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MATCHING RELATIONS IN NARRATIVE DISCOURSE

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This dissertation is duly dedicated to you, my dear, much missed, loving dad. A small tribute to someone who filled my life with the giants, elves and adventures from the books you used to buy me.

My special thanks to
Andrew and Richard for being so independent,
David for being such a reliable friend,
Mike for believing in me,
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To Michael and Nelia Scott,
Dr. Leonor Scliar-Cabral
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from Brazil and abroad.

"By telling Sultan Schariar a story, which she would interrupt at dawn at its most exciting part, Scheherazade saved her life. Schariar was so keen to know how the story ended, that he let Scheherazade tell him stories for a thousand and one nights. She thus, softened his heart and helped him reign with kindness and wisdom."

"Christopher Robin said you couldn't be called Trespassers W., and Piglet said yes, you could, because his grandfather was, and it was short for Trespassers William. And his grandfather had had two names in case he lost one - Trespassers after an uncle and William after Trespassers."

"Olhos de cigana oblĩqua e dissimulada. Eu nao sabia o que era oblĩqua, mas dissimulada sabia e queria ver se se podiam chamar assim."

SUMMARY

The objective of this dissertation is to verify whether the concept of matching relations of Winter and Hoey accounts for both the organization and the tellability of narrative discourse. In order to achieve this, Winter's mathematical equation was used as a working tool. Three texts written by contemporary authors, who each have a reputation for writing for a wide, quality readership, were chosen as data. Two of the texts chosen, one of which is written in Portuguese, are aimed at younger audiences.

The attempts to apply linguistic models which try to account for narrative discourse by means of linguistic markers proved partially illuminating. Similarly, Hoey's organizational patterns, which had been successfully applied to factual prose discourse, were able to reveal only a restricted number of insights into the narratives under study.

Two examples of matching relations which had not been previously described were found to be the organizational and propelling factor in each of the narratives for children. In the case of our third text, an adult short story, its complexity could only be explained by the use of alternative analytical approaches.

Finally, the study endorses the value of Winter's equation in establishing matching relations of both an intratextual and intertextual nature.

RESUMO

O objetivo desta dissertação é verificar se o conceito de "matching relations" de Winter e Hoey explica tanto a organização do discurso narrativo como os fatores que o tornam interessante. Para tal, usou-se a equação matemática de Winter como instrumento de trabalho. Para análise foram escolhidos três textos de autores contemporâneos, cuja reputação é de popularidade e qualidade. Dois desses textos são específicos para leitores infantis, sendo um deles em português.

As tentativas de aplicar abordagens lingüísticas que tentam explicar o discurso narrativo através de marcadores textuais se mostraram parcialmente reveladoras. Da mesma forma, os padrões de organização do discurso de Hoey, já aplicados com sucesso em discursos factuais, revelaram só alguns aspectos das narrativas estudadas.

Dois tipos não previstos de "matching relations" como forma organizadora e propulsora da narrativa foram observados nas estórias infantis. No caso da narrativa para adultos foi necessário fazer uso de outros recursos analíticos que pudessem explicar sua complexidade organizacional.

Por fim, o presente estudo ratifica que a equação de Winter é particularmente reveladora para estabelecer "matching relations" de natureza intratextual e intertextual.

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Chapter One.
Introduction and
A Brief Survey of Certain
Models of Narrative Organization.

1. INTRODUCTION

1.1 Background and Justification.

Narrative discourse is present in both real and fictional worlds. As Longacre (1983) acknowledges, even though discourses differ in ways which are more or less marked, one may find narrative within most types of discourse. Narratives appear in first-person accounts, in newspapers and magazines, in comic strips, cartoons and films, political speeches, ballet, painting and music, just to mention a few of the types and the media in which narrative may be conveyed. Even within the written fictional world, narrative discourse appears in the form of sagas, epic poems, novels, short stories and fairy tales. Another outstanding feature of narrative discourse, which makes it an obvious choice for this study, is that it can be rooted not only in a variety of communicative events but can also be self-standing as in novels or films, for instance.

The large number of possible ways of looking at narrative is also a major factor for seeing it as a prolific field of study. Coulthard and Hoey (forthcoming) have suggested that the analytical approach to be used in investigating narrative is dictated by the specific angle from which a narrative may be observed, namely

the narrator (who tells the story);

the narratee (who hears/reads the story);

the events (what happens in the story);

the characters (who the story is about);

the structure (the possible pattern which links the events);

the surface features (what the language of the telling is like; the medium (how the story is presented, i.e., in writing, in speech or some other form).

The same authors point out that no analysis can be complete because none is capable of observing narrative from all these different points at the same time.

Thus linguists, including Labov, Pike and Longacre, have provided descriptions of narrative which account for certain aspects of textual organization such as sequential time lines, episodes and peaks. Other writers, including Propp, have described the role of stereotype characters and their functions in the story. The so-called story grammarians have concentrated on the descriptions of certain basic rules which may generate narratives. These descriptions, however illuminating, do not always provide entirely comprehensive explanations for the complexity of narratives whose value does not derive solely from the aspects already cited.

With these restrictions in mind, our starting point for the present research was to find some form of analytical approach which would be adequate to a wide range of narratives. Ideally this approach would not aim at emphasising the merits of individual authors and works, but aim at a more comprehensive view akin to textual analysis. The analytical approach we were looking for would need to possess as its underlying principle the flexibility to handle narrative as presented in novels, short-stories and children's stories and see them as sharing some form of fundamental characteristic with other kinds of text. It would have to be able to

"demonstrate that the description of properties of ... texts cannot stop short of literary text ...".

and thus enable us

"to analyse a fable linguistically ... coping with the dialogical parts of the fable ..." (Graustein & Thiele, 1987:8)

Hoey's approach to narrative (Ilha do Desterro, forthcoming) was seen as a possible source for the prerequisites set up by Graustein & Thiele. It attempts to show how a careful analysis of the wording of a text may signal certain semantic relations, which in turn organize text in recognizable patterns. It also tries to demonstrate that in the discourse of selfstanding narratives, i.e., those stories unrooted in conversation, these relations not only help organize the story but also account for their tellability.

1.2. Research Objectives

The main aim of this study is to use a wider corpus than that of used by Hoey to test the same writer's claims that

- a) "contrast and compatibility can be shown to be central to our sense of what makes a narrative acceptable";
- b) matching relations must be considered "if we are to account for what makes at least some stories tellable."

(Hoey, 1988: forthcoming)

Consequently, if the claims prove to be true, our third objective will be to see in which ways these semantic

relations are an organizational factor for the same type of discourse.

1.3 Methodology and Analysis

1.3.1 The Data

The selection of narrative texts was based on their level of popularity and quality of readership. Traditional narratives were disregarded as a possible target for our study, since these have been dealt with extensively and in depth by well-known experts including Propp and Levi-Strauss. We opted for two recently published children's stories of equal level of popularity and quality, written by contemporary authors. The inclusion of a story in Portuguese was felt necessary in order to verify to what extent Hoey's hypothesis regarding narrative organization is evident in a text written in a language other than English.

The selection of a third piece of data was basically dictated by the same parameters. One other detail was added, however. The choice of writer of our adult story was entirely motivated by his reputation for being a subverter of traditional narrative techniques. The decision to analyse a short-story was basically made by the practical constraints of data length in relation to a piece of research at this level.

1.3.2 The Analysis

The academic paper by Hoey (Ilha do Desterro, forthcoming), which has been used as the backbone for this dissertation

is, by its very nature, a summarized version of a series of publications related to a line of research carried out by Winter and Hoey over the years. Hoey's paper (ibid) is also an attempt to complement Darnton's (1987) theoretical approach to narrative discourse by children and for children. We will, therefore, in our revision of the relevant literature, give emphasis to the authors who have influenced Darnton in the formulation of her approach. Certain authors shall be given special prominence since they are felt to be more central to our discussion, i.e., Labov and Longacre. When reviewing Winter and Hoey's clause relations we shall try to illustrate these authors' ideas by using one of the books selected as data. In this same chapter this data will be used to test Hoey's claims. If during the course of our discussion other authors are felt to highlight certain aspects of the data, they will be included when and where the situation requires.

Thus, the basic layout of our work will consist of two short chapters where relevant literature will be discussed. The three remaining chapters will contain an analysis of the data, within which discussion of several authors' approaches will be included, in addition to an attempt to evaluate the claims included under the title Research Objectives above.

1.4 A Brief Survey of Certain Models of Narrative Organization.

1.4.1 Propp's folk-tale analysis

The organization of traditional folk-tales, fairy-tales, or any form of traditional oral narrative, will not be dealt with in the course of this study as it is assumed that they have little in common with the three pieces of work selected for analysis. The latter have been written by contemporary writers for sophisticated audiences and even the two stories devised specifically for children bear little or no resemblance to the traditional folk-tale.

The work of Vladimir Propp was seminal to other attempts to classify and organize the elements of narrative. Propp concentrates on the importance of events within folk-tales. In his definitive work he identified thirty-one functions in narrative. A function is

"an act of a character defined from the point-of-view of its significance for the course of the action."

(1968:21)

Propp also posited eight character roles (villain, donor, helper, sought-for-person, her father, dispatcher, hero, and false hero) and both functions and roles emphasize action in detriment to character development. In contrast, this latter element would seem to be essential in the contemporary texts which have been chosen as data for this study.

Therefore, although we acknowledge Propp's importance within narrative studies, his ideas will not be expanded upon in our survey of what is considered relevant literature.

1.4.2 Story Grammars

In her attempt to devise a comprehensive model that would account for children's imaginative writing, Darnton resorted to models of narrative organization which assume the existence of internal constituents of a so-called schema. The theoreticians involved in the production of such models were in fact primarily concerned with the recall of stories.

These theoreticians, including Rumelhart (1975), Mandler and Johnson (1977) and Stein and Glenn (1979) postulated that narrative structures have a processing reality, which can be encoded into rules. These rules, formalized in a grammar, would thus correspond to the strategies used by subjects in order to recall stories. These same scholars

"have generally supposed stories and sentences are similar sorts of objects and that therefore stories can be analysed by grammar in a fashion analogous to that often done for sentences". (Wilensky, 1982:480)

"Story Grammars" were also based on the observation that many stories seem to involve a

"sort of problem solving motif". (Rumelhart, 1973:313),

comprised of two sections. The first section is where something happens to the main character and the second section is where this character's attempts to solve this problem are depicted, as well as the result of such attempts. The organization of these moves is proposed by the story grammarians in terms of rewrite rules, an analogy with the rewrite rules of transformational grammar. Some stories encode a recurrent pattern of problem and problem-solving attempts and such moves were thought to be more easily explainable by the techniques of these same rewrite rules. The assumption behind these rewrite rules is that a story can be broken down into units and these units can be shown to relate to each other.

Below is a list of the symbols used in Rumelhart's grammar (1975) and their respective meaning in relation to the constituents of the grammar itself:

- ⇒ means rewrite as;
- + represents two items in sequence;
- / separates two items which are mutually exclusive;
- * means possibility of occurrence of more than one of this item.

These symbols are part of the first level eleven syntactic rewrite rules proposed by Rumelhart and which include the following:

1. story → setting + episode
2. setting → (states)
3. episode → event + reaction
4. event → (episode/change of state/action/event + event)
5. reaction → internal response + overt response, etc.

applicability of such rules is concerned, because, as he sees it, they are only suitable in describing a "simple story", namely those with single or embedded episodes. Among Rumelhart's contributions to the analysis of stories as a whole, we could cite his description of "setting", which, as we shall see later, coincides with other story grammarians' and linguists' descriptions.

Almost all stories, according to Rumelhart, begin with information dealing with the physical, social or temporal context from which the rest of the story will develop. The "setting" sets the stage for the events which are to take place in the story.

It is not only coincidence that Mandler and Johnson's story grammar (1977) defined "setting" as that part of the story which introduced the protagonist and other characters, as well as including information on the time, locale or any other aspects the receiver needs in order to understand the events that are to follow. Mandler and Johnson's work, which was also primarily concerned with the recall of stories, was based on Rumelhart's (1975) description of the structure of stories. They acknowledged the value of his work but were unable to apply his analysis to alternative stories. These two story grammarians devised a formulation which claimed to be able to account for their concept of a simple story, i.e., one which would have only one protagonist in any given episode. These would include the type of stories which mirror folk-tales, fables and myths. Their formulation was based on the principle that a story would entail a "setting" plus an event structure,

which, in turn, would be made up of one or more episodes consisting of a 'beginning, a development' and an 'ending', as in

EPISODE → beginning cause development cause ending

In their view, therefore,

"even the simplest well-formed story will have an ending". (1977:124)

Whatever their concept of a well-formed story entailed, their 'beginning' within an episode was seen as crucial, because, whatever happened to the protagonist at this point, caused him to take action (development). This action could be either a simple reaction or a complex reaction. A simple reaction entailed an action on the part of the protagonist without an overt intention to reach a goal, i.e., a character could respond in a rather unplanned way, especially when the simple reaction was an emotion. In a complex reaction, however, the protagonist had a simple reaction followed by a goal and a goal path with its constituents, i. e., attempt and outcome. In other words, a goal path would consist of a protagonist's attempt to realize his/her goal, with either successful or unsuccessful outcomes. This rule had a recursive feature. Several attempts could be made until a final successful outcome was achieved.

Mandler and Johnson's categories of outcome and ending are said to overlap to some extent. However, outcome was directly linked to the result of an attempt, whereas ending was

connected to the whole of the story, rather than the preceding event.

In common with Rumelhart, Mandler and Johnson's semantic links between the various categories of their model were accounted for by three types of relations, i.e., AND (A), THEN (T), and CAUSE (C). In their grammar they see the possibility of episodes being linked either temporally by a THEN (T) connection, or causally, by a CAUSE (C) connection. A causal connection, for these two story grammarians, is also a major factor for the triggering of episode embedding, which is not catered for in Rumelhart's framework, who, on the other hand, does allow for multi-episodic stories.

Episodic embedding can occur at three different places within an episode according to Mandler and Johnson. But it is the outcome embedding which seems to be in harmony with the story grammarians theory that stories can be summed up in 'goal-to-be-achieved'. This pattern of embedding can be seen when a series of frustrated attempts on the part of the protagonist occur. These attempts generate, in turn, a set of sub-goals, which, when finally completed, provide endings for the mini-embedded episodes.

Stein and Glenn's story grammar (1979) is similar to Mandler and Johnson's in that both recognize Rumelhart as the initiator of the concept in question. These researchers were also interested in story recall and used story schemas as a means to demonstrate how processing strategies were used by the listeners who participated in their experiments. The subjects heard recorded stories. Both Mandler and Johnson and

Stein and Glenn have a number assumptions in common, i.e.,

- that stories may be single or multi-episodic;
- that these episodes are linked by logical relations such as AND, THEN or CAUSE and may be embedded into each other;
- that for stories to be considered as such they must depict a protagonist and his/her attempts to achieve a goal.

Stein and Glenn's definition of "setting" is more specific than that of their colleagues as they assume that "setting" is that part of the story which introduces the character as well as describing the story context. They see, however, that these two types of information

"may function differently in the organization of story material" (1979:62)

They feel that it is almost impossible to begin a story without the introduction of a character, but a "setting" may or may not include other types of information which are felt to be relevant to the rest of the story. They thus divide setting into two parts: major setting, in which the main character is introduced, and minor setting, in which other types of information are provided. They also make allowances for the setting to appear in any part of the story, if a new character or context is introduced. Both this division of setting into two parts, which focus on the different contents, and the possibility of occurrence of "setting" in any part of the story, are a major step forward from both Rumelhart as well as Mandler and Johnson's original concepts.

Apart from this contribution, however, their proposal of a story grammar was very similar to that of Mandler and Johnson's. The review of their concepts in this study has been included because their stories served as a basis for the study carried out by another group of scholars, namely Trabasso, Secco and Van Den Broeck, who in turn, provided Darnton with a major guideline for her work.

1.4.3 Logical Connections

Trabasso and his collaborators (1984), in common with the story grammarians, whose ideas we have tried to summarize above, are also interested in story recall. They presuppose that for a story to be stored and recalled, the events within the story have to be related to each other in a coherent way. They claim that

"this coherence depends directly upon how potentially cohesive, logically and causally, the individual story events are to one another". (1984:83)

As a result they also claim that the more cohesion there is between the elements within a story, the easier it is to form a coherent representation for recall.

This is not an entirely new concept, as the same authors concede. They acknowledge the existence of logically linked components in the grammars of Rumelhart, Mandler and Johnson, Stein and Glenn and others. Trabasso et al.'s contribution, however, is the claim that causality is not linear

within a story, but forms a network. They claim that although story grammarians made use of the concept of causality in their rewrite rules, their criteria was not scientifically based. Trabasso et al, therefore, propose more scientific procedures for deciding whether two events are linked by causality or not. They resort to philosophical and legal works in order to define causation. They see it associated with necessity and sufficiency.

In trying to recall a story, a comprehender of the same will form a causal network by linking its main events in a causal chain. The comprehender opens the chain, continues it and closes it, according to the degree of causal cohesion between the elements within the same events. This process results in pathways which either continue, if the events are seen to lead to goal attainment, or stop if the events lead to goal satisfaction. The latter case accounts for unreasonable actions, emotional reactions, actions without further consequences, etc. These pathways which do not lead to goal satisfaction are called "dead-ends".

The contribution Trabasso and his collaborators have provided for the study of stories is that one's ability to recall stories is proportional to the number of events linked in a causal chain in the same story. The more coherent the events, the more memorable the story. "Dead ends" rarely lead to memorability.

1.4.4 Criticism of Story Grammars.

We have thus far revised very superficially three

attempts at defining stories in terms of rewrite rules, as well as review a scientific approach at establishing a comprehender's process in recalling a story. The stories which served as data for these studies will not be included within this piece of research. They are classical examples of folk-tales, fairy-tales, myths or, in the case of Stein and Glenn, artificial constructs of sections of well-known children's stories. This has given rise to debate over the legitimacy of story grammars. Instead of relying on existing data, i.e., stories written by children or for children, story grammarians resorted to a similar strategy as their mentors writing on transformational grammar. They created data from which they could derive their rules. Beaugrande comments ironically on one of the stories used by Stein and Glenn as being

"a sobering chronicle of the deeds of a mouse who falls from righteousness upon encountering a box of rice crispies, miraculously ensconced underneath a sack of hay". and adds

"the skinny hero now "very fat" stands engulfed in darksome contemplation". (1982:404)

Rumelhart recognized the limitations of his rewrite rules when he claimed they were only applicable to "simple stories". However, the entire concept of a grammar which should generate rules to produce well-formed stories has created a considerable amount of scepticism. Wilensky points out that

"stories and sentences can be shown to be members of thoroughly different categories that share few properties with one another". (1982:480)

Beaugrande, in turn, claims that story grammars would only be worthy of such a label if their rules could

"specify the formal structure of all possible stories and exclude all the non-stories, and this delineation would have to be done by a purely mechanical test of the rules for well-formedness". (1982:407)

Finally, there has been dispute over the validity of the labels attached to the internal constituents of story grammars. Whereas in traditional syntax it is easy to recognize the difference between a verbal group and a nominal group, the difference between 'consequence' and 'reaction' and between 'ending' and 'outcome' is relatively hard to identify.

Both the rules and the constituents of story grammars should be seen for what they are, i.e., tools for the investigator analysis into people's capacity to recall stories. As Beaugrande states

"story telling is always situated in a context of interaction ...

... whether an episode is interrupted with an inserted episode is not decided by a grammar, but by the needs and plans of the story teller". (1982:408)

The same author emphasizes strongly that the role of creativity in story telling should be obvious because what a reader/listener really enjoys is a challenging story line. In his criticism of story grammars, Beaugrande sums up what seems to lie behind the whole dispute

"what makes a (good) story will always be the story teller and the audience in their interaction". (1982: 408)

1.4.5 Darnton's concept of Interepisodic Relationships

Darnton (1987) attempted to develop children's awareness of their own writing processes as a means of improving the same. At the same time she aimed at shifting teachers' correction of written work from surface features to the level of text cohesion. In doing so she devised a model which would be able to account for the narrative organization in children's imaginative writing as well as in the writing encountered by children as part of the reading material during their primary school years. Her work, therefore, dealt with real data obtained from children while at school and with writing produced by adults for young children.

Although aware of the drawbacks inherent within the concepts posited by story grammarians she borrowed their label 'setting', to describe that part of the narrative where characters locale and time are introduced. She also included in her model the premise, shared by both story grammarians and linguists, that narratives may be sub-divided into smaller constituents

known as episodes. The angle from which Darnton viewed her 'episodes', however, was not that of story grammarians. These scholars define episodes based on the internal constituents of the episodes themselves. Darnton adopted a view provided by linguists, namely Longacre (1976), who see episodes as marked by specific linguistic features which occur mainly at episode boundaries. This emphasis on linguistic markers was felt to be more appropriate for her model, because it relied less on intuition and more on identified and identifiable signals.

Her model, then, presupposed that narratives were formed by a setting and a succession of episodes linked in a number of ways. Darnton recognized the validity of Trabasso et al.'s work on causality and story coherence and tried to incorporate their ideas into her own model. A causal network seemed a better criteria for establishing the links between episodes than mere adjacency. Furthermore, the events in the causal chain which did not lead the protagonist to goal satisfaction were marked by Trabasso as dead-ends, thus posing an end to any causal chain.

Aware that Trabasso and his collaborators had not fully explored the multiple possibilities of interepisodic linkage, as they had used artificially created material, Darnton used their framework but disregarded their only possibility of episode linkage. The nature of interepisodic relationships had to be made explicit by semantic links other than causality alone. Darnton then examined the nature of linkage and proposed an alternative set of relations which would enable the links to be established in a clearer way. Thus she posited the series of

relations below:

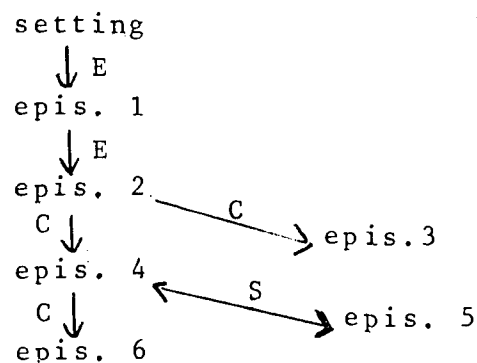
E (enablement) - setting and/or episode enables episode to happen;

C (causality) - setting and/or episode causes episode to happen;

S (simultaneity)-episode is simultaneous to another episode;

F (relation) - episodes can be reversed without altering the logical progression of the narrative.

Having at her disposal the frame of a network and a number of relations with which to establish semantic links between episodes, Darnton was successful in explaining the organization of a selection of well-known children's stories. She also made use of the model in developing children's awareness of the organization of their own narratives. She was able to achieve these two objectives because her model was flexible enough to be illustrated visually in an easily understandable diagrammatic form. The organization of each separate narrative was thus conveyed in a non-linear visual layout. In the example below the first six episodes of "Little Red Riding Hood" have been plotted according to Darnton's model



However, Darnton recognized that her model contained two major drawbacks. The first related to the effectiveness of the diagram itself, i.e., its inability to define in any clear way, exactly which part of an episode or setting would be in a specific relation with another episode. Her second reservation concerned the application of her model to types of narrative discourse which

"may be expressed by means of a linear format as opposed to requiring a network system ..." (Darnton, *Ilha do Desterro*, forthcoming)

and which are organized by matching relations which hold the episodes together. Hoey (*Ilha do Desterro*, forthcoming) proposes to express the nature of the relations which hold these stories together and attempts to provide

"an approach to the analysis of narratives that will complement that of Darnton's".

A detailed discussion of Hoey's complementation and extension of Darnton's insights into narrative discourse organization will provide the basis of a complete chapter at a later stage of this study.

Chapter Two.

*A Review of two linguistic Approaches to
Narrative.*

2. INTRODUCTION

In this chapter we will attempt to discuss, in a somewhat brief manner, Labov and Longacre's views on narrative organization. The work of these two linguists has been included in the review of the relevant literature and will be dealt with jointly for a number of reasons.

Firstly, both scholars admit to the existence of internal constituents within stories and both see these constituents from a linguistic point-of-view. They are concerned with the identification of the linguistic markers which characterize these same constituents. However, unlike the story grammarians, who worked with contrived narratives, both scholars have dealt with real data, deriving most of their insights from oral narratives.

2.1. Labov and the personal experience narrative

In their studies of vernacular language, Labov and Waletzky (1967) devised a general framework for the analysis of oral narratives in face-to-face interviews. These narratives focussed upon the personal experiences of a group of inhabitants of Harlem, speakers of Black English. The theme of these narratives was "Danger of Death", which was brought forward in a casual manner. These scholars argued that the question

"Were you ever in a situation where you were in serious danger of being killed, where you said to yourself - 'This is it'?" (Labov, 1972:354),

elicited, most of time, 'yes' answers, which, in turn, triggered a particular kind of narrative. They also believed that by making subjects remember a traumatic personal experience, respondents would not be in full control of their linguistic monitoring system and would thus produce revealing insights into narrative organization. The same scholars were aware, however, that the drawback of having their subjects speak to an interviewer, someone outside their peer group, could be compensated for the fact that:

"fundamental (narrative) structures are to be found in oral versions of personal experience". (Labov & Waletzky, 1967:12)

They also believed that while comparing these oral accounts, they would be able to discover which linguistic signals are used by speakers to mark the different structural parts of their narratives.

Their definition of narrative seems to be intrinsically linked to their data. For them, narrative is

"One method of recapitulating past experience by matching a verbal sequence of clauses of the sequence of events (it is inferred) actually occurred".
(Labov, 1972:359-360)

Labov and Waletzky's minimal constituent unit of

narrative is the clause. They claim that within their framework clauses can be organized in different ways to mirror the sequence of events in the real world. This organization can be an exact sequential replica of this order as in

"This boy punched me
and I punched him
and the teacher came
and stopped the fight". (ibid:360),

or can be expressed by means of syntactic embedding as in

"a friend of mine came in just
in time to stop
this person[who had a little too much to drink]
from attacking me. (ibid:360)
(my brackets and underlining),

or even by means of the past perfect as in the underlined example above.

In claiming that a narrative possessed, of necessity, temporal sequencing, and by adopting the clause as their minimal unit, Labov and Waletzky posited that a minimal narrative would have a single temporal juncture, i.e., for any two clauses to form a narrative, it would be necessary for them to be ordered temporally. Temporal ordering could be pinpointed if the order of the clauses was changed and as a consequence the overall meaning of the two clauses was altered.

The skeleton of their narrative thus consisted of what they called "narrative clauses". A narrative, however, contained other clauses which were not 'narrative' in the sense in which Labov and Waletzky defined them. These were what they called "free clauses", i.e., those which were not confined by any temporal juncture. In the body of their data, they also noticed the existence of what they coined "restricted clauses", i.e., those clauses which could be displaced over a large part of the narrative but not over the entire narrative, without altering the temporal sequencing.

Labov (1972) pointed out that neither 'free clauses' nor "restricted clauses" can support a narrative. Another group of clauses which could not be said to support a narrative was the group formed by subordinate clauses, because, as Labov explained:

"once a clause is subordinate to another, it is not possible to disturb the original semantic interpretation by reversing it". (ibid:362)

Thus temporal ordering would be pre-established within a syntactic organization.

Labov and Waletzky defined their minimal operational unit, i.e., their 'narrative clause'. They also posited what a minimal narrative would contain, namely, two clauses united by a temporal juncture. They then proceeded into analysing fully-formed narratives in an attempt to show their overall organizational structure.

2.1.1 Labov's Six Structural Components

Labov (1972) claims that fully-formed simple narratives may be seen to be structured into six internal components, namely:

1	2	3	4	5	6
abstract	orientation	complicating action	evaluation	result or resolution	coda

The more elaborate narratives are seen to present a certain amount of complex chaining and embedding, but the simple ones should develop in this progression. The 'abstract' part of the narrative is defined as the point of the narrative in which one or two clauses summarize the whole story, or in Labov's terms:

"the abstract does encapsulate the point of the story". (ibid: 363)

This part is followed by the so-called 'orientation'.

This is the section where a set of 'free clauses' describes the characters and their background, the place and the time of the story. Labov points out that the 'orientation' presents some identifiable properties. One of these consists of a large number of past progressive forms which serve the function of establishing what was happening before the first event of the narrative took place. Another lies in the flexibility of the placement of the 'orientation' segment, as it may appear in any strategic part of the story.

The next category, i.e., the 'complicating action', is considered vital for verbal exchange to be recognized as

narrative. It comprises the so-called 'narrative clauses', which encode the events, the action and the problem. This category is followed by 'Evaluation', which, for Labov, is the most important category in his descriptive framework. In the 'Evaluation' the narrator indicates why he/she is telling the story and what the point of the telling is; as Labov states:

"Beginnings, middles and ends of narratives have been analyzed in many accounts of folklore or narrative. But there is one important aspect of narrative which has not been discussed ... the 'evaluation' of the narrative: the means used by the narrator to indicate the point of the narrative, its *raison d'être* .." (ibid:366)

For Labov, evaluation is so central to the narrative of personal experience, that those cases which seem to lack this element are also felt to lack structural definition. Labov (1972) identifies four different kinds, namely, 'External evaluation', where

"The narrator can stop the narrative, turn to the listener, and tell him what the point is". (ibid: 371);

'Embedded Evaluation', where the narrator is seen

"to quote the sentiment as something occurring to him at the moment rather than addressing it to the listener outside the narrative". (ibid:372);

'Evaluative Action', where the narrator tells

"what people did rather than what they said" (ibid:373)

thus revealing the tensions of the people involved in the story; and finally 'Evaluation by Suspension of Action', where

"Stopping the action calls attention to that part of the narrative and indicates to the listener that this has some connection with the evaluative point".

(ibid:374)

The same author spells out the syntactic device used by the narrator to identify the 'Evaluation' section of the narrative, i.e., the whole point of the story.

On the other hand, Labov's fifth category, namely, 'Result' or 'Resolution' is simply defined as

"that portion of the narrative sequence which follows the evaluation". (Labov & Waletzky: 1967:39)

which suggests a certain vagueness as to the criteria for identifying the same.

Finally, as a sixth category we have the 'coda', which is defined as:

"one of many options open to the narrator for signalling that the narrative is finished". (Labov, 1972:365)

In fairy-tales and folk-tales codas would be equivalent to formulaic sentences which mechanically finish the narrative. In oral narratives of personal experience, Labov and Waletzky noticed that the narrator has a number of ways for doing the same. He may bridge the gap between the moment of time when the story took place and the actual moment of utterance, or he may use 'disjunctive codas', i.e., he may bring in facts which have nothing in common with the main point of the story.

In an attempt to summarize his own categories of narrative organization Labov claimed that these parts contained answers to certain questions. In a way, we feel the formulation of such questions reflects an insight into the theory of reader/writer interaction, which was to be developed at a later date. Below is the set of questions posited by Labov

Abstract	→	what was this about?
Orientation	→	who, when, what, where?
Complicating		
Action	→	then what happened?
Evaluation	→	so what?
Result	→	what finally happened?

Labov's six categories, although specifically aimed at describing oral narratives of personal experience were used with certain degree of success by Caldas-Coulthard (1983) in both her description of the structure of a written narrative by a seven year old and of part of a short story by Borges. The same author (ibid) suggested that although in written discourse the author has much more control over the narrative, in contrast with the oral narrator of personal experience who

rarely monitors what is being said, Labov's six categories are invariably present in written narratives.

2.2 Longacre's model

2.2.1 Narrative and other discourses

In common with that of Labov, Longacre's data is taken from authentic oral material. He aimed at seeing what a text from a specific culture shared with a text from an alternative cultural source. In so doing, he assembled various features which seem to occur in human discourse independent of the origin. Longacre claimed that the coincidence of features was in fact, similar to

"a natural metaphysic of the human mind,
an anatomy of our intellects in their abstract
functioning". (1983:XIX)

Longacre admitted that, in the research carried out to produce his grammar of discourse (1983), he aimed at something very close to the dream of the generative semanticist. Describing the universal under-layers of human language would greatly simplify the upper surface manifestations. Philosophical considerations aside, Longacre's main objective was to try to map the universal notional (underlying) categories, found in a language, onto the grammatical structure of the surface of that language.

One of the principles which guided Longacre in his research was that the

"characteristics of individual discourses can be neither described, predicted, nor analyzed without resort to a classification of discourse types". (ibid:1)

Thus, in an attempt to devise a discourse typology Longacre initially posited three (1976) and later (1983) four parameters to be used as yardsticks when classifying discourses. His parameters were 'Contingent Temporal Succession', 'Agent Orientation', 'Projection' and 'Tension'.

He defined these parameters in the following way: 'Contingent Temporal Succession' would refer to a framework where events stand in a relation of temporality against each other; 'Agent Orientation' would be a discourse characteristic which would refer to a specific identifiable agent ; 'Projection' would be the inherent aspect of certain discourses to contain actions or events which are contemplated but not realized. These three parameters would have sufficed in devising his typology. However, Longacre (1983) decided to add 'Tension', to reflect whether a discourse showed any form of polarization or struggle.

By using these four parameters and the 'plus' (+) or 'minus' (-) signals to indicate whether discourses contained these features or not, Longacre was able to devise a fourfold typology of discourses: narrative (where things are told); procedural (how things get/were /will be done); behavioural (a broad category including exhortations, eulogies and political speeches) and, finally, expository (somewhat similar to discursive discourse). Longacre (1983:5) plotted these four types and a few of their possible variations on to the diagram below:

		+Agent Orientation	-Agent Orientation	
C S		NARRATIVE	PROCEDURAL	
+ O U		Prophecy	How-to-do-it	+Proj.
N C				
T C				
I E	-----			
N S		Story	How-it-was-done	-Proj.
G S				
E I				
N O				
T N				
C S		BEHAVIORAL	EXPOSITORY	
O U		Hortatory	Budget Proposal	+Proj.
- N C				
T C		Promissory	Futuristic Essay	
I E	-----			
N S		Eulogy	Scientific Paper	
G S				-Proj.
E I				
N O				
T N				

Therefore, according to Longacre's parameters, narrative discourse display the following features:

- (+) contingent temporal succession (events would be ordered in a chronological line);
- (+) agent orientation (the events would be about people);
- (+ or -) projection (the events would (not) be able to be projected;
- (+ or -) tension (the events would reflect a minor or major level of polarization).

2.2.2 Longacre's two levels of narrative discourse

Having compared narrative discourse with other types of discourses, Longacre went on to outline the organizational pattern of narratives, regardless of their cultural origin. This linguist recognized two levels in the structure of narratives, his 'notional' (deep) structure and his 'surface' structure. The 'surface' structure is the linguistic means used to encode a narrative. His 'notional' structure is more closely related to the formation of a plot, and is therefore linked to the meaning of each part of the narrative. Longacre recognized that the relationship between these linguistic manifestations and the notional categories could not always be in a one-to-one match. Thus the mapping of notions may only be made indirectly onto the surface structure. While he recognized the possible existence of nine surface categories, i.e., his so-called, 'Title', 'Aperture', 'Stage', 'Pre-Peak Episode', 'Peak', 'Peak¹', 'Post-Peak Episode', 'Closure' and 'Finis', he acknowledged the existence of only seven 'notional' categories, i.e., 'Exposition', 'Inciting Moment', 'Developing Conflict', 'Climax', 'Denouement', 'Final Suspense' and 'Conclusion'. As can be seen from the diagram below (Longacre, 1983:22) the surface manifestations of 'Title', 'Aperture' and 'Finis' do not match with any notional category.

These difficulties aside it seems that Longacre establishes clear definitions for his notional categories. The plot, which he claims is the notional structure of narrative

discourse , comprises

a) 'Exposition', where crucial information on characters, time, place, and local colour is provided;

b) 'Inciting Moment', where something unexpected, unpredicted happens in the story, which gives rise to whatever problems are to come;

c) 'Developing conflict', where the situation intensifies or worsens to a considerable degree;

d) 'Climax', where everything is contradictory, tangled, and the author "messes it all up" (1983:21)

e) 'Denouement', where something happens which will enable resolution to take place;

f) 'Final Suspense', where the final details of the resolution are worked out, and final 'knots' are untangled;

g) 'Conclusion', where the author

"brings the story to some form of decent - or indecent-end". (1983:21)

Whereas the notional categories seem finely delineated, his surface categories are not. Longacre does not provide a complete list of features which occur at episode boundaries. He does, however, go into a considerable amount of detail in determining his surface 'Peak', which he claims is essential in establishing the profile of any narrative.

In a 'Peak Episode', which Longacre also calls a 'Zone of Turbulence' (1986), the real prominence of the narrative profile is established. Longacre has been successful in identifying a number of linguistic features which mark 'Peak'. However he also acknowledges that

"analytical difficulties begin in that area of a story where it may be suspected that a peak is indicated". (1986:85)

In pinpointing what kind of markers appear in 'Peak' episode, Longacre has coined a few labels, i.e., 'Rhetorical Underlining', 'Concentration of Participants', 'Heightened Vividness', 'Change of Pace' and 'Change of Vantage Point/Orientation'. These deserve a brief explanation since they will be used in an attempt to explain one of our stories.

'Rhetorical Underlining' is conveyed by repetition, parallelism, paraphrase or any other device which signals to the reader/he/she is not to miss that particular point of the story.

'Concentration of Participants' is a device which cannot be said to be linguistically based. It refers to an instance in the story where most of the characters are brought to the limelight, some sort of climactic gathering.

'Heightened Vividness' is achieved by some kind of shift. It can be tense shift, person shift, shift from nominal groups to verbal groups (or vice-versa), or even shift to or from dialogue.

'Change of Pace' is in Longacre's view similar to the film technique of 'slowing the camera down' (1986:98) or even speeding it up. The clauses, sentences or paragraphs in a narrative may vary in length or the ratio between verbs to non-verbs may reverse drastically.

Finally, 'Change of Vantage Point' or 'Orientation'

	TITLE	APERTURE	STAGE	(PRE-PEAK) EPISODES	PEAK	PEAK'	(POST-PEAK) EPISODES	CLOSURE	FINIS
SURFACE STRUCTURE		FORMULATIC PHRASE/ SENTENCE	EXPOSITORY PARAGRAPH/ DISCOURSE NARRATIVE PARAGRAPH/ DISCOURSE	PARAGRAPH/DISCOURSE (USUALLY NARRATIVE OR DIALOGUE) ARTICULATED BY MEANS OF: 1. TIME HORIZONS IN SUCCESSION 2. BACK-REFERENCE IN PARAGRAPH/ DISCOURSE TO THE PRECEDING 3. CONJUNCTIONS 4. JUXTAPOSITION, I.E. CLEAR STRUCTURAL TRANSITION TO ANOTHER PARAGRAPH OR EMBEDDED DISCOURSE	RHETORICAL UNDERLYING CONCENTRATION OF PARTICIPANTS HEIGHTENED VIVIDNESS SHIFT OF TENSE SHIFT TO MORE SPECIFIC PERSON MARK-PSEUDO-DIALOGUE- DIALOGUE-DRAMA CHANGE OF PACE VARIATION IN LENGTH OF UNITS LESS CONJUNCTION & TRAN- SITION CHANGE OF VANTAGE POINT ORIENTATION	SEE PEAK	SEE PRE-PEAK EPISODES	OF VARIED STRUCTURE ESPECIALLY EXPOSITORY PARAGRAPH, BUT CAN BE EXPOSITORY DISCOURSE, NARRATIVE DISCOURSE, HORTATORY DISCOURSE (=MORAL?)	FORMU- LATIC PHRASE/ SENTENCE
NOTIONAL STRUCTURE (PLOT)	SURFACE FEATURES ONLY		1. EXPOSITION 'Lay it out' AS STAGE	2. INCITING MOMENT 'Get something going' 3. DEVELOPING CONFLICT 'Keep the heat on' AS EPISODES	4. CLIMAX 'Knot it all up proper' A. CLIMAX MAY ENCODE AS PEAK AND DENOUEMENT AS PEAK' OR: B. CLIMAX MAY ENCODE AS PRE-PEAK EPISODE AND DENOUEMENT AS PEAK C. CLIMAX MAY ENCODE AS PEAK AND DENOUEMENT AS POST-PEAK EPISODE	5. DENOUEMENT 'Loosen it'	6. FINAL SUSPENSE (SURFACE STRUCTURE EPISODES) 'Keep untangling'	7. CONCLUSION 'Wrap it up'	SURFACE FEATURE ONLY

Narrative discourse with surface peak

refers to a change from one character through whose eyes we view the story, to another, who then starts doing the same. 'Agents' may become 'patients' (or vice-versa). Such a device is also associated with linguistic features.

Longacre claims that if we are capable of identifying a discourse peak, this may enable us to establish the overall profile of the discourse and thus establish its degree of prominence.

2.3 Final Comments

Both Labov and Longacre see narrative as a process. Both emphasize time sequence as intrinsic to narrative discourse. Despite the restrictions pinpointed in this review, both models have proved convincing in describing narratives which are episodic. Caldas-Coultard (1983), De Mejía (1985), and Marley (1987) have found the parameters posited by both Labov and Longacre at least partially successful in defining their respective narrative data.

It would, therefore, seem relevant to try to discuss one of our chosen data within their criteria, i.e., Dahl's "George's Marvellous Medicine". It is felt to be a linear narrative, with a clear degree of prominence, and a strong event line. In addition it has clearly definable episodes. However, as will be shown in the following chapter, it is approaches other than those of Labov and Longacre which appear to account for the tellability of the narrative itself, and which, in turn, form the focal point for the verification of the hypotheses of this dissertation.

Chapter Three.

Winter and Hoey's Matching Relations:

An Extension.

3. INTRODUCTION

In chapter 2, Labov and Longacre's ideas on narrative discourse were presented without an attempt to apply them to any of our data. In chapter 3, we will cover mainstream discourse organization as seen from the point of view of Winter and Hoey. Hoey's work on discourse colonies, as opposed to mainstream discourse, will also be tackled since it is felt that one of the books chosen as data for this study shares some of the characteristics of discourse colonies. If not otherwise indicated, the examples provided as illustrations of the main points of this chapter will be taken from 'George's Marvellous Medicine'.

3.1. Mainstream Discourse and clause relations.

Building on Winter's (1974) seminal work on clause relations Hoey (1983) sees mainstream discourse as the product of the semantic relations which hold between its sentences or group of sentences. If two or more sentences (or group of sentences) are placed together, and meaning is in this way added to their separate, individual meanings, such sentences (or group of sentences) are said to be in a relation with each other.

Hoey's approach to discourse is based on two main assumptions, namely that discourses are in part hierarchically organized, and that this organization is mapped out by means of a finite number of clues within the discourse itself and which are, in turn, perceived by readers/listeners as markers of that same organization. If writers/speakers wish to guide their readers/hearers into interpreting their messages correctly, linguistic signals may be placed throughout such messages for such an interpretation to take place. It is, therefore, the discourse analyst's task to

"discover what in the discourse allows for the reader's acts of interpretation to take place and what ensures that the various acts of interpretation that take place occur within a given range of possibilities" (Hoey 1983:19).

Winter (1974) recognized that repetition plays a very important part in discourse organization because it is one of the ways of signalling relations.

As there is either replacement or addition in repeated chunks of information one's attention is focussed on what is replaced or added. The mechanics of cohesion is such that the two "chunks" are compared and contrasted.

E.g.: "George didn't move.

Grandma didn't move, either". (p. 15)

E.g.: "And all of a sudden he had a tremendous urge to do something about her. Something whopping. Something absolutely terrific. A real shocker. A sort of explosion". (p. 18)

In the example above, it is worth pointing out that there is a move towards greater specificity. The "chunks of information" that are compared mirror George's gradually growing idea of the need to really terrify Grandma.

Overt labelling of relations by means of conjuncts, subordinators and lexical items (vocabulary 1,2 and 3 respectively) is another means of signalling relations. These were first recognized and labelled by Winter (1974) and have been illustrated by our data below:

"It had the magic medicine, Grandma, and it's growing just like you did!"
But there was a difference between the way the hen was growing and the way Grandma grew. When Grandma grew taller and taller, she got thinner and thinner. The hen didn't." (p.64)

The first underlined example is a vocabulary 1 item, which signals relations and expectations. Vocabulary 2 items (e.g. 'when' above), signal relations grammatically too. Finally, vocabulary 3 (e.g. 'difference') may share the properties of vocabulary 1 and 2 but are lexical items. The presence of these signals in a text allows the reader to make predictions and/or confirm that expectations have(not) been met. If a writer/speaker opts not to signal these relations in an explicit way, to the competent reader/hearer, the inferential role of the latter comes into play.

The analyst may resort to either one of two ways of interpreting an unsignalled relation, namely by paraphrasing or by projecting the discourse from monologue into dialogue. Such projection is however an analytical tool and not a reader strategy.

"George didn't say a word. He felt quite trembly. He knew that something tremendous had taken place that morning." (p.112)

In the example above, it is quite clear that the last sentence is the cause of the consequences described in the first two sentences. If the appropriate connector is inserted linking

the last sentence to each of the first two, such a relation becomes clear.

"George didn't ... and felt ... because ...".

According to Hoey, paraphrasing should be used sparingly as it may not safeguard the context in which a relation appears. A recreated dialogue showing writer/reader interaction, however, has the advantage of both preserving context and reflecting the nature of the relation one is trying to elucidate.

D: George didn't say a word and felt quite trembly.

Q: Why (didn't he say a word and feel trembly)?

D: [Because] he knew something tremendous had taken place that morning.

This idealized dialogue representing at a theoretical level the interaction between reader and writer may take two forms. The hypothetical question cited above is an example of what Hoey calls a "narrow question", i.e.

it "reflects sensitively the relationship of sentences in the context in which they appear". (Hoey:29)

"Broad questions", on the other hand, are those which allow for more general links to be established within the discourse. More about these questions will be said later in the chapter.

Having briefly summarized what may signal a clause relation and the methods an analyst may use to elicit such relations we will now discuss clause relations in detail.

Winter and Hoey posit that there are two major categories of clause relations, namely, logical sequence and matching. Two sentences (or group of sentences) may be semantically linked by either or both at the same time.

3.1.1 Relations spelled out

Sequence relations entail the concept of ordering, either potentially or in actual fact. The most basic form of a sequence relation is purely chronological/spatial ordering.

E.g.: "George took an enormous saucepan out of the cupboard and placed it on the kitchen table". (p. 23)

or in a more elaborate form it can be seen as condition consequence as in:

E.g.: "It simply must be brown or she'll get suspicious".
(p. 42)

Or instrument-achievement (where 'instrument' = 'means' as defined by Beekman & Callow 1974) as in:

E.g.: "He then filled the bottle with his own magic mixture by dipping a small jug into the saucepan".
(p. 43).

The last example contains a form of chronology. However, it can also be taken as containing an instrument-achievement relation if the act of dipping is seen as a means used by George in order to fill Grandma's bottle.

Matching relations, seen by Winter as complementary to sequence relations in the organization of discourse, might be

characterized as follows

"What is true of X is (not) true of Y in respect of A feature" (Winter, 1986:92)

In other words, statements are compared to each other to see whether they are compatible, whether they are contrastive, or whether they act as examples of larger generalizations, or as previews to finer details.

E.g. : "Number one was a bottle called GLOSS HAIR SHAMPOO. He emptied it into the pan. 'That ought to wash her tummy nice and clean', he said" .

E.g. : "He took a full tube of TOOTHPASTE and squeezed out the whole lot of it in one long worm. 'Maybe that will brighten up those horrid brown teeth of hers', he said".

The two examples above illustrate a matching compatibility relation. The information contained in this last example is highlighted because it is framed in a similar way as the information in the previous example. The slots in the frame are filled with "chunks" of information which are understood as sharing similarities.

"number one was	a bottle called G.H.S.	He emptied it into the pan"
"He took	a tube of TOOTHPASTE	and squeezed out the whole lot of it in one long worm".

That | ought to wash her tummy nice and clean, | ...
 Maybe that | will brighten up those horrid brown teeth of hers | ...

These can be rewritten in a matrix which shows that the slotted information contains a constant and a variable. The constant factor indicates what the two statements have in common and the variable shows in which ways they differ from each other.

Number one was	a bottle called GLOSS HAIR SHAMPOO	(He)emptied it into the pan	wash her tummy nice and clean
He took	a tube of tothpaste	(and) squeezed out the whole lot of it	brighten up those horrid brown teeth of hers
constant	a container with chemical products for hygiene	George used up all its contents	for a good effect it might have on Grandma's health
variable	which type of container/ which product	the manner in which he did so	the kind of effect and which part of the body will be affected

This matrix pinpoints a matching compatibility relation. The affirmation that "what is true of the shampoo (X) is also true of the toothpaste (Y) in respect of (A), their having a possible beneficial effect on Grandma", can be clearly derived from the matrix.

Matching relations consist of matching contrast as well as compatibility. If X is compared to Y in respect of A, and what is true of X is not true of Y, then the two elements can be said to be in a matching contrast relation. This short example from 'George's Marvellous Medicine' illustrates this relation well.

e.g. : "Most grandmothers are lovely, kind and helpful old ladies, but not this one". (p. 8).

This very short piece of discourse, with an overt marker of contrast (but) can be said to be typical of a contrast relation. If the relation is extended, the reader can infer that

This one is not	lovely
	kind
	helpful

However, the inference "this one is not **an old lady**" is not made, since four paragraphs earlier on the same page the reader is told that George was tired of living in the same old house as that

"grizzly old grunion of a Grandma" (p. 8)

The same short piece of discourse serves as a starting point for discussion of another type of matching relation, that of General-Particular.

3.1.2 The General-Particular Relation

Hoey claims (1983:13) that the General-Particular relation organizes long passages and indeed complete discourses. Such a relation has two kinds of sub-types, namely, Generalization-Example and Preview-Detail. These shall be dealt with at length

since at least one of these sub-types is seen as permeating one of the narrative publications chosen as data for this study. Let us return to our key-sentence quoted above:

Most Grandmothers are lovely, helpful old ladies, but not this one. (1) She spent all day and every day sitting by the window, (2a) and she was always complaining, grouching, grumbling, griping about something or other. (2b) Never once, even on her best days, had she smiled at George and said, "Well, how are you this morning, George?" or "Why don't you and I have a game of snakes and ladders?" (3) (p.8)

Intuitively, it can be claimed that sentences (2a), (2b), and (3) above function as details of the "preview" (1) given by the narrator that this Grandma was not a lovely, kind or helpful old lady. Sentences (2a), in which Grandma is said to spend the whole day sitting, and sentence (3) in which she is described as never having played with George are details linked to the whole of the previous sentence but most specifically to the lexical item 'helpful'. In sentence (2b), the heavy repetition of Grandma's habitual irritability contrasts directly with 'lovely'. Finally, the whole of sentence (3) shows details of Grandma's unkindness.

It is not necessary to rely on intuition alone in establishing which of the two sub-types is in evidence. One objective test is the ability to project the monologue into dialogue. In the case of

"Most grandmothers are lovely, kind, helpful old ladies, but not this one". (p. 8)

the analyst would not be able to verbalize indirect questions of the type 'Give me more examples of X,' when X itself is not tangible. The other test that would indicate an instance of a Generalization-Example relation is the possibility of insertion of conjuncts of the type 'for example' and/or 'for instance'." Again, such an insertion in this particular stretch of discourse would not be feasible. This would rule out the possibility of the relation in question being a Generalization-Example relation. We are left then with a strong indication that

'most grandmothers are lovely, kind and helpful but not this one' can be considered as 'Preview', the details of which are to follow.

One of the tests to verify whether a relation can be said to be of a Preview-Detail sub-type is once again, according to Hoey (1983) a projection from monologue into dialogue. In this case one resorts to the so-called "narrow questions", those which spell out specific relations between stretches of discourse, i.e.

"Can you		give me more details of X ?"
		or
		tell me about X in greater detail ?"

The concocted dialogue in this particular case would have the following shape:

D: "Most grandmothers are lovely, kind, helpful old ladies, but not this one".

Q: "Tell me about **this one** in greater detail".

or

"Give me more details of **this one**".

D: "She spent all day and every day sitting ..."

We have now confirmed our intuition that we are in fact dealing with a Preview-Detail relationship, as the above dialogue is both feasible and coherent. However, what we can not at this stage pinpoint, is the nature of the details provided. In Hoey (1983:49), there is an attempt to classify the detail part of the Preview-Detail relation. The three labels suggested for sub-types of details are in fact one-word summaries of the details themselves. Thus, the labels coined are 'abstract' nouns such as 'function', 'composition' and 'structure' Details. The fact that the examples of discourse by Hoey are of a scientific nature may have given rise to these particular labels. In narrative discourse, however, we shall have to coin new labels as neither 'structure', 'composition' nor 'function' seem to cover the nature of existing relationships. Hoey (1983:49) does allow for the fact that:

"to comprehend all types of Detail more categories will have to be set up".

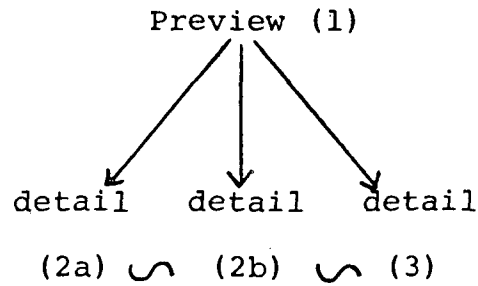
Thus far we have used a small passage to illustrate the Preview-Detail relation. However, this passage in itself cannot be seen as representative of the overall organization "George's Marvellous Medicine". We therefore leave

further discussion of the question of labelling to be expanded upon in a following chapter, where the concept of Preview-Detail is seen as crucial in the organization of the text to be used as data.

On the other hand, it is felt important to introduce Hoey's so-called Detail-trees at this stage. Simple to build, detail-trees can be plotted so as to demonstrate the different levels of relationships between parts of a discourse. As we have seen, the 'preview' member of a relation may or may not present overt signals of the relation that is to follow. The 'detail' member, however, may be unmatched, partially matched or overtly matched. The existence of a matching relation between details can be easily shown by means of a detail-tree; the analyst can then visualize his/her interpretation of the tree-like network that may hold a discourse together.

If we may return to our dog-eared example from page 8 in "George's Marvellous Medicine", we might be able to build a tree-like diagram that mirrors the organization of that mini-discourse:

"Most grandmothers are lovely, kind, helpful old ladies, but not this one. (1)
 She spent all day and every day sitting in her chair by the window (2a) and she was always complaining, grouching, grumbling, griping about something or other. (2b) Never once, even on her best days, had she smiled at George and said, 'Well, how are you this morning, George?' or 'How was school today' (3):



Where ~ can be read
as 'compatible with'

Our tree illustrates two things: first that the relationship that holds the mini-discourse together is one of Preview-Detail and second that the details are linked by compatibility. What the tree fails to show is that the various detail elements of the relation are linked to specific lexical items in the preview part.

3.2 The Problem-Solution Pattern

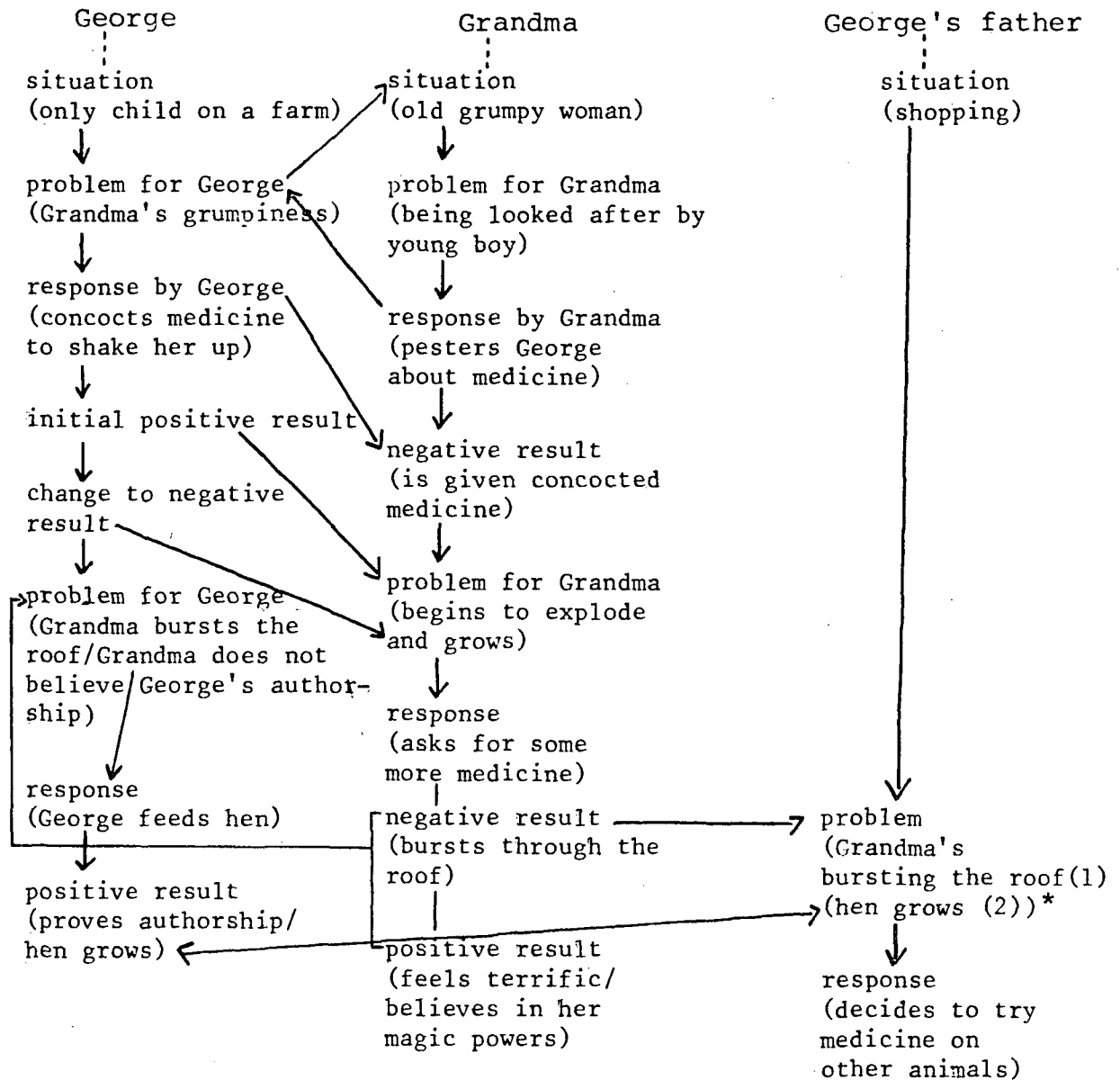
We have so far dealt at length with one the global matching patterns, i.e. the General-Particular, its sub-types and possible diagrammatic form postulated by Hoey (1983), as it is felt to be relevant to the understanding of the extension of the idea of matching relations and with a view to a possible application of the same pattern to one of our narrative data. Here it would seem pertinent to justify our omission in providing an equally detailed discussion of Hoey's major discourse organizational pattern, namely that of Problem-Solution. While it is true that this pattern is of a cause-consequence nature and not therefore part of the main theme of this paper, i.e., the role of matching relations in narrative text, it has been the most widely discussed concept from Hoey's work. It is also true that we have been dealing with the minutiae of Dahl's story

we may say that Problem-Solution organizes "George's Marvellous Medicine", (as it indeed organizes a great number of other narratives). This particular pattern has a recurring characteristic of recycling itself in narratives and allows for the possibility of interweaving its elements among the different characters. This can be seen by means of the following outline:

a problem (for X) triggers
 a response (by Y) to a problem (for X) which triggers
 an evaluation (by Z) of a response (by Y) where
 Z can be X, or Y, or the narrator and
 Y can be X or the narrator.

These two characteristics make the Problem-Solution pattern even more attractive as a means to account for Dahl's story. Is not the title itself a specimen cell of such a pattern? In it we have "George's Marvellous Medicine;" where 'George's' may be seen as a situation, 'Marvellous' as an evaluative epithet and 'Medicine', for the very nature of the lexis, as a solution to an unstated problem, i.e. Grandma.

Let us then attempt to plot part of Dahls's story into the pattern, and verify whether it conforms to its profile.



In the chart above, which covers little more than half the book, only three characters have been included. We have, to a certain extent, succeeded in showing the relations between the problems/responses/evaluations/results of the same characters. Recycling could have been applied to cover the remaining chapters of the story.

* Whereas (1) is a problem, (2) is similar to a problem i.e., a negative aspect of situation requiring a response. It is, in addition, a positive aspect of situation inviting a response, i.e., an 'opportunity' (term coined by Hoey, personal communication, July, 1988).

In this case the middle column, i.e., Grandma would be neglected, and left aside for almost the entire remaining half of the story.

This illustrates that George's problem (i.e. Grandma) can not be considered a constant triggering factor in keeping the story going. Another weakness of this approach to the organization of Dahl's narrative would be the difficulty of accounting for the unexpected disappearance of Grandma on the very final page in terms of George's initial plan. For at no point in the story had he really wanted to do away with her. He had not, for example, once touched the forbidden bathroom cabinet. However it is worth pointing out that this same disappearance, the result of swallowing the fourth medicine, is positively evaluated by both George's father and mother, although not by George himself. His evaluation, albeit positive, comprehends the entire experience of that "tremendous" morning at

"the edge of a magic world" (p.112)

The series of frustrated attempts to reproduce the original formula for "making things grow" could only be accounted for as a repetition of Problem-Response - Negative Result recycling patterns. However, this would not reflect the lengthy description with which the narrator characterizes the ingredients of the four varieties of medicine (pages 25 to 41, 87-88, 92-93, 96-97) where the noun group heads (ingredients) are given extensive and complex modification and qualification:

e.g. "The label said, FOR CHICKENS WITH FOUL PEST,
HEN GRIPE, SORE BEAKS, GAMMY LEGS, COCKERELITIS,
EGG TROUBLE, BROODINESS OR LOSS OF FEATHERS ...

(p. 34-35) *

SHEEPDIP "FOR SHEEP WITH SHEEPROT AND FOR GETTING
RID OF TICKS AND FLEAS". (p. 35) *

PIG PILLS "FOR PIGS WITH PORK PRICKLES, TENDER TROTTERS,
BRISTLE BLIGHT AND SWINE SICKNESS". (p. 36) *

A second of Hoey's global cause-consequence patterns, namely that of Goal-Instrument-Achievement has also been disregarded. This decision was made for two reasons: the significance of the last paragraph, as well as the four different medical formulae concocted by George. If, as we have suggested, the narrative is more than George's achieving the goal of giving Grandma a "real shocker", then it seems that the story revolves around and is driven on by the force of the Instrument itself.

3.3. Narrative and Discourse Colonies

What has been hinted at above is that the contrast between George's four different 'medical' formulae is crucial to the telling of Dahl's narrative. Viewing each of these formulae as 'discourse colonies' may help to establish these contrasts. However, we must first delineate the boundaries between mainstream discourse and colonies and describe criteria

* capitalization was included by Dahl in the original.

which have been devised by Hoey (1986) as a means of defining the same.

Hoey's theory of colony is designed to cater for what he feels is a neglected form of discourse, i.e. language used in text ranging from shopping lists to classified advertisements. Discourse analysts have laid emphasis on what is known as mainstream discourse, i.e., narrative, argumentative and descriptive prose and the interconnectedness of its lexis and semantically related propositions. Very little work has been done, however, on the "cinderella discourse", i.e., the colony, a term borrowed by Hoey from natural history. As this author points out, if a biological colony (including a beehive an anthill, etc.) is for some reason either jumbled up or, if one of its elements is removed, the colony has its own means for remaining alive. It is, therefore, not the individual element which is essential, but the overall functioning of the colony as whole.

On the other hand, in common with the human body, mainstream discourses lose their 'life' when jumbled up or when losing a part, because the individual components are interconnected and together make up an intelligible whole. As Halliday and Hasan have claimed (1986:29)

"It is characteristic of a text that the sequence of the sentences cannot be disturbed without destroying or radically altering the meaning".

If Halliday's word 'text' is interpreted as linear cohesive (mainstream) discourse the distinction between 'mainstream' and 'colony' becomes clear.

As examples of discourse colonies Hoey cites dictionaries, hymn books, exam papers, address books, among others. We would like to add the item 'inventories/stock lists' as we feel the nature of the lists we deal with in 'George's Marvellous Medicine' have some points in common with the latter form of colony. Before embarking on the analysis of the proposed colonies of our data we will describe each of the nine properties that characterize a discourse colony.

The first is the lack of need for sequencing. Hoey defines colonies as

"a discourse whose component parts do not derive their meaning from the sequence in which they are placed".

(Hoey 1986:4)

Thus if the component parts are jumbled, the utility of the discourse may be affected but the meaning remains the same. If the names in a telephone directory are reordered, finding what one is looking for may be considered a difficult task, but the name, followed by address and number, will still have the same original function, i.e., that of an entry. According to Hoey it will still "say" the same thing.

A second property is that, on the whole, adjacent units within a colony do not form continuous prose. The components

themselves may be internally cohesive but when matched against other adjacent components, will not read cohesively, i.e., there will be no continuity between them. In other words there will be as little/much cohesion between non-adjacent components of a colony as between the adjacent ones.

A need for a framing context is the third property. This so-called 'framing context', clearly a property which may be said to be part and parcel of any type of discourse, takes a special form in the case of colonies. A framing context can materialize in the shape of a heading which characterizes the type of discourse, e.g., 'an Act', 'a journal', 'a catalogue'. It can also be one which spells out its contents, i.e., 'documents required', 'types of scholarships offered', etc.

Hoey's fourth property is that there is no single or known author of a discourse colony. Colonies are generally the product of either more than one author or there is a lack of overt authorship. Hoey has suggested that in documents of a legal nature it is important that authorship remains covert as authority is thus seen as universal and not as emanating from one single or known individual. Other types of colonies, however, are by their very nature, a product of a group of authors as is the case of dictionaries, entertainment guides, etc.

The fact that there is no compulsory cross-referencing is the fifth property. Thus elements of a colony can be used independently of other elements. Although in some cases there is some degree of cross-referencing, most colonies can be

scanned so that a user may find the specific element he/she is looking for, which is generally independent of the other, i.e., a telephone number in an address book.

Hoey has suggested the possibility of re-using the elements of a colony within other contexts. This may be said to be his sixth property. To give just one example, telephone numbers are re-used in new editions of telephone books. However this property is not invariably true of colonies. No instance is known, for example, of a component of a constitution being re-used in a new constitution.

The possibility of adapting elements is the seventh property cited. As an extension of the previous property, elements of a colony which are re-used, may be re-used in a different manner, either with items added to or deleted, renewed or updated. As examples Hoey cites the several editions of long lasting, well-known dictionaries or encyclopedias.

The eighth property that a colony may display is the identity of function among its elements. Many of these elements serve the same purpose within a colony. Thus it can be said that they are in a weak matching relation with each other. Adjacency is not a pre-requisite for such a matching relation to take place, it must be added. Given that the factor responsible for binding the elements of a colony together might be seen to be purely a combination of matching relations, colonies may, in their turn, be seen to be diametrically opposed to the simplest of narratives (that which is bound purely by sequence relations). This eighth

property is particularly relevant to this piece of research in that it deals with matching relations.

Finally, Hoey posits as his ninth and final property, the use of some form of arbitrary or non-arbitrary sequence within a colony. In order to maintain their utility, colonies are therefore sometimes either ordered alphabetically, or numerically, or ordered by date or time. Some colonies, however, make use of no such system of ordering. This is not a universal proposition as it varies from colony to colony. Whereas shopping lists are not ordered in any identifiable manner other than the shoppers own system for jotting down the items which are missing in his/her household, dictionary entries follow strict alphabetical/arbitrary ordering.

3.3.1 Inventories/Check Lists and Medical Prescriptions: an attempt to classify them as discourse colonies.

So far we have used examples of colonies which were fully described and categorized by Hoey (1986). We would now like to suggest two new types of discourse colony, i.e., inventories/check lists and medical prescriptions. For such types of discourse to be either recognized as mainstream or colony, we shall have to determine whether and to what extent Hoey's 9 properties apply to either. In this way we shall either rule them out as discourse colonies or confirm our intuition that they display colony properties. We shall also check their centrality or marginality as to the latter claim, i.e., regarding the number of properties' they can be seen to possess.

Although inventories and check lists for stocks are more and more often codified numerically to fit into the computer programmes of large enterprises, there is a sense in which these inventories or lists resemble everyday shopping lists, which were included among Hoey's examples of discourse colonies. However, if we think, for instance, of less progressive or small family shops, the checking of stock items is done either in a random way or in an arbitrary manner dictated by the user himself. It is in this latter sense that we claim the resemblance with shopping lists. The medical prescriptions we have in mind are those which are written by doctors for dispensing chemists and which itemize chemical substances which are then combined into a single chemical substance, a practice still common in Brazil.

Hoey's nine properties have been inserted into a table below and have been checked against both inventories and medical prescriptions of the types described above. Three signs will be used as in Hoey (1986:21), namely the "+" sign, which indicates that the type of discourse displays that particular characteristic; the "-" sign, which shows exactly the opposite and the "?" sign which indicates that it is arguable whether the discourse contains the property in question or not.

	INVENTORY	MEDICAL PRESCRIPTION
1. Meaning not derived from sequence	+	+
2. adjacent units do not form continuous prose	+	+
3. existence of a framing context	+	+
4. no single author and or/anon	+	-
5. one component may be used without referring to the others	+	+
6. components can be reprinted or reused in subsequent works	+	+
7. components may be added, removed or altered	+	+
8. many of the components serve the same function	+	+
9. alphabetic, numeric or temporal sequencing	?	-
	8/9	7/9

The ratio of 8:9 and 7:9 of 'plus' signs not only confirm our intuition that both 'inventories' and 'medical prescriptions' are colonies but also points to the fact that they are undoubtedly central to the concept. Medical prescriptions of the dispensing kind are written neither by more than one 'author' nor are they anonymous. In addition they do not follow any sort

of ordering. These are the only two 'minus' signs present in the column, which does not put into dispute the claim that prescriptions are discourse colonies. As far as the interrogation sign present in the 'inventory' column is concerned, it is felt that the concept of inventory (in the less progressive sense) has been explored in enough detail to justify the doubt as to the presence of any form of sequencing or ordering in 'inventory/check lists.

Having said this much about inventories and prescriptions we would like, at this stage in the discussion, to refer to 'George's Marvellous Medicine', our narrative data which has provided both our micro-examples and macro-examples of narrative organization as well as clause relations.

3.4 Embedded Discourse Colonies within Mainstream Narrative

Discourse: an attempt to account for the tellability of 'George's Marvellous Medicine'

We have seen that Longacre and Labov, discussed briefly in the previous chapter, could be said to provide the means to account for the narrative of Dahl's story. Neither description, however, accounts for what makes 'George's Marvellous Medicine' an interesting narrative. Neither Longacre's nor Labov's methods pinpoint what it is that distinguishes it from mediocre children's stories. Their methods, when applied to this data, would make it seem a run-of-the-mill story. We would like to posit, therefore, that it is a matching relation, one of contrast, that makes Dahl's story tick. We will, however, extend Hoey's original concept of contrast to some degree.

Hoey (1988, forthcoming) claims that if we are to account for what makes some stories "tellable" we need to consider the contrast and compatibility relations which are present in their organization. In addition he points out that their presence and, more importantly, their centrality, in most fiction, is difficult to deny.

The ease with which examples of contrasts, marked linguistically or otherwise, can be found within Dahl's story substantiates Hoey's first claim. For example, the change in Grandma's fortune, during the narrative is clearly encapsulated by her comment

e.g. "How would you feel if you'd been a glorious giant a minute ago and suddenly you're a miserable midget" (p. 109) (my underlining).

A further example of change would be Mrs. Kranky's reversal of opinion of her mother, from:

e.g. "She's my own mother", she said. I'm not leaving my own mother sticking up through the roof for the rest of her life". (p 76-77)

to her acknowledgment.

e.g. "Ah, well, I suppose it's all for the best, really. She was a bit of a nuisance around the house, wasn't she?"

A third example of contrast involves both non-verbal text and reader inference. This can be made clear by the

relationship between the written text on page 70, i.e.,

"George gave a spoonful of medicine to the pig ...

In the end it looked like this"

and the accompanying illustration of a huge pig. Contrasts are also achieved by the same mixture of verbal and non-verbal text on pages 72, 73, 74 and 110.

These examples of contrasts, however, easily found in the text, can be considered as peripheral to the interest that the narrative provokes. What was hinted at in 3.4., i.e., that George's four different "medical formulae" were crucial to the narrative, can now be analysed in detail in an attempt to show that the contrasts between them are central to the story. The first clue which led to this conclusion was the list of contents/ chapter headings (p.5) which together with the title have to be taken into consideration by the analyst.

If a list of contents/chapter headings (which incidentally can be considered as another example of a discourse colony) is to say anything then Dahl's may be of particular significance. We may once more cite Winter's norm which emphasizes the importance of repetition as a strong signal of matching. Thus the placing together of the chapter headings

'Marvellous Medicine Number Two'

'Marvellous Medicine Number Three'

and 'Marvellous Medicine Number Four'

draws the analyst's attention to simultaneous kinds of matching. First, the evaluation of the three kinds of medicine is the same, i.e., "Marvellous". But, more importantly, the elements

which have been replaced (i.e. the numerals), should be viewed not only as part of a sequence relation, but also, and more emphatically, of a matching relation of contrast. In this way they can also be interpreted as directing our attention to the contents of the medicines themselves. If the author has given each chapter a separate heading it must be because he wants to underline the intrinsic characteristics of each individual set of ingredients.

As we had pointed out before, the centrality of the story can thus be seen as focussing around the different concocted medicines. In this case what we are dealing with is a kind of colony, a hybrid between a medical prescription to be dispensed and an inventory check list (made at random) of items which are found in the different parts of George's farm. This larger colony, for which we can provide no single, specific label, is embedded in the mainstream discourse of Dahl's story. (1*) Its components are weakly matched in two aspects, i.e., their texture ("runny or powdery or gooey" p. 23) and their purpose, i.e., to make up

"a new medicine, one that is strong and so fierce and so fantastic, it will either cure her completely or blow off the top of her head" (p. 20)

Embedding of colonies within mainstream discourse is seen by Hoey (1986:6) as less obvious but almost as frequent as the embedding of mainstream discourse within colonies. The embedding that takes place in the narrative of Dahl's story, however, is not uncomplicated, since it involves two levels. First, we have a large colony embedded in the narrative, whose utility is to describe a concocted type of formula. Secondly,

there is embedded in the first colony, a set of 'sub-colonies', i.e, the different kinds of ingredients/products which are found in each separate room/building of the farm. The beginnings and ends of these sub-colonies are clearly marked by phrases of the type:

e.g. "He would first go to the bathroom ..." (p. 4)

"That was about all in the bathroom ..." (p. 27)

"The bedroom had nothing more to offer, so George...
trotted into the laundry-room" (p.28)

These phrases, however, are not considered to fit Hoey's definition of a "framing context", as they are neither titles, labels or content descriptions. At this stage, we would like to illustrate the embedding relationships of the major and the sub-colonies through a tentative diagram:

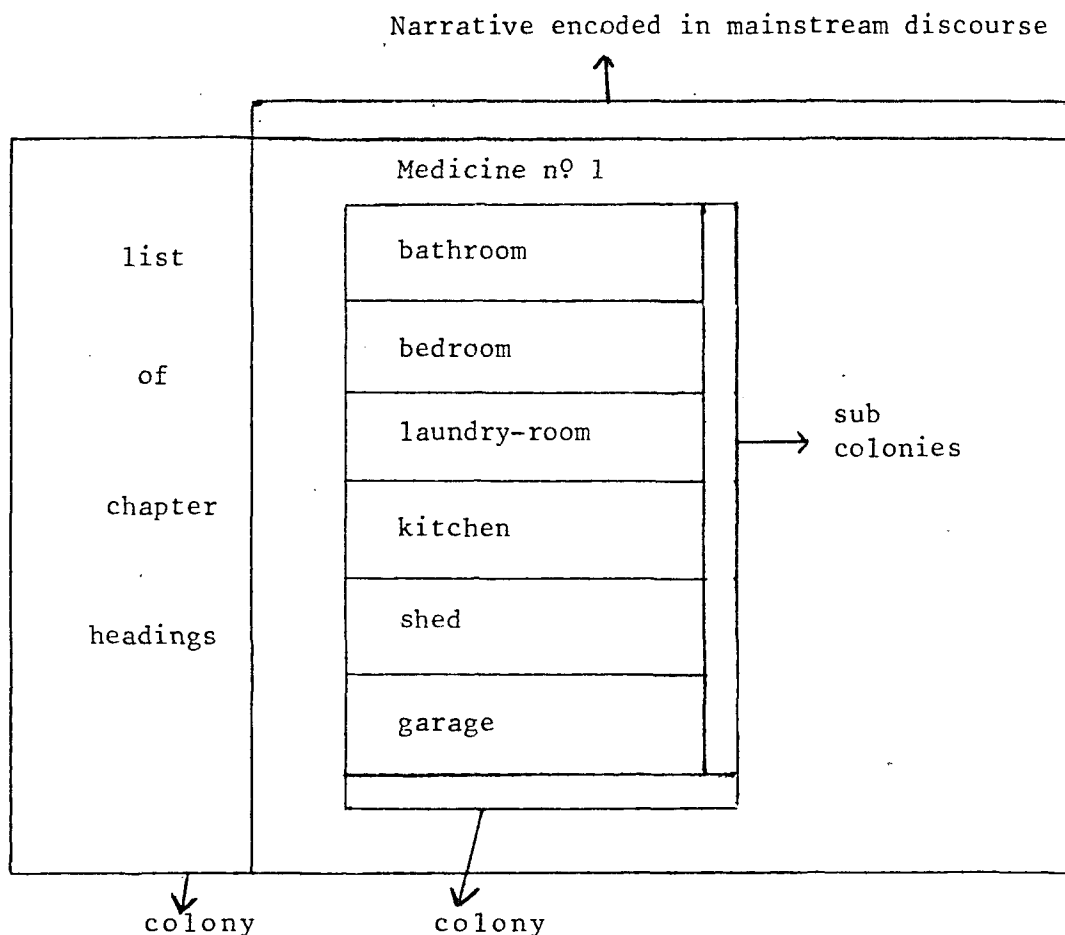


diagram 3.1. Example of colony embedding.

