1. A little anecdote on felicity conditions:
   
   In Islam, a divorce is automatic as soon as the husband utters the word ‘talaq’ three times repeatedly. If the wife is a bond-maid, two times will do. It has nothing to do with man's intention, nor the expression of regret could stop its operation. ... The Hindu (January 1, 1987) reported the case of a ‘drama in real life’. In Islamabad, Pakistan, in a divorce scene in a TV Urdu play, a prominent actor Usman Pirzada was shown divorcing his wife by saying ‘talaq’ three times. But to his misfortune, the role of the wife in the play was enacted by his real wife, Samina. The religious scholars lost no time in proclaiming that the actor and the actress stood separated after the triple talaq. This was irrespective of the fact whether they intended to divorce each other in real life or not.

2. John Searle studied under Austin in Oxford. He distinguished between ‘propositional content’ (= Austin’s ‘locution’) and ‘illocutionary force’ (= Austin’s ‘illocution’). He proposed a detailed classification of the major categories of speech acts (to be considered below). He pointed out the importance of considering the social institution which the speech act operated in. He also proposed ways to deal with indirect speech acts.

3. Classification useful, so that ad hoc labels needn’t be used.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name of Category</th>
<th>Function</th>
<th>Word-world fit</th>
<th>Psychological State ('Sincerity Condition')</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>REPRESENTATIVE</td>
<td>To describe – eg statements, assertions</td>
<td>Word to world fit</td>
<td>Belief</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DIRECTIVE (IMPOSITIVE)</td>
<td>To attempt the addressee to do or say something – eg requests, suggestions, questions, permitting, advising</td>
<td>World to world fit</td>
<td>Want (wish, desire)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COMMISSIVE</td>
<td>To commit the addressee to a future course of action – eg, promises, undertakings</td>
<td>World to world fit</td>
<td>Intention</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EXPRESSIVE</td>
<td>To express a person’s psychological state – eg, thanking, congratulating, welcoming</td>
<td>[None]</td>
<td>Different possible psychological states</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DECLARATION</td>
<td>To bring about a change in the state of affairs – eg, naming, marrying</td>
<td>Word and world change simultaneously</td>
<td>[None]</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Some of these categories are ‘encoded’ grammatically, but not all.

4. Searle’s conditions for speech acts. Searle suggests that we interpret what speech act has been produced by means of rules. His felicity conditions are rules.

Felicity conditions on requests and warnings.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Conditions</th>
<th>REQUESTS</th>
<th>WARNINGS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>propositional content</td>
<td>Future act A of hearer H</td>
<td>Future event E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>preparatory</td>
<td>Speaker S believes H can do A. It is not obvious that H would do A without being asked.</td>
<td>S thinks E will occur and is not in H’s interest. S thinks it is not obvious to H that E will occur.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sincerity</td>
<td>S wants H to do A.</td>
<td>S believes E is not in H’s best interest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>essential</td>
<td>Counts as an attempt to get H to do A</td>
<td>Counts as an undertaking that E is not in H’s best interest</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Example:
'Can you play the piano?'

NO PIANO IN THE VICINITY \(\rightarrow\) preparatory condition broken \(\rightarrow\) reinterpretation as 'question'

S IS KNOWN TO HATE MUSIC \(\rightarrow\) sincerity condition broken \(\rightarrow\) reinterpretation as 'question'

Indirect speech acts must also satisfy the conditions, eg

'I’d love to hear you play some Rachmaninov'.

highlights the sincerity condition

other conditions satisfied (H has the ability, there is a piano in the vicinity, etc.)

interpretation: probably a request

> ‘You can play some Rachmaninov, can’t you?’

In English, warnings can be to do with unavoidable future events (‘There’ll be a storm tonight’);

avoidable future events (‘If you go on the railway tracks, you might be hit by a train’).

Denis Healey, British Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Labour Government (1 January 1973) on tax rises:

‘I warn you that there are going to be howls of anguish from the 80,000 people who are rich enough to pay over 75% on the last slice of their income.’

Neil Kinnock, former leader of the British Labour Party, shortly before the British General Election in 1983:

‘If Margaret Thatcher wins on Thursday, I warn you not to be ordinary. I warn you not to be young, I warn you not to fall ill, and I warn you not to grow old.’

