

Twentieth Century American Drama
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Lecture - 28
The Glass Menagerie Part 3

(Refer Slide Time: 00:14)

LEGEND ON SCREEN: 'AFTER THE FIASCO'



[TOM speaks from the fire-escape landing.]

The narrator - a convenient device

TOM: After the fiasco at Rubicam's Business College, the idea of getting a gentleman caller for Laura began to play a more and more important part in Mother's calculations. It became an obsession. Like some archetype of the universal unconscious, the image of the gentleman caller haunted our small apartment. ...

IMAGE: YOUNG MAN AT DOOR WITH FLOWERS.]

An evening at home rarely passed without some allusion to this image, this spectre, this hope.

Even when he wasn't mentioned, his presence hung in Mother's preoccupied look and in my sister's frightened, apologetic manner - hung like a sentence passed upon the Wingfields !



This is a session on *The Glass Menagerie* by Tennessee Williams. We have seen how this play has been designated as a memory play by the author and there are a lot of techniques over here which show how this play functions as a memory play.

Memory becomes a character over here and the instances which are been documented here the memories could be unreliable entirely, but nevertheless we realize that it is what propels the plot forward it is what propels shapes and configures the entire play and bring gives it some sort of a coherence as well.

The narrator here is a very convenient device and Tennessee Williams uses the narrator for multiple functions. The narrator who also doubles up as a protagonist Tom Wingfield we find that he gives an added flavor to this entire play by participating in a conversation with the audience very directly.

At the beginning, we realized also that Tennessee Williams also gives a certain sort of a commentary through the narrator and this was evident from the beginning itself where the personal and psychological aspects of an individual's memory it is also

intertwined with how the nation has been responding to the post depression crisis to the postwar crisis.

When we are beginning to look at the beginning of the next scene we find that the narrator is a very convenient device corroborating the actions which have been happening on stage. We find Tom narrating after the fiasco as a Rubicam's Business College, the idea of getting a gentleman caller for Laura began to play a more and more important part in Mother's calculations.

It became an obsession like some archetype of the universal unconscious, the image of the gentleman caller haunted our small apartment. If we recall just before this scene this was a major fiasco with Amanda discovering the deception that she was subjected to because Laura had not been attending her classes and she just been walking around in the city in the park and not attending the classes or taking her exams though they had paid about 50 dollars as tuition fee.

This brings an end to any kind of ambitions career ambitions that Laura and Amanda nurtured for Laura where she also lands again in this single possibility of finding a gentleman caller so that her life would be secure. We find that the terms that Tom uses over here calculations about the manipulative nature she is been driven to that and archetype haunting, and there is some sort of a premonition in this narratorial voice over here.

(Refer Slide Time: 03:19)

Even when he wasn't mentioned, his presence hung in Mother's preoccupied look and in my sister's frightened, apologetic manner - hung like a sentence passed upon the Wingfields !



Mother was a woman of action as well as words.

She began to take logical steps in the planned direction. Late that winter and in the early spring - realizing that extra money would be needed to properly feather the nest and plume the bird - she conducted a vigorous campaign on the- telephone, roping in subscribers to one of those magazines for matrons called The Home-maker's Companion, the type of journal that features the serialized , sublimations of ladies of letters who think in terms of delicate cup-like breasts, slim, tapering waists, rich, creamy thighs, eyes like wood-smoke in autumn, fingers that soothe and caress like strains of music, bodies as powerful as Etruscan sculpture.

[SCREEN IMAGE: GLAMOUR MAGAZINE COVER.]

[A M A N D A enters with phone on long extension cord. She is spotted in the dim state.]



It is also very convenient device, just so the author can also ensure that the audience are on the same page that we completely are able to comprehend what is going on in the minds of the characters. It is almost like the frames move in with the swiftness of a cinematic action.

We find that the image immediately zooms in on a young man at door with flowers which is going to be Jim O Connor an evening at home rarely passed without some allusion to this image the spectre, this hope. Even when he was not mentioned, his presence hung in mother's preoccupied look and in my sister's frightened, apologetic manner – hung like a sentence passed upon the Wingfields.

This is the role played by these gentleman callers the ones who never visit. The gentleman callers who were a constant presence in Amanda's life while. She was going growing up and gentleman same gentleman callers same image of the gentleman callers who are entirely absent from Laura's life. This becomes a continuous haunting presence. It is almost like the way Tom is putting it. It is hung like a sentence passed upon the Winfield's.

