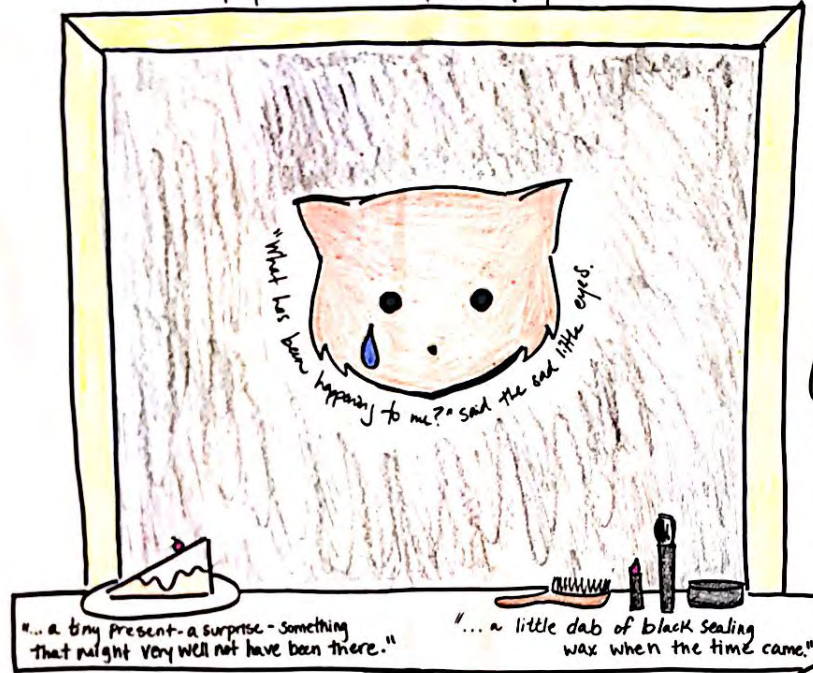




"... the blue sky powdered with gold and great spots of light..."

"It was like a play. It was exactly like a play."



"What has been happening to me?" said the cat like eyes.

"... a tiny present - a surprise - something that might very well not have been there."

"... a little dab of black sealing wax when the time came."



"But when she put her head on she thought she heard something crying."

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

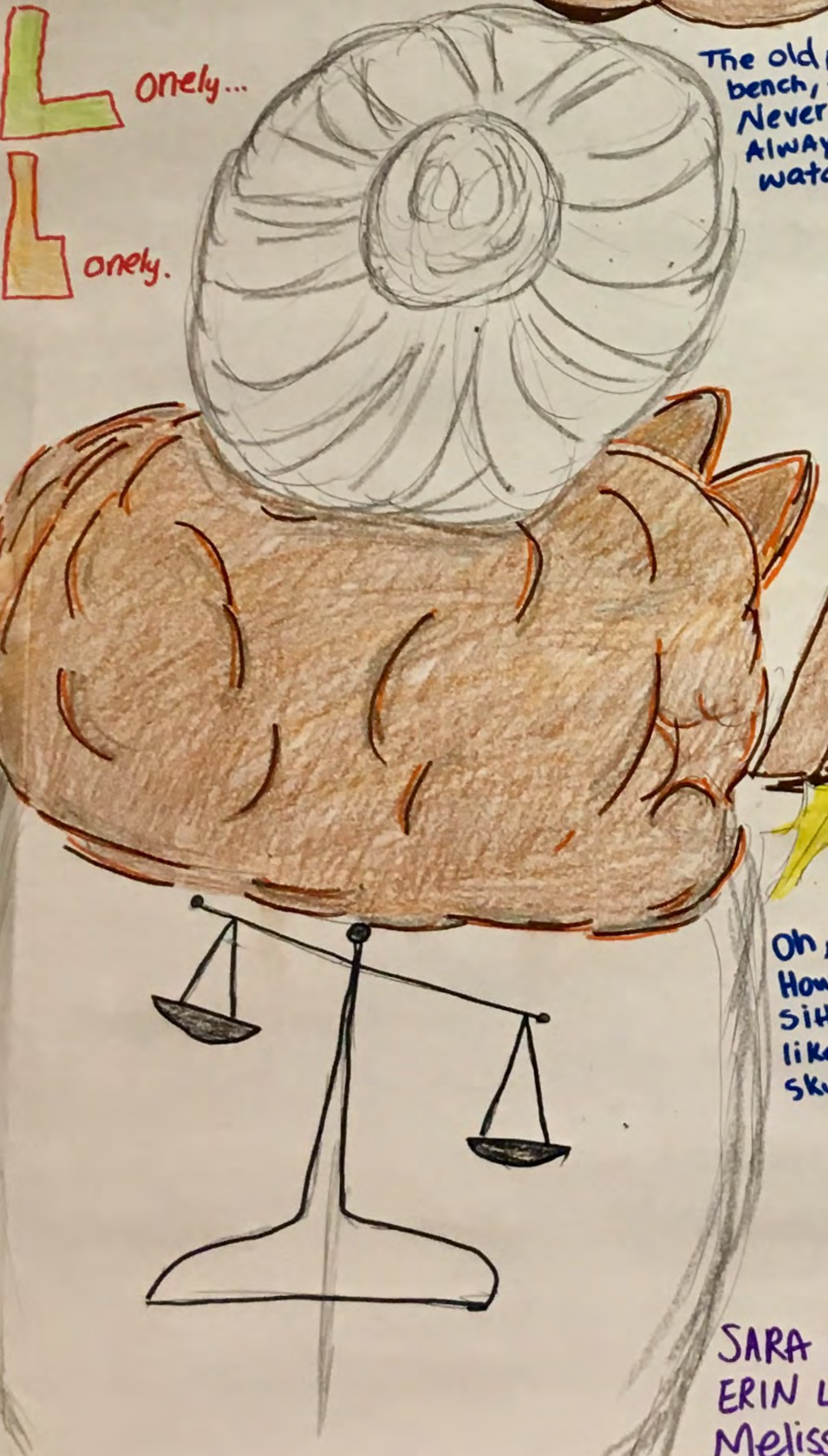
L onely...