Story related by J. M. Barrie (author of Peter Pan) concerning one of his wards Jack Llewelyn-Davies and his friends:

‘When stuffing himself with cakes at tea, Sylvia had warned him, “You’ll be sick tomorrow.” “I’ll be sick tonight,” replied Jack cheerily.

Suppose I say to you, ‘I promise to bar you from the exam if you don’t submit your essay on time.’ This would not normally be described as a promise, even though the word promise is used. Searle suggests that this is because we know the conditions for promises:

**Propositional content:** Sentence predicates a future act (A) of speaker (S).

**Preparatory condition:** S believes that doing act A is in hearer’s (H’s) best interest and that S can do A.

**Sincerity condition:** S intends to do A.

**Essential condition:** S undertakes an obligation to do A.

We operate in a world where barring H from an exam is not normally considered to be in H’s best interest (preparatory condition) – so we have to re-interpret the utterance.

Another example: apologising.

**Propositional content:** S expresses regret for a past act A of S.

**Preparatory condition:** S believes that doing act A was not in H’s best interest.

**Sincerity condition:** S regrets doing A.

**Essential condition:** Counts as an apology for act A.

The episode (from British TV series Soldier, Soldier) is set in the British army base in Germany. The main character, Tucker, has been served with a paternity suit by a German woman. Not surprisingly, Tucker’s wife is very upset and decides to leave him to return to England, but changes her mind at the last moment. Meanwhile, Tucker has undergone blood tests and has learnt that he is not the father of the child after all.

TUCKER: It’s not my baby, Donna.

DONNA: Is that ‘sorry’?

Tucker nods his head shame-facedly.

FROM ADVERTISEMENT FOR BENDICK’S CHOCOLATES: ‘Why is this man giving his wife chocolates? ... Is it an apology?’

5. The authorial speech act (see Alward 2010).

- Given that authors do not believe the stories they write, not do they (typically) intend their readers to do so, the suggestion that authors assert the sentences contained in their texts is not generally thought to be tenable. (Alward)

- Or an exercise in pretence? (Searle: ‘... the author of a work of fiction pretends to perform a series of illocutionary acts, normally of the representative type.’) ‘Whereas the intended effect of assertion is listener belief in the asserted proposition, the goal of ficive illocutionary action is that the listener make-believe or imagine the proposition expressed by the utterance’ (Alward). What do we do with historical novels which contain a mix of fictional and non-fictional details? What about films based on real people, but have been adjusted for greater dramatic interest?
Or are they fictive illocutionary acts? (Currie: a speaker who utters a sentence S thereby performs a fictive illocutionary action just in case (i) she intends that the audience recognise that S means some proposition P by means of their recognition that she intends S to mean that P and (ii) she intends that the audience will make-believe that P by means of the recognition that she intends them to do so.)

Or are they fictive perlocutionary acts? (Hoffman)

Or they don’t perform illocutionary acts (proposition acts that lack illocutionary force)? (Walton: “[fiction] is not just language stripped of some of its normal functions; it is something positive, something special.”)

6. The felicity condition of tellability is said to apply to all narratives, and to the extent that plays involve story-telling, this should apply to plays as well. There is a traditional distinction between fabula (story) and sjuzet (the way the story is organised, discourse, narration): tellability focusses on fabula. The story has to be worth telling.

Inherence. Sacks (1992: 12): ‘the sheer telling of a story is something in which one makes a claim for its tellability’

Culture- and time-bound. Norrick (2004 :80): ‘the sort of news that makes a story salient today will no longer make it salient tomorrow’

Mutability. Polanyi (1979: 213): the point of the story ‘may change in the course of the narration’

Generic differences. Ryan (2005: 590): ‘whereas popular literature invests heavily in the tellability of plots, high literature often prefers to make art out of the not-tellable’

Valerie Lowe analyses the speech act of confession by the black slave Tituba in Arthur Miller’s play The Crucible. She says, ‘Austin suggests ... that certain conditions must be fulfilled in order to produce what he termed “happy” performatives. Those characters in The Crucible who confess while believing themselves to be innocent produce “unhappy” confessions. To complicate matters further, Austin excludes those performatives which are “done under duress”: these “come under the heading of ‘extenuating circumstances’ or of ‘factors reducing the agent’s responsibility’ ” (Austin 1962: 21)’ (Lowe 1998: 131).