He the image of the gentleman caller the young man at door with flowers, it becomes not just the image of a suitor it is also this image of hope through which the entire family can escape, yeah. So, mother was a woman of action as well as words yeah.

It is very interesting to note that though Tom Wingfield and Amanda Wingfield they do not seem to be having the best of relations, but they do understand each other entirely well. Tom seems to have a tinge of respect too for this woman. She began to take logical steps in the planned direction.

Late that winter and in the early spring – realizing that extra money would be needed to properly feather the nest and plume the bird – she conducted a vigorous campaign on the – telephone, roping in subscribers to one of those magazines for matrons called “The Home-maker's Companion”, the type of journal that features the serialized, sublimations of ladies of letters who think in terms of delicate cup-like breasts, slim tapering waists, rich, creamy thighs, eyes like wood-smoke in autumn, fingers that soothe and caress like strains of music, bodies as powerful as Etruscan sculpture.

This is Tom speaking. We do realize that he has the mind of an artist. He thinks very creatively and he is also introducing us to this the obsession the obsessive doggedness with which his mother is able to pursue things about how she is part of this telephone campaign to roping subscribers for this magazine.

We do find her time and again getting back to this task even when she is in the middle of very turbulent things within the home she never forgets to get back to this the act, this telephone campaigning with a lot of rigor with a lot of intensity.

(Refer Slide Time: 06:33)

A M A N D A: Ida Scott? This is Amanda Wingfield! We missed you at the D.A.R. last Monday! I said to myself: She's probably suffering with that sinus condition ! How is that sinus condition? Horrors ! Heaven have mercy !- You're a Christian martyr, yes, that's what you are, a Christian martyr !



Well, I just have happened to notice that your subscription to the Companion's about to expire! Yes, it expires with the next issue, honey !- just when that wonderful new serial by Bessie Mae Hopper is getting off to such an exciting start. Oh, honey, it's something that you can't miss !You remember how 'Gone With the Wind' took everybody by storm? You simply couldn't go out if you hadn't read it. All everybody talked was Scarlet O'Hara. Well, this is a book that critics already compare to Gone With the Wind. It's the 'Gone With the Wind' of the post-World War generation! - What? -Burning !- Oh, honey, don't let them bum, go take a look in the oven and I'll hold the wire! Heavens - I think she's hung up !

[DIM OUT]

[LEGEND ON SCREEN: 'YOU THINK I'M IN LOVE WITH CONTINENTAL



These are instances where Amanda is making these phone calls to different women and she is also the kind of a person who uses the metaphors from Christianity quite liberally, and she thinks of herself as a Christian woman; her family as a Christian family which is why she does not want to permit certain things like D.W. Lawrence's novel or she does not want him to use certain kinds of words Tom Wingfield to use certain kinds of words.

There is a certain value system that she wants to uphold she wants to pass on to her children, but at the same time she also needs comfort in life. She also needs all of these sophisticated things that she was used to in while growing up in southern in the American south and there is a tinge of irony over here while she is upholding the virtues of Christianity.

Christian martyr, while she is upholding the virtues of this she is also longing for a certain comfort which does not sit very well with the puritanical values that she is upholding otherwise. She we find her making these multiple phone calls about asking people to renew their subscription. We find that she is quite good in what she is doing and she seems to be brimming with energy when she is at that and this is something, this sort of a perseverance is something which is totally absent from both her children.

(Refer Slide Time: 08:06)

[LEGEND ON SCREEN: 'YOU THINK I'M IN LOVE WITH CONTINENTAL SHOEMAKERS?']



[Before the stage is lighted, the violent voices Of TOM and AMANDA are heard.

They are quarrelling behind the portières. In front of them stands LAURA with clenched hands and panicky expression. A clear pool of light on her figure throughout this scene.]

TOM: What in Christ's name am !

AMANDA [shrilly]: Don't you use that -

TOM: Supposed to do !



The continental shoemakers is where Tom work. It is a warehouse where he is entirely unhappy and right after this, we find that after Tom gives us a glimpse into the kind of actions that Amanda is capable of we find that this the scene opens with the quarrel between the mother and the son.

(Refer Slide Time: 08:37)

AMANDA: Expression !Not in my -



TOM: Ohhh! !

AMANDA: Presence ! Have you gone out of your senses?

TOM: I have, that's true, driven out !

