CHAPTER -- IV

AN ANALYSIS OF THE NARRATORIAL STANCES OF MAUGHAM IN HIS SHORT STORIES
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It is natural for men to tell tales, and I suppose the short story was created in the night of time when the hunter, to beguile the leisure of his fellows when they had eaten and drunk to their fill, narrated by the cavern fire some fantastic incident he had heard of.

W. Somerset Maugham, The Short Story, points of view

Maugham is universally acclaimed as being at his best in the short-narrative form. His short stories range over the whole world as they examine a wide variety of themes and the various facets of human nature.

Maugham in his essay on the short story gives his opinion of the genre closely following Poe:... "it is a piece of fiction, dealing with a single incident, material or spiritual, that can be read at a sitting: it is original, it must sparkle, excite or impress; and it must have unity of effect or impression. It should move in an even line from its exposition to its close. To write a story on the principles he (Poe) laid down is not so easy as some think. It requires intelligence, not perhaps of a very high order, but of a special kind; it requires a sense of form and no small powers of invention."
Maugham believed in writing stories with a beginning, middle, and end: "I wanted to write stories that proceeded tightly knit, in an unbroken line from exposition to the conclusion. I saw the short story as a narrative of a single event, material or spiritual, to which by the elimination of everything that was not essential to its elucidation a dramatic unity could be given. I had no fear of what is technically known as "the point" ... In short, I preferred to end my short stories with a full-stop rather than with a straggle of dots."

The narratorial postures he adopts for the narration of his stories are determined, as is the case with his novels, by the theme of the work in question and his consideration of what point of view would best enhance the artistic excellence of the story.

Twelve stories are analysed in this chapter to reveal how form and theme are perfectly blended together in the short narratives.

The Creative Impulse is to Anthony curtis "the great Somerset Maugham's gesture which turns life into art". While Calder describes it as "a diverting, unbelievable yarn peppered with Maugham's contempt for humourless phony intellectuals and the Chelsea-Bloomsbury literati."
The story of the creation of the detective story. The Achilles statue is narrated by the implied author by making use of the privileges of an omniscient third-person narrator and the first-person narrator—an admixture of Type A—character-based and intrusive narrator—type and Type B—unlimited omniscient narrator—of Fowler.

The narrative opens with the first person narrator humourously remarking that "the following narrative, serving a better purpose than to divert an idle hour, may be regarded by the historian of the future as a curious footnote to the literary annals of the time". He further whets the readers' appetite by stating that the Achilles statue was translated into all European languages and provided Mrs. Forrester financial security for the rest of her life.

Before expounding on the history of the creation of The Achilles statue, the detective master-piece of Mrs. Forrester, the narrator mentions and describes the works she usually writes. We are told that she has published half a dozen volumes of verse with Latin titles such as Felicites, Pax Maris, and Aes Triplex. The narrator states with humour, "she remained faithful to the Elegy, and the Sonnet claimed much of her attention, but her chief distinction was to revive the Ode"...

(The Creative Impulse, p. 343) The narrator's tone becomes
richly ironic when he dwells on the virtues of her prose: "It was her prose that gained her that body of devoted admirers, fit though few... she admitted herself that it was her style, sonorous yet racy, polished yet eloquent, that was her strong point... it was in her prose that she had occasion to exhibit the delicious, but restrained, humour that her readers found so irresistible... it was a humour of punctuation; in a flash of inspiration she had discovered the comic possibilities of the semi-colon, and of this she had made abundant and exquisite use" (The Creative Impulse, p.344) Descriptions such as these make Cordell exclaim, 'The house of the Forresters is as far from reality as the House of Usher, but the author takes advantage of exaggeration, burlesque, and high improbability to create a delightful piece of satirical humour'...

The narrator describes the literary parties Mrs. Forrester gives and again smothers a deliciously ironic grin under praise: "she had eye for budding talent and there were few of the famous writers who from time to time drank a dish of tea with her whose first efforts she had not encouraged... Her own position was too well-assured for her to be capable of envy... with these elements then it is no wonder that she had succeeded in creating something as near the French Salon of the eighteenth century as our barbarous nation has ever reached". (The Creative Impulse, p.345). Her tea-parties on Tuesdays
and luncheons on Saturdays, are very popular with writers.
As for the narrator himself, her parties made him sometimes "to
gasp for air" as she always said the right thing on the right
occasion. (The Creative Impulse, p.346) We also learn that
she gives her guests "uncommonly good food, excellent wine, and
a first-rate cigar" (The Creative Impulse, p.347) due to the
efforts of her husband Albert and her cook Mrs. Bullfinch.

Our attention is focused on Albert when the narrator
describes him as "a cipher". (The Creative Impulse, p.348) We
are told that he was "spare and frail and looked older
than his age" and "because you never thought of him except in
connection with his wife (of imposing dimension) you only
thought of him as a little man". (The Creative Impulse, p.348)
He was always neatly and unobtrusively dressed and "you noticed
him as little as you noticed the quiet and gentlemanly furniture".
(The Creative Impulse, p.348)

The narrator reveals that Mrs. Albert Forresters' friends have a poor opinion of Albert by making the readers listen
to their opinion of Albert: (Mrs. Forrester) "He doesn't
interfere with me... when I am following out a train of thought I
find his presence in the room a comfort"... "Like a Persian cat,
said Miss Waterford." "But like a very well-trained, well-bred, and
well-mannered Persian cat"; answered Mrs. Forrester severely...
"we who belong to the intelligentsia," she said, "are apt
to live in a world too exclusively our own... I shall always
be grateful to Albert because he keeps me in contact with the
man in the street." (The Creative Impulse, p.349)

Albert elopes with the cook when she gives her notice
and Mrs. Forrester's agent persuades her to get her husband
back. We listen to her agent Mr. Simmous telling her": ... the fact remains that a man doesn't run away with his cook without
making his wife ridiculous... if there's one thing that kills
an author or a politician it is ridicule. You must get your
husband back"... (The Creative Impulse, p.357)

The narrative ends with her visit to the cook's house
in Kensington road and her return home to her apartment in
Marble Arch. Albert tells his wife that he does not intend
to return home and he will make her an allowance of three hundred
pounds a year. When she states that she cannot make a living
on that and the meagre earnings from her books, the readers
hear Mrs. Bullfinch give her a suggestion that makes Mrs.
Forrestier the creator of a great detective master-piece:

(Mrs. Bullfinch) "Why don't you write a good
thrilling detective story?" she asked;

(Mrs E) "I should have the critics down on me like a
thousand bricks".
"If you can give the masses a good thrilling story and let them think at the same time that they are improving their minds you'll make a fortune". (The Creative Impulse, p.361)

Albert confesses to his wife that he had read hundreds of detective stories and describes the kind of story he likes to read, "... I prefer a respectable family solicitor with side-whiskers, gold-watch chain, and a benign appearance, lying dead in Hyde park!... (The Creative Impulse, p.312)

In the tram, on her return home, Mrs. Forrester finds a barrister resembling the one described by Albert in the type of detective story he likes to read and Mrs. Forrester is inspired to write her most famous story - The Achilles statue. The narrator ends the narrative with the scene in which she announces her intention to her friends which makes fun of the intelligentsia: "I am going to raise the detective story to the dignity of Art... I am going to take up the colon. No one yet has explored its potentialities. Humour and mystery are what I aim at. I shall call it The Achilles statue... Albert belongs to the semi-colon period". (The Creative Impulse, pp.363-364)

The narrative ends with a final comic flourish as the readers listen to this final announcement of Mrs. Forrester.
The Three Fat Women of Antibes is "a simple enough account of the effect that a slender woman has on three stout contemporaries".

Maugham narrates the story of the three fat women by adopting the stance of a third-person narrator - Fowler's Type B - who has the absolute privilege of acquainting the readers with the thought processes of all the characters.

The three fat dieters are Mrs. Richman, Mrs. Sutcliffe and Miss Hickson. They are in their forties and the narrator devotes himself to describing their appearance and peculiarities with mischievous relish at the beginning of the narrative. Mrs. Sutcliffe's first name is Arrow but she dislikes it now as "her delicate features had grown muzzy with fat... It was increasingly difficult to find dresses to make her look as she liked to look." (The Three Fat Women of Antibes, p.128) She liked the other two because "they were both so much fatter than she!" (The Three Fat Women of Antibes, p.128)

Beatrice Richman, the second of the fat women "is enormous". The readers are informed that "for eleven months of the year she ate pretty well everything she had a mind to, and for one month went to Carlsbad to reduce". (The Three Fat Women of Antibes, p.109)

The third fat woman, Miss Hickson, "wore tweeds and
heavy boots and whenever she could went about bare-headed... she was strong as an ox... she was plain of speech, and she could swear more variously than a stevedore." (The Three Fat Women Of Antibes, p.129) Her masculine nature is made clear to the readers by the mention that "though her name was Frances she preferred to be called Frank". (The Three Fat Women of Antibes, p.129) After describing the character and appearance of the three women by the use of modals and verba sentiendi that show his absolute authority, the narrator comments humourously that "it was their fat that had brought them together and bridge that had cemented their alliance". (The Three Fat Women of Antibes, p.129)

The readers learn that at the time of the narrative the three fat women are at Antibes to continue their regimen of dieting and swimming: "They had a grand time. Two days a week they ate nothing but hard-boiled eggs and raw tomatoes and they mounted the scales every morning with light hearts. Arrow got down to eleven stone and felt just like a girl: Beatrice and Frank by standing in a certain way just avoided the thirteen..." (The Three Fat Women of Antibes, p.130)

The narrator draws the readers' attention to yet another passion of the three fat women - namely the game of bridge. They find it difficult to locate a fourth at bridge who would play as fine a game of bridge as they did and hence when Lena
French, Frank's widowed cousin came for a visit the friends were delighted. *(The Three Fat Women of Antibes, p.130)*.