Outline: The Crucible is set in 17th-c. Salem, a small town in Massachusetts. Revd Parris discovers some local girls were performing a ‘sinful’ dance in the woods with the slave Tituba. One of the girls, Betty, Parris’s daughter, loses consciousness; panic spreads as people see this as evidence of witchcraft. Revd John Hale, an authority on witchcraft is sent for. When questioned, the leader Abigail Williams denies any witchcraft and claims she and the girls were just dancing. After Betty wakes up with a scream, Abigail and Tituba are questioned and eventually Tituba appears to confess to witchcraft. As the witch trials begin, Abigail and the girls lie and find a new power: seeking revenge by accusing others of witchcraft. Among those accused is Elizabeth Proctor. Her husband John Proctor, a farmer, had previously had an affair with Abigail when she worked in their house. When the affair was discovered, Elizabeth dismissed Abigail. Proctor tries to counter the girls by producing Mary, his servant, who is willing to admit the girls lied. However, all the girls accuse her of witchcraft, and Mary eventually accuses Proctor to save herself. By now, Revd Hale realises the corruption and injustice of the court and attempts to defend Proctor who has been sentenced to death. Hale denounces the proceedings and resigns from the court. The night before the execution, Proctor gives in to the advice of Revd Hale: to confess, which will get Proctor leniency from execution and save his life. However, he will not let the confession be displayed in the church and rips it up. The play ends with Proctor being led off to his execution.

Some other characters: Thomas Putnam (an influential citizen), Judge Danforth (presiding judge in the Salem trials)

1 TITUBA: I have no power on this child, sir.
2 HALE: You must certainly do, and you will free her from it now! When did you compact with the Devil?
3 TITUBA: I don’t compact with no Devil!
4 PARRIS: You will confess yourself or I will take you out and whip you to your death, Tituba!
5 PUTNAM: This woman must be hanged! She must be taken and hanged!
6 TITUBA: [terrified, falls to her knees] No, no, don’t hang Tituba! I tell him I don’t desire to work for him, sir.
7 PARRIS: The Devil?
8 HALE: Then you saw him! [TITUBA weeps.] Now Tituba, I know that when we bind ourselves to Hell it is very hard to break with it. We are going to help you tear yourself free… When the Devil comes to you does he ever come – with another person? [She stares up into his face.]

Perhaps another person in the village? Someone you know.
9 PARRIS: Who came with him?
10 PUTNAM: Sarah Good? Did you ever see Sarah Good with him? Or Osburn?
11 PARRIS: Was it man or woman came with him?
12 TITUBA: Man or woman. Was – was woman.
13 HALE: Tituba. You must have no fear to tell us who they are, do you understand? We will protect you. The Devil can never overcome a minister. You know that, do you not?

14 TITUBA: [kisses HALE’s hand] Aye, sir, oh, I do.

15 HALE: You have confessed yourself to witchcraft, and that speaks a wish to come to Heaven’s side. And we will bless you, Tituba.

16 TITUBA: [deeply relieved] Oh, God bless you, Mr Hale.

In turn 9, Hale says, ‘when the Devil comes to you’ (so that the proposition ‘The Devil comes to you’ is presupposed in the sentence), and in turn 15, he declares ‘You have confessed yourself to witchcraft’ - yet where is this ‘confession’ that Tituba had received the Devil or that she practised witchcraft? Lowe sees the ‘confession’ as unhappy because

- she does not use an explicit performative admitting her guilt in words
- the ‘circumstances’ of the confession are inappropriate since it is extorted under duress
- we have no evidence of Tituba’s ‘mental processes’ - that she believes that she practises witchcraft

In addition to this, Lowe sees that her powerless social position makes her unable to deny her guilt, so that the ‘confession’ is more so an unhappy one.

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**Part 2 (Activity)**

Work through the following extract from R&J 3.1.

1. Give a (non-technical) speech-act (or physical act) label (LABEL1) for each numbered utterance - eg ‘question’, ‘boast’, ‘exclamation’, ‘answer’. (Sometimes more than one label might be possible.)