Let us now return to the main colony, Marvellous Medicine Number 1, which we feel is a hybrid between an inventory and a medical prescription. Most of the time it fails to show what Hoey (1986:22) considers to be one of the more pervasive colony properties, i.e., that which claims that the adjacent units of a colony do not form continuous prose. Our so-called "hybrid" is tightly interwoven with mainstream discourse, and thus does form continuous prose with its adjacent units.

e.g. "The first one he took down was a large box of SUPERWHITE FOR AUTOMATIC WASHING MACHINES". (p. 28)

"IT WAS CALLED HELGA'S HAIRSET". (p, 28)

"On his way back to the kitchen, George saw a bottle of GIN standing on the sideboard". (p. 31)

We would like to posit, however, that although this "hybrid" is not a typical colony, it may be treated as one. There are three arguments which may be said to confirm this intuition. The first has to do with what Hoey calls the defining property of colonies, i.e.,

"the component parts do not derive their meaning from the sequence in which they are placed" (1986:4)

Indeed, in the narrative of "George's Marvellous Medicine", the sequence in which the "ingredients" are added to the "list" alters neither their meaning nor their utility. COW MIXTURE will remain being medicine for cows and in the "fictional world"

where grandmothers are called "grumpy old cows", the utility of such medicine will still be to get rid of all the "rotten illnesses" which affect both cows and grandmothers.

The second fact has to do with an intentional effort on the part of the author to print the ingredients of this giant "cook up" (and when relevant, their effects) in capital letters. The result of this use of a visual/typographical resource is intrinsically related with the process of matching, which the child reader has to engage in when he/she feels the need to scan the pages to find the answer to the 'narrow question', i.e., "what is missing this time?" Dahl is therefore 'inviting' his reader to treat the mainstream narrative discourse as a colony. He does this by the capitalization thus making the process of scanning easier so that there is no need for the reader to assimilate surrounding material.

The third and last argument resides in the fact that in two instances our so-called 'sub-colonies' are presented in the format of lists. There is no apparent reason why the items from both the kitchen and the garage appear in such a format other than an 'invitation' on the part of the author for the reader to treat all other camouflaged lists in the same manner. For example, in the kitchen

"George chose the following and emptied them one by one into the saucepan:

A TIN OF CURRY POWDER.

A TIN OF MUSTARD POWDER.

A BOTTLE OF "EXTRA HOT" CHILLI SAUCE.

A TIN OF BLACK PEPPERCORNS.

A BOTTLE OF HORSERADDISH SAUCE" (p. 31)

and in the garage:

"... he added the following

Half a pint of ENGINE OIL - to keep Grandma's engine going smoothly.

Some ANTI-FREEZE - to keep her radiator from freezing up in the winter.

A handful of GREASE - to grease her creaking joints". (p. 38)

The remaining four sub-colonies, i.e., from the different rooms and shed could have well been presented in list form. The task of scanning and comparing, however, would have been made far too easy. Dahl opts to spotlight the 'ingredients' with capitalization, but at the same time camouflages the 'lists' with the trappings of continuous prose. This appears to be a deliberate ploy on the part of the writer to single out these 'lists' of ingredients as elements within our major hybrid colony, 'Marvellous Medicine Number One'.

The task of scanning and comparing is not therefore facilitated, nor could 'Marvellous Medicine Number Two' be considered a colony at all if Dahl had not (however sporadically) hinted at a possibility of a list.

e.g. "all you've got to do is put the same stuff into the saucepan as you did yesterday.

And while you're doing it I'll write down

each and every item". (p. 83. My underlining)

On page 87, when Mr. Kranky prods his son (and indeed, the reader) to reconstruct the formula of 'Medicine Number One', he lines up the ingredients near the sink. George (and the reader) are encouraged to start ticking off the imaginary list.

e.g. "Which one did you put in first?"

"This one", George said. "Golden Gloss Hair Shampoo..."

'Now the tooth paste', George went on...

'And the shaving soap ... and the face cream ...

and the nail varnish ...

The result of adding all the 'lined up' ingredients into the saucepan is different from the result of the original 'cook up'. The narrator states clearly

e.g. "when it was all done, the saucepan didn't somehow seem to be quite as full as it had been the first time" (p. 87)

Again, the narrative provides a certain clue that something has been missed out of this second potion. Further into the chapter, after the somewhat disturbing result of Medicine Number Two, Mr. Kranky demands that George compare the existing formula with the original one.

e.g. "Think, boy, think. What was it you left out?" (p.92)

George replies that two ingredients had been left out

and makes another attempt to recreate the first Marvellous Medicine. Thus, Number Three is in fact identical to Number Two with the addition of a further two ingredients that had been left out. And once again, after the rather different result to what had been hoped for, Mr. Kranky asks George:

e.g. "What else have you forgotten?

Come along, boy think. There's probably a vital thing missing and you've got to remember". (p. 98)

The two quotations from pages 92 and 98 can be seen to paraphrase each other; thus they are in a matching compatibility relation. They can also be seen as a means of recycling the theme of "appealing" to George, and the reader as well, to remember and think about the original list. The answer George gives to his dad illustrates the nature of the "medicines" we have been dealing with so far; they are in fact colonies; check lists to be compared, recreated and added to. Therefore, on page 96, after remembering the missing ingredient George says:

e.g. "I put in some engine oil from the garage', George said. "Did you have that on your list?" (p. 96)
(my underlining)

3.5 CONCLUSION

By seeing the various "medicines" as colonies and contrasting their elements, we might claim to have extended Hoey's proposed application of matching relations of contrast in narrative. This writer's original proposal (Hoey, forthcoming and UFSC Seminar, October, 1987) was that contrasts exist in narratives, are linguistically marked, but more importantly, are central to both children's and adult's narrative. However, the examples of contrast proposed included reversal of fortunes and attitudes (which we see as being in a sense semiological in nature) and contrasts between characters, settings and episodes (which we feel are of a literary nature).

We may now return to Winter's original mathematical equation used to categorize a matching relation of a contrastive kind.

"What is true of X is not true of Y in respect of A".

In Dahl's story, X is the original 'medicine' number one, Y can either be medicine number two, three or four and A is the list of 'ingredients'. Thus we may say that what is true of medicine one is not true of medicine two, three or four, in respect of the ingredients it contains. The different

medicines are in a matching relation of contrast. Dahl's narrative revolves around a contrast between discourse colonies (X and Y) and the contrast is materialized by the elements (A) of the original colony (X) which have not been included in its subsequent imitations (y). We have in "George's Marvellous Medicine", in fact, a narrative whose tellability (and indeed readability(2*)) is centered around a contrast between lexical items of the same discourse type. Interestingly enough this seems to conflict with Hoey's claim (1986:22) that the individual components of a colony may be utilized without regard to the other components and thus may explain why colonies exist. In Dahl's narrative, the existence of 'medicines' number two, three and four, is only explained and accounted for by the existence of number one. The interest of the story as a whole is centered around the fact that individual elements ('ingredients') may not be utilized without reference to the original colony, i.e., without the risk of producing long-legged chickens, long-necked turkeys or vanishing grandmothers. The same author concedes, however, that we may read colonies interconnectedly and we have tried to show that this is the case in "George's Marvellous Medicine". What is on the surface a simple linear narrative for children is indeed an example of the craft an author may display in manipulating the telling of a story.

As Hoey (1986:23) claims:

"It is possible ... to seek complex connections in simple narratives".

and the data we have tackled may be said to display such connections.

FOOTNOTES

- (1) Dahl has provided a framing context, i.e., a label "Marvellous Medicine" for the widest global colony. It goes without saying that Dahl's is a fictional world where notions of true or false are blurred and intermingled. Thus our difficulty in selecting an appropriate descriptive label other than the not altogether satisfactory hybrid, namely inventory/checklist/ medical formula/ prescription.

- (2) Although readability is beyond the scope of this dissertation, we would like to point out that Dahl's use of a colony as central to his narrative in "George's Marvellous Medicine" somewhat dictates the way in which the book may be read. Hoey clearly states that discourse types do not entail a one-to-one relationship with reading strategies (1986:23). We find that the embedding of a "check list/medical formula" in a narrative encoded initially in what might be said to be a fairly blatant way and then in a disguised manner on three consecutive occasions, certainly will influence the way readers are likely to tackle the text. We would argue that children, and, indeed adults, would read the story in a linear fashion at first, with the usual expectations about what would come next. Dahl's story undoubtedly presents a clear linear

organization. Readers may therefore read quickly first, establishing connections between sentences. Once the story begins to hinge on the "formulae", readers may well slow down in an effort to establish precise connections, not so much between sentences but more between chapters or bigger chunks of continuous discourse. Finally readers may become aware that their question as to the accuracy of the three latter formulae in comparison with the first "cook up", i.e., "what is missing still", remains unanswered. At this stage they may refer back to the text and scan to see whether the lexical items of the first formula match the lexical items or the three consecutive attempts. Readers would then only satisfy their curiosity once a sufficient explanation has been achieved, i.e., when sufficient matching has been made, and this will probably only be achieved by slowing down the reading pace, scanning and checking out the discrepancies.

Chapter Four.

The Organization of a deviant Narrative.

4. INTRODUCTION

The aim of this chapter is to provide a tentative explanation for a children's story of a similar degree of popularity as 'George's Marvellous Medicine' and which can also be claimed to have a comparable level of quality readership. The data chosen is highly acclaimed.

'O Menino Maluquinho' has been on the best seller lists of children's books since it was first published in 1980, according to a survey carried out in Rio bookshops specializing in the field. There is also a sentimental reason for this choice. Ziraldo's story was read repeatedly with delight by both my children between the ages of seven and ten, which is shown by the smudged and dog-eared copy to be found in our home.

Putting aside external factors such as degree of popularity and sentimental attachments, we might also explain our choice in terms of the internal factors of the book itself, i.e., its apparent simplicity and originality. On the surface Ziraldo's story is simplicity itself. It is straightforward and uncomplicated as it is illustrated with the cartoonist's

clear, self-explanatory drawings and constant swift changes of frame.

Initially our hypothesis that it was original was based on intuition alone. With the subsequent detailed analyses, using a variety of theoretical approaches it was shown that our initial hypothesis was sound. However, far from being a simple, straightforward story, 'O Menino Maluquinho' can only be accounted for if seen as a rather deviant example of narrative.

4.1. An Attempt to define 'O Menino Maluquinho' as narrative

4.1.1 Definitions of Narrative

In our discussion of the relevant literature in previous chapters, we have attempted to explain, in a somewhat summarized fashion, the main ideas concerning the genesis, structure and organization of narratives. In doing this we have emphasized the works of major researchers at the expense of defining what may seem to be the very reason for the existence of so many theories, i.e., narrative itself.

"Narratives exist, they are everywhere that man is, and there is widespread agreement among observers as to what is and what is not narrative."
(Scholes, 1974:92).

This quotation seems to be a good starting point for the ideas that will be put forward. If narratives are recognized as such, why then should one engage in a discussion as to what makes or does not make a narrative? (*1). Our original proposition

was to see whether a certain feature of discourse, i.e., matching relations, was indeed part of the telling that gives rise to our sense of story and which keeps interest alive. However much we have tried to avoid including theoretical concerns such as the definition of narrative or the difference between 'narrative' and 'story', it is felt that at this stage in our discussion it would be appropriate to attempt a brief survey of various definitions of the concepts involved. Such a change in our approach is a way of responding to a problem posited by 'O Menino Maluquinho'; for, we would like to argue, if it is a narrative, it belongs to a very unusual category. It also stems from our discovery that there are considerable divergencies regarding the theoretical concepts in question.

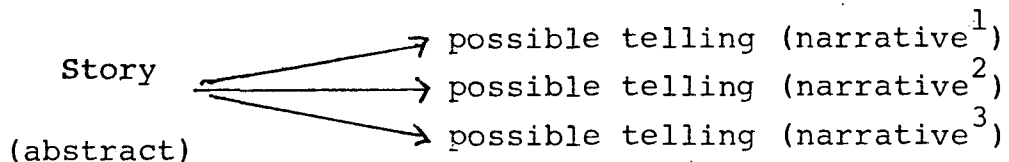
In his approach to French structuralism, for instance, Scholes (1974) states that these scholars were not always clear as to what their main concern was in terms of minimal units of analysis. The French word 'recit' encompasses two meanings: that of 'story' and that of 'narrative'. Genette (1980), however, suggests that narrative discourse encompasses a two-fold relationship. The first is considered an abstract concept called 'histoire' (story), which can, in turn, be recounted in a number of ways. The way of recounting any story is called a 'narration' (narrative). So, for Genette, a story is an abstract concept prior to the idea of narrative itself. Chatman (1978) explicitly states that he follows French structuralists, including Genette and thus posits both "a what and a way". For Chatman, therefore, a 'story' ('what') is

"the continuum of events presupposing the total set of all conceivable details, that is those that can be projected by the normal laws of the physical universe" (1978:28).

The same author defines 'narrative' as communication of 'story', i.e., the formal content elements of narratives, which are, in turn, communicated by means of 'discourse', the formal expression element of narrative.

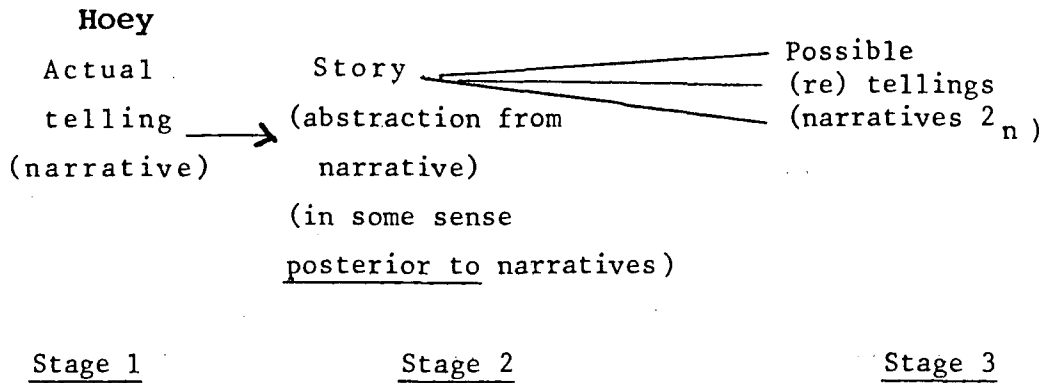
Hoey (personal correspondence, March 1988) regards such a concept above as a 'useful fiction'. He does not accept, therefore that there is a core materialized by narrative discourse into either text, film or whatever medium. For Hoey 'story' is abstracted from a narrative ('telling') and is therefore posterior to it. From this abstraction it is possible to derive a number of other tellings or narratives (*2). Hoey also proposes the following diagrammatic form to show Genette/Chatman's views in contrast with his own:

Genette/Chatman



(in some sense

prior to narratives)



Hoey's use of the word 'story' (Coulthard and Hoey, forthcoming) is in keeping with this diagram. His use does not give prior status to 'story', but rather deals with Stage 1 and therefore with the matter of how an actual telling (narrative) can hold our interest.

We are well aware that so far in this paper we have used both labels interchangeably, i.e., both 'story' and 'narrative' have been used as synonyms when referring to the concrete manifestation of the 'telling'. We will continue to do so as it is not felt that so refined a dichotomy as those displayed in the diagram above is necessary for the somewhat limited purposes of the present paper.

Having touched upon the question of conflicting labels at a theoretical level we would like to return to the work of two authors mentioned earlier in this study, namely Labov and Longacre, and discuss their concepts of narrative together with those of a third linguist, Kenneth Pike.

4.1.2 Linguistic Views of Narrative: Labov, Longacre and Pike

Labov defines narrative as

"one method of recapitulating past experience by matching a verbal sequence of clauses to the sequence of events which (it is inferred) actually occurred". (Labov, 1972:359-360).

Such a match may take the form of independent clauses which may be in a one-to-one relation with the sequence of (real) events, may be encoded by means of syntactic embedding, or may even be established by the use of the past perfect. The juncture between the clauses of any narrative, therefore, bears a temporal aspect. Labov defines a minimal narrative as a

"sequence of two clauses which are temporally ordered" (ibid:360).

If the order of these clauses is changed, the original meaning of the two clauses is also changed. Labov gives an example of these clauses:

"I punched the boy and he punched me". (ibid: 360)

These will entail something quite different if their order is reversed, i.e.,

"This boy punched me and I punched him".

The same author suggests that 'clauses' may be what he labelled either 'free' or 'narrative'. The former are those unrelated to

any other clause by a temporal juncture and are seen as not supporting a narrative.

For Labov, in any narrative discourse, there may be clauses which seem to support a narrative. By reversing the order of these clauses, one may be able to detect whether they are temporally ordered or not. This method of 'falsifying' the situation is particularly useful as it has proved successful in detecting whether clauses are 'free' or whether they are 'narrative', i.e., whether they contain, in fact, a narrative element. Labov claims that (ibid:361)

"sometimes a number of clauses will seem to contain a narrative but closer inspection shows that they are not in fact narratives in this sense".

These border-line cases are generally represented by verb groups in the 'general present' or in verb groups containing 'used to' or 'would'. These encode events which may have been ordered temporally but which are said to have taken place an indefinite number of times. Reversing clauses as a means of falsifying the situation is simply not applicable in these cases as it is not possible to determine the sequence of events in any particular instance. Subordinate clauses, by their very nature, are not 'narrative', i.e., subordination presupposes that one clause is bound to another within a pre-determined order. Thus, the original meaning of two clauses linked by subordination can not be altered even if the order of these clauses is reversed.

Subordinate clauses are not pertinent to our discussion of 'O Menino Maluquinho'. What is pertinent, however, is Labov's clear definition of narrative as encoding a temporal sequence as well as his perception of blurred cases such as those entailing repetition over an indefinite number of occasions. We shall return to these two points at a later stage in this chapter.

The linguist Robert Longacre has also attempted to define narrative, which, for him, is a means of telling a story in the most vivid way after drama. In three publications (1974, 1976, 1983), Longacre distinguishes narrative from other discourse genre by referring first to two parameters ('chronological succession/prescriptive' and 'succession/projection') expanding them in the later work to four. ('succession', 'agent orientation', 'projection' and 'tension'). 'Succession' refers to

"a framework of temporal succession in which some of the events or doings are contingent on previous events or doings" (1983:3).

'Agent orientation', in turn, refers to

"orientation towards agents with at least a partial identity of agent reference running through the discourse" (ibid:3).

'Projection' refers to situations/actions which are

"contemplated, enjoined, or anticipated but not realized (ibid:4), and 'Tension', which refers to

"whether a discourse reflects a struggle or polarization of some sort" (ibid:6).

When measured against these parameters, narrative discourse may be said to be plus 'succession, plus 'agent orientation', minus 'projection' and plus/minus 'tension'. In other words narrative

"recounts events supposed to have happened somewhere, whether in a real or in an imaginary world" and

"what is recounted is supposed to be accomplished", (1976:199)

having gone through a major or minor degree of struggle.

This demarcation of the boundaries of narrative discourse has implications as far as some of its linguistic markers are concerned. For instance, plus 'succession' implies that narrative/story discourse uses

"some sort of non-durative preterit, or historical present" (1983:9).

Plus 'agent orientation' entails a dominance of first and third person pronouns.

It is felt that both Labov and Longacre have singled out chronological succession as central to narrative discourse. Pike, whose main concern was to translate Bible stories into little known languages, also focusses on time relationships when dealing with the telling of stories. Tellers of stories have several options at their disposal. They can either adhere to the original sequence or create a sequence of their choice. Happenings bear a certain structure

which may be different from the structure of the telling of the same happening. Pike states that

"... although several things can occur simultaneously, several things cannot be said simultaneously" (1981:48).

and aims to show this divergence experimentally by means of a matrix. This matrix is plotted around a time axis, with each row depicting the activities of the different characters in an event and each column depicting approximate times when such activities take place. By means of such a matrix even the most random telling can be unravelled by an analyst. Tellings then acquire an almost concrete visual image, which in its turn, helps clarify the nature of the telling. The principle behind Pike's matrix can thus be seen to be that of character-moving through-time.

At this stage we must go back to our claim that 'O Menino Maluquinho' may be regarded as a rather deviant example of narrative. We would like to justify our claim by resorting to the parameters used by both Longacre and Labov and to Pike's matrix experiment. It is felt that Ziraldo's story can not be plotted in its entirety onto a matrix which is underpinned by the concept of character-moving-through-time. Even if the analyst disregards the fact that there is only one character, i.e., 'O Menino Maluquinho', time is not the main factor in the greater part of the story. The reason why one is faced with such an operational difficulty clearly has to do with Ziraldo's choice of 'tense'. The "imperfect" permeates the whole of the first part of the story, either by means of stative

verbs or dynamic verbs.

e.g. "Se tinha sombras ele inventava de criar o riso pois era cheio de graça" (Ziraldo, 1981:43).

"Ele era um namorado formidável que desenhava corações nos troncos das árvores(ibid:57).

Without wanting to side-track by embarking on a lengthy discussion of tense and aspect in Portuguese, we would like to point out, in respect to Ziraldo's choice of the imperfect, that such a verb form in Portuguese is in fact a marker of aspect rather than tense. Kilby (1984) has shown that whereas tense is mainly an expression of time, relative to the time of utterance, aspect expresses the various stages associated with an action or state and adds that aspect is best seen as "passing round such concepts as completion, repetition and habituality" (ibid:15).

Lyons (1977) has not included Portuguese in his discussion of aspect but has mentioned the opposition between the Simple Past and the Imperfect in French, which, he claims, entails a 'broad concept' of aspect. In line with Kilby, Lyons sees aspect as covering oppositions based on notions such as duration, instantaneity, frequency, initiation and completion. In the case of the imperfects used in 'O Menino Maluquinho', the notion of completion* would have to be discarded, as many of the verb groups refer to non-accomplishment* (statives: era, estava, tinha). What is conveyed by the use of the imperfect in Ziraldo's

*These terms have been deliberately chosen to match Longacre's concept of 'accomplished' (1976:190), meaning having taken place, cited on page 89 above.

narrative is a notion of frequency and habituality. If this is the case, then whatever is narrated in 'O Menino Maluquinho' would be included within Longacre's category of "supportive material". For Longacre

"past tense characterizes the main line of narrative discourse", and by 'main line' he means the events as opposed to non-events.

However, in English, the past tense also characterizes the non-event line, i.e., the supportive material in a narrative. Longacre (1983:16) claims that because of this the

"aspectual distinctions of the Romance languages ... distinguish better event-line versus supportive material than do the tense-forms of English". (1983:16)

"O Menino Maluquinho", "narrated" in almost its entirety in the imperfect, can thus be seen as a non-event narrative, or a narrative made up almost exclusively of 'supportive material'. To give more substance to this argument, we would like to refer back to Labov's (1972:361) blurred cases of non-narrative clauses, i.e., those which seem to be narrative but at closer inspection refer to general events which occurred an indefinite number of times. We would therefore, like to posit that Labov's examples containing 'would' and 'used to' are similar to the clauses containing the aspectual imperfect in Ziraldo's story in that neither are narrative clauses as both refer to frequency/habituality, i.e.,

"general events which occurred an indefinite number of times".

In addition, although Labov's test of reversing clauses which are "ordered in temporal sequence" is applicable to the text in question, such a test would in no way affect the original semantic interpretation because there is no evidence of temporal juncture in Ziraldo's story:

e.g. 'A pipa que o menino maluquinho soltava era a mais maluca de todas'. (Ziraldo 1981:48)

'E quando vinha S. João o mais luminoso balão que todo mundo apontava era o gordo balãozinho do menino maluquinho que custara uma semana de trabalho da tesoura e dos moldes da mamãe'.
(ibid: 30).

'Era preciso ver o menino maluquinho na casa da vovó'. (ibid:51).

'O menino maluquinho tinha dez namoradas'.(ibid:53)

'O menino maluquinho tinha lá seus segredos e nunca ninguém sabia os segredos que ele tinha (pois segredo é assim)'.(ibid:72)

"Mas, o seu maior mistério, todos sabiam de cor era o jeito que o menino tinha de brincar com o tempo'. (ibid:77)

In whatever sequence these clusters of information are read, the overall meaning of the discourse remains the same. This would appear to be true of 22 clusters throughout the story, the four apparently exceptional cases involving those explicitly marked by the choice of a different verb form, i.e., the Simple Past.

e.g. "um dia, num fim de ano o Menino Maluquinho chegou em casa com uma bomba". (ibid:32)

"numa noite muito escura apareceu o fantasma!!!"
(ibid:38)

"E o menino maluquinho era um menino tão querido tão amado que quando deu de acontecer de o papai ir para um lado e a mamãe ir pro outro ele achou de inventar (pois tinha aprendido a criar) a Teoria dos Lados! ". (ibid:84)

Ziraldo's story is thus neither temporally ordered nor is it made up of main line material. Nor does it match all of Longacre's three defining parameters of narrative discourse involving 'contingent succession', 'agent orientation' and 'projection'. 'O Menino Maluquinho' conforms to the plus 'agent orientation' parameter as it refers to a third person observed by a non-participating narrator.

e.g. 'Era uma vez um menino maluquinho'. (ibid: 7)

It also displays minus 'projection' elements in that it involves actions/situations which are represented as having already taken place, and which therefore can not be projected.

e.g. 'E aí, o tempo passou. E como todo mundo
o menino maluquinho cresceu'. (ibid:100)

However, Longacre's third crucial parameter for defining 'story' from non-narrative, his 'contingent temporal succession' (i.e., the fact that there are events which presuppose other events and which therefore require a degree of ordering or chronology) is minus (not present) in the text being dealt with. We can now attempt to place 'O Menino Maluquinho' in a shortened version of Longacre's notional types diagram* and visualize how it may compare to this author's typical concept of story.

		(+)	(-)
		AGENT ORIENTATION	
	C S	narrative (story)	P
	O U		R (+)
(+)	N C		O
	T C		J
	I E		E
	N S		C (-)
	G S		T
	E I		I
(-)	N O	O (-)	
	T N	N	

Longacre claims that 'contingent (chronological) succession' should be viewed as

* For comparison Longacre's diagram is included in **chapter 2**.

'characteristic of all sorts of narrative and procedural discourse.'

(Longacre 1983: 7).

Bearing this concept in mind and considering these latter points above there would appear to be grounds for claiming that 'O Menino Maluquinho' is lacking in those features which Longacre, Labov and, by extension, Pike have argued as inherent in narrative discourse. Thus if the story cannot be viewed as typical narrative discourse, we would like, at this stage, to consider the possibility of its being an example of discourse colony.

4.2 An attempt to define 'O Menino Maluquinho' as a discourse colony

In chapter three we posited that the embedding of a colony within the mainstream narrative discourse of "George's Marvellous Medicine" is crucial to its tellability and may influence the way the story is read. It was seen that the elements within a colony (i.e., the 'ingredients' of George's concocted potion), are in fact items ordered at random, but also bear cohesive ties which camouflage them as mainstream discourse.

Whereas in "George's Marvellous Medicine" there are individual lexical items which together form a colony, in 'O Menino Maluquinho' the elements of a possible colony are larger than single lexical items. Since the property which underpins both texts is the same, it therefore gives rise to the suspicion that Ziraldo's story may be in fact a discourse

colony. The property we are referring to is the first and most powerfully defining property which Hoey (1983:4) detected, i.e.,

"a colony is a discourse whose component parts do not derive their meaning from the sequence in which they are placed".

Indeed at first sight, and, as a result of our observation that there is no time juncture between chunks within "O Menino Maluquinho", such a story is seen as being built of unconnected, unordered sentences. Each description of the boy's daftness could well have been placed before or after another, the imperfect in this case being the key marker of the interchangeability of these descriptions.

With such a strong indication that the discourse type under study may be a colony, it would seem necessary to verify whether it is a marginal or a central type. The application of Hoey's nine parameters to the story, as follows, would thus appear warranted:

1. meaning not derived from sequence	+
2. adjacent units do not form continuous prose*	-
3. there is a framing context	-
4. no single author and/or anon.	-
5. one component can be used without referring to the others	*
6. components can be reprinted or reused in subsequent works	*
7. components may be added, removed or altered	*
8. Many components serve the same function	+
9. alphabetic, numeric or temporal sequencing	-

*(for adjacent units see 26 blocks following).

'O Menino Maluquinho' appears to display only two characteristics of discourse colonies. As we have previously shown, sequence, or, rather, lack of sequence, is felt to be the most persuasive property in defining a discourse as a colony. Although Ziraldo's text has this essential defining property of discourse colonies, it possesses only one additional characteristic of the nine which Hoey puts forward. It therefore ranks much lower than the lowest ranking of the colony types described by the same author, namely, the 'letter page' of a newspaper and the 'shopping list', both of which display five of the possible nine properties.

As far as the second property existing in Ziraldo's story (i.e., 'many of the components serve the same function') is concerned, it is felt that most of the "non-narrative clauses" within the text do serve the same function, i.e., they act as a large repetitious extension of the word 'Maluquinho'.

Properties five, six and seven have been marked with asterisks in the table above as they are not seen as being applicable to the text in question. Common to all three properties is the fact that they reflect the referential aspect of discourse colonies. Property five, for instance, encompasses the very nature of reference, i.e., that an element of a colony may be used in isolation from the others. Properties six and seven reflect the fact that colonies can be reprinted, altered and revised; they are intrinsically bound to the idea of bringing information up-to-date. As 'O Menino Maluquinho' is clearly not a work of reference it cannot be checked against such properties.

We are thus faced with a problem. While the text under study displays two very basic properties of a discourse colony, it is written to be read linearly, in its entirety, as if it were a narrative (mainstream discourse). Although it is introduced by the formulaic expression "Era uma vez", which prepares the reader for a story, what is presented in fact, is a number of atemporal statements which are not linked by any form of cohesive tie apart from the deictic "ele". As to its linkage, whereas a typical narrative would present what Longacre calls 'head/head' 'head/tail juncture', Ziraldo's text is not so bound and in this respect behaves like a colony. Finally, it should be considered that all the 'non-narrative' clauses serve the same function and are thus related to each other by means of matching compatibility relations. Such relations are regarded as present in discourse colonies but as Hoey states

"mainstream discourse is rarely made up of matching relations only, still less of nothing but matching compatibility relations" (Hoey 1986:17)

If we then examine the chart devised by Hoey to account for the polarity which seems to exist between colonies and narrative, we might be able to plot 'O Menino Maluquinho' as a certain discourse type.

Relations between	Colony	Narrative	"O Menino Maluquinho"
propositions	Matching	Sequence	Matching
cohesive ties	Sequence	Matching	Matching

The fact that the relation between the propositions in Ziraldo's text is one of matching (compatibility) and its cohesive ties are matching, may indicate that we are faced with a colony-like narrative or with a narrative-like colony. In other words we are faced with a text which presents two very important properties of a colony, but which should be read linearly like a narrative, and which might thus well be called a 'sub-narrative'.

4.3 The organization of the data.

Our concern with the nature of the text under study, i.e., whether the text is in fact a narrative or not, is intrinsically linked with the choice of the analytic tool to be used for the understanding of its organization. If Ziraldo's text cannot be said to display all the characteristics of a "well-formed" discourse colony, due to the fact that not only the relations between its propositions but also its cohesive ties are of a matching nature, then it can not be analyzed within the perspective of a colony. Its straightforward simplicity could be seen as an indication of the fact that it might share some of the features of oral narratives. However, as we have attempted to illustrate below, approaches of a similar nature to those of Labov, Longacre and Pike might be arguably felt to involve too great a complexity and detail of organization to account for 'O Menino Maluquinho'. In fact, the story can easily be compressed into a few sentences, as follows:

Era uma vez um menino maluquinho

E aí o tempo passou

E como todo mundo o menino maluquinho cresceu
 Cresceu e virou um cara legal
 Aliás virou o cara mais legal do mundo
 E foi aí que todo mundo descobriu que ele não
 Tinha sido um menino maluquinho
 Ele tinha sido um menino feliz.

It is felt that the text above may be further cut down to display a basic skeleton underneath its surface features. Three sentences would certainly suffice to show what the basic story line is like:

e.g. Era uma vez um menino maluquinho.

E como todo mundo o menino maluquinho cresceu
 e foi aí que todo mundo descobriu que ele não
 tinha sido um menino maluquinho.
 Ele tinha sido um menino feliz.

In this latter form, without the various "non-narrative" clauses, which permeate the text, it can be seen that the story is divided into two parts. In order to label these two parts it seems appropriate to provide a chart showing the various nomenclatures given by different theoreticians with reference to what is felt to be a natural organization of narratives:

Labov(1967)	abstract orientation	complicating action	evaluation	result resolution	coda
Rumelhart(1975)	setting	episodes			
Thorndike(1977)	setting	theme	plot	resolution	
Mandler/Johnson (1976)	setting	event	structure	ending	
Stein / Glenn (1979)	setting	episode	system	resolution	
Longacre(1983)	stage	pre peak	peak	post peak	closure

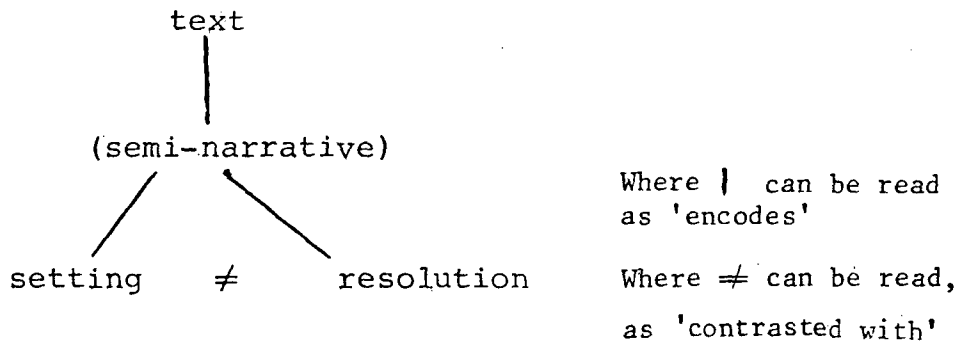
In all these theoretical divisions there is a degree of agreement between the analysts, i.e., that a typical narrative is seen to contain an introductory part where the scene and the time are set, the main character(s) introduced and essential information presented. By an overall majority this part is called 'setting'. As to the end part of the narrative, the variety of labels is extensive. There is, however, some form of agreement regarding this part of the narrative. It is seen as following some form of complication (in which some remarkable, interesting event takes place) and where the story returns to a new stable state or comes to a decent (or indecent) end. We have opted to call this part 'resolution'. If we can now return to the essential three sentences which make up the narrative of "O Menino Maluquinho" we would like to argue that the entire book can be seen as boiling down to a setting, i.e.,

"Era uma vez um menino maluquinho",

and a resolution, i.e.,

"E como todo mundo o menino maluquinho cresceu e foi aí que todo mundo descobriu que ele não tinha sido um menino maluquinho. Ele tinha sido um menino feliz."

In a provisional diagrammatic form, which shall be continually modified and refined as the chapter progresses, we will map this semi-narrative with colony-like features. This same semi-narrative appears to lack a complication. (e. g., 'a peak' or whichever label may be chosen). However, interestingly enough, it displays a resolution which is marked for contrast with the setting, if 'menino feliz' is seen in opposition to 'menino maluquinho':



The diagram above has allotted a place for our formulae "Era uma vez um menino maluquinho" but has left out all the subsequent "non-narrative" clauses containing the aspectual imperfect which conveys frequency/ habituality. Two-thirds of Ziraldo's story are, in fact, blocks of information which could be said to clarify, in a variety of ways, the multiple meanings of the word 'maluquinho'. If this is the case we would like to suggest that what we may be actually dealing

with is an organizational pattern of discourse, which is uncommon for story telling, namely, that of General-Particular, or, more specifically, its sub-type Preview-Detail. Our diagram is, therefore, deficient and incomplete and will need to be revised.

As we have seen in Chapter Three Hoey (1983) detected two sub-types of the General-Particular relation, namely the Generalization-Example and the Preview - Detail. It is felt that the possibility that we are faced with an example of the first of the two sub-types can easily be discarded.

"Era uma vez um menino maluquinho"

can not be seen as leading to the reader's broad request "Give me an example of X". To project the discourse into a dialogue in a such a way is not feasible. What is feasible, however, is the projection of the bulk of our so-called 'non-narrative' clauses into a dialogue which would contain the broad request "Give me some details of X" or "Tell me about X in greater detail", where X would be "o menino" himself and the modifier represented by "maluquinho". We would like to substantiate our claim, that the 'blocks' of information subsequent to and relating to "Era uma vez" may in fact be extensions of "maluquinho", by referring to Hoey (1983:138):

"The Detail member of the relation supplies information about (part of) the Preview member that would otherwise typically be placed as post modification to the appropriate noun (where postmodification is taken to

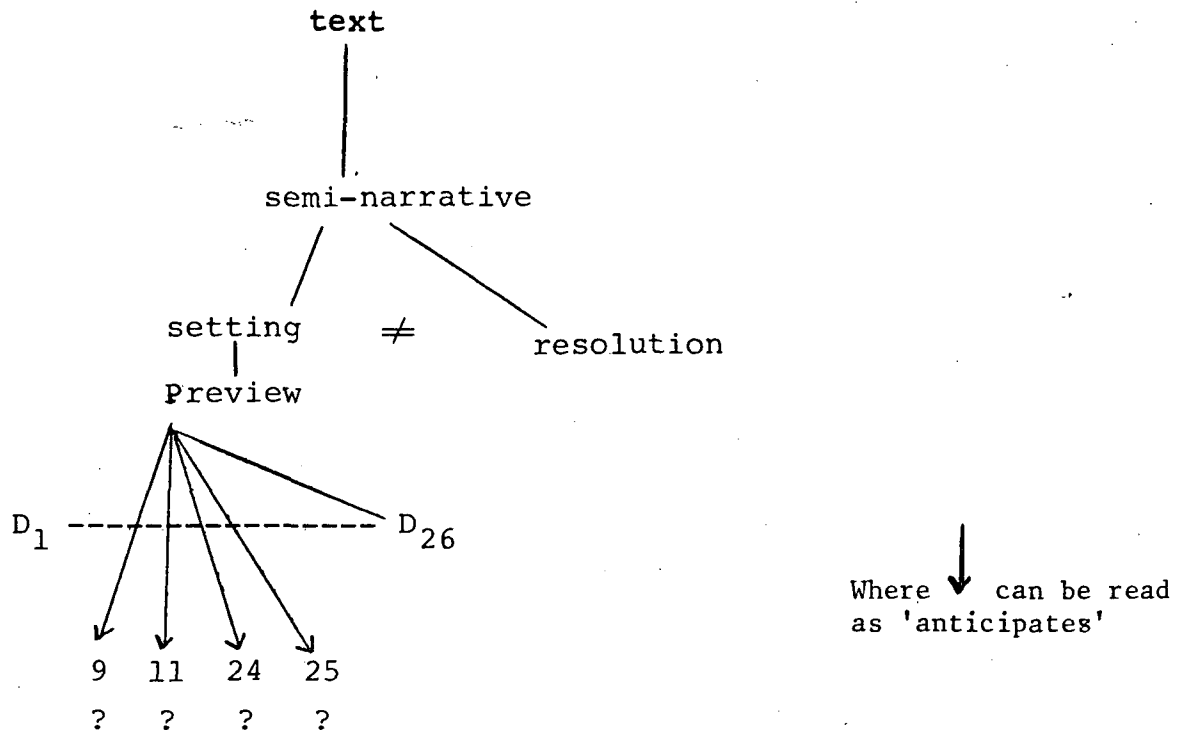
include all wh-clauses whether restrictive or non-restrictive or as adjunct to the clause)".

In the case of our text, the 'wh-clauses', which are obtained by the insertion of relative pronouns, are all non-defining. But it will be noticed that the details provided by them 'flesh out' (*3) the nominal group of the original Preview-sentence:

e.g. "Era uma vez um menino maluquinho",

1. que tinha o olho maior que a barriga, fogo no rabo, vento nos pés, umas pernas enormes ... e macaquinhos no sôtão.
2. que era um menino impossível.
3. que era um muito sabido, que sabia de tudo e cuja única coisa que não sabia, era como ficar quieto.

At this point a redrafting of our provisional tree would seem necessary as it now seems possible to account for the 'non-narrative' clauses containing the aspectual imperfect within the overall organization of the setting:

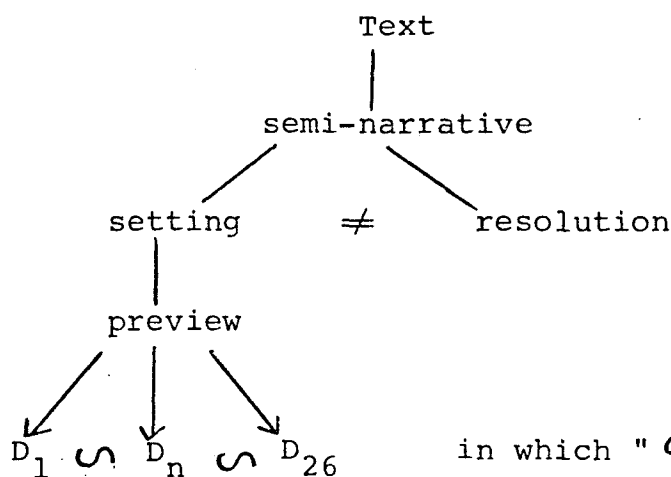


With four exceptions, which shall be dealt with later in the chapter, there are twenty-two (out of a possible 26) 'blocks' of information which serve the function of non-defining clauses, i.e., they act as modifiers. In terms of the organization of the discourse they act as details to the Preview part "Era uma vez ..." and can be reshuffled in the text without affecting either their meaning or the emphasis with which they might endow the text. In order to have a better overall view of the "setting" part as a whole, we have labelled each block as Detail(n) where 'n' is simply the order in which the detail appears in the story, but which is of no importance for the development of the story. The four doubtful cases have been marked with an asterisk. All remaining Details have been rewritten with a "wh-word" ('que', 'cujo', etc. in Portuguese), which confirms their function as modifiers (non-defining clauses). A certain rewording has been necessary in order to make the sentences syntactically sound.

- D₁. (que) tinha o olho maior que a barriga, fogo no rabo, vento nos pés, umas pernas enormes (que davam para abraçar o mundo), e macaquinhos no sôtão (embora nem soubesse o que significava macaquinho no sôtão)
- D₂. (que) era um menino impossível.
- D₃. (que) era muito sabido, que sabia de tudo, cuja única coisa que não sabia era como ficar quieto, cujo canto, riso, som nunca estavam onde ele estava e que se quebrava um vaso aqui, logo estava lá e que às vezes cantava lá e logo lá estava aqui
- D₄. (que) pra uns era um uirapuru e pra outros era um saci
- D₅. e (em cuja) turma onde andava, era o menorzinho, o mais espertinho, o mais bonitinho, o mais alegrinho, o mais maluquinho, que era tantas coisas terminadas em inho que os colegas não entendiam como é que ele podia ser um companheirão.
- D₆. (que) se perdia um caderno no colégio (e ele perdia um caderno no colégio todo dia) era fácil encontrar seu dono.
- D₇. (cujo) caderno era assim, um dever e um desenho, uma lição e um versinho, um mapa e um passarinho. "Este caderno só poder ser do menino maluquinho".
- D₈. (em cuja) casa a melhor coisa do mundo era quando ela voltava da escola. A pasta e os livros chegavam sempre primeiro voando na frente e depois entrava o menino com seu pé de vento e a casa ventava, os quartos cantavam e tudo se enchia de som e alegria. E a cozinheira dizia 'chegou o maluquinho'
- 9.* um dia, num fim de ano, o menino maluquinho chegou em casa com uma bomba!
- "Mamãe, tou aí com uma bomba!
- "Meu neto é um subversivo! gritou o avô"
- "Ele vai matar o gato!", gritou a avó.
- "Tira esse negócio daí!", falou - de novo - a babá
- Mas, aí o menino explicou:
- "a bomba já explodiu, gente!
- Lá no colégio".
- "Esse menino é maluquinho!", falou o pai, aliviado. E foi conferir o boletim.
- Esse susto não era nada, tinha outros que ele pregava.
- D₁₀. (que) às vezes sem qualquer ordem do papai e da mamãe se trancava lá no quarto e estudava e estudava e voltava do colégio com as provas terminadas, tinha dez no boletim que não acabava mais. E que dizia aos pais cheio de contentamento: "Só tem um zerinho aí. Num tal de comportamento".
- 11.* Numa noite muito escura apareceu o fantasma!!! Coberto com um lençol muito branco assustador com dois buracos nos olhos, saltou fazendo buuum sobre os olhos assustados do papai e da mamãe que voltavam do cinema. O susto não foi muito, muito grande, não. Mas, com o fantasma no colo, o papai lhe perguntou: "Você não tem medo do escuro?" e o menino respondeu: "Claro que não! O fantasma sou eu!"
- D₁₂. (em cuja) casa era assim:
- se tinha chuva ele queria inventar o sol, pois sabia onde achar o azul e o amarelo;
- se fazia frio, ele tinha uma transa quentinha para se aquecer;
- se tinha sombras ele inventava de criar o riso pois era cheio de graça;
- se de repente ficasse muito vazio, ele inventava o abraço pois sabia onde estavam os abraços que queria;
- se havia o silêncio, ele inventava a conversa pois havia sempre um tempo para escutar o que o menino gostava de conversar;
- se tinha dor, ele inventava o beijo aprendido em várias lições.
- D₁₃. (que) quanto mais o deixavam criar, mais inventava, vestido de Doutor Silvana com óculos de aro grosso e jeito de maluquinho.
- D₁₄. (cuja) pipa era a mais maluca de todas; rabeava lá no céu, rodopiava adoidado, rabeava lá no céu, rodopiava adoidado, caía de ponta cabeça, dava tranco e cabeçada e sua linha cortava mais que o afiado cerol.

- D₁₅. (cuja) pipa quem fazia era mesmo o menininho pois ele havia aprendido a amarrar a linha e taquara, a colar papel de seda e a fazer com polvilho o grude para colar a pipa triangular como o papai lhe ensinava do jeito que havia aprendido com o pai e o pai do pai do papai
- D₁₆. (cujo) gordo balãozinho, quando vinha São João, era o que todo mundo apontava como o mais luminoso balão e que custara uma semana de trabalho da tesoura e dos moldes da mamãe.
- D₁₇. (que) era preciso ver na casa da vovó. Ele deitava e rolava, pintava e bordava e se empanturrava de bolo e cocada. E ria com a boca cheia e dormia cansado no colo da vovó suspirando de alegria. E a vovó dizia: "Esse meu neto é tão maluquinho!"
- D₁₈. (que) tinha dez namoradas!
E elas riam muito, muito de suas graças, riam tanto que nem tinham tempo de beijar escondido. Quando o namoro acabava e a nova namorada perguntava qual tinha sido o motivo do namoro terminar ela já sabia: "Esse seu namorado é muito maluquinho!" Mas, todas ficavam muito apaixonadas!
- D₁₉. (que) era um namorado formidável, que desenhava corações nos troncos das árvores, que desenhava flores no caderno de desenho e levava laranjas; e levava maçãs e pagava sorvetes e roubava beijinhos, fazia versinhos e fazia canções
- D₂₀. e que se escalavrava nos paralelepípedos e rasgava os fundilhos no arame da cerca e tinha tanto esparadrapo nas canelas e nos cotovelos e tanta bandagem na volta das férias que todo ano ganhava dos colegas o apelido de Múmia
- D₂₁. (que) chorava escondido e tinha tristezas e ficava sozinho brincando no quarto semanas seguidas fazendo batalhas, fazendo corridas, desenhando mapas de terras perdidas, inventando estrelas e foguetes espaciais e que era montado num foguete destes que saía do quarto a voar outra vez pela mesa da sala, pelas grades da varanda pelas cercas do quintal. E todo mundo ficava alegre de novo ao ver de volta a alegria da rua.
- D₂₂. (que) tinha lâ os seus segredos e nunca ninguém sabia os segredos que ele tinha (pois segredo é justo assim). Tinha uns mais segredáveis. E outros que eram menos. Tinha uns dez que ele guardava pra contar pro papai. E mais uns dez escolhidos pra dividir com mamãe. Os outros, que eram só dele não dá pra gente saber nem quantos eram, de fato.
- D₂₃. (cujo) maior mistério, todos sabiam de cor, era o jeito que o menino tinha de brincar com o tempo. Sempre sobrava tempo pra fazer mil traquinadas e dava tempo pra tudo (o tempo era um amigo). Seu ponteirinho das horas vai ver era um ponteirão e sobrava tempo para ler os gibis e sobrava tempo pra colar figurinhas e para anotar nos livros de histórias e aventuras todas aquelas passagens em que ele virava herói. O tempo era assim para ele: fazia horas a mais.
24. E o menino maluquinho era um menino tão querido. Era um menino tão amado que quando deu de acontecer de o papai ir para um lado e a mamãe ir pro outro ele achou de inventar (pois tinha aprendido a criar) a Teoria dos Lados.
"Todo lado tem seu lado. Eu sou o meu próprio lado. E posso viver ao lado, do seu lado, que era meu."
25. Foi uma barra, é verdade. E é verdade, também que pouca gente entendeu a teoria maluca do menino maluquinho, mas ele ria baixinho quando a saudade apertava, pois descobriu que a saudade era o lado de um dos lados da vida que vinha aí. Agora, vejam se pode uma descoberta dessas! Só mesmo sendo maluco ou sendo amado demais.
- D₂₆. (que) jogava futebol. E toda turma ficava esperando ele chegar pra começar o jogo.
É que o time era cheio de craques e ninguém queria ficar no gol.
Só o menino maluquinho que dizia sempre: "Deixa comigo!". E ia rindo pro gol para o jogo começar. E o menino maluquinho voava na bola e caía de lado e caía de frente e caía de pernas pro ar e caía de bunda no chão e dançava no espaço com a bola nas mãos.
E a torcida ria e gostava de ver a alegria daquele goleiro
E todos diziam: "Que goleiro maluquinho!" O menino maluquinho pegava todas!

There is no indication that what we have chosen to call "setting" in Ziraldo's story, is, in fact, organized by a Preview-Detail relation, as there is no overt linguistic*signal of such a relation. However, the monologue may be projected into a dialogue by the use of the 'broad' questions 'Give more details of X' or 'Tell me about X in greater detail', where X is "O Menino Maluquinho". All twenty-two blocks numbered above could easily be seen to answer either question. This being the case all twenty-two blocks of information can easily be seen to be in a matching compatibility relation: they answer the same broad questions as they provide details of the boy's busy childhood. This would seem to provide an extra feature to our detail-tree, which would thus be extended in the following way:



in which " \sim " could be read as 'compatible with'.

It can therefore be seen that the \sim relationship can also be read as 'What is true of X (detail_(n)) is also true of Y (detail_(n)) in respect of A' (type of background information provided about the main character in the story).

*The word 'linguistic' is used here within Winter's concept of vocabulary 1, 2 and 3. (see page 43 above)

Our detail-tree is far from complete, however, as it does not account for the seemingly deviant blocks which we have numbered 9, 11, 24 and 25. These four examples cannot be reworded as non-defining relative clauses starting with a wh-pronoun.

It is felt that there is a radical change in the syntax of these four mini-discourses as compared to the remaining twenty-two which we have argued belong to the 'setting' of Ziraldo's text. The first observed difference in an otherwise uniform pattern is a change from the aspectual imperfect to a simple past. As Longacre observed:

"...in a story in Spanish the Stage is characterized by verbs in the imperfect tense while the Inciting Moment is set off from Stage by virtue of the onset of the event line with its characteristic tense, the preterit". (1983:24)

We are aware that the text in question is in Portuguese and thus, theoretically, Longacre's observation may not be applicable to it. The same author, however, has pointed out that Romance languages share the property of resorting to the preterit to establish actions/events related to a definite time and to the imperfect when time is not the focus point. We may therefore claim that Portuguese might easily be included within Longacre's definition. We feel that this change from the aspectual imperfect to a simple past in 'blocks' 9, 11, 25 and 26 may be of significance. However we would beg to differ with Longacre that this signals the onset of an inciting moment, as this is clearly not the case within Ziraldo's text. Let us

now examine the example below:

"Um dia, num fim de ano, o menino maluquinho
chegou em casa com uma bomba". (p. 32)

and

"Numa noite muito escura apareceu o fantasma!!! (p. 38)

and

"Era um menino tão amado

que quando deu de acontecer de

o papai ir para um lado e

a mamãe ir pro outro

ele achou de inventar ... a Teoria dos Lados!" (p. 84)

It is felt that the linguistic feature of the insertion of the preterit is not, in itself, sufficient to characterize these 'blocks' as inciting moments in the narrative. These mini-discourses do not signal the onset of a possible event-line. If anything they act more like what Trabasso, Secco and van den Broeck have regarded as 'dead-end' events (1984:87), i.e., events which are part of a discontinued pathway within a story, or which do not lead to goal satisfaction for the protagonist(s). In common with the twenty-two examples of Detail (post-modification), these 'blocks' are neither caused nor enabled by any preceding 'block' in the text. However, the story is read as being coherent despite the fact that it lacks any form of what Trabasso, Secco and van den Broeck call a "causal chain" between episodes. To add to our difficulty in relating these blocks causally/temporally to anything else in

the story, we find that the time horizon markers which could easily be said to identify each and every of these blocks as episodes, are so vague as to make time totally irrelevant to the narrative, i.e.,

"um dia, num fim de ano ..." (p.32)

"numa noite muito escura". (p. 38)

"que quando deu de acontecer ..." (p. 84)

There is, however, something in common between blocks 9 and 11, in that they point to a specific particularity, of the boy's behaviour, i.e., his habit of 'frightening' people. This link can be established by means of lexical items clearly posed by the author. Detail 10 starts by referring back to the description provide in block 9 and classifying it as a fright. It also signals that more details of other frights are to come:

e.g. "Esse susto não era nada.

Tinha outros, que pregava". (p. 37)

"Pregava sustos" therefore, is a frequent/habitual characteristic of the boy's behaviour. This is reinforced linguistically in block 11. The author, again, specifically categorizes it as a "fright", i.e.,

"O susto não foi muito, muito grande, não". (p. 39)

Therefore, despite the presence of linguistic features which could conceivably characterize blocks 9 and 11 as loose episodes

within a pattern of Preview-Detail organization, we would like to treat them for the reasons stated, as further samples of Details linked to the Preview:

"Era uma vez um menino maluquinho".

A similar argument against viewing the choice of preterit as signalling the onset of an inciting moment may be used with reference to blocks 25 and 26. In common with the doubtful cases discussed above, it is lexical repetition which establishes the function of blocks 25 and 26. The reference to the separation of the boy's parents is almost underplayed when placed against the "Teoria dos Lados" which was invented as a consequence of such a separation. The author opts to word the theory in such a way, it reads as a paradox, i.e.,

"Todo lado tem seu lado
 Eu sou o meu próprio lado
 E posso viver ao lado
 do seu lado, que era meu". (p. 85) (my underlining)

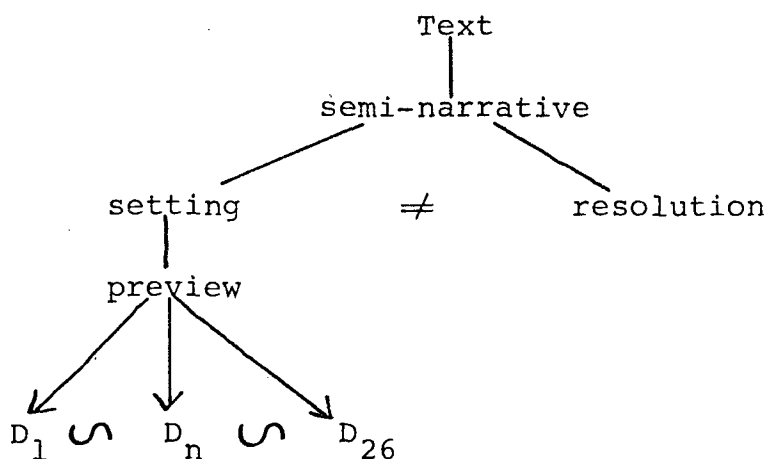
In addition, he chooses to reinforce the idea of the boy's non-sensical "theory" by using the epithet "maluco" in three different forms within the same block, i.e.:

"pouca gente entendeu a teoria maluca
 do menino maluquinho ..." (p. 86)
 "Só mesmo sendo maluco
 ou sendo amado demais". (p. 87) (my underlining)

If paradox and heavy lexical repetition are not seen as being enough to substantiate our point, we would like to refer to the only instance in the story where the narrator addresses the reader, i.e., in block 26. We view this as yet another way the author has to emphasize the 'strangeness' of the boy's theory and thus link blocks 25 & 26 to our Preview "Era uma vez ...".

e.g. 'Agora, vejamos se pode
uma descoberta dessas! (p. 87)

Thus, without having to resort to ad hoc argumentation we may have stated a case whereby all the 26 blocks that encode the setting of our data may be viewed as Details matched for compatibility. Our Detail-tree would have to be extended to include the four seemingly doubtful cases, now fully categorized as Details.



This is not the end of our story, however.

On closer observation our Detail-tree is not enough, as

it stands, to account for some interesting aspects of certain blocks within the setting. Ziraldo has opted to interweave the pattern of Preview-Detail to such an extent that it can be said to resemble filigree. What was seen to be an intrinsic characteristic of the Problem-Solution pattern, i.e., the ability to recycle itself (see previous chapter), can now be posited as a property of the Preview-Detail pattern. Thus we have a 'semi-narrative' organized into a lengthy setting and a resolution. The setting is encoded by a Preview for approximately twenty-six Details. Some of these Details are, in actual fact, other Previews for other mini-Details, which together add up to an all-embracing network of Matching Compatibility.

To justify this claim we could cite what we have called Details 7, 8, 12, 14, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22, 26. This network will be illustrated by a small selection of the blocks mentioned. Detail 8, for example, is about the way 'O Menino Maluquinho' used to return home. The "block" is worded in such a way as to be linked in its entirety to our introductory sentence "Era uma vez ..." but it also manifests an internal organization as follows:

e.g. "A melhor coisa do mundo na casa
do menino maluquinho era quando ele vol-
tava da escola". (p. 28) (Preview)

The "broad question" 'Give me more details of X', where 'X' equals the ways in which the boy used to return home from

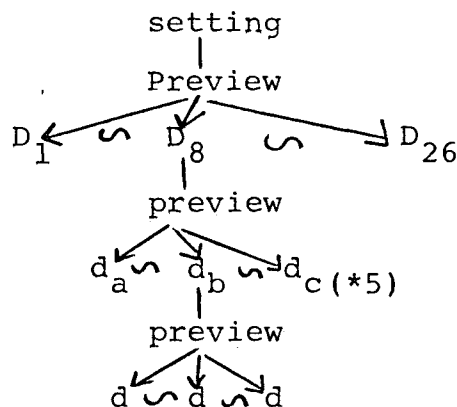
school, can be answered by the following:

e.g. "a pasta e os livros chegavam sempre primeiro voando na frente."(p. 29) (detail a)

"Depois entrava o menino com seu pé de vento e a casa ventava os quartos cantavam e tudo se enchia de som e alegria".(p.30)(detail b)

"E a cozinheira dizia chegou o maluquinho!" (p.31) (detail c)

This example is more complex than it would at first appear. Initially the expression "com seu pé de vento" anticipates the details which include "a casa ventava, os quartos cantavam, e tudo se enchia de som e alegria". In this case what we have denominated as a whole, that is, detail b, can be further fragmented into Preview "depois entrava o menino com seu pé de vento" and to three Details all matched for compatibility. In relation to Detail 8 our Detail-tree would encompass three hierarchical levels of organization, of both Preview and Detail as follows: (*4)



Another example, but one which would not entail so many ramifications, would be 'block 17'.

e.g. "Ele era um namorado formidável". (p. 57) (Preview)

Once again it would be possible to apply the 'broad question' "Tell me about X in more detail", in which X is equivalent to "wonderful boy-friend".

The details provided would be:

e.g. "desenhava corações nos troncos das árvores". (p. 57)

"desenhava flores no caderno de desenho". (p. 58)

"levava laranjas". (p. 59)

"levava maçãs". (p. 59)

"pagava sorvetes" (p. 59)

"roubava beijinhos" (p. 59)

"fazia versinhos". (p. 60)

"fazia canções". (p. 61)

Finally, to conclude this discussion of Preview-Detail as the organizational pattern of our data, we would like to make a small contribution to what Hoey sees as an important part of such a pattern, the labelling of the Detail part of the relation. This writer has anticipated that

"to comprehend all types of Detail more categories will have to be set up; further work is needed before this will be a realistic possibility" (Hoey, 1983:149)

In our somewhat brief study of Ziraldo's text we have

identified a type of Detail which can not be placed into Hoey's categories (ibid:149). Previously in our discussion we mentioned the fact that the label takes the form of an abstract noun which summarizes in one word what the Details spell out. We would therefore like to coin a label for Details provided in the story of "O Menino Maluquinho" as "background Detail".

This label ("background") would seem to capture the Semantic relationship which holds between the elements of Preview Detail within this story, i.e, details spell out the minutiae of the main character's make-up as a boy. Although this label is felt suitable to describe the elements in a piece of narrative discourse there is no reason to suppose that it will not be inapplicable to other discourse genres. Clearly a great deal of research with alternative text data will need to be carried out to justify our posited extension of Hoey's original categories.

4.4 CONCLUSION

In chapter three we dealt with a type of narrative whose central driving force appears to lie in a matching relation of contrast between lexical items within a colony. In chapter four we have attempted to analyse a very different kind of narrative, on the surface very much simpler. In the process of doing so it was seen that the text in question could not be said to be a complete narrative. The parameters of highly acclaimed analysts in the field were found to be inapplicable. 'O Menino Maluquinho' can hardly be said to contain the elements which keep a narrative moving. It contains no suspense, hardly any temporal juncture and it is seen to be bound together by no more than matching relations albeit throughout the story. However, unlike 'George's Marvellous Medicine', what binds the Details together is a matching relation of compatibility. This relation could be spelled out in terms of Winter's equation as

"what is true of X is also true of Y in respect of A"

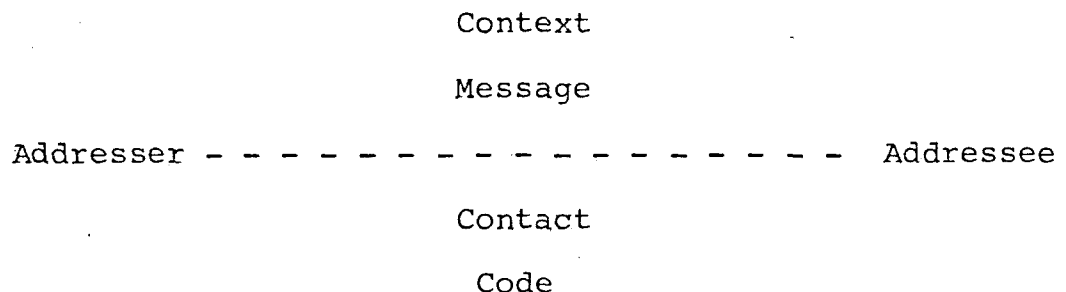
where X and Y would be details at all the levels of our detail-tree and A would be the background of the protagonist

as a young child.

This, however, posits a problem. Compatibility at all levels entails sameness and sameness can hardly be said to keep a story going, let alone, keep the interest of the reader alive. Despite this, as we have attempted to show, Ziraldo has been successful in producing an extremely tellable tale. His skillful manipulation of the same matching relations of compatibility, which would otherwise induce boredom, creates a carefully interwoven network of details. Matching details for compatibility at different levels is seen to compensate for the lack of what would otherwise be considered essential narrative features. "O Menino Maluquinho" therefore seems to provide evidence in support of the initial hypothesis posited by the dissertation, i.e., that matching relations are both present and central to narrative discourse.

Chapter 4 Footnotes

(*)1. We are well aware that narratives have a duality inherent in their nature, i.e., the ambivalence of being both the codified message itself and a piece of communicative interaction involving writer and reader. This duality within any message was recognised by Bühler (1934:108-9) which he defined as 'a symbolic representation of objects; (his 'representative function', 'Darstellung'), as well as the symptom of the attitude of the speaker, (or in our case the writer) (his so-called 'expressive function', 'Ausdruck') and/or a signalled appeal to the hearer/reader, (his 'appellative function', 'Appell'). Jakobson (1960:354) subsequently expanded Bühler's categories and the former's diagram of 'Speech Functions' illustrates the duality of any piece of linguistic communication: -

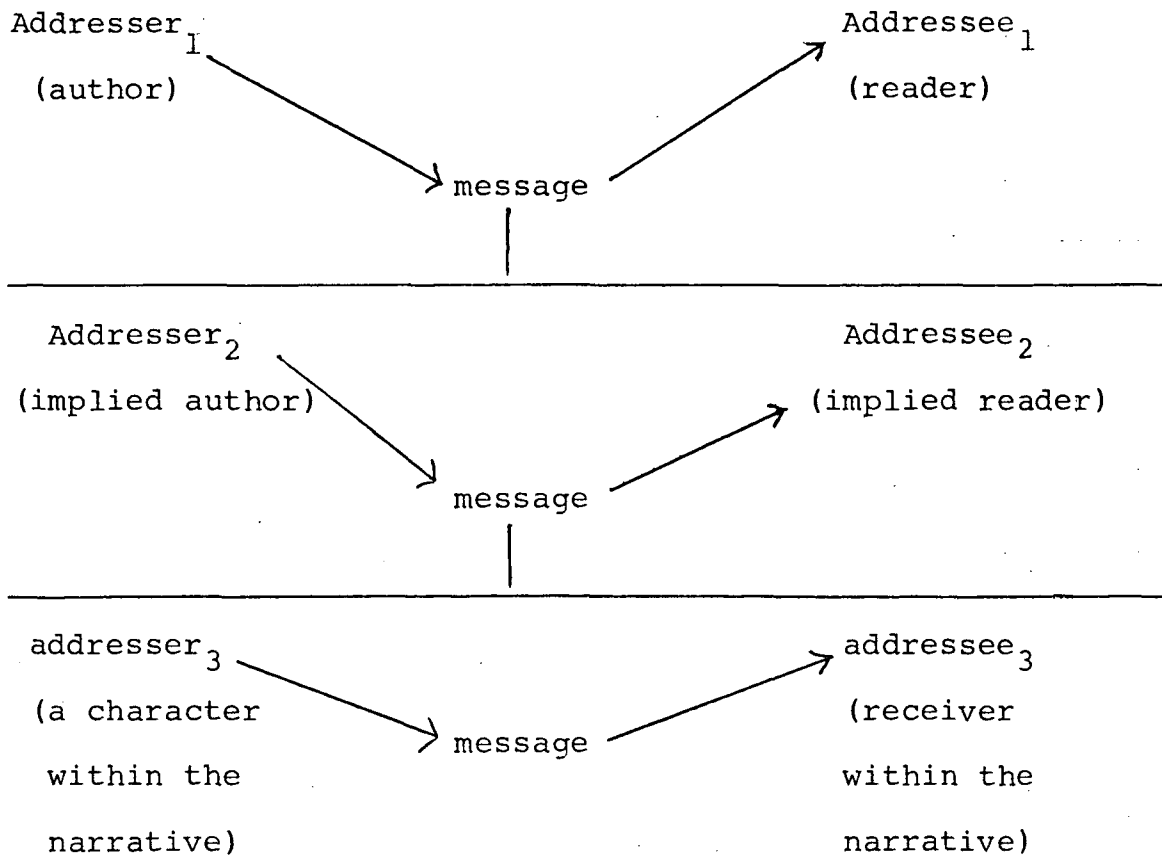


For Jakobson those functions focussing on the addresser are 'expressive' or 'emotive' while those orientating

towards the addressee he coined 'conative' or 'directive'. Hymes' (1964) 'Speech Event' categories cover similar ground although he defines the participants as 'Addressor/speaker' and 'Receiver/Hearer'. Halliday's (1970:10) macrofunctional categories incorporate Jakobson and Hymes' functions under 'ideational', i.e., the sense or the conveying of the message about reality from the writer to the reader, and the 'interpersonal' (to include both the 'emotive'/'expressive' as well as the 'conative') which is concerned with the maintenance of relationships for Halliday. Narratives, as both messages and linguistic communications, are thus related to both context and participants, i.e., they possess an ability to both convey ideas as well as evoke reactions. Although, as we have pointed out in our previous chapter, it is not within the scope of this dissertation to analyse readers' reactions to pieces of narrative discourse, it seems worth mentioning that fictional narrative is more complex than the speech event described by Hymes and Jakobson.

Interaction in narrative is different from normal interaction because it does not arise in the ordinary course of communication. Nor does it fulfill the same function. In literary narrative the author is not known to us, except by what he/she writes, thus making him/her an implied author. The author, in turn, directs his message to a receiver, who is believed to have a certain necessary background to understand his message. Within this four-fold division there are the messages put across by addressers and receivers within the

narrative itself, thus making the organization of interaction within fiction a multi-level figure such as this one: -



(adapted from Leech and Short (1981:263)).

(*2) Although a follower of Genette's ideas, Carlos Reis agrees with Hoey, when he states that although a story can be transcoded into a film or a ballet, it is never exactly the same story that is told. The media maintains a close relation to the form of the content that is conveyed. (Carlos Reis, 1987).

(*3) "flesh out" is the term used by Hoey (1983:140) to describe the process whereby details clarify or define

Chapter Five.

Understanding "The Enigma".

"I've put in so many enigmas and
puzzles that it will keep the
professors busy for centuries
arguing over what I meant ... "

(James Joyce)

5. INTRODUCTION

Having briefly analysed two children's stories in which matching relations are seen to organize and keep the narrative going, this seems an acceptable point at which to check Hoey's claim (Hoey, forthcoming) that, in adult fiction, matching relations, especially those that entail contrast, are harder to isolate. If we can refer to our first story, it was seen that "George's Marvellous Medicine" is centered around a discourse type called 'colony', which is subsequently contrasted with variations of itself. In "O Menino Maluquinho", it is, rather, a closely interwoven network of matching relations of compatibility which keeps the story moving. In this chapter we shall be dealing with adult fiction of a comparable level of quality and range of readership, in order to verify Hoey's claim.

The story chosen as data for this chapter is "The Enigma" by John Fowles. In our search for challenging material, our first option of an author was Fowles, and this can be justified in two ways. Firstly, Fowles himself believes in

"writing that wants to get read". (Halpern, 1971:39)

The process of producing writing that wants to get read seems to entail an effort on the part of the writer to create interesting stories. Analysing what makes stories interesting is the very nature of the work we have attempted to develop so far. Secondly, as McSweeney states (1981:306), Fowles chose

"to work with such popular forms as the detective story, the thriller and the historical novel".

and because the forms themselves are popular, Fowles laid emphasis on the telling of his stories, i.e.,

"on performing the primal narrational act of making the reader want to learn what happens next".(ibid:306)

If these reasons are not enough to justify our choice of writer, our reading of "The Collector", "The Magus" and "The French Lieutenant's Woman" proved for us both interesting as a lay reader and intriguing as a student of literature and language. The novels were felt to be true examples of how an author subverts the tyranny of accepted story-telling patterns. Furthermore, Fowles is always seen to require active collaboration on the part of the reader. The unresolved endings of two of these novels allow for freedom on the part of both the writer and the reader. In this way the first novel is left open-ended to provide for possible alternative paths along which the story might develop. In the last of the three novels the reader chooses the end(s) which he/she feels are in keeping with whatever expectations he/she brings into the text. This technique alone is felt to embody the very essence of collaboration between writer and reader. Having said this, we feel complicity is a better word to describe what goes on between the writer and the reader of Fowles' novels.

Having decided on the author, our next step was to decide on whether to tackle one of his novels or his short stories. His novels have been analysed extensively using a multitude of approaches. His short stories, however, have not.

Our purpose, as stated before, is to verify whether a specific discourse element, i.e., matching relations, is indeed present in adult fiction. Thus, for the scope of this study, a short story was felt to suffice.

"The Ebony Tower", from which "The Enigma" has been taken, is the only collection of short stories published by Fowles. It is a set of highly unconventional narratives, whose meaning is not easily formulated. This first judgement was dictated by intuition alone. However, what seemed initially a frustration in not dealing with a 'Miranda', a 'Julie' or a 'Sarah' (the heroines of Fowles' novels), turned out to be sheer delight when we were faced with Isobel in "The Enigma".

Having provided what might be seen as impressionistic background detail to our choice of data, let us now move into the analysis of the organization of the story itself.

5.1 Metaphors for Text Analysis

Hoey (personal communication; Coulthard & Hoey, forthcoming) has coined a useful metaphor to justify the use of several approaches to different kinds of text, i.e., "the right tool for the job". A skilled worker will only carry out a specific job successfully if given the right tool. For instance, screw-drivers will prove inadequate if the job to be done requires the act of hammering nails. Similarly, a discourse analyst who only resorts to the same descriptive "tool", in his approach to different pieces of discourse will yield limited results from his analyses.

This preamble is felt necessary, as the narrative of "The Enigma" is seen to be mosaic-like in nature and held together

by what seems to be a collage of different types of discourse. In actual fact, what we are confronted with, in Fowles' narrative, is what Graustein & Thiele (1987) see as the prismatic characteristic of text. These linguists see text, any text, as a prism, an integral crystal, which consists of facets which are exposed when adjusted at different angles to the light. A different focus reveals new colours and new experiences to the reader, and yet the text-prism remains the same, i.e.,

"a single, undivided, integral entity... whose combinatorial factors and elements... require the active collaboration of the reader and the writer". (Aphek & Tobin from Graustein & Thiele; 1987:7)

These two metaphors, i.e., the "tool" and the "prism" should be seen as complementary to each other. However, no "tool" will be used as a cutting instrument to dismember the "prism". On the contrary, by focussing on the various facets in different ways, "The Enigma" might be shown to be more than a simple granite crystal, but revealed as a multi-faced, well-polished diamond. Thus the mosaic pieces of Fowles' narrative will be allowed to dictate the most fruitful "tool" with which the analyst can best do justice to their specific organizational characteristics. Hoey's matrix will be used to show matching relations where appropriate, Pike's adapted matrix when focussing on time sequencing and Longacre's approach to understand the process of how different events fit together and how they are highlighted. It may be found necessary to use "tools" of a more specialized nature in order to do justice to

the craftsmanship evident in the text.