L onely.



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

"put 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 hour glass.
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 the slice, sometimes not. It made a great difference."



by Katherine Mansfield

"Miss Brill"

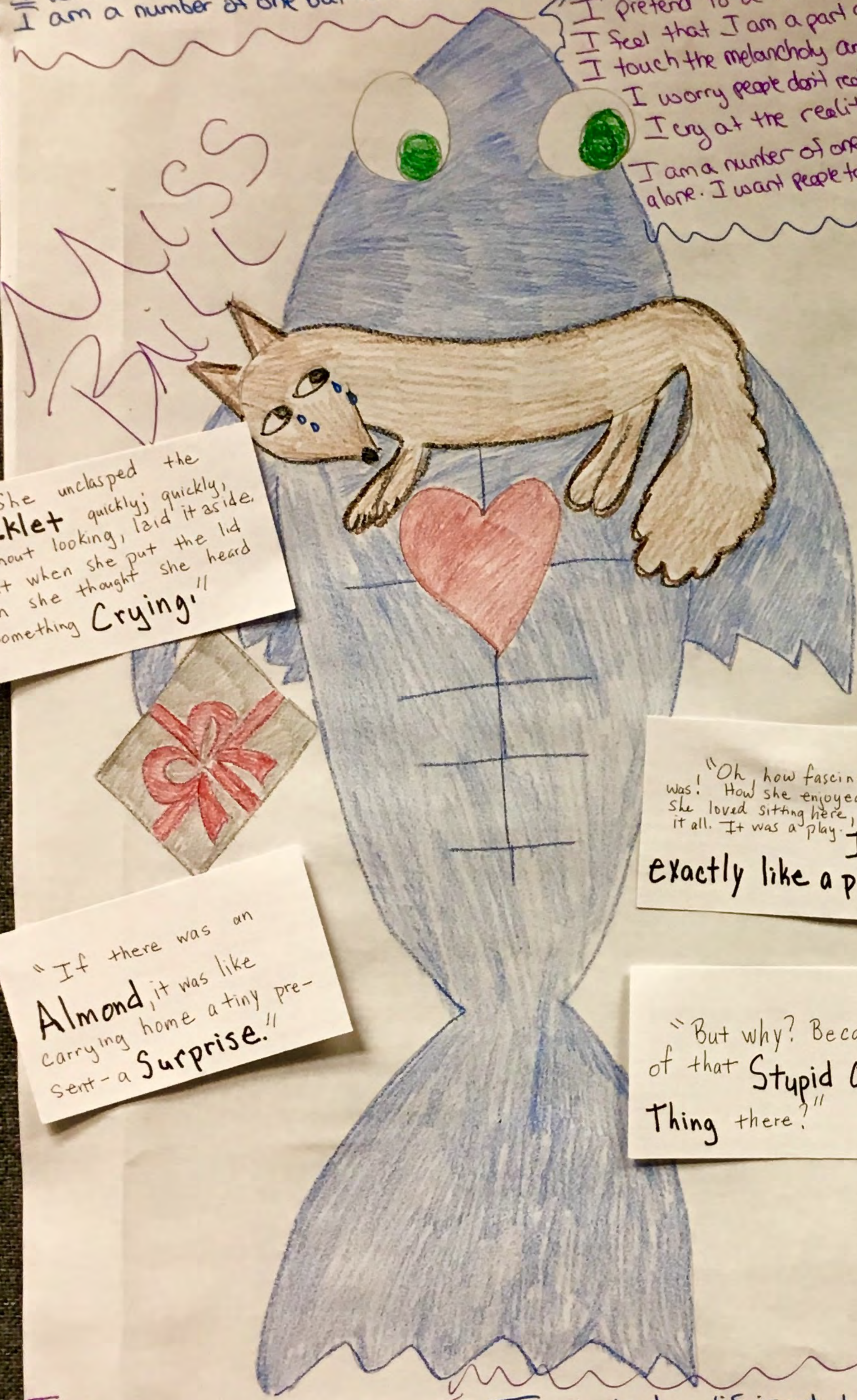
Matthew
Chauna
Billi
Tonya

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 tum-tum-tum 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 newspaper 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 present - 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."