AMANDA: What is the matter with you, you - big - big IDIOT !

TOM: Look !- I've got no thing, no single thing !



Tom is about to swear and Amanda stops that and they are they these are all like a staccato sentences as we can see they are both like really angry and hurling words as at each other.

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AMANDA: Lower Your Voice !

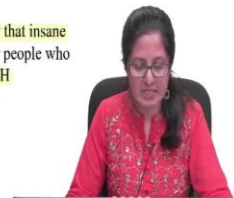


TOM: In my life here that I can call my OWN ! Everything is -

AMANDA: Stop that shouting !

TOM: Yesterday you confiscated my books ! You had the nerve to -

AMANDA: I took that horrible novel back to the library- yes ! That hideous book by that insane Mr. Lawrence. [Tom laughs wildly.] I cannot control the output of diseased minds or people who cater to them - [Tom laughs still more wildly.] BUT I WON'T ALLOW SUCH FILTH BROUGHT INTO MY HOUSE ! NO, no, no, no, no !



This is the crux of the problem over here. Tom is saying, “Yesterday you confiscated my books! I took that horrible novel back to the library yes that hideous book by that insane Mr. Lawrence.” This reference this intertextual reference to a novel D. H.

Lawrence novel which was banned it is also giving us a glimpse into the kind of society that Amanda is part of and this sort of a Victorian morality.

It we it is interesting to see that it has seeped into the psyche of the American psyche as well the early twentieth century American psyche as well. And, here she wants to control Tom who is reading the kind of cultural capital that he is plugging himself into and she wants her children to not be polluted with these things that according to her “I cannot control the output of diseased minds or people who cater to them. But, I would not allow such filth brought into my house.”

(Refer Slide Time: 09:52)

TOM: House, house ! Who pays rent on it, who makes a slave of himself to -



AMANDA [fairly screeching]: Don't you DARE to -

TOM: No, no, I mustn't say things ! I've got to just -

AMANDA: Let me tell you-

TOM: I don't want to hear any more! [He tears the portières open. The upstage area is lit with a turgid smoky red glow.]



There is another very delicate conversation over here where when Tom is immediately reacting to that. “House, house! Who pays rent on it?” This is again another ironical fact. Though Tom seems to be entirely unhappy with his warehouse job, he seems to be taking care of the family in whichever way he could.

(Refer Slide Time: 10:22)

[TOM: I don't want to hear any more. [He tears the posters open. The upstage area is lit with a turgid smoky red glow.]



[AMANDA's hair is in metal curlers and she wears a very old bathrobe much too large for her slight figure, a relic of the faithless Mr Wingfield. An upright typewriter and a wild disarray of manuscripts are on the drop-leaf table. The quarrel was probably precipitated by his creative labour. A chair lying overturned on the floor.

Their gesticulating shadows are cast on the ceiling by the fiery glow.]

AMANDA: You will hear more, you -

TOM: No, I won't hear more, I'm going out !



He is been paying rent and he is now drawing attention to that, but Amanda does not want to engage with that much. We also realize that with this the stage directions in between these the details given within brackets maybe this quarrel happened when Tom Wingfield was in the middle of one of his creative exercises because he is an aspiring poet too and he does have this creative bone within him.

“An upright typewriter and a wild disarray of manuscripts are on the drop-leaf table. The quarrel was probably precipitated by his creative labour. A chair lying overturned on the floor. Their gesticulating shadows are cast on the ceiling by the fiery glow.” It really does not matter what sort of conversations that they are having, what kind of exchange that they are having. The violence is out there for everyone to see. That is what is more important. The exchanges are entirely violent.

(Refer Slide Time: 11:16)

their gesticulating shadows are cast on the ceiling by the fiery glow.]



AMANDA: You will hear more, you -

TOM: No, I won't hear more, I'm going out !

AMANDA: You come right back in -

TOM: Out, out, out ! Because I'm -



This violence is further accentuated when at the end of it we find that one of the figurines that Laura is nurturing that is broken as well.

(Refer Slide Time: 11:17)

A M A N D A: Come back here, Tom Wingfield ! I'm not through talking to you !



TOM: Oh, go -

LAURA [desperately]: Tom !

AMANDA: You're going to listen, and no more insolence from you ! I'm at the end of my patience !

[He comes back toward her.]