5.2 A Narrative encoded as a Mosaic.

In the section above we posited that "The Enigma" may be said to be a mosaic of different types of discourses. We would like to substantiate this claim by pointing to the continuous "chunks" which combine to form the story. It begins with a riddle, continues with a highly factual account of a statistical nature, goes into a direct summing-up of police procedures, moves on to what seems to be a detective story, merges into what faintly resembles a love story (with an embedded dialogue of a philosophical-literary nature) and, finally, ends with what McSweeney (1980:317) calls a "lyrical flourish".

With so many variations with which to build a short story, Fowles could have ended up with a disjointed narrative. This proves not to be the case. What we do have is tightly knit narrative, which seems to conform to the usual characteristics of a story. For instance, if we apply Longacre's most recent (1983) parameters for defining narrative discourse, already discussed in previous chapters, to "The Enigma", i.e.,

Narrative

- + Chronological Succession
- + Agent Orientation
- Projection
- +/- Tension

we shall obtain a similar profile as the one above. Thus "The Enigma"

might arguably be seen as a perfect example of each of the characteristics posited by Longacre as pertaining to a narrative. It is certainly built around a chronological succession of events. It is agent oriented, in that it refers to a third person (Fielding and later on Jennings). There is no projection, as the facts narrated have already been accomplished. Finally, as Longacre himself has pointed out, narrative discourse may or may not have the tension aspect attached to it. We feel, at least at the beginning of this analysis, that "The Enigma" is a non-tension type of narrative but we shall leave the discussion of this point for later in the chapter. However much the story may be seen as devoid of tension, there can be no doubt that it exerts considerable pressure on the reader to continue reading.

5.3 The Mosaic Pieces

In this subsection we shall try to analyse what we feel are natural, discourse divisions within the story. We shall at times be dealing with paragraphs, and at other times with larger "chunks" of the story. Our analytical lens will be focussed at times on monologue discourse and at others, on dialogue.

The obvious piece of complete discourse with which to start our analysis would be the riddle. However, its elusive meaning and its possible connections with the overall organization of the story will be best dealt with towards the end of this study. Therefore, we shall start with the second piece of complete discourse, which in actual fact is the first paragraph of the story proper. In this paragraph the reader is presented

with factual information relating to missing persons. Such a paragraph could have easily been taken from a magazine of a semi-scientific nature or from a social science essay of a statistical nature, but would be least expected at the beginning of a fictional narrative. As Hoey (1986) points out, a reader predicts what is to follow and develops certain expectancies based on a range of signals encountered throughout the text.

"No one encountering the first sentence of a scientific report would expect the second sentence to provide racy narrative". (Hoey, 1986:186)

If we may extend the above quotation, we would like to argue that no one encountering a paragraph of a (semi)scientific report would expect the second paragraph to provide the beginning of a fictional narrative. The information of this first paragraph is entirely matched for compatibility, which we feel enhances the unexpectedness of Fielding's case. By plotting this paragraph onto a matrix, these internal relations of compatibility can easily be visualized:

	the commonest kind of missing person	consists of	The adolescent girl or adolescent boy	from working class homes with serious parental disturbances
	the second commonest kind		the husband/wife in their 30's	from less working class backgrounds bored with domestic life
	the third but rather rare kind		people over 40	∅
	the last and extremely rare kind		older people	from very poor backgrounds without close families
constant	there are different kinds of missing persons		sex/age	from a specific background
variable	how do they rank in terms of numbers	which age/sex	which background	

The first sentence of the second paragraph in the story clearly summarizes what kind of discourse we have been reading thus far and anticipates what is to come.

"When John Marcus Fielding disappeared, he therefore contravened all social and statistical probability".

(p. 191)

The word 'statistical' signals anaphorically the purpose of the first paragraph, i.e., to make an inventory of possible cases of missing persons. The cataphoric verb group "contravened",

used normally in police reports or legal language, signals that the Fielding case may have something to do with police investigations and anticipates, for the reader, the contrast that is to follow.

Both the long list of noun groups, with or without overt heads, as well as the profuse use of epithets diametrically opposed to those used in the first paragraph, clearly underline the fact that Fielding cannot fit in the above list. He is fifty-seven, a member of the upper classes, without either financial or family difficulties. Summing up, he is not a liable case for disappearance. However, the intrusion of the narrator at the end of the same paragraph with the evaluative comment

"the most profoundly anomalous aspect of this case was that he was also a Conservative Member of Parliament" (p. 191) (my underlining)

reflects the narrator's surprise, which in turn signals to the reader that Fielding's disappearance is totally inexplicable in any statistical or logical terms.

The story itself, or rather, a police-like account of dates, hours, minutes of the events both previous and subsequent to Fielding's failure to attend a meeting at his constituency begins to be unravelled. It is for this first part of the narrative, i.e., from pages 191 to 201, that an adapted model of Pike's matrix is seen to be applicable. This matrix, as we have already discussed, is said to be neutral in its descriptions of relationships between characters in a narrative and the times these same

characters were seen to be engaged in some form of action. The matrix as it stands below can be said to help unravel the seemingly confusing attempts of the Fielding family to trace Fielding's whereabouts and their subsequent attempts to locate him.

Only part of two days' activities in the lives of certain characters in "The Enigma" have been accounted for in this matrix. To try to chart the whole story in this detailed way would not be impossible but somewhat pointless. This matrix is as good as what it shows, i.e., there has been a deliberate concentration of action on one of the members of the Fielding family, as well as on Drummond, to a certain extent. Curiously enough first Drummond and then Mrs. Fielding gradually disappear from the narrative, for reasons which we shall try to explain at a later point in this chapter.

DAY		FIELDING	MISS PARSONS	DRUMOND	MRS. FIELDING	PETER	PETER'S GIRL FRIEND
July 12th	a.m.	Spoke to wife from London flat	-----	-----	spoke to Fielding on the phone	had dinner with his father	accompanied Peter
	p.m.						
July 13th		2:30. got a taxi outside his flat	saw her boss get a taxi			not home	not home
		5:22-failed to catch a train	had he rest of afternoon off	waited for Fielding at station	got to know about husband's failure to show up		
		6:30-did not show up at market town station		rang Fielding's home	rang London flat		
					rang son		
					rang son's girl-friend		
				7:30-sent voters home	received Drumond's phone call		
				rang Mrs. Fielding received no news	had telephone company check Fielding's line		
					asked a friend to check Fielding's apartment		
					phoned company director		
				agreed to drive to Fielding's home	got to know her husband had not taken the train		
					spoke to Drummond again		
					discussed facts with local police		
					talked with Drummond		
				arrived at Fielding's home to talk	spoke to doctor		
			spoke to doctor	received call from police			
			11 pm - left Fielding's home				
				told her son father was missing	rang his mother		

A flaw inherent in this method of description, is its inability to account for a character's innermost feelings and their gradual change. In the case of "The Enigma", only by resorting to an alternative method of mapping would the analyst be able to plot Mrs. Fielding's gradually growing suspicion that her husband had left her for another woman.

However, her suspicion is foreshadowed by the statement:

"the lady at this stage was not unduly perturbed"
(p. 193)

This growing suspicion is underpinned by sentences such as

"Mrs. Fielding began to feel a definite puzzlement and some alarm." (p. 193)

"what very tenuous fears Mrs. Fielding had at this point were rather more those of a woman no longer quite as attractive as she had been". (p. 193)

"Mrs. Fielding's anxiety and feeling of helplessness mounted". (p. 194)

"By now Mrs. Fielding had started once more to suspect some purely private scandal was looming over the tranquil horizon of her life". (p. 195)

Mrs. Fielding has therefore moved across the spectrum of suspicion from a mere "not unduly perturbed" to

"She now saw a dinner for two in Paris". (p. 195-196)
(my underlining throughout).

Although time is clearly marked in the sentences above by either verbal groups and/or adverbials, it is clearly not time sequence but 'suspicion', which is the focal point in these sentences. It is exactly this underlying, parallel aspect of the narrative which the matrix, in its form above, is unable to deal with.

We would like to mention yet another drawback of this adapted form of Pike's matrix, when applied to stories of the same level of craftsmanship as "The Enigma". If the concept of the matrix is a time/character/event concept, how can the analyst deal with the intrusive narrator, whose comments, as exemplified below, permeate the narrative in question?

"The most profoundly anomalous aspect of the case..."
(p.191)

"The agenda of that ominously appropriate day and date... (p.192)

"She, of course, also tried the London flat ..."
(p.192)

"She learnt the mystery had started before ... (p.194)

"fortunately, the day porter had had a few words ...
(p.198) (my underlining throughout)

An intrusive narrator's opinions, in common with characters' feelings, are not seen to fit Pike's matrix, which is, as we have said, specifically designed to highlight "character-moving-through-time".

5.3.2. Having acknowledged the somewhat limited application of Pike's matrix, we shall have to resort to another approach, i.e., one which claims to be able to account for narrative discourse organization within both a novel or a short story. Longacre's model would therefore seem our next possible choice. The model tends to concentrate more closely on events and actions rather than on characters. "The Enigma" appears, at least in its early stages, to be a classical detective story, where a character disappears for no apparent reason. Thus, a possible application of Longacre's approach will be attempted here.

Longacre is concerned with the possible manifestations of a plot structure which endow the different parts of a narrative with meaning. When we attempted to summarize Longacre's ideas in Chapter Two, one of the points discussed was that his theory claims that every discourse has a profile, his so-called notional structure. This profile has a certain progression, i.e.,

"it should build up to some some sort of climax, customarily toward the end of the discourse." (1983:84)

He also claims that authors have at their disposal a variety of means with which to establish this profile (surface structure).

We shall try to account for the profile of the detective story part of "The Enigma", according to Longacre's parameters. We are aware, however, that both De Mejía (1985) and Marley (1987) (University of Birmingham dissertations) have claimed that Longacre's categories are somewhat inadequate in dealing with modern "chunks" of life", as in "The Killers", and only partially illuminating when applied to subverted narrative formats such as the one in "Pale Fire".

Longacre, in contrast with story grammarians, does not posit a one-to-one relationship between his notional (deep) structure and his surface structure manifestations. The former maps only indirectly onto the latter. Even the number of categories does not form a one-to-one match, as there are nine surface structure categories compared to only seven notional categories.

For the purposes of description of the detective story part of "The Enigma, we will opt to use the seven notional category labels. They are felt to offer a more pliable 'working tool' since they are well defined in terms of meaning. Although the surface markers for Longacre's 'peak' are clearly spelled out, 'peak' episodes can be linked to several notional categories. Therefore,

"analytical difficulties begin in that area of a story where it may be suspected a peak is indicated." (1986:85)

Despite these drawbacks, reference will be made to 'peak' throughout our description as well as to relationship it may possibly posit with the notional profile of the part of the story under study.

It would, therefore, seem relevant, at this stage, to review the seven notional categories posited by Longacre, namely, 'exposition', 'inciting moment', 'developing conflict', 'climax', 'denouement', 'final suspense' and 'conclusion'. His definition of 'exposition' is somewhat vague as far as its linguistic markers are concerned. However he does equate it to his so-called 'stage' in the surface structure, i.e., in the 'exposition', crucial information is laid out. The participants, time, place, local colour are introduced into the narrative. Longacre also allows for the fact that 'exposition' may be embedded in any section of the story, may appear in the form of an 'expository paragraph', or even encoded as a subsidiary narrative. These scattered hints to what Longacre's 'exposition' might entail allow us to interpret what happens in "The Enigma" up to page 201 as an 'exposition'. However, this tentative interpretation has to be made with a certain amount of reservation. If crucial information is given regarding the main characters in the story in the so-called 'exposition', how can we account for the fact that Jennings and Isobel, who can be considered as crucial characters in the story, are only introduced in later sections of Longacre's notional structure? Either Jennings and Isobel are important characters only to another part of the story or the concept of an embedded 'exposition' has to be extended in order to account for embedding which seems to come halfway through the story.

Fielding's "death" (p.201) can be seen as an ending of the 'exposition' section of the story. It is felt that there is an abrupt cut in the flow of the narrative, which we see as the

possible onset of another notional category:

"But no news story can survive an absence of fresh developments. On Fleet Street Fielding was tacitly declared dead some ten days after the story first broke". (p. 201)

There is a tacit agreement between the narrator and the reader that from July 13th to July 23th, there were no new developments on the case and thus Fielding was forgotten by the press. However, the next sentences point to the fact that the

"planned and the predictable is broken up".

(Longacre, 1983:2)

i.e., that the plot is now moving towards an 'inciting moment'.

"Mrs. Fielding was not, however, the sort of person who was loth or lacked the means to prod officialdom. She ensured that her husband's case continued to get attention where it mattered; the police were not given the autonomy of Fleet Street. (p. 201)
(my underlining)

The fact that Mrs. Fielding was prodding the police, who were aware of the need to placate her despite their knowledge that

"the always very poor scent was growing cold". (p. 201)

can be seen to dodge the predictable, i.e., to view Fielding as lost for good. Thus, the story continues, although this marks

the end of Fielding as our focal point and the end of Mrs. Fielding as our 'vantage point' character.

What happens at this stage in the story, should, according to Longacre, mark his notional category called 'developing conflict', in which the situation is said to intensify or deteriorate. We feel the latter can be said to describe what happens in the narrative, as the case of the disappearance of an M.P. is placed in the hands of a junior member of the police, who had only been in charge of paper work before. Furthermore, this junior member is well aware that

"he was to make noises like a large squad. He was not really expected to discover anything, only to suggest that avenues were still being busily explored". (p. 202)

The text presents a detailed description of this new character, i.e., Sergeant Jennings. This could be seen as the onset of a new episode in the 'developing conflict' part of the narrative, but may also indicate another notional category, i.e., the 'climax'. There are two reasons why there appears to be a certain amount of doubt regarding the labelling. One reason stems from the fact that Longacre clearly states that the category of 'exposition' may be embedded in any part of a narrative. Thus it could well be that a crucial character, i.e., Jennings, is left to be introduced much later in the story, by means of an expository paragraph embedded in the 'developing conflict'. The second reason stems from our observation that,

with the introduction of Jennings, there is a definite change of 'vantage point', a surface marker of Peak which maps onto 'climax' or 'denouement'. Whereas at the beginning of the story we view what is happening through the eyes of both a narrator (intrusive at times) and Mrs. Fielding, from the moment Jennings is brought into the narrative, it is through his eyes that we see, or, rather, fail to see, any progress in the case. There is only one instance of the intrusion of the narrator after Jennings is introduced, when a comment is made as to the detective's shrewdness:

"If this sounds Machiavellian, it was, but it also made him a good detective". (p.202)

Elsewhere, it is Jennings who compares Peter's good looks to his father's, who classifies all the women as "the united front", who has "sudden freakish intuitions", who smells a "deeply wounded vanity" (p.220) and who "indeed ... felt near the end of his tether over the whole bloody case". (p.221)

The balance is tilted in favour of defining this part of the 'detective story' as 'climax' because a further two elements cited by Longacre as pertaining to this notional category are in evidence. The first is that Jennings attempts to review "the now bulky file on Fielding" and draws up for himself "a kind of informal summary that he called State of Play". (p.203) This summary encodes two lists with possibilities and counter-arguments and is clearly a kind of grafting of one discourse type (colony) onto another (mainstream narrative).

This is an example of what Longacre calls 'juxtaposition', i.e., a clear structural transition to an embedded discourse, again a Peak marker mapping onto 'climax'. Likewise, if the lists are described by the narrator as an informal summary of the bulk of Fielding's file, they can be said to embody what Longacre calls "rhetorical underlining". Such a narrative device, in which the narrator is said to utilize parallelisms, tautologies and paraphrases in order to make sure the reader does not miss the important point of the story, is also said to mark Peak ('Climax').

The second point in favour of seeing this part of the story as 'climax' is the insertion of dialogue into the narrative. Longacre claims that this device heightens the vividness to the point of the story where it is introduced and makes claims regarding its presence in any culture. He states that such device comes from

"a universal bag of tricks available to the story teller for marking peak of the story". (Longacre, 1983:29)
(my underlining)

The dialogue which is inserted into the narrative of "The Enigma" is an intermediate stage between pseudo-dialogue and real drama (the most vivid kind of discourse in Longacre's view). If it can be said to add vividness to the narrative, it could well signal 'climax'. This change of discourse is marked cataphorically by the sentence

"Jennings changed his tack". (p.205)

Here not only does Jennings change his interview tactics in his role of police investigator but the narrative itself changes into dialogue. If it had not been for the inclusion of a single marker of direct speech (i.e., 'she added'), Jennings' interrogation of Miss Parsons from "Did he say ..." (top line p. 206) to "... I'm quite sure not". (p.208) could be said to be drama, at least in Longacre's terms, i.e.,

"a very vivid style of discourse in which quotation formulas drop out and people speak out in multiple I-thou relations". (Longacre, 1983:32)

It appears, at this stage, that there is a distinct mismatch between what Longacre posits as indicators of Peak ('climax') and what happens in this story. Towards the end of what we see as the 'detective story' part of "The Enigma", Jennings has left London, has visited Fielding's country home, has interrogated his family and acquaintances but goes back to London

"feeling, quite correctly, that he might just as well have stayed there in the first place". (p.221)

Likewise, the reader has been exposed to a variety of devices such as shift to a specific character, repetition of material already presented, change of vantage point, insertion of drama-like dialogue into the narrative, all of which should mark some form of climax, and is therefore somewhat baffled by the absence of anything which is seen as representing some

form of concrete manifestation of the same. The detective's feelings, i.e.,

"he was fast moving from being challenged to being defeated". (p. 221)

as he is faced with the "generally blank picture" at the end of his investigations, mirror the analyst's feeling of being equally at a loss.

Rather than claiming that Longacre's system is insufficient to account for a seemingly traditional detective story, we should like to posit that this part of the text might well be seen as nothing more than a pretext for our next piece of the mosaic to be focussed upon, i.e., the 'love story'. A first interpretation of this development in the narrative is that one could claim that our hoped-for climax is represented by Jennings' falling in love with Isobel.

"he fell for her at once, in the door of the house of Willow Road". (p. 222)

However, if we resort to the explanations Longacre provides for his notional categories, it is seen that 'climax' is that part of the narrative in which

"everything comes to a head". and
 "the author really messes it up, brings in contradictions and adds all sorts of tangles until confrontation is inevitable". (Longacre, 1983:21)

Jennings' falling in love with Isobel, whom he had only met, may be said to be contradictory in the sense that Jennings is described as both Machiavellian and career-minded. It can also be said 'to mess up' and create all sorts of (new) 'tangles' in the narrative. However we feel that both 'contradictions' and confrontations should have a more tangible link with the rest of the story. Falling in love certainly comes as an unexpected climax in this particular narrative which started as a factual account of missing persons. It certainly does not link in any way to the original "enigma", which was the very source of the narrative in the first place.

If, on the other hand, Jennings' falling in love is seen as Longacre's category of 'denouement', i.e., the part of the narrative where things 'start untangling' and where:

"a crucial event happens which makes resolution possible"
and

"things begin to loosen up"
we see a way out, even if not to a
happy ending". (Longacre: 1983:21)

then the link between this and the rest of the story is much more difficult to establish. "The Enigma" has no explicit ending which can be in any way linked to the disappearance of Fielding. Except for a single mention with a verbal group which has been dislocated to act as a set of 'book ends' to squeeze together a lengthy embedded list of passives, Fielding is not linked in any way to Jennings' 'first tomorrow' with Isobel:

"However, he was not, by the time that first tomorrow had closed, the meal been eaten, the Sauvignon drunk, the kissing come, the barefooted cook finally and gently persuaded to stand and be deprived of a different but equally pleasing

long dress (and proven, as suspected, quite defenceless underneath, though hardly an innocent victim in what followed), inclined to blame John Marcus Fielding for anything at all".

(p. 244) my underlining)

This same verbal group is preceded by 'however', a 'Vocabulary 2' item which signals unfulfilled expectations (according to Winter). This is seen as somewhat incongruent. Jennings exempts Fielding from blame which at no previous stage in the story he was felt to attribute to the M.P. In fact, if anything, Fielding might have been seen as the 'victim', the person who disappears for no reason, but is certainly not the guilty party.

We have not been able to determine where the 'climax' of "The Enigma" lies. We could allegedly say that this is a story with a very 'low profile', where episodes merge into each other. We would still be left, however, with Longacre's two final categories, namely 'final suspense' and 'conclusion', if we were to make any sense of "The Enigma" in his terms. In the 'final suspense' part of a narrative, the narrator, according to Longacre, will keep untangling whatever was 'knotted up' at the climax. The long dialogue between Isobel and Jennings, where the former volunteers information as to what might have happened to Fielding could be seen as 'keep untangling' of the mystery, except for one very important detail. Isobel untangles the charade and provided a series of 'resolutions', but from the point of view of a character of yet another fictitious narrative:

"Nothing is real. All is fiction".

...

"Let's pretend everything to do with Fielding, even you and me sitting here now, is in a novel. A detective story". (p. 244)

We do not feel an overtly fictitious account can be seen as providing a satisfactory 'working out of details' of the 'resolution'. As to the 'conclusion' itself, where Longacre sees the story as being 'wrapped up' to some sort of decent - or indecent - end, the sexual encounter of Jennings and Isobel on the final page, could in certain circumstances be seen as a consumation of an affair. The same act, however, as we have suggested previously, cannot justifiably be interpreted as 'wrapping-up' the mystery of Fielding's disappearance.

Thus, what remains, highlights the initial façade of a detective story which has withered away and merged into a love story. Alternatively, looked at from another angle, we have the façade of a love story which has been grafted on to a consciously aborted detective story. Whichever way one may see this combination, the deviation from the expected, means that Longacre's approach is only able to account for certain isolated elements but not for the narrative as a continuous flow.

De Mejía (1985) claims Longacre is unable to account for modern "chunks of life" as in *The Killers*", while Marley (1987) posits that Longacre's theory is incompatible with *"Pale Fire"*

"as a whole and tells us little that is meaningful about its organization."
(Marley, 1987:233)

By applying Longacre's model to "The Enigma", however, we have been given significant insights into the possibility of this short story being one genre masquerading as another, which will form the topic of the section to follow.

5.4. Genre and Text Interaction.

5.4.1 Preliminary considerations

In the discussion of both "George's Marvellous Medicine" and "O Menino Maluquinho", we have concentrated on the organization of the two narratives to the detriment of reader participation, which was allocated to a footnote or two. In trying to visualize the organization of "The Enigma" and to verify the existence of matching relations in its development, we have been faced with two problems. First, the application of parameters which deal with conventional forms of story telling, which were felt to be suitable to small "chunks" of the story, seem to yield somewhat incomplete conclusions as to how these "chunks" relate to each other.

Second, where Longacre's description is applicable, i.e., to parts of the narrative in which there seems to be some form of plot progression, we found certain reader expectations were built up by the writer but were never fulfilled. The text seemed to merge into seemingly unconnected events. The faint 'hints' of a 'climax' which were anticipated here and there, were not expanded upon nor were they seen to fit the progression described by Longacre.

The reason for these problems may lie in the operational approach adopted thus far, i.e. that we have concentrated on

the text alone. The essential role of the reader as an active participant has gradually become more apparent, the more we have delved into the discourse construction of "The Enigma". For this reason, this active involvement will not be relegated to footnotes, but will be brought into the main body of the discussion of this section.

5.4.2 Interaction and Genre

Two labels have been used in the previous sections, namely those of detective story and love story, without any attempt on our part to define them. We, as the writer of this study, have assumed that the readers of the same know what these labels entail. This is basically what happens when a writer produces the living object which any text is. The writer makes certain assumptions as to the profile of his assumed reader, he anticipates what this reader may or may not want to know, and thus shapes his text in order to meet these assumptions. If the writing is very padded, the writer is felt not to be allowing his reader to be very active. Without such explicit orientation, the reader will need to 'interrogate' the text to get whatever may be useful for him/her. Interaction always exists because the text is aimed at an imagined reader. The real reader has special needs and expectations about a particular text. While engaged in the process of reading, this real reader will try to match his needs and expectations with whatever he/she finds in the text, while at the same time trying to reconstruct the writer's original meaning. In Wolfgang Iser's words, while we read

"we oscillate to a greater or lesser degree between the building and the breaking of illusions. In a process of trial and error, we organize and reorganize the various data offered us by the text ... We look forward, we look back, we decide, we change our decisions, we form expectations we are shocked by their non-fulfilment, we question, we muse, we accept, we reject ..." (Iser, 1972:293)

Hoey (1983) claims that such a complex, active role for the reader reflects an important part of the interpretative process which takes place in reading. He also suggests that a reader builds up his expectations regarding the type of discourse encountered, based on what the writer provides as introductory evidence.

"The writer initiates his discourse with a first sentence. The form and content of this first sentence are undoubtedly affected in only partly understood ways by a number of cultural expectations established for the medium in which the writing appears and aroused by the title". (1983:170)

Hoey goes on to explain that as the reader's expectations are set up, the reader may choose to interact with the text by means of questions. If the writer provides a sentence which may be seen to answer the reader's questions (expectations), then the reader moves on to another sentence and continues this interactional process. If the text does not match the reader's expectations, the reader recreates the question the writer may be seen to be answering, i.e., the writer's original meaning.

While it is true that Hoey mentions sentences as units which may stand as answers to both anticipated and unanticipated questions, i.e., fulfilling reader's expectations or not, he also claims that the process of 'interrogating' the text may be directed towards much larger parts of the discourse. In addition he points out

"part of a reader's expectations and therefore of the questions he or she will look to see answered are set up by indications given as to the style/genre of the writing encountered".
(ibid: 176).

Both this quotation and the one above mention two items which are felt to be vital in the discussion of reader participation, namely cultural expectations and genre.

There seems to be agreement as to the fundamental link between cultural expectations and genre. Couture's claim, which is in keeping with Hoey's observation above, is that

"readers and writers have overall expectations for how discourse in a conventional genre presents ideas ..."
and
"those expectations are reflected in a text's more or less explicit development of a message".
(1986:82)

The fact that texts are related to each other appears to determine the concept of a conventional genre and expectations aroused by it. This text property, i.e., of evoking other texts, has been discussed at length by Beaugrande as "intertextuality"

He claims that in some ways

"the production and the reception of a given text depend upon the participants' knowledge of other texts".

(Beaugrande, 1981:182)

Intertextuality, therefore, gives rise to a process whereby the reader matches his experience gained from previous reading of any number of texts with any new text he/she may encounter.

The second topic intrinsically linked to reader interaction, which was brought up in our previous quotations, is that of genre. Genre is defined by Swales as

"a more or less standardised communicative event with a goal or a set of goals mutually understood by the participants in that event and occurring within a functional rather than a social or personal setting". (1981:10)

To make the concept of genre clearer, we could cite two examples of communicative events, namely, advertisements and political speeches. Although both share the same purpose, i.e., that of persuasion, a homogeneous speech community does not see them as belonging to the same genre.

Narrative is seen as a large class of genre, which itself encompasses a number of sub-genres. We would like to posit that both detective stories and love stories are sub-genres of the major genre of narratives.^{*2} In both, the goals, i.e., the writer's and the reader's purpose, seem to match. The writer aims at entertaining and the reader aims at being entertained. However, whatever provides entertainment in either

the detective story or the love story seems to spring from a different source.

Hutchinson (1983) sees the interaction between writer, reader and text in fiction as a form of game and provides us with a useful working definition of a detective story. He sees this form of narrative as

"the most popular game of concealment and suppression". (1983: 24)

He then goes on to pinpoint a very basic difference between fiction in general (and here would include our love story sub-genre) and detective stories.

"In fiction the basic issue with which the author can tease his reader is "What will happen next?, but in the detective story it is rather "What on earth did happen? (ibid: 24)

The broad question a reader asks a text when dealing with the sub-genre of detective stories has at its very core the objective of solving a puzzle, an enigma. Hutchinson claims that getting at the solution is a "compelling form of game" and adds that

"clues are scattered throughout the text, many of them snares (in Barthes's sense), equivocations and partial answers, and resolution does not take place until the very end. (ibid: 26)

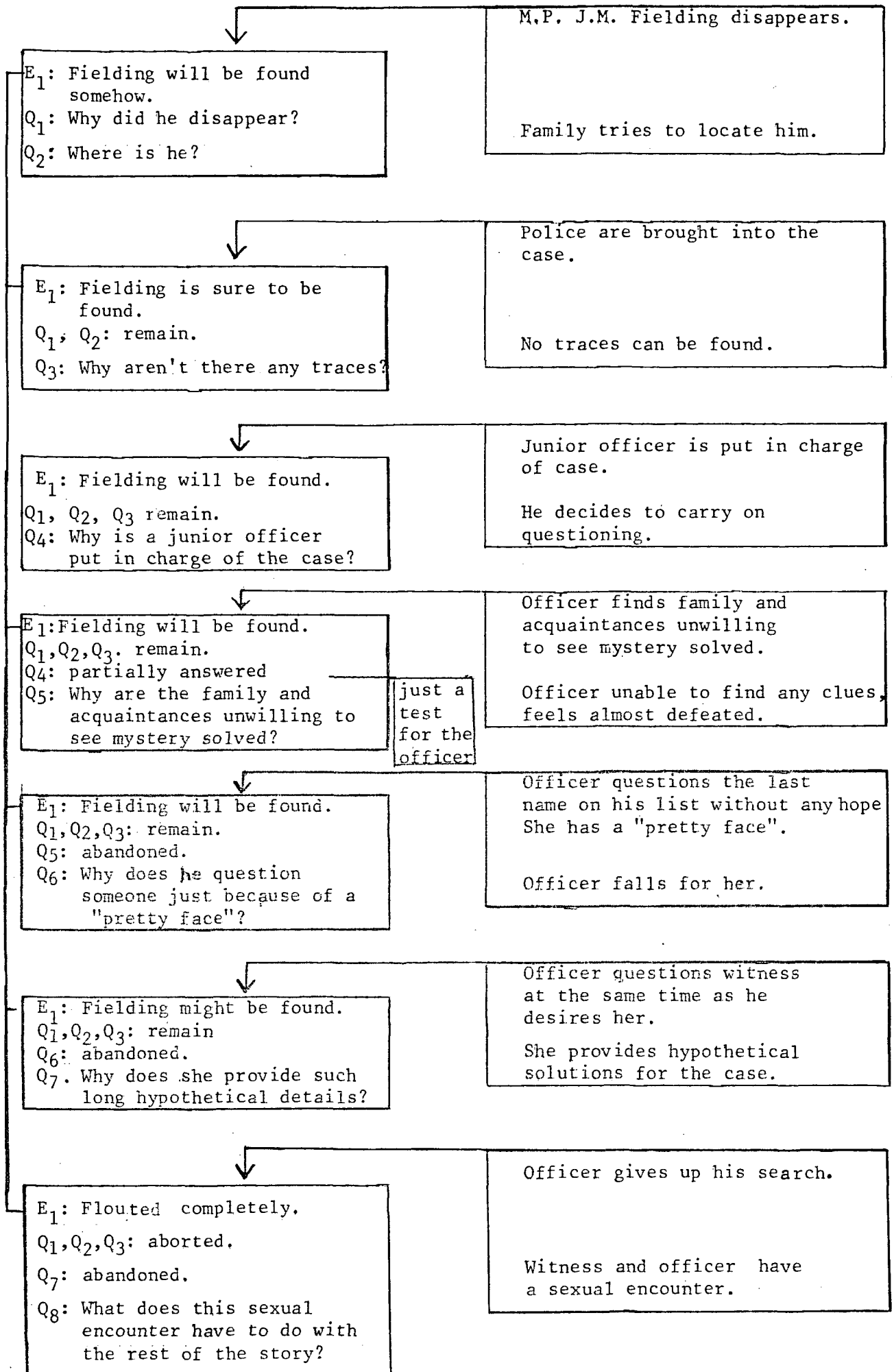
Thus, our failure in accounting for "The Enigma" so far stems from the fact that we, as analyst/reader, ask the text the

broad question "What on earth did happen?" but are in fact faced with statements organized sequentially which seem to answer questions of the type "What happened after this?"

Hoey (1983) posits an idealised pathway through which a reader may negotiate the meaning of a specific text which may vary in length from sentences to whole discourses. We have tried to devise an adapted diagram of a possible negotiation of meaning within "The Enigma" in the following manner:

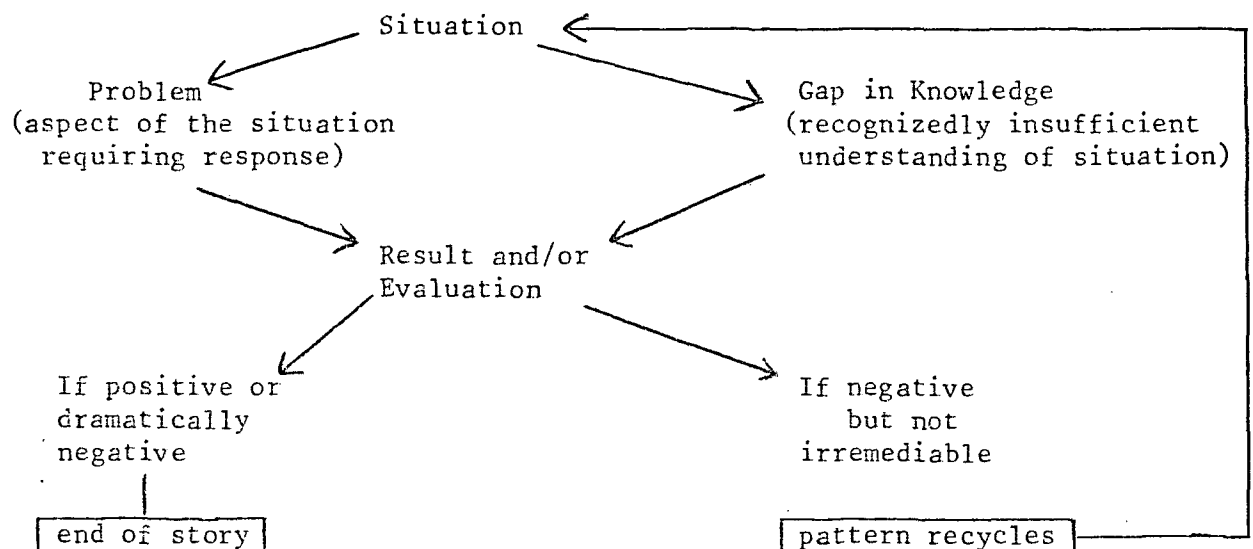
Expectations raised
Questions asked

Text



In this tentative diagram we can visualize an uneven pathway through "The Enigma". The main expectation, i.e., that Fielding is going to be found, remains unfulfilled until the end of the story and is finally flouted completely. Questions are asked but are either abandoned halfway through the story or completely aborted towards the end.

For the same reasons the expected organizational pattern, i.e., 'Gap-in-Knowledge', recurrent in detective stories, does not seem to fit "The Enigma". Hoey (personal communication, May, 1988) proposes that 'Gap-in-Knowledge' is deeply rooted in the genre of detective/mystery stories. This pattern helps the narrative of such stories, and is seen to be pervasive in them. A possible equivalence between its elements and the Problem-Solution pattern can be seen in the diagram below



In "The Enigma" there is clearly insufficient understanding of the Situation, i.e., why a man like Fielding would disappear without leaving any clues. The explanation which is given comes as a hypothetical comment on the nature of the fictional genre

of detective stories and is thus improbable, but not utterly irremediable. The pattern should recycle itself until a result with an evaluation, which is either positive or dramatically negative, brings the story to an end. The recognizedly insufficient understanding of the situation, i.e., why Fielding has disappeared, is totally abandoned in the narrative. What is presented, in turn, is an enigmatic explanation for an event which comes into narrative by sheer chance, i.e., Jennings falling for Isobel.

If we may use Hoey's quotation about discourses which are mis-signalled we may then fully understand what happens in "The Enigma". Mis-signalled discourse, according to Hoey, causes problems

"of unrealised expectations not problems of interpretation. The writer has in effect told the reader to expect a particular question to be answered and then delayed supplying information that could serve as an acceptable answer to that question". (Hoey, 1983:183)

In the case of "The Enigma", the writer not only delays, but finally decides to suppress the information which might answer the reader's broad question "What on earth did happen?" We seem then confronted with the case of one genre masquerading as another genre, which in some way dictates the way we approach the story as a whole. According to Couture

"genre can only be realized in completed texts or texts that can be projected as complete, for a genre does more than

specify codes extant in groups of related texts; it specifies conditions for beginning, continuing and ending a text". (1986:82)

5.5 Fictional Worlds

In part 5.3 above we mentioned the love story as one of the mosaic pieces. Our love story has been arguably defined as a sub-genre. Although we do not consider it as specifying conditions for ending our text, it would appear to contain conditions to act as a frame for a dialogue, which in turn displays another facet of the prism, where both detective stories and enigmas are explicitly debated.

As discourse analysts we should be looking at the dialogue between Isobel and Jennings as a whole, at how the author reports what the characters supposedly say to each other, at the different moves, turn-takings, at how Jennings elicits exchanges from Isobel as a possible witness, all of these topics which have permeated the index lists of oral discourse studies. This would, however, be beyond the scope of the present dissertation.

It is felt, on the other hand, that the dialogue between Jennings and Isobel plays a definitive role in the organization of "The Enigma". We would posit that it is by means of this dialogue that the author is seen to provide the missing link in the organization of the short story, i.e., a plausible explanation for the reader's unanswered questions. Therefore, we shall leave aside Jennings inner thoughts regarding his feelings for Isobel as a female, (which permeate the non-dialogue part of conversation) and concentrate on Isobel and

Jennings' exchanges which refer to possible explanations.

As we had foreseen at the beginning of this chapter, dealing with a piece of work as complex as "The Enigma" would require the use of very specialized 'tools'. In the discussion of this dialogue we shall have to resort to such a tool, one aimed specifically at pinpointing what goes on in fictional dialogues, i.e., Sinclair's theory of possible Fictional Worlds (1986).

For Sinclair, fiction has to be treated as a separate entity. The real world posits a number of problems if it is used as a parameter for comparison with fiction. In the real world, propositions may be said to be true or false. Any attempt at analysing fiction by using the real world as a referent will be doomed

"because of some irreconcilable differences between the world subsumed in the fiction and the real world". (Sinclair, 1986:51)

In the real world, facts exist and are mentioned by a speaker, as part of a selection process, to express what this speaker feels is relevant in an interaction. In a fictional world, where everything is possible, 'facts' only come into being if they are mentioned within the discourse. Sinclair (ibid) summarizes this occurrence by means of the word aver. Thus, if a reader can only come to grasp the 'facts' of a fictional world if they are actually averred, i.e., as Sinclair puts it

"in fiction, "facts", depend on averrals" (ibid:54)

Sinclair has thus posited that fiction encompasses a limitless number of possible fictional worlds, where, if so averred, there is a King of France who is bald; where there are goblins, elves, hobbits and ents; where a character from a film may step out of a screen to have a night out with an unhappy housewife. There is, however, a problem created by the very existence of such a concept. Whereas in the real world what is stated is authorized by the facts pertinent to the real world itself, in a fictional world, whatever is averred must be authorized by an inhabitant of fiction, i.e., a fictional narrator. Therefore, in fiction we have the real world author who reports fictions which are averred by a fictional narrator, who inhabits a particular fictional world. Hence, in fiction, the link which may be established between the real world author and the fictional averrals could be worded in the following way:

A reports that FN avers that F is so.

↓
↓
↓

(real world author) (fictional narrator) (fictional 'facts')

In "The Enigma" this relationship at the beginning of the story could be formulated in the way below:

A reports that FN avers that F is so.

↓
↓
↓

(real world author)
(fictional intrusive narrator)
(all the averrals made available to the reader in the discourse of "The Enigma")

When Isobel presents her hypothetical solutions to Jennings about what might have happened to Fielding (p. 232) the relationship above takes on another wording, i.e.,

A reports that FN_1 avers that F_1 , is so, in which F_1 encompasses another FN_2 who avers that F_2 is so (in which there is a F_{2a} , an F_{2b} and an F_{2c} - all referring to mystery averred in F_1).

The linear presentation above does not signal clearly the subdivision of fictional levels into two parts. A tree - like diagram such as the one below seems more appropriate:

REAL AUTHOR

r
e
p
o
r
t
s

Fictional narrator

a
v
e
r
s

Fiction

"The Enigma"

Fictional narrator

a
v
e
r
s

Fiction

(a) (b) (c)

possible solutions

Fowles manipulates these two levels throughout the dialogue in certain ways which we shall try to spell out as our discussion progresses. Isobel confirms the existence of a FN₂ when she claims

"I do have a private theory. About what happened. It's very wild'. She grinned at him. 'Very literary".
(p. 237)

The juxtaposition of the epithets 'wild' and 'literary' makes the reader infer that a literary solution is generally wild, i.e., does not conform to the ordinary expected rules. Isobel signals she will be taking on the role of a FN₂ and again reinforces the idea of polarity between fiction and reality:

"Nothing is real. All is fiction". (p. 234)

The next quotation defines which kind of fictional genre this FN₂ will be working with and claims limitless authorial powers.

"Let's pretend everything to do with the Fieldings, even you and me sitting here now is a novel, a detective story. Yes? Somewhere there's someone writing us, we're not real. He or she decides who we are, what we do, all about us".
(p. 234)

Isobel contradicts herself, however, regarding her beliefs that an author may decide all about a story. What in

fact seems to dictate the rules is the genre an author may opt for, which in this case is the detective story.

"A story has to have an ending. You can't have a mystery without a solution. If you're the writer you have to think of something". (p. 234)

We, as readers of fictional world 1, are thus reminded of our unexplained mystery. Isobel, as our FN₂, is then given the task of resolving the unexplained mystery. She dismisses external factors which might have been able to account for the disappearance of a character in F₂. She claims the classical greek tragedy ending is

"not good art. An awful cheat, really". (p. 234)

Our FN₂ offers a second alternative ending, one which would be

"terribly difficult to write, but it could be done".
(p. 235)

This second alternative revolves around the psychological profiles of the different characters. Her main character is described as a man who would have

"broken under all the hidden pressures"

and thus would have turned for help to a

"sympathetic and level-headed girl". (p. 235)

This second alternative is rejected by Jennings as he does not see it in keeping with the characters' profiles of not being

"spur of the moment people". (p.236)

He also feels the sympathetic girl is a "more imaginative character". (p. 236)

If we step back to look at what has been happening in the interaction between Isobel and Jennings, we can see that whereas Isobel operates as FN at level 2, Jennings thinks, acts and believes what he is listening to as a level 1 character would. In several instances we observe Jennings trying to bridge the gap between the two levels. He makes no attempt to pretend to be part of a detective story written by someone else as Isobel suggested. We can list a few examples of Jennings' shifts from one level to the other. When Isobel says, for instance

"You can't have a mystery without a solution. If you're the writer you have to think of something".

"I've spent most of last month ---"

"Yes, but only in reality". (- 234)

or when Isobel describes the second hypothetical ending and refers to her missing character as

"He'd have to say something like ... I don't know who to turn to, you seem quite a sympathetic and level-headed girl, you".

"This level-headed girl would be telling me all this"?

(p. 235)

and later when Isobel as the FN₂ brings in a new character to her hypothetical second ending

"... nothing, not even rather dishy young policemen, who buy her cups of tea would ever get the facts out of her".

"You're not by any chance...?" (p. 236)

(my underlining throughout referring to Jennings' comments)

Isobel distances herself from the narrative of her second hypothetical ending, playing the role of FN₂. She uses deictics such as 'her' and 'she', when referring to the girl who might have helped Fielding hide. Jennings' cannot differentiate between his reality and the fictional world which is being put to him (our FN₁ and FN₂). He constantly addresses a fictitious 'level-headed girl' as 'you', and includes himself in F₂, by a constant use of 'me' and 'I'.

The demarcation between the two fictional worlds is also signalled by the FN₁. After Isobel had been explaining her fictional female character with an independent mind, the narrator intervenes:

"The real girl played with her plastic teaspoon, looked up at him unsmiling now, trying him out". (p. 235)
(my underlining)

As the third hypothetical conclusion to the story progresses this differentiation is no longer very well signalled. Isobel seems to have fallen into the same trap as Jennings. She says

"But we have a fact about him ... He did something thousands of others don't. So it must have hurt a lot more. Feeling failed and trapped and forced - because everything was so standard, so conforming in his world - to pretend he was happy as he was. No creative powers.
(p. 238) (my underlining)

Up to this point 'he' and 'him' may refer to the character in fictional world two. However, this 'fact' is followed by the following statement

"Peter's told me". (p. 238)

The boundaries between the two worlds merge, they are no longer clear cut. Isobel restarts to tell her hypothetical ending, she uses a historical present which could well signal she is acting as FN₂. However, she is not. She has moved back to her reality, our F₁. When Jennings makes an attempt to assess her telling as part of F₂ he says

"This writer of yours - has he come up with a scenario for that?, (p. 240)

Isobel marks her narrative as definitely belonging to F_1 by saying

"That's just a detail. I'm trying to sell you the motive". (p. 240)

From this point onwards, there is overt mention of Peter, of Tetbury Hall as a possible place for a suicide, of her insight into the real Fielding, which makes us, as readers, as well as Jennings, believe that this last version is what might have happened to Fielding.

We see this hypothesis as a last step in the progression from the distant fictional world 2 into Isobel and Jennings' own fictional world. For us as readers the feeling that the story has not been given a suitable ending is then somewhat diminished. We do not feel totally cheated. Our FN_1 , however, has passed the responsibility of ending the story onto one of the characters. Isobel does provide the motive. Because Fielding feels

"more and more like this minor character in a bad book", "a zombie", "a high class cog in a phony machine", one who "feels himself very absurd and very failed" and who one day "sees what might stop both the rot and the pain". (p.241)

he decides to commit suicide. What Isobel does not do, however, is give the reader a total sense of fulfillment. After the motive has been spelled out, and the scenario speculated about, Isobel

"smiled and leant back and folded her hands in her lap; then she grinned up and threw it all away.

'I also fancy myself as an Agatha Christie'". (p. 241)

The suicide of an apparently successful main character can now be seen to be compatible with the traditional detective story ending. Isobel acknowledges this in saying:

"It does fit. In an Agatha Christie sort of way". (p. 241)

At one level, therefore, if the reader is looking for a possible solution to a detective story of the Agatha Christie type, he/she is provided with one at the FW₁ level. However, the sense of being, in some way, deprived and cheated remains.

This feeling is reflected in Jennings' ambivalent reactions. He asks to have the pond in Tetbury Hall dragged but his application is "informal" and therefore "unsuccessful". This apparent inertia in Jennings has come about because

"in some strange way the case had died during the last half-hour ... he now saw it didn't really matter. The act was done; taking it to bits discovering how it had been done in detail, was not the point". (p. 242)

Could this realization by Jennings also be a signal to the reader?

5.6 Matching Relations Revisited

We have claimed throughout this study that matching relations help organize narratives and account for their tellability. In analysing "The Enigma" we have resorted to a number of 'tools' suggested by Pike, Longacre and Sinclair to account for the various discourses which make up the text in question. Each of these approaches helps to cast a different light on our short story, but are not seen to support the main hypothesis of the dissertation, that related to the importance of matching relations in the organization and tellability of stories.

At this stage in this study, therefore, examples of matching relations will be drawn from Fowles' text, to illustrate Hoey's claim (UFSC seminar, October, 1987) that all texts contain some form of contrast and/or compatibility, but that narrative text is often made interesting and tellable because of such relations. Hoey (ibid) sees the majority of self-standing stories, i.e., those unrooted in conversation, as being permeated by a network of such relations. The same author suggests that among the most pervasive relations are those between characters within a story. Contrast and Compatibility between characters' fates, their interpretation of 'facts' within their possible fictional world, and their expectations, are some of the examples which are provided by Hoey. Relations between episodes, settings, time, time within the narrative, are also cited as important. In his paper for "Ilha do Desterro" (forthcoming), Hoey extends the concept of contrast and compatibility within narrative. The original

analysis posited by Hoey centers around the actual wording of a text. In the more recent paper mentioned above the concept of relations is extended beyond what is printed to include reader inference, if such an extension is seen to contribute to the organization and tellability of narrative. He thus acknowledges reader participation in the process of telling a story.

In "The Enigma" there is a very complex network of matching relations between its characters. There are contrast and compatibilities which are definitely marked by the wording of the text, and others which are marked by reader inference. We have attempted to approach this network in a rather prosaic manner in choosing to begin with a description of several female characters. The reason for such an approach stems from an expression used by Jennings when describing those women in Fielding's world as the "united front". (p. 220)

With the exception of Isobel, who deserves special treatment, we see Mrs. Fielding, Miss Parsons and Fielding's two daughters as belonging to one single group which is matched for compatibility in terms of lack of attractiveness. Mrs. Fielding feels she is

"a woman no longer quite so attractive as she had been".
(p. 193)

Miss Parsons is described as having

"a total absence of attractiveness". (p. 207)

and both Carolina and Francesca proved

"much prettier in the name than in the meeting".

(p. 221)

The descriptions of Miss Parsons' behaviour as a whole can be said to be in a relation of compatibility, if a complex paraphrase is used to link the following items: 'fort', 'protective', 'granite-like wall'. Miss Parsons is left

"to hold the fort in London". (p. 204);

is felt to be

"fiercely protective of her boss's good name". (p. 205)

and is described as

"a granite-like wall". (p. 205)

as well as possessing a "blandness" and an "impermeability".
(p. 207)

Mrs. Fielding's attitude towards the inquiries is in a matching relation of compatibility with Miss Parsons', i.e.,

"the lady (like Miss Parsons) had settled for ignorance rather than revelation". (p. 220)

All the statements related to both women's reactions towards possible solutions are also in a relation of compatibility, the

matching factor being their refusal to accept any of the possibilities presented to them. As far as Mrs. Fielding is concerned

"she refused equally to accept that he was politically disappointed". (p. 217-218)

"the notion that her husband might have committed suicide or from shame, remained in hiding, Mrs. Fielding found incredible". (p. 217)

"she also spared the sergeant the embarrassment of the other woman theory". (p. 218)

Finally when the wife refers to the possibility of friends hiding Fielding she says

"but I simply refuse to believe that they'd do that to me and the children". (p.219)

As far as Miss Parsons is concerned

"she told the chief superintendent that the idea of another woman was preposterous" (p. 198)

"she had categorically denied all knowledge" (of sexual possibilities). (p. 205) (my underlining throughout)

Whereas these women are compatible in respect of certain features, Isobel deserves separate attention. She gives Jennings

"an immediate impression of someone alive, where everyone else had been dead, or playing dead; of someone who lived in the present, not the past". (p. 222)
(my underlining)

By inference, Isobel is in a matching relation of contrast with Fielding's family and friends. This matching contrast is enhanced by Jennings' inner thoughts about her:

"how simple it is, or can be ... when they don't beat about the bush, say what they actually think and know, actually live today instead of fifty years ago". (p. 224)

and

"there are people with fresh minds and independence who see through all that and are not afraid ...". (p. 224)

As far as Isobel's personal appearance is concerned, she might be said to epitomize contrast herself, overtly marked by linguistic signals.

"in spite of the heat, she seemed cool". (p. 223)

"very small-bodied, delicate, like sixteen;
but experienced somewhere, unlike sixteen". (p. 223)

She is described as

"certain of herself" although she "tended to avoid his eyes". (p. 223) (my underlining)

The same Isobel contrasts very clearly with Mrs. Fielding, who is described as

"a woman welded to her role in life and social status, eminently poised and eminently unimaginative". (p. 220)

On the other hand, Isobel is described by Jennings as

"more imaginative" (p. 236) and as belonging to the group of "people who live by ideas". (p. 237)

Isobel is also in a matching relation of contrast with two males in the story, namely Peter and Jennings. Isobel is said to be

"surprisingly, not like Peter at all". (p. 222)

However she herself admits that Peter is not mixed-up,

"the opposite really. Unmixed, like, oil and water.

Two people". (p. 231)

In this case it is not easy to infer which of Peter's personas Isobel may be felt to match with.

Isobel and Jennings' matching relations are even more difficult to describe, although they are more clearly marked in terms of linguistic signals. At a given moment of the narrative these characters may be seen to be in a matching

relation of compatibility. At others, they are in a matching relation of contrast. In terms of their respective careers, for instance, Isobel complains.

"she was trying to write a novel, it was so slow, you had to destroy so much and start again ... (p. 233)

Jennings claims that:

"He felt a bit the same about his own work, and its frustrations and endless weeks of getting nowhere".
(p. 233) (my underlining)

"The same" establishes a relation of compatibility regarding a Y feature which is then spelled out:

"they rather surprisingly found ... a certain kind of unspoken identity of situation". (p. 233)
(my underlining)

Jennings, however, is said to be Machiavelian in that he

"took very good care indeed not to show his feelings".
(p. 202)

He also puts on "his public-school manner ..." (p. 217) in carrying out his duties as a detective. At this level, Isobel is contrasted with Jennings.

"a quicker and more fastidious mind in the field of emotions and personal relationships". (p. 233)

In other words

"Something about her possessed something that he lacked ... an honesty, in one word". (p. 233)

(my underlining)

That Jennings is pragmatic and lives by calculation is confirmed by a matching relation of contrast, i.e., he feels there is "an abyss between" him and Isobel. Whereas she lives by ideas he lives by facts. This trace of a calculating personality is expanded in three non-adjacent parts of the story which are matched in one way for compatibility and in another for contrast. One item serves as a matching point, our 'A' feature. Jennings imagines a sexual encounter with Isobel the following way:

"He saw her sitting astride his knees, her arms enlacing his neck, tormenting him; and brutality". (p. 239)
(my underlining)

Further along, when he realizes his investigation has no reason for going on, he claims:

"The point was a living face with brown eyes, half-challenging and half-teasing: not committing a crime against that". (p. 242)

If 'that' is seen as referring to the living face with brown

eyes the link between an imagined 'brutality' on page 239 and the 'crime' on page 242 is established by means of a complex paraphrase. Furthermore, we could conceivably link these two quotations with the final consummation of these two characters' sexual encounter:

"However, he was not, by the time that first tomorrow had closed, the meal had been eaten, the Sauvignon drunk, the kissing come, the barefooted cook finally and gently persuaded to stand and be deprived of a different but equally pleasing long dress (and proven, as suspected, quite defenceless underneath, though hardly an innocent victim in what followed) inclined to blame John Marcus Fielding for anything at all". (p. 244)
(my underlining throughout)

All the underlined lexical items may be contained within a complex paraphrase of the item 'crime',* which thus establishes a link between these three parts of the story. The verb groups in the last paragraph are all passives, but any attempt to interpret this would be akin to an invasion into the territory of stylistic analysis, which would not be in keeping with the analytical approach adopted for this dissertation. The link exists, though. The complex paraphrase is concrete. What is not definable, however, is how Jennings thoughts shift from brutality, to not committing a crime against a "living face" and finally to a sexual act described in terms of a police offence (softened by the words "gently persuaded").

* Victim and defenceless may also be linked to brutality in the same way.

The list of contrasts and compatibilities in "The Enigma" is endless. The matching relations we have chosen aim at establishing a profile of the characters. Certain other relations, linguistically marked, could be added. For example, the characters are matched in their attitude to life, specifically in terms of pretence, and put-on façades, best described by Peter:

"the kind of world I was brought up in ... its leading principle is never, never, never show what you really feel". (p. 214)

"You pretend, right? You actually don't show the truth till the world splits in half under your feet". (p. 214)

"I've had this all my life. The faces you put on". (p.215)

"My mother doesn't have views. Merely appearances to keep up". (p.215)

Isobel confirms that the kind of life Peter has been exposed to is one of pretence when she claims that he had been

"using something he pretends to hate to try and get me". (p. 229)

Mrs. Fielding is described as two-faced. Her insistence that the investigation goes on seems to be

"a good deal more for show than out of any desperate need to have the truth uncovered". (p. 220)

As far as her relationship with her husband, Mrs. Fielding is said to have

"always that façade. Front".

Fielding's farm manager contributes to the general idea that the linking factor between the characters might be of 'pretence' versus 'reality'. He uses the word "compartmentalized" when talking about his boss;

"a feeling that Fielding was two different people. One was ruthless in running the farm for maximum profit; another was 'very pleasant socially, very understanding, nothing snobbish about him'". (p. 217)

Isobel, however, provides the best description of Fielding:

"He was one of those men who sometimes seem to be somewhere else". (p. 225)

"... very self controlled. A tiny bit obsessional?"
(p. 225)

"He always seemed more somewhere-else down in the country". (p. 226)

She also provides a short summary for all the characters in Tetbury Hall. When asked about the way they live she says:

"Except they're not pretending. They just are, aren't they? (p. 223)

We could continue citing numerous examples of the characters' façade-like attitude to life. However, matching relations at this level are seen as neither organizing the story as a whole nor do they help keep the interest alive. What we would like to posit at this stage is that the relations which are established and help keep the story moving are external to text itself.

5.6.1 Central Matching Relations

So far in this chapter we have touched upon topics from the field of both text and literary analysis which may not be seen as being related to the main scope of this study. We now feel it necessary to attempt to bring these 'loose ends' together and incorporate them into the body of the discussion.

We will once again resort to Winter's equation of matching relations which proved illuminating as a working tool with the two previous texts for children in chapters three and four:

"What is true of X is (not) true of Y in respect of A feature (Winter: 1986:92)

The aspect of "The Enigma" to which this working equation seems applicable in various ways is that of genre (or sub-genre in our case):

What is true of (X) a traditional detective story is not true of (Y) "The Enigma" in respect of (A feature) its solution.

We have already noted that readers have certain expectations regarding the solving of an enigma. As Isobel puts it:

"A story has to have an ending. You can't have a mystery without a solution". (p. 234)

"The Enigma" and the sub-genre of the detective story are thus in a matching relation of contrast, but one which is not entirely complete. As we have seen Fowles has delegated the responsibility for providing a suitable ending to one of his characters and in this way has to a certain degree satisfied the reader's expectations. The symmetry is not perfect, however. What is true of an ending of a traditional detective story is not true of the ending of "The Enigma" in respect of the details provided. If we may return to Sinclair's 'Fictional Worlds' we may remember that Isobel, as a character from a fictional world within the story, appears to provide an ending which rounds off the story in a way which might match reader expectations. However, she claims "mock-penitent":

"I also fancy myself as an Agatha Christie". (p. 241)

and "throws it all away" (p.241), thus reducing everything she had said to a fake.

A further matching relation of contrast is shown between the accepted control of a writer over his characters and Fielding's

independence as a character in Isobel's hypothetical story. Jennings claims that

"writers can write it any way they like." (p.236)

whereas Fielding's 'writer' has to face up to the fact that

"his main character has walked out on him. So all he's left with is the character's determination to have it that way. High and dry." (p.236)

As far as the love story ending, "The Enigma" posits another matching relation of contrast:

What is true of traditional love story endings is not true of the ending given in "The Enigma" in respect of its resolution.

This in turn posits a very neat symmetry, a matching relation of compatibility between both the detective story and the love story within "The Enigma", that

What is true of the detective story part is true of the love story part in respect of a lack of solution.

This matching relation of compatibility between the two sub-genres brings to mind Hutchinson's claim that

"works which rest more on the interaction of enigmatic characters, or which present contradictory solutions to

fairly complex puzzles, may appear even more compelling and mysterious ..." (1983:21)

If, as we have said, both sub-genres are lacking a resolution, then this might be seen as even more compelling and mysterious than a contradictory solution. This deliberate omission by Fowles has given rise to at least three attempts to provide an explanatory ending, where each approach differs from the other in terms of their emphases:

McSweeney (1981:317) sees the ending of "The Enigma" as

"something virtually unprecedented in Fowles's fiction: a simply and happily consummated sexual coming together ..."

adding that the

"concluding lyrical flourish suggests another way in which in "The Enigma" Fowles has had his fictional cake and eaten it too, satisfying the detective story reader's demand for an ending without dissipating the sense of mystery ..."

Wilson (1982:315) claims that

"The story ends optimistically in a "tender" and apparently fruitful love affair which has "poetries no enigma ... can diminish or demean".

Barnum (1981:153) states that Isobel and Jennings

"achieve a union of sorts, which is "tender" even while being pragmatic. The flesh provides a poetry of its own, which will have to suffice, since it appears to be all that remains".

These varied reactions to the lack of any concrete ending support Hutchinson's claim that readers who are faced with complex puzzles will never

"respond to a text in the same way". (1983:21)

5.7 The Last Piece of the Mosaic.

There remains a last matching relation between two blocks of information, which, far from being adjacent, are found wide apart in very different sections of the narrative. Both revolve around the concept of story endings. On page 201 the narrator summarizes the approach of the newspaper world when faced with a mystery:

"But no news story can survive an absence of fresh developments.

On Fleet Street Fielding was tacitly declared dead".

leaving us in no doubt that in the world of journalism, lack of news signifies death or oblivion. In contrast, on page 239, Isobel posits that in the world of fiction

"The one thing people never forget is the unsolved. Nothing lasts like a mystery ... On condition that it stays that way".

This matching contrast is seen as a summary of what has been posited by Fowles so far, i.e.,

What is true of the real world of everyday news is not true of the world of fiction in respect to the resolution of enigmas.

What was seen before as a form of either subversion of genres or of generic discontinuity, now seems to be in symmetry with a literary concept posited by the very character to whom Fowles has delegated the responsibility of providing an ending for the story. Isobel opts for an unsolved enigma, since that is what one never forgets. Fowles opts to finish his story with the same sort of device. He provides the reader with a deliberately ambiguous final sentence:

"The tender pragmatisms of flesh have poetries no enigma, human or divine, can diminish or demean - indeed, it can only can cause them, and then walk out". (p. 244)

The ambiguity is seen to lie in the unclear referents for the deictics 'it' and 'them' and also on the unexpected collocation of 'tender' and 'pragmatisms'.

Trying to interpret the enigmatic ending is not the task of the analyst. Fowles suggests it may not even be the task of the reader. What the analyst has tried to do, however, is to pinpoint the matching relations which are felt to keep the

average reader's interest alive, by acting as a driving force for the narrative itself. One piece of the mosaic remains unaccounted for, though. We cannot ignore the inclusion of a sub-heading below the first page title, namely

"Who can become muddy and yet, settling, slowly become limpid?". (p. 189)

As Hutchinson has shown

"A sub-title, or a quotation preceding the first chapter may alert us to a challenge of some sort".
(1983:36)

The sub-title in this case is a complete piece of discourse which plays a definite role in the organization of the story as a whole. For this reason we have opted to delay the discussion of such an insertion until this final section. This is the last piece of the mosaic of "The Enigma", one without which the reader could still make sense of the story, but one which must not be left aside by the analyst.

The sub-title in question is a piece of discourse recognized as a riddle. Jolles calls riddles a 'simple form', which is

"a kind of structuring principle of human thought, as it takes shape in language". (cited in Scholes, 1974:42)

Riddling is associated with the unravelling of a linguistic knot,

as it may direct

"attention to language itself, its potential for semantic duplicity, its ability to convey meaning and to hide it, simultaneously". (ibid:45)

The riddle in question, however, is accompanied by the title of the book where it was taken from. Thus, whereas it does not stop being a riddle, it is also a quotation from a specific book.

In using an excerpt from another book, Fowles

"is offering a dual challenge to the reader: first, that reader must recognize the quotation, and second, he must seek to relate it to its new context ... Two different worlds are brought together in a work which embodies a quotation, and the reader must try to relate the 'old' world to the 'new'". (Hutchinson: 1983:107)

In this case the world is 'old' indeed, for the riddle/quotation has been carefully selected from the Tao Té Ching, the holy book of Taoism, also known by the name of 'The Book of the Perfect Way', allegedly written by Lao Tsé, between 570 and 490 B.C. . Our discussion of the significance of this quotation will be of necessity succinct. Fowles has deliberately brought into the narrative a text which very few readers will have previously encountered. As Beaugrande has pointed out:

"the greater the expanse of time and processing activities between the use of the current text and the use of previously encountered texts, the greater the mediation". (1981:182)

For twentieth century readers, the mediation, i.e., the extent to which we bring our current beliefs and expectations into a text, involved in reading a detective story will be much smaller, because

"mediation is much smaller when people quote from or refer to specific well-known texts". (ibid:182)

In the case of the Tao, mediation is proportionally much greater because

"reception of a given text depends upon the participants' knowlege of other texts". (ibid:182)

5.7.1 Our Mediation

"The Enigma" can and does exist without the sub-title taken from the Tao Té Ching. However, the addition of the quotation is seen as casting light on the organization of the narrative in question. To dissect the complex explanation provided by Jung and others who have attempted to describe the Tao would be beyond the scope of this paper and would undoubtedly supply ample intellectual material for a separate dissertation. On the other hand, it is felt necessary to include a brief summary of Jung and Wilhem's introduction to the 'I Ching', one

of the six books which make up the Tao. We shall try to show Fowles has once more resorted to another kind of text, this time complying to its rules, in both form and content.

According to Jacobi (1949:131)

"What Tao means is hard to express in one word. R. Wilhelm translates it by "meaning", others by "way", others even by "God"."

Jung claims that

"if we conceive of Tao as the method or the conscious way meant to unite what is separated, we shall probably come close to the psychological content of the concept". (from Jacobi, 1949:131)

Wilhelm also affirms that the Tao represents

"the unity as well as the duality in the world, which are united in a single line, because the line itself determines simultaneously what is above, what is below, both what is to the right and what is to the left: a bringing together of the world of opposites".
(Wilhelm, 1956:9) (my translation)

If these definitions of the Tao had been used in an attempt to interpret Isobel and Jennings' coming together, they would have provided a good starting point.

However, the Tao is more than a summing up the world of opposites. It is, according to Jung, a way of looking at things which is very foreign to Western thinking. The thought processes at work while contemplating the Tao ignore any concept of cause or consequence. Causality is not the underlying principle. The ordering factor in the world is coincidence of events in time and space, i.e., casuality. The act of consulting the oracle of the Tao, the 'I Ching', involves asking cryptic questions and throwing coin or sticks onto a flat surface. The answers are obtained by analysing the way the sticks or coins fall. This process of 'reading' the answers presupposes as Jung puts it

"our own fallible subjective judgement". (ibid:24)

(my translation)

It should now be clear that Fowles has developed his story within the Tao framework, where a cryptic question is posited initially, i.e., the riddle which acts as a sub-title, and where the interpretation of a cryptic answer, i.e., the final ambiguous sentence, will be made in a subjective individual manner. This can be substantiated by the fact that throughout the story Fowles has hinted that facts and events can be interpreted in many different ways, according to the observer. Hence Jennings

"got a slightly different view of his subject". (p. 216)

and

"one person provided a slightly different view of Fielding". (p. 216)

Yet another character

"even provided the wildest possibility yet". (p. 220)

while another gave what

"really was a guess. No evidence at all". (p. 221)

we are also reminded that

"writers can write it any way they like". (p. 236)

What must not be forgotten is that readers can interpret the answers to the questions they have brought to the text, in any way they like. Given that we have no authorial solution to the detective story, here, too, readers are free to construct a solution that satisfies them in ways that necessarily will be fallible and subjective. Therefore, the three literary interpretations of the ending presented by McSweeney, Wilson and Barnum, should not be seen as mutually exclusive but as equally acceptable, for, in the light of the Tao,

"there are other ways of seeing life". (p.230)

Fowles has also built his narrative in accordance with the Tao concept of looking at life. Events have to be accepted for what they are, without reference to previous or succeeding cause and effect relations. This is specifically spelled out by Jennings' realization that

"What was to be learnt"

was that

"the act was done; taking it to bits discovering how it had been done in detail, was not the point". (p. 242)

5.8 CONCLUSION

The aim of this chapter was to apply a series of descriptive analytical 'tools' to "The Enigma" in an attempt to bring out its mosaic-like quality and in so doing do justice to the prismatic characteristic of text, which in Fowles' short-story is particularly prominent.

We began by applying Hoey's matrix to the first paragraph of the short-story, which we felt was a straightforward account of statistical generalizations about disappearances. The matrix established a clear diagrammatic view of the matching relations of compatibility which were present in the same.

When the text shifted to a documentary account of police procedures a second 'tool' was put in operation, i.e., Pike's 'character-moving-through-time' matrix. This focussed on the time sequencing evident in this part of the narrative and proved useful in underlining the prominent roles played by two of the characters, Drummond and Mrs. Fielding, in these early stages.

As the narrative began to shift from impersonal reportage to what seemed to be a detective story, Longacre's model of (notional) plot was brought in. This approach highlighted various devices used by the author to signal surface 'peak', i.e., insertion of different types of discourse in the narrative, heightened vividness by means of drama-like dialogue, change of vantage point and change of pace. However, Longacre's model appeared unable to explain both the absence of his notional category of 'climax' and the absence of a resolution which

is in keeping with the main body of the story. This inability to pinpoint where the different categories of the plot of a detective story lay, signalled that wrong expectations were being brought to the text.

Beaugrande's views on intertextuality were brought into the discussion as it was felt to be a suitable way of explaining the importance of matching two types of text in order to arrive at a set of expectations. We then resorted to an analytical 'tool', which is not aimed specifically at narrative, i.e., Interactive Analysis. This approach highlighted the fact that expectations were being flouted because the wrong questions were being asked from the text. Thus it showed that "The Enigma" was not a fully fledged detective story. For this same reason an organizational pattern, which is usually associated with detective stories, i.e., the 'Gap-in-Knowledge' pattern, proved insufficient in dealing with the story. Both Interactive Analysis and Gap-in-Knowledge signalled that "The Enigma" was in fact a blending of two genres, or seen from another angle, manifests some form of discontinuity created by grafting an incomplete detective story onto an incomplete love story.

A 'tool' of a more specialized nature, the concept of possible fictional worlds' posited by Sinclair, was then introduced in an attempt to find the missing link, i.e., the resolution for the story. This proved successful in revealing and explaining the complex nature of the levels of reality and narration which permeated the dialogue between Isobel and Jennings, in which the former plays an ambiguous role in

relation to her various proposed endings for the hypothetical work of fiction.

At this stage we returned to Winter's working equation of matching relations, in an attempt to show contrasts and compatibilities internal to the text itself. This was seen as illuminating for the now 'traditional' technique of comparing characters, their appearance and attitudes in a piece of fiction. These matching relations were not felt, however, to be the major moving force of the text in question. What Winter's equation showed was that what may be said to keep the reader's interest alive in "The Enigma" is an intricate set of matching relations which are external to the text itself. In other words, what is matched for contrast and compatibility are traditional expectations, dictated by generic form, together with what is presented to the reader in this short-story.

This would have sufficed if a last piece of discourse within the story had not been left unexplained as far as its role in the organization of the text was concerned. In trying to trace the origin and thus the role of the sub-title in the short-story, we were then provided with what seemed the last piece and which made sense of the whole puzzle. By resorting to an extensive process of mediation we claim that the inclusion of both the riddle at the beginning and the ambiguous last sentence mirrored a process of consultation to an ancient book. We then also discovered that the apparent lack of continuity, for both the sub-genres which are part of "The Enigma", mirrored the philosophical attitude to life posited by this same ancient book.

We now feel that we are ready to explain why matching relations are seen to organize the text of "The Enigma". We shall once more use our working equation

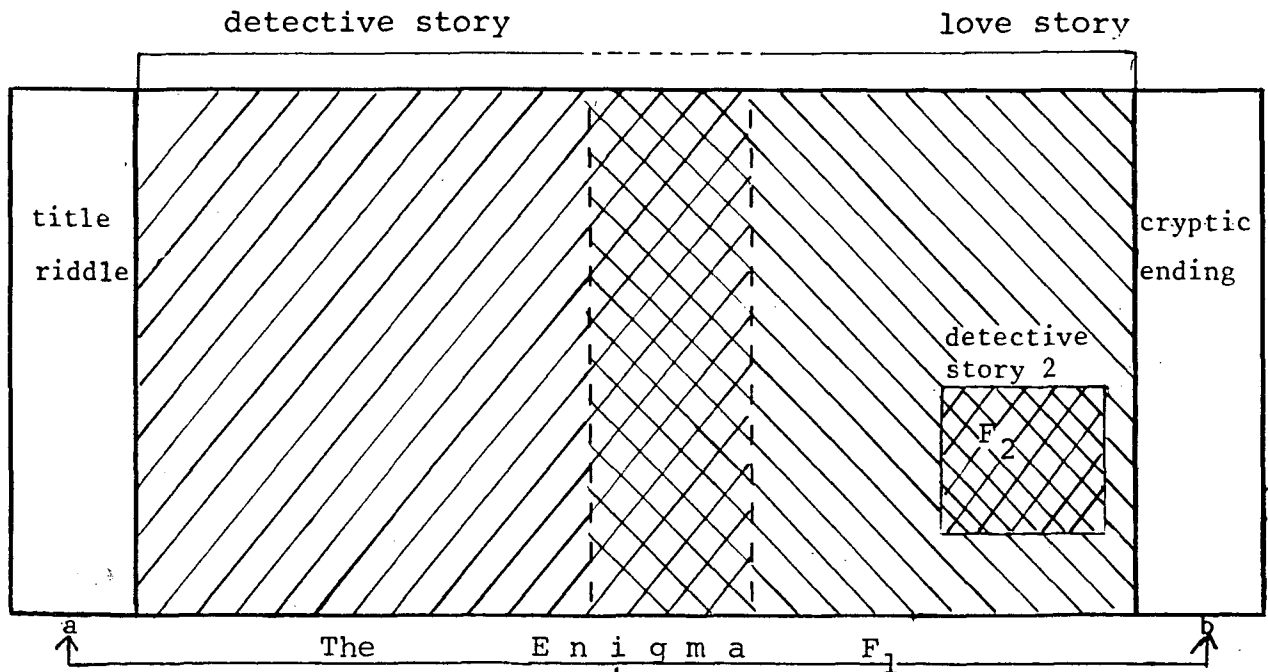
"What is true of X is (not) true of Y in respect of A feature".

"The Enigma" is in a matching relation of compatibility with the Tao in respect to two major features, i.e.:

"What is true of the Tao is also true of "The Enigma" in respect of

- its format, which includes cryptic questions and cryptic answers and
- its way of looking at events, in which cause/effect is not the binding factor, but rather causality.

This has enabled us to develop a diagram which provides a global view of the organization of our short story. Far from undermining the contrast between genres and expectations which have been cited previously, the compatibility of the entire story with the Tao would appear to provide an explanation as to how the pieces actually fit together.



Tao

≠ traditional detective stories

≠ traditional love stories

≠ traditional detective stories because the ending is stated to be a fake

The Enigma Tao in respect to form [a-b]
and to view of world

The mosaic is complete. We feel it relevant to quote Hutchinson once more, from his chapter where he describes the situation in which authors subvert conventional genres:

"These authors depend on their audience's awareness of the conventions of that form, which they then flout by defeating the reader's expectations in a somewhat bizarre manner. Rather than order, logic and familiarity, we find chaos irrationality and strangeness, an attack on the glib ideological presuppositions of any armchair consumer".
(1983:25)

In "The Enigma" the flouting of our expectations does create strangeness. But far from generating chaos and irrationality, Fowles' use of a second text generates order and rationality according to an oriental view of seeing things. We must of necessity, therefore, learn to accept an enigma for its own sake.

FOOTNOTES.

Chapter Five.

- *1. The introduction of this discourse (p. 203) into the mainstream narrative of "The Enigma" proves to be a time-saving device within this particular short story. Such a colony, which consists of a summary list of possibilities and their counter-arguments regarding Fielding's disappearance, is divided into two parts. This division achieves two effects on the way the reader (at this stage, an arm-chair detective) may handle the story. First, by specifically calling the lists "an informal summary", the writer groups together possible questions the reader might have raised so far regarding the mystery. However, by simultaneously providing counter-arguments, the writer spares the reader the task of brooding over such items. The process of discarding irrelevant possibilities is thus heavily signalled by either repetition or paraphrase which point towards "lack of motive", i.e., 'no body , no predisposition, no reason, no prior evidence, not the type, no evidence, no ... problems'.

