't happening, and went on making money and making do.

Caroline: You've set the scene. All right. Let the man into it. Enter John Hogarth. Applause. Deep attention.

Sophie: He came to London when he was eighteen. Where did he come from? I've never bothered to ask. Where does love come from? He had a lot of money - his mother was an American. He had a lot of energy - his father was a Scot. Yet he had no pretensions - he didn't want to do anything with his money or himself. He was not a force to be met with when you were trying to prolong an ice age.

Caroline: But the secret. I want to know the secret. The something you know. Tell me.
Sophie: The secret of John's life at that time?

Caroline: Yes. I've an idea he was happy.

Sophie: I think he was. Although —

Caroline: That's not in your book.

Sophie: I shall come to it.

Caroline: Come to it now. With me. In your book you call him, the first twentieth century man. What do you mean by that?

Sophie: Nothing. No attachment. No loyalty. No faith. That's why he was happy. Caroline: And why... now, why should he want that sort of love - rubnose, softpaw, tongue-in-cheek - when he believes what he believes he believes? That between the weak wail of arrival and the whimper of departure there is not cause for alarm but cause for laughter. Can I see it that way — with him - through him? Can I?

Sophie: Wait a minute. I'm speaking of John ten years ago. He's changed.

Caroline: A man who believed all that — why should he want to change? Look at it his way and it suddenly becomes worth doing — this hanging around. Nobody wants to play out the thing seriously but if it's really a charade — well, then! — how d'y you do. (she looks up at the window)

Sophie: He left England in all seriousness. He left Ada —
Caroline: Ah! she was the great scandal, was she? Ada, you say. Like that. And then tell me he left in all seriousness.

Sophie: He was very fond of her.

Caroline: I'm attached to a hot water bottle on cold nights. Seriously? Not at all. A man doesn't give up a country for a flannel bound comforter.

Sophie: He didn't. He gave it up to start a revolution. That's the business in hand.

(Sophie has come down the stairs and is now in the room)

Caroline: That's a solemn fact, is it?

Sophie: So he says. Is it the heat, Henry?

Henry: I've been talking to Hogarth.

Caroline: Did he make you laugh?

Henry: Good God, no. He's been telling me the most terrible stories of the people he's going to in the North. I'd never have thought such injustice went on in these days.

Sophie: He's impressed you, I see.

Henry: Such sincerity must be impressive.

Sophie: (to Caroline) You see what I mean?

(Sophie begins to go from the room)

Caroline: Where are you going?

Sophie: I think it's worth a little more discussion - with him.

(Sophie goes up the stairs)

Henry: Caroline, would you say I'm a sensitive man?

Caroline: As a literary gent, Henry, you're a duck.

Henry: I only ask because sometimes I seem to lack an appreciation of the suffering of other people. The conversation with Hogarth made me understand that. It worries me. I know perfectly well that unhappiness exists but I've never been able to think of a way to do anything about it. You, for
example. I know you've been very unhappy. When you first came here I tried to help you with my companionship. But it wasn't any good, was it?

Caroline: No.

Henry: I think your kind of unhappiness confused me. I'm very muddled about marriage.

Caroline: Who isn't?

Henry: I am more than most people. What I'm trying to say is this: I don't think I'm big enough to take on a revolution as Hogarth's doing but I think I could help you. I say, I think I could help you. To be happy — happier.

Caroline: All right. Go ahead.

Henry: Now?

Caroline: Well, it depends on what sort of comfort you're thinking of giving me.

Henry: Do you read poetry? I mention this because when I was a boy I was lonely and unhappy and I found it a great help.

Caroline: Henry, I need more than a rhymed couplet.

Henry: That's what I mean. Do— you— see? I never seem to be able to suggest anything — helpful. It's this place, I think. Although most of us are English the values seem to be different. I wish I was home.

Caroline: You miss London.

Henry: Very much.

Caroline: Why don't you go back?

Henry: I shall do as soon as your father's finished the excavation and I can put in my final article. If he finds something I can really write about — something to which I can do justice — well, it'll make my name. That's what I'm bargaining for. I think I'd better go down to the dig for my morning session now. Care to walk with me?
Caroline: No. What do you do down there?

Henry: Sometimes I do a little sifting but not often. I don't get on with the workmen. 

(John has come down the stairs and now enters the room)

Anyway, that's where I'll be for a while, Caroline.

Caroline: If anyone should want you I'll tell them where you are.

Henry: No one will want me, I'm afraid.

(James goes out through the windows)

John: Sophie tells me that you've been very unhappy.

Caroline: There was a time.

John: You're getting over it.

Caroline: Yes. It was nothing. A marriage. He left me. Ran away.

John: I see.

Caroline: Do you see it from his point of view or mine?

John: His, I suppose. I'm also running away from a marriage. Not my own. Someone else's.

Caroline: He just went into hiding. From what I hear you're making for the open country.

John: I hope so.

Caroline: You're looking for more than the heroism of love.

John: I'd say the stoicism of love. Yes, more than that.

Caroline: Liberation.

John: Of others. Not myself.

Caroline: Have you been talking to Sophie?

John: For a moment. But she insisted on asking a lot of questions so I came away.

Caroline: She thinks you've changed.

John: She's quite right.
Caroline: I don't think so.

John: How can you possibly know?

Caroline: By remembering what I've read about you. Not only in Sophie's book, but in the papers. All shows what a great and good man you are. Why should you want to change?

John: What are you talking about? A great and good man, my God! That's something newspapers have never called me.

Caroline: No, but that's how I see you from their description.

John: Have you been interested so long?

Caroline: As long as I can remember. I'm not concerned with the morality of your behaviour in the past. I'm concerned that you're here - now. Why won't you look straight at me? There, what do you see?

John: I've had the last conversation of this kind in my life. I want no more of it!

Caroline: Sophie told me her name. It was Ada.

John: Very well, so it was Ada.

Caroline: And because of her the London mob threw stones at your windows. That was in the papers. Was she worth it?

John: They'd got it into their heads that I was breaking up something very dear to their hearts: a home. You know how that country domesticates its idols. The main demonstration was a parade past my house of elderly women carrying banners. That went on for some hours. I felt compelled to send them out tea and sandwiches. They leant against the railings eating and drinking and booing whenever I passed a window.

Caroline: Women have always felt strongly about you.

John: Women feel too much about everything. That is the dreadful inequality of sex. It was their inexhaustible capacity for actively demonstrating emotion which at last defeated me. Poets are lucky. They can spin out the truth of their passion to at
least the length of a sonnet. With my lesser talent I've had to content myself with a brisk action and one short word.

Caroline: Which so often led to broken windows.

John: All the best games end in destruction.

Caroline: We never get out of the nursery where everything finishes broken up. You played the whole of your life in London that way, didn't you? Without seriousness because you knew the time would come when you'd have to put your toys away - so better smash them! You were right. You were quite right.

John: You seem very sure.

Caroline: If I'd seen my marriage - and its break-up - in the same way that you saw your love affairs then I wouldn't have been unhappy. By the way, I'm not unhappy anymore. Why should I be? How I understand that the only good sense is nonsense?

John: Is this good sense? Dawn. London. I wake. It's night within the room until the curtains are drawn back. The bed covers over my body are as heavy as sin. Throw them off! Step freely - hah! boldly - to the window. Draw back the curtains. Stare at the sky for a sign. Hm. It's raining. The policeman at the corner is weeping. The cold strikes me like an unkind reminder. Last night's warrior becomes a goose-pimpled pudding. Cover the poor nockery with a gown. The day must be begun, it seems. Very well, then - good morning and good morning. Breakfast. The day's news beside the tray. So, there's energy to engage that still virgin for a start. She gives up her miserable secrets and the sign is not one of them. Go, light fires! Open the letters of the day. Will one hold the scoundrel, the news from another land, the call to action? No. They demand, beg, entreat, abuse - nothing more. Dress. Talk to myself in the looking-glass. Walk out. Meet a man. He complains of my treatment of his daughter. He threatens me with action. Action! Christ, if it were true. He means litigation which is the English substitute. My interest in him has gone and so, I see, has the sun. Something must be done if only to put in my
Caroline: Good Sense? Well, let me see. There is one thing very

John: What's that? You want me to translate it?

Caroline: The moment of happiness which was in the smiling face before you turned away. That's sense.

John: It was never a very intelligent face.

Caroline: Nothing to do with it. Always sensible to make someone happy.

John: I'm sorry. Not possible now. Sorry. My appointment is not with you, I'm afraid. It's with the man who took me by the hand and dragged me from childhood—all those broken toys, remember— to this present time. Basilios.

Caroline: It is a serious business, I see. They'd better talk about that. Why did he choose you?

John: Some years ago my friends wanted to get me settled. Before I knew what was happening I found myself to be a member of parliament. It seemed a good time to make a speech. The motion happened to concern the Government's attitude to this minority group under Basilios in the North. They had recently shot the British Minister and subjected his wife and daughter to humiliating proposals which both had accepted before returning to England.

Caroline: One of the lesser perils of our Imperial policy.

John: In a speech to the House opposing reprisals I suggested the country should be accepted into the British Empire. It seemed that at the moment of surrender both ladies had been wrapped in a Union Jack. No one agreed with me that it was
the natives' way of honouring the flag and the speech was dismissed as an impertinence - which indeed it was. Yet it was that speech reported in an old newspaper which brought Basilios to me. The faded cutting was in his pocket. It remained the one call to unity and action his country had ever known. Spoken by me when I didn't know the place was on the map. How could I resist such an appeal to leadership?

Caroline: So the whole thing's a joke after all. Just a joke as it was in the past. You don't take it any more seriously than - Ada? - or perhaps me. You haven't changed.

John: I don't want to seem unreasonable about this. An incident which begins as a joke can have serious consequences. You've been unhappy, I know, but please don't ask me to console you. Anyway, there'd hardly be time, yet Basilios will be here before you can say, I love you.

Caroline: I love you. (Selwyn Parenzand and Henry Bevis come into the room by the windows. They stop on hearing John's last words to Caroline)

Selwyn: Then marry her, my dear fellow. Congratulations. Good news. I've been worried about the child. How are you otherwise?

John: Otherwise I'm very well. What on earth are you talking about, Selwyn?

Selwyn: Declaration of love. Made by you both as I came in. Bevis heard it. Yes?

Henry: Yes.

Selwyn: Never mind. I shouldn't have come in at that moment.

Caroline: Why did you?

Selwyn: I want a bath. Be a daughter to me and tell the men to carry up hot water. (Caroline goes out by the passageway) Dirty work, Hogarth.

John: What?
Selwyn: This digging.
John: Oh, I see what you mean. Yes, it must be.
Selwyn: But I think it'll be worth it. I'm sure we're about to uncover something remarkable.
(he takes a small figurine of a human figure from his pocket and holds it out to John)
What do you make of that?
John: (he takes the figure) It's a woman, isn't it?
Selwyn: Yes. One of the workmen found it yesterday.
Significant attitude of worship, don't you think?
John: It seems familiar. I don't know why.
Selwyn: If we can get something from this site it'll shake them up in London. I want to do the BM crowd in the eye. They've never shown any interest in my work. If it wasn't for the Germans we shouldn't be able to go on. England's done nothing for the expedition.
Henry: Are you being quite fair, Selwyn? The Times has kept the country informed. Through me.
Selwyn: Tell me, Hogarth, what's this about you being on your way to some trouble in the North? Is it another of Bevis's fairy stories?
John: No, it's true.
Selwyn: Then do be careful. The political situation in the Balkans seems more confused than ever. Why are you going? Have you been sent by the Crown?
John: Good God, no! I wanted to leave England.
Selwyn: That's a substantial reason. Some woman, was it?
John: All women. I wanted to get away from the whole business.
Selwyn: There was no need to go to the length of starting a revolution. You could have helped me. Nothing like digging and sifting for keeping the mind off sex.
Act I: 23

John: I suppose not.

Selwyn: Bevis has found it invaluable. Haven't you? When I was in the Army and it became troublesome I always called a church parade. Made the men rather fed up turning out so late at night but it always worked. Still, everyone has their own method.

John: Well, it's a personal problem. Here. (he gives the figure to Selwyn)

Selwyn: Sophie's pleased to see you, I expect.

John: Yes. We've been talking.

Selwyn: About the old days? She pretends she doesn't miss them. And she pretends very well. Stay on for a while, my dear boy, and keep her amused. And Caroline. She had a bad time before she came here. Married a bastard. Stay. We're not much troubled by the nuisances of London. The weather's good, the local people are friendly and we don't have to be pleasant to each other if we don't want to. As for women - no worry about them here. They're a simple good people without the refinements which make life such hell in London. Stay on, do. (Caroline comes back to the room)

Caroline: They're getting your bath ready. The water will be in by the time you've undressed.

Selwyn: Thank you, Caro. Come up and talk to me, Hogarth. Have a bath if you like.

John: I'll come and talk. Are you going back to England when you've finished here?

Selwyn: No. Sophie and I'll never go back. There's some very interesting work going on in Asia Minor. I may join in. Different period, of course. Same digging. (Selwyn and John go out of the room and up the stairs)

Henry: I try to make myself believe that I feel such an outsider because I'm here as an official observer. No more.
Caroline: (she is looking after John) He's only a visitor.

Henry: Hogarth? Yes, but he seems to have the art of engaging himself at once. I heard much of your conversation as I came in. He's given you more comfort in a few words than I've been able to give in months. I suppose it's the way he said it.

Caroline: It's not a matter of words, Henry. That's the mistake you're making. Read poetry, you said. There you were off the mark. I went through a poetical marriage. Boyle knew about every art except one. Life with him was never too damned beautiful for words. There were so many to be spoken, sung, whispered, written, rhymed, scratched on the window pane, carved into wood and stone — words for everyday use and casually slung at each other, words for secret use and muttered into the pillow, words for public abuse and shouted from the housetops, words with single meaning and words with double meaning, good words, bad words, holy words and dirty words. And when the day was over and you'd think the talking would have to stop — no, there'd always be that dribble of stale words for explanation of failure, betrayal, misery and horror. Buried beneath, suffocated, dead, was love.

Henry: Now you listen to Hogarth. Intently. You're right. I've talked to him. He's running from the very life I want for myself. He told me that he wanted to get away from people. That's why he's going on this journey. All I ask is to be accepted into some pattern of life: he's achieved that and wants to break from it.

Caroline: Henry, couldn't you take an overwhelming interest in something?

Henry: I think I could if I tried.

Caroline: I don't mean in me. I mean food or politics or God. Or something.

Henry: Would that help you?

Caroline: Not at all. But why should you help me?

Henry: I cling to that as the one definite purpose I have.
Caroline: Nonsense! You're a working journalist put down in this place for quite another reason. You're probably the only person I know, Henry, for whom hard work is the solution.

Henry: My work, yes. It's shocking that the one completely serious concern of my life is bread and butter.

Caroline: And the rest? Don't you feel everything else — your ambition to be in love, to be somewhere else than here, to be someone — don't you feel it's an enormous joke?

Henry: Yes, I do. But I don't want to laugh. It seems I'm the only member of the party who can't see the point.

Caroline: That's the joke, Henry. So throw up your hat and laugh with the rest.

(Cristos has come down the stairs and into the room)

What do you want?

Cristos: I thought you were alone.

Caroline: I can be. Can't I, Henry?

(Henry walks out of the room by the window)

Cristos: That was unkind. I didn't mean to interrupt you.

Caroline: We were only talking about ourselves. Same subject as usual.

Cristos: What I'm obliged to call by custom, your unhappiness.

Caroline: You don't believe it, do you?

Cristos: No. Do you?

Caroline: Not any more.

Cristos: I expect you were angry when your husband left you. Englishwomen are good losers in every game except marriage.

Caroline: Oh, damn! Where is he?

Cristos: Talking to Selwyn in his bath.

Caroline: You know who I mean.
Act I: 26

Cristos: Apparently I do.

Caroline: Have you met him?

Cristos: For a moment. I've known a John Hogarth for some months, of course. Very well. (He holds up two small notebooks he is examining)

Caroline: From Sophie's book.

Cristos: I'm very interested. Is it the same man?

Caroline: Yes, he's the person Sophie's been writing about.

Cristos: I know that. Let me put it this way: is it the man in the book you're willing to come down those stairs?

Caroline: It's a question of identity. I see what you mean.

Cristos: I remember the morning you sat with me reading these books. You were smiling. I found it very disturbing. Sophie and I seemed to have done the job too well. Did you smile when you met the other Hogarth? Not the man Sophie and I put together but the man of independent action? They're not the same.

Caroline: Why tell me that?

Cristos: You're English and so you're likely to prefer a romantic fiction to the real thing. If you were Greek or French -- or even German -- I'd not be saying this to you.

Caroline: It sounds like a warning.

Cristos: I mean it to be that. (Sophie comes down the stairs and into the room)

Caroline: Can you really believe, Cristos, that I'm still young enough to be in love with a man in a book?

Cristos: I wanted to be sure that you're not.

Sophie: Now John Hogarth's here I hope I'm not going to find people standing in corners talking about him all the time.
Act I: 27

Caroline: Cristos was giving me advice.

Sophie: Would you like to tell me what it was?

Caroline: He thinks that after my misery with Boysie I may be on the look out for an ideal. He's afraid that Hogarth found it in your book under the name of Hogarth. He pointed out that there's a man of that name in the house at the moment. However, I'm not to confuse them. They're not the same. The man in the book's a fiction. According to Cristos.

Sophie: That's untrue. My memory's as clear as a spyglass.

(He enters through the window)

Henry: I say, I think somebody responsible should come down to the dig. Something's happened. I'm not quite sure what. One of the workmen has fallen through a hole and disappeared but there seems to be more to it than that.

Caroline: Selwyn's in his bath.

Henry: If I could understand what those fellows are talking about it might help.

Cristos: I'll come down. I speak the same language as those fellows.

Henry: So you do. But then you are Greek, aren't you?

Cristos: Yes. It's very helpful.

(Henry and Cristos go out through the windows)

Sophie: How happy Henry will be if at last that excavation gives up its secret. He'll be able to write this final brilliant despatch we've heard so much about and return at once to London and honour. What will you do?

Caroline: By that time I hope to have found someone else to put up with me.

Sophie: I suppose you mean John. Will you make your intentions clear to him? In so many words.

Caroline: Are you jealous - Mummy?

Sophie: A little. Then again I don't think you're good.
Caroline: You, anyway, are not going to let me forget that.

Sophie: Not for a moment.

Caroline: Well, at least I had the nerve to get married when I was young. Unlike you, who'd never take the responsibility until you were old enough to enter into this arid married state with Father.

Sophie: That's a point. I suppose it does take courage when you're young. Especially when you intend to marry someone called Boysie Traherne.

Caroline: What about John Hogarth?

Sophie: Darling, he'd never marry you. He might pop you under the covers for an hour or two.

Caroline: I wouldn't be lonely and unwanted for that little time at least.

Sophie: So that's what you're expecting. Have you forgotten? He's here for a different purpose. He's not travelling for pleasure this time. My dear child, it's a fact that men sometimes get sick of us; not individually or personally but sick of our whole ravening sex. When that happens they take up soldiering or archaeology, throw themselves into politics or find other things to do which we don't understand — such as revolution. When that happens we haven't a chance. We can fight among ourselves for a man but when we have to get to grips with an idea a man believes to be right then we're beaten. All we can do is to sit back and meditate on past triumphs.

Caroline: You're lucky. I never loved anyone but Boysie. I can't meditate on him for the rest of my life.

Sophie: Well, Boysie could hardly be described as a triumph, I agree. But you'll find someone worthy of you, Caroline, I'm sure. Goodness knows where and it won't be John. Remember why he's here.
He's come to do his part in something real. He believes in the liberation by revolt of these wretched people in the North. It may seem absurd to us but it's a fact. Accept it.

Caroline: Why start playing at soldiers at his age?

Sophie: They always do it when they want to be taken seriously. A man always wants to do something positive after a love affair. John's just left Ada, remember. What did Boysie do after he left you?

Caroline: He had a nervous breakdown.

Sophie: That proves my point.

(John comes down the stairs and into the room)

John: Selwyn's a most energetic bather, isn't he? The room's flooded and as a mere spectator I'm soaked to the skin. He saw Henry and the Greek gentleman running down the hill and wants to be told what it's all about.

Sophie: Nobody knows at the moment. Henry arrived up here with an account even more garbled than he sends in to the Times. Pay no attention. We've had such alarms before.

John: I think you should have a word with Selwyn. He's at his bedroom window, stark naked, with a pair of field glasses and an improvised megaphone.

Sophie: I'll go up in a minute. John, when are you expecting your friend to come for you?

John: Basilios? In two or three days. Why?

Sophie: Couldn't you travel North to meet him?

John: Do you mean at once?

Sophie: Well, say tonight.

John: I suppose I could. Are you trying to get rid of me?

Caroline: Yes, she is.

Sophie: John, we're old enough friends to be frank with each other.
John: Certainly, Sophie. But no friends are old enough to be straightforwardly impolite to each other.
(Caroline laughs)
I'd like to stay here for a few days. A little while ago you seemed happy about that. Why have you changed your mind?

Sophie: I haven't.

John: Then what have we to be frank about?

Caroline: Me.

Sophie: I'm so very fond of you, John, and I wouldn't wish anything to take away from your affection for me. Certainly not this arrogant and impertinent child. In other words, I don't want to be blamed for what happens.

Caroline: Dear Sophie. Always burning her bridges before I come to them.

Sophie: I'll go up to Selwyn.

Caroline: You were right to be firm with Sophie. Of course you can stay here as long as you wish.

John: That wasn't the reason. It's not that I particularly want to stay here. I just want to put off going North for a while.

Caroline: Why?

John: Selwyn seems to think I may get killed in this business.

Caroline: Well, don't sound so surprised. Hadn't it occurred to you?

John: It had occurred to me but I didn't think it had to anyone else - not seriously.

Caroline: But I thought it was the point. That you should at last be taken seriously by others. Why else are you here?
John: Here. Why? This is a strange undisciplined country. A good place to be alive in.

Caroline: It seems that's not the reason you came.

John: Why did you come? Was it only because your father happened to be here?

Caroline: Not only that. When I was shut up in a nunnery as a child one of my teachers was a Greek. She told me wild, unorthodox stories of the country. I remembered them when I was alone in London and I thought this might be the place to bring me alive again. It's done so.

John: I know what you mean. You became aware. Yes? Am I right? Aware that you're occupying space and that the sun exists to strike down and enwrap you. Aware that you are here - alive - wound up - more! - working, ticking, going. Registering something more than a mood. Yes. It's a discovery to be reckoned with, I agree. Life is not, after all, founded on the meal table, the privy and the bed.

Caroline: In this place even those things might take on a certain significance.

John: You think it's just the place.

Caroline: Not entirely. It's also because of what Selwyn said to you. About being killed. With that in mind even the most commonplace objects can become charged with mystery.

John: I should never have thought of you as a commonplace object.

Caroline: What did you say?

John: You're confusing me. Are you doing it deliberately?

Caroline: I want you to see yourself in the proper light, that's all. As a man who hasn't got all his life before him I think you should.

John: You talk as if I'm condemned. Like your father.

Caroline: There's time for a reprieve. You've only to change your mind.
John: Out of the question. I'm committed to action - on my honour.

Caroline: In that case -
(she moves to John and holds out her hand)
- goodbye. The world will surely go on without you.
(John takes her hand; he does not let it go)
You're doing something which I don't understand but I suppose is very (fine.)

John: I'm not one of those men who have to love the country they're prepared to -

Caroline: Say fight for. I didn't mean that. I meant it's supposed to be a good thing to give up so much. Everything you've known in such fullness in the past. Good food, sleep, the comfort of women are gone in this spartan search for an absolute truth in a harsher reality. Fine man - almost a saint, you are - yes - for the way of sanctity is the road to the North.

(John is still holding her hand)

John: I think you've misunderstood. The pleasures you've talked about had become as bitter to me as any penance. Every one was the harshest reality which I couldn't stomach. For they're only tolerable when they're more than themselves. When the food feeds more than the body, when sleep is more than an escape to a dream and the comfort of women is more than a cushion.

Caroline: I see. But tell me something. Did you say to yourself, This is the last time? D'you see what I mean? Take the comfort of women. Did you say to yourself, This is the last kiss, the last embrace? This is not only farewell to whatshername - Ada - but farewell to all loving for all time. Did you say that?

(John takes both her hands in his)
Say it now.
(John is silent)

Let the day go. It gets cooler towards evening. Then's the time for thought and decision. The smell of the baked earth comes up from the valley making the scent of the flowers sour and more understandable. Evening is the time for straight talking and straight thinking in this country. The sun goes down and rubs the guilt from the edges. The senses aren't treacherously attacked.

Whiting M.A.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
by every colour, shape and sound taking on a
form of something somewhere long ago with
someone else. The days in this place - the
days under the sun have all been - have all happened
before. But the nights are now in time - to nowmet
people - you're not - and they can be used very
in any way we - John - please. Please! put off,
John - John, put off telling - to y' self - no -
telling whether Ada - a dead love, now - was last -
very last time.

(John pushes her hair from over her ears
and puts his hands about the back of her
neck)

John: It was the last chance.

Caroline: How - chance?

John: All my life I've treated every opportunity as the
last chance. I've looked - sadly - on each
encounter as the last. But I was cheated. The
sun came up and the sun went down and, dammit,
life had to be lived. And opportunity didn't
knock once. It beat a positive tattoo at my door.

Caroline: Which every time you opened.

John: It was never shut.

(he kisses her on the forehead)

But now the foot of time is edging it to. Soon
there'll only be space in that doorway for the
lightest and most frivolous opportunity to get
through. The last - the smallest and least
consequential - will have to stay, I suppose,
to comfort my extreme age for there'll be no
getting out.

Caroline: My God! Can't you -

(John kisses her on the mouth)

- see? Can't you see - that before you - haven't
you eyes? - oh, yes! you have eyes - before you
is not a quickly closing door. No, John - darling,
my newfound one - fool! - there before you
are the wide open gates of Summer. You've lived
only - nothing but - the early months of your
year of life. Stay on. I'll not mind - never
mind - if you go on from me to another - fairer,
she may be - but be aware - beware - not old, not
sleeping but now of the fairest to hand. Stay.
Go on from me - after all - if you want to go - on.
Go on.
Act I:

(Curtain)

John: You're lying. You're saying something you don't believe. That's not good. That's bad. You must - and of course you do - think that you are the last. No going on from you - Caroline - who hold the secret - Caroline - the true ending. So let's have no renunciation (from you) - ever.

Caroline: I don't give up anything - ever. But there comes a time - secret: furtive: upon you before you - no! - know it and a decision has to be made. 

(she kisses him. Selwyn comes down the stairs, crosses the room, and goes out through the window)

There! You'll not find that in a day's march.

John: I'll not find that in a lifetime's campaigning.

(they are fast in each others arms)

Caroline: Ah! my revolutionary. I'll be your marching song. This can be a struggle for freedom worth fighting. So to the barricades which are down - down fallen before the uprising. Take the law into your own hands and strike! For the tormented are impatient of control.

John: Be still.

Caroline: Yes. Yes. Yes.

CURTAIN
Note:

The figures "6" and "65", appear on the title page marked "ACT ONE".

The figures "14", "1", "4", and "6" are shown in a vertical line on page 1.

A caret appears opposite 173-4.
Draft "H" Act Two - Emendations

10. ...a (caret: "gentle patina" is deleted) to "mirror surface" is inserted in the margin adjacent to a caret.

86-7. ("everything...fruit" is deleted).

"the mist of bravely unshed tears softens even the harshest human gesture." is inserted in the margin.

107. ...enclosure. It ("'d" is deleted; caret) carried my ("ten".is deleted) thousand...

"had" is inserted above the first deletion.
"two" is inserted above the second deletion.

119. Sophie's ("look is" is deleted) gentle....

"memories are" is inserted above the line.

140. into ("some" is deleted) underground...

"an" is inserted above the line.

169. ("Did you indeed" is deleted) ?

"Oh." is inserted above the line.

224. ...would ("'ve" is deleted) been...

"have" is inserted above the line.

241. ("Well," is deleted) it's ("nothing but" is deleted) a game, ("is...the" is deleted)
"Surely" is inserted above the first deletion. 
"only" is inserted above the second deletion. A period emends the comma after "game".

242-57. These lines are deleted.

"Like science it adds nothing to the contented life." is inserted in the margin adjacent to line 242.

323. From ("what" is deleted) quarter....

"this" is inserted above the deletion.

355. "novelty" emends "noevlty".

378. ("Now then" is deleted) - you....

405. ...a ("great deal" is deleted), you....

"long way," is inserted above the line.

411. ("John:...be" is deleted).

422. "preliminaries" emends "prelimineries".

425. ...sealed on my part with...

A vertical line is inserted before "on" and after "part".

431. ("But" is deleted; "What" emends "what"; "What did you feel?" is deleted and in parentheses)

438. (...error. ("But" is deleted; "A" emends "a")woman...

431-42. These lines are deleted.
449. ...small w (obliteration) ound

453. ...more. (caret) Letters...  
"You'll know well that" is inserted above the line.

455. ...way -"
"(Am I right?)" is inserted after "way -"" and circled.

463. ...silence ("it seems" is deleted) I...
"I fear" is inserted above the line.

466. ...trouble - we...you
"we...you" is in parentheses.

468. ...say ( a period emends a comma; "but" is deleted; "It" emends "it"...  

473. ...the ("next" emends "nest") and

476-81. These lines are deleted.

545. ...there's ("little" is deleted; caret) commitment...
"no" is inserted above the caret.

583-4. ("Henry...celibacy." is deleted) Nothing....

622. When...stranger would ("'ve" is deleted; caret) dared (caret) smile
An "X" is inserted before "When". "have" is inserted above the first caret. "to" is inserted
above the second caret.

667. ("might've" is deleted) meant...

676. ("I love you." is deleted) Having...

683. ...to (caret) leading....
     "mis" is inserted above the line.

738. ...time ("we" is deleted) 've got....
     "I" is inserted above the line.

777. ...beautifully! Anyone ("d" is deleted) thought...
     "would've" is inserted above the deletion.

793. I mean ("t" is deleted) I...

795. What...about?
     "What...about?" is in parentheses.

815-6. ...facts! ("Perhaps..." is deleted)

818. ...the ("purple" is deleted)
     "scarlet" is inserted after "purple".

823-4. ...secret. (caret) He...
     "They call them Silent Laughter." is inserted in the margin adjacent to a caret.

826-7. An indecipherable mark appears.

847. ...and ("[****]" emends "wanted") to...
864-5. ...Daddie ("and...juice" is deleted).

A period is inserted after "Daddie".

1002. ("Now...grateful" is deleted)

1003-8. These lines are deleted.

1007. ("Yes." is deleted) I....

"Of course." is inserted above the line.

1050-1. ...end. ("Did...bathroom" is deleted).

1059. ("very" is deleted) careful...

1060. ...it's ("very" is deleted) necessary...

"[not]" is inserted above the deletion.

1088. (Caroline ("slowly" is deleted) leaves...)

1096-7. remember? ("-" is deleted; "Dedicated," emends "dedicated,") we said. It's (caret) that ("all right" is deleted). A...

"very much" is inserted above the caret.

1121. ...an ("overwhelming" is deleted) impression....

"disturbing" is inserted above the line.

1195. ...are. What ("'ve" is deleted) you...?

"'re" is inserted above the line.

1267. ("Let's" is deleted) take...

"I'll" is inserted above the line.
...the ("purple" is deleted) berries....
"scarlet" is inserted above the line. "Silent Laughter." is inserted after "hill.".
Draft "H" Act Two – Typescript
Act
Two

Writing Ms.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Act Two

(The scene: part of the room of the first act remains showing the windows and the door leading to the stairway.

Now the terrace beyond the windows is also revealed.

The time is two days later: evening.

The terrace is a compact area before the house and is enclosed by a low wall. The passage of slumbered feet - it is a place of leisure - has given animation to the mosaic floor. At the centre several steps lead to a pathway going down to the road. The exterior wall containing the small window of John Hogarth's bedroom is now clearly seen.

A long table with food and drink has been taken out to the terrace.

The harshness of daylight has gone and with the sun low there is an incisive coolness which seems to etch the scene in a hazy misty twilight. It will not be night for some time.

John Hogarth is alone on the terrace. He is holding a long-barrelled, single-shot practice pistol. A little way from him and lined on the wall are various objects:
a drinking glass, an orange, a small bottle, a straw hat (Henry's), a playing card and a cigar. John is using these as targets.

He fires. Not one of the objects is disturbed.

Caroline appears at the small window above and looks out to the countryside.)

Caroline: The dancers! Don't frighten away the dancers. Do you see them? Under the hill. There's been a wedding. One of the workmen. Down there the men and women are making the bond. That slow and heavy circle will tread the pattern into the earth through the night. There's a tribute to love if ever there was one. Can you hear the music? It'll be a thin pipe. Listen.

(John has reloaded the pistol: he fires)

Ah! you don't want to hear. Does that sharp noise comfort you? Yet you'll not save your life with that kind of toy. Practise all you can you'll never shoot your way out.

(Cristos has come down the stairs of the house and crossed the room. He now stands inside the window (beside John and Caroline)

Do you still believe the quickest way to someone's heart is with a bullet? Will you never learn? They're dancing under the hill. Set your sights a little higher, John, and you'll see them — dancing the day into the earth — burying it for ever and ever. Doesn't that mean something to you?

John: No.

(Cristos pours some wine and takes a glass to John)

Whiting 1881. Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Cristos: I hope you're happy with our local wine.

John: To be quite happy I'd need to be here a few weeks. It still bites a little.

Cristos: You're not intrigued enough by it to stay on. No, I see you're not. Unfortunately, it doesn't travel like myself.

John: How do you come to speak English so well?

Cristos: I went to school in England and afterwards lived there for many years.

John: From choice?

Cristos: Yes. The place fitted my temperament for I think it must be the saddest country in the world. I long for that perpetual Autumn where it's unnecessary - oh, impossible - to face reality: where every leaf-taking is performed with the grave courtesy of an obsequy: where the houses look like tombs and the tombs houses: where beautiful... 

John: Why did you leave?

Cristos: My national characteristics failed me. Not being an Englishman I craved something unworthy. I was ruined by a desire for excitement.

John: You mean you found it? In England? Just a minute. This is extraordinary. What did you do? Start a political party? Not that? Surely you were not mad enough to create a work of art.

Cristos: Of course not.

John: Women? My dear fellow, you must have known from your schooldays that Englishwomen were created to purge us by pity and terror.

Cristos: Yes. I learnt that at an early age.

John: Then I give up.

Cristos: Do you know Epsom Downs?
John: Horse racing. Of course!

Cristos: I lost everything. The animal was called Homer II and its liquid eye avoided mine, as it was led to the enclosure. It carried my ten thousand pounds into fourth place. I came back here to my only remaining property.

John: I'm sorry. I didn't know this was your house.

Cristos: Selwyn rents it from me for the period of the excavation. Yes, it's my house. My position is difficult. I sometimes forget myself and behave very much as a host. Forgive me.

John: It's a charming lapse. Please sit down.

Cristos: But I'm very happy to act as amanuensis to Sophie. To look back on life in that beautiful country through her gentle eyes is a great comfort to me.

John: Sophie's very gentle! I can't believe it.

Cristos: Very gentle. For example, speaking this morning of a certain Mrs. F., she said:

"15th, October 1897: Mrs. F. came to dinner. Alone. Her husband's misappropriation of the club funds seems to have affected her deeply. Yet as she came slowly up the stairs, leaning on her stick, I could not fail to notice the gentleness of her expression, framed as it was in her picturesquely disordered white hair. The flame of charity, I thought, still burns in that wasted body. "You see?"

John: Does she mention that at that time Mrs. F. was twenty-eight?

(Henry has come up the hill and now steps on the terrace. John speaks to him:)

What's happening down there?

Henry: They're still trying to get through to the workman who fell into the hole. He seems to have dropped into some underground chamber. He's been there two and a half days now. Selwyn lowered food and wine and some candles to him. But the fellow makes no attempt to get out. All he does is wander about below and shout with laughter.
John: Has he gone mad?

Henry: We should know later tonight. Selwyn seems to think he can reach the place himself within a couple of hours. Of course, everything's been held up by this marriage of the foreman. About two hundred of his relations are down there at the dig roasting sheep. Have you noticed the dancers?

John: They've been pointed out to me.

Henry: Queer music. Rather infectious, though. Even I found myself tapping my foot.

Cristos: That's because dancing's in your blood, Henry.

John: Henry has dancing in his blood!

Cristos: From his mother. She's an actress.

John: Really. Locally?

Cristos: No, no. In London.

John: What's she doing at the moment?

Henry: "The Feather Duster Girl."

John: Bevis. You're not Bunny Bevis's boy?

Henry: Yes.

John: Little Bunny Bevis! You mean you're her flesh and blood?

Henry: Yes.

John: How extraordinary! I saw her before I left London. Oh.

Henry: Did you, indeed?

John: That ageless, bewitching creature! I looked into the Gaiety the night before I sailed. Bunny came on to a scene decorated with enormous flowers. You'd have been proud of her, Henry. The gentlemen of the chorus swept off their toppers and Bunny came through to the footlights with her eyelids working like shutters and confided a song to us which must have been written by her worst enemy.

Whiting, Ind.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
(John, spinning an imaginary parasol, sings:)
I'm the wild wed wose / You didn't pluck twom
your garden / On your way to your new sweetheart. / You chose those silly lilies / And the frilly
daffodillies, / To cawwly on your way / For your wedding day bouquet. / But you didn't seem to see me / Your only, lonely, dweamy, / Dainty, cherub-eamy - ooh! / (presto) Little wild wed wose.

(Selwyn has come up the hill and on to the terrace)

Selwyn: Bravo! The latest thing from London, eh?

John: Henry's mother's new song.

Selwyn: Enchanting, ever young thing, she is, too. I remember her when I was quite a boy. She's one of the few women, I'd say, who know exactly what qualities to bring into a man's life to make him happy. Equal parts of gaiety, silence and plain damned silliness. Not an idea in her head, you know. So refreshing. Funny she's never married.

This is very pleasant. Where are the women?

John: Dressing.

Henry: Shall I fetch them?

Selwyn: I think you've missed the point, Henry. My statement that this is very pleasant and my query as to where the women happen to be are not unconnected. See what I mean?

John: So you hope to get right into the excavation tonight, Selwyn?

Selwyn: Yes. I've left them working on the tunnel. We should know the result of eighteen months work by the morning. You'd better be there, Henry, standing by with your adjectives when I go in. The Times will want a full report.

Henry: I'm ready for anything. What about the fellow already down there?

Selwyn: I can't get a word of sense from him. Damned fool!

Henry: Is he still laughing?
Selwyn: Yes. With all respect to your countrymen, Cristos, I've found these workmen inclined to take the whole business rather lightly. I mean, this little fellow falls through a hole into a place where no man has set foot for over two thousand years and all he does is to wander about giggling like an idiot. Not only that but the night we propose to enter the inner chamber, the foreman decides to get married. It would have been churlish not to send down wine but I can't say that I approve.

Cristos: Our past is so much more remote than yours, Selwyn, as an Englishman. Your feelings for our ancient civilisation is as strange to us as the American attitude to Europe is odd to you. The little man who's fallen through the hole has come into abrupt contact with his ancestors. You mustn't expect anything but laughter from him. After all, perhaps he's happy. To discover ancestors, I mean.

John: It has always seemed, sir, that as a nation you're unconcerned with the past.

Cristos: We leave our digging to others, if that's what you mean. Those Germans, you know - untiring.

Selwyn: Every country seems to leave historical research to foreigners. It makes for objectivity, I suppose.

Cristos: Well, it's not just a game, as you've discovered. You have put a new light on this when you've uncovered whatever there is to be uncovered down there. Henry will go out of his way in his article to demonstrate how exactly alike those people and ourselves happen to be. But we already know that instinctively. We shall find, of course, that they drank from a different kind of cup and their plates were a different shape. But the problem of the men who are working for you down there is how to fill the cups and plates of today. Thank you, Selwyn, for renting my house and employing my men but please don't ask me to take it seriously. No, no, my understanding is entirely for Mr. Hogarth who is so magnificently concerned with our present history. (Sophie has gone down the stairs and into the room. She now comes out on to the terrace)
Act II: 8

Selwyn: Will you take me down, Selwyn?

Sophie: Down, my dear. Do you mean you want to see the digging?

Selwyn: Certainly not. I want to join the wedding party for a while. I think we should all go. Is the girl pretty?

Selwyn: Not very. She has a heavy moustache.

Sophie: Come along, Cristos. You must interpret my best wishes. And John — how can I make you come along?

John: You might drag me by the hair.

Sophie: I see. I'm sure I shan't have to persuade Henry with his morbid interest in marriage.

Henry: I'll come down, certainly.

Sophie: We can all do with a little gaiety of this kind. And think how pleased they'll be to see that we're interested.

Selwyn: You'll find it very different, my dear, from the goings-on at Saint Margaret's.

Sophie: Nonsense, Selwyn! People the whole world over get married for the same thing.

John: Tell us what it is, Sophie.

Sophie: I'd like to give the bride a small gift, Cristos. What do you think would be suitable?

(Sophie, Selwyn and Cristos go from the terrace. Henry remains for a moment to pick up his hat from the wall)

John: It's very strange. A simple ritual invented by lawyers and priests can make a woman like Sophie behave in this absurd way. You'd think it was ten years ago and her cook was getting married. You'd better look out, Henry. In her present mood she might try to engage you to one of the local girls.

Henry: I very much want to get married, Mr. Hogarth. Not, of course, to a local girl but to someone of my own class.
John: Have you anyone in mind?

Henry: I had. (he starts to go. John calls after him:)

John: Do you mean Caroline?

Henry: Yes, I mean Caroline. (Henry goes from the terrace. John stares after him and then sadly looks down the barrel of his pistol. Caroline has come down the stairs into the room. She stands silent within the room, watching John. It is John who speaks:)

John: I know you're there. Come out. (Caroline stays in the room)

Caroline: And I know you're there. Alone.

John: Henry wants to marry you.

Caroline: He once got as far as telling me what his income is.

John: What is it?

Caroline: Eight hundred.

John: Not enough. Why didn't you tell me about him? I've made him unhappy.

Caroline: Well, someone had to be made unhappy in this affair. And that's what the Henry's are for. You've made me very happy.

John: Oh, damn you. (Caroline laughs) Come out here.

Caroline: Do you really find comfort in that little weapon? Are you expecting to be attacked?

John: Yes.

Caroline: From which quarter? Ah! be brave and put it down. (John returns the pistol to its case. He walks through the window into the room. Caroline, who is beside the window, quickly puts her arms around his neck. They kiss)

John: You're a pest.

---

Writing the
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Caroline: You shouldn't be doing this. But you've a good excuse. It's all anyone wants for such behaviour. For when you left London you didn't know I existed and neatly filled this space. I'll wait, you thought, safe with Sophie.

John: That's what I am doing. Waiting in safety.

Caroline: Are you? You meant to do it. No doubt about it. Wait for your friend before going off to war. You could no more've imagined me, eh, as a friend on the way. Don't look so cross. It's upsetting, I know, to be knocked off y'path to war'n'glory which you'd so carefully plotted but it's something you've got t'get used to. So don't be angry. Please!

John: You arrogant and designing -

Caroline: Call me names.

John: - later - why should you think this is any more than an interlude?

Caroline: How to pass a night or two in a waiting room without the boredom of loneliness?

John: Just that. How do you know it's more?

Caroline: Shall I tell you? Because you've never known anything like this before.

John: This! Each and every one is not only the last chance. It is the first time. And I'm not a man to be detained by novelty. Try again.

Caroline: All right. I'm better than any of the others.

John: Who've gone before. Are you?

Caroline: I'm just putting the idea in your head. Am I?

John: Yes.

Caroline: Then there's your reason for staying on.


Caroline: Will you leave me—with regret?
John: Of course.

Caroline: But you'll leave?

John: I shall.

(Caroline breaks from him across the room)

Don't go.

Caroline: Well, now, you may go it seems yet I must stay. Very well. I've not the cruelty needed to leave you after what we've been through together.

John: Put like that it sounds an ordeal.


John: Stop answering your own questions and listen to me. I'm an innocent traveller - I mean I'm travelling in an innocent way. I break my journey. Nay - than - you say I didn't know you'd be here. That's true. But I've always been aware of the perils of travel and you're one of them. They attend us on the way.

Caroline: Were there so many in this journey?

John: Enough. I came through Rome: I might have changed my religion. A man on the boat had a scheme to make me a fortune: I might have invested. The maid who brought coffee to my bedside in Alexandria - she wasn't you, certainly, but she had - ah, well, the sun was already high. But y'see what I mean. None of these kept me so why should you? Tell me, squirrel, the ever so special reason why I should stay with you and not go North with Basilios.

Caroline: Stay with me and you can stay alive with honour.

John: The word honour should never pass a woman's lips except in its narrowest and most personal sense. You've madea monstrous suggestion. If I don't lead this revolt and stay with you everyone will applaud my courage in exchanging the trials of revolution for the horrors of marriage. Is that what you mean?

Caroline: I've never spoken of marriage.

John: You will.

Caroline: Have you ever been in love?
Caroline: I don't want to know. What about the others?

John: I've travelled a great deal, you must remember.

Caroline: And of all your travelling companions I was the best. Yes? There! you've a dear face when you relax your mouth. To smile or to kiss - me. (John does so; briefly)

Will the man be here tonight to fetch you?

John: He may well be.

Caroline: I only ask because I must think what I've to do. What would you have me do? Travel on? Looking for the encounters you've tried to avoid. Oh, you - for you the world holds yourself and humanity. It's the same with everyone who wants to stir up trouble. Revolution is for men who can't love. You can. If you'll give yourself the chance.

John: I gave myself every chance in the past. I presented myself well scrubbed and well dressed, sober and tactful for the preliminaries. If there was a husband I was good-natured. The early stages were distinguished by punctuality and discretion. The mutual pact was sealed by my party of affection and firmness of purpose. Time, Caroline, and time again I was well on my way to being in love with a person.

Caroline: That's just behaviour. Got no more to do with it than the angle of your hat. You speak of formalities. (What did you feel?)

John: Absolute misery after the second week. Then my efforts had to be concentrated in extricating myself. I tried to be fair in that. But every time I'd to fall back on the blunt request: "Will you please go away?"

Caroline: We can never believe it, you see. You work on a method of trial and error. But a woman has no margin for error. She's committed from the first. However they went.

John: Yes. But always with a long backward look which was meant to pierce me.
Caroline: Forgive us. We have to fight with outdated weapons. And we still hope the dull edge of remorse stays sharp enough to penetrate the heart.

John: And think of it as only the opening thrust of the engagement. For from longer range the letters start coming. Made up with all the cunning that solitary thinking at night brings on. The small wound caused by remorse must be kept open by the pen. The first letter on parting:

Caroline: "Your cruelty to me last night -"

John: Cruelty? A request: Nothing more. (Letters stay unanswered. What next?)

Caroline: A telegram: "If offended in any way - "

John: At last in person on the doorstep day and night - veiled - or in a carriage across the street when I went out. Once even disguised as a washerwoman to be met on the stairs. So it always ended one way. In flight. The last letter quietly and desperately pursued me over the many miles, speaking after me:

Caroline: "By your silence it seems I have failed to please you. Now so far away I shall hope to be remembered as nothing more than a friend of whom in future times of trouble - (we always predict that for you) - anything may be asked."

John: That's much what it seemed to say. But it was always hard to be sure with the page scarred and blistered by tears. So into the tin box with it. And on. No, Caroline, love can never stand up to the onslaughts of your sex. Never.

Caroline: And each time you ran away it led to the next and the next until in headlong flight you pass this way.

love can never stand up to the onslaughts of your sex. Never.

Caroline: And each time you ran away it led to the next and the next until in headlong flight you pass this way.


Sophie: Who's in there? Why don't you light the lamps?

Sophie: Very disappointing. Even at my age I'd have thought a peasant wedding would be charmingly idyllic. That is nothing of the kind. How could it be when the man is obviously a blackguard and the girl quite distressingly ugly - and drunk.

Caroline: You'll have to look elsewhere for your romance, Sophie.

Sophie: I shall. Far beyond this house, for example. Cristos, I'd intended to ask you to go to my room and fetch one of my handkerchiefs to give to that poor girl down there but now I feel sure she'd only blow her great nose on it. Instead, will you go to the kitchen and find an old table-cloth to present with my compliments.

John: You are in a bad temper.

Sophie: It's the first time I've walked down that hill. Very tiring.

John: It took a wedding to get you out and about.

Caroline: I suppose you insulted them. The wedding couple, I mean.

Sophie: Why should you suppose I'd do any such thing?

Caroline: Because you're always so damned rude to anyone
who disappoints you.

Sophie: It would have been difficult as everything I said had to be translated through Cristos. However, I can speak English and be understood by both of you.

(Caroline begins to go from the room)

Where are you going?

Caroline: Kitchen. Oil for that lamp.

Sophie: The lamp's all right.

Caroline: It won't be in a moment.

(she goes out)

Sophie: So you're staying on with us. I'm very sorry. The sight of you being brought down by Caroline during the last two days has been very painful. I'd hoped it was only a matter of soldier's comfort but it seems I have to watch your final humiliation. A tacit admission of love.

John: What are you talking about?

Sophie: Ah! my dear boy, to be caught by love is one thing; to give in to it is another.

John: You know, Sophie, you're becoming a very contradictory old lady.

Sophie: John!

John: You obviously see nothing odd in the fact that you should give your blessing to the lovers down the hill and immediately return to abuse Caroline and me - so much nearer to your heart - in the same situation.

Sophie: Then it is true. The night you arrived I saw the lamp in her irresponsible hand go bobbing towards your room. Even then I feared for your safety. Yet I believed you'd break free. We know, don't we, that there's little commitment made in the small hours. Dawn breaks most pacts and the sun burns up all vows. This time, however - well, you've changed, as you say. You're older and you must at last come to rest in someone's bed. I was afraid it would be Caroline's and I was right it seems. For your daytime behaviour with her
John: I must remind you, it seems. In London you only knew of such things by letter and through conversation with me. Remember, Sophie, this is the first time you've actually seen the little lamp go bobbing down the corridor. This is no better and no worse than those times in the past. And no more dangerous. I'm not staying.

Sophie: You're not? Then why are you letting me say all this?

John: I like to hear you so concerned. You must still be very fond of me.

(Cristos comes in. He has a cloth folded over his arm)

Sophie: It's not enough. A cloth. Give the girl a sum of money as well.

Cristos: Certainly. How much?

Sophie: All you have on you. Let Selwyn and Henry also contribute.

Cristos: Very well.

Sophie: I've been uncharitable. It's not the girl's fault she's so unpleasant. Come back at once, Cristos. I shall dictate a chapter at least tonight.

(Cristos goes out to the terrace and down the hill)

I'm sorry I made a mistake about you and Caroline.

John: Did you know Henry wants to marry her?

Sophie: That's because he's been out here such a long time. Henry is the kind of man who marries is less horrible than solitary. Nothing will come of it.

John: What will happen to her? I'd like her to be happy.