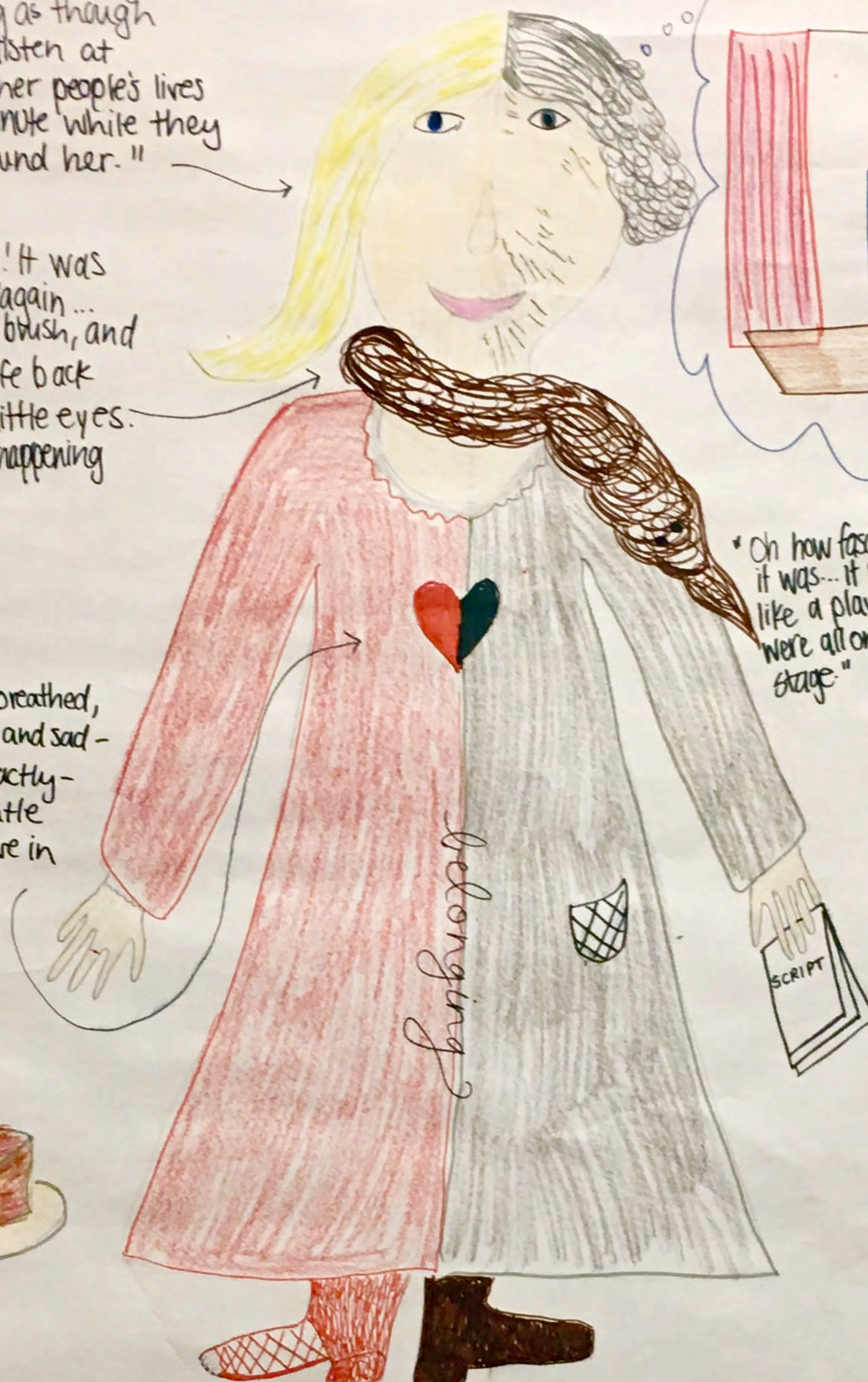
"Oh how fascinating it was... it was like a play. They were all on the stage."

"...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

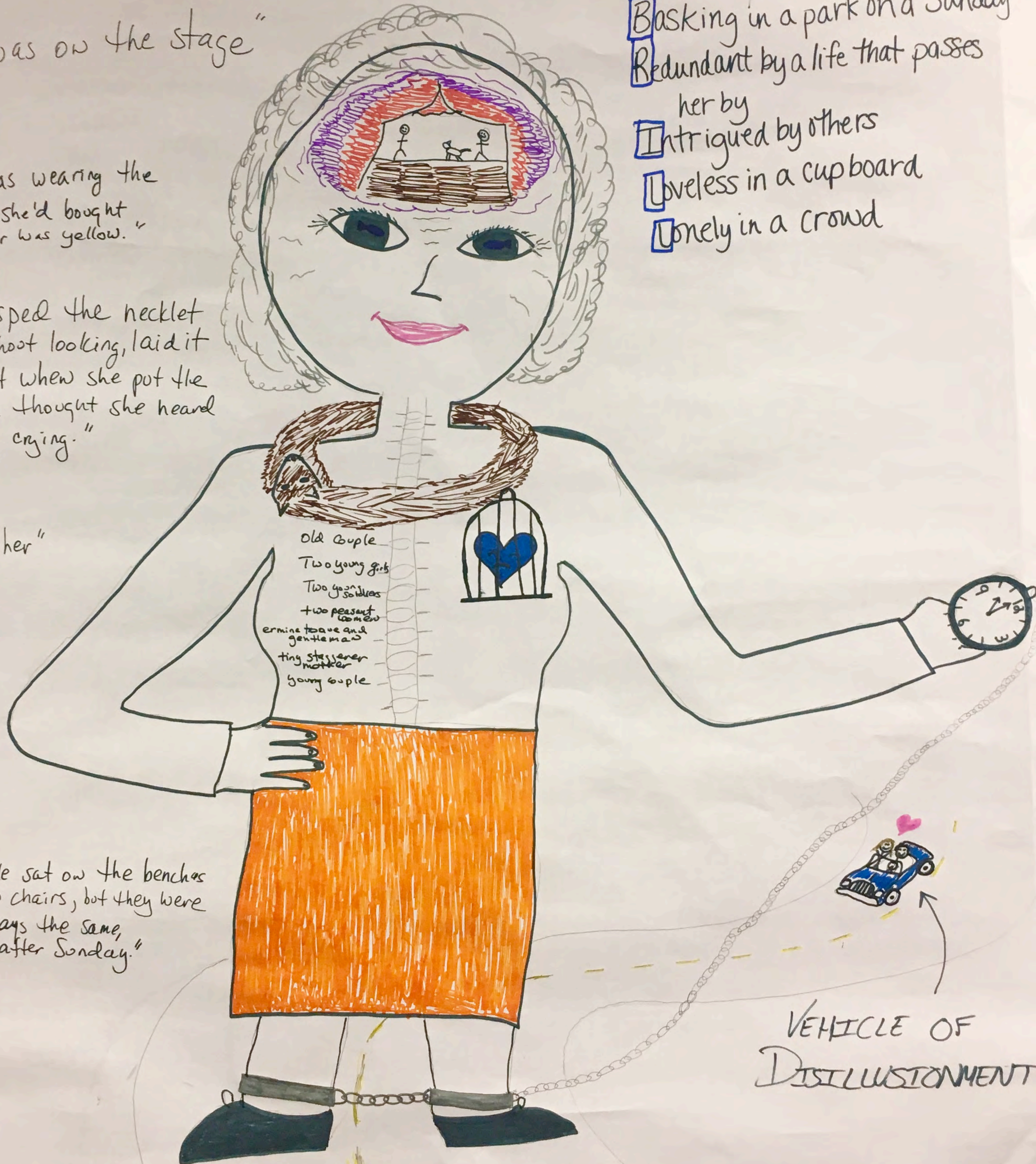
"She was on the stage"