2. Give a speech-act label according to Searle’s categories (LABEL2).

3. Once you have done this, work out if the labelling gives you any insight about what is going on in the extract.

4. Were there any problems in the labelling exercise?

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TEXT</th>
<th>LABEL1</th>
<th>LABEL2</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Enter TYBALT, PETRUCHIO, and other CAPULETS</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BENVOLIO By my head, here comes the Capulets.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MERCUTIO By my heel, I care not.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TYBALT Follow me close, for I will speak to them.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gentlemen, good e’en. A word with one of you.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MERCUTIO And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something. Make it a word and a blow.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TYBALT You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MERCUTIO Could you not take some occasion without giving?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TYBALT Mercutio, thou consort’st with Romeo.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MERCUTIO Consort? What, dost thou make us minstrels? An thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. Here’s my fiddlestick. Here’s that shall make you dance. Zounds, ‘consort’!</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BENVOLIO We talk here in the public haunt of men.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Either withdraw unto some private place, And reason coldly of your grievances, Or else depart. Here all eyes gaze on us.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MERCUTIO Men’s eyes were made to look and let them gaze.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I will not budge for no man’s pleasure, I.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enter ROMEO</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TYBALT Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MERCUTIO But I’ll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marry, go before to field, he’ll be your follower. Your worship in that sense may call him ‘man’.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TYBALT Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford No better term than this: thou art a villain.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ROMEO Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting. Villain am I none.
Therefore, farewell. I see thou know’st me not.

TYBALT Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me. Therefore turn and draw.

ROMEO I do protest I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love.
And so, good Capulet—which name I tender
As dearly as my own—be satisfied.

MERCUTIO O calm dishonourable, vile submission!
Alla stoccata carries it away. (draws his sword)

TYBALT What wouldst thou have with me?

MERCUTIO Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make
bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will
you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about
your ears ere it be out.

TYBALT I am for you. (draws his sword)

ROMEO Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MERCUTIO Come, sir, your passado.

MERCUTIO and TYBALT fight

ROMEO (draws his sword) Draw, Benvolio. Beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame! Forbear this outrage.

Tybalt, Mercutio! The Prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.

Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

ROMEO tries to break up the fight TYBALT stabs MERCUTIO under ROMEO’s arm

PETRUCHIO Away, Tybalt.

Exeunt TYBALT, PETRUCHIO, and the other CAPULETS

MERCUTIO I am hurt.

A plague o’ both your houses! I am sped.

Is he gone and hath nothing?

BENVOLIO What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch. Marry, ’tis enough.

Where is my page?—Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

Exit MERCUTIO’S PAGE

ROMEO Courage, man. The hurt cannot be much.

Part 3 (Analysis)

TEXT 1

The following extract from Oscar Wilde’s The Importance of Being Earnest depends on our estimation of the felicity conditions of the speech act of proposing. What are they for each of the characters? Are particular characters associated with particular speech acts? What is the author’s speech act?

1 JACK: … we must get married at once. There is no time to be lost.
2 GWENDOLEN: Married, Mr Worthing?
3 JACK [astounded]: Well … surely. You know that I love you, and you led me to believe, Miss Fairfax, that you were not absolutely indifferent to me.
4 GWENDOLEN: I adore you. But you haven’t proposed to me yet. Nothing has been said at all about marriage. The subject has not even been touched on.
5 JACK: Well … may I propose to you now?
6 GWENDOLEN: I think it would be an admirable opportunity. And to spare you any possible disappointment, Mr Worthing, I think it only fair to tell you quite frankly beforehand that I am fully determined to accept you.
7 JACK: Gwendolen!
8 GWENDOLEN: Yes, Mr Worthing, what have you got to say to me?
9 JACK: You know what I have to say to you.
10 GWENDOLEN: Yes, but you don’t say it.
11 JACK: Gwendolen, will you marry me? [Goes on his knees.]
12 GWENDOLEN: Of course I will, darling. How long have you been about it! I am afraid you have had very little experience in how to propose.
13 JACK: My own one, I have never loved anyone in the world but you.
14 GWENDOLEN: Yes, but you don't say it.
15 GWENDOLEN: Mamma! [He tries to rise; she restrains him.] I must beg you to retire. This is no place for you. Besides, Mr Worthing has not quite finished yet.
16 GWENDOLEN: Finished what, may I ask?
17 GWENDOLEN: Of course I will, darling. How long you have been about it! I am afraid you have had very little experience in how to propose.