The second effect is achieved by providing the reader with a second list with the framing context of WILD ONES (possibilities). The writer directs the reader's speculations to a possible shameful event in Fielding's private life which might have given rise to his disappearance. Once more, the writer does 'the job' of the arm-chair detective for him, by discarding the points for which there seems to be no evidence and by anticipating which leads Jennings ought to pursue. Anticipation, in this

case is heavily marked by the word "check" and complex paraphrases such as "see ... again" and "try".

*2. As Couture points out, the

"body of scholarship describing literary and transactional genres is immense, ranging from theoretical, philosophical discussions of discourse aims to pragmatic, prescriptive discussions of textual format".
(1983:82)

She seems to side up with the latter group as she also claims that

"genres include conventional literary discourse forms, such as the short story, the novel, and the sonnet, and the conventional varieties of non-literary text, such as the informational report, the proposal, and the technical manual".

Rather than opting to side up with the theoreticians who see genre defined by its textual format we have opted to follow the same line as Swales, i.e., seeing genre as a kind of communicative event which has a public purpose recognized or recognizable by the participants. Thus, we see narrative (story telling) as a major genre, and the detective story, love story, adventure story etc, as its sub-genres. In this way we can see how story telling could be conveyed as a short story, a novel, etc.

Chapter Six.

Conclusions.

6. CONCLUSIONS.

The initial impetus for this dissertation was the need to find some form of linguistic analytical approach to narrative discourse. A selected number of scholarly works in the field were studied to this end, including those of Propp, 'the story grammarians', the linguists Pike, Labov and Longacre, and finally that of the text linguists Winter and Hoey.

Winter's work (1974) on clause relations, and Hoey's extension of the same, appeared to provide a possible answer. Their approach involved a careful analysis of text, which in turn illuminated interclausal relations. These same scholars saw semantic relations within text as interactive, i.e., as a series of answers to hypothesized questions of an assumed audience. These relations are described as being set up by writers and either perceived or inferred by readers. In this way Winter and Hoey's analysis might be said to differ from alternative linguistic approaches to text which were studied as part of this dissertation. These alternative analyses are felt to have either derived their parameters from largely grammatical models, to the detriment of the role of the reader, or to have relied on the reader's processing of discourse to the detriment of an in-depth analysis of the text itself. For this reason we opted to follow Winter's model of clausal relational analysis and used Hoey's extension of the same applied to narrative discourse. Winter and Hoey have analysed non-narrative discourse of many types and posited

that clause relations organize text in recognizable patterns. More recently Hoey (forthcoming) has claimed not only that some narrative discourse is organized by one of these relations, i.e., matching relations, but also that stories owe much of their tellability to the same relations.

However, Hoey also admitted that these were tentative proposals based on a limited range of narrative data and suggested that further research would be necessary to identify the role of matching relations in more complex writing, including that aimed at adult audiences. Hence the decision to follow the particular line of investigation carried out in the present research. The choice of Winter's original mathematical equation was made on the grounds of its being a scientific tool with a precise descriptive target.

Two recently published children's stories, (one in English, a second in Portuguese) of equal level of popularity and quality, were chosen as data to test Hoey's proposals. The text written in English supported the claim that stories contain linguistically marked signals of contrast which are central to narrative. Its central driving force was seen to be linked to a set of matching relations of contrast which had not been foreseen by Hoey as organizing narratives. The contrasts were established within a colony, a discourse type first identified and described by Hoey (1986). The lexical items which formed the colony itself varied within the colony in three instances, giving rise to specific reading strategies which entailed matching for comparison and contrast. This was provoked by the author in two ways. First the careful spelling out of the first colony

discourse in capitals gave the child reader an idea of the contents of such a colony. In later chapters, items from this original colony were omitted. One of the characters, however, was seen to serve as a link between the reader and the text by providing the child reader with the questions he/she should be asking in the process of matching the different variations. The content items of the colony in question were given a rather unsatisfactory label by this researcher. They were described as a 'hybrid' of 'inventory' and 'medical prescriptions'. Although we feel these items were fully categorized as a colony, the fact we had to resort to a 'hybrid' to explain their contents is due the fact that such a colony may only be found in a particular fictional world. Thus, not only did we confirm the claims posited by Hoey; we also found evidence to suggest that matching relations are not confined within the field of clausal relations, but can be extended to types of discourse themselves.

In examining our second data, a superficially simple narrative by Ziraldo, we encountered a number of problems. Firstly, it did not seem to fit fully into any of the existing descriptions of narrative discourse. When an analysis was made, we found it was possible to reduce the story into three narrative sentences, which in turn formed a setting and a resolution. 'O Menino Maluquinho' was felt to be a story, but one which lacked the most basic of story telling devices, i.e., temporal succession. Our intuition that it was a well-told story was confirmed when a pattern of Preview-Detail (already described and identified by Hoey in scientific discourse) was found to

organize the story proper. Thus the lack of temporal juncture was compensated by a tightly interwoven net of matching relations of compatibility within the Detail part of the relation. In plotting the Detail tree, a diagrammatic way of visualizing the organization, we observed that some Details encoded Previews to other Details, and therefore the pattern recycled itself at levels of continuously finer delicacy. Having identified what is felt to be an uncommon pattern of organization within narrative discourse, it seemed necessary to label the Detail part of the relation. We had to resort to a new label, i.e., 'Background Detail'. This label was chosen on the grounds that the information which this part of the relation provided was intrinsically linked with the setting, i.e., the background of the main character of the story. Hoey's claim that matching relations organize certain stories and serve to account for their tellability was once more confirmed. What was not foreseen, though, was that the use of his Preview-Detail pattern would organize narratives and would make up for lack of temporal juncture. The repetitive use of compatibility, rather than producing boredom, succeeded in moving the story forward.

Hoey's claim that in adult fiction contrasts would be harder to isolate was seen to be evident in "The Enigma", our third piece of data. From this point onwards the concept of contrasts and compatibilities had to be extended even more to account for the complexity of the narrative of Fowles' short story, where flouting the expected seemed to be a recurrent pattern. The story was felt to be a mosaic made up of varied pieces of discourse of different sizes. We therefore employed

a number of analytical approaches in order to account for each piece of the mosaic and in this way cast light on each separate piece. The use of Longacre's model of plot pinpointed the fact that whereas there were surface markers for 'peak', these same markers could not be associated to any notional category in a satisfactory manner. This finding underlined the fact that the text might be said to be either the masquerading of one genre by another, or some form of generic discontinuity. The idea of contrast between texts emerged as a result of this same finding. Beaugrande's concept of intertextuality underlined the importance of the reader's background input into a new text as a form of comparison and of establishing a set of expectations. When the sub-genre of detective story was defined, and Interactive Analysis was applied, our intuition that the wrong questions were being asked of the text was confirmed. The 'answers' given by the author did not explain the mysteries inherent to the sub-genre but concentrated on sequence of events. In an attempt to further substantiate our claim that what seemed to be a detective story was not fully formed, we made use of the Gap-in-Knowledge pattern which accounts for traditional detective stories. This was unable to account for the text, as it left the main questions regarding the solution of the enigma unanswered.

A tentative explanation for the mystery in the story was provided in an embedded dialogue. However, the analysis of certain surface markers revealed that what was taking place was a form of shifting from the fictional world of the narrative to another fictional world. Sinclair's theory of possible

"Fictional Worlds" was brought into play. It confirmed that the apparent symmetry posited by a solution given by one of the characters emphasized the fact that the story was left without and end.

Once more our first impression that there was some form of generic masquerading or discontinuity was endorsed. Numerous matching equations were applied to characters and their attitudes in an attempt to find some clue as to a possible end for the story, or for a possible solution to the enigma. The matching relations found, (by either resorting to careful contrasting and comparing of textual information, or those created by reader inference) were not felt to provide a satisfactory answer. The sheer volume of these contrasts, however, was noteworthy. The matching relations which were singled out as being the organizational elements of the story were those between genres, and the reader expectations, in turn, derived from the genres themselves. This, of course, differed greatly from Hoey's original proposal that matching relations were internal to the text. It is thus posited that intratextual matching relations, the view taken from a purely discourse analysis standpoint, was not enough to account for a complex story, such as that written by Fowles. By analyzing a complete piece of discourse, i.e., a riddle taken from an ancient book, we found that this matching of genres had been stretched to its fullest extent. There were two sets of contrast external to the text, i.e., the contrast between genres and contrast between types of written discourse, whose aims were seen to be very different. Fowles has therefore organized a piece of narrative discourse

within the mould of an ancient religious book. Intertextuality was extended even more, as Fowles was seen to apply a view of the world entirely strange to western narrative discourse, i.e., casuality rather than causality.

Our research findings, therefore, indicate that matching relations, as defined by Hoey, (1988, forthcoming) may be said to organize certain narratives, and account for their tellability. However, the results of this study demonstrate that when dealing with complex narrative, matching cannot be confined to the realm of clauses or sentences, or even episodes. Matching is achieved intratextually, according to Hoey's original proposals. The concept of matching has to be further extended to incorporate relations at an intertextual level.

A description of the three books which make up our data may be said to provide sufficient evidence for the claim. Both the variety of the materials, and the different languages analysed, would suggest that the claim is valid. Our initial plan of research had not included an evaluation of Winter's mathematical equation. It proved to be, however, an invaluable tool in describing matching relations at all levels within the data chosen for this paper.

A final word should be said in defence of our way of analysing stories. For those who feel that such an approach to narrative discourse is too descriptive, we would like to cite Ellis:

"When we ask, What in this work is the function of X? we are asking for the relation of X to the rest of the work, and the way it combines with all the other features of the work to give its total meaning. Interpretation and analysis are, therefore, essentially investigations of the combinations of linguistic features in particular texts

into a single whole", (p.184)*

In common with Ellis, we see the isolating of features, analysis and interpretation as mutually compatible and illuminating rather mutually exclusive. In confirming our hypothesis we have isolated features and analysed the same. The task of interpretation can now be envisaged within future research. Discourse analysis should not, therefore, be seen as description alone, but as a working tool and a stepping stone towards stylistic interpretation and literary criticism.

* ELLIS, J. M. "The Theory of Literary Criticism": A logical Analysis". London, University of California Press, 1974.

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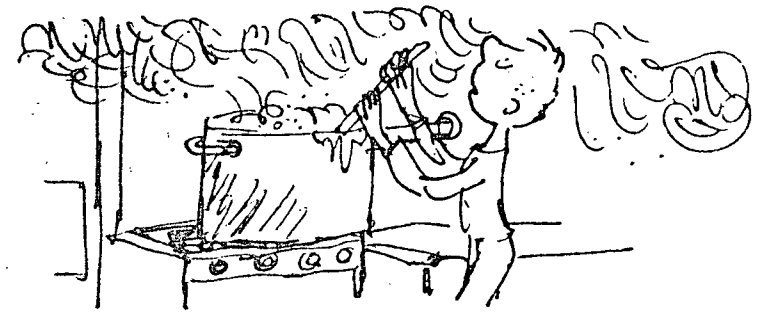
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APPENDIX I

Roald Dahl

GEORGE'S
MARVELLOUS
MEDICINE



Illustrations by
Quentin Blake

Puffin Books

Contents

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Grandma

'I'm going shopping in the village,' George's mother said to George on Saturday morning. 'So be a good boy and don't get up to mischief.'

This was a silly thing to say to a small boy at any time. It immediately made him wonder what sort of mischief he might get up to.

'And don't forget to give Grandma her medicine at eleven o'clock,' the mother said. Then out she went, closing the back door behind her.

Grandma, who was dozing in her chair by the window, opened one wicked little eye and said, 'Now you heard what your mother said, George. Don't forget my medicine.'

'No, Grandma,' George said.

'And just try to behave yourself for once while she's away.'

'Yes, Grandma,' George said.

George was bored to tears. He didn't have a brother or a sister. His father was a farmer and the farm they lived on was miles away from anywhere, so there were never any children to play with. He was tired of staring

at pigs and hens and cows and sheep. He was especially tired of having to live in the same house as that grizzly old grunion of a Grandma. Looking after her all by himself was hardly the most exciting way to spend a Saturday morning.

'You can make me a nice cup of tea for a start,' Grandma said to George. 'That'll keep you out of mischief for a few minutes.'

'Yes, Grandma,' George said.

George couldn't help disliking Grandma. She was a selfish grumpy old woman. She had pale brown teeth and a small puckered up mouth like a dog's bottom.

'How much sugar in your tea today, Grandma?' George asked her.

'One spoon,' she said. 'And no milk.'

Most grandmothers are lovely, kind, helpful old ladies, but not this one. She spent all day and every day sitting in her chair by the window, and she was always complaining, grouching, grumbling, griping about something or other. Never once, even on her best days, had she smiled at George and said, 'Well, how are you this morning, George?' or 'Why don't you and I have a game of Snakes and Ladders?' or 'How was school today?' She didn't seem to care about other

people, only about herself. She was a miserable old grouch.

George went into the kitchen and made Grandma a cup of tea with a teabag. He put one spoon of sugar in it and no milk. He stirred the sugar well and carried the cup into the living-room.

Grandma sipped the tea. 'It's not sweet enough,' she said. 'Put more sugar in.'

George took the cup back to the kitchen and added another spoonful of sugar. He stirred it again and carried it carefully in to Grandma.

'Where's the saucer?' she said. 'I won't have a cup without a saucer.'



George fetched her a saucer.

'And what about a teaspoon, if you please?'

'I've stirred it for you, Grandma. I stirred it well.'

'I'll stir my own tea, thank you very much,' she said. 'Fetch me a teaspoon.'

George fetched her a teaspoon.

When George's mother or father were home, Grandma never ordered George about like this. It was only when she had him on her own that she began treating him badly.

'You know what's the matter with you?' the old woman said, staring at George over the rim of the teacup with those bright wicked little eyes. 'You're *growing* too fast. Boys who grow too fast become stupid and lazy.'

'But I can't help it if I'm growing fast, Grandma,' George said.

'Of course you can,' she snapped. 'Growing's a nasty childish habit.'

'But we *have* to grow, Grandma. If we didn't grow, we'd never be grown-ups.'

'Rubbish, boy, rubbish,' she said. 'Look at me. Am I growing? Certainly not.'

'But you did once, Grandma.'

'Only *very little*,' the old woman answered. 'I gave up growing when I was extremely small, along with all the other nasty childish

habits like laziness and disobedience and greed and sloppiness and untidiness and stupidity. You haven't given up any of these things, have you?'

'I'm still only a little boy, Grandma.'

'You're eight years old,' she snorted. 'That's old enough to know better. If you don't stop growing soon, it'll be too late.'

'Too late for what, Grandma?'

'It's ridiculous,' she went on. 'You're nearly as tall as me already.'

George took a good look at Grandma. She certainly was a *very tiny* person. Her legs were so short she had to have a footstool to put her feet on, and her head only came half-way up the back of the armchair.

'Daddy says it's fine for a man to be tall,' George said.

'Don't listen to your daddy,' Grandma said. 'Listen to me.'

'But how do I stop myself growing?' George asked her.

'Eat less chocolate,' Grandma said.

'Does chocolate make you grow?'

'It makes you grow the *wrong way*,' she snapped. 'Up instead of down.'

Grandma sipped some tea but never took her eyes from the little boy who stood before

her. 'Never grow up,' she said. 'Always down.'

'Yes, Grandma.'

'And stop eating chocolate. Eat cabbage instead.'

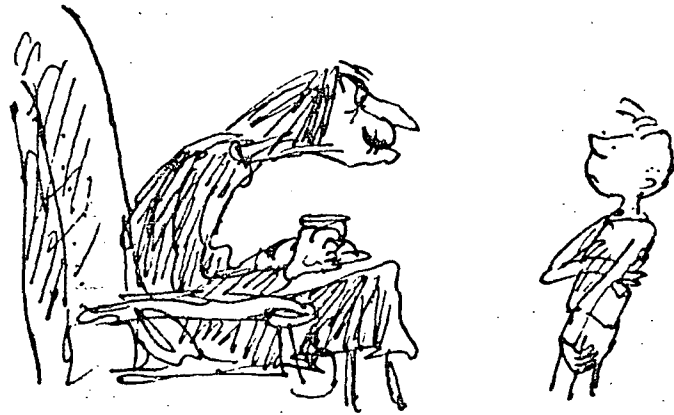
'Cabbage! Oh no, I don't like cabbage,' George said.

'It's not what you like or what you don't like,' Grandma snapped. 'It's what's good for you that counts. From now on, you must eat cabbage three times a day. Mountains of cabbage! And if it's got caterpillars in it, so much the better!'

'Owch,' George said.

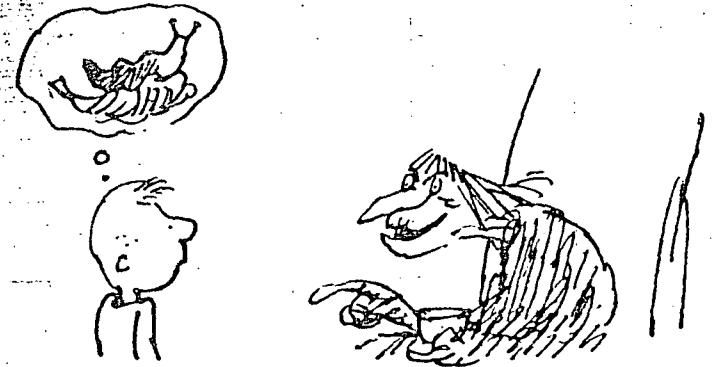
'Caterpillars give you brains,' the old woman said.

'Mummy washes them down the sink,' George said.



'Mummy's as stupid as you are,' Grandma said. 'Cabbage doesn't taste of anything without a few boiled caterpillars in it. Slugs, too.'

'Not slugs!' George cried out. 'I couldn't eat slugs!'



'Whenever I see a live slug on a piece of lettuce,' Grandma said, 'I gobble it up quick before it crawls away. Delicious.' She squeezed her lips together tight so that her mouth became a tiny wrinkled hole. 'Delicious,' she said again. 'Worms and slugs and beetley bugs. You don't know what's good for you.'

'You're joking, Grandma.'

'I never joke' she said. 'Beetles are perhaps best of all. They go *crunch!*'

'Grandma! That's beastly!'

The old hag grinned, showing those pale brown teeth. 'Sometimes, if you're lucky,' she said, 'you get a beetle inside the stem of a stick of celery. That's what I like.'

'Grandma! How *could* you?'

'You find all sorts of nice things in sticks of raw celery,' the old woman went on. 'Sometimes it's earwigs.'

'I don't want to hear about it!' cried George.

'A big fat earwig is very tasty,' Grandma said, licking her lips. 'But you've got to be very quick, my dear, when you put one of those in your mouth. It has a pair of sharp nippers on its back end and if it grabs your tongue with those, it never lets go. So you've got to bite the earwig first, *chop chop*, before it bites you.'

George started edging towards the door. He wanted to get as far away as possible from this filthy old woman.

'You're trying to get away from me, aren't you,' she said, pointing a finger straight at George's face. 'You're trying to get away from Grandma.'

Little George stood by the door staring at

the old hag in the chair. She stared back at him.

Could it be, George wondered, that she was a witch? He had always thought witches were only in fairy tales, but now he was not so sure.

'Come closer to me, little boy,' she said, beckoning to him with a horny finger. 'Come closer to me and I will tell you *secrets*.'

George didn't move.

Grandma didn't move either.

'I know a great many secrets,' she said, and suddenly she smiled. It was a thin icy smile, the kind a snake might make just before it bites you. 'Come over here to Grandma and she'll whisper secrets to you.'

George took a step backwards, edging closer to the door.

'You mustn't be frightened of your old



Grandma,' she said, smiling that icy smile.

George took another step backwards.

'Some of us,' she said, and all at once she was leaning forward in her chair and whispering in a throaty sort of voice George had never heard her use before. 'Some of us,' she said, 'have magic powers that can twist the creatures of this earth into wondrous shapes ...'

A tingle of electricity flashed down the length of George's spine. He began to feel frightened.

'Some of us,' the old woman went on, 'have fire on our tongues and sparks in our bellies and wizardry in the tips of our fingers ...'

'Some of us know secrets that would make your hair stand straight up on end and your eyes pop out of their sockets ...'

George wanted to run away, but his feet seemed stuck to the floor.

'We know how to make your nails drop off and teeth grow out of your fingers instead.'

George began to tremble. It was her face that frightened him most of all, the frosty smile, the brilliant unblinking eyes.

'We know how to have you wake up in the morning with a long tail coming out from behind you.'

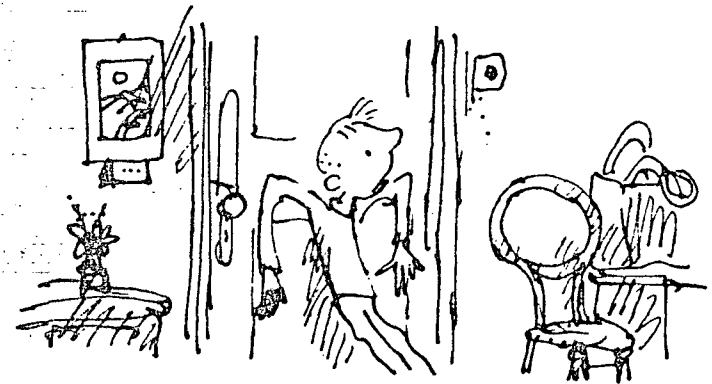
'Grandma!' he cried out. 'Stop!'

'We know secrets, my dear, about dark places where dark things live and squirm and slither all over each other ...'

George made a dive for the door.

'It doesn't matter how far you run,' he heard her saying, 'you won't ever get away ...'

George ran into the kitchen, slamming the door behind him.



The Marvellous Plan

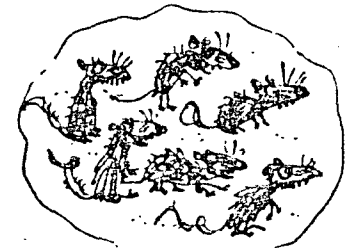
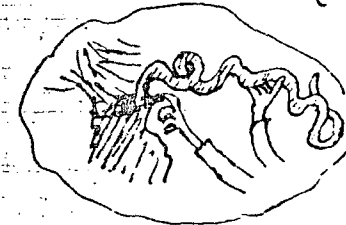
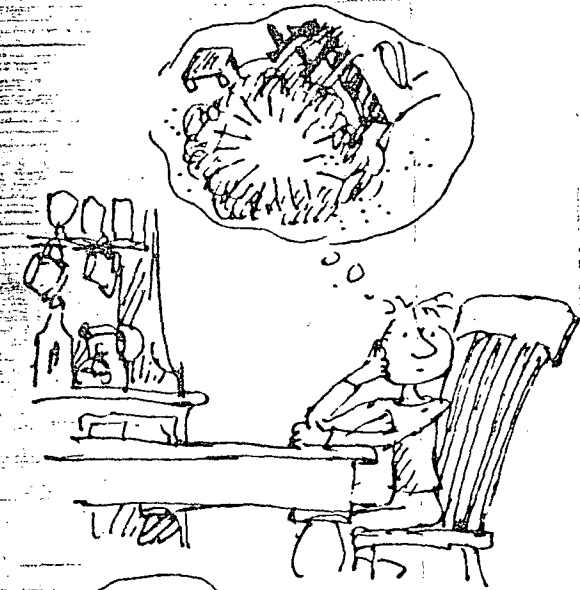
George sat himself down at the table in the kitchen. He was shaking a little. Oh, how he hated Grandma! He really *hated* that horrid old *witchy* woman. And all of a sudden he had a tremendous urge to *do something* about her. Something *whopping*. Something *absolutely terrific*. A *real shocker*. A sort of explosion. He wanted to blow away the witchy smell that hung about her in the next room. He may have been only eight years old but he was a brave little boy. He was ready to take this old woman on.

'I'm not going to be frightened by *her*,' he said softly to himself. But he *was* frightened. And that's why he wanted suddenly to explode her away.

Well ... not quite away. But he did want to shake the old woman up a bit.

Very well, then. What should it be, this whopping terrific exploding shocker for Grandma?

He would have liked to put a firework banger under her chair but he didn't have one.



He would have liked to put a long green snake down the back of her dress but he didn't have a long green snake.

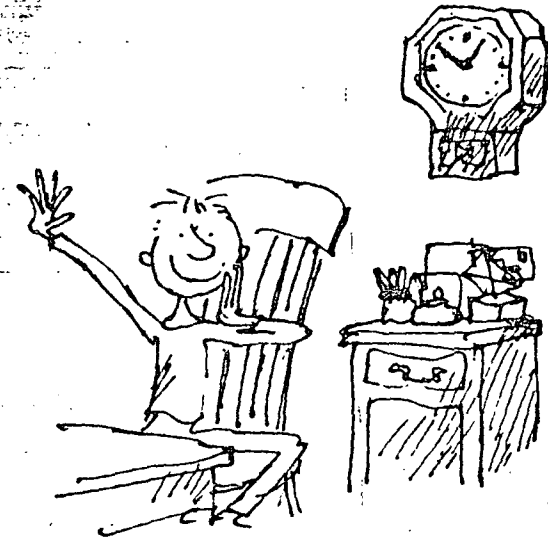
He would have liked to put six big black rats in the room with her and lock the door but he didn't have six big black rats.

As George sat there pondering this interesting problem, his eye fell upon the bottle of Grandma's brown medicine standing on the sideboard. Rotten stuff it seemed to be. Four times a day a large spoonful of it was shovelled into her mouth and it didn't do her the slightest bit of good. She was always just as horrid after she'd had it as she'd been before. The whole point of medicine, surely, was to make a person better. If it didn't do that, then it was quite useless.

So-ho! thought George suddenly. *Ah-ha! Ho-hum!* I know exactly what I'll do. I shall make her a *new* medicine, one that is so strong and so fierce and so fantastic it will either cure her completely or blow off the top of her head. I'll make her a *magic medicine*, a medicine no doctor in the world has ever made before.

George looked at the kitchen clock. It said five past ten. There was nearly an hour left before Grandma's next dose was due at eleven.

'Here we go, then!' cried George, jumping



up from the table. 'A magic medicine it shall be!'

'So give me a bug and a jumping flea,
Give me two snails and lizards three,
And a slimy squiggler from the sea,
And the poisonous sting of a bumblebee,
And the juice from the fruit of the ju-jube tree,
And the powdered bone of a wombat's knee.
And one hundred other things as well
Each with a rather nasty smell.
I'll stir them up, I'll boil them long,
A mixture tough, a mixture strong.
And then, heigh-ho, and down it goes,
A nice big spoonful (hold your nose)

Just gulp it down and have no fear.
"How do you like it, Granny dear?"
Will she go pop? Will she explode?
Will she go flying down the road?
Will she go poof in a puff of smoke?
Start fizzing like a can of Coke?
Who knows? Not I. Let's wait and see.
(I'm glad it's neither you nor me.)
Oh Grandma, if you only knew
What I have got in store for you!

George Begins to Make the Medicine

George took an enormous saucepan out of the cupboard and placed it on the kitchen table.

'George!' came the shrill voice from the next room. 'What are you doing?'

'Nothing, Grandma,' he called out.

'You needn't think I can't hear you just because you closed the door! You're rattling the saucepans!'

'I'm just tidying the kitchen, Grandma.'

Then there was silence.

George had absolutely no doubts whatsoever about how he was going to make his famous medicine. He wasn't going to fool about wondering whether to put in a little bit of this or a little bit of that. Quite simply, he was going to put in EVERYTHING he could find. There would be no messing about, no hesitating, no wondering whether a particular thing would knock the old girl sideways or not. The rule would be this: whatever he saw, if it was runny or powdery or gooey, in it went.

Nobody had ever made a medicine like that before. If it didn't actually cure Grandma,

then it would anyway cause some exciting results. It would be worth watching.

George decided to work his way round the various rooms one at a time and see what they had to offer.

He would go first to the bathroom. There are always lots of funny things in a bathroom. So upstairs he went, carrying the enormous two-handled saucepan before him.

In the bathroom, he gazed longingly at the famous and dreaded medicine cupboard. But he didn't go near it. It was the only thing in



the entire house he was forbidden to touch.

He had made solemn promises to his parents about this and he wasn't going to break them.

There were things in there, they had told him, that could actually kill a person, and although he was out to give Grandma a pretty fiery mouthful, he didn't really want a dead body on his hands. George put the saucepan on the floor and went to work.

Number one was a bottle labelled GOLDEN



GLOSS HAIR SHAMPOO. He emptied it into the pan. 'That ought to wash her tummy nice and clean,' he said.

He took a full tube of TOOTHPASTE and squeezed out the whole lot of it in one long worm. 'Maybe that will brighten up those horrid brown teeth of hers,' he said.

There was an aerosol can of SUPERFOAM SHAVING SOAP belonging to his father. George loved playing with aerosols. He pressed the button and kept his finger on it until there was nothing left. A wonderful mountain of white foam built up in the giant saucepan.

With his fingers, he scooped out the contents of a jar of VITAMIN ENRICHED FACE CREAM.



In went a small bottle of scarlet NAIL VARNISH. 'If the toothpaste doesn't clean her teeth,' George said, 'then this will paint them as red as roses.'

He found another jar of creamy stuff labelled HAIR REMOVER. SMEAR IT ON YOUR LEGS, it said, AND ALLOW TO REMAIN FOR FIVE MINUTES. George tipped it all into the saucepan.

There was a bottle with yellow stuff inside it called DISHWORTH'S FAMOUS DANDRUFF CURE. In it went.

There was something called BRILLIDENT FOR CLEANING FALSE TEETH. It was a white powder. In that went, too.

He found another aerosol can, NEVERMORE PONKING DEODORANT SPRAY, GUARANTEED, it said, TO KEEP AWAY UNPLEASANT BODY SMELLS FOR A WHOLE DAY. 'She could use plenty of that,' George said as he sprayed the entire canful into the saucepan.

LIQUID PARAFFIN, the next one was called. It was a big bottle. He hadn't the faintest idea what it did to you, but he poured it in anyway.

That, he thought, looking around him, was about all from the bathroom.

On his mother's dressing-table in the bedroom, George found yet another lovely aerosol

can. It was called HELGA'S HAIRSET. HOLD TWELVE INCHES AWAY FROM THE HAIR AND SPRAY LIGHTLY. He squirted the whole lot into the saucepan. He *did* enjoy squirting these aerosols.

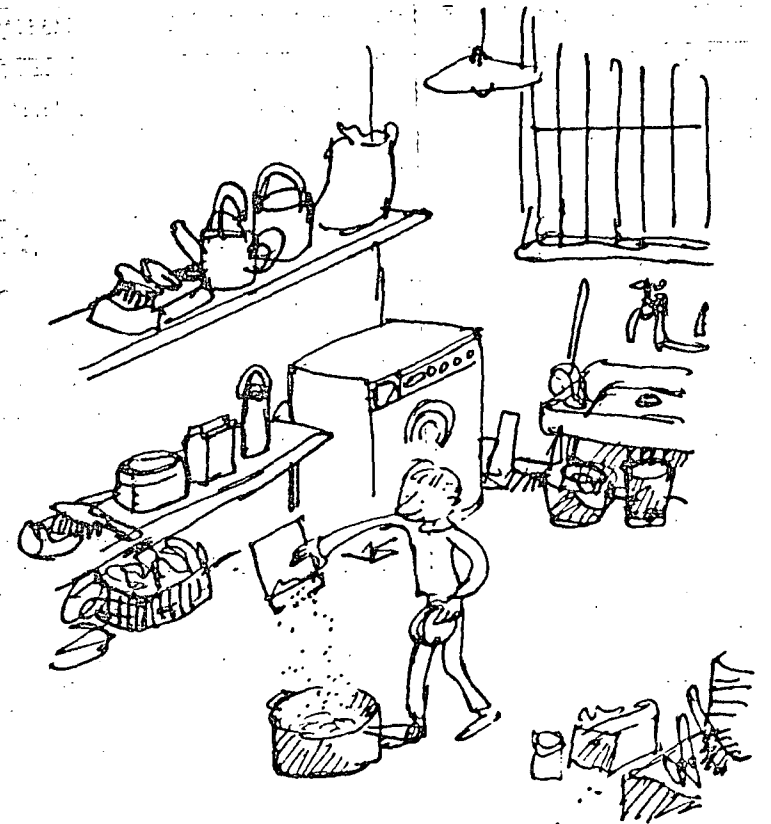
There was a bottle of perfume called FLOWERS OF TURNIPS. It smelled of old cheese. In it went.

And in, too, went a large round box of POWDER. It was called PINK PLASTER. There was a powder-puff on top and he threw that in as well for luck.

He found a couple of LIPSTICKS. He pulled the greasy red things out of their little cases and added them to the mixture.

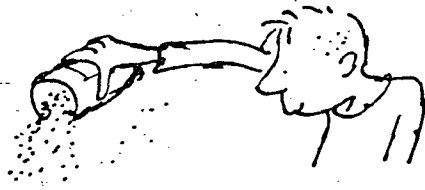
The bedroom had nothing more to offer, so George carried the enormous saucepan downstairs again and trotted into the laundry-room where the shelves were full of all kinds of household items.

The first one he took down was a large box of SUPERWHITE FOR AUTOMATIC WASHING-MACHINES. DIRT, it said, WILL DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC. George didn't know whether Grandma was automatic or not, but she was certainly a dirty old woman. 'So she'd better have it all,' he said, tipping in the whole boxful.

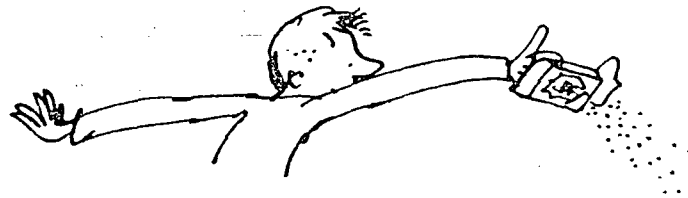


Then there was a big tin of WAXWELL FLOOR POLISH. IT REMOVES FILTH AND FOUL MESSSES FROM YOUR FLOOR AND LEAVES EVERYTHING SHINY BRIGHT, it said. George scooped the orange-coloured waxy stuff out of the tin and plonked it into the pan.

There was a round cardboard carton labelled FLEA POWDER FOR DOGS. KEEP WELL AWAY FROM THE DOG'S FOOD, it said, BECAUSE THIS POWDER, IF EATEN, WILL MAKE THE DOG EXPLODE. 'Good,' said George, pouring it all into the saucepan.



He found a box of CANARY SEED on the shelf. 'Perhaps it'll make the old bird sing,' he said, and in it went.



Next, George explored the box with shoe-cleaning materials - brushes and tins and dusters. Well now, he thought, Grandma's medicine is brown, so *my* medicine must also be brown or she'll smell a rat. The way to colour it, he decided, would be with BROWN SHOE-POLISH. The large tin he chose was

labelled DARK TAN. Splendid. He scooped it all out with an old spoon and plopped it into the pan. He would stir it up later.

On his way back to the kitchen, George saw a bottle of GIN standing on the sideboard. Grandma was very fond of gin. She was allowed to have a small nip of it every evening. Now he would give her a treat. He would pour in the whole bottle. He did.

Back in the kitchen, George put the huge saucepan on the table and went over to the cupboard that served as a larder. The shelves were bulging with bottles and jars of every sort. He chose the following and emptied them one by one into the saucepan:

- A TIN OF CURRY POWDER
- A TIN OF MUSTARD POWDER
- A BOTTLE OF 'EXTRA HOT' CHILLI SAUCE
- A TIN OF BLACK PEPPERCORNS
- A BOTTLE OF HORSERADISH SAUCE

'There!' he said aloud. 'That should do it!'

'George!' came the screechy voice from the next room. 'Who are you talking to in there? What are you up to?'

'Nothing, Grandma, absolutely nothing,' he called back.

'Is it time for my medicine yet?'

'No, Grandma, not for about half an hour.'
'Well, just see you don't forget it.'
'I won't, Grandma,' George answered. 'I
promise I won't.'



Animal Pills

At this point, George suddenly had an extra good wheeze. Although the medicine cupboard in the house was forbidden ground, what about the medicines his father kept on the shelf in the shed next to the henhouse? The animal medicines?

What about *those*?

Nobody had ever told him he mustn't touch *them*.

Let's face it, George said to himself, hair-spray and shaving-cream and shoe-polish are all very well and they will no doubt cause some splendid explosions inside the old geezer, but what the magic mixture now needs is a touch of the real stuff, real pills and real tonics, to give it punch and muscle.

George picked up the heavy three-quarters full saucepan and carried it out of the back door. He crossed the farmyard and headed straight for the shed alongside the henhouse. He knew his father wouldn't be there. He was out haymaking in one of the meadows.

George entered the dusty old shed and put the saucepan on the bench. Then he looked

up at the medicine shelf. There were five big bottles there. Two were full of pills, two were full of runny stuff and one was full of powder.

'I'll use them all,' George said. 'Grandma needs them. Boy, does she need them!'

The first bottle he took down contained an orange-coloured powder. The label said, FOR CHICKENS WITH FOUL PEST, HEN GRIPE, SORE BEAKS, GAMMY LEGS, COCKERELITIS,



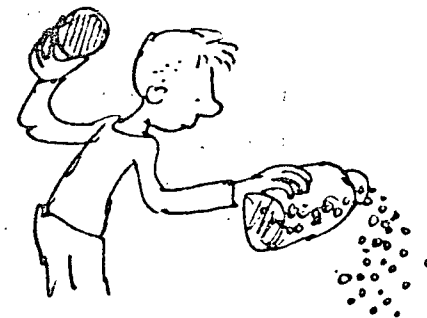
EGG TROUBLE, BROODINESS OR LOSS OF FEATHERS. MIX ONE SPOONFUL ONLY WITH EACH BUCKET OF FEED.

'Well,' George said aloud to himself as he tipped in the whole bottleful, 'the old bird won't be losing any feathers after she's had a dose of this.'

The next bottle he took down had about five hundred gigantic purple pills in it. FOR HORSES WITH HOARSE THROATS, it said on the label. THE HOARSE-THROATED HORSE SHOULD SUCK ONE PILL TWICE A DAY.

'Grandma may not have a hoarse throat,' George said, 'but she's certainly got a sharp tongue. Maybe they'll cure that instead.' Into the saucepan went the five hundred gigantic purple pills.

Then there was a bottle of thick yellowish liquid. FOR COWS, BULLS AND BULLOCKS,



the label said. WILL CURE COW POX, COW

MANGE, CRUMPLED HORNS. BAD BREATH IN BULLS, EARACHE, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, HOOFACE, TAILACHE AND SORE UDDERS.

'That grumpy old cow in the living-room has every one of those rotten illnesses,' George said. 'She'll need it all.' With a slop and a gurgle, the yellow liquid splashed into the now nearly full saucepan.

The next bottle contained a brilliant red liquid. SHEEPDIP, it said on the label. FOR SHEEP WITH SHEEPROT AND FOR GETTING RID OF TICKS AND FLEAS. MIX ONE SPOONFUL IN ONE GALLON OF WATER AND SLOSH IT OVER THE SHEEP. CAUTION, DO NOT MAKE THE MIXTURE ANY STRONGER OR THE WOOL WILL FALL OUT AND THE ANIMAL WILL BE NAKED.

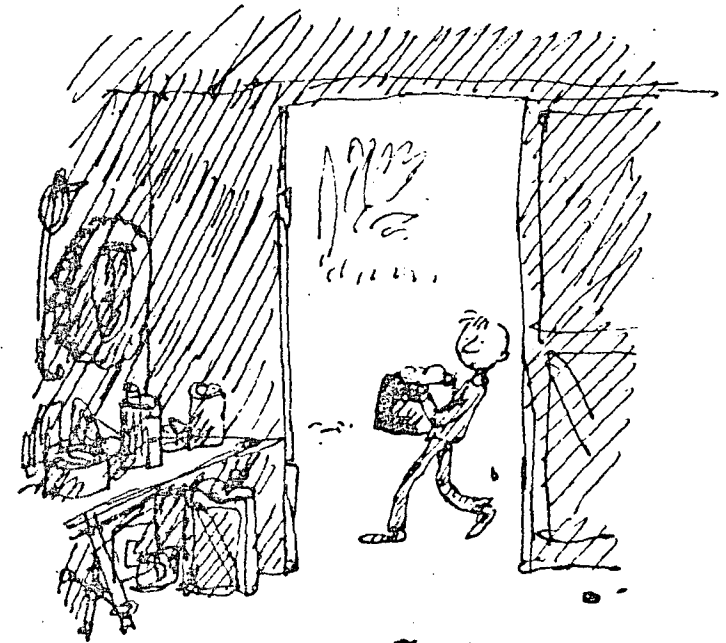
'By gum,' said George, 'how I'd love to walk in and slosh it all over old Grandma and watch the ticks and fleas go jumping off her. But I can't. I mustn't. So she'll have to drink it instead.' He poured the bright red medicine into the saucepan.

The last bottle on the shelf was full of pale green pills. PIG PILLS, the label announced. FOR PIGS WITH PORK PRICKLES, TENDER TROTTERS, BRISTLE BLIGHT AND SWINE

SICKNESS. GIVE ONE PILL PER DAY. IN SEVERE CASES TWO PILLS MAY BE GIVEN, BUT MORE THAN THAT WILL MAKE THE PIG ROCK AND ROLL.

'Just the stuff', said George, 'for that miserable old pig back there in the house. She'll need a very big dose.' He tipped all the green pills, hundreds and hundreds of them, into the saucepan.

There was an old stick lying on the bench that had been used for stirring paint. George picked it up and started to stir his marvellous



concoction. The mixture was as thick as cream, and as he stirred and stirred, many wonderful colours rose up from the depths and blended together, pinks, blues, greens, yellows and browns.

George went on stirring until it was all well mixed, but even so there were still hundreds of pills lying on the bottom that hadn't melted. And there was his mother's splendid powder-puff floating on the surface. 'I shall have to boil it all up,' George said. 'One good quick boil on the stove is all it needs.' And with that he staggered back towards the house with the enormous heavy saucepan.

On the way, he passed the garage, so he went in to see if he could find any other interesting things. He added the following:

Half a pint of ENGINE OIL - to keep Grandma's engine going smoothly.

Some ANTI-FREEZE - to keep her radiator from freezing up in winter.

A handful of GREASE - to grease her creaking joints.

Then back to the kitchen.

The Cook-up

In the kitchen, George put the saucepan on the stove and turned up the gas flame underneath it as high as it would go.

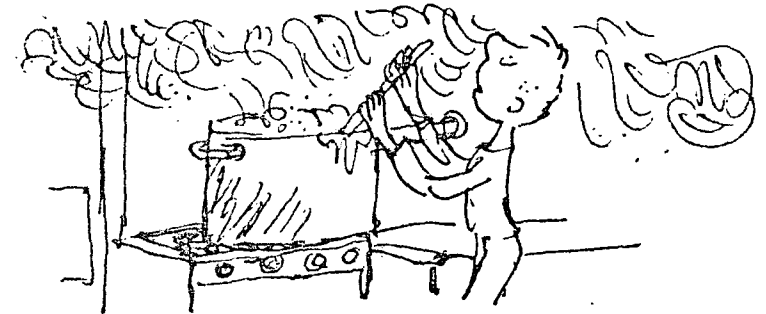
'George!' came the awful voice from the next room. 'It's time for my medicine!'

'Not yet, Grandma,' George called back. 'There's still twenty minutes before eleven o'clock.'

'What mischief are you up to in there now?' Granny screeched. 'I hear noises.'

George thought it best not to answer this one. He found a long wooden spoon in a kitchen drawer and began stirring hard. The stuff in the pot got hotter and hotter.

Soon the marvellous mixture began to froth and foam. A rich blue smoke, the colour of



peacocks, rose from the surface of the liquid and a fiery fearsome smell filled the kitchen. It made George choke and splutter. It was a smell unlike any he had smelled before. It was a brutal and bewitching smell, spicy and staggering, fierce and frenzied, full of wizardry and magic. Whenever he got a whiff of it up his nose, firecrackers went off in his skull and electric prickles ran along the backs of his legs. It was wonderful to stand there stirring this amazing mixture and to watch it smoking blue and bubbling and frothing and foaming as though it were alive. At one point, he could have sworn he saw bright sparks flashing in the swirling foam.



And suddenly, George found himself dancing around the steaming pot, chanting strange words that came into his head out of nowhere:

'Fiery broth and witch's brew
Foamy froth and riches blue
Fume and spume and spoon-drift spray
Fizzle swizzle shout hooray
Watch it sloshing, swashing, splashing
Hear it hissing, squishing, spissing
Grandma better start to pray.'

Brown Paint

George turned off the heat under the saucepan. He must leave plenty of time for it to cool down.

When all the steam and froth had gone away, he peered into the giant pan to see what colour the great medicine now was. It was a deep and brilliant blue.

'It needs more brown in it,' George said. 'It simply must be brown or she'll get suspicious.'

George ran outside and dashed into his father's toolshed where all the paints were kept. There was a row of cans on the shelf, all colours, black, green, red, pink, white and brown. He reached for the can of brown. The label said simply DARK BROWN GLOSS PAINT ONE QUART. He took a screwdriver and prised off the lid. The can was three-quarters full. He rushed it back to the kitchen. He poured the whole lot into the saucepan. The saucepan was now full to the brim. Very gently, George stirred the paint into the mixture with the long wooden spoon. Ah-ha! It was all turning brown! A lovely rich creamy brown!

'Where's that medicine of mine, boy?!' came the voice from the living-room. 'You're forgetting me! You're doing it on purpose! I shall tell your mother!'

'I'm not forgetting you, Grandma,' George called back. 'I'm thinking of you all the time. But there are still ten minutes to go.'

'You're a nasty little maggot!' the voice screeched back. 'You're a lazy and disobedient little worm, and you're growing too fast.'



George fetched the bottle of Grandma's real medicine from the sideboard. He took out the cork and tipped it all down the sink. He then filled the bottle with his own magic mixture by dipping a small jug into the saucepan and using it as a pourer. He replaced the cork.

Had it cooled down enough yet? Not quite. He held the bottle under the cold tap for a couple of minutes. The label came off in the

wet but that didn't matter. He dried the bottle with a dishcloth.

All was now ready!

This was it!

The great moment had arrived!

'Medicine time, Grandma!' he called out.

'I should hope so, too,' came the grumpy reply.

The silver tablespoon in which the medicine was always given lay ready on the kitchen sideboard. George picked it up.

Holding the spoon in one hand and the bottle in the other, he advanced into the living-room.

Grandma Gets the Medicine

Grandma sat hunched in her chair by the window. The wicked little eyes followed George closely as he crossed the room towards her.

'You're late,' she snapped.

'I don't think I am, Grandma.'

'Don't interrupt me in the middle of a sentence!' she shouted.

'But you'd finished your sentence, Grandma.'

'There you go again!' she cried. 'Always interrupting and arguing. You really are a tiresome little boy. What's the time?'

'It's exactly eleven o'clock, Grandma.'

'You're lying as usual. Stop talking so much and give me my medicine. Shake the bottle first. Then pour it into the spoon and make sure it's a whole spoonful.'

'Are you going to gulp it all down in one go?' George asked her. 'Or will you sip it?'

'What I do is none of your business,' the old woman said. 'Fill the spoon.'

As George removed the cork and began very slowly to pour the thick brown stuff into

the spoon, he couldn't help thinking back upon all the mad and marvellous things that had gone into the making of this crazy stuff – the shaving soap, the hair remover, the dandruff cure, the automatic washing-machine powder, the flea powder for dogs, the shoe polish, the black pepper, the horseradish sauce and all the rest of them, not to mention the powerful animal pills and powders and liquids ... and the brown paint.

‘Open your mouth wide, Grandma,’ he said, ‘and I’ll pop it in.’

The old hag opened her small wrinkled mouth, showing disgusting pale brown teeth.

‘Here we go!’ George cried out. ‘Swallow it down!’ He pushed the spoon well into her mouth and tipped the mixture down her throat. Then he stepped back to watch the result.

It was worth watching.

Grandma yelled ‘Oweeeee!’ and her whole body shot up *whoosh* into the air. It was exactly as though someone had pushed an electric wire through the underneath of her chair and switched on the current. Up she went like a jack-in-the-box ... and she didn't come down ... she stayed there ... suspended in mid air ... about two feet up ... still in a sitting

position ... but rigid now ... frozen ... quivering ... the eyes bulging ... the hair standing straight up on end.

‘Is something wrong, Grandma?’ George asked her politely. ‘Are you all right?’

Suspended up there in space, the old girl was beyond speaking.

The shock that George's marvellous mixture had given her must have been tremendous.

You'd have thought she'd swallowed a red-hot poker the way she took off from that chair.



Then down she came again with a *plop*, back into her seat.

'Call the fire brigade!' she shouted suddenly. 'My stomach's on fire!'

'It's just the medicine, Grandma,' George said. 'It's good strong stuff.'

'Fire!' the old woman yelled. 'Fire in the basement! Get a bucket! Man the hoses! Do something quick!'

'Cool it, Grandma,' George said. But he got a bit of a shock when he saw the smoke coming out of her mouth and out of her nostrils. Clouds of black smoke were coming out of her nose and blowing around the room.

'By golly, you really are on fire,' George said.

'Of course I'm on fire!' she yelled. 'I'll be burned to a crisp! I'll be fried to a frizzle! I'll be boiled like a beetroot!'

George ran into the kitchen and came back with a jug of water. 'Open your mouth, Grandma!' he cried. He could hardly see her for the smoke, but he managed to pour half a jugful down her throat. A sizzling sound, the kind you get if you hold a hot frying-pan under a cold tap, came up from deep down in Grandma's stomach. The old hag bucked and shied and snorted. She gasped and

gurgled. Spouts of water came shooting out of her. And the smoke cleared away.

'The fire's out,' George announced proudly. 'You'll be all right now, Grandma.'

'All right?' she yelled. 'Who's all right? There's jacky-jumpers in my tummy! There's squiggles in my belly! There's bangers in my bottom!' She began bouncing up and down in the chair. Quite obviously she was not very comfortable.

'You'll find it's doing you a lot of good, that medicine, Grandma,' George said.

'Good?' she screamed. 'Doing me good? It's killing me!'

Then she began to bulge.

She was swelling!

She was puffing up all over!

Someone was pumping her up, that's how it looked!

Was she going to explode?

Her face was turning from purple to green!

But wait! She had a puncture somewhere!

George could hear the hiss of escaping air. She stopped swelling. She was going down. She was slowly getting thinner again, shrinking back and back slowly to her shrivelly old self.

'How's things, Grandma?' George said.

No answer.



Then a funny thing happened. Grandma's body gave a sudden sharp twist and a sudden sharp jerk and she flipped herself clear out of the chair and landed neatly on her two feet on the carpet.

'That's terrific, Grandma!' George cried. 'You haven't stood up like that for years! Look at you! You're standing up all on your own and you're not even using a stick!'

Grandma didn't even hear him. The frozen pop-eyed look was back with her again now. She was miles away in another world.

Marvellous medicine, George told himself. He found it fascinating to stand there watch-



ing what it was doing to the old hag. What next? he wondered.

He soon found out.

Suddenly she began to grow.

It was quite slow at first ... just a very gradual inching upwards ... up, up, up ... inch by inch ... getting taller and taller ... about an inch every few seconds ... and in the beginning George didn't notice it.

But when she had passed the five foot six mark and was going on up towards being six feet tall, George gave a jump and shouted, 'Hey, Grandma! You're *growing!* You're *going up!* Hang on, Grandma! You'd better stop now or you'll be hitting the ceiling!'

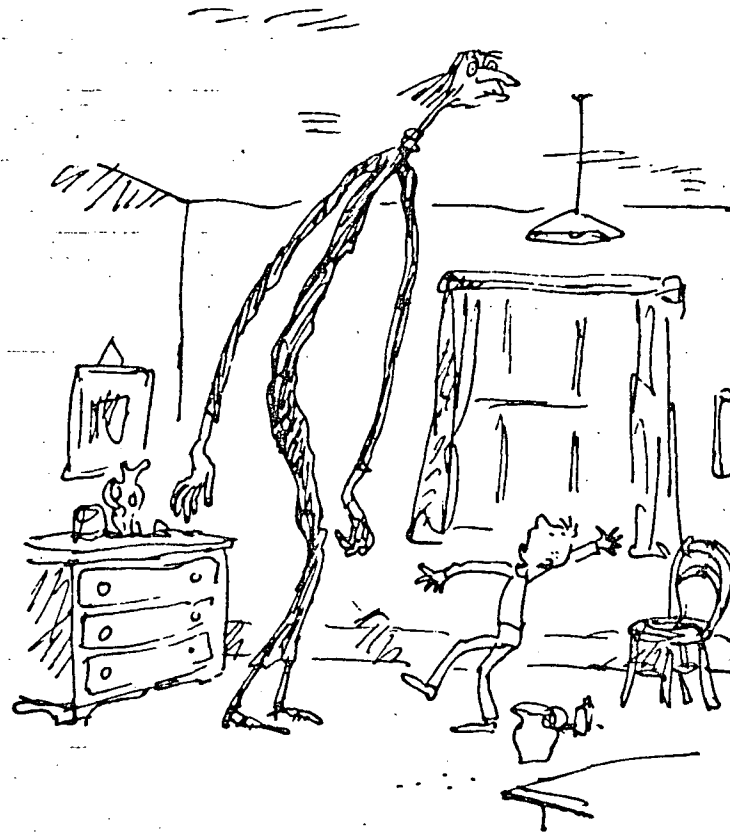
But Grandma didn't stop.

It was a truly fantastic sight, this ancient scrawny old woman getting taller and taller,

longer and longer, thinner and thinner, as though she were a piece of elastic being pulled upwards by invisible hands.

When the top of her head actually touched the ceiling, George thought she was bound to stop.

But she didn't.

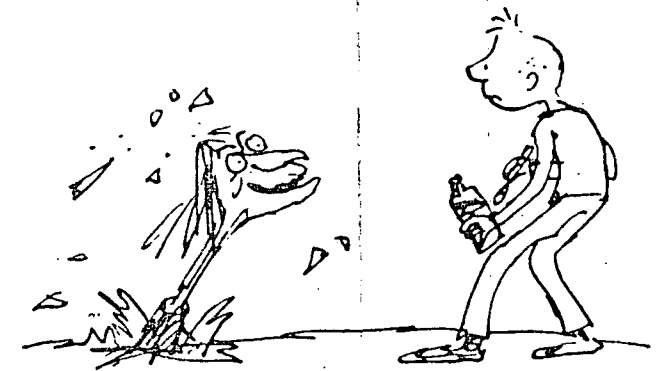


There was a sort of scrunching noise, and bits of plaster and cement came raining down.

'Hadn't you better stop now, Grandma?' George said. 'Daddy's just had this whole room repainted.'

But there was no stopping her now.

Soon, her head and shoulders had completely disappeared through the ceiling and she was still going.



George dashed upstairs to his own bedroom and there she was coming up through the floor like a mushroom.

'Whoopee!' she shouted, finding her voice at last. 'Hallelujah, here I come!'

'Steady on, Grandma,' George said.

'With a heigh-nonny-no and up we go!' she shouted. 'Just watch me grow!'

'This is *my* room,' George said. 'Look at the mess you're making.'

'Terrific medicine!' she cried. 'Give me some more!'

She's dotty as a doughnut, George thought.

'Come on, boy! Give me some more!' she yelled. 'Dish it out! I'm slowing down!'

George was still clutching the medicine bottle in one hand and the spoon in the other. Oh well, he thought, why not? He poured out a second dose and popped it into her mouth.

'Oweee!' she screamed and up she went again. Her feet were still on the floor downstairs in the living-room but her head was moving quickly towards the ceiling of the bedroom.

'I'm on my way now, boy!' she called down to George. 'Just watch me go!'

'That's the attic above you, Grandma!' George called out. 'I'd keep out of there! It's full of bugs and bogles!'

Crash! The old girl's head went through the ceiling as though it were butter.

George stood in his bedroom gazing at the shambles. There was a big hole in the floor and another in the ceiling, and sticking up like



a post between the two was the middle part of Grandma. Her legs were in the room below, her head in the attic.

'I'm still going!' came the old screechy voice from up above. 'Give me another dose, my boy, and let's go through the roof!'

'No, Grandma, no!' George called back. 'You're busting up the whole house!'

'To heck with the house!' she shouted. 'I want some fresh air! I haven't been outside for twenty years!'

'By golly, she *is* going through the roof!' George told himself. He ran downstairs. He

rushed out of the back door into the yard. It would be simply awful, he thought, if she bashed up the roof as well. His father would be furious. And he, George, would get the blame. *He* had made the medicine. *He* had given her too much. 'Don't come through the roof, Grandma,' he prayed. 'Please don't.'



The Brown Hen

George stood in the farmyard looking up at the roof. The old farmhouse had a fine roof of pale red tiles and tall chimneys.

There was no sign of Grandma. There was only a song-thrush sitting on one of the chimney-pots, singing a song. The old wurzel's got stuck in the attic, George thought. Thank goodness for that.

Suddenly a tile came clattering down from the roof and fell into the yard. The song-thrush took off fast and flew away.

Then another tile came down.

Then half a dozen more.

And then, very slowly, like some weird monster rising up from the deep, Grandma's head came through the roof...

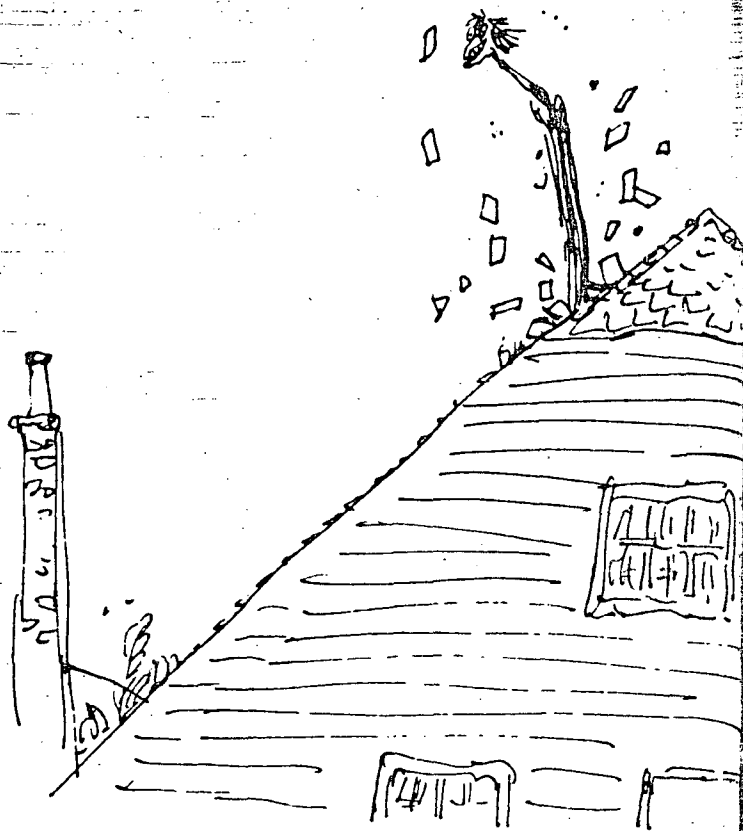
Then her scrawny neck...

And the tops of her shoulders...

'How'm I doing, boy!' she shouted. 'How's that for a bash up?'

'Don't you think you'd better stop now, Grandma?' George called out...

'I have stopped!' she answered. 'I feel terrific! Didn't I tell you I had magic powers!'



Didn't I warn you I had wizardry in the tips of my fingers! But you wouldn't listen to me, would you? You wouldn't listen to your old Grandma!

'You didn't do it, Grandma,' George shouted back to her. 'I did it! I made you a new medicine!'

'A new medicine? You? What rubbish!' she yelled.

'I did! I did!' George shouted.

'You're lying (as usual)' Grandma yelled. 'You're always lying!'

'I'm not lying, Grandma. I swear I'm not.'

The wrinkled old face high up on the roof stared down suspiciously at George. 'Are you telling me you actually made a new medicine all by yourself?' she shouted.

'Yes, Grandma, all by myself.'

'I don't believe you,' she answered. 'But I'm very comfortable up here. Fetch me a cup of tea.'

A brown hen was pecking about in the yard close to where George was standing. The hen gave him an idea. Quickly, he uncorked the medicine bottle and poured some of the brown



stuff into the spoon. 'Watch this, Grandma!' he shouted. He crouched down, holding out the spoon to the hen.

'Chicken,' he said. 'Chick-chick-chicken. Come here. Have some of this.'

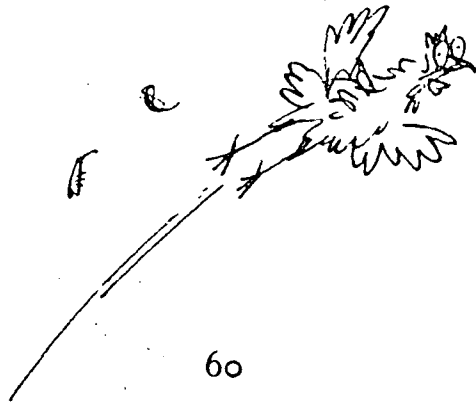
Chickens are stupid birds, and very greedy. They think everything is food. This one thought the spoon was full of corn. It hopped over. It put its head on one side and looked at the spoon. 'Come on, chicken,' George said. 'Good chicken. Chick-chick-chick.'

The brown hen stretched out its neck towards the spoon and went *peck*. It got a beakful of medicine.

The effect was electric.

'Oweee!' shrieked the hen and it shot straight up into the air like a rocket. It went as high as the house.

Then down it came again into the yard, *splosh*. And there it sat with its feathers all sticking straight out from its body. There was

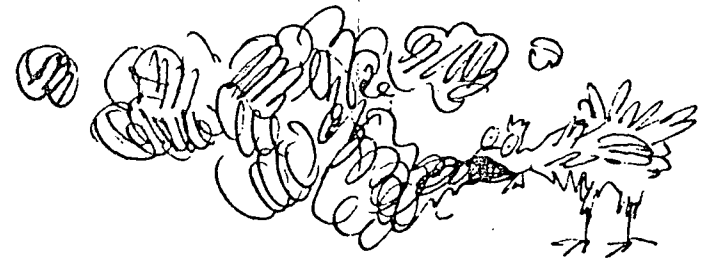


a look of amazement on its silly face. George stood watching it. Grandma up on the roof was watching it, too.

The hen got to its feet. It was rather shaky. It was making funny gurgling noises in its throat. Its beak was opening and shutting. It seemed like a pretty sick hen.

'You've done it in, you stupid boy!' Grandma shouted. 'That hen's going to die! Your father'll be after you now! He'll give you socks and serve you right!'

All of a sudden, black smoke started pouring out of the hen's beak.



'It's on fire!' Grandma yelled. 'The hen's on fire!'

George ran to the water-trough to get a bucket of water.

'That hen'll be roasted and ready for eating any moment!' Grandma shouted.

George sloshed the bucket of water over the

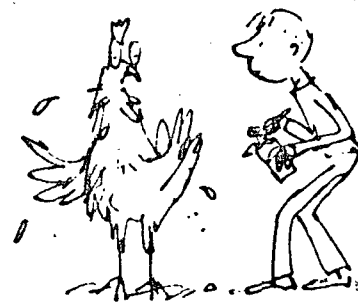


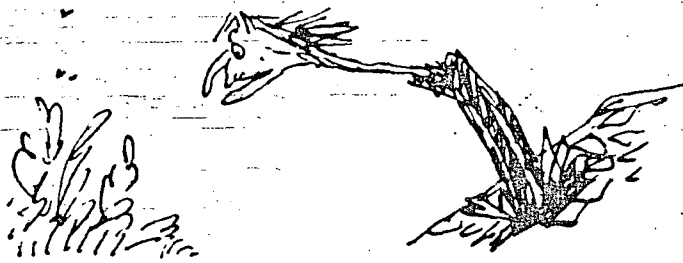
hen. There was a sizzling sound and the smoke went away.

'Old hen's laid its last egg!' Grandma shouted. 'Hens don't do any laying after they've been on fire!'

Now that the fire was out, the hen seemed better. It stood up properly. It flapped its wings. Then it crouched down low to the ground, as though getting ready to jump. It did jump. It jumped high in the air and turned a complete somersault, then landed back on its feet.

'It's a circus hen!' Grandma shouted from the rooftop. 'It's a flipping acrobat!'





Now the hen began to grow.

George had been waiting for this to happen. 'It's growing!' he yelled. 'It's growing, Grandma! Look, it's growing!'

Bigger and bigger ... taller and taller it grew. Soon the hen was four or five times its normal size.

'Can you see it, Grandma?!' George shouted.

'I can see it, boy!' the old girl shouted back. 'I'm watching it!'

George was hopping about from one foot to the other with excitement, pointing at the enormous hen and shouting, 'It's had the magic medicine, Grandma, and it's growing just like you did!'

But there was a difference between the way the hen was growing and the way Grandma grew. When Grandma grew taller and taller, she got thinner and thinner. The hen didn't. It stayed nice and plump all along.

Soon it was taller than George, but it didn't stop there. It went right on growing until it was about as big as a horse. Then it stopped.

'Doesn't it look marvellous, Grandma!' George shouted.

'It's not as tall as me!' Grandma sang out. 'Compared with me, that hen is titchy small! I am the tallest of them all!'

The Pig, the Bullocks, the Sheep, the Pony and the Nanny-goat

At that moment, George's mother came back from shopping in the village. She drove her car into the yard and got out. She was carrying a bottle of milk in one hand and a bag of groceries in the other.

The first thing she saw was the gigantic brown hen towering over little George. She dropped the bottle of milk.

Then Grandma started shouting at her from the rooftop, and when she looked up and saw Grandma's head sticking up through the tiles, she dropped the bag of groceries.

'How about that then, eh Mary?' Grandma shouted. 'I'll bet you've never seen a hen as big as that! That's George's giant hen, that is!'

'But ... but ... but ...' stammered George's mother.

'It's George's magic medicine!' Grandma shouted. 'We've both of us had it, the hen and I!'

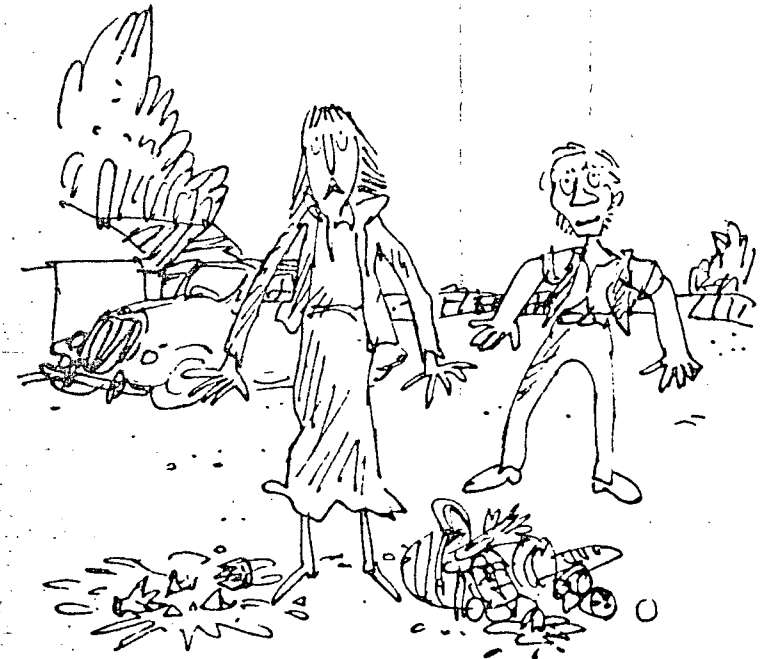
'But how in the world did you get up on the roof?' cried the mother.

'I didn't!' cackled the old woman. 'My feet

are still standing on the floor in the living-room!'

This was too much for George's mother to understand. She just goggled and gaped. She looked as though she was going to faint.

A second later, George's father appeared. His name was Mr Killy Kranky. Mr Kranky was a small man with bandy legs and a huge head. He was a kind father to George, but he was not an easy person to live with because even the smallest things got him all worked up and excited. The hen standing in the yard was certainly not a small thing, and when Mr Kranky saw it he started jumping about as though something was burning his feet. 'Great



heavens!' he cried, waving his arms. 'What's this? What's happened? Where did it come from? It's a giant hen! Who did it?'

'I did,' George said.

'Look at *me!*' Grandma shouted from the rooftop. 'Never mind about the hen! What about *me?*'

Mr Kranky looked up and saw Grandma. 'Shut up, Grandma,' he said. It didn't seem to surprise him that the old girl was sticking up through the roof. It was the hen that excited him. He had never seen anything like it. But then who had?

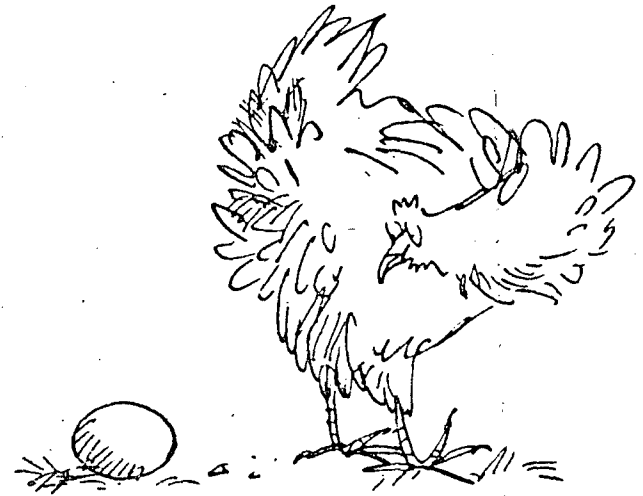
'It's fantastic!' Mr Kranky shouted, dancing round and round. 'It's colossal! It's gigantic! It's tremendous! It's a miracle! How did you do it, George?'

George started telling his father about the magic medicine. While he was doing this, the big brown hen sat down in the middle of the yard and went *cluck-cluck-cluck . . . cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck*.

Everyone stared at it.

When it stood up again, there was a brown egg lying there. The egg was the size of a football.

'That egg would make scrambled eggs for twenty people!' Mrs Kranky said.



'George!' Mr Kranky shouted. 'How much of this medicine have you got?'

'Lots,' George said. 'There's a big saucepanful in the kitchen, and this bottle here's nearly full.'



'Come with me!' Mr Kranky yelled, grabbing George by the arm. 'Bring the medicine! For years and years I've been trying to breed bigger and bigger animals. Bigger bulls for beef. Bigger pigs for pork. Bigger sheep for mutton ...'

They went to the pigsty first.

George gave a spoonful of medicine to the pig.

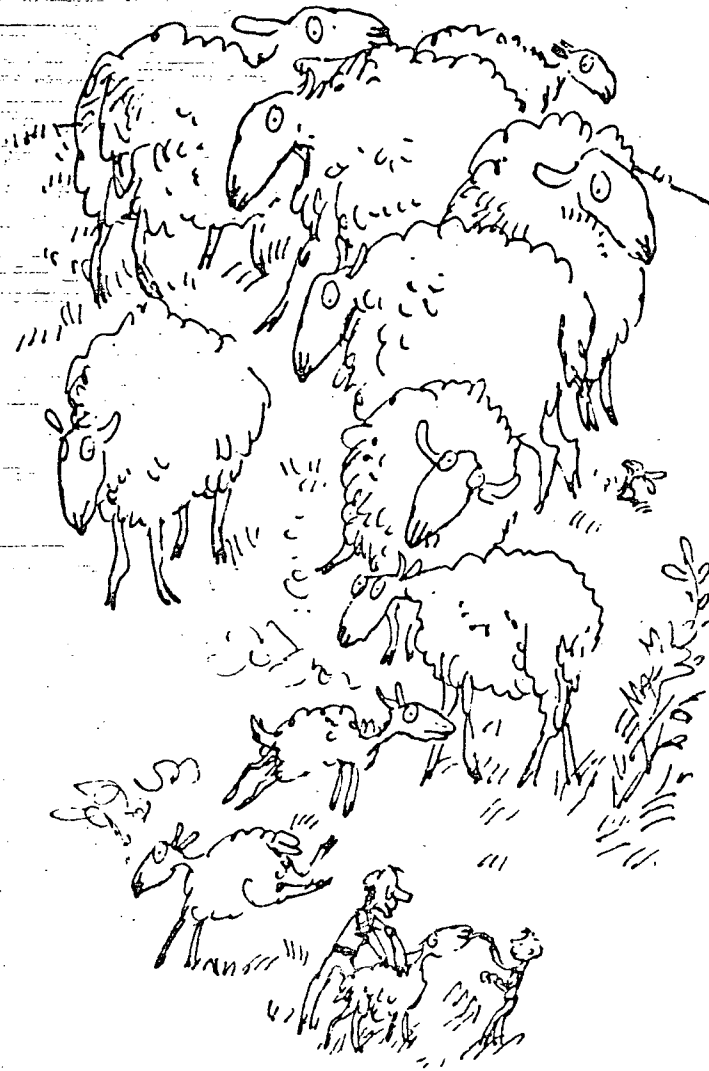
The pig blew smoke from its nose and jumped about all over the place. Then it grew and grew.

In the end, it looked like this ...

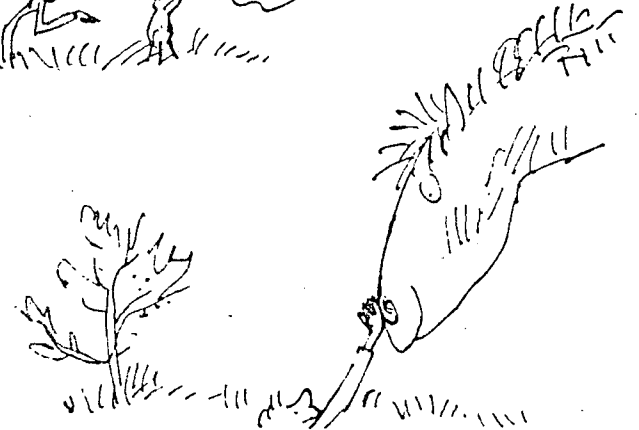
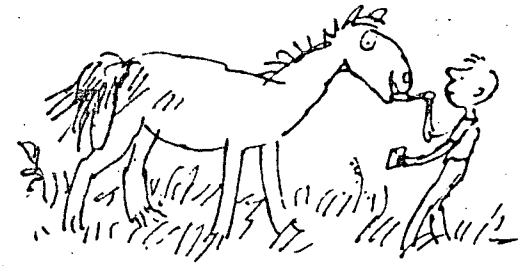


They went to the herd of fine black bullocks that Mr Kranky was trying to fatten for the market.

George gave each of them some medicine, and this is what happened ...