"... 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."



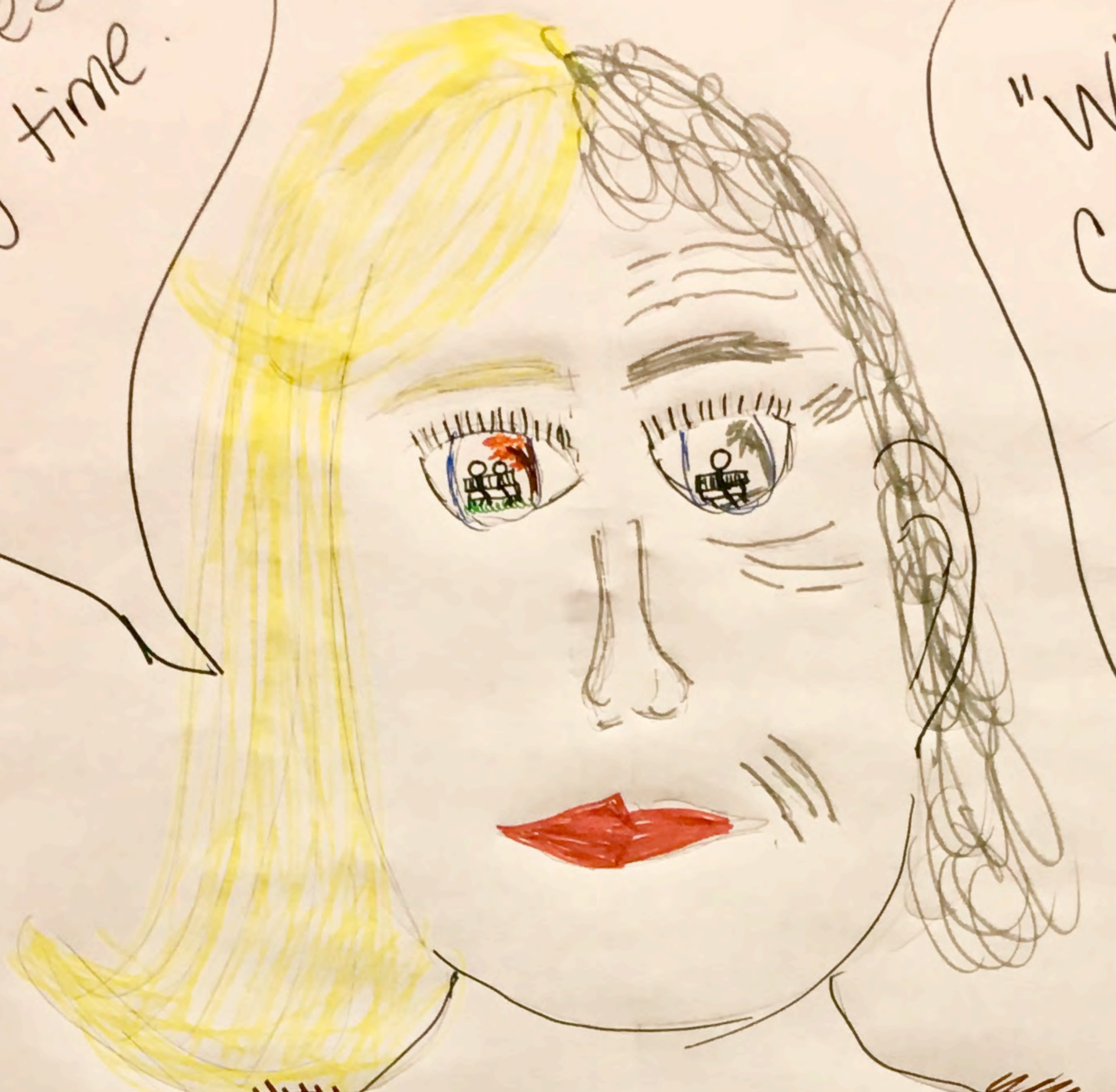
Old couple
Two young girls
Two young soldiers
two peasant women
ermine toque and gentleman
ting stessener mother
young couple