[Enter LADY BRACKNELL.]
18 LADY BRACKNELL: Mr Worthing! Rise, sir, from this semi-recumbent posture. It is most indecorous.
19 GWENDOLEN: I am engaged to Mr Worthing, mamma. [They rise together.]
20 GWENDOLEN: Pardon me, you are not engaged to anyone. When you do become engaged to some one, I, or your father, should his health permit him, will inform you of the fact. An engagement should come on a young girl as a surprise, pleasant or unpleasant, as the case may be. It is hardly a matter that she could be allowed to arrange for herself. … And now I have a few questions to put to you, Mr Worthing. While I am making these inquiries, you, Gwendolen, will wait for me below in the carriage.

21 LADY BRACKNELL: In the carriage, Gwendolen! [GWENDOLEN goes to the door …]

TEXT 2
Compare that with this proposal from Oliver Goldsmith’s She Stoops to Conquer (1773). Synopsis: Mr and Mrs Hardcastle have a daughter, Kate, and Mrs Hardcastle has a son by a previous marriage, the oafish and dissolute Tony Lumpkin. Sir Charles Marlow has proposed a match between his son and Kate Hardcastle. Young Marlow and his friend Hastings accordingly make the journey to the Hardcastles’ home in the country but, thanks to Tony Lumpkin’s misdirections, arrive there believing it to be an inn. The scene is thus expertly laid for the comedy that follows. Young Marlow takes Kate to be a servant and falls in love with her; his mistake frees him of the inhibitions he normally feels in the presence of ladies. Kate’s friend Constance Neville falls in love with Hastings; Mrs Hardcastle, who dotes on her son Tony and had intended him to marry Constance, is thoroughly displeased. Sir Charles Marlow’s arrival puts everything to rights.

1 Mar. Though prepared for setting out, I come once more to take leave; nor did I, till this moment, know the pain I feel in the separation.
2 Miss Hard. [In her own natural manner.]-I believe these sufferings cannot be very great, sir, which you can so easily remove. A day or two longer, perhaps, might lessen your uneasiness, by showing the little value of what you now think proper to regret.
3 Mar. [Aside.]-This girl every moment improves upon me. [To her.]-It must not be, madam. I have already trifled too long with my heart. My very pride begins to submit to my passion. The disparity of education and fortune, the anger of a parent, and the contempt of my equals, begin to lose their weight; and nothing can restore me to myself but this painful effort of resolution.
4 Miss Hard. Then go, sir. I’ll urge nothing more to detain you. Though my family be as good as hers you came down to visit, and my education, I hope, not inferior, what are these advantages without equal affluence? I must remain contented with the slight approbation of imputed merit; I must have only the mockery of your addresses, while all your serious aims are fixed on fortune.

Enter HARDCASTLE and SIR CHARLES from behind
5 Sir Cha. Here, behind this screen.
6 Hard. Ay, ay; make no noise. I’ll engage my Kate covers him with confusion at last.
7 Mar. By heavens, madam! fortune was ever my smallest consideration. Your beauty at first caught my eye; for who could see that without emotion? But every moment that I converse with you steals in some new grace, heightens the picture, and gives it stronger expression. What at first seemed rustic plainness, now appears refined simplicity. What seemed forward assurance, now strikes me as the result of courageous innocence and conscious virtue.
8 Sir Cha. What can it mean? He amazes me!
9 Hard. I told you how it would be. Hush!
10 Mar. I am now determined to stay, madam; and I have too good an opinion of my father’s discernment, when he sees you, to doubt his approbation.
11 Miss Hard. No, Mr Marlow. I will not, cannot detain you. Do you think I could suffer a connexion in which there is the smallest room for repentance? Do you think I would take the mean advantage of a transient passion, to load you with confusion? Do you think I could every relish that happiness which was acquired by lessening yours?
Mar. By all that’s good, I can have no happiness but what’s in your power to grant me! Nor shall I ever feel repentance but in not having seen your merits before. I will stay even contrary to your wishes; and though you should persist to shun me, I will make my respectful assiduities atone for the levity of my past conduct.

Miss Hard. Sir, I must entreat you’ll desist. As our acquaintance began, so let it end, in indifference. I might have given an hour or two to levity; but seriously, Mr Marlow, do you think I could ever submit to a connexion where I must appear mercenary, and you imprudent? Do you think I could ever catch at the confident addresses of a secure admirer?

Mar. [Kneeling]—Does this look like security? Does this look like confidence? No, madam, every moment that shows me your merit, only serves to increase my diffidence and confusion. Hear me continue——

Sir Cha. I can hold it no longer. Charles, Charles, how hast thou deceived me! Is this your indifference, your uninteresting conversation?