Sophie: But not today. Not until you're far off. Let her be happy then.
John: How?
Sophie: You're very concerned.
John: Naturally.
Sophie: When are you expecting your friend?
Sophie: Tonight?
John: Perhaps. But about Caroline -
Caroline: Yes? (she has come from the darkness of the passageway)
Sophie: We were speaking of your future happiness, my child.
Caroline: Were you, darling? What about my present happiness?
Sophie: We thought it problematic or - (Caroline has taken John's arm)
- merely affected. But we can be generous and admire you for putting a good face on your failure. I suppose you must have some qualities, Caroline, but I'm surprised that one of them should be to know when you've lost.
Caroline: You come of a different - and older - generation than John and I. We're made happy by smaller things of less duration than ever you could be. I suppose you were very beautiful when you were young but I never look at you - knowing you as I do - without thinking that you must've gone yah-yah! gobble - and then sat back emotionally stuffed and sleepy. (to John) Women eating. Do you hate it?
John: Hate it.
Caroline: I'll starve. (to Sophie) But for me - well, when I've been miserable a smile from a stranger has sometimes been enough. You don't understand that, do you?
Sophie: When I was a girl no stranger would dared smile at me.
Caroline: Poor thing. So what I've known with John is very wonderful. It's not f'rever. But what is? Over f'both of us - tonight? - perhaps we'll see the morning. But I believe not. There, I've taken away your cause for triumph, Sophie. Sorry. You were all ready, I know, to rub my nose in the fact that this man was also leaving me.

John: Would you mind if I waited outside while this goes on?

Sophie: Not necessary. Please tell Cristos when he comes back that I'm in my room. I'd like you to knock on my door, John, for a moment before you go to shake my hand. That is if your friend should arrive in the middle of the night. At that time Caroline will undoubtedly be in a position to wish you a long farewell.

(Sophie goes from the room and up the stairs)

John: Let me look at you, Caroline. I'd have to know you longer before I could say you're serious.

Caroline: If ever there was a time for me to be serious this is it.

John: I thought you were just maddening Sophie.

Caroline: No. You've taught me what you failed to teach the others. But I don't want Basilios to turn up before morning even now. How will he come? How does a man go off to war these days? What am I to look for? A group of silent horsemen on the hill. Is that it?

John: Forgive me. I must at least try to die in action. After all that's happened it would be unbecoming for me to end in a bed.

Caroline: I understand perfectly. As a famous man you must finish up in glory.

John: I'd like to confound my obituaries as they stand written at the moment.

Caroline: You may come through the whole affair untouched. I hadn't thought of that.

John: I had. It'd be just my luck.
Caroline: Let's behave as if it wasn't happening - as if it wasn't that way at all. Come on. Here's an opportunity you've never known. Always before you'd to be careful - wary - because a word might've meant being trapped. But there's no fear of committing yourself with me. You'll be gone by morning and there'll be no letters following after you, I promise.

John: I'm allowed to say honestly and without commitment that I love you.

Caroline: Yes, you're allowed to say that.

John: And having said it -

Caroline: You haven't.

John: Having said it I must at once get ready to go. I'm in an impossible situation.

Caroline: I know. (she holds out her arms) Take refuge.

John: I think aloud and you hear my thoughts. What would it have been? An abject return to England to crave legal indulgence - to tell this story of ours in straight answers to leading questions. Your hair smells of wood smoke: why is that? Marriage and retirement to the country to give us leisure to begin to hate each other - your hands are stained with fruit - to hate each other for having dared to think we could make each other happy - quite bloodied over they are: see them - until the time would be when we'd only find true happiness in our hatred. I know: my mother and father were married. There'd be no one in the world interested enough in our private war to take sides and so we'd have children - your pulse: racing: oh, dear, yes, it is - children equally divided to carry on the battle when we were too old and tired to care. You've tears in your eyes.

Caroline: I know, you fool! Stay with me.

John: What has it been? Discovery without the vulgar need to stake a claim. Mystery without fear of explanation. Silence without misunderstanding. You see, we haven't used up all our poetry on each other and been driven to counterfeit. Your
lies amuse me — your unhappiness concerns me — and your most idiotic mannerisms enchant me. Leave it so. Be thankful for the horsemen on the hill.

Caroline: Stay with me.

John: No.

(Caroline turns away and goes out on to the terrace leaving John alone in the room. Cristos has come up the hill and on to the terrace)

Cristos: As a man long since unmarried I’m always amazed at the savagery attendant upon the simple union of two people who are supposed to love each other. The families of the wedding party are engaged in a pitched battle. Someone made a comment on the bride’s exact state of chastity, it seems. I’d not have thought it was a debatable point as she has two children with her who cried, Momma, throughout the ceremony.

(he passes Caroline and enters the room)

John: Sophie asked me to say that she’s in her room waiting to dictate.

Cristos: Thank you. Her memory at this time of day is too accurate for comfort.

John: Surely that’s what you want.

Cristos: Accuracy about the past! Mr. Hogarth, you speak like a scholar.

John: Is there another value in reminiscence?

Cristos: Certainly. A record of what might have been.

John: In that case, where does the truth get to?

Cristos: Now, you speak, sir, as if the truth was a considerable detail. The book will only be read by the future.

John: Sophie’s life in London then is a myth.

Cristos: It will be by the time we’ve got it on paper.

John: Until this moment I’ve looked on you as an historian.
Cristos: I'm sorry to have misled you. How do you see me now?

John: As an artist, you charlatan. I'm naturally concerned. I play a large part, I'm told, in your forthcoming work.

Cristos: You won't suffer, Mr. Hogarth. Where in the past your behaviour has seemed irresponsible I've taken care to provide a motive even at the expense of libelling others. Where your actions have appeared cruel or selfish the reader will find an excuse – even if it's in a footnote. In this work at least, sir, you will be represented beyond your wildest dreams.

John: Thank you so much.

Cristos goes from the room and up the stairs as Caroline returns to the room from the terrace. She has poured two glasses of wine; she carries one to John and holds it out to him. He takes it.

What's this?

Caroline: You're going. Let's drink to it.

John: Not at all necessary.

Caroline: Now why should it embarrass you to have a woman see you as you see yourself? You act the last of the romantics and carry his accessories. Then you must damned well expect to be treated as such. You can't brood over your pistols and your past, your copy of Malory and your death in battle and have me see you as I see Henry. He's trying to make his way in the world. You're trying to make your way out of it.

John: Very well, darling. If it's going to help you through these last hours by all means take part in my imaginary costume drama. (he raises his glass) To the freedom of man! (he drinks)

Caroline: Oh, you did that beautifully! Anyone thought it was real. Let me try. (she raises her glass) To the freedom of man! (she drinks)

How was that?

John: Not at all bad. There was a note in your voice –
militantly feminine - disturbing - might cause alarm in the liberal ranks. Try again.

Caroline: No.

(he takes the glass from John and with her own goes out on the terrace. She throws the glasses far out where they smash on the hillside. She comes back into the room. She speaks)

That wine was poisonous.

John: Yes. It wasn't very nice.

Caroline: I meant I put poison in it. The wine you've just drunk. While we were fooling about. It was toxic.

John: (What are you talking about?)

Caroline: The wine, darling. I put poison in it.

John: Are you serious?

Caroline: You'd have to know me longer before you could say that so I'll tell you. Yes, I'm serious.

John: Caroline, pull yourself together!

Caroline: I'm all right.

John: And stop smiling!

Caroline: I'm happy.

John: You're mad!

Caroline: No, I'm not. The stuff was in my drink, too.

John: I'm not concerned with you at the moment.

Caroline: You must be. We were together in another way. We're together in this. That's right and proper. I'd not do anything for you alone. I love you.

John: So much?

Caroline: Oh, so much! Just before we went to sleep last night I asked. How can I make this last for ever? And you said, That's only tomorrow. And suddenly I knew it could be.
John: Give me the facts. The facts! Or perhaps we drank with?

Caroline: Do they matter? Nothing to them. Walking on the hillside with Cristos one day I saw the purple berries. We'd been talking of the unhappiness of love — the impossibility of absolute oblivion. Then Cristos took a handful of the berries and told me that many people in this tragic country believed they held the secret. He threw them away but the day you came I'd happened to be out on the hillside and gathered more.

John: Just give me the facts. Nothing more. Salt and water.

Caroline: Do you mean the cook book facts? All right. Place whole in a pan. Cover with boiling water. Simmer on a wood fire. Drain. Keep to hand and when the horsemen on the hill approach use it.

John: A wood fire —

Caroline: — yes, it stays in my hair. With the stain on my hands.

John: I think you're lying.

Caroline: You'll know I'm not in about eight hours. When you fall asleep. Und leise.

John: Don't whisper romantic German nonsense to me!

Caroline: Why not? Let's show them, John. Let's show this whole damned century with its passion for steam engines and plotting in cellars that there were two people who were unafraid to give themselves up to the oldest passion of all. The beauty and the sacrifices are all in the story books now. I want them as you do to be here in life. You must want it that way or you wouldn't have done the things you have and wanted to go off to the North in further search. Sophie called you the first twentieth century man. Live up to it.

John: Live up to it! Give me a chance.

Caroline: You'll live for ever in Sophie's book. As you really are. And I shall live with you in history as your last attachment. That makes me all at
once want to cry. It's very wonderful.

John: Splendid. Now listen to me, Caroline. I'm very, very angry with you. A naughty girl, that's what you've been.

Caroline: I thought you'd behave so finely about this and I'm sure Sophie'd expect it, too.

John: You mean I can't rush about the place screaming, Murder.

Caroline: Well, you can but you're going to look silly and most unlike yourself if you make an uproar before Sophie and Henry and Daddie, and then find all you've sunk to a little fruit juice.

John: I'd certainly quite forfeit Sophie's respect. She'd probably start to write her bloody book again from the beginning.

Caroline: It's a difficult position. I'd be brave and keep quiet.

John: It's all a joke, isn't it, Caroline?

Caroline: Believe that if you want to. It won't do any harm. You've always looked on everything as a joke so why not this?

John: Oh, my God!

Caroline: Everyone thought you'd leave me. As Boysie left me. Won't they be surprised? It's all so simple, too. Why didn't the others think of it instead of writing you complaining letters?

John: They didn't think of it because they were decent respectable women.

Caroline: Poor things! They'll be so mad when they hear about us. So many morning papers to tell them on so many breakfast tables and so many tears of frustration falling in the porridge. God! I love you looking like that. Let's go upstairs. We've got eight hours or so.

John: Certainly not. You're indecent. You should occupy the eight hours —

Whiting MSS, Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Caroline: How?

John: I don't know. I don't know. (he walks out on to the terrace where he immediately comes face to face with Henry who has come up the hill)

Henry: Selwyn's got through to the inner chamber of the dig. He's still there. I've been sent up for some drawing things. He wants to make some sketches.

John: Has he found something interesting?

Henry: I think it must be. I've not been in yet. Why don't you go down? They've enlarged the entrance. You've only to lower your head.

John: Perhaps tomorrow.

Henry: Will you forgive me? I must think about my column for the Times.

John: Tell me, you're very fond of Caroline, aren't you?

Henry: I was hoping that matter wouldn't come up again. Do you think it's a fair question, Mr. Hogarth?

John: I think so. What do you know about her, that's the point?

Henry: She makes mistakes.

John: Such as?

Henry: Believing herself to be emotionally attached to unsuitable men.

John: I suppose you mean in love with me. Has she ever threatened you?

Henry: With violence? You can't mean that.

John: I do.

Henry: Never. She's always been most sympathetic.

John: She never been cruel to be kind.

Henry: There've been times when she's said or done something she's regretted later.
John: Too late sometimes, I expect. She's mad.

Henry: Wild? I suppose she is. Yet we'd always forgive her wouldn't we? Soon after she came here and I suppose I was pestering her she played a joke on me.

John: A joke! Tell me all about it.

Henry: It was really nothing — although I might have been killed. We were out riding together. Caroline used to wear boy's clothes for convenience. As an Englishman I was naturally interested in local habits and customs. On this ride we were going down a narrow defile near the coast when we came on a group of men. I wanted to speak to them and Caroline kindly offered to translate. I asked them various questions about their way of life. As I went on I saw the men's attitude become surly and then threatening. I did the best I knew: I held out a small of money to them. At that they set on me. They dragged me from my horse. Luckily they were unarmed and had only their fists. I called to Caroline to ride off which she did. I made my way back alone and very much the worse for wear.

John: Hired assassins, I suppose.

Henry: No, no. Cristos put the police on the case and a few days later they arrested two of the men. They both swore that Caroline had told them I was a wealthy Turk traveling the country buying up young girls — in this case their daughters — for immoral purposes. Caroline admitted that it was true. My innocent questions had been translated into damning demands. Poor child, she cried a little when she asked me to forgive her foolishness.

John: Did you cry, too?

Henry: I found it very touching that she should've thought those Greeks to have a sense of humour. She quite expected them to join in the joke.

(John laughs: after a moment) I must get the drawing board.

John: I'd like to speak to Cristos. Will you ask him to come down? He's with Sophie.
Henry: Of course.

Caroline: Of course.

Henry: I'll be gone as soon as I've finished the article. Then it'll be goodbye, Caroline. Goodbye, Henry. I mean when I've finished the article.

Caroline: Well, get on with it, my dear. Not a satisfactory conversation for you, I'm afraid. Even you could never convince Henry that such a thing as treachery exists. If you shot him dead on the spot his last thought would be, An unfortunate mishap.

John: The juice of a few berries in a glass of wine can't have any effect.

Caroline: Can't they, darling? Look at the effect a few words to some strangers had on Henry when he was being boring.

John: You're a monster.

Caroline: There's something you insist on forgetting. I'm with you in this. We'll always be together now. That's not monstrous. It's not even selfish.

John: You'll soon convince me that you've done everyone some good.

Caroline: Well, this revolution was a mistake, you know. You'd never have managed it - never. Things would have gone wrong and you'd have made a fool of yourself and it would have got into the papers and - well, it was a silly idea. I've stopped you putting a bad dream into disastrous practice. Yes, I've done some good.

John: Now - I'm supposed to be grateful.
Caroline: You can be if you wish.
   (she shuts her eyes and waits to be kissed)

John: Did your husband drink?

Caroline: Well, I tried to cure him.

John: I was wondering why he left you.
   (Sophie has come down the stairs and into the room. She calls:)

Sophie: John, are you there?

John: Yes.
   (he moves into the room leaving Caroline on the terrace)

Sophie: Why do you want to speak to Cristos?

John: To ask him about a local custom I've just encountered. A matter of hospitality.

Sophie: He's gone out. Left in quite a temper. About you.

John: Have I annoyed him?

Sophie: No. He was championing you. When he came to my room and picked up his pen I said, Now I shall begin to tell the truth about John Hogarth. He at once put down the pen and said, I'll not be a party to the destruction of a legend which the world will badly need in a few years. A destruction brought about, moreover, by your momentary pique.

   I answered him sharply. We were about to have a scene when he fortunately left the room. And the house.

John: Can he be found?

Sophie: I see no reason for it. I'm capable of writing in my own hand.

John: I meant for myself.

Sophie: It's very strange. I once described you as --

John: -- the first twentieth century man. I know.

Sophie: Yet Cristos sees you as the true representative
of an age which is passing if not past. He thinks you'll be swallowed up by a world which is going to regret the action and then find its comfort in fairy stories about the man it's destroyed. That is your place in history according to Cristos. A kind of Saint Jack of the Beanstalk. Interesting, isn't it?

John: Very. But at the moment, Sophie, I'm unconcerned with my part in history and deeply interested in my part in the present. So tell me, why did Caroline's husband leave her?

Sophie: For none of the usual reasons. They say he was terrified of her. He became very strange towards the end. Did old men cooking and lost his teeth pour a gallon of water in the bedroom.

John: Go on.

Sophie: Is there any more to be said?

John: Nothing, I suppose.

Sophie: Then let's change the subject.

John: Certainly. How do you think I'll face up to the enemy?

Sophie: In the past you've made your own enemies and been very careful in doing so. You were wise. Friends don't matter but it's very necessary to have the right enemies one can face with dignity and restraint.

John: I'm speaking of physical danger.

Sophie: Oh, that. Well, I hope you won't make a fool of yourself.

John: You feel I should pass into history silent and uncomplaining.

Sophie: Of course. You're keeping me in suspense as to what the final chapter of my book is going to be but under no circumstances can I allow it to be a farce. That's Henry's part.

John: The wealthy Turk.
Sophie: Ah! such a disgraceful incident. Lacerated and bruised mercifully beyond recognition for several days. She knew what she was doing. He might have been killed. And the fool still believes it was a joke.

John: The fool!

(Selwyn has come up the hill and on to the terrace. He speaks to Caroline)

Selwyn: Success!

(John and Sophie stand listening within the room)

Success, my dear child, after all these months. Go down and see your old Daddie's crowning triumph. The find that'll put our names in the history books if anything will. Go down!

(Caroline follows leaves the terrace to go down the hill. Selwyn enters the room to John and Sophie)

Sophie: What have you found?

Selwyn: The most astonishing state of preservation.

Sophie: Of what?

Selwyn: An inner room - sixteen feet square or so. Hogarth, my dear fellow, we spoke of a place of worship, remember? A dedicated, we said. It's WHAT ARE MIGHT. A bas-relief runs round the four walls from floor to ceiling.

Sophie: What does it represent?

Selwyn: Ostensibly man and woman's progress from the cradle to the grave with overwhelming emphasis on a certain aspect.

Sophie: Come, Selwyn. Be brief: be lucid.

Selwyn: A strange experience. I climbed down into the darkness. The little idiot man already there had gone to sleep surrounded by his burnt out candles. The lamps were handed through to me and in their dancing light the still figures on the wall seemed to be animate. For two thousand years they'd remained until I brought them the light which set them performing again their endless love rites. A great moment. To
hearing a poem of Anacreon spoken by a voice of the time. The young sun-hot bodies joined by the freshly poured wine and performing the most natural dance forever to the silent music.

Sophie: Selwyn, my dear. Selwyn, pay attention. I somehow feel this is not the correct academic attitude towards what seems to be an important archaeological find.

Selwyn: There was an astonishing impression of youth. Even at that depth the place is warmed by the heat of the sun and there seems to remain an echo of a cry – ah! – and of laughter. The last deep silence. That is echoed, too, in the inspired graffiti. My God, I'd no idea what I was looking for. Remember the little figure I showed you, Hogarth? Significant attitude, we said, but it meant little. My dear fellow, we were holding the poor creature upside down. Forgive me but you look quite shaken.

John: It's surprising, Selwyn, that you should come all this way and spend all this time and then be pleased to verify a fact of human behaviour which could be observed at ease by visiting any one of a dozen houses in London.

Selwyn: I'm not an anthropologist. I know why you're upset. You left London to free yourself only to come so far and find material proof that the formal pattern of behaviour you wanted to escape was fully developed perhaps beyond your experience over two thousand years ago.

John: I've never thought I invented such goings-on.

Selwyn: Distressing, all the same. Now, where's that fool Bevis? I sent him up for a drawing board. I must get some of this down on paper for the people in Berlin. My word, the Bloomsbury crowd are going to be mad when they hear about this.

(he has reached the foot of the stairs. He calls)

Bevis, come down! Come down at once, man!

(Selwyn returns to the room and speaks to John:)

I must get him to work on this article for The Times. A detailed and poetic account is what's needed. Something that'll carry a breath of...
fresh air into a hundred reading rooms. I'm sure the boy can do it if he puts his mind to it.

Sophie: He'll do his best for he's relying on this final article to bring him fame.

Selwyn: Why don't you go down, my dear? You'll find it interesting.

Sophie: Not tonight. I'm afraid of the path in the dark.

Selwyn: What about you, Hogarth?

John: I'll go tomorrow.

Selwyn: Caroline couldn't wait so long. From the way she ran down the hill you'd have thought there was to be no tomorrow for her.

John: What's that? She's gone?

Selwyn: Like a bird.

John: Selwyn, could you spare me a moment on another matter?

Selwyn: Certainly. What is it?

John: Your family.

Selwyn: What about it?

John: Any insanity?

Selwyn: Hogarth, my excitement and enthusiasm are only natural to a man who's been working in the dark for eighteen months.

John: I don't mean you. Have you - oh, really, this is very delicate - have you observed Caroline recently?

Selwyn: In passing. Is her behaviour eccentric? The girl's been unhappy in the past but I don't think there's cause to fear for her mind. You mustn't worry that she'll do herself harm.

John: What about others?

Selwyn: She very much resembles her mother: more likely to kill with kindness.
John: Thank you, Selwyn.
Selwyn: Anything more I can tell you?
John: Nothing.

(Henry has come down the stairs and he now enters the room carrying a drawing board and a handful of pencils)

Selwyn: There you are. What have you been doing?
Henry: Sharpening the pencils.
Selwyn: Look to your wits. I want a masterpiece of description from you.
Henry: Shall we go down?
Selwyn: At once.

(Selwyn and Henry go from the room, cross the terrace, and begin the descent of the hill)

Sophie: John, pièce touchée, pièce jouée.
John: What do you mean?
Sophie: You know very well. Did you really think the game with her could be ended by knocking over the board?
John: She's coming back.

(he is standing at the window looking down the hill)

Sophie: When you first came here you wagged your head and talked of my marriage to Selwyn. You made use of your gravest indictment: you said I'd become a woman. Oh, Sophie! Now we have the problem. What am I to gather from your present behaviour? That you've become a man? Oh, John!

John: She speaks to her father, kisses him. Claps Henry on the shoulder in a comradely way. And laughs. Laughs!

Sophie: Why not? She obviously has you, for one, at a disadvantage. No, no, John, this lack of decision won't do at all. You tell me that you're not staying yet every word — all those questions! — indicate that you've given up hope of going.
Act II: 33

Now, come along. What's it to be?

**John:** She's very beautiful - carelessly so - as she walks - her head back - sure footed - sure of herself - sure of me - oh, God!

**Sophie:** The game's up, is it? Then let's have the post-mortem.

(Caroline comes on to the terrace from below.
John stays at the window between the two women. Caroline on the terrace and Sophie in the room)

**Caroline:** Come out here. The ground under my feet is still warm from the sun.

**John:** Your father's just told me that you'd not harm anyone.

**Caroline:** I wish I could put you out of your misery.

**John:** Haven't you?

**Caroline:** I mean by making you understand that it's not a joke.

**John:** You're beginning to regret it.

**Caroline:** Only when I look directly at you. Look away - like this - to the country and the naked hill waiting for the horsemen - then I don't regret it for a moment. Have you told the old lady?

**John:** She knows nothing.

**Sophie:** The old lady knows nothing.

**Caroline:** Tell her what's happened. See if you get any sympathy. Go on, have a moment of panic.

**John:** In front of Sophie? Unthinkable.

**Sophie:** Why don't you walk down and confide in the men, John?

**John:** Henry Bevis? I don't think so. Did you see the excavation, Caroline?

**Caroline:** Yes. Nothing more than a little dark forgotten hole in the ground. I looked at it closely. The
figures of the men and women are very seriously happy. But, darling, you and I've learnt nothing new in over two thousand years. Mind you, we've forgotten nothing — that's clear enough. So let's be content.

(a moment's silence)
There! did you feel that? The whole land took a deep breath and settled down for the night.

John: Let's take advantage of it. Sophie, earlier this evening in a moment of nineteenth century romantic ardour Caroline put poison in my wine.

Sophie: Poison?
John: From the purple berries on the hill.

Sophie: Oh, you silly girl!
John: That somehow seems inadequate.
Sophie: Yet it makes a much better ending.
John: To what?
John: Sophie, I love you but —
Sophie: And I love you, John. You're looking quite upset.
John: Is that foolish of me?
Sophie: It's surprising. I don't understand. I mean, you come out here with the idea of ending your life on some sordid battlefield among complete strangers. You know how I felt about that. I thought it unwise. But this, John — this fits. Yes, I feel it's much the best way considering your early life. It has a tidiness which is most appealing.

John: I'm glad you're pleased.
Sophie: Not pleased, exactly. But there's a feeling of satisfaction.
John: Good. Caroline took the stuff as well.
Sophie: That's not important. She'll hardly be mentioned.  
(Caroline comes quickly into the room)

Caroline: Now, look here, Sophie, you've been pretty filthy to me but that's the dirtiest trick yet. I'm going to be in that book!

Sophie: I'll do my best to cram you into an appendix.

Caroline: I want the whole story. Nothing less. And I want a portrait. The Sargent, I think. Done when I was sixteen. Don't you dare monkey about with the facts. I loved him more than anyone.

Sophie: No, no, Caroline. Your agitated personality would ruin the dying fall of the last chapter. You must be muted.

Caroline: I won't be muted!

Sophie: Well, at least, dear, don't shout.

John: May I just speak? (the two women attend him. There is a long silence)

CURTAIN

Whiting MSS.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Draft "H" Act Three – Emendations

54. ...images ("in the place" is deleted).
   A period is inserted after "images".

61. ...for ("The" emends "the") Daily....

101. ...him. For
   "For" is in parentheses.

102. ...born ("for" is deleted) many...
   "to" is inserted above the line.

120. ...("vulgarity" emends "vulgairity") of...

121-2. ...tree. ("Then...was." is deleted and in parentheses) She...

239. The ("purple" is deleted) berries....
   "Silent Laughter." is inserted before "The".
   "scarlet" is inserted below "purple".

274. ...I should ("'ve" is deleted) remembered...
   "have" is inserted above the line.

285. ...harm ("at all" is deleted) to...

358. ...out ("now" is deleted).

380-91. These lines are deleted.

392. ("Yes," is deleted; "If" emends "if") I'd...it would ("'ve" is deleted) helped...
"have" is inserted above the line.

438. ...? That bloody little...
"bloody" is in parentheses.

444. side. ("You know how" is deleted) frightening
("it is" is deleted) when...
"It's" is inserted above the line.

497. arrangement it ("d" is deleted; caret) be...
"would" is inserted above the line.

575. ...so ("busy" emends "bust") being...

598. Of course...

A vertical line separates "Of" and "course".

627. ...success.
"She was heartbroken. Can I say that I was sad?
No, I cannot." is inserted after success".

628. ...("except" emends "[****]") my beloved. (caret)
We...
(caret). "It became my duty to [****] her for -"
is inserted above the line.

629. ...silence ("and happiness" is deleted) until...

644. ...the ("General" emends "general")

693. ...the (obliteration)

694. ...a ("time" is deleted) is
"day" is inserted above the line.
777-9. ..., Caroline, ("I...well?" is deleted)

"it's too soon to live happy ever after.

Too soon." is inserted in the margin.

1020. ...the

"bed" is inserted after "the".
Draft "H" Act Three - Typescript
Act
Three
*
Act Three

(The scene is John Hogarth's bedroom. The time is later the same night. The room is almost entirely occupied by a bed which is Byzantine in size and splendour. At the four corners gilded columns whirl giddily to the great canopy above. All around hang damasked curtains of extreme weight. There is a light burning directly over the bed beneath the canopy. The rest of the room is barely furnished by one chair and a small dressing table. John's box is open in a corner. His possessions are spilling out giving the impression of flight suddenly abandoned. There is one door to the room and one window. John is lying on the bed. He is in a state of undress being only in his shirt and trousers. There is a knock on the door)

John: Go away! (Henry comes into the room)

Henry: May I come in?

John: What d'you want?
Henry: Your advice. How are you feeling? Caroline told me that you've taken something which disagreed with you.

John: Yes. I'm in no state to give advice on any subject.

Henry: That's a pity. It's really help I need. I'm very worried.

John: I've something on my mind, Bevis, as well as on my stomach and I'd like to be alone.

Henry: You want me to go away. You mustn't worry. Problems seem so frightening at this time of night. So often they're solved by morning. That's been my experience. But after the sun's down what can you do? I've been walking about the hillside trying to get my mind in order.

John: Have you managed that?

Henry: No. You see, I've been in the dig with Selwyn.

John: Instructive, I'm told.

Henry: Mr. Hogarth, what on earth am I going to say?

John: Say?

Henry: About Selwyn's discovery. For The Times.

John: I don't know.

Henry: That's my problem. Shall we deal with it first and then come to you? From the moment I met you I felt there was a sympathetic understanding between us and that this situation might well come up. When we could be of help to each other.

John: What do you want me to do? I've not seen the place.

Henry: Well, look at these. They're rough sketches made by Selwyn of the images. (he unrolls a bundle of drawings and gives them to John) You see my difficulty.

John: Yes. (he laughs) I see your difficulty. Having to describe these golden children.
Act III: 3

Henry: For The Times.

John: You should work for The Daily Mail.

Henry: What line do you think I should take?

John: Ignore them.

Henry: That's bad journalism.

John: What else is there in the hole?

Henry: Nothing. It's all really too bad! I've waited for this discovery to give me material for my last article and now look what turns up. If I don't make a success of it I can see myself being stuck in this wretched country for the rest of my life. I've been walking about at my wits' end.

John: Why didn't you go to Sophie? She'd concoct something in a moment.

Henry: I can't go to her with these.

John: I don't know what to say. You'd best give a straightforward description, I'd think.

Henry: It'll read like a book of anatomy.

John: What more do you want?

Henry: A way to approach the subject. Suitable for The Times. Informative, of course.

John: Athens: Monday. (Have you a pencil?) The expedition led by Colonel S.F. Faramond (well, come on, man: take it down!) today reached an inner chamber of the excavation. (Shorthand, eh?) The work of eighteen months, as observed by Your Correspondent, has been successful. The find will disappoint many who had hoped for some revelation of the Periclean age but will be of interest to those who have never before had any sympathy for archaeological science. (Stop sucking the pencil, Henry. Get it down. Here we go!)

This place - (have you a picture of your ideal reader? I have) - a room stamped down by time under the earth holds, sir, your youth. This place, dedicated to the sparrow and the swan, the rose, the poppy and the lime tree, sacred
to Aphrodite, keeps safe the dark girl, the gay brave one in the language of the time, who loved you (so she said) most. Your Correspondent has no wish to use these columns for confession or reminiscence but, yes, she was known to him. (For she was born with many of us among the raspberry bushes on a hot afternoon in the garden when the younger children laughed and played but you and I, sir, older, (at least fourteen) silent, horribly wiser stayed out of sight: (I speak personally, Henry. You were probably curled up in a theatrical basket) born in your fevered head on that torrid day with the sun falling out of the sky. She stayed with you growing in beauty and experience as your imagination and longing swept you into manhood. (Were you swept into manhood, Henry? I was. It entailed swimming the length of an ornamental lake at four o'clock in the morning. You're right. Another story) She was so nearly met. There was always the chance of absolute discovery in so many encounters. And yet. And yet. Where was she? The dark girl with the wit of the sparrow, the viciousness of the swan, the arrogance of the rose, the vulgarity of the poppy and the contentment of the lime tree. (Then it was no longer a question of where she was.) She was with you until you lost your ambition. Yes, sir, age is responsible for too much. That's agreed. It's responsible, you'll remember, for the loneliness which made you make do with that angel in tweeds across the breakfast table. She's kind to dogs. At the moment she's patting a flat head and believes you to be reading the financial page. Soon she'll go from the room and pat you on the head as she passes. If you're lucky.

Your Correspondent wishes to send a message of hope to the unloved.

The dark girl, the ideal born in the garden, has been protected after all. Here, sir, are your boyish scribblings on the wall, the formal patterns of desire scratched on the end papers of your Liddell and Scott, the undergraduate poems and the solitary drinking of your thirties all translated to beauty and (God help us, Henry! Look here) truth. (I'd no idea Selwyn could draw so well. See that with the hands — so) How foolish you were, dear reader of The Times, to think she was lost. She was here in every way. Playing the games, laughing, lying, acting all the scenes and being a woman. She was in this place. Waiting.
So put the dogs in kennels and send the angel in tweeds to the committee meeting. Trains leave daily. From Tunbridge Wells and Leamington Spa, from Cheltenham and all university cities, from Baden, Monte Carlo, Venice, Aix, Calais and all places of loveless exile. Bags can be packed. The pilgrimage can begin.

Yet wait! Before you blow the dust from your Gladstone. With the message of hope must come a warning.

Ah! sir, in two thousand years she has not aged. Her bed is still a jousting ground: yours is now a place of rest. Her way of adoration has not become a goodnight kiss pecked into the forehead. There are other differences too painful for this journal to print.

Wait! The breath you used to blow the dust from your travelling bags has left you giddy and confused. Let the train go. That whistle is the signal for departure not an impertinence.

She is for another now. That's the way to look at it.

Yet the scene is unchanging for -

You remember how she -

There was a day when -

Your enfranchised hand could tell -

But not I.

Words have failed Your Correspondent.

Turn to Page Six for reproductions of the find in detail.

Henry: No, no! (there is a knock on the door)

John: Nobody here! (Cristos comes into the room) Hello. I thought it might be - well, almost anyone else in this damned house.

Cristos: I've only just come in. The place seemed deserted. I felt you must have gone. What are you doing?

John: Henry's article for The Times.

Henry: Hogarth, when I'm asked for my help I treat the situation seriously. That is, I've always done so until now. I don't know what your particular problem is but if you told me you were in the most horrible dilemma known to man I think I'd
laugh. Laugh in your face!

(Henry goes out of the room)

Cristos: What have you done to upset him?

John: What are we always doing to upset people? You've had a difference of opinion with Sophie, I understand.

Cristos: I wouldn't take down the dictation she was giving about you. She meant to rewrite certain passages in the light of her present knowledge.

John: You think that's cheating.

Cristos: Oh, the whole thing's a swindle. It depends on who's to be the victim. I don't want it to be you.

John: Why should you try to defend my reputation?

Cristos: Forgive me. I'm not. I'm trying to save my own creation.

John: How does it come to be your creation when Sophie dictates?

Cristos: I'm making the book from her notes, certainly. You might say that I'm creating a work of fiction from certain established facts.

John: Why doesn't Sophie protest?

Cristos: She'd only do that, I think, if she took the trouble to read it. She's not done so yet.

John: At the moment she's in her room writing herself.

Cristos: I'm sure she's not. She's tried to write in her own hand before but she's too lazy. Half a line, perhaps. Nothing more. That won't scratch the surface of my central figure.

John: I see. So whatever happens to me can't really affect your legend.

Cristos: No. I'll have to observe the practical details, of course. I'm hoping that from the time Basilios arrives you'll begin to live up to the book. That'll make my work much easier. I've always preferred the truth.
John: I'd like to help you in that. But I can't. I can only give you the facts and hope that your imagination can translate them to something worthy of your early chapters. I don't think it's possible. For the one end you can't have foreseen is domestic tragedy.

Cristos: Not marriage!

John: No, no. Not that. Sometime ago you were walking with Caroline. You were talking of the unhappiness of love.

Cristos: We've done that many times.

John: But on this occasion you pointed out a solution. The berries growing on the hillside.

Cristos: As a joke I believe I said -

John: Many people in this tragic country believe those to be the answer. Am I right?

Cristos: Something like that.

John: You've been taken at your word. Caroline distilled some of those berries this evening and put the stuff in my wine. And in hers.

Cristos: Oh, my God!

John: So it seems as if the story will end here.

Cristos: You can't let that happen.

John: Surely it's out of my hands.

Cristos: Keep away from her.

John: I am. Too late.

Cristos: Your mind must be elevated. Make an effort.

John: There's no point. She says it takes effect in eight hours.

Cristos: Less than that.

John: Less? Then I'm dying before your eyes. Hadn't you better make notes?
Cristos: Dying, Mr. Hogarth?

John: Yes. From the effect of the poison. Don't distress yourself. I'm calm. What's that funny little noise you're making? Are you laughing?

Cristos: Yes.

John: Well, stop it at once!

Cristos: I said to Caroline when she spoke of love, Those - the berries - are believed by many to be the answer. Obviously our minds were not in accord.

John: Meaning?

Cristos: The effect is mild. Romantic fiction calls it a love potion.

John: An aphrodisiac.

(he looks at the drawings which he holds and then throws them out of the window)

Cristos: That's what I meant. I should've remembered that Caroline's apt to see everything in terms of mortality. She thought it was poison. Oh dear, I must tell the poor child at once.

John: No! I'll do that. Later.

Cristos: Be gentle. An unexpected return to life can be disturbing.

John: Yes. Yes, I'm understanding that at the moment. Here's the damned thing on my hands again. What do I do with it? Finish packing.

(Sophie comes into the room)

Sophie: I thought it would do you no harm to have to think on a serious subject for a while. Especially after your frivolous behaviour of the past two days. But I've relented and come to tell you. The wine Caroline gave you was harmless; it has no effect which a day's forced march won't cure.

Cristos: Mr. Hogarth has already confided in me and I've put him right on that point.

Sophie: Have you, indeed? You're extending your meddling
activities beyond his written life now.

John: You knew all the time, Sophie.

Sophie: Yes, my dear. The cook has a most comprehensive recipe book. I knew the moment you spoke of the berries from the hill.

John: That's why you called Caroline, A silly girl.

Sophie: Well, so she is. The place is overgrown with dangerous herbs which would have polished you off in an instant. But she chose that.

John: Have you thought that it might have been intentional? That she knew what she was doing and lied to me.

Sophie: I don't think that's so.

John: I'd like to believe she meant it.

Sophie: Why?

John: Because I'm in love with her.

Sophie: You mean you'd like to believe she meant no harm.

John: No, no. I'd like to believe she tried to kill me. It shows a degree of attachment I've never known before.

Sophie: Surely there've been several who tried to kill themselves.

John: Oh, yes, several. But only themselves. That was mere selfishness.

Sophie: Then the news that you are what everyone else would call all right is not very welcome.

John: Not at all welcome. It makes flight imperative.

Cristos: Ah! you're an Englishman. How shall I ever get you truly down on paper for posterity to marvel at?

Sophie: You are now writing my book.

Cristos: My dear Sophie, read it.

Sophie: That's what I've been doing for the last two hours.
I wasn't able to concentrate myself so I picked up the manuscript.

Cristos: Well?

Sophie: You've done a good job of transcription. Nothing more.

Cristos: You think the John Hogarth in that book is the man you've been remembering aloud to me?

Sophie: Of course. What else? Do you mean I don't know what I've been talking about?

Cristos: If you think the man in the book and the man you told me about are the same then yes, I do. (Cristos goes out of the room)

Sophie: Don't let me stop you from going on with your packing. I take it you're not waiting for Basilios.

John: No, I must get out of here. It's a very dangerous situation.

Sophie: It is if you've fallen in love with the girl. I was afraid it would happen but you seemed so sure.

John: I can't go until morning. There's no way of transport.

Sophie: Selwyn's been using some mules. You might take one of those.

John: But only in daylight. What's the time?

Sophie: A little past midnight.

John: Only one person can save me now. Basilios. Why doesn't he come? To be under way through the night rolled in a blanket with the smell of the road dust and weapon oil for company could save me. If he's not here by morning I shall go to meet him.

Sophie: I think perhaps that's best. You know I'm not in favour of this insurrection but I can see it's the only way out now.

John: I haven't lost my taste for it. Don't think that. It's not a mere expedient. My affections may now...
be here in this place but — how can I say this to you? — my duty and my honour are under the open sky in the North.

Sophie: Did you hanker after all that during the years in London?

John: I think I must've done.

Sophie: You gave no sign of it.

John: No, because I couldn't have told you what it was I wanted then. It wasn't until I met Basilios that I knew.

Sophie: Your behaviour now explains something that I couldn't understand in those days. The way you lived then seemed a complete contradiction to the mixture of American and Scots blood in you. But now when you stop to weigh your affections against your honour and duty I hear the Scot: and when you persist in the quixotic behaviour with Basilios to which you're committed by a casual word then I hear the Yankee.

John: You can go further. Belonging to that eternal minority group, the Scots, by birth gives me sympathy with the underdog everywhere: belonging to America gives me the desire to take the world under my wing. There you have the reason for my predilection for revolution.

Sophie: Ah! if you'd been an Englishman by birth this would never have happened. There's not much to be said for us but we do face up to our disreputability. To glory in being the most detested nation in the world shows some kind of courage. We must be admired for that if nothing else.

John: If I'd been English it would've helped. But the American in me wants to be loved and the Scot in me wants to be safe and so we have this everlasting and headlong flight.

(Caroline has come into the room)

Caroline: You've always known what you've been running away from but have you ever before paused to think what it is you're running towards? No, for I'm the first person to check you.
Sophie: You want him to think about it now.
Caroline: Why not? There's the rest of the night.
Sophie: John, a few minutes ago you spoke of your duty. I know mine at the moment very well. It is to stay in this room and not leave you alone with this girl. But I can't do it. Perhaps I'm weak but to one of my age the sight of you together is most hurtful. No, Caroline! try for once to keep your mouth shut. It's a hurt caused by my vanity and envy, I suppose. You must forgive me if I leave you to your own resources. I can, of course, send someone up in my place. Selwyn is still at the dig and Cristos is sulking. But there's Henry. I could send Henry to you.

John: No.

Sophie: Then try, John, try to be all Scot. (Sophie goes out of the room)

Caroline: I found these lying on the terrace. (she is carrying Selwyn's drawings)
Is this what you've been doing up here alone?

John: It is not. They're your father's drawings of the figures in the dig.

Caroline: I thought you might have been remembering past triumphs.

John: Caroline, why did you do it?

Caroline: Put the stuff in the wine?

John: Yes.

Caroline: Because I know I can't weather another storm.

John: Another?

Caroline: There'd have been someone else, darling, somewhere, sometime, after you. You'd have gone and - well, so you'd have gone and whatever I'd pretended I'd have been in clear calm water again with no excuse in the world for not sailing on. Yes, I'd have been on my way again smartly answering the helm when - look! it's nothing but a cloud. The sky's full of them. Natural things like men. What's to

Whiting Hall,
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
be afraid of? That little cloud's to be afraid of. And once again I'm trying to get through the deep waters. Exciting? Yes, it's exciting enough trying to steer a course. But there's panic aboard and Reason, the only unpaying passenger I have, is the first to go over the side. You know how frightening it is when you can't see the sky and there's no landmark in your past to go by. All swept away, they are. The tempest blows itself out. Nothing lasts for ever not even bad weather. Some dawn or other it clears and you find yourself a long way out. You're safe. But you're drifting. And you're alone. Reason, the poor soaked fool, humble and ashamed, is fished out, hauled aboard, restored to its seat and at once starts giving advice. You take it and paddle on. This time I wanted to go down with all hands. And with you.

John: It's not going to happen.

Caroline: Oh, yes, it is.

John: No, you made a mistake. The berries are harmless.

Caroline: But Cristos said -

John: You misunderstood. The stuff has a certain effect.

Caroline: What effect?

John: Well, shall we say it strikes at a more private part than the immortal soul.

Caroline: I didn't know.

John: Are you sure?

Caroline: Of course I'm sure.

John: I'm glad.

Caroline: You're glad I thought we'd both be finished?

John: Yes. No one's ever balanced my life so precisely with their own before.

Caroline: My God! You love me, don't you?

John: Very much.
Caroline: Wait a minute. Have you forgotten? There's going to be a tomorrow after all. Can you say it knowing that?

John: Yes.

Caroline: But, John, it's going to be for quite a while. Now say it.

John: A man takes leave of a woman he's loved and an art he's practised in much the same spirit. He loves but he goes. That's what I'm doing now. Both are taken up in a moment of abandon which may occur in the best ordered life. It's difficult to believe that you who occupy little space as a person and the trivial act of writing a poem could in time crowd out the many necessary and amusing ways of living. But it's common knowledge that such is the case. Yet too many men end up as husbands or artists. Sometimes even the ultimate subjection: both.

Caroline: So I'm wrong again. It's not to be for quite a while. What's the matter with marriage?

John: I don't know. Ask Boysie.

Caroline: He at least tried to make it work. You've never done that.

John: I could make it work perfectly well. But as an arrangement it would be an impossible demand on the genius of the woman.

Caroline: Will you marry me, please? So forget Sophie. Go on. Be all Yankee. Will you? (Sophie has come into the room)

Sophie: If you can delay your answer for a moment, John, there's some business you should attend to. (she turns to the door) Will you come in, please. I found this gentleman waiting below.

(Basilios comes into the room: he carries a large black iron bicycle)

Basilios: Hogarth, my dear child! (he casts aside the bicycle and embraces John)

John: I'm very pleased to see you, sir. Did you have a
good journey?

Basilios: No. We feared an ambush of our person.

John: Has your machine brought you all the way?

Basilios: No, no. We came by train. Our machine was bought nearby for the emergency.

John: You must tell me about that. First, may I present to Your Highness Mrs. Faramond and Mrs. Traherne.

Basilios: We are made happy, Mrs. Traherne. The beautiful Sophie engaged our attention and our affection below.

John: Did she, indeed?

Basilios: You, Mrs. Traherne, are beloved of our great Archistrategos?

Caroline: I hope to be if you mean John.

Basilios: Bring him comfort, Madam. Prepare your breasts for his tears. God sent us such little animals for our sorrow. Where shall I find comfort? It is a question which must be settled later.

Sophie: Infected with John's enthusiasm we've all waited your coming with impatience, Prince Basilios. When does the revolution begin?

Basilios: We are disturbed. Shocked to hear such a word come from the mouth of a woman.

Sophie: You mean our sex should concern itself only with the status quo ante.

Basilios: If you please. When all seems to be lost the world may yet find its salvation in the conservatism of the great regiment of women.

Sophie: That sounds strange coming from a famous revolutionary. I must say that remembering your charming conversation and manner downstairs I find it difficult to see you leading a mob of peasants to storm a palace.

Basilios: Hogarth, I think, has the same feeling about a beautiful woman touched by the mud and blood of
politics. He’s told you nothing. Have you, my dear?

John: Very little.

Basilios: So it seems. Do not think so ill of us, Sophie. We do not rise at the head of the people. They have many leaders. No, my darling simpleton. The revolt is to restore the impoverished and unhappy aristocracy of my country. We are a few brothers bound by a belief in a former way of life. When so many today look forward we look back. But such things must not – no, never! – concern you. Now, shoo-shoo, little ones! Hogarth and I must talk in secret. So, shoo! to your prattle and gossip, your novels and embroidery frames. Shoo!

Caroline: I think he wants us to go.

Sophie: For the first time in my life, Caroline, I feel you’re on my side against something. (Sophie and Caroline go out of the room)

Basilios: No cause to give way to despair before them.

John: You’ve come with bad news.

Basilios: You see it in my face. Yes, my beloved boy, there is bad news.

John: May I be told?

Basilios: I left London when I had converted your cheque into gold. There was too much to carry about my person and so I stored it in a number of boxes. I hired two Germans for my bodyguard. Always, my dear boy, employ that nation for such a purpose. They’re so busy being dishonest about other things that they can always be trusted with money.

John: Yet you were robbed.

Basilios: Wait! We made the journey across Europe safely. We arrived in my country. At once I called a meeting of the Committee. I spoke to them. I told them of your promises. Many wept. I told them of your donation and the hundred thousand golden pounds were brought in. They were silent. Each man with his own thoughts.

John: This is very moving. Please go on.
Basilios: The Archbishop spoke first. Where, he wanted to know, was the money to be kept? He at once suggested the cathedral. I countered this. It was to be kept, I said, under my bed. Hogarth, my dear, I will not even let my bicycle out of my sight in this country. On my way here I stopped by the roadside to perform a natural function. A matter of a moment but when I returned the machine had been stripped of its pneumatic tyres as you see.

John: So the money found its way under your bed. Preparatory, I hope, to its original purpose of paying soldiers for the revolt.

Basilios: Of course. Yet no sooner was it beneath the bed than I began to receive petitioners. All my old friends. The Archbishop came to ask for a new roof on the cathedral, an aged general wanted new colours for a long disbanded regiment and my brother needed money for his gambling debts.

John: I hope you reminded them of the true purpose of the funds.

Basilios: I did, my son. All of them. Except one.

John: A woman.

Basilios: So beautiful. So unlike the others. Modest, she came with no demands but with a proposition. Not for love of politics. For love of me. Precise and smiling she proposed that your money should be spent on a great reception. She told me it was the English way. It is known as charity. Admission would be charged. Your money would be doubled. The Committee of Freedom could sweep to victory. The idea was mad, yes! But I loved her, Hogarth! I listened to her talk but I didn't hear what she said. Before I could bring myself to my senses I found the grounds of my house to be transformed. All had become the setting for an English garden party. Marquees had arrived from the Army and Navy Stores, cakes were sent from Busbards, a military band was playing Lehar and my darling was in white organdy with English roses on her arm. I wept, my dear Hogarth. I wept for unutterable joy. The affair cost a fortune.

John: Yes. Yet it was not a success.

Basilios: No one came except my beloved. We walked the gardens...
in silence until the sun went down and the Chinese lanterns were lit. The river pageant moved past in splendour for my lady. My God! Hogarth, never have I loved in such a way. Her face was lit with excitement as the firework display was set off. Later in the ballroom we danced for the first and last time. The thousand empty drinking glasses rang a lament for the guests who had never come. But for us the fiddles sang — and sang until their voices were faint to us through the empty corridors of the house which led us dancing to our further sport. When I took her in my arms the diamonds fell from her hair, her throat and wonder from her fell down the gown. At that moment, unknown to me, the mob led by the Committee of Freedom — the Archbishop, the General and my brother — had stormed through the gates of the house. Well known to me, alas, was the fact that the box beneath the bed on which we played held no more than fifty golden pounds.

John: Just enough to pay your fare here and buy a bicycle.

Basilios: Immediate flight was necessary the moment they broke down the door. Treachery at cock-crow, Hogarth. It was dawn as I went on foot over the hills to the South. They may still be at my heels. That's why I bought the machine.

(John is sitting at the window in silence) You're angry with me, my son.

John: No. What happened to the lady?

Basilios: Being Russian she pleaded diplomatic immunity. She was kneeling before the Archbishop as I left. Don't be angry with an old man, Hogarth.

John: Was she beautiful and were you truly happy?

Basilios: She was beautiful, yes, and for the last time I was truly happy. The last time. For with her hands she closed the gates of love behind me.

John: I wanted to be sure the money wasn't wasted, that's all.

Basilios: Don't forgive me, Hogarth, or I shall weep!

John: Nonsense! There's nothing to forgive.
Basilios: Ah! my wonderful boy, you came to bring freedom to a country and instead you're content to bring happiness to an old man. (he is beside John at the window and he kisses him) Call back the ladies. See, there they walk. Let's be brave before them. Let's show we're not unmanned. (he calls) Come up, my children! Come up, my darlings!

John: Shall I be honest with you, Basilios? I wasn't concerned with the freedom of the country. I wanted freedom for myself. I'd have died in your cause, Basilios, whatever it was.

Basilios: My dear boy, you come from a country which has always spoken lightly of dying for the cause. Your great predecessor, Noel Byron, said you remember, If thou regret'st thy youth, why live?/ The land of honourable death/ Is here: - up to the field, and give/ Away thy breath! God took him at his word, though, and fetched him off here.

John: Even Englishmen must expect God to take them at their word sometimes.

Basilios: He must love them as he loves all his children. I think more than most for he gave them a special duty. To provide the legends of our time: the men who fight on the other side. But a time is coming, Hogarth, when the single man of vision will need more than God on his side. He will also need a party organization.

John: You were to provide that in the Committee of Freedom.

Basilios: I was only a weak instrument. I failed. Hogarth, have you anything at all to thank me for?

John: Yes, I think so. You trusted me. That may not seem much to be thankful for at the moment but it will tell in time. Also you brought me here.

Basilios: To the beautiful Mrs. Traherne? Shall I be content, my dear? (Sophie and Caroline come into the room) We called you to us as we wish to take our leave. Our conference is done. I can go away content, he tells me.
Sophie: It's very late. Won't you stay tonight and go on in the morning?

Basilios: As things are it is wiser to travel at night.

Caroline: Is John going with you?

Basilios: Answer her yourself, Hogarth. See how much happiness can be given in one small word.

