CHAPTER IV

THE FOUR SEASONS
The play moves around the two characters Adam and Beatrice. They are bruised by their separate marriages and love affairs and have agreed to spend time together in a remote cottage—a kind of sabbatical from life. In winter she is catatonic, he must attend to the things. By the spring his caring has thawed her frozen feelings. When summer comes they are in love. Beatrice begs Adam to come away and begin a new life together in the real world. He hesitates. They linger till autumn.

Part One is winter and the spring. In the winter season utter silence prevails between the two characters. It is evening, two young people enter a deserted house. His name is Adam and her name is Beatrice. They could be 30 and 35 years old. They have their belongings with them. The house is furnished with a mixture of antiques. If they have any beauty have only the beauty that accompanies by the neglected sad things; and of plain furniture assembled, perhaps by hand. Adam feels safe as no one lives in the house. They couldn’t find such a safe place anywhere. Adam used to pass the house every morning until one day as he couldn’t resist went into the house. God only knows who owned the house and left it like that. Beatrice liked it. He asks Beatrice to say just three words. ‘I like it’ or ‘I don’t like it’ or ‘let’s leave’ or ‘give a deep sigh’ or ‘smile.’ He notices that she will not do anything unless he prepares it for her. He agrees to prepare everything for her during the first weeks. There is no response from her. It is very cold. He searches in his case and draws out two blankets. To warm
her, he places one blanket over her legs. He compliments her beauty. Beatrice closes her eyes and sleeps. Adam watches her for a long time. He raises his hand and is about to touch her face, but at the same time he doesn’t want to touch. He wonders “why sad faces are lovely faces.” (78) p

She has a lovely face that he could love, even to love again. From these words we can understand that he was affected by love. Though she is a lovely lady he won’t love her. Not all that again. He could give her human warmth but not human love. He does not want to repeat the old, familiar patterns of betrayal and those reproaches. He can understand that she too knows all that from the way she sleeps and from the lines round her eyes when she is awake she may ask him whether he is afraid of love and will rebuke gently. She will say that “those who are afraid to die, die a thousand times” (78) p.

Beatrice wakes up with a start. Adam gets wood for fire and asks her for the three words she remains silent Adam leaves to gather some fuel. She watches him to the door, stares after him for a long time and move her head to look at the room. It’s sadness its desolation, its cold reaches her. She starts crying. Her blanker falls to the ground, she slides down from the chair to her knees to hug the blankets.

Adam returns and stands by the door. He makes no move towards her but asks Beatrice to get up. He continues to chant her name calling it, rather urging, gently till she returns to the chair. He moves to pick up the
blanket and again lays it over her legs. Reminds the lines of Shelley, lays the fire and lights it. He does not know the sound of her voice whether it is high or shrill mellow tiny, contralto. Adam recollects his past experiences. He used to sit in the buses or trains and gaze at beautiful girls, sometimes they would smile at him, and he would smile back. He sees every virtue in their faces, their gentleness their passion and their understanding. He can imagine most of the things about them by looking at their faces. He wonders how lovely faces have ugly voices. He does not know about Beatrice soul whether it is on her lips or her eyes, he seeks an answer. He asks her to listen to the wood crackling and smell it. Now Beatrice breathes in slowly, slightly and takes a deeper breath as told by Adam. Adam wants her to do it again. She turns her head away. For his foolish persistence, she has for the moment dismissed him. Adam cannot understand, but could recognize "that look." The female dismissing the male. She has no will, no wish to talk, no wish to move and act, he can read them in her eyes. He questions her whether she cannot see pain in his eyes, cannot guess it. He thinks that he is a fool to ask all those things. He picks up the other blanket and moves to a chair in which he sits covers his legs and gazes at her. There is a along silence between the two. The days are passing, weeks even.

Adam rises suddenly from the chair and throws his blanket down. It is morning:
Adam: Gentleness is no good, I can see that. It just produces more self-pity, doesn’t it? [He now busies himself with putting the room to order, wiping away dust and cobwebs] Look at you. Call yourself a woman? Your face is falling apart with self-pity. You don’t impress me with your silence. I could do that, what you’re during sitting there, silent, morbid, and lifeless. I could do that you’re even enjoying it aren’t you? How lovely it is, suffering. All the world is against you isn’t it? Eh? All the world is a fool, and you’re alone and suffering.

