

A MAGNANIMOUS OFFER



John O'Loughlin

A MAGNANIMOUS OFFER

Short Prose by
JOHN O'LOUGHLIN
Of Centretruths Digital Media

CDM Prose

This edition of *A Magnanimous Offer* first published 2011 and republished
(with revisions) 2024 by Centretruths Digital Media

Copyright © 2011, 2024 John O'Loughlin

All rights reserved. No part of this eBook may be reproduced in any form or
by any means without the prior written permission of the author/publisher

ISBN: 978-1-4466-3789-0

* * * * *

CONTENTS

Preface

A Magnanimous Offer

The Latest Cure

Between the Shelves

An Unusual Encounter

The Weekly Lesson

The Weekly Confession

Biographical Footnote

* * * * *

Preface

This little collection of prose pieces is comprised of four one-act plays, two of which are straight dialogues, together with a couple of short stories which I wrote at about the same time (1976) and believe to have a loosely poetic quality which deserves, for stylistic reasons, to be included with the plays, the title piece of which is a shamelessly facetious parody of Oscar Wilde.

John O'Loughlin, London 1976 (Revised 2024)

* * * * *

A Magnanimous Offer

The drawing room of Mr Cyril Richardson's country house in Berkshire where, in groups of twos and threes, a select gathering of guests are enjoying the relaxed atmosphere of informal conversation. Having been engaged in such conversation with Oscar Wilde, an up-and-coming poet, concerning the rumoured progress of indigenous enlightenment in matters of consummate importance to the survival of ignorance, the host, a successful portrait painter, is heard referring his guest's attention to matters closer to-hand.

HOST: (Eyes his guest's three-quarter empty glass of white wine) I trust the wine is to your liking, Oscar?

WILDE: Oh, exquisite! What is it?

HOST: The best.

WILDE: (Politely if belatedly sniffs the bouquet) I thought as much. Vintage calibre! Alas, the number of perfect hosts is becoming steadily fewer these days. Perfection's quite out-of-fashion.

HOST: Indeed? How fortunate for me that I'm never invited anywhere by the imperfect ones. (He glances towards his wife, a beautiful dark-haired woman who's been waiting on the edge of a group of nearby conversationalists for the opportunity of being officially introduced to Oscar Wilde, and indicates, by a polite gesture of his hand, that he'd like her to join them.) Tell me, Oscar, do you believe in miracles?

WILDE: Only when they fail to convince me.

HOST: Then you must meet my wife. She convinces no-one but herself.

WILDE: A regular affair!

HOST: (To Wilde) Allow me to introduce you to her. Pamela, the poet Oscar Wilde.

HOSTESS: (Extends her hand) Delighted to meet you, Mr Wilde. My husband has told me all about you.

WILDE: (Kisses her hand) Then I beg your pardon, madam. He has probably told you too much.

HOSTESS: (Excitedly) On the contrary, he rarely talks unless he's excited, and he's rarely excited until he whets my curiosity.

HOST: Then don't allow me to blunt it, my dear. (He turns to Wilde) If you'll excuse me, Oscar, I must attend to our other guests a moment. Just let

Pamela know if there's anything you'd like. There's no shortage of wine in the cabinet. (He points to a nearby wine cabinet and immediately sets off towards some other guests.)

HOSTESS: I trust you found your way here without too much inconvenience, Mr Wilde?

WILDE: Indeed I did, madam. For the scent of affluence sheds an irresistible attraction. One finds half of London society pursuing the same path.

HOSTESS: (Scans the crowded room) Are you familiar with any of our other guests?

WILDE: Too familiar, I'm afraid. That's the main reason why I'm alone tonight.

HOSTESS: Oh, really? Then I shall keep you company, Mr Wilde. We mustn't allow that brilliant tongue of yours to cease wagging just because you're temporarily or temperamentally out-of-favour with most of our illustrious company.

WILDE: Thank you, madam. If I've previously exhausted myself on a majority of the other persons here this evening, I've yet to exhaust myself on you. Your company exalts me, as does your wine.

HOSTESS: Then have some more. (To his surprise she fetches an uncorked bottle of Sauterne from the cabinet and pours its contents into his empty glass.) My husband was telling me, the other day, how you recently made a valiant attempt to abstain from drinking in the presence of Dr Hugo Fleming.

