



An actress - are ye?
What has happened - a faint chill...
Someone would notice

M Maybe Today

S omeone might

B e able to
R ealize that

I 'm

L onely...

L onely.



The old people sat on the bench, still as statues. Nevermind, there was always the crowd to watch.

"But why? Because of that stupid old thing at the end there?" asked the boy. "Why does she come here at all - who wants her? Why doesn't she keep her silly old mug at home?"

She had become really quite expert, she thought, at listening as though she didn't listen, at sitting in other people's lives just for a minute while they talked around her.

Oh, how fascinating it was! How she enjoyed it! How she loved sitting here watching it all. It was like a play. Who could believe the sky at the back wasn't painted.

They were odd, silent, old and from the way they stared they looked as though they'd just come from dark little rooms or even - even cupboards.

SARA COHORN
ERIN LYNCH
MELISSA MOORE

I am lonely but imaginative.
I wonder, "Will my cake have almonds?"
I hear a clock ticking.
I see the grains of sand falling through an hourglass.
I want almonds on my honey cake!
I am lonely but imaginative.

I pretend I am acting in a play.
I feel valued by my audience.
I touch the soft fur around my neck.
I worry about the almonds on my honey cake.
I cry in a cake-less house with no almonds.
I am lonely but imaginative.
I understand tastefulness.
I say reality is not real at all.
I dream of applause and a standing ovation.
I try to make others see me as I see myself.
I hope for almonds on the honey cake of my life.
I am lonely but imaginative.



"Yes, we understand, we understand, she thought though what they understood she didn't know."

"They were odd, silent, nearly all old, and from the way they stared they looked as though they'd just come from dark little rooms or even— even cupboards."

"An actress! Yes, I have been an actress for a long time."

"Sometimes there was an almond in her slice, sometimes not. It made a great difference."



by Katherine Mansfield

"Miss Brill"

Matthew
Chauna
Billi
Tonya

I Am

I am a number of one but not alone; I want people to see me
I wonder who will come today.
I hear the turn-tum-turn of the band
I see the couples everywhere I look
I want to belong; I want to feel alive
I am a number of one but not alone; I want people to see me.

"An actress - are ye? And
Ms. Brill smoothed the news-
paper as though it were
the manuscript of her Part
and said gently: "Yes, I
have been an Actress a
long time."

I pretend to be an actress
I feel that I am a part and that I belong
I touch the melancholy and smile
I worry people don't really "see me"
I cry at the reality
I am a number of one but not
alone. I want people to "see me"

"She unclasped the
Necklet quickly, quickly,
without looking, laid it aside.
But when she put the lid
on she thought she heard
something Crying."

"If there was an
Almond, it was like
carrying home a tiny pre-
sent - a Surprise."

"Oh, how fascinating it
was! How she enjoyed it! How
she loved sitting here, watching
it all. It was a play. It was
exactly like a play!"

"But why? Because
of that Stupid Old
Thing there?"

I understand my life is not what I pretend it is
I say things never change
I dream of my youth
I try
I hope
I am a number of one but not alone. I
want people to "see me."

Tammy
EI
JS
Amanda



"She had become really quite expert, she thought, at listening as though she didn't listen at sitting in other people's lives just for a minute while they talked round her."

"Dear little thing! It was nice to feel it again... given it a good blush, and rubbed the life back into the dim little eyes. 'What has been happening to me?'"

"And when she breathed, something light and sad - no, not sad, exactly - something gentle seemed to move in her bosom."

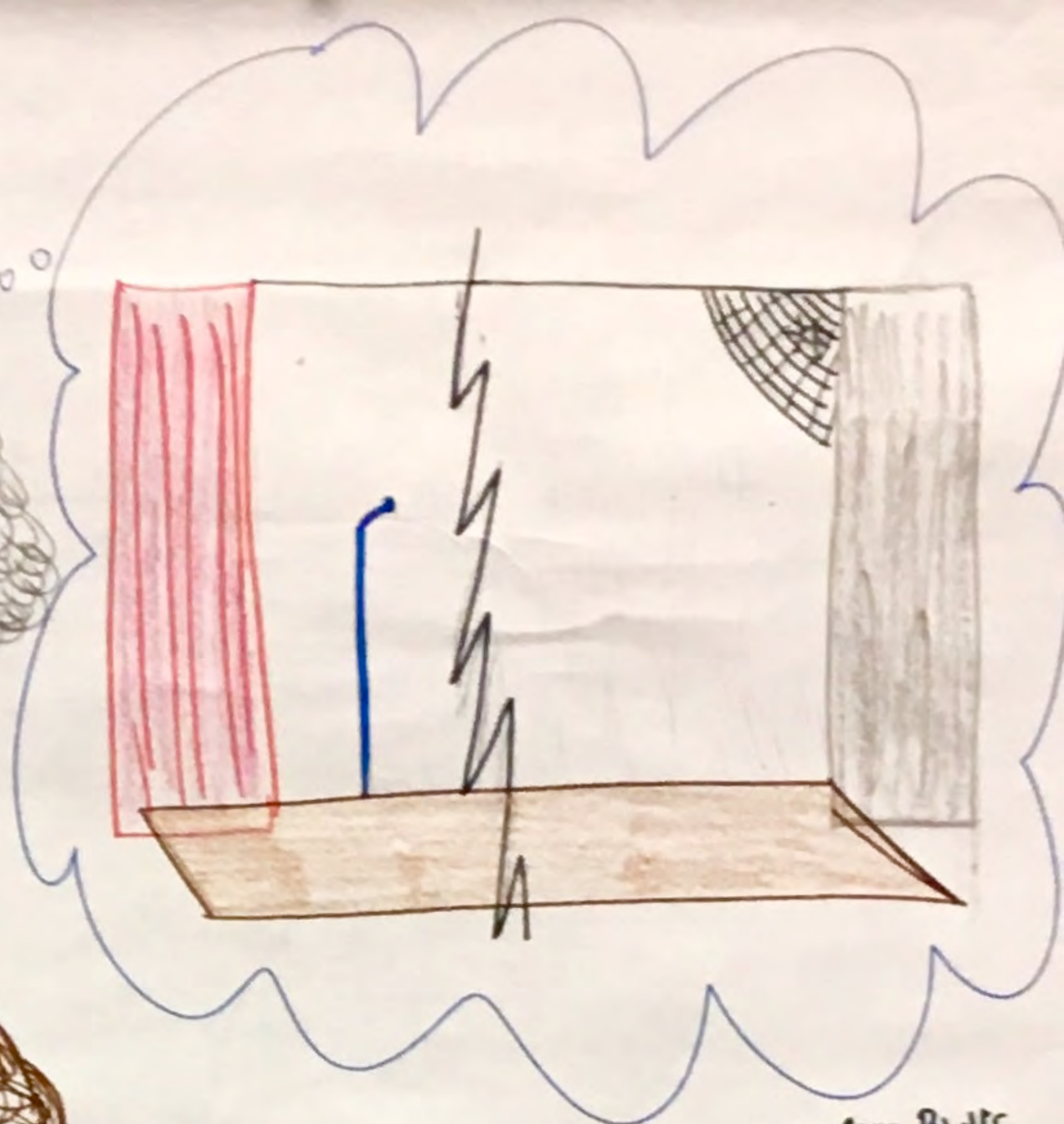
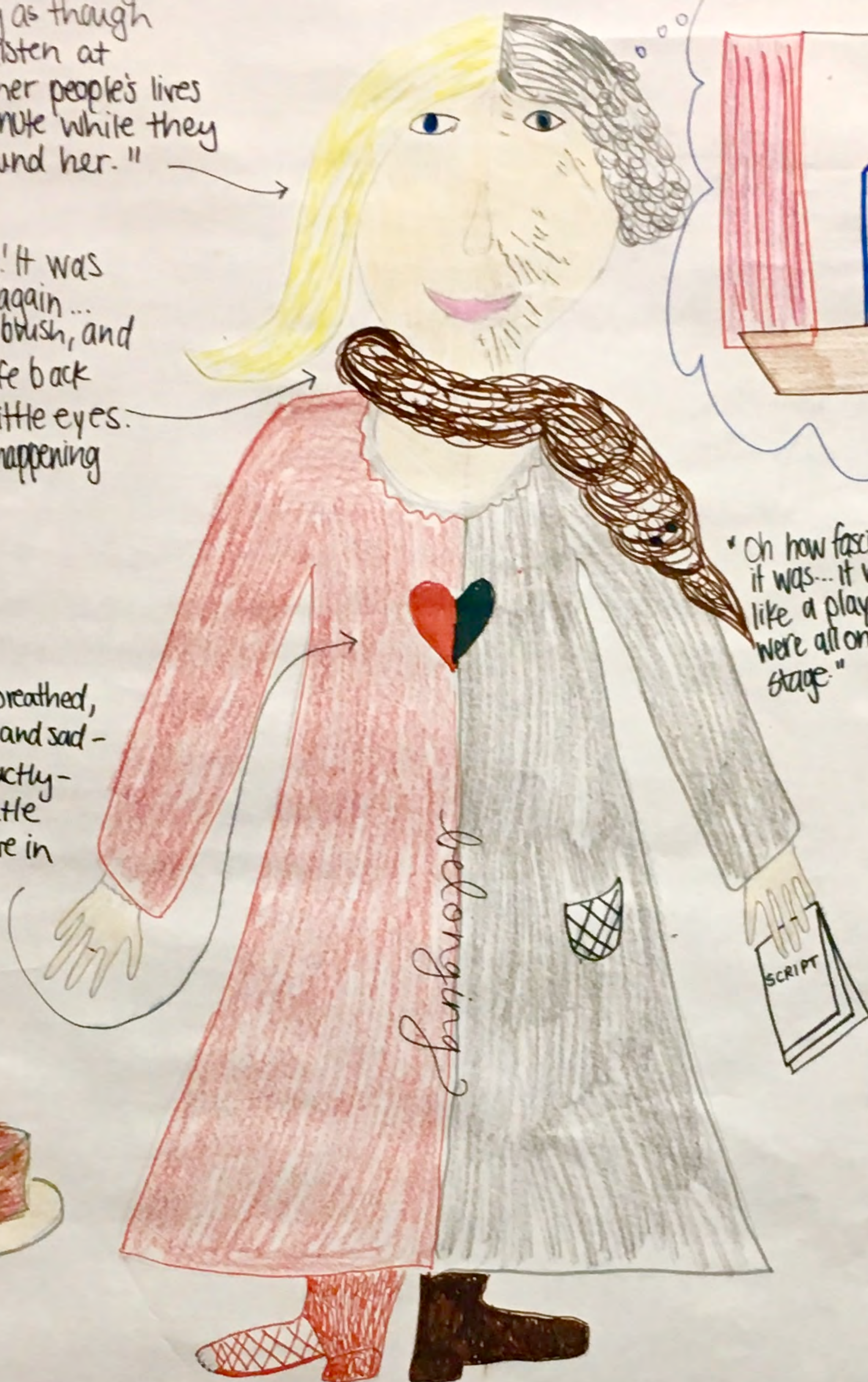
"Oh how fascinating it was... it was like a play. They were all on the stage."