The narrator describes how Lena liberally helps herself to bread butter and cream during meal-times much to the chagrin of the three fat friends. However, they are shown to enjoy themselves by partnering her at bridge: "she had a natural gift for the game and great experience. She played with imagination, quickly, boldly, and with assurance... they were all thoroughly good-natured, generous women, they were gradually mollified. This was real bridge. They all enjoyed themselves." *(The Three Fat Women of Antibes, p.132)*

Cracks are shown to appear in their friendship for each other when the three watch Lena eating what she likes everyday. The narrator generalises at this point about human nature with the observation that "human nature is weak". *(The Three Fat Women of Antibes, p.134)* and proceeds to prove to us why he thinks so: "As Lena ate macaroni sizzling with cheese and butter the three fat women ate grilled fish, she ate peas swimming in cream and potatoes cooked in all sorts of delicious ways while Frank, Arrow, and Beatrice ate hard-boiled eggs and raw tomatoes. Leena drank burgundy during lunch and champagne at dinner. As a result Beatrice grew limp and forlorn, and Arrow's tender blue eyes acquired a steely glint. Frank's deep voice grew more raucous. *(The Three Fat Women of*
Antibes, p.134). As Curtis states, 'surrender to appetite, that collapse of self-discipline, a sort of yellow streak of the gastric juices, is a favourite theme, nowhere more maliciously treated than in... (The Three Fat Women of Antibes).

The narrator describes how their mood affects the game of the three fat friends: "Now a distinct bitterness crept in and sometimes one pointed out a mistake to another with quite unnecessary frankness. Discussion turned to argument and argument to altercation... They began to hate one another." (The Three Fat Women of Antibes, p.135). The narrator adds that as for Lena besides enjoying "a square meal and half a bottle of champagne... she was winning all their money;" (The Three Fat Women of Antibes, p.135). At the end of Lena's fortnight with the three fat women their friendship turns to cold indifference: "They had got past quarrelling. They ignored one another and when this was not possible treated each other with icy politeness". (The Three Fat Women of Antibes, p.135).

At the end of the fortnight Lena leaves them and Frank on her return from the railway-station finds Beatrice enjoying a plate of croissants, a plate of butter, a pot of strawberry jam, and a jug of cream'. (The Three Fat Women of Antibes, p.136) Frank too is shown to order the same dishes
and while they are eating ravenously, Arrow who is strolling with a young admirer sees her two friends and rushes to join them. The three friends set to: "They spread cream on the pate and they ate it. They devoured great spoonfuls of jam. They crunched the delicious crisp bread voluptuously... They ate with solemn, ecstatic fervour". (The Three Fat Women of Antibes, p.137) Even as they ate, the narrator informs us, "The misunderstandings of the last fortnight dissolved and the sincere affection each had for the others welled up in their hearts". (The Three Fat Women of Antibes, p.137)

The three women of this narrative seem to be so much creatures of flesh and blood that a reviewer exclaimed, "All the characters, exist outside the particular limits of the tale itself, and Mr. Maugham (or so he is clever enough to make you think) merely obliges you with a little revealing glimpse of them at one particularly trying moment of their lives".

Maugham's story Mackintosh has for its theme the discovery made by an English assistant about his superior - "that a gross man may be saintlier than himself though demonstrably less delicate". The story also has for its theme the larger question of men's relationship to their environment.

The story is told from the point of view of an omniscient narrator - Fowler's Type B - who focusses his attention
on Mackintosh throughout filtering his narrative through him. The narrative ends with murder and suicide but these two acts are not dwelt upon or high-lighted. What is focussed is the contrast in the attitude to life and profession of the two—Walker and Mackintosh.

The third-person narrator focusses our attention intially on the physical contrast between the two protagonists. He describes Walker as a little man "who is enormously stout" with 'a large fleshy face, clean-shaven, with cheeks hanging on each side in great dew laps, and three vast chins".12 and adds "he was sixty but his native vitality triumphed over advancing years". (Mackintosh, p.108). The narrator then turns our eyes to Mackintosh: "Mackintosh was an ugly man with ungainly gestures, a tall thin fellow, with a narrow chest and bowed shoulders. He had sallow, sunken cheeks, and his eyes were large and sombre". (Mackintosh, p.109). The readers are told that intellectually they are poles apart and are exasperated with each other. While Mackintosh reads books like Burton’s Anatomy of Melancholy, Walker only reads“papers from New Zealand and magazines from America". (Mackintosh, p.109)

Mackintosh we learn, had come to the island Talua, from London to escape the threat of tuberculosis while Walker came as a planter after a life of adventure at sea.
The narrator makes us regard Walker and react to him through Mackintosh's eyes throughout the narrative. The words that are used to describe Walker project his good and bad qualities: "under the boisterous good-humour he discerned vulgar cunning which was hateful... he had a shyness which made him dislike people who were not quite of his kidney... He was a gross, sensual, oldman". (Mackintosh, p.109).

Mackintosh is also shown to ruminate over Walker's good qualities "He ruled his small kingdom with efficiency. He was just and honest. With opportunities to make money he was a poorer man than when he was first appointed to his post." (Mackintosh, p.111).

The narrator summarises the qualities of Mackintosh when he states: "His (Walker's) humour consisted of coarse banter and he wanted a butt. Mackintosh's exactness, his morality, his sobriety, were all fruitful subjects". (Mackintosh, p.110)

The omniscient third-person narrator shows the readers how Mackintosh's silent dislike of his being made a butt grows into angry hatred by the use of verba sentiendi: "(Walker's) loud voice, his bellow of laughter, were weapons against which Mackintosh had nothing to encounter, and he learned that the wisest thing was never to betray his irritation... his hatred grew till it was a monomania. He watched Walker with an insane vigilance. He fed his own self-esteem by every instance of manner
on Walker's part, by every exhibition of childish vanity, of cunning, and of vulgarity." (Mackintosh, p.110)

The readers are then revealed the final reason for Mackintosh's anger. Walker punishes the people of Matautu, a village in his jurisdiction, when they refuse to build a road for twenty pounds but demand one hundred pounds. He makes another group of islanders build it and demanded that the people of Matutu pay a fine of twenty pounds. Mackintosh's anger at his cruelty rises to such a point that he feels helplessly imprisoned in his anger and hatred: "he was a prisoner, imprisoned not only by one placid sea, but by his hatred for that horrible old man". (Mackintosh, p.118)

His hatred is shown to propel him to such an extent that he allows Manuma son of the chief of Matutu to steal his rifle.

Mackintosh is also made to dwell on two further qualities of Walker: - his attitude towards the natives - "he looked upon the natives as his children. And that was the amazing thing about this coarse, vulgar, selfish man: he loved the island on which he had for the natives a strange rough tenderness which was quite wonderful." (Mackintosh, p.111) and - Walker's great passion in life for building roads: "Walker had a passion for building roads... he had cut roads through the country, joining the villages together, and it was to this that
a great part of the islands' prosperity was due... His ambition
was to make a road right round the island and a great part of
it was already built... they (the roads) were not only convenient,
but showed off the beauties of the island which his soul loved.
When he spoke of his roads he was almost a poet'. (Mackintosh,
p.113)

The narrator uses his privilege of omniscience to
reveal to the readers Walker's opinion of Mackintosh: 'He
thought Mackintosh a poor fellow because he would not share
his promiscuous amours and remained sober when the company
was drunk. He despised him also for the orderlines with which
he did his official work. The curious thing was that walker
remained perfectly unconscious of the dislike for him which
every month increased in the breast of his subordinate.
Although he laughed at him, as he grew accustomed to him, he
began almost to like him'. (Mackintosh, p.110). The narrator
rounds off his penetration of Walker's psyche with a speculative
comment: "perhaps he liked him unconsciously, because he would
chaff him"... Walker is shot and the third-person narrator
describes the scene of his death poignantly:

He looked dreadfully pitiful as he lay on the great
bed, a huge, bloated old man; but so wan, so weak, it
was heart-rending. As he rested, his mind seemed to
grow clearer. 'You were right, Mac. he said presently.
'You warned me'... 'I've had my day. Treat them fairly
that's the great thing. They're children. You must always remember that. You must be firm with them, but you must be kind... I haven't saved a hundred pounds in twenty years. The road's the great thing. Get the road finished'. 'Something very like a sob was wrung from Mackintosh. ... 'Don't make a fuss about this... I don't want anyone punished... you must say it was an accident... Promise me that... Forgive them. I've loved them, you know, always loved them'. 'Hold my hand', he said. Mackintosh gave a gasp. His heart seemed wrenched'. (Mackintosh, pp.126-127)

We watch Mackintosh leave the side of the dead walker, saunter into the sea and filled with remorse, shoot himself with the same rifle that the chief's son used to shoot his boss. "An hour later," the narrator informs us that, "half a dozen slim brown sharks were splashing, and struggling at the spot were he fell" (Mackintosh, p.127). Even the death of these two men are described as being entirely different from each other. Louise Maunseil Field's observation about Maugham's stories, in particular Mackintosh, comes to the readers' minds at the end of the story: "Ending as they do on a note of sadness, or irony, or of a blending of both, always there was the feeling that the ending is the true one... with Mackintosh, for instance, whose justifiable anger, whose very virtues indeed, dragged him down to tacit crime".
The Outstation like Mackintosh analyses what happens when two men of diverse temperament are brought into close proximity by the nature of their work in an alien setting.

To Brander "it is a simple but powerful study of antipathy that grows into intense hate when two people of very different backgrounds and temperaments are thrown close together in a lonely place," and to Edwin Muir it is a "remarkably fine story".