[Mockingly] ‘I’m alone. I’m born alone. We’re all, all born’ lovely splendid, very satisfying suffering, lovely, lovely suffering.

And yet I know why should I mock you? I know. I’ve also loved and been loved. But I destroyed that love. Why should I mock you?

You were right to dismiss me, we don’t really know each other. Even though I look at you and see myself and try to guess yet – I don’t know. Poor girl, we grieve for ourselves don’t we?

(80) p.

From the above lines we can conclude that both are deceived by love and they are grieving for it.

Adam thinks that Beatrice does not believe him. He writes in the dust, questions himself why she does not believe. The answer echoes, it is
just because he never recovers. He asks Beatrice why they cannot recover, there is no answer. They should wait for the winter to pass. They are really living in their past. The days are passing, the weeks even.

It is a late evening Adam sings to Beatrice. If they stay together, for months they disintegrate with misery. It is waste of staying like that. If he stands by the widow and Beatrice in the chair, does she thinks God that would take pity on them and turn them to stones forever. He orders her not to move. They freeze for a long time, Adam questions Beatrice that “have you even known a God as unobliging as them.” Beatrice smiles to his question. Adam moves quickly towards her face and sees her smiling. Her smile is a special treat for him. Adam moves quickly to his case and withdraws a hairbrush. He stands behind Beatrice takes the pins from her hair and combs her hair till a lovely mane falls behind her.

Adam describes himself to Beatrice. He used to remain silent as it seemed to him that ‘all his thoughts should be kept for one person only.’ He thought that ‘to know more than one person was to betray them.’ That silence made his wife miserable. His wife had her own glory and retribution, one day a young man came from another country as a guest. Gradually Adam saw his wife unfolding her misery. She gathered her heart and her senses to keep it in the hands of the young man. She revealed all the secret corners of their past. Young man held her hand, walked over bridges and ate, in friendly restaurants. Adam calls all those activities as
tested gestures of love. After two weeks she abandoned her children, her home and her infidelity. Every ounce of her passion was now claimed and given elsewhere. He lays himself in bed till the early hours, waiting for her to return. His wife has gone away, and there is no one to share with him. Imagining the tenderness and passions, at that precise and very moment Adam clenched his teeth and cried for "justice."

As there is neither wife nor mistress he sang for Beatrice brush her hair. He compliments her beauty and seeks her permission to look at her. As he is fatigued he lays his head in her lap, closes his eyes and take deep breath. She regards him for few seconds, then slowly raises her hand to his head and closes her eyes. The night passes, the days, the weeks till the spring.

In the spring season the world is full of colours. It is morning, a long ray of sunshine cuts through the room Beatrice opens her eyes, at first she is startled, then she realizes where she is very gently she raises Adam's head, takes her blanket to cushion him where her lap was, slides off the chair and goes out of the house. In her absence the sunlight grows stronger and the room witnesses the winter passing. Beatrice returns with a large bunch of bluebells. She lays the flowers upon the still-sleeping Adam. He is decorated from head to foot, and on the last flower he awakes. Adam never had such an experience. Beatrice used to garland his lover early in the morning at night. Not only Adam, so many people have considered
Beatrice as a rare woman. Beatrice is not only too intelligent and silent but also she is sad and worried. Now Adam wants to look himself fair and beautiful. He wishes to have the garments of a prince. He feels clumsy and careless. He brushes her hair with a brush made of nylon now he would like to have bristle brush. He want to have leather gloves rather than resin. He doubts his thoughts as he always thinks of the way she held her head and the way she glanced at him. He is frightened and intimidated but what can he do she is a rare woman. When Beatrice bends her head, Adam is scared whether they are going to remain silent again. If she asks, he is ready to offer the whole world to her. For him it is a morning of offerings. Adam is drowning her with his words. He asks her whether he has embarrassed and overwhelmed her. He feels to stop complaining.