"...and Miss Bitts eyes filled with tears and she looked smiling at all the other members of the company. yes we understand, we understand she thought - though what they understood she didn't know."

My life is a play,
I am in a lead role.
Sitting in my special seat,
Scanning the crowd for my cue.

But
Really,
I am alone
Lost in my imagination
Looking to matter to
Someone.

Gina Farmer
Rachel Ferguson
Cindy Brown
Barbara Eidner





If I were in charge of the world
I'd cancel rude people, chills,
Sadness, and also
strangers.

If I were in charge of the world
there'd be beautiful fox furs, almonds
on every slice of honeycake, and band
music like the Season had begun.

If I were in charge of the
world
you wouldn't have poison
flowers,
you wouldn't have ~~any~~ dismissive
cigarettes,
you wouldn't have shabby ermine,
or
even people who lived alone
in dark cupboards.
You wouldn't even have
loneliness.

If I were in charge
of the world
Love would be a
staple,
All life would be a
play,
and a person who
sometimes forgot to use
sealing wax and
sometimes forgot to
be a friend

could still
be
in
charge
of
the
world.

Sherry
Brad
Carla
April

"She was on the stage"

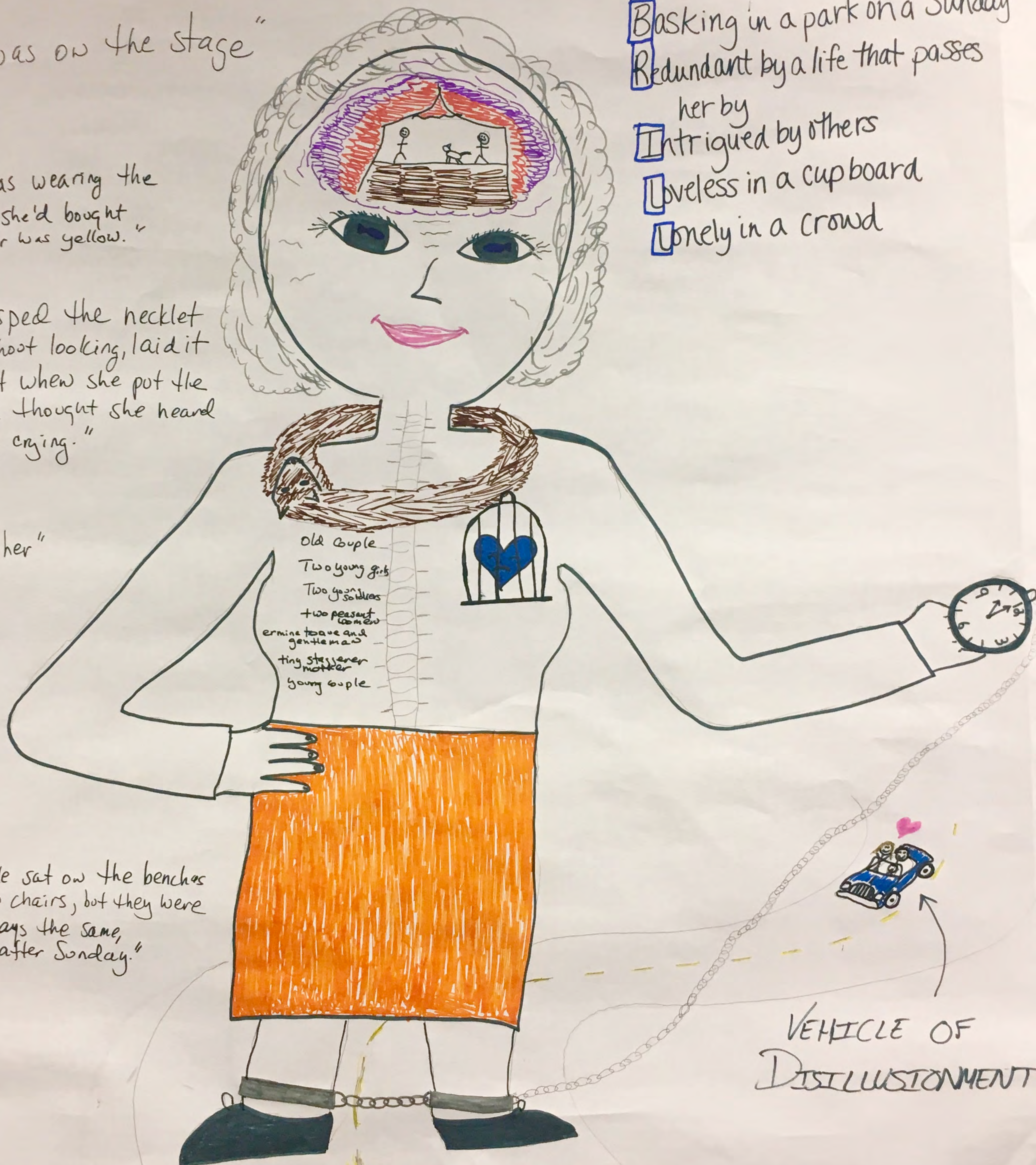
"...and she was wearing the
ermine toque she'd bought
when her hair was yellow."

"She unclasped the necklet
quickly, without looking, laid it
inside. But when she put the
lid on she thought she heard
something crying."

"Who wants her"

"Other people sat on the benches
and green chairs, but they were
heads always the same,
Sunday after Sunday."

Basking in a park on a Sunday
Redundant by a life that passes
her by
Intrigued by others
Loveless in a cupboard
Lonely in a crowd



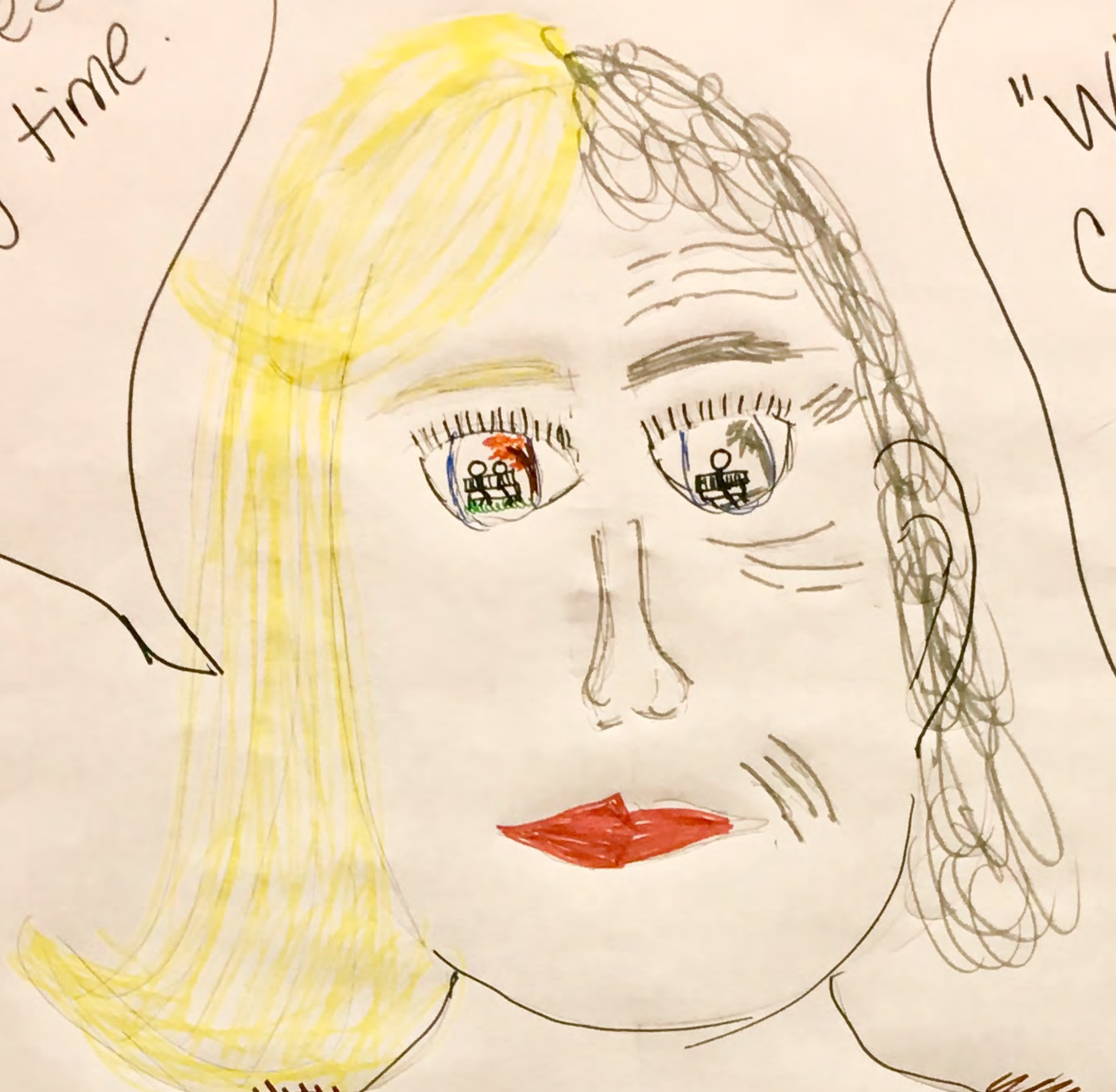
Old couple
Two young girls
Two young soldiers
Two peasant women
ermine toque and
gentleman
ting steeper
mother
young couple