*She Stoops to Conquer, Act V*

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**TEXT 3**

Here is an extract from G. B. Shaw’s *Arms and the Man* (1894). The setting is a lady’s bedchamber in Bulgaria, in a small town near the Dragoman Pass, late in November 1885.

Can we always decide on what speech acts are being performed? Will a statistical count reveal any information about the characters (e.g. if a character is associated with *commissives*, what does that make the character?). Are the speech acts being performed directly or indirectly? Are the felicity conditions satisfied?

1 RAINA [crouching on the bed] Who’s there? [The match is out instantly]. Who’s there? Who is that?

2 A MAN’S VOICE [in the darkness, subdued, but threateningly] Sh — sh! Don’t call out; or you’ll be shot. Be good; and no harm will happen to you. [She is heard leaving her bed, and making for the door]. Take care: it’s no use trying to run away.

3 RAINA. But who —

4 THE VOICE [warning] Remember: if you raise your voice my revolver will go off. [Commandingly]. Strike a light and let me see you. Do you hear. [Another moment of silence and darkness as she retreats to the chest of drawers. Then she lights a candle; and the mystery is at an end. He is a man of about 35, in a deplorable plight, bespattered with mud and blood and snow, his belt and the strap of his revolver-case keeping together the torn ruins of the blue tunic of a Serbian artillery officer. . .] Excuse my disturbing you; but you recognise my uniform? Serb! If I’m caught I shall be killed. [Menacingly] Do you understand that?

5 RAINA. Yes.

6 THE MAN. Well, I don’t intend to get killed if I can help it. [Still more formidably] Do you understand that? [He locks the door quickly but quietly].

7 RAINA [disdainfully] I suppose not. [She draws herself up superbly, and looks him straight in the face, adding, with cutting emphasis] Some soldiers, I know, are afraid to die.

8 THE MAN [with grim good humour] All of them, dear lady, all of them, believe me. It is our duty to live as long as we can. Now, if you raise an alarm —

9 RAINA [cutting him short] You will shoot me. How do you know that I am afraid to die?

10 THE MAN [cunningly] Ah; but suppose I don’t shoot you, what will happen then? A lot of your cavalry will burst into this pretty room of yours and slaughter me here like a pig; for I’ll fight like a demon: they shan’t get me into the present undress? [Raina, suddenly conscious of her nightgown, instinctively shrinks and gathers it more closely about her neck. He watches her and adds pitilessly] Hardly presentable, eh? [She turns to the ottoman. He raises his pistol instantly, and cries] Stop! [She stops]. Where are you going?

11 RAINA [with dignified patience] Only to get my cloak.

12 THE MAN [passing swiftly to the ottoman and snatching the cloak] A good idea! I’ll keep the cloak; and you’ll take care that nobody comes in and sees you without it. This is a better weapon than the revolver: eh? [He throws the pistol down on the ottoman].

13 RAINA [revoluted] It is not the weapon of a gentleman!

14 THE MAN. It’s good enough for a man with only you to stand between him and death. [As they look at one another for a moment, Raina hardly able to believe that even a Serbian officer can be so cynically and selfishly unchivalrous, they are startled by a sharp fusillade in the street. The chill of imminent death hushes the man’s voice as he adds] Do you hear? If you are going to bring those blackguards in on me you shall receive them as you are.

Clamour and disturbance. The pursuers in the street batter at the house door, shouting. Open the door! Open the door! Wake up, will you! A man servant’s voice calls to them angrily from within This is Major Petkoff’s house; you cant come in here; but a renewal of the clamour, and a torrent of blows on the door, end with his letting a chain down with a clank, followed by a rush of heavy footsteps and a din of triumphant yells, dominated at last by the voice of Catherine [Raina’s mother], indignantly addressing an officer with What does this mean, sir? Do you know where you are? The noise subsides suddenly.
15 Louka [Raina’s maid] [outside, knocking at the bedroom door] My lady! my lady! get up quick and open the door. If you don’t they will break it down. The fugitive throws up his head with the gesture of a man who sees that it is all over with him, and drops the manner he has been assuming to intimidate Raina.

16 THE MAN [sincerely and kindly] No use, dear: I’m done for. [Flinging the cloak to her] Quick! wrap yourself up: they’re coming.