Caroline: Well? Either yes or no will do.

Sophie: I take it there's been some upset in your plans.

Basilios: To explain I'd have to talk politics and you don't want me to do that.

Sophie: I don't mind.

Basilios: Sophie, from deep experience I've found that women as beautiful as you should not be allowed even to speak of politics. A woman will always try to do right and such a philosophy has nothing to do with political life.

Sophie: Very well. If the matter is only domestic I'd like to know how much longer we'll have John as a house guest.

Basilios: Cherish him. He's a great man. I wish I could tell you the magnificent part he's played but I must leave it to history. Now I must go. Dear Hogarth. Pray don't think me a foolish old man in all things. When we're young it's possible to control the affairs of the state and the affairs of the heart at the same time. Older, one of them must be relinquished. Dear Hogarth. (he embraces John) I shall make for the coast. The fishermen are still friendly, they tell me. So a little boat shall carry me off.

John: What will happen to you, sir? Where will you go?

Basilios: Where can I go? There is only one place. To Ithaca. To my wife's family.

John: God help you.

Basilios: And you, my son. (Basilios, who has picked up the bicycle, and Sophie go out of the room)
Caroline: I'd say there's nothing left for you but to be happy. Sad, isn't it?

John: And what is there left for you?

Caroline: You. Or have you some other commitment of honour to fulfil?

John: No. I've nothing at all. Not even money now. What do you say to that? People always thought I was a rish man. I was not. I had an indulgent mother.

Caroline: Could you work?

John: That's unkind.

Caroline: I didn't mean it.

John: Yes, you did. You were looking at me as if I'm a pack horse you're about to load. You're not going to send me out to work, Caroline. That's one thing nobody's ever suggested.

Caroline: Don't get so excited. We shall have to eat.

John: There it is! The voice of the new century. We shall have to eat!

Caroline: Sorry. Boysie always left the practical details to me.

John: You talk like a housekeeper.

Caroline: Won't that be my position?

John: Now listen to me. For one moment listen to me. When I say that I love you I love you. Why when you hear it you should also hear the clatter of saucepans, the rattle of teacups and the rustle of bills I don't know. For God's sake, why should the mystical union of two souls be celebrated in a kitchen? Is the act of desire now dependent on the price of bedding? Caroline, Caroline, Let me you with my heart myself. Am I expected to provide a home as well?

(Cristos comes into the room)

Cristos: Sophie's standing on the terrace kissing a strange old man with a bicycle.
John: Never mind. Now that Selwyn's finished at the excavation you'll be seeing the last of her.

Cristos: I've been talking to Selwyn about that. It leaves me with a domestic problem.

John: Well, now!

Cristos: You see, Selwyn's lease of the house runs only to the end of the excavation. I shall have the place on my hands again.

Caroline: How much does Selwyn pay?

Cristos: Only a nominal sum. It's not that which worries me. I like having people around me. English speaking people. I've explained why to Mr. Hogarth.

Caroline: Surely the excavation would be of great interest to tourists. It's on your land. A small sum for admission. A guide.

John: No, Caroline, no! You're a monster, a fiend! First you domesticate love. Now you're trading it. There's a name for that sort of thing, my girl.

Caroline: What are you talking about? I'm only advising Cristos on how not to be lonely.

John: If you can't leave me in peace at least leave those young everlasting lovers down the hill their privacy.

Caroline: Now you're talking romantic nonsense.

Cristos: Aren't you going to the revolution, Mr. Hogarth?

John: No.

Cristos: I'm sorry to hear that. What are you doing instead?

Caroline: Well, what are you doing?

John: I'll wait for some decision to be made for me.

Cristos: That reminds me. Where's Henry?

John: Walking the countryside looking for a new way to spell Sex.

Whiting Ms.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Cristos: A cable's come for him. From England. A boy brought it from Athens tonight. (he has taken a cable from his pocket)

Caroline: What does it say?

Cristos: I've not read it.

Caroline: Give it to me. (she takes the cable from Cristos and opens it. She reads:)

"Proceed at once as Special Correspondent to expected trouble centre Scutari stop interview local ruler Prince Basilios on situation signed Northcliffe repeat Northcliffe."

John: How wonderful it must be to have a man repeat man in London to make up your mind for you.

Cristos: I don't want that back. (Caroline is holding out the cable to him) I'll never have enough courage to give it to the poor boy.

Caroline: Someone'll have to give it to him.

Cristos: He's very fond of you.

Caroline: All right. Send him in when he comes back.

John: Are you off to work on your book?

Cristos: No, I'm going to bed. And so goodnight. (Cristos goes out of the room)

John: There's another person who won't forgive me for not living up to his ideals.

Caroline: Forget all that. Just be yourself.

John: I've never been anything else. Come here. Don't stand so far away.

Caroline: But I'm so near I can - (she kisses him)

John: What on earth's going to happen to us? Without the benefit of clergy, the sanctity of wealth and even the solace of age. No one will receive, respect or love us. Worst of all, they'll laugh...
at us. There's nothing so absurd as a man who's given up the world for love. They'll look at you and think, is that it? And I'll have to admit it is. Don't go away. I want you where I can lay hands on you at a moment's notice.

Caroline: I've not moved. I'm in your pocket. This is a beautiful house. Sophie, Selwyn and Henry'll soon be gone. No one would find us here.

John: In a few days the place'll be overrun by German professors with little trowels. They'd nose out why we were here.

Caroline: We could lie to them. I can lie in any language. They won't stay long when you remember we'll be here for ever. Cristos will accept the situation in no time and be so proud to have you living here.

John: Not now. He'd have been proud to say I'd stopped here on my way but he won't even be happy if I stay here permanently.

Caroline: Every moment makes it obvious that I put the wrong stuff in the wine. Tonight could have been so simple. Now we shall sit up talking.

John: Caroline, a way has got to be found. You don't seem to understand my position. I left England saying that I was going to fight for a glorious cause. I made a great deal of it. The papers were full of it. A cartoon in Punch showed me going aboard a ship called The Rake's Progress. A question was asked in the Upper House: in the Lower House there were cheers and counter-cheers. From the fuss no one would've thought I was trying to get out of the country. But I did. Only to find the cause is lost before I arrive. Now, I'm very sensitive to public opinion. How shall I feel when the news gets back to England that there was nothing but pillow fighting with you in a villa near Athens? Of course the matter must be discussed. If we have to sit here all night.

(Sophie comes into the room)

Sophie: I'm on my way to bed.

Caroline: Have you seen Basilios off?

Sophie: Yes, poor man. From what he told me he won't see
a bed for weeks. He was insistent, John, on the fine part you've played in the revolution. You passed through it, apparently, unarnished and burning bright. His words. If you can conduct all political manoeuvres in such a way and yet gain such a reputation there's a future for you as Leader of His Majesty's Opposition.

John: You got on well with the old man.

Sophie: He has a natural sympathy. I'd be a fool if I didn't see that his sorrow is caused by more than the failure of a revolt. When a man looks into your face, kisses you and whispers, So dies my ambition, he's not referring to a political party. Ah, well, he's gone. But you're still here.

John: Don't let that be a problem any longer.

Sophie: I won't. For it's I who'll be leaving now that Selwyn's finished at this dig. Somewhere in Asia there's another piece of innocent ground waiting to be molested by him. Soon he'll be at work again digging up a day that was a thousand years ago and I, nearby, less fortunate, at work on a mere decade. Remember? Oh dear, why can't we forget?

John: Sophie, don't be sad! What can I do? Take you home? Back to that damned country. We'll all go. Everyone of us. We'll charter a boat and sail right up the Thames and drop the hook smack on their seat of government. And there we'll stay, the bloodiest band of expatriates, until they pass a law about us and make up our minds by a popular vote.

Sophie: Would you do that to stop me being sad? But, John, for me the saddest part of all would be the going back. You see, darling, it might be that no one would notice me or even remember me after all this time. No, the future definitely seems to lie in the past.

Caroline: I don't believe that. For you, if you like. But you meant all of us, didn't you?

Sophie: Yes. Except, perhaps, Henry.

Caroline: Well, as a matter of fact we were talking about our future when you came in.
Sophie: You're planning it together?

Caroline: Yes. (they speak together)

John: No.

Sophie: You've both been staggering under the past. You'll double the burden for each other if you share it. Not, as you think, halve it.

John: The problem's not arithmetical, Sophie. It is how I can decently continue after what's happened. If you've any suggestions please tell me. If not, go to bed.

Sophie: I've been thinking about it since Basilios left.

John: Any conclusion? For example, how are you going to end your book now?

Sophie: About that I could wait no longer. Some decision had to be taken. You'll die on the battlefield, as you wished.

John: How can you? I thought you loved me.

Sophie: I do. So I shall end the book that way. It had to be arranged for another reason. You must know modern readers like the end of a book to be sanctified by marriage. They call it, rather strangely, the happy ending. I've known from the first, of course, that such a resolution would be impossible with you as the main character. So I shall use the best alternative for the lending libraries. You'll die in battle.

John: When?

Sophie: Tomorrow morning. I've sent a cable to the editor of The London Times. It says reports from the mountains speak of you falling gallantly at the head of your native troops led in a lost cause. Naturally, I signed myself Henry Bevis. (Sophie goes out of the room)

Caroline: How sad! How terribly sad!


Caroline: I mean because no one will believe me now when I say we were here together.
John: No, not a soul will believe you.

Caroline: Unless, of course, you turn up in London as yourself. With me.

John: I'll not do that.

Caroline: I feel as if I've never seen you before. Damn, oh damn, damn! This is what Cristos warned me about. Falling in love with a legend. You're a man. Just a man. Two a penny. That's what you are.

John: I'm more fortunate. You've never been anything but a woman to me. I've never asked that anyone I've loved should be more. (he lifts Caroline in his arms and puts her on the bed. Then by pulling on the heavy silken cord he draws the curtains which quite surround the bed. There is a knock on the door)

Yes? (Henry comes into the room)

Henry: I want to apologize. I'm afraid the worry about my article made me lose my sense of humour and then my temper.

John: It's all right. Sorry I couldn't be more helpful. I hope you'll get it straightened out.

Henry: I think I have. I took another long walk and I had an idea.

John: Why don't you sleep with it?

Henry: No, I must get it down on paper. I think I've found the right approach. After the usual introductory paragraph about the date of the excavation I shall go on something like this: "It is encouraging to see from the statuary in the excavation that the Greeks of this period very much resembled in their habits the Englishmen of today. Your Correspondent found the same emphasis on the activity of marriage which is to be found in British social life. Also, it is clear they had much the same sense of fun. This can be seen in the frieze representing an old man chasing a group of laughing girls who are, in turn, chasing a bull which is chasing a young man who is running after..."
another girl. The resemblance to many English pastoral games will be understood". And so on.

John: And so on.

Henry: I shall sit up until morning getting it down on paper. Then I can think about going home.

John: Give my regards to your mother. Home! Wait a minute.

Caroline: May I ask one question? Just one.

John: What is it?

Caroline: I want to know. Do we all get what we deserve?

Henry: No!

John: Yes.

Caroline: Every time?

Henry: (distantly) No!

John: Yes.

CURTAIN
Draft "I" - Emendations

67. come HERE...
   "HERE" is transcribed as it appears in the draft. The capitalization of each letter may be a typographical error.

142. place of worship....
   In the draft, "place of worship" is underlined in pencil. It is not underlined in the transcription.

169. ...ways ever you...
   "ever" is transcribed as "even".

356. ...flinching
   A period is inserted after "flinching" in the transcription.

403. ...? No
   A period is inserted after "No" in the transcription.

513. pretensions...
   A period is inserted after "pretensions" in the transcription. The five suspension points in the draft are retained in the transcription.

556. d'you do
   A period is inserted after "d'you do" in the transcription.
...know,

A question mark in place of the comma after "know" is included in the transcription.

...change,

A question mark in place of the comma after "change" is included in the transcription.

...me,

A question mark in place of the comma after "me" is included in the transcription.

...reasonable,...

A question mark in place of the comma after "reasonable" is included in the transcription. Note. The normal practice of not showing punctuation preceding final suspension points is changed in this particular instance for the purpose of clarity.

...know...

"know" is included in the transcription as "known".

...you..."A period in place of the "I" after "you" is included in the transcription.
Draft "I" - Transcription
John: The house stands alone above a wilderness. It's the colour of fruit and looking up the traveller asks Will it topple? I'll be at the windows on the South side, you said. Find you I must, I think, after such a description. I've left the cart which brought me at the bottom of the hill. The driver is drunk but let the sun get high and he'll be hurried back to the city on all the four square wheels. (he kisses Sophie) With the best will in the world I couldn't let you know when I'd be here. Have you been patient? I left Alexandria three days ago and crossed in a boat with a party of olive-green pilgrims. I stayed last night in Athens but didn't sleep because of the song of the cats and the silent mischief of the bugs. With your letter in my hand I set off at dawn this morning to come here.

Sophie: A meeting after ten years should be avoided at my age. I was tempted to send you false instructions, but you were already on your way. And I remembered you.

John: All along the way I remembered you, Sophie. I thought of the day you left England to come out here. Ten years gone by. Time to go, you said - and go you did. Why?

Sophie: I was becoming aware of my age. That's a reason. But you're young - shall I reckon on thirty-six years for you? - and you've left England, you say, for ever. Or did I misunderstand your letter.

John: No. Everything's been sold up.

Sophie: Then I imagine you must be burdened with a great deal of money. What have you done with it?

John: Bought a state of exile.
Sophie: Shameful! Not a proper purpose. What are you up to?

John: I'm free, Sophie.

Sophie: Again? For how long?

John: Until the end. The first step into middle age did it.

Sophie: Who was she?

John: Her name was Ada. You see I can speak of her in the past. She had very short legs, was a comfortable shape and the wife of a bishop. On the night of my thirty-fifth birthday her arms were round my neck and she was whispering to me. The next morning I began the sale of everything I possessed. When it was done I felt remarkable. Sanctified. I had nothing in the world but money.

(Cristos Papadiamantis moves into the room.)

Sophie: This is Cristos, my secretary. This is Mr. John Hogarth from England.

(Cristos bows to John)

We won't do any more this morning. Go up, please, and make a fair copy as far as we've gone.

(Cristos goes out of the room and up the stairs)

I spend a few hours every day dictating to Cristos. I'm putting down some of my memories. For that matter, I'm glad you've come HERE. You'll sharpen my recollection on a number of incidents of the time in England we knew together. How is that damned country? I suppose I should have felt regret in leaving it, but nothing of the kind. I'd grown out of the place — passed through it like a childhood. I'm having to consider the fifty or so years I lived there, of course, in the writing of these memories. Yet I'm managing to remember without tears.

John: Are you writing the truth?

Sophie: Yes.
John: Then you're not going to publish.

Sophie: Certainly I am. This autumn.

John: That'll upset a lot of people. But I suppose this is a safe distance. The most they can do is hang your publisher.

Sophie: You escaped, I see.

John: Without violence to my person, yes. The signal for my going was the baying of the newspapers. There were no tears. Except from that woman shut up in the country. She would be weeping, we can be sure of that, and in a lower room holding a holy book in one hand and biting the nails of the other would be her husband. They're probably still at it, God help them! She tried to lead me to the righteous life, Sophie. That was her only mistake. You know where such an excursion must end. On this occasion it was an episcopal four-poster in a cathedral town. The rooks mourned over us through the night.

Sophie: I'd hoped he wasn't a provincial bishop.

John: He forgave me like the good man he is but that wasn't enough for Ada. She had to make a public confession to a national newspaper. Modesty prevents me saying why.

Sophie: Then I'll say it for you. She wanted everyone to know how lucky she'd been. After all, John, I've always considered myself happy to know you in the drawing room so I can appreciate Ada's feelings. There - I'm already speaking of her as an old friend.

John: In the end I took nothing but her teaching to heart and sold up my worldly goods. I've put the proceeds to an ungodly purpose Which brings me here. Alone.

Sophie: The difficulty of exile for a woman is that she can't go unaccompanied. I had to provide myself with an escort at a small church in Kensington on the Tuesday before I sailed.
John: Ah, yes. I'm sorry. How is Selwyn? Where is Selwyn?

Sophie: Buried alive at the dig below. You passed the place on the road. Selwyn has been working the excavation for eighteen months. He's found nothing.

John: Is there anything to be found.

Sophie: Selwyn is sure of it. There have been several false alarms and then a most unpleasant man comes hurrying here from the Royal Museum in Berlin. They're putting up money.

John: Has Selwyn found anything under the ground in these ten years of digging?

Sophie: Nothing important. For six years we dug over most of the North African desert. Excavations in Egypt rewarded us with a gold commode. And so we came to this place.

John: What's he looking for here?

Sophie: He seems to think he may uncover some place of worship of great antiquity. Am I right, Henry?

(she speaks to Henry Bevis who has come into the room)

Henry: Quite right, Sophie.

Sophie: Henry Bevis is with us, John, as a Special Correspondent to 'The Times'. This is John Hogarth from London, Henry.

Henry: From London! (he shakes hands with John) How is that beautiful country of ours?

John: Have you been away from it a long time, Mr. Bevis?

Henry: Yes.

John: I thought so. Well, it was looking very pretty in the Spring.
Henry: And the people?

John: They've never been pretty at any time of year, have they? But I thought they were looking very fit.

Sophie: Henry's absence from England isn't voluntary, John. He was sent here to report on whatever is found in that great hole Selwyn is digging. How he's managed to fill a column of The Times once every two weeks I've never understood. Surely, Henry, there must be a limit to the number of ways even you can describe such quantities of mud.

Henry: It's the suspense, Sophie. No one knows exactly what Selwyn hopes to find.

Sophie: I'd have thought the flutter of anticipation even in those small archaeological circles about St. James's Square must now be stilled after eighteen months.

Henry: You mustn't expect quick results in this kind of work, Sophie. Must she, Mr. Hogarth?

John: I've no idea.

Henry: Selwyn has all the patience of an old soldier.

Sophie: Yes, I suppose these many years of quite undistinguished service must have taught him that.

Henry: How unlike you are. Is that the basis for a successful marriage, I wonder?

Sophie: Don't brood over me, Henry.

John: Sophie, I've remembered something. When I got out of the cart at the bottom of the hill I left a box at the side of the road.

Sophie: One of the men can bring it up later.

Henry: I'll go down for it.
John: You'll do nothing of the kind. It's very heavy and that hill is very steep.

Henry: I'm going down to the dig. I can bring the box back with me. I'll be pleased to do that, Mr. Hogarth.

John: Well, thank you.

Henry: A word: very unwise to leave anything about here.

(Henry goes out through the windows)

Sophie: Such an old young man. And how the poor creature sweats in this climate. Why did you suddenly remember your box?

John: It was the mention of marriage.

Sophie: I don't see any connection.

John: We were on the verge of a discussion. I wanted to avoid it.

Sophie: You'll find when you get to know him that it's never difficult to knock Henry off a subject. But he's been meditating on marriage for some weeks now.

John: Must I get to know him?

Sophie: Well, how long are you staying? Your letter was mysterious about that. A visit, you said, before going on elsewhere.

John: I'll be here two days if everything goes well.

Sophie: Why should it go badly? Come here. Yes, there - about your eyes - God help you, those are lines of thought. I'd say of recent contemplation.

John: We're well into the twentieth century, Sophie. You're going to have to accustom yourself to a change in the faces of those you love.

Sophie: And a change in their habits, it seems. Where are you going from here?
John: When I left Ada curled up and quilt covered for the last time, and went back to my rooms I'd decided to sell out. Everything around me – except a bottle of gin – lay cowering beneath the hammer. I stayed alone for two days. The storm had broken about me and Ada. There were no letters except postcards with a single word usually of a biblical nature. No one came near me but my ancient firelighter. Then, on the second night, there was a shout on the stairs. I thought at first the mob had come. I picked up the poker and went to meet it. Instead of the sans-culottes I found one old man entangled in the curtains on the stairs – caught like a gigantic bat. I freed him. He embraced me. I freed myself. He went on and collapsed like a ruin before the fire and at once began to talk. He used none of the words recently associated with me. Indeed, he'd never heard of Ada, he said. He talked and the words were as fresh to me as his friendliness. He loved me, he said for I was a son of freedom. He, too, Basilios, was a son of freedom. I was again taken in his arms. He talked through the night. At half-past five I gave him my cheque for one hundred thousand pounds. At half past seven I gave him my hand and the promise of my services. At half past nine he left. But there remained on the table a document which made altogether too clear my future commitment to revolution.

Sophie: Revolution. So that's the news you've brought me. I think you've been ingenuous. You'll never see your friend again and certainly not the money.

John: Basilios is a man – the one sex I don't make mistakes about. He'll be here to fetch me as he promised within two days.

Sophie: You're very sure.

John: I've reason to be. Basilios talked to me in a language I've known since childhood. Yet until that night I'd never heard it spoken.
Sophie: Do you mean Greek?

John: I mean he spoke the language of action - in English.

Sophie: Am I to expect barricades on my doorstep?

John: No. I shall travel North four hundred miles to the trouble centre. The affair is small enough for me to play a big part. I shall be happy.

(Caroline Traherne comes into the room by the windows. She is twenty-five years old. She carries a large bunch of wild flowers and herbs which are recently gathered.)

Sophie: Do you know John Hogarth, Caroline?

Caroline: Yes.

John: No

Sophie: Well, yes or no, this is he. Mrs. Traherne, John. My daughter by Selwyn's first wife.

John: How do you do. Have I met you before?

Caroline: No. But I know you from Sophie's book.

John: That's very interesting.

(he at last gently disengages his hand from Caroline)

Sophie: Those are most unsuitable flowers for the house.

Caroline: I brought them in to save them from the heat of the sun.

Sophie: Save them? But you've uprooted them.

Caroline: Well, then, their last hours can be cool and dignified. Unlike Henry who is staggering about in the sun under an enormous box.

(Caroline goes from the room by the passageway)
John: I'd no idea Selwyn had a daughter. Did you know when you married him?

Sophie: It was mentioned. She was a child then, of course. In the keeping of some nuns.

John: What's she doing here?

Sophie: Recovering from a disastrous marriage contracted seven years ago when she was eighteen.

John: Who was her mother?

Sophie: Nobody at all. She lies buried beneath a solitary tree in the Orient. A sacrifice to Selwyn's military career.

John: What did the girl mean when she said she knew me from your book.

Sophie: I didn't know she'd read it.

John: It means, though, that you've written about me.

Sophie: Of course. Do you think I could write of those days and forget you? Without you there'd be no story to tell. Let's always remember there was nothing but the years between us then.

John: There's more than age between us now, Sophie. There are the separate ways which brought us here. You came in resignation. I've come in affirmation. The day ten years ago I heard you'd married Selwyn I mourned for you Sophie.

Sophie: You feel I made the one certificate serve for both marriage and death.

John: Everyone does that. No, I mourned the end of an era which you had made so much your own. Those brilliant years. I think I could have borne it if you'd died - but you married! You became woman, Sophie. Oh, Sophie!
Sophie: It was the morning of my forty-eighth birthday. I awoke very much alone. You were in the country. What were you doing? I forget. No one came near me for hours, it seemed. Then your gift was brought up to me. Ah! you were still young enough at that time to give me birthday presents without flinching. I took off the wrappings and there was the musical box. It was a gift to be given to a child - or to me. I opened the lid and the music began. And with the music the tears. I'd not known such things since I was a girl. It was when those strangers stole down my face that I knew it was time to go. Selwyn had called several times to tell me he was going on this exploration of the past. I'd known him for many years. I'd long admired his amazing spirit. We were of an age and both needed a companion in exile. I proposed marriage that evening and was accepted.

John: When I came back from the country you were married and gone without a word. No one knew why. All they said was that you seemed serious. That I wouldn't believe. I knew it must be some kind of joke but I couldn't see the point. My mouth was open wanting to laugh but your silence gave me no cause. You were gone. That was all I allowed myself to believe.

Sophie: Damn it, John, surely that was a time to take something seriously even if it was only Selwyn. But you - here - now - what excuse have you? At the kindergarten age of thirty-five you're intending to take seriously - what? - a revolt, the rallying cries of manifestos and a mad old man.

John: Yes, all those. And the reason is this: thirty-five - yes, I am but how do I account for these grey hairs and the fact that I no longer make love without sadness? My contemporaries remain darkly
pigmented and continue to go to bed laughing. So you must think of me, Sophie, as one who has also reached a time if not an age to be serious.

Sophie: Very well. But you mustn't expect me to talk about revolution and freedom. That's not my kind of seriousness.

John: Once you had no seriousness at all.

Sophie: In those days. But was there so much to be serious about? No. You could always find something if you went looking for it. Like trouble. Why should I have bothered? I was what is called happy. That's nothing to be solemn about. At least, it wasn't when I was young. Perhaps it is these days. I don't know. Now you've an occupation I expect you look back in horror on the years we spent in London. I think that's a pity.

John: Not horror. This feeling of sadness for what I loved.

(Caroline has come into the room)

Caroline: I know very well what you mean. Age doesn't come into it, Sophie. That's a mistake you would make. You can be finished at twenty-four.

John: How old are you?

Caroline: Twenty-five.

John: And you're finished?

Caroline: Yes. Hasn't Sophie told you?

(Henry Bevis comes through the windows. He is bowed beneath a large box which he carries on his shoulders.)

John: Many many thanks. Are you all right? I feel we should get it up at once, Sophie. Where am I?

(Sophie points through the main
windows to the small window set in
the exterior wall)

Sophie: You're there.

(Henry moves towards the stairs with
the box)

John: I'd better go with him, I think.

(John follows Henry from the room)

Caroline: Is he staying here?

Sophie: John? For a while. He's on his way to
a revolution. He seems to think it should
begin the day after tomorrow.

Caroline: He's on every page of your book, you know.
Even the pages where he's not mentioned.
For he's the time you can't get out of
your head.

Sophie: How do you come to have seen the book?

Caroline: I kissed Cristos and he showed it to me.

Sophie: You're corrupt in almost every way.

Caroline: Yes. Why do people put up with me?

Sophie: Your husband didn't.

Caroline: Don't be sentimental. You wouldn't have
liked Boy Traherne, either.

Sophie: I disliked him intensely for one thing.
That is, running off and making it
necessary for you to be here at this time.

Caroline: Do you think he'd be interested in my
tragic story?

Sophie: He? Call him by his name.

(after a considerable pause Caroline
softly and tentatively says:)

Caroline: John. (she laughs) Ouf! that first time
you say a name as a name. Some cold bath,
eh? But once you're in - hey! you're in - and it's fine and healthy. John.
John!
(she raises her voice)
John! John!

(John Hogarth appears at the window of his room and looks down)

John: Yes?

Caroline: Nothing.

(John goes back into the room)
The man in the book: the man in the bedroom. Now, then - I've to put them together, haven't I, to make sense?

Sophie: To make a man.

Caroline: That time ten years ago. What about that?

Sophie: Life in London for people of our kind at the turn of the century was meant to be taken seriously. We had to make ourselves believe that we were secure and that the intricate figure we cut in the melting ice of social life was permanent. Perhaps when history looks at that age it will become known as the Great Thaw. Times were getting warmer. No one would admit the change, of course, and as if to deny it the fashion in clothes became rather stuffy. The men wore heavier coats and harder hats and the women complained of the cold. It was not only people that were affected but their institutions. We had built our banks and museums, our palaces and cathedrals to keep our money, our history, our monarchs and our God safe for all time. But as the twentieth century set in it showed the foundation of all these to be melting away. Now, no sane man or woman could be happy in such a situation. But we were English. We said firmly, It's not happening, and went on making money and making do.

Caroline: You've set the scene. All right. Let the man into it. Enter John Hogarth.

Applause. Deep attention.
Sophie: He came to London when he was eighteen. Where did he come from? I've never bothered to ask. Where does love come from? He had a lot of money - his mother was an American. He had a lot of energy - his father was a Scot. Yet he had no pretensions...... He didn't want to do anything with his money or himself. He was not a force to be met with when you were trying to prolong an ice age.

Caroline: But the secret. I want to know the secret. The something you know. Tell me.

Sophie: The secret of John's life at that time?

Caroline: Yes. I've an idea he was happy.

Sophie: I think he was. Although -

Caroline: That's not in your book.

Sophie: I shall come to it.

Caroline: Come to it now. With me. In your book you call him the first twentieth century man. What do you mean by that?

Sophie: He was the only man I knew who seemed perfectly unequipped to face the future. I knew he'd survive.


Sophie: It's an unfortunate fact, Caroline, that the qualities needed for survival as a person are the same unsocial qualities which can destroy a community or even a nation. So the lack of moral equipment of the genius and the great criminal are much the same. It's what you haven't got that matters. John's great strength was that he lacked seriousness.

Caroline: It's the answer. No unhappiness, in other words.

Sophie: And no love.
Caroline: Between the weak wail of arrival and the whimper of departure there is not cause for alarm but cause for laughter. Can I see it that way - with him - through him? Can I?

Sophie: Wait a minute. I'm speaking of John ten years ago. He's changed.

Caroline: A man who believed all that - why should he want to change? Look at it his way and it suddenly becomes worth doing - this hanging around. No one wants to play out the thing seriously but if it's really a charade - well, then! - how d'you do.

(she looks up at the window)

Sophie: He left England in all seriousness. He left Ada -

Caroline: Ah! she was the great scandal, wasn't she? Ada, you say. Like that. And then tell me he left in all seriousness.

Sophie: He was very fond of her.

Caroline: I'm attached to a hot water bottle on cold nights. Seriously? Not at all. A man doesn't give up a country for a flannel bound comforter.

Sophie: He didn't. He gave it up to start a revolution. That's the business in hand.

(Henry has come down the stairs and is now in the room)

Caroline: And that's a solemn fact, is it?

Sophie: So he says. Is it the heat, Henry?

Henry: I've been talking to Hogarth.

Caroline: Did he make you laugh?

Henry: Good God, no. He's been telling me the most terrible stories of the people he's
Sophie: He's impressed you, I see.

Henry: Such sincerity must be impressive.

Sophie: (to Caroline) You see what I mean?

(Sophie begins to go from the room)

Caroline: Where are you going?

Sophie: I think it's worth a little more discussion— with him.

(Sophie goes up the stairs)

Henry: Caroline, would you say I'm a sensitive man?

Caroline: As a literary gent, Henry, you're a duck.

Henry: I only ask because sometimes I seem to lack an appreciation of the suffering of other people. The conversation with Hogarth made me understand that. It worries me. I know perfectly well that unhappiness exists but I've never been able to think of a way to do anything about it. You, for example, now I know you've been very unhappy. When you first came here I tried to help you with my companionship. But it wasn't any good, was it?

Caroline: No.

Henry: I think your kind of unhappiness confused me. I'm very muddled about marriage.

Caroline: Who isn't?

Henry: I am more than most people. What I'm trying to say is this: I don't think I'm big enough to take on a revolution as Hogarth's doing but I think I could help you. I say I think I could help you. To be happy—happier.

Caroline: All right. Go ahead.
Henry: How?

Caroline: Well, it depends on what sort of comfort you're thinking of giving me.

Henry: Do you read poetry? I mention this because when I was a boy I was lonely and unhappy and I found it a great help.

Caroline: Henry, I need more than a rhymed couplet.

Henry: That's what I mean. I never seem to be able to suggest anything - helpful. It's this place, I think. Although most of us are English the values seem to be different. I wish I was home.

Caroline: You miss London.

Henry: Very much.

Caroline: Why don't you go back?

Henry: I shall do as soon as your father's finished the excavation and I can put in my final article. If he finds something I can really write about - something to which I can do justice - well, it'll make my name. That's what I'm bargaining for. I think I'd better go down to the dig for my morning session now. Care to walk with me?

Caroline: No. What do you do down there?

Henry: Sometimes I do a little sifting but not often. I don't get on with the workmen. (John has come down the stairs and now enters the room) Anyway, that's where I'll be for a while, Caroline.

Caroline: If anyone should want you I'll tell them where you are.

Henry: No one will want me, I'm afraid. (Henry goes out through the windows)

John: Sophie tells me that you've been very unhappy.
Caroline: There was a time.

John: You're getting over it.

Caroline: Yes. It was nothing. A marriage. He left me. Ran away.

John: I see.

Caroline: Do you see it from his point of view or mine.

John: His, I suppose. I'm also running away from a marriage. Not my own. Someone else's.

Caroline: He just went into hiding. From what I hear you're making for the open country.

John: I hope so.

Caroline: You're looking for more than the heroism of love.

John: I'd say the stoicism of love. Yes, more than that.

Caroline: Liberation.

John: Of others. Not myself.

Caroline: Have you been talking to Sophie?

John: For a moment. But she insisted on asking a lot of questions so I came away.

Caroline: She thinks you've changed.

John: She's quite right.

Caroline: I don't think so.

John: How can you possibly know?

Caroline: By remembering what I've read about you. Not only in Sophie's book but in the newspapers. All show the man you are. Why should you want to change?

John: What are you talking about?
Caroline: You. I'm talking about you.

John: Have you been interested so long?

Caroline: As long as I can remember. I'm not concerned with the morality of your behaviour in the past. I'm concerned that you're here - now. Why won't you look at me? There. What do you see?

John: I've had the last conversation of this kind in my life. I want no more of it!

Caroline: Sophie told me her name. It was Ada.

John: Very Well, so it was Ada.

Caroline: And because of her the London mob threw stones at your windows. That was in the papers. Was she worth it?

John: They'd got it into their heads that I was breaking up something very dear to their hearts: a home. You know how that country domesticates its idols. The main demonstration was a parade past my house of elderly women carrying banners. That went on for some hours. I felt compelled to send them out tea and sandwiches. They leant against the railings eating and drinking and booing whenever I passed a window.

Caroline: Women have always felt strongly about you.

John: Women feel too much about everything. That is the dreadful inequality of sex. It was their reserve capacity for actively demonstrating emotion which at last defeated me. Poets are lucky. They can spin out the truth of their passion to at least the length of a sonnet. With my lesser talent I've had to content myself with a brisk action and one short word.

Caroline: Which so often led to broken windows.

John: All the best games end in destruction.
Caroline: We never get out of the nursery where everything finishes broken up. You played the whole of your life in London that way, didn't you? Without serious-ness because you knew the time would come when you'd have to put your toys away. So better smash them! You were right. You were quite right.

John: How would such behaviour help you?

Caroline: If I'd seen my marriage with Boysie - and the breakaway - as you saw your love affairs then I wouldn't have been unhappy. By the way, I'm not unhappy any more. Why should I be? Throughout my married life I believed that love - you know, the rubnose, softpaw kind - was calculable. It never entered my head not to take it seriously. You, on the other hand, SEW it as an incident-tal. That seems to be reasonable.

John: Is this reasonable? Dawn. London. I wake. It's night within the room until the curtains are drawn back. The bed covers over my body are as heavy as sin. Throw them off! Step freely - ha ha! boldly - to the window. Draw back the curtains. Stare at the sky for a sign. Hm. It's raining. The policeman at the corner is weeping. The cold strikes me like an unkind reminder. Last night's warrior becomes a goose-pimpled pudding. Cover the poor mockery with a gown. The day must be begun it seems. Very well, then - good morning and good morning. Breakfast. The day's news beside the tray. So, there's energy to engage that still virgin for a start. She gives up her miserable secrets reluctantly, column by column, and the sign is not one of them. Go, light fires! Open the letters of the day. Will one hold the word, the news from another land, the call to action? No. They demand, beg, entreat, abuse - nothing more. Dress. Talk to myself in the looking glass. Walk out. Meet a man. He complains of my treatment of his daugh-
ter. He threatens me with action. Action! Christ, if it were true. He means litigation which is the English substitute. My interest in him has gone and so, I see, has the sun. Something must be done if only to put in my journal. Well, turn in here. It is a theatre where men knock each other about with wooden swords and die, get up and bow. The curtain rattles down on the play and the day. Hohum! The sky remains inscrutable—positively unhelpful. Curtain it off with the rest. It is another room—another place. I'm welcome. There's no doubt about it. Here between the sheets there is something to be done with authority if not with dignity. Let me look at the face before turning away. It smiles so all's well. Goodnight. Good morning. Dawn. London. I wake. It's night within the room until the curtains are drawn back. The bed covers over my body—and so on. Day by day by nighttime. Reasonable?

Caroline: There is one thing.

John: Tell me.

Caroline: The moment of happiness which was in the smiling face before you turned away.

John: It was never a very intelligent face.

Caroline: Nothing to do with it. Always reasonable to make someone happy.

John: I'm sorry. Not possible now. Sorry. My appointment is not with you. I'm afraid. It's with the man who took me by the hand and dragged me from childhood—all those broken toys, remember—to this present time. Basilios.

Caroline: It is a serious business, I see. Why did he choose you?

John: Some years ago my friends wanted to get me settled. Before I knew what was happening I found myself to be a member
of parliament. It seemed a good time to make a speech. The motion happened to concern the Government's attitude to this minority group under Basilios in the North. They had recently shot the British Minister and subjected his wife and daughter to humiliating proposals which both had accepted before returning to England.

Caroline: One of the lesser perils of our Imperial policy.

John: In a speech to the House opposing reprisals I suggested the country should be accepted into the British Empire. It seemed that at the moment of surrender both ladies had been wrapped in a Union Jack. No one agreed with me that it was the natives' way of honouring the flag and the speech was dismissed as an impertinence - which indeed it was. Yet it was that speech reported in an old newspaper which brought Basilios to me. The faded cutting was in his pocket. It remained the one call to unity and action his country had ever known. Spoken by me when I didn't know the place was on the map. How could I resist such an appeal to leadership?

Caroline: So the whole thing's a joke after all. Just a joke as it was in the past. You don't take it any more seriously than - Ada? - or perhaps me. You haven't changed.

John: I don't want to seem unreasonable about this. An incident which begins as a joke can have serious consequences. You've been unhappy, I know, but please don't ask me to console you. Anyway, there would hardly be time for Basilios will be here before you can say, I love you.

Caroline: I love you.
JOHN: The house stands alone above a wilderness. It's the colour of fruit and looking up the traveller asks Will it topple? I'll be at the window on the South side, you said. Find you I must, I think, after such a description. I've left the cart which brought me at the bottom of the hill. The driver is drunk but let the sun get high and he'll be hurrying back to the city on all the four square wheels. (He kisses Sophie.) With the best will in the world I couldn't let you know when I'd be here. Have you been patient? I left Alexandria three days ago and crossed in a boat with a party of olive-green pilgrims. I stayed last night in Athens but didn't sleep because of the song of the cats and the silent mischief of the bugs. With your letter in my hand I set off at dawn this morning to come here.

SOPHIE: A meeting after ten years should be avoided at my age. I was tempted to send you false instructions, but you were already on your way. And I remembered you.

JOHN: All along the way I remembered you, Sophie. I thought of the day you left England to come out here. Ten years gone by. Time to go, you said - and go you did. Why?

SOPHIE: I was beginning to be of my age. That's a reason. But you're young - shall I recall on thirty-six years for you? - and you've left England, you say, for ever. Or did I misunderstand your letter?

JOHN: No. Everything's been sold up.

SOPHIE: Then I imagine you must be burdened with a great deal of money.

JOHN: That have you done with it?

SOPHIE: Bought a state of exile.

JOHN: Shameful! Not a proper purpose. What are you up to?

SOPHIE: I'm free, Sophie.

JOHN: Again? For how long?

SOPHIE: Until the end. The first step into middle age did it.

JOHN: Who was she?

SOPHIE: Her name was Dada. You see I can speak of her in the past. She had very short legs, was a comfortable shape and the wife of a bishop. On the night of my thirty-fifth birthday her arms were round my neck and she was whispering to me. The next morning I began the sale of everything I possessed. Then it was done I felt remarkable. Sanctified. I had nothing in the world but money.

(Crisotos Pappadian Coves into the room.)

SOPHIE: This is Crisotos, my secretary. This is Mr. John Megaworth from England.

(Crisotos bow to John)

We won't do any more this morning. Go up, please, and make a fair copy as far as we've gone.

(Crisotos goes out of the room and up the stairs)

I spend a few hours every day dictating to Crisotos. I'm putting down some of my memories. For that matter, I'm glad you've come here. You'll sharpen my recollection on a number of incidents of the time in England we knew together. How is that damned
Thet'Ll qsz5 z lot c: ao'_e. 32% I 8--::one -.

fkir: ie a eafe 60
d.is*Yc=ce. T::e host 2e; sc.2 Lo is hcn& yo-;r p5rLioher.

0x1 is. You zro-:r ;.?ere c;? excurcio~ zuot ecd, Or

TER GATES OF JUDER

ACT 1: 2. 813
country? I suppose I should have felt regret in leaving it, but nothing of the kind. I'd grown out of the place - passed through it like a childhood. I'm having to consider the fifty or so years I lived there, of course, in the writing of these memories. Yet I'm managing to remember without tears.

JOHN: Are you writing the truth?

SOPHIE: Yes.

JOHN: Then you're not going to publish.

SOPHIE: Certainly I am. This autumn.

JOHN: That'll upset a lot of people. But I suppose this is a safe distance. The worst they can do is hang your publisher.

SOPHIE: You escape, I see.

JOHN: Without violence to my person, yes. The signal for my going was the approach of the newspapers. There were no tears. Except for that woman shut up in the country. She would be weeping, we can be sure of that, and in a lower room holding a holy book in one hand and biting the nails of the other would be her husband. They're probably still at it, God help them! She tried to lead me to the righteous life, Sophie. That was her only mistake. You know where such an excursion must end. On this occasion it was an episcopal four-poster in a cathedral town. The rocks turned over us through the night.

SOPHIE: I'd hoped he wasn't a provincial bishop.

JOHN: He forgave me like the good man he is but that wasn't enough for Ada. She had to make a public confession to a national newspaper. Modesty prevents me saying why.

SOPHIE: Then I'll say it for you. She wanted everyone to know how lucky she'd been. After all, John, I've always considered myself happy to know you in the drawing room so I can appreciate Ada's feelings. There - I'm already speaking of her as an old friend.

JOHN: In the end I took nothing but her teaching to heart and sold up my worldly goods. I've put the proceeds to an ungodly purpose which brings me here, Aloha.

SOPHIE: The difficulty of exile for a woman is that she can't go unaccompanied. I had to provide myself with an escort at a small church in Kensington on the Tuesday before I sailed.

JOHN: Ah, yes. I'm sorry. How is Selwyn? There is Selwyn?

SOPHIE: Buried alive at the dig below. You passed the place on the road. Selwyn had been working the excavation for eighteen months. He's found nothing.

JOHN: Is there anything to be found.
SCENE: Sylphyn is sure of it. There have been several false alarms and
then a most unpleasant one comes hurrying here from the Royal
House in Berlin. They're putting up money.
JENNY: Can Sylphyn find anything under the ground in these ten years of
digging?
SCENE: Nothing important. For six years we dug over most of the North
African desert. Excavations in Egypt rewarded us with a gold
commodore. And so we came to this place.
JENNY: What's he looking for here?
SCENE: It seems to think he may uncover some place of worship of great
antiquity. As I right, Henry?
[Sylphyn to Henry Sevin who has come into the room.
HENRY: Quite right, Sophie.
SCENE: Henry Sevin is with us, John, as a Special Correspondent to The
Times. This is John Hogarth from London, Henry.
JENNY: From London?
[She shakes hands with John.
HENRY: How is that beautiful country of ours?
JENNY: Have you been away from it a long time, Mr. Sevin?
HENRY: Yes.
JENNY: I thought so. He has been looking very pretty in the Spring.
HENRY: And the people?
JENNY: They've never been pretty at any time of year, have they? But
I thought they were looking very fit.
SCENE: Henry's absence from England isn't voluntary, John. He was sent
here to report on whatever is found in that great hole Sylphyn is
digging. Now he's managed to fill a column of The Times once
every two weeks! I've never understood. Surely, Henry, there
must be an limit to the number of ways you can describe such
quantities of mud.
HENRY: It's the suspense, Sophie. No one knows exactly what Sylphyn
hopes to find.
SCENE: I'd have thought the flutter of anticipation even in those small
archaeological circles about St. James's Square must now be
stilled after eighteen months.
HENRY: You can't expect quick results in this kind of work, Sophie.
Must she, Mr. Hogarth?
JENNY: I've no idea.
HENRY: Sylphyn has all the patience of an old soldier.
SCENE: Yes, I suppose these many years of quite undistinguished service
must have taught him that.
HENRY: You won't have you are, in that the basis for a successful marriage.
I wonder?
SCENE: Don't brook over me, Henry.
JENK: Sophie, I've remembered something. Then I got out of the cart at the bottom of the hill. I left a box at the side of the road.

SCHWE: One of the men can bring it up later.

JENK: I'll go down for it.

JENK: You'll do nothing of the kind. It's very heavy and that hill is very steep.

SCHWE: I'm going down to the dig. I can bring the box back with me. I'll be pleased to do that, Mr. Dorgath.

JENK: Well, thank you.

SCHWE: A word: very unusual to leave anything about here.

[Henry goes out through the window]

SCHWE: Such an old young man. And how the poor creature swears in this climate. Why did you suddenly remember your box?

JENK: It was the mention of marriage.

SCHWE: I don't see any connection.

JENK: We were on the verge of a discussion. I wanted to avoid it.

SCHWE: You'll find when you get to know him that it's never difficult to knock Henry off a subject. But he's been meditating on marriage for some weeks now.

JENK: What I get to know him?

SCHWE: Well, how long are you staying? Your letter was mysterious about that. A visit, you said, before going on elsewhere.

JENK: I'll be here two days if everything goes well.

SCHWE: Why should it go badly? Come here. Yes, there - about your guns - could help you, soon the lines of thought. I'd say of recent correspondents.

JENK: We're well into the twentieth century, Sophie. You're going to have to accustomed yourself to a change in the faces of those you love.

SCHWE: And a change in their habits, it seems. Where are you going from here?

JENK: Then I left Ada curled up and quilt covered for the last time, and went back to my room. I'd decided to sell out. Everything around me - except a bottle of gin - lay covering beneath the humor. I stayed alone for two days. The storm had broken about us and Ada. There were no letters except notices with a single word usually of a biblical nature. No one came near me but my ancient firelighter. Then, on the second night, there was a knock on the stairs. I thought at first the old hat case. I picked up the poker and went to meet it. Instead of the same cutter I found one old man entangled in the curtains on the stairs - except like a gigantic bat. I freed him. He embraced me. He went on and collapsed like a ruin before the fire and at once began to talk. We used none of the words recently associated
THE GATES OF JERUSALEM

ACT 1. 5.

with me. Indeed, he'd never heard of Aid, he said. He talked
and the words were as fresh to me as his friendliness. He loved me, he said
for I was a son of freedom. He, too, Selwyn, was a son of
freedom. I was again taken in. He talked through
the night. At half-past five I gave him my cheque for one hundred 185
thousand pounds. At half past seven I gave him my hand and the
promise of my services. At half past nine he left. But there
remained on the table a document which made altogether too clear
my future condition to revolution.

SCOTIE: Revolution. So that's the news you've brought me. I think you've
been ingenious. You'll never see your friend again and certainly 191
not the money.

JOHN: Basilion is a man - the one and only. I can't make mistakes about. He'll
be here to fetch me as he promised within two days.

SCOTIE: You're very sure.

JOHN: I've reason to be. Basilion talked to me in a language I've
known since childhood. Yet until that night I'd never heard it
spoken.

SCOTIE: Do you know Greek?

JOHN: I mean he spoke the language of action - in English. 200

SCOTIE: Am I to expect barricades on my doorstep?

JOHN: No. I shall travel North four hundred miles to the trouble centre.
The affair is still enough for us to play a big part. I shall be
happy.

(Caroline Fraser steps into the room by the window. She is twenty-five years old. She carries a large bunch of wild flowers
and herbs which are freshly picked.)

SCOTIE: Do you know John Negarth, Caroline?

CAROLINE: Yes.

JOHN: No. They speak together.

SCOTIE: Well, you or me, this is he. Mrs. Trakeme, John. 210
by Selwyn's first wife.

JOHN: How do you do. Have I met you before?

CAROLINE: No. But I know you from Sophie's book.

JOHN: That's very interesting.

(caroline gently disengages his hand from Caroline)

SCOTIE: These are most unsuitable flowers for the house.

CAROLINE: I brought them in to save them from the heat of the sun.

SCOTIE: Save them? But you've upset them.

CAROLINE: Well, then, their last hours can be cool and dignified. Unlike
Harry who is staggering about in the sun under an enormous box.
(Caroline goes thru. the room by the passageway)

JOHN: I'd no idea Selwyn had a daughter. Did you know when you
married him?
SCHE: It was mentioned. She was a child then, of course. In the
keeping of some nuns.

JCNH: That's she doing here?

SCHE: Recovering from a disastrous marriage contracted seven years
ago when she was eighteen.

JCNH: Who was her mother?

SCHE: Nobody at all. She lies buried beneath a solitary tree in the
Orient. A sacrifice to Selwyn's military career.

JCNH: That hit the nail on the head, I'm afraid. I knew her from your book.

SCHE: I didn't know she'd read it.

JCNH: It seems, though, that you've written about me,

SCHE: Of course. Do you think I could write of those days and forget
you? Without you there'd be no story to tell. Let's always
remember there was nothing but the years between us then.

JCNH: There's more than age between us now, Sophie. These are the
separate ways which brought us here. You came in resignation,
I've come in affirmation. The day ten years ago I heard you'd
married Selwyn I returned for you, Sophie.

SCHE: You feel I made the one certificate serve for both marriage and
death.

JCNH: Everyone does that. No, I had the end of an era which you
had made so much your own. Those brilliant years. I think I
could have borne it if you'd died — but you married! You became
wounded, Sophie. Oh, Sophie!

SCHE: It was the morning of my forty-eighth birthday. I woke very
much alone. You were in the country. What were you doing? I
I forget. No one came near me for hours, it seemed. Then
your gift was brought up to me. Ah! You were still young enough
at that time to give me birthday presents without flinching.
I took off the wrappings and there was the musical box. It was
a gift to be given to a child — or to me. I opened the lid and
the music began. And with the music the tears. I'd not known
such things since I was a girl. It was when those strangers
stole down my face that I knew it was time to go. Selwyn
had called several times to tell me he was going on this exploration of
the past. I'd known him for many years. I'd long admired his
amazing spirit. We were of an age and both needed a companion in
exile. I proposed marriage that evening and was accepted.

JCNH: Then I came back from the country you were married and gone
without a word. No one knew why. All they said was that you
seemed serious. That I wouldn't believe. I knew it must be
some kind of joke but I couldn't see the point. My mouth was
open waiting to laugh but your silence gave me no cause. You
were gone. That was all I allowed myself to believe.
Scene:  John, surely that was a time to take something seriously even if it was only comedy. But you—here now—what excuse have you? At the kindergarten age of thirty-five you’re intending to take seriously—what?—a revolt, the rallying cries of manifestos and a mad old man.

John: Yes, all these. And the reason is this: thirty-five—you, I see. But how do I account for these grey hairs and the fact that I no longer take life with its address? My contemporaries remain dourly pigmented and continue to go to bed laughing. So you must think of me, Sophie, as one who has also reached a time if not an age to be serious.

Sophie: Very well. But you mustn’t expect me to talk about revolution and freedom. That’s not my kind of seriousness.

John: Once you had no seriousness at all.

Sophie: In these days. But you’ve got so much to be serious about? No. You could always find something if you went looking for it, like trouble. Why should I have bothered? I was what is called happy. That’s nothing to be ashamed about. At least, it wasn’t when I was young. Perhaps it is these days. I don’t know. Now you’ve an occupation I expect you look back in horror on the years we spent in Lendin. I think that’s a pity.