VEHICLE OF
DISILLUSIONMENT

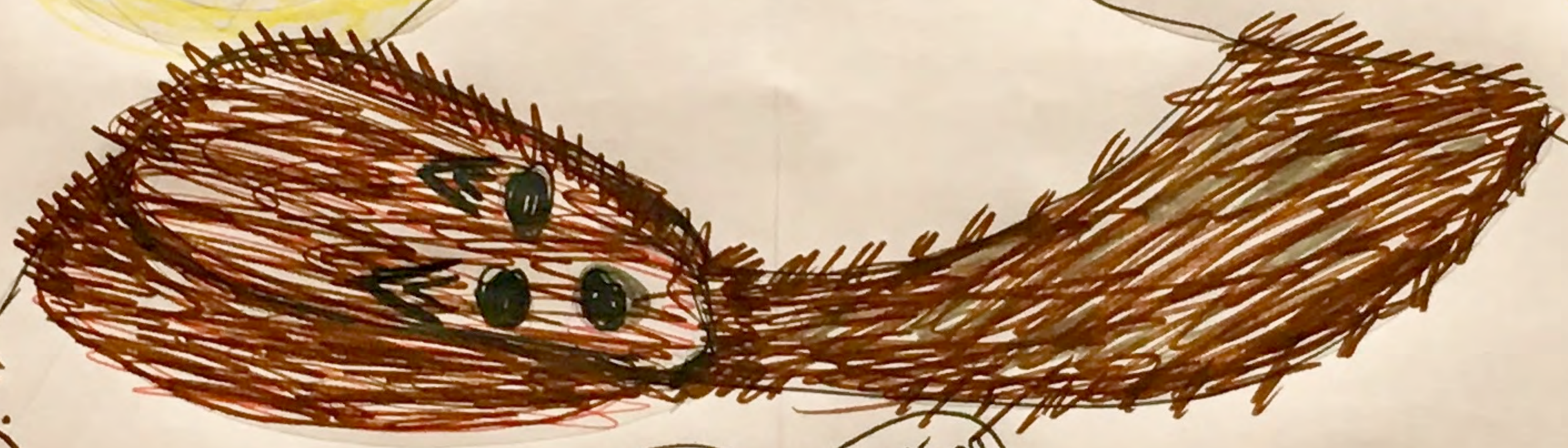
"Yes, I have been an actress for a long time."

"Why does she come here at all? Who wants her? Why doesn't she keep her silly mug at home?"

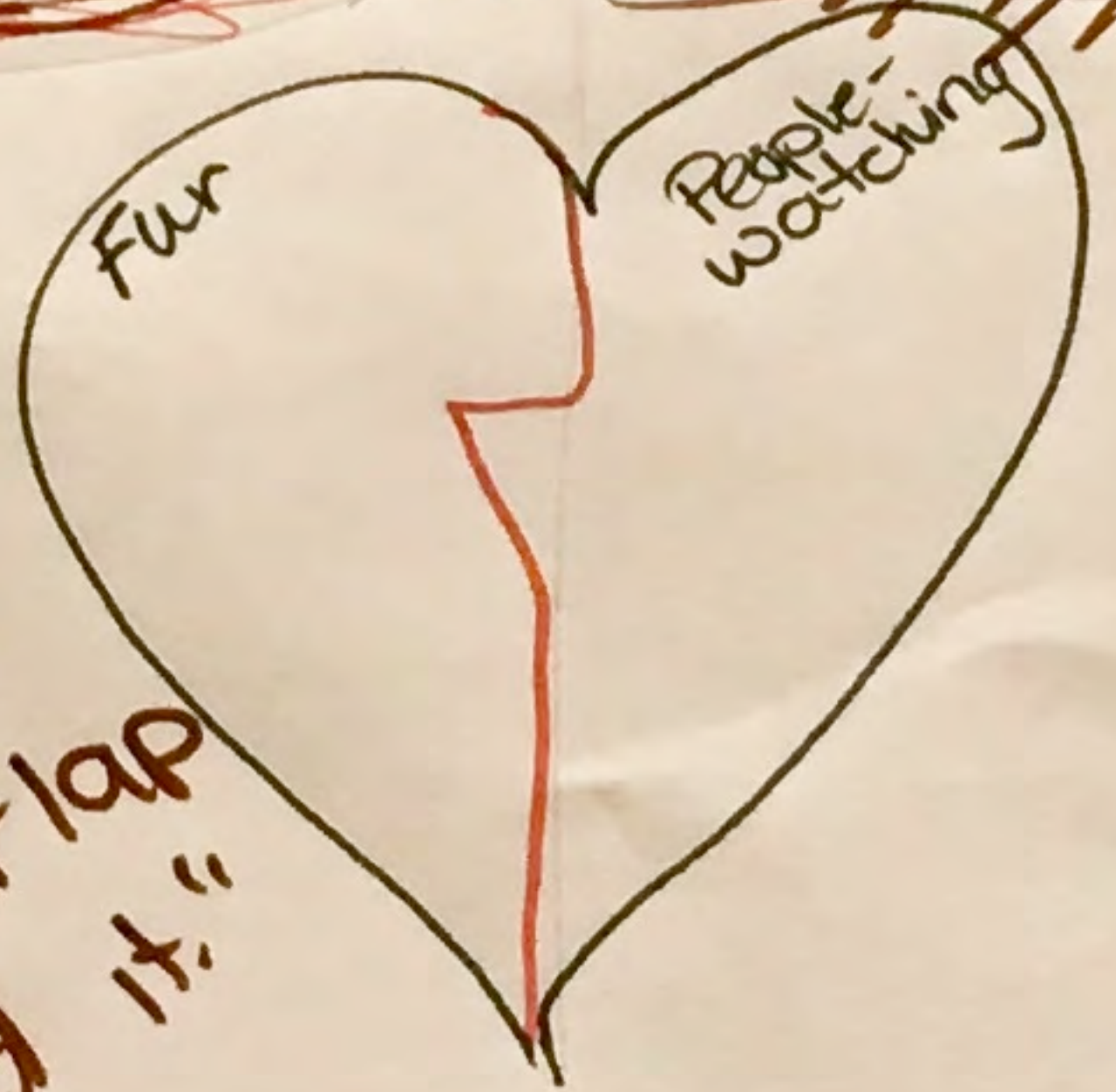
area
Melissa Cason
Tiffany ~~Stutter-Tall~~
Ashlie Odom



"They weren't only the audience, not only looking on, they were acting."



"She could have taken it off and laid it on her lap and stroked it."

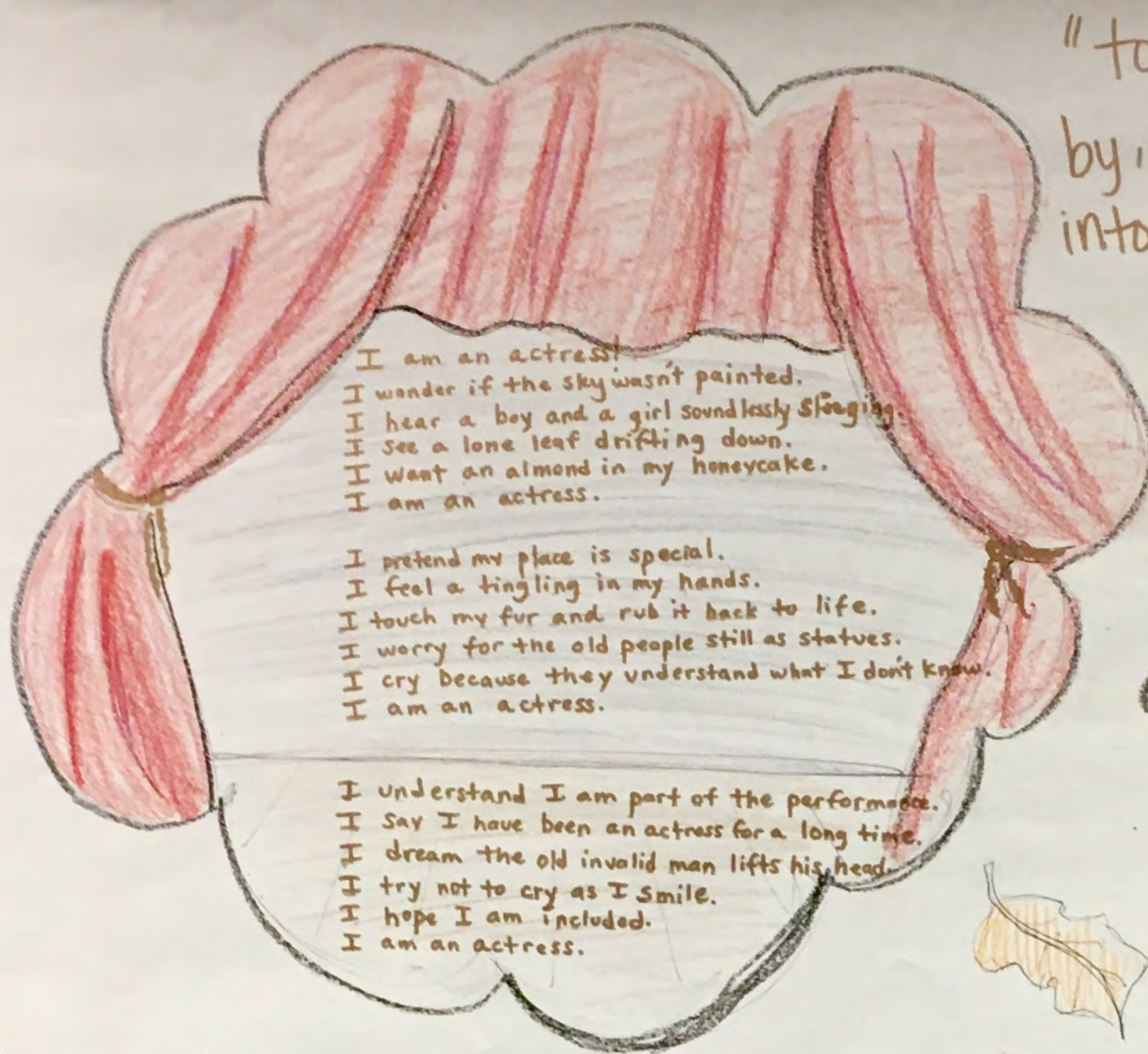


Theatre

Miss **BRILL**
Beautiful
Romantic
Imaginative
Lovable
Lights, camera, action!