TOM: What do you think I'm at? Aren't I supposed to have any patience to reach the end of, Mother? I know - I know - It seems unimportant to you - what I'm doing - what I want to do -



(Refer Slide Time: 11:21)

Mother? I know, I know. It seems unimportant to you, what I'm doing - what I want to do - having a little difference between them ! You don't think that -



AMANDA: I think you've been doing things that you're ashamed of. That's why you act like this. I don't believe that you go every night to the movies. Nobody goes to the movies night after night. Nobody in their right mind goes to the movies as often as you pretend to. People don't go to the movies at nearly midnight, and movies don't let out at two a.m. Come in stumbling. Muttering to yourself like a maniac! You get three hours' sleep and then go to work. Oh. I can picture the way you're doing down there. Moping, doping, because you're in no condition.

TOM [wildly]: No, I'm in no condition !

AMANDA: What right have you got to jeopardize your job - jeopardize the security of us all? How do you think we'd manage if you were -



They do have this conversation also about Amanda cannot believe that Tom is actually going to the movies night after night which actually he is doing. But, that is the kind of passion that she is unable to comprehend. “I think you have been doing things that you are ashamed of. That is why you act like this. I do not believe that you go every night to the movies.

Nobody goes to the movies night after night. Nobody in their right mind go to the movies as often as you pretend to. People do not go to the movies nearly at midnight, and movies do not let out at two a.m. Come in stumbling. Muttering to yourself like a maniac. You get three hours of sleep and then go to work. I can picture the way you are doing down there. Moping, doping, because you are in no condition.”

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Muttering to yourself like a maniac! You get three hours' sleep and then go to work. Oh, I can picture the way you're doing down there. Moping, doping, because you're in no condition.



TOM [wildly]: No, I'm in no condition !

AMANDA: What right have you got to jeopardize your job - jeopardize the security of us all? How do you think we'd manage if you were -

TOM: Listen !You think I'm crazy about the warehouse? [He bonds fiercely toward her slight figure.] You think I'm in love with the Continental Shoemakers? You think I want to spend fifty-



“I am in no condition what right have you got to jeopardize your job – jeopardize the security of us all?” This is what it ultimately boils down to the security of the family. Amanda wants to invest her time, her energy and her resources only on those things which will guarantee security and this is perhaps the greatest irony and challenge in the way of understanding what American dream is what exactly would guarantee security.

The kind of jobs that are available there lot of there is a kind of wartime prosperity too that as we had noticed in *All My Sons* as well. The kind of jobs which are available are not necessarily the one which would cater to idealist ambitions or creative ambitions like in the pre in the all my sons we saw Chris Keller and here we have Tom Wingfield.


There are these young men who are left completely disillusioned in this pursuit for security – in this pursuit for material comforts because what they are looking for is entirely outside the purview of what American dream is literally offering. At the end of it and there are lot of these abstract things like prosperity, happiness and security, but the fact that it could mean different things to different people that is something that plays like these are highlighting as well.

There is also another thing over here about Tom’s obsession with going to the movies. There are these differing ideologies we realize at the beginning of the early

20th century about how to define entertainment, what good entertainment is, what acceptable entertainment is, what is religious enough and what would drive one towards anything immoral.

These are some of the questions that these sort of plays are also foregrounding over here. Tom is trying to also convince Amanda that she that he is not passionate about what he is doing that he he is not even he does not like this work that he has his continental shoe makers.

(Refer Slide Time: 14:20)




five years down there in that - celotex interior! with - fluorescent - tubes! Look! I'd rather somebody picked up a crowbar and battered out my brains - than go back mornings! I go! Every time you come in yelling.....

that God damn 'Rise and Shine!' - 'Rise and Shine!' I say to myself, 'How lucky dead people are !
'But I get up. I go! For sixty-five dollars a month I give up all that I dream of doing and being ever! And you say self - selfs' all I ever think of. Why, listen, if self is what I thought of, Mother, I'd be where he is -G O N E ! [Pointing to fathers picture.] As far as the system of transportation reaches ! [He starts past her. She grabs his arm.] Don't grab at me, Mother !

AMANDA: Where are you going?

TOM: I'm going to the movies!



“You think I want to spend fifty-five years down there in that – celotex interior with – fluorescent tubes. Look I would rather somebody picked up a crowbar and battered out my brains – than go back mornings I go. Every time you come in yelling that God damn Rise and Shine – Rise and Shine. I say to myself, how lucky dead people are. But I get up. I go for sixty – five dollars a month.

