

Old man - What's the matter? What the matter!
In the finale you are quivering like an aspen leaf.
Why shouldn't I quiver - you expect me that I should hold
six people on my back on bread and cheese.
I expect that you should do your business properly!
On bread and cheese? I'm hungry.
You get more than bread and cheese.
Baloney
Don't you talk to me, your father, in that fashion.
Are you crazy? I said baloney!
That's all I get to eat * is baloney!
What do you [xxx] expect?
If I am doing what I'm doing I need nourishment - meat! -
steaks - once in a while.
For six weeks we have been out of work and you want steaks
All right! Don't expect me that I shouldn't quiver, if I
have the whole damn family on my back.
*if it isn't bread and cheese it's baloney

If your mind was on your business you wouldn't quiver
With six people on my back, my mind is wandering, I suppose
That's just it! You are thinking of something else. And
you know whom I mean.

Very well, let everybody in the theatre know.

They do know. You were seen walking down the main street
~~with her~~ together.

So what?

You keep away from her. She's a married woman. She's
raised enough trouble already; if her husband ever finds
out that you were with her the night you were both late for
the performance, he'll divorce her; and name you as
correspondent.

There's a hundred others he can name besides me

That makes no difference. Do you want that we should have
a scandal in our family, and that our names should be
coupled with that - that no good woman?

What scandal! I happened to meet her on High street on her way to Winchester Cathedral and she invited me along.

What business have you with a married woman to go alone to a cathedral?

That's right, make something sacrilegious out of it

Then where did you go after the cathedral? What made you late for the performance?

We told you. ~~we missed the train~~ My watch had stopped and we missed the train back.

You can tell me your father that but don't ~~you~~ tell that story to her husband.

Why should I ~~have to~~ tell him anything. He doesn't know.

Everybody else knows. Poor devil, that's always the case. But he'll find out eventually.

To a Cathedral! ~~De~~ Are you ~~want~~ trying to make something ~~sacred~~ sacrilegious out of it.

All up! The boy leaped up to the third man's shoulders; the second man stooped slightly and grasped the hands of a man standing on each side of him while the underbearer as the bottom man is [xxx], put his hands to the man's sides and extended them out at arms length, then the boy went into a hand balance. This tableau was the finale of the act. The underbearer lifting six men while the boy did a hand balance on top. As the pictures of the six being supported was held a few seconds, the lad on top trembled, so did the underbearer below tremble.

Standing in the wings was an old german (?) - a man about fifty eight, with a red [xxx], a full neck and a [xxx] head. He was the father of the Jungunoughts [?] family of acrobats, six in all. ~~when they came into the wings~~ after the curtain was down and they came to the side of the stage the old man slapped the small boy in the face. What is it? (slap) Are you afraid ?(slap) Do you fear. I give you plenty

For six months we have been out of work and he expects
steaks

All right then, if I have the whole damn family on my back
don't expect me that I shouldn't quiver.

If your mind was on your business, you wouldn't quiver

With six people on my shoulders my mind should be wandering
I suppose

~~That's just it!....your mind is wandering.~~ Ever since ~~monday~~
~~night you have been~~ we opened here monday night you have
been eyeing that woman again

~~What woman?—What~~ Who are you talking about?

You know very well ~~what woman~~ who I mean. Do you want me
to shout it all over the theatre?

~~I wouldn't look at that woman~~ Keep away from her, she's a
married ~~woman~~ and you have [xxx]

I haven't been running after her

~~Well see that you don't~~

~~What do you mean?~~ I haven't spoken to her ever since we
opened here.

The old man was infuriated. What's the matter? In the finale you are quivering like a blancmange.

Why shouldn't I quiver, I'm hungry! You expect me that I should lift six people on my back on bread and cheese? I need a steak once in a while

For four weeks we have been out of work and you want steaks!

All right then! Don't expect me that I shouldn't quiver when I'm holding ~~six people~~ the whole family on my back

If your mind was on your business you wouldn't quiver. It's on something else

Six people I have on my back and [I am thinking of something else] my mind is thinking of something else!

A little less noise there the performance! [xxx] you think of your business instead of looking at that woman

~~you are crazy~~ what woman?

You know who I mean

You are crazy

Mr Hungerfast [?] and family gathered up their trappings at the back of the stage and scuttled off through the iron door to their dressing room

And you, said Mr Hungerf[xxx] to his youngest son, the young man who trembled so much while balancing on top "What is it that you fear". With that he gave the boy a resounding slap as both the father and boy began to climb the stairs to their dressing room. The boy yelled Ohoooh!