Acceptance
Class

Passes on the honey cake
"But when she put the lid on she thought she heard something crying."



I am an actress!
I wonder if the sky wasn't painted.
I hear a boy and a girl soundlessly sleeping.
I see a lone leaf drifting down.
I want an almond in my honeycake.
I am an actress.

I pretend my place is special.
I feel a tingling in my hands.
I touch my fur and rub it back to life.
I worry for the old people still as statues.
I cry because they understand what I don't know.
I am an actress.

I understand I am part of the performance.
I say I have been an actress for a long time.
I dream the old invalid man lifts his head.
I try not to cry as I smile.
I hope I am included.
I am an actress.

"today she passed the baker
by, climbed the stairs, went
into the little dark room...

She sat there for a long time.
She thought she heard
something crying."

"Only two people shared her 'special' seat."

"Miss Brill always looked forward to
the conversation. She had become really quite
expert, she thought, at listening as though she
didn't listen, at sitting in other people's lives
just for a minute while they talked round
her."

"Miss Brill... said
gently: 'Yes, I have been
an actress for a long time.'"

"We understand, she thought - though
what they understood she didn't know."



Blue sky = happiness; joy
gold = false, unreal

gold - false, unreal value

"Behind the rotunda the slender trees with yellow leaves down and through them just a line of sea, and beyond the blue sky with gold-veined clouds."

yellow: decay, decline

decline
"the yellow leaves
down dropping"

The "ermine toque" (metonymy)
character is a foil for Ms. Brill, pos-
sibly representing her circumstances
an earlier point in her life.

"But when she put the lid on, she thought she heard crying."

Review

Miss Brill spends her Sunday afternoons observing others who she believes are her fellow actors on a stage, but never participates; instead, she and the others do the soundtrack for her life. When she overhears a prized fox stole. The story

Virtue

creativity

Vices

unrealistic
alienated

The fox symbolizes Miss Brill's decaying options in life.

Character Motivation/Objective: To live vicariously through imagined participation with people she observes.

Miss Brill
Passive, Quixotic
Listening, Stroking
Lives vicariously, Shuns reality
Watching, Pretending
Lonely, sad
Actress

"She had become really quite expert, she thought, at listening as though she didn't listen, at sitting for people's lives just for a minute while they talked round her."

Music is symbolic. The long, whole notes represent the long, quiet, thoughtful, happy times. The long, whole notes represent the long, quiet, thoughtful, happy times. The long, whole notes represent the long, quiet, thoughtful, happy times.

.... And still
soundlessly singing,
still with that
trembling smile..."

"Nevermind, — there was
always something to
watch."

"But the nose... wasn't at all
firm. It must have had a
knock, somehow."

She was
part of the
performance
after all."

"Because of that
stupid old thing at
the end there?"

Ma petite chérie
In denial

Staged

Special seat

Broken?

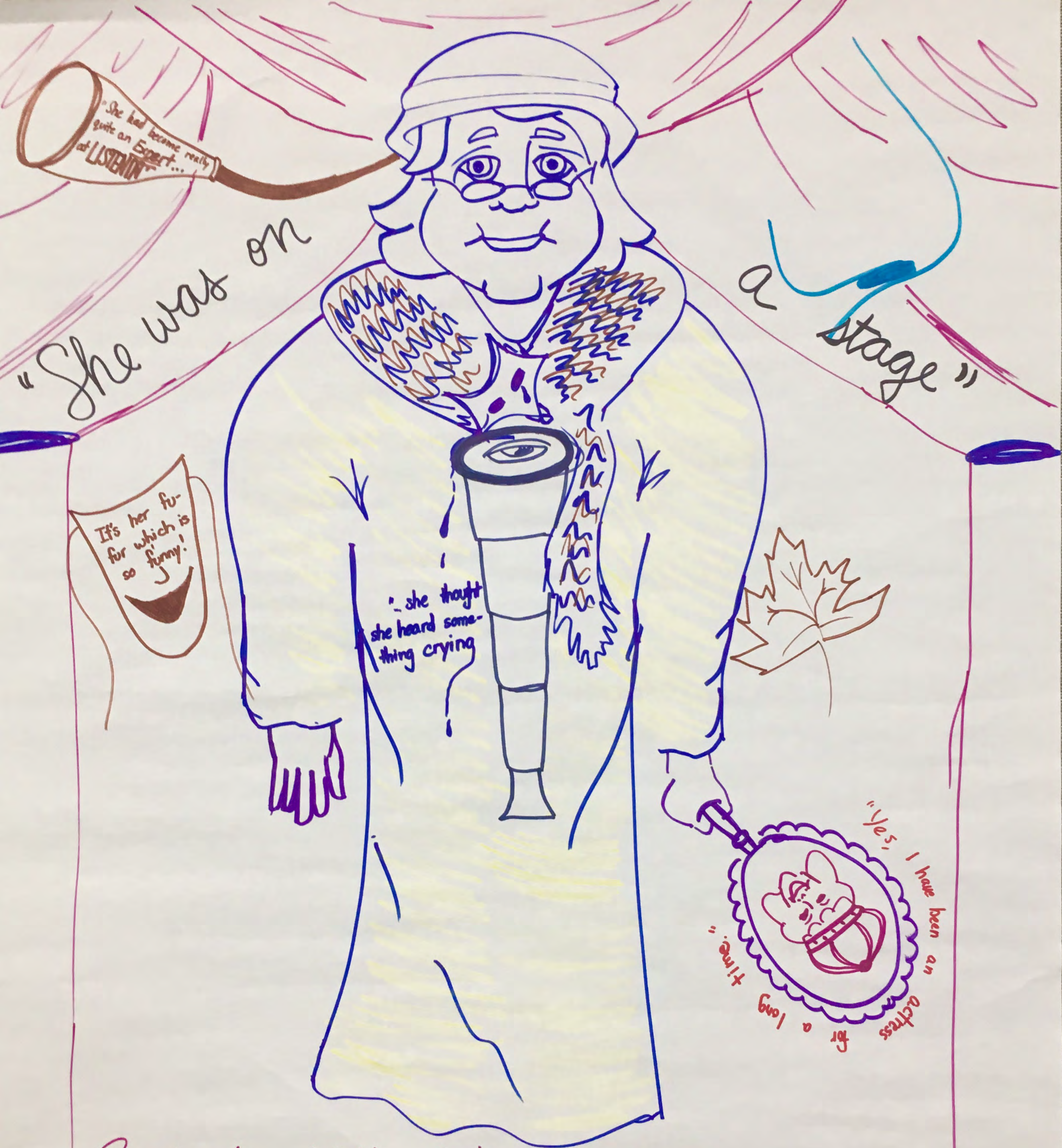
Reality

Isolated

Lonely

Listening

"We understand, she thought — though what they understood she
didn't know."



Bystander biding time on a bench
reluctant to reveal desires; no real relationships
introverted and alone inside of her shell
listening to the lives that surround her - lonely

B - Bystander
R - Rejected, Ridiculed
I - Isolated
L - Little
L - Lonely

"The air was motionless,
but when you opened
your mouth there was
just a faint chill."

"Miss Brill discovered
what it was that made
it so exciting. They
were all on stage."

"It's exactly
like a fried
whiting"

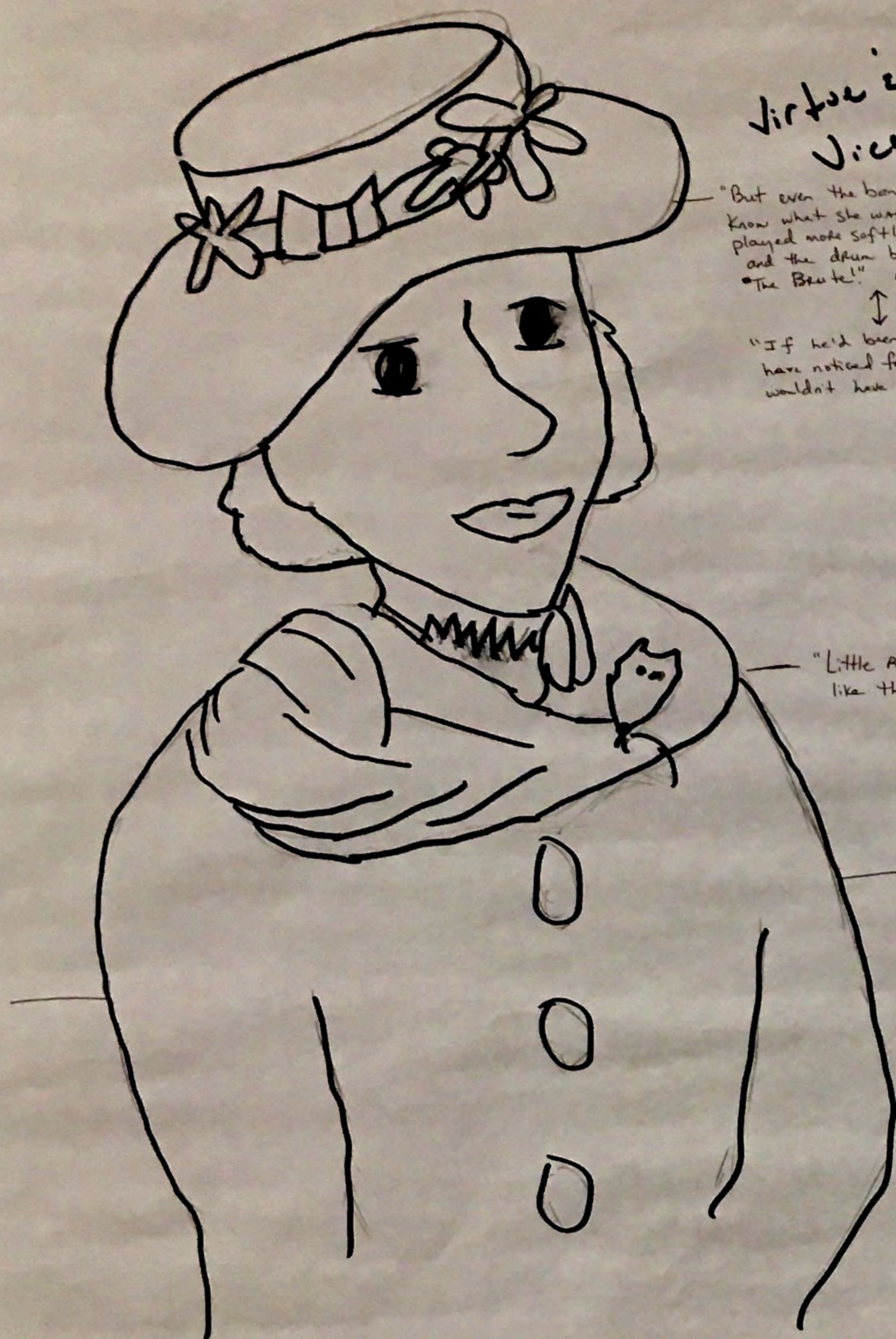
"Little rogue
biting its tail just
by her left ear."