Initially the narrator reveals the difference in the two protagonists (- Warburton the Resident's and Cooper his assistants -) attitude to life by describing how both of them are dressed when they dine together for the first time. Mr. Warburton, the readers learn wears "a white dinner jacket, a boiled shirt and a high collar, silk socks and patent-leather shoes and is dressed "as formally as though he were dining at his club in Pall Mall". Cooper, the new assistant is dressed in "Khaki shorts, the khaki shirt, and the ragged jacket in which he had landed." (The Outstation, p. 1448).

The readers are shown the difference in their temperament by being made to listen to their conversation. They hear Warburton tell Cooper: "When a white man surrenders in the slightest degree to the influences that surround him he very soon loses his self-respect... and... the natives will soon cease to respect him". (The Outstation, p. 1448) We hear Cooper stating,"
"I was born in Barbados. I was educated there... A fat chance I had of getting a commission. (The Outstation, p.1450) ... I hadn't been to a public school and I had no influence". (The Outstation, p.1452).

The third-person narrator uses his privilege of omniscience to supply to us background information about Warburton. We learn that he squandered his considerable fortune in leading a fashionable life in London and that "he was a naked unadulterated common snob who dearly loved a lord". (The Outstation, p.1452)

We are told that after being ruined at the age of thirty-five he came over to Borneo. Throughout his description of Warburton's character the narrator asserts his privilege of omniscience to illumine all the recesses of his heart: "The position he found himself in flattered his vanity: ... He liked to sit in judgement on his fellow-men... He became a skilful administrator. He was strict, just and honest... And little by little he conceived a deep love for the Malays." (The Outstation, p.1454).

The narrator uses the second dinner they have together to reveal their resentment to each other. By skilfully varying the inner view from Warburton to cooper the narrator reveals Cooper's opinion of Warburton: "Cooper had lived little in England and he had a peculiar dislike of the English. He resented especially the public school boy since he always feared that he was going to patronise him." (The Outstation, p.1458).

In the course of the dinner we hear Cooper indirectly insinuating
that Warburton is a snob and Warburton retorting that a snob is a person who... "despises a another because he is of a higher social rank than his own" (The Outstation, p.1459) (meaning Cooper) and the start of enmity between the two.

The narrator after initially defining Warburton as an efficient, kind-hearted administrator uses him to judge his assistant's efficiency in the office: "Mr Warburton came, to the conclusion that he (Cooper) was a capable fellow. The only thing he did not like was that he had no indulgence. He was honest, just and painstaking, but he had no sympathy for the natives. It bitterly amused Mr. Warburton to observe that this man who looked upon himself as every man's equal should look upon so many as his inferiors". (The Outstation, p.1459).

The reason for the final misunderstanding between the two is shown to be Cooper's mixing-up of the newspapers of Mr. Warburton. Like many characters in Maugham's eastern stories Warburton tries to make believe that he is in England by clinging to the ritual of the morning paper even it is a few week's old: "His news agent had strict instructions to write on the outside of the wrapper the date of each paper he despatched, and when the great bundle arrived Mr. Warburton looked at these dates and with his blue pencil numbered them. His head-boy's orders were to place one on the table every morning in the verandah with the early cup of tea and it was Mr. Warburton's especial
delight to break the wrapper as he sipped his tea, and read the paper. It gave him an illusion of living at home.

(The Outstation, pp.1460-1461)

Throughout the rest of the narrative the focus is mainly on Warburton and his reaction to the events found him. We learn that Cooper is hated by his Malay servants and they are willing to serve him only on Warburton's orders. As a result, the narrator informs us "the impatient contempt he had felt for Mr. Warburton's idiosyncrasies changed into a sudden hatred."

(The Outstation, pp.1463-1464).

Their severed relationship is described through their dislike to meet each other: "The two men held no communication with one another. They broke the time-honoured custom of sharing notwithstanding personal dislike, a drink at six O'clock with any white man who happened to be at the station. Each lived in his own house as though the other did not exist".

(The Outstation, p.1464).

The occasion of Warburton countermanding Cooper's orders about the hours of prisoner's work is used by the narrator to dramatically show their opinion of each other.

(Cooper) "you disliked me from the first moment I came here. You're done everything you could to make the place impossible for me because I wouldn't lick your boots for you... (Warburton) "you are wrong."
I thought you were a cad, but I was perfectly satisfied with the way you did your work.

(Cooper) "you snob. You damned snob, you thought me a cad because I hadn't been to Eton... By God. I'd rather be the cad I am than the snob you are". (The Outstation, pp.1465-1466).

The readers learn that Warburton's attempts to get Cooper transferred fail and they hear Warburton warn Cooper that he runs a great risk of losing his life if he continues to ill-treat his servants and withhold their pay.

Throughout the narrative the narrator skilfully alters between focussing on Warburton's thought processes and Cooper's. We are told, at one point in the narrative, that Cooper after one of his quarrels went back to his "silent and cheerless" bungalow (The Outstation, p.1470) and "painful sobs tore his chest and heavy tears rolled down his thin cheeks". (The Outstation, p.1470) Warburton's reaction to cooper's insults is shown at some other point in the narrative: "Tears of mortification ran down his Warburton's red, fat face". (The Outstation, p.1467). The third-person narrator describes their degenerated relationship by making use of the image of darkness: "They were like men dwelling in regions of eternal night, and their souls were oppressed with the knowledge that never would the day dawn for them". (The Outstation, p.1470).
Such description prompted Henry Albert Philips to remark, "Thrown together day after day, in the feverish heat and imprisoning downpours, they develop a hate that becomes the obsession of their narrow lives'.'

The narrative ends with the description of how Cooper gets killed by his Malay servant Abas and Warburton's reaction to it: "A great weight had been lifted from his mind" (p.1474). We see him in our mind's eye continuing his life as Resident after the brief disturbance made by Cooper. By a skilful manipulation of inside view turned on the psyche of Warburton and Cooper by turns, the narrator makes the readers sympathise with Cooper for his abrupt death but understand too Warburton's feeling of relief over his death. As Raymond Mortimer states... "the interest of this story lies 'not in the violent conclusion but in the subtly stated premises'.'

In The Book-Bag Maugham orients the narrative from the point of view of a character who is sympathetic to the main actors and who has also spent many years of his life in the tropics. The implied author assumes the stance of listener while the privilege of narrating it is given to a character in the story. The theme of the story is the incestuous relationship that exists between a brother and sister but the word is never mentioned.
The narration opens with Maugham taking on the posture of a first-person narrator Fowler's Type A — and striking up a monologue about books and the habit of reading in general: "some people read for instruction, which is praiseworthy and some for pleasure, which is innocent, but not a few read from habit, and I suppose that this is neither innocent nor praiseworthy. Of that lamentable company am I." 18

The first-person narrator goes on to describe the bag after which he has christened the story — a huge sack filled with books "to suit every possible occasion and every mood". (The Book Bag, p.1110) He adds humorously that the book he hankers after is always found at the bottom and 'so it is impossible to get it without emptying the book-bag's entire contents upon the floor." (The Book-Bag, p.1110). But he adds apologetically whetting the readers' appetite, "Except for this... I should perhaps never have heard the singular history of Olivia Hardy". (The Book-Bag, p.1110)

It was this opening that made Christopher Isherwood exclaim: "I like its leisurely autobiographical opening which introduces us to Maugham himself and there by greatly strengthens the credibility of the whole story." 19

Completely at his ease, the narrator — implied author tells the readers how he was invited by a handsome young man,
Mark Featherstone, acting Resident of Tenggarah, while on a visit to Malaya, to witness some local festival.

Hardy’s name is casually mentioned to the reader when the narrator states that he made the fourth at a game of bridge in the local club. The narrator plants a few hints as a preparation for our listening to the singular story of Hardy when (a) he refers to the shuttered look that comes into Featherstone’s eyes when the narrator enquires about his absence at the club (b) when Featherstone is shown to choose the life of Byron from the Book-Bag and (c) when the narrator muses about Featherstone’s qualities as an ordinary good-natured man but catches himself short by murmuring to himself, “But human beings are incalculable and he is a fool who tells himself that he knows what a man is capable of.” (The Book-Bag, p.1116).

The narrator uses the book of Byron’s life as an opening ambit by making Featherstone remark one night that he had finished reading Byron’s life the previous night. He smiles cryptically when the narrator makes an observation about the relationship between Byron and Augusta Leigh — “there is nothing more contrary to love than affection.” (The Book-Bag, p.1118) and plunges into the story of his acquaintance with the Hardys. The narrator — implied author assumes the position of a listener from this point in the narrative.
Featherstone starts his narration by stating that he first became acquainted with the Hardys many years ago when Tim Hardy was manager of an estate near Sibuku. Tim lived with his elder sister Olive, a year older than him. Featherstone gets to know that their parents were separated when the children were young, and Olive was brought up by her mother in Italy and Tim by his father in Clifton. Olive joined her father when her mother died. The children were very close to each other when young and then the father too died and Tim came to be the manager of an estate in Malaya. Their only ambition in life according to Featherstone, was to make enough money to live in their ancestral home at Dorestshire.

All this is narrated from the viewpoint of a young man who is sympathetic to the brother and sister. This is the device adopted by the implied author to make the readers sympathetically disposed to the two main characters.

Featherstone tells the listener-implied author that he was often invited to the house of the Hardys and talks in an exalted manner about Olive betraying his love for her: "There was something poetic in her, a sort of lyrical quality as it were, that coloured her movements, her acts and everything about her..." (The Book-Bag, p.1124). Featherstone openly states that he fell in love with Olive and adds that he did so because
of her inner qualities. He grows clumsily poetic when he expounds on her qualities to the listener - implied author: "you had a sensation of well-being when you were with her, as though you could relax and be quite natural and needn't pretend to be anything you weren't. You felt she was incapable of meanness. It was impossible to think of her as envious of other people or catty. She seemed to have a natural generosity of the soul. One could be silent with her for an hour at a time and yet feel that one had had a good time!" (The Book-Bag, p.1124)

The plentiful use of verbs of speculation like, 'seemed' and the use of 'you' in the discourse employed by Featherstone creates an air of intimacy with the readers as they watch the young man analyse the feelings he experienced in Olive's company.