- 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

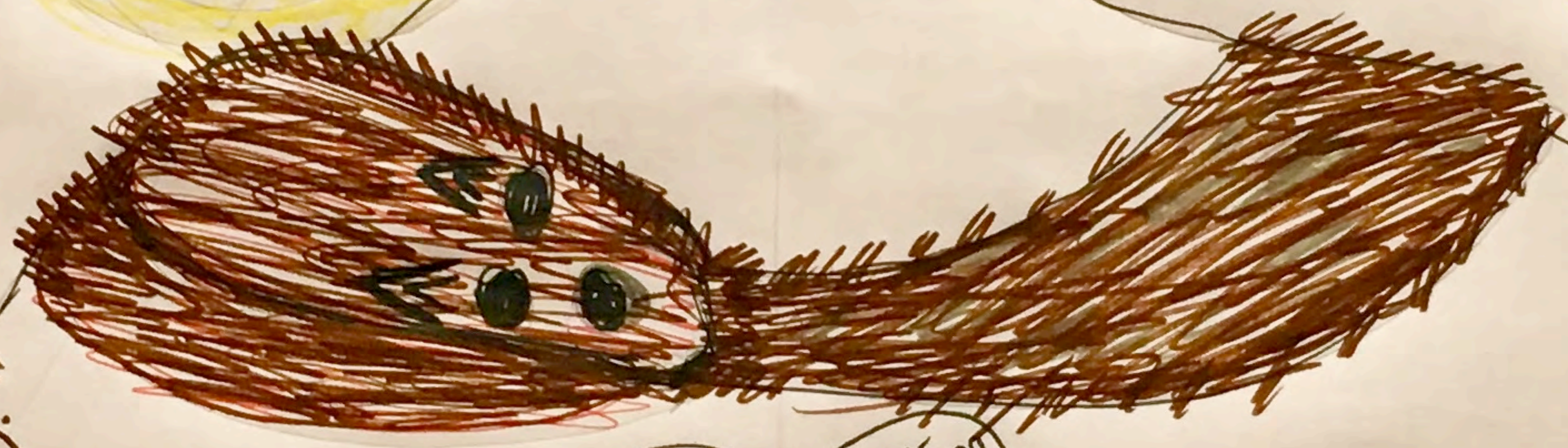
VEHICLE OF
DISILLUSSIONMENT

"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?"