"Now everything, her hair,
her face, even her eyes,
was the same color as
the shabby ermine, and her
hand... was a tiny yellow
paw"

"Miss Brill had
wanted to shake
her."

"...She passed the baker's
by, climbed the stairs,
went into the little dark
room - her room like a
cupboard."





Virtue &
Vice

"But even the band seemed to know what she was feeling and played more softly, more tenderly, and the drum beat, 'The Brute', 'The Brute!' over and over.

↑
"If he'd been dead she mightn't have noticed for weeks; she wouldn't have minded."

Symbol

"Little Rogue! Yes, she really felt like that about it."

Spine

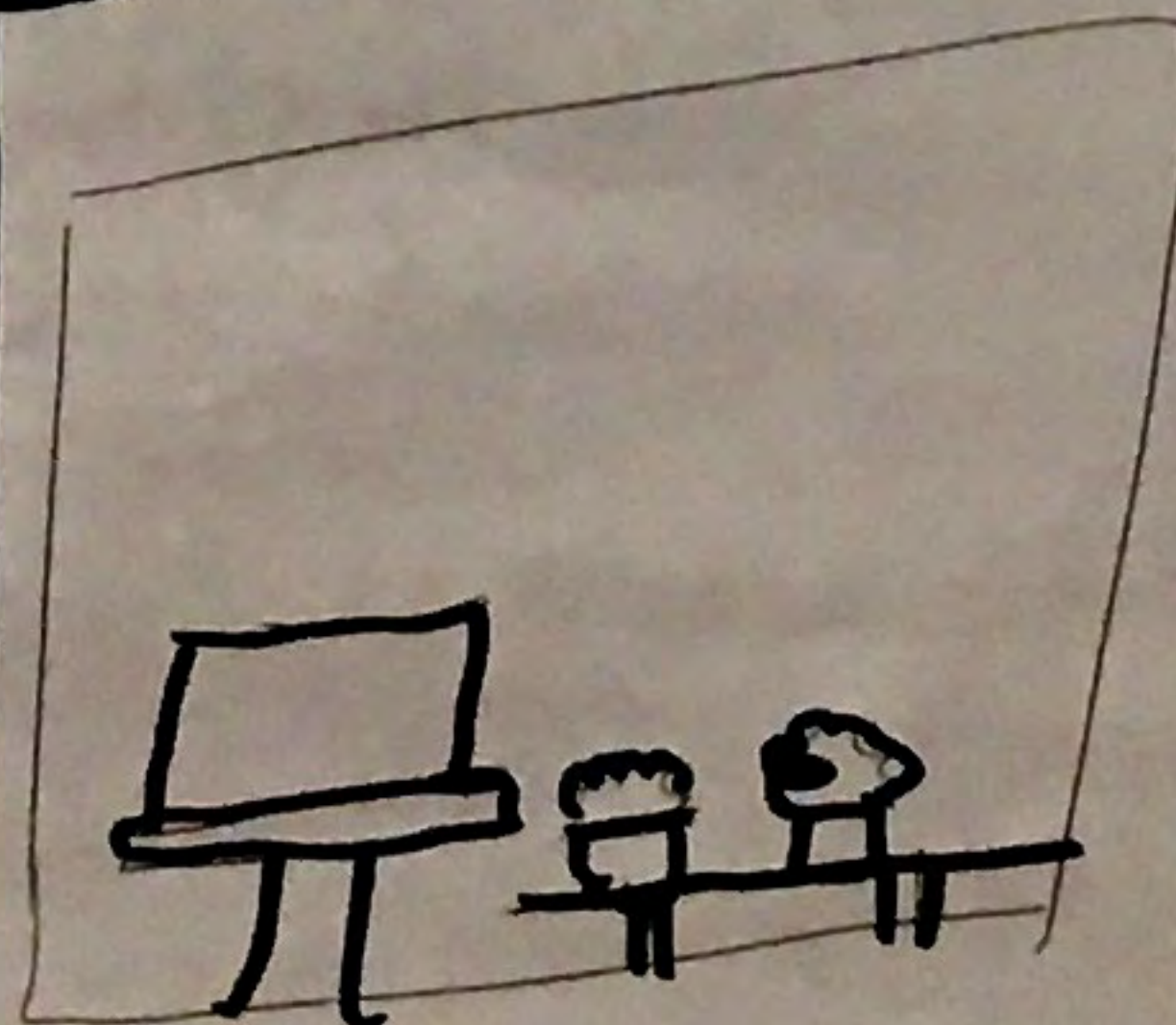
"How she loved sitting here, watching it all! It was like a play."

Mirror

Like a band playing a familiar tune, she roguishly loved watching others perform on the stage of life, despite her own loneliness.

"Why does she come here at all - who wants here? why doesn't she, keep her silly old mug at home?"

Bakery



Changes

"But today she passed the baker's by, climbed the stairs, went into the little dark room - her room like a cupboard - and sat down on the red eider down."

They were odd silent, nearly all old, and from the way they stared they looked as though they'd just come from dark little rooms or even— even cupboards.

She had become really quite expert, she thought, at listening as though she didn't listen, at sitting in other people's lives just for a minute while they talked around her.

Miss Brill's eyes filled with tears and she looked smiling at all the other members of the company. Yes, we understand, we understand, she thought— though what they understood she didn't know.

She unclasped the necklet quickly, quickly, without looking, laid it inside. But when she put the lid on she thought she heard something crying.

No doubt somebody would have noticed if she hadn't been there; she was part of the performance after all.

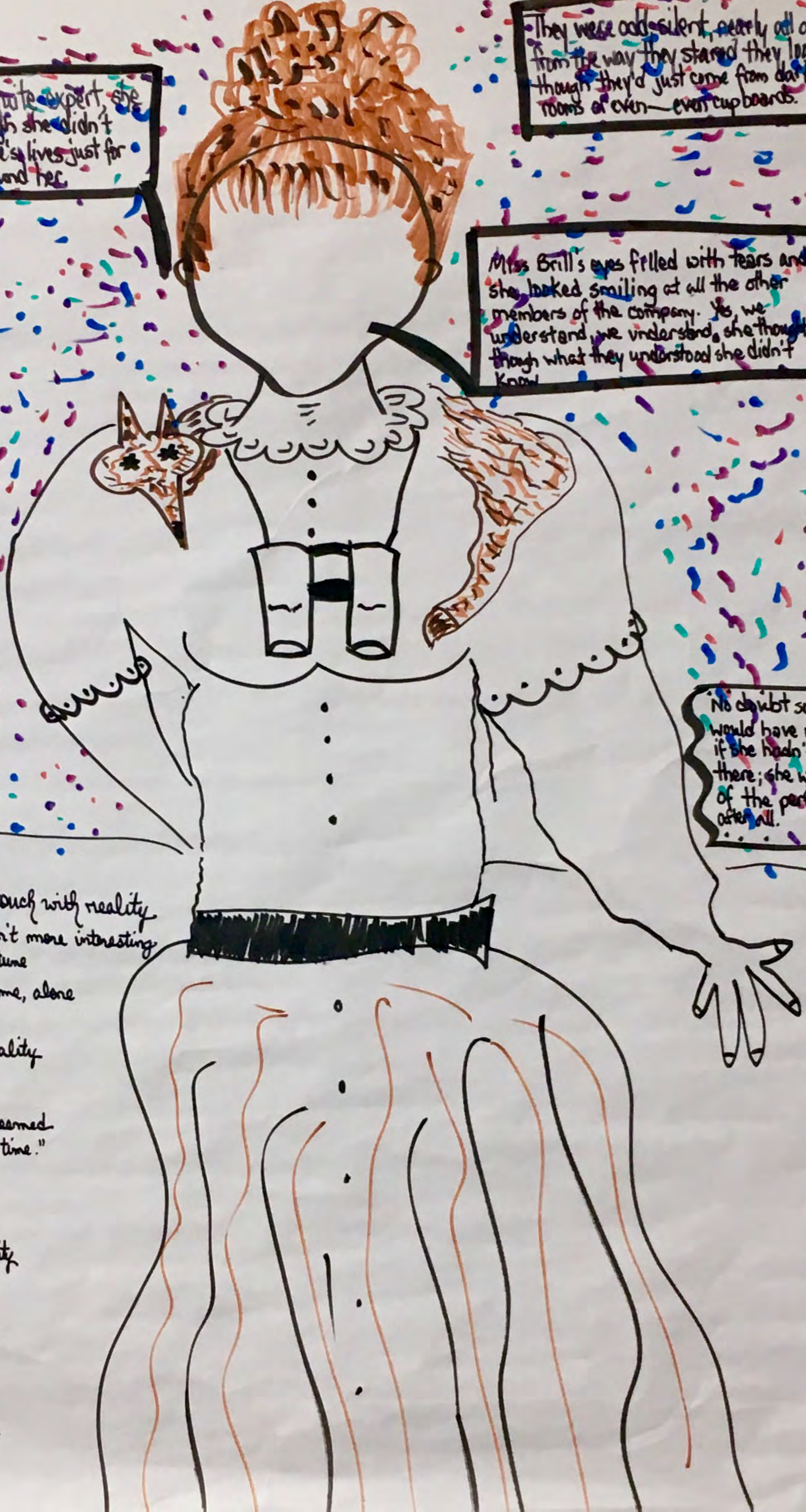
I am... lonely and out of touch with reality
I wonder... why those around me aren't more interesting
I hear... the orchestra play a cheerful tune
I see... people, in couples, all around me, alone
I want... to be wanted, to be loved
I am... lonely and out of touch with reality