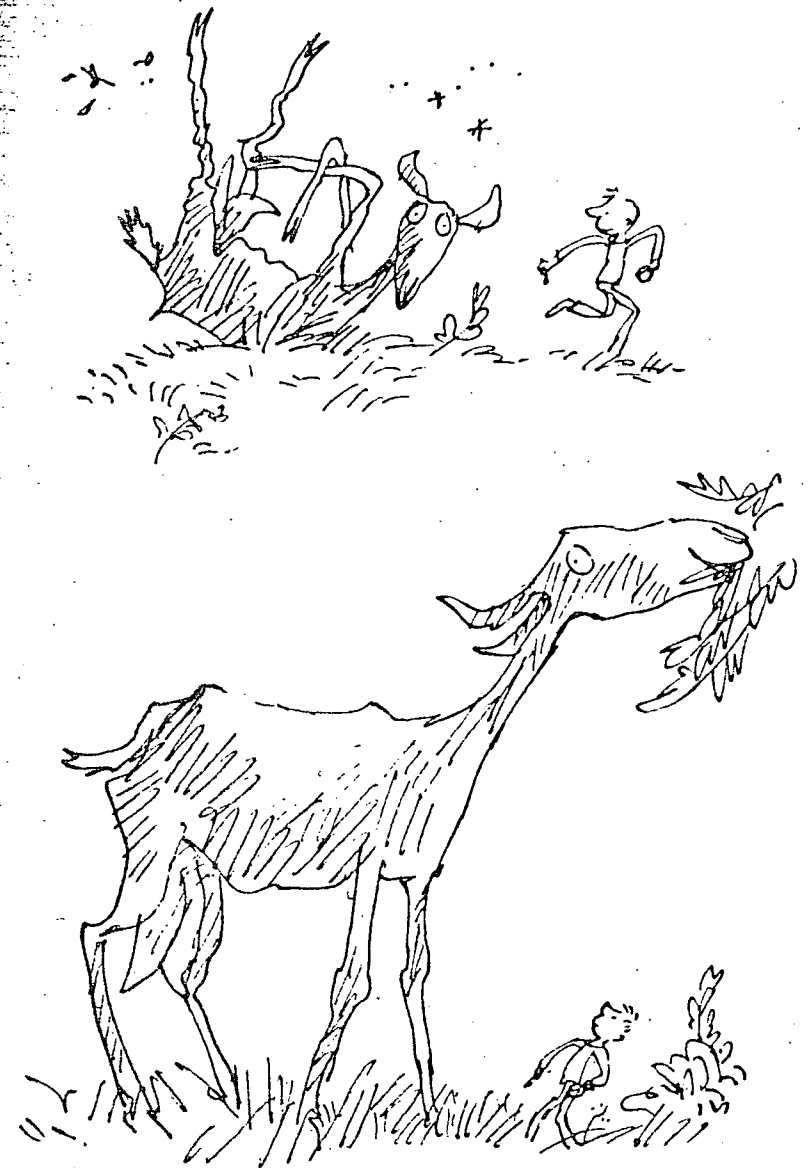
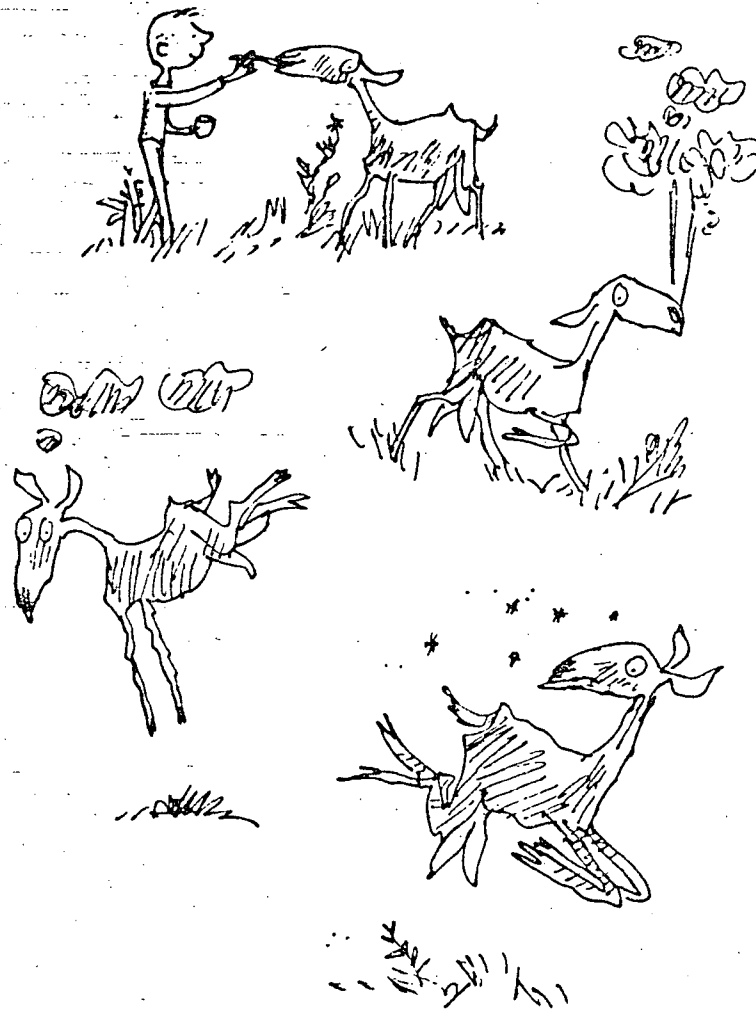


Then the sheep ...



He gave some to his grey pony, Jack Frost ...

And finally, just for fun, he gave some to Alma, the nanny-goat ...



A Crane for Grandma

Grandma, from high up on the rooftop, could see everything that was going on and she didn't like what she saw. She wanted to be the centre of attention and nobody was taking the slightest notice of her. George and Mr Kranky were running round and getting excited about the enormous animals. Mrs Kranky was washing up in the kitchen, and Grandma was all alone on the rooftop.

'Hey you!' she yelled. 'George! Get me a cup of tea this minute, you idle little beast!'

'Don't listen to the old goat,' Mr Kranky said. 'She's stuck where she is and a good thing, too.'

'But we can't leave her up there, dad,' George said. 'What if it rains?'

'George!' Grandma yelled. 'Oh, you horrible little boy! You disgusting little worm! Fetch me a cup of tea at once and a slice of currant cake!'

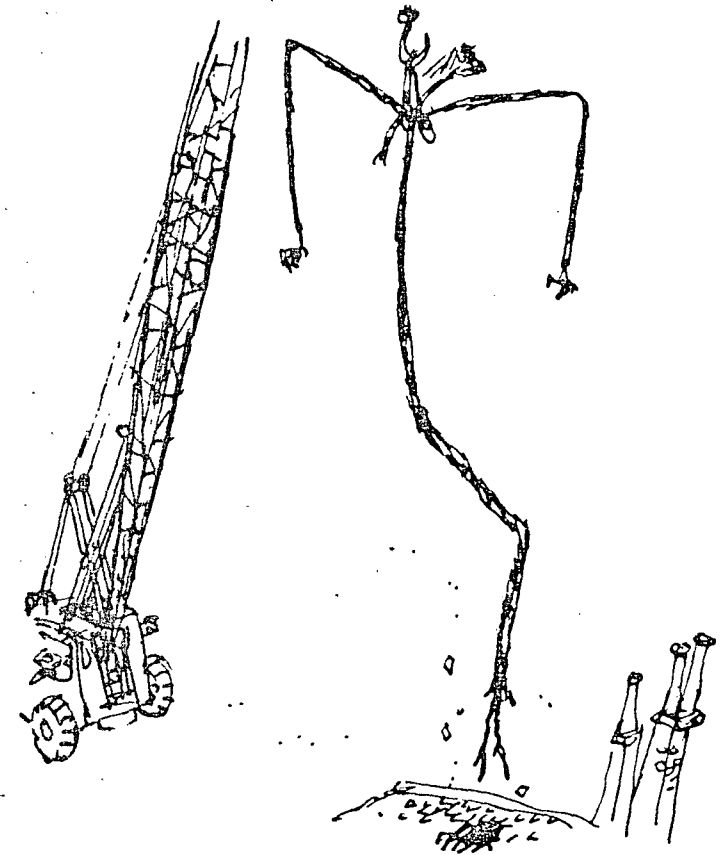
'We'll have to get her out, dad,' George said. 'She won't give us any peace if we don't.'

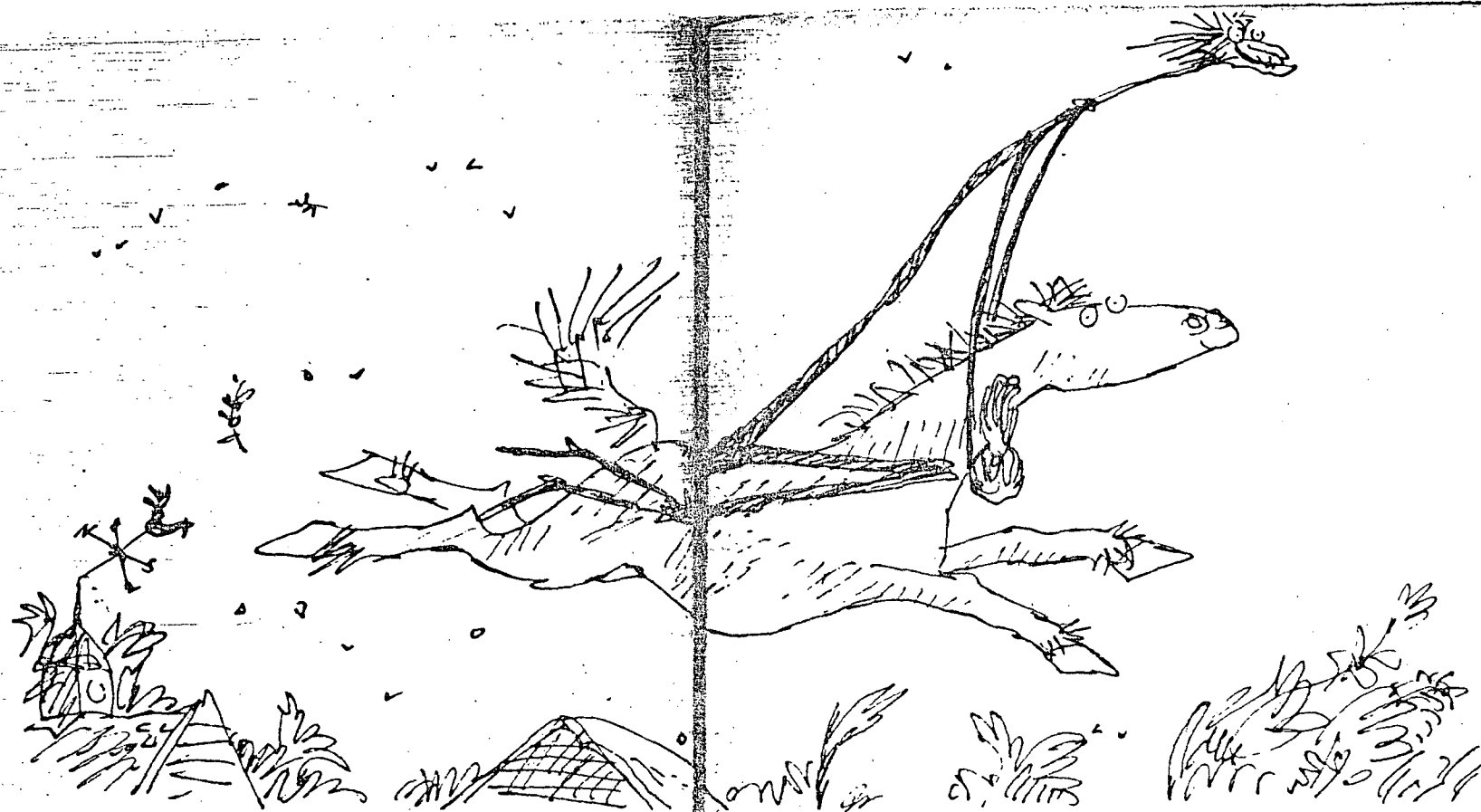
Mrs Kranky came outside and she agreed with George. 'She's my own mother,' she said.

'She's a pain in the neck,' Mr Kranky said. 'I don't care,' Mrs Kranky said. 'I'm not leaving my own mother sticking up through the roof for the rest of her life.'

So in the end, Mr Kranky telephoned the Crane Company and asked them to send their biggest crane out to the house at once.

The crane arrived one hour later. It was on wheels and there were two men inside it. The





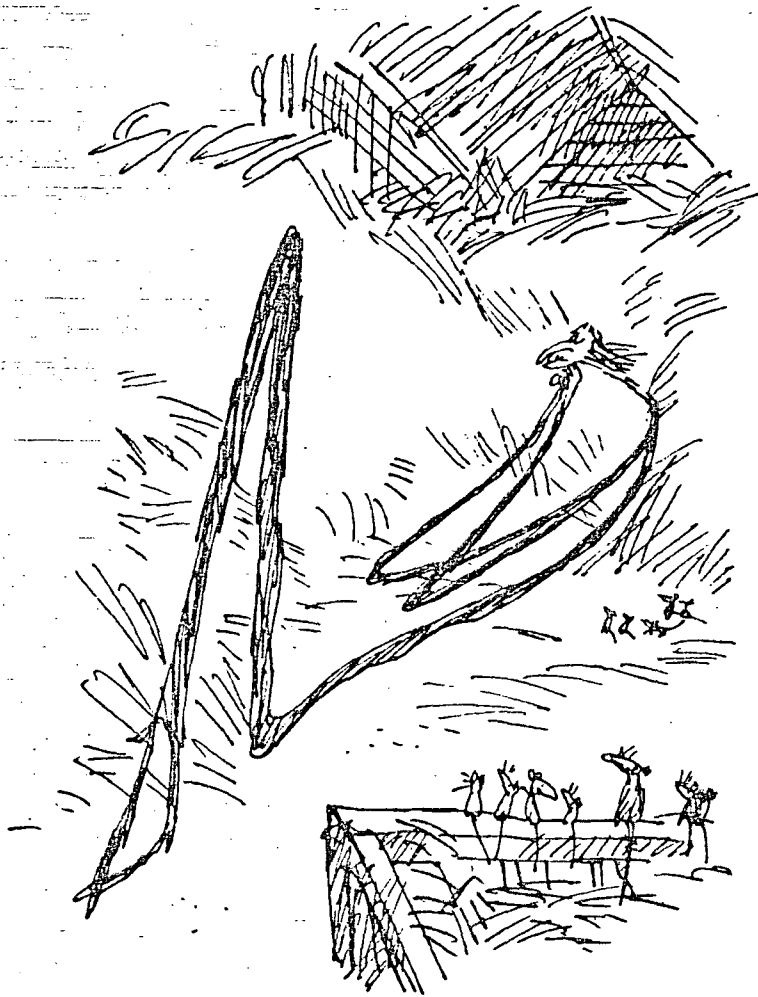
crane men climbed up on to the roof and put ropes under Grandma's arms. Then she was lifted right up through the roof...

In a way, the medicine had done Grandma good. It had not made her any less grumpy or bad-tempered, but it seemed to have cured all her aches and pains, and she was suddenly as frisky as a ferret. As soon as the crane had lowered her to the ground, she ran over to

George's huge pony, Jack Frost, and jumped on to his back. This ancient old hag, who was now as tall as a house, then galloped about the farm on the gigantic pony, jumping over trees and sheds and shouting, 'Out of my way! Clear the decks! Stand back all you miserable midgets or I'll trample you to death!' and other silly things like that.

But because Grandma was now much too

tall to get back into the house, she had to sleep that night in the hay-barn with the mice and the rats.



Mr Kranky's Great Idea

The next day, George's father came down to breakfast in a state of greater excitement than ever. 'I've been awake all night thinking about it!' he cried.

'About what, dad?' George asked him.

'About your marvellous medicine, of course! We can't stop now, my boy! We must start making more of it at once! More and more and more!'

The giant saucepan had been completely emptied the day before because there had been so many sheep and pigs and cows and bullocks to be dosed.

'But why do we need more, dad?' George asked. 'We've done all our own animals and we've made Grandma feel as frisky as a ferret even though she does have to sleep in the barn.'

'My dear boy,' cried Mr Killy Kranky, 'we need barrels and barrels of it! Tons and tons! Then we will sell it to every farmer in the world so that all of them can have giant animals! We will build a Marvellous Medicine Factory and sell the stuff in bottles at five

pounds a time. We will become rich and you will become famous!

'But wait a minute, dad,' George said.

'There's no waiting!' cried Mr Kranky, working himself up so much that he put butter in his coffee and milk on his toast. 'Don't you understand what this tremendous invention of yours is going to do to the world! Nobody will ever go hungry again!'

'Why won't they?' asked George.

'Because one giant cow will give fifty buckets of milk a day!' cried Mr Kranky, waving his arms. 'One giant chicken will make a hundred fried chicken dinners, and one giant pig will give you a thousand pork chops! It's tremendous, my dear boy! It's fantastic! It'll change the world.'

'But wait a minute, dad,' George said again.

'Don't keep saying wait a minute!' shouted



Mr Kranky. 'There isn't a minute to *wait!* We must get cracking at once!'

'Do calm down, my dear,' Mrs Kranky said from the other end of the table. 'And stop putting marmalade on your cornflakes.'

'The heck with my cornflakes!' cried Mr Kranky, leaping up from his chair. 'Come on, George! Let's get going! And the first thing we'll do is to make one more saucepanful as a tester.'

'But dad,' said little George. 'The trouble is...'

'There won't be any trouble, my boy!' cried Mr-Kranky. 'How can there possibly be any trouble? All you've got to do is put the same stuff into the saucepan as you did yesterday. And while you're doing it, I'll write down each and every item. That's how we'll get the magic recipe!'

'But dad,' George said. 'Please listen to me.'

'Why don't you listen to him,' Mrs Kranky said. 'The boy's trying to tell you something.'

But Mr Kranky was too excited to listen to anyone except himself. 'And then,' he cried, 'when the new mixture is ready, we'll test it out on an old hen just to make absolutely sure we've got it right, and after that we'll all shout hooray and build the giant factory!'

'But dad . . .'

'Come on then, what is it you want to say?'

'I can't possibly remember all the hundreds of things I put into the saucepan to make the medicine,' George said.

'Of course you can, my dear boy,' cried Mr Kranky. 'I'll help you! I'll jog your memory! You'll get it in the end, you see if you don't! Now then, what was the very first thing you put in?'

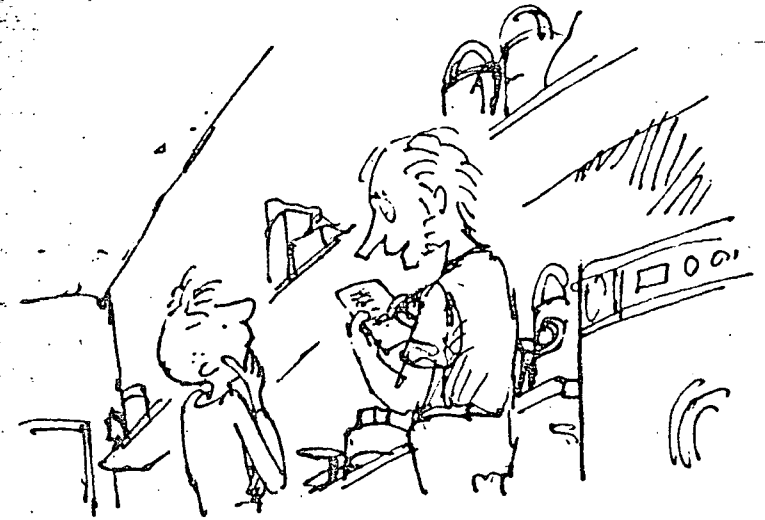
'I went up to the bathroom first,' George said. 'I used a lot of things in the bathroom and on mummy's dressing-table.'

'Come on, then!' cried Mr Kranky. 'Up we go to the bathroom!'

When they got there, they found, of course, a whole lot of empty tubes and empty aerosols and empty bottles. 'That's great,' said Mr Kranky. 'That tells us exactly what you used. If anything is empty, it means you used it.'

So Mr Kranky started making a list of everything that was empty in the bathroom. Then they went to Mrs Kranky's dressing-table. 'A box of powder,' said Mr Kranky, writing it down. 'Helga's hairset. Flowers of Turnips perfume. Terrific. This is going to be easy. Where did you go next?'

'To the laundry-room,' George said. 'But



are you sure you haven't missed anything out up here, dad?'

'That's up to you, my boy,' Mr Kranky said. 'Have I?'

'I don't think so,' George said. So down they went to the laundry-room and once again Mr Kranky wrote down the names of all the empty bottles and cans. 'My goodness me, what a mass of stuff you used!' he cried. 'No wonder it did magic things! Is that the lot?'

'No, dad, it's not,' George said, and he led his father out to the shed where the animal medicines were kept and showed him the five big empty bottles up on the shelf. Mr Kranky wrote down all their names.

'Anything else?' Mr Kranky asked.

Little George scratched his head and thought and thought but he couldn't remember having put anything else in.

Mr Killy Kranky leapt into his car and drove down to the village and bought new bottles and tubes and cans of everything on his list. He then went to the vet and got a fresh supply of all the animal medicines George had used.

'Now show me how you did it, George,' he said. 'Come along. Show me exactly how you mixed them all together.'



Marvellous Medicine Number Two

They were in the kitchen now and the big saucepan was on the stove. All the things Mr Kranky had bought were lined up near the sink.

'Come along, my boy!' cried Mr Killy Kranky. 'Which one did you put in first?'

'This one,' George said. 'Goldengloss Hair Shampoo.' He emptied the bottle into the pan.

'Now the toothpaste,' George went on ... 'And the shaving soap ... and the face cream ... and the nail varnish ...'

'Keep at it, my boy!' cried Mr Kranky, dancing round the kitchen. 'Keep putting them in! Don't stop! Don't pause! Don't hesitate! It's a pleasure, my dear fellow, to watch you work!'

One by one, George poured and squeezed the things into the saucepan. With everything so close at hand, the whole job didn't take him more than ten minutes. But when it was all done, the saucepan didn't somehow seem to be quite as full as it had been the first time.

'Now what did you do?' cried Mr Kranky. 'Did you stir it?'

'I boiled it,' George said. 'But not for long. And I stirred it as well.'

So Mr Kranky lit the gas under the saucepan and George stirred the mixture with the same long wooden spoon he had used before. 'It's not brown enough,' George said. 'Wait a minute! I know what I've forgotten!'

'What?' cried Mr Kranky. 'Tell me, quick! Because if we've forgotten even one tiny thing, then it won't work! At least not in the same way.'

'A quart of brown gloss paint,' George said. 'That's what I've forgotten.'

Mr Killy Kranky shot out of the house and into his car like a rocket. He sped down to the village and bought the paint and rushed back again. He opened the can in the kitchen and handed it to George. George poured the paint into the saucepan.

'Ah-ha, that's better,' George said. 'That's more like the right colour.'

'It's boiling!' cried Mr Kranky. 'It's boiling and bubbling, George! Is it ready yet?'

'It's ready,' George said. 'At least I hope it is.'

'Right!' shouted Mr Kranky, hopping about. 'Let's test it! Let's give some to a chicken!'

'My heavens alive, why don't you calm down a bit?' Mrs Kranky said, coming into the kitchen.

'Calm down?' cried Mr Kranky. 'You expect me to *calm down* and here we are mixing up the greatest medicine ever discovered in the history of the world! Come along, George! Dip a cupful out of the saucepan and get a spoon and we'll give some to a chicken just to make absolutely certain we've got the correct mixture.'

Outside in the yard, there were several chickens that hadn't had any of George's Marvellous Medicine Number One. They were pecking about in the dirt in that silly way chickens do.

George crouched down, holding out a spoonful of Marvellous Medicine Number Two. 'Come on, chicken,' he said. 'Good chicken. Chick-chick-chick.'



A white chicken with black specks on its feathers looked up at George. It walked over to the spoon and went *peck*.

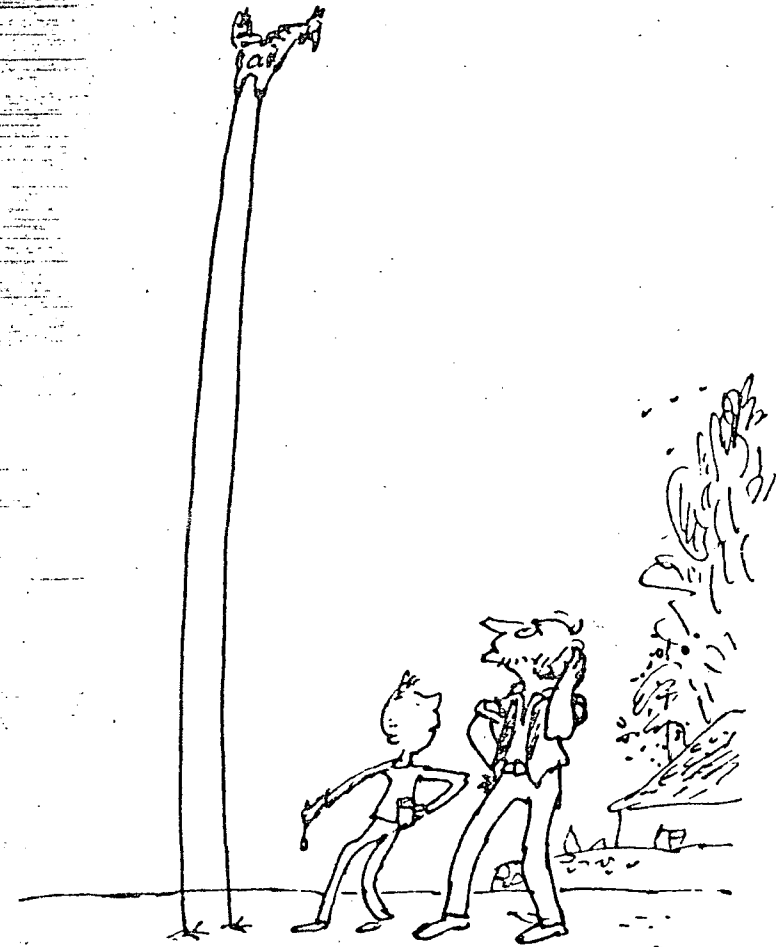
The effect that Medicine Number Two had on this chicken was not quite the same as the effect produced by Medicine Number One, but it was very interesting. '*Whoosh!*' shrieked the chicken and it shot six feet up in the air and came down again. Then *sparks* came flying out of its beak, bright yellow sparks of fire, as though someone was sharpening a knife on a grindstone inside its tummy. Then its legs began to grow longer. Its body stayed the same size but the two thin yellow legs got longer and longer and longer ... and longer still ...

'What's happening to it?' cried Mr Killy Kranky.

'Something's wrong,' George said.

The legs went on growing and the more they grew, the higher up into the air went the chicken's body. When the legs were about fifteen feet long, they stopped growing. The chicken looked perfectly absurd with its long long legs and its ordinary little body perched high up on top. It was like a chicken on stilts.

'Oh my sainted aunts!' cried Mr Killy Kranky. 'We've got it wrong! This chicken's



no good to anybody! It's all legs! No one wants chickens' legs!

'I must have left something out,' George said.

'I *know* you left something out!' cried Mr Kranky. 'Think, boy, think! What was it you left out?'

'I've got it!' said George.

'What was it, quick?'

'Flea powder for dogs,' George said.

'You mean you put *flea* powder in the first one?'

'Yes, dad, I did. A whole carton of it.'

'Then that's the answer!'

'Wait a minute,' said George. 'Did we have brown shoe polish on our list?'

'We did not,' said Mr Kranky.

'I used that, too,' said George.

'Well, no *wonder* it went wrong,' said Mr Kranky. He was already running to his car, and soon he was heading down the village to buy more flea powder and more shoe polish.



Marvellous Medicine Number Three

'Here it is!' cried Mr Killy Kranky, rushing into the kitchen. 'One carton of flea powder for dogs and one tin of brown shoe-polish!'

George poured the flea powder into the giant saucepan. Then he scooped the shoe-polish out of its tin and added that as well.

'Stir it up, George!' shouted Mr Kranky. 'Give it another boil! We've got it this time! I'll bet we've got it!'

After Marvellous Medicine Number Three had been boiled and stirred, George took a cupful of it out into the yard to try it on another chicken. Mr Kranky ran after him, flapping his arms and hopping with excitement. 'Come and watch this one!' he called out to Mrs Kranky. 'Come and watch us turning an ordinary chicken into a lovely great big one that lays eggs as large as footballs!'

'I hope you do better than last time,' said Mrs Kranky, following them out.

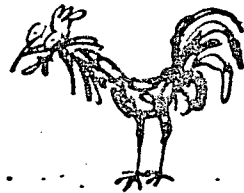
'Come on, chicken,' said George, holding out a spoonful of Medicine Number Three. 'Good chicken. Chick-chick-chick-chick-chick. Have some of this lovely medicine.'

A magnificent black cockerel with a scarlet comb came stepping over. The cockerel looked at the spoon and it went *peck*.

'Cock-a-doodle-do!' squawked the cockerel, shooting up into the air and coming down again.

'Watch him now!' cried Mr Kranky. 'Watch him grow! Any moment he's going to start getting bigger and bigger!'

Mr Killy Kranky, Mrs Kranky and little George stood in the yard staring at the black cockerel. The cockerel stood quite still. It looked as though it had a headache.



'What's happening to its neck?' Mrs Kranky said.

'It's getting longer,' George said.

'I'll say it's getting longer,' Mrs Kranky said.

Mr Kranky, for once, said nothing.

'Last time it was the legs,' Mrs Kranky said.

'Now it's the neck. Who wants a chicken with



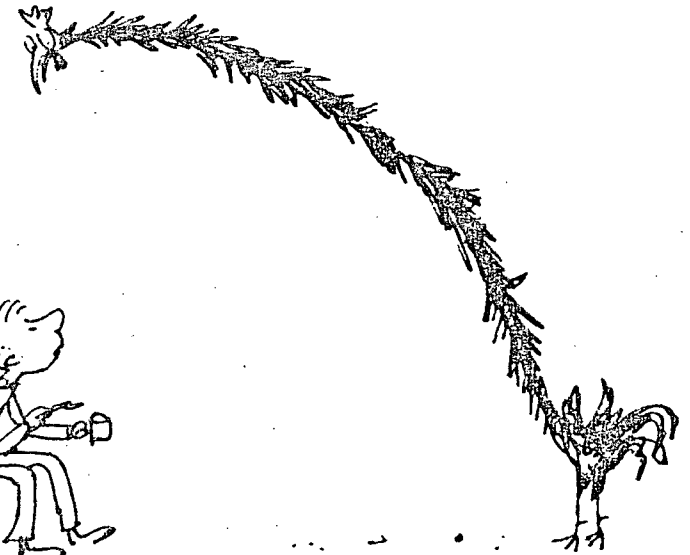
a long neck? You can't eat a chicken's neck.'

It was an extraordinary sight. The cockerel's body hadn't grown at all. But the neck was now about six feet long.

'All right, George,' Mr Kranky said. 'What else have you forgotten?'

'I don't know,' George said.

'Oh yes you do,' Mr Kranky said. 'Come along, boy, *think*. There's probably just one



vital thing missing and you've got to remember it.'

'I put in some engine oil from the garage,' George said. 'Did you have that on your list?'

'Eureka!' cried Mr Kranky. 'That's the answer! How much did you put in?'

'Half a pint,' George said.

Mr Kranky ran to the garage and found another half pint of oil. 'And some anti-freeze,' George called after him. 'I sloshed in a bit of anti-freeze.'

Marvellous Medicine Number Four

Back in the kitchen once again, George, with Mr Kranky watching him anxiously, tipped half a pint of engine oil and some anti-freeze into the giant saucepan.

'Boil it up again!' cried Mr Kranky. 'Boil it and stir it!'

George boiled it and stirred it.

'You'll never get it right,' said Mrs Kranky. 'Don't forget you don't just have to have the same things but you've got to have exactly the same *amounts* of those things. And how can you possibly do that?'

'You keep out of this!' cried Mr Kranky. 'We're doing fine! We've got it this time, you see if we haven't!'

This was George's Marvellous Medicine Number Four, and when it had boiled for a couple of minutes, George once again carried a cupful of it out into the yard. Mr Kranky ran after him. Mrs Kranky followed more slowly. 'You're going to have some mighty queer chickens around here if you go on like this,' she said.

'Dish it out, George!' cried Mr Kranky.

'Give a spoonful to that one over there!' He pointed to a brown hen.

George knelt down and held out the spoon with the new medicine in it. 'Chick-chick,' he said. 'Try some of this.'

The brown hen walked over and looked at the spoon. Then it went *peck*.

'Ouch!' it said. Then a funny whistling noise came out of its beak.

'Watch it grow!' shouted Mr Kranky.

'Don't be too sure,' said Mrs Kranky. 'Why is it whistling like that?'

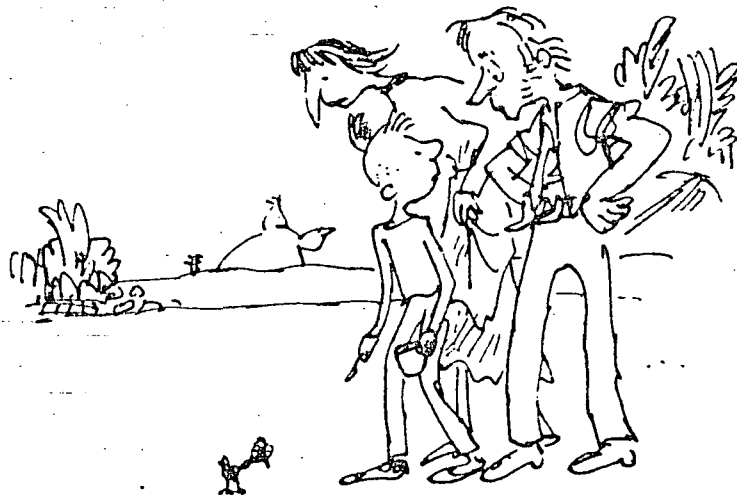
'Keep quiet, woman!' cried Mr Kranky.

'Give it a chance!'

They stood there staring at the brown hen.

'It's getting smaller,' George said. 'Look at it, dad. It's shrinking.'

And indeed it was. In less than a minute, the hen had shrunk so much it was no bigger than a new-hatched chick. It looked ridiculous.



Goodbye Grandma

'There's still something you've left out,' Mr Kranky said.

'I can't think what it could be,' George said.
'Give it up,' Mrs Kranky said. 'Pack it in. You'll never get it right.'

Mr Kranky looked very forlorn.

George looked pretty fed up, too. He was still kneeling on the ground with the spoon in one hand and the cup full of medicine in the other. The ridiculous tiny brown hen was walking slowly away.

At that point, Grandma came striding into the yard. From her enormous height, she glared down at the three people below her and she shouted, 'What's going on around here? Why hasn't anyone brought me my morning cup of tea? It's bad enough having to sleep in the yard with the rats and mice but I'll be blown if I'm going to starve as well! No tea! No eggs and bacon! No buttered toast!'

'I'm sorry, mother,' Mrs Kranky said. 'We've been terribly busy. I'll get you something right away.'

'Let George get it, the lazy little brute!' Grandma shouted.

Just then, the old woman spotted the cup in George's hand. She bent down and peered into it. She saw that it was full of brown



liquid. It looked very much like tea. 'Ho-ho!' she cried. 'Ha-ha! So that's your little game, is it! You look after yourself all right, don't you! You make quite sure *you've* got a nice cup of morning tea! But you didn't think to bring one to your poor old Grandma! I always knew you were a selfish pig!

'No, Grandma,' George said. 'This isn't...'

'Don't lie to me, boy!' the enormous old hag shouted. 'Pass it up here this minute!'

'No!' cried Mrs Kranky. 'No, mother, don't! That's not for you!'

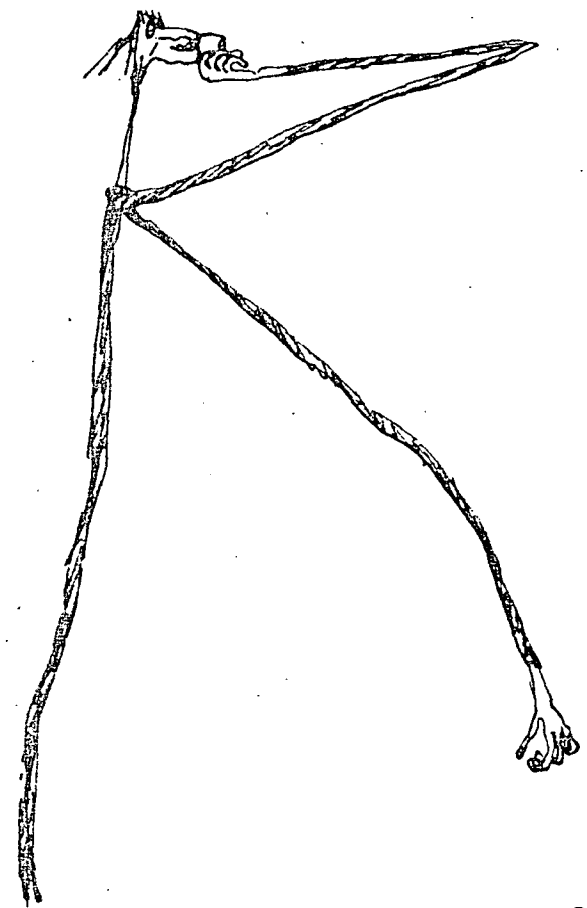
'Now *you're* against me, too!' shouted Grandma. 'My own daughter trying to stop me having my breakfast! Trying to starve me out!'

Mr Kranky looked up at the horrid old woman and he smiled sweetly. 'Of course it's for you, Grandma,' he said. 'You take it and drink it while it's nice and hot.'

'Don't think I won't,' Grandma said, bending down from her great height and reaching out a huge horny hand for the cup. 'Hand it over, George.'

'No, no, Grandma!' George cried out, pulling the cup away. 'You mustn't! You're not to have it!'

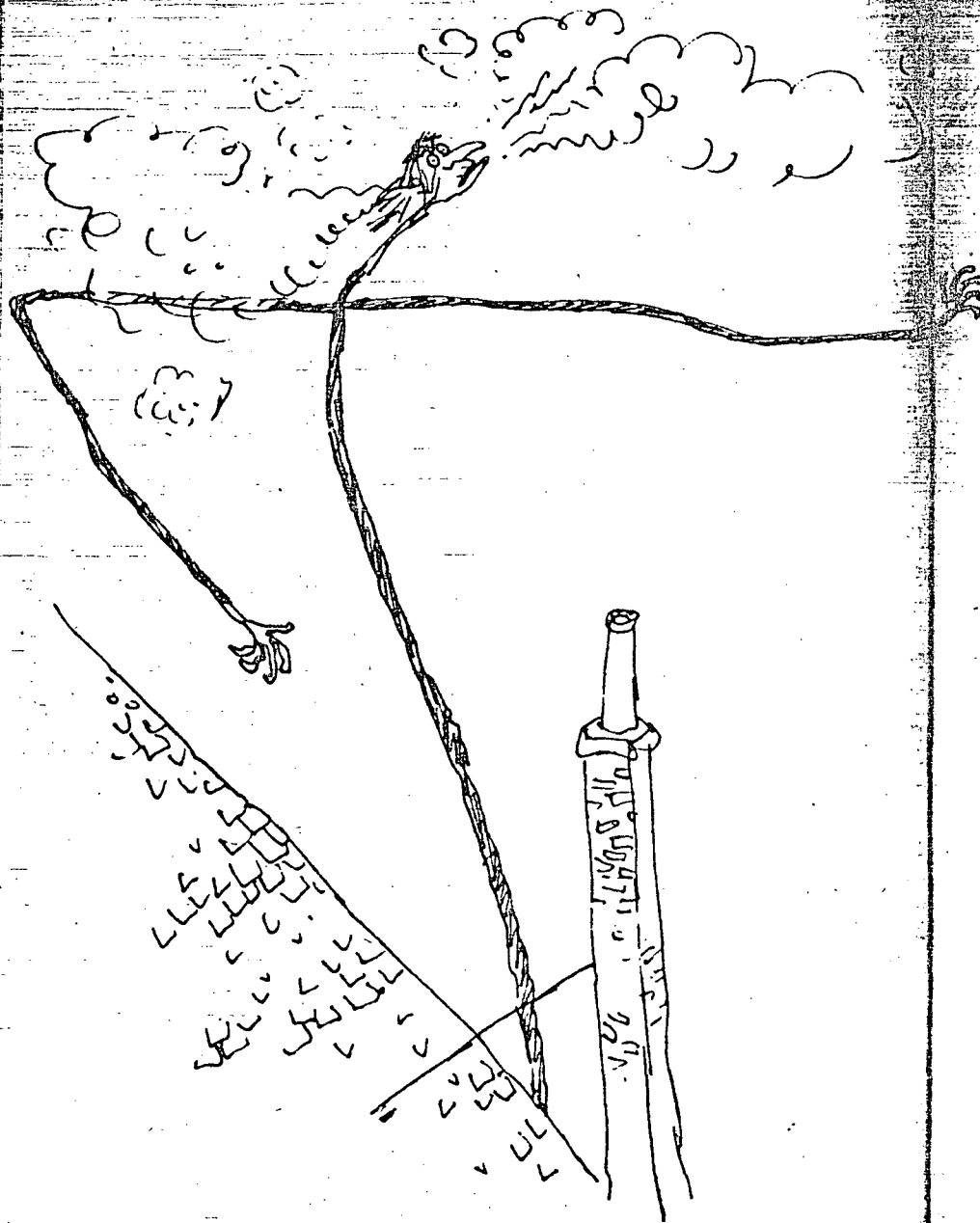
'Give it to me, boy!' yelled Grandma.



'Don't!' cried Mrs Kranky. 'That's George's Marvellous ...'

'Everything's George's round here!' shouted Grandma. 'George's this, George's that!'





'I'm fed up with it!' She snatched the cup out of little George's hand and carried it high up out of reach.

'Drink it up, Grandma,' Mr Kranky said, grinning hugely. 'Lovely tea.'

'No!' the other two cried. 'No, no, no!'

But it was too late. The ancient beanpole had already put the cup to her lips, and in one gulp she swallowed everything that was in it.



'Mother!' wailed Mrs Kranky. 'You've just drunk fifty doses of George's Marvellous Medicine Number Four and look what one tiny spoonful did to that little old brown hen!'

But Grandma didn't even hear her. Great clouds of steam were already pouring out of her mouth and she was beginning to whistle.

'This is going to be interesting,' Mr Kranky said, still grinning.

'Now you've done it!' cried Mrs Kranky, glaring at her husband. 'You've cooked the old girl's goose!'

'I didn't do anything,' Mr Kranky said.

'Oh, yes you did! You told her to drink it!'

A tremendous hissing sound was coming from above their heads. Steam was shooting out of Grandma's mouth and nose and ears and whistling as it came.

'She'll feel better after she's let off a bit of steam,' Mr Kranky said.

'She's going to blow up!' Mrs Kranky wailed. 'Her boiler's going to burst!'

'Stand clear,' Mr Kranky said.

George was quite alarmed. He stood up and ran back a few paces. The jets of white steam kept squirting out of the skinny old hag's head, and the whistling was so high and shrill it hurt the ears.

'Call the fire-brigade!' cried Mrs Kranky. 'Call the police! Man the hose-pipes!'

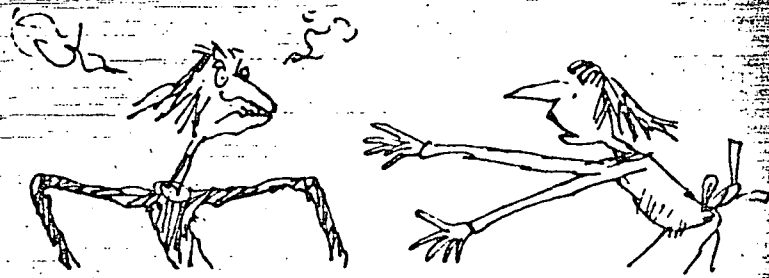
'Too late,' said Mr Kranky, looking pleased.

'Grandma!' shrieked Mrs Kranky. 'Mother! Run to the drinking-trough and put your head under the water!'

But even as she spoke, the whistling suddenly stopped and the steam disappeared. That was when Grandma began to get smaller. She had started off with her head as high as the roof of the house, but now she was coming down fast.

'Watch this, George!' Mr Kranky shouted, hopping around the yard and flapping his





arms. 'Watch what happens when someone's had fifty spoonfuls instead of one!'

Very soon, Grandma was back to normal height.

'Stop!' cried Mrs Kranky. 'That's just right.'

But she didn't stop. Smaller and smaller she got ... down and down she went. In another



half minute she was no bigger than a bottle of lemonade.

'How d'you feel, mother?' asked Mrs Kranky anxiously.

Grandma's tiny face still bore the same foul and furious expression it had always had. Her eyes, no bigger now than little keyholes, were blazing with anger. 'How do I *feel*?' she yelled. 'How d'you *think* I feel? How would *you* feel if you'd been a glorious giant a minute ago and suddenly you're a miserable midget?'

'She's still going!' shouted Mr Kranky gleefully. 'She's still getting smaller!'

And by golly, she was.



When she was no bigger than a cigarette, Mrs Kranky made a grab for her. She held her in her hands and she cried, 'How do I stop her getting smaller still?'

'You can't,' said Mr Kranky. 'She's had fifty times the right amount.'

'I *must* stop her!' Mrs Kranky wailed. 'I can hardly see her as it is!'

'Catch hold of each end and pull,' Mr Kranky said.

By then, Grandma was the size of a matchstick and still shrinking fast.



A moment later, she was no bigger than a pin ...



Then a pumpkin seed ...



Then ...



Then ...



'Where is she?' cried Mrs Kranky. 'I've lost her!'

'Hooray,' said Mr Kranky.

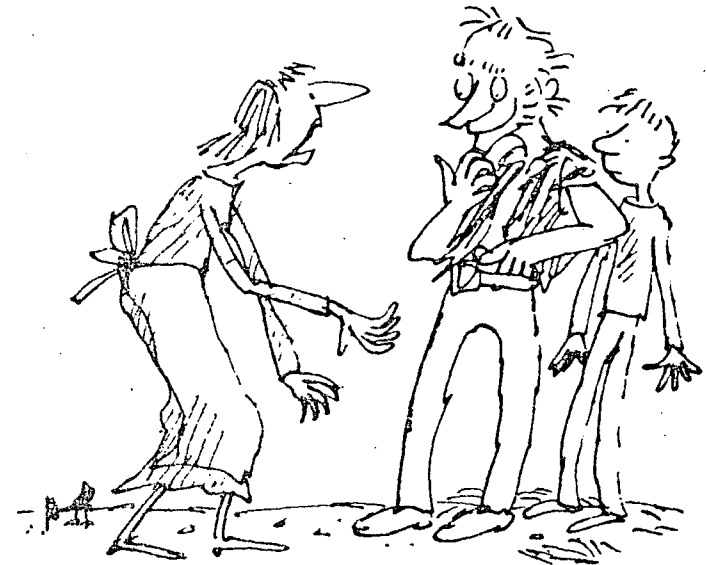
'She's gone! She's disappeared completely!' cried Mrs Kranky.

'That's what happens to you if you're grumpy and bad-tempered,' said Mr Kranky.

'Great medicine of yours, George.'

George didn't know what to think.

For a few minutes, Mrs Kranky kept wandering round with a puzzled look on her face, saying, 'Mother, where are you? Where've you gone? Where've you got to?'

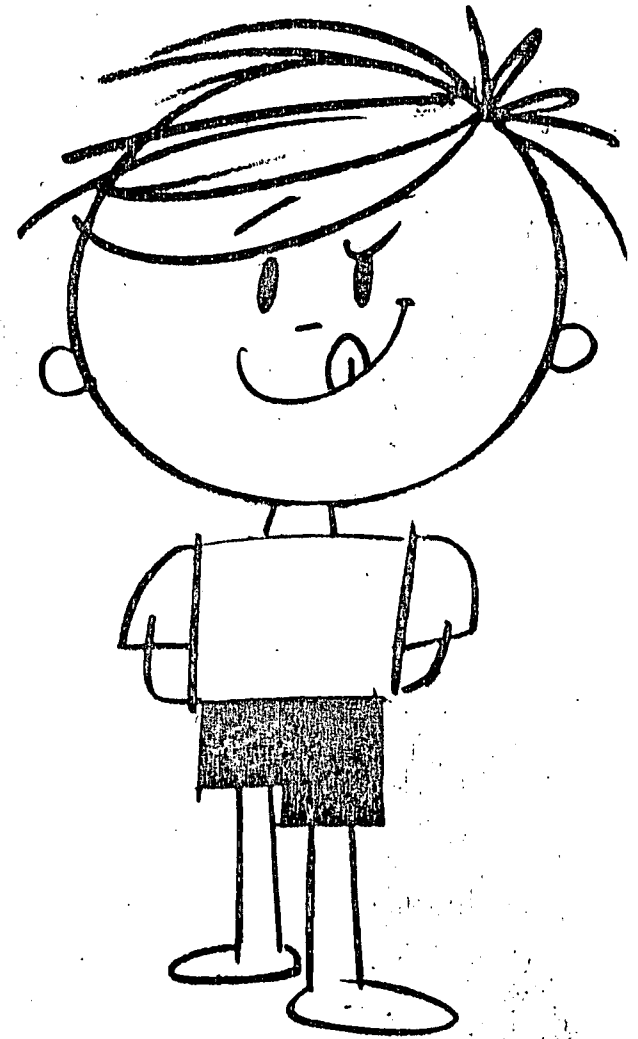


How can I find you?' But she calmed down quite quickly. And by lunchtime, she was saying, 'Ah well, I suppose it's all for the best, really. She was a bit of a nuisance around the house, wasn't she?'

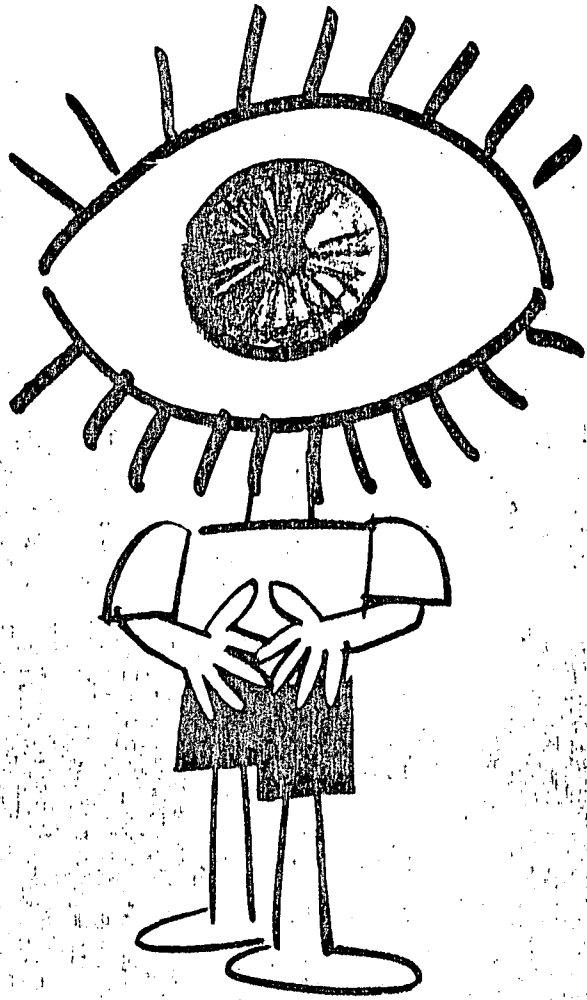
'Yes,' Mr Kranky said. 'She most certainly was.'

George didn't say a word. He felt quite trembly. He knew something tremendous had taken place that morning. For a few brief moments he had touched with the very tips of his fingers the edge of a magic world.

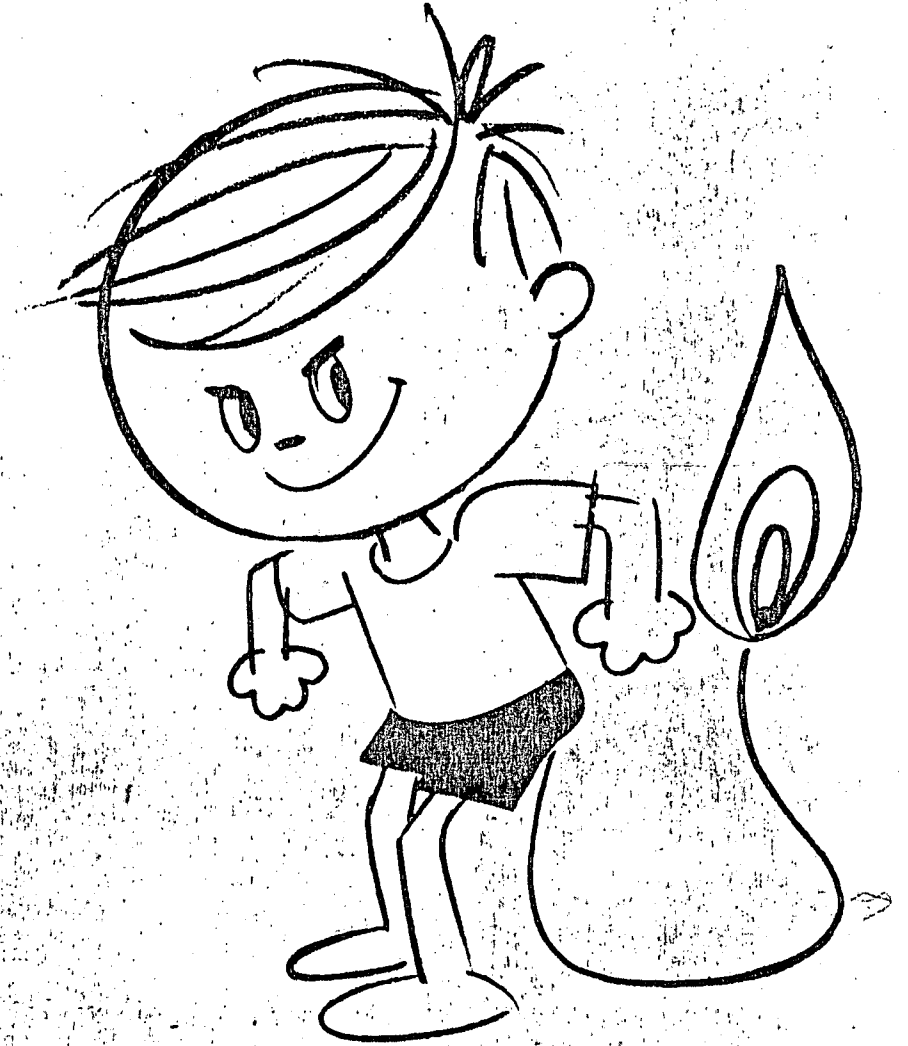




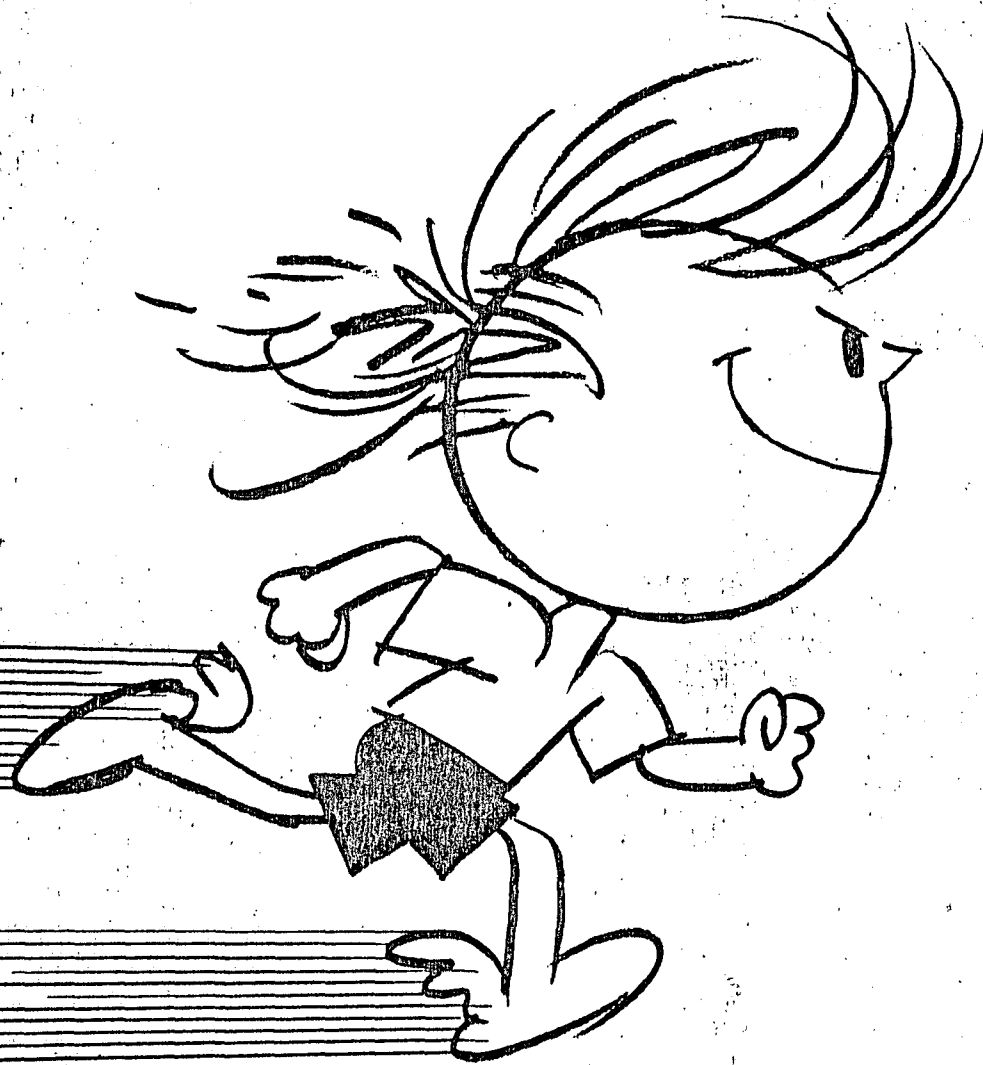
Era uma vez um menino maluquinho



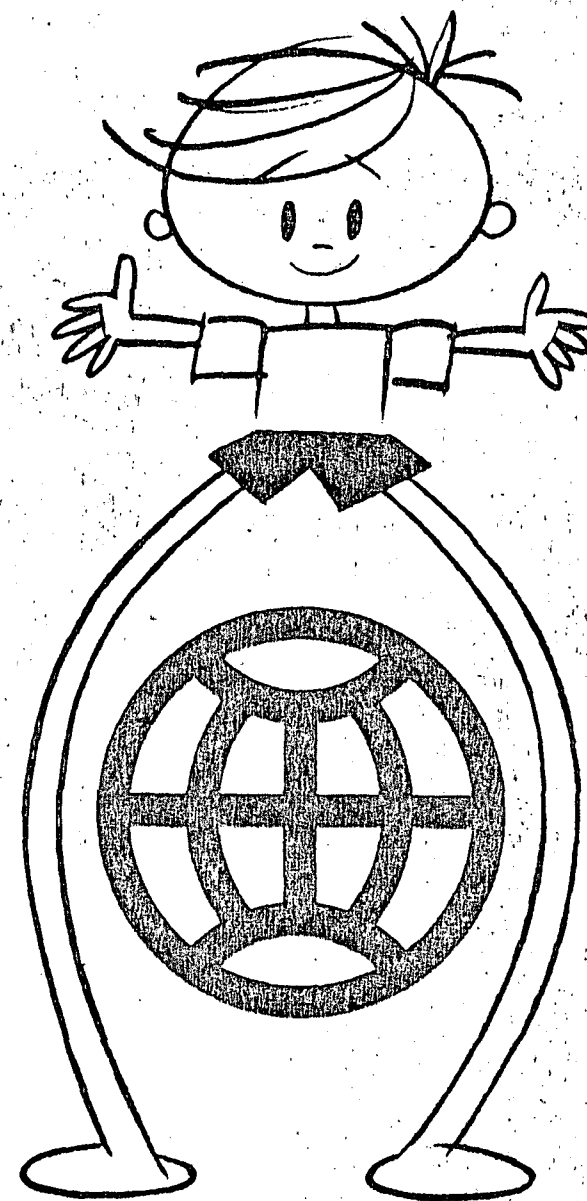
Ele tinha o olho maior do que a barriga



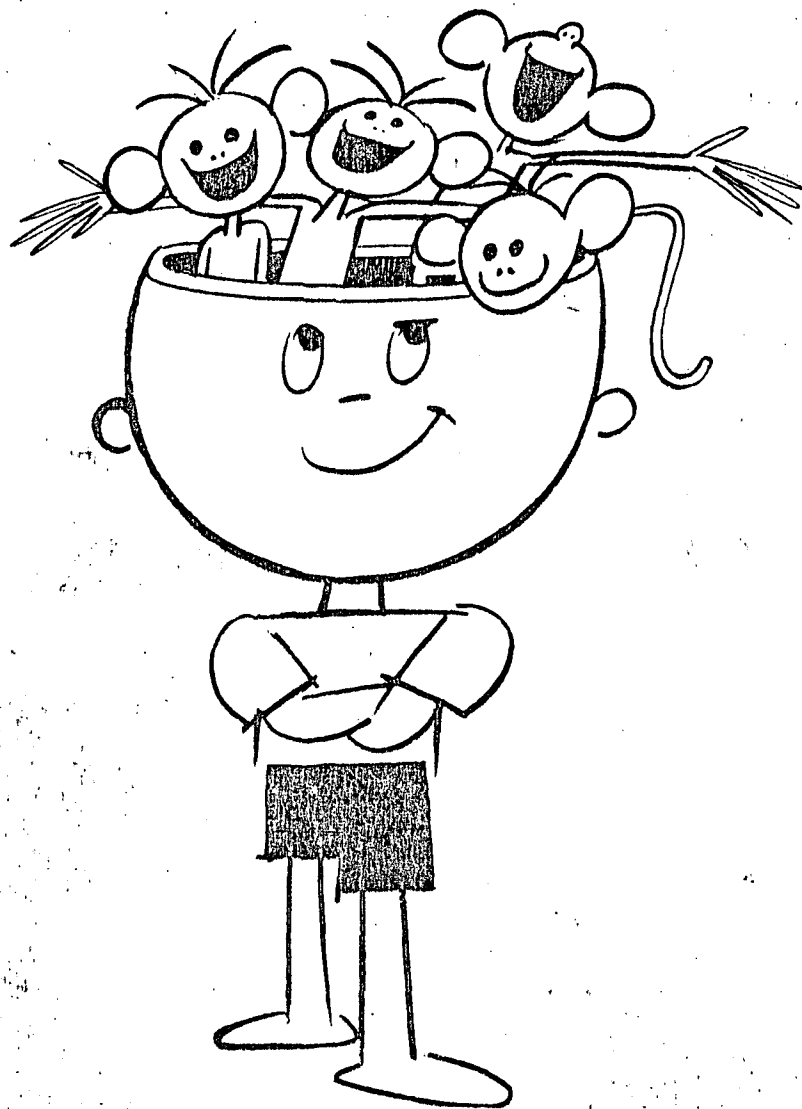
tinha fogo no rabo



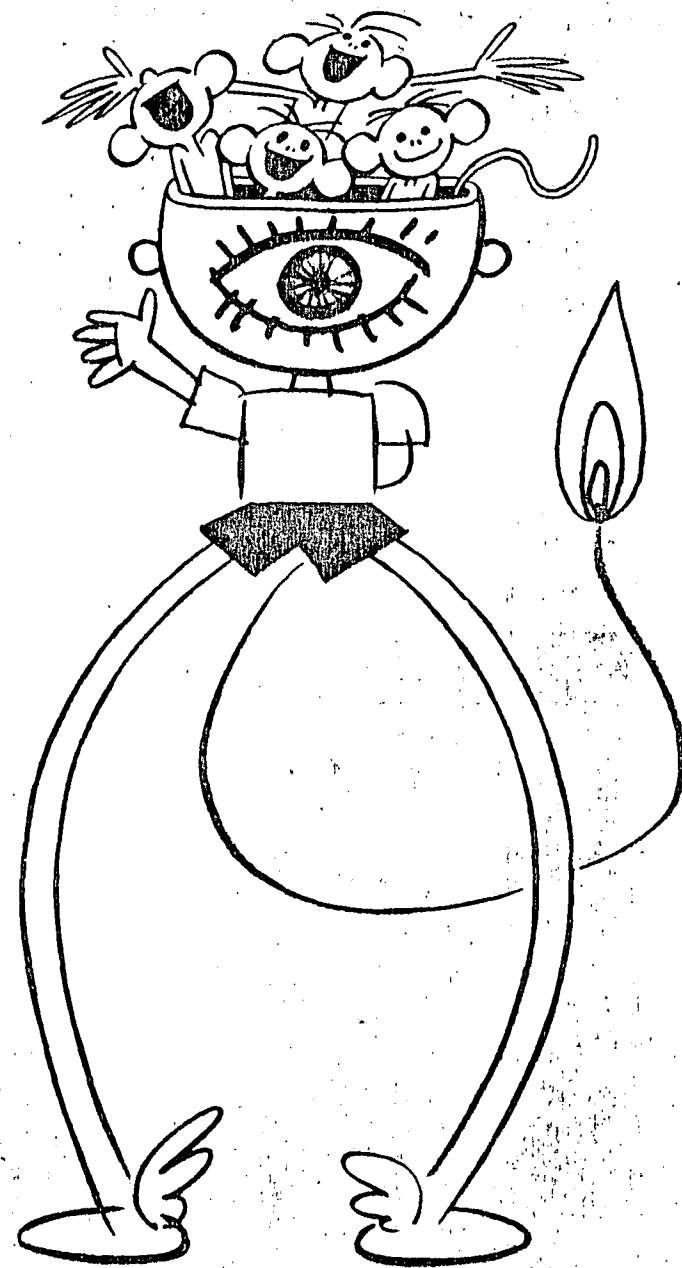
tinha vento nos pés



**umas pernas enormes
(que davam para abraçar o mundo)**



**e macaquinhos no sótão
(embora nem soubesse o que
significava macaquinho no sótão).**

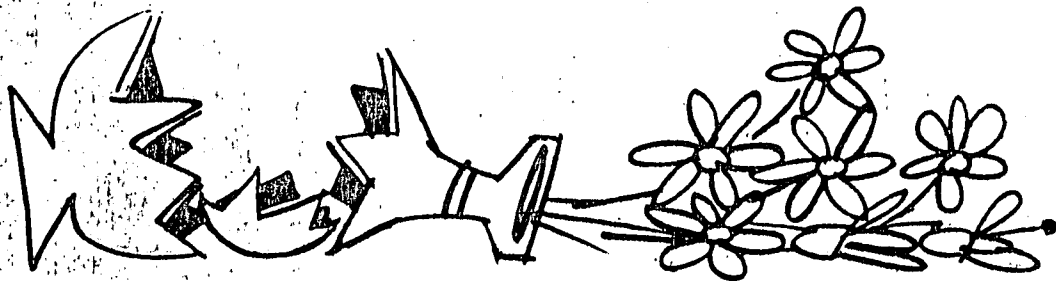


Ele era um menino impossível!

Ele era muito sabido
ele sabia de tudo
a única coisa que ele não sabia
era como ficar quieto

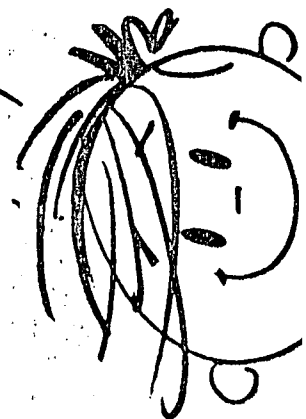
seu canto
seu riso
seu som
nunca estavam onde ele estava.

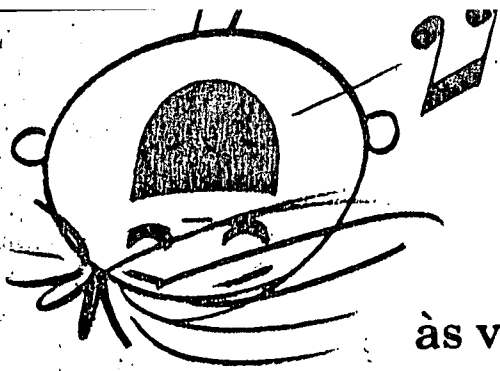
Se quebrava um vaso aqui



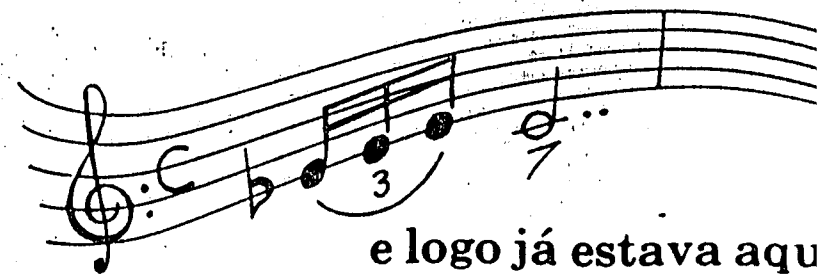
logo já estava lá

U-U!





às vezes cantava lá

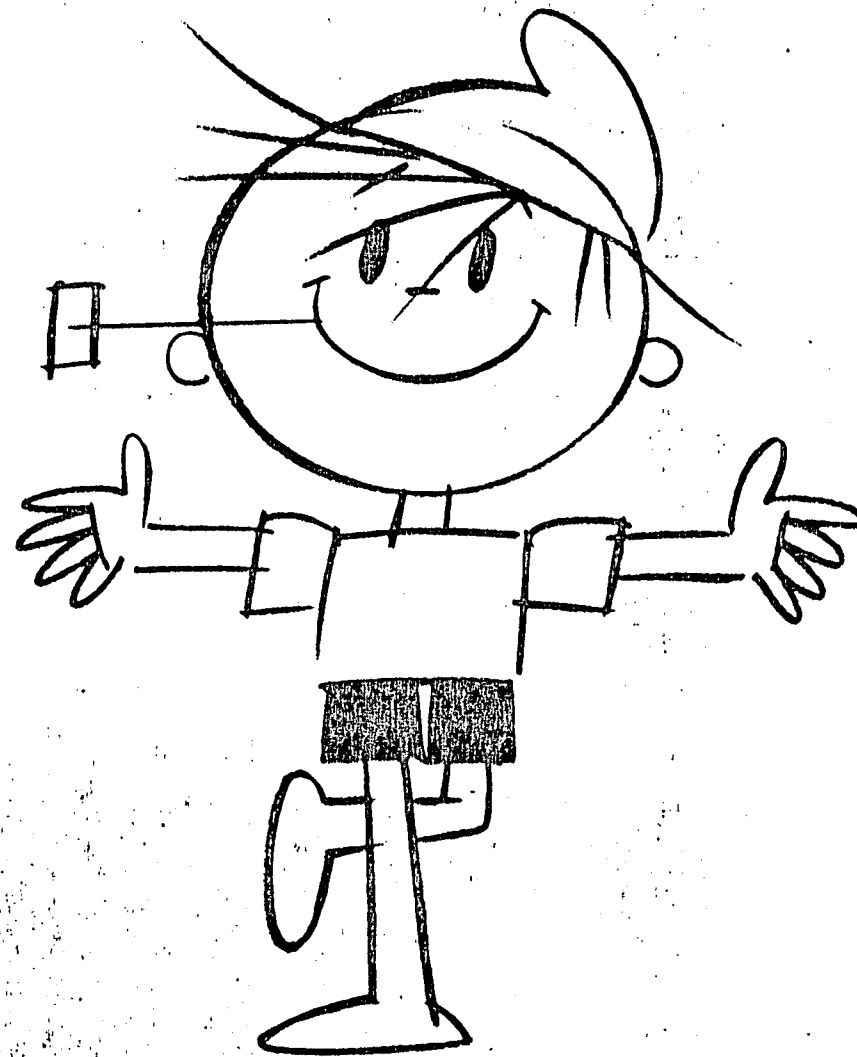


e logo já estava aqu



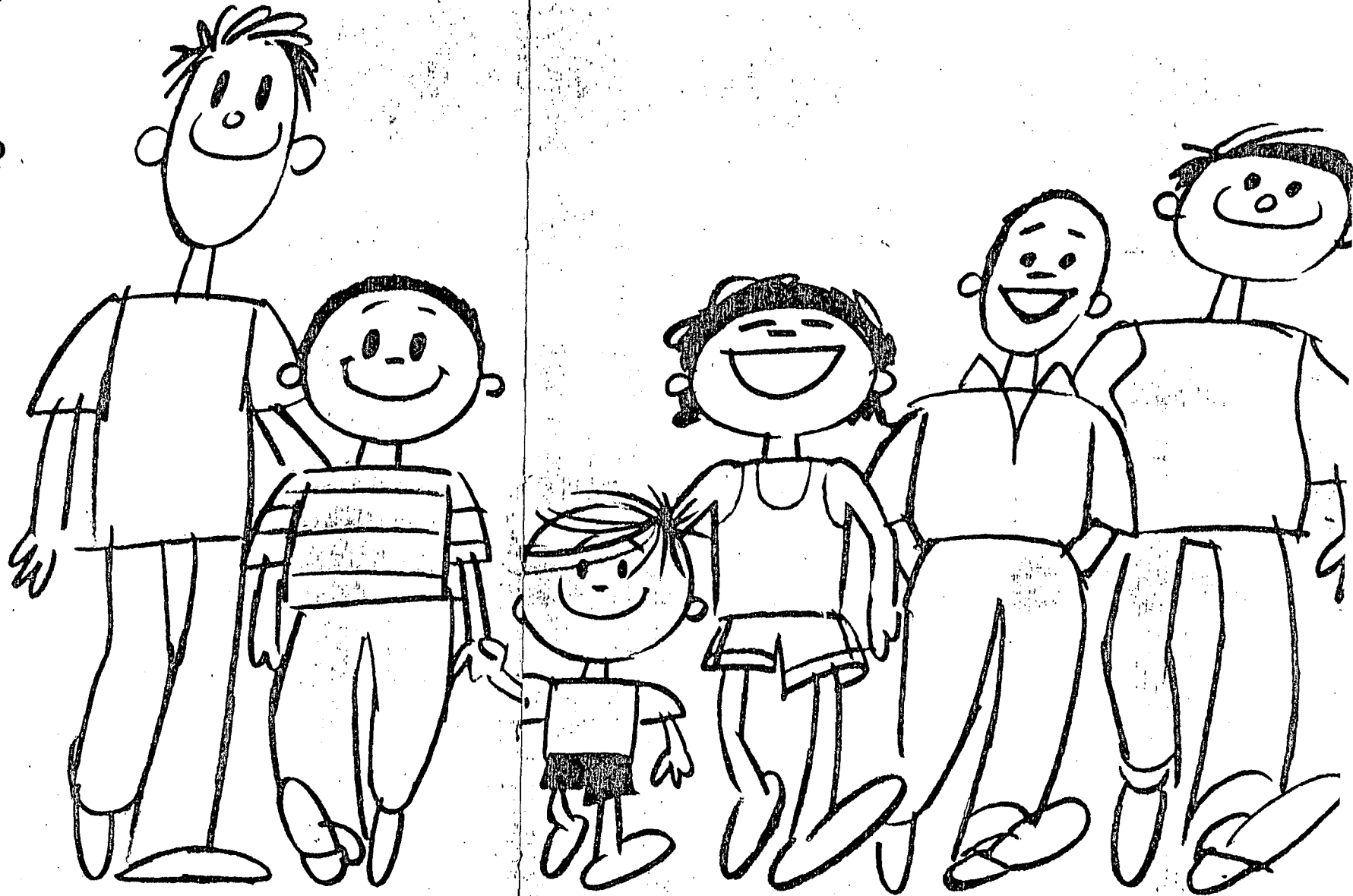
PIU
PIU

Pra uns, era um uirapuru

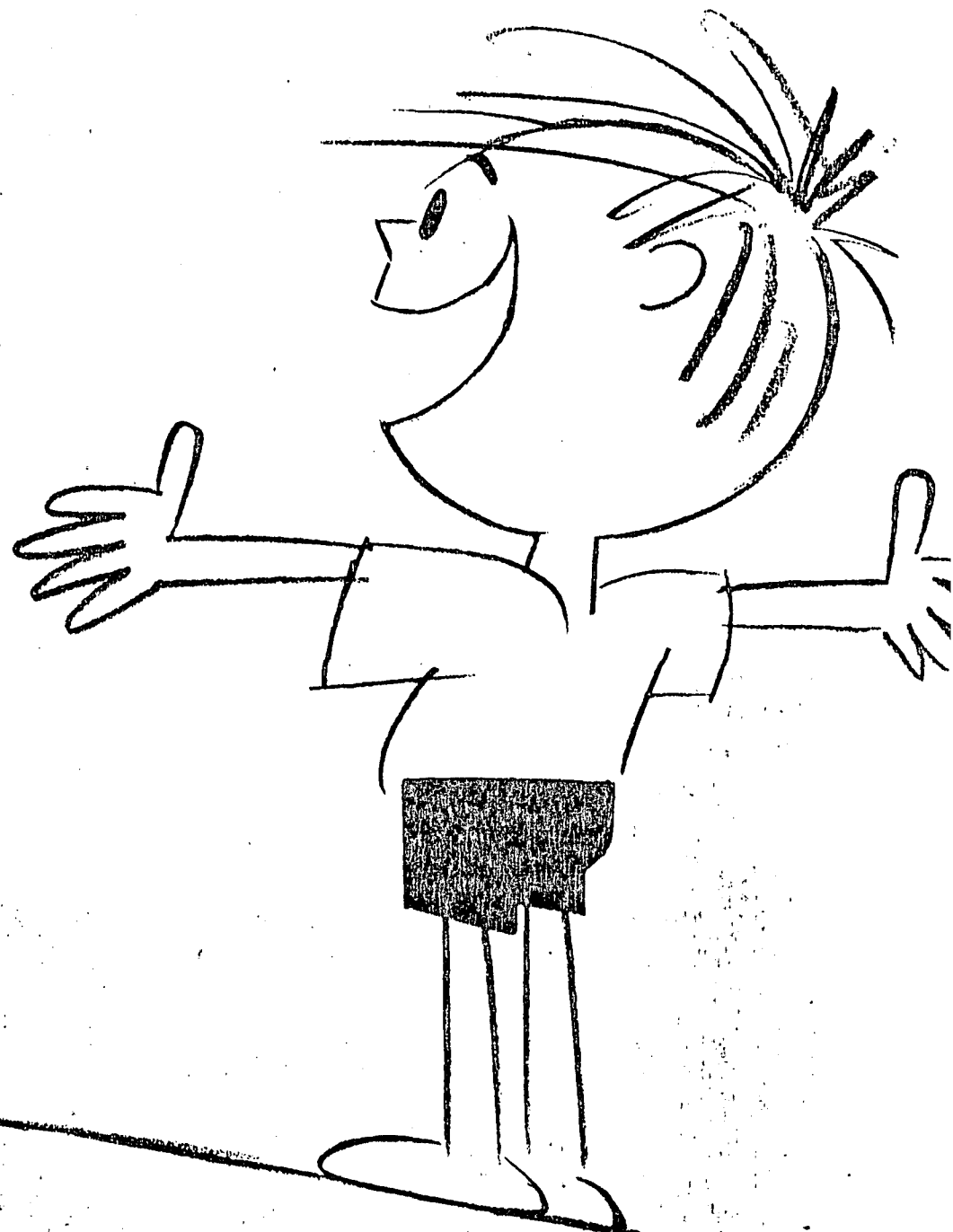


pra outros, era um saci.