The implied author forestalls the readers' question as to why Featherstone should bare his soul to the first-person narrator a complete stranger to him, by making the first-person narrator state that it is because of his loneliness which makes people like him "find it a relief to tell someone whom in all probability they will never meet again the story that has burdened perhaps for years their waking thoughts and their dreams at night". (The Book-Bag, p.1125). The narrator also adds a remark about his profession as a writer, "the fact of your being a writer attracts their confidence as your interest will be impersonal". He concludes his reasons as to why Featherstone chose
him as the confessor by remarking with his tongue-in-his-cheek*, "it is never unpleasant to talk about oneself*. (The Book-Bag, p.1125).

Featherstone is used by the implied author to reveal to the readers the unpopularity of the brother and sister with the local English community at Malaya as it was obvious that they preferred their company to others by making him state, "They weren't particularly popular... They were rather reserved... and they liked their own society better than other peoples"... that always seems to put people's back up." (The Book-Bag, p.1121).

The readers also learn that Featherstone was the only visitor liked by them. When Tim goes to England to buy some machinery for the estate and to look for some new tenants for their house at Dorsetshire it is Featherstone who cheers Olive up. When Olive gets perturbed by her brother postponing his return trip it is Featherstone who consoles her and he also gets engaged to her. Throughout the narrative she is presented through the eyes of this young man who is compassionate and full of understanding and hence the story which could have easily degenerated into sensationalism, has only a tone of pathos.

The readers realise to their surprise that the sister is prostate with grief when she receives news of her brothers' marriage and his impending arrival when Featherstone tells the primary narrator-listener: "she stood in front of me, with
her head thrown back and her eyes closed, and the tears streamed from them. It was dreadful. "Tim's married", she gasped, and her face screwed up in a sort of grimace of pain". (The Book Bag, p.1130) Olive, we learn, asks Featherstone, to give the couple breakfast and to tell them to come to the estate in the evening.

Featherstone welcomes the couple and is shown to find the bride cheerful and pretty in a "chorusy-girl sort of way". The readers learn from his narration, Olive's act of shooting herself with a rifle, even as the couple drive up to their home.

Featherstone describes how Tim's wife came to him requesting him to get her out of the country "as she cannot stand it anymore" and he repeats her words. "He had no right to marry me. It was monstrous"... (The Book Bag, p.1141). He then expresses his own reaction to her suffering. "I only felt a horror of that little pretty fair-haired thing with her terrified eyes". (The Book Bag, p.1142) It is the bride who is presented as a horrid creature not Olive or Tim. As the whole story is narrated from Featherstone's point of view Olive has our pity. Our reaction makes us understand that the intention of the implied author is to unfold the narrative of the unnatural tragic love that a sister has for her brother in a compassionate manner. Christopher Isherwood remarks justly, "... you cannot
help admiring such a classic demonstration of how to handle a 'shocking' subject—incest—in an absolutely inoffensive manner, yet without sacrificing any of the shock* and adds, 'I find the end of the story deeply moving in its quietness'.

The Kite "Freudian in nature", and "precise in details", traces the break-up of a marriage.

It is the second of the two stories narrated by the implied author's friend, Ned Preston, a prison visitor. The narrator—implied author—takes up the stance of a listener who merely repeats a story that someone else had told him. The narrator—implied author—opens the story with a subtle flattery of the reader: "I know this is an odd story. I don't understand it myself and if I set it down in black and white it is only with a faint hope that when I have written it... some reader better acquainted with the complications of human nature than I am, may offer me an explanation that will make it comprehensible to me."

The narrator begins his "repetition" or re-telling by dwelling on the atmosphere that prevails in the lower-middle class English household. The family of Sunburys, we learn, is ruled over by the hero's (Herbert Sunbury's) mother, Beatrice. She is a strong wiry woman with "sharp, regular features and small, beady eyes". (The Kite, p. 1237). She rules over the
willing Samuel Sunbury, her husband, and her son Herbert whose name she refuses to shorten... The narrator makes us realise the monotony of the life of the Sunburys by describing how the father uses the same train to go to a lawyers' office year in and year out, how they visit the same sea-side resort every fortnight, and their Sunday dinner of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding.

The narrator builds up an image of Mrs. Sunbury as being proud of her acquaintance with good manners, by a number of delicate touches. For instance, her little boy questions her when she tells him that he must stretch his little finger out when he takes his tea-cup to drink out of it, she replies: "It shows you know what's what". (The Kite, p.1239)

We learn that it is his mother who saves up Herbert's money when he becomes an accountant in a firm and it is she who gives him his pocket-money. It is very significant that the narrator states that it was his mother who gave Herbert his first kite. Every Saturday the family undertake the ritual of flying it in a knoll near their house and the narrator describes this interesting hobby, which alleviates the monotony of their existence: "Saturday afternoon became the great day of the week for them, and when Mr. Sunbury and Herbert left the house in the morning... the first thing they did was to look up at the
sky to see if it was flying weather." (The Kite, p.1242). It "became a passion with Herbert and as he grew older and bigger his mother bought him larger and larger Kites." (The Kite, p.1245).

The narrator states that Herbert falls in love with a young woman and implies his unconscious attachment to his mother by remarking in the following cryptic manner: "strangely enough or perhaps not strangely at all the young woman looked very much as Mrs. Sunbury must have looked at her age". (The Kite, p.1244)

The narrator describes how he sets up house with Betty and is cold-shouldered by his mother. We hear her stating that her son’s passion for Kite-flying would soon bring him back to her, we learn that Herbert gradually takes to visiting the common to watch his parents flying their Kite and we see that he is soon asked to join them. After one such trip, the readers watch Betty asking Herbert to get out of her apartment as she considers Kite-flying a sport for the kids.

The narrator pictures Herbert’s happiness after he joins his parents: ... "he settled in like a dog in its own particular basket; it was nice having his mother to brush his clothes and mend his socks; she gave him the sort of things he’d always eaten and liked best"... (The Kite, p.1254) He gives his wife some money every week for house-keeping and is wrapped up in the ecstasy of Kite-flying. The narrator describes his excited joy
thus: "Saturday afternoons were his moments of glory. He revelled in the admiration he aroused in the by-standers and enjoyed the envy he knew he excited in the less fortunate kite flyers". (The Kite, p.1255).

The narrator shows Betty begging Herbert to return home and when he refuses to do so, smashes up his box-kite with the woodwork... all in pieces, the reel... hacked to bits". (The Kite, p.1256). We see Mr. Sunbury visiting his daughter-in-law and hear him tell his wife and son on his return: "... she was jealous of the Kite. She said Herbert loved the Kite more than he loved her and so she smashed it up and if she had to do it again she'd do it again".

The narrator describes Betty's persistent attempts to get back her husband in such a way that though we realise her desperate state, it is the husband we sympathise with: "Betty took to waiting for him at the station, and when he wouldn't speak to her, followed him down the street screaming curses at him. In the evenings she would come to the house and ring the bell till they thought they would go mad... she wrote obscene and abusive post-cards". (The Kite, p.1257).

The narrator ends the story with Betty filling a suit for alimony and Herbert's reaction to it. We hear him inform the magistrate that he would rather go to prison than give Betty her alimony. When asked for the reason he states simply: "... she smashed my Kite". (The Kite, p.1257)
The narrative ends with the recorder - implied author's analysis of Herbert's passion for Kite-flying: "Kite flying to Herbert might be an escape from the monotony of life and it may be in some dim confused way represent 'an ideal of freedom and adventure'. (The Kite, p.1218) The point of view that the readers adopt is that of Herbert's and it is because of the unusualness of Maugham's narratorial stance. The third-person narrator narrates the events of the story by training his focus on the Sunbury's mental processes throughout the story that their behaviour seem natural to the readers while Betty's seems unnatural. Clare Harrison points out the significance of the Kite-flying exercise of Herbert: "Flying this Kite in the park is a hobby for both Herbert and his parents significantly it is a childish activity... the Kite figures a childish dream of escape from the world... At the same time, the sense of freedom given by the kite is not undercut or devalued by the author"... 23

The Lion's Skin is the story of a man "who pretends to be a gentleman, adopting all the values of a class to which he does not belong and gets away with it by sheer force of conviction"... 24 "A reviewer in the New York Herald Tribune describes Maugham's portrait of his hero as an "alarmingly vivid portrait - study"... 25

The narrator opens his narrative by mentioning the death
of captain Forrestier the hero of the story in a forest-fire and by underlining the fact that his wife mourned over his death, as the death of a "brave man, that gallant gentleman".

The narrator uses the privilege of a first-person narrator to claim intimacy with Mrs. Forrestier and her husband. This gambit enlists the readers' belief in the narrator's opinion of the couple: "Mrs. Forrestier was neither charming, beautiful, nor intelligent on the contrary she was absurd, homely, and foolish: Yet the more you knew her the more you liked her". He adds that her "ungainly exterior sheltered a tender romantic and idealistic soul" (The Lion's Skin, p.264) and shocks the readers by stating abruptly, "she was also a damned fool. This you discovered when you met her husband". (The Lion's Skin, p.264).