I understand... things are not how they seemed
I say... "I've been an actress for a long time."
I dream... that I am included
I try... to maintain a routine
I hope... my life is not over
I am... lonely and out of touch with reality



I pretend... I'm part of an elaborate play
I feel... the audience watching me
I think... I touch hearts every Sunday
I worry... about others' business
I cry... when I realize they're judging me, too
I am... lonely and out of touch with reality







Miss Brill

Katherine Mansfield

Brittle is the woman who dreams of others' lives

Reverie: tearstained

Isolated her chosen exile

Lingering in the moth dust

Litling memorial for the desolate

Brilliance cut short
hovers over the crowds
and watches the play.
In the cupboard tucked
under moth dust with her past,
she dreams of almonds.

Miss Brill references the sadness of her emine and the need to "[put] the life back into the dim eyes." In the end, she returns home and returns the emine to its isolated box, all while hearing its cries. The emine stands as a symbol damaged much like Miss Brill.

damaged
"But the nose, which was of some black composition, wasn't at all firm. It must have been a knock, somehow."

As a means to protect her wounded heart, Miss Brill enters a world of pretend. She's an actress with a job and therefore doesn't need to worry about a lack of relationships.

disillusionment
"And Miss Brill smashed the newspaper as though it were the manuscript of her part and said gently: 'Yes, I have been an actress for a long time.'"

Brill at this point shows her detachment from the human condition. She would not be phased by death because she isn't "living" herself.

DENIAL
"Yes, we understand, we understand, she thought—though what they understood she didn't know."

She identifies as part of a larger whole to fight off her existential loneliness

ISOLATED
"She had become really quite expert, she thought of listening as though she didn't listen, of sitting in other people's lives just for a minute while they talked round her."

She is separate from human interaction. She identifies eavesdropping as equivalent to participation.

DETACHED
"If he'd been dead she mightn't have noticed for weeks; she wouldn't have minded."



Lindsey Lundquist
Cassandra Pecina-Bryant
Nesley Bryant
Camellia Chan

Am... Miss Brill
 alone
 wonder about those who surround me
 hear the band, the drum beat,
 the laughing couple, the distant
 crying
 I see the actors
 I want to be acknowledged

I pretend to be an actress
 I feel like a star
 I touch my fur coat
 I worry about honeycake almond
 Olives finds
 I cry without knowing
 I understand what "we" understand
 I say nothing out loud
 I dream about those around me
 I try to be visible
 I hope for a connection
 I am alone.

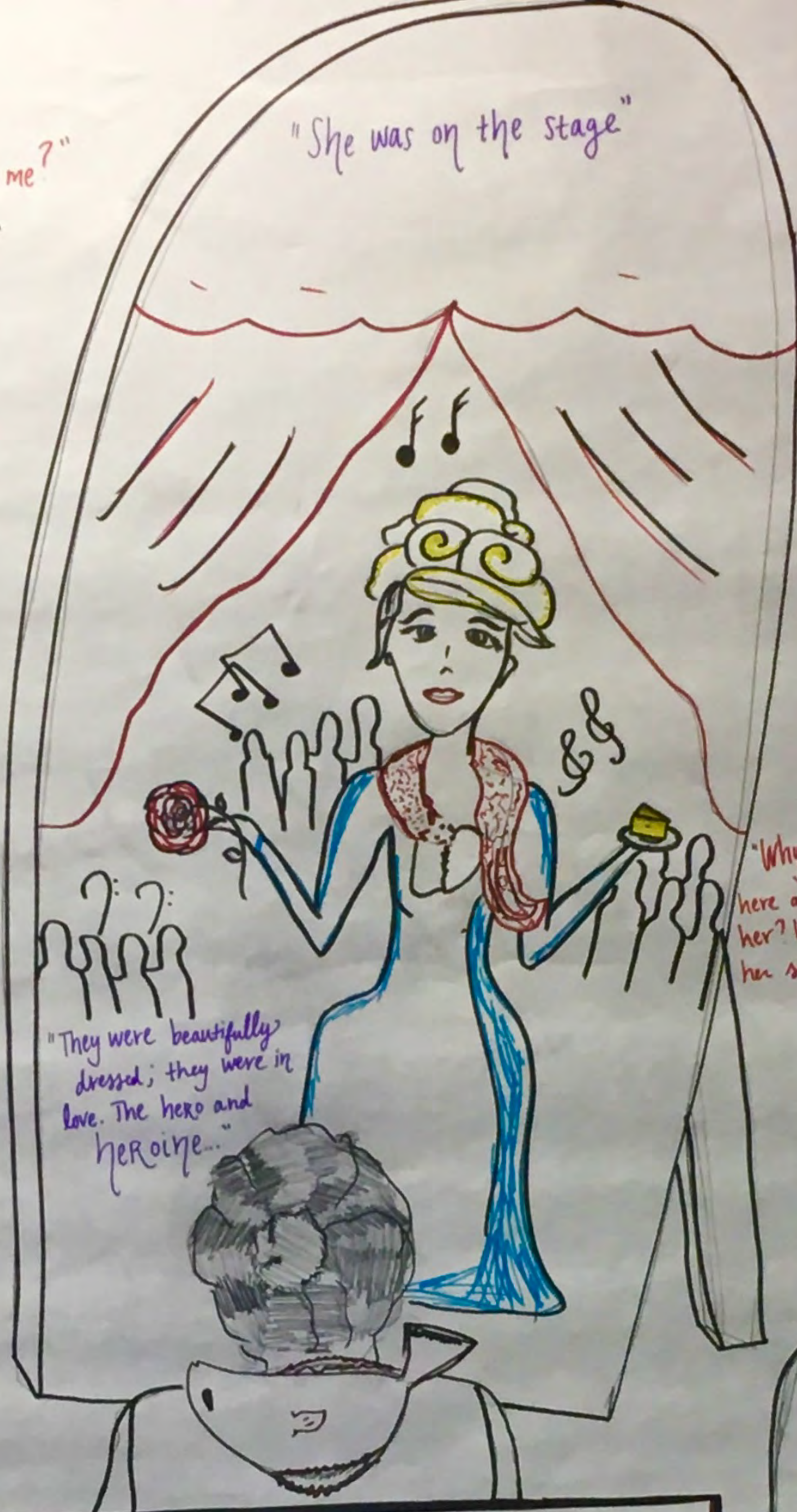
"What has been happening to me?"
 Said the sad little eyes.

"[she] went into the little
 dark room - her room like a
 cupboard... unclasped the necklace
 quickly... But when she put the
 lid on she thought she heard
 something crying."

"They were beautifully
 dressed; they were in
 love. The hero and
 heroine..."