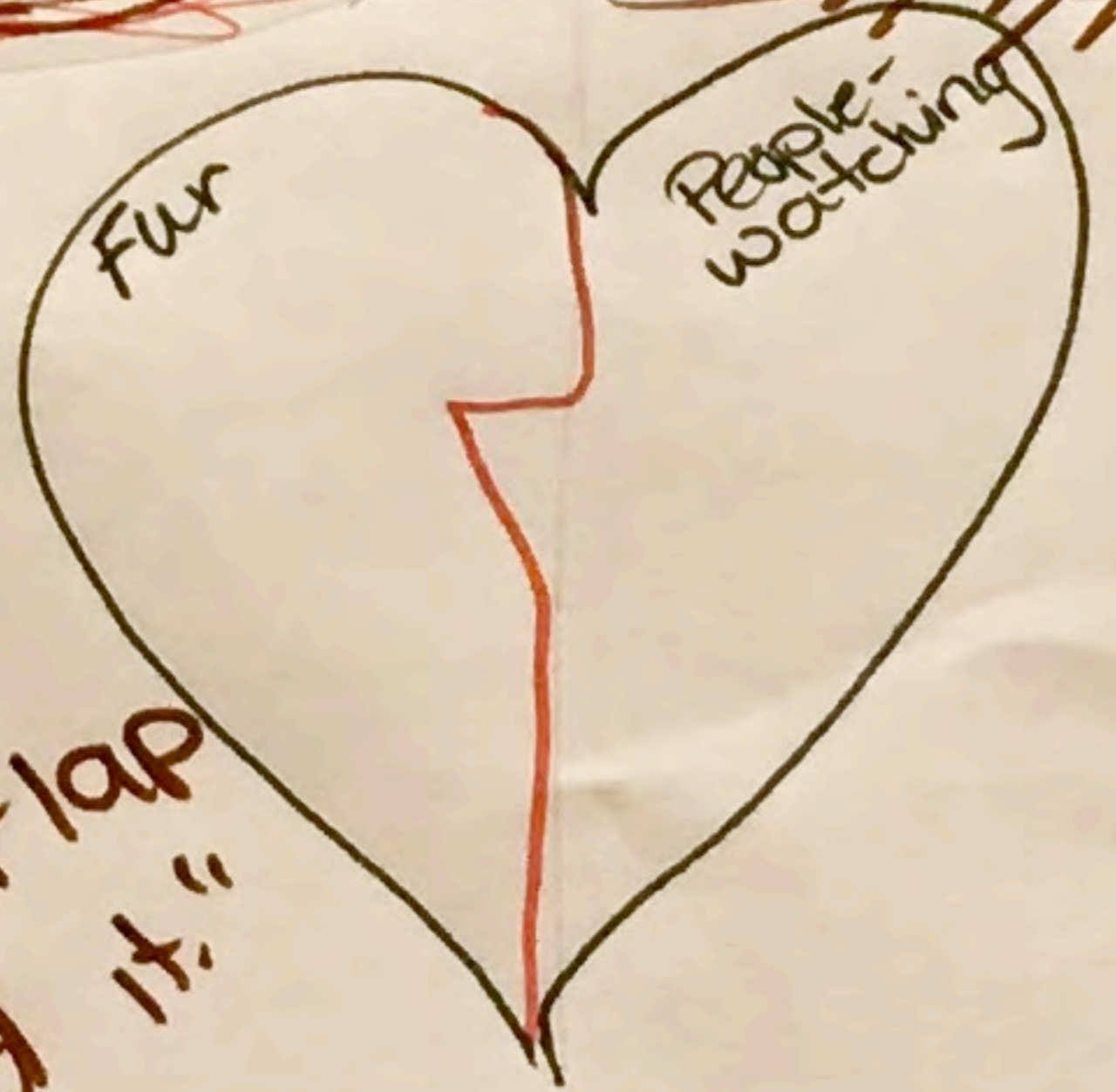


Melissa Cason
Tiffany ~~Shutter-Tall~~
Ashlie Odom



"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

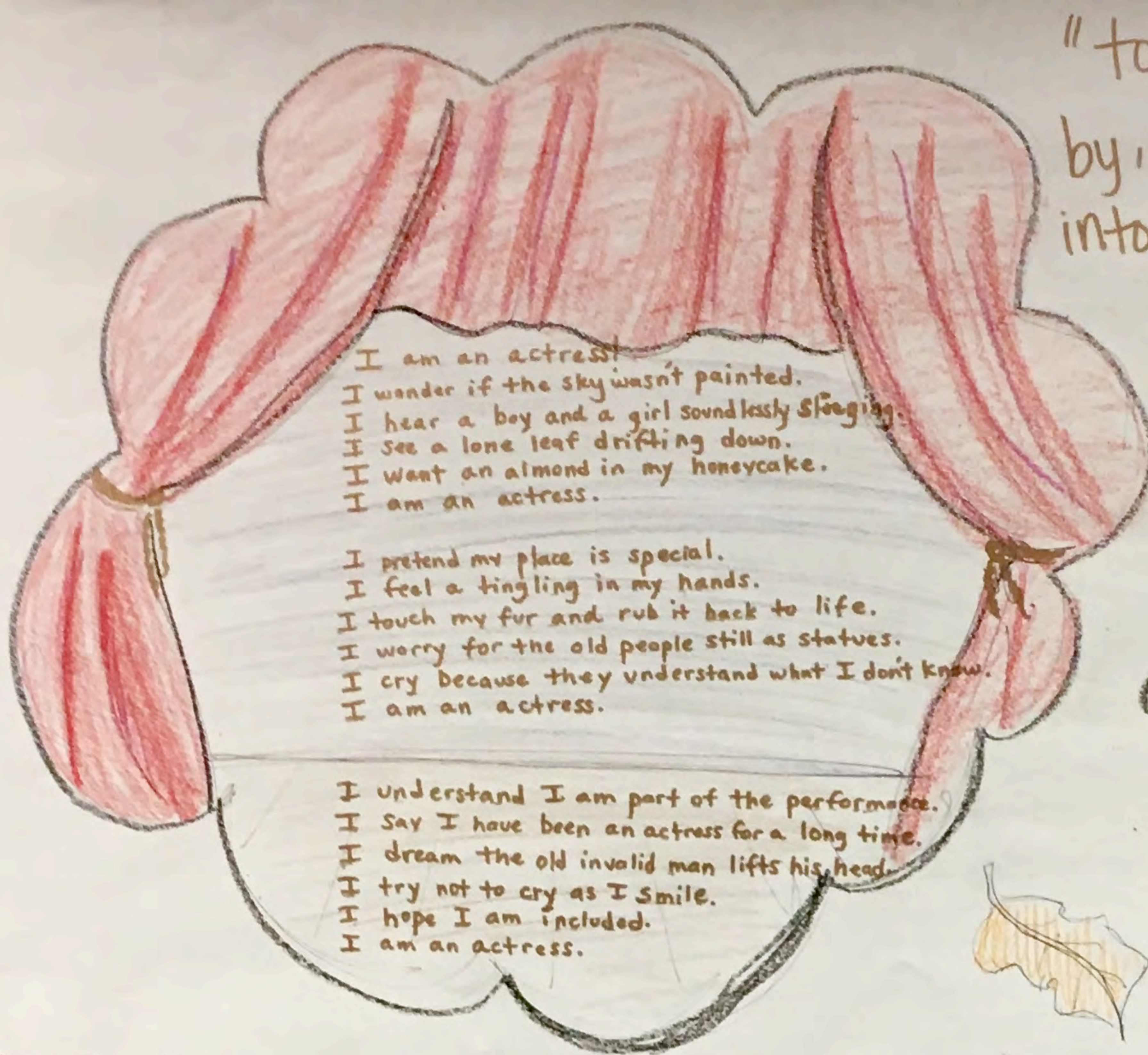
Miss **BRILL**
B eautiful
R omantic
I maginative
L ovable
L ights, camera, action!

Acceptance
CLASS

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

"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."



I am an actress!
I wonder if the sky wasn't painted.
I hear a boy and a girl soundlessly singing.
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.

"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."



"... And 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."

Blue sky = happiness, joy

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

"the yellow leaves down dropping"

The "ermine toque" (metonymy) character is a foil for Ms. Brill, possibly representing her circumstances at 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 feels are her fellow actors on a stage. She listens to conversations but never participates; instead imagining elaborate performances that she and the others don't fully understand. The music provides a soundtrack for her life as she imagines it. Reality clashes around her when she overhears a young girl's insensitive comment about her prized fox stole. The story concludes with Ms. Brill imagining a baby's cry.