The attention of the reader is thus turned from wife to husband and their curiosity aroused. The captain is described as being "tall, lean, broad-shouldered" and that he "looked every inch a soldier". (The Lion's Skin, p.271) We are informed, that the captain belongs to the English upper-class, from what the narrator gathers from Eleanor who is an American. She tells the narrator, "captain Forrestier's great-grandfather had been one of the bucks of the Regency. They had a wonderful place in Shropshire"... (The Lion's Skin, p.270) But the narrator sows many doubts in the readers' mind about the
legitimacy of the captain's claim. He tells us that the captain
"was almost too perfect a type of the English gentleman".
(The Lion's Skin, p.271) The comparisons used by the narrator
repeatedly make the readers have suspicious about the captain's
lineage: "He was so much of a country gentleman that he made
you think rather of an actor giving a marvellous performance
of the part... And his conversation, the way he dogmatized,
the platitudinous inanity of his statements, his amiable, well-
bred stupidity, were all so characteristic of the retired officer
that you could hardly help thinking he was putting it on".
(The Lion's Skin, p.271). We are also informed that Elenor met
him as a nurse during the war and they subsequently got married
and settled down in the Riviera.

After making use of the first-person narratorial stance to
give his description of the Forrestiers the air of first-
hand, information, the narrator shifts his stance to that of
third-person omniscience for dramatically projecting the final
episode in the story. He states that the neighbouring house of
the Forrestiers is taken by Sir Frederick and Lady Hardy. He
is the antithesis of captain Forrestier: "His ideas of honesty
were lax. It was unsafe to buy a car or a horse off him"...
(The Lion's Skin, p.274). But we learn that he has been lucky,
has inherited a baronetcy, and has managed to settle down
comfortably."
The narrator shows dramatically how Fred Hardy after a few glasses makes the discovery that captain Porrestier is none other than the car-washer at a garage off Bouton street in London. Hardy enjoys his discovery and summarizes Porrestier's climb up the ladder of society "starting as a page-boy and then being a trooper, a valet, and a car-washer, and there you are, a fine gentleman, with a grand house, entertaining all the big bugs of the Riviera, winning golf tournaments". (The Lion's Skin, p.277) Captain Porrestier is shown stoutly refusing to own up the fact that he is a sham and he states firmly that he was in India in the years mentioned by Hardy shooting tigers.

In spring, when the couple are away at Monte Carlo the trees round their house catch fire. The Hardys fight the fire with the help of the servants and the fire brigade. When the Forrestiers arrive we are shown how the mask of the gentleman that Forrestier wears "imprisons its wearer in a self-destructive inflexibility". Captain Forrestier dies in his attempt to save his wife's dog and in Hardy's reflection of the affair we hear the opinion of the narrator as well as implied author: "Bob Forrestier had pretended for so many years to be a gentleman that in the end, forgetting that it was all a false fake, the had found himself driven to act as in that stupid, conventional brain of his he thought a gentleman must act". (The Lion's Skin, p.289)
To L. Brander the remarkable quality of *The Round Dozen* is that it is "told in the quietest modulations", amidst the hush of the deserted sea-side resort.²⁸

Maugham's ease in suiting narrative stance to theme in the realm of comedy is revealed by *The Round Dozen*. It has for its theme the marriage of a bigamist with an old-fashioned spinster in a sea-side resort in the South of England. The story is narrated from the viewpoint of a first-person narrator - Type A - who is acquainted with all the characters he describes and whose story he narrates. He shows himself in particular to be acquainted with both the family of the spinster and the down-and-out cheat, the bigamist. This gives the narrator a position of privilege to acquaint the readers with the intricate nuances of the situation which ends in a marriage.

The narrative opens with the first-person narrator making a few observations about the setting revealing his affection for a particular sea-side resort: "I like Elsom. It is a seaside resort... not very far from Brighton, and it has something of the late Georgian charm of that agreeable town. But it is neither bustling nor garish."²⁹

The narrator creates magically the atmosphere of a by-gone era with a few descriptive statements about the inn he stayed
in two or three years after the war, when the incidents he is going to narrate happened: "Then Elsom was a restful place and the Dolphin a very comfortable inn. It was pleasing to think that the Prince Regent drove over with Mrs. Fitzherbert more than once to drink a dish of tea in its coffee-room. In the hall was a framed letter from Mr. Thackeray... (The Round Dozen, pp. 966-967).

The first-person narrator by making use of his role as an eye-witness makes his description of the St. Clair family, to which the spinster belongs, very vivid. The narrator draws our attention initially to the fact that all the members of the family are dressed in an old-fashioned manner. The mother in "a voluminous dress of black silk and a black lace cap" (The Round Dozen, p. 967) wearing "heavy gold jewellery... and a large gold brooch"; the younger woman with her hair worn in the manner of Queen Alexandria reminding the narrator "of the Roman ladies with features of an exquisite regularity whom Alma Tadema used to point..." (The Round Dozen, p. 968); the man short in stature with his face much wrinkled with "a faintly humourous expression" "extravagantly dressed "in a black velvet jacket a frilled shirt with a low collar and a large black tie, and wide evening trousers" (The Round Dozen, p. 969) The narrator's vivid description of the dress of the Edwin
St. Clairs successfully conjures up a vision of an old-fashioned family. The narrator reinforces the readers' impression of the St. Claires as being completely dated in their dress and deportment by describing his reaction to them: "I was like an archaeologist who finds some long-buried statue and I was thrilled in so unexpected a manner to hit upon this survival of a past era." (The Round Dozen, p.968)

The first-person narrator who has made himself an acquaintance of the St. Claires also makes his acquaintance with the bigamist whose identity is unrevealed to the readers in the beginning. The bigamist is described as "a wizened little man with a long thin nose and pale-blue eyes with "nothing remarkable about him except his insignificance". (The Round Dozen, p.970). The narrator arouses our interest in his when he makes us listen to his reply to the narrator's remark that the place looks gloomy: "It is melancholy. And because it's melancholy a little ray of sun-shine is very welcome". (The Round Dozen, p.971).

From this point in the narrative, the narrator shuttles between the two types of characters. He enjoys listening to the St. Clairs' discussion of Dickens, Trollope, and Thackeray: "Mr. Trollope was always my favourite novelist", said Mr. St. Clair. "He was so essentially a gentleman. I admire Charles Dickens. But Charles Dickens could never draw a gentleman.
I am given to understand that young people nowadays find Mr. Trollope a little slow. My niece, Miss. Porchester prefers the novels of Mr. William Black". (The Round Dozen, p.974)

The narrator after making the readers listen to Mr. St. Claire's old-fashioned notions about Victorian novelists confesses to them, "I would have given a good deal for a glimpse of their large and roomy house in Leicester square". (The Round Dozen, p.974)

The narrator becomes the listener to the adventures of the little man on the beach-front as well. The readers hear him introducing himself with panache as Mortimer Ellis a "well-known bigamist" (The Round Dozen, p.977) He gives the narrator paper-clippings with his photographs which describe his method of operation. We understand that Mortimer Ellis would stay in a lodging-house in one of the sea-side resorts of England and strike up acquaintance with single women or widows between the age of thirty-five and fifty. Within a fortnight he would propose marriage to them and would make them entrust their savings to him soon after marriage. He would then leave them for good. In this manner, the readers are told that he married eleven women. Mortimer Ellis confesses his heart's desire, "I shouldn't have minded anything if I could have brought it up to the Round Dozen." (The Round Dozen, p.977) We gather that before he could marry his twelfth victim, his eleventh wife reported to the police and he was put in jail for five years.
The narrator adds piquancy to the narrative by making us listen to Mortimer Ellis' view of his act: To him, he has brought love into many drabs lives: "Think of all those women who live here from the year's end to another... They'd just got enough money to live on and that's all... Their lives are just like the front, a long, straight, cemented walk that goes on and on from one sea-side resort to another... A little ray of sunshine in those drabs lives, that's what I was". (The Round Dozen, p.983)

The readers are told the sensation the narrator experiences in making the acquaintance of Mortimer Ellis and the St. Clare's: "It was a sharp sensation stimulating to the appetite (like hot sauce to ice-cream) to go from this diverting ruffian to the respectability all lavender bags and crinolins, of the St. Clairs and Miss. Porchester". (The Round Dozen, p.985)

A contrast is offered to Ellis's view of things by St. Clare: "I admired Rosetti's talent, but I could not approve of his private life. I would never buy a picture by an artist whom I should not care to ask to dinner at my house". (The Round Dozen, p.986) The readers also learn that Miss. Porchester remains a spinster as her cousin to whom she was engaged was discovered to carry on an affair with the daughter of his laundress. The narrative ends with the stunned St. Clair informing the narrator that Miss. Porchester has
eloped with a man. The narrator remembers Mortimer Ellis following Miss. Porchester about while she took her walks and tells himself, "Mortimer Ellis had achieved his ambition after all. Miss. Porchester completed the Round Dozen". (The Round Dozen, p.990).

The first-person narrator becomes the confidant of both the St. Clairs and Mortimer Ellis in this narrative and projects a convincing picture of the old-fashioned world on the one hand and the world of rascals on the other. The first-person narrator is used to give an air of credibility to the narrative and is carefully prevented from interfering with the course of events throughout the narrative. The Round Dozen is, in fact, "an excellent story"30, as L.A.F. strong claimed.

Rain was acknowledged a masterpiece the moment it was published. The Saturday Review called it a "sheer masterpiece of sardonic humour beyond criticism"31. The New Statesman acknowledged that it "is a notable achievement"32. We learn from Ted Morgan that Maugham wove this story of "the relentless pressure of a person's sexual energy that endangers his social mask"33 out of his travel by a sydney-bound steamer to Tahiti. "On board the steamer he met Miss Thompson 'a flashy blonde, plump and coarsely pretty... one of the dollar-a-throw
hookers who had been made jobless by the crackdown on the Iwilei district. Maugham also saw a medical missionary and his New England wife and "began to wonder what would happen if Miss Thompson and the missionary came into sexual conflict" and Rain was the result.