They hear a terrible sound of crashing from outside. Adam goes to see and returns with a fallen drainpipe and some broken tree branches. He looks round the room and on seeing a broken hat stand, places the drainpipe over it and puts the branches into the drain pipe.

Adam: Spring comes and its time to repair the damages of winter. Are you fit?
Beatrice: Your command is my wish.
Adam: I see. It’s to be like that is it? I’m always suspicious of a woman’s offer of obedience. Still, I’ll risk it, even again. You want me to give the orders? I’ll give them. First of all – food. Prepare food. Can you cook?
Beatrice: I can try. Will this do?
Adam: It smells of Italy. What is sit? You can cook.
Beatrice: Why should you imagine I can't cook, or run a household? You mistake my silence for inability.
Adam: You're cheating. Let's have no cheating. Obedience and false modesties there's no time.
Beatrice: Come now, if I have false modesty you have false innocence. (85) p

Adam says that if spring comes it is time to repair the damages of winter. He suspects the obedience of women. But with her request he orders Beatrice to prepare food and asks whether she can cook. She says that he had mistaken her silence for inability. He feels that she is cheating, it's not the time for obedience and false modesties. She comments that if she has false modesty then he has false innocence old problems reflexes again but they reconcile. Adam relents and prepares the table with a great flourish.

Adam has turned out many stones in the garden and is very hungry. Adam asks her to guess the number of stones that he had turned. She warns him not to play games. Adam is tired of being morbid and suggests her not to be pessimistic. They prefer to paint the walls with white colour and have gold colour curtains and gold colour furniture. Adam ceremoniously pulls out a chair for her, uncorks the wire and pours their drinks. They do not find any occasion to drink. They raise glasses to each other and drink,
slowly, when the glasses are drained Beatrice begins to tell about her husband.

Beatrice’s husband is a leader of men. Once Beatrice’s husband said to her that she is like a queen without a country and he hates queens without their country. He would have asked Beatrice what he wants, but he was indifferent to her. She looks neither tragic nor glad but she is indifferent. Her indifference turns to anger. She cannot forgive and bear indifference, so she despised him. She chose to be devoted to him, but he neglected her devotion. He finds no one to give so much attention towards him. She does not matter how long he searches for her.

Adam reiterates that she is not talking to him. He rises and begins to clear. He brings paint to paint the house. If they intend to live the year together they must paint the house from top to bottom. Beatrice feels that Adam is very gentle and she is such a bore did not mean to hurt him, seeks forgiveness. Adam has a desperate need to create laughter and give joy to heal Beatrice. She is tired of the sounds of her own voice. She is very much disappointed as she has destroyed a marriage and failed as a lover. To get rid off her disappointment Adam describes her beauty. He would like to sit at her feet and guard her from all her miseries and terror. They decide to stop encouraging each other’s misery and see how long they can stay away from morbidity. He brings in brushes and a pail of white wash from the kitchen and also two white aprons. They dress themselves in whites, take
Adam is full of fantasies. He wants to sing, dance, play the piano, trumpet and play the harp. He paints and wants to build dams. Beatrice finds his nature of imagination.

Beatrice: What else you do?
Adam: I dance
Beatrice: And?
Adam: I play the piano, the trumpet and the harp.
Beatrice: And.
Adam: I paint and build dams and fly spaceships.
Beatrice: You studied engineering also then.
Adam: And I weave tapestries
Beatrice: Large ones
Adam: Vast and intricate
Beatrice: Full of fantasies?
Adam: Yes, but how did you know?
Beatrice: How much I know you already.
Adam: And you (91) p.

Men visit Beatrice with their ideas, politicians with their doubts, poets ask for her praise. Her home is filled with people seeking comfort because they know that, her instinct was right. She knows what fits, which woman for the right man, the correct meal for a gathering; the strength of an argument, the size of a painting for a wall. But for herself she flutters from one grand scheme to the next and her mind settles nowhere, yet she
knows that all her energy is in her little finger. She has the talent to shape and has the capacity to taste.