John: Not horror. This feeling of innocence for what I loved.

(Scarlet has come into the room)

Caroline: I know very well that you fear. Age doesn’t come into it, Sophie. That’s a mistake you would make. You can be finished at twenty-four.

John: How old are you?

Caroline: Twenty-five.

John: And you’re finished?

Caroline: Yes. Isn’t Sophie told you?

(Saw Bovis comes through the window. He is bowled beneath a large box which he carries on his shoulders)

John: Many many thanks. Are you all right? I feel we should get it up at once, Sophie. There or if?

(Saw Bovis gets through the side window to the small window set in the exterior wall)

Sophie: You’re there.

(Saw Bovis takes the stairs with the box)

John: I’d better go with him. I think. (John follows Bovis from the room)

Caroline: Is he staying here?

Sophie: John! For a while. He’s on his way to a revolution. He seems to think it should begin the day after tomorrow.

Caroline: He’s an every-page of your book, you know. Even the pages where he’s not mentioned. For he’s the time you can’t get out of your head.

Sophie: How do you come to have seen the book?
CAROLINE: I kiss ed Cristo and he showed it to us.

SOFIE: You're corrupt in almost every way.

CAROLINE: Yes. Why do people put up with me?

SOFIE: Your husband didn't.

CAROLINE: Don't be continental. You wouldn't have liked Boy Thackery, either.

SOFIE: I disliked him intensely for one thing. That is, running off and making it necessary for you to be here at this time.

CAROLINE: Do you think he'd be interested in my tragic story?

SOFIE: No. Call him by his name.

(After a considerable pause Caroline softly and tentatively says)

CAROLINE: John. (She laughs) Just the first time you say a name as a name. One cold bath, oh? But once you're in—hey! you're in—and it's fine and healthy. John, John!

(she raises her voice)

John! John!

(John Regarth appears at the window of his room and looks down)

JOHN: Yes?

CAROLINE: Nothing.

(John goes back into the room)

The man in the mask the man in the bedroom. Now, then—I've to put them together, haven't I, to make sense?

SOFIE: To make a man.

CAROLINE: That time ten years ago. That about that?

SOFIE: Life in London for people of our kind at the turn of the century was meant to be taken seriously. We had to make ourselves believe that we were secure and that the intricate figure we cut in the shifting ice of social life was permanent. Perhaps then history looks at that age it will become known as the Great War. Times were getting warmer. No one would admit the change, of course, and said to carry it the fashion in clothes became rather stuffy. The men wore heavier coats and harder hats and the women complained of the cold. It was not only people that were affected but their institutions. We had built our banks and museums, our palaces and cathedrals to keep our money, our history, our monuments and our God safe for all time. But in the twentieth century set in it showed the foundation of all these to be shifting away. Now, no man or woman could be happy in such a situation. But we were English... We said finely, it's not happening, and went on making money and making do.

CAROLINE: You've set the scene. All right. Let the man into it.


SOFIE: He came to London when he was eighteen. There did he come from?

I've never bothered to ask. There does love come from? He had a lot of money—his father was an American. He had a lot of energy—his father was a Scot. Yet he had no pretensions.
...He didn't want to do anything with his money or himself. He was not a force to be reckoned with when you were trying to prolong an ice age.

CAROLINE: But the secret. I want to know the secret. The something you know. Tell me.

SCHEM: The secret of John's life at that time?

CAROLINE: Yes. I've an idea he was happy.

SCHEM: I think he was. Although -

CAROLINE: That's not in your book.

SCHEM: I shall come to it.

CAROLINE: Come to it now. With me. In your book you tell him the first twentieth century man. What do you mean by that?

SCHEM: He was the only man I knew who seemed perfectly equipped to face the future. I knew he'd survive.


SCHEM: It's an unfortunate fact, Caroline, that the qualities needed for survival as a person are the same unrelenting qualities which can destroy a community or even a nation. So the lack of moral equipment of the genius and the great criminal are much the same. It's what you haven't got that matters. John's great strength was that he lacked seriousness.

CAROLINE: It's the answer. No unhappiness, in other words.

SCHEM: And no love.

CAROLINE: Between the shock of arrival and the shock of departure there is not cause for alarm but cause for laughter. Can I see it that way - with him - through him? Can I?

SCHEM: Wait a minute. I'm speaking of John ten years ago. He's changed.

CAROLINE: A man who believed all that - why should he want to change?

SCHEM: Look at it this way and it suddenly becomes worth doing - this hanging around. No one wants to play out the thing seriously but if it's really a farce - well, then! - how do you do (she looks up at the window)

SCHEM: He left England in all seriousness. He left Asia -

CAROLINE: All she was the great scandal, wasn't she? Asia, you say. Like that. And then tell me he left in all seriousness.

SCHEM: He was very fond of her.

CAROLINE: I'm attached to a hot-water bottle on cold nights. Seriously? Not at all. A man doesn't give up a country for a slippery bound expatriate.

SCHEM: He didn't in case it's to start a revolution. That's the business in hand.

(Henry has come from the stairs and is now in the room)

CAROLINE: And that's a solemn fact, is it?

SCHEM: So he says. Is it the fact, Henry?

HENRY: I've been sitting to depophs.

CAROLINE: Did he make you laugh?
TWO GENTLEFELDERS

ACT I. 10

HENRY: Good God, no. He's been telling me the most terrible stories of the people he's going to in the North. I'd never have thought such injustice went on these days.

SOPHIE: He's impressed you, I see.

HENRY: Such sincerity must be impressive.

SOPHIE: (to Caroline) You see what I mean? (Sophie begins to go from the room)

CAROLINE: Where are you going?

SOPHIE: I think it's worth a little more discussion - with him.

HENRY: Caroline, would you say I'm a sensitive man?

CAROLINE: As a literary gent, Henry, you're a duck.

HENRY: I only ask because sometimes I seem to lack an appreciation of the suffering of other people. The conversation with Megarth made me understand it. It worries me. I know perfectly well that unhappiness exists but I've never been able to think of a way to do anything about it. Yes, for example, now I know you've been very unhappy. Then you first came here I tried to help you with my companionship. But wasn't any good, was it?

CAROLINE: No.

HENRY: I think your kind of unhappiness confounded me. I'm very muddled about marriage.

CAROLINE: No isn't?

HENRY: I am more than most people. That I'm trying to say in this: I don't think I'm big enough to take on a revolution as Megarth's doing but I think I could help you. I say I think I could help you. To be happy - happier.

CAROLINE: All right. Go ahead.

HENRY: How?

CAROLINE: Well, it depends on what sort of comfort you're thinking of giving me.

HENRY: Do you read poetry? I mention this because when I was a boy I was lonely and unhappy and I found it a great help.

CAROLINE: Why, I need more than a rhymed couplet.

HENRY: That's what I mean. I never seem to be able to suggest anything - helpful. It's this place, I think. Although most of us are English the values seem to be different. I wish I was home.

CAROLINE: You miss London.

HENRY: Very much.

CAROLINE: Try don't you go back?

HENRY: I shall do as soon as your father's finished the excavation and I can put in my final article. If he finds something I can really write about - something to which I can do justice - well, I'll take by name. That's what I'm bargaining for. I think I'd better go down to the dig for my morning session now. Sure to walk with me?

CAROLINE: No. That do you down there?
HENRY: Sometimes I do a little sitting but not often. I don’t get on with the workmen. (John has come down the stairs and now enters the room) Anyway, that’s where I’ll be for a while, Caroline.

CAROLINE: If anyone should want you I’ll tell them where you are.

HENRY: No one will want me, I’m afraid. (Henry goes out through the window)

JOHN: Sophie tells me that you’ve been very unhappy.

CAROLINE: There was a time.

JOHN: You’re getting over it.

CAROLINE: Yes. It was nothing. A marriage. He left me. Ran away.

JOHN: I see.

CAROLINE: Do you see it from his point of view or mine.

JOHN: His, I suppose. I’m also running away from a marriage. Not my own. Someone else’s.

CAROLINE: We just went into hiding. From what I hear you’re making for the open country.

JOHN: I hope so.

CAROLINE: You’re looking for more than the heroism of love.

JOHN: It’s not the heroism of love. Yes, more than that.

CAROLINE: Liberation.

JOHN: Of others. Not myself.

CAROLINE: Have you been talking to Sophie?

JOHN: For a moment. But she insisted on asking a lot of questions so I came away.

CAROLINE: She thinks you’ve changed.

JOHN: She’s quite right.

CAROLINE: I don’t think so.

JOHN: How can you possibly know?

CAROLINE: By remembering what I’ve read about you. Not only in Sophie’s book but in the newspapers. All about the man you are. Why should you want to change?

JOHN: What are you talking about?

CAROLINE: You, I’m talking about you.

JOHN: Have you been interested so long?

CAROLINE: As long as I can remember. I’m not concerned with the morality of your behaviour in the past. I’m concerned that you’re here now. Why won’t you look at me? There. What do you see?

JOHN: I’ve had the last conversation of this kind in my life. I want no more of it!

CAROLINE: Sophie told me her name. It was Ada.

JOHN: Very well, so it was Ada.

CAROLINE: And because of her the London mob threw stones at your windows. That was in the papers. Was she worth it?
They'd got it into their heads that I was breaking up
something very dear to their hearts—a house. You know how
that country domesticates its idols. The main demonstration
was a parade past my house of elderly women carrying banners.
That went on for an hour. I felt compelled to send them
cut tea and sandwiches. They leaned against the railings
eating and drinking and beeping whenever I passed a window.

JEN: You've always felt strongly about you.

JULIUS: You can feel too much about everything. That is the dreadful
inequality of sex. It was their reserve capacity for
actively demonstrating a phobia which at least deserved me.
Boys are lucky. They can spin out the truth of their
passions to at least the length of a sonnet. With my lesser
talent I've had to content myself with a brisk motion and one short
word.

JULIUS: Rich so often led to broken windows.

JEN: All the best gardens end in destruction.

JULIUS: We never get out of the nursery where everything finishes
broken up. You played the whole of your life in London
that way, didn't you? Without seriousness because you
knew the time would come when you'd have to put your toys
away. So much smash then. You were right. You were quite
right.

JEN: You would such behaviour help you?

JULIUS: If I'd seen my marriage with Julia — and the breakaway —
as you saw your love affairs — then I wouldn't have been
unhappy. By the way, I'm not unhappy any more. Why
should I be? Throughout my married life I believed that love —
you know, the romance, softness kind — was calculable. It
never entered my head not to take it seriously. You,
on the other hand, saw it as an incident. That seems
to be reasonable.

JEN: In this reasonable Bom. London. I wake. It's light
within the room until the curtains are drawn back. The bed
covers over my body are so heavy as sin. Throw them off!
Step freely — he had boldly — to the window. Draw back the
curtains, stare at the sky for a sign. Ah. It's raining
the policeman at the corner is weeping. The cold strikes
like a hard reminder. Last night's warrior becomes a
goose-pimpled puddle. Cover the poor mockery with a gown.

The day must be begun in song. Very well, then — good
morning and good morning, breakfast. The sky's now beside
the tray. So, there's energy to engage that still virgin for a
start. She gives up her miserable secrets reluctantly,
slow by slow, and the sign is not one of them. Go, light
 fires! Open the letters of today. Will she hold the word.
JOHN: the news from another land, the call to action? No, they demand, say, exactly, please - nothing more. Leave, talk to myself in the looking glass. Walk out. Meet a man. Be combine of my treatment of his daughter. He threatens me with action. Action! Christ, if it were true. He means litigation which is the English substitute. My interest in his case, one and, one, I see, has the sun. Something must be done if only to put it in my journal. Well, turn in here. It is a theatre where men knock each other about with wooden swords and die, get up and row. The curtain settles down on the play and the day. 

CAROLINE: The sky remains inscrutable positively unhelpful. Curtain it off with the rest. It is another room another place. I'm welcome. There's no doubt about it. Here between the sheets there is something to be done with authority if not with dignity. Let me look at the face before turning away. It smiles so well. Goodnight. Goodmorning, from London. I wake. It's right within the room until the curtain is drawn back. The bed covers over my body - and so on. Day by day by nighttime. Reasonable? 

CAROLINE: There is one thing.

JOHN: Tell me.

CAROLINE: The moment of happiness which was in the smiling face before you turned away.

JOHN: It was never a very intelligent face.

CAROLINE: Nothing to do with it. Always reasonable to make someone happy.

JOHN: I'm sorry. Not possible now. Sorry. My appointment is not with you. I'm afraid. It's with the man who took me by the hand and dragged me from childhood all those broken toys, remember to this recent time, Basilia.

CAROLINE: It is a serious business, I see. May I select you?

JOHN: One year ago my friends wanted to get me settled. Before I knew what was happening I found myself to be a member of parliament. It seemed a good time to make a speech. The motion happened to concern the Governor's attitude to this minority group under Basilia in the North. They had recently shot the British Minister and subjected his wife and daughter to humiliating proposals which both had accepted before returning to England.

CAROLINE: One of the lesser parts of our Imperial policy.

JOHN: In a speech to the House opposing principles I suggested the country should be united into a British Empire. It seemed that at the moment of repeal both sides had been wrapped in a Union Jack. No one agreed with me that it was the natives' way of honoring the flag and the speech was dismissed as an impertinence - which indeed it was. Not it was that speech reported in an old newspaper which brought Basilia to me. The faded cutting was in his pocket. It remained the one call to
JOHN: unity and action his country had ever known. Spoken by me when I didn't know the place was on the map. How could I resist such an appeal to leadership?

CAROLINE: So the whole thing's a joke after all. Just a joke as it was in the past. You don't take it any more seriously than - Alan - or perhaps me. You haven't changed.

JOHN: I don't want to seem unreasonable about this. An incident which begins as a joke can have serious consequences. You've been unhappy, I know, but please don't ask me to console you.

Anyway, there would hardly be time for Carillon to be here before you can say, I love you.

CAROLINE: I love you.
Draft "I" - Marginalia

Note:

On each typescript page the Act and page number appears in the top right-hand corner. On some of the pages the reference is underlined. Similarly, the title of the play in block capital letters appears in the top left-hand corner of each typescript page. In some instances the title is underlined.
III: Appendices
i: Notes and Revisions
"Notes and Revisions" : Introduction

The photostat notes and revisions consist of forty-nine handwritten and three typed pages. They are referred to in a letter from Indiana University as:

8--Revisions and notes on third complete draft of forty-seven pages handwritten. Order of pages assembled by author.

10--Revisions of fourth complete draft of four pages handwritten and typed. Order of pages assembled by author.

It appears from the evidence immediately following that the revisions included in the forty-seven handwritten pages may relate to the early fragments drafts "A" and "B" in addition to the later drafts.

Examples:

Page 1
40. ...by a young Greek boy,

Page 2
44. ...by a young Greek boy,

None of the drafts other than "A" and "B" use the words "young" and "Greek" in this context. In all the drafts other than "A" and "B" the "young Greek boy" is an old Greek man.

No further attempt has been made to establish the true chronological order of the drafts. They are transcribed and presented in the order received from Indiana University. Some of the drafts include drawings that have not been
reproduced in the transcriptions. However, they have been noted under "Notes" and may be seen by referring to the photostat drafts.

Whiting's notes are in some instances listed and numbered by him in a sequential order whereas at other times there is no apparent order. To facilitate reference sections of the pages have been alphabetically lettered. In the transcription the letters refer to the corresponding sections of the manuscript. The section letters and line numbers have been inserted by the present writer.

In the laying out of the transcription of the "Notes and Revisions" a departure from the normal procedures of this thesis occurs. The "Notes and Revisions" contain substantial blocks of dialogue. All emendations and marginalia pertaining to these blocks have been recorded following each section of dialogue and not separated as they have been in the remainder of the thesis.

It should be noted, also, that the "Notes and Revisions" contain three pages of typescript. Although these are not transcribed and can be found therefore only in the section titled "Manuscript and Typescript", they are commented on in the body of the transcription.

Footnote
1. Elfrieda Lang, letter to the present writer, June 1969.
Notes and Revisions
Transcription and Annotation
A

INSERT end Act II: - Caroline put poison in my wine -

Sophie: What kind of poison?

John: Made from the purple berries on the hill.

B

Act Three.

(The scene is John Hogarth's bedroom.
The time is later the same night.
The room is almost entirely occupied by a bed which is Byzantine in size and splendour. At the four corners, gilded columns whirl giddily to the great canopy above. All around hang damasked curtains of extreme weight. There is a light burning directly over the bed beneath the canopy. The rest of the room is barely furnished by one chair and a small dressing table. John's box is open in a corner. His possessions are spilling out giving the impression of flight suddenly abandoned. There is one door to the room and one window.

John is lying on the bed. He is in a state of undress being only in his shirt and trousers.

There is a knock on the door.)

John: What is it? Go away!

(Cristos comes into the room)

Hullo, sir. I thought it might be - well, almost anything else in this damned house.
Cristos: I've just come in. The place seems very quiet.

John: You had a difference of opinion with Sophie, I understand.

Cristos: Yes. I refused to take down the dictation she was giving about you.

John: Why should you want to defend my reputation. You hardly know me.

Cristos: I don't know you well personally, that's true. But you stand for something very dear to my heart. More than that, I didn't want to see the man I'd so carefully shaped into that image in Sophie's book destroyed.

John: At the moment Sophie is in her room writing herself. Tearing down your monument - your rather premature monument to myself.

Cristos: I'm sure she's not. She's tried to write in her own hand before but she's too lazy. Half a line, perhaps, nothing more. That won't scratch the surface.

John: How do you see the ending of your work?

Cristos: That's already decided.

John: How very interesting. You're writing reminiscence ahead of the event.

Cristos: In this case, yes.

John: Tell me. I think it's only fair. I'll be in no position to contest your opinion tomorrow. What's it to be - the battlefield?

Cristos: No.

John: Sophie's attitude tonight was detestable, so let me tell you and then go and put it down on paper and shake it under her nose. Sometime ago you were walking with Caroline. You were talking of the unhappiness of love.
Cristos: We've done that many times.

John: But on this occasion you pointed out a solution. The purple berries growing on the hillside.

Cristos: As a joke I believe I said -

John: Many people in this tragic country believe those to be the answer. Am I right?

Cristos: Something like that.

John: You've been taken at your word, Sir. Caroline distilled some of those berries this evening and put the stuff in my wine. And hers.

Cristos: Oh, my God!

John: So it seems, doesn't it, as if the story will end here.

Cristos: You can't let that happen.

John: Surely it's out of my hands.

Cristos: Keep away from her.

John: I am. Too late.

Cristos: Your mind must be elevated. Make an effort.

John: There's no point. She says the stuff takes effect in eight hours.

Cristos: Less than that.

John: Less? Then I'm dying before your eyes. Hadn't you better make notes?

Cristos: Dying, Mr. Hogarth?

John: Yes. From the effect of the poison. What's that funny little noise you're making? Are you laughing?

Cristos: Yes.
John: The news of my departure from this life seems to have a very odd effect on almost everyone.

Cristos: I said to her when she spoke of love, Those - the berries - are believed by many to be the answer. Obviously our minds were not in accord.

John: Meaning?

Cristos: The effect is mild. It's what romantic fiction calls a love potion. It induces longings not of immortality.

John: She thought they were poisonous.

Cristos: Oh, dear, I must go and tell the poor child at once.

John: No! I'll do that later. First I must finish packing. (There is a knock on the door) Nobody here! (Henry comes into the room)

Henry: May I come in?

John: What do you want?

Henry: Your advice. How are you feeling? Caroline told me you've taken something which disagreed with you.

John: Yes. And I'm not in a state to give any advice on any subject.

Henry: That's a pity. It's really help I need. You see, I've been into the dig with Selwyn.

John: Did you find it instructive?

Henry: I don't know what to say. I've been walking since - wandering about the hillside. Trying to get my mind into some sort of order.
John: Have you managed it?

Henry: No. Mr. Hogarth, what on earth am I going to say?

John: Say?

Henry: About Selwyn's discovery. For The Times.

John: I don't know. I've not seen the place.

Henry: Well, look at these. They're rough sketches made by Selwyn of the images in the place.

(He unrolls a bundle of drawings he carries under his arm and gives them to John)

You see my difficulty.

John: Yes. (he laughs) I see your difficulty. Having to describe these golden lads and lasses.

Henry: For The Times.

John: You should work for The Daily Mail.

Henry: I thought you might be able to give me a hint as to the line I might take.

Emendations

B

25. (obliteration) Hullo..., 130

37. ...heart. ("The man I might have been if I'd had more courage and had been born a hundred years ago." is deleted) More...

104-5. ...potion. ("and we in this more clinical age call -" is deleted)

"It induces longings (caret) ('not' is inserted above the caret) of immortality" is inserted above the line.

109. ...later. (caret) First...

Notes

The whole of note "A" is enclosed in a square.
John: Couldn't you ignore them?

Henry: That's bad journalism.

John: What else is there in the hole?

Henry: Nothing. It's all really too bad! I've waited for this discovery to give me material for my last article and now look what turns up. If I don't make a success of it I can see myself being stuck in this wretched country for the rest of my life. I've been walking about out there at my wits' end.

John: Why didn't you go to Sophie? She'd concoct something in a moment.

Henry: I can't go to her with these.

John: I don't know what to say. You'd best give a straightforward description, I'd think.

Henry: It'll read like a book of anatomy.

John: What more do you want?

Henry: A way to approach the subject. Suitable for The Times. Informative, of course.

John: Athens: Monday. (have you a pencil?) The expedition led by Colonel S. F. Faramond (well, come on, man: take it down!) today reached an inner chamber of the excavation. (Shorthand, eh?) The work of eighteen months, as observed by Your Correspondent, (that's you) has been successful. The find will disappoint many who had hoped for some revelation of the Periclean age but will greatly interest those who have never before had any sympathy for
archaeological science. (Stop sucking the pencil, Henry. Get it down: here we go)
Remember -
(Have you a picture of your ideal reader? I have) Remember, sir, the dreams in the garden that day among the raspberry bushes where the younger children laughed and played but you, sir, older, horribly wiser, stayed out of sight staring terrified at a stolen book and imposing the virgin hand of the vicar's daughter on that grossly pagan body. (I speak personally, Henry. You were probably curled up in a theatrical basket) Remember? You can only remember for the vicar's daughter is fat and unlovely now. She married the man in trade - a step up - did she not? The dreams in the garden were lost. And there's small comfort in turning to the financial page.
But in this place. In this place. I send this message to the unloved. The dark girl - the gay, brave one - who loved you (so she said). Two thousand years ago. (Date it more exactly if you want to) In this place the detaining hand on the girl's arm remains. Here she never reached the stockbroker, the judge, the subaltern or the bishop. She stayed. With you. Surprised and smiling. The love of the garden has been enclosed and protected. In this place a room under the earth, the sky and the sun holds, sir, your youth, shadowed and forgotten dedicated to the sparrow and the swan, the rose, the poppy and the lime tree: sacred to Aphrodite. (I'd no idea Selwyn could draw so well. Look at this face. How touching that is with the hand - so) Here, sir, are your youthful scribblings on the wall, the outlines of desire scrawled on the end-papers of your Liddell and Scott translated to beauty and (God help us, Henry, it's true. Look here!) to reality.
In those far away days
Once once only she turned away into
the night.
Here she does so.
Once once only she wore summer white
for you.
Here she does so. Yes, yes! She now
wears tweeds, I know. What have you
90
to learn from this place, dear reader
of The Times in Tunbridge Wells, Leamington
Spa and all remote parts?
From the efforts of Colonel Paramond and
his helpers. What? Words have failed
95
Your Correspondent.
Turn to pages whatever they are for
reproductions of the find in detail.

Henry: No, no!

B

"Message to the unloved" appears in the margin.

C

"check sources" enclosed in a square appears in the margin.

The following notes appear at the bottom of the
draft:

D

Sophie.

E

[****] How is she getting on
"theme" is in parentheses.

F

W
P
M
W

G

"the pilgrimage." is circled.
It is a terrible circle. ("[****] are a man's job. A woman is confused by them, she confuses them. [****] "confusion" is deleted)
A woman [****] confuses politics: (science)
Political confusion angers a man.
A man's anger grieves a ("woman" is deleted) the world.
("A woman's grief" is deleted) The world's grief turns in hope to politics.
But
A woman confuses political science with

Emendations

41. ...garden (caret) among...
   "that day" is inserted above the line adjacent to a caret.

42. bushes ("where" is deleted) the...
   "when" is inserted above the deletion.

47. that (caret) pagan...
   "grossly" is inserted in the margin.

57. ...place.
   "I send this message to the unloved. The dark girl - the gay, brave one - who loved you (so she said)." is inserted in the body of the text.
   A line is drawn from "place." to the insertion.

Notes

The figure "2" appears in the top right-hand corner of the draft.

The figures "100" and "125" appear in the margin.

42. bushes ("where" emends "when") the...
Act Three.

(The scene is John Hogarth's bedroom.)

The time is later the same night.

The room is almost entirely occupied by a bed which is Byzantine in size and splendour. At its four corners gilted columns whirl gradually to the great canopy above. All around hang damasked curtains of extreme weight. There is a light burning directly over the bed beneath the canopy. The rest of the room is barely furnished by one chair and a small dressing table. John's box is open in a corner. His possessions are spilling out giving the impression of flight suddenly abandoned.

There is one door to the room and one window.

John is lying on the bed. He is in a state of undress being only in his shirt and trousers.

There is a knock on the door)

John: What is it? Go away!

(Henry comes into the room)

Henry: May I come in?

John: What do you want?

Henry: Your advice. How are you feeling? Caroline told me you've taken something which disagreed with you.
John: Yes, I have. And I'm not in a state to give any sort of advice on any subject.

Henry: That's a pity. It's really help I need. You see, I've been into the dig with Selwyn.

John: Did you find it instructive?

Henry: I don't know what to say. I've been walking since - wandering about the hillside. Trying to get my mind into some sort of order.

John: Have you been successful?

Henry: No. Mr. Hogarth, what on earth am I going to say?

John: Say?

Henry: About Selwyn's discovery. For The Times.

John: I don't know. I've not seen the place.

Henry: Well, look at these. They're rough sketches made by Selwyn of the images in the place.

(he unrolls a bundle of drawings he carries under his arm and gives them to John who takes them. John sits up)

You see my difficulty.

John: Yes. (he laughs) I see your difficulty. Having to describe these golden lads and lasses.

Henry: For The Times. That's why I've come to see you. I thought you might be able to give me a hint as to the line I might take.

John: Couldn't you ignore them altogether? What else is there in the hole?
Nothing. I don't think I can ignore them. That's bad journalism. It's all really too bad! I've waited for this discovery to give me material for my final article and now look what turns up. If I don't make a success of it I can see myself being stuck in this wretched country for the rest of my life. I've been walking about out there at my wits end.

Why didn't you go to Sophie? She's the person to advise on literary matters.

I couldn't go to her with these.

I don't know what to say. You'd best give a straightforward description, I'd think.

It'll read like a book of anatomy.

What more do you want?

A way to approach the subject. Suitable for The Times. Informative, of course.

Athens: Monday. (Have you a pencil?) The expedition led by Colonel S. F. Paramond (well, come on, man: take it down:) today reached an inner chamber of the digging (Shorthand, eh?) The work of eighteen months, as observed by Your Correspondent, (that's you) has been successful. The find will disappoint many who had hoped for some revelation of the Periclean age but will greatly interest those who have never before had any sympathy for archaeological science. (Stop sucking the pencil, Henry. Get it down: here we go) Remember - (Have you a picture of your ideal reader? I have) Remember, sir,
the dreams in the garden among the raspberry bushes where the younger children laughed and played but you, sir, older, horribly wiser, stayed out of sight staring terrified at a stolen book and imposing the virgin head of the vicar's daughter on that pagan body. (I speak personally. You were probably curled up in a theatrical basket) Remember? You can only remember for the vicar's daughter is fat and unlovely now. She married, the man in trade - a step up - did she not? The dreams in the garden were lost. And there's small comfort in turning to the financial page. But in this place. In this place.

Two thousand years ago. (Date it more exactly if you want to) In this place the detaining hand on the girl's arm remains. Here she never reached the stockbroker, the judge, the subaltern or the bishop. She remained. Surprised and smiling. The love of the garden has been shut up. Enclosed and protected. In this place A room beneath the earth, the sky and the sun holds, sir, your youth. Shadowed and forgotten dedicated to the sparrow and the swan, the rose, the poppy and the lime tree: sacred to Aphrodite. (I'd no idea Selwyn could draw so well. Look at this face. How touching that is with the hand - so) Here, sir, are your youthful scribblings on the wall, the outlines of desire scrawled on the end papers of your Liddell and Scott translated to beauty and (God help us, Henry, it's true!) to reality. What have we to learn from this? From the efforts of Colonel Paramond and his helpers. Words have failed Your Correspondent. Turn to pages whatever they are
for reproductions of the reliefs in detail.

Henry: No, no!

(Caroline comes into the room)

Sophie?

Emendations

A

65. ...take ("with these." is deleted)

A period is inserted after "take" in the transcription.

133. ...subultern...

"subultern" is changed to read "subaltern" in the transcription.

163. Sophie?

A line appears on each side and underneath the word.

Marginalia

B

12-23. An incomplete square bracket appears.


A

151-4. A caret appears, lines (61-2).

Note

The figures "25" appear in the margin.
Act Three.

(The scene is John Hogarth's bedroom.

The time is later the same night.

The room is almost entirely occupied by a bed which is Byzantine in size and splendour. At the four corners gilded columns whirl giddily to the great canopy above. All around hang damasked curtains of extreme weight. There is a light burning directly over the bed beneath the canopy. The rest of the room is barely furnished by one chair and a small dressing table. John's box is open in a corner. His possessions are spilling out giving the impression of flight suddenly abandoned.

There is one door to the room and one window.

John is lying on the bed. He is in a state of undress being only in his shirt and trousers.

There is a knock on the door)

John:  Go away!

(Cristos comes into the room)

Hullo, sir. I thought it might be well, almost anyone else in this damned house.

Cristos:  I've just come in. The place seems very quiet. I felt you must've gone.

John:  You had a difference of opinion with Sophie, I understand.
Cristos: I wouldn't take down the dictation she was giving about you. She meant to rewrite certain passages in the light of her present knowledge.

John: You think that's cheating. 40

Cristos: Oh, the whole thing's a swindle. It depends on who is to be the victim. I don't want it to be you.

John: Why should you want to defend my reputation? 45

Cristos: Forgive me. I don't. I'm only trying to save my own creation.

John: How does it happen that it is your creation when Sophie dictates?

Cristos: I'm making the book from her notes, certainly. You might say that I'm creating a work of fiction from certain established facts.

John: Why doesn't [she] protest?

Cristos: She'd only do that, I think, if she took the trouble to read it. She's never done so yet.

John: At the moment she's in her room writing herself.

Cristos: I'm sure she's not. She's tried to write in her own hand before but she's too lazy. Half a line, perhaps, nothing more. That won't scratch the surface. My central figure can stand up to that.

John: I see. So even what happens to me can't really affect your legend.

Cristos: Not really. I'll have to observe the practical details, of course. I'm hoping that from the arrival of Basilios you'll begin to live up to the book. It'll make my
work much easier. I've always preferred the truth.

John: I'd like to help you in that. But I can't. The only thing I can do is to give you the facts and hope that your imagination can translate them to something worthy of your earlier chapters. I don't think it's possible for the one end you can't have foreseen is domestic tragedy.

Cristos: Not marriage!

John: Oh, no. Not that. Sometime ago you were walking with Caroline. You were talking of the unhappiness of love.

Cristos: We've done that many times.

John: But on this occasion you pointed out a solution. The purple berries growing on the hillside.

Cristos: As a joke I believe I said -

John: Many people in this tragic country believe those to be the answer. Am I right?

Cristos: Something like that.

John: You've been taken at your word. Caroline distilled some of those berries this evening and put the stuff in my wine. And in hers.

Cristos: Oh, my God!

John: So it seems as if the story will end here.

Cristos: You can't let that happen.

John: Surely it's out of my hands.

Cristos: Keep away from her.
John: I am. Too late.

Cristos: Your mind must be elevated. Make an effort.

John: There's no point. She says the stuff takes effect in eight hours.

Cristos: Less than that.

John: Less? Then I'm dying before your eyes. Hadn't you better make notes?

Cristos: Dying, Mr. Hogarth?

John: Yes. From the effect of the poison. Don't distress yourself. I'm calm. What's that funny little noise you're making? Are you laughing?

Cristos: Yes.

John: The news of my departure from this life seems to have a very odd effect on almost everyone.

Cristos: I said to Caroline when she spoke of love, Those - the berries - are believed by many to be the answer. Obviously our minds were not in accord.

John: Meaning?

Cristos: The effect is mild. Romantic fiction calls it a love potion. [Drawings?] That's what I meant. I should've remembered that Caroline's apt to see anything in terms of mortality. She thought it was poison. Oh dear, I must tell the poor child at once.

John: No! I'll do that. Later.

Cristos: Be gentle. An unexpected return to life can be disturbing.
John: Yes. Yes, I'm understanding that at this moment. Here's the damned thing on my hands again. What do I do with it. Finish packing. (there is a knock on the door) Nobody here! (Henry comes into the room)

Henry: May I come in?

John: What do you want?

Henry: Your advice. How are you feeling? Caroline told me you've taken something which disagreed with you.

John: Yes. And I'm not in a state to give any advice on any subject.

Henry: That's a pity. It's really help I need. I've been in the dig with Selwyn.

John: Was it instructive?

Henry: I've been walking since. Wandering about the hillside trying to get my mind in order.

Cristos: Have you managed that?

Henry: No. Mr. Hogarth, what on earth am I to say?

John: Say?

Henry: About Selwyn's discovery. For The Times.

John: I don't know. I've not seen the place.

Henry: Well, look at these. They're rough sketches made by Selwyn of the images in the place. (he unrolls a bundle of drawings he carries under his arm and gives them to John) You see my difficulty.
John: Yes. (he laughs) I see your difficulty. Having to describe these golden children.

A

Emendations

54.* ...doesn't protest?

"she" is inserted after "doesn't" in the transcription. It is conjectured that the word was unintentionally omitted in the draft.

74.* prefered....

The spelling of "prefered" is changed to read "preferred" in the transcription.

132-3.* ...potion. (caret) That's....

" Drawings? " is inserted above the caret.

Notes

The figures "25", "50" and "75" appear in the margin.
John: Athens: Monday. (Have you a pencil?)
The expedition led by Colonel S. F. Faramond (well, come on, man: take it down!) today reached an inner chamber of the excavation. (Short-hand, eh!) The work of eighteen months, as observed by Your Correspondent, (that's you) has been successful. The find will disappoint many who had hoped for some revelation of the Periclean age but will serve as a warning for those who have never before had any sympathy for archaeological science. (Stop sucking the pencil, Henry. Get it down: here we go!)
This place - (have you a picture of your ideal reader? I have) - a room [stamped] down by time under the earth holds, sir, your youth. This place, dedicated to the sparrow and the swan, the rose, the poppy and the lime tree, sacred to Aphrodite, keeps safe the dark girl - the gay brave one, in the language of the time, who loved you (so she said) most. Your Correspondent has no wish to use these columns for confession or reminiscence but, yes, she was known to him. Born among the raspberry bushes on that hot afternoon in the garden when the younger children laughed and played but you, sir, older, (at least fourteen) silent, horribly wiser stayed out of sight: (I speak personally, Henry. You were probably curled up in a theatrical basket) born in your fevered head on that sweltering day with the sun falling out of the sky. She stayed
with you growing in beauty and experience as your imagination and longing swept you into manhood.

(Were you swept into manhood, Henry? I was. It entailed swimming the length of an ornamental lake at four o'clock in the morning. You're right. Another story) She danced with you, dined with you and slept with you in the person of a number of people. Always there was the chance of absolute discovery. But, sir, you were told without doubt that you were mistaken. There was a resemblance in some ways but it was not enough. She had no mother who breathed benedictions. She was free and alone, with the gaiety of the sparrow, the dignity of the swan, the beauty of the rose, oblivion of the poppy and the contentment of the lime tree. She was with you until you lost your ambition. Age, sir, is responsible for too much. She was lost. You made do with that angel in tweeds across the breakfast table who is kind to dogs. At the moment she is patting the flat head and believes you to be reading the financial page. Soon she'll go from the room and pat you on the head as she passes. If you're lucky.

Your Correspondent wishes to send a message of hope to the unloved.

The first love, the love born in the garden, has been protected after all. Here, sir, are your boyish scribblings on the wall, the patterns of desire scrawled on the end-papers of your Liddell and Scott, the poems, the [ambitions], all translated to beauty and (God help us, Henry, look here!) truth. (I'd no idea Selwyn
could draw so well. See that with the hands - so) How foolish you were, dear reader of The Times, to think she was lost. She was here all the time. (She didn't even [leave] the old fool. He just gave up the search) She was here in every way, playing all the games, acting all the scenes and being a woman. She was here in this place.

Put the dogs in the kennels and send the angel in tweeds to church. Trains leave daily. From Tunbridge Wells and Leamington Spa, from Cheltenham and all university cities, from Baden, Monte Carlo, Calais, Aix, Venice and all places of loveless exile. A thousand bags can be packed. A sad pilgrimage can now begin.

Ah! sir, but in two thousand years she has not aged. Her bed is still a jousing ground: yours is now a place of rest. Her way of adoration might prove no more than a - etc., Let the train go. (That whistle is the signal for departure not an impertinence) She is here for another now.

The scene is unchanging for -

You remember how she -

There was a day when -

Your enfranchised hand could tell -

But not I

Words have failed Your Correspondent. Turn to Page Six for reproductions of the find in detail.

Emendations

B

34. ..., sir, (obliteration) older...

39. ...born (obliteration) in...

59. ...alone, (obliteration) with...
86. ...well. (obliteration) that (obliteration) with

"See" is inserted above the first obliteration.

115. ("She is here" is deleted). The...

The period after the deletion is not included
in the transcription.

102. Aix, (obliteration) Venice...

106-7. ..., but (caret) she...

"in two thousand years" is inserted below the
obliteration.

Notes

A

A square is drawn around the letter "A".
Caroline: This is a beautiful house. Sophie, Selwyn and Henry'll soon be gone. No one would find us here.

John: In a few days the place'll be overrun by German professors with little trowels. They'd nose out who we are.

Caroline: We could lie to them. I can lie in any language. They won't stay long. Cristos will accept us together in no time and be so proud to have you living here.

John: Not now. He'd have been proud to say I'd stopped here on my way but he won't even be happy if I stay here permanently.

Caroline: Every moment makes it obvious that I should never have failed with that stuff in the wine. Tonight would have been so simple but now it seems as if we shall sit up talking.

(Sophie comes into the room)

Sophie: I'm on my way to bed.

John: Have you seen Basilios off?

Sophie: Yes, poor man. From what he told me he won't see a bed for weeks. He was insistent, John, on the fine part you've played in the revolution. You passed through it, apparently, untarnished and burning bright. His words. If you conduct all political manoeuvres in such a way and yet gain such a reputation there's a future for you as Leader of His Majesty's Opposition.

John: You got on well with him.
Sophie: He has a natural sympathy. I'd be a fool if I didn't see that his sorrow is caused by more than the failure of a revolt. When a man looks into your face, kisses you and whispers, so goes my ambition, he's not referring to a political party. Ah, well, he's gone. But you're still here.

John: Don't let that be a problem any longer.

Sophie: No. Because it's I who'll be leaving now Selwyn's finished at this dig. Somewhere in Asia there's another piece of innocent ground waiting to be molested by him. Soon he'll be at work again on a thousand years ago and I, nearby, less fortunate, at work on a mere decade. Remember? Oh dear, why can't we forget? Why can't we forget the past, John?

John: Sophie, don't be sad! We'll all go home. Back to that damned country. Everyone of us. We'll charter a boat and sail right up the Thames and drop the hook [***] on their seat of government. And there we'll stay, the bloodiest band of expatriates, until they pass a law about us and make up our minds by a popular vote.

Sophie: Would you do that to stop me being sad? But, you know the saddest part of it all would be the going back. You see, darling, it might be that no one would notice me after all this time. No, the future definitely seems to lie in the past.

Caroline: I don't believe that. For you, if you like. But you mean it for all of us, don't you?

Sophie: I do. I'm not going to catalogue everyone here to show you what I mean. It's the same for all of
us. Except, perhaps, Henry.

Caroline: Well, as a matter of fact we were talking about our future when you came in.

Sophie: You're planning it together?

Caroline: Of course.

Sophie: Speak up, John.

John: All I want, Sophie, is to get through tonight. I'm content to leave matters of policy until the morning.

Sophie: You're wise. It's late. I shall leave you. Selwyn is on a camp bed in the dig.

Caroline: Why don't you join him?

Sophie: Because it's the kind of cruelty you'd practice. He's dreaming of his young days and I'm no part of them. Goodnight.

John: I'm sorry this - seeing me so - has made the ending of your book impossible.

Sophie: Impossible?

John: I'd have had it otherwise, believe me.

Sophie: You shall, my dear. On the battle-field, as you wished.

John: Is it so simple?

Sophie: It had to be arranged. You know how our countrymen dislike a book to end on an erotic note unsanctified by marriage. They call it, rather strangely, the happy ending. I knew from the beginning that it would be impossible for you. So, of course, I had to make sure that you died in battle.
John: How did you do that?

Sophie: I sent a cable to the editor of The London Times. It said reports from the mountains spoke of you falling gallantly at the head of your native troops led in a lost cause. Naturally, I signed myself Henry Bevis.

(Sophie goes out of the room)

John: That's a solution. Will they believe it?

Caroline: Why not? They must if you don't show yourself.

John: It has great possibilities. I'll have a freedom I haven't dared think about. I can be young again. I shall be twenty-eight. A new name. That can be decided later. Freedom of activity. Freedom of acquaintance. I need recognize no one from tomorrow morning when the cable gets to London. I'll have known not a single person until that time anyway. I can start again from the beginning.

Caroline: Why wait until tomorrow morning?

John: I've been staggering under the past. I'd not understood it until now. Is everyone borne down by it? The hopeless lost [****] because of a wrong turning taken before their eyes were open.

Caroline: So now everything's going to be all right. This time. Not like last time. This time. All right.


Caroline: Then why are you happy?
John: I suppose because there's a chance of making all the mistakes again.

Caroline: Was making love to me a mistake?

John: I don't think so, no.

Caroline: Then I'll go to my room.

John: Wait!

Caroline: Why? It's only the mistakes you're going to make again.

John: That's too simple. I've no wish to go back to Ada. She was a mistake on my part.

Caroline: Then I'll stay. For it's going to be the first time: not the last chance. How do you do. Why not take advantage of me?

John: What do you mean?

Caroline: You're not the man you were. You may go far. You've a few years ahead. But young again? No. Twenty-eight? Never.

John: You don't think I'll manage it.

Caroline: No. But I know you and I'm here. And I love you. You talk about the past and the future. There is a present time. You're not to look so miserable! You've always an escape. Just turn up in London again as yourself. You can do that when you're tired of me and it doesn't look as if there'll ever be anyone else.

John: You're giving me a weapon of blackmail. I shall use it.

Caroline: I'll want you to use it.

(she jumps on to the bed)
A

Emendations

32. manoeuvres....

The spelling of "manoeuvres" in the draft is not clear.

56-7. ...forget (obliteration)? Why can't we, (obliteration) forget...

The question mark after the obliteration is included in the transcription after "forget". The comma immediately before the second obliteration has not been included in the transcription.

61. ...sail write up

"write" is changed to "right" in the transcription.

62. ...hook (two obliterations; caret) their

"[****]" is inserted above the obliterations. "on" is inserted above the caret.

66-7. ...and (caret) our minds (obliteration) by....

"make up" is inserted above the caret.

75. (obliteration) I...

"Caroline:" is inserted before the obliteration.

108. (obliteration) It...

143. (obliteration). I've....

The period after the obliteration is not included in the transcription.

146. ...[****] (obliteration) because...
151. ...time. (caret) All....
    "This time." is inserted above the caret.

155. ...making (caret) the....
    "all" is inserted above the caret.

178. ...so ("John:" is deleted) miserable...

Notes

The figure "7" appears in the top right-hand corner of the draft.

The figures "500", "525" and "550" appear in the margin.
Sophie: No. It'll do her all the good in the world to brood on mortality till morning. But you must finish your preparations.

John: Thank you, Sophie.

Sophie: Ah! Cristos, how shall we ever get him truly down on paper for posterity to marvel at? A man whose hand you take to guide him from the grave and who only thanks you.

Cristos: His reserve is splendidly English, indeed.

Notes

A The figure "3" appears in the top right hand corner of the draft.
(Sophie comes into the room)

Sophie: I thought it would do you no harm at all to have to think on a serious subject for a while. Especially after your silly behaviour for the past two days. But I've relented and come to tell you: the wine Caroline gave you was harmless: the berries have no effect that a day's forced march won't cure.

John: You knew all the time.

Sophie: Yes, my dear. The cook has a most comprehensive recipe book. I knew the moment you mentioned the berries from the hill.

John: That's why you called Caroline, A silly girl.

Sophie: Well, she is. The place is overgrown with dangerous herbs which would have polished you off in an instant. But she chose that.

John: Have you thought that it might've been intentional? That she knew what she was doing and lied to me.

Sophie: I don't think that's so.

John: I'd like to believe she meant it.

Sophie: Why?

John: Because I'm in love with her.

Sophie: You mean you'd like to believe she meant no harm.

John: No, no. I'd like to believe she tried to kill me. It shows a degree of attachment I've never known before. Cristos, will you find
Caroline and send her to me?  

Sophie: Am I to understand then that the news I brought was not welcome?

John: Not at all welcome. It makes flight imperative. I can't wait any longer for Basilios. Get the girl, Cristos.

(Cristos goes out of the room)

Emendations

A

10. ...cure. (caret)

26. ...believe (obliteration) she

34. before. (caret) Cristos...

A circled "A" appears adjacent to the caret.

Notes

B

"Sophie's reading of the book?" is inserted in the body of the text.

The figure "3." appears in the top right-hand corner of the draft.
John: So the money found its way under your bed. Preparatory, I take it, to its original purpose of paying soldiers for the revolt.

Basilios: Of course. Yet no sooner was it beneath the bed than I began to receive petitioners. All my old friends. The Archbishop asking for a new roof on the cathedral, an aged general wanting new colours for a long disbanded regiment, my brother who needed money for his gambling debts and two mistresses.

John: I hope you reminded them of the true purpose of the funds.

Basilios: I did, my son. All of them. Except one.

John: A woman.

Basilios: So beautiful. Unlike the others she came to me not with a demand but with a proposition. Not for love of politics. For love of me. She proposed that your money should be spent on a great reception. She told me it was the English way. It is known as charity. Admission would be charged. Large sums would be taken. Your money would be doubled. The Committee of Freedom could sweep to victory. The idea was mad, yes? But I loved her, Hogarth! I listened to her talk but I didn't hear what she said. Before I could bring myself to my senses I found the grounds of my house to be transformed. An English garden party. Marquees arrived from the Army and Navy Stores, cakes were sent from Buszards, a military band was playing
Lehar and my beloved was standing in white organdy with English roses on her arm. I wept, my dear Hogarth. Wept for unutterable joy. The affair cost a fortune.

John: Yes. And it was not a success.

Basilios: Nobody came except my beloved. We walked the gardens in silence and happiness until the sun went down and the Chinese lanterns were lit. The river pageant moved past in all splendour for my lady. My God! Hogarth, never have I loved in such a way. Her beautiful face was lit with excitement as the firework display was set off. Later in the ballroom we danced for the first and last time. The thousand empty drinking glasses rang a lament for the guests who had never come. But for us the fiddles sang — and sang until their voices were faint through the empty corridors of the house which led us dancing to our secrecy, our love. When I took her in my arms the diamonds fell from her hair, her throat and from her fell the gown. At that moment, unknown to me, the mob led by the Committee of Freedom — archbishop and general and brother — had stormed through the gates of the house. Also unknown to me the box beneath the bed on which we [played] held no more than fifty golden pounds.

John: Just enough to pay your fare here and buy a bicycle.

Basilios: Immediate flight had to be made the moment they broke down the door. Treachery at cock-crow, Hogarth. It was dawn as I went on foot over the hills to the South. They may still be at my heels. That's why I bought the machine.
You are angry with me, my son.

No, what happened to the lady?

Being Russian she pleaded diplomatic immunity. She was weeping over the archbishop as I left. Don't be angry with an old man, Hogarth.

Was she beautiful and were you truly happy?

She was beautiful, yes, and I was for the last time truly happy. I'll never know it again for with her hands she closed the gates of love behind me.

I wanted to be sure the money wasn't wasted, that's all.

Don't forgive me, Hogarth, or I shall weep!

Nonsense. There's nothing to forgive.

Ah! my wonderful boy, you came to bring freedom to a country and instead you are content to bring happiness to an old man.

Call back the ladies. See, there they walk. Let's be brave before them. Come up, my children. Come up, my darlings.

Shall I be honest with you, Basilios? I wasn't concerned with the freedom of the country. I wanted freedom for myself. I'd have died in your cause, Basilios, whatever it was.

My dear boy, you come from a country which has always spoken lightly of dying for the cause. Your great predecessor, Lord Byron, said you
remember, If thou regret'st thy youth, why live?/ The land of honourable death / Is here: - up to the field, and give / Away thy breath! It was for the expression of such sentiments that we've honoured him so much.

John: God took him at his word, though, and fetched him off here.

Basilios: Even Englishmen must expect God to take them at their word sometimes. He must love them as he loves all his children. I think more than most for he gave them a special duty. To provide the legends of our time. The men that fight on the other side. But a time is coming, Hogarth, when the single man of vision will need more than God on his side. He will also need a party organization.

John: You were to provide that in the Committee of Freedom.

Basilios: I was but a weak instrument. I failed. Hogarth, have you anything at all to thank me for?

John: Yes, I think so. You trusted me. That may not seem much to be thankful for at the moment but in time it will. Also, you brought me here.

Basilios: Here? To the beautiful Mrs. Traherne. Ah, yes! then I'm content.

(Sophie and Caroline come into the room)

We have made our explanations to Hogarth and we are about to continue our journey. We called you to us as we wish to take our leave.

Sophie: It's very late, Your Highness. Won't you stay tonight and go on in the morning?
Basilios: You are tempting me! Ah! wicked one, to tempt Basilios.

Sophie: Come, sir! I am doing nothing more than to invite you socially.

Basilios: Madam, we must refuse.

A.

Emendations

12. (obliter**ation**ation) who...
   "brother" is inserted below the obliteration.

21. ...proposition. (obliter**ation**ation) Not...

24-6. ...reception. (caret) Admission
   "She told me it was the English way. It is known as charity." is inserted below line (10) adjacent to a caret.

31. ...yes??...
   Immediately following "yes?" line (12) is obliterated.

45. ...except (obliter**ation**ation) my...

56. ...empty (obliter**ation**ation) drinking

65. her (obliter**ation**ation) throat...

129. (obliter**ation**ation) God...

147-8. ...anything (caret) to...for (obliter**ation**ation) ?
   "at all" is inserted above the caret. The question mark after the obliteration is included in the transcription after "for".