The time of action of this story spans a few days in the south pacific. The story is told from the viewpoint of an omniscient narrator who enlists the help of a second-degree character-narrator in Dr. Macphail. We learn at the outset that the doctor is on board of a steamer and had spent "two years at the front" and his wound "had taken longer to heal than it should" and that his intention was "to settle down quietly at Apia for twelve months." 

As is the case with his other stories, the narrator reduces the distance between the readers and himself by making use of the second-person (you) while he asks them to take stock of Macphail's physical appearance: "when he sat down under the light and took off his hat you saw that he had very red hair, with a bald patch on the crown, and the red freckled skin that accompanies red hair; he was a man of forty, thin, with a pinched face, precise and rather pedantic: and he spoke with a scots accent in a very low, quiet voice." (Rain, p.13)

The second para of the narrative introduces the
Davidsons, a missionary couple who form the main characters of the story along with Miss Thompson. The readers are told that the familiarity between the Macphails and Davidsons is due to "propinquity rather than to any community of taste". (Rain, p.13) The narrator goes on to add, "Their chief tie was the disapproval they shared of the men who spent their days and nights in the smoking-room playing poker or bridge and drinking. Mrs. Macphail was not a little flattered to think that she and her husband were the only people on board with whom the Davidsons were willing to associate, and even the doctor, shy but no fool, half unconsciously acknowledged the compliment". (Rain, p.13) His sense of humour becomes perceptible to the readers when he comments on the Davidsons' restricted socialising: "the founder of their religion wasn't exclusive". (Rain, p.14)

The steamer in which they travel nears land and the narrator takes this opportunity to describe the south pacific island:"There was a thin strip of silver beach rising quickly to hills covered to the top with luxuriant vegetation. The coconut trees, thick and green, came nearly to the water's edge, and among them you saw the grass-houses of the Samoans and here and there, gleaming white a little church". (Rain, p.14).

The narrator describes the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Davidson and the character denoted by their features before the clash of emotions takes place. He enlists Macphail's help to
do so: "Mrs. Davidson was dressed in black and wore round her neck a gold chain, from which dangled a small cross. She was a little woman with brown, dark hair very elaborately arranged, and she had prominent blue eyes behind invisible pince-nez. Her face was long, like a sheep's. but she gave no impression of foolishness, rather of extreme alertness; she had the quick movements of a bird. The most remarkable thing about her was her voice, high, metallic, and without inflexion; it fell on the ear with a hard monotony; irritating to the nerves like the pitiless clamour of the pneumatic drill". (Rain, p.14)

The narrator's description of Rev. Davidson stresses the conflict between his spiritual inclination and his sensual nature by the alternate use of descriptive adjectives and verbs of speculation: "He was a silent, rather sullen man, and you felt that his affability was a duty that he imposed upon himself christianly; he was by nature reserved and even morose. His appearance was singular. He was very tall and thin, with long limbs loosely joined; hollow cheeks, and curiously high cheekbones; he had so cadaverous an air that it surprised you to notice how full and sensual were his lips. He wore his hair very long. His dark eyes set deep in their sockets, were large and tragic; and his hands with their big, long fingers, were finely shaped; they gave him a look of great strength. But the most striking thing about him was the feeling he gave you of
suppressed fire. It was impressive and vaguely troubling. He was not a man with whom any intimacy was possible." (Rain, p.16)

The attitude of the missionary couple is revealed in their conversation with the doctor couple. We learn that they disapprove of dancing, and the amorality of the natives and that they tried to instil the sense of sin in the natives with whom they worked. We understand the difference in attitude between the intolerant Davidsons and the tolerant doctor when we find Mrs. Davidson frowning at the Tahitian lava-lava while the doctor approves of it as a sensible costume suitable for the hot, humid weather.

Both the couple are forced to break their journey and stay temporarily in pago-pago because of the infection among the sailors on board. They hire rooms above the shop of a half-caste trader Horn. The trader also gives a room to Thompson "plump and in a coarse fashion pretty" (Rain p.18) with blushing calves and "a large white hat", (Rain, p.18) who is the third actor in the drama of emotions.

The readers are shown the utter helplessness of the doctor couple in the rainy island and the thorough efficiency of Mr. and Mrs. Davidson. They fill up their time with Bible-reading sessions and reminiscences about their life. We are made to see with Doc Macphail the unflinching courage of Rev. Davidson when he describes his journeys by a whale-boat to visit
the sick in the storm-tossed Pacific. The narrator contrasts his courage with Macphail's lack of it by revealing to the readers his reminiscence about his war-service: "Dr. Macphail was a timid man. He had never been able to get used to the hurtling of the shells over the trenches, and when he was operating in an advanced dressing-station the sweat poured from his brow and dimmed his spectacles in the effort he made to control his unsteady hand". (Rain, p.20)

The Davidson couple tell the Macphails about their mission-work off North Samoa thus revealing to the readers their unforgiving attitude towards the natives and their pride and complacency for doing their work well. They tell Dr. Macphail and his wife how by a system of fines and work they made the natives behave: "we had to make it a sin not only to commit adultery and to lie and thieve, but to expose their bodies, and to dance and not to come to church. I made it a sin for a girl to show her bosom and a sin for a man not to wear trousers". (Rain, p.20). They tell the doctor how they broke a Danish trader's spirit when he refused to mend his ways by forbidding the islanders to have anything to do with him: "He had been a fine, powerful man, with a lot of fat on him, and he had a great big voice but now he was half the size, and he was shaking all over. He'd suddenly become an old man," (Rain, p.21) exclaims Mrs. Davidson proudly.

The sound of the gramophone played by Miss. Thompson is
the only connection at first between these four passengers and Miss Thompson till Mr. Davidson makes the sudden discovery that she is from Iweli, the red-light district of Honolulu.

The war that Davidson wages on the sinner to make her realize her sin forms the theme of the story. Initially Miss Thompson teases him and plays her records loudly and plys her trade as prostitute in her room. But Davidson is shown to be firm in his conviction that he can redeem her soul. He exclaims that, "the sinner may be deeper in sin than the depth of hell itself, but the love of the Lord Jesus can reach him still". (Rain, p.26)

The narrator describes how the rain which saps the doctor's energy and makes him almost mad leaves the missionary with undiminished zeal: "And Dr. Macphail watched the rain. It was beginning to get on his nerves. It was not like soft English rain that drops gently on the earth. It was unmerciful and somehow terrible; you felt in it the malignancy of the primitive powers of nature. It did not pour, it flowed. It was like a deluge from heaven, and it rattled on the roof of corrugated iron with a steady persistence that was maddening. It seemed to have a fury of its own. And sometimes you felt that you must scream if it did not stop, and then suddenly you felt powerless, as though your bones had suddenly become soft; and you were miserable and hopeless". (Rain, p.26)
The readers hear Horn being chastised for having given her a room and asks him to instruct her not to have any more visitors. The narrator describes the sound made by her gramophone as being pathetic: "... she had set it in defiance to cheat her loneliness but ... it was like a cry for help". (Rain, p.27) The Macphails could hear Davidson praying loudly for the soul of Miss. Thompson at night. In two or three days the sound of the gramophone turns completely sad. It was as if "the ragtime had a cracked, heart-broken rhythm as though it were a one-step of despair" (Rain, p.27) exclaims the narrator.

The readers learn through Macphail that Miss. Thompson has a hunted look and hear Davidson announcing triumphantly to the doctor that he has convinced the governor to send her to San Francisco by boat the next Tuesday. The narrator describes Dr. Macphail's visit to the governor moved as he is with compassion for the woman's plight. But he is unsuccessful in his mission and "It struck him suddenly that Davidson knew of his visit to the governor and of its ill success... There was something sinister about the power of that man". (Rain, p.32)

The carelessness with which Miss. Thompson dresses up is described to reveal to us that she has been completely broken-spirited by the news of her compulsory deportation: "The change in her appearance was extraordinary. This was no longer the flaunting hussy who had jeered at them in the road, but a
broken, frightened woman. Her hair, as a rule so elaborately arranged, was tumbling untidily over her neck. She wore bed-room slippers and a skirt and blouse. They were unfresh and bedraggled. (Rain, pp. 32-33)

The scene where she pleads with Davidson to allow her to stay on in Pagu-pagu is rendered with striking vividness:

'Don't send me back there. I swear to you before God I'll be a good woman. I'll give all this up'. She burst into a torrent of confused supplication and the tears coursed down her painted cheeks...

'you'll let me go?' 'No. You shall sail for San Francisco on Tuesday' she gave a groan of horror and then burst into low, hoarse shrieks which sounded hardly human, and she beat her head passionately on the ground. Dr. Macphail sprang to her and lifted her up. (Rain, p. 33)

As Louise Maunsell Field states, "It is not a pleasant story... It is only because we see it all through the eyes of Dr. Macphail, the disinterested, tolerant third person,... we can watch the drama which was enacted there in Pago-Pago during the rainy season." 37

The readers are told that the missionary spends many hours in the next few days praying with Miss. Thompson for the regeneration of her soul and when he retires late at night to his room "he prayed till he was exhausted". (Rain, p. 35)

The narrator remarks with "fiendish glee" that "he was tearing
out by the roots the last vestiges of sin that lurked in the hidden corners of the poor woman's heart". (Rain, p.36).

He explains his ambition to Macphail, "... I want to put in her heart the passionate desire to be punished so that at the end, even if I offered to let her go, she would refuse". (Rain, p.36).

The narrator dwells on the mood that prevailed in the household heightening our sense of horror and expectancy: "The days passed slowly. The whole household, intent on the wretched, tortured woman downstairs, lived in a state of unnatural excitement... Her terror numbed her... she cried a great deal, and she read the Bible, and prayed... Meanwhile the rain fell with a cruel persistence... They all looked forward to the Tuesday when the boat for San Francisco was to arrive from Sydney. The strain was intolerable." (Rain, p.36). As for Macphail "his pity and resentment were alike extinguished by his desire to be rid of the unfortunate woman". (Rain, pp.36-37).