Adam forces Beatrice to sing. Adam hums a melodic scale and asks her to try. A dry, awful complaint comes from her throat. She feels embarrassed. She pleads Adam to leave her alone. Beatrice remembers her husband. She saw God in her husband. She used to sit at his feet and hug him. He hates hugging and asks her to get up; no woman should not be on her knees to a man. He never believed that he has the worth of such devotion. It embarrasses him. She feels dead until he touches her or speaks to her or looked at her. Even his look is an embrace to her. She used to nag him for all thoughts, hungry for everything that passed through his mind, jealous that he might be thinking of something that he could not share with her, sometimes he would not think and he would say, “Blank.” My mind’s a blank; must silence always signify profound thoughts, silly woman? (93) p.

His face is made of love, despite himself, she knows every curve and movement of his features. Still she does not know why they fought.

Beatrice: That’s a lie. I know very well why we fought. I could not bear to see the shadow of another person fall on him. Even hearing him talk to someone else on the phone was enough to make prickles of the hair on my neck. How dared he thin my intellect was not enough to set right his silly world’s intolerable pain! Do you know: What I used to do? Oh we’re awful
creatures all right; sneer. I used to sneer and
denigrate anyone who was near and dear to
him, friends, reduces colleagues. Even his
children, lovely large, innocent infants, even
then, I could not bear the demands they made
on him. When they were desperately ill I
dismissed their complaints as childish maladies
and when they cried because their father
constantly stayed away I accused them of
artfulness. No one missed the whip of my
sneers. (93) p

She is a peculiar woman with selfish and possessive nature.
Beatrice’s husband is a leader of men. Leaders fight back. Every word
became a sword, every sword becomes a giant bomb destroying nerve
centers, crippling the heart. There is no peace between them, though they
have good communication towards the end they were driven mad. They
fight for love. They reveal their helplessness to each other. She cannot
forgive.

If Adam still wants to make her sing first he should teach her to love
herself. Adam returns to painting. Beatrice watches him and says that he is
very patient. She also takes up painting again. Both continue to paint in
silence. Softly Adam begins to sing the song which he sang to her in
winter. Beatrice tries to join him. Both are, desperately trying to break the
tension. Beatrice is attracted towards Adam. Now the house is a temple for
Adam. He wants to paint the house with white colour. A white temple to
worship Beatrice in it. The house has been changed with white coloured walls, golden curtains old furniture is changed to a new set, exactly the same pieces but newly covered, in the same golden material. When this is done he surveys his work and leaves satisfied. The days have passed, the weeks even.

Part II of the play is summer and the autumn. In summer Beatrice and Adam tries to get rid of their miseries. It is a new morning, beautifully dressed Beatrice approaches the room, and looks at the room, the sun as though for the first time. She is in love with the room and in herself. She wanders round the room touching many textures realizing them, perhaps for the first time. Adam enters, watches her for some seconds before she turns to him. They approach each other. She pulls him gently round the room in order to see him in different lights.

When they are at a such a distance, suddenly the furniture and the walls of the room fly away. The tree is there, sun is yellow. They go out for a walk into the fields. They just walk and walk, breathing the air touching their fingertips. They discuss how the birds fly, how the ships floats and of clouds and flowers.

Beatrice plants forests in a remote part of the high lands, reclaiming the lost land for two years. She learnt watching, things grow, from her father. When the university days were over she used to go to the hills, bandaged dying firs and damaged pines. She makes things grow.
Beatrice: I have a Golden Eagle for a lover! A Golden Eagle! I have a Golden Eagle for a lover! Adam, are we ready? Are we ready now? Let’s go now. Let’s test ourselves away from here. Before the winter comes let’s go away from this house, now, now. This is the loveliest time, let’s go –

Adam: Now?

Beatrice: Now, now! If we stay on we’ll tempt fate.

Adam: Not yet. Trust me.

Beatrice: Don’t you see what’s happened to me? Dear God! I believe in everything. I would like to be young again for you; I would like to be shy and pure and untouched for you. Let’s go. Adam, we’ve had this place, this time – we’ve had it, all it can give. There’s nothing more here. Let’s go. (98) p.