I give up all that I dream of doing and being ever. And you say self – selfs’ I always ever think of. Why, listen, if self is what I thought of, Mother, I would be where he is gone, yeah. This is the father. So, he is pointing to the father’s picture as far as the system of transportation reaches he starts past her. She grabs his arm. Do not grab at me, Mother.”

(Refer Slide Time: 15:09)

AMANDA: I don't believe that lie !



TOM [crouching toward her, overtopping her tiny figure. She backs away, gasping]: I'm going to opium dens ! Yes, opium dens, dens of vice and criminals' hang-outs, Mother. I've joined the Hogan gang, I'm a hired assassin, I carry a tommy-gun in a violin case! I run a string of cat-houses in the Valley! They call me Killer, Killer Wingfield, I'm leading a double-life, a simple, honest warehouse worker by day, by night a dynamic tsar of the underworld, Mother. I go to gambling casinos, I spin away fortunes on the roulette table ! I wear a patch over one eye and a false moustache, sometimes I put on green whiskers. On those occasions they call me -El Diablo ! Oh, I could tell you things to make you sleepless ! My enemies plan to dynamite this place. They're going to blow us all sky-high some night ! I'll be glad, very happy, and so will you ! You'll go up, up on a broomstick, over Blue Mountain with seventeen gentlemen callers! You ugly - babbling old - witch. [He goes through a series of violent, clumsy movements, seizing his overcoat, lunging to do door, pulling it fiercely open. The women watch him, aghast. His arm catches in the sleeve of the coat as he struggles to pull it on. For a moment he is pinioned by the bulky garment. With an outraged groan he tears the coat of again, splitting the shoulder of it, and hurls it across the room. It strikes against the shelf of Laura's glass collection, there is a tinkle of shattering glass. LAURA cries out as if wounded.]



“Where are you going? I am going to the movies.” So, she is also petrified that Tom has actually spelled out the biggest fear that Amanda too has in her mind that he will be gone too. Amanda is the kind of mother who wants to start a day on this positive note with the rise and shine which is nothing short of this a nagging refrain in Tom’s mind.

He is also contemplating running away that is what going away as far as transportation reaches. That is what he says to do to get far away as far as possible from these systems, from both the warehouse, the family and the stifling society that he is part of.

This is there is a tipping point that they both of them reach and Tom is now there is this long narrative she is literally lashing out at Amanda telling her really terrible things and also saying that, “I am going to opium dens and I am into drugs I am in the dens of vice and criminals’ hang-out.

They call me Killer, Killer Wingfield, so they that I am leading a double life a simple honest warehouse worker by day by night a dynamic tsar of the underworld.” He is also articulating certain fears that possibly are there in Amanda’s mind, but also venting out his anger in such ferocious terms.

And, towards the end of it he says, my enemies plan to dynamite this place. “They are going to blow us all sky-high some night. I will be glad, very glad. I will be glad, very happy and so, will you. You will go up, up on a broomstick, over Blue Mountain with seventeen gentlemen callers. You ugly – babbling old-witch.” This is kind of a melting point and it affects Amanda and Laura as well.

He goes through a series of violent, clumsy movements, seizing his overcoat lunging to the door, pulling it fiercely open. The women watch him, aghast. His arm catches in the sleeve of the coat as he struggles to pull on. For a moment he is pinioned by the bulky garment.

“With an outrage groan he tears the coat of again, coat again, splitting the shoulder of it, and hurls it across the room. It strikes the shelf of Laura’s glass collection, there is a tinkle of shattering glass. LAURA cries out as if wounded.” This is how it ends.

(Refer Slide Time: 17:34)

overcoat, lunging to the door, pulling it fiercely open. The women watch him, aghast. His arm catches in the sleeve of the coat as he struggles to pull it on. For a moment he is pinioned by the bulky garment. With an outraged groan he tears the coat of again, splitting the shoulder of it, and hurls it across the room. It strikes against the shelf of Laura's glass collection, there is a tinkle of shattering glass. LAURA cries out as if wounded.]



[MUSIC. LEGEND: 'THE GLASS MENAGERIE']



Every act of verbal violence or physical violence, it seems to be hurting Laura more. That is a tragedy of this. Amanda and Tom they seem to be able to deal with this and they will both very soon though in a painful way they will bounce back.