Notes

The figure "5" appears in the top right-hand corner of the draft.
Henry: For The Times.
John: You should work for the Daily Mail.
Henry: I thought you might be able to give me a hint as to the line I could take.
John: Couldn't you ignore them?
Henry: That's bad journalism.
John: What else is there in the hole?
Henry: Nothing. It's all really too bad! I've waited for this discovery to give me material for my last article and now look what turns up. If I don't make a success of it I can see myself being stuck in this wretched country for the rest of my life. I've been walking about "at" my wits' end.

John: Why didn't you go to Sophie? She'd concoct something in a moment.
Henry: I can't go to her with these.
John: I don't know what to say. You'd best give a straightforward description, I'd think.
Henry: It'll read like a book of anatomy.
John: What more do you want?
Henry: A way to approach the subject.
John: Suitable for The Times. Informative, of course.
Henry: Remember — (Have you a picture of your ideal reader? I have) Remember, sir, the dreams staring terrified at a filched book and imposing the virgin head of the vicar's daughter on the
grossly pagan body. (I speak personally, Henry. You were probably curled up in a theatrical basket) Remember? It's all you can do. For the vicar's daughter married the man in trade - a step up - did she not? Even now after all this time there's small comfort in turning to the financial page. But in this place -

Your Correspondent wishes to send a message of hope to the unloved -

In this place -

Two thousand years ago - (date it more exactly if you want to) - here, the detaining hand on the girl's arm remains. She never reached the judge, the subaltern or the bishop. She stayed. With you. Surprised and smiling. (I'd no idea Selwyn could draw so well. Look at this. How touching it is with the hands - so)

Here, sir, are your boyish scribblings on the wall, the patterns of desire scrawled on the end-papers of your Liddell and Scott translated to beauty and (God help us, Henry, look here!) truth.


Can I describe her?
You remember how she -

There was a day when -

Your enfranchised hand could tell -

But not I.

Words have failed Your Correspondent. Turn to page six for reproductions of the find in detail.

Henry: No, no!

(Sophie comes into the room)
Sophie: I'm sorry to find you sitting about here, Henry. I thought you'd be getting on with your article.

John: He has been. We've thrashed it out together.

Henry: Mr. Hogarth has been no more helpful than was to be expected. It's my problem.

(Henry goes out of the room)

Sophie: And you, Cristos. What are you doing? Plotting against me, I suppose.

Cristos: How can you think so?

John: I see you have the mutual distrust of all collaborators.

B

SHE STAYED WITH YOU UNTIL.
THEN SHE WAS LOST.

YOU MADE DO WITH THAT - ACROSS THE BREAKFAST TABLE WHO IS KIND TO DOGS (TWEEDS.
MESSAGE OF HOPE. (FINANCIAL PAGE.

C

THE WARNING.
YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN HAPPY.
15. ...life. (caret) I've...

27. ...course.

Immediately following "course." lines (16–20) are deleted:

John: Athens: Monday. (Have you a pencil?)
The expedition led by Colonel S.F. Faramond (well, come on, man: take it down!) today reached an inner chamber of the excavation. (Short-hand, eh?) The work of eighteen months, as observed by Your correspondent, (that's you) has been successful. The find will disappoint many who had hoped for some revelation of the Periclean age but will greatly interest those who have never before had any sympathy for archaeological science. (Stop sucking the pencil, Henry. Get it down: here we go)

31. ...dreams ("in the garden that day among the raspberry bushes when the younger children laughed and played but you, sir, older, silent, horribly wiser stayed out of sight" is deleted) staring....

34. ...body. ("I...basket" is underlined and an "X" appears at each end of the line)

53. ...smiling. ("The first love, (the love born in the garden) has been uprooted after all. A room, stamped down under the earth holds, sir, your youth." is deleted) ("I'd

53-6. ...smiling ("(I'd...so)" is underlined)

51. reached the the judge...

The second "the" is not included in the transcription.
...truth. ("This place, dedicated to the sparrow and the swan, the rose, the poppy and the lime tree - sacred to Aphrodite - , keeps safe the dark girl - the gay, brave one - who loved you (so she said) most. How foolish you were, dear reader of The Times, for she was never mixed up in that disgusting case. She was here!" is deleted) Too...

78. ...I.

The line immediately following "I" is obliterated.

**Marginalia**

- (16-20) A line with an "X" at each end appears.

29. (22) An "X" appears before the line.

43-6. (28-30) Three lines with "X's" at the end of the lines appear.

53-4. (34-6) A line with an "X" at each end appears.

- (39-41) A line with an "X" at each end appears.

- (43-53) A line with an "X" at each end appears.

**B**

**Notes**

"TWEEDS FINANCIAL PAGE" is separated from the remainder of the note by a line.

**Notes**

"2." appears in the top right-hand corner of the page.

"100" and "125" appear in the margin.
Act Three.

John Hogarth's bedroom: a few hours later.

John - alone.
His half-filled box - state of undress -
evidence of abandoned flight.
Night sky - colder.

John - Cristos. A.

John - Henry - Cristos
Henry's apology - his walk on the hillside
from the dig - coming to his problem: The
drawings are shown to John: with them in his
hand he begins to extemporise - scandalously -
the article for The Times.
(parentheses to Henry)?

Caroline enters: Henry goes.

John - Caroline.
John's rage and self-mockery: Caroline's
humility and adoration.

Sophie enters.

John - Caroline - Sophie.
Sophie's mockery - lack of sympathy.

Cristos enters. Sophie goes.

A John - Caroline - Cristos.
Cristos on the legend of Hogarth - leading
to the truth about the poison. An aphrodisiac -
nothing more. "What would be called in romantic
literature, a love potion. The room remem-
bered by Cristos: his father: (Selwyn after
so many years in the Army has to sleep on
a camp bed.
(to tell of Sophie's knowledge explaining
her attitude)

Cristos goes.
John - Caroline:
John's preparations for departure. "A man takes leave of a woman he's loved or an art he's practised in much the same spirit. It's what makes marriage for which I've the greatest respect - for others - an impossible demand on the genius of women.

Caroline: The tempest: a storm at sea (Look! nothing but a cloud!) Reason goes overboard in a panic - calm at dawn - drifting apart. Reason - soaked fool - the only unpaying passenger - humble and ashamed - is fished out - hauled aboard - restored to his seat and we sail on.
Theme for scene.
- John's realisation that C. meant to kill him.

Sophie enters with Basilios - (with bicycle) (his only means of escape)

Sophie and Caroline leave.

John - Basilios.
The failure of the revolt.
Basilios's great analogy of the English (my Lord Byron?)

Sophie enters.

John - Basilios- Sophie.
Basilios's enchantment for Sophie.
Caroline enters.
Sophie and Basilios go.
Henry sent North on cable from editor (?) John mentions Sophie's earlier knowledge: she explains.
John: Where will you go? Basilios: To my wife's family. God bless you, my son.

John - Caroline
Cristos enters.

John - Caroline - Cristos.
Cristos's benediction. The rental of the house, etc.
John - Caroline.
To bed - curtain drawn.
Henry enters. "I can't read my own writing. Did you say - ?" Henry goes.
END.

B

Speech on lying by Caroline.
Find out herbal aphrodisiac.
Where has Selwyn been the ten years (?) Act I
The sparrow and the swan, the rose, the poppy and the lime: sacred to Aphrodite. (Caroline about dig - end Act II)?
Revolution to be for the aristocrats.
Cristos on arch: Like science it's a toy adding nothing to the contented life.

John - Basilios.
John - Basilios - Sophie - Caroline.
John - Caroline.
John - Caroline - Cristos (message for Henry and house)
The Book.
John - Caroline.
John - Caroline - Sophie (on way to bed)
The Book.
John - Caroline - the dig.
John - Caroline - Henry.

C

Final scenes: Act III

Emendations

A

Cristos enters. Sophie goes

The note is enclosed in square brackets.

A John - Caroline - (obliteration) Cristos

"Caroline" is enclosed in square brackets. The "A" is separated from the remainder of the note.

Theme for scene.

This note is adjacent to a bracket enclosing the two notes immediately above it, beginning "Caroline:" and
"John - Caroline:"

John's realisation that C. meant to (obliteration) kill him.

B

Where has Selwyn been the ten years (?) Act I

Square brackets enclose "Act I".

C

Final scenes: Act III

Square brackets enclose "Act III".

Notes

The original draft page is divided into three sections, with the sections marked off by vertical lines. The second section has been inset five spaces, and the third section a further five spaces.

A

(The figure "3" is adjacent to "John - Caroline."

The figure "2" is adjacent to "John - Caroline - Sophie."
1. Speech on lying by Caroline.

2. John: A man takes leave of a woman he loves or an art (Act III) he's practised in much the same spirit. etc., It's what makes marriage for which I've the greatest respect - for others - an impossible demand on the genius of women. Interpolate Act II.

3. Sophie must know of poison (reveal in Act III) to explain behaviour at end of Act II.

4. Find out exact herbal poison (aphrodisiac)

5. A straight answer is a bloody silly question.

6. Act III: Basilios arrives carrying a bicycle: he refuses to be parted from it. His only means of escape.

7. Act III: curtain. Henry looks in: I can't read my own writing, Mr. Hogarth. Did you say - ! - . (the bed curtains are closed on John and Caroline when John answers)

8. Let us step beyond the shadow of God's blessing and live merry in the warmth of the sun.


10. The Tempest: a storm at sea: (Look! nothing but a cloud!) Reason goes overboard in a panic - calm at dawn - drifting apart - Reason - soaked fool - only unpaying passenger - humble and ashamed - is fished out and restored to his seat and we sail on.

11. Mark the problem of the legend. E. Sophie's speech Act II. The true representative of an age, etc.,

12. Henry: I don't like to be emotionally moved. It upsets me.

13. Caroline's great impression of John is from Sophie's book.

14. John's flying machine?


16. Act III: John's long dictation of Henry's despatch to The Times. "Your Correspondent, etc.,

17. All England's great men so disreputable. So unlike the Americans. Can you think of Nelson, Wellington, Pitt and Byron being received into the irreproachable home life of Lincoln, Jefferson, Washington or Emerson?"
   Song: I'm the wild, wed wose
   You didn't pluck from your garden
   On your way to your new sweetheart.
   You chose those silly lillies
   And the fwillly daffodillies,
   To cawwy on your way
   For your wedding day bouquet.
   But you didn't seem to see me
   Your only lonely dweamy
   Dainty, jaunty, cweamy,
   Little wild wed wose.
20. End: Caroline and John renew lease of Cristos's house which lapses at end of excavation.
21. Caroline: I was conceited -
22. John's bedroom (Act III remembered by Cristos (Selwyn after many years in the Army cannot sleep on anything but a camp bed.
23. Henry carries the drawings to John (Act III
25. How the newspapers threatened to ruin John for his behaviour with women. But there was nothing to take from him. No job - no reputation.
26. He was a legend in his own time.
27. John was looked after (regulated) by Sophie in London.

B

Act Two
1st 2nd

Two columns of figures appear.

C

Act One
2nd

A column of figures appears.

Emendations

A

2 John: ...women, interpolate Act II
   Square brackets enclose "interpolate Act II"
Notes

An "x" in the margin precedes some of the notes.
John: Let me look at you, Caroline. I'd have to know you longer before I could say you're serious.

Caroline: If ever there was a time for me to be serious this is it. You've taught me what you failed to teach the others.

John: I thought you were just infuriating Sophie. What was that?

C: But I don't want Basilios to turn up till morning even now.

("LINK" is circled)

C

If Ada had known -

How will he come?

How does a man go off to war most days?

John's apology.

D

Two carets and lines appear.

War to love scene.

E

What am I to look for?

A group of silent horsemen on the hill?

F

LOVE SCENE.

LOVE. ("SEX" is deleted) LOVE ("SEX" is deleted)

An arrow points to note "I".
Is that it?

? Explanation as to why he goes.

Cristos (on archaeology Act II)

It's a toy like science adding nothing to a contented life.

Caroline: Now you can say all the things you wouldn't have said for fear of committing yourself.

Caroline: Take refuge.

Act III. Basilios to arrive on a bicycle.

Your hair smells of wood smoke.

A bas-relief.

What does it represent?

Ostensibly man's progress from the cradle to the grave.

Over the wood fire.

Tell me the facts! The facts!

(she does) culinary details (after walk with Cristos - berries on the hillside etc
J: You're joking, aren't you?

C: (obliteration) If you'd know me better you'd know (caret) that.

"better" is in parentheses. "longer" is inserted above "better". A question mark appears after "longer". "I'm not" appears below the caret with two vertical lines on each side of the note.

If you'd known me longer you would be certain I'm not.

A square bracket appears adjacent to the note.

Break prosaic as before.

The note is circled.

What would it have been?

e tc.

Stay with me.
What has it been?

e tc.

The note is bracketed.

Q

("[****]" is circled)

John Whiting's signature appears twice.
"SALTZBERG" and "VIENNA" are deleted. 
"[****]" is deleted.

Emendations

A

1. ..., Caroline. ("Are you serious" is deleted)? I'd

The question mark after the deletion is not included in the transcription.
6. ...teach (caret) others. ("The only way to deal with you is to free you." is deleted)
   "the" is inserted below the caret.

John:  ("Are you going to do that?" is deleted)
Caroline: ("Yes. Unless you want to stay with me." is deleted)

7-8. I...Sophie ("You mean it." is deleted) ...?
   "I...Sophie." is in parentheses.
   ("Caroline: Yes." is deleted)

9. (caret) I...to ("come" is deleted; caret) till morning
   "But" is adjacent to the first caret. "turn up" is inserted above the second caret. "even now" is inserted after "morning".

10. ...now.
    Immediately following "no.", "Caroline: Doesn't matter now." is deleted.

Notes
   "5." appears in the top right-hand corner of the draft.
   A rough sketch outline is drawn. It appears to be the outline of a woman.
Sophie: It was the morning of my forty-eighth birthday. I awoke terribly alone. You were in the country. What were you doing? I forget. No one came near me. Then your gift was brought up to me. Ah! You were still young enough at that time to give birthday presents: everyone else had tactfully ignored the day for twenty years. I took off the wrappings and there was the musical box. It was a gift to be given to a child—or to me—or to me. I opened the lid and the music began and with the music the tears. I'd not known such things since I was a girl. It was [when] those strangers stole down my face that I knew it was time to go. Selwyn had called several times to tell me he was going on this exploration of the past. I'd known him for many years. I'd long admired his amazing spirit. We were of an age and both needed a companion in exile. I proposed marriage that evening and was accepted.

John: When I came back from the country you were married and gone without a word. No one knew why. All they said was that you seemed serious. That I wouldn't believe. I knew it must be some kind of joke but I couldn't see the point. My mouth was open wanting to laugh but your silence gave me no cause. You were gone, that was all I allowed myself to believe.

John: You once had no seriousness at all.
Sophie: In those days. But was there so much to be serious about? No. You could always find it if you went looking for it. Like trouble. Why should I have bothered? I was what is called happy. That's nothing to be serious about. At least, it wasn't when I was young. Perhaps it is now I don't know. Now you've found something to be serious about I expect you look back with [distaste] on the years we spent in London. I think that's a pity.

Selwyn had called several times to tell me he was going on this exploration of the past etc, I proposed marriage that evening and was accepted.

("[Tears]. Those strangers stole down my face. I knew it was time to go." is deleted)

("[***] to a child on to an elder" is deleted)

("Such things [***] etc., - can make us change our lives." is deleted)

John: Why didn't you say goodbye?

Not trust myself.

(a vertical line through the bottom part of the text is conjectured as being caused by the photostat process)

Write to: I know very well what you mean.
Emendations

A
1. ("Sophie: I remember the day very well" is inserted above line 1 and deleted)
6. ...your ("birthday" is deleted)
17. ...was (obliteration)
"[when]" is inserted above the obliteration.
21. ...me (obliteration) he...

B
6. ...I (obliteration) have...
13. back ("with distaste " is inserted above the line)on...

C
...tell (caret) I
("me he was going on this exploration of the past etc," is inserted adjacent to the caret)

Notes
Sets of figures appear in the draft.
A

The following lines are deleted:

S: Again? For how long.

J: Until the end. The first step into middle-age did it.

S: Who was she?

J: Her name was Ada. You see I

B

S. - I'm putting down some of my memories. For that matter, I'm glad you've come here. You'll sharpen my recollection of a number of incidents of the time in England we knew together. How is that damned country? etc., etc.,

J: Are you writing the truth?

S: Yes.

J: Then you're not going to publish

S: Certainly I am This Autumn

J: That'll upset a lot of people. But I suppose this is a safe distance. That country's been calmer for your absence.

S: How did you leave it?

C

Caroline: He's on every page of your book, you know. Even the pages when he's not mentioned. For he's the time you can't get out of your head.

Sophie: I didn't know you'd read the book.

Caroline: I kissed Cristos and he showed it to me.

Sophie: You're a nasty child in almost every way.
Caroline: Yes. Why do people put up with me?

Sophie: Your husband didn't.

Caroline: Don't be sentimental. You wouldn't have liked Bobo, either.

Sophie: I dislike him intensely for one thing. That is running off and making it necessary for you to be here at this time.

Caroline:

D

Caroline: The man in the book: the man up there in the bedroom. Now, then - I've to put them together, haven't I, to make sense?

Sophie: To make a man.

Caroline: That time you were together - what about that?

E

He was a legend in his own time.

Emendations

B 4. ...in ("England"emends "London") we...

9. ...publish ("in England" is deleted)

13. ...calmer ("since" is deleted) for....

C 5. ("How did you manage" is deleted) I....

D ("You must tell me" is deleted) That...

Notes

Two sets of figures appear in the draft.
The following lines are deleted:

(Sophie comes into the room)

Sophie: I'm sorry to find you sitting about here, Henry. I thought you'd be getting on with your article.

(Henry goes out of the room)

And you, Cristos. What are you doing? Plotting against me, I suppose.

Cristos: How can you think so?

Sophie:

Sophie enters

Henry goes.

Sophie - Cristos - John.

Cristos goes.

Sophie - John.

Sophie - John - Caroline.

John - Caroline.

Sophie - Basilios - John - Caroline.

Basilios - John (Caroline?)

(on article)

(on Cristos's [****] fault over book) [****].

John asks Cristos to send Caro.

John asks Sophie to leave him alone with her.
In the language of the time.

What makes John stand up to the poison [****] so well

Caroline's wish to see him

(J's vanity)

He looks at the drawings and then throws them out of the window

Caroline brings them back later

[so]

no

Cristos and Sophie - great family on meeting.

Emendations

A doing (obliteration)? Plotting...

The question mark after the obliteration is included in the transcription after "doing".

B

"Henry goes" is in square brackets.

"Cristos goes." is in square brackets.

C

...book) [****].

"[****]" is in square brackets.

F

"[so]" is circled.
(Sophie comes into the room)

Sophie: I'm sorry to see you sitting about here, Henry. I was hoping you'd be getting on with your article.

John: He is. I'm helping.

Sophie:

B

Yesterday it seemed to me without doubt I was drunk
That I saw on the arch of a bridge
an encounter of horsemen
All armoured in iron, all overlapped
with steel.
And decorated with strange harness.

Some dragons [****] muttering on their helmets,
Some [****] of brass opened their wild eyes
In their great shields with fantastic ornaments,
And some knots of snakes covered like scales their armlets.

At intervals, at the edge of the giant arch,
A wounded rider losing his point of support,
A frightened horse fell into the open water.
Mouth of a crocodile closed on them.

That was you, my desires, that was you, my thoughts, who try to force a way over the bridge,
And your twisted bruised body and a false colours
Sleeps swallowed up in the bottomless chasm —
Notes

B

1-2. Yesterday it seemed (caret) without...drunk
   ("Yesterday" is in parentheses; it seemed (caret)
   ("without...drunk" is in parentheses; "to me" is
   inserted above the caret)

3. (obliteration) That I saw (caret; obliteration) the...
   (obliteration; "on" is inserted above the caret)

5. ("All" emends "Their") armoured...

18. A ("red" is deleted) wounded...

20. ("A horse" is deleted) A...
   "frig" appears above the line and is deleted.

26. ...your ("body" is deleted) twisted...
Sophie: You've both been staggering under the past. You'll double the burden for each other if you share it. Not, as you think, halve it.

John: The problem's not arithmetical, Sophie. It is how I can decently continue after what's happened. If you've any suggestions please tell me. If not, go to bed.

Sophie: I've been thinking about it since Basilios left.

John: Any conclusion? For example, how are you going to end your book now?

Sophie: On the battlefield, as you wished. I could wait no longer. Some decision had to be taken.

John: How can you? I thought you loved me.

Sophie: I do. That's why I'm ending the book in that way. It had to be arranged for another reason. You must know modern readers like a book to end sanctified by marriage. They call it, rather strangely, the happy ending. I knew from the beginning, of course, that such a resolution would be impossible with you as the main character. So I shall use the best alternative for the lending libraries. You'll die in battle.

John: When?

Sophie: Tomorrow morning. I've sent a cable to the editor of The London Times. It says reports from the mountains speak of you falling gallantly at the head of your native troops led in a lost cause. Naturally, I signed myself Henry Bevis.

(Sophie goes out of the room)
John: Caroline, a way has got to be found. You don't seem to understand my position. I left England saying that I was going to fight for a better cause. I made a great deal of it. The papers were full of it. A cartoon showed me going aboard a ship called The Rake's Progress. A question was asked in the Upper House: in the Lower House there were cheers and counter-cheers. From the fuss no one would've thought I was trying to get out of the country. But I did. Only to find the cause is lost before I arrive. Now, I'm very sensitive to public opinion. How shall I feel when the news gets back to England that there was no fighting and that I'm living in a villa near Athens with you? Of course the matter must be discussed. If we have to sit here all night.

(Sophie comes into the room)
A

Emendations

2-3. ...burden ("not halve it" is deleted) if....
   "for each other" is inserted above the deletion.

27. ...shall ("use it the" is deleted) use...

B

Emendations

5. better cause...
   "better" is in parentheses.

8-9. ...called ("The Rake's Progress." emends "Rake" and
      is adjacent to a caret) A...

12. From (obliteration) the...
A

John - Caroline Act III

So John has failed as well as Caro.
Being forced to stay.
What can he do? (Return to England? go on elsewhere?
Where can he go? - And why should he?

The question of money.

Cristos: The house. (the room) ) He's seen Selwyn. ) Cristos - John
Message for Henry. ) - Caroline.

B

C. J. C
C. J.
C. J. S
C. J.
C. J. H (END)
(Two columns of figures are shown adjacent to each
line of abbreviations)

C

Henry on the family

END H to ever - out - cry of No!
John: Yes
CURTAIN

D

To keep him they play the harlot offering him
happiness at some future time. But the concern
is now.
Sophie - John - Caroline
Basilios.
Sophie's future.
S: on John and Caro.
Conclude with cable.

CAROLINE - JOHN  ACT III

JOHN IS IN LOVE WITH CAROLINE.
HE DOES NOT KNOW WHETHER SHE HAS TRIED TO KILL HIM
OR NOT.
HE HOPES SHE HAS - TO SHOW HER LOVE.
HE HOPES SHE HAS NOT - FOR HER CHARACTER.
HE TELLS HER THE TRUTH.
CAROLINE ON THE STORM.
THE FAREWELL.
BASILIOS.

Have they ever tried to kill themselves? Oh, yes,
twice: But that was mere selfishness.

Caroline believes John to have made the [****]
whilst alone in his room.

Discipline imposed from within.

Go on, be all Yankee.
K

Caroline - John - Sophie
Sophie away - reason.
Caroline - John.

Emendations

A

John - Caroline Act III
Square brackets enclose "Act III"

C

END H to ever - out - cry of No!
An opening square bracket appears between "END" and "H".

F

CAROLINE - JOHN ACT III
Square brackets enclose "ACT III"

G

HE HOPES SHE HAS NOT - FOR HER CHARACTER.
HE TELLS HER THE TRUTH.
A caret appears adjacent to the two lines.

BASILIOS

Square brackets enclose "BASILIOS".

Notes
Figures appear under letters "B" and "C".
"It is encouraging to see from the stairway in the excavation that the Greeks of this period very much resembled in their habits the Englishman of today. Your Correspondent found the same emphasis on the sanctity of marriage which is to be found in British social life. Also, it is obvious that they had much the same sense of fun. This can be seen in the frieze representing an old man chasing a group of laughing girls who are in turn chasing a bull who is chasing a young man who is running after another girl. The scene might be found enacted daily in Shakespeare's Arden by English men and women." And so on.

John: And so on.
(he lifts Caroline in his arms and puts her on the bed. Then, pulling on the heavy cord, he draws the curtains which quite surround the bed. He goes to the window)

Emendations

B

18. ("Caroline:" is deleted) asked...

19. ...more.

Immediately after "more." the following words are deleted. "I've not acquired proficiency in languages, capability in rhetoric, why, in these circumstances, should you want me to be more than a man? You don't, do you?"

20. ("Caroline:" is deleted) (he...
The following lines are deleted:

Sophie - John (S. writes J is staying - has been seduced by C.
She enlarges on this.
John says he is going.
Sophie's delight.
Scene on new level.
Cristos through room with package
Sophie - John (Caroline's return)
Sophie - John - Caroline and (S's attack on C.
as John is not staying. Her deep satisfaction.)
Sophie to her room
Caroline - John.

Caroline - John (Act II)

break scene with Cristos's return

John's admiration for Caroline. } 2
Her submission - understanding } 3
To love scene.
C. asks J. to stay. He refuses. 1
C. to terrace (wine)
Cristos returns - goes to Sophie 3
The toast. (continue scene)
C. revelation of poison.) } 2
( - continue {alone})
To Henry's return from dig - the discovery
take this parallel with J's disbelief - need for reassurance.

C.

"what would be called in romantic literature,
a love potion.

J. Aphrodisiac

Scene Sophie - John
Sophie: Well, are you staying? (what has she C said? How has she managed it?)
To see you brought low under my nose. To see you brought low under my nose.
John: discussion on C. (she finds he is not! her delight: scene on new level)
Sophie: I always find it odd that with your American blood, you should be so dis-
reputable. (—to note)

E

Cristos back through room with package.
John - Sophie ([shoot]) Sophie’s cattiness to C on J not staying.
C. very quiet and resigned.
Sophie to her room.
John - Caroline - (both scenes together — i.e. taking and telling of wine)

F

As to end

NOTES.
John's collapse. Selwyn's concern. (He thinks it is because John has run into the very thing he has run away from).

Henry's deep gloom. (Don't tell reason until Act III).

G

Bring in Bunny Bevis as epitomising the kind of woman who — what? Something, anyway.

Notes

A
Adjacent to the above deletions, the name ISMENE. is shown. The name is partly reiterated, "I EMEN" with several other markings that have not been determined. Adjacent to, and underneath the markings are ten obliterations in a vertical column. They could be listings of characters' names. Adjacent to the obliterations are the figures: 5, 7, 4, 7, 4, 8, 4, 4, .
B
A vertical line runs through the last three notes.

Emendations

C

"[****]" appears below "Aphrodisiac".

D

3. ...she (caret) said...

"C" is inserted above the caret and is circled.

8-10. ...it (obliteration) odd that ("you're so disreputable" is deleted)

E

...([shoot]) (caret) Caroline....

"Sophie's cattiness to C on J not staying" is adjacent to the caret.

...resigned.

A caret appears adjacent to the note.

G

...the (caret) woman....

"kind of" is inserted above the caret.
A

J: (to S).
C: (to J).
J (to C).
S: (to J).
J (to S).
C (to S).
J (to C).
S (to J).
J (to S).

C=3
S=3
J=6

B

AS WRITTEN

CAROLINE ON EXCAVATION.

C

S: Explain your position.

D

to end.
Sophie goes unseen.
John follows her - returns - Caroline has gone.
John alone (?)

E

SOPHIE KNOWS NOTHING. IS JOHN MAKING UP HIS MIND TO TELL HER?
CAROLINE: I WISH I COULD PUT YOU OUT OF YOUR MISERY.
JOHN: HAVEN'T YOU?
CAROLINE: I MEAN, BY MAKING YOU UNDERSTAND THAT IT'S NOT A JOKE. SPEECH ON LYING CLIMAX OF SCENE.
DOES JOHN GO TO BEDROOM? MENTION THIS - NOT GO - KEEP
A LONG, STILL, SILENT NIGHT SCENE. (YET AWESOME NOT SOLEMN).

SOPHIE - AUTUMN. 

JOHN - COMMENT.

CAROLINE - SPRING.

ON LOVE

IN A MOMENT OF NINETEENTH CENTURY ROMANTIC ARDOUR CAROLINE PUT POISON IN MY WINE THIS EVENING. SO SHE SAYS.

(SOPHIE BEGINS TO LAUGH.)
NOW, THIS IS V. INTERESTING. I'D EXPECTED MANY REACTIONS BUT NOT THIS.
S: FORGIVE ME BUT - ?

YOU SILLY GIRL!

THAT SOMEHOW SOUNDS INADEQUATE

THE BOOK.

JOHN WAS [GOING] TO THE REVOLUTION ANYWAY.

John: It's what makes marriage, for which I've the greatest respect - for others - an impossible demand on the genius of women.
SOPHIE MUST KNOW OF POISON (reveal in Act III) to explain behaviour end Act II.

So C on C part in Last chapter.

Emendations

A

The following notes are ticked and deleted:

C. [***] you told the O L?
J: (to C).
S: (alone).
C: (to J).
S: (alone).
C (to J).
J (to C).
S (to J).
J (to S).
C (to J).
J (to C).
S (to J).
J (to S).

C=3
S=3
J=6

This note is circled.

B

CAROLINE ON EXCAVATION

A circled figure "1" precedes the note. "19" enclosed in a square appears below the note.

E

SPEECH ON LYING

Square brackets enclose the note.
DOES JOHN GO TO THE BEDROOM

An opening square bracket appears before "DOES".

I

All the lines in this note are deleted.
A

John - Caroline scene. (what we've been through together).

They have been making love. - reminiscence.
John is insistent on going.
C. suggests she should go with him
C. suggests he should stay.
C. on finding someone and being in love) 2 speeches
(J's self mockery). counterpoint to end scene.

B

(ref revolution)

Caroline: 'Stay with me and you can stay alive with honour.
(John's disgust

C

Will Basilios come that night?

D

Have you ever been in love?
When I was fifteen She was _____

I don't want to know. What can I do to make you stay?

Don't sound so sad.

E

John on early affairs.
ending:
C: How can I make you stay?

J: By doing better I suppose than the others

F

C. to kitchen

Scene Sophie John. (insert)
Emendations

A

2 speeches counterpoint to end scene.

The note is circled.

Notes

Figures appear in the draft.
Scene: room of Act One and terrace.

Time: Two days later - evening.
Supper set on terrace.

John alone - with pistol. T. IA - John
John - Cristos. T
John - Cristos - Henry T
John - Cristos - Henry T
John - Cristos - Henry - Selwyn T
John - Cristos - Henry - Selwyn - Sophie. T
John - Caroline R S
John - Caroline - Sophie. R (John, Sophie?)
John - Caroline - Cristos R
John - Caroline - [S]
John - Caroline - Sophie -
Sophie - Caroline -
John - Caroline - Sophie -
John - Caroline - Sophie - Cristos.
John - Caroline - Sophie - Cristos - Selwyn.

35.

Cristos in England. (immediate sympathy between J and C.)
Excavation progress.

The love affair (progress)
Sophie's observation of John and Caroline
Cristos's observation.
*Love scene - John insistent on going - Caroline's seeming acceptance.
The toast to his future. (Cristos on terrace)
* centre scene

Love scene. Caroline's revelation of poisoned drink. Die together. * Romantic agony* - John's fury - when do you think we're living his refusal to believe
C. I thought you'd want it that way.
News of discovery at dig. Leading to John telling of he and Caroline. - to curtain. Gradual realisation that it may be true. His questioning of Sophie, Henry, Selwyn -
Find out exact herbal poison aphrodisiac
Act III: Basilios's eulogy of the English.

Act III: Curtain. Henry looks in - I can't read my own writing, Mr. Hogarth. Did you say - ? (the bed curtains are closed on John and Caroline).

Act Two: 1st John - Caroline scene. (in the room). The fact that they have been making love. (Don't reveal that John intends to leave) Caroline on past affairs. John on the present. Tell of present affair with C.

Pièce Touchée, pièce Jouée.

A straight answer to a bloody silly question

News of discovery at dig. Leading to John telling of he and Caroline. - to curtain.

ACT 2
SELWYN ENTERS TO CAROLINE (TERRACE) THEN TO JOHN AND SOPHIE (ROOM)
DESCRIPTION OF FIND.
JOHN ON CAROLINE.
(HENRY TO DIG).
JOHN AND SOPHIE.
HENRY'S RETURN.
CAROLINE'S RETURN.
CAROLINE (TERR) JOHN (WINDOW) SOPHIE (ROOM)

THE TEMPEST ("RE" LOVE)
A STORM AT SEA. (Look! nothing but a cloud) REASON IN A PANIC GOES OVERBOARD.
CALM AT DAWN - DRIFTING APART.
REASON - SOAKED FOOL - HUMBLE AND ASKING TO BE [****]. IS FISHED OUT AND RESTORED TO HIS SEAT AND WE SAIL ON.
A MAN TAKES LEAVE OF A WOMAN HE'S LOVED OR AN ACT HE'S PRACTICED IN MUCH THE SAME SPIRIT. ETC.

LET US STEP BEYOND THE SHADOW OF GOD'S BLESSING AND LIVE MERRY IN THE WARMTH OF THE SUN.

CAROLINE (ON DIG) TWO THOUSAND YEARS AND WE'VE LEARNT NOTHING NEWMIND YOU, WE'VE FORGOTTEN NOTHING - YOUNME - THATS CLEAR ENOUGH.

Notes and Emendations

In each instance where a "T" or "R" appears at the end of a line, the letter is enclosed in square brackets. Each line is preceded by a figure. The figures run consecutively from "1." to "16." Figures "1" to "5" are preceded by a tick.

John - Caroline

This line is deleted.

Love scene - John insistent on going - Caroline's seeming acceptance.

An opening square bracket precedes this note.

*centre scene

Square brackets enclose this note.

News of discovery at dig. Leading to John telling of he and Caroline. - to curtain.

An arrowed bracket appears adjacent to these lines.
Find out exact herbal poison ("aphrodisiac" emends "soporific")

G

The notes under "G" are enclosed in a square.
NOTES ON ACT ONE.


Sophie: Why did she leave England? Never give reason (apart from first statement to John) OR, definite reason revealed later in the play. (if second - what reason?)

Henry: rewrite all scenes. Find idiom of speech for him. Define poetic view of life and love. Point scene with Caroline that he sees action in imagination - not fact. Relationship with Caroline?

Cristos: make more enigmatic - find idiom of speech. Lengthen scene with Caroline. Remember his later importance.

Rewrite 1st Sophie - Caroline scene - greater point in S's description of period - clear up confused imagery.

Build lame scenes. eg. Selwyn - John (John limping) 1st. John - Caroline (Caroline limping)

Notes

The notes above are numbered "1" to "6".
JOHN - CAROLINE (POISON SCENE)

CAROLINE TELLS.
JOHN'S DISBELIEF.
CARO. "IN MY WINE AS WELL".
JOHN IS UNCONCERNED.
JOHN: WHY SHOULD YOU DO SUCH A THING?"
CARO: JUST BEFORE WE WENT TO SLEEP LAST NIGHT.
(HER EXPLANATION) THE LAST OF A ROMANTIC
AGE. (TRISTAN AND ISOLDE)
JOHN: THE FACTS! GIVE ME THE FACTS!
CARO: THE WALK ON THE HILLSIDE WITH CRISTOS,
SPEAKING OF THE UNHAPPINESS OF LOVE.
MILD UND LEISE.
THE WILD BERRIES. CRISTOS COMMENT. GATHERED
IN. ALMOST LOVED. (EXALTED DESCRIPTION)
JOHN: THE FACTS!
CARO: CULINARY. PLACE IN A PAN. COVER WITH
BOILING WATER. SIMMER ON WOOD FIRE.
TRANSFER TO SMALL SCENT BOTTLE (WHICH SHE
TAKES FROM HER POCKET) AND WHEN- (REF TO
EARLIER SCENE) - THAT HAPPENS USE IT. JOHN
NOTICED THE WOOD SMOKE IN HER HAIR AND THE
"STAIN" ON HER HANDS.

JOHN ACCEPTANCE (HIS FURY). ROMANTIC AGONY. WHEN
DO YOU THINK YOU'RE LIVING?
CARO: TELLS OF EXACT TIME: SLEEP: THROUGH THE NIGHT:

HENRY'S RETURN FROM DIG.
(HE TELLS OF DISCOVERY) JOHN QUESTIONS HIM ON CARO.
TO HIS ROOM TO WRITE A REPORT. (JOHN ASKS HIM TO
SENT CRISTOS DOWN)
JOHN CAROLINE.
SOPHIE COMES DOWN (SHE HAS SENT CRISTOS OUT: A
QUARREL ABOUT JOHN.) SHE SPEAKS OF DISCOVERY AT
DIG: JOHN QUESTIONS HER ON CARO.
SELWYN FROM DIG: HIS EXCITEMENT AND DETAILED
DESCRIPTION OF FIND. JOHN ATTEMPTS TO QUESTION
HIM: SELWYN FETCHES? AND RETURNS TO DIG.
JOHN - CAROLINE - SOPHIE - HENRY WANDERS IN.
JOHN - SOPHIE. (THE REVELATION)

AN ELABORATE JOKE.
BELIEVE THAT IF YOU WANT TO.
AND IF ITS NOT.
WELL, HOW ARE YOU GOING TO BEHAVE BEFORE THE OTHERS?
SELWYN TO BRING THE FIRST NEWS OF THE DISCOVERY AT THE DIG. NOT HENRY.

(HENRY'S ENTRANCE TO JOHN TO FETCH - CAMERA??

SELWYN'S DESCRIPTION OF THE FIGURES - THEY SEEM TO MOVE IN THE LAMPLIGHT IN A MOST AUTHENTIC MANNER. QUOTATION.

MARK THE PROBLEM OF THE LEGEND "OF" SOPHIE'S SPEECH (ACT [****]) THE TRUE REPRESENTATIVE OF AN AGE ETC.

HENRY - JOHN.
1. HENRY'S REF TO DISCOVERY AT DIG.
2. JOHN STOPS HIM GOING TO THINK ABOUT HIS COLUMN.
3. ON CAROLINE.
   HER CHARACTER, - AS SEEN BY HENRY. SYMPATHETIC - PERHAPS A LITTLE WILD.
   JOHN: WILD?
   J: HAS SHE EVER THREATENED YOU?
   HENRY'S REACTION - JOHN'S PLEASURE AND RE-ASSURANCE

CAROLINE - HENRY (in room) C. waiting.

JOHN - CAROLINE.

CAROLINE TO TERRACE.
COMMENT ON JOHN AND HENRY.
JOHN - SOPHIE.
I WANTED A WORD WITH HIM ON CERTAIN LOCAL CUSTOMS I'VE RECENTLY ENCOUNTERED.

ON CAROLINE - DIRECT CONTRADICTION OF HENRY SCENE - CAROLINE TO DIG. Why did her husband leave her?
THE INCIDENT - ANOTHER VERY DIFFERENT VIEW.

JOHN - SOPHIE - SELWYN.
THE FULL STORY OF THE DISCOVERY AT THE DIG.
TO JOHN ASKING SELWYN ABOUT CAROLINE.
HENRY IN FOR A MOMENT.
MADNESS IN THE FAMILY?
OH, YES?
THE INCIDENT AGAIN?

JOHN - SOPHIE - CONCLUSION.

HENRY IN FOR A MOMENT.

CAROLINE ON?

Emendations

A
(HER EXPLANATION) THE LAST OF A ROMANTIC
A caret appears adjacent to "THE".

CARO: THE WALK ON THE HILLSIDE WITH CRISTOS,
A caret appears adjacent to "CRISTOS".

TO HIS ROOM TO WRITE A REPORT. (JOHN ASKS HIM TO
A caret appears adjacent to "TO".

SOPHIE...OUT: (obliteration) SHE...
"A QUARREL ABOUT JOHN" is inserted above the obliteration.
AT THE DIG. NOT HENRY.

"NOT" is underlined three times.

HENRY'S REACTION - JOHN'S PLEASURE AND RE-

An opening square bracket appears before "JOHN'S".

- CAROLINE TO DIG. Why did her husband leave her?

"CAROLINE TO DIG" is enclosed in a circle. A line extends from the circle to the remaining portion of the line. A caret appears adjacent to "husband".

Notes

Figures and ticks precede some of the notes under "A".

Arithmetical calculations appear in the bottom left-hand corner of the draft.
The lines are deleted:

Caroline - Sophie (on John's past life - with Sophie on Caroline - on John's future)
Caroline - Sophie - Henry. ("John" is deleted) (John to Henry)
Caroline - John.
Sophie - Selwyn - Caroline - John.
Caroline - Cristos.
Caroline - Henry.
Caroline - John

Sophie
The name is circled and adjacent to an asterisk.

The following line is deleted:

Love scenes in a little language?

John on human freedom -

anarchy

John and Henry scene

Henry: I don't like to be emotionally moved. It upsets me.

The lines are deleted:

Sophie: He was that strange thing, a legend in his own time.

Selwyn's discoveries at dig - Henry quite impossible to write up for The Times.
John on Wagner

A man wants something more than one little word.

John: Your real mother. Her own flesh and blood she looked 20 - 22.

Henry's mother a musical comedy actress. (appearing in?) her song is sung by John? My golden baby.

She was so [****] I had to search the [bed] [for] her.

J You bring a little happiness there - but in the other - ?

Act I - from Selwyn's entrance with Henry.
John - Caroline - Henry - Selwyn
Sophie to [Henry]
Sophie - Caroline - Henry.
Caroline - Henry.
Caroline - Cristos
Caroline - John

Act II John and Selwyn
open with John and pistol
Ending with the dinner scene? on terrace (meal laid from beginning)

1st. John - Caroline scene.
Caroline's marriage
He meeting in London with John.
His life then
His life now.
C's ideas.
John's resistance.
P

Mention Ada in scene
Sophie – Caroline.
– also Basilios in J's rooms.

Q

Selwyn very proud of Sophie's liaison.

Emendations

N

Open with John and pistol

A caret appears adjacent to "Open".

Notes

A

Figures precede the lines. Fractions precede some of the lines.

"Sophie" is circled and adjacent to an asterisk.

I

An opening square bracket appears before the note.

The question mark after "John" is circled.

M

The list of characters names are preceded by figures running consecutively from "1" to "6".

O

The notes beginning from "Caroline's marriage" are preceded by figures running consecutively from "1" to "6".
A

Act I

Selwyn - John - Caroline - Henry.

Caroline (followed by Henry) who wishes
to speak to her to [bath].

Selwyn - John.

Caroline - Henry (return) John - Selwyn
Go.

Caroline - Henry.

Caroline - Cristos.

- Sophie?

Caroline - John.

B

Build Act Two (room and terrace) round dinner party.

C

on revolution

Open Act II John and Cristos.

D

John Cristos Henry

(Henry's mother - note)

E

John's entrance to Caroline end Act 1

C: You're very quiet.

J: Selwyn seems to think I may get killed in the

business up North.

(his astonishment)

F

The following note is deleted:

An arid married? bed

age

G

Bitter regret for the past
Act I. FINAL SCENE. JOHN AND CAROLINE.
Lead in with J's appreciation of physical things.
John's statement on Selwyn's prophecy.
Continue Note 1. - to -
Recognition of Caroline.
[****] coming to the understanding that -

Act I. John's flying machine

Cristos to be about 50

Act I Caroline's great impression of John is from Sophie's book
NOTE THIS IN REWRITE.

End Act I

Sophie - Caroline -
Sophie - Caroline - John
Caroline - John - (Love scene).

END

Cristos to have left notebooks

Sophie (?) to destroy the notebooks?

Notes

The figure "2" appears in the top right-hand corner of the page.
A
The notes are preceded by figures running consecutively from "1" to "7".

B
"and" is underlined twice.

C
A circled "1" appears above "Open Act II John and Cristos.

D
A circled "2" appears adjacent to "John Cristos Henry".

F
The question mark is circled.

H
The notes beginning from "Lead in with J's appreciation of physical things." are preceded by figures running consecutively from "1" to "5".

K
"Act I" is underlined twice.

N
The second question mark is circled.

O
Finger prints appear.
The [Ghost] of Summer

As from -
(he now takes both her hands in his)
C: It becomes water to words Growing. Let the
day pass. she talks of sensual things of
the moment in and about the house
J [****] to me sadness - The Last Time - The
Last chance - [thing] to the last - old letters
- old memories

Progress to the love scene by
They talk of themselves lighten
J's age The Gates of Summer

Act III

John's long dictation of Henry's despatch to the
Times. "Your Correspondent, etc."

Looking at it - the traveller asks, will it topple?

All England's great men so disreputable. So unlike
the Americans. "Can you think of Nelson, Wellington,
Pitt, and Byron being received into the irreproachable
home life of Lincoln, Jefferson, Washington or Emerson.

The figure: You were holding it the wrong way up!

Act I - Sophie's book - its publication and effect.
Cristos?
Emendations

B

...pass. she...house

Square brackets enclose "she...house".

...themselves lighten

Square brackets enclose "lighten".

...age The...Summer

Square brackets enclose "The...Summer".

Notes

A

Figures precede the notes

F

Figures and arithmetical calculations appear.
A

Act I: Sophie - Caroline - Henry

Henry on speaking to John. (revolt)
Sophie away.
Henry and Caroline.
Caroline's background - through Henry.
Her marriage.
Henry only unhappiness.

B

Henry: Good God, no! He's been telling me the most terrible stories of these people he's going to in the North. I'd never thought such injustice went on in these days.

Sophie: He's impressed you, I see.

Henry: Such sincerity must be impressive.

Sophie: (to Caroline) You see what I mean.

(Sophie begins to go from the room)

Caroline: Where are you going?

Sophie: I think it's worth a little more discussion - with him.

(Sophie goes up the stairs).

Henry: Caroline, would you say I'm an intelligent man?

Caroline: As a literary gent, Henry, you're a duck.

Henry: I only ask because sometimes I seem to lack a sensitive appreciation of the suffering of other people. The conversation with Hogarth made me understand that. It worries me. I know perfectly well that unhappiness exists but I've never been able to think of a way to do anything about it. You, for example. I know you've been very unhappy. When
I first came here I tried to help you with my companionship. But it wasn't any help, was it?

Caroline: No!

Henry: I think your particular kind of unhappiness confused me. I'm very muddled about marriage.

Caroline: Who isn't?

Henry: But I am more than most people. What I'm trying to say is this: I don't think I'm big enough to take on a revolution as Hogarth's doing but I think I could help you. I say, I think I could help you. To be happy -

Caroline: All right. Go ahead.

Henry: Now?

Caroline: Well, it depends on what sort of comfort you're thinking of giving me.

Henry: Do you ever read poetry? I mention this because when I was a boy I was lonely and unhappy and I found it a great help.

Caroline: Henry, I need more than a rhymed couplet.

Henry: That's what I mean, do you see. I never seem to be able to suggest anything - helpful. It's this place, I think. Although most of us here are English the values seem to be different. I wish I was home.

Caroline: You miss London.

Henry: (John has come down the stairs and now enters the room) Anyway, that's where I'll be for a while, Caroline. I must try to be useful somewhere.
Caroline: If anyone should want you I'll tell them where you are.

Henry: No one will want me, I'm afraid.

(Henry goes out through the window)

Emendations

B

1. ...no...

An exclamation mark has been included in the transcription after "no".

22. that. I...

An "X" appears after "that.". "It worries me" is inserted above line (12) adjacent to an "X".

C

6. I anyone...

"I" has been changed to "If" in the transcription.

Notes

A

Several figures appear in the top right-hand corner of the draft.

B

The figures "300" appear in the margin.
Act One.

Directions as written.

Sophie - John -(Cristos)

Cristos exit (as written)

Sophie - John.
Sophie - John - Caroline.
Sophie - John.
Sophie - John - Caroline.
Sophie - Caroline.
Sophie - Caroline - Henry.
Caroline - Henry.
Caroline - Henry - John.
Caroline - John.
Caroline - John - Selwyn Henry.
Selwyn - John.
Caroline - Henry.
Caroline - Cristos.
Caroline - Cristos - Sophie.
Caroline - Sophie.
Caroline - Sophie - John.
Caroline - John - Sophie.
Caroline - John.

John on arrival (as written)
Sophie on the house and position: what John has done (state of exile etc.,)

Sophie on the memoirs. London ten years before (1903): begin theme of change to 20th.century.

John on departure from England (as written bottom "S")
Ada: to Selwyn and excavation:
As written but Henry to know of John.
As written to Basilios (take new theme)
Caroline (without words) to recognize John. (long
hand shake. ref. later). Flowers.
As written (with revision).
As written (Caroline great awareness of John).
As written.
Sophie's description of John (rewrite) [mark] the
joke a game.

Notes

A
The figure "1" appears.

B
The notes are numbered from "2" to "21".
A

John: I suppose not.

Selwyn: Bevis has found it invaluable. Haven't you? When I was in the Army and it became troublesome I always called a church parade. Made the men rather fed-up turning out so late at night but it always worked. Still, everyone has their own method.

John: Well, it's a personal problem. Here.

[(he gives the figure to Selwyn)]

Selwyn: Sophie's pleased to see you, I expect.

John: Yes. We've been talking.

Selwyn: About the old days? She pretends she doesn't miss them. And she pretends very well. Stay on for a while, my dear boy, and keep her amused. And Caro. She had a bad time before she came here. Married a bastard. Stay. We're not much troubled by the nuisances of London. The weather's good, the local people are friendly and we don't have to be pleasant to each other, if we don't want to. As for women - no worry about them here. They're a simple good people without the refinements which make life such hell in London. Stay on, do.

[(Caroline comes back to the room)]

Caroline: They're getting your bath ready. The water will be in by the time you've undressed.

Selwyn: Thank you, Caro. Come up and talk to me, Hogarth. Have a bath if you like.

John: I'll come and talk.
Selwyn: You can tell me what's happened in the past ten years. I've hardly ever been out of some hole in the ground, and that makes for a limited view.

(Selwyn and John go out of the room and up the stairs)

B

I'll come and talk. Are you going back to England when you're finished here?

(John and Selwyn move towards the stairs)

Selwyn: No. Sophie and I'll never go back. There's some very interesting work going on in Asia Minor. I may join in. Different period, of course. Same digging.

C

CAROLINE - CRISTOS.

CRISTOS
He does not believe in her unhappiness.

John Hogarth - his admiration.

Sophie's book.

CAROLINE.
She knows this - she does not believe in it herself any longer.

Caroline's reaction.

D

But I thought it was the point. That you should at last be taken seriously by others. Why else are you here?

John: Here. Why?
Emendations

A

14. ...talking.

("extend" in parentheses appears adjacent to
an arrow mark after "talking.").

39. ...what's ("been" is deleted) happen ("ed" is inserted
above deleted "ing")

45. ...stairs)

Immediately after "stairs)" these lines are
deleted.

"Henry:  *[****] I've never wanted a woman in my life.
(Caroline is looking towards the stairs)

Caroline: I know, Henry dear. You're the gentlest
person I've ever had to do with.

Henry:  Well, then -

Caroline: You're just not very nice, that's all.

Henry:  That may well be. Yet I'm sincere in
wanting to help you in your unhappiness.

43. ground. (caret) Makes...

"And that" is inserted above the caret. The
period after "ground" has been changed to a comma in
the transcription. "Makes" has been changed to
"makes" in the transcription.