Now she has got Adam as a lover. His wife had cheated him. She wishes to be his mistress when he needs her. She shall cover the land with her breath when Adam needs soft winds. If he wants comfort, she is ready to offer herself to him. Whatever he wants he can have it from her. In return she wants his every touch, every thought, feeling and every second. Before the winter comes they want to get away from that house and test themselves. Summer is the loveliest time to leave. If they stay there fate may tempt them. Adam asks her to trust him. She would like to be young again for the sake of Adam. She would like to be shy, pure and untouched. She trusted every thing. She could tear herself for Adam and fly for him.
She faces sun, Adam watches her turn to the sun. He turns and moves away from her.

They freeze in this position, the sunsets, the walls and furniture return. The days are passing the weeks even.

Adam: There are two kinds of love and there are two kinds of women. The woman whose love is around you, keeping its distance last the heat of it burns you; and out of that warmth you emerge, slowly, confidently, and sure as the seed in her womb. And the woman whose love is an oppressive sun burning the air around you till you can’t breathe ...

Adam’s opinion about the women has been expressed in the above lines.

Adam is born with great laughter. Some people loved and some people hated it. Laughter is a sort of challenge, a test, against which people measured themselves as human beings. Adam’s wife has no need to measure herself against anything or anyone, as she is endowed with her loveliness and intelligence. She found enemies and saw betrayals in every act. She broke each smile and stormed every moment of peace they had built. Once he, lost control wrote to her from his sick bed and cursed her, suddenly she became calm and took control to show that she has bestowed laughter on him and could nurse him back to health, she tells that laughter is their child. She used to say that she can see God in him and then she
poured sourness on his work. She would thank him for giving her life and then boast how she had made him. She regrets, applaud and destroy love and devout. He does not know why women destroy their love with desperate possessiveness contemplating the ruins made by her he was startled and surprised at the emptiness created by her. Utter loneliness prevails in him. His wife deserves her loneliness, misery. No one has the right to take away laughter from a man and deny the beauty of a woman. In moments of peace they both understand and comforts each other. Soon she would forget and howl again. Her wounds does not split clear blood, but a venomous poison, that went on crippling them both.

He rummaged the world, looking for bits and pieces of old passions, past enthusiasms and echoes of laughter. It is a feeble search. He sees things, visit places, thinks the thoughts that she wanted her to share, and is crying out for her praise. Every thing is a place reflection of her vivid personality. They would never recover with her, the laughter turns into cries of pain, but without her the laughter has gone.

When Beatrice turns to him she is a changed woman. The venom of her words is matched by the hardness in her eyes. As Adam is not thinking about Beatrice she argues with him. Adam says that he trusts Beatrice, but she does not understand him. The words of her husband comes to her mind. He used to say to her that “she expected too much from people.” Passionate lies, mean pretences are all familiar backgrounds, he does not want to
pursue them. Adam wishes to be wise and recognize the earlier warnings. They are tired, do not want to pursue the familiar backgrounds. She should understand and be generous. He has listened to her laments she must be generous and listen his agony. She is shaking with rage without even listening to his words. But she has heard every word of him. Adam comes to know that, he has been insensitive to her and had mistaken her. Adam seeks pardon but she continues to argue with him. She blames that there is no love in him for her. Adam is neither pathetic nor afraid but just weary. Her remarks made Adam to dabble on the canvass. He is weary, sick and his body feels like crumbling. For Beatrice he looks perfectly all right and he cannot avoid her by retreating into illness. They are not facing each other. There is long silence the leaves are falling there is a heavy wind. As she feels cold Adam takes out two pullovers. One is brown and the other is rust. He puts on the brown one, the other he pulls down over Beatrice. They are dressed in autumnal colours, green, golden brown and rust.

Adam gets fever. She lays a blanket over him, then pulls a small table and armchair to the bedside. From a side board she withdraws a bottle of brandy pours it in a glass and places it near Adam’s lips. The light again changes she spends the next weeks looking after him. Beatrice covers herself with the blanket and sits by his side to await his recovery. Adam moves and murmurs. Beatrice thinks that if they have met earlier untouched by anyone they would have gone across the burned paths of
sweet smelling flowers and would have gone looking in all its curious corners. All her life she is looking for peace and majesty, longs to have a man who is unafraid and generous but not petty. Her husband once said to her that she is like a queen without her country. He hates queens without their countries. He is right. She has no home and no man to pay her homage. She cannot bear little men; mean apologists, timid, men who mock themselves and sneer at others. She longs to have peace, majesty and great courage. Her husband abandoned her in a fog, left her, to walk home alone she called him as God. Sometimes he takes, her with him and would walk through the streets of strange towns discovering new shapes of the houses and breathing new airs. She is bitterly disappointed and out of bitterness cruelty grows in her.