(Refer Slide Time: 17:50)

L A U R A [shrilly]: My glass! - menagerie. . . [She covers her face and turns away.]



[But AMANDA is still stunned and stupefied by the 'ugly witch' so that she barely notices this occurrence. Now she recovers her speech.]

AMANDA [in an awful voice]: I won't speak to you - until you apologize! [She crosses through portières and draws them together behind her. TOM is left with LAURA. LAURA Clings weakly to the mantel with her face averted. TOM stares at her stupidly for a moment. Then he crosses to shelf. Drops awkwardly on his knees to collect the fallen glass, glancing at LAURA as if he would speak but couldn't.]

'The Glass Menagerie' steals in as



But, Amanda since she lives in a different world altogether it hurts her more and that is symbolically represented over here when the glass collection shatters. Amanda is stunned and stupefied by the ugly witch. So, she barely notices this occurrence.

(Refer Slide Time: 18:14)

AMANDA [in an awful voice]: I won't speak to you - until you apologize! [She crosses through portières and draws them together behind her. TOM is left with LAURA. LAURA Clings weakly to the mantel with her face averted. TOM stares at her stupidly for a moment. Then he crosses to shelf. Drops awkwardly on his knees to collect the fallen glass, glancing at LAURA as if he would speak but couldn't.]



'The Glass Menagerie' steals in as

THE SCENE DIMS OUT

The interior is dark. Faint light in the alley.

A deep-voiced bell in a church is tolling the hour of five as the scene commences.



Now, she recovers her speech. “I would not speak to you – until you apologize and it will take a while for him to apologize as we will also soon to see and Laura is also entirely shattered because there is fallen glass. It is all shattered. It is almost Laura

herself who has shattered into pieces.” The only thing which makes Tom vulnerable as well.

Tom stares at her stupidly for a moment then he crosses to shelf drops awkwardly on his knees to collect the fallen glass glancing at Laura as if he would speak, but could not. The glass menagerie steals in. We are switching to the next scene over here.

(Refer Slide Time: 18:54)

[Tom appears at the top of the alley. After each solemn boom of the bell in the tower, he shakes a little noise-maker or rattle as

if to express the tiny spasm of man in contrast to the sustained power and dignity of the Almighty. This and the unsteadiness of his advance make it evident that he has been drinking.

As he climbs Me few steps to the fire-escape landing light steals up inside. Laura appears in night-dress observing Tom's empty bed in the front room.

TOM fishes in his pockets for door-key removing a motley assortment of articles in the search, including a perfect shower

of movie-ticket stubs and an empty bottle. At last he finds the key, but just as he is about to insert it, it slips from his fingers. He strikes a match and crouches below the door.]



We get a sense of time too. A deep voiced bell in the church is tolling the hour of 5 as the scene commences. And, within this confined space of home in Tom's memory that is where these scenes are getting enacted too time and space do not seem to matter because they are always within the confines of this house where the only things the only markers of time are certain meal timings and also the time when Tom gets back home.

It is again Tom is getting back home and he is quite unsteady, perhaps he is drunk too. He fishes in his pockets for door-key removing a motley assortment of articles in the search, including a perfect shower of movie-ticket-stubs and an empty bottle. This also explains what he is been doing at night. He had been going to the movies and he has been drinking as well. He finds the key just as about he is about to insert it. It slips from his fingers.

(Refer Slide Time: 19:59)

TOM [bitterly]: One crack -and it falls through !



[LAURA opens the door.]

LAURA: Tom ! Tom, what are you doing?

TOM: Looking for a door-key.

LAURA: Where have you been all this time?

TOM: I have been to the movies.



It is all very clumsy over here such a pathetic figure over here and he is perhaps looking back at himself and seeing him cut a sorry figure. “One crack – and it falls through. And, Laura then opens the door. Tom Tom, what are you doing? Looking for a door-key. Where have you been all this time? I have been to the movies. All this time at the movies? Yeah and then he opens up more when Laura is speaking to her.”

(Refer Slide Time: 20:17)

LAURA: All this time at the movies?



TO M: There was a very long programme. There was a Garbo picture and a Mickey Mouse and a travelogue and a newsreel and a preview of coming attractions. And there was an organ solo and a collection for the milk-fund - simultaneously - which ended up in a terrible fight between a fat lady and an usher !

LAURA [innocently]: Did you have to stay through everything?