Na turma em que
ele andava
ele era
o menorzinho
o mais espertinho
o mais bonitinho
o mais alegrinho
o mais
maluquinho.



Era tantas coisas
terminadas em inho
que os colegas não entendiam
como é que ele podia ser
um companheiro.

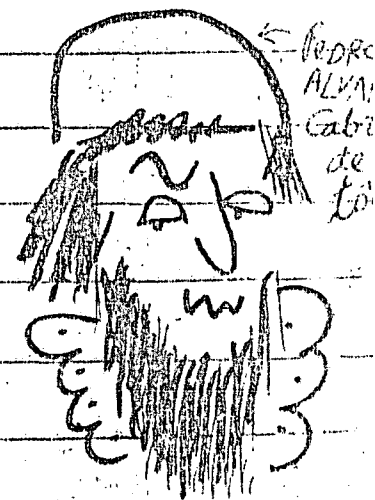


**Se ele perdia um caderno
no colégio
(e ele perdia um caderno
todo dia)
era fácil encontrar seu dono.**

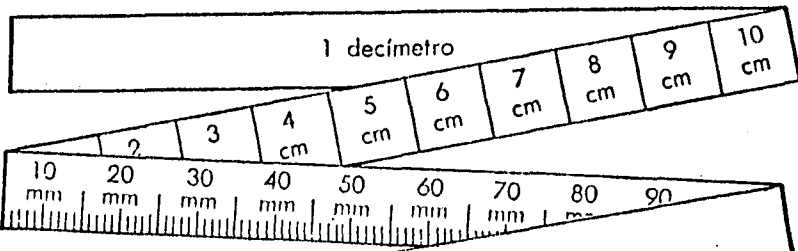
Seu caderno era assim:

Descobrimiento do Brasil

O Brasil foi descoberto em 1500.
Primeiro chamou-se Ilha de Vera Cruz
depois Terra de Santa Cruz me-
torde Brasil. Quem descobriu o Bra-
sil foi o navegador
português Pedro Al-
vares Cabral. Ele
saiu do Rio Tejo em
Lisboa na frente de
uma frota de 13 naus
no dia 8 de Março de
1500. A 22 de Abril ele avistou terra a que
deu o nome de Monte Pascoal, porque era
um monte e era Páscoa.



um dever e um desenho



Tem mil perninhas o metro

Eu vou comprar um per¹ímetro

Pra saber quantas perninhas

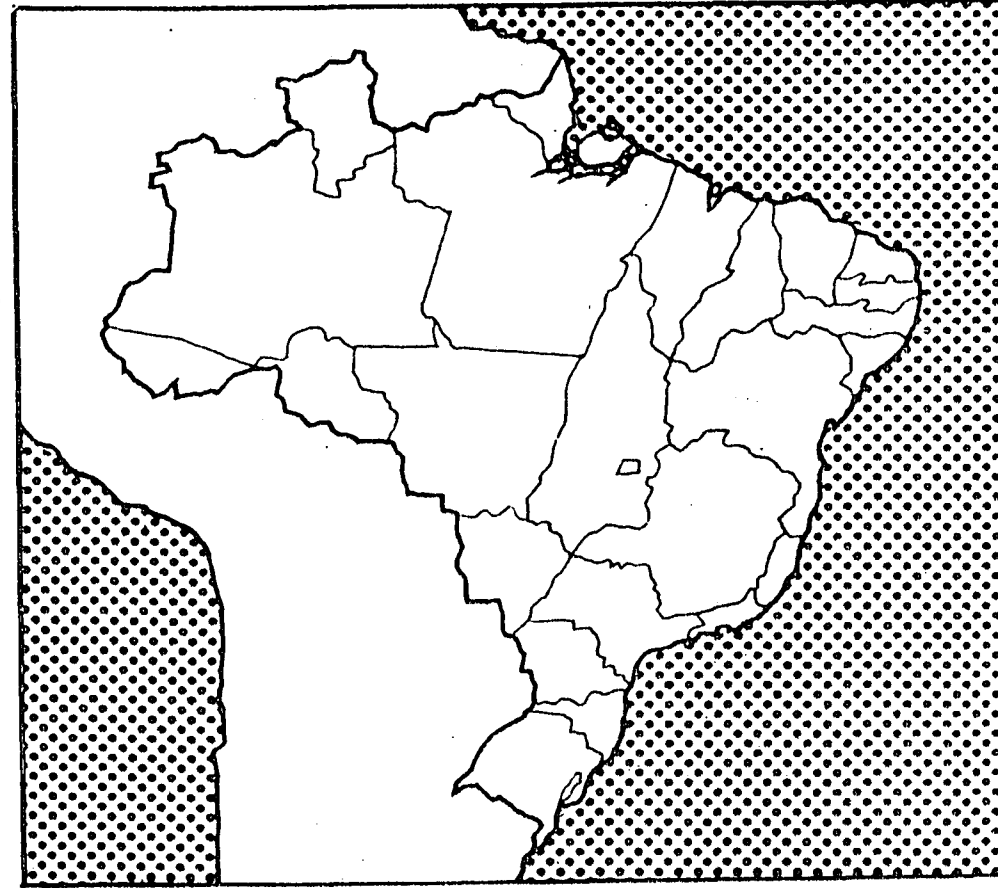
que deve ter um quilômetro

este versinho foi a tia que me ensinou

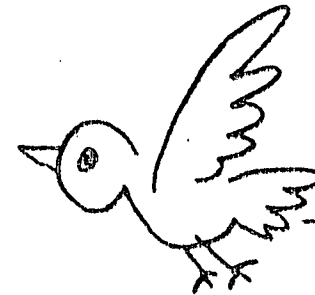
Frações decimais dessas unidades são os submúltiplos delas, algumas das quais muito usadas, como o centímetro e o grama.

Mas também se usam medidas que são essas mesmas unidades multiplicadas por 10, 100 ou 1.000.

uma lição e um versinho



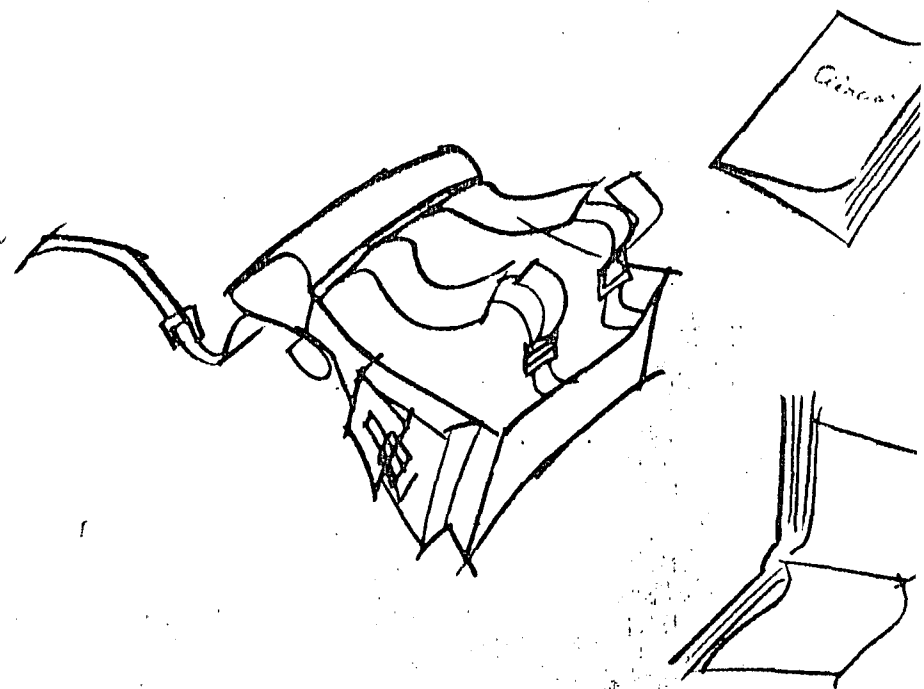
17 - ESCREVA OS NOMES DOS ESTADOS



um mapa e um passarinho.
"Este caderno só pode ser do menino maluquinho."

A melhor coisa do mundo
na casa do menino maluquinho
era quando ele voltava da escola.

A pasta e os livros
chegavam sempre primeiro
voando na frente.



Depois
entrava o menino
com seu pé de vento,
e a casa ventava
os quartos cantavam
e tudo se enchia
de som e alegria.

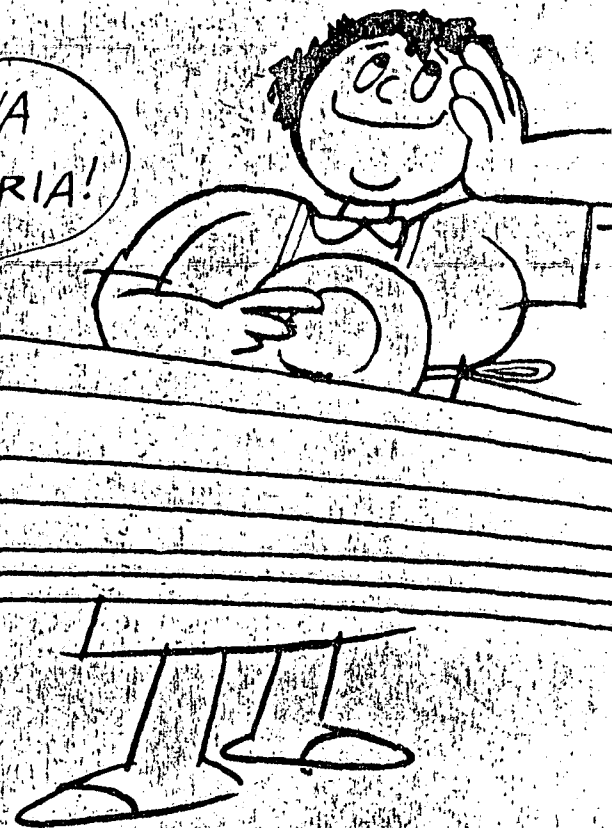
TOU
COM!
FOME!

ME DA'
LEITE!

CADÊ
MINHA
BICICLETA?

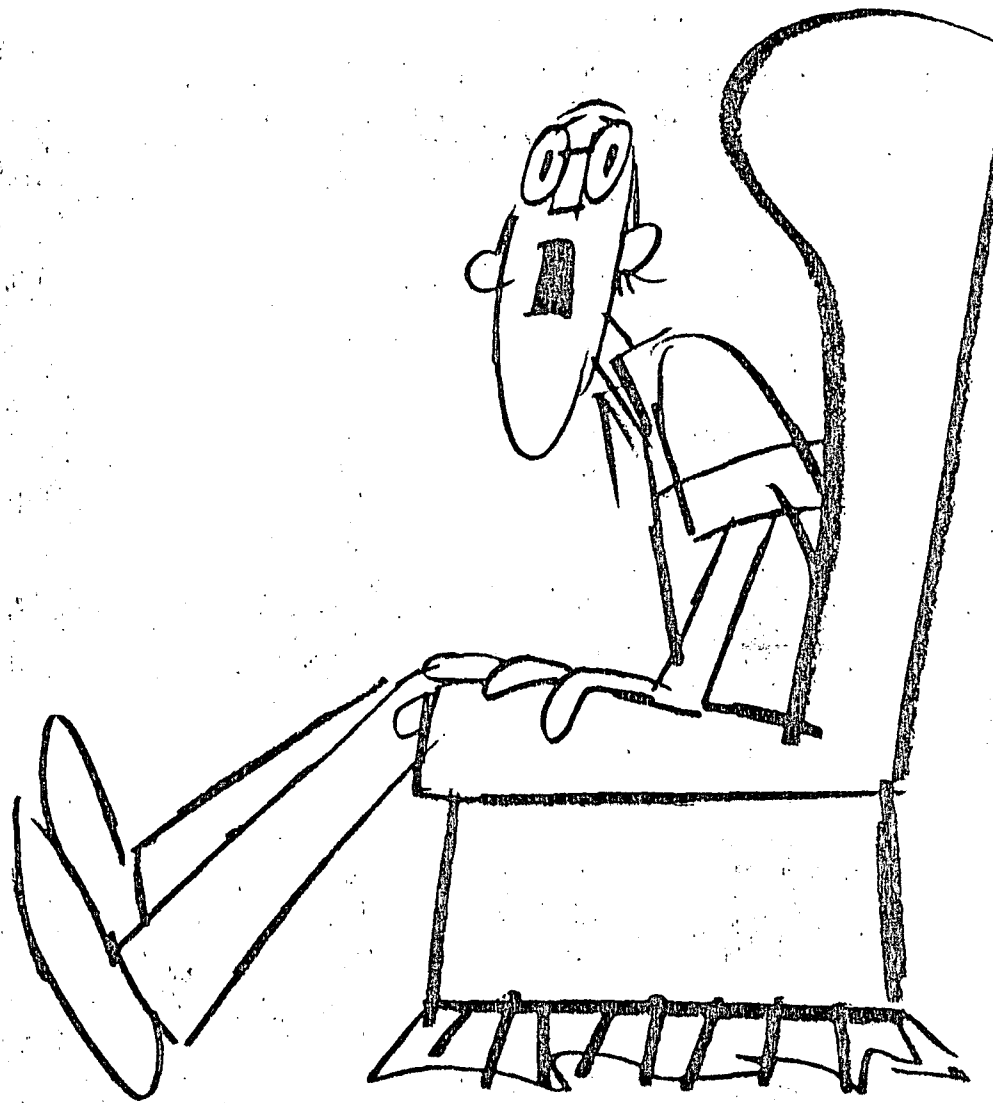
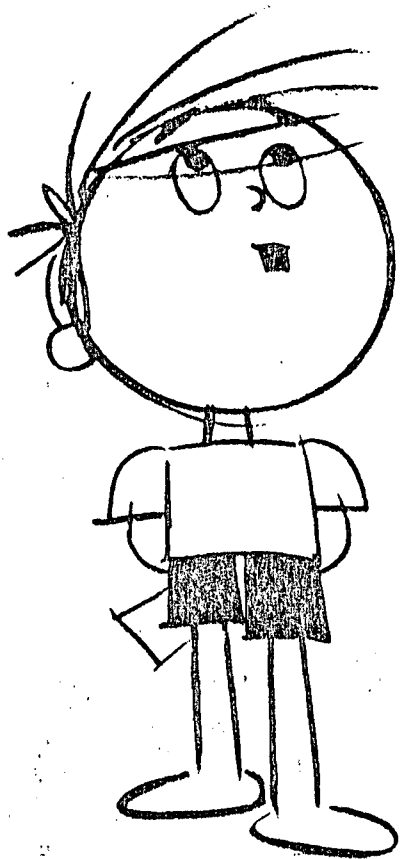
VIVA
A
MARIA!

E a cozinheira dizia:
"Chegou o maluquinho!"

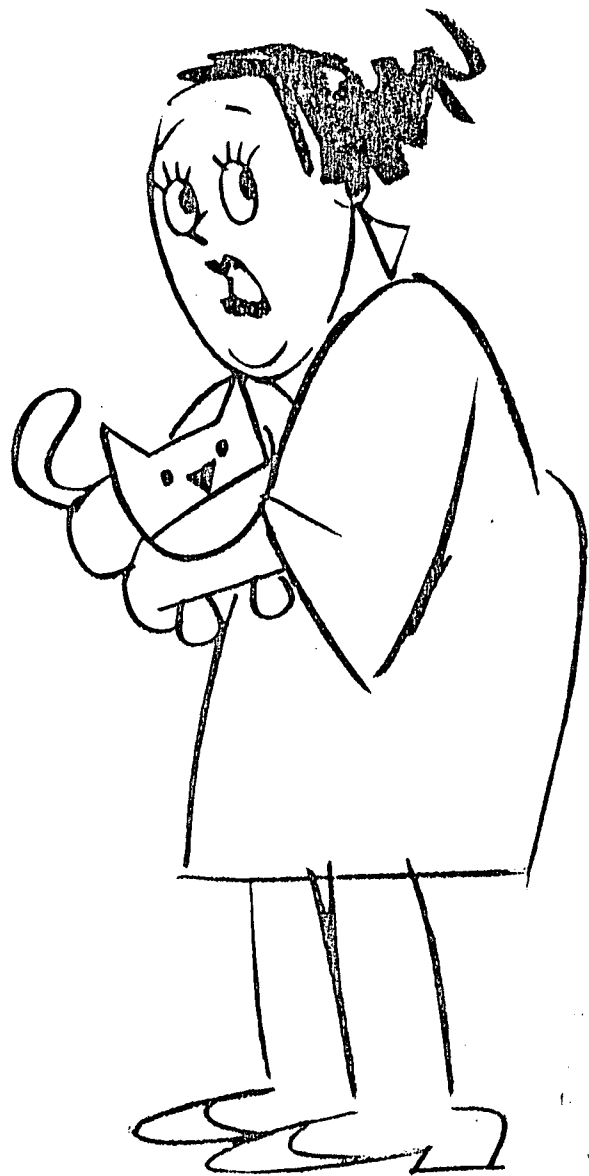


Um dia, num fim de ano
o menino maluquinho
chegou em casa com uma bomba:

“Mamãe, tou aí com uma bomba!”



— “Meu neto é um subversivo!”
gritou o avô.

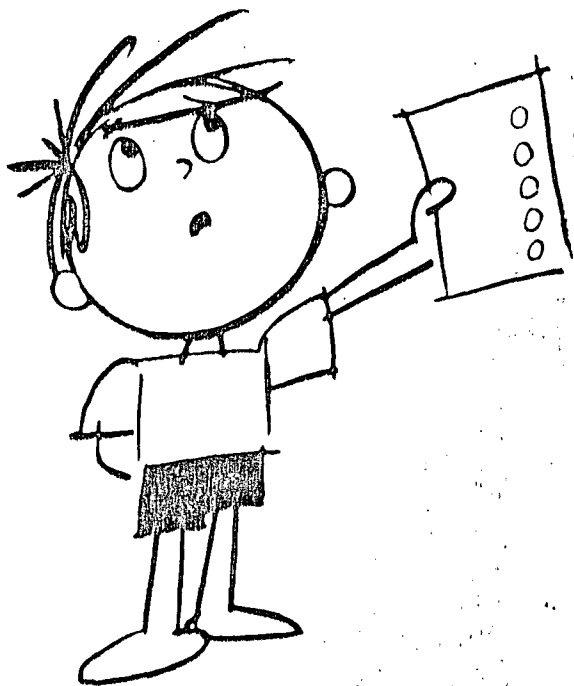


“Ele vai matar o gato!”
gritou a avó.



“Tira esse negócio daí!”
falou — de novo — a babá.

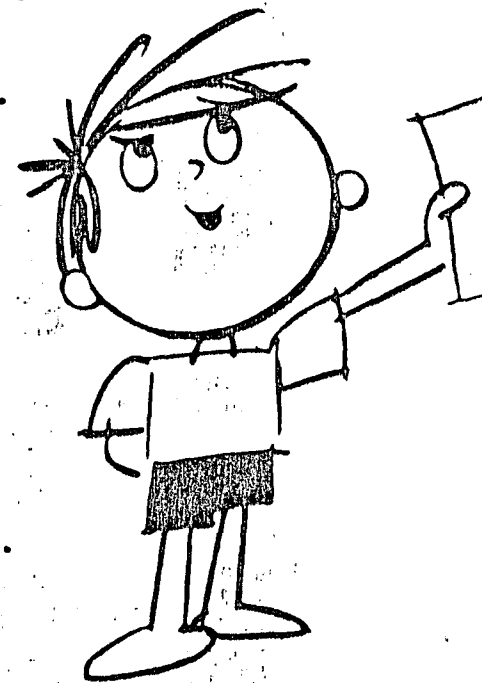
Mas, aí o menino explicou:
"A bomba já explodiu, gente.
Lá no colégio."



"Esse menino é maluquinho!"
falou o pai, aliviado.
E foi conferir o boletim.

Esse susto não era nada
tinha outros, que ele pregava.

Às vezes
sem qualquer ordem
do papai e da mamãe
se trancava lá no quarto
e estudava e estudava
e voltava do colégio
com as provas terminadas
tinha dez no boletim
que não acabava mais.

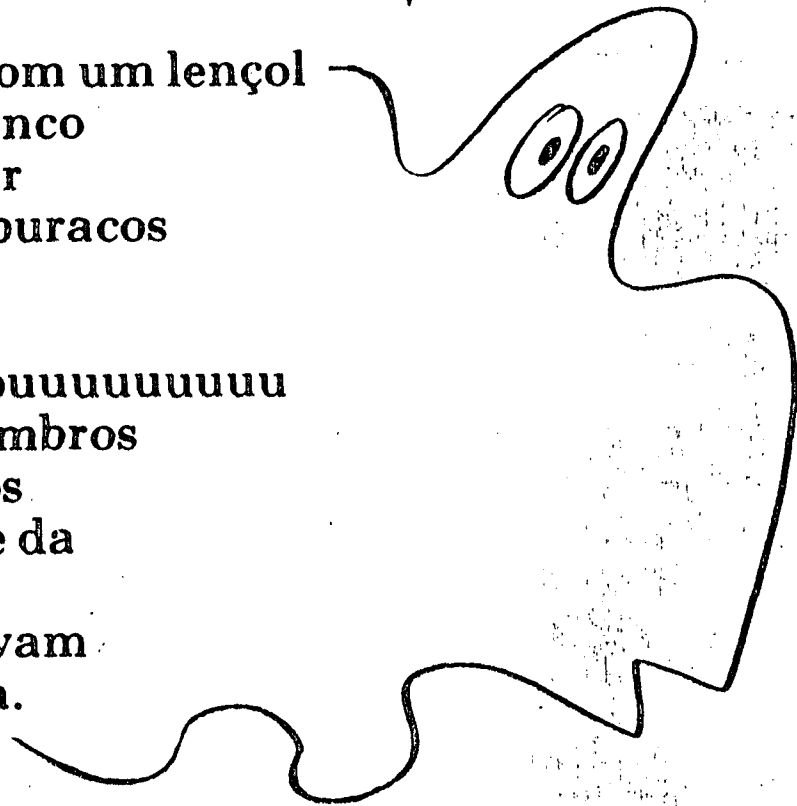


E ele dizia aos pais
cheio de
contentamento:
"Só tem um zerinho aí.
Num tal de
comportamento!"

Numa noite muito escura
apareceu o fantasma!!!

Coberto com um lençol
muito branco
assustador
com dois buracos
nos olhos
saltou
fazendo buuuuuuuuu
sobre os ombros
assustados
do papai e da
mamãe
que voltavam
do cinema.

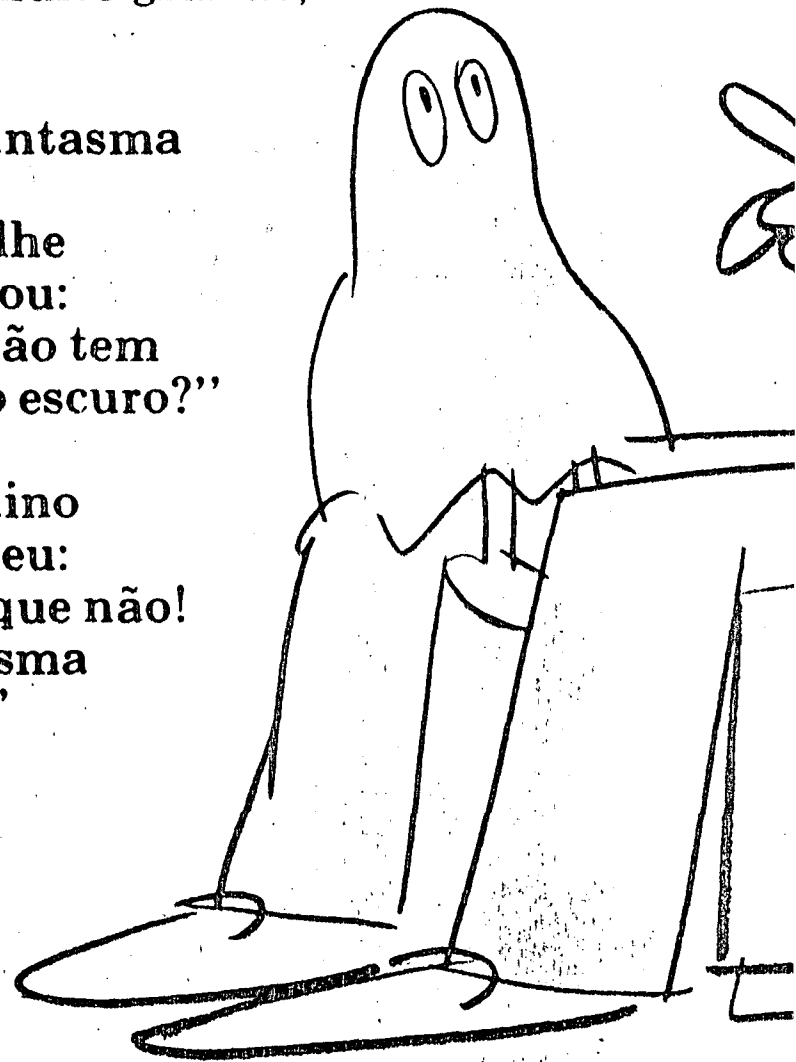
BUUUUUUUU



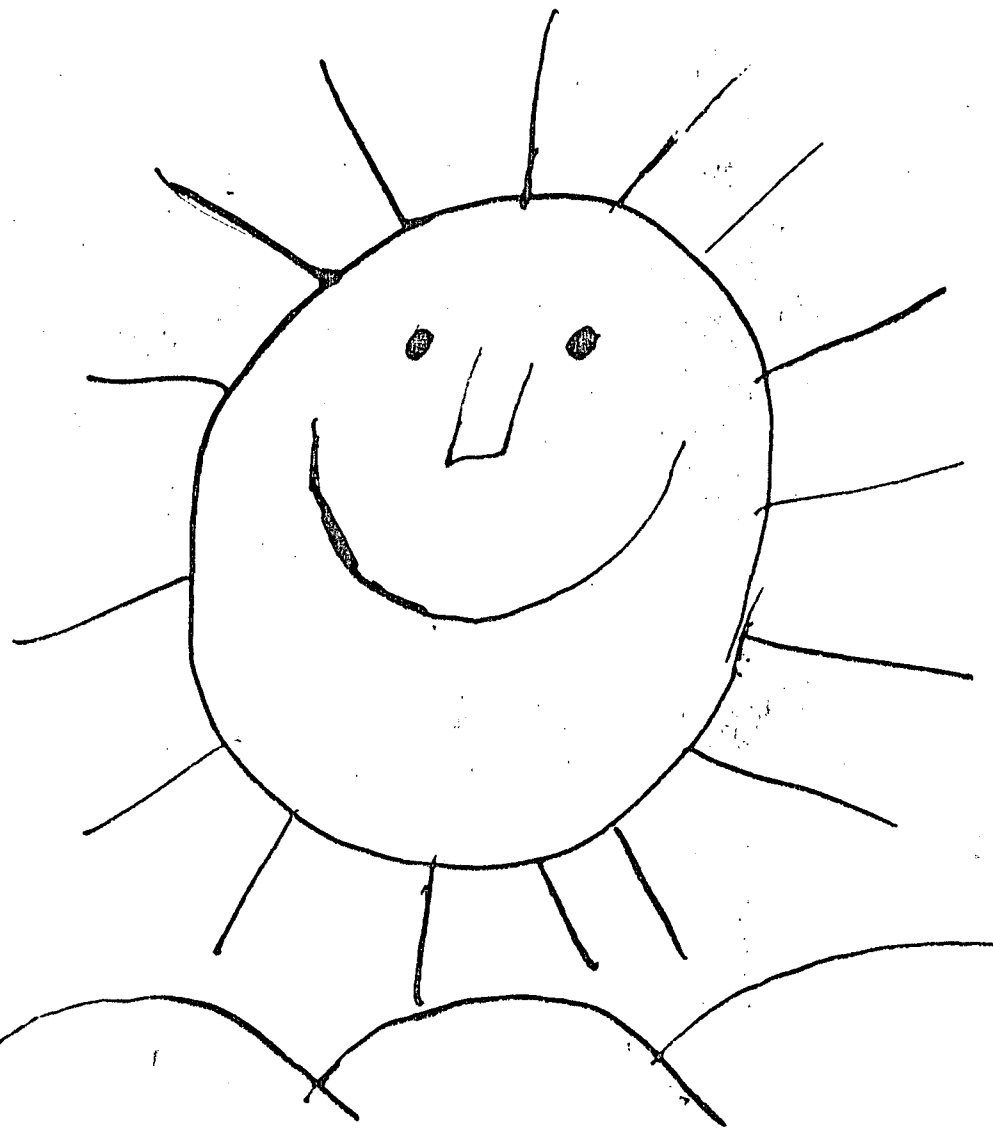
O susto não foi
muito, muito grande,
não.

Mas,
com o fantasma
no colo
o papai lhe
perguntou:
"Você não tem
medo do escuro?"

E o menino
respondeu:
"Claro que não!
O fantasma
sou eu!"

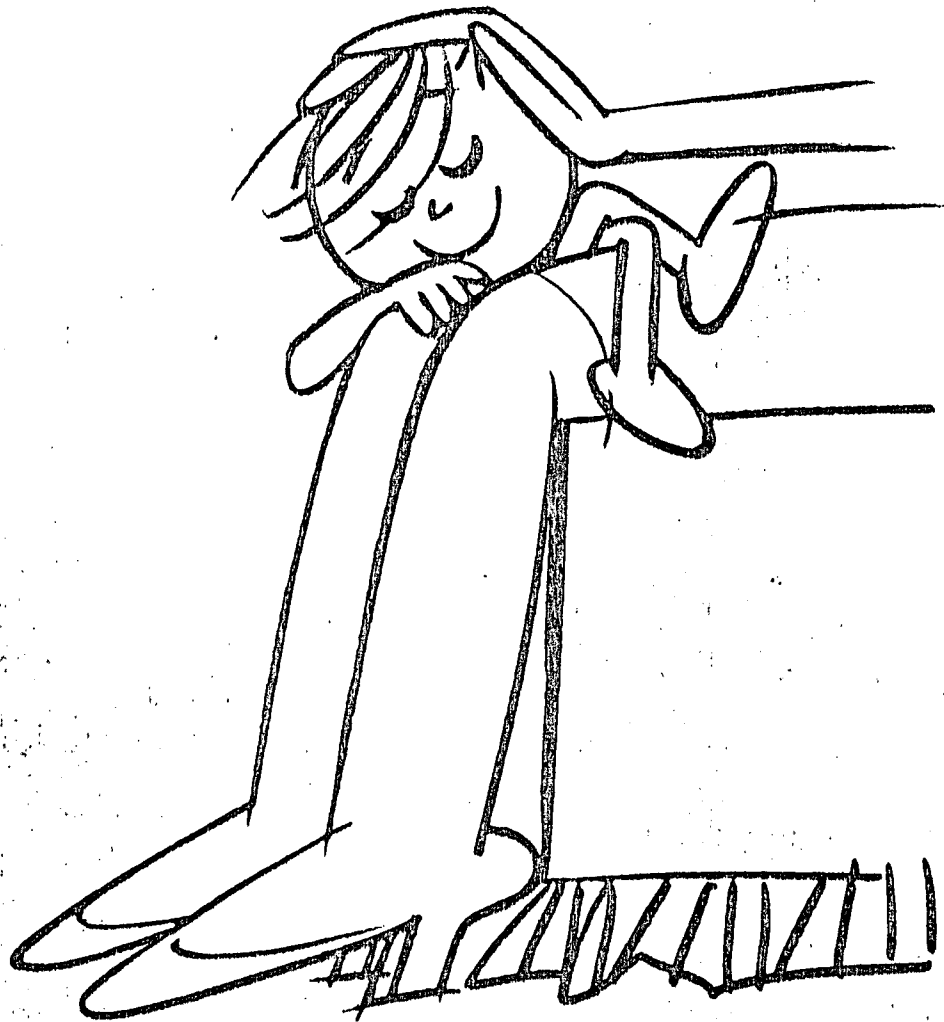


Na casa do menino maluquinho
era assim:
se tinha chuva
ele queria inventar o sol

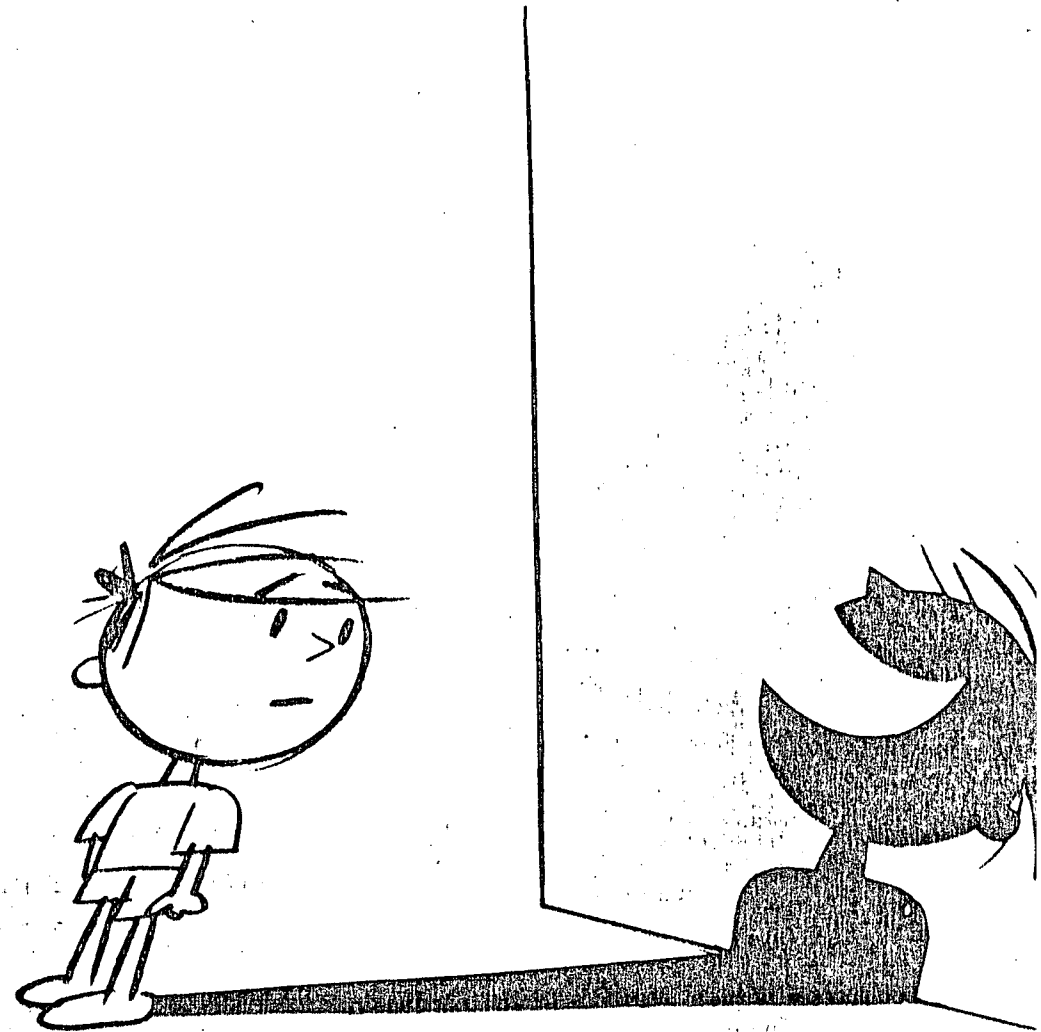


pois sabia onde achar
o azul e o amarelo;

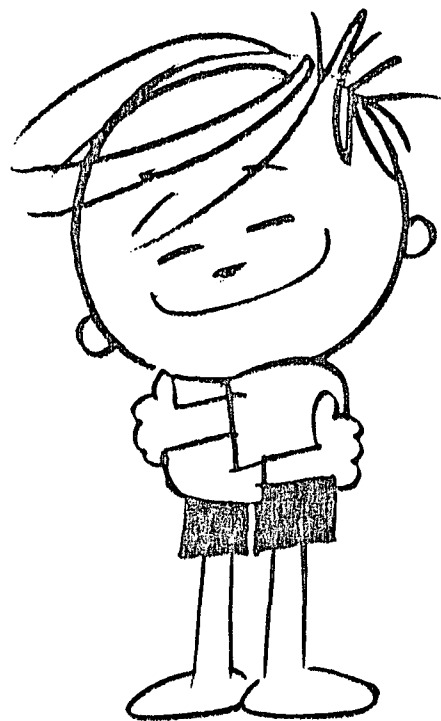
se fazia frio
ele tinha uma transa quentinha
pra se aquecer;



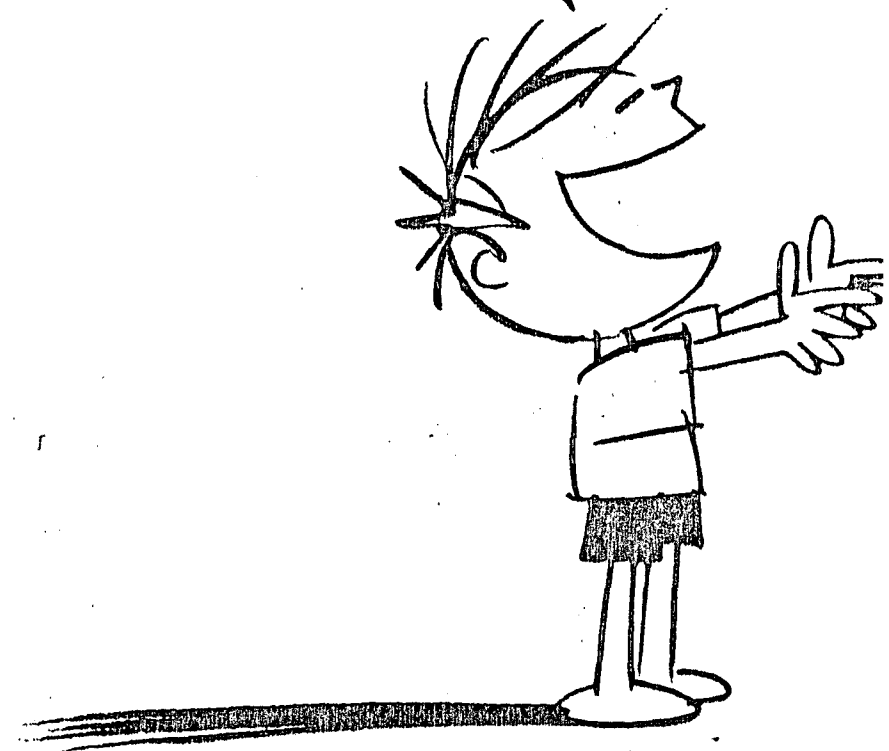
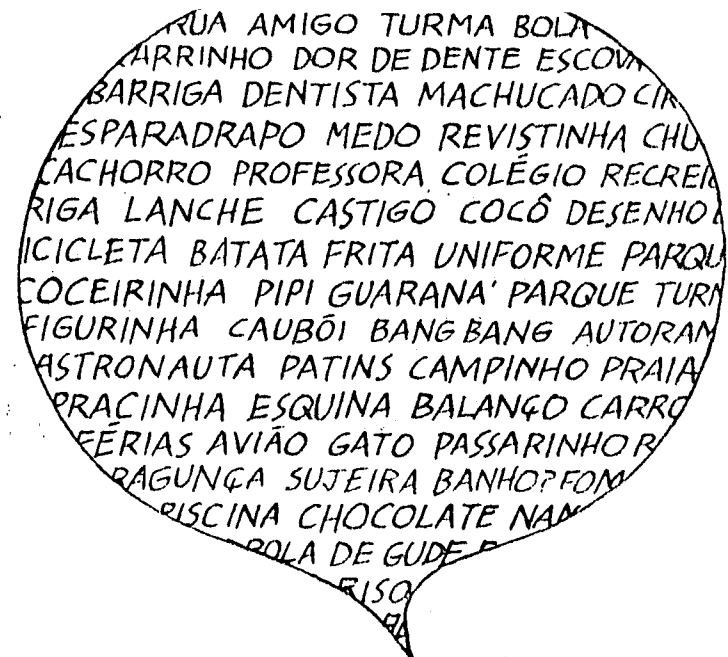
se tinha sombras
ele inventava de criar o riso
pois era cheio de graça;



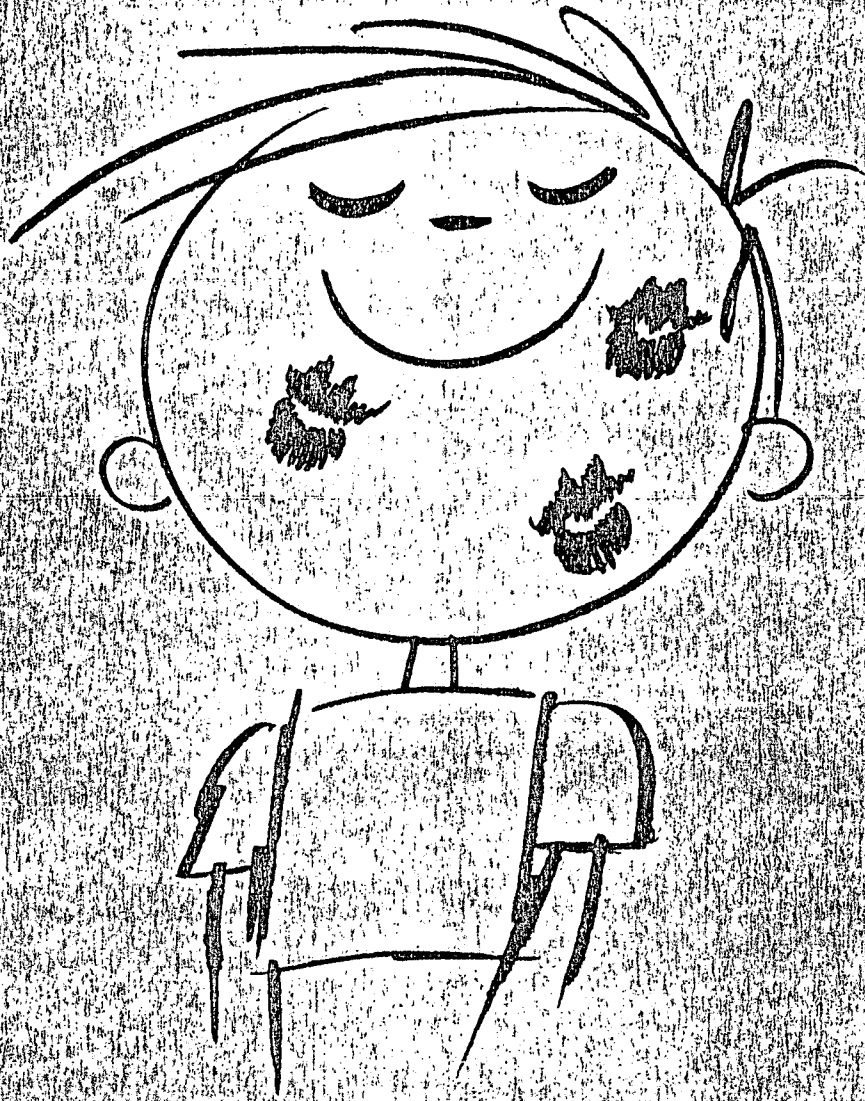
se, de repente,
ficasse muito vazio
ele inventava o abraço
pois sabia onde estavam
os braços que queria;



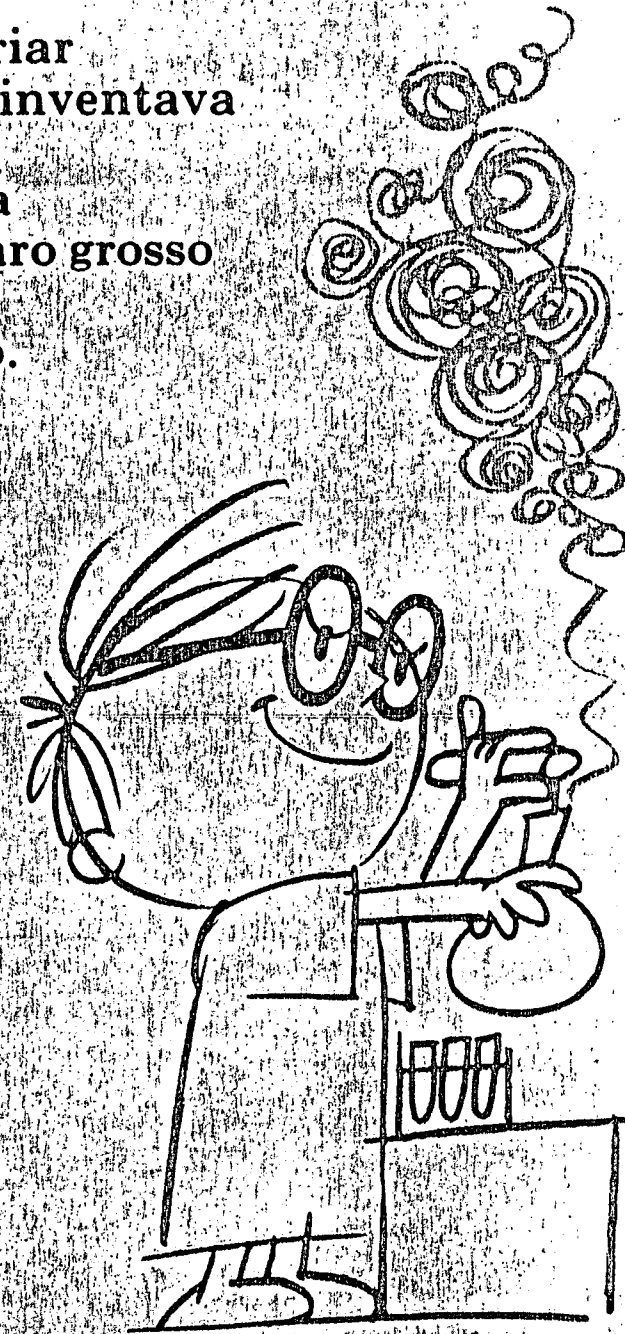
se havia
o silêncio
ele inventava
a conversa
pois havia
sempre
um tempo
para escutar
o que
o menino
gostava
de conversar;

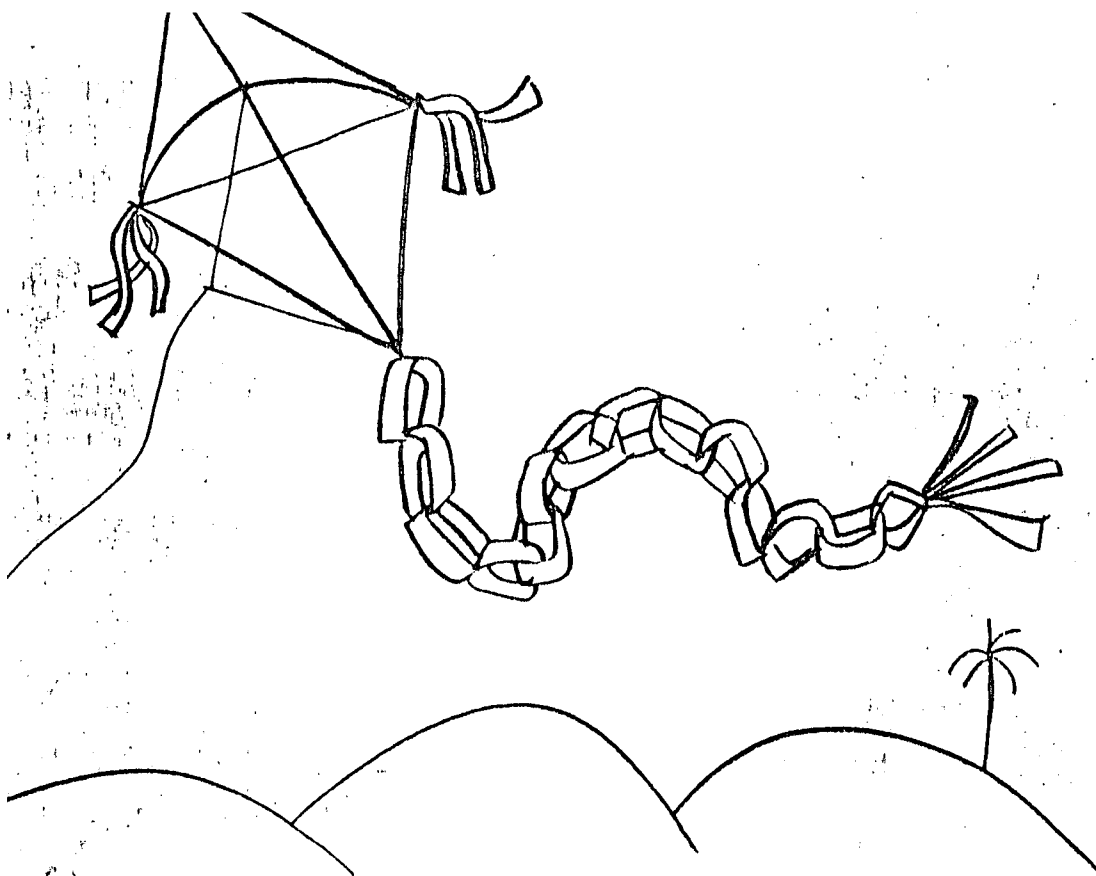


se tinha dor
ele inventava o beijo
aprendido
em várias lições.



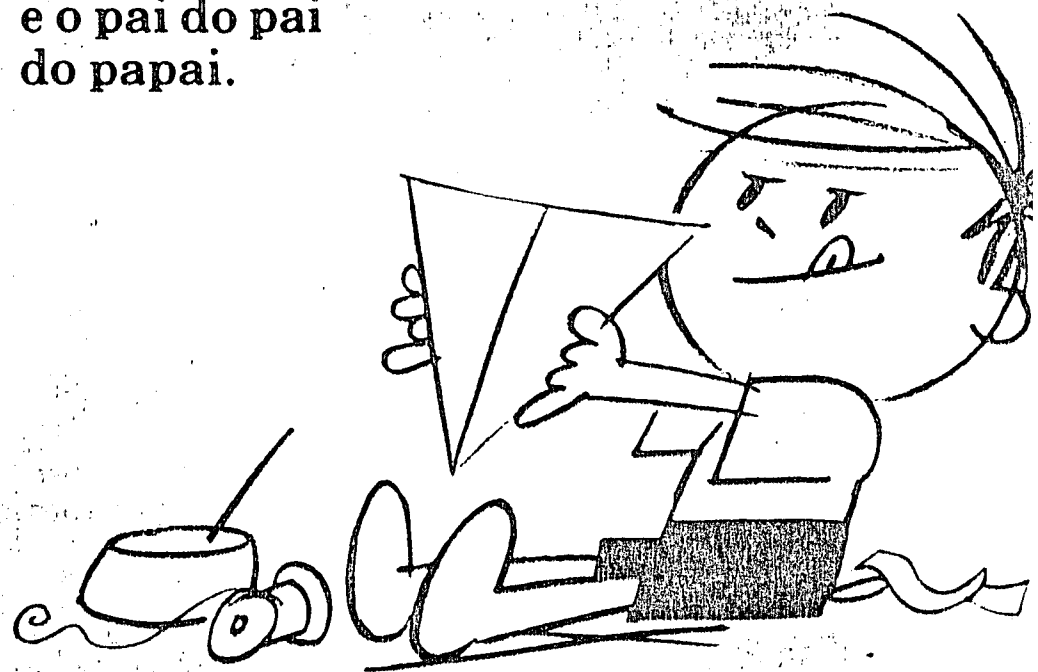
E quanto mais
deixavam ele criar
mais o menino inventava
vestido de
Doutor Silvana
com óculos de aro grosso
e jeito
de maluquinho.

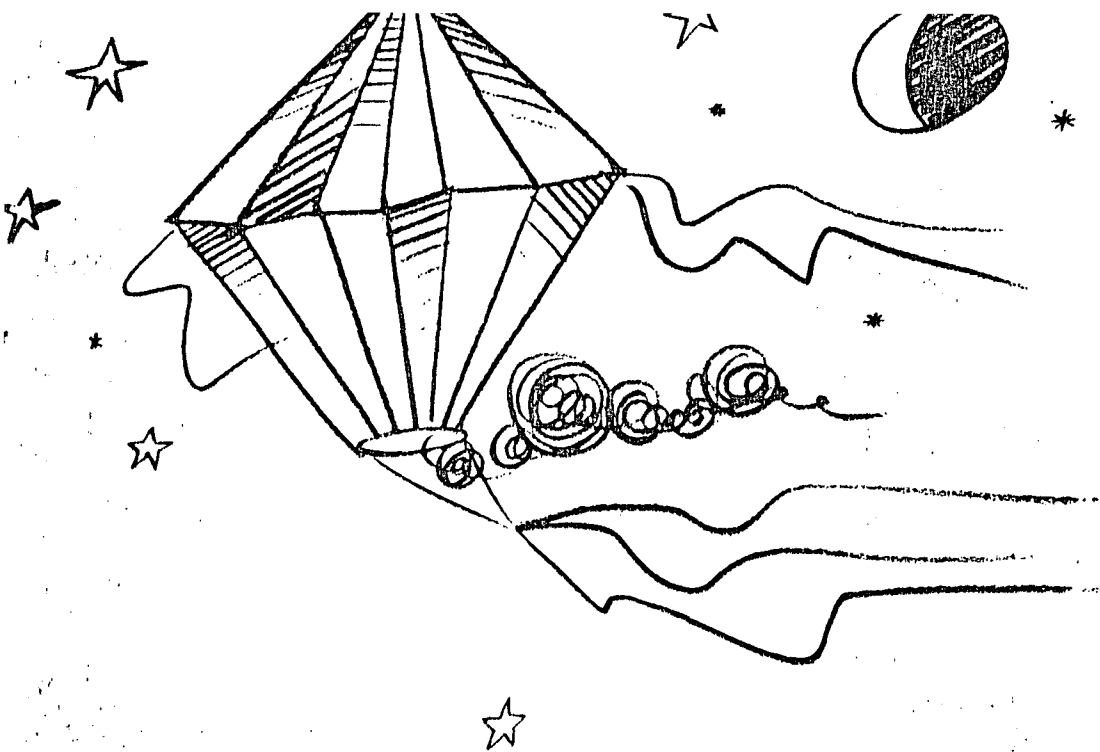




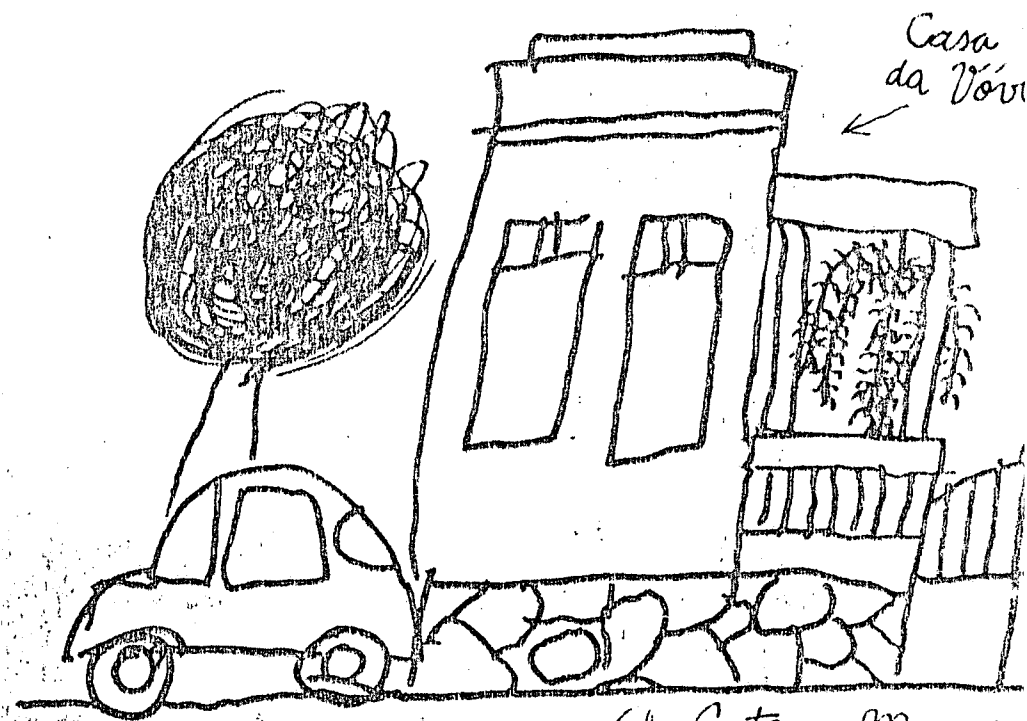
A pipa que
o menino maluquinho soltava
era a mais maluca de todas
rabeava lá no céu
rodopiava adoidado
caía de ponta cabeça
dava tranco e cabeçada
e sua linha cortava
mais que o afiado cerol.

E a pipa
quem fazia
era mesmo o menininho
pois ele havia aprendido
a amarrar linha e taquara
a colar papel de seda
e a fazer com polvilho
o grude para colar
a pipa triangular
como o papai
lhe ensinara
do jeito que havia
aprendido
com o pai
e o pai do pai
do papai.





E quando vinha São João
o mais luminoso balão
que todo mundo apontava
era o gordo balãozinho
do menino maluquinho
que custara uma semana
de trabalho da tesoura
e dos moldes da mamãe.



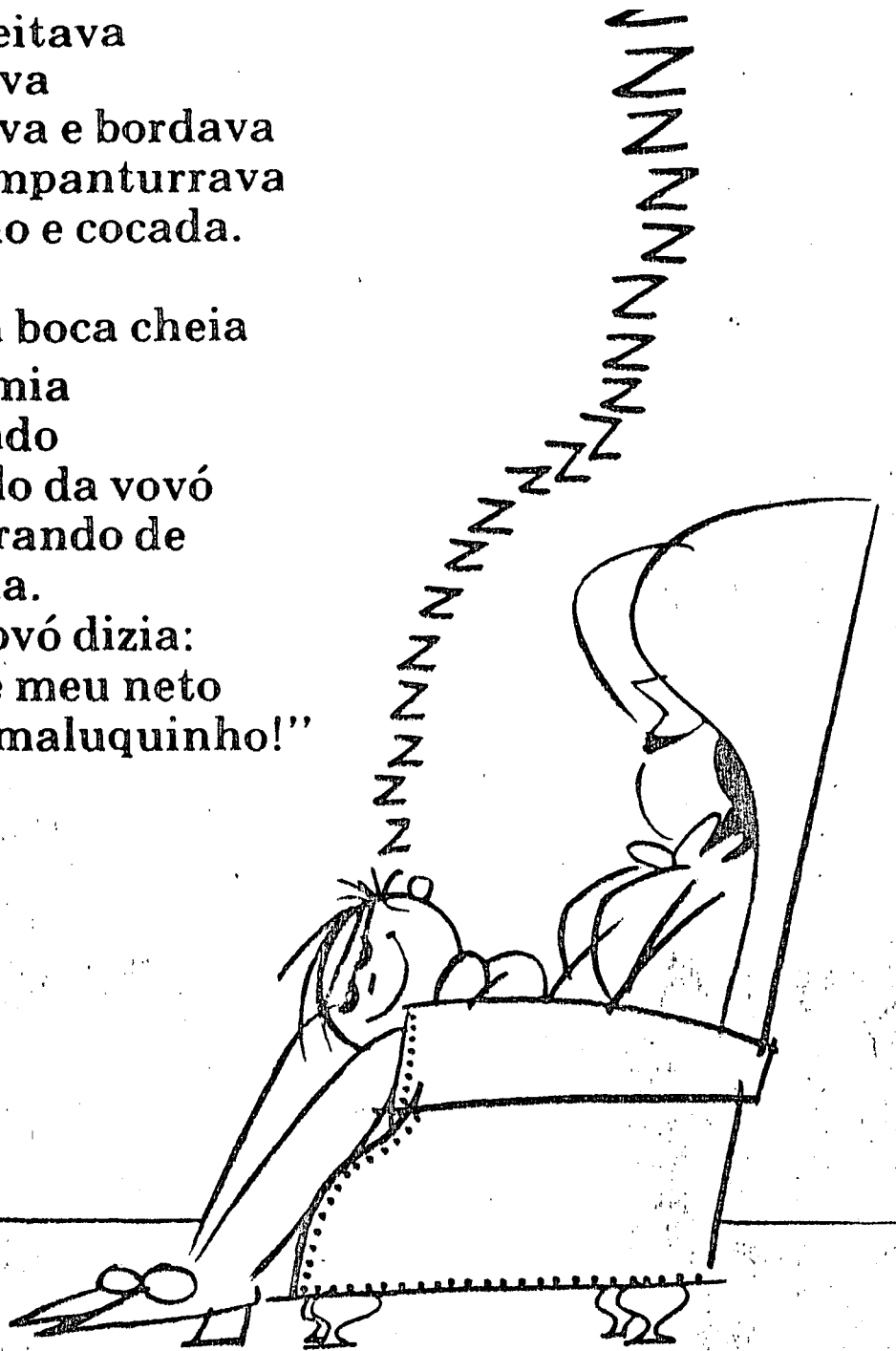
rua. Cel. Antônio Macedo

Era preciso ver
o menino maluquinho
na casa da vovó!

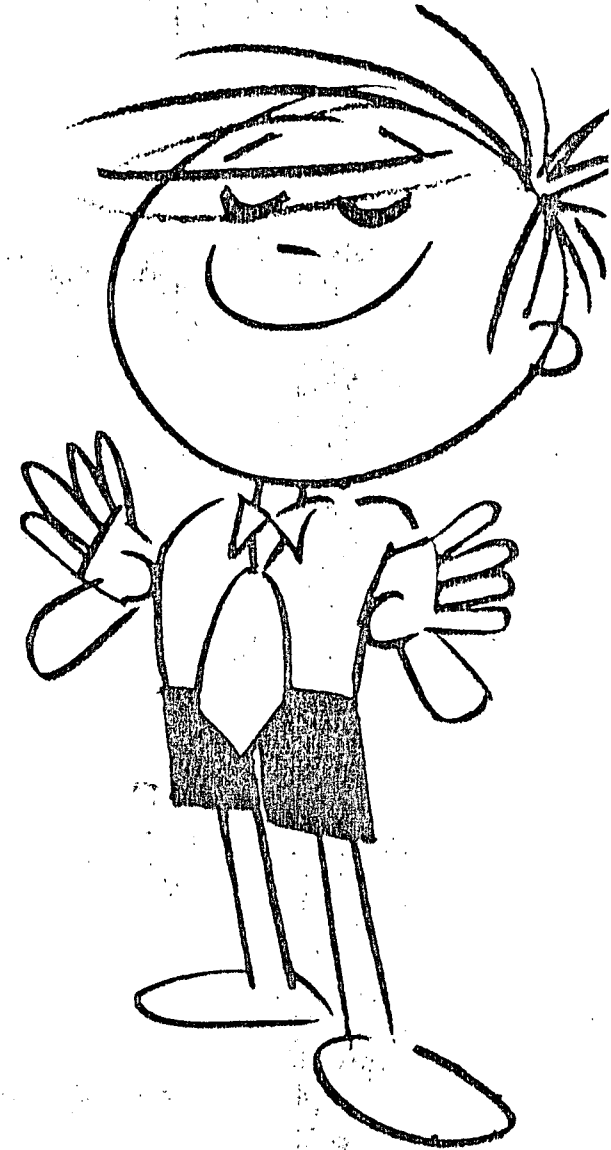
Ele deitava
e rolava
pintava e bordava
e se empanturrava
de bolo e cocada.

E ria
com a boca cheia
e dormia
cansado
no colo da vovó
suspirando de
alegria.

E a vovó dizia:
"Esse meu neto
é tão maluquinho!"

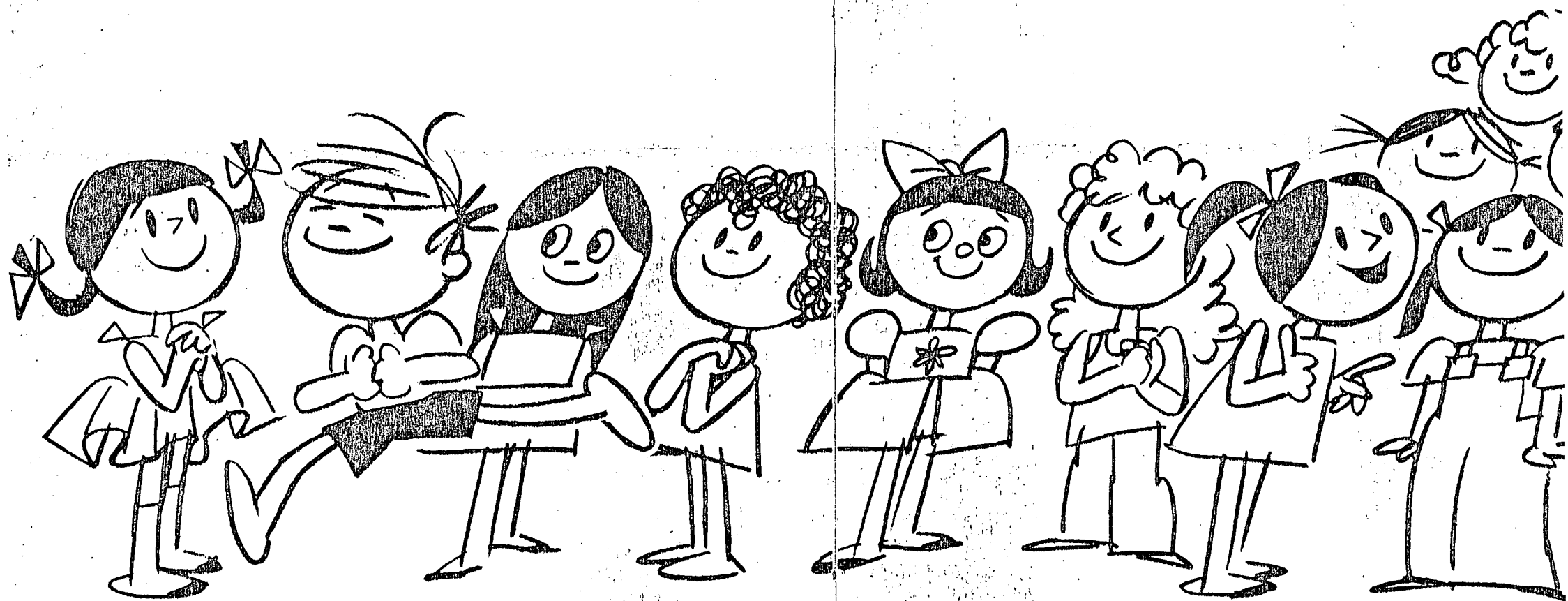


O menino maluquinho
tinha
dez namoradas!

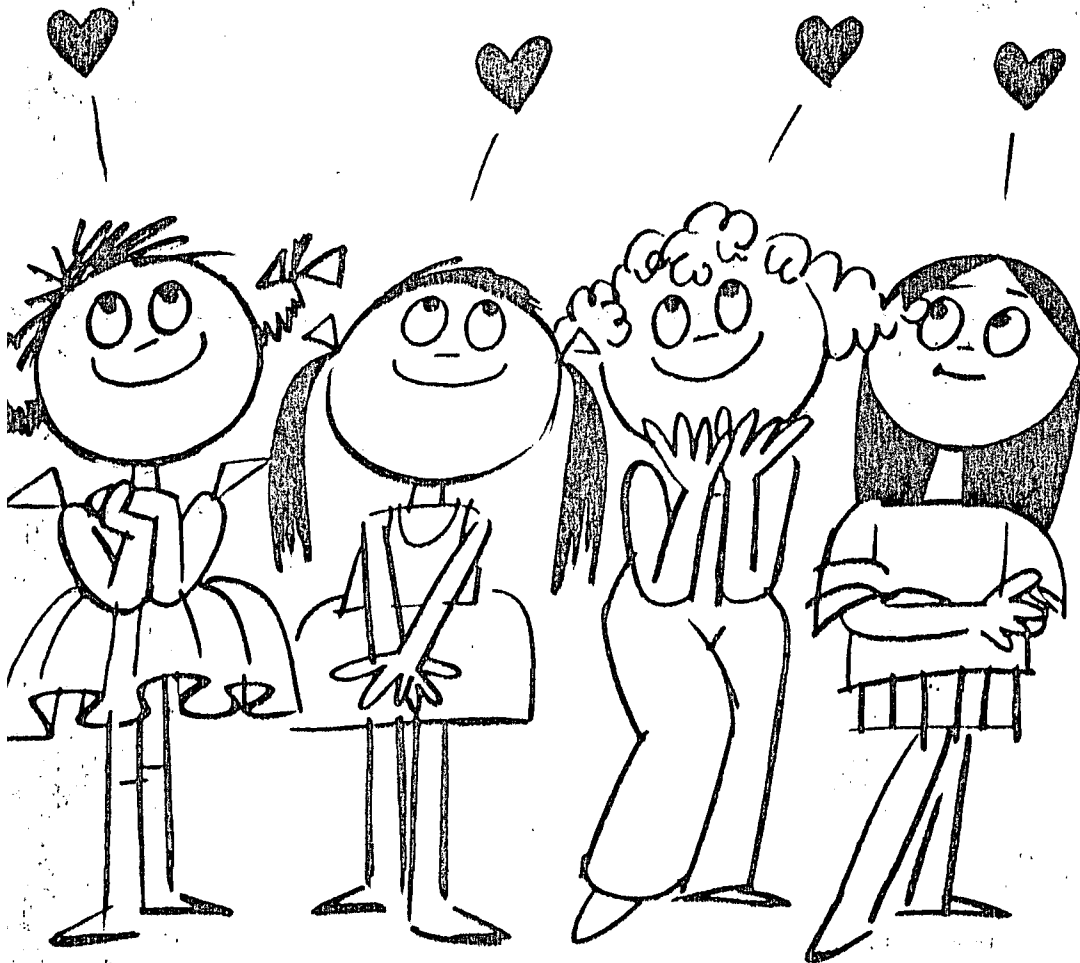


E elas riam muito, muito
de suas graças
riam tanto
que nem tinham tempo
de beijar escondido.

Quando o namoro acabava
e a nova namorada perguntava
qual tinha sido o motivo
do namoro terminar
ela já sabia a resposta:
"Esse seu namorado
é muito maluquinho!"

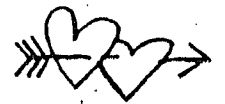


Mas, todas ficavam muito apaixonadas!



Ele era
um namorado
formidável

que desenhava
corações
nos troncos
das árvores



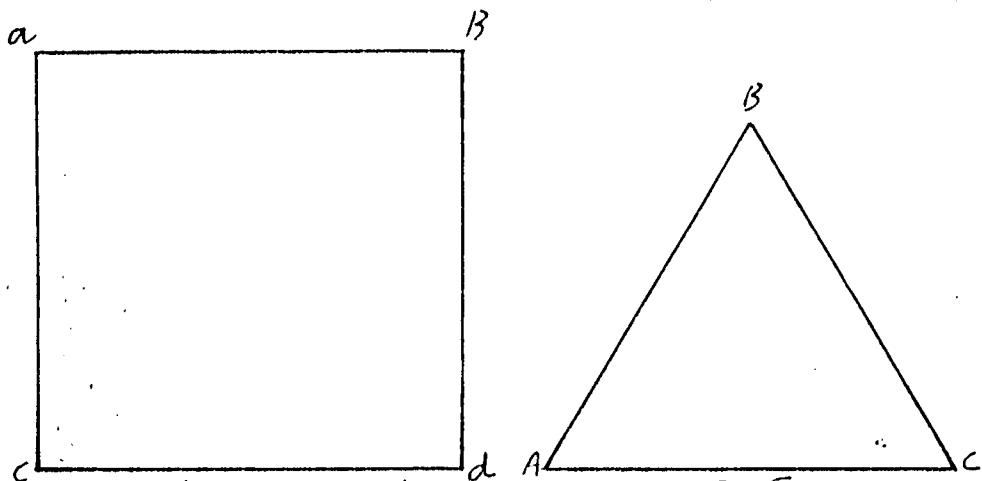


Fig. 1 - Quadrado

Fig. 2 - Triangulo



que
desenhava
flores no caderno de desenho

e levava laranjas
e levava maçãs
e pagava sorvetes
e roubava beijinhos

SMAC



Gosto muito de você
Acho que estou apaixonado
Mas acho que este versinho
Está de pé quebrado

e fazia versinhos

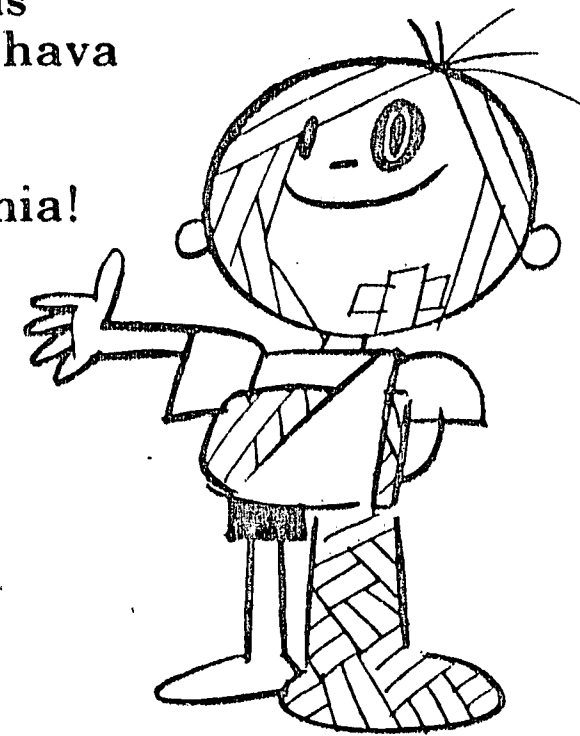
Handwritten musical score for a song in 3/4 time. The score consists of seven staves. The first staff is in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The second staff has a slur over the first two notes. The third staff has a slur over the last two notes. The fourth staff is in bass clef. The fifth staff has a bracket labeled "1ª VEZ" over the last four notes. The sixth staff has a bracket labeled "2ª VEZ" over the first note, followed by a double bar line and the word "FIM". The seventh staff is empty.

e fazia canções.