When Adam is cured she plans to live together have children travel and wants to do all the things that he did not dare to do. They will plot and build each moment like schemers of a great ball where all the guests shall come, to pay homage and share their joy. She waits for Adam to recover from his illness. Her voice may not sing but her love does. Adam sits up. He is sick for many weeks. Beatrice stays with him and attends on him. Illness is because of fatigue of tension. Adam is never been so ill before.

Adam: How long has it been.
Beatrice: The weeks have passed.
Adam: And have you stayed with me that long!
Beatrice: Hush.
Adam: Weeks? And you've stayed by me all that time?
Beatrice: Yes. But don't imagine it was an effort because it was not. It sounds more heroic than it wasn't. I suffer from insomnia it came easily.
Adam: What a strange fever it was. I've never been so ill before (106) p.

Adam feels very sad and is weak, yet he is enjoying it. He has been spoiled and cared for, still enjoying with Beatrice at his side. She is like a woman who has just given birth, all glowing and with slight smug Adam rises from his sick bed and moves to look at the window. He finds that the days are getting shorter. Adam believes that she is having her original mind and there is no need to flatter. Beatrice finds it is wrong to have faith in the nonsense of honesty, most women need the warmth of men's lies. She needs his encouragement reassurance of him that one day she will do that does not bore her. She despises the people who advised her. Adam resolves to prepare the apple strudel. As he is involved in preparing the strudel Beatrice is very much irritated. Impatiently she rises and turns her attention to the room. Adam has done it for her to watch, learn and to eat. She feels stupid ashamed and afraid as he cannot understand her. They argue for a while. She finds faults with his laughter. It is unnatural and casts everybody out. She is very possessive every second, every touch and every thought he should give it to her. A moment may come that would be flinched, every thought would be sneered at and every feeling abused.
Adam is afraid of that moment and he thinks that all women are capable of abusing.

The time moves on. There is now autumn season. The walls and the furniture move; they stand each, alone, looking at the sky, a wind blows. The light changes from dusk to night.

Beatrice: What are you thinking?
Adam: If I said my mind’s a blank, would you believe me?
Beatrice: If you say so.

Is it?
Do those stars inspire on only blankness?
Why didn’t you love your wife?

Adam: Why didn’t you love your husband?

Beatrice: Why? There are no reasons. One day you just look at somebody and realize that you don’t love them. No hate, no anger.

Adam: Just guilt for being unable to feel what is expected and needed from you.

Beatrice: But guilt needs a reason doesn’t it, Adam?

Both reveal their original colours. Now they are searching for reasons.

Adam thinks of the camp. When Adam was 12 years old, he met his first girl that he ever loved. She had a pink face and a cheeky smile and she thought she is ugly. For four years he wooed her she finally trusted herself.
when she is in his arms. Another girl traps him. Her tongue is like a whip; her will is like a boulder and intelligence is sharp like a frightened hawk. While he is wooing his childhood sweet heart that miniature adult girl weaved her own and subtle not with a terrible precision. For one terrible act of betrayal, he has paid and wrecked his life. Beatrice cannot bear his misery. Suddenly she likes to take him in her arms and give comfort. She wants to protect him. He can command her as she is his mistress and he can use her as he like. They should find another house; the country must be full of deserted houses. In one house she would engage him, till all her energy was spent, and in the next house he should look after her and they would go on. She looks round, anxious to find something to re-arrange his spirits. She spies the tree runs to it and brings it and takes out the branches, sticks them through some holes in the drain pipe to form the arms of a "guy." But Adam does not respond he simply moves into the house to dress up. They both dress up in "guy." Adam sets up the fireworks, that they bought to celebrate the Guy Fowkes day. He advises Beatrice to look at the moon and count the starts. Meanwhile the fireworks explodes. Adam shows the photographs of his children and describes the poses. The fire works continue in intermittent distance booms and glows of light.