Shhh! The performance is on! said the irate father cuffing the boy again. "Is it that you fear, eh" - another slap - and another howl from the boy. Didn't I tell you - the performance is on!

I'll give you something to quiver about. Another slap

And another howl from

Shhhh! The performance is on!

Just then Calvero, the tramp Comedian, came out of his dressing room, and began to descend the stairs. As he approached Mr Hungerfast and son, he was just in time to see the boy get another slap in the face.

Shhhhh! repeated the father again, didn't I tell you the performance.

Calvero was passing. Suddenly without warning he gave a terrific ~~wallop~~ slap on the face of Mr Hungerfast, who let out a yell.

Shhhh! said Calvero, the performance is on. Then he went on his way down stairs and through the iron door to the stage

Off to one side was the green room as the theatre would call it - a satirical ~~ironic name for~~ [xxx] for actors to seat and wait for this one or [xxx] It is usually a room off the side of the stage used primarily for props and electrical equipment. ~~Sometimes it in some of~~ In some of the older music halls the green room is annexed to the bar ~~room that on the front of the house~~ which is on the side of the auditorium. ~~The green room is separated by a small opening~~ A small hole in the wall of the green room like that of a box office leads to the bar, in front of the house

~~How are they?~~ Calvero goes to the side of the wings ~~just~~ as one of the performers finishes his dance. When he comes to the side of the wings, the ~~dancer~~ [xxx] throws something down in disgust. Calvero looks at him amused.

How are they?

(sarcastically) Who

(") The audience. The beloved public for whom you and I would lay down our precious lives.

The audience? I didn't know they were out there. They are a bunch of cocoons. They haven't come out of their shells yet. They are all in straight jackets! Some of them are embalmed lying up in the boxes, there, waiting for the undertaker. It's a wax work show out there! A bunch of dummies. (He goes on and takes a bow, smiling sweetly to the audience. There are several hands applauding)

The tail of a whale is awfully big
As a sardine said one day

O man: - For six weeks we have been ~~out of work~~ laid off and he expects steaks!

Son: All right then, don't expect me that I shouldn't quiver if I have the whole damn family on my back

O man: If your mind was on your business you wouldn't quiver

Son: with six people on my shoulders ~~my mind is not on my business...where is it? I am thinking of other things, I suppose? I suppose I am thinking my mind is wandering with six people on my shoulders~~

Calvero's youth

The theatre back stage smelled of a mixture of cosmetics, the colouring of electric light bulbs, orange peel and face powder

~~As one~~ One entered the stage door, the warm omnipresence of magic pervaded the corridors of the dressing rooms. Its intensity was felt in the wings; in the flies, back stage, everywhere. The release of it went out through the proscenium [xxx] into the audience, a vast gaping world, sitting strangely silent, and stiff as a jury... ~~The~~ Its attitude ~~of this gaping world~~ peculiarly self-conscious, deliberate and business like. It has come to survey itself, to view life, as it were, like a costume, in a barber shop ~~sitting up in a~~ chair looking at himself in a mirror. He studies his physical virtues and defects. Notably the latter, because they are of more concern to him. A man might be conscious of having the noblest of countenances, but if his ears stick out, that defect becomes all important to him. Thus is our attitude to life. Thus is the basis of drama; the audience come to view conflict, to see more defects and to see what momentary victory man, in his brief moments, can have over them. As for comedy, there is none really. Comedy is a reflection, shining through one of the many facets of the drama.

but never knowing quite how to achieve it

And thus thought the comedian Calvero. He was always quoting the fact that physical defects, conflict and tragedy were a "clown's stock in trade". It's the only basis for comedy, he would say at rehearsals, when going over his part with an author - for it was up to Calvero to invent his own comedy scenes - just write in a little more trouble, he would say. That's all. Comedy is getting people in and out of trouble.

On this thesis, Calvero's own life was an exemplification of it. But life was never funny to Calvero. Only as time set it off in perspective was he able to see the humour in it. For Calvero's life was full of conflict and tragedy. He was one of those unique individuals made up of ~~conflicting emotion~~ conflict. ~~That [xxx] conflict and tragedy: it~~ As a boy, he was shy and extremely sensitive, yet with a yearning for the warmth and friendship of people. But intimacy ~~on the basis of friendship~~ with people always ended in disillusionment and ~~disgust not for them, but for himself~~ not alone for them, but ~~also~~ for himself. He expected too much from them, and they too much from him. Culture, religion, love ~~and~~ romance and the refinement of living were high exalted concepts in his imagination.