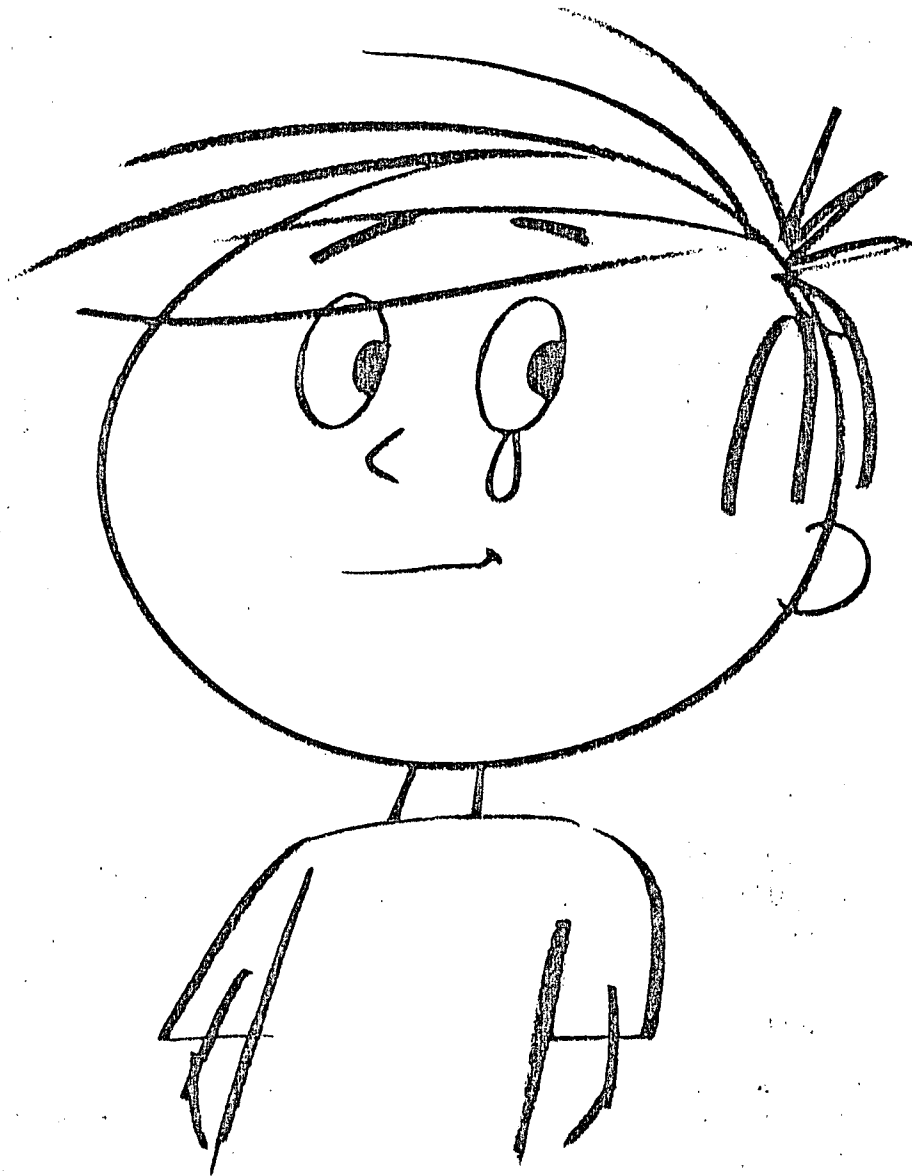
E se escalavrava
nos paralelepípedos



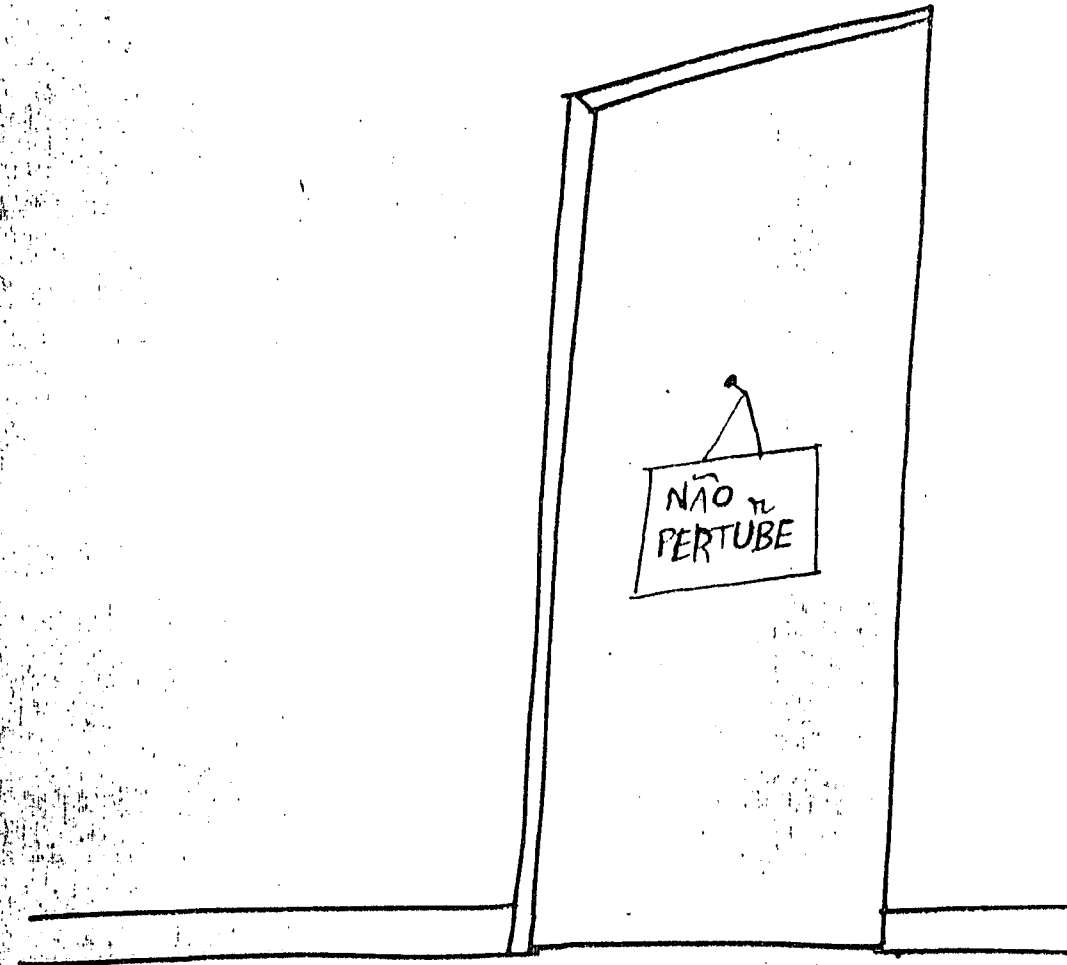
e rasgava os fundilhos
no arame da cerca
e tinha tanto esparadrapo
nas canelas
e nos cotovelos
e tanta bandagem
na volta das férias
que todo ano ganhava
dos colegas
no colégio
o apelido de Múmia!

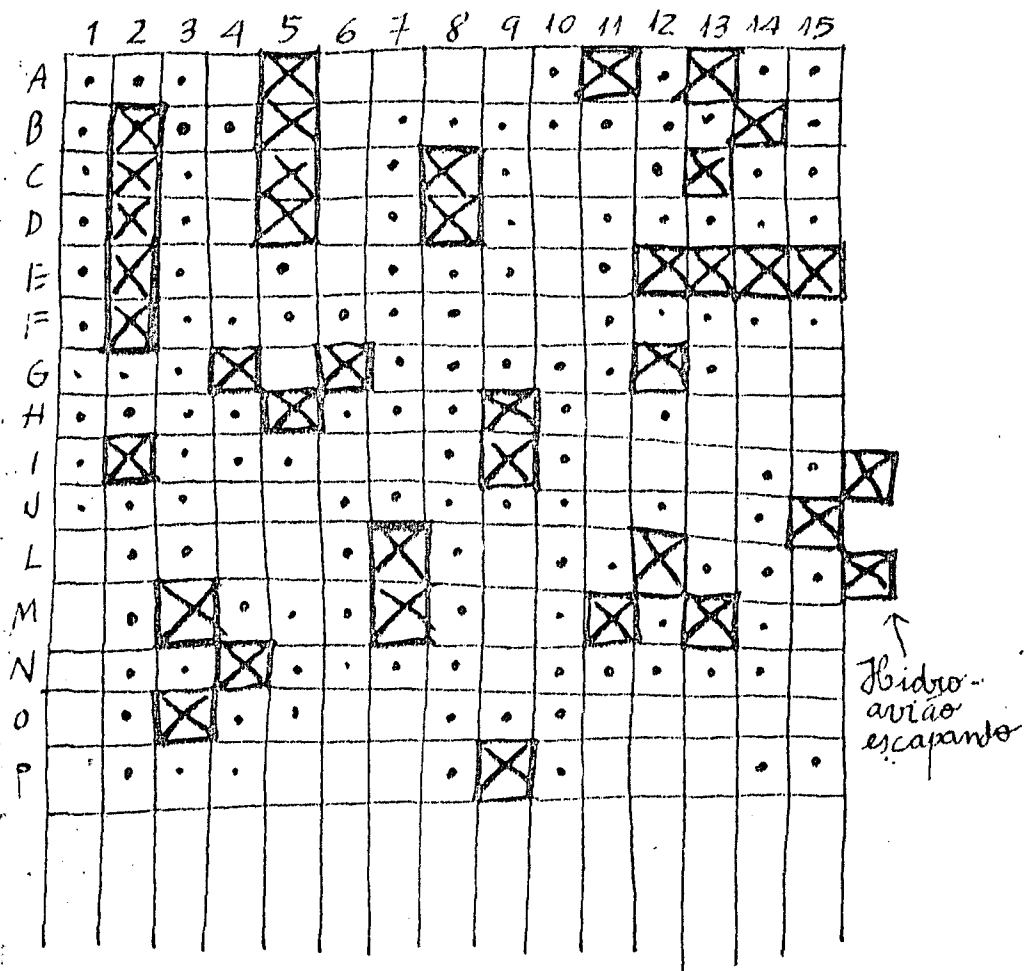


E chorava escondido
se tinha tristezas



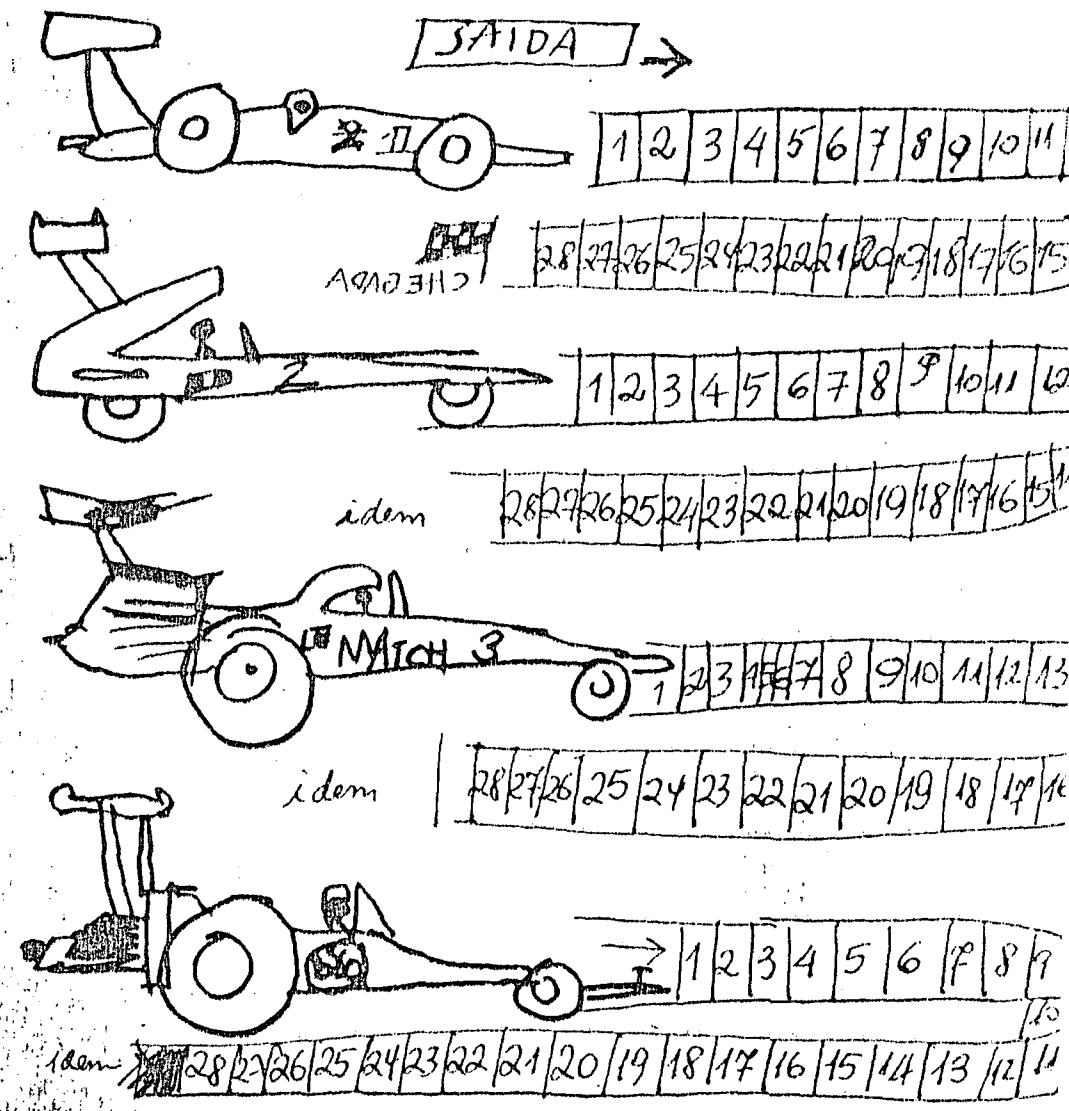
e ficava sozinho
brincando no quarto
semanas seguidas





eu contra eu - Vencedor: eu

fazendo batalhas

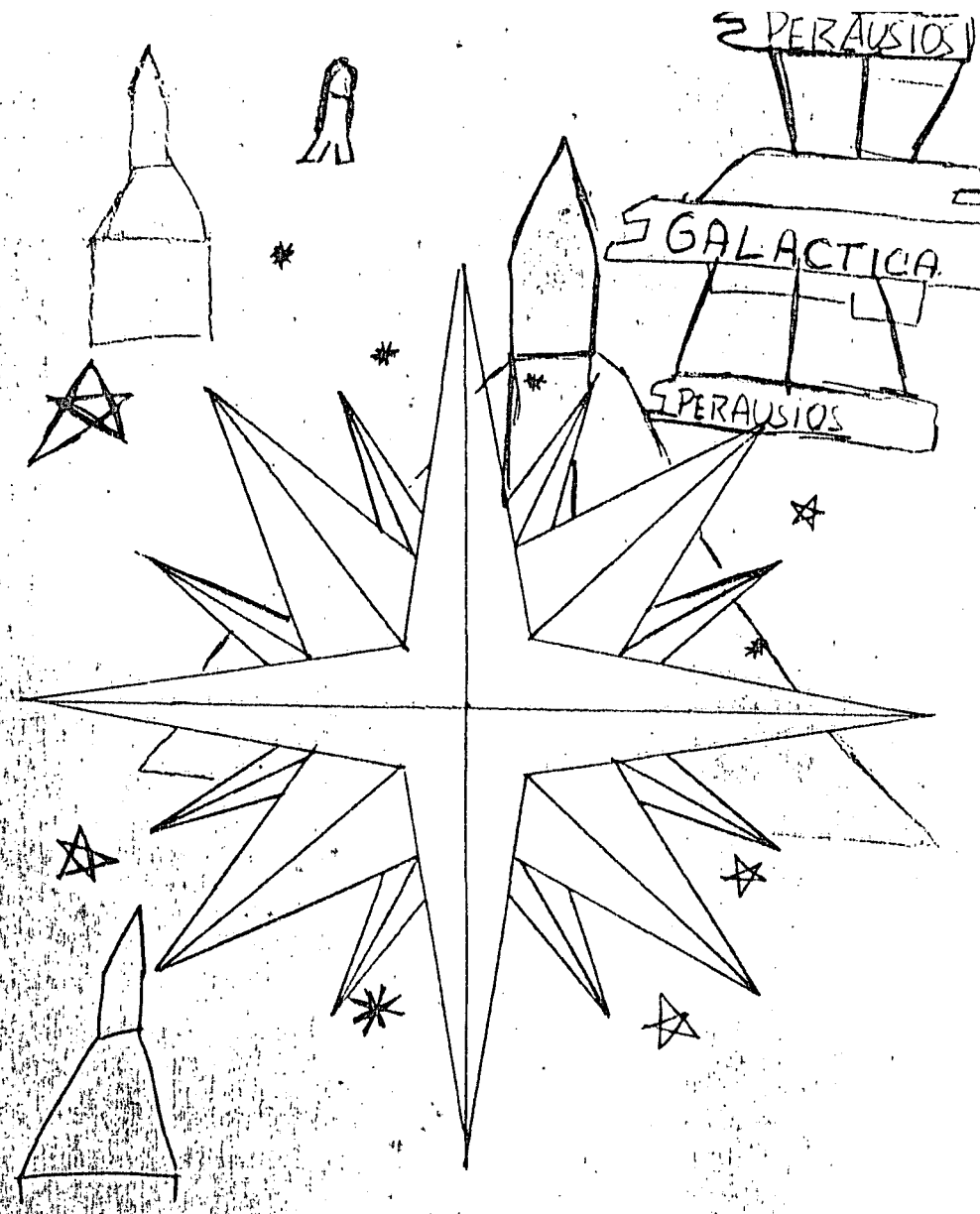


fazendo corridas



Mapa do País de Eufeidolôcio
Capital: Timólei-Mólei

desenhando mapas
de terras perdidas



inventando estrelas
e foguetes espaciais.

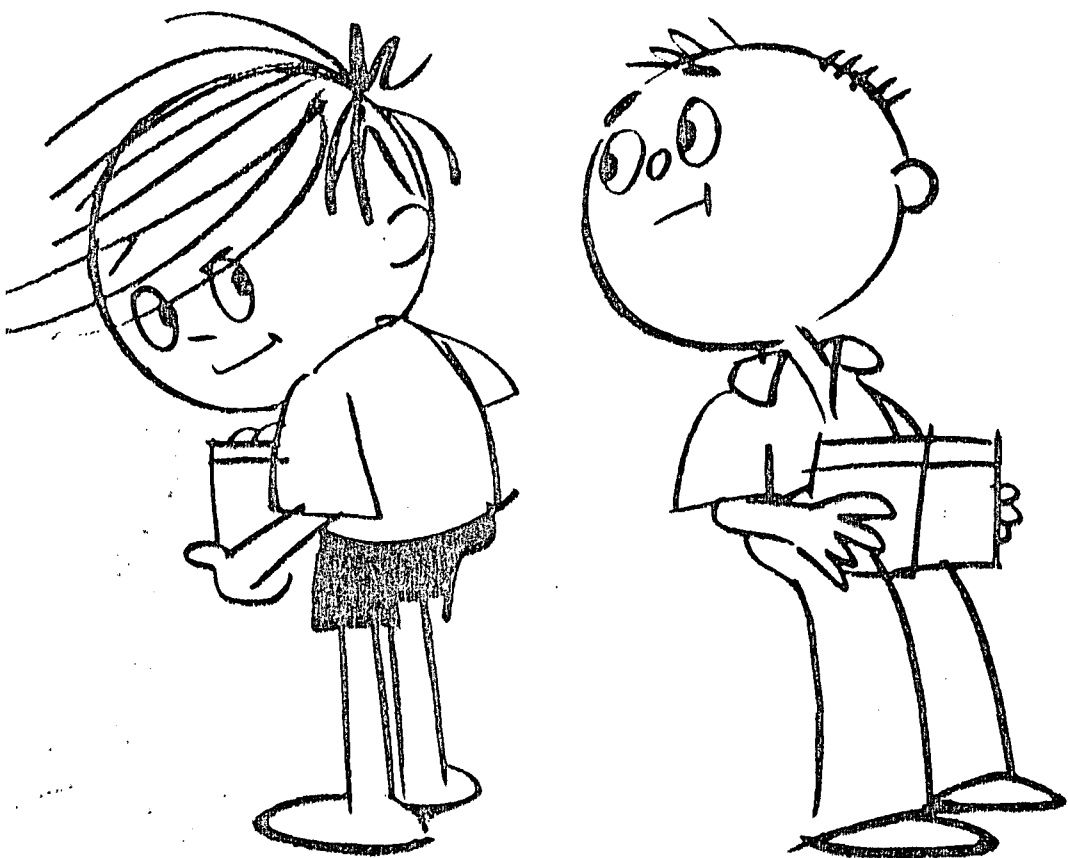
E era montado
num foguete destes
que ele saía do quarto
a voar outra vez
pela mesa da sala
pelas grades da varanda
pelas cercas do quintal.

E todo mundo
ficava alegre de novo
ao ver de volta
a alegria da rua!

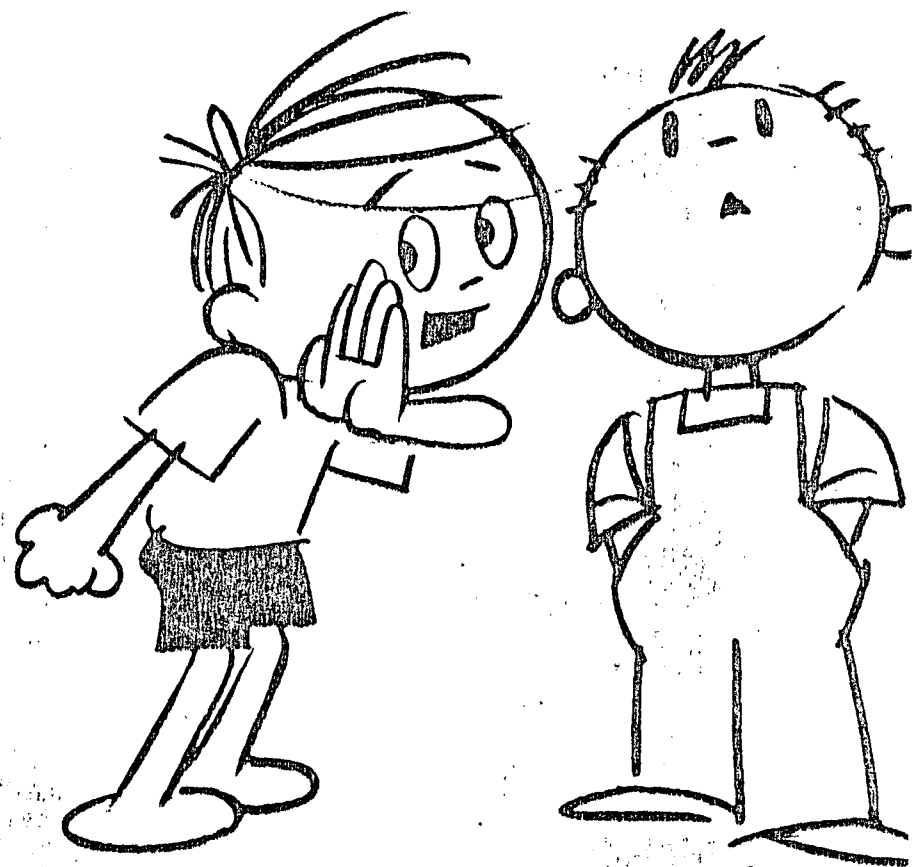
VIVA!



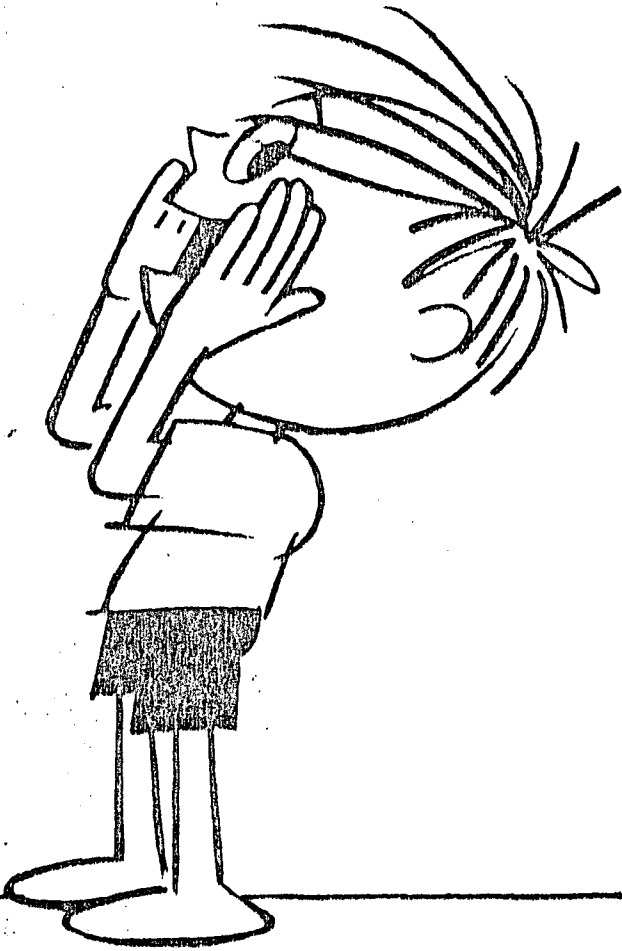
O menino maluquinho
tinha lá os seus segredos
e nunca ninguém sabia
os segredos que ele tinha
(pois segredo é justo assim).



Tinha uns mais segredáveis.
E outros
que eram
menos.



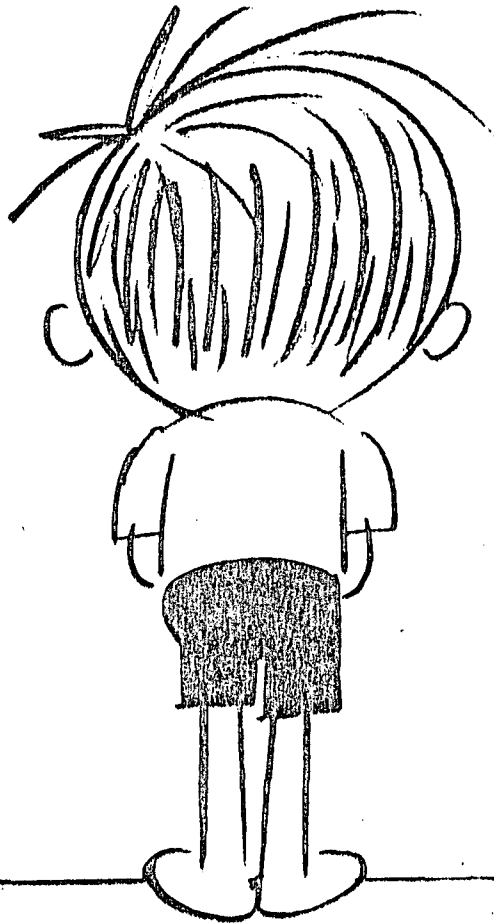
Tinha uns dez
que ele guardava
só pra contar
pro papai.



E mais uns dez escolhidos
pra dividir com mamãe



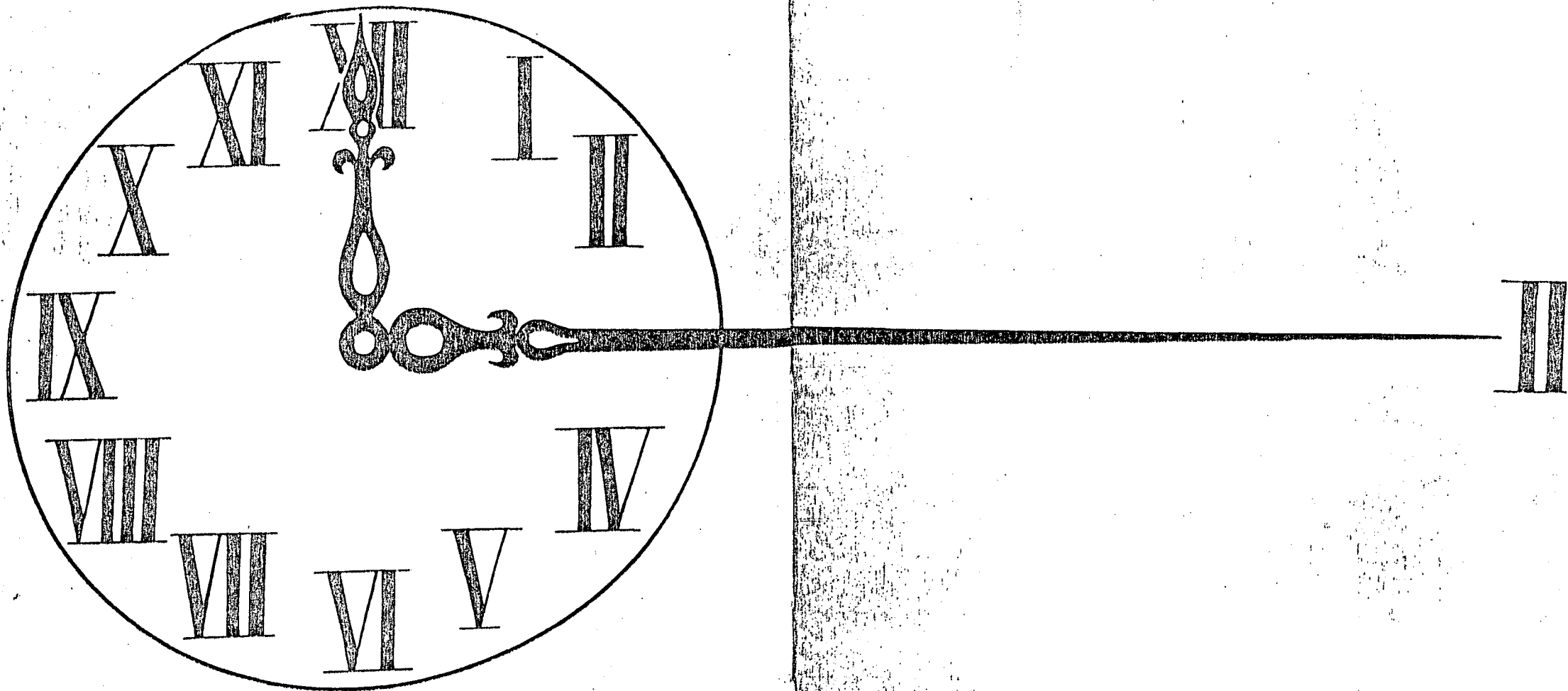
Os outros, que eram só dele
não dá pra gente saber
nem quantos eram, de fato.



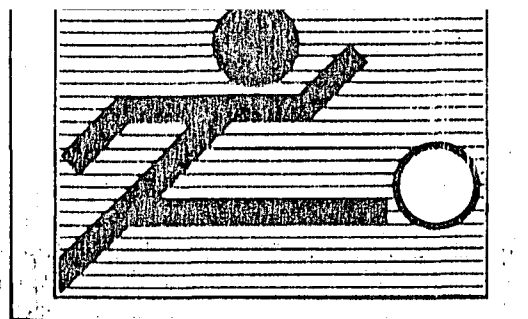
Mas,
o seu maior mistério
todos sabiam de cor
era o jeito
que o menino
tinha de brincar
com o tempo.

Sempre sobrava tempo
pra fazer
mil traquinadas
e dava tempo
pra tudo

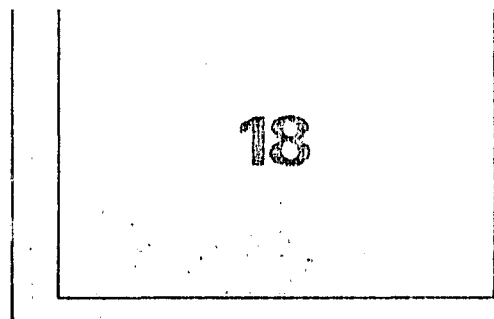
(o tempo era um amigão)



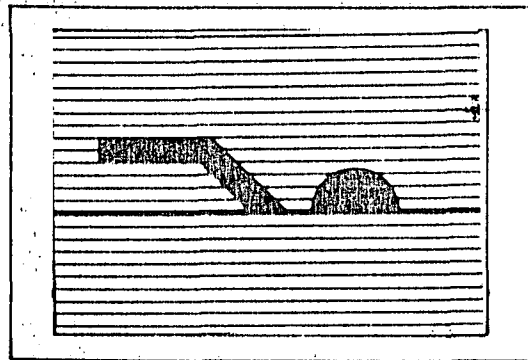
seu ponteirinho das horas
vai ver
era um ponteirão.



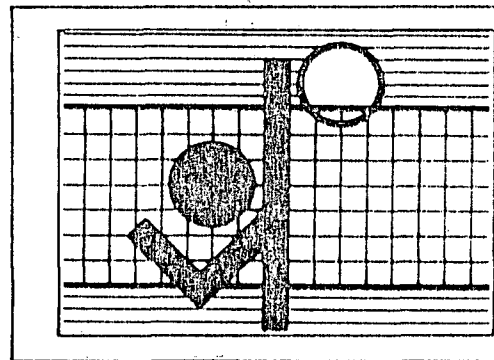
FUTEBOL



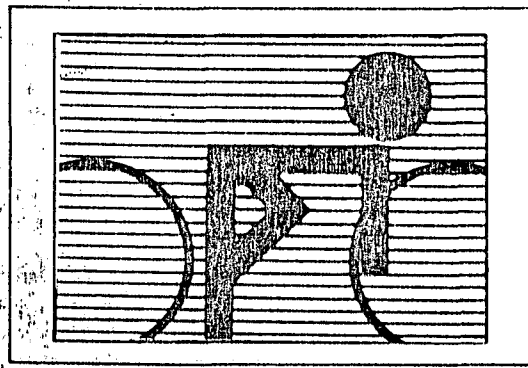
BASQUETE



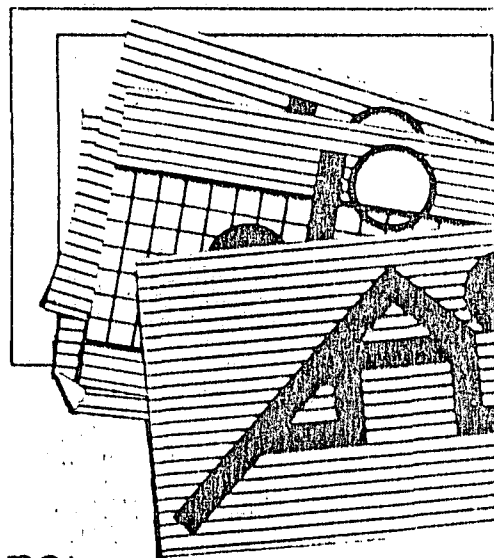
NATAÇÃO



VÔLEI



CICLISMO



E sobrava tempo pra ler os gibis

e sobrava tempo pra colar figurinhas

e para anotar nos livros
de histórias e aventuras
todas aquelas passagens
em que ele virava o herói.

O tempo era assim pra ele:
fazia horas a mais.

*este aqui
sou eu*

está assinalada com um x vermelho, o que representa perigo.

— É a Ilha dos Tesouros Perdidos, disse então o piloto de bordo. Quem nela se aventura dela jamais sai.

— Fugamos daqui! gritavam uns.

— Ao mar, ao mar! berrevam outros.

E, como loucos, todos os meus companheiros lotaram os botes ou fizeram jangadas com destroços do navio, lançando-se às águas, em seguida.

— Venha, Sindbál, gritaram ao ver-me de pé, sobre a rocha, olhando-os.

— Adeus, companheiros! gritei então. — Eu ficarei!

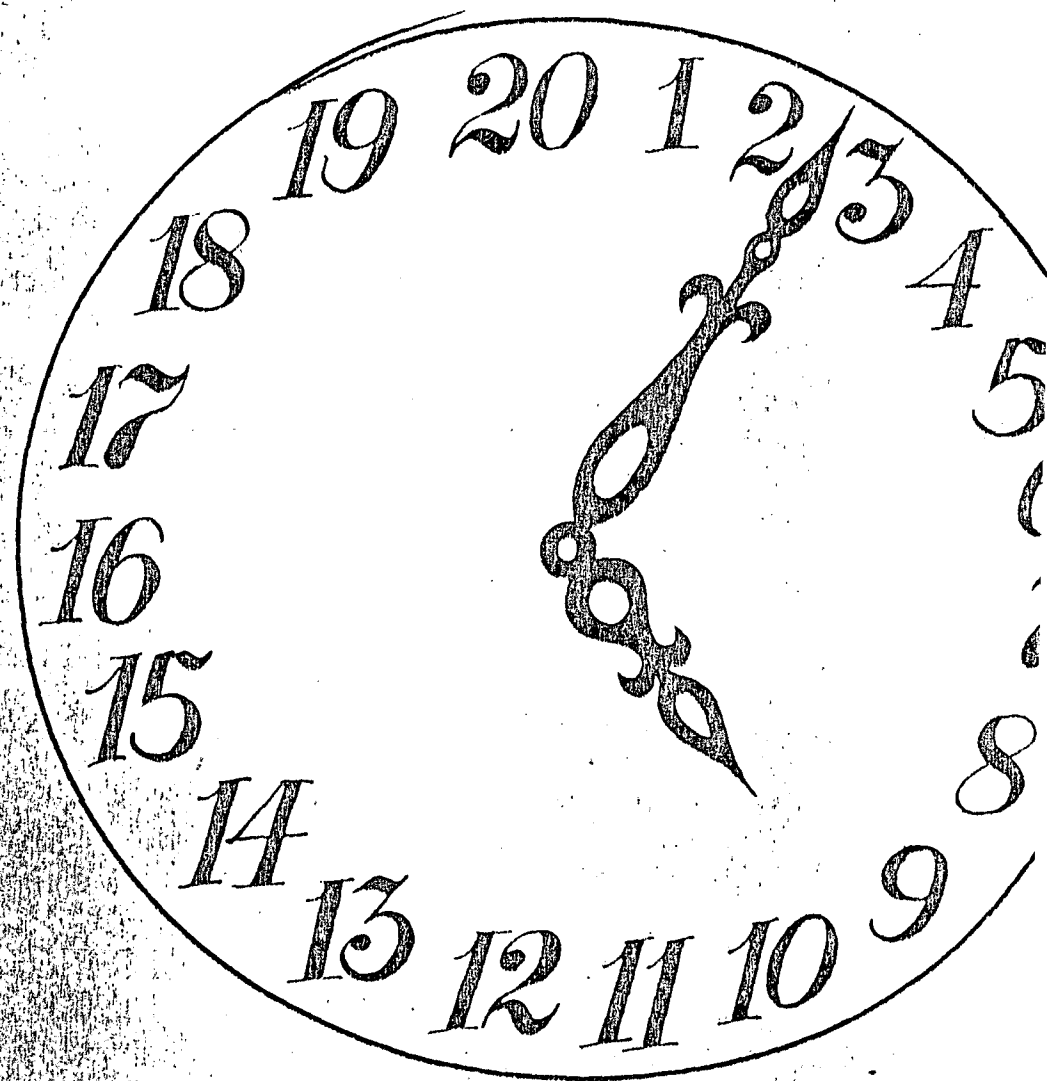
— Louco! Vais morrer! Como sairás dela depois que nós nos formos?

— Adeus! repeti. Não me importa o meu fim. Ninguém conhece Sindbál. Só eu sei de minha sede de aventuras!

Com lágrimas nos olhos e gritos de despedida, os homens se afastaram nos botes, em busca de correntes favoráveis.

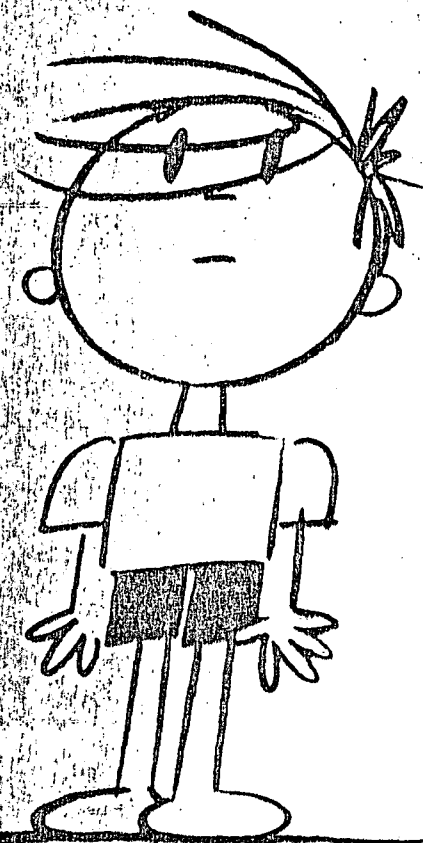
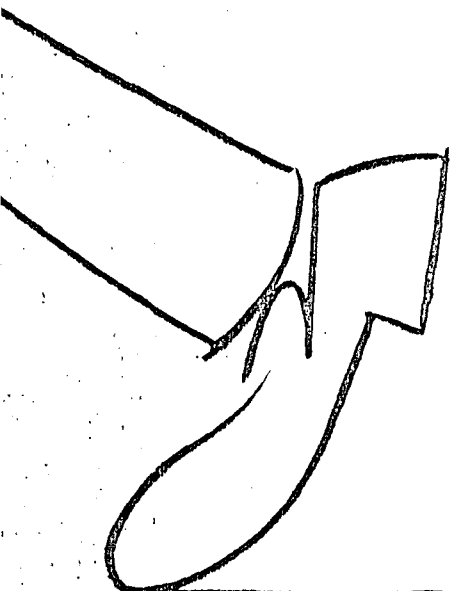
Fiquei só. As rochas escarpadas e escuras, batidas de ondas bravias, formavam um estranho cenário para minha figura solitária. Aves marinhas voltejavam sobre mim, soltando piros estridentes. Voltei então as costas para o mar e, escorregando nas pedras úmidas e ferindo nelas as mãos e os joelhos, segui rumo ao alto das escarpas.

Elas formavam a costa de uma enorme ilha, larga e com-

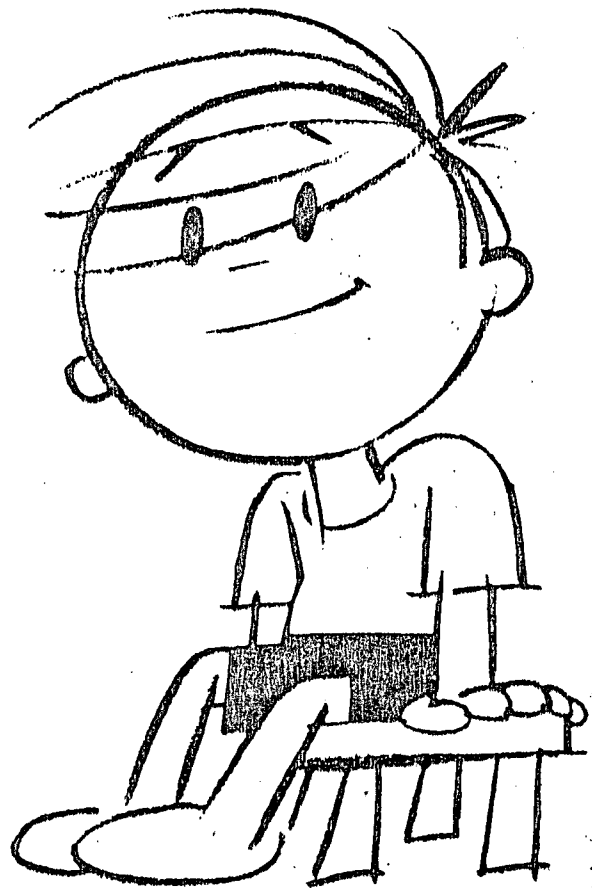


E o menino maluquinho
era um menino tão querido
era um menino tão amado
que quando deu de acontecer
de o papai ir para um lado
e a mamãe ir pro outro
ele achou de inventar
(pois tinha aprendido a criar)
a Teoria dos Lados!

"Todo lado tem seu lado
Eu sou o meu próprio lado
E posso viver ao lado
Do seu lado, que era meu."



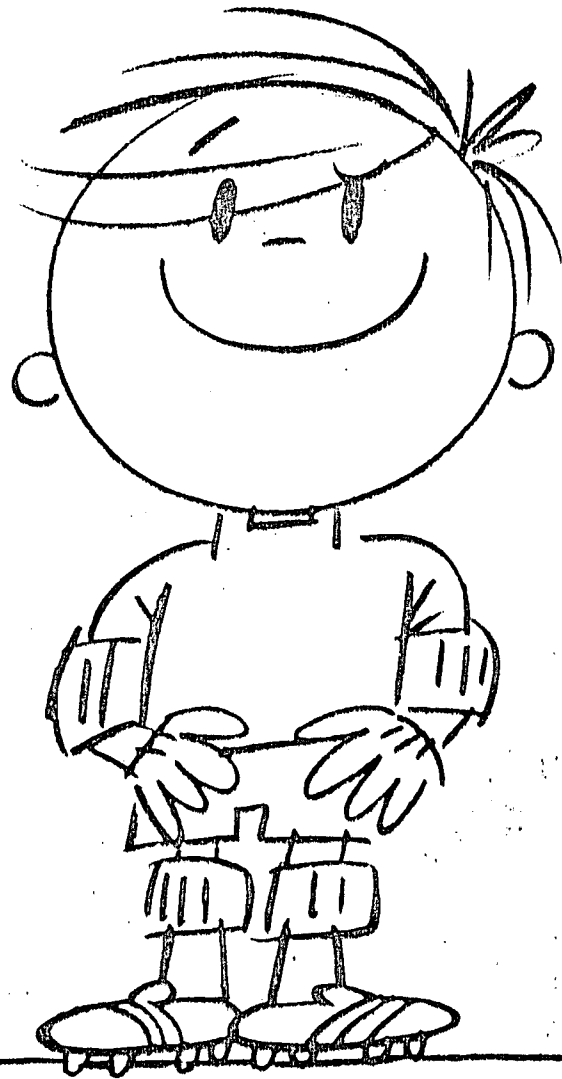
foi uma barra, e verdade.
É verdade, também
que pouca gente entendeu
a teoria maluca
do menino maluquinho
mas
ele ria baixinho
quando a saudade
apertava
pois descobriu
que
a saudade
era o lado
de um dos lados
da vida
que vinha aí.



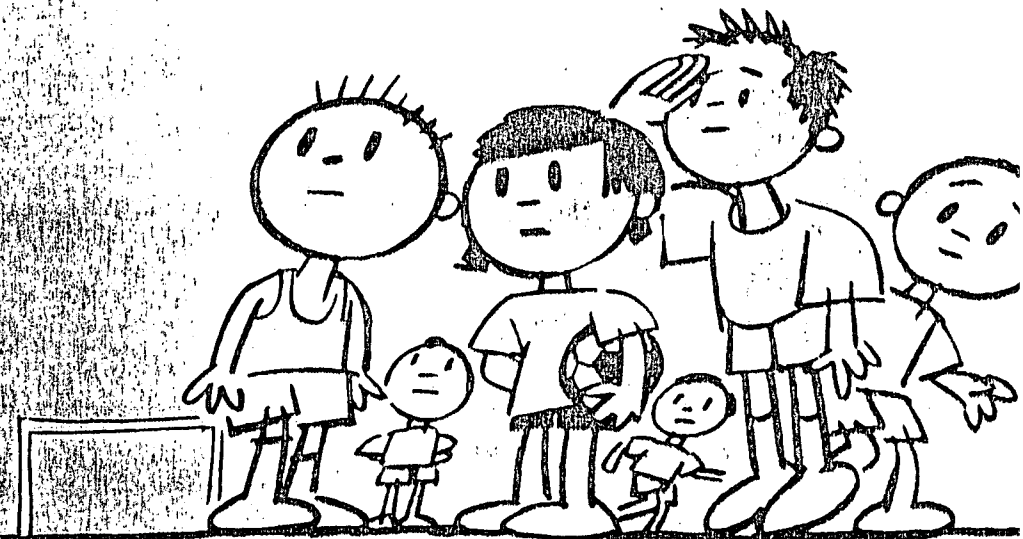
Agora, vejam se pode
uma descoberta dessas!

Só mesmo sendo maluco
ou sendo amado demais.

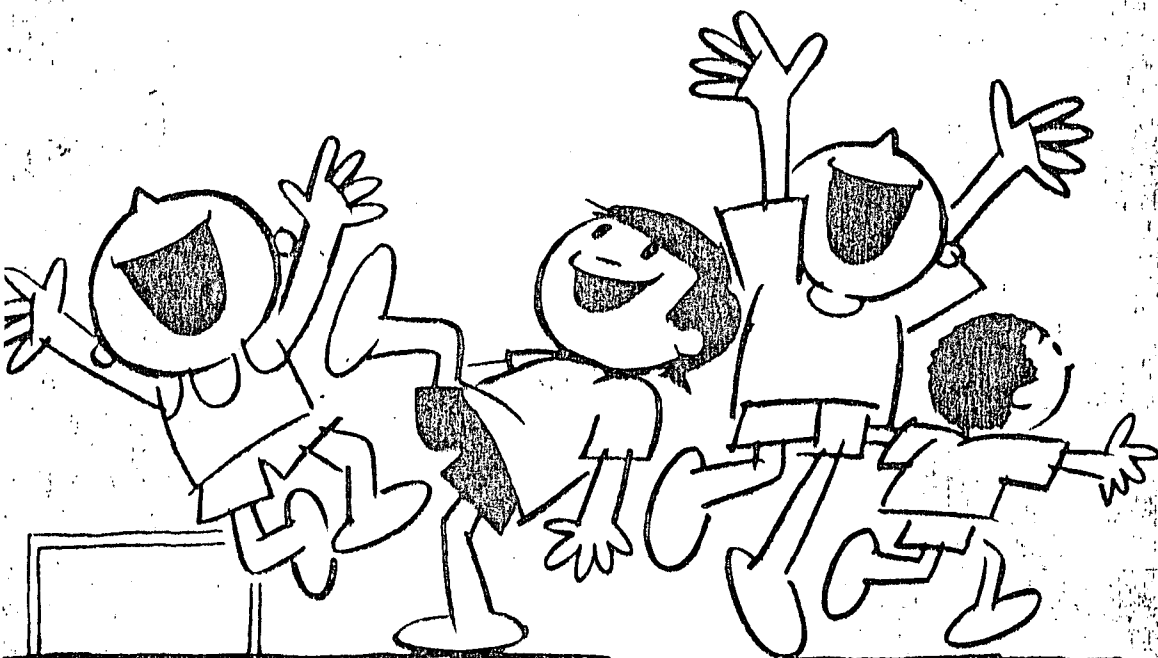
O menino maluquinho
jogava futebol.



E toda a turma
ficava esperando
ele chegar
pra começar o jogo.



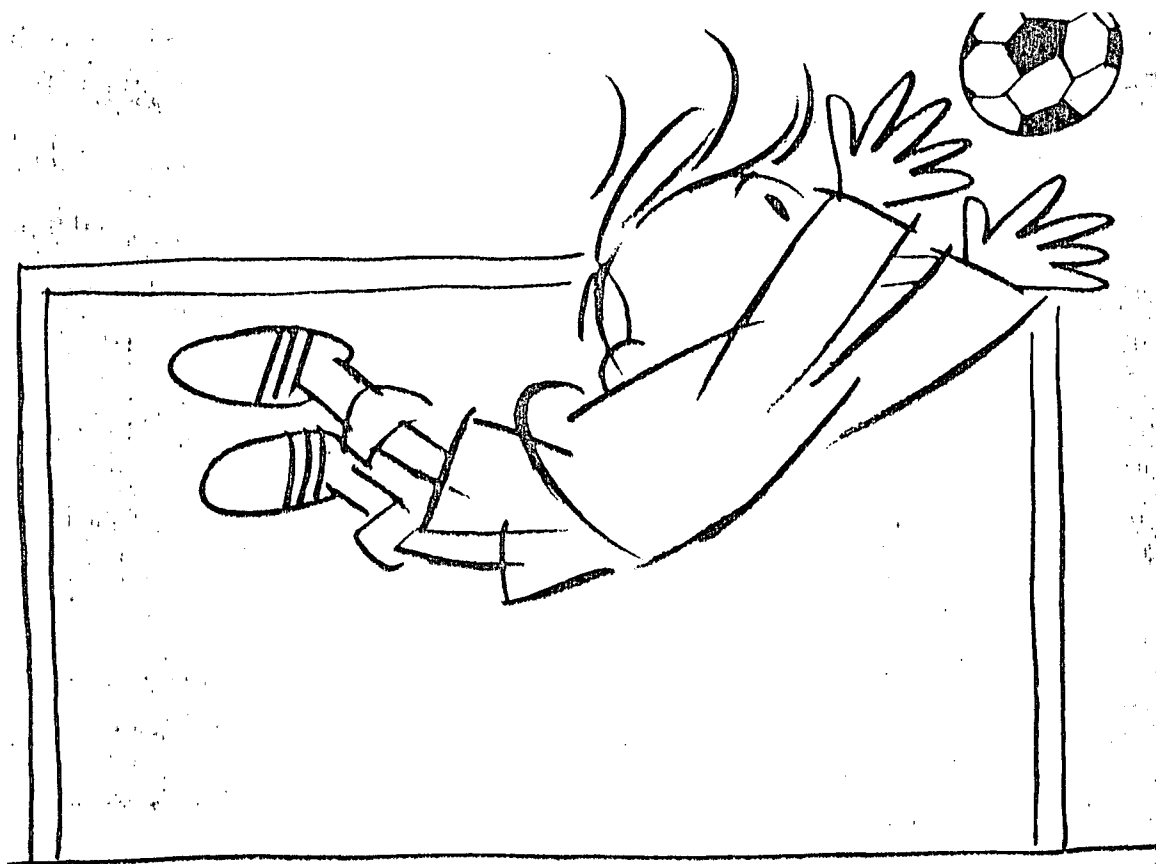
É que o time
era cheio de craques
e ninguém queria
ficar no gol.
Só o menino maluquinho
que dizia sempre:



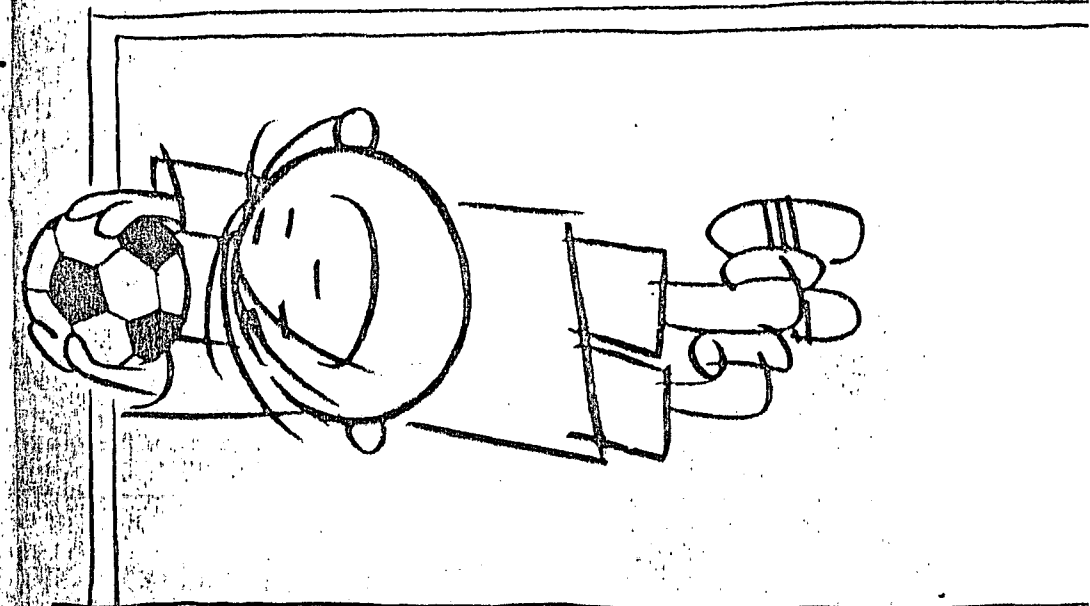
“Deixa comigo!”

E ia rindo pro gol
para o jogo começar.



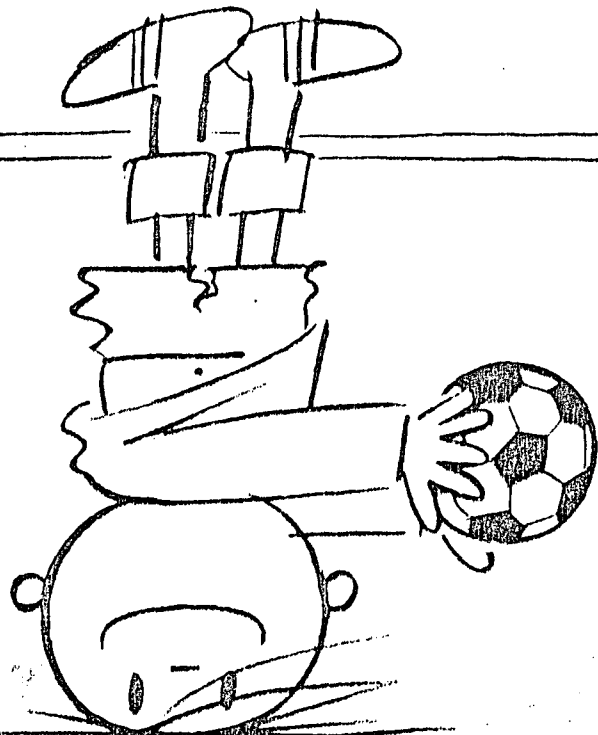


E o menino maluquinho
voava na bola



e caía de lado
e caía de frente

e caía de pernas pro ar



e caía de bunda no chão

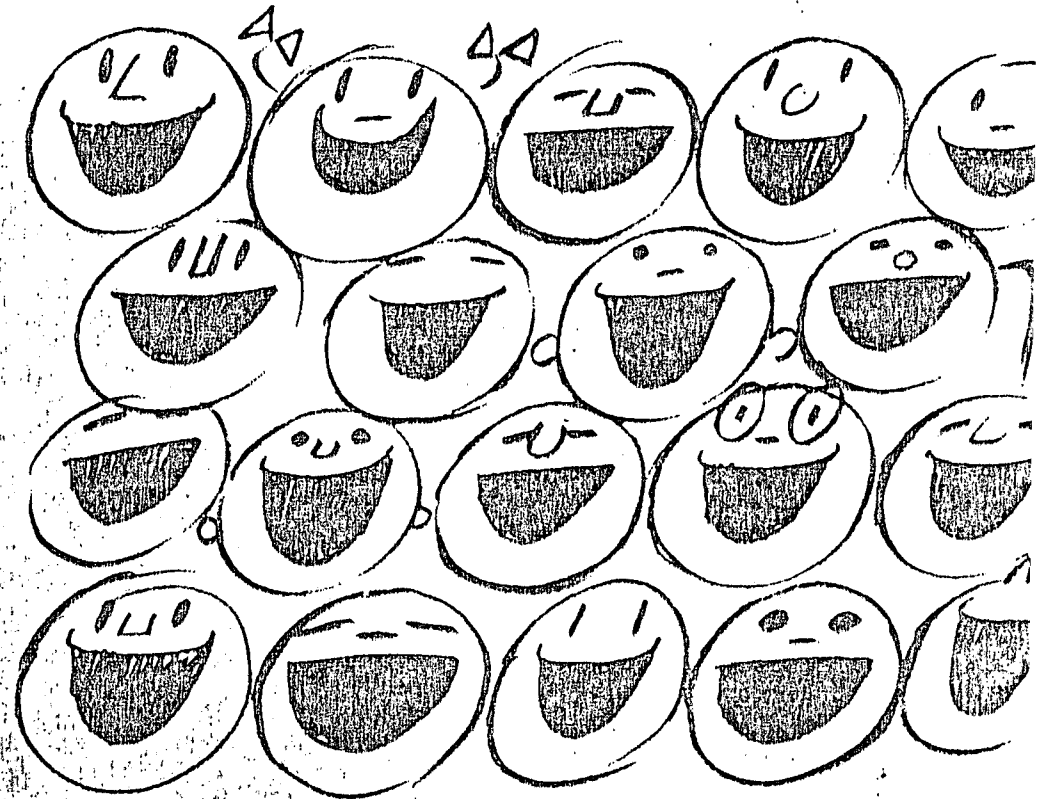




e dançava no espaço
com a bola nas mãos.

E a torcida ria
e gostava de ver
a alegria daquele goleiro.

E todos diziam:
"Que goleiro maluquinho!"



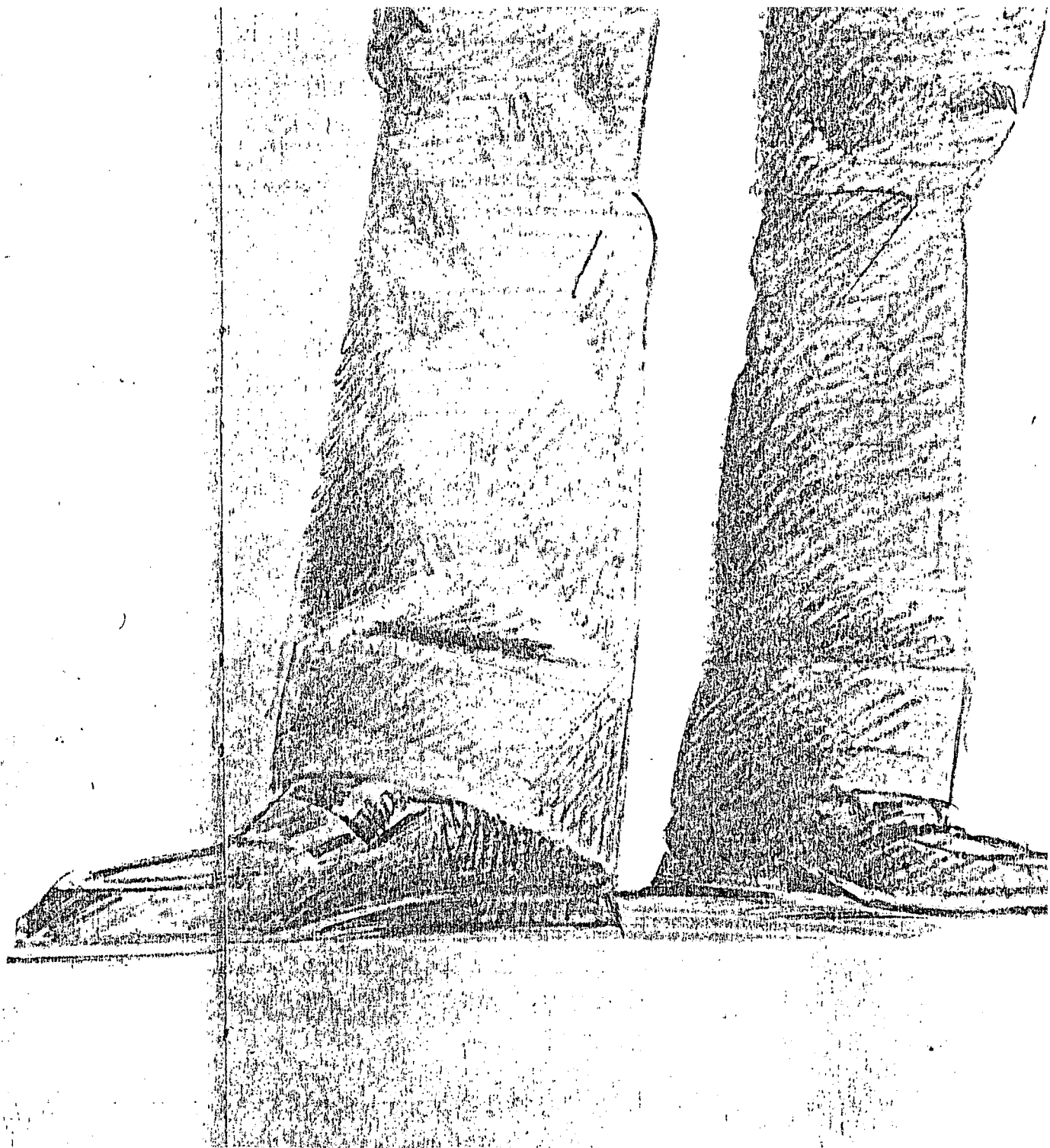
O menino maluquinho
pegava todas!

Mas
teve uma coisa que ele
não pôde pegar
não deu pra ele segurar
embora ele soubesse transá-la
como um milagre.

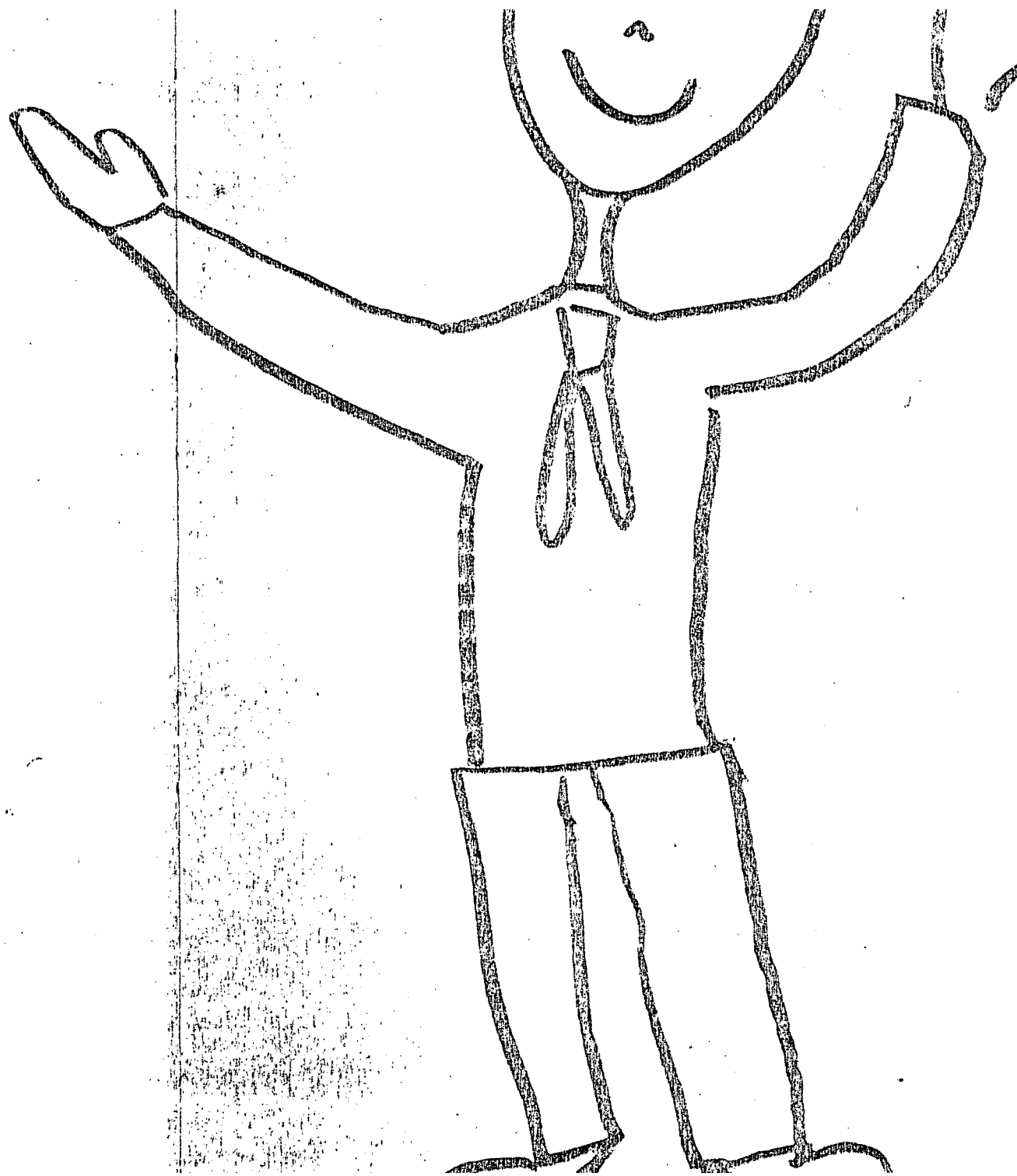
O menino maluquinho
não conseguiu segurar o tempo!

E aí, o tempo passou.

E, como todo mundo,
o menino maluquinho cresceu.

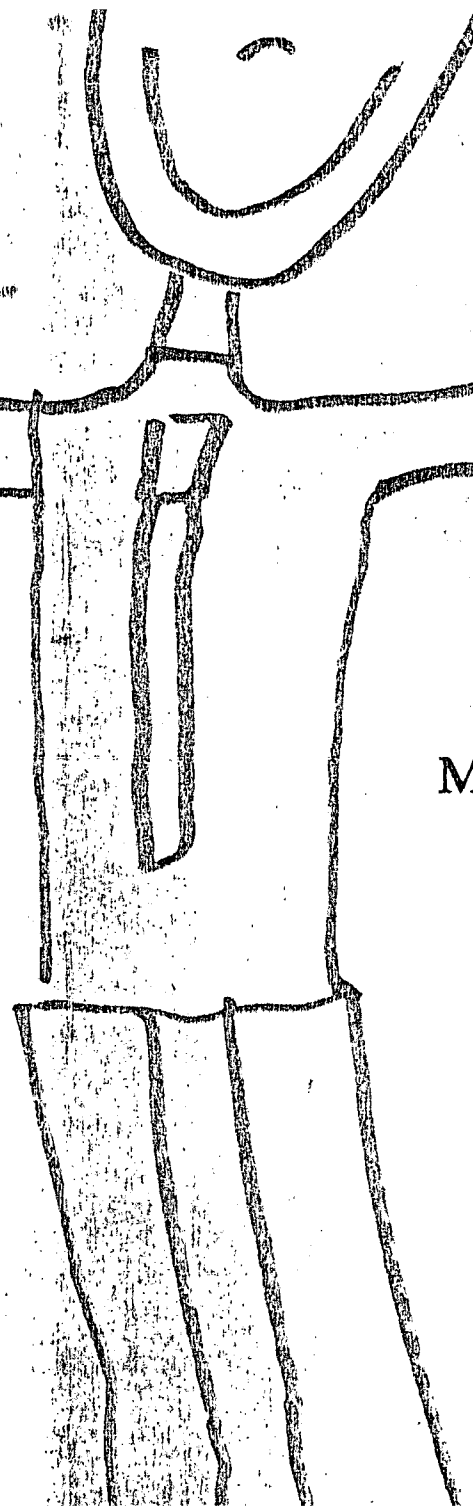


Cresceu
e virou um cara legal!



Aliás,
virou o cara mais legal
do mundo!

Mas, um cara legal, mesmo!



E foi aí que
todo mundo descobriu
que ele
não tinha sido
um
menino
maluquinho



ele tinha sido era um menino feliz!

THE ENIGMA

Who can become muddy and yet, settling, slowly become limpid?

Tao Te Ching

The commonest kind of missing person is the adolescent girl, closely followed by the teenage boy. The majority in this category come from working-class homes and almost invariably from those where there is serious parental disturbance. There is another minor peak in the third decade of life, less markedly working-class, and constituted by husbands and wives trying to run out on marriages or domestic situations they have got bored with. The figures dwindle sharply after the age of forty; older cases of genuine and lasting disappearance are extremely rare, and again are confined to the very poor – and even there to those, near vagabond, without close family.

When John Marcus Fielding disappeared, he therefore contravened all social and statistical probability. Fifty-seven years old, rich, happily married, with a son and two daughters; on the board of several City companies (and very much not merely to adorn the letter-headings); owner of one of the finest Elizabethan manor-houses in East Anglia, with an active interest in the running of his adjoining 1,800-acre farm; a joint – if somewhat honorary – master of foxhounds, a keen shot ... he was a man who, if there were an -arium of living human stereotypes, would have done very well as a model of his kind: the successful City man who is also a country land-owner and (in all but name) village squire. It would have been very understandable if he had felt that one or the other side of his life had become too time-consuming ... but the most profoundly anomalous aspect of his case was that he was also a Conservative Member of Parliament.

At 2.30 on the afternoon of Friday, July 13th, 1973, his elderly secretary, a Miss Parsons, watched him get into a taxi outside his London flat in Knightsbridge. He had a

board meeting in the City; from there he was going to catch a train, the 5.22, to the market-town headquarters of his constituency. He would arrive soon after half-past six, then give a 'surgery' for two hours or so. His agent, who was invited to supper, would then drive him the twelve miles or so home to Tetbury Hall. A strong believer in the voting value of the personal contact, Fielding gave such surgeries twice a month. The agenda of that ominously appropriate day and date was perfectly normal.

It was discovered subsequently that he had never appeared at the board meeting. His flat had been telephoned, but Miss Parsons had asked for, and been granted, the rest of the afternoon off – she was weekending with relatives down in Hastings. The daily help had also gone home. Usually exemplary in attendance or at least in notifying unavoidable absence, Fielding was forgiven his lapse, and the board went to business without him. The first realization that something was wrong was therefore the lot of the constituency agent. His member was not on the train he had gone to meet. He went back to the party offices to ring Fielding's flat – and next, getting no answer there, his country home. At Tetbury Hall Mrs Fielding was unable to help. She had last spoken to her husband on the Thursday morning, so far as she knew he should be where he wasn't. She thought it possible, however, that he might have decided to drive down with their son, a post-graduate student at the London School of Economics. This son, Peter, had talked earlier in the week of coming down to Tetbury with his girlfriend. Perhaps he had spoken to his father in London more recently than she. The agent agreed to telephone Mrs Fielding again in half an hour's time, if the member had still not arrived by then.

She, of course, also tried the London flat; then failing there, Miss Parsons at home. But the secretary was already in Hastings. Mrs Fielding next attempted the flat in Islington that her son shared with two other L.S.E. friends. The young man who answered had no idea where Peter was. but he 'thought' he was staying in town that weekend. The

wife made one last effort – she tried the number of Peter's girl-friend, who lived in Hampstead. But here again there was no answer. The lady at this stage was not unduly perturbed. It seemed most likely that her husband had simply missed his train and was catching the next one – and for some reason had failed, or been unable, to let anyone know of this delay. She waited for the agent, Drummond, to call back.

He too had presumed a missed train or an overslept station, and had sent someone to await the arrival of the next trains in either direction. Yet when he rang back, as promised, it was to say that his deputy had had no luck. Mrs Fielding began to feel a definite puzzlement and some alarm; but Marcus always had work with him, plentiful means of identification, even if he had been taken ill or injured beyond speech. Besides, he was in good health, a fit man for his age – no heart trouble, nothing like that. What very tenuous fears Mrs Fielding had at this point were rather more those of a woman no longer quite so attractive as she had been. She was precisely the sort of wife who had been most shaken by the Lambton-Jellicoe scandal of earlier that year. Yet even in this area she had no grounds for suspicion at all. Her husband's private disgust at the scandal had seemed perfectly genuine ... and consonant with his general contempt for the wilder shores of the permissive society.