D

...thought ("that" is deleted) was...

"it" is inserted above "that".

...others. (obliteration) Why...

Note

The figure "6." appears in the top right-hand corner
of the page.
Selwyn: Sophie's pleased to see you, I expect.

John: Yes. We've had a talk.

Selwyn: About the old days. She pretends she doesn't miss them. And she pretends very well. Stay on for a while, my dear boy - etc - and keep her amused. And Caro. She had a bad time before she came here. Married a bastard. Stay. We're not much troubled by - etc,-

John: I'll come and talk.

Selwyn: You can tell me what's been happening in the past ten years. I've hardly ever been out of some hole in the ground. Makes for a limited view.

Henry - Caroline: Henry has come into Caroline - John scene with Selwyn. "What were you talking about?" - lead to "words" speech.

Henry on John. She can talk to John. The failure of communication.

I tried to be happy that way. A few years ago I tried to sin. In London. Islington.

THEME "and" SCENE: HOW CAROLINE CAN BE MADE HAPPY. HENRY SERIOUS ON THIS.

C. COMMENTS.

Caroline - Cristos.

CARRY THIS TO CRISTOS SCENE.

OPPOSED IDEAS
OVERLAP HENRY - CARO AND CARO
CRISTOS SCENES

Emendations

A
12. (obliteration) You...

B
Henry on John. She can talk
A caret appears above "She".

Notes

B

...Caroline: Henry...
A circled figure "1" appears before "Henry".

...SCENE: HOW...COMMENTS.
"HOW...COMMENTS." is enclosed in a square. An arrow points from the square to "CARRY THIS TO CRISTOS SCENE" under Note "C".

C
Caroline - Cristos.
A circled figure "2" appears after "Cristos".

OPPOSED IDEAS
This note is enclosed in square brackets that have been deleted.

D
The note is enclosed in a square.
Caroline:  Sophie:  Act I.

Caroline:  Is he - was he ever - could he have been - as extraordinary - so wonderful - such an original as they said? Who said?
Well, they did, you know. And you do in your book - I kissed Cristos and he showed it to me - you say, John Hogarth was a man. Just that. Why, was a man? What's that up there? Isn't that fine and good? Now, may I ask, is it not?

Sophie:  I was remembering him all to myself. In the past, you see. To me he was a man. To you, he is.

Caroline:  Oh, yes. And to other people?

Sophie:  He was that strange thing a legend in his own time.

Caroline:  How did that come about?

Sophie:  You're too young to remember the turn of the century. Life in London for people of our kind was meant to be taken seriously. We had to make ourselves believe that we were always in the right, and that the intricate figure we cut in the melting ice of social life was permanent. Perhaps when history looks at that age it will become known as the Great Thaw. Times were getting warmer. No one would recognize it, of course. As if to deny it - well, they wore thicker coats and harder hats and the women complained of the cold. And it was not only people that were affected but their institutions. We had built our banks and museums, our palaces and cathedrals to keep our money,
our history, our monarchs and our God safe for all time. But as the twentieth century set in it showed the foundations of all these to be ice which was melting away. Now, no sane man or woman in such a situation can be happy. But we were Englishmen. We merely said, It isn't happening and went on making money, making love, and making do.

Caroline: Your analysis of historical decline is very clever, Sophie. But I want to know about John.

Sophie: John Hogarth came into that age as a man - a boy, rather. - He - blew in, I think is the phrase - yes, blew in like a warm breeze from - of course paradoxically, - the North. He had a quite extraordinary amount of money - his mother was an American, you know. He had a great amount of energy and no seriousness at all. From all he did and all he said he was a menace to be encountered at the end of such an ice age. Everyone hoped the rot would continue for at least ten years so that they could save something but with John about the place it looked as if it might not last ten days. You see, He was the first twentieth century man: that's why everyone hated him.

Caroline: You loved him.

Sophie: Very much.

Caroline: Why?

Sophie: What a silly question! He had an idea in his head. Not a new idea to the rest of the world and so absolutely novel in London. They said he must've picked it up travelling in some not very nice places. It was this: he likened the whole business of living to being on one of these nasty railway
trains. We're all aboard and we're holding our hats as we go faster. Progress is undoubtedly being made. We think we know in which direction but whether we know or not we must trust the driver. It was left to John to say that the driver huddled screaming in the cab is a naked, scarlet baby and in the brake van among the controls is the guard who is a disgusting, incontinent, dirty old man. Between the two are all straight-thinking, intelligent, liberal men and women.

Caroline: But that's it! That's it! (she looks up at the window) Oh, yes—darling.

Sophie: Believing that John lived his life in London accordingly. Of course, it caused considerable panic among the other passengers on John's 'infernal' excursion. Especially the women who turned to him for comfort whilst their husbands were busy throwing their luggage out of the window and saving what they could. John attended the women with all the charm and tact of a doctor during a catastrophe but he never called it beauty or truth or love. I don't think he's ever known the last in his life.

Caroline: And why—God help us—why should he want that sort of love—rub-nose, soft-paw, tongueincheek—why? When he believes what he believes he believes?

Sophie: Just a minute: I'm speaking of sometime ago. Ten years. That was John then. He's changed very much.

Caroline: He can't have done. A man who believed all that—why should he want to change? Look at it his way and it suddenly becomes worth doing. Nobody wants to play out this thing seriously as we're taught but if it's really a charade—well, then!—how d'you do.
Sophie: He left England in all seriousness, I know. He left Ada in all seriousness -


Sophie: Yes. Something which has no place in a warrior's bed.

Caroline: So John kicked her out. Good. Whoever took a [****] seriously, anyway?

Sophie: But there's something else. The fighting he's going to in the North.

Caroline: That's really a long-faced business, is it?

Sophie: So he says.

(Henry has come down the stairs and now comes into the room)

Emendations

B

25. ...permanent...

Approximately one and a half lines are obliterated after "permanent."

40. ...,no (caret)

"sane" is inserted in the margin adjacent to a caret.

41. ...woman ("in...situation")

"in...situation" is in parentheses.

42. ...happy...

An "X" appears after "happy."
42. ...Englishman. ("So what did we do" is deleted).

"Englishman" has been changed to "Englishmen" in the transcription. The period after the deletion is not included in the transcription.

50.* ... rather. - (obliteration) He...

61-2. ...least ("until" is deleted) ten years (caret) but

"So that they could save something" is inserted and adjacent to the caret.

111. want (caret) love...

"that sort of" is inserted below the caret.

Note

A

A square is drawn around the letter "A" in the top right-hand corner of the draft.
John: It seems familiar yet I can't think why.
(he turns the figure about in his hands)

Selwyn: If we manage this it'll shake them up in London. They've never shown the faintest interest in my work, you know. If it wasn't for the Germans I shouldn't be able to go on. I so want to do the B.M. crowd in the eye. England's done nothing for the expedition except send out that idiot from The Times. And all he's done is to get in the way and upset Caroline. You seemed to be getting on well with her. Try and cheer her up. She's had a bad time.

John: I shan't be here long.

Selwyn: Bevis was saying something about you being on your way to a revolution in the North. No truth in that, is there?

John: Yes.

Selwyn: There is? Then do be careful. They're very untrustworthy up that way. Why are you going?

John: It gave me a substantial reason to leave England.

Selwyn: That's a most convincing explanation. Did you want to get away from a woman as well?

John: I wanted to get away from the whole business.

Selwyn: There was no need to go to the length of starting a revolution. You could always have helped me. We're very fond of you, Hogarth, you know. Sophie's pleased to see you, I expect.

John: I think she is.
Selwyn: Then stay here for a while, my dear boy. We're not much troubled with the nuisances of London. The weather's good, the local people are friendly, sanitation's not up to much but it's as good as my club and we don't have to be pleasant to each other if we don't want to. As for women - you don't have to worry about them here. They're a simple, good people without the refinements which make life such hell in London. Stay on, do.

John: (smiling) Thank you, Selwyn. (Caroline returns to the room followed by Henry)

Caroline: They're getting the bath ready. The water will be in by the time "you've" stripped off.

Selwyn: Thank you, Caro. Come up and talk to me, Hogarth. Have a bath if you like.

John: I'll come and talk.

Selwyn: This business of an uprising in the North. I once handled something like that. It was very amusing - no rules, you know. Every man for himself. Damned dangerous. (Selwyn and John go out of the room and up the stairs)

Henry: As I was saying, Caroline. I've never done a woman an injury in my life. (Caroline is looking towards the stairs) I say, I've never done -

Caroline: I know, Henry dear. You're the gentlest person I've ever had to do with.

Henry: Well, then -

Caroline: But you're not just not very nice, that's all.
Henry: That may well be. Yet I'm quite sincere in wanting to help you in your unhappiness.

Caroline: Oh, do shut up about my unhappiness. Everyone talks about it as if it were a deformity. Poor Caroline's got the hump! Anyway, I'm not unhappy just at the moment, thank you very much.

Henry: You were earlier this morning - when you were gathering flowers.

Caroline: 'S morning's 's'morning, Henry, 'taint't now. Go gather flowers, sir, 'n weep f'-lost loves.

Henry: I thought that's what you were doing. It was on that very hillside -

Caroline: -on that very hillside with your notebook and pencil cast away beside us - forgotten - that you gave yourself up to a ritual far more ancient than the things your Nannie taught you in the nursery. There are more things in heaven and earth, Henry, than are dreamt of in your philosophy or noted down in your little book.

Emendations:

1. ...why. (obliteration) . (caret)

   "(he...hands)" is inserted adjacent to the caret.

63. (obliteration) As...

Notes

All the text is deleted by a vertical line drawn through the centre of the page.

"7." appears in the top right-hand corner of the page.
Caroline: You'd heard of him before today, hadn't you?

Henry: Oh, yes. Everyone must have done. He was always a bit eccentric for an Englishman but I didn't expect him to be so rude.

Caroline: Sophie says he's changed.

Henry: Sophie's a very charitable woman. D'you know, I was really looking forward to having a long talk with someone straight from England.

Caroline: You miss it, don't you, Henry?

Henry: Very much. In all the small ways which you don't seem to understand.

Caroline: I was very unhappy there.

Henry: Are you happier here?

Caroline: I could be. But why don't you go back.

Henry: I shall do as soon as your father's completed the excavation and I can put in my final article. If he discovers something it'll make my name. That's what I'm bargaining for. I think I'd better go down to the dig for my morning session now. Care to walk with me?

No. What do you do down there?

Henry: Sometimes I do a little sifting. But not often. I don't get on with the workmen. They're inclined to shout at me.

Caroline: Do you ever shout back?
Henry: Of course not.

Caroline: One day you will, Henry, and then you'll be a happy boy.

Henry: I often wonder how Sophie puts up with it here. I mean, after her life in London all those years. That most extraordinary time she spent. I remember my mother speaking about and saying that Sophie represented everything a woman should not be. What went on in that big house in Curzon Street? She entertained a lot of foreigners, didn't she. And - I don't know if I should tell you this, Caroline, for she is your stepmother - they say she often received a certain person.

Caroline: Yes, I know.

Henry: And that's why she had to leave England. Yet she's so sweet and generous I don't understand.

Caroline: Not surprisingly, Henry, you've got it the wrong way about. It was because she was so sweet and generous that she had to leave.

(there is a pause and then, shortly, Henry laughs)

Henry: Ha! I see what you mean.

Caroline: If you do it must be the very first time.

(John has come down the stairs and now enters the room)

John: Sophie wants me to say that I'm to make myself perfectly at home and that I'm to have my own way in practically everything. All this because she seems to think I'm a [****] man.

Henry: I shall be down at the dig for a while, Caroline.

John: You're not going out in this heat, are you?
Henry: For the moment – until the fall of empire, Mr. Hogarth – it's my job. (Henry goes out through the windows)

John: Sophie tells me that you've been very unhappy.

Caroline: There was a time.

John: You're getting over it.

Caroline: Yes. It was nothing, really. A marriage.


Caroline: I ran away.

Emendations

A

35. ...boy.

Immediately after "boy." lines (18-20) are obliterated.

51-2. ...sweet (caret) I...

"and generous" is inserted above the caret.

56. ...sweet (caret)

"and generous" is inserted above the caret.
__Emendations__

77. • windows

After "windows)" lines (38-52) are obliterated.

__Notes__

The figure "5." appears in the top right-hand corner of the draft.

All the text in the draft is deleted by a diagonal line.
here. After the years in England, those brilliant years which you made so much your own, you suddenly decided that it was time to go. And to go with Selwyn. You died at that moment, Sophie. 5

Sophie: You mean I made the one certificate serve for both marriage and death.

John: Lots of people do that. I only believe, though, that you took Selwyn — of all people: — seriously. Of course you must have done that. How else could you have got your ticket to oblivion? You became a woman, Sophie. Oh, Sophie!

Sophie: This business of getting through some seventy years is not so easy, as I see you've begun to understand. The time itself is not long and we should be able to pass it without fuss and even with a certain dignity. But that's not enough, is it? No, for we want to do something with those years. We want to use them and not just have them use us. Well, I took the first fifty-five years of my life and put them to some purpose, you'll remember. But before the end we're forced to take something seriously, even if it is only Selwyn. Yet you surprise me. You are a young man at the kindergarten age of thirty-five and yet you are intending to take seriously — a revolt, the rallying cries of text books and a possibly mad old man.

John: I sometimes feel that I've got through — far more than is usual — far too much — in thirty-five years. How else can I account for these grey hairs and the fact that I can no longer fall in love without sadness? My contemporaries remain splendidly pigmented and continue to go to bed laughing. And so you must regard me, Sophie, as an elderly man who has reached a time
when he must be serious. It's very sad, I know. That's what you're thinking, isn't it? (Sophie nods)

Well, stop remembering what I was like when you knew me ten years ago in England. Be pleased to see me as I am.

Sophie: Very well. But you mustn't expect me to talk to you about such things as revolution and liberty. They're not my kind of seriousness at all.

(Caroline has come down the stairs and is standing in the doorway)

John: What is your kind of seriousness?

Sophie: All the things you've put behind you and now feel contempt for. You do feel that, don't you? Contempt, I mean, for all that went on when we were in London together.

John: Not contempt. No, this same feeling of sadness.

Sophie: Emptiness.

John: No, sadness. Quite a different thing.

(Caroline speaking, comes into the room)

Caroline: Don't go on explaining. I know very well what you mean.

Sophie: You're far too young to understand what he's talking about.

Caroline: Age doesn't come into it, Sophie. That's the mistake you're both making. You can be finished at twenty-four.

John: How old are you?

Caroline: Twenty-five.

Sophie: Did you find Cristos?
Caroline: Yes. He took the flowers.

(Henry Bevis comes in through the windows. He is bowed beneath a large box which he carries on his shoulders.)

John: Many, many thanks. Are you all right? (Henry nods)

Where am I, Sophie? I feel we should get it up at once.

Sophie: You see that window? (she points through the main windows to the small window set in the exterior wall)

You're there. (Henry sets off for the stairs with the box)

John: I should go with him, I think. (John follows Henry from the room)

Caroline: Is he staying?

Sophie: John? For a little while.
Emendations

A

35. ...through (obliteration)

55. ...all.

"(Caroline has come down the stairs and is standing in the doorway)" is inserted in the body of the text adjacent to a caret.

68. (Caroline...

An opening parenthesis precedes "(Caroline"

96. (obliteration) I...

Notes

"3." appears in the top right-hand corner of the draft. All the text is deleted by a diagonal line drawn across the draft.
A

Sophie: Revolution. So that's the news you've brought me. Who is this man?

John: Basilios? A patriot. His people in the North suffer from a monstrous regime administered by, among other powers, the church. Basilios is a prince of his country but now only in name for he's given his estates, all property, to the people. But such a gift was not enough to oppose the tyranny of great power, open revolt is the answer. For that he has formed the Committee of Freedom of which I'm proud to be a member. Basilios is now in the North. I'm to wait here for him.

Sophie: But your motives can't be patriotic.

John: I'm what might be described as a spiritual mercenary. The affair is small enough for me to play a big part. I've given them money and I shall fight with Basilios. In return I shall expect nothing - and get everything. That was Ada's idea. I believe someone had the notion before her but his name escapes me.

A

Emendations

10. ...a (obliteration) gift...

17. ...patriotic. ("You're an Englishman" is deleted).

19. ...mercenary. ("Certainly I've gone into this business from unselfish motives." is deleted) The...

Note

Sets of figures appear on the draft.
ACT ONE.

1. Sophie - Cristos - Sophie - Cristos - Henry
7. George - Sophie - Caroline.

John is an airman.
John's wife - Ada.
The Gates of Summer.
Gay [****] the Singer.
John and Caroline have met in London several years previously - Caroline was 15 and fell in love with John.
Basis of liberty.
"Selwyn, you're always digging up the past."
John's self-mockery.
A search: John, Caroline, Henry (?), Selwyn, (NOT Sophie).

Prince's exit (Act III) Back to wife's family.
John head in hands.
"God help you:"
"God help you, my son."
(The scene is a room in a country house in Greece a little way from Athens.}

The time: morning of a day in the early summer of the year 1913.

The house which is built in two floor stands above a valley.

The room has several high windows which allow entrance from a stone terrace. Through these windows can be seen part of an exterior wall - the wash is raspberry colour - containing a small window. A great vine surrounds the house. The floor of the room is stone partly covered by rugs. The ceiling - almost lost in shadow - is painted. There are two other entrances to the room: a main door which stands open to show the wide sweep of a stairway beyond and a small arched entrance to a passage way leading to other parts of the house by way of a few shallow steps.

Through the windows comes the fall of light from the sun which is already high on this still morning. Within the room it remains cool as yet and the purple shadows - like the bloom on fruit - are only now beginning to shift. The sun strikes and brings to life in a vivid way several objects about the room - a scarlet shawl carelessly thrown over a chair, a piece of jewellery, a golden cross hanging on the eggshell white wall. The brilliance of these are marked in the quickening heat.

Sophie Faramond is sitting in a high-backed chair set to face the windows and so look out over the countryside. Even at her age - she is sixty-five - Sophie can stare boldly into the morning sun for she is very beautiful. She has never feared the light; she has never feared anything except, perhaps, the consequences of her vanity. She is dictating, quietly but
without hesitation, and the dictation is being taken down by a young Greek boy, Cristos Papadimantis, who stands writing at a high desk, a kind of lectern)

Sophie: "In writing this I have been guided by one principle, the sensibility of my readers. It is tiresome, I know, to be asked once more to place yourselves in the past, lonely in the attics of another's recollections. Memories are a luxury and so often lead to nothing more than dusty fingers.

A

Emendations

29. ...wall. (two obliterations) The...

30. ...these (obliteration) are marked....

"in the" is inserted above the obliteration. A period after "marked" is not included in the transcription.

42. ...lectern)

Immediately after "lectern)" the following lines are deleted:

Sophie: In writing this I have been guided by one principle, (obliteration) the sensibility of my readers. Tiresome as it (obliteration) is to be asked once more to place oneself in the past, [****] in the attics of recollection, it remains a fact that [my] every [****] backwards when the natural inclination is to go forward. For those of you who are unhappy enough to be, as I believe the expression is, [****] in the present I can offer no consolation. You must take what I have to say in a spirit of charity. For I am an aging woman in voluntary exile.

49. ...fingers

A period is inserted after "fingers" in the transcription.
Act One.

(The scene is a room in a country house in Greece a little way from Athens.)

The time is the morning of a day in the early summer of the year 1913.

The house which is built in two floors stands above a shallow valley.

The room has wide high windows which allow entrance from a stone terrace. Through these windows can also be seen a great vine which surrounds the house. The floor of the room is stone paving covered by rugs. The ceiling — almost lost in shadow — is entirely occupied by a painting. Other than the windows the entrances to the room are a main door which stands open to show the wide sweep of a stairway beyond and a small arched entrance to a passage way leading to other parts of the house, by way of a few shallow steps.

Through the windows comes the fall of light from the sun which is already high on this still morning. Within the room it remains cool as yet and the purple shadows — like the bloom on fruit — are only now beginning to shift. Yet the sun shines on and brings to life in a vivid way several objects about the room — a scarlet shawl carelessly thrown over a chair, a piece of jewellery, a golden cross hanging on the wall — and the brilliance of these things marks the gentleness of the old worn stone, the faded fresco and the tapestry of the furnishing.

In a high-backed chair set to face the windows and so look out over the countryside is sitting Sophie Faramond. Even at her age — she is sixty-five — Sophie can stare boldly into the morning sun without shame, for she is very beautiful. She has never feared
the light. She has never feared anything except, perhaps, the consequences of her vanity. At the moment she is speaking, quietly but without hesitation. She is dictating and the dictation is being taken down by a young Greek boy, Cristos Papadamantis, who stands writing at a high desk, a kind of lectern.)

Sophie: What do I remember from that day? The dress I was wearing, the coloured boats on the still lake of the park, laughter from within the house, summer turning before our eyes to winter. Yet I remember most clearly his kindness, his gentleness. Towards the end of that day we stood together for a moment at the top of the steps going down to the lake. He was leaning back against one of the stone dragons and his eyes were screwed up in the cigar smoke which was scenting the air about me. "If there were a small, happy country near at hand, Sophie," he said, "which lacked nothing but a ruler I'd pop you on the throne in an instant. For a commoner you possess an extraordinary degree of tact." He laughed at me. A number of men have said goodbye to me but he was the only one who laughed as he spoke. Since his death I have read that he was in some ways a cruel man. He hurt the feelings of a few with his practical jokes, I believe. Towards women he was a chivalrous man - not one of us can complain. I am sure I don't wish to complain if for no better reason than that the time I write about was long ago and the place far from where I am now.

(John Hogarth has come into the room from the terrace. He is wearing a top coat and carries his hat and gloves. He kisses Sophie as she continues to speak and then he sits down)

Emendations

36. she ("is" does not appear in the draft but has been inserted in the transcription) sixty-five...
John: Let me look at you, Caroline. I'd have to know you longer before I could say you're serious.

Caroline: If ever there was a time for me to be serious this is it. You've taught me what you failed to teach the others.

John: I thought you were just maddening Sophie.

Caroline: No. But I don't want Basilios to turn up before morning even now. How will he come? How does a man go off to war these days? What am I to look for? A group of silent horsemen on the hill. Is that it?

suit romantic: [****] in action etc.,

Caroline: Oh, me. I don't know. Let's behave as if it wasn't happening - as if it wasn't that way at all. Come on. Here's an opportunity you've never known. Always before you'd to be careful - wary - because a word might've meant being trapped. But there's no fear of committing yourself with me. You'll be gone by morning and there'll be no letters following after you. I promise.

John: I'm allowed to say honestly and without entanglement that I love you and want to stay with you.

Caroline: Yes, you're allowed to say that.

John: And having said it -

Caroline: You haven't.

John: I love you. Having said it I must at once get ready to go. I'm in an impossible situation.
Caroline: I know.  
(she holds out her arms) 
Take refuge. 
(John does so) 

John: I think aloud and you hear my thoughts, 
-your hair smells of wood smoke: 
why is that? - your hands are stained 
with fruit - quite bloodied over, they 
are: see them - 

B 

As written. to - romantic - self mockery - famous 
man - notoriety - autobiographical - mad mother - 
inconsequent father - talent - tyrants - coming 
age. - to Caroline - to - A as written. to take 
refuge - love scene (with interpolations) 

C 

xC. xJ xS 

D 

C. 
J. 
S. 
J. 
C. 
J. 
S. 
J. 
C. 

E 

Caroline can only hear John 
Sophie " " " " 

F 

The scene 
1 Caroline on the wedding 
2 " " " " dig 
3 " " " " John and herself.
Emendations

...etc.,

Immediately after "etc.,", the following lines are deleted:

John: How I go doesn't matter - why I go does.
I want you to be quite clear about it.

Caroline: I am. You've told me of the years in
London. I understand very well.

John: Yes, those years. But you - here - now.
Why do I leave this place - and you?

40. ...thoughts, ("Have no confidence in me for" is deleted)
    - your...

42. ...that? - ("have no confidence "or" I'm not" is deleted) - your...

43. ...fruit - ("not worth more than a night's consideration"
    is deleted) - quite...

44. ...them - ("and even you, Caroline, can't make me
    impersistent in my folly. I must at least try to
    die in action: after all that's happened it would
    be unbecoming for me to end in a bed." is deleted)

("Caroline: It'd also be very funny." is deleted)

("John: No. If it came to that I'd do it very
    well. The conventions must be observed." is deleted.)
Marginalia

15-6. (15-6) A circled "X" appears in the margin adjacent to a caret.

16-42. (16-21) A square bracket appears in the margin adjacent to a circled "A".

Notes

"5." appears in the top right-hand corner of the draft.
John: Caroline, pull yourself together!

Caroline: I'm all of a piece.

John: And stop smiling!

Caroline: I'm happy.

John: You're mad!

Caroline: No, I'm not. The stuff was in my drink, too.

John: I'm not concerned with what you do to yourself.

Caroline: We've been together in another way. We're together in this. That's right and proper. I'd not do anything for you alone. I love you.

John: So much?

Caroline: Oh, so much! Just before we went to sleep last night I asked, How can I make this last for ever? And you said, Ah! what is for ever? And I suddenly knew exactly what it is. See?

John: Give me the facts. The facts! Perhaps if we drank milk.

Caroline: Do they matter? Nothing to them. Walking on the hillside with Cristos one day I saw the purple berries. We'd been speaking of the unhappiness of love - of the impossibility of absolute oblivion. Then Cristos took a handful of the berries and told me that for many in this country, it was believed they held the secret. He threw them away but the day you came - by chance - I'd been out on the hillside and had gathered some. I'd meant to put them by until my thirtieth birthday when -
John: I want the facts. Nothing more! Salt and water.

Caroline: Do you mean the cook book facts? All right. Place in a pan whole. Cover with boiling water. Simmer on a wood fire. Drain. Put the darling liquid in a small bottle — (she takes this from her pocket) — and when the horsemen on the hill approach use it.

John: A wood fire. —

Caroline: — Yes, it stays in my hair, with the stain on my hands.

(she holds out her hands)

John: I think you're lying.

Caroline: You'll know I'm not in about eight hours.* When you gently fall asleep. Mild und leise.

John: Don't whisper your German romantics at me!

Caroline: Why not? Let it be known in this century with its passionate regard for steam engines and plotting in cellars, for anarchy and flying-machines, for mass-movements and women politicians — let it be known that in an obscure corner of the Mediterranean there were two people, a man and a woman, who were unafraid to give themselves up to the oldest passion of all. Sophie called you the first twentieth century man. Live up to that.

John: Live up to it! Give me the chance But when the hell do you think you're living?
Emendations

30. ...country (obliteration) it...

58-9. ...century (caret; obliteration) steam...

"with its passionate regard for" is inserted above the line adjacent to a caret.

61. machines, (obliteration; caret) mass-movements...

"for" is inserted above the caret.

70. ("When the hell do you think you're living?" is deleted) Live....

Notes

"6." appears in the top right-hand corner of the draft.
when we came on a group of men. I wanted to speak to them and Caroline kindly offered to translate for me. I asked them various questions about their way of life. As I went on I saw the men's attitude become surly and then threatening. I did the best I knew: I held out a sum of money to them. At that they set on me. They dragged me from my horse but luckily they were unarmed and had only their fists. I called to Caroline to ride off which she did and I made my way back alone very much the worse for wear.

John: Hired assassins, I suppose.

Henry: No, no. Cristos put the police on the case and a few days later they arrested two of the men. These two men swore that Caroline had told them that I was a wealthy Turk, travelling the country buying up young girls, in this case their daughters, for immoral purposes. Caroline admitted that it was true. My innocent questions had been translated by her into damning demands. Poor child, she cried a little when she asked me to forgive her foolishness.

John: Did you cry, too?

Henry: I found it very touching that she should've thought those Greeks to have a sense of humour. She quite expected them to join in the joke. I must work on my article.

John: I'd like to speak to Cristos. Will you ask him to come down? He's with Sophie.

Henry: Of course.
(Henry goes into the room, leaving John on the terrace, and sees Caroline sitting alone smoking a cigarette)

Hullo, you're there. We've been talking about you.

Caroline: I heard you.

Henry: Must go to my room. I've some hard thinking to do. Your father's through below so I must start my last article. Then it'll be goodbye, Caroline.

Caroline: Goodbye, Henry.

Henry: I mean when I've finished the article.

Caroline: Well, get on with it, my dear.

(She goes to the window and on to the terrace to join John as Henry leaves the room and goes up the stairs. Caroline speaks to John:)

Not a satisfactory conversation, I'm afraid. Henry will always believe in the ultimate innocence of women. He'll make the perfect husband.

John: I don't believe that the juice from a few berries in a glass of wine can have any effect.

Caroline: Don't you, darling? Look at the effect a few words to some strangers had on Henry when he was being boring.

John: You're a monster.

Caroline: There's something you insist on forgetting. I'm with you in this. We'll always be together now. That's not monstrous. It's not even selfish.

John: Go on. You'll convince me in a moment that you've done everyone some good.

Caroline: At least I've saved you from the disappointments of this revolution. You
could never have managed it, you know. If I've stopped you putting one of your dreams into disastrous practice - then yes, I've done some good.

John: Now I'm supposed to be grateful.

Caroline: You can be if you wish.

(she shuts her eyes and waits to be kissed)

John: Can you cook?

Caroline: Yes. Why?

John: I was wondering why your husband left you.

(he kisses her. Sophie has come down the stairs and into the room. She calls:)

Sophie: John! Are you there?

John: Yes.

(he moves into the room leaving Caroline on the terrace)

Sophie: Why do you want to speak to Cristos?

John: To ask him about a local custom I've just encountered. A matter of hospitality.

Sophie: Well, you can't. He's gone out. Left in quite a temper. About you.

John: How've I annoyed him?

Sophie: You haven't. He was championing you. When he came to my room and picked up his pen I said, Now I shall begin to tell the truth about John Hogarth. He at once put down the pen and said, I'll not be a party to the destruction of a legend which the world in a later time will badly need - a destruction brought about, moreover, by your momentary pique. I answered him sharply.
For a moment we were about to have a scene when fortunately he left the room. And the house.

John: Can he be found?

Sophie: I see no reason for it. I am capable of writing in my own hand.

John: I meant for myself.

Sophie: It's very strange. I recently described you as -

John: - the first twentieth century man. I know.

Sophie: Yet Cristos sees you as the true representative of an age which is passing, if not past. Something to be swallowed up by a world which is going to regret the action and then find its comfort in fairy-stories about the men it has destroyed. That is your place in history, according to Cristos. A kind of Jack of the Beanstalk. Interesting, isn't it?

John: Very. But at the moment, Sophie, I'm unconcerned with my part in history and deeply interested in my part in the present. So tell me, why did Caroline's husband leave her?

Sophie: I'm right. Cristos is wrong. You've proved it by your question.

John: Which you've not answered.

Sophie: He left her for none of the usual reasons - a woman, an idea or something worthwhile. They say he was terrified of her.

John: Go on.

Sophie: Is there any more to be said?

John: Nothing, I suppose.

Sophie: Then let's change the subject.
John: Certainly. How do you think I'll face up to the enemy?  

Sophie: In the past you've made your own enemies and been very careful in doing so. You were wise; friends don't matter but it's very necessary to have the right enemies one can face with dignity and restraint.  

John: I'm speaking of physical danger.  

Sophie: Oh, that. Well, I hope you won't make a fool of yourself.  

John: You feel I should pass into history silent and uncomplaining.  

Sophie: Of course. I'll not have the final chapter of my book turned into a farce. That is Henry's part.  

John: The wealthy Turk.  

Sophie: That was a disgraceful incident. Lacerated and bruised mercifully beyond recognition for several days. She knew what she was doing. He might've been killed. And the fool still believes it was a joke.  

John: The fool!  

(Selwyn has come up the hill and on to the terrace. He speaks to Caroline:)  

Selwyn: Success! (John and Sophie, within the room, stand listening) Success, my dear child, after all these months! Go down and see your old Daddie's crowning triumph. The find that'll put our names in the history books if anything will. Go down!  

(Caroline slowly leaves the terrace to go down the hill. Selwyn enters the room to John and Sophie)
Emendations

83. ...and (obliteration) to...
    "waits" is inserted above the obliteration.

97. (obliteration) to...
    "to" has been changed to "To" in the transcription.

126. ...Something (obliteration) to

Note

"7." appears in the top right-hand corner of the draft.
Selwyn: A strange experience. I climbed down into the darkness. The little idiot man already there had fallen asleep surrounded by his burnt out candles. The lamps were handed through to me and in their dancing light the still figures of the wall seemed to be animate. For two thousand years they had remained until I brought them the light which set them performing again their endless love rite. As I turned the lamp swung in my hand and a line came to my mind. (Let us step beyond the shadow of God's blessing and live merry in the warmth of the sun.) A moving moment. To hear a poem of Anacreon spoken by the voice of the time. The sun. Hot bodies joined endlessly by the freshly poured wine to perform the most natural choreography forever to the silent music.

Sophie: Selwyn, my dear. Selwyn, pay attention. I hardly think this is the correct academic attitude towards what I take to be an archaeological find of some importance.

Selwyn: There was an overwhelming impression of youth. In that place - you must see it - which is warmed even at that depth by the heat of the sun there remains an echo of the cry - ah! - O, the laughter and the final deep silence. That is echoed, too, in the inspired graffiti. My God, I'd no idea what I was looking for. Remember that little figure I showed you, Hogarth? Significant attitude, we said, but it meant little. My dear fellow, we were holding the poor creature upside-down. Forgive me, but you look quite shaken.

John: It's strange, Selwyn, that you should come all this way and spend all this time and then be delighted by verifying a fact of human behaviour which could be observed at ease by visiting any one of a dozen houses in London.
Selwyn: I'm not an anthropologist. I can see why you're upset. To leave London and come out here to free yourself only to find material proof that the formal pattern of behaviour you wanted to escape was fully developed perhaps beyond your experience over two thousand years ago.

John: I've never been under the impression that I invented such things.

Selwyn: Distressing, all the same. Hold, where's that fool Bevis got to. I sent him up for a drawing board. I must get some of this down on paper for the people in Berlin. My word, the Bloomsbury crowd are going to be wild when they hear about this.

(he has reached the foot of the stairs.
He calls)

Bevis, come down! Come down at once, man.

(Selwyn returns to the room and speaks to John:)

I must set him to work at once on this article for The Times. A detailed and poetic description is what's needed. Something that'll carry a breath of fresh air into a hundred reading rooms. The boy can do it, I'm sure, if he puts his mind to it.

Sophie: He'll do his best, for he's relying on the brilliance of his final article to bring him fame.

Selwyn: Why don't you go down, my dear? You'll find it interesting.

Sophie: Not tonight. I'm afraid of the path in the darkness. Perhaps tomorrow.

Selwyn: How about you, Hogarth?

John: I'll go tomorrow, too.

Selwyn: Caroline couldn't wait so long. From the way she ran down the hill you'd have thought there was to be no tomorrow for her.
John: What's that? She's gone?

Selwyn: Like a bird.

John: Selwyn, could you spare me a moment on another matter?

Selwyn: Certainly. What is it?

John: Your family.

Selwyn: What about it?

John: Any insanity?

Selwyn: Hogarth, my excitement and enthusiasm are only natural to a man who's been working in the dark for eighteen months.

John: I don't mean you. Have you - oh, really, this is very delicate - have you observed Caroline recently?

Selwyn: In passing. Is her behaviour eccentric, do you think? The girl's been unhappy in the past but I don't think there's cause to fear for her mind. You mustn't worry that she'll do herself harm.

John: How about others?

Selwyn: She has her likes and dislikes as we all have. But like her mother she's more likely to kill with kindness than with malice.

John: Thank you, Selwyn.

Selwyn: Anything more I can tell you?

John: Nothing.

(Henry has come down the stairs and he now enters the room; he carries a drawing-board and a handful of pencils)

Selwyn: There you are! What've you been doing?

Henry: Sharpening the pencils.

Selwyn: Look to your wits. I want a masterpiece of description from you.
Henry: Shall we go down?

Selwyn: At once.

(Selwyn and Henry go from the room, cross the terrace, and begin the descent of the hill)

Sophie: No, no, John, it really won't do at all. These questions. You're going to have to tell me.

John: She's coming back.

(he is standing at the window looking down the hill)

Sophie: When you first came here you wagged your head and talked of my marriage to Selwyn. You made use of your gravest indictment: you said I had become a woman. Oh, Sophie! Now we have the problem. What am I to gather from your present behaviour? That you've become a man? Oh, John!

John: She speaks to her father. Kisses him. Slaps Henry on the shoulder in a comradely way. She laughs, laughs! Does she know I can see her?

Sophie: Why should she worry?

John:
Emendations

15. ...moment. (obliteration) To...

30. ...ah! O...

A space appears between "ah!" and "O". In the drafts, "Xanthe" invariably appears in this context.

32. ..., too...

"In the inspired graffiti" is inserted after "too".

56. ...to...

An indecipherable mark appears after "to".

57. ...drawing ("pad" is deleted) . I...

"board" is inserted above "pad". The period after "pad" is not included in the transcription.

109. ...with (obliteration) than with (obliteration) . malice.

"kindness" is inserted above the first obliteration. The period after the second obliteration is not included in the transcription.

116. ...drawing - ("pad" is deleted) and...

"board" is inserted above "pad".

126. ...hill)

Immediately following "hill" lines (140-4) are obliterated.

Notes

"8." appears in the top right-hand corner of the draft.
(Selwyn and John go out of the room and up the stairs)

HENRY: I try to make myself believe that I feel such an outsider because I'm here as an official observer. No more.

CAROLINE: (She is looking after John) He is only a visitor.

HENRY: Hogarth? But he seems to have the art of engaging himself at once. I heard some of your conversation as I came in. He's given you more comfort in a few words than I've been able to give in months. [I] suppose it's the way he said it.

CAROLINE: It's not a matter of words, Henry. That's the mistake you're making. Read poetry, you said. You were off the mark. I went through a poetical marriage. Bobo knew about every art except one. Life with him was never too damned beautiful for words. There were so many to be spoken, sung, whispered, written, rhymed, scratched on the window pane, carved into wood and stone - words for everyday use and casually slung at each other, words for secret use and muttered into the pillow, words with single meaning and words with double meaning, good words, bad words, holy words and dirty words. And when the day was over and you'd think the talking would have to stop - no, there'd always be that dribble of stale words for explanation of failure, betrayal, misery and horror. Buried beneath was love.

HENRY: I know you had a bad time but here you are listening to Hogarth. Intently. I think you're right. I've talked to him. He told me that he
wanted to get away from people. That's why he's going on this journey. I want to be accepted into some pattern of life! He's achieved that and wants to break from it.

CAROLINE: Henry, couldn't you take an overwhelming interest in something?

HENRY: I think I could if I tried.

CAROLINE: I don't mean in me. I mean food or politics or God. Or something.

HENRY: Would that help you?

CAROLINE: Not at all. But why should you help me?

HENRY: I cling to that as the one definite purpose I have.

CAROLINE: Nonsense! You're a working journalist put down in this place for quite another purpose. You're probably the only person I know, Henry, for whom hard work is the solution.

HENRY: My work, yes. It's shocking that the one completely serious concern of my life is - bread and butter.

CAROLINE: And the rest? Don't you feel everything else - your lack of love, your being here - to be only an enormous joke? Don't you feel that?

HENRY: Yes, I do. But I don't want to laugh. It seems I'm the only member of the party who can't see the point.

CAROLINE: But that's the joke, Henry. So throw up your hat and laugh with the rest. (Cristos has come down the stairs and into the room)

What do you want?
CRISTOS: I thought you were alone.
CAROLINE: I can be. Can't I, Henry?

(Henry walks quickly out through the windows)

A

Emendations

38-9. ...but here you are listening...
"here you are" is in parentheses.

68. ...here - ("is just" is deleted) to...

74. The figures "491" appear at the end of the line.

81. Immediately following this line, the following lines are deleted:

   CRISTOS: That was unkind.
   CAROLINE: I know. Why should you mind? He dislikes you very much.
   CRISTOS: (obliteration) That's encouraging. It shows he's getting used to me [****] at least. I was beginning to think that he might lose heart and decide to stay. I found him alone yesterday quietly weeping.
   CAROLINE: What about?
   CRISTOS: I don't know. He had a book in his hand -
   CAROLINE: A book in his hand! There's the reason. O, weep for Adonais and Henry'll give you buckets full.
(Act III. A cable to Henry for him to proceed North)

[HOW THE NEWSPAPERS THREATENED TO RUIN HIM FOR HIS BEHAVIOUR WITH WOMEN. BUT THERE WAS NOTHING TO TAKE FROM HIM. NO JOB - NO REPUTATION]

Caroline: Have you been talking to Sophie?
John: For a moment. But she insisted on asking a lot of questions so I came away.
Caroline: She thinks you're changed.
John: She's quite right.
Caroline: I don't think so.
John: How can you possibly know?
Caroline: By remembering what I've read about you. Not only in Sophie's book but in the papers. All show what a great and good man you are. Why should you want to change?
John: What are you talking about? A great and good man, my God! That's some-thing the newspapers have never called me.
Caroline: No, but that's how I see you from the way they say you've lived.
John: Have you been interested so long?
Caroline: As long as I can remember. I'm not concerned with the morality of your behaviour in the past. I'm concerned that you're here - now. Why won't you look straight at me? There. What do you see?
John: I've had the last conversation - etc., -

John: You seem very sure.

Caroline: If I'd seen my marriage - and its breakup - in that way then I wouldn't have been unhappy. By the way, I'm not unhappy any more. Why should I be, now I understand that the only good sense is nonsense.

John: etc., etc.

Caroline: Nothing to do with it. Always sensible to make someone happy.

John: I'm sorry. Not possible now. I'm sorry. My appointment is not with you, I'm afraid. It's with the man who took me by the hand and dragged me from childhood - all those broken toys - to this present thing. Basilios.

Caroline: It is a serious business, I see. Then we'd better talk about that. Why did he choose you?

John: etc., etc.

Selwyn: England's done nothing for the expedition.

Henry: Are you being quite fair, Selwyn? The Times has kept the country informed. Through me.

Selwyn: Don't worry! Bevis. I'm sure you'll get the credit when anything happens. Tell me, Hogarth, what's this about you being on your way to some trouble in the North. Is that another of Bevis's fairy-stories?

John: No, it's true.
Selwyn: Then do be careful. The political situation in the Balkans seems to be more confused than ever. Why are you going? Have you been sent by the Crown? etc.,

G

Caroline - Henry
Caroline - Cristos

Emendations

B

"HOW...REPUTATION" is in square brackets.

C

1. ...you...?

A question mark appears above "you".

11. ....All ("[****] of" is deleted) what...

"show" is inserted above the deletion.

D

("What is there left to play with?" is deleted) - You....

E

9. (oblitration) It...

10. we'd ("best" is deleted) talk...

"better" is inserted above "best".

11. ...you? ("to help" is deleted)
7. ...happens ("to John" is deleted and in parentheses)

16-7. ...going?

"Have you been sent by the Crown" is inserted below the line adjacent to a caret.

Notes

F

Sets of figures appear in the draft.

G

Sets of figures appear in the draft.
CAROLINE- CRISTOS.

(Cristos has come down the stairs and into the room)

What do you want?

CRISTOS: I thought you were alone.

CAROLINE: I can be. Can't I, Henry. (Henry walks out of the room by the windows.)

CRISTOS: That was unkind. I didn't mean to interrupt you.

CAROLINE: We were only talking about ourselves. Same subject as usual.

CRISTOS: What I'm obliged to call by custom, your unhappiness.

CAROLINE: You don't believe it, do you?

CRISTOS: No. Do you?

CAROLINE: Not any more.

CRISTOS: I expect you were angry when your husband left you. Englishwomen are good losers in every game except marriage.

CAROLINE: Oh, damn! Where is he?

CRISTOS: Upstairs talking to Selwyn in his bath.

CAROLINE: You know who I mean.

CRISTOS: Apparently I do.

CAROLINE: Have you met him?

CRISTOS: For a moment. Of course, I've known a John Hogarth for some months. Very well. (he holds up two small notebooks he is carrying)
CAROLINE: From Sophie's book.

CRISTOS: I'm very interested to know, is it the same man?

CAROLINE: Yes. He's the person Sophie's been writing about.

CRISTOS: I know that. Let me put it this way: [is] the man in the book you're willing to come down those stairs?

CAROLINE: It's a question of identity. Is that what you mean?

CRISTOS: I remember the morning you sat with me reading these books. You were smiling. I found it very disturbing.

CAROLINE: So did I.

CRISTOS: Did you smile when you met the other Hogarth? Not the man put together by Sophie and me but the man of independent action. They're not the same.

CAROLINE: Why tell me that?

CRISTOS: You're English and so you're very likely to prefer a romantic fiction to the real thing. If you were Greek or French - or even German - I'd not be saying this to you, -

CAROLINE: It has the air of a warning.

CRISTOS: I mean it to be that.

(Sophie comes down the stairs and into the room)

CAROLINE: Can you really believe, Cristos, that I'd prefer a man in a book to a man in a -

CRISTOS: I wanted to be sure you're not the sort of person to live with a dream. And a dream of someone else's invention.
SOPHIE: Now John Hogarth's here I do hope I'm not going to find people standing in corners talking about him all the time.

CAROLINE: Cristos was giving me advice.

SOPHIE: Would you like to tell me what it was.

CAROLINE: He things that after my misery with Bobo I may be on the lookout for an ideal. He's afraid that I might have found it in your book under the name of Hogarth. He pointed out that there's a man of that name in the house at the moment. However, I've not to confuse them. They're not the same.

SOPHIE: I told you that earlier.

CAROLINE: With a difference. You forgot to tell me that the man in the book's a fiction. According to Cristos -

SOPHIE: That's untrue. My memory's as clear as a spy-glass.

(Henry comes through the windows)

B

In the top right-hand corner of the draft, the following deleted notes appear.

Car - Henry
Car - Cristos
Car - Cristos - Sophie
Emendations

A

5. ..., Henry.

The top part of a question mark after "Henry" is deleted.

17-8. ...when (obliteration; caret) left...

"your husband" is inserted above the obliteration.

36. is (obliteration) the...book. (obliteration) you're...

The period after "book" is not included in the transcription.

47. ...action. (obliteration) They're...

49. (obliteration) Why...?

50. ("I don't want you to see him through any eyes but your own." is deleted) You're...

63. I (obliteration) you're (caret) the

"wanted to be sure" is inserted below the obliteration. "not" is inserted below the caret.

74. ...might (obliteration) have

Notes

B

Figures appear adjacent to the notes.
A

Act II. page 10.

Caroline: You shouldn't be doing this. But you've a good excuse. It's all anyone wants for such behaviour. For when you left London you didn't know I existed and neatly filled this space. Wait! I'll wait, you thought, safe with Sophie.

John: That's what I am doing. Waiting in safety.

Caroline: Are you? You meant to do it. No doubt about it. Wait for your friend before going off to war. You could no more've imagined me, eh, as a friend on the way. Don't look so cross. It's upsetting, I know to be knocked off y'path to war'n'glory which you'd so carefully plotted but it's something you've got t'get used to. So don't be angry. Please!

John: You arrogant and designing -

Caroline: Call me names.

John: - later - why should you think this is any more than an interlude?

Caroline: How to pass a night or two in a waiting room without the boredom of loneliness?

John: Just that. How do you know it's more?

Caroline: Shall I tell you? Because you've never known anything like this before.

John: This! Each and every one is not only the last chance. It is the first time. And I'm not a man to be detained by novelty. Try again.

Caroline: All right. I'm better than any of the others.
John: Who've gone before. Are you?

Caroline: I'm just putting the idea in your head. Am I?

John: Yes.

Caroline: Then there's your reason for staying on.


Caroline: Will you leave me – with regret?

John: Of course.

Caroline: But you'll leave?

John: I shall.

(Caroline breaks from him across the room)

Don't go.

Caroline: Well, now. You may go it seems yet I must stay. Very well. I've not the cruelty needed to leave you after what we've been through together.

John: Put like that it sounds an ordeal.


John: Stop answering your own questions and listen to me. I'm an innocent traveller – I mean I'm travelling in an innocent way. I break my journey. Now then – you say I didn't know you'd be here. That's true. But I've always been aware of the perils of travel and you're one of them. They attend us on the way.

Caroline: Were there so many in this journey?

John: Enough. I came through Rome: I
might have changed my religion. A man on the boat had a scheme to make me a millionaire: I might have invested. The maid who brought coffee to my bedside in Alexandria — she wasn't you, certainly, but she had — ah, well, the sun was already high. But y'see what I mean. None of these kept me so why should you? Tell me, squirrel, the ever so special reason why I should stay with you and not go North with Basilios.

Caroline: Stay with me and you can stay alive with honour.

John: The word honour should never pass a woman's lips except in its narrowest and most personal sense. You've made a monstrous suggestion. If I don't lead this revolt and stay with you everyone will applaud my courage in exchanging the trials of revolution for the horrors of marriage. Is that what you mean?

Caroline: I've never spoken of marriage.

John: You will.

Caroline: Have you ever been in love?

John: When I was fifteen. She was —

Caroline: I don't want to know. What about the others?

John: I've travelled a great deal, you must remember.

Caroline: And of all your travelling companions I was the best. Yes? There! You've a dear face when you relax your mouth. To smile or to kiss — me. (John does so: briefly)

Will the man be here tonight to fetch you?

John: He may well be.
Caroline: I only ask because I must think what I've to do. What would you have me do? Travel on? Looking for the encounters you've tried to avoid. Oh, you - for you the world holds yourself and humanity. It's the same with everyone who wants to stir up trouble. Revolution is for men who can't love. You can. If you'll give yourself the chance.

John: I gave myself every chance in the past. I presented myself well scrubbed and well dressed, sober and tactful for the preliminaries. If there was a husband I was good-natured. The early stages were distinguished by punctuality and discretion. The mutual pact was sealed, on my part, with affection and firmness of purpose. Time, Caroline, and time again I was well on my way to being in love with a person.

Caroline: That's all behaviour. Got no more to do with it than the angle of your hat. You speak of formalities. What did you feel?

John: Absolute misery after the second week. Then my efforts had to be concentrated in extricating myself. I tried to be fair in that. But every time I'd to fall back on the blunt request: "Will you please go away?"

Caroline: We can never believe it, you see. You work on a method of trial and error. But for a woman there is no margin for error. She's committed from the first. However, they went.

John: Yes. But always with a long backward look which was meant to pierce me.

Caroline: Forgive us. We have to fight with outdated weapons and we still hope the dull edge of remorse stays sharp enough to penetrate the heart.
John: And [think] of it as only the opening
thrust of the engagement. For from
longer range the letters start coming.
Made up with all the solitary cunning
that thinking at night brings on. The
small wound caused by remorse must be
reopened by the pen. The first letter
on parting: -

Caroline: "Your cruelty to me last night - "

Letters stay unanswered. What next?

Caroline: A telegram: "If offended in any way -"

John: At last in person on the doorstep
day and night - veiled - or in a
carriage across the street when I
went out. One even disguised as a
washerwoman to be met on the stairs.
So it always ended one way. In flight.
The last letter quietly and desperately
pursued me over the many miles, speaking
after me: -

Caroline: "By your silence it seems I have failed
to please you. Now so far away I shall
hope to be remembered as nothing more
than a friend of whom in future times
of trouble - (we always predict that
for you) - anything may be asked."