WILDE: (Blushes) Only an attempt, I'm glad to say. Had I been rash enough to succeed, I should've forfeited the ultimate pleasure of being carried home by that kindly old man and nursed back to drink again. It's since become a ruse among certain well-established dipsomaniacs to accredit me the possessor of an unfortunately high metabolism.

HOSTESS: (With a penetrating look) I find that quite credible.

WILDE: How discerning! But one can't believe everything one hears nowadays, particularly where one's health and pleasures are concerned. One must be content with believing only what one has to.

HOSTESS: You seem more of a sage than I initially took you for, Mr Wilde. Tell me, when are you going to get married?

WILDE: (Lights himself a gold-tipped and mildly-opiated cigarette) Why, I wonder, is it only the married women who ask me that question?

HOSTESS: Well?

WILDE: One should only consider the possibility of marriage when one can't afford it. That prevents one from marrying when one can.

HOSTESS: (Smiles wryly) How paradoxical! But perhaps you're too eligible?

WILDE: (Blushes afresh) There you have it! For were I a desperate man, I shouldn't hesitate to clutch at a vulnerable twig. But, thanks or no thanks to my eligibility, I can never see the wood for the trees.

HOSTESS: How disconcerting!

WILDE: On the contrary, I find it most provocative! The trees are the only things worth looking at.

HOSTESS: Then you like my dress?

WILDE: Such an elegant leaf.

HOSTESS: How flattering! But you may pay the price of plucking it one day.

WILDE: (His gaze riveted on her bosom) That's a branch of aesthetics in which I'm well versed, I can assure you.

HOSTESS: Perhaps. But you aren't yet in debt to my husband.

WILDE: True, but only because he's in debt to me.

HOSTESS: (Slightly alarmed) Oh, in what way?

WILDE: Eh, financially.

HOSTESS: Then I shall ask him to settle your account.

WILDE: (In a subdued tone-of-voice) Personally, I'd rather you didn't. He's become such an amiable companion in the short time I've known him.

Besides, I prefer intrigue. It's less wearisome.

HOSTESS: (Smiles in a subtly coquettish way) Then you shall have it!

WILDE: Allow me to congratulate you. What will you have to drink?

HOSTESS: (Taken by surprise) Whatever you suggest.

WILDE: (Turns toward the wine cabinet) A double orange juice?

HOSTESS: (Feigns indignation) Oscar!

WILDE: I mean, a double orange juice and vodka.

HOSTESS: I think vodka more becoming. Perhaps a little orange juice would suit you, though?

WILDE: Indeed it would, madam, were I not already partial to your magnificent wine and consequently disinclined to mix drinks. Even so, you'd be none the less attractive for a change of glass.

HOSTESS: My apologies for having underestimated you.

WILDE: (Hands her a glass of vodka) Apologies are quite out-of-keeping with your demeanour.

HOSTESS: As is flattery with yours.

WILDE: Then we are cold-blooded?

HOSTESS: I prefer to think in terms of warmth.

WILDE: Your wish is my demand.

HOSTESS: Granted!

WILDE: (His eyes reverting to her bosom) A breast in the hand is worth two

in the bodice. (Mr Richardson's seen approaching the newly acquainted couple with two glasses of sparkling champagne in his hands.)

HOSTESS: (Almost whispering) I fear we're about to be nipped in the bud.

WILDE: Not when our liaison has already blossomed, Pamela.

HOST: (Smiles candidly and extends one of the glasses to his special guest)

For you, Oscar! A truly exuberant bouquet.

WILDE: Cheers Cyril! I never reject a magnanimous offer.

* * * * *

The Latest Cure

The small surgery of Dr Stanmore, the supreme exponent of 'Emotional Hypnosis', where a young and semi-delirious victim of unrequited love, a Mr James Hamilton, is endeavouring to explain certain aspects of his crisis to both the doctor and his female assistant, Nurse Barnes. He is seated in front of Dr Stanmore's paper-strewn desk, while the good doctor himself – a tall, dark-bearded man – is slowly pacing the floor backwards and forwards behind him. Nurse Barnes, who is seated immediately to Mr Hamilton's left, is clasping a large surgical casebook in which she has been taking particulars and recording general impressions with regard to the clinical nature of the patient's psychological condition. The scene opens towards the climax of Hamilton's confessions.