*that the world would never live up to his dreams

for he was inexperienced and had little opportunity to know much about them. In his youth he had lived in circumstanced [?] poverty. His view of the finer things [of life] was like looking over a high wall. Which is why he had such an exalted concept of them. Not until he mounted that wall and became a success did he discover ~~the truth* which was to him a pessimistic sense; through disillusionment~~ The first shock ~~in his youth~~ was ~~to discover~~ the realisation that the world was [xxx] and that even the most learned, refined and gentile were childishly vain [xxx] At least they were to young Calvero ~~because he had overestimated their worth~~ Through ballet dancing Calvero first achieved ~~success~~ In those days he was eager, ambitious, driven by the hurt of loneliness, and by a hunger for ~~the~~ warmth of attention. When he got it, it depressed him. He was surprised to learn ~~how [xxx] the world was. Since he was a success~~ that his views and opinions were quoted in the newspapers. Not always about his work but his philosophy of life.

Success meant being an ordinary human being, and being recognised as such, instead of being dis[xxx] and not even ~~considered present [xxx] [as being]~~ alive - only to one or two people who were directly interested such as the ~~person~~ boss for whom you work, and the landlord to whom you paid rent

~~and his recipe for success~~

~~and his recipe for success~~ Calvero's ~~started in a humble~~
~~way~~ background was humble. His father was a singer and his
mother a soubrette. Both the parents had travelled about
the continent, never with any great success, but with a
modicum of prosperity due [xxx]

artistic of [xxx] talent. Many a time as a child Calvero
deputised for his parents. ~~His father~~ when they were ill or
when his mother lost her voice through a cold. Calvero
~~would go on and~~ who was no more than five years would give
imitations of Dickens characters or would improvise and
imitate the act that had just preceded him. Many a time the
management wanted to continue with the boy instead of the
parents. But his mother never allowed ~~it wanted him to work~~
~~in the~~ It was all right for one night, theatre, at least
not at that tender age. In fact she never wanted him to
~~work~~ be an actor at all.

She had some strange idea that he was ordained by god to be a minister, and that in that work he would become a power for good. Acting is the interpretation of another person's soul, and can only warp the truth of your own, she would say. It wasn't many years before Calvero's mother gave up the stage [xxx] and devoted herself to religion. Eventually she went insane by it. Calvero ~~soon [xxx]~~ at the age of fourteen ~~was underway [?]~~ He had had quite a varied career ~~even in such a few years~~ In those few years he had been an [xxx] to a troupe of acrobats, had been a member of a troupe of dancers, and had played boys' parts in melodramas. Then came the awkward age when he was neither suitable for boys' parts, or for anything pertaining to the theatre. In that period Calvero applied himself to many trades. He was a printer, a glass blower, a doctor's boy, a [xxx] medicine vendor, and a toy maker.

During that period Calvero lived alone, for his father had died, and his mother had gone insane ~~when he was twelve~~. At the age of twelve Calvero was living ~~the life of a~~ as a hermit. Life wasn't so difficult while he was able to work in the theatre. Of course it was lonely. Being the only boy in a dramatic company he was left very much to himself. Although there were times when playing some of the small towns members of the cast would occasionally take him out on a sight seeing tour to view some cathedral or other. But he felt uneasy with them because he knew that when he was along his presence would cramp their conversation ~~everything~~. By the time he was sixteen he was used to loneliness, and he liked it. At least it was more preferable than being with one of the other members of the cast even if he could live ? alone. At seventeen Calvero lived in a small back room in Soho. In some way or other he was always able to scrape up enough to pay his rent.

But there were days when he went hungry, when he was driven to despair. During this period he still kept in touch with the ~~agent~~ theatrical agents, although he was working [xxx] of the "profession" as he termed it. But every Saturday morning he would brush up and look his best and go to the offices of Blackmore to find if there was anything doing for a young juvenile. Calvero thought that he detected a smile* ~~when he enquired~~ made these enquiries from the agent on these occasions. For Calvero was hardly the [xxx] for a juvenile, he was as small. Nevertheless, Calvero's face was that of a ~~[xxx] in fact it was that of a poet~~
*when he made these enquiries, for Calvero was hardly big enough for a juvenile, he was so small. ~~In fact Calvero was handsome~~
Nevertheless Calvero was handsome, he had the face of a poet. And the [xxx] of a [xxx]
He was thoughtful, shutdown, and greatly observant, would respond invariably to kindness but never to a command.
~~[xxx] He was a dreamer who never quite..~~

He was a dreamer with aspirations who never quite knew what those aspirations were. They were nothing mountainous, of august grandeur, ~~that reached whose~~ which seemed reaching far into the clouds. Calvero always had his two feet on the ground but they were dreams of a simple harmonious life, an agreeable existence in moderate circumstances. It was never a definite picture with direct aims and purposes. Its only aim, ~~in~~ if at all concrete, ~~form~~ was his desire to get away from his present drab limited environment.