Contradictions arise between them. Beatrice now feels the pathetic smell of guilt. She loves Adam but Adam does not love her. He looks rigid with terror, stiff with fear. Adam can understand the gestures of love made
by her but cannot feel her love when Adam expresses his feelings. Beatrice confronts him that he is not the best person to talk about feelings. Adam has given what she has needed. It is precious to him. She has more guts and passion, so she can survive. She sounds like Adam's wife. He is too shocked to feel like that. 'He is not big enough to get away from that house so she advises him to go home. He could not keep one mistress and so he can give up and go home. Beatrice mocks him and says that he likes to see things that his wife wanted to see and thinks the thoughts of his wife. That is why she suggests Adam to go home and have comforts. Adam contradicts that she failed two men and now she wants to show that, it was not her fault. Beatrice stresses that she is righteous about betrayal, and he cannot be trusted with confessions on nearing the words of Beatrice Adam slaps her face. She raises her hands to attack him but he holds her wrists. She has despised him. The days and the weeks pass on.

Adam is now left confronting the scarecrow. Beatrice creeps to a corner of the room, retreating once again into misery and tears. He confess his fears, but she is silent. He wants her to take him as he is. They know each other. The only thing is when he gives his love she does not return it. Beatrice asserts that she sees God in him but he says that 'she saw him what she needed.' She moans for him but he thinks that he is crying for herself. He is not in a position to believe 'her' or 'her tears.' Adam blames that she has passion on one hand and venom on the other. Beatrice utters a
terrifying moan that begins like a wail of despair but rises to a cry of anger. Half way through her wail she realizes that, it will have no effect and her plea will be unanswered. The cry ends abruptly. Both realize that the year has ended. Beatrice moves to the chest of drawer and meticulously brings out the clothes to fold them, ready for packing. Her calm is chilling. Both come to know that there is nothing between them and feel that they are not even friends. They realize their weaknesses. The words of Beatrice’s husband comes to her mind. He used to complain that she expected too much from people. She is surprised that still she has girlish dreams. For Adam it is foolish to try and know more than one person. To know more than one person is to betray them. He says that heart has its private aches. She must allow the heart to feel its private echoes. Both recollect their sweet memories and tell each other about their life partners.

Beatrice and her husband used to have a long drive into the autumnal countryside. They shared their astonishments in the fields. She recollects the dying hedges, and the smouldering leaves. She remembers the plots against difference, the ease with which they picked up each other’s thoughts in their battles. She remembers the long walks, her gratitude and her helplessness. She recollects her father’s death. She is his favourite child but he died alone.

He recollects the moments of muse silence and adoration. The attention of his wife’s eyes, the devotion of her limbs the case she gave to
everything she did for him, from tender binding a present to the intimate cooking of a meal. He remembers his and of her cruelty. They were not afraid to laugh hysterically or play with children or grow old. He remembers his father dying in his hands. All those things remind him of sadness, his negligence and his suffering. He knows that all those lovely moments will not return. As he is a gentler person it is easier for him to forgive and be forgiven.

They feel cold. He moves quickly and returns with a large armful of leaves, throws into the grate and tries to light the leaves. As they are damp dead autumnal leaves they only smoulder. He blows hard to have flame, but they won’t light. Adam watches the feeble smoke. Beatrice folds herself meticulously. Earlier problems are reiterated, which destroyed their previous relationships. Love dies.

Unlike the trilogy which focused on a family committed to a political ideology based on leftist principles and its disillusionment in the wake of failed fulfillment, The Four Seasons dramatizes the dreams of a new relationship ending in failure, change is the law of life even as it is of nature. The cycle of seasons after from one to another. Being too more from one mood to mood, now hot and now cold. The lovers Adam and Beatrice judge the present against their past and realize how hollow their dreams are. In this play Wesker dramatizes his power of handling a romantic theatre setting at rest the criticism that he is a political man.
uniting political plays. The Four Seasons throws his lyricism and symbolism and renders the play poetic.