MR HAMILTON: (In a state of nervous excitement) I'll buy five minutes of her time, four minutes, two minutes! Just a glance, a touch, a word! I'll follow her everywhere, anywhere, what matter! I've only to set eyes on her for a second and my heart beats like a drum, my Adam's apple rises up to choke me, and my concentration goes positively haywire! I can't even eat without thinking about her. I get indigestion every time anyone mentions her goddamned name, that terribly beautiful name which haunts me all through the night. Her gestures, voice, smile, hair, eyes, limbs, buttocks, breasts, clothes, scents, opinions – everything about her completely enslaves me! For two pins I'd get down on my knees and start worshipping her. What else can I do? She has only to appear in my presence for a few seconds and I'm a nervous wreck.

DR STANMORE: (Aside to Nurse Barnes) He needs immediate attention.

Grade A. This case is already serious. His state-of-mind may deteriorate still further unless we apply the emergency antidote at once! We'll have to put him under for several hours.

MR HAMILTON: (Jumps to conclusions) You aren't intending to interfere with the workings of my brain, are you? I'd rather not experience anything more painful than what I'm already suffering from, if you don't mind. A sedative is all very well, but if it's only the start of a process that ...

NURSE BARNES: (Her hand on the patient's nearest arm) Now don't be alarmed, James! You won't feel a thing. We've treated literally hundreds of young people, both male and female, since this clinic first opened, and the vast majority of them have profited enormously from our service, as can be verified by the many letters of thanks and acknowledgement in the cabinet to your right. We've every confidence that your welfare will be safeguarded with the utmost care, and that you'll be successfully returned to the pre-love condition without experiencing any psychological or physical repercussions whatsoever! Indeed, we even undertake to offer you a six-month's guarantee which ensures you free service, should today's application of hypnotic expertise by one of the world's top emotional hypnotists prove insufficiently therapeutic; though we've had few complaints or rejections, I can assure you. This emotional insanity from which you're currently suffering ... is injurious both to yourself, as victim, and to the community at large, to those whom you infect throughout the course of your daily routine – people who inevitably become victimized and, to a certain extent, influenced by your reduced efficiency, intermittent emotional aberrations, intellectual instability, and general melancholia.

MR HAMILTON: (On the defensive) But I didn't mean to fall in love, honestly! I couldn't help it. Her continuous presence gradually overwhelmed me, despite the fact that she was attached to somebody else at the time and wouldn't have anything to do with me sexually. By the time I sought to evade her, it was too damned late! I'd succumbed to the malady.

DR STANMORE: (Extends a reassuring hand to the patient's right shoulder) Nobody can *help* falling in love, my friend. It's beyond our control, since ordained by nature. If it happens it happens, and you must suffer the consequences, whether positively or, as in your case, negatively. If she refused you, then she's to blame. You've every right to the woman of your choice. If she was otherwise engaged, I rather doubt she told you all that much about it, not, at any rate, unless you pressed her to, since the object of this engagement would then have constituted a reason for her excluding you which, regardless of human convention, isn't in accordance with nature's will.

MR HAMILTON: As a matter of fact, she claimed to be engaged with church

activities every night.

DR STANMORE: (Raises his brows in surprise) Then you're very unfortunate, my young friend. For the Church is usually in opposition to nature. You've suffered, it seems to me, on account of someone's habitual bigotry or, at the very least, sanctimony. But don't worry! The new administration's seeing to the removal of outmoded institutions and we, for our part, will certainly do what we can to prevent this misfortune from incapacitating you any further. It remains to be said, however, that the final solution rests with you personally. So you must be determined!

MR HAMILTON: (Frowns) But even if you do hypnotize me, or put me under, I'll still be in love, won't I? I mean, you can't cold turkey my emotions.

NURSE BARNES: (Slightly irritated, in spite of her show of good humour) We've absolutely no intention of "cold turkeying" you, James. We can only hypnotize you into forgetting her.

