

## A Pause or Interval

a long thin wave, undulating.

A curve, a series of curves, one after the other – wave motion or the behaviour of waves. It is a long thin silver streamer blowing about eerily in the dark. There are others but they are flowing out in other directions, against the white lattice fence or the ground. They are connected to the round silver face of a kite hooked onto the top of a pole at the end of the fence. The pole is painted in descending stripes, like a maypole at the end of the dance. On the kite is painted an orange face but the face is blown horizontal by the wind, and the expression on it, only a memory. It has been raining and things are glistening in the dark, probably things like leaves and plants, they are indistinct. The back wall of the house has two large french windows in it. Through the left hand window can be seen a sink with cups, plates and saucepans lying all over it and beside the sink, hanging on the window frame, a tea-towel with a purple mark. The light inside the house looks grey and opaque, milky rather than yellow. Through the other window are several people sitting in chairs. One person is sitting with her back to the window, on some large cushions. They swell slightly above the glass.

A conversation is taking place. The woman at the window gets up and goes out. The conversation continues, the others, also women, move slightly in their chairs. The chairs are armchairs of different types. The other woman returns and wine is poured into glasses which each woman has beside or in front of her. At times, the woman at the window gestures in an animated way, to the woman on her right. The conversation splits in two between the four women in the chairs, the woman at the window looks from side to side at the two pairs and then leans backwards against the glass. Two of the women in the armchairs, a short one and a tall one, get up. One puts a cup on the sink, the other kisses one of the remaining women and they go out. The woman who was kissed, gets up and sits on the cushions by the window, next to the woman at the window. The woman in the armchair goes out and can be seen closing the back door. The two women on the cushions speak to each other. The woman at the window rests her elbow on her knee, runs her hands through her hair, and the other leans forward slightly towards her. The third woman comes back into the room, sits in the same armchair as before, and joins the conversation.

A wind blows up in the garden and the silver streamers lift up horizontally. Somewhere, corrugated sheeting bangs. The sky is becoming more overcast. The grass is dampened with dew and the towels on the clothes line move heavily to and fro. The headlights of a car coming down the lane flash through a few cracks in the back fence. The garden is enclosed by a fence about ten feet high and seems contained and dark – almost separate from the world. The woman at the window is sitting in the room alone. There is a sound in the air of women's voices, talking about her. The woman rests her head in both her hands. Her hair catches in her fingers. She lights a cigarette. The back door blows open and she comes into the hallway to close it.

She lies in a large double bed, it is warm and comfortable. A woman is lying next to her, and then other people come in, lots of them and her father, and lie on the bed too. People are lying almost on top of each other, squashing themselves. On the floor around the bed are gifts – strange old objects, like a radio which has a series of radiating cards of different sizes and colours, fixed to a knob – this is a station selector. The woman walks up to the front gate of the house, it squeals as she pushes it closed. She stands at the door of the house. There are clear glass strips on either side of it. She stands there looking down. Inside, a telephone is ringing and she knocks.