Critics have pointed out certain weakness in the play Dornan remarks, "although The Four Seasons suffers from a weak, predictable plot and embarrassingly sentimental lines it's a seminal play Philip Wallace for what it suggests about themes of male and female strife in other Wesker's plays."

The theme of male female strife and dissatisfied couples come as the extensions in the later plays - criticism has also considered autobiographical because worker had used his childhood memories about his parents in this play. Here is a summary of the plays other virtues: "The play is also interesting for its albeit less than successful experimentation with "hightened dialogue" and controlled speech rhythms. Its impressionistic movement of time, stylized set and emblematic costume changes are marks of a playwright growing into new forms. The patently naturalistic preparation of the apple strudel, although inventive and playful, seems a jolt amidst less referential images."

Replying to the criticism that The Four Seasons is too bourgeois for socialist theatre. Wesker answered why he isolated Beatrice and Adam in a deserted farm house away from any viable community and why he created characters against the accepted practice in socialist theatre situating human interaction in its ideological and historical context. Wesker answered that
the primary importance of love must be recognized. In his words, “there is no abandoning in this play of concern for socialist principles nor turning away from a preoccupation with real human problems.” (Arnold Wesker and Bild Holdsworth, *The Modern Playwright*, or *Oh, Mother is it worth it?* and *Labour and the Arts: II*, or *What, then, is to be done?* London: Gemini, 1960). These two pieces were published together with the letters Wesker and Holdsworth wrote to the trade unions as one pamphlet, p.155.

This statement is significant in that “he is determined not to submit to what he perceives as a sacrifice of his artistic integrity or a subordination of individual expression to political especially socialist, allegiances.\(^3\)

*The Four Seasons* and the new play *Their Very Own and Golden City* marked a turning point in Wesker’s dramatic career. He declared his own brand of socialist drama, one that is only superficially interested in ideological themes.

Philip Hope - Wallace dismissed the piece as ‘pretentious and utterly ineffective as a piece of drama’ but added ‘I respect Mr.Wesker for the sincerity and for having the courage to try it all.’\(^4\)

The message of the play is more absolute than in Wesker’s earlier plays, and as Martin Esslin observed; once we have cottoned on to the symbolism of the *Four Seasons*, once we know that they will their
inevitable, relentless course, the play is doomed to run on its tramlines to the bitter end. There will be, guaranteed, no surprises.  

Commenting on the language of the play 'To seek the depth by altering the language is fruitless' Mervyn Jones summed up, because language, to carry conviction, must have an idiom common to the author and his audience.

Esslin comments that Wesker has combined expressionist characters with neo-romantic atmosphere — through language, and 'burdened his play with an inner contradiction which is bound to lead to disaster,' a contradiction in which the play 'strives to create atmosphere and therefore cries out for solid detail and gets nothing but a surfeit of visual and verbal symbols.'

The four episodes corresponding to *The Four Seasons* the protagonists Adam and Beatrice appear in a deserted house; in winter Adam tries to thaw her speechless misery, in spring they fall in love, in summer quarrel reminiscent of old quarrels, and in autumn they part all this without any explanation, background or other influences.

*The Four Seasons* is the only one of Wesker's plays so far to press the message of inevitability. In the most pessimistic of the other plays there is somewhere a hint of what could be done, or what could have been done, to alter events, or to begin a fresh with better success. The lovers are in fact
indulging in something Wesker elsewhere condemns – the justifying of a personal failure by pretending it is a universal law.

Therefore, whatever the treatment of dialogue and detail of action, there would be this weakness of unjustified inevitability at the centre of the play. In all his plays Wesker shows skill with different speech forms, particularly in rhythm – the rapid, running, inclusive sentence of the Kahns, the short remarks of the Bryant’s rather than in vocabulary or imagery. Esslin concludes, “Wesker has combined expressionist characters with neo-romantic atmosphere through language, and burdened his play with an inner contradiction which is bound to load to disaster, a contradiction in which the play ‘strives to create atmosphere and therefore cries out for sordid detail – and gets nothing but a surfeit of visual and verbal symbols.”
REFERENCES:


5. Ibid, 79.

6. Ibid, 81.

7. Ibid, 82.