17 RAINA. Oh, thank you. [She wraps herself up with intense relief].

18 THE MAN [between his teeth] Don’t mention it.

19 RAINA [anxiously] What will you do?

20 THE MAN [grimly] The first man in will find out. Keep out of the way; and don’t look. It won’t last long; but it will not be nice. [He draws his sabre and faces the door, waiting.]

21 RAINA [impulsively] I’ll help you. I’ll save you.

22 THE MAN. You can’t.

23 RAINA. I can. I’ll hide you [She drags him towards the window]. Here! behind the curtains.

24 THE MAN [yielding to her] There’s just half a chance, if you keep your head.

25 RAINA [drawing the curtain before him] S-sh! [She makes for the ottoman].

26 THE MAN [putting out his head] Remember —

27 RAINA [running back to him] Yes?

28 THE MAN. — nine soldiers out of ten are born fools.

29 RAINA. Oh! [She draws the curtain angrily before him].

30 THE MAN [looking out at the other side] If they find me, I promise you a fight: a devil of a fight. She stamps at him. He disappears hastily. She takes off her cloak, and throws it across the foot of the bed. Then, with a sleepy, disturbed air, she opens the door.

TEXT 4
Describe the speech acts in relation to the man and woman and discuss their felicity conditions.

1 OLD MAN in white loose singlet, carries a bird cage covered with sarong cloth
2 WOMAN in mid thirties
3 MAN, age thereabouts, carries helmet and wears waist pouch.
The lift light on the buttons of an HDB lift going up. Two persons wait, watch it go up. One presses the bell. They wait expectantly. Lift comes down, door does not open. Lift goes up again. This up and down motion goes on for 3 minutes.
The two look at each other enquiringly. Both silent. MAN presses button impatiently.

4 MAN: Jam?

5 WOMAN: If jam, how come can go up and down and door won’t open.

6 MAN: That’s why it’s jammed, door can’t open.

7 WOMAN: Hah? Or maybe some naughty boy is playing with the lift inside.

8 MAN: Maybe.

9 WOMAN: Maybe one of those Ah Fei and their girlfriends playing. Nowadays all these boys and girls always fool around. Only two weeks ago at the other block got girl jump from the top. Got baby some more people say. Tsk tsk young, you know. Maybe only 16 or 17.

10 MAN: Bodoh.

11 WOMAN: Yah. (Pause). Hmm … really, don’t know who’s inside. Maybe could be old man.

12 MAN: Old man?

13 WOMAN: Yah. There’s an old man who always stand around here. He wears a white singlet. I see him all the time, usually at night when I come home from shift duties. Carries two bird cage, wears thick glasses.

14 MAN: Is it?

15 WOMAN: Yah; always have a pair of grass slippers, don’t know where he got those. Some more always like look at girls, like some chee-gor-pek.

16 OLD MAN: She calls me that. That’s another name added to my list. People are always calling me names. People are always calling people names. When I was a boy, they call me chilli-padi because I was sharp. That time we lived in the kampong, grew chai sim and kept pigs. We played all the time. I was the smallest in size but the sharpest, so they called me chilli-padi. Quite nice isn’t it? Chilli-padi. My mother called me Ah Huat. At first it was because my father wanted me to bring him luck and money – HUAT – you know. So he thought Kim Huat is very good. ‘Kim’ is gold. So I became Kim Huat for my father. Then you see the nurse at KK spelled my name wrongly. Of course my father was unhappy. But what to do? He said it must be because of that which made his luck change. You know, this is very different. In my time when an old man tells a story, the people gathered round him in a circle, then he would squat on a low stool (OLD MAN squats.) with a kerosene lamp in the late evening and tell his story. (OLD MAN stands up) Old man and a lamp. (OLD MAN holds up bird cage.) Now I tell story (pause) to myself (pause) in a (pause) lift.
(In Teochew/Hokkien)