On Tuesday morning together with Dr. Macphail we see the shocking spectacle of Davidson lying dead at the water's edge: "The throat was cut from ear to ear, and in the right hand was still the razor with which the deed was done". (Rain, p.37).

The narrative ends with a description of the transformed
Miss Thompson with her "face... painted, her eyebrows boldly black, and her lips scarlet". (Rain, p. 39) She "was the flaunting queen than they had known at first". (Rain, p. 39) We hear her final scorn-filled shout: "you men! you filthy, dirty pigs! You're all the same, all of you. Pigs! Pigs!" and understand that Davidson's sensuality has won over his spirituality. By enlisting the help of the doctor who is a character in the story and by giving him qualities like honesty and detachedness the omniscient narrator makes the narrative forceful and compellingly poignant. The readers are shown the happenings through this compassionate yet cool observer and hence the narrative remains free from sentimentality.

The theme of Red is the brevity of love and youth and the merciless onslaught of time on human beings. The story is narrated from the viewpoint of an omniscient narrator, Type B with the focus mainly on Neilson, a character who also acts as the narrator's agent. It made Louise Maunsell Field to observe, "it is a story which shows what an artist like Mr. Maugham can do with a situation which a writer less skillful, less rich in understanding, would have made merely tawdry and offensive."

The narrative opens with the description of the landing of an unnamed skipper on an island and his act of crossing a bridge straddling a creek, in order to visit the only white
man in the island.

The whiteman is Neilson, a Swede, who had come to the island twenty years back for the sake of his health. The readers are shown the difference in the intellect of the two characters - the skipper and Neilson when the former takes stock of Neilson's book - filled room in amazement: "He had never seen so many books. The shelves reached from floor to ceiling on all four walls, and they were closely packed. The room made him feel embarrassed." **(Red, p.1517)**

The omniscient narrator possesses the consciousness of Neilson from this point till the end of the narrative. He is shown to observe the physical appearance of the captain initially, all the details in the description being negative: "...more than six feet tall and very stout. His face was red and blotchy... his features were sunk into fatness. His eyes were blood-shot. His neck was buried in rolls of fat... was quite bald... that immense shiny surface of forehead... gave him a look of peculiar imbecility.** *(Red, p.1518)*

The readers feel estranged from this creature as a result of such descriptive expressions. Neilson plunges into a monologue about his coming to the island twenty-five years ago. He describes how he fell in love with a particular spot 'with a native hut, with its beehive roof and its pillars, overshadowed by a great tree with red flowers; and the crotton bushes, their
leaves yellow and red and golden, made a pied fence around it". (Red, p.1519). Neilson reveals his belief that that particular spot in the island seemed to have a special beauty for him because "The fragrance of a beautiful passion hovered over it like the fragrance of hawthorn in May in the meadows of my home. It seems to me that the places where men have loved or suffered keep about them always some faint aroma of something that has not wholly died". (Red, p.1520). The omniscient narrator interferes with a comment on Neilson's language; "Even a man less thick-witted than the skipper might have been forgiven if he were bewildered by Neilson's words. For he seemed faintly to laugh at what he said". (Red, p.1520)

Suddenly Neilson enquires the captain if he had ever known a man called Red and the captain answers in the negative. He then proceeds with his narration. He describes a youth named Red by the islanders who was red-haired and white-skinned with regular features and mouth "like a scarlet wound". (Red, p.1522)

Red, we are told, deserted a man-of-war when he was twenty and came to that particular island and met a girl who was "tall, slim, with the delicate features of her race, and large eyes like pools of still water under the palm trees... Her skin was like a field of ripe corn on a summer day". (Red, p.1523) The two led an idyllic life for a whole year
fishing in the lagoon, bathing, and tasting their love for each other. The narrator shows Neilson's romantic conception of their love: "That is the love that Adam felt for when he awoke and found her in the garden gazing at him with dewy eyes". (Red, p.1523)

One day Red disappeared from the girl's life, continues Neilson, as he tried to trade off fresh-grown fruits for tobacco. He was given wine and when drunk was smuggled a ship for want of enough hands. Neilson states to the readers' and wait for her man. The skipper at this point asks Neilson as to what happened to her finally and we hear Neilson's reply that she took up with another white-man (meaning himself.)

The readers plunge into Neilson's thoughts and are shown through his reminiscence the course of his own love for Sally. Neilson fell in love with Sally after he came to the island and tried for a whole year to make her realize his love... "at last worn out by his persistence and the persuasions, by turns pleading and angry, of everyone around her, she consented". (Red, p.1536) The day before she went to live with Neilson she burnt down the hut where she lived so happily with Red.

The omniscient narrator traces all the twists and turns
of Neilson's love with complete authority by the use of verba sentiendi before it changes completely as the years pass: At first, "Anguish seized him and he battered at that impenetrable self of hers which sullenly resisted him. His love became bitter... It was torture and at last he became numb and hopeless. In the end, the fire burnt itself out and when he saw her eyes rest for an instant on the slender bridges it was no longer rage that filled his heart but impatience... For many years now he had only tolerance". (Red, pp.1530-1531)

At the end of his bitter reminiscence Neilson concludes aloud that "the tragedy of love is indifference" (Red, p.1531). and remarks with longing that Sally and Red have been spared that agony. The readers see him looking very closely at the skipper*. "He saw suddenly an image... of another man. It was as though he were looking into one of those distorting mirrors that make you extraordinarily squat or outrageously elongated, but here exactly the opposite took place, and in the obese, ugly old man he caught the shadowy glimpse of a stripling--why had a haphazard stroll brought him just to this place? (Red, p.1531). He asks his name and the skipper chuckles for turning the joke on Neilson and replies that from his youth the islanders referred to him as "Red".

Red leaves Neilson's home and the narrator reveals
Neilson's compassion by his act of not making known Red and Sally to each other. We see him reflecting bitterly that his whole life had been a waste and at the end of the narrative we hear his announcement to Sally that he intends returning home to Sweden.

Thus Red pictures the destruction wrought by time on man and his feelings making Morgan conclude, "Red was the picture of Dorian Gray in reverse; there was no picture in the attic to halt the process of physical deterioration." It cannot be dismissed as Maugham's attempt to be 'cynical at the expense of the hibiscus ideal.'

*Ashenden* is a collection of six long stories and a few brief war-time anecdotes. The stories have their settings in Switzerland, France, Russia and Italy. The author's attitude towards his material is unusual. It is slightly deprecatory; he is somewhat embarrassed by the hackneyed melodrama colouring his duties. The figure of Ashenden is used to string together various adventures. The stories "presented for the first time a totally different picture of the life of a secret agent... It is the first exposure of what espionage really means - not romance, but boredom, callousness, and dehumanisation."

In the Ashenden stories Maugham dons the persona of a
secret agent by name Ashenden from whose point of view the stories are narrated. He uses the device of limited omniscience — Type B — strictly confining himself to what Ashenden thinks and sees which always reminds us of the author himself and his own likes and dislikes.

In Miss. King the omniscient narrator opens the narrative with the following description of Ashenden, inviting a comparison between the implied author and the character of Ashenden: "It was not till the beginning of September that Ashenden, a writer by profession, who had been abroad at the out-break of the war, managed to go back to England". (Miss. King, p. 410). The narrator goes on to describe how he is hired by R., a colonel in the Intelligence Department with "thin gray hair and hard cruel eyes" who tells him that his proficiency with several European languages and his profession as a writer would enable him to visit any neutral country and help the secret service of his country. He is told that out of his adventures he may get materials for his work but with regard to the secret service if he does his work well he will get no thanks and if he gets into trouble he would get no help.

The narrator then describes the journey that Ashenden makes between Geneva in Switzerland and Thonon in France once every week to deliver his reports and receive instructions. The readers are told that trepidation fills his heart everytime he returns to Geneva for fear the secret police might have found out that he is an agent. The Swiss knew well that their country
was the scene of all manner of intrigues: agents of the secret service, spies, revolutionaries, and agitators infested the hotels of the principal towns and, jealous of their neutrality, they were determined to prevent conduct that might embroil them with any of the belligerent powers". (Miss. King, p.413) Thus the readers get "a sharp picture of Geneva in the second year of war".

The focus throughout is on Ashenden and the readers watch him as he thinks and talks in a style dramatically opposite to a fast-paced detective story. Ashenden is informed even as he enters the hotel that two Swiss police officers are waiting for him in his room. The police officers-stout and heavily built with their black moustaches remind Ashenden, we are told of, "Fafner and Fasolt, the giants in The Rhinegold". (Miss. King, p.415) The narrator describes his reaction to the officers' act of scrutinising his passport thus: "He watched the detectives warily, but with an expression, he flattered himself, of amiable unconcern". (Miss. King, p.415) They cannot find any incriminating document and Ashenden is heard to inform the officers that he has come to Switzerland to write a comedy in peace.

The narrator through Ashenden's reminiscence-highlights the impression that a secret agent stands in constant danger of his life but a secret agent like Ashenden keeps his cool and
his sense of humour intact. A spy, for instance, had threatened him a few days ago that he would betray him to the Swiss police if he did not raise his pay but Ashenden refused to be cowed down and warns him that if he (Ashenden) gets into trouble he would never be admitted in any of the ally countries and the narrator humourously observes that after delivering this piece of admonition Ashenden "felt that it behoved him to walk out with dignity. He did so". (Miss. King, p.419)

The narrator makes use of the story to give the readers many insights about the life of an agent. There is also an attempt to create an air of verisimilitude by describing the other guests at the hotel and the impression they make on Ashenden: 'Baroness Von Higgins, an Austrian countess in German service with fine features and gold hair, but, "it was not the sort of hair you would like to find in your soup". (Miss. King, p.421); a Bulgarian spy: a little German prostitute who acted as a German agent; Count Von Holzminden who spies for the Germans; Prince Ali, an Egyptian who hates the British: his two daughters, his secretary pasha, and his daughter's governess Miss. King.