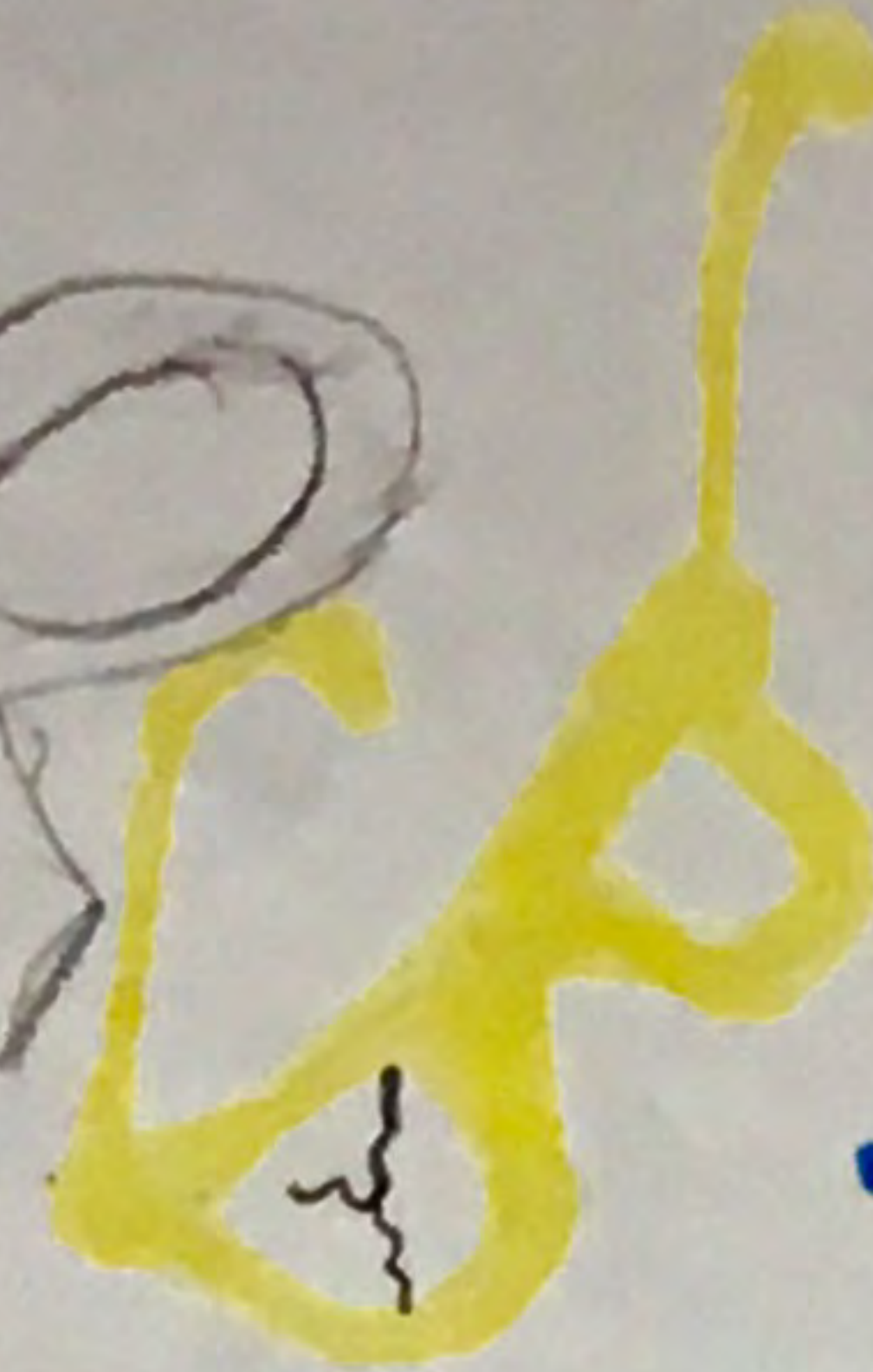
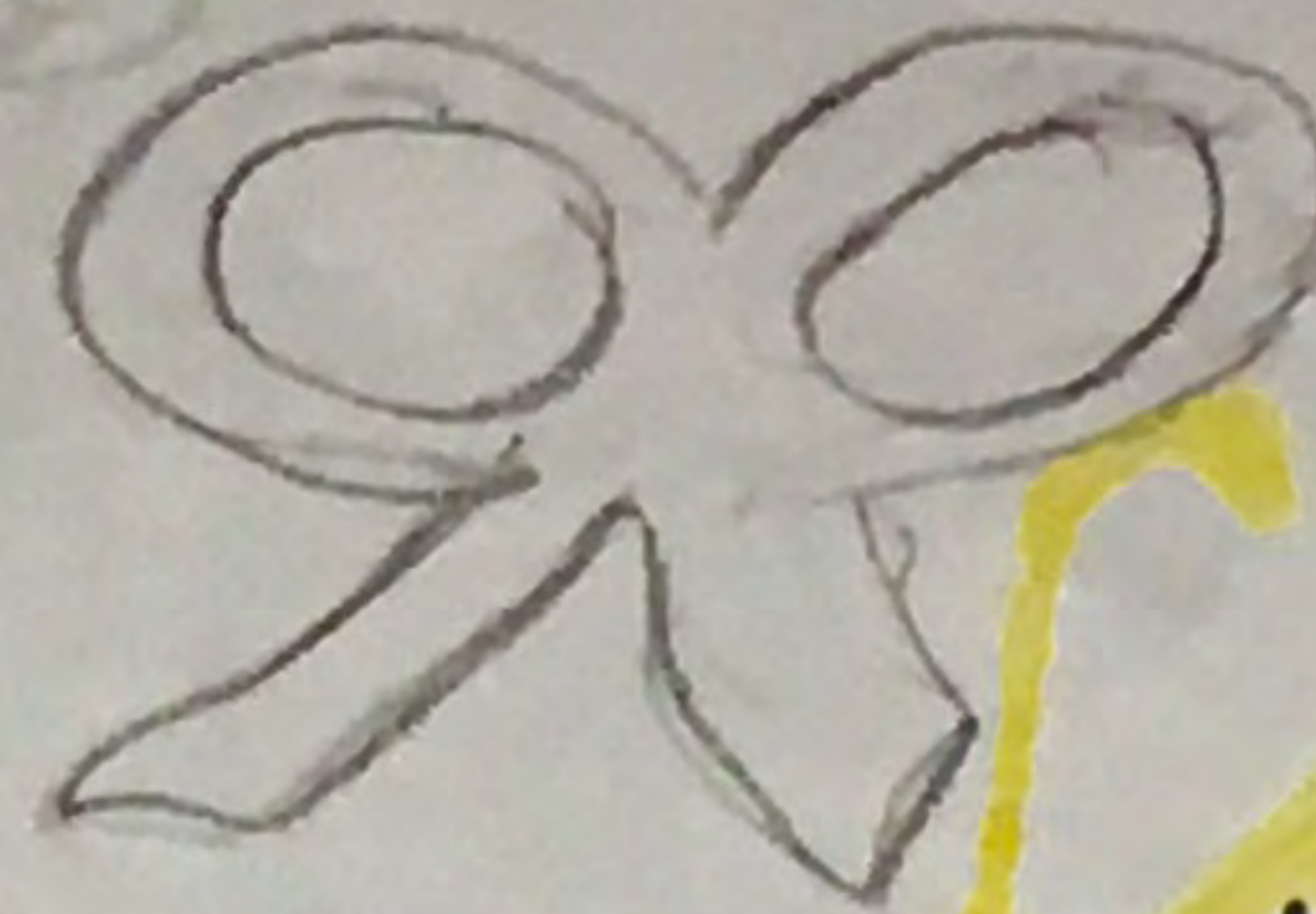
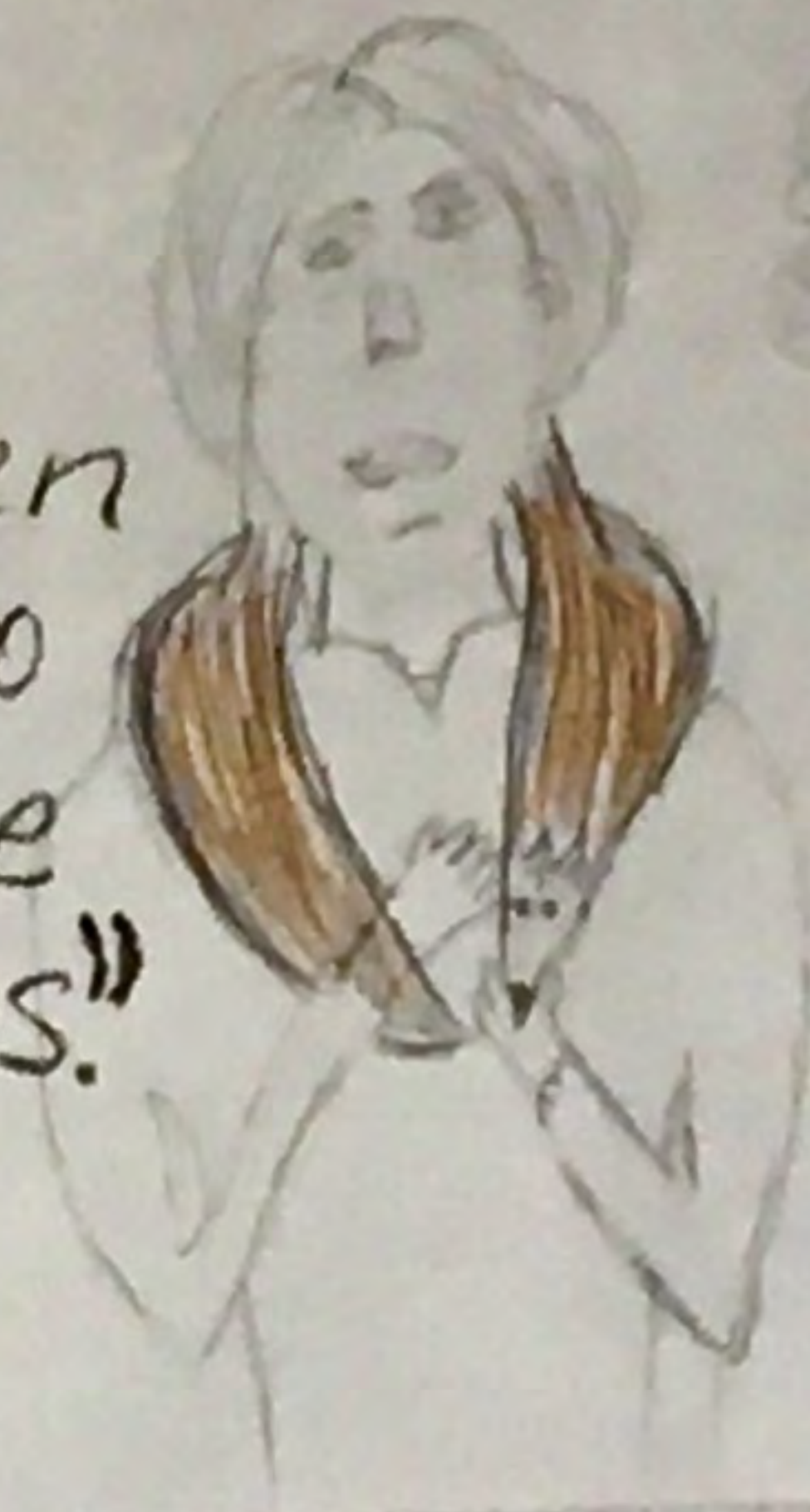
"She was on the stage"

"Why does she come
 here at all? Who wants
 her? Why doesn't she keep
 her silly old mug at
 home?"



It was like a play...

"What has been happening to me?" said the sad little eyes."



All the world's a stage...

"Why does she come here at all - who wants her?"

"Two young girls...
two young soldiers...
two peasant women..."

"She thought she heard something crying."

RIP

Sometimes there was an almond in her slice. It made a big difference

"What has been happening to me?" Said the sad little Mrs.

They did not speak. This was disappointing for Miss Brill always looked forward to the conversation.