An hour later Fielding had still appeared neither at the party offices nor Tetbury Hall. The faithful had been sent away, with apologies, little knowing that in three days' time the cause of their disappointment was to be the subject of headlines. Drummond agreed to wait on at his desk; the supper, informal in any case, with no other guests invited, was forgotten. They would ring each other if and as soon as they had news; if not, then at nine. It was now that Mrs Fielding felt panic. It centred on the flat. She had the exchange check the line. It was in order. She telephoned various London friends, on the forlorn chance that in some fit of absentmindedness – but he was not that sort of person

- Marcus had accepted a dinner or theatre engagement with them. These inquiries also drew a blank; in most cases, a polite explanation from staff that the persons wanted were abroad or themselves in the country. She made another attempt to reach her son; but now even the young man who had answered her previous call had disappeared. Peter's girlfriend and Miss Parsons were similarly still not to be reached. Mrs Fielding's anxiety and feeling of helplessness mounted, but she was essentially a practical and efficient woman. She rang back one of the closer London friends - close also in living only two or three minutes from the Knightsbridge flat - and asked him to go there and have the block porter open it up for him. She then called the porter to give her authority for this and to find out if perhaps the man had seen her husband. But he could tell her only that Mr Fielding had not passed his desk since he came on duty at six.

Some ten minutes later the friend telephoned from the flat. There was no sign of Marcus, but everything seemed perfectly as it should be. He found and looked in the engagements diary on Miss Parsons's desk, and read out the day's programme. The morning had been barred out, it seemed; but there was nothing abnormal in that. It was the M.P.'s habit to keep Friday morning free for answering his less pressing correspondence. Fortunately Mrs Fielding knew a fellow director of the company whose board meeting was down for three o'clock. Her next move was to try him; and it was only then that she learnt the mystery had started before the failure to catch the 5.22 train; and that Miss Parsons had also (sinisterly as it seemed, since Mrs Fielding knew nothing of the innocent trip to Hastings) disappeared from the flat by three o'clock that afternoon. She now realized, of course, that whatever had happened might date back to the previous day. Marcus had been at the flat at nine on the Thursday morning, when she had spoken to him herself; but everything since then was uncertain. Very clearly something had gone seriously wrong.

Drummond agreed to drive over to the Hall, so that some

plan of action could be concerted. Meanwhile, Mrs Fielding spoke to the local police. She explained that it was merely a precaution ... but if they could check the London hospitals and the accident register. Soon after Drummond arrived, the message came that there had been no casualties or cases of stroke in the last twenty-four hours that had not been identified. The lady and Drummond began to discuss other possibilities: a political kidnapping or something of the sort. But Fielding had mildly pro-Arab rather than pro-Israeli views. With so many other more 'deserving' cases in the House, he could hardly have been a target for the Black September movement or its like; nor could he - for all his belief in law and order and a strong policy in Ulster - have figured very high on any I.R.A. list. Virtually all his infrequent Commons speeches were to do with finance or agriculture.

Drummond pointed out that in any case such kidnappers would hardly have kept silent so long. An apolitical kidnapping was no more plausible - there were far richer men about ... and surely one of the two Fielding daughters, Caroline and Francesca, both abroad at the time, would have been more likely victims if mere ransom money was the aim. And again, they would have had a demand by now. The more they discussed the matter the more it seemed that some kind of temporary amnesia was the most likely explanation. Yet surely even amnesiacs were aware that they had forgotten who they were and where they lived? The local doctor was called in from in front of his television set and gave an off-the-cuff opinion over the line. Had Mr Fielding shown forgetfulness recently? Worry, tenseness? Bad temper, anxiety? All had to be answered in the negative. Then any sudden shock? No, nothing. Amnesia was declared unlikely. The doctor gently suggested what had already been done regarding hospital admissions.

By now Mrs Fielding had started once more to suspect some purely private scandal was looming over the tranquil horizon of her life. Just as she had earlier imagined an unconscious body lying in the London flat, she now saw a

dinner for two in Paris. She could not seriously see the prim Miss Parsons's as the female face in the candlelight; but she had that summer spent less time in London than usual. At any moment the telephone would ring and Marcus would be there, breaking some long-harboured truth about their marriage ... though it had always seemed like the others one knew, indeed rather better than most in their circle. One had to suppose something very clandestine, right out of their class and normal world - some Cockney dolly-bird, heaven knows who. Somewhere inside herself and the privacies of her life, Mrs Fielding decided that she did not want any more inquiries made that night. Like all good Conservatives, she distinguished very sharply between private immorality and public scandal. What one did was never quite so reprehensible as letting it be generally known.

As if to confirm her decision, the local police inspector now rang to ask if he could help in any other way. She tried to sound light and unworried, she was very probably making a mountain out of a molehill, she managed the man, she was desperately anxious not to have the press involved. She finally took the same tack with Drummond. There might be some natural explanation, a lost telegram, a call Miss Parsons had forgotten to make, they should at least wait till the morning. By then Peter could also have gone to the flat and searched more thoroughly.

The Filipino houseboy showed Drummond out just after eleven. The agent had already drawn his own conclusions. He too suspected some scandal, and was secretly shocked - not only politically. Mrs Fielding seemed to him still an attractive woman, besides being a first-class member's wife.

The errant Peter finally telephoned just after midnight. At first he could hardly believe his mother. It now emerged that his girl-friend Isobel and he had had dinner with his father only the evening before, the Thursday. He had seemed absolutely normal then; had quite definitely not mentioned any change of weekend plan. Peter soon appreciated his mother's worry, however, and agreed to go round to the Knightsbridge flat at once and to sleep there. It had

occurred to Mrs Fielding that if her husband had been kidnapped, the kidnapers might know only that address; and might have spent their evening, like her, ringing the number in vain.

But when Peter telephoned again – it was by then a quarter to one – he could only confirm what the last visitor had said. Everything seemed normal. The in-tray on Miss Parsons's desk revealed nothing. There was no sign in his father's bedroom of a hurried packing for a journey, and the suitcases and valises had the complement his mother detailed. There was nothing on any memo pad about a call to the agent or to Mrs Fielding. In the diary sat the usual list of appointments for the following week, starting with another board meeting and lunch for midday on the Monday. There remained the question of his passport. But that was normally kept in a filing-cabinet in the office, which was locked – Fielding himself and Miss Parsons having the only keys.

Mother and son once more discussed the question of alerting the London police. It was finally decided to wait until morning, when perhaps the secondary enigma of Miss Parsons could be solved. Mrs Fielding slept poorly. When she woke for the fifth or sixth time, just after six on the Saturday, she decided to drive to London. She arrived there before nine, and spent half an hour with Peter going once more through the flat for any clue. None of her husband's clothes seemed to be missing, there was no evidence at all of a sudden departure or journey. She tried Miss Parsons's home number in Putney one last time. Nobody answered. It was enough.

Mrs Fielding then made two preliminary calls. Just before ten she was speaking to the Home Secretary in person at his private house. There were obviously more than mere criminal considerations at stake, and she felt publicity was highly undesirable until at least a first thorough investigation had been made by the police.

A few minutes later the hunt was at last placed firmly in professional hands.

By Saturday evening they had clarified the picture, even if it was still that of a mystery. Miss Parsons had soon been traced, with a neighbour's help, to her relatives in Hastings. She was profoundly shocked – she had been with the Fieldings for nearly twenty years – and completely at a loss. As he had gone out the day before, she remembered Mr Fielding had asked if some papers he needed for the board meeting were in his briefcase. She was positive that he had meant to go straight to the address in Cheapside where the meeting was to be held.

The day porter told the police he hadn't heard the address given the taxi-driver, but the gentleman had seemed quite normal – merely 'in a bit of a hurry'. Miss Parsons came straight back to London, and opened up the filing cabinet. The passport was where it should be. She knew of no threatening letters or telephone calls; of no recent withdrawals of large sums of money, no travel arrangements. There had been nothing the least unusual in his behaviour all week. In private, out of Mrs Fielding's hearing, she told the chief superintendent hastily moved in to handle the inquiry that the idea of another woman was 'preposterous'. Mr Fielding was devoted to his wife and family. She had never heard or seen the slightest evidence of infidelity in her eighteen years as his confidential secretary.

Fortunately the day porter had had a few words with the cab-driver before Fielding came down to take it. His description was good enough for the man to have been traced by mid-afternoon. He provided surprising proof that amnesia could hardly be the answer. He remembered the fare distinctly, and he was unshakeable. He had taken him to the British Museum, not Cheapside. Fielding hadn't talked, he had read the whole way – either a newspaper or documents from the briefcase. The driver couldn't remember whether he had actually walked into the Museum, since another immediate fare had distracted his attention as soon as Fielding paid him. But the Museum itself very soon provided evidence on that. The chief cloakroom attendant produced the briefcase at once – it had already been noted that it had not

been retrieved when the Museum closed on the Friday. It was duly unlocked – and contained nothing but a copy of *The Times*, papers to do with the board meeting and some correspondence connected with the constituency surgery later that day.

Mrs Fielding said her husband had some interest in art, and even collected sporting prints and paintings in an occasional way; but she knew of absolutely no reason whatever why he should go to the British Museum ... even if he had been free of other engagements. To the best of her knowledge he had never been there once during the whole of her life with him. The cloakroom porter who had checked in the briefcase seemed the only attendant in the Museum – crowded with the usual July tourists – who had any recall at all of the M.P. He had perhaps merely walked through to the north entrance and caught another taxi. It suggested a little the behaviour of a man who knew he was being followed; and strongly that of one determined to give no clue as to his eventual destination.

The police now felt that the matter could not be kept secret beyond the Sunday; and that it was better to release the facts officially in time for the Monday morning papers rather than have accounts based on wild rumours. Some kind of mental breakdown did seem the best hypothesis, after all; and a photograph vastly increased chances of recognition. Of course they checked far more than Mrs Fielding realized; the help of Security and the Special Branch was invoked. But Fielding had never held ministerial rank, there could be no question of official secrets, some espionage scandal. None of the companies with whom he was connected showed the least doubt as to his trustworthiness ... a City scandal was also soon ruled out of court. There remained the possibility of something along the Lambton-Jellicoe lines: a man breaking under the threat of a blackmailing situation. But again there was nothing on him of that nature. His papers were thoroughly gone through; no mysterious addresses, no sinister letters appeared. He was given an equally clean bill by all those who had thought

they knew him well privately. His bank accounts were examined – no unexplained withdrawals, even in several preceding months, let alone in the week before his disappearance. He had done a certain amount of share-dealing during the summer, but his stockbrokers could show that everything that had been sold had been simply to improve his portfolio. It had all been re-invested. Nor had he made any recent new dispositions regarding his family in his will; cast-iron provisions had been effected many years before.

On the Monday, July 16th, he was front-page news in all the dailies. There were summaries of his career. The younger and only surviving son of a High Court judge, he had gone straight from a First in law at Oxford into the army in 1939; had fought the North African campaign as an infantry officer and gained the M.C.; contracted kala-azar and been invalided home, finishing the war as a lieutenant-colonel at a desk at the War Office, concerned mainly with the Provost-Marshal department. There had followed after the war his success as a barrister specializing in company and taxation law, his giving up the Bar in 1959 for politics; then his directorships, his life in East Anglia, his position slightly right of centre in the Tory Party.

There were the obvious kinds of speculation, the police having said that they could not yet rule out the possibility of a politically motivated kidnapping, despite the apparently unforced decision not to attend the scheduled board meeting. But the Fieldings' solicitor, who had briefed the press, was adamant that there was categorically no question of unsavoury conduct in any manner or form; and the police confirmed that to the best of their knowledge the M.P. was a completely law-abiding citizen. Mr Fielding had not been under investigation or surveillance of any kind.

On the assumption that he might have travelled abroad with a false name and documents, a check was made at Heathrow and the main ports to the Continent. But no passport official, no airline desk-girl or stewardess who could be contacted could recall his face. He spoke a little French and German, but not nearly well enough to pass as a

native – and in any case, the passport he had left behind argued strongly that he was still in Britain. The abundant newspaper and television coverage, with all the photographs of him, provoked the usual number of reports from the public. All were followed up, and none led anywhere. There was a good deal of foreign coverage as well; and Fielding most certainly did not remain unfindable for lack of publicity. He was clearly, if he was still alive, hidden or in hiding. The latter suggested an accomplice; but no accomplice among those who had formerly known the M.P. suggested himself or herself. A certain amount of discreet surveillance was done on the more likely candidates, of whom one was Miss Parsons. Her telephone at home, and the one at the flat, were tapped. But all this proved a dead end. A cloud of embarrassment, governmental, detective and private, gathered over the disappearance. It was totally baffling, and connoisseurs of the inexplicable likened the whole business to that of the *Marie Celeste*.

But no news story can survive an absence of fresh developments. On Fleet Street Fielding was tacitly declared 'dead' some ten days after the story first broke.

Mrs Fielding was not, however, the sort of person who was loth or lacked the means to prod officialdom. She ensured that her husband's case continued to get attention where it mattered; the police were not given the autonomy of Fleet Street. Unfortunately they had in their own view done all they could. The always very poor scent was growing cold; and nothing could be done until they had further information – and whether they got that was far more in the lap of the gods than a likely product of further inquiries. The web was out, as fine and far-flung as this particular spider could make it; but it was up to the fly to make a move now. Meanwhile, there was Mrs Fielding to be placated. She required progress reports.

At a meeting at New Scotland Yard on July 30th, it was decided (with, one must presume, higher consent) to stand down the team till then engaged full-time on the case and to

leave it effectively in the hands of one of its junior members, a Special Branch sergeant hitherto assigned the mainly desk job of collating information on the 'political' possibilities. Normally, and certainly when it came to meeting Mrs Fielding's demands for information, the inquiry would remain a much higher responsibility. The sergeant was fully aware of the situation: he was to make noises like a large squad. He was not really expected to discover anything, only to suggest that avenues were still being busily explored. As he put it to a colleague, he was simply insurance, in case the Home Secretary turned nasty.

He also knew it was a small test. One of the rare public-school entrants to the force, and quite obviously cut out for higher rank from the day he first put on a uniform, he had a kind of tight-rope to walk. Police families exist, like Army and Navy ones, and he was the third generation of his to arm the law. He was personable and quick-minded, which might, with his middle-class manner and accent, have done him harm; but he was also a diplomat. He knew very well the prejudices his type could only too easily arouse in the petty-bourgeois mentality so characteristic of the middle echelons of the police. He might think this or that inspector a dimwit, he might secretly groan at some ponderous going-by-the-book when less orthodox methods were clearly called for, or at the tortured, queasy jargon some of his superiors resorted to in order to sound 'educated'. But he took very good care indeed not to show his feelings. If this sounds Machiavellian, it was; but it also made him a good detective. He was particularly useful for investigations in the higher social milieux. His profession did not stand out a mile in a Mayfair gaming-house or a luxury restaurant. He could pass very well as a rich, trendy young man about town, and if this ability could cause envy inside the force, it could also confound many stock notions of professional deformation outside it. His impeccable family background (with his father still a respected country head of police) also helped greatly; in a way he was a good advertisement for the career – undoubtedly a main reason

he was picked for an assignment that must bring him into contact with various kinds of influential people. His name was Michael Jennings.

He spent the day following the secret decision in going through the now bulky file on Fielding, and at the end of it he drew up for himself a kind of informal summary that he called *State of Play*. It listed the possibilities and their counter-arguments.

1. Suicide. No body. No predisposition, no present reason.
2. Murder. No body. No evidence of private enemies. Political ones would have claimed responsibility publicly.
3. Abduction. No follow-through by abductors. No reason why Fielding in particular.
4. Amnesia. They're just lost, not hiding. Doctors say no prior evidence, not the type.
5. Under threat to life. No evidence. Would have called in police at once, on past evidence.
6. Threat of blackmail. No evidence of fraud or tax-dodging. No evidence of sexual misbehaviour.
7. Fed up with present life. No evidence. No financial or family problems. Strong sense of social duties all through career. Legal mind, not a joker.
8. Timing. Advantage taken of Parsons's afternoon off (warning given ten days prior) suggests deliberate plan? But F. could have given himself longer by cancelling board meeting and one with agent - or giving Parsons whole day off. Therefore four hours was enough, assuming police brought in at earliest likely point, the 6.35 failure to turn up for his surgery. Therefore long planned? Able to put into action at short notice?

The sergeant then wrote a second heading: *Wild Ones*.

9. Love. Some girl or woman unknown. Would have to be more than sex. For some reason socially disastrous (married, class, colour)? Check other missing persons that period.

10. Homosexuality. No evidence at all.
11. Paranoia. Some imagined threat. No evidence in prior behaviour.
12. Ghost from the past. Some scandal before his marriage, some enemy made during wartime or legal phases of career? No evidence, but check.
13. Finances. Most likely way he would have set up secret account abroad?
14. Fox-hunting kick. Some parallel, identification with fox. Leaving hounds lost? But why?
15. Bust marriage. Some kind of revenge on wife. Check she hasn't been having it off?
16. Religious crisis. Mild C of E for the show of it. Zero probability.
17. Something hush-hush abroad to do with his being an M.P. But not a muck-raker or cloak-and-dagger type. Strong sense of protocol, would have consulted the F.O., at least warned his wife. Forget it.
18. Son. Doesn't fit. See him again.
19. Logistics. Total disappearance not one-man operation. Must have hide-out, someone to buy food, watch for him, etc.
20. *Must* be some circumstantial clue somewhere. Something he said some time to someone. Parsons more likely than wife? Try his Westminster and City friends.

After some time the sergeant scrawled a further two words, one of which was obscene, in capitals at the bottom of his analysis.

He began the following week with Miss Parsons. The daughters, Francesca and Caroline, had returned respectively from a villa near Malaga and a yacht in Greece and the whole family was now down at Tetbury Hall. Miss Parsons was left to hold the fort in London. The sergeant took her once more through the Friday morning of the disappearance. Mr Fielding had dictated some fifteen routine letters, then done paperwork on his own while she typed

them out. He had made a call to his stockbroker; and no others to her knowledge. He had spent most of the morning in the drawing-room of the flat; not gone out at all. She had left the flat for less than half an hour, to buy some sandwiches at a delicatessen near Sloane Square. She had returned just after one, made coffee and taken her employer in the sandwiches he had ordered. Such impromptu lunches were quite normal on a Friday. He seemed in no way changed from when she had gone out. They had talked of her weekend in Hastings. He had said he was looking forward to his own, for once with no weekend guests, at Tetbury Hall. She had been with him so long that their relationship was very informal. All the family called her simply 'P'. She had often stayed at the Hall. She supposed she was 'half-nanny' as well as secretary.

The sergeant found he had to tread very lightly indeed when it came to delving into Fielding's past. 'P' proved to be fiercely protective of her boss's good name, both in his legal and his political phases. The sergeant cynically and secretly thought that there were more ways of breaking the law, especially in the City, than simply the letter of it; and Fielding had been formidably well equipped to buccaneer on the lee side. Yet she was adamant about foreign accounts. Mr Fielding had no sympathy with tax-haven tricksters - his view of the Lonrho affair, the other Tory scandal of that year, had been identical to that of his prime minister's. Such goings-on were 'the unacceptable face of capitalism' to him as well. But at least, insinuated the sergeant gently, if he *had* wanted to set up a secret account abroad, he had the know-how? But there he offended secretarial pride. She knew as much of Mr Fielding's financial affairs and resources as he did himself. It was simply not possible.

With the sexual possibilities, the sergeant ran into an even more granite-like wall. She had categorically denied all knowledge before, she had nothing further to add. Mr Fielding was the last man to indulge in a hole-in-the-corner liaison. He had far too much self-respect. Jennings changed his tack.

'Did he say anything that Friday morning about the dinner the previous evening with his son?'

'He mentioned it. He knows I'm very fond of the children.'

'In happy terms?'

'Of course.'

'But they don't see eye to eye politically?'

'My dear young man, they're father and son. Oh they've had arguments. Mr Fielding used to joke about it. He knew it was simply a passing phase. He told me once he was rather the same at Peter's age. I know for a fact that he very nearly voted Labour in 1945.'

'He gave no indication of any bitterness, quarrel, that Thursday evening?'

'Not in the least. He said Peter looked well. What a charming girl his new friend was.' She added, 'I think he was a tiny bit disappointed they weren't going down to the Hall for the weekend. But he expected his children to lead their own lives.'

'So he wasn't disappointed by the way Peter had turned out?'

'Good heavens no. He's done quite brilliantly. Academically.'

'But hardly following in his father's footsteps?'

'Everyone seems to think Mr Fielding was some kind of Victorian tyrant. He's a most broad-minded man.'

The sergeant smiled. 'Who's everyone, Miss Parsons?'

'Your superior, anyway. He asked me all these same questions.'

The sergeant tried soft soap: no one knew Mr Fielding better, she really was their best lead.

'One's racked one's brains. Naturally. But I can still hardly believe what's happened. And as for trying to find a reason...'

'An inspired guess?' He smiled again.

She looked down at the hands clasped over her lap. 'Well. He did drive himself very hard.'

'And?'

'Perhaps something in him... I really shouldn't be saying this. It's the purest speculation.'

'It may help.'

'Well, if something broke. He ran away. I'm sure he'd have realized what he had done in a very few days. But then, he did set himself such very high standards, perhaps he would have read all the newspaper reports. I think...'

'Yes?'

'I'm only guessing, but I suppose he might have been... deeply shocked at his own behaviour. And I'm not quite sure what...'

'Are you saying he might have killed himself?'

Evidently she was, though she shook her head. 'I don't know, I simply don't know. I feel so certain it was something done without warning. Preparation. Mr Fielding was a great believer in order. In proper channels. It was so very uncharacteristic of him. The method, I mean the way he did it. If he did do it.'

'Except it worked? If he did mean it to?'

'He couldn't have done it of his own free will. In his normal mind. It's unthinkable.'

Just for a moment the sergeant sensed a blandness, an impermeability in Miss Parsons, which was perhaps merely a realization that she would have done anything for Fielding - including the telling, at this juncture, of endless lies. There must have been something sexual in her regard for him, yet there was, quite besides her age, in her physical presence, in the rather dumpy body, the pursed mouth, the spectacles, the discreetly professional clothes of the lifelong spinster secretary, such a total absence of attractiveness (however far back one imagined her, and even if there had once been something between her and her employer, it would surely by now have bred malice rather than this fidelity) that made such suspicions die almost as soon as they came to mind. However, perhaps they did faintly colour the sergeant's next question.

'How did he usually spend free evenings here? When Mrs Fielding was down in the country?'

'The usual things. His club. He was rather keen on the theatre. He dined out a lot with friends. He enjoyed an occasional game of bridge.'

'He didn't gamble at all?'

'An occasional flutter. The Derby and the Grand National. Nothing more.'

'Not gaming clubs?'

'I'm quite sure not.'

The sergeant went on with the questioning, always probing towards some weak point, something shameful, however remote, and arrived nowhere. He went away only with that vague hint of an overworked man and the implausible notion that after a moment of weakness he had promptly committed hara-kiri. Jennings had a suspicion that Miss Parsons had told him what she wanted to have happened rather than what she secretly believed. The thought of a discreetly dead employer was more acceptable than the horror of one bewitched by a chit of a girl or tarred by some other shameful scandal.

While he was at the flat, he also saw the daily woman. She added nothing. She had never found evidence of some unknown person having slept there; no scraps of underclothes, no glasses smudged with lipstick, no unexplained pair of coffee-cups on the kitchen table. Mr Fielding was a gentleman, she said. Whether that meant gentlemen always remove the evidence or never give occasion for it in the first place, the sergeant was not quite sure.

He still favoured, perhaps because so many of the photographs suggested an intensity (strange how few of them showed Fielding with a smile) that gave also a hint of repressed sensuality, some kind of sexual-romantic solution. A slim, clean-shaven man of above average height, who evidently dressed with care even in his informal moments, Fielding could hardly have repelled women. For just a few minutes, one day, the sergeant thought he had struck oil in this barren desert. He had been checking the list of other persons reported missing over that first weekend. A detail concerning one case, a West Indian secretary who lived

with her parents in Notting Hill, rang a sharp bell. Fielding had been on the board of the insurance company at whose London headquarters the girl had been working. The nineteen-year-old sounded reasonably well educated, her father was a social worker. Jennings saw the kind of coup every detective dreams of – Fielding, who had not been a Powel-lite, intercepted on his way to a board meeting, invited to some community centre do by the girl on behalf of her father, falling for black cheek in both senses ... castles in Spain. A single call revealed that the girl had been traced – or rather had herself stopped all search a few days after disappearing. She fancied herself as a singer, and had run away with a guitarist from a West Indian club in Bristol. It was strictly black to black.

With City friends and Parliamentary colleagues – or what few had not departed for their holidays – Jennings did no better. The City men respected Fielding's acumen and legal knowledge. The politicians gave the impression, rather like Miss Parsons, that he was a better man than any of them – a top-class rural constituency member, sound party man, always well-briefed when he spoke, very pleasant fellow, very reliable ... they were uniformly at sea over what had happened. Not one could recall any prior hint of a breakdown. The vital psychological clue remained as elusive as ever.

Only one M.P. was a little more forthcoming – a Labour maverick, who had by chance co-sponsored a non-party bill with Fielding a year previously. He had struck up some kind of working friendship, at least in the precincts of the House. He disclaimed all knowledge of Fielding's life outside, or of his reasons for 'doing a bunk'; but then he added that 'it figured, in a way'.

The sergeant asked why.

'Strictly off the record.'

'Of course, sir.'

'You know. Kept himself on too tight a rein. Still waters and all that. Something had to give.'

'I'm not quite with you, sir.'

'Oh come on, laddie. Your job must have taught you no one's perfect. Or not the way our friend tried to be.' He expanded. 'Some Tories are prigs, some are selfish bastards. He wanted to be both. A rich man on the grab and a pillar of the community. In this day and age. Of course it doesn't wash. He wasn't all that much of a fool.' The M.P. drily quizzed the sergeant. 'Ever wondered why he didn't get on here?'

'I didn't realize he didn't, sir.'

'Safe seat. Well run. Never in bad odour with his whips. But that's not what it's all about, my son. He didn't fool 'em where it matters. The Commons is like an animal. You either learn to handle it. Or you don't. Our friend hadn't a clue. He knew it. He admitted it to me once.'

'Why was that, sir?'

The Labour M.P. opened his hands. 'The old common touch? He couldn't unbend. Too like the swindler's best friend he used to be.' He sniffed. 'Alias distinguished tax counsel.'

'You're suggesting he cracked in some way?'

'Maybe he just cracked in the other sense. Decided to tell the first good joke of his life.'

Jennings smiled; and played naïve.

'Let me get this right, sir. You think he was disillusioned with Tory politics?'

The Labour M.P. gave a little grunt of amusement.

'Now you're asking for human feeling. I don't think he had much. I'd say just bored. With the whole bloody shoot. The House, the City, playing Lord Bountiful to the yokels. He just wanted out. Me, I wish him good luck. May his example be copied.'

'With respect, sir, none of his family or close friends seem to have noticed this.'

The M.P. smiled. 'Surprise, surprise.'

'They were part of it?'

The M.P. put his tongue in his cheek. Then he winked.

'Not a bad-looking bloke, either.'

'Cherchez la femme?'

'We've got a little book going. My money's on Eve. Pure guess, mind.'

And it really was a guess. He had no evidence at all. The M.P. concerned was a far more widely known figure than Fielding – a pugnacious showman as well as professional Tory-hater – and hardly a reliable observer. Yet he had suggested one thwarted ambition; and enemies do sometimes see further than friends.

Jennings next saw the person he had marked down as theoretically a key witness – not least since he also sounded an enemy, though where friend was to be expected. That was the son, Peter. The sergeant had had access to a file that does not officially exist. It had very little to say about Peter; little more indeed than to mention who he was the son of. He was noted as 'vaguely NL (New Left)'; 'more emotional than intellectual interest, long way from hardcore'. The 'Temporary pink?' with which the brief note on him ended had, in the odd manner of those so dedicated to the anti-socialist cause that they are prepared to spy for it (that is, outwardly adopt the cause they hate), a distinct air of genuine Marxist contempt.

The sergeant met Peter one day at the Knightsbridge flat. He had something of his father's tall good looks, and the same apparent difficulty in smiling. He was rather ostentatiously contemptuous of the plush surroundings of the flat; and clearly impatient at having to waste time going over the same old story.

Jennings himself was virtually apolitical. He shared the general (and his father's) view that the police got a better deal under a Conservative government, and he despised Wilson. But he didn't like Heath much better. Much more than he hated either party he hated the general charade of politics, the lying and covering-up that went on, the petty point-scoring. On the other hand he was not quite the fascist pig he very soon sensed that Peter took him for. He had a notion of due process, of justice, even if it had never been really put to the test; and he positively disliked the physical side of police work, the cases of outright brutality he had

heard gossip about and once or twice witnessed. Essentially he saw life as a game, which one played principally for oneself and only incidentally out of some sense of duty. Being on the law's side was a part of the rules, not a moral imperative. So he disliked Peter from the start less for political reasons than for all kinds of vague social and games-playing ones ... as one hates an opponent paradoxically both for unfairly taken and inefficiently exploited advantage. Jennings himself would have used the simple word 'phony'. He did not distinguish between an acquired left-wing contempt for the police and a hereditary class one. He just saw a contempt; and knew much better than the young man opposite him how to hide such a feeling.

The Thursday evening 'supper' had arisen quite casually. Peter had telephoned his father about six to say that he wouldn't be coming home that weekend after all. His father had suggested they had a meal together that evening, to bring Isobel along. Fielding wanted an early night, it was only for a couple of hours. They had taken him to a new kebab-house in Charlotte Street. He liked 'slumming' with them occasionally, eating out like that was nothing new. He had seemed perfectly normal - his 'usual urbane man-of-the-world act'. They had given up arguing the toss about politics 'years ago'. They had talked family things. About Watergate. His father had taken *The Times* line on Nixon (that he was being unfairly impeached by proxy), but didn't try seriously to defend the White House administration. Isobel had talked about her sister, who had married a would-be and meanwhile impoverished French film director and was shortly expecting a baby. The horrors of a cross-Channel confinement had amused Fielding. They hadn't talked about anything seriously, there had been absolutely no hint of what was to happen the next day. They had all left together about ten. His father had found a taxi (and had returned straight home, as the night porter had earlier borne witness) and they had gone on to a late film in Oxford Street. There had been no suggestion of a final farewell when they said goodnight to him.

'Do you think you ever convinced your father at all? In the days when you did argue with him?'

'No.'

'He never seemed shaken in his beliefs? Fed up in any way with the political life?'

'Extraordinary though it may seem, also no.'

'But he knew you despised it?'

'I'm just his son.'

'His only son.'

'I gave up. No point. One just makes one more taboo.'

'What other taboos did he have?'

'The usual fifty thousand.' Peter flicked his eyes round the room. '*Anything to keep reality at bay.*'

'Won't it all be yours one day?'

'That remains to be seen.' He added, 'Whether I want it.'

'Was there a taboo about sex?'

'Which aspect of it?'

'Did he know the nature of your relationship with Miss Dodgson?'

'Oh for God's sake.'

'I'm sorry, sir. What I'm trying to get at is whether you think he might have envied it.'

'We never discussed it.'

'And you formed no impression?'

'He liked her. Even though she's not quite out of the right drawer, and all that. And I didn't mean by taboos expecting his son —'

The sergeant raised his hand. 'Sorry. You're not with me. Whether he could have fancied girls her age.'

Peter stared at him, then down at his sprawled feet.

'He hadn't that kind of courage. Or imagination.'

'Or need? Your parents' marriage was very happy, I believe.'

'Meaning you don't?'

'No, sir. I'm just asking you.'

Peter stared at him again a long moment, then stood up and went to the window.

'Look. All right. Maybe you don't know the kind of world I was brought up in. But its leading principle is never, never, never show what you really feel. I *think* my mother and father were happy together. But I don't really know. It's quite possible they've been screaming at each other for years behind the scenes. It's possible he's been having it off with any number of women. I don't think so, but I honestly don't know. Because that's the world they live in and I have to live in when I'm with them. You pretend, right? You don't actually show the truth till the world splits in half under your feet.' He turned from the window. 'It's no good asking me about my father. You could tell me anything about him and I couldn't say categorically, that's not true. I *think* he was everything he outwardly pretended to be. But because of what he is and ... I just do not know.'

The sergeant left a silence.

'In retrospect - do you think he was deceiving you all through that previous evening?'

'It wasn't a police interrogation, for Christ's sake. One wasn't looking for it.'

'Your mother has asked in very high places that we pursue our inquiries. We haven't very much to go on.'

Peter Fielding took a deep breath. 'Okay.'

'This idea of a life of pretence - did you ever see any awareness of that in your father?'

'I suppose socially. Sometimes. All the dreadful bores he had to put up with. The small-talk. But even that far less often than he seemed to be enjoying it.'

'He never suggested he wanted a life without that?'

'Without people you can use? You're joking.'

'Did he ever seem disappointed his political career hadn't gone higher?'

'Also taboo.'

'He suggested something like it to someone in the House of Commons.'

'I didn't say it wasn't likely. He used to put out a line about the back benches being the backbone of parliament. I never really swallowed that.' He came and sat down again

opposite the sergeant. 'You can't understand. I've had this all my life. The faces you put on. For an election meeting. For influential people you want something out of. For your old cronies. For the family. It's like asking me about an actor I've only seen on stage. I don't know.'

'And you've no theory on this last face?'

'Only three cheers. If he really did walk out on it all.'

'But you don't think he did?'

'The statistical probability is the sum of the British Establishment to one. I wouldn't bet on that. If I were you.'

'I take it this isn't your mother's view?'

'My mother doesn't have views. Merely appearances to keep up.'

'May I ask if your two sisters share your politics at all?'

'Just one red sheep in the family.'

The sergeant gave him a thin smile. He questioned on; and received the same answers, half angry, half indifferent – as if it were more important that the answerer's personal attitude was clear than the mystery be solved. Jennings was astute enough to guess that something was being hidden, and that it could very probably be some kind of distress, a buried love; that perhaps Peter was split, half of him wanting what would suit his supposedly independent self best – a spectacular breakdown of the life of pretence – and half wishing that everything had gone on as before. If he was, as seemed likely, really just a temporary pink, his father's possible plunge into what was the social, if not the political, equivalent of permanent red must be oddly mortifying; as if the old man had said, If you're really going to spit in your world's face, then this is the way to do it.

When the sergeant stood to go, he mentioned that he would like to see the girl-friend, Isobel Dodgson, when she returned to London. She had been in France, in Paris, since some ten days after the disappearance. It had seemed innocent enough. Her sister had just had the expected baby and the visit had apparently been long agreed. Even so – someone else's vision of a brilliant coup – Miss Dodgson and the comings and goings of her somewhat motley collection

of French in-laws had been watched for a few days – and proved themselves monotonously innocent. Peter Fielding seemed rather vague about when exactly she would return. He thought it might not be for another week, when she was due back at her job at a publisher's.

'And she can't tell you anything you haven't heard ten times already.'

'I'd just like to see her briefly, sir.'

Jennings went on his way then, with once more next to nothing, beyond the contemplation of an unresolved Oedipus complex, for his pains.

He descended next, by appointment, on Tetbury Hall itself; though before he gave himself the pleasure of seeing its beamed and moated glory, he called on a selected handful of the neighbours. There he got a slightly different view of his subject, and an odd consensus that something thoroughly nasty (if unspecified) had happened. Again, there was praise without reservation for the victim, as if *De mortuis* was engraved on every county heart. Fielding was such a good master of hounds, or would have been if he hadn't been so often unavoidably absent; so 'good for the village'; so generally popular (unlike the previous member). The sergeant tried to explain that a political murder without any evidence for it, let alone a corpse, is neither a murder nor political, but he had the impression that to his listeners he was merely betraying a sad ignorance of contemporary urban reality. He found no one who could seriously believe for a moment that Fielding might have walked deliberately out of a world shortly about to enter the hunting and shooting season.

Only one person provided a slightly different view of Fielding, and that was the tweed-suited young man who ran his farm for him. It was not a world Jennings knew anything about, but he took to the laconic briskness of the thirty-year-old manager. He sensed a certain reflection of his own feelings about Fielding – a mixture of irritation and respect. The irritation came very clearly, on the manager's side, from feeling he was not sufficiently his own boss.

Fielding liked to be 'consulted over everything'; and everything had to be decided 'on accountancy grounds' – he sometimes wondered why they hadn't installed a computer. But he confessed he'd learnt a lot, been kept on his toes. Pressed by Jennings, he came up with the word 'compartmentalized'; a feeling that Fielding was two different people. One was ruthless in running the farm for maximum profit; another was 'very pleasant socially, very understanding, nothing snobbish about him'. Only a fortnight before the 'vanishing trick' happened, he had had a major planning get-together with Fielding. There had not been the faintest sign then that the owner knew he would never see the things they discussed come to fruition. Jennings asked finally, and discreetly, about Mrs Fielding – the possibility that she might have made her husband jealous.

'Not a chance. Not down here, anyway. Be round the village in ten minutes.'

Mrs Fielding herself did not deny the unlikelihood. Though he had mistrusted Peter, the sergeant had to concede some justice to the jibe about keeping up appearances. It had been tactfully explained to her that Jennings, despite his present rank, was 'one of our best men' and had been working full time on the case since the beginning – a very promising detective. He put on his public-school manner, made it clear that he was not out of his social depth, that he was glad of the opportunity to meet her in person.

After telling her something of what he had been doing on the case, he began, without giving their origins, by advancing the theories of Miss Parsons and the Labour M.P. The notion that her husband might have realized what he had done and then committed suicide or, from shame, remained in hiding, Mrs Fielding found incredible. His one concern would have been for the anxiety and the trouble he was causing, and to end it as soon as possible. She conceded that the inevitable publicity might irreparably have damaged his political career – but then he had 'so much else to live for'.

She refused equally to accept that he was politically

disappointed. He was not at all a romantic dreamer, he had long ago accepted that he lacked the singleminded drive and special talents of ministerial material. He was not good at the cut-and-thrust side of parliamentary debate; and he spent rather too much time on the other sides of his life to expect to be a candidate for any Downing Street list. She revealed that Marcus was so little ambitious, or foolishly optimistic, that he had seriously considered giving up his seat at the next election. But she insisted that that was not out of disillusionment – simply from a feeling that he had done his stint. The sergeant did not argue the matter. He asked Mrs Fielding if she had formed any favourite theory herself during that last fortnight.

'One hardly seems to have talked of anything else, but ...' she made an elegant and seemingly rather well-practised gesture of hopelessness.

'At least you feel he's still alive?' He added quickly, 'As you should, of course.'

'Sergeant, I'm in a vacuum. One hour I expect to see him walk through that door, the next ...' again she gestured.

'If he is in hiding, could he look after himself? Can he look, for instance?'

She smiled thinly. 'One hardly lives that sort of life, as you must realize. But the war. No doubt he could look after himself. As one does if one has to.'

'No new name has occurred to you – perhaps someone from the distant past? – who might have been talked into hiding him?'

'No.' She said. 'And let me spare you the embarrassment of the other woman theory. It was totally foreign to his nature to conceal anything from me. Obviously, let's face it, he could have fallen in love with someone else. But he'd never have hidden it from me – if he did feel ...'

Jennings nodded. 'We do accept that, Mrs Fielding. I actually wasn't going to bring it up. But thanks anyway.' He said, 'No friends – perhaps with a villa or something broad?'

'Well of course one has friends with places abroad. You

must have all their names by now. But I simply refuse to believe that they'd do this to me and the children. It's unimaginable.'

'Your daughters can't help in any way?'

'I'm afraid not. They're here. If you want to ask them anything.'

'Perhaps later?' He tried to thaw her with a smile. 'There's another rather delicate matter. I'm terribly sorry about all this.'

The lady opened her hands in an acquiescent way – a gracious martyrdom; since one's duty obliged.

'It's to do with trying to build up a psychological picture? I've already asked your son about this in London. Whether his political views weren't a great disappointment to his father?'

'What did he answer?'

'I'd be most grateful to have your opinion first.'

She shrugged, as if the whole matter were faintly absurd, not 'delicate' at all.

'If only he'd understand that one would far rather he thought for himself than ... you know what I mean.'

'But there was some disappointment?'

'My husband was naturally a little upset at the beginning. We both were. But ... one had agreed to disagree? And he knows perfectly well we're very proud of him in every other way.'

'So a picture of someone having worked very hard to build a very pleasant world, only to find his son and heir doesn't want it, would be misleading?'

She puffed.

'But Peter does want it. He adores this house. Our life here. Whatever he says.' She smiled with a distinct edge of coldness. 'I do think this is the most terrible red herring, sergeant. What worst there was was long over. And one does have two daughters as well. One mustn't forget that.' She said, 'Apart from Peter's little flirtation with Karl Marx, we really have been a quite disgustingly happy family.'

The sergeant began to have something of the same

impression he had received from Miss Parsons: that the lady had settled for ignorance rather than revelation. He might be there because she had insisted that investigation went on; but he suspected that that was a good deal more for show than out of any desperate need to have the truth uncovered. He questioned on; and got no help whatever. It was almost as if she actually knew where her husband was, and was protecting him. The sergeant had a sudden freakish intuition, no more founded on anything but frustration than those Mrs Fielding herself had had during that first evening of the disappearance, that he ought really to be searching Tetbury Hall, warrant in hand, instead of chatting politely away in the drawing-room. But to suppose Mrs Fielding capable of such a crime required her to be something other than she so obviously was ... a woman welded to her role in life and her social status, eminently poised and eminently unimaginative. The sergeant also smelt a deeply wounded vanity. She had to bear some of the odium; and in some inner place she resented it deeply. He would have liked it much better if she had openly done so.

He did see the two daughters briefly. They presented the same united front. Daddy had looked tired sometimes, he worked so *fantastically* hard; but he was a super daddy. The younger of the two, Caroline, who had been sailing in Greece when the event took place, added one tiny new – and conflicting – angle. She felt few people, 'not even Mummy', realized how much the country side of his life meant to him – the farm, it drove Tony (the farm manager) mad the way Daddy was always poking round. But it was only because Daddy loved it, it seemed. He didn't really want to interfere, he 'just sort of wanted to be Tony, actually'. Then why hadn't he given up his London life? Caroline didn't know. She supposed he was more complicated 'than we all ever realized'. She even provided the wildest possibility yet.

'You know about Mount Athos? In Greece?' The sergeant shook his head. 'Actually we sailed past it when I was out there. It's sort of reserved for monasteries. There

are only monks. It's all male. They don't even allow hens or cows. I mean, I know it sounds ridiculous, but sort of somewhere like that. Where he could be alone for a bit, I suppose.'

But when it came to evidence of this yearning for a solitary retreat, the two girls were as much at a loss as everyone else. What their brother found hypocritical, they had apparently found all rather dutiful and self-sacrificing.

A few minutes later, Mrs Fielding thanked the sergeant for his labours and, although it was half-past twelve, did not offer him lunch. He went back to London feeling, quite correctly, that he might just as well have stayed there in the first place.

Indeed he felt near the end of his tether over the whole bloody case. There were still people he had down to see, but he hardly expected them to add anything to the general – and generally blank – picture. He knew he was fast moving from being challenged to feeling defeated; and that it would soon be a matter of avoiding unnecessary work, not seeking it. One such possible lead he had every reason to cross off his list was Isobel Dodgson, Peter's girl-friend. She had been questioned in detail by someone else during the preliminary inquiry, and had contributed nothing of significance. But he retained one piece of casual gossip about her at the Yard; and a pretty girl makes a change, even if she knows nothing. Caroline and Francesca had turned out much prettier in the name than in the meeting.

She came back from Paris on August 15th, in the middle of one of the hottest weeks for many years. The sergeant had sent a brief letter asking her to get in touch as soon as she returned, and she telephoned the next morning, an unbearably sultry and humid Thursday. He arranged to go up to Hampstead and see her that afternoon. She sounded precise and indifferent; she knew nothing, she didn't really see the point. However, he insisted, though he presumed she had already spoken with Peter, and was taking his line.

He fell for her at once, in the door of the house in

Willow Road. She looked a little puzzled, as if he must be for someone else, though he had rung the bell of her flat and was punctual to the minute. Perhaps she had expected someone in uniform, older; as he had expected someone more assured.

'Sergeant Mike Jennings. The fuzz.'

'Oh. Sorry.'

A small girl, a piquant oval face, dark brown eyes, black hair; a simple white dress with a blue stripe in it; down to the ankles, sandals over bare feet ... but it wasn't only that. He had an immediate impression of someone alive, where everyone else had been dead, or playing dead; of someone who lived in the present, not the past; who was, surprisingly, not like Peter at all. She smiled and nodded past him.

'I suppose we couldn't go on the Heath? This heat's killing me. My room doesn't seem to get any air.'

'Fine.'

'I'll just get my key.'

He went and waited on the pavement. There was no sun; an opaque heat-mist, a bath of stale air. He took off his dark blue blazer and folded it over his arm. She joined him, carrying a small purse; another exchange of cautious smiles.

'You're the first cool-looking person I've seen all day.'

'Yes? Sheer illusion.'

They walked over the little climb to East Heath Road; then across that, and over the grass down towards the ponds. She didn't return to work until the next Monday; she was just a general dogsbody at the publisher's. He knew more about her than she realized, from the checking that had been done when she was temporarily under suspicion. She was twenty-four years old, a graduate in English, she had even published a book of stories for children. Her parents were divorced, her mother now lived in Ireland, married to some painter. Her father was a professor at York University.

'I don't know what on earth I can tell you.'

'Have you seen Peter Fielding since you got back?'

She shook her head. 'Just talked over the 'phone. He's

down in the country.'

'It's only routine. Just a chat, really.'

'You're still ...?'

'Where we started. More or less.' He shifted his blazer to the other arm. One couldn't move without sweating. 'I'm not quite sure how long you've known the Fieldings.'

They walked very slowly. It was true, though meant as a way of saying he liked her dress, in spite of the heat she seemed cool beneath the white cotton; very small-bodied, delicate, like sixteen; but experienced somewhere, unlike sixteen, certain of herself despite those first moments of apparent timidity. A sexy young woman wearing a dark French scent, who tended to avoid his eyes, answering to the ground or to the Heath ahead.

'Only this summer. Four months. Peter, that is.'

'And his father?'

'We've been down two or three times to the grand baronial home. There was a party in London at the flat. Occasional meals out. Like that last one. I was really just his son's bit of bird. I honestly didn't know him very well.'

'Did you like him?'

She smiled, and for a brief moment said nothing.

'Not much.'

'Why not?'

'Tories. Not the way I was brought up.'

'Fair enough. Nothing else?'

She looked at the grass, amused. 'I didn't realize you were going to ask questions like this.'

'Nor did I. I'm playing it by ear.' She flashed him a surprised look, as if she hadn't expected such frankness; then smiled away again. He said, 'We've got all the facts. We're down to how people felt about him.'

'It wasn't him in particular. Just the way they live.'

'What your friend described as the life of pretence?'

'Except they're not pretending. They just are, aren't they?'

'Do you mind if I take my tie off?'

'Please. Of course.'

'I've spent all day dreaming of water.'

'Me too.'

'At least you've got it here.' They were passing the ladies' pond, with its wall of trees and shrubbery. He gave her a dry little grin, rolling his tie up. 'At a price.'

'The lezzies? How do you know about them?'

'I did some of my uniformed time up the road. Haverstock Hill?'

She nodded; and he thought, how simple it is, or can be ... when they don't beat about the bush, say what they actually think and know, actually live today instead of fifty years ago; and actually state things he had felt but somehow not managed to say to himself. He had grown not to like Fielding much, either; or that way of life. Just that one became brainwashed, lazy, one swallowed the Sunday colour-supplement view of values, the assumptions of one's seniors, one's profession, one forgot there are people with fresh minds and independence who see through all that and are not afraid ...

Suddenly she spoke.

'Is it true they beat up the dirty old men there?'

He was brought sharply to earth; and was shocked more than he showed, like someone angling for a pawn who finds himself placed in check by one simple move.

'Probably.' She had her eyes on the grass. After a second or two he said, 'I used to give them a cup of tea. Personally.' But the pause had registered.

'I'm sorry. I shouldn't have asked that.' She gave him an oblique glance. 'You're not very police-y.'

'We're used to it.'

'Something I heard once. I'm sorry, I ...' She shook her head.

'It's okay. We live with it. Over-react.'

'And I interrupted.'

He hitched his coat over his back, and unbuttoned his shirt. 'What we're trying to discover is whether he could have got disillusioned with that way of life. Your friend told me his father hadn't the courage – either the courage

or the imagination to walk out on it. Would you go with that?'

'Peter said that?'

'His words.'

She didn't answer for a moment.

'He was one of those men who sometimes seem to be somewhere else. You know? As if they're just going through the motions.'

'And what else?'

Again that pause. 'Dangerous isn't the word – but someone – very self-controlled. A tiny bit obsessional? I mean someone who wouldn't be easily stopped if he'd argued himself into something.' She hit her head gently in self-remonstrance. 'I'm not putting this very well. I'm just surprised that Peter —'

'Don't stop.'

There was something sort of fixed, rigid underneath. I think that could have produced courage. And this abstracted thing he showed sometimes. As if he were somewhere else. And that suggests a kind of imagination?' She grimaced. 'The detective's dream.'

'No, this is helpful. How about that last evening? Did you get that somewhere-else feeling then?'

She shook her head. 'Oddly enough he was much jollier than usual. Well ... I say jolly. He wasn't that kind of person, but ...'

'Enjoying himself?'

'It didn't seem only politeness.'

'Someone who's made up his mind? Feels good about it?'

She thought about that, staring down. They walked very slowly, as if at any moment they would turn back. She shook her head.

'I honestly don't know. There certainly wasn't any buried emotion. Nothing of the farewell about it.'

'Not even when he said goodbye?'

'He kissed me on the cheek. I think he touched Peter on the shoulder. I couldn't swear about the actual movements.

But I'd have noticed if there'd been anything unusual. I mean, his mood was slightly unusual. I remember Peter saying something about his getting mellow in his old age. There was that feeling. That he'd put himself out to be nice to us.'

'He wasn't always?'

'I didn't mean that. Just ... not simply going through the motions. Perhaps it was London. He always seemed more somewhere-else down in the country. To me, anyway.'

'That's where everyone else seems to think he was happier.'

Again she thought, and chose her words. 'Yes, he did enjoy showing it all off. Perhaps it was the family situation. Being *en famille*.'

He said, 'I've got to ask you something very crude now.'

'No. He didn't.'

The answer came back so fast that he laughed.

'You're my star witness.'

'I was waiting for it.'

'Not even a look, a ...?'

'I divide the looks men give me into two kinds. Natural and unnatural. He never gave me the second sort. That I saw.'

'I didn't mean to suggest he'd have made a pass at you, but whether you felt any kind of general ...'

'Nothing I could describe.'

'Then there was something?'

'No. Honestly not. I think it was just me. Psychic nonsense. It's not evidence.'

'Do I get on my knees?'

Her mouth curved, but she said nothing. They moved up, on a side-path, towards Kenwood.

He said, 'Bad vibes?'

She hesitated still, then shook her head. The black hair curled a little, negligently and deliciously, at its ends, where it touched the skin of her bare neck.

'I didn't like being alone with him. It only happened once or twice. It may have just been the political thing. Sym-

pathetic magic. The way he always used to produce a kind of chemical change in Peter.'

'Like how?'

'Oh, a kind of nervousness. A defensiveness. It's not that they used to argue the way they once apparently did. All very civilized, really. You please mustn't say anything about this. It's mostly me. Not facts.'

'The marriage seemed okay to you?'

'Yes.'

'You hesitated.'

She was watching the ground again as they mounted the grassy hill. 'My own parents' marriage broke up when I was fifteen. I sort of felt something . . . just the tiniest whiff. When the couple know and the children don't. I think in real relationships people are rude to each other. They know it's safe, they're not walking on ice. But Peter said they'd always been like that. He told me once, he'd never once heard them have a row. Always that façade. Front. Perhaps I just came in late on something that had always been here.'

'You never had chat with Mrs Fielding?'

'Nothing else.' She pulled a little face. 'Inch-deep.'

'This not wanting to be alone with him —'

'It was such a tiny thing.'

'You've already proved you're telepathic.' She smiled again, her lips pressed tight. 'Were these bad vibes sexual ones?'

'Just that something was suppressed. Something . . .'

'Let it come out. However wild.'

'Something he might suddenly tell me. That he might break down. Not that he ever would. I can't explain.'

'But an unhappiness in him?'

'Not even that. Just someone else, behind it all. It's nothing, but I'm not quite making it up after the facts.' She hugged. 'When it all happened, something seemed to fit. It wasn't quite the shock it ought to have been.'

'You think the someone else was very different from the man everyone knew?' She gave her slow, reluctant nod.

'Nicer or nastier?'

'More honest?'

'You never heard him say anything that suggested he was changing his politics? Moving leftward?'

'Absolutely not.'

'Did he seem to approve of you as a future daughter-in-law?'

She seemed faintly embarrassed at that.

'I'm not interested in getting married yet. It's not been that sort of relationship.'

'Which they understood?'

'They knew we were sleeping together. There wasn't any separate room nonsense when we stayed down there.'

'But he liked you in some way you didn't like? Or is that over-simplifying?'

Suddenly she gave him a strange look: a kind of lightning assessment of who he was. Then she looked away.

'Could we go and sit down a moment? Under that tree?'

She went on before he could say anything. 'I'm holding out on you. There's something I should have told you before. The police. It's very minor. But it may help explain what I'm trying to say.'

Again that quickness: a little smile, that stopped him before he could speak.

'Please. Let's sit down first.'

She sat cross-legged, like a child. He took a cigarette packet out of his blazer pocket, but she shook her head and he put it away. He sat, then lay on an elbow opposite her. The tired grass. It was totally airless. Just the white dress with the small blue stripes, very simple, a curve off her shoulders down above her breasts, the skin rather pale, faintly olive; those eyes, the line of her black hair. She broke off a stalk of dry grass and fiddled with it in her lap.

'That last meal we had.' She smiled up. 'The last supper? Actually I was alone with him for a few minutes before Peter arrived. He'd been at some meeting at the L.S.E., he was a tiny bit late. Mr Fielding never was. So. He asked me

what I'd been doing all week. We're doing a reprint of some minor late Victorian novels — you know, those campy illustrated ones, it's just cashing in on a trend — and I explained I'd been reading some.' She was trying to split the grass-stalk with a nail. 'It's just this. I did mention I had to go to the British Museum reading-room the next day to track one down.' She looked up at the sergeant. 'Actually in the end I didn't. But that's what I told him.'

He looked down from her eyes. 'Why didn't you tell us?'

'I suppose "no one asked me" isn't good enough?'

'Not from someone of your intelligence.'

She went back to the grass-stalk. 'Then sheer cowardice? Plus the knowledge that I'm totally innocent.'

'He didn't make a thing of it?'

'Not at all. It was just said in passing. I spent most of the time telling him about the book I'd been reading that day. That was all. Then Peter came.'

'And you never went to the Museum?'

'There was a panic over some proofs. I spent the whole of Friday in the office reading them.' She looked him in the eyes again. 'You could check. They'd remember the panic.'

'We already have.'

'Thank God for that.'

'Where everybody was that afternoon.' He sat up and stared away across the grass to Highgate Hill. 'If you're innocent, why keep quiet about it?'

'Purely personal reasons.'

'Am I allowed to hear them?'

'Just Peter. It's actually been rather more off than on for some time now. Since before. The real reason we didn't go down to Tetbury that weekend was that I refused to.' She glanced up at the sergeant, as if to see whether she had said enough; then down again into her lap. 'I felt the only reason he tried to get me down there was to put me in what you just said — the future daughter-in-law situation? Using something he pretends to hate to try and get me. I didn't like it. That's all.'

'But you still wanted to protect him?'

'He's so desperately confused about his father. And I thought, you know ... whatever I said, it would seem fishy. And Mrs Fielding. I mean, I know I'm innocent. But I wasn't sure anyone else would. And I couldn't see, I still can't, that it proves anything.'

'If he did go to see you, what could he have wanted?'

She uncrossed her legs, and sat sideways to him, hands clasped round the knees. 'I thought at first something to do with me being in publishing. But I'm just a nobody. He knew that.'

'You mean some kind of book? Confession?'

She shook her head. 'It doesn't make sense.'

'You should have told us.'

The other man didn't explain what he wanted. You have.'

'Thanks. And you've still been wicked.'

'Duly contrite.'

The head was bowed. He pressed a smile out of his mouth.

'This feeling he wanted to tell you something - is that based on this, or something previous?'

There was one other tiny thing. Down at Tetbury in June. He took me off one day to see some new loose-boxes they'd just had put up. It was really an excuse. To give me a sort of pat on the back. You know. He said something about being glad Peter had hit it off with me. Then that he needed someone with a sense of humour. And then he said: *'Like all us political animals.'* She spoke the words slowly, as if she were listing them. 'I'm sure of that. Those words exactly. Then something about, one sometimes forgets there are other ways of seeing life. That was all, but he was sort of trying to let me know he knew he wasn't perfect. That he knew Tetbury wasn't my scene. That he didn't despise my scene as much as I might think.' She added, 'I'm talking about tiny, very faint impressions. And retrospective ones. They may not mean anything.'

'Peter obviously didn't know about the Museum thing?'

'It didn't come up. Fortunately. Something in him always liked to pretend I didn't earn my own living.'

He noted that past tense.

'And he wouldn't have believed you - if he had known?'

'Do you?'

'You wouldn't be here now, otherwise. Or telling me.'

'No, I suppose I wouldn't.'

He leant back again, on an elbow; and tried to calculate how far he could go with personal curiosity under the cover of official duty.

'He sounds very mixed-up. Peter.'

The opposite really. Unmixed. Like oil and water. Two people.'

'And his father could have been the same?'

'Except it's naked with Peter. He can't hide it.' She was talking with her head bent, rocking a little, hands still clasped around her knees. 'You know, some people - that kind of pretentious life, houseboys waiting at table and all the rest of it. Okay, one loathes it, but at least it's natural, Peter's mother.' She shrugged. 'She really believes in the formal hostess bit. Leaving the gentlemen to the port and cigars.' She glanced sideways at him again. 'But his father. He so obviously wasn't a fool. Whatever his political views.'

'He saw through it?'

'But something in him was also too clever to show it. I mean, he never sent it up. Apologized for it, the way some people do. Except for that one thing he said to me. It's just some kind of discrepancy. I can't explain.' She smiled at him. 'It's all so tenuous. I don't even know why I'm bothering to tell you.'

'Probably because you know I'm torn between arresting you for conspiracy to suppress evidence and offering you a cup of tea at Kenwood.'

She smiled and looked down at her knees, let three or four seconds pass.

'Have you always been a policeman?'

He told her who his father was.

'And you enjoy it?'

'Being a leper to most of your own generation?'

'Seriously.'

He shrugged. 'Not this case. No one wants it solved now. Sleeping dogs and all that. Between ourselves.'

'That must be foul.'

He smiled. 'Not until this afternoon, anyway.' He said quickly, 'That's not a pass. You're just about the first person I've seen who makes some kind of sense of it all.'

'And you're really nowhere nearer...?'

'Further. But you may have something. There was someone else. Saying more or less what you've said. Only not so well.'

She left another pause.

'I'm sorry I said that thing just now. About police brutality.'

'Forget it. It does happen. Coppers also have small daughters.'

'Do you really feel a leper?'

'Sometimes.'

'Are all your friends in the police?'

'It's not that. Just the work. Having to come on like authority. Officialdom? Obeying people you don't always respect. Never quite being your own man.'

'That worries you?'

'When I meet people I like. Who can be themselves.'

She stared into the distance.

'Would it ever make you give it up?'

'Would what?'

'Not being your own man?'

'Why do you ask?'

'Just...' she shrugged. 'That you should use that phrase.'

'Why?'

She said nothing for a moment, then she looked down at her knees. 'I do have a private theory. About what happened. It's very wild.' She grinned at him. 'Very literary. If you want to hear it, it will cost you one cup of tea.' She raised the purse. 'I didn't bring any money.'

He stood and held out a hand. 'You're on.'

They walked towards the trees of Kenwood House. She kept obstinately to her bargain. Her 'theory' must wait till they had their tea. So they talked more like the perfect strangers, hazard-met, that they were; about their respective jobs, which required a disillusioning on both sides as to very much of the supposed glamour and excitement attached to them. She admitted, when he revealed that he knew about the children's stories, to a general literary ambition – that is, a more adult one. She was trying to write a novel, it was so slow, you had to destroy so much and start again; so hard to discover whether one was really a writer or just a victim of a literary home environment. He felt a little bit the same about his own work; and its frustrations, and endless weeks of getting nowhere. They rather surprisingly found, behind the different cultural backgrounds, a certain kind of unspoken identity of situation. He queued up behind his witness at the tea-counter, observing the back of her head, that tender skin above the curve of the dress, the starchy blue stripes in its mealy whiteness; and he knew he had to see her again, off-duty. He had no problems with girls. It was not a physical thing, a lack of confidence sexually; not even a class or a cultural thing; but a psychological thing, a knowledge that he was – despite the gaffe, but even the gaffe had been a kind of honesty – dealing with a quicker and more fastidious mind in the field of emotions and personal relationships ... that, and the traditional ineligibility of his kind for her kind, with the added new political bar, if the intelligence was also progressive, that he had referred to as a leprosy. Something about her possessed something that he lacked: a potential that lay like unsown ground, waiting for just this unlikely corn-goddess; a direction he could follow, if she would only show it. An honesty, in one word. He had not wanted a girl so fast and so intensely for a long time. Nevertheless, he made a wise decision.

They found a table to themselves in a corner. This time she accepted a cigarette.

'So let's have it.'

'Nothing is real. All is fiction.'

She bit her lips, lips without make-up, waiting for his reaction.

'That solves the case?'

'Lateral thinking. Let's pretend everything to do with the Fieldings, even you and me sitting here now, is in a novel. A detective story. Yes? Somewhere there's someone writing us, we're not real. He or she decides who we are, what we do, all about us.' She played with her teaspoon; the amused dark eyes glanced up at him. 'Are you with me?'

'By the skin of my teeth.'

'A story has to have an ending. You can't have a mystery without a solution. If you're the writer you have to think of something.'

'I've spent most of this last month —'

'Yes, but only in reality. It's the difference between I haven't many facts, so I can't decide anything – and I haven't many facts, but I've simply got to decide something.'

He felt a little redressment of the imbalance – after all a fault in this girl, a cerebral silliness. It would have irritated him in someone less attractive in other ways; now it simply relieved him. He smiled.

'We play that game too. But never mind.'

She bit her lips again. 'I propose to dismiss the *deus ex machina* possibility. It's not good art. An awful cheat, really.'

'You'd better ...'

She grinned. 'The god out of the machine. Greek tragedy. When you couldn't work out a logical end from the human premises, you dragged in something external. You had the villain struck down by lightning. A chimney-pot fell on his head. You know?'

'I'm back on my feet.'

'Of course the British Museum thing may have been pure coincidence. On the other hand the vanished man might have been really determined to see that girl. So I think the writer would make him – when he found she wasn't in the

reading-room after all – telephone the publishers where she works. There's a blank in her day. Between just after half-past five, when she left work, until about eight, when she met Peter Fielding to go to a rather ghastly party.'

And suddenly he felt more seriously out of his depth. He was being teased – which meant she liked him? Or he was being officially mocked – which meant she didn't?

'They met then?'

She raised a finger.

'The writer *could* have made them meet. He'd have to make it a kind of spur-of-the-moment thing. Obviously it could have been much better planned, if the missing man had had it in mind for some time. He'd have to say something like ... I've just broken under all the hidden pressures of my life, I don't know who to turn to, you seem quite a sympathetic and level-headed girl, you —'

'This level-headed girl would be telling me all this?'

'Only if she was quite sure it couldn't be proved. Which she might be. Given that at this late date the police have apparently never even suspected such a meeting.'

'Correction. Found evidence of.'

'Same thing.'

'All right.'

'So he might just have made her pity him? This seeming hollow man pouring out all his despair. A hopelessness. Terribly difficult to write, but it could be done. Because it so happens the girl is rather proud of her independence. And her ability to judge people. And don't forget she really hasn't any time at all for the world he's running away from.' The real girl played with her plastic teaspoon, looked up at him unsmiling now; trying him out. 'And there's no sex angle. She'd be doing it out of the kindness of her heart. And not very much. Just fixing up somewhere for him to hide for a few days, until he can make his own arrangements. And being the kind of person she is, once she'd decided it was the right thing to do, nothing, not even rather dishy young policemen who buy her cups of tea, would ever get the facts out of her.'

He stared at his own cup and saucer. 'You're a chance...?'

'Just one way the writer might have played it.'

'Hiding people isn't all that easy.'

'Ah.'

'Especially when they've acted on the spur of the moment and made no financial arrangements that one can discover. And when they're not spur-of-the-moment people.'

'Very true.'

'Besides, it's not how I read her character.'

'More conventional?'

'More imaginative.'

She leant away on an elbow, smiling.

'So our writer would have to tear this ending up?'

'If he's got a better.'

'He has. And may I have another cigarette?'

He lit it for her. She perched her chin on her hands, leant forward.

'What do you think would strike the writer about his story to date - if he re-read it?'

'He ought never to have started it in the first place.'

'Why?'

'Forgot to plant any decent leads.'

'Doesn't that suggest something about the central character? You know, in books, they do have a sort of life of their own.'

'He didn't mean evidence to be found?'

'I think the writer would have to face up to that. His main character has walked out on him. So all he's left with is the character's determination to have it that way. High and dry. Without a decent ending.'

The sergeant smiled down. 'Except writers can write it any way they like.'

'You mean detective stories have to end with everything explained? Part of the rules?'

'The unreality.'

'Then if our story disobeys the unreal literary rules, that might mean it's actually truer to life?' She bit her lips

again. 'Leaving aside the fact that it has all happened. So it must be true, anyway.'

'I'd almost forgotten that.'

She set out her saucer as an ashtray.

'If our writer could really do is find a convincing way for this main character had forced him to commit the literary crime of not sticking to the rules?' She said,

The sergeant felt the abyss between them; people who live by ideas and people who have to live by facts. He felt obscurely humiliated to have to sit here and listen to all this; and at the same time he saw her naked, deliciously naked on his bed. Her breasts were bare or no bed. The nipples showed through the thin fabric. Her breasts were so small, the eyes so alive.

'And you happen to have a better?'

'There was an author in his time. Not a man. A system, a view of things? Some of them had written him. Had really made him just a character in a book.'

'So?'

'Someone who never put a foot wrong. Always said the right thing, wore the right clothes, had the right image. Right with a big r, too. All the roles he had to play. In the City. The country. The dull and dutiful member of parliament. So in the end there's no freedom left. Nothing he can choose. Only what the system says.'

'But that goes for —'

'Then one has to look for something very unusual in him. Since he's done something very unusual?' The sergeant nodded. She was avoiding his eyes now. 'All this dawns on him. Probably not suddenly. Slowly. Little by little. He's like something written by someone else, a character in fiction. Everything is planned. Mapped out. He's like a fossil - while he's still alive. One doesn't have to suppose changes of view. Being persuaded by Peter politically. Seeing the City for the nasty little rich man's casino it really is. He'd have blamed everything equally. How it had used him. Limited him. Prevented him.'

She tapped ash from her cigarette.

'Did you ever see his scrapbooks?'

'His what?'

'They're in the library down at Tetbury. All bound in blue morocco. Gilt-tooled. His initials. Dates. All his press cuttings. Right back to the legal days. *Times* law reports, things like that. Tiniest things. Even little local rag clippings about opening bazaars and whatnot.'

'Is that so unusual?'

'It just seems more typical of an actor. Or some writers are like that. A kind of obsessive need to know ... that they've been known?'

'Okay.'

'It's a kind of terror, really. That they've failed, they haven't registered. Except that writers and actors are in far less predictable professions. They can have a sort of eternal optimism about themselves. Most of them. The next book will be *fabulous*. The next part will be a rave.' She looked up at him, both persuading and estimating. 'And on the other hand they live in cynical open worlds. Bitchy ones. Where no one really believes anyone else's reputation - especially if they're successful. Which is all rather healthy, in a way. But he isn't like that. Tories take success so seriously. They define it so exactly. So there's no escape. It has to be position. Status. Title. Money. And the outlets at the top are so restricted. You have to be prime minister. Or a great lawyer. A multi-millionaire. It's that or failure.' She said, 'Think of Evelyn Waugh. A terrible Tory snob. But also very shrewd, very funny. If you can imagine someone like that, a lot more imagination than anyone ever gave him credit for, but completely without all the safety valves Waugh had. No brilliant books, no Catholicism, no wit. No drinking, no impossible behaviour in private.'

'Which makes him like thousands of others?'

'But we have a fact about him. He did something thousands of others don't. So it must have hurt a lot more. Feeling failed and trapped. And forced - because everything was so standard, so conforming in his world - to pretend he

was happy as he was. No creative powers. Peter's told me. He wasn't even very good in court, as a barrister. Just specialized legal knowledge.' She said, 'And then his cultural tastes. He told me once he was very fond of historical biography. Lives of great men. And the theatre, he was genuinely quite keen on that. I know all this, because there was so little else we could talk about. And he adored Winston Churchill. The biggest old ham of them all.'

A memory jogged the sergeant's distracted mind: Miss Parsons, how Fielding had 'nearly' voted Labour in 1945. But that might fit.

He said, 'Go on.'

'He feels more and more like this minor character in a bad book. Even his own son despises him. So he's a zombie, just a high-class cog in a phony machine. From being very privileged and very successful, he feels himself very absurd and very failed.' Now she was tracing invisible patterns on the top of the table with a fingertip: a square, a circle with a dot in it. The sergeant wondered if she was wearing anything at all beneath the dress. He saw her sitting astride his knees, her arms enlacing his neck, tormenting him; and brutality. You fall in love by suddenly knowing what past love hadn't. Then one day he sees what might stop both the rot and the pain. What will get him immortality of a kind.'

'Walking out.'

'The one thing people never forget is the unsolved. Nothing lasts like a mystery.' She raised the pattern-making finger. 'On condition that it stays that way. If he's traced, found, then it all crumbles again. He's back in a story, being written. A nervous breakdown. A nutcase. Whatever.'

Now something had shifted, little bits of past evidence began to coagulate, and listening to her became the same as being with her. The background clatter, the other voices, the clinging heat, all that started to recede. Just one thing nagged, but he let it ride.

'So it has to be for good?'

She smiled at him. 'God's trick.'

'Come again.'

'Theologians talk about the *Deus absconditus* – the God who went missing? Without explaining why. That's why we've never forgotten him.'

He thought of Miss Parsons again. 'You mean he killed himself?'

'I bet you every penny I possess.'

He looked down from her eyes.

'This writer of yours – has he come up with a scenario for that?'

'That's just a detail. I'm trying to sell you the motive.'

He was silent a moment, then sought her eyes. 'Unfortunately it's the details I have to worry about.'

His own eyes were drily held. 'Then your turn. Your department.'

'We have thought about it. Throwing himself off a night-ferry across the Channel. But we checked. The boats were crowded, a lot of people on deck. The odds are dead against.'

'You mustn't underrate him. He'd have known that was too risky.'

'No private boats missing. We checked that as well.'

She gave him a glance under her eyebrows; a touch of conspiracy, a little bathing in collusion; then looked demurely down.

'I could tell you a suitable piece of water. And very private.'

'Where?'

'In the woods behind Tetbury Hall. They call it the lake. It's just a big pond. But they say it's very deep.'

'How does he get there without being seen?'

'He knows the country round Tetbury very well. He owns a lot of it. Hunting. Once he's within walking distance from London, he's safe.'

'And that part of it?'

'Some kind of disguise? He couldn't have hired a car. Or risked the train. By bus?'

'Hell of a lot of changing.'

'He wasn't in a hurry. He wouldn't have wanted to be

anywhere near home before nightfall. Some stop several miles away? Then cross-country? He liked walking.'

'He still has to sink himself. Drowned bodies need a lot of weight to stay down.'

'Something inflatable? An air mattress? Car-tyre? Then deflate it when he's floated far enough out?'

'You're beginning to give me nightmares.'

She smiled and leant back and folded her hands in her lap; then she grinned up and threw it all away.

'I also fancy myself as an Agatha Christie.'

He watched her; and she looked down, mock-penitent.

'How serious are you being about all this?'

'I thought about it a lot in Paris. Mainly because of the British Museum thing. I couldn't work out why he'd have wanted to see me. I mean if he didn't, it was a kind of risk. He might have bumped into me. And you can't walk into the reading-room just like that. You have to show a pass. I don't know if that was checked.'

'Every attendant there.'

'So what I think now is that it was some kind of message. He never meant to see me, but for some reason he wanted me to know that I was involved in his decision. Perhaps because of Peter. Something for some reason he felt I stood for.'

'A way out he couldn't take?'

'Perhaps. It's not that I'm someone special. In the ordinary world. I was probably just very rare in his. I think it was simply a way of saying that he'd have liked to talk to me. Enter my world. But couldn't.'

'And why Tetbury Hall?'

'It does fit. In an Agatha Christie sort of way. The one place no one would think of looking. And its neatness. He was very tidy, he hated mess. On his own land, no trespassing involved. Just a variation on blowing your brains out in the gun-room, really.'

He looked her in the eyes. 'One thing bothers me. Those two hours after work of yours that day.'

'I was only joking.'

'But you weren't at home. Mrs Fielding tried to telephone you then.'

She smiled.

'Now it's my turn to ask how serious you're being.'

'Just tying ends up.'

'And if I don't answer?'

'I don't think that writer of yours would allow that.'

'Oh but he would. That's his whole point. Nice people have instincts as well as duties.'

It was bantering, yet he knew he was being put to the test; that this was precisely what was to be learnt. And in some strange way the case had died during that last half-hour; it was not so much that he accepted her theory, but that like everyone else, though for a different reason, he now saw it didn't really matter. The act was done; taking it to bits discovering how it had been done in detail, was not the point. The point was a living face with brown eyes, half challenging and half teasing; not committing a crime against that. He thought of a ploy, some line about this necessitating further questioning; and rejected it. In the end, he smiled and looked down.

She said gently, 'I must go now. Unless you're going to arrest me for second sight.'

They came to the pavement outside the house in Willow Road, and stood facing each other.

'Well.'

'Thank you for the cup of tea.'

He glanced at the ground, reluctantly official.

'You have my number. If anything else...'

'Apart from bird-brained fantasy.'

'I didn't mean that. It was fun.'

There was a little silence.

'You should have worn a uniform. Then I'd have remembered who you were.'

He hesitated, then held out his hand. 'Take care. And I'll buy that novel when it comes out.'

She took his hand briefly, then folded her arms.

'Which one?'

'The one you were talking about.'

'There's another. A murder story.' She looked past his shoulder down the street. 'Just the germ of an idea. When I can find someone to help me over the technical details.'

'Like police procedure?'

'Things like that. Police psychology, really.'

'That shouldn't be too difficult.'

'You think someone...?'

'I know someone.'

She cocked her left sandal a little forward; contemplated it against the pavement, her arms still folded.

'I don't suppose he could manage tomorrow evening?'

'How do you like to eat?'

'Actually I rather enjoy cooking myself.' She looked up. 'When I'm not at work.'

'Dry white? About eight?'

She nodded and bit her lips, with a touch of wryness, perhaps a tinge of doubt.

'All this telepathy.'

'I wanted to. But...'

'Noted. And approved.'

She held his eyes a moment more, then raised her hand and turned towards the front door; the dark hair, the slim walk, the white dress. At the door, after feeling in her purse and putting the key in the lock, she turned a moment and again raised her hand briefly. Then she disappeared inside.

The sergeant made, the next morning, an informal and unsuccessful application to have the pond at Tetbury Hall dragged. He then tried, with equal unsuccess, to have himself taken off the case, indeed to have it tacitly closed. His highly circumstantial new theory as to what might have happened received no credence. He was told to go away and get on with the job of digging up some hard evidence instead of wasting his time on half-baked psychology; and heavily reminded that it was just possible the House of Commons might want to hear why one of their number

was still untraced when they returned to Westminster. Though the sergeant did not then know it, historical relief lay close at hand – the London letter-bomb epidemic of later that August was to succeed where his own request for new work had failed.

However, he was not, by the time that first tomorrow had closed, the meal been eaten, the Sauvignon drunk, the kissing come, the barefooted cook finally and gently persuaded to stand and be deprived of a different but equally pleasing long dress (and proven, as suspected, quite defenceless underneath, though hardly an innocent victim in what followed), inclined to blame John Marcus Fielding for anything at all.

The tender pragmatism of flesh have poetries no enigma, human or divine, can diminish or demean – indeed, it can only cause them, and then walk out.