DR STANMORE: (Sits at his desk and then leans forward with fingers intertwined, his demeanour stern) Some people call it brainwashing. They believe it to be an outrage against nature, another very conspicuous example of the inhumanity of modern science, a ruse they're constantly exploiting as a means to furthering their own ends which, as we've already seen, are more often against nature than for it! Now some individuals even go so far as to assert that the interruption and subsequent termination of this pestiferous ailment actually robs its victim of a meaningful and emotionally enriching experience. As though such a condition as unrequited love were more of a pleasure than a pain, and therefore shouldn't be tampered with in the name of science! They fail to establish the difference between the requited and the unrequited kinds of love, thereby regarding them as equal when, as anyone saddled with the latter will know, they're virtually as far apart as heaven and hell! Indeed, I should be most surprised to discover a person whose love had been requited duly applying for immediate hypnotic alleviation. As a rule, such a person is perfectly at one with himself.

MR HAMILTON: (Still feels sceptical) But will I really forget all about my emotional attachment to her? I mean, isn't that a trifle far-fetched?

NURSE BARNES: (Unable to restrain her impatience) Mr Hamilton, you *are* a difficult man to convince! Anyone would think you didn't want to be cured, that you'd rather remain in the painful clutches of a disease which has virtually deranged your mind! Why-on-earth did you come along to us in the first place, if you only wanted to persist in playing hard to get? Admittedly, many things appear a trifle far-fetched to begin with, but that's certainly no reason why they should be thought impossible. Whoever would've supposed

man capable of travelling to the moon, let alone flying to America, just over a century ago? And man has come an awfully long way since then! Why, in this very surgery, Dr Stanmore has developed, applied, and perfected a theory of emotional hypnosis which has been proven time and time again! Its validity is incontrovertible!

MR HAMILTON: Yes, but what if, in leaving here, I encounter her within the next few days – as I'm almost bound to do – and subsequently run the risk of falling in love with her all over again? Surely I won't be immune from that?

DR STANMORE: (Exercises his customary aplomb and avuncular encouragement) O yes you will! For we assure you, during the course of your treatment, that she'll have absolutely no further emotional hold over you until such time as, given a change of circumstances, you may specifically request otherwise. If you shortly encounter her again, there'll be absolutely no possibility of unrequited love. You'll be completely free of her. However, should she subsequently become accessible to your attentions through either a change in her romantic or possibly even ecclesiastic circumstances, then you'll be perfectly free to become reacquainted with her without running any risk of falling in love. You may even decide to return to us in order to be dehypnotized into falling *in* love with her again; though such a decision will be entirely up to you, and obviously subject to the precondition that a mutually satisfactory arrangement can be reached next time.

NURSE BARNES: Unrequited love is a thing of the past, a kind of virulent psychic disease, or insanity of the soul, from which your parents' generation and all the generations prior to them constantly suffered. They'd absolutely no protection against it, and consequently succumbed in their millions. Now if venereal disease was the chief physical manifestation of sexual hardship, then unrequited love was its chief psychical manifestation, against which it was extremely difficult to prevail. Clinics for alleviating the directly physical aspects of the problem were established quite some time before medical experts and politicians got round to taking its psychical aspects more seriously, and this traditional disequilibrium of attention – so often resulting in more cases of rape, juvenile delinquency, neurosis, severe depression, chronic perversion, and misogyny, which tended to exacerbate and even corrupt the so-called 'war of the sexes' – was partly a consequence of the Establishment's inability and/or disinclination to link such social transgressions with sexual repressions, and partly a consequence of the prevailing misconception with regard to the nature of a healthy soul, the principal criterion for assessing the health of which should've been its social well-being and emotional integrity, rather than the psychological shackles with which the anti-natural morality of the state metaphysics chose to enslave

it! However, the recent enlightenment schemes and re-education programmes which the new authorities have introduced, including a much wider and more liberal sex-education scheme; the possibility of regular sex in one of the many aesthetically-advanced 'Sex Centres', where one can privately, comfortably, and economically enjoy access to the most advanced films and sex gadgets/dolls; the widespread recognition of manic depression as the punishment inflicted by nature upon those who, whether through force of circumstances or in consequence of arbitrary decisions, have deviated from it to any appreciable extent, and the concomitant acceptance of the organic necessity of some form of regular sex; the systematic elimination of certain superstitions and anachronisms, and the establishment of the league against sexual puritanism, etc., coupled to the remarkable advances in modern technology – about which, incidentally, I need say no more – have entirely revolutionized the situation. And not only through the legalization of various theoretical antidotes to the old way of life but, more importantly, through the legalization of a variety of practical antidotes to it which are far superior to any old women's formulae or imaginable drugs, and certainly much less harmful. We no longer suffer from so many physical diseases, so why should we suffer from mental or emotional ones instead? What would it gain you to remain perpetually melancholic?