He never quite knew what his aspirations were. However they were not mountainous or of august grandeur, with summits reaching far into the clouds; Calvero always had his two feet on the ground. But he did have a concept of a simple harmonious life, an agreeable rural existence in moderate circumstances, in which his ego and personality would function normal, instead of subnormal. ~~But this modest aim was not to be. The fate of Calvero~~ It is the lot of those unfortunate living in poverty.

Calvero's concept of the life ideal was really simple and naïve. It was a romantic idea of marriage and a romantic idea of a wife. She would be a woman - a madonna like creature under whose cool reserve her [xxx] hidden voluptuousness and [xxx] and a deep tenderness and love all for Calvero. Marriage would be a oneness in which both would dedicate themselves ~~to what is beautiful and true in life~~ a sacred journey in quest of what is beautiful and true ~~in life~~. Of course all this was vague in Calvero's young mind, but the feelings were there all the same. What ~~Calvero actually got~~ type of woman Calvero actually got in marriage ~~was different entirely from that of his mind's~~ [xxx] was entirely different from that of his mind's fancy. ~~[When Calvero was twenty he had more than the average success. In travelling touring vaudeville and had played all the [xxx] stages of England and the continent.]~~

At the age of seventeen Calvero fell in love. But it was silent love and unrequited. It happened when he was getting a shilling a night doing supper work in "Les [xxx] de Cavellerie" a ballet at the Alhambra theatre. ~~During the performance~~ The lady of his heart ~~would walk past him~~ played the part of a flower girl. During the performance she would walk past him as he stood with the crowd of villagers. To watch her dance leaving in her wake a light lavender perfume, the memory of what has [xxx] with nostalgia ever since. After her dance she was supposed to sell her flowers to the villagers. When she offered ~~him a flower~~ one, he was supposed to shake his head, ~~indicating~~ ~~no~~ One night he ~~was so overcome with love for her that he~~ looked here straight and longingly in the eye before he ~~shook his head at her~~. He looked so longingly and intensely ~~at her~~ that she drew back startled. Afterwards she told the stage manager that she thought one of the suppers was slightly "off" as she termed it ~~that he was fired~~

Which one is it? Enquired the stage manager

The young [xxx] that stands [xxx] from the [xxx] the one I
offer a flower to.

That evening Calvero was told that his services would not
be required any further.

(Note for vaudeville)

- 1 He's nothing but an amateur
2 We're all amateurs; none of us live long ~~enough or~~
~~know enough~~ to be ~~anything more~~ professionals

Love [xxx]

I love you ~~in every way~~ I love what interests you, I love your knowledge, your taste. Sometimes I ~~see a corner of a page turned over where~~ a book ~~on the table~~ with the corner of the page turned ~~over~~ down where you have just left off reading. I love that book because your eyes have glanced over it. Then I become jealous ~~of it~~ because it imparts something that should be left to ~~see. I~~
~~It might~~ Its interest might lead you away from me.

*In every way

Idea for love [xxx]

I love you.* ~~It affects me in so many ways~~ In every way
~~intellectually spiritually [xxx] I find~~ I want to live up
to you - to your [get into the [xxx] of your knowledge,
your ~~world of~~ taste.

Sometimes I see the corner of a page turned over when you
have left off reading. It frightens me because it seems
~~makes me think~~ that you are spiritually walking alone, away
from me *. It makes me jealous, immediately I want to read
that page, the whole book in order to catch up with you.

*along some uncharted course and that I am not with you
to enjoy it.

1. He's nothing but an amateur.

~~2 We are all amateurs. We don't live long enough in the
world to be anything more than amateurs~~

2 We are all amateurs

None of us live long enough, or know enough, to be anything
more.

Everything comes easy to you.

That ease is the result of a lack of confidence. Believe me, I worked hard to achieve it.