Yes, I have been an actress for a long time

They were odd, silent, nearly all old, and from the way they stared they looked as though they'd just come from dark little rooms even a cupboard

Sitting in other people's lives just for a minute while they talked round her

Even she had a part and came every Sunday. No doubt somebody would notice if she hadn't been there she was part of the performance after all.

But when she put the lid on she thought she heard something crying

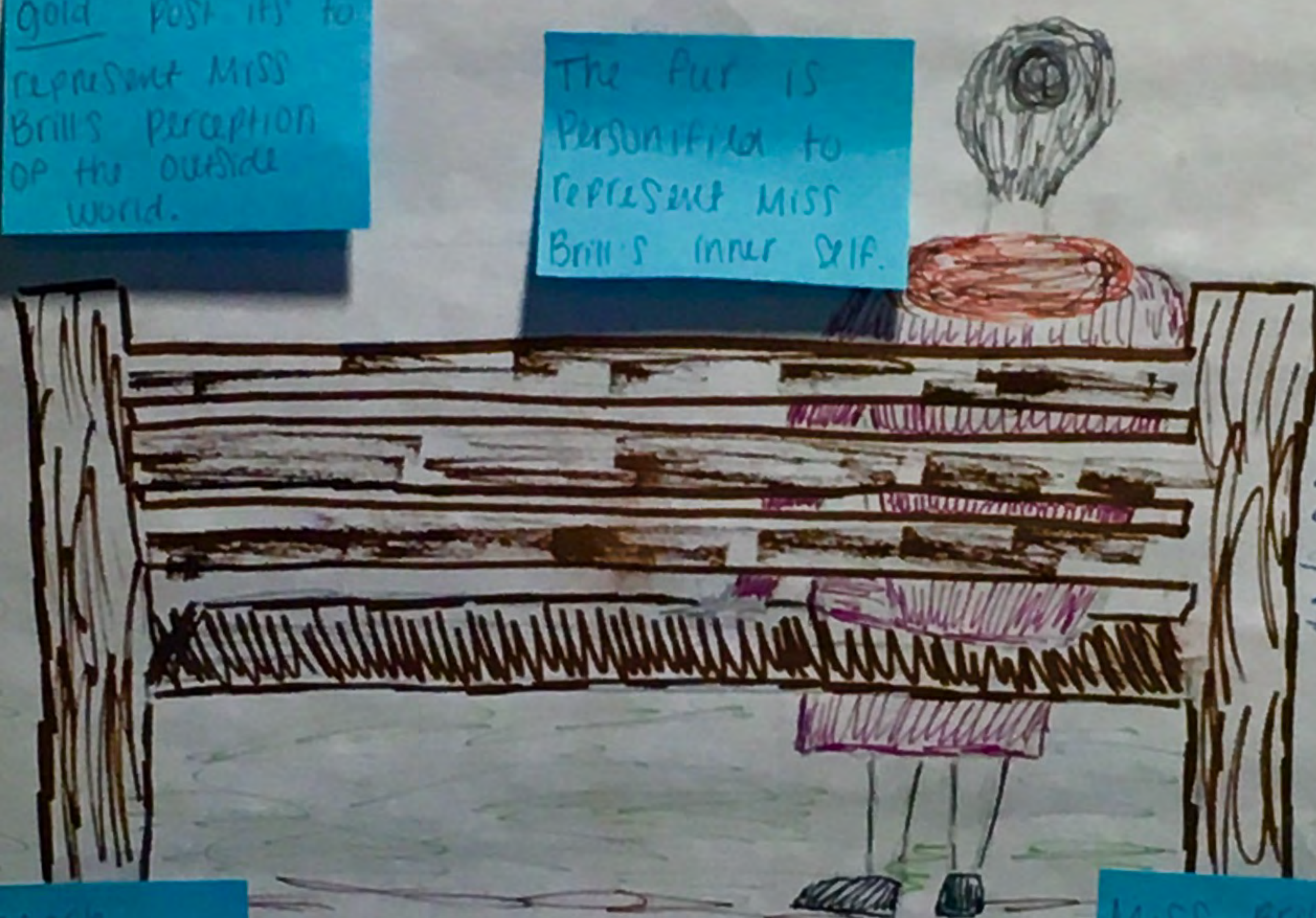
No, nothing would please her.

It's her far fur which is so funny" giggled the girl. "It's exactly like a fried whiting."

rubbed the life back into the dim little eyes

The blue sky powdered with gold post its to represent Miss Brill's perception of the outside world.

The fur is personified to represent Miss Brill's inner self.



Her reflection in the water represents the difference between her self image and how society views her

The bench represents the stage of which Miss Brill believes she is performing

Miss Brill is placed on the far right side of the bench to show her hopefulness that she may be accompanied by a companion.

An older single woman makes her routine trip to the park on Sunday to people watch. She plays her part in the interacting and events that unfold. She is always on the outside. After a harsh encounter with a young couple, she returns to her home, alone.

I am notable & forgotten
I wonder when this play will end
I hear the bus bell ringing to be on its way
I see a myriad of couples going to and fro
I wish someone to get the clock correct
I am notable & forgotten

I pretend that I am not an actress
I feel my part coming to an end
I wish the play was over
I worry about all the other roles
I cry anytime this play is over
I am notable & forgotten

I wished that our day this play will be over for good
I say that it will not but I know I must
I dream of new roles that I may partake
I try to tell myself that my new roles will be more important
I hope that the next play will have a different ending
I am notable & forgotten

Mirthful
Independent

Stylish
Sophisticated

BROKEN
REJECTED

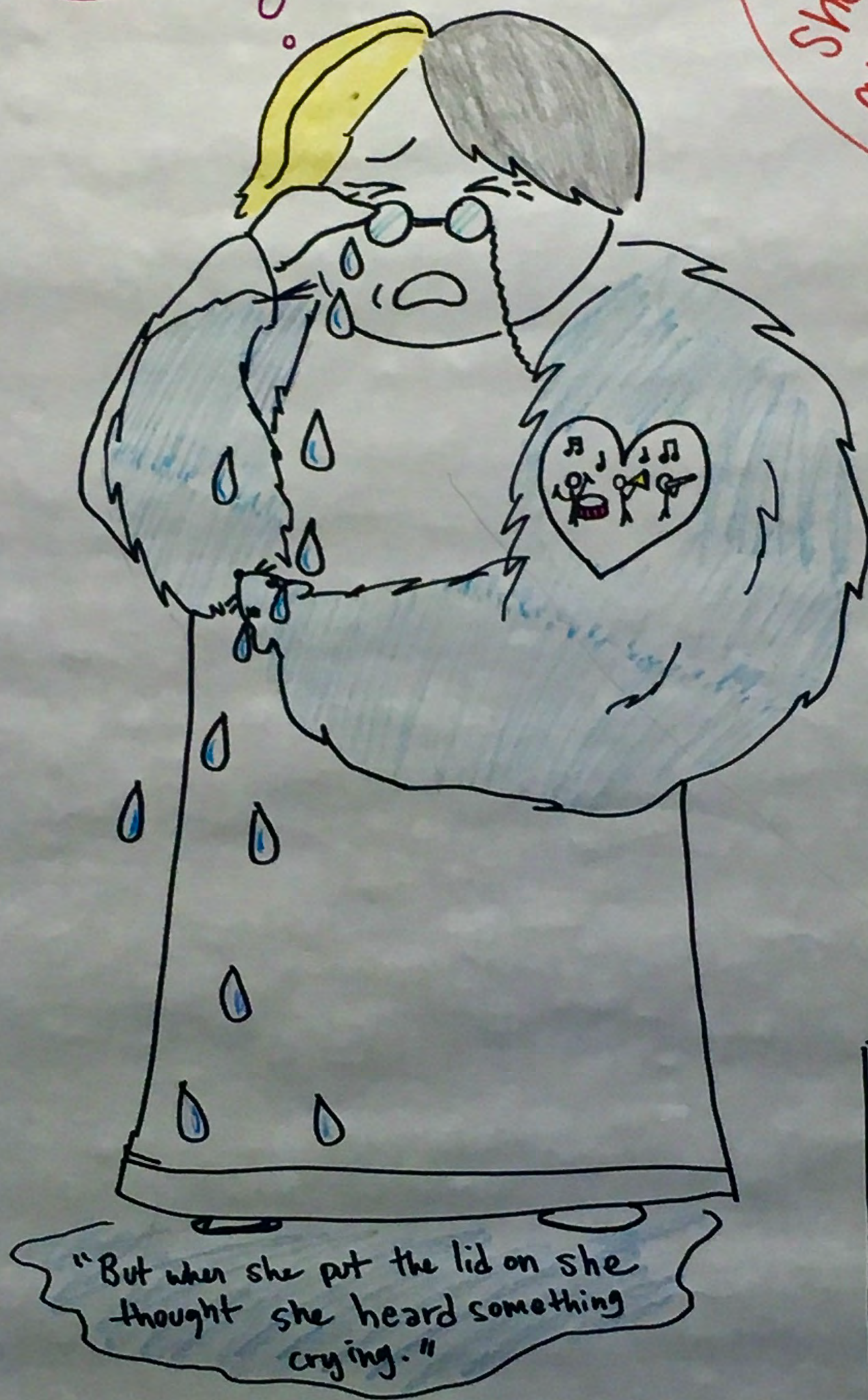
ILLUSIONED

ONLY

LOST

"yes, I have been
an actress for a
long time."

"Why does
she come here at
all -
WHO
WANTS
HER?"



"Never mind.
there was always
a crowd to
WATCH."

"And when she
breathed,
something light
and sad - no,
not sad, exactly -
something gentle
seemed to move
in her bosom."

Entrance

They were all on stage. They weren't only the audience, not only looking on they were acting. Even she had a part and came every Sunday."

EXIT

"And Miss Brill's eyes filled with tears and she looked on smiling at all the other members of the company."

"Oh how she loved sitting here, watching it all"

"—not sadness—no, not sadness—something made you want to sing."

"And when she breathed, ... something gentle seemed to move in her bosom."

Fur

Fear

Loneliness

Rejection

Rejection

Excitement

Hope

Judgement

Insecurity

Be
Relevant
In spite of
Looking
Lonely

Vulnerability