TOM: Of course ! And, oh, I forgot ! There was a big stage show ! The headliner on this stage show was Malvolio the



There was a very long programme. There was a Garbo picture and a Mickey Mouse and a travelogue and a newsreel and a preview of coming attractions. It is also a sense of these diverse forms of entertainment which are available out there. This is the early 20th century, the setting is 1930s and there is a lot of fascination about these newer forms of entertainment. But, there is a lot of apprehension too coming from people like Amanda. So, there was an organ solo and a collection for the milk-fund-simultaneously-which ended up in the terrible fight between a fat lady and usher.

(Refer Slide Time: 20:59)

Magician. He performed wonderful tricks, many of them, such as pouring water back and forth between pitchers.



First it turned to wine and then it turned to beer and then it turned to whisky. I knew it was whisky it finally turned

into because he needed somebody to come up out of the audience to help him, and I came up - both shows ! It was

Kentucky Straight Bourbon. A very generous fellow, he gave souvenirs. (He pulls from his back pocket a shimmering

rainbow-coloured scarf.) He gave me this. This is his magic scarf. You can have it, Laura. You wave it over a canary

cage and you get a bowl of gold- fish. You wave it over the gold-fish bowl and they fly away canaries. . . . But the

wonderfullest trick of all was the coffin trick. We nailed him into a coffin and he got out of the coffin without removing one nail, [He has come inside.] There is a trick that would come in handy for me - get me out of this 2 by 4 situation ! [Flips on to a bed and starts removing shoes.]



He talks about the big stage show there is a magician Malvolio the Magician. Here, what is most important for us to note is that while all of these forms of newer forms of entertainment are available it is also in and it is also a stellar parody of what happens in the city to the nation during the day time.

This is of course, there is a preparation for war. There is this huge economic crisis, but night life seems to be entirely different. This is if we just look at Tom's life. The mornings he spends in this very boring dull and drab warehouse the continental shoe factory and his night is suddenly very exciting with movies with magic shows.

So, here he talks about what he witnessed at the show of Malvolio the Magician. He performed wonderful tricks. Many of them such as pouring water back and forth

between pitchers and then he is also giving a magic scarf which he got from the magician. He is giving it to Laura.

(Refer Slide Time: 21:59)

LAURA: Tom ? Shhh!



TOM: What're you shushing me for?

LAURA: You'll wake up mother.

TOM: Goody, goody ! Pay 'er back for all those 'Rise an' Shines'. [Lies down, groaning.] You know it don't take much intelligence to get yourself into a nailed-up coffin, Laura. But who in hell ever got himself out of one without removing one nail?

[As if in answer, the father's grinning photograph lights up.]



And, finally, he talks about this trick which has completely bowled him over, completely fascinated him, the wonderfulest trick of all was the coffin trick. We nailed him into a coffin and he got out the coffin without removing one nail. There is a trick that would come in handy for me get me out of this 2 by 4 situation.

This is the crux of what he feels to that he feels that he is stuck somewhere and he needs a way out. So, just like the image of the fire escape, the settings at the fire escape we find that there are these different metaphors, different instances which keep coming back to tell us that this is the only thing that he needs to a way out to escape.

Laura is also warning Tom that if they too loud they might wake mother up. “Goody, goody. Pay her back for all those Rise and Shines. Yeah, so, rise and shine seems to be this morning refrain which Tom now entirely detests. It do not take much intelligence to get yourself into a nailed-up coffin, Laura. But who in hell has ever got himself out of one without removing one nail.”

He wants to get out that is the implication over here without getting hurt. He does not want to hurt anyone else either. He wants security and peace and some sense of a

future for his mother and for his sister but, he wants to get out as well, yeah. So, this is what he implies by mentioning this getting himself out without removing one nail.

(Refer Slide Time: 23:36)

[As if in answer, the father's grinning photograph lights up.]



[SCENE DIMS OUT.]

[Immediately following: The church bell is heard striking six. At the sixth stroke the alarm clock



As if an answer, the father's grinning photograph lights up because the father had evidently found a way out, by just leaving taking off to wherever as far as transportation could take him that is what Tom Wingfield also eventually wants to do.

We find that the term given to display 'memory play', it really lives up to that term because we find that the realism over here is it works as a complementary contrast to the memory narrative that Tom Wingfield is presenting over here. And, while Tom Wingfield is narrating he is also the protagonist that also gives us a certain insider's glance, insider's perspective into what is happening in the Wingfield family.