DR STANMORE: (Ironically) You're not a writer, by any chance, are you?

MR HAMILTON: (Without really appreciating the doctor's subtle irony) No, I'm not actually.

DR STANMORE: Well then, what have you got to lose, apart from a humiliating obsession which you're unable to control, a situation which is driving you crazy, a gratuitous attachment? The days of emotional slavery are over! There's absolutely no need for you to follow this young woman, this epitome of physical vanity and narcissistic behaviour, around on an imaginary lead, as though you were a craven dog whose very survival depended upon it! Renounce this servility! Have done with her! Embrace your independence!

MR HAMILTON: (Smiles for the first time) Maybe I'll be luckier next time, assuming there'll be a next time?

DR STANMORE: (In a conciliatory and overly reassuring tone-of-voice) Of course there'll be a next time! A handsome and smartly-dressed young chap like you? Don't underestimate yourself! Why waste precious time worrying yourself sick over some young prude who foolishly ignores you, when you can walk out of here, later today, and approach the first attractive girl your sex-starved eyes alight upon? Now don't take me literally, but that's the possibility. Too many young men waste months and even years in

consequence of unrequited love when, given the right opportunity, plenty of other pretty females would ordinarily appeal to them.

NURSE BARNES: And that's precisely why we're here, complete with soft lighting.

MR HAMILTON: (Blushes slightly) Then please get to work on me, people. I have to walk out of here a new man!

* * * * *

Between the Shelves

A very attractive dark-haired customer, a young woman of average height and slightly more than average build, is busily scanning the shelves of a well-stocked provincial bookshop. She takes a fancy to a paperback volume of short stories by Guy de Maupassant and, removing it from the shelf, proceeds to read the blurb. Apart from an elderly man who happens to be the shop manager and two shop assistants, one of whom is male, sitting by the till near the plate-glass window, the bookshop has only one or two other customers over the other side of it. From time to time the female customer darts a quick glance at the male shop assistant who, cognizant of this, eventually absents himself from his post and approaches her with what appears to be a lascivious smile on his lips.

MALE SHOP ASSISTANT: (Feigning politeness) Good afternoon. Would you like any assistance?

FEMALE CUSTOMER: No thanks, I'm just looking.

MALE SHOP ASSISTANT: Don't you mean looking for a lover? (He smiles, and the FEMALE CUSTOMER coldly smiles back.) By the way, you're dripping.

FEMALE CUSTOMER: (Glances at the floor) Where?

MALE SHOP ASSISTANT: (Draws her behind the shelves at the rear of the shop and puts a hand up her skirt) Here.

FEMALE CUSTOMER: (Somewhat embarrassed) Oh no, please! What d'you think you're doing?

MALE SHOP ASSISTANT: (Withdraws his hand) My mistake. I just thought you could use a helping hand.

FEMALE CUSTOMER: (Smooths down her skirt) But aren't you a trifle

forward? I've never been treated like this before, not by a complete stranger!
You've certainly got a nerve!

MALE SHOP ASSISTANT: (Somewhat startled by her fierce rebuke)
Forgive me. I wasn't intending to rape you. But I noticed you glancing at me
— once, twice, three, maybe four times — while you were scanning the
shelves, so I thought to myself: 'Either she's up to no good, just wairing for a
chance to nick something, or she fancies me.' Well, preferring to give both
you and me the benefit of the doubt, I considered it worth my while to
introduce myself. 'Perhaps she's hard up,' I thought, 'or tied to a man who
doesn't properly satisfy her. Why not find out anyway, do someone a ...

END OF PREVIEW