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

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

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

The long, whole, The long, quiet, while symbolize Music is symbolic. The long, quiet, while symbolize notes represent the long, quiet, while notes represent short notes, joyful, happy, joyful times

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

Virtue

Vices

creativity

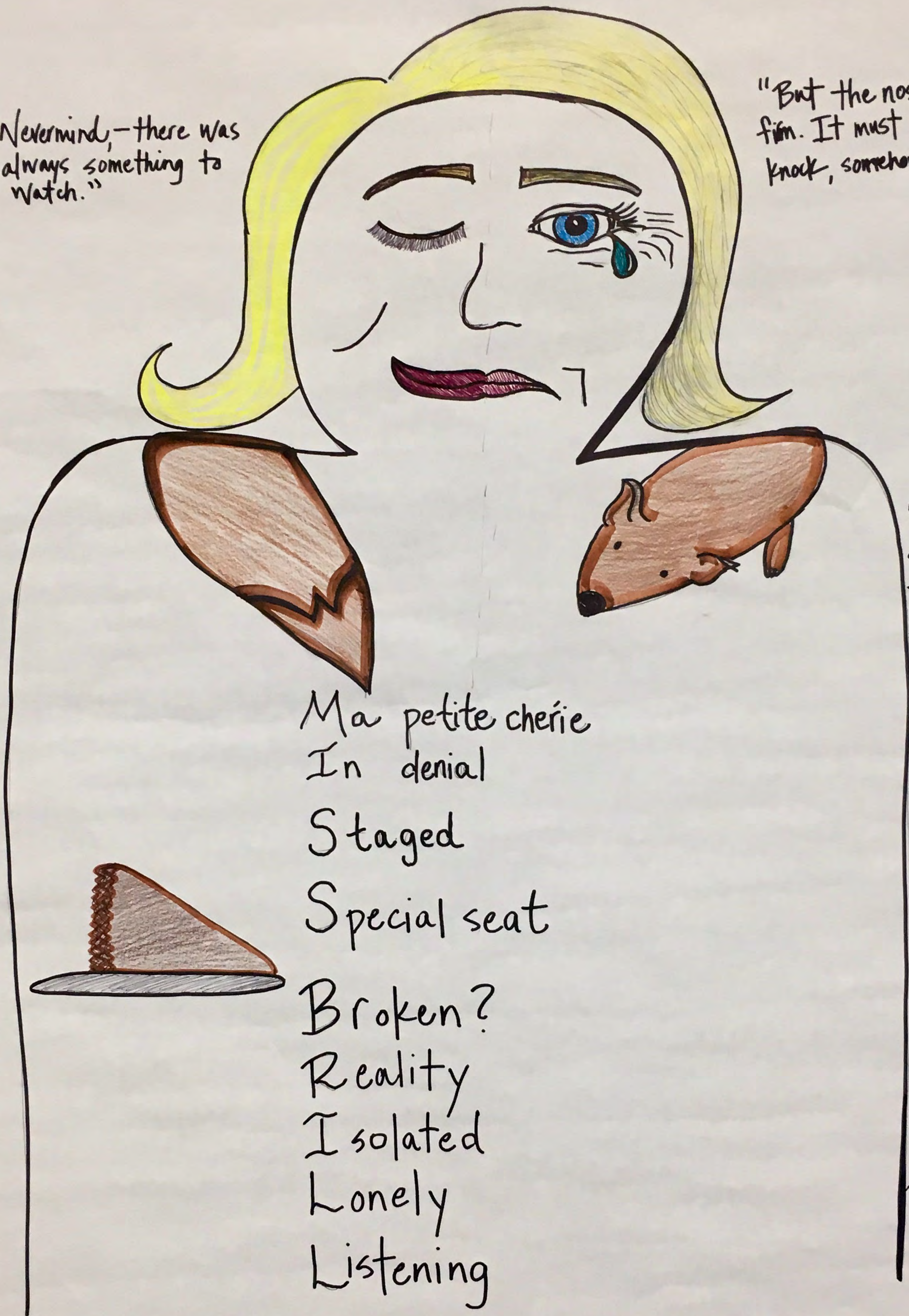
unrealistic
alienated

"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?