John: That's much what it seemed to say but
it was always hard to be sure with the
page scarred and blistered by tears.
So into the tin box with it. And on.
No, Caroline, love can never stand up
to the onslaughts of your sex. Never.

Caroline: And each time you ran away it led to
the next and the next until in headlong
flight you pass this way.

Emendations

A

46.  ...regret.

The period after "regret" is changed to a question mark in the transcription.

157-8.  ...remorse (obliteration; caret) reopened...

"must be" is inserted below the caret.
Pages 1049-1051

These pages are completely deleted.
Manuscript and Typescript
[8] 

This is to show Professor's Sphinx.

Nothing is more surprising than the power of a good mind in believing in what is impossible. Some people say it cannot be done, but they are mistaken. It can be done, and it will be done. This is a firm belief among the people who have done it before. They believe in it, and so they do it. This is the secret of success.

This is a true story of a person who believed in what was impossible. He worked hard and never gave up. Finally, he succeeded. He showed the world that anything is possible if you believe in it and work hard.

This is a lesson to all of us. We should believe in what we want to achieve and work hard to make it happen. Success is not easy, but it is possible if we believe in ourselves and work hard.

This is a message for all of us. We should never give up on our dreams. Believe in yourself and work hard. Success is within reach if you believe in it and work hard.

This is a warning to all of us. We should never give up on our dreams. Believe in yourself and work hard. Success is within reach if you believe in it and work hard.
It is a trouble rite. Attend to a woman's sight. A woman is
in the aftermath of the weather, in the aftermath
A woman becomes perilous (science)
Perils customarily destroy a man.
A woman's eyes are a weakness in the world.
A woman's sight gives time in hopes to politics.
But
Lumen unjustly preserves science with
The text appears to be a handwritten letter addressed to someone named Whiting. The handwriting is legible, but the content is not immediately clear due to the handwriting style and possible handwriting errors. The text seems to contain personal reflections or narratives, possibly discussing a past event or a change in circumstances. The letter includes references to personal experiences and emotional expressions, indicating a close relationship with the recipient. The exact content would require careful reading and interpretation of the handwriting.
Whiting Mrs.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana

Page 1003

Act Two.

[Dialogue begins]

[scene]

[stage directions]

[character A speaks]

[actor's note]

[stage directions]

[character B speaks]

[actor's note]

[stage directions]

[character C speaks]

[actor's note]

[stage directions]

[character D speaks]

[actor's note]

[stage directions]

[character E speaks]

[actor's note]

[stage directions]

[character F speaks]

[actor's note]

[stage directions]

[character G speaks]

[actor's note]

[stage directions]

[character H speaks]

[actor's note]

[stage directions]

[character I speaks]

[actor's note]

[stage directions]

[character J speaks]

[actor's note]

[stage directions]

[character K speaks]

[actor's note]

[stage directions]

[character L speaks]

[actor's note]

[stage directions]

[character M speaks]

[actor's note]

[stage directions]

[character N speaks]

[actor's note]

[stage directions]

[character O speaks]

[actor's note]

[stage directions]

[character P speaks]

[actor's note]

[stage directions]

[character Q speaks]

[actor's note]

[stage directions]

[character R speaks]

[actor's note]

[stage directions]

[character S speaks]

[actor's note]

[stage directions]

[character T speaks]

[actor's note]

[stage directions]

[character U speaks]

[actor's note]

[stage directions]

[character V speaks]

[actor's note]

[stage directions]

[character W speaks]

[actor's note]

[stage directions]

[character X speaks]

[actor's note]

[stage directions]

[character Y speaks]

[actor's note]

[stage directions]

[character Z speaks]

[actor's note]

[stage directions]
and his friends. Having won a prize in the spring, he was very happy. However, he decided not to accept the prize because he realized that he had not worked hard enough to deserve it. He continued to study and work hard for the next year, hoping to win another prize in the spring.

In the meantime, he started a new project, which was to build a small model of a space ship. He began by ordering all the necessary materials online. He then spent several weeks working on the project after school and on weekends. He was very excited about the project and couldn't wait to see the finished product.

Finally, the day of the competition arrived. He arrived at the competition early and set up his model. When it was his turn to present, he gave a detailed explanation of the model, explaining the design and the materials used. The judges were impressed by his presentation and asked many questions. He patiently answered each question and was able to explain everything clearly.

After the competition, he went home and continued to work on the model. He planned to make some improvements and add some features to make it even better. He was already thinking about what he would do next year, hoping to win the prize again.
Yesterday, this is a beautiful day. Dorothy and I wanted to go out. We had just had a good time.

The sun was shining. I could see in the distance. Things were going to be okay. I knew things were going to be great.

Do you know what I mean? I was feeling good. I was happy. It was great.

And then it started to rain. But I didn't mind. I was happy. I was smiling. I was laughing.

I was happy. I was smiling. I was laughing.

But then it started to rain. But I didn't mind. I was happy. I was smiling. I was laughing.

I was happy. I was smiling. I was laughing.

But then it started to rain. But I didn't mind. I was happy. I was smiling. I was laughing.

I was happy. I was smiling. I was laughing.

But then it started to rain. But I didn't mind. I was happy. I was smiling. I was laughing.

I was happy. I was smiling. I was laughing.
(Some notes here)

Dear [Name],

I would like to thank you for your help. It has been a pleasure working with you on this project. I hope we can continue to work together in the future.

Best regards,

[Your Name]
Whiting Ms.
MANUSCRIPT DEPARTMENT, LILLY LIBRARY
INDIANA UNIVERSITY, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

[Page 5]

Nahum Browne winter, 1863-1864. According to the original purpose of the writing, each entry would have been transcribed in a different hand and style.

A letter from Mrs. Browne to her husband, John, expressing her desires and wishes for the future. She wishes for him to return home soon, and to bring his children with him. She also expresses her love and affection for her husband.

John writes back to his wife, expressing his own desires and wishes. He wishes for her to stay healthy and happy, and to continue to write to him. He also expresses his love and affection for his wife.

The letter is written in a calligraphic style, with ornate flourishes andligatures. The handwriting is consistent throughout the letter, with the only variation being the occasional use of a different ink color or writing instrument.

[Signature]

[Date]
Whiting Mss.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana

5. Again, it's not.
5. Um yes, that's true. But it's not.
5. Oh yes.
5. Have you heard? I saw it.

9. The people in some of my courses, they're going crazy. They're going crazy. You'll see when we reach that number of students in the fall. How do I know? Because I do.
6. Are you willing to try?
7. Yes.
7. You're not going to punish me.
8. Nobody's going to punish you.
9. That'll upset a lot of people. But I suppose it's a safe distance. That's not a safe distance for me, actually.
9. How do you feel about it?
Whiting Mrs.,

Monographs Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana

[Handwritten text]

(Yesterday) it seems (without knowing it) the moment

that I came to the end of a bridge or entrance to

the entrance of a bridge or entrance to

another entrance in any, all overhanging steel

and threatened with strange horror.

Some things around—unmeaning and queer noises,

some noises of bulls open to view and eyes

in their great anxiety with fantastic accompaniments,

and some ears of quails o'erhead: scales, new sounds.

At whatever, at the edge of the great arch,

[Handwritten text]

At whatever, at the edge of the great arch,

A post on which leaning his point of support,

A post on which leaning his point of support,

Heaven on a rock or close in the

that was you, my dearest, that was you, my thoughts,

Who try to give a way on the bridge,

And your thoughts toward you make unless.

Sleeps soundly up in the bottomless chasm —
Whiting, Mrs.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Whiting Ms.  
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library  
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana

Part Two

Notes.

1. 
2. 
3. 
4. 
5. 
6. 
7. 
8. 
9. 
10. 
11. 
12. 
13. 
14. 
15. 
16.

Whiting Ms.  
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library  
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana

Part Two

Notes.

1. Down many - with quick - (36) - down form - (40).  
2. Down, down, down! (44)  
3. Down, down, down, down! (48)  
4. Down, down, down, down, down! (52)  
5. Down, down, down, down, down, down! (56)  
6. Down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down! (60)  
7. Down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down! (64)  
8. Down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down! (68)

[Handwritten notes in English, difficult to transcribe accurately.]

Page 2

Piege tomée, pièce doute.  
Aspected - among to a dangering question.

Page 3

Sailor enters to - blockade (sealing) then to - Him and escape (come)

Designation of - escape.  
(Designation of - escape.)  
(Designation of - escape.)  
(Designation of - escape.)  
(Designation of - escape.)  
(Designation of - escape.)  
(Designation of - escape.)  
(Designation of - escape.)  
(Designation of - escape.)

Page 4

John: a man takes leave of - within he's - lived (from art) he's practiced  
in high-the same spirit.  

Page 5

Let us step beyond the shadow of God's blessing and live near  
in the wrath of the sun.

Page 6

Escape (in air) this - thousand years and we've learned nothing  
new - kind you, we've let down nothing.  
you'll - that's clear enough.
NOTES ON MET ONE.


2. Stories: what did we have in England? Non-fiction (except from the beginning of this) also. Statistics enough to support an analysis of this pie. How defined? What results?


6. Build some issues. 60, 65-70, 70-75.
Whiting Res.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana

[pg]

Set: Indiana (Scene)

Carolyn tells:
John's discovered.
Carolyn: 'I'm telling Howard'.
John: 'What about you, Carolyn?'
Carolyn: 'Just before we fell asleep last night'
John: 'What are the facts?'
Carolyn: 'The truth is, the only person who has experienced any kind of excitement is me. I was ...'

[pg]

Hench's return from dig.
(He tells of discovery) Hench writes report.
John reads report with care.

Carolyn before dig:
'I'll return & describe details of find.
John attempts to question her:
Hench returns & reports.

John - Carolyn - Lykie - Hench wanders in.

[pg]

An embarrassing joke.
Believe that if you want to.

And that.
Well, now you're going to behave before the others.

[pg]

Hench to bring first news of the discovery at the dig. Not Hench.

[pg]

Hench's entrance to John to fetch camera.

[pg]

Hench's description of the figures - they seen hunting in the moonlight in a near authentic manner.

[pg]

Hench: 'This is the problem of the legend of Sophie's speeches is the true representation of an age.'
[A]
3. Corwin - Sophie (in Corwin's past life? with Sophie.)
   on Corwin - in Corwin's future.

[B]
Is Sophie in little language?

[C]
John - human freedom.

[D]
Henry: I don't seem to be

John & Henry (on mystical words - final stage -)

[Sophie's answer -] John: He won't trust anyone being alleged in his own tale.

[Sophie: He won't trust anyone being alleged in his own tale.

[D]
John: His answer concerning more than one thing word.

[Sophie: He won't trust anyone being alleged in his own tale.

[John: His answer concerning more than one thing word.

[Sarah discovers what - Henry quite impossible to write up - for the-strings.

[He can't move another go - 22.

[W] John: Sometimes -
   1. Sophie - meaning
   2. He won't trust anyone with him.
   3. His life with
   4. His life now.
   5. His ideas -
Whiting Piis. (Landscapes)  
Department, Lim  
Library, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Act III

John's long dispatch of Henry's dispatch being true.

"Down correspondence, etc."

[Act IV]

[Act V]

[Act VI]

Whiting MSS.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Whiting Rec., Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana

Handwritten text on the page is not legible.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. John 5:12-16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. John 5:17-20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. John 6:16-21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. John 6:22-28</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**Whiting MSS.**  
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library  
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
I was in England in October, and I had some time to write. I found the pace much more relaxed here than in the States, and I enjoyed the change. I miss the familiar sights of Bloomington, of course, but I think I will adjust to this new environment.

I received the news of your appointment to the faculty with great excitement. I understand that you will be taking over the Nanuscript Department at Indiana University. I am confident that you will excel in this position and make significant contributions to the field.

I hope to return to the States soon and visit Bloomington. I miss the campus and the people there. Please keep me informed of any developments in the Department.

Whiting Yes,
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Manuscripts Writing Room, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana

Henry - Caesar
CASA
OVERLAP

These scenes can be made longer.

Henry - Act One

Proper setup of Caesar's death and his funeral scene.
Whiting Mss.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Whiting Miss.

Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Whiting Eiss
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
[a]

Whiting MSS.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
[A7]

NOTES.

[1]

Art 10.1.
1. *Finitos* - *finitos*.
2. *finitos* - *finitos* - *finos*.
3. *finitos* - *finitos*.
4. *finitos* - *finitos*.
5. *finitos* - *finitos*.
6. *finitos* - *finitos*.
7. *finitos* - *finitos*.
8. *finitos* - *finitos*.
9. *finitos* - *finitos*.
10. *finitos* - *finitos*.
11. *finitos* - *finitos*.
12. *finitos* - *finitos*.

[2]

*Anti* - *anti*.

Note: The text appears to be handwritten and contains various notes and references. The content is difficult to interpret due to the handwriting style and the nature of the notes.
Act One.

[Document content is not legible due to the image quality.]

Whiting MS.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Whiting MSS.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Whiting Miss.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Whiting Files
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
A letter is written to Dr. James B. Conant from Dr. J. J. Medico, dated December 30, 1963. The letter discusses various topics, including the role of universities in society, the importance of education, and the impact of technological advancements. It also mentions the author's recent visit to the United States and their thoughts on the current state of higher education.

Whiting House,
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
[8]

Miss B. augtio.

(Handwritten text not legible)

Whiting Mss.
Manuscripts Department, Lilly Library
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana
Caroline: You shouldn't be doing this. But you've a good excuse. When you left London you didn't know I existed and neatly filled this space. Wait! I'll wait, you thought, safe with Sophie. You meant t'do it. No doubt about it. Wait for your friend before going off to war. You could no more've imagined me, eh, as a friend on the way. Don't look so cross. It's upsetting, I know, to be knocked off y'path to war'n'glory which you'd so carefully plotted but it's something you've got t'get used to. So don't be angry. Please!

John: You arrogant bitch -

Caroline: Call me names.

John: - later - why should you think this is any more than an interlude?

Caroline: How to pass a night or two in a waiting room without the boredom of loneliness?

John: Just that. How do you know it's more?

Caroline: Shall I tell you? Because you've never known anything like this before.

John: This! Each and every one is not only the last chance. It is the first time. And I'm not a man to be detained by novelty. Try again.

Caroline: All right. I'm better than any of the others.

John: Who've gone before. Are you?

Caroline: I'm just putting the idea in your head. Am I?

John: Yes.

Caroline: Then there's your reason for staying on.

John: Oh, no. Not good enough. Far from being good enough. I left the best horse I ever had in England. With regret but I left it.

Caroline: Will you leave me - with regret?

John: Of course.

Caroline: But you'll leave?
Act II: 11

John: I shall. (Caroline breaks from him across the room)

Don't go.

Caroline: Well, now. You may go if it seems yet I must stay. Very well. I haven't the cruelty needed to leave you after what we've been through together.

John: Put like that it sounds an ordeal.


John: Stop answering your own questions and listen to me. I'm an innocent traveller - I mean I'm travelling in an innocent way. I break my journey. Now then - you say I didn't know you'd be here. That's true. But - Caroline - the maid who brought us coffee this morning - you were asleep - she wasn't you, certainly, but she had - ah, well, the sun was already high. But y' see what I mean. She wouldn't have kept me so why should you? Tell me, squirrel, the ever so special reason why I should stay with you and not go North with Basilios.

Caroline: Stay with me and you can stay alive with honour.

John: The word honour should never pass a woman's lips except in its narrowest and most personal sense. You've made a monstrous suggestion. If I don't lead this revolt and stay with you everyone will applaud my courage in exchanging the perils of revolution for the horrors of marriage. Is that what you mean?

Caroline: I've never spoken of marriage.

John: You will.

Caroline: Have you ever been in love?

John: When I was fifteen. She was -

Caroline: I don't want to know. What about the others?

John: I've travelled a great deal, you must remember.

Caroline: And of all your travelling companions I was the best. Yes? There! you've a dear face when you relax your mouth. To smile or to kiss - me. (John does so briefly)

(John does so briefly)
Will the man be here tonight to fetch you? I only ask because when you're here time's life; when you've gone it'll be only the ticking of clocks, night and day, getting on in age and finding something to fill a blank page. I know that's what it will be—for I've always been very dependent on a person. Such as you. D'you know, I don't think you've ever met a person. To you the world's full of humanity—just men and women—never people. It's the same with everyone who wants to stir up trouble. Revolution is for men who can't love. You can. If you'll give yourself the chance.

John: I gave myself every chance in the past. You've read Sophie's book. I always presented myself well scrubbed and well dressed, sober and tactful for the preliminaries. If there was a husband I was good-natured. The early stages were distinguished by punctuality and discretion. The mutual pact was sealed, on my part, with affection and no nonsense. Time, Caroline, and time again I was well on my way to being in love with a person. But there came the day—usually within three weeks—various hours—when—what was it?—my attention, perhaps, was distracted. I had to be alone or my identity was in danger of being swallowed up. I'd try to be polite in phrasing. "Will you please go away," I'd say. In itself it seems a simple thing to ask. They went. Always with a long backward look which was meant to pierce me. Remorse, ah! Then the letters would start coming. "Your cruelty to me last night—"


Offended? You delighted me; then I asked you to go away. At last, in person on the doorstep day and night—veiled—in a carriage across the street when I went out. Once even disguised as a washerwoman to be met on the stairs. So it always ended one way. In flight. With the last letter quietly, desperately pursuing me over the many miles. Speaking after me: "By your silence it seems I have failed to please you. How so far away I shall hope to be remembered as nothing more than a friend of whom in future times of trouble you may ask anything." That's what it seemed to say but it was always hard to be sure with the page scarred and blistered with tears. So into the tin box with it. And on. No, Caroline,
ii: Programmes
Programmes - Index

The included programmes consist of two from the original tour, the one from the London premiere and the announcement of the B.B.C. Broadcast from the Radio Times.

Index


The Gates of Summer at the King's Theatre, Edinburgh, 1956.


ENGLAND'S FINEST THEATRE

NEW THEATRE OXFORD

PROGRAMME
Proprietors: THE OXFORD THEATRE COMPANY LIMITED
Chairman & Managing Director: S. C. DORRILL, M.B.E.
General Manager: JOHN DORRILL

Commencing Tuesday, September 11th, 1956.
Tuesday to Friday at 7.15 Saturday at 5.0 and 8.0.
Wednesday Matinee at 2.15

Independent Plays, Ltd.

presents

THE GATES OF SUMMER

by

John Whiting

Box Office (Manager: A. E. Manthorpe) Tel. 4544-4545. Open Daily 10 a.m. to 7.0 p.m.
Prices of Admission (including Entertainment Tax)
Stalls and Circle 8/6, 7/6, 6/6, 5/6 Balcony 3/- Unres. 2/-
The Management reserve the right to refuse admission, also to make any alteration in the cast which may be rendered necessary by illness or other unavoidable causes

SALES AND SERVICE

The Morris Garages Ltd

ST. ALDATE'S OXFORD
Characters in order of appearance

Sophie Faramond         ISABEL JEANS
Cristos Papadimantis    MARTIN MILLER
John Hogarth            JAMES DONALD
Henry Bevis             LIONEL JEFFRIES
Caroline Traherne       DOROTHY TUTIN
Selwyn Faramond         HAROLD SCOTT
Prince Basilios          DAVID KOSSOFF

Directed by PETER HALL
Scenery and costumes designed by Leslie Hurry

OXFORD'S PREMIER FLORIST

FIELD & JACOB

(Proprietor: F. C. Levett)

Distinctive Floral Designs for all occasions

Watch our showcase display in theatre foyer for gift suggestions

69-73 THE MARKET (High Street End) Phone 3291
The action of the play takes place in and about a country house in Greece: the time is the early summer of the year 1913.

**ACT I**

Morning

**ACT II**

Evening. Two days later

**ACT III**

Later the same night

---

Floral Decorations in the Lounges by David Critchley (next to Theatre)

---

Ask to see the sensational new... **COTY**

and let us show you all the glamorous Coty cosmetics and toilet luxuries

THE OXFORD DRUG CO. LIMITED

5 CORNMARKET - TEL: 2055
ALL REFRIGERATORS
L & O have the best choice and service in everything electrical including domestic or commercial refrigeration and 'Deep Freeze' cabinets
AT:— LOWE & OLIVER'S
SHIP STREET
OXFORD

Leslie Hurry wishes to express his thanks to Disley Jones for technical advice

Miss Tutin's dresses and gentlemen's clothes executed by Alec Shanks.
Miss Jeans' dresses executed by M. Herman, Ltd.

Scenery painted by Alick Johnstone; built by Brundill and Lovelay.
Electrical equipment by Strand Electric and Engineering Co., Ltd.
Stockings by Kayser. Cigarettes by Abdulla.

Manager
Stage Management
Press Representative

ANNE JENKINS
WILLIAM PARKINSON
PETER WIGZELL
DAVID COLLISON
IAN ALBURY
GEORGE FEARON
(Ger 2169)

for
Independent
Plays Ltd.

PROGRAMME OF MUSIC
NEW THEATRE ORCHESTRA under the direction of
WILSON G. DIBBLE

Overture—'Carnival' ... ... ... Suppé
Suite—'Petite Suite de Concert' ... Coleridge-Taylor
Selection—'Carousel' ... ... ... ... Rodgers

FIRST-AID facilities in Theatre are provided by Members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, Oxford City Area, who give their services free.

Truefitt's
of Bond Street
HAVE A SALON
AT ELLISTONS
LET THEM DESIGN YOUR NEW HAIR STYLE
ELLISTON & CAVELL LTD. MAGDALEN STREET OXFORD
Evenings at 7.30 p.m  Matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2.30 p.m.

INDEPENDENT PLAYS LTD.

PRESENTS

THE GATES OF SUMMER

BY

JOHN WHITING

Patrons are reminded that the taking of photographs during performances is not permitted

SMOKING IS NOT PERMITTED IN THE AUDITORIUM

[Programme continued on page 4]

JAMES DUNBAR LTD.

— ESTABLISHED 1868 —

MANUFACTURERS OF FINE TABLE WATERS AND FRUIT SQUASHES
The action of the play takes place in and about a country house in Greece: the time is the early summer of the year 1913.

**ACT I**

Morning.

**ACT II**

Evening. Two days later.

**ACT III**

Later the same night.

Leslie Hurry wishes to express his thanks to Disley Jones for technical advice.

Miss Tutin’s dresses and gentlemen’s clothes executed by Alec Shanks.

Miss Jeans’ dresses executed by M. Berman Ltd.


Manager
Stage Management
Press Representative

For INDEPENDENT PLAYS LTD.

ANNE JENKINS
WILLIAM PARKINSON
DAVID COLLISON
GEORGE FEARON

First Aid facilities in this Theatre are provided by the members of the St. Andrew’s Ambulance Corps, who give their services voluntarily.

---

For THEATRE PARTIES

... Hire a Coach of Your Own

Our local office will quote for your party evening and arrange reservations and meals if required

SCOTTISH OMNIBUSES LTD
THE GATES OF SUMMER

Characters in order of appearance:

Sophie Faramond .... .... .... .... .... ISABEL JEANS
Cristos Papadiamantis .... .... .... .... .... MARTIN MILLER
John Hogarth .... .... .... .... .... JAMES DONALD
Henry Bevis .... .... .... .... .... LIONEL JEFFRIES
Caroline Traherne .... .... .... .... .... DOROTHY TUTIN
Selwyn Faramond .... .... .... .... .... HAROLD SCOTT
Prince Basilios .... .... .... .... .... DAVID KOSSOFF

Directed by PETER HALL
Scenery and costumes designed by LESLIE HURRY

Programme continued on page 5

HEGGIE & AITCHISON LTD
SHOPFITTERS
54 DUFF STREET, EDINBURGH, 11
TOWER THEATRE

THE GATES OF SUMMER

NINEPENCE
John Whiting was born in Salisbury, Wiltshire, in 1918, and was educated at Taunton School. From there he went to RADA, and acted in repertory at Harrogate and York. His first play, "Conditions of Agreement", was written in 1946; the following year he began "Saint's Day", the play that became a cause celebre when it won the Arts Theatre's Festival of Britain play competition in 1951. Attacked by the critics, it was a resounding flop and was not to receive a professional revival until 1965, at Stratford East. Whiting had, however, already been seen in the West End: "A Penny for a Song", although written later, was in fact presented first earlier in 1951, in a production by Peter Brook at the Haymarket. This, too, had a short run although it has since been revived at the Aldwych in 1962 and made into an opera by Richard Rodney Bennett (1967). "Marching Song", his next play, was greeted with more respect in 1954 but it ran only five weeks.

"The Gates of Summer" received its first performance at the Oxford Playhouse in August 1956, directed by Peter Hall, with James Donald, Dorothy Tutin, Isabel Jeans and Lionel Jeffries. But it closed on tour when Dorothy Tutin became too ill to continue, and is yet to have a professional West End production.

Dogged by bad luck and public incomprehension, Whiting busied himself during the next five years with film scripts (among them "The Captain's Table" and "The Reason Why") until Peter Hall commissioned him to write a play for the Royal Shakespeare Company at the Aldwych; the result was "The Devils" (1961), Whiting's first real popular success. His last completed play, the one-act "No Why" was presented as part of an experimental season at the Aldwych in 1964.

Whiting died of cancer exactly seven years ago—on June 16, 1963—aged 45. At the time he was working on another play for the Aldwych, and notes for a film treatment of Ibsen's "The Lady from the Sea", had been commissioned to translate a Moliere comedy and had just completed a film script on the life of Sean O'Casey. He also left unfinished a play called "The Nomads".

"The Gates of Summer" is the fourth Whiting play to be presented at the Tower Theatre—"Marching Song" was seen in 1955, "Saints Day" in 1957 and "A Penny for a Song" in 1961.

---

**THE GATES OF SUMMER**

**Cast in order of appearance**

SOPHIE FARAMOND  JOAN ROBERTS
CRISTOS PAPADIAMANTIS  GARRY BENSON
JOHN HOGARTH  TREVOR WILLIAMS
HENRY BEVIS  MICHAEL FLAGG
CAROLINE TRAHERNE  GILLIAN REDHEAD
SELWYN FARAMOND  DAVID WALKER
PRINCE BASILILOS  EDGAR DAVIES

The action of the play takes place in and about a country house in Greece a little way from Athens; the time is the early summer of the year 1913.

**Act I** : Morning

**Act II** : Two days later—evening

**Act III** : Later the same night

There will be two intervals of 15 minutes each
TOWER THEATRE
Canonbury Place, London, N.1.
Licensed by the Greater London Council to F. O. M. Smith
Open to the public.

The
TAVISTOCK REPERTORY COMPANY
presents
London premiere of
THE GATES
OF SUMMER
by JOHN WHITING
directed by
EDGAR DAVIES
assisted by
DOLLY WRAIGHT
settings designed by
JOHN DORSETT
lighting designed by
PETER EDWARDS and MARILYN GOLD
costumes designed by
KIRSTEN WILLIAMS

Friday June 12 to Sunday June 14 and Wednesday June 17 to Saturday June 20, 1970, at 7.30

FLOWERS FOR
ALL OCCASIONS

richard peri
CANONBURY FLORIST

144 UPPER STREET, N.1
(opposite the fire station)

Tel. CANonbury 4218
(call or phone)
The Gates of Summer
A play by J. Whiting
(written 1952-1954)
starring Dorothy Tutin
Martin Jarvis, Isabel Jeans
Dinsdale Landen

The Gates of Summer is a bitter-sweet piece, poised on the edge of tears, perhaps fearful of toppling either into tragedy or farce. Ronald Hayman, Whiting’s biographer, describes it as ‘a comedy, chiefly in the sense that the characters all fall short of tragedy.’ Whiting himself called it the harshest play he had written. It was first produced in September 1956 in Oxford, but closed the next month in Leeds without coming to London.

Cast in order of speaking:
Sophie Faramond, Isabel Jeans
John Hogarth, Mrs. Jarvis
Cristos Papadiamantis, Mrs. Faramond’s secretary
Henry Bevis, special correspondent to The Times
Caroline Traherne, Selwyn Faramond’s daughter
Selwyn Faramond, Sophie’s husband, an archaeologist
Prince Basilios...David March

The action takes place in a country house in Greece, a little way from Athens. The time is the early summer of the year 1913.

The play adapted for radio and produced by John Powell.
(Dorothy Tutin is a member of the Royal Shakespeare Co.)
iii: Reviews
Note:

This appendix contains reviews on the two productions of "The Gates of Summer," the disastrous tour in 1956 and the successful London premiere in 1970. The reviews are a sampling extracted from the main daily and weekly newspapers and cover all the presentations with the exception of the first performance presented at the New Theatre, Oxford.
Reviews - Index


"Nothing new in 2,000 years of love," Liverpool Daily Post, Liverpool, 16 October, 1956, anon.


"The Greeks have TOO MANY words for it," Manchester Evening News, Manchester, 2 October, 1956 by Alan Bendle.

"Elaborate Greek setting in The Gates of Summer," Yorkshire Evening Post, Leeds, 24 October, 1956, signed J.W.B.

"Ballad in a Minor Key," Brighton Herald, Brighton, 13 October, 1956, signed N. C.

"Young Playwright takes a Greek setting," The Yorkshire Post, Leeds, 24 October, 1956, signed D.P.

"John Whiting's New Play Disappoints at King's," Glasgow Herald, Glasgow, 25 September 1956, signed M.P.


"There are plays as there are people..." Manchester Guardian, Manchester, 2 October, 1956, signed N.S.


"On the Endless Belt of Arrogance," Evening Argus, Brighton, 9 October, 1956, signed M.D.V.

A PINCHBECK BYRON

John Whiting's Fourth Play

"THE GATES OF SUMMER"

By John Whiting

At the King's Theatre

Sophie Farrandon ... ISABEL JEANS
Crisco-Pagantis ... MARGARET MILLER
John Hogarth ... JAMES DONALD
Henry Bevis ... LIONEL JEFFRIES
Caroline ... DAVID KOSSOFF
Selwyn Farrandon ... HAROLD SCOTT
Prince Basilio ... DAVID KOSSOFF

Directed by Peter Hall. Scenery and costumes designed by Leslie Hurry.

Those among the audience at the King's Theatre, Edinburgh, last night who have followed John Whiting's career from its commencement in 1950 could, as the curtain rose on the ruinous sumptuousness of the Greek country house tenanted by a British archaeologist, his wife, and daughter, have been asking themselves only one question. Had Mr Whiting at last written the play which would establish him with the public? His chief supporters so far have been the members of his theatrical profession, and they have supported him presumably because he has written parts for them which they are longing to play all their lives. No one in the cast of "The Gates of Summer" is a cipher, and his leading actors have some of the longest and most eloquent speeches to grace a modern play. The theme is Love, the worship of Aphrodite—and it is reflected in the sculptures dramatically revealed in the course of the excavations which Selwyn Farrandon is conducting near his villa. These sculptures are so frank that a newspaper correspondent is afraid of the shock they may give the readers of his paper if they are truthfully described and illustrated in it. He has recourse to John Hogarth, a revolutionary with whom the archaeologist's wife was once in love. Hogarth has arrived in Greece during the Balkan trouble if 1913 for the purpose of meeting Prince Basilio and restoring aristocratic government, inspired by his love for the archaeologist's daughter, he dictates a lyrical account of the disaster. When the curtain rises we are informed that Parrandon's wife is writing a book (is it fiction or memoirs?), in which Hogarth is a conspicuous figure. Her step-daughter, Caroline, has read this book and fallen in love with the man it describes. When the real man arrives—a pseudo-Byron, with Byron's face but Wyndham's practice—Caroline feels she already knows him, and to know is to love. Though the modern theatre-goer will call her mint, she is the eternal Aphrodite, the enchantress who plays the old tune. When the sun goes down on a marriage feast, she speaks of dancing the day into the earth. She may seem arrogant and designing to others, but love for her is the serious purpose of life.

Dorothy Tutin, who was indisposed when the play opened at Oxford last week, was making her first appearance in the part. She plays it with something of the serious purpose of a child but also with the inflexibility which Mr Whiting must have intended her to convey. It is possible to watch her expressive face without worrying overmuch about what she is saying. Whether that is a tribute to her acting or not, it certainly is to her fascination. It is the same kind of enchantment which Basilio (David Kossoff) speaks of at the play's end, and which was his undoing as a revolutionary leader.

Mr Whiting's first act, which is introductory, has a great deal of dialogue which, though well written, is hardly dramatic enough in expression for the theatre. But, with the second act, there is a tremendous improvement. Here the love theme takes an almost pathetic turn, which it would be a pity to reveal, and the note of comedy, which had never been far away, increases. But the ending of the play should have come far sooner, and then was more than one line which cried out for the ringing down of the curtain. It would be a pity, however, to have missed Mr Kossoff's excellent bit of character acting.

James Donald's performance as Hogarth, half-American, half-Scott, and consequently endowed with money and energy, is that of a pinchbeck Byron, in whose plausibility it is difficult to believe. Hogarth's choice lies between the trials of revolution and the horrors of marriage, and he seems to know which he prefers. Mr Donald is perhaps at his best in the ironic scenes the playwright has allowed him.

As Farrandon's wife, Isabel Jeans is graciously communicative. There is a comic study of considerable skill in Lionel Jeffries and excellent character acting by Harold Scott and Naunia Miller.

The play is elaborately staged, with three attractive sets by Leslie Hurry. Into the last of these Mr Hurry has introduced a bed, of which James Friel would thoroughly have approved.
The Gates of Summer

Reviewer Peter Anson

Luck was never the lady she might have been to John Whiting. Peter Hall's self-born 1956 production of The Gates of Summer never reached a wide audience due to the sudden illness of Dorothy Tutin. And it has taken another 14 years before the Tower Theatre, Canonbury, last month presented us with the chance of catching up on this unknown work by a much-debated author.

Although the amateur revival justly pulled back the play from the gates of oblivion, it was difficult to locate any warmth or living current in the performance. The chill seemed to come from the text rather than the actors: the hand that had written this three-hour lament over pre-1914 England, though strikingly articulate, seemed peculiarly committed to an unspecified romantic dream about the past.

The scene was a small English community in Greece in the summer of 1913, the pastimes which occupied the characters took the form of memoir-writing, and digging for the treasures of the past. The language entailed much brooding on love affairs, death, the end and destruction of empires. The wife of archaeologist Selwyn Faramond welcomed back an old lover from her past in England who had come to Greece with the purpose of financing a revolution in the Balkans. But the project never got off the ground and the self-imposed exile, John Hogarth (described formidably as 'the first twentieth century man'), found a comic refuge in a high-pitched flirtation and, finally, in a love affair with Mrs Faramond's caustic step-daughter, Caroline.

Whiting builds up the character of Hogarth to notable proportions—in the first act he appears as a biting, last romantic, lauding and chastising the England he has chosen to scorn. After involving himself with the girl the dimension falters. Hogarth in fact is shown to be pathetically inadequate as a lover, not to mention a revolutionary. It is difficult for Whiting to fully stretch his sense of romantic tragedy in such a context. The Gates of Summer echoes with paired attempts to approach poetry—I sensed the influence of Eliot, another poet dramatist who endeavoured to heighten, yet ridicule the experiences of characters shop-soiled by the self-consciousness of their unhappy century.

There was little to fault in the actors' delivery of the play. As the Byronic Hogarth, Trevor Williams combined a nimble intelligence with a slippery sense of self-destruction, whilst Gillian Redhead was nudgingly accurate in the part of Caroline, who preferred to conclude her thorny love affairs with a dose of poison rather than a parting.
Later the same day the Manchester Evening News carried this shorter review:

The Greeks have TOO MANY words for it.
"The Gates of Summer".

Much of the talk in John Whiting's new play is waywardly witty, but much more, alas, is wordy, diffuse, and out of control. For once the author's dialogue gets between him and his characters.

The paler version of Lord Byron who - in 1913 - drops in on the archaeological party in Greece on his way to lead a very bogus revolution, only to fall victim to a young divorcee bored with the empty sunshine, has too many writhing sentences, too little bombast or style. James Donald tries intoning him, but without much success.

The divorcee, Caroline, is, in the absence of Dorothy Tutin, played by Jocelyn James with immensely pleasing zest. She lacks the blatant I-am-a-camera acquisitiveness but she can vixen it roguishly.

The smaller parts are effective, and Lionel Jeffries, as a comic "Times" correspondent, and Martin Miller, as a Greek who lost everything on a horse called Homer at Epsom, take their chances nicely.

The Leslie Hurry settings are lovely (but his costumes are nearer 1903 than 1913!) and the play is very smoothly produced by Peter Hall.

There is a brilliant little passage in which Mr. Donald imitates a musical comedy queen who happens to have been the "Times" correspondent's mother, and another when David Kossoff roars in as a Greek general who has lost a war for love. These are tautly written and hilariously funny and supply two sad clues to what might have been - and no doubt in Mr. Whitting's case, will be.

I trust this may be of use to you.

Alan Bendle.

Yours sincerely,

Mr. R.J. Watts,
2245, Alden Lane,
North Vancouver,
British Columbia, Canada.

(Elizabeth Leach)
Librarian, Arts Library
"Elaborate Greek setting in 'The Gates of Summer'".

A great deal of trouble has been taken over the production of "The Gates of Summer", a new play by John Whiting, which at Leeds Grand Theatre last night opened the last of a series of provincial engagements which will not be followed by an appearance in London.

Three scenes designed by Leslie Hurry are all quite unusually compelling in their portrait of "a country house in Greece".

The time is 'the early summer of 1913', which could mean only a time remote from anything that could happen now. But what does happen seems hardly worth all this elaboration.

The writer of a play must condescend sufficiently to make motive as well as action reasonably clear. What happens here is simply that James Donald as a man newly arrived in a peculiar household of English people, has left behind him in England a vague catalogue of amatory entanglements and has come to lend his aid to some not less vague revolutionary scheme. Instead he finds himself re-entangled, this time with a young woman (Jocelyn James) whose likings are as completely uninhibited as they are sudden.

Conveniently his host, an excavating archaeologist, unearths ancient relics tending principally to show that men and women have been mutually attracted for some thousands of years. One fancies that this has been suspected for about the same period.

David Kossoff's eccentric revolutionary is at least marked in plain figures, though his belated appearance is brief and the quaint portrait of a never-in-this-world correspondent of 'The Times' by Lionel Jeffries is always enjoyable.

Probably the title of the play has some significance that escapes me. -

J.W.B.
BALLAD IN A MINOR KEY

WHENEVER lyrically phrased, intellectual conversation on a high plane of sophistry is only entertaining up to a point. After that it plods on the ear like the sound of mosquitoes on a stuffy night.

John Whiting's word-music in "The Gates of Summer" at the Theatre Royal this week is a ballad in a minor key, a satire for several voices all chanting the same fluting note. Nothing, they tell us, has changed since Eve first tempted Adam, and the basic impulses of 20th century man are in much the same condition as those of his pagan ancestors two thousand years ago.

We are brought to this simple conclusion through a spiral of complicated thought processes translated into epigrams which float up in the air like coloured gas balloons.

All very pretty; but one soon longs for a pin.

The voices belong to a group of people gathered, for various reasons, under the roof of an old country house in Greece—a setting to which Peter Hall's designer has given quite extraordinary richness and beauty. The time of the play is 1913, when the English were even less renowned than they are now for doing, when in Greece, as the Greeks do.

So it is both surprising and refreshing to find the ladies of the house deliberately going to the opposite extreme and reflecting in their style of dress and manner the classical grace of ancient Greek sculpture.

They are Sophie Faramond (Isabel Jeans), writing the memoirs of her lost youth while her husband digs for a lost civilization, and her step-daughter, Caroline (Jocelyn James), intent on securing a substitute for a lost bed-fellow. Her victim is the romanticised subject of Sophie's memoirs who turns up as an escaped revolutionary (James Donald) escaping from one woman into the arms of another, though he insists he would prefer death.

As slowly as figures in a dream they move between sunlight and shadow in a perpetual dance of words that sometimes blossom into poetry green-leaved with wit, but in the end content us no more than artificial flowers in a Ming vase.

If illness had not removed Dorothy Tutin from the cast, there would, perhaps, have been more to admire in the playing of a piece that Mr Whiting has made too difficult to perform with any kind of ease. Miss James moves fluidly from pose to pose, pertly provocative and seductive as a kitten. Tempting, certainly, but hardly a temptress.

Miss Jeans' performance is essentially polished, but so overlaid with mannerisms of speech and gesture that the Sophie who wept real tears over a musical box ten years previously never shows through.

As for the revolutionary on his way to blood and glory, Mr Donald seems uncertain about what sort of man this really is, and I don't blame him.

It is the minor characters who come off best. Lionel Jeffries' "Times" correspondent, for instance, with his pathetic ambition to be both loved and famous, is gloriously absurd, and Martin Miller slides very smoothly indeed into the part of the charming Greek landlord who gambled away his life savings on a horse that failed to win the Derby.

So much brilliant stagecraft has been lavished on this production that I wish with all my heart that it furnished a better play. Half way through I wanted to walk away down the sun-baked hill and join the peasants at their wedding feast until all the talking was done.
Young playwright takes a Greek setting.

The sumptuous decorations of Leslie Hurry and the sensitive direction of Peter Hall cannot disguise the fact that John Whiting, our most interesting and most exasperating young playwright, has nothing new to say in "The Gates of Summer" at Leeds Grand Theatre this week.

His Byronic hero, Hogarth, a 35 year old Englishman, comes to Greece to support the revolution of 1913. But he arrives at the home of a former mistress now married to an archaeologist. Hogarth is seeking fulfillment and freedom, but his character is so shallow (as drawn by Whiting) that James Donald, an admirable actor, is to be applauded for finding strength and beauty there. Here is a man who may accidentally find "a soldier's grave" but never does, for he is again caught in the web of woman.

So was Anthony destroyed by Cleopatra, and Mr. Whiting is being wise after the event when he states that the future lives in the past. Hogarth's new love rises like Aphrodite, and if Miss Jocelyn James does not quite spring from the ocean's foam she gives a provocative performance of great brilliance.

Reiteration

Mr. Whiting's reiteration of this theme comes when it is revealed that Hogarth's wealth, dedicated to the Greek cause, has been squandered by a prince on a woman. Man when faced with the world, which pursues its own destiny, does not flee from reality. He continues to occupy his allotted space in the framework. He does not when defeated by the wiles of a woman fall in tears and allow himself to go forward into an unsanctified marriage. And Mr. Whiting has ignored that there is such a thing as singleness of mind. His schemers are women, his men are bait, but is it true? Shaw treated of this in a great comedy. Most of Mr. Whiting's comedy lines are questionable, and if an audience leaves the theatre puzzled, then it is Mr. Whiting's fault.

The bitterness of this comedy is acidly delivered by Miss Ursula Jeans, the hopelessness of man, timidly conveyed by Mr. Lionel Jeffries, a journalist of unhappy cliches.

At one moment in the play Mr. Whiting says: 'I think aloud and you hear my call.' Anyone listening to this would consider that intriguing though the manipulation of dialogue is, and beautiful though some of the prose, man is a decadent animal and the playwright has not proved his case. One may echo Keats: 'What mad pursuit is this?'

D.F.
About

JOHN WHITING'S NEW PLAY DISAPPOINTS AT KING'S

FROM OUR DRAMA CRITIC

"The House," observes someone at the beginning of "The Gates of Summer," which opened at the King's Theatre, Glasgow, last night, "stands alone in the wilderness, the colour of ripe fruit, and invites in everyone the question: "When will it topple down?" A long time before the end of Mr John Whiting's new play, the question had become more of a prayer: an earthquake or some other, such catastrophe seemed the most merciful thing to hope for.

Mr Whiting set out to write, one takes it, some sort of skit upon the romantic attitudes possible in the world before 1914. We have an antique mansion in Greece, with Greek noises off, in residence a woman of the world (Isabel Jeans), her archaeological husband (Harold Scott) and dissatisfied stepdaughter (Dorothy Tutin); visiting, a sort of second-hand, shop-soiled Byron (James Donald), leaving a past in London and heading for a Missolonghi in the Balkan War.

Love and Death

They talk much about love, death and whatnot. They attitude painlessly, suffering perhaps from some doubt as to whether they are to take the author's "timeless comedy of passion" seriously or not. Mr Donald looks rueful. Miss Tutin's attention wanders. Miss Jeans is in a bad temper, and no one can blame her. The "timeless comedy of passion," which Mr Whiting contrives to make at once very boring and rather unpleasant, is varied with some low comedy, crude fun at the expense of an English booby, and, finally, burlesque, with the entry of a comic opera brigand on a clown's bicycle.

Nothing can alter the impression of the endlessness of time, or alleviate our sympathy for the distinguished company involved in this unhappy business, or give any dimmension of reason why Mr Whiting, who has written plays perversely, odd, even possibly silly, but in each case lively, should have produced one perversely odd, silly, and so fearfully dull.

THE EMPIRE

Although the audience at the Empire, Glasgow, restrained themselves last night from actually rocking and rolling in the aisles, they did give Lonnie Donegan an immense reception. Mr Donegan appears with three other men known as his Skiffie Group, and while they play their various instruments he does most of the singing.

Mr Donegan, who is slim, with a pale, poetic face, grows more and more intense as his act proceeds, and no wonder. At one point his drummer is suddenly enveloped in a series of lighting effects as though about to explode. In the meantime, the audience are becoming quite combustible too, with the young people letting out long means of approval and their elders clapping to the music for all they are worth. M. P.
Before discussing two recent plays, I want to commend a Radio 4 documentary by Patricia Penn on the drug traffic in Hong Kong, entitled Chasing the Dragon. She steered an impressive course between tape-recorded actuality and bland disclaimers by officialdom. The machinery of the dope trade is worthy of Fu Manchu, but the human misery is real. My two plays were Macbeth heard on Radio 3 in stereo for the first time, and The Gates of Summer, by John Whiting, on Radio 4. Raymond Raikes has produced some of the best plays on radio, but this Macbeth wasn't one of them. Perhaps stereo demanded it, but I have never before heard so many lines delivered sotto voce. Something about Dunsinane (and Forres too for that matter) encouraged sibilants, and the cast hissed and plosived its way through the whole text. Sound effects were intrusive as well, so that the brinded cat and the rest of the ghostly augurs got on to the tape in turn. Davenant's scene for Macbeth and his Lady before she began sleepwalking was no revelation—the Folio editors did a good job in leaving it out. There were other oddities: why were so many minor characters, noble and plebeian, assigned Scottish accents, while the protagonists spoke the best English? Whiting's play drove me to despair, since I know that many people consider him the most unjustly neglected of postwar dramatists. Either I write a book to say what's wrong with British playwrights or I simply note that The Gates of Summer is the most pretentious theatrical rubbish I have ever listened to. It has tongue-tied Englishmen, wise Greeks, comic revolutionaries and an instantly bedaddable girl. It leads into Sarajevo and the destruction of Europe. Above all, the dialogue is 'poetic'. It told me why poetry has fled the theatre and why so many poets are determined to purge their poems of any element of 'theatre'.
Waiting Revived

ANY opportunity to reassess the controversial and much-maligned work of J.B. Whiting on the stage is welcome and it is greatly to the credit of the Tavistock Repertory Company that Sir Ralph Richardson and Iguud have played the parts in "Home." Apart from one popular success, "The Devil's," Whiting's plays have been met with public incomprehension; but it is difficult to understand why "The Gates of Summer" has not yet been given a West End production. Whiting wrote with the uninhibited sensitivity of the novelist; in many ways he is to be compared with E.M. Forster's clear-cut unaffected expression of his characters' views. This play, with its perception and beautifully-timed comic situations can now expect a more sympathetic audience.

Trevor Williams gives a competent performance as the idealistic adventurer, John Hacerth, in an enterprising production by Edgar Davies, and Gillian Redhead is the lively, progressive girl-friend.

ROSEMARY SAVY
THE GATES OF
SUCCESS

By K.M.S.

The artist's self-criticism may deny work that subsequently the public, on the grounds that there cannot be too much of a writer of quality, wants brought to light. John Whiting kept this play off the stage: we press to see it. With what result? Over-stimulated by its complexities or repelled by its rather hard brilliance: wishing to be sympathetic towards its characters we may be pushed away by their artificialities and become indifferent to their fate. But with so much to enjoy in the play's maturity of outlook, in the strong and spacious dialogue, the mocking humour, the fine dramatic impact of individual scenes, the lovely monopants of pure comedy, the playgoer will surely be glad that the play has escaped oblivion.

Whiting, setting his play in 1913, seems to have modelled his style on drama of the period, emphasizing his own tendency to significant dialogue in recapturing a more formal speech than is fashionable today. Shaw and Wilde were perhaps in his mind and this may also account for the strange echo of "Heartbreak House". We notice the marked affinity between Hector Rishabye and Hogarth, both in character and situation. But whereas Rishabye is a man in action in bondage, Hogarth is a Byronic Don Juan escaping from London Society to seek revolutionary adventure in Greece. Trevor Williams gave us a carefully thought out portrait of a man of assurance and perception just beginning to think seriously about life. That he is temporarily hampered by the predatory Caroline illustrates the theme that sex cannot be evaded by running away. Gillian Redhead made her a brusque, possessive young woman, appearing precise and calculating rather than desperately hurt, but it was a highly individual and interesting portrait. The note of harshness that sometimes appeared seemed partly due to an uncertain voice control. Both these actors, I thought, had difficulties with the author's rather artificial and unsympathetic characters. It seemed that Trevor Williams could have been less intellectual, a little more insouciant in his handling and could have made more of natural ordinary inflections. But his concern over the poisoning predicament was well conveyed and very amusing and he made the most of a sort of Olympian carelessness about his ultimate future.
The sex theme is underlined by Selwyn who, taking to archaeology for his
distraction, chances to excavate a forgotten temple of love crammed with suggestive
murals. Sex is ubiquitous and timeless - "For ever wilt thou love and she be fair" -
and the realities of ageing and death, the transitory nature of the affair, are
again strongly contrasted. David Walker bumbled delightfully about, deliberately
unaware of the drama going on round him; a good, easy performance, but I felt he
could have put more into his description of the great discovery. There was a very
good Bevis from Michael Flagg, plodding, naive and amiable as he coped with his own
sex problems.

Imposed on this element is the theme of Sophie and Cristos writing their book
about Hogarth as hero and now faced with the real man who does not quite fit the
script. Joan Roberts played Sophie's rather acid guile with a good deal of charm,
firm conviction and well judged modulations. She let us see the hurt under her mask
of friendship and we could believe in everything she said, which was not always the
case with some of the others. Cristos is an unobtrusive character, amused and
critical on the sidelines, Caryl Benson was a trifle diffident, not quite large
enough, perhaps, in his approach, but he handled the slightness of the accent with
good discretion.

How was the play presented? First, warm praise for three fine sets, realistic,
attractive and well characterised. John Dorsett has a notable feeling for atmosphere
-witness the last scene with its great pompous bed in a small stuffy room. He has
no peer among us for ingenious transformation of seeming solid structures and the
Wedgwood Display Unit skilfully carried out his ideas. Kirsten Williams contributed
some imaginative costumes for the two women, nicely period in line and striking in
colour; all well on the visual side. Edgar Davies' intelligent direction showed
plenty of attack and a good sense of varying tempo. Dramatic points particularly
well made were the mounting tension in the scenes between the two women and the
humour of Hogarth's moments of apprehension. But he was not, alas, uniformly
successful in getting natural speech rhythms out of his actors and illusion broke
now and then. His own performance as Prince Besallos was warm and surging, but a
drop more often into the conversational note would have deepened it and we could,
perhaps, have had even more of the blarney. Nevertheless the overall impression, and
his work and that of all his team, was that the difficult play was given a showing
we could take pride in.
IT IS AN extraordinary thing that London should have had to wait fourteen years to see John Whiting's "The Gates of Summer" and then only to have it presented by an amateur company, albeit such an excellent one as the Tavistock Repertory Company, who gave the London premiere at the Tower, Canonbury, on June 12. Originally presented at Oxford Playhouse, in August, 1956, and prevented from coming to the West End by the illness of the leading lady, this fine play has since lain neglected, at least so far as London is concerned.