The omniscient narrator makes us focus our attention on Miss King: "she was a tiny woman, just a few little bones in a bag of wrinkled skin, and her face was deeply furrowed..."
she was heavily made up... she dressed fantastically in gay clothes". (Miss King, p.423). We are told that she discourages Ashenden's attempt to strike up acquaintance with her and treats him with coldness which almost borders on animosity..

When Miss King passed him on her way out of the dining-room it seemed to Ashenden that her mask of a face scowled." (Miss King, p.423)

The narrator shows Ashenden playing bridge in the course of the same night and shows him being sounded by Prince Ali for the German secret service. He fends it off and returns to his room. The readers, are surprised, when they see a maid summon Ashenden to Miss King's room with the message that Miss King, the English governess, is dying and that she wants to see him.

Ashenden learns from the general-manager that after her stroke Miss King spoke in English and asked for Ashenden. The narrator describes the impression she makes on Ashenden to highlight the mixture of absurdity and pathos in her appearance. "the doctor pointed to the bed, on it lay Miss King... Night cap and nightdress belonged to a past age and reminded you of Cruikshanks' illustrations to the novels of Charles Dickens... she looked very small, lying in the bed, no larger than a child, and immensely old. She must be well over eighty, thought Ashenden. She did not look human, but like a doll, the caricature of an old, old witch that an ironic
toymaker had amused himself with modelling." (Miss King, p.427)

The narrator than focusses our attention on her expression by making Ashenden observe that her eyes which were so cold and indifferent in the past now hold desperate appeal and a desire to speak, only the eyes remain alive and they hold Ashenden's. He tries to read the meaning in them but fails. If her desire is to be with a fellow compatriot, at the time of her death, there were other English people at the hotel. The narrator reveals the thoughts that flood Ashenden's head as he stands at her bedstead: 'Then Ashenden asked himself if she had sent for him because she knew that he was a British agent... Perhaps at the moment of death a love for her country, a love that had been dead for half a century, awakened again in her - (I'm silly to fancy these idiotic things', thought Ashenden, 'it's cheap and tawdry fiction') - and she had been seized with a desire to do something for what was after all her own... it might be that some new plan was in question, it might be that the very greatest affairs were afoot, and perhaps what the old woman had to say might make all the difference in the world.' (Miss King, p.430)

The narrator after rising our hopes to a high pitch of expectancy ends the narrative on a note of comic anti-climax when he describes how the old woman makes a last desperate effort of will and utters a single word, 'England', "in her harsh cracked voice" (Miss King, p.431) and dies.
The episode of Miss King is as inconclusive as the other activities that Ashenden takes part in as an agent and makes the readers remember the general truth about his profession that is conveyed to the readers when they see Ashenden reflecting:

"Being no more than a tiny rivet in a vast complicated machine, he never had the advantage of seeing a completed action. He was concerned with the beginning or the end of it, perhaps, or with some incident in the middle, but what his own doings led to he had seldom a chance of discovering. It was as unsatisfactory as those modern novels that give you a number of unrelated episodes and expect you by piecing them together to construct in your mind a connected narrative". (Miss King, pp.412-413)

The Alien Corn is a story based on a young man he (Maugham) knew who had made a hash of his life. It is the story of a youth who kills himself because he realizes he can never become a great concert pianist. "It is also a story of a Jewish family of great wealth who are trying to escape from all the tremendous implications of their racial inheritance and turn themselves into the perfect, the complete, English county family". Maugham adopts the stance of a first-person narrator to unfold this narrative.

The first-person narrator begins the narration of the tale by describing his acquaintance with Perdy Rabenstein, the
ultimate success he must promise faithfully to give up all thoughts of making music his profession and in every way accede to his father's wishes*. (The Alien Corn, p.332). George agrees to do so.

Every scene the narrator describes is rounded off with a generalisation about life which makes the story reverberate with universal significance. When George's father, for example, refuses to bid good-bye to him he generalises: "It is strange that men, inhabitants for so short a while of an alien and inhuman world, should go out of their way to cause themselves so much happiness". (The Alien Corn, p.332).

George is visited by the narrator in the course of his travel to Europe and the scene is described in the following way: "you gave your solemn word of honour to go back after two years". "I'll go back all right", he said sullenly. Lea Makarat has promised to come and hear me play*. "What'll you do if she says you're no good?" "shoot myself", he said gaily. "what nonsense", I answered in the same tone. "Do you feel at home in England?" "No, I said, "but then I don't feel at home anywhere else". (The Alien Corn, p.336)

The readers learn about a new facet of George's and the narrator's personality from this scene and they listen to the final remark of the narrator at the end of this meeting: "$...
art is a strong wine and needs a strong head to carry it". (The Alien Corn, p. 336).

Six months later the narrator is invited to the Bland's estate in Tilby for the week—and when George's expertise in playing the piano would be assessed by Lea Makarat. The narrator sums up the qualities "ingenuousness, charm, and enthusiasm" (The Alien Corn, p. 325) that make George lovable and tells the readers that he is struck by his father's adoring love of him.

George's playing of the piano is described thus by the narrator: "He played Chopin... He played with a great deal of brio. I wish I knew music well enough to give an exact description of his playing. It had strength, and a youthful exuberance, but I felt that he missed what to me is the peculiar charm of Chopin, the tenderness, the nervous melancholy, the wistful gaiety and the slightly faded romance that reminds me always of an Early Victorian keepsake... I had the vague sensation... that the two hands did not quite synchronize". (The Alien Corn, p. 339). The use of modals and verba sentiendi in this passage prepares us for the expert's judgement of his music.

The narrator relates to us that he could find out from the expression of George's family that they knew that he had no genius. The readers are then made to listen to the exchange
between George and the piano-expert: "I want you to tell me whether I have any chance of becoming in time a pianist in the first rank". "Not in a thousand years". (The Alien Corn, p.336)

The narrator leaves the Blands with Lea Makarat and his knowledge of the tragic end of George, we presume, is based on Ferdy's account of the affair. Adopting the stance of a third-person narrator he describes George's end: "George did not go for a walk... He began to clean the gun that his mother had given him on his twentieth birthday... suddenly the servants were startled by a report. When they went into the gun-room they found George lying on the floor shot through the heart". (The Alien Corn, p.341).

The narrator's generalisation of the tragic end of George "one reads of such accidents in the paper often" (The Alien Corn, p.341) is an attempt to divest the incident of its gruesomeness. The readers "do not feel emotionally duped" and know that it is not an attempt at "cynical smartness".

The twelve short narratives analysed in this chapter reveal Maugham's expertise in suiting narratorial stance to theme. He adopts a first-person narratorial stance if the theme requires a first-hand dramatisation of the happenings as is the case with The Round Dozen or The Alien
He also expertly makes use of the limited third-person narratorial stance in a story like *Red* or *Outstation* limiting himself to focus on the psyche of a character or characters paving the way for the intense reality of the whole happening. If the setting is not England but some exotic locale like the south-sea islands he uses a person like Mark Featherstone of *The Book Bag* as the narrator while he himself takes up the stance of a listener or narratee to give his narrative an air of verisimilitude.

The narratives analysed reveal how by varying his stance depending on the dictates of the theme Maugham produces a comic or tragic effect as the situation requires. Maugham's stories would continue to be read as they have the qualities that the finest short stories are said to possess: They combine "a tight narrative framework with the apparently casual effect of colloquial dialogue". They exhibit "a sense of organic unity by highlighting a single detail which seems gratuitous, but which yet has a rightness that makes it indispensable, part of a design and at the same time entirely natural and unforced". As Clare Hanson states: "No twentieth-century short-story anthology makes much sense if Maugham isn't represented. 'The Hairless Mexican', 'The Kite', 'The Colonels' Lady', 'The Door of Opportunity', all are superb - and there are many others to challenge them."
NOTES
CHAPTER IV

1 Maugham, The Summing Up, p.266.


3 Curtis, p.181.

4 Calder, p.159.

5 Maugham, Creative Impulse, p.566.

6 Cordell, p.159.

7 Iris Barry, 'Midsummer Nights' Fare', New York Herald Tribune, 14 July, 1940, p.4.


9 Curtis, p.187.

10 Iris Barry, 'Midsummer Nights' Fare', New York Herald Tribune, 14 July, 1940.

11 Raymond Mortimer, "Re-reading Mr. Maugham", New Statesman and Nation, n.s. VIII, 25 August 1934, pp.243-244.

12 Thirty Great Stories, Mackintosh, p.107.

14 Brander, p.152.


24 Morgan, p.322.


27 Curtis, p.183.
28 Brander, p.120.

29 Maugham, Thirty Great Stories, The Round Dozen, p.967.


31 The Saturday Review, November 5, 1921.

32 The New Statesman, November 5, 1921.

33 Curtis, p.157.

34 Morgan, p.214.

35 Morgan, p.214.

36 Thirty Great Stories, Rain, p.13.


38 Bellamy Patridge, "Rare Traveller", New York Herald Tribune, 20 April, 1930, p.5.


41 Morgan, p.215.

42 Rebecca West review, New Statesman XVIII, 5 November 1921, pp.140-142.

43 Brander, p.156.

44 Calder, p.204.
45 Maugham, Thirty Great Stories Miss King, p.410.

46 Brander, p.157.

47 Morgan, p.353.


50 Cordell, p.159.


52 Dodd, p.206.


54 Ibid., p.24.

55 Clare Hanson, Short Stories and Short Fiction (London: Macmillan Press, 1985), p.49.