17 Nurse: Want to call what?

18 Father: Kim Huat lah.

19 Nurse: Surname what?
20 Father: Seh Tan  
*Nurse writes while chatting with another imaginary nurse*: TAN KIT HUAT  
21 OLD MAN: (*peering over nurse*) My father says ‘Kim’ not Kit. It’s M not T please, he will be very angry with me. Please don’t, it’s me on this piece of paper. Stop  
*Nurse puts seal/chop on certificate.*  
22 WOMAN: Do you think inside can hear us?  
23 MAN: Maybe. Usually if people talk loudly inside, we can hear them on the outside. So maybe they can hear us.  
24 WOMAN: But we are not talking very loudly.  
25 MAN: (*Taps gently on the door and examines it*) Some more this stuff they use like not that good. Can even break open easily, maybe. (*Taps again on the door.*) Hear the sound like quite empty inside.  
26 OLD MAN: Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. I remembered they said this when I followed my girlfriend to her church.  
27 MAN: (*knocks again more persistently*) Actually, if we knock and knock all the time and if loud enough inside should hear us.  
28 WOMAN: Yah, why not try and try.  
29 MAN: (*continues to knock*) Really, I think this material is quite thin.  
30 WOMAN: Eh, you know many things like this, is it?  
31 MAN: (*Unzips waist pouch, searches for calling card.*) Ah, I’m a contractor.  
32 WOMAN: Yah, all these houses, especially nowadays the contractor don’t give good value for money. They use poor stuff. My kitchen wall, for example, crack until so ugly. And then my toilet roof also look like leak.  
33 MAN: (*Hands her calling card.*) Actually, we can also check for you. Sometimes, a small repair is good especially when the problem is small.  
34 WOMAN: Maybe really should (*Looks at calling card.*) OK now I got this name I can get help.  
35 MAN: No problem.  
36 WOMAN: But this lift like got problem.  
… [6 pages omitted]  
37 MAN: *smokes without noticing. She feigns a slight cough.* Man is unaffected.  
38 WOMAN: Actually, do you mind?  
39 MAN: Huh? What? What’s wrong, it’s not as if we are jammed inside, inside a little box and can choke to death … It’s open here you know, you can walk away.  
40 WOMAN: Is a cigarette that nice?  
…  
41 MAN: You should try it, you know. It’s hard to describe. Some things you must try.  
42 WOMAN: I don’t agree.  
*(Hostile silence.*)  
…  
43 MAN: I’m tired of all this waiting.  
44 WOMAN: I also.  
45 MAN: Let’s go.  
46 WOMAN: Let’s.  
47 MAN: This time it’s for real.  
48 WOMAN: OK, but let’s call the lift service man.  
49 MAN: And tell him what, bodoh?  
50 WOMAN: Hmm … and tell him … Eh you call me bodoh? You think you very smart.  
*(MAN keeps quiet to prevent antagonism. Bends down to tie shoelaces.*)  
51 WOMAN: What, you think you ignore me, everything settled. You scolded me, you know.  
52 MAN: Where I got scold you?  
53 WOMAN: You call me bodoh and then pretend nothing wrong by tying your shoelaces.  
54 MAN: Sometimes, you woman are so quarrelsome. I just use the word. I don’t exactly say you are bodoh.  
55 WOMAN: What you mean I quarrelsome. you start first you know.  
56 MAN: Eh be fair, I didn’t scold you.  
57 WOMAN: You some more say don’t have, you just called me bodoh.  
58 MAN: Sound like my mother.  
59 WOMAN: Choy!  
60 MAN: I keep you company all this time, I can go away.  
61 WOMAN: Go lah I no need you, your smoke, everything. But you say sorry first.  
62 MAN: I really did not scold you. I always say like that to my kakis in the company.  
63 WOMAN: I don’t work for you.  
64 MAN: OK OK, I think it is all this waiting.  
*WOMAN calms down slightly.*  
65 MAN: I’m going to take the stairs.  
*WOMAN is silent. Pause. MAN walks away*  
66 WOMAN: But you can’t leave things like this. What if something really happens inside?  
WOMAN: Will you come back after you call?
MAN: No, what for? I already waste so much time like that.
WOMAN: Then what do I do? Wait till the lift service man come? What if they take half a day?
MAN: You do what you like.
WOMAN: What if there is an accident inside?
MAN: What can happen?
WOMAN: I don’t know. Anything.
MAN: You are just – (he was about to say ‘crazy’ but thought the better of it) You just think too much.
(Silence as they ponder.)
WOMAN: I won’t wait. Just bad luck. I’ll go and use the lift at the other end.
(Before they exit, they turn to look at the lift one more time.)

[Heng Siok Tian, *The Lift* (Singapore, 1991)]