The theme of the play is the desire for escape and the contrariness of human nature which makes people struggle to get back to that from which they have successfully escaped.

Sophie, the fading beauty, has married an elderly archaeologist to escape the inevitable consequences of her affair with a handsome young man, John Hogarth, who in turn seeks to escape the inevitable consequences of her affair with a marriage-minded young woman. Sophie's step-daughter, Caroline, seeks escape from the failure-complex of a broken marriage, while her father digs in Grecian ruins for glimpses of a lost world less mundane than the era of 1913 in which the play is set. Even the minor characters suffer the same disease, with the illegitimate journalist yearnings for marriage, the gallant secretary for his lost Richelieu and the rebel-rousing Prince for the past glories.

The play, which is as funny as it is meaningful, has a theme and characters as finely constructed and developed as any of the best of its under-appreciated author's work.

---

CAST

- Caroline: Sophie
- John Hogarth: Matthew Williams
- Archaeologist: Michael Flagg
- Sophie's step-daughter: Caroline
- Her father: Richard
- His rebelrous Prince: John
- His gallant secretary: William
- His illegitimate journalist: Edward

THE GATES OF SUMMER

London premiere of play by John Whiting presented by the Tavistock Repertory Company at Canonbury Tower on June 12. Directed by Edgar Parker, assisted by John Wrench.
The following review appeared in the Manchester Guardian for October the second:-

There are plays as there are people that one would particularly like to like but which seem perversely bent on evading admiration. "The Gates of Summer", John Whiting's new comedy, looks like one of these. It is a play of tone and mood. It appeals ambitiously enough to both nerves and emotions and to strike them Mr. Whiting has to dig - the point of the archeological excavations going on behind the scenes is not lost on us - assiduously, into the past. Mountings as sumptuous as these at the Manchester Opera House representing a Greek country house in 1913, are a yearning pleasure in themselves. Against a background of twittering pipe-tunes and the elegant streaks of Leslie Hurry's greenery-gallery settings looms James Donald in the part of a lackadaisical Byron who has strolled out from England. He has shaken of a last handful of mistresses like drowsy bees and has come to quell a rebellion. He is thirty-five and delicately touched with grey; the sundial says the hour for action has struck. Soon we see him at practice, potting at some bottles with a mild pistol, and the issue is plainly concentrated on how this hero is going to fall. Romantic comedy, even Mr. Whiting's, can have only one answer to this. He falls into bed. Into his somewhat inert arms drops an avaricious young woman the victim of a disastrous child marriage; it is a part in which Dorothy Tutin had been promised but last night she was ill. In her place we had Jocelyn James who entered into the spirit of the evening by throwing herself at Mr. Donald rather like an exceedingly pretty vase dropping off its shelf. There is Isabel Jeans, far from her happiest, as a Ouida-like character who wants to save our pocket Byron from the rebels and from Miss James for purposes of her own.

No ordinary comedy, certainly. What does it amount to? Precious little, if one had to answer in two precise words. A nice idea, if it were the idea, to set this nostalgic bit of misfiring pop-gun heroics against the holocaust to come. But the pattern is diffuse, the mood unstable, the lurking tears for this critic at any rate - unrealised. As for the talk, it shifts with two little control through too many years; desultory, direct, highfalutin, downright vulgar. Lionel Jeffries plays what seems to me the most successful character - of all things a correspondent of the "Times". Peter Hall directs the play.

N.S.
REGULAR READERS will know that even my praise is apt to be larded with faint damns: so a week in which I have little cause for complaint against any one of three openings is something of an occasion.

That strange genius John Whiting would not, of course, have liked being cited as a political symptom. His bitter comedy The Gates of Summer folded on its way to the West End 16 years ago, and only now receives a London premiere in an uncompromising production by Edgar Davies at the Tower Theatre, Canonbury. This little theatre's long-ago production of Penny for a Song was, for me, an early intimation of Whiting's greatness, and it was pleasing to find the company doing justice to a very much more difficult work.

Set in Greece just before the first world war, the plot - which one might be tempted to dismiss as "well made," were it not resolutely turned upside down every so often - revolves around the arrival of the rakish John Hogarth at the country house of his former mistress, Sophie Faramond. Sophie is writing her memoirs - or rather, dictated them to a phlegmatic little Greek secretary - whilst her husband Selwyn presides over an interminable archaeological dig at the bottom of the garden, and her step-daughter Caroline sets out on a determined manhunt, destined to end in the bed of John Hogarth. A correspondent of The Times bumbles with foredoomed good-nature in the background, as does the leader of a tinpot revolution in the Balkans to which Hogarth fancies himself a martyr.

All the ingredients, in short, suggest a bright, eccentric comedy of aristocratic manners, very much of the early fifties - but the mixing makes of them something more testing and much more rewarding for the palate. The play, indeed, serves as a curious coda both to Marching Song, that ascetic comment upon man's attempt to reconcile duty with self-deception, and to Penny for a Song, a rich yet delicate, textured comedy of cherished illusions. It's as if, although he had already qualified every affirmation in Marching Song with its moral question-mark, Whiting had felt that his earlier play nevertheless remained too sure of itself in the single assumption that was never doubted - the assumption that it all, somehow, mattered. For in The Gates of Summer nothing matters very much. Conversely, it is also as if Whiting had felt that A Penny for a Song was too rostly inconsequential: and so here he set out to show that inconsequence can itself be cruel as well as comic. A strange, evocative, densely-packed play that seems to reach a wider audience.

Frank Marcus once took me seriously to task for objecting to a
On the stage

1956, Ewing, August 5th.

Oll yes! We must be careful in judgment—we who are not quite sure. We have been wrong before, perhaps, shying at Christopher Fry and nervous of Euripides' horizons. But, willing and progressive and duty-bound, we have learned to trace the maze of obscurity and have trained our hearts to feel round corners.

Doggedly we keep open our minds in the theatre; hold silence when, at the end of the play, they seem merely blank, and vow to try harder next time.

On occasion we rebel, cry fraud, and are promptly denied by the announcement of the next literary prize.

John Whiting is the most recent of our "difficult" playwrights: we shall have trouble with him for some time yet—at least until his worth is commonly assessed. His last play, "Marlino Song," was a focus for controversy. Does "The Gates of Summer" make the shape of his talent any clearer?

If it does, then it’s a shape for which I’ve little sympathy. An old preciosity of pat and no joy, it sent me away from the Theatre Royal, Brighton, not emotionally deprieved.

The ride on Mr. Whiting’s endless belt of intellectual arrogance had been a journey of frustration. We had gazed briefly on the wit of it and buckled to its satire; we had ceased at its erotica and had been cruel by invitation.

We had also waited for Mr. Whiting to drop his pretensions for just one warm moment of magic and we had grown cold and bored with waiting.

Not obscure

"The Gates of Summer" is hardly an obscure play as such. It does demand a quick and sensitive ear and steady concentration if one is not to be left a polished paragraph behind.

No, the difficulty of this "timeless comedy of passion" is to appreciate Mr. Whiting’s wavy complications of familiar truth—that sex is enjoyable, that women are predatory and that glory is often slain by both.

This "timelessness" (without which many of our experimental writers feel there can be no significance) is achieved by setting the play on a Greek peninsula in 1913—a situation suitably anonymous and unchallenging, but nonetheless good for atmosphere.

And atmosphere is certainly a triumph of this production. Leslie Hurry’s settings, indescribable as butterfly wings and glowing ch’i so royally with rich, metallic colour, are a luxury. There is heat and dazzling light beyond the shutters and the satiate drift of pipes and bird-song in the valley.

Here, in isolation, are five people in search. Sophie, in a tea gown, seeks an end to her autobiography. Selwyn, her husband, digs for ruins down the hill. Henry, from The Times, wants a scoop on his findings. Caroline, daughter of Selwyn, wants a man to replace her vanished husband. John Hogarth, in search of glory or death, or both, does not want to be that man.

At 35, having outraged the morals of London, Hogarth (James Donald) comes to Greece to fight in a revolution in the north; the rake seeks refuge in romanticism. But Caroline, a slim nymph, seeks to persuade him that romanticism is served better, and more pleasantly, in her bed.

Jocelyn Janis, taking the role in which we’d hoped to see Dorothy Tutin, is a little disappointing, occasionally defeated by the sophistication of Whiting’s dialogue. She has the look of Cleopatra, but one feels that nothing more venomous than a grass-snake would ever dare approach her.

The mannered cadences of Isabel Jeans (as Sophie) were slowly driving me to distraction throughout the play. This is, perhaps, an unfortunate and personal allergy which, in justice to Miss Jeans, I must do my best to conquer. —M.D.V.
A notable scoop

By Irving Wardle

Tower:

The Gates of Summer

_The Gates of Summer_ was John Whiting's last throw before quitting the theatre for the film industry: and when it closed in 1956 during a pre-London tour, he gave instructions that it was not to be presented in Britain again and excluded it from the published edition of his plays. In securing permission to stage its London premiere, the amateur Tower Theatre has achieved another notable scoop and an event of undoubted curiosity value; but its main effect is to show how right Whiting was in deciding to suppress the play.

Set in a Greek country house shortly before the First World War, it concerns the impact of an Edwardian Byron on an emigrant British household. Sophie, its queen bee, is evidently some kind of lady writer who has conscientiously tried to marry an archaeologist while devoting her main energies to composing a memoir of the glamorous social idot who is now to arrive in their midst. Also on the scene are the archaeologist's man-eating daughter, a silly, silly Times correspondent and Sophie's Greek secretary who also happens to own the house. With the exception of the archaeologist, busily at work on the dig, all these people are in need of a hero. So they instantly cast John Hogarth for this role when he appears en route from the bedrooms of London to a Greek revolution.

What follows is a good deal of unscrambling. You must say that the play develops from a jealous squabble over the hero to the unmasking of Hogarth as a fraud: twice scared by death, and frivolously abandoning his revolutionary cause. But the plot supplies no firm grounds to support this kind of clever Shavian concoction. How can one character be unmasked when they all seem so phonies; and when you cannot decide whether Whiting intended that impression or not? We are supposed to take Hogarth's brilliance on trust right to the end whereas Sophie is ultimately cut down as an arrogant poseur. But there is nothing to pick between them in style of characterization. They share the same insufferably supercilious idiom, full of lines like "I should like to confound your obituaries as they stand at present!"

Perhaps this was Whiting's idea of Edwardian speech, but it conveys only the impression of an extremely mannered writer working out far-fetched images and too-heavy metaphors to the exclusion of living character and dramatic line. Further to complicate Hogarth's retreat from revolutionary idealism to the joys of the flesh, Whiting throws in a ludicrously poisoning episode and a level of sensational symbolism of equal ineptitude. There is one ineluctable moment when the once-exit to the bedroom is capped by the excited arrival of a messenger from the site with the news, "Selwyn's got through to the inner chamber!"

--

מניין זיכרון אחר

By Irving Wardle

Tower:

_The Gates of Summer_ was John Whiting's last throw before quitting the theatre for the film industry: and when it closed in 1956 during a pre-London tour, he gave instructions that it was not to be presented in Britain again and excluded it from the published edition of his plays. In securing permission to stage its London premiere, the amateur Tower Theatre has achieved another notable scoop and an event of undoubted curiosity value; but its main effect is to show how right Whiting was in deciding to suppress the play.

Set in a Greek country house shortly before the First World War, it concerns the impact of an Edwardian Byron on an emigrant British household. Sophie, its queen bee, is evidently some kind of lady writer who has conscientiously tried to marry an archaeologist while devoting her main energies to composing a memoir of the glamorous social idot who is now to arrive in their midst. Also on the scene are the archaeologist's man-eating daughter, a silly, silly Times correspondent and Sophie's Greek secretary who also happens to own the house. With the exception of the archaeologist, busily at work on the dig, all these people are in need of a hero. So they instantly cast John Hogarth for this role when he appears en route from the bedrooms of London to a Greek revolution.

What follows is a good deal of unscrambling. You must say that the play develops from a jealous squabble over the hero to the unmasking of Hogarth as a fraud: twice scared by death, and frivolously abandoning his revolutionary cause. But the plot supplies no firm grounds to support this kind of clever Shavian concoction. How can one character be unmasked when they all seem so phonies; and when you cannot decide whether Whiting intended that impression or not? We are supposed to take Hogarth's brilliance on trust right to the end whereas Sophie is ultimately cut down as an arrogant poseur. But there is nothing to pick between them in style of characterization. They share the same insufferably supercilious idiom, full of lines like "I should like to confound your obituaries as they stand at present!"

Perhaps this was Whiting's idea of Edwardian speech, but it conveys only the impression of an extremely mannered writer working out far-fetched images and too-heavy metaphors to the exclusion of living character and dramatic line. Further to complicate Hogarth's retreat from revolutionary idealism to the joys of the flesh, Whiting throws in a ludicrously poisoning episode and a level of sensational symbolism of equal ineptitude. There is one ineluctable moment when the once-exit to the bedroom is capped by the excited arrival of a messenger from the site with the news, "Selwyn's got through to the inner chamber!"
iv: Letters
All the letters are to the present writer from:

Coxwell, M. H. March 27, 1970
Craven, A. B. June 10, 1970
Davies, D.E. July 28, 1970
Donald, James. June 20, 1970
Elston, T.B. May 28, 1970
Foster, Enid M. November 24, 1969
Hall, Peter. June 21, 1967
Hayman, Ronald. May 21, 1970
Huggins, Maureen H. January 30, 1969
Jenkins, Anne. July 1, 1970
Jones, Anthony. January 3, 1969
Lang, Elfrieda. June 24, 1969
Ramsay, Margaret. January 6, 1969
Ramsay, Margaret. January 22, 1969
Ramsay, Margaret. October 27, 1969
Ramsay, Margaret. August 19, 1970
Spencer, Tom. July 4, 1968

__________ January 3, 1969

__________ December 12, 1969

__________ July 27, 1970

Sweeting, Elizabeth. October 28, 1969

Thompson, David. January 14, 1969

Note:

The blank space in the letter from Edgar Davies, dated August 12, 1970, results from a request that certain statements be kept confidential.
Dear Mr. R. J. Watts,
1349 West 10th Avenue,
Vancouver, B.C.

An Air Mail letter addressed by you to Miss Margaret Ramsey, London, England, has been referred to our New York House and then to this Canadian office. The date is March 7th.

The letter indicates your interest in the play MARCHING SONG, which title appears in our Basic Catalogue and the rights to which are controlled by our House In Canada.

If you are interested in producing this play, may we suggest that you apply to us for a royalty quotation and a release, giving the name of the producing group and such other information as you think would be pertinent to the granting of authority to present the play.

Awaiting your reply, we remain,

Yours sincerely,

SAMUEL FRENCH (CANADA) LIMITED

M. H. Coxwell, Manager.
A.B. Craven, Esq., F.L.A.,
City Librarian,
Central Library,
Municipal Buildings,
LEEDS,
Yorkshire,
LS1 3AB

LH/JH
10th June, 1970

Dear Mr. Watts,

With reference to your enquiry concerning "The Gates of Summer" by John Whiting, this play was presented at the Grand Theatre, Leeds, from Tuesday October 23rd to Saturday October 27th, 1956.

I am enclosing typescript copies of reviews of the play, which appeared in two local newspapers, "The Yorkshire Post and Leeds Mercury" and "The Yorkshire Evening Post".

I suggest you contact The City Librarian, Central Library, St. Peter's Square, Manchester 2, for information on the production of "The Gates of Summer" in Manchester.

Yours sincerely,

City Librarian

R. J. Watts, Esq.,
2245, Alden Lane,
North Vancouver,
British Columbia,
Canada.
28th July 1970

Mr. Reginald James Watts,
2245 Alden Lane,
North Vancouver,
British Columbia,
Canada.

Dear Mr. Watts,

"THE GATES OF SUMMER" - John Whiting

This is an interim acknowledgement of your letter dated 18th July, from which I am very interested to learn of your work on Whiting's "The Gates of Summer".

I am the Theatre Director of this Company and also directed the production of the above play.

There is quite a history about this play and production and it might take me some time to collect material for you. Therefore, I thought that I would write to you immediately to let you know that your letter is receiving attention and I would hope to revert to the matter next month.

Yours sincerely,

D.E. Davies,
Hon. Theatre Director.
Mr. Reginald James Watts,
2245, Alden Lane,
North Vancouver,
British Columbia,
Canada.

Dear Mr. Watts,

"THE GATES OF SUMMER" - John Whiting.

I am now able to revert to our correspondence of 18th/28th July.

The Tavistock Repertory Company is a non-professional Company but one which has been in existence for 38 years and which has a high reputation. For this reason, we are sometimes able to obtain permission to do plays when this would not be granted to other such Companies. When the occasion merits it, we can command reviews from the National Press.

We operate our own theatre and are the only non-professional Company in the London area which has a theatre licenced to it by the Greater London Council for performances to members of the general public.

We did 7 performances of the Whiting play on 12th/14th and 17th/20th June last. I enclose a programme and also copies of the reviews, which at this stage might not be complete. Please accept these with my compliments; there is no charge.

The version of the text from which I worked was the recent complete edition of the Whiting plays, edited by Ronald Hayman. I had to make several cuts in the printed text and, obviously, it is impractical for me to let you know what these were. I did not find it an easy play to cut; its argument was quite densely packed. One had no sooner thought that one could jettison a couple of pages, than one realised that a little later on in the action these were very significant. However, even with my cuts, the play ran for little short of three hours. I imagine that if and when any professional producer comes to tackle the work, he will need to cut stringently.

You may not know that it was Whiting's wish that this play should not be performed and that he left instructions to this effect before his death. His literary executors and agents told me, however, when the play appeared in print, that they were prepared to revise this decision and they formally gave us the necessary permission. Later on, however, at the wish of the Whiting family, they wished to retract on this but they realised that they could not withdraw a permission already given. They (the agents) did their best, somewhat unsuccessfully, to see that we did not receive critical reviews in the National Press.

I cannot understand all this for, although it is an uneven play, "The Gates of Summer" has great merit (as you will probably know even better than I). I cannot but think that at some time in the not distant C'Td.
future it will find its rightful place in the performed body of Whiting's work. I understand that at one time there was some question of the playwright Robert Bolt being asked to work on the text of this play and to prepare a revised edition for public performance. This scheme didn't get off the ground. I believe also that Peter Hall, who did the original production, still has some sort of rights in the play, which he is not currently wishing to exercise.

The agent in London for the Whiting plays is:

Miss Margaret Ramsay,  
Margaret Ramsay Limited,  
14a, Goodwins Court,  
St. Martin's Lane,  
LONDON, W.C.2.

As a matter of interest, I passed her a copy of your letter dated 18th July, in case she might wish to get in touch with you.

To conclude, our production was very well received and audiences found it a refreshing change from much of our current theatrical diet. The only review which was downright derogatory was that of Mr. Irving Wardle in 'The Times'. Mr. Wardle is a personal friend of mine and I happen to know that he is not an admirer of the Whiting plays.

If I can be of further assistance then do please let me know.

Yours sincerely,

Edgar Davies, M.A. (Cantab)  
Hon. Theatre Director.
Dear Mr. Watts,

I enclose this notice from the Times. His information about Whiting's instructions is news to me and his review a good example of what happens when a play is done by amateurs and criticised by a fool in a hurry.

My diary shows that we opened at Oxford on Tues. Sept. 11th 1956 and subsequently had a week each at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, Brighton, Liverpool and Leeds. We did not come into town because Dorothy Tutin fell ill and the management decided to wait for her - however she was in hospital for quite some time and it was too late to put the show together again.

My memories of the play are coloured by the difficulty of playing opposite a totally inadequate understudy for most of the tour and by Peter Hall's prima donna behaviour - he abandoned the show altogether half way through the tour. I imagine that if Whiting did put a ban on productions here it was because of the pain he must have gone through during that tour.

I'm afraid I can't help with your thesis as it is all too long ago and I have no copy of the play. It is intriguing, though, to speculate as to how a student in Canada could have come by nine versions of it.

Yours sincerely.

P.S. I remember we all decided there was something structurally wrong with the 2nd Act but what it was I have no idea!
Mr. R.J. Watts,
2245 Alden Lane,
North Vancouver,
British Columbia,
Canada.

Dear Sir,

The Gates of Summer by John Whiting

Replying to your letter of the 17th May, the above-named play was presented at this theatre for one week commencing September 10th, 1956, by Independent Plays Ltd., with Dorothy Tutin, James Donald, Isobel Jeans in the leading roles. It was produced by Peter Hall with decor by Leslie Hurry. I regret that we have no further information.

Regarding players’ addresses, the only one we know is James Donald, c/o C & A Ltd., 22 Grafton Street, London, W.1.

Yours faithfully,

Manager.
Reginald J. Watts, Esq.,
Apt. 101,
4778 Smith Avenue,
Burnaby 1,
British Columbia.

21st June, 1967

Dear Mr. Watts,

Thank you for your letter asking for background material on John Whiting, and I only wish I could help you more.

I am afraid that at present I am very busy directing my production of "Macbeth" and any spare time I do have is taken up with post-photographic work on the film I have just finished shooting, so I really can't help you myself.

But I do suggest that you write to Mrs. Whiting, whose address is Duddleswell House, Fairwarp, Nr. Uckfield, Sussex, and I am sure she will answer any questions you have.

Yours sincerely,
47 Regent's Park Road,
PRImrose 9981
21. 5. 70

As far as I know, the published version of The Gates of
Summer was the final version, as used in performance.
The script was provided by Margaret Ramsay, Whitip's
agent. Her address is 12 Goodwin's Court, London
WC2. Jackie Whitip is at Duddleswell House,
Duddleswell, Fairways, near Uckfield Sussex.
Good luck with your thesis

Ronald Hayman
Reginald J. Watts Esq.,
1349 West 10 Avenue,
VANCOUVER 9, British Columbia,
Canada

30 January 1969

Dear Mr. Watts,

JOHN MITING

Thank you for your letter of 16 January. The cost of having the scripts copied for you would be as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Script</th>
<th>No. of Pages</th>
<th>Cost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Honey</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>£1.10. -</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Stairway</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>1.18. -</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eye-Stinks</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>2. 8.  -</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Walk in the Desert</td>
<td>55</td>
<td>6. 4.  -</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Madame de ...</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>2.14. -</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sacrifices to the Mind</td>
<td>43</td>
<td>4.19. -</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>£19.13. -</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

If you would like these copies made, we shall look forward to receiving your cheque.

Yours sincerely,

Maureen H. Huggins (Mrs.)
AD Peters & Co Literary Agents, 10 Buckingham Street, London WC2

AD Peters, Michael Sissons, Margaret Stephens
Telephone 01 839 2556, Cables Literistic London WC2
New York Office Harold Matson Company
22 East 40th Street, New York, NY10010

Reginald J. Watts Esq.,
1348 East 10 Avenue,
Vancouver 9, B.C. Canada

2 June 1960

Dear Mr. Watts,

Further to my letter of 20 May I am pleased to tell you that I have located a copy of the script of "KEEPS OFF THE CLOSET" by John Whiting. I can have it sent to you with the other Whiting plays and the cost would be £ 3. 7. 6. Would you like me to arrange this for you? I shall wait until I hear from you.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]

Pamela H. Burgins (Sec.)

I'm afraid I have had no luck at all in finding "MILK STASH", no one here has any idea of where to obtain it.

(Please excuse my untidy signature.)
Dear Mr. Watts,

I am so sorry that I have been unable to reply earlier to your letter of June 5th.

The reason for the delay is that I have had to check whether spare scripts were available of any of the Whiting plays in which you were interested and also that I had to obtain permission from the author's agents to part with them.

I made the agent check first, and they are in principle perfectly willing for you to have the plays on loan. Unfortunately neither they nor we have any spare copies available. I appreciate that this must be very frustrating for you and am extremely sorry that I am unable to help.

Since your proposed study is perhaps of more direct relevance to the Whiting estate than to us, I wonder if your best course might be to put your problem to the agents themselves, who are A.D. Peters & Co., 10 Buckingham Street, London W.C.2., specifically to Mr. Anthony Jones.

Previously wrote June 3, 68.

Yours sincerely,

Reginald J. Watts,
Apt. 101 4178 Smith Avenue,
Burnaby 1, B.C.,
CANADA.

(Richard Imison),
Script Editor, Drama (Radio).
Dear Mr. Watts,

Thank you very much for your letter.

You were quite right that the play 'The Gates of Summer' was presented by Independent Plays Ltd. and the first performance was at the New Theatre, Oxford, on Tuesday, 11th September, 1956. Then, as far as I can remember, we played Glasgow, Edinburgh and possibly Brighton but I cannot be sure about this last place.

There were two reasons why we did not bring the play to London. The first was that Dorothy Tutin was ill and the second was that John Whiting was not entirely satisfied with some parts of the play.

I am enclosing a Rank Xerox copy of the first programme from the New Theatre, Oxford, which I hope may be of interest.

Yours sincerely,

Miss Anne Jenkins
General Manager.
A D Peters & Co Literary Agents, 10 Buckingham Street, London WC2

A D Peters, Michael Sissons, Margaret Stephens
Telephone 01 839 2556, Cables Literistic London WC2
New York Office Harold Matson Company
22 East 40th Street, New York, NY10016

3rd February, 1978

Dear Mr. Tabb;

Enclosed you will find a letter of December 28th. We have copies of the following plays - "The World of Food" and "Marriage In Rapids," which I think you will find of interest. If you are interested in seeing any of them, please let me know and I'll see what I can do.

I hope you will be fairly available on Thursday and I'd really like you to see these two plays. I would like all the details.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]

[Redacted]
Dear Mr. Watts,

The SAGES OF ST. ANNE by John Wright

Peggy Lansay has shown me a copy of her letter of 27th October to you. I'm afraid I can't give you any further information about any performances of THE SAGES OF ST. ANNE. I don't think there ever were any amateur performances and I think your information is as complete as you'll get it.

Yours sincerely,

Anthony Jones
Mr. Reginald James Watts  
1319 West 10th Avenue  
Vancouver 9, British Columbia  

Dear Mr. Watts:

Your letter arrived on Friday and since I was out of town an answer was delayed until today which I hope will not hinder your work unduly.

The only material we have by John Whiting are the following drafts of "The Gates of Summer":

1--Beginning of Act I, early draft of five pages handwritten. Many passages deleted.

2--Beginning of Act I, later draft of eleven pages typed. Carries holograph revisions and notes.

3--Third draft of Act I, of thirty-nine pages typed. Carries holograph revisions, corrections, and deletions.

4--Fourth draft of Act I of nine pages handwritten. Differs from later drafts.

5--First complete draft of thirty pages handwritten. Carries holograph revisions and deletions. Differs from later drafts.

6--Second complete draft of twenty-eight pages handwritten. Differs from later drafts.

7--Third complete draft of ten pages typed. Carries holograph revisions.

8--Revisions and notes on third complete draft of forty-seven pages handwritten. Order of pages assembled by author.

9--Fourth complete draft of one hundred and ten pages typed. Order of pages assembled by author.

10--Revisions of fourth complete draft of four pages handwritten and typed. Order of pages assembled by author.

The cost of Xerox copies is ten cents for an exposure. It would require 380 exposures for the above mentioned drafts at a cost of thirty-eight dollars plus seventy-five cents for handling charges and an additional charge for mailing.

We could furnish you microfilm at six cents a frame, but I question whether we could get this to you in time to complete your thesis during the summer. The cost for microfilm is six cents a frame or eleven dollars and forty cents for the drafts plus two dollars for postage and handling charges a total of 11.40.

Please let us know what process you want us to use. Xerox copies would be mailed to you a few days after you notify us. It would take approximately ten days for the microfilm.

Sincerely yours,

Elsie Long  
Curator of Manuscripts

EL/we
Mr. Reginald J. Watts
1349 West 10th Avenue
Vancouver 9, British Columbia
CANADA

Dear Mr. Watts:

There are no objections so far as the Lilly Library is concerned in using "The Gates of Summer" material in our library for publication. You, however, must obtain the permission of Mrs. Whiting. We assume no responsibility for infringement of copyright.

Unfortunately we have no information on the two additional manuscripts you mention.

Our Whiting mss. were purchased from Ifan Kyrle Fletcher who died on January 1, 1969.

Sincerely yours,

Elfrieda Lang
Curator of Manuscript

EL/we
Reginald J. Watts,
1349, west 10th Avenue,
Vancouver 9,
British Columbia,
Canada.

Dear Mr. Watts,

John Whiting

There must be literally hundreds of theses on John Whiting, judging by the dozens and dozens of letter we receive all the time, with requests for manuscripts and so forth.

Alas, we can't help you regarding Radio-Play manuscripts, it was a very minor part of John's career, and I doubt if he wrote anything for Radio in the last ten years of his life. Oddly enough, many of the outstanding dramatists in the last twenty years, started in Radio, but as soon as they began writing stage plays, and when T.V. started and rather ousted Radio, then they very seldom wrote Radio plays. If their own plays were done on Radio, some staff member of the B.B.C. would adapt them.

However, Heinemanns, John's publishers, are bringing out literally every single play John ever wrote - even the last unfinished scrap. I suggest you wrote to Edward Thompson of Heinemanns at: The windmill Press Ltd., Kingswood, Tadworth, Surrey, and ask him when copies might be available, and if perhaps any Radio proofs are yet available.

I'm not sure what kind of help they can give you. All of us are desperately busy selling plays, films etc. in the professional market. John still has a family, and of course we must try and earn all we can for them. This leaves us very little time for the courtesies, though it's obviously very important to a writer's future to be the subject of curiosity and interest and attention from students and academics in general.

/over.........
When you write to Edward Thompson, ask him if he is including the series of criticisms John wrote for LONDON MAGAZINE. I have nearly a full set, but unfortunately these volumes are now unobtainable, and I could lend them to you only if you were over here and could borrow them to read on the premises, as it were. John was Theatre critic for the London magazine for two or three years, and this has given me the idea of asking Edward to include them, if he is not already doing so.

It is very curious the amount of attention John's work has been getting since his death. His plays were never popular in the commercial sense. I think this was his fault. I once asked him why he didn't speak the whole truth in his plays, and he said that far from telling the truth, he re-wrote and re-wrote his plays until all vestiges of himself were covered up. I also asked him why the young girl in MARCHING SON wasn't a young boy, and said that when the next big production came around, he should allow this change to take place. He was genuinely amazed, and yet he said he found the idea extremely interesting!

He was altogether remarkable and a gentle and alluring person - quiet and shy, yet one found him holding his own at fashionable cocktail parties, and he told me he found them something of a release, and greatly enjoyed "society". As you probably know, he was tightly connected with the Royal Shakespeare Company, and Peter Hall actually commissioned THE DEVILS.

I'm sorry not to be able to help you more fully.

All good wishes,

Sincerely yours,

MARGARET RANKAY
January 22nd 1969

Dear Mr. Watts,

John whiting

I feel a little nervous about your including my comments on the young girl in MARCHING SONG. I made quite a lot of comments of this sort in my draft letter to you, and then tore it up, as I thought I was being too personal about whiting. The point about the young girl in MARCHING SONG, is the fact that the whole play would have been so much better if it were a boy. However, John wrote the play at a time when this would have been inconceivable, and no Lord Chamberlain would have permitted it, but I think that a man returning from the wars in this particular way, and being what he is, would never be able to accommodate himself to his wife or any other woman.

I think there were lots of areas of John that him himself didn't understand, and I did not know him long enough to be able to talk to him about these matters.

I take it that you know that John whiting was an actor to begin with, and that H.K. Tennent, the big theatrical management, used to employ John for quite a long time by way of subsidising him as a writer.

I think I ought to stop writing to you for fear I might become indiscreet! I don't mind you mentioning the point in MARCHING SONG, provided you don't sum it up as if it proves that John whiting was a raging queer! He loved women, and indeed was happily married and the father of several splendid children.

Sincerely yours,

MARGARET RAMSAY LTD
Dear Mr. Watts,

THE GATES OF SUMMER
by John Whiting

I am afraid we can't help you very much over THE GATES OF SUMMER, which has had very few productions. I don't think A.D. Peters' office will be able to help you, but I will send them a copy of your letter.

As I think I have already told you THE GATES OF SUMMER was put on by Peter Hall in 1956 and he claimed the play with the intention of doing it. However, he never has done anything with it. We were content to hold the play while John was alive, because he said he was going to re-write it - he never did. There was a suggestion that Robert Bolt, who wrote A RAIN FOR ALL SEASONS, might do some re-writing and this was agreeable to the Estate and to A.D. Peters. However, he has no time to do this at the moment and the play is, in fact, waiting.

His early version was merely the script shown to Peter Hall and the printed text was the script improved during rehearsals of Peter's production. Nobody would be allowed to see the early version because every author withdraws it, and if John had been alive he certainly wouldn't have wanted people to see a pre-production script.

We don't grant amateur performances because we
Reginald James Watts Esq
2245 Alden Lane
North Vancouver
British Columbia
Canada

Dear Mr Watts

THE GATES OF SUMMER - John Whiting

The Tower Theatre have passed on to us a copy of your letter to them regarding the above play.

The real authority on John Whiting is John Owen, and his address is:

c/o Drama Dept
Temple University
Philadelphia
Pennsylvania
USA

For the last three years he has been reading Whiting plays, correspondence, press notices, etc, and has read everything that was ever written about Whiting. I think, prior to writing a book. Perhaps you would care to write to him and to ask him about the details of productions of THE GATES OF SUMMER.

We only began looking after John Whiting after Peter Hall's tour of THE GATES OF SUMMER, and just before he began writing THE DEVILS, so we have no note of these production dates.

Sincerely yours

MARGARET RAMSAY
Dear Mr Watts,

JOHN WHITING

The Theatre Director has asked me to answer your letter of June 3rd.

I have in my possession copies of The Gates of Summer and several version of part of The Nomads, an unfinished radio play. If you like, I can copy these and send them to you. The copies I have are badly duplicated, and copying on our rather small photocopier may be erratic, but I will try if you wish. It will cost about £4 to do this.

The agent for John Whiting's work when he was alive was Margaret Ramsay, of Margaret Ramsay Ltd, 14a, Goodwin's Court, London W.C.2, and I presume she is still managing his literary affairs.

"The Plays of John Whiting" was originally published by Heinemann in 1957 and I presume this is the version you have. The revised version of "A Penny for a Song" has now been published by Heinemann in their Educational Series, in a separate volume in 1964.

David Thompson, an ex-colleague of mine, is interested in Whiting's work, and is in contact with Whiting's widow. Unfortunately the only address I now have for him is c/o The Institute of Contemporary Arts, 69 Piccadilly London W.1.

If you would like me to do the copying, please let me know.

Yours sincerely,

Tom Spencer
Organiser
Theatre in Education
Mr R.G. Watts
1349 West 10th Avenue
Vancouver 9
British Columbia
Canada

O/GC
3 January 1969

Dear Mr Watts,

I enclose copies of Whiting's work as requested. The Nomads XXX has copied fairly well. You will notice that it begins and ends abruptly in one or two places. This is not indicative of missing pages, but Whiting breaking off and rethinking.

The Gates of Summer is incomplete. I send Act One. I have searched my papers and cannot find any records of there ever being a second or a third act. As far as I know, this is an unfinished work. The copying of this is atrocious, I am afraid. My original was by no means easy to read, and the photocopy is surprisingly legible. Wherever I have not been able to read the copy I have marked it for you. I have given you 2 pages 12/13 - these were particularly difficult to copy.

I understand your difficulty with other sources, I have the same trouble. And there is a strange indefinable block in this country to recognition and publication of Whiting's work. Almost as if people are deliberately turning their backs on him. He is certainly not given anything like the recognition he deserves. He worked at this theatre for some time, yet I doubt if anyone here bar two or three would know it. However best of luck with your project, and if I can be of any further assistance please inform me.

Yours sincerely,

Tiem Spechcer
Organiser
Theatre in Education.
Dear Mr. Watts,

I am not able to help you as much as I wish with regard to your latest requests about John Whiting.

The only addresses I have for him are most unhelpful. He lived for a period at 105 Tennyson Avenue, Scarborough, Yorkshire. This is probably in connection with the season of plays we run at the Opera House, Scarborough each year, and which was probably more active than it is now. At the moment we are there for the summer months only, then we were doing it all the year round. I don't know who lives at this address now, probably it is a boarding house. The only other address I have is 11 Beverley Road, Barnet, S.W.13, his London address at the time. Whiting, if he may be able to help you, is Mr. Wm. Carter, who was Manager of the Theatre for 30 years and who is now living in retirement at 51 The Avenue, Wixby, York. He will probably remember Whiting, but I have not been able to contact him by phone, though I do know he is still around in York. (It may be that he has gone away for a holiday over Christmas.) I leave you to write to him.

I myself know little about Whiting. It is quite coincidental that I have worked in two theatres in some way connected with his work. I cannot confirm the dates of writing of Gates of Summer. The manuscript I have is not the original prepared by Whiting, but a duplicated copy prepared specially for a reading of his work, while I worked at the Theatre Royal, Stratford, East London. The contact from there, Mr. David Thompson, I have already given you:

I hope Mr. Carter will be able to help you. When he returns, and I can contact him, I will find out exactly when he was there, and see if I can get further information, meanwhile please do write to him yourself.

Yours,
Contacted Bill Carter, wasn't sure he knew me very well so there's no point in writing to him. He suggests you contact Geoffrey Staines who was Director of productions here when Whiting was here and apparently knew Whiting well. His last address that we have here is 133 Golding Road, Woodside Park, London N.12. He may have moved, in which case the Spotlight offices in Cranbourn Street, London W.C.2 should know his present abode.

for info Whiting was here from July 1948 and played

- Vickers in "Saloon Bar"
  Don Philip Wildazar in Autumn Gold by Lionel Brown
  Maxim de Winter (Laurence Olivier part) in Rebecca
  An author in Laughter Without/Alan Haden Wood
  Parson of St. John/Vanity Fair/Thackeray ad Cox
  Sir Robert Ware/The Ware Case/George Iacoff
  Henry Lydiatt/Unrest/Leather/Howard
  Philip Delware/Private Enterprise/St. John Ervina
  Chauvelin/The Scarlet Pimpernel/Reg
  Terrel Hands/Treasure Island/Stevens
  The Lord/Chef Justice/The Blind Goddess/Patrick Hastings
  Dr Humphreys/Life with Father/Howard Lindsay
  The Rev Edmund Owington/Housemaster/Ian Hay
  Lord Chatham/Clive of India/Lipscomb
  - Hector de la Mare/Is Life worth Living/Lennox Robinson
  Malvolio/Twelfth Night/Shakespeare
  Algernon Spruce/The Sport of Kings/Ian Hay
  Death/Rule of Three/Lionel Brown
  - Doctor Chambers/The Barratts of Wimpole St/Rudolf Besier
  Skid Evans/Shooting Star/Rudolf Thomas
  Kevin Cramond/The Crime of Margaret Foley/Percy Robinson
  My Thumble/Scandal at Barchester/Trollope ad Wheatley
  Maurice Neister/The Ringer/Edgar Wallace
  Count Victor Mattoni/I killed the Count/Alex Coppel
  Mr Brooks/Black Limelight/Gordon Sherry
  Charlie Tutt/A Cup of Kindness/Percy Travers
  Benjamin Swat/Gentleman/We/We/We/Austin Strong
  Chief Worzel/Toad of Toad Hall/Graham ad A A Milne
  Henry Hutton/The Gooconda Smile/Aldous Huxley
  Corder Morris/The Shop at Sly Corner/Edward Percy
  Mr Spindler/The Torchbearers/George Kelly
  Jim/Immortal Carpe/H.C Stevens
  Rupert Billings/The Happiest Days of Your Life/Dighton
  Hastings/She Stoops to Conquer/Rev. Goldsmith
  Colonel Philip Disborough/Bright Shadow/J. B. Priestley
  Sir Christopher Winter/Top Secret/Ian McVicar
  Dr Thurston/The Green Jack/Edgar Wallace
  Newspaper Reporter/The Male Animal/James Thurber
  Admiral Sir Maximilian Godfrey/Off The Record/Ian Hay
  Mr Partridge/As You Are/Mich Mills
  Harry Cowan/Alieen Corn/Sidney Howard
  Mousquet/Doctor Knock/Jules Dombey
  Truelove/Random Harvest/Hilton
  Lawrence Vining/Is Your Honeymoon Really Necessary/Tidmarsh
  C.K. Dexter Haven/The Philadelphia Story/Phillip Barry
His final performance (in this last role) was on December 31 1950.

And Harry - I haven't heard of most of these plays either. Incidentally the critics had a
few comments on this state of the English Rep. Theatre in the late 40's.

Watkins no part as far as I can gather - 92/3 companies playing alternately here &
Scrooby, constantly interchanging personnel from one to another weekly
Rep. He played in less than 1/2 the shows presented during his time here -

There were two occasionally 3 companies
One large one small - hence a
member for the most part of the larger
Reginald J Watts
2245 Alden Lane
North Vancouver
British Columbia
Canada

27 July 1970

Dear Mr Watts,

Apologies for the long delay. I too have been busy with productions here, and seem to put all aside till they’re finished.

I’m afraid I’m not going to be of much use to you. I have looked through all records for 1956/7 that are available to me, and can find no mention of The Gates of Summer. If the New Theatre can’t help, the owner of the theatre Donald Albery should be able to, often letters don’t get passed on unless you specifically ask. A last desperate measure might be to write to one of the cast of the London production. More than likely one of them was involved in the pre-London tour. "Spotlight" in Cranbourn Street W.C.2 would no doubt pass such letters on to the actors’ private addresses or agents.

Have I not sent you the copy of Gates of Summer—photostated—before? I have mislaid our early correspondence, and can’t specifically remember, but I have a vague feeling that I photocopied it and sent it to you. The actual duplicated copy will be of no especial use, since it was duplicated by us at the Theatre Royal Stratford and badly at that. The copy is at my home in Darton, but if you want it, I’ll get it for you.

Incidentally, I noticed a couple of days ago that a production of The Gates of Summer was recently presented here at the Tower Theatre Canonbury. David Thompson is connected with that, so he has probably told you already. I wasn’t able to see the production myself—200 miles is not far, but you know what pressure of work is!

Sorry to be of so little help.

Yours sincerely,
Dear Mr. Watts,

Thank you for your letter of 24 October. The play, "The Gates of Summer" by John Whiting, was in fact presented at the New Theatre in Oxford, and not the Playhouse. It was presented by Independent Plays Limited on 11 September 1956. I give below an extract taken from "The Stage Year Book" for 1957:

**THE GATES OF SUMMER**


Jocelyn James played Caroline Traherne for Dorothy Tutin who was ill on the opening night and who subsequently left that cast to enter hospital during the tour.

Sophie Paramond . . . . . . . Isabel Jeans
Cristos Papadiamantis . . . . Martin Miller
John Hogarth . . . . . . . . James Donald
Henry Bevis . . . . . . . Lionel Jeffries
Caroline Traheren . . . . . . Jocelyn James
Selwyn Paramond . . . . . . Harold Scott
Prince Basilios . . . . . . . David Kossoff

Directed by Peter Hall

I would suggest that you write to the Manager of the New Theatre, George Street, Oxford for any further information.

Yours sincerely,

Elizabeth Sweeting
Dear [Name],

Your letter of December 27th has only just reached us after being forwarded from the Institute of Contemporary Arts. You were surprised about John Whitby, and I sympathize with your problems of getting hold of his unpublished work. I had exactly the same problem, without the extra one of being on the other side of the Atlantic! But I'm afraid I can't offer much help beyond the addresses and contacts you already have — primarily his agents and his Whitby (whom I never reached directly, only through his agents, and that was four years ago). My only thought is that a director called Gary O'Connor might know something. I'm sending him your letter, and will send his address below when I manage to get him on the phone.

I had no idea Tom Spencer was in Vancouver. I went there and visited Simon Fraser earlier last year. Please give him my kind regards.

Sorry I can't be more actively helpful.

Yours sincerely,

[Name]

(Add) Is Gary O'Connor's changed address? If I'm having difficulty in looking him down, please do contact him, I'll give him your address to write to if he has any difficulty contacting you.
v: Bibliography
Bibliography - Introduction

Two known bibliographies precede this present bibliography. The first is by Charles F. Slater, included in his "John Whiting: The Man and His Plays," M. A. Dissertation (University of California, 1963). The second is by Gabrielle Scott Robinson, in her "A Private Mythology: The Development of the Dramatic Art of John Whiting and a Comparative Study of his Major Plays." Ph. D. Dissertation (London University, 1968). Robinson's bibliography is selective but covers the majority of Whiting's works and commentary on Whiting. The present bibliography includes items omitted by Robinson, items published since February, 1966, the latest date in her bibliography of published items, and items included by Robinson and Slater but with further information added. The additional information includes: names of editors, places of publication, volume numbers, parts of titles, page numbers, nature of articles, and corrected dates.

Asterisks have been employed to indicate items previously listed in another form by Robinson and Slater. One asterisk indicates an item that appears in Slater's bibliography and two asterisks indicate an item that appears in Robinson's bibliography.

As suggested above, the present bibliography is to be regarded as a supplement to the two preceding ones.
BIBLIOGRAPHY

I THE WORKS OF JOHN WHITING

A MANUSCRIPTS

THE GATES OF SUMMER in THE COLLECTED PLAYS of
John Whiting, Vol. II

**Draft A.** Beginning of Act I, early draft of six pages, 1953. Source, Lilly Library, Indiana University

**Draft C.** First complete draft of thirty pages, 1953. Source, Lilly Library, Indiana University

**Draft D.** Second complete draft of twenty-eight pages, 1953. Source, Lilly Library, Indiana University

Draft F. Fourth draft, Act I, nine pages, 1953. Source, Lilly Library, Indiana University

B TYPESCRIPTS

THE GATES OF SUMMER in THE COLLECTED PLAYS of John Whiting, Vol. II

**Draft B.** Beginning of Act I, later draft of eleven pages, 1953. Source, Lilly Library, Indiana University


* Draft G. Third complete draft of one hundred four pages, 1953. Source, Lilly Library, Indiana University

Draft H. Fourth complete draft of one hundred three pages, 1953. Source, Lilly Library, Indiana University

THE NOMADS in THE COLLECTED PLAYS of John Whiting, Vol. II

Five drafts, beginning of Act I, twenty-five pages. (four drafts undated and one draft dated September 23, 1961)
Source, York Theatre Royal, England
Note. The draft dated September 23, 1961, is probably the item similarly dated in Gabrielle Scott Robinson's bibliography.

C PUBLISHED

(i) BOOKS


Ronald Hayman, "Introduction," 9-11

"Fragment of a Novel," 15-23 (previously unpublished)

"The Honour of the Fire Brigade," 24-30 (previously unpublished)


"Fragment of a Play," 48-52 (previously unpublished)

"Scenario for a Film," 62-67 (previously unpublished)

"Notes for a Lecture," 71-76 (previously unpublished)

"A Lecture at Vaughan College, Leicester (notes)," 77-81 (previously unpublished)

**"The Art of the Dramatist — a Lecture at the Old Vic," 82-100 (Part First published in Plays and Players, November 1957, 6-7)


"The Purpose of Theatre," 119-120 (previously unpublished)

"To the Playhouse to See the Smirching of Venus," 121-123 (first published in Act, Autumn 1956, 2-3)


**"The Toll of Talent in a Timid Theatre," 132-134 (first published in Encore, III, Summer 1956, 5-6)

"A Man of the Theatre," 135-137 (previously unpublished)


"Statement for a Play," 146-148 (previously unpublished)
"At Ease in a Bright Red Tie," 149-154 (first published in Encore, VI, September-October 1959, 11-15)


"From a Notebook (3)," 169-170 (previously unpublished)


"George Bernard Shaw," 177-179 (untraced)


Playwrights on Play-Writing, 191-193 (untraced)

"Jean Louise Barrault," 194-195 (untraced)


Vol I:
"Introduction," vii-xiv

"Biographical Outline," xv-xvi

"Introduction," 3

Conditions of Agreement, 1946, 4-81

"Introduction," 85-87

Saint's Day, 1949, 88-167

"Introduction," 171-172

A Penny for a Song, 1949, 173-245

"(Notes on the Revised Version)" 246-250

"Introduction," 253-255

Marching Song, 1952, 256-323

Vol. II.

"Introduction," 3

The Gates of Summer, 1954, 4-75

"Introduction," 79

No Why, 1959, 80-92

"Introduction," 95

A Walk in the Desert, 1959, 96-133
"Introduction," 137-139

The Devils, 1961, 140-220

"Introduction," 223-224

Noman, 225-258

The Nomads, 259-272

"(Bibliography of Whiting's other writings)," 273-274


**The Devils, New English Dramatists 6, Harmondsworth: Penguin Plays Ltd., 1963.**

(ii) UNCOLLECTED ARTICLES


"Six Opinions" includes an answer to John Gassner's Modern Drama and Society in World Theatre IV, Autumn 1955, p. 44.


(iii) INTERVIEWS


II COMMENTARY

A CRITICAL


Hall, Peter. "A Man Born to be Unlucky?" The New York Times, 14 November 1956, Section 2, pp. 1, 3 and 6.


Page, Malcolm. 'The Two Versions of John Whiting's A Penny for a Song: Notes on Contemporary Literature

Pattison, A. L. "Which is the Opposite of Prose?" Drama, Summer 1954, pp. 30-32.


B REVIEWS OF WHITING'S BOOKS

C REVIEWS OF WHITING'S PLAYS

**A Penny for a Song**


**Wardle, Irving.** "In the Shadow of the Axe."


**No Why**


**Saint's Day**

**Brown, Ivor.** "Children of the Mist." (Review of *Saint's Day*) *The Observer*, 16 September 1951.

**The Devils**


**The Gates of Summer**


P, [D. P.] "Young Playwright takes a Greek setting" (Review of *The Gates of Summer*) *The Yorkshire Post,* 24 October 1956, p. 3.


S, [K.M. S.] *The Gates of Summer.* (Review by a member of the Tavistock Repertory Company) undated.


S, [N.S.] "There are plays as there are people..." (Review of *The Gates of Summer*) *Manchester Guardian,* 2, October 1956.


Voyageur sans Baggage by Anouilh


Note

Reviews of the film of The Devils have not been listed.

LETTERS (to Reginald James Watts)

from:

Coxwell, M. H. March 27, 1970
Elston, T.B. May 28, 1970
Foster, Enid M. November 24, 1969.
Hall, Peter. June 21, 1967
Hayman, Ronald. May 21, 1970
Huggins, Maureen H. January 30, 1969


Jenkins, Anne. July 1, 1970

Jones, Anthony. January 3, 1969

Lang, Elfrieda. June 24, 1969

Ramsay, Margaret. January 6, 1969

Spencer, Tom. July 4, 1968


Thompson, David. January 14, 1969

PROGRAMMES


Photostat programme of The Gates of Summer (London premiere) presented at the Tower Theatre, London,
1970. Front cover design of black mask on green background; includes unsigned biographical details of the author; programme printed by Stilwell Darby and Co. Ltd.