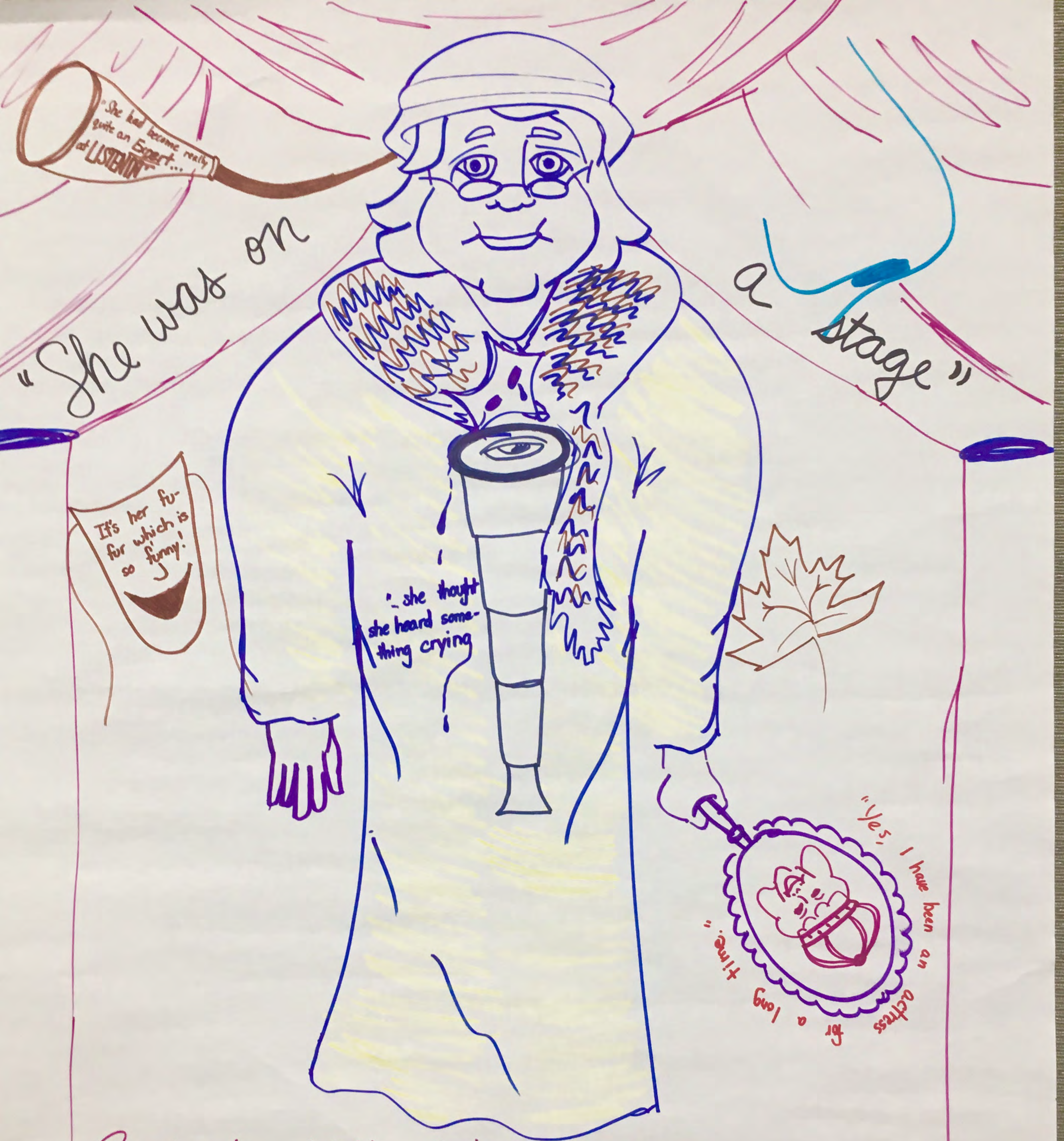
Reality

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

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

"It's exactly like a fried whiting"

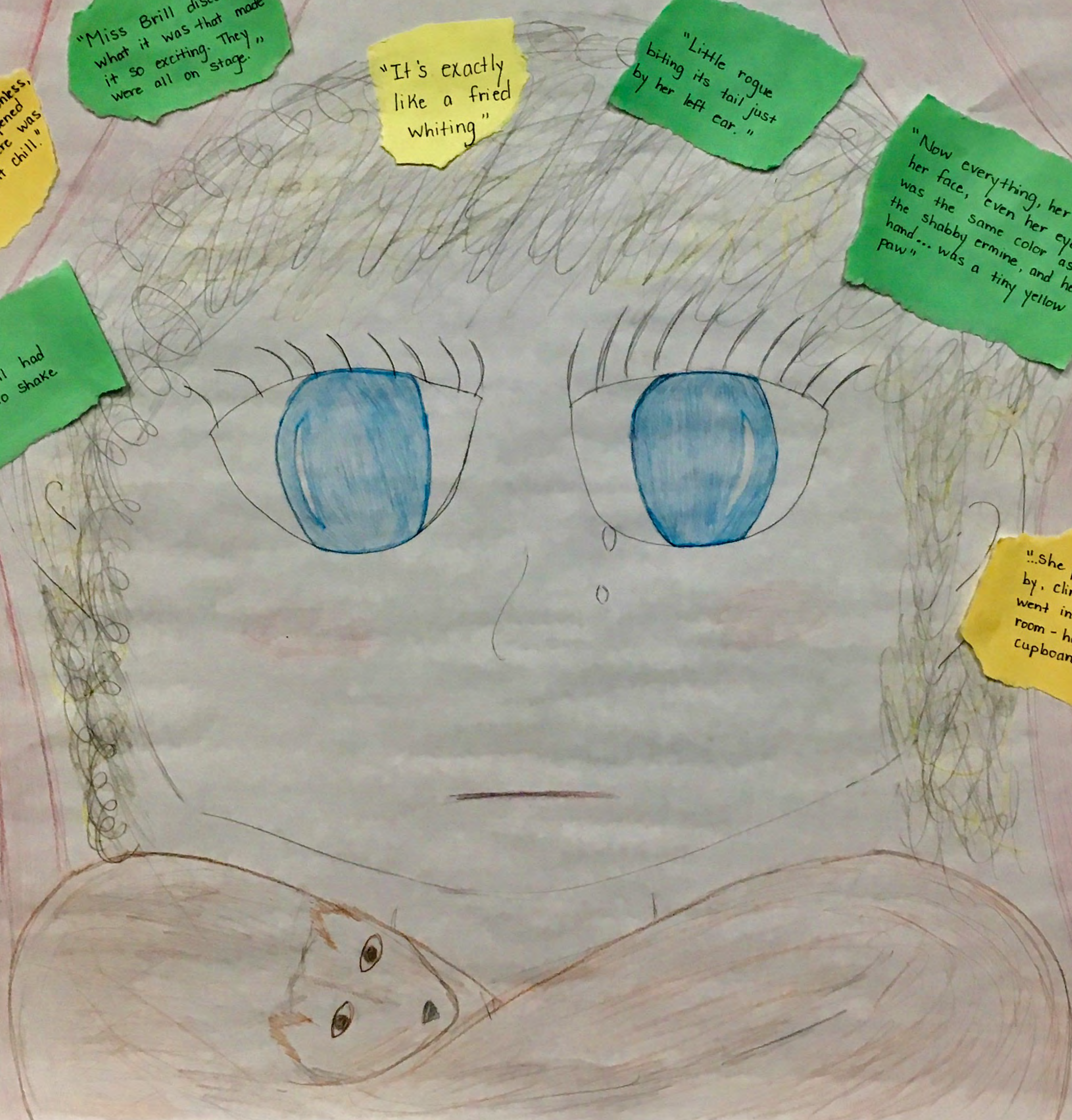
"Little rogue biting its tail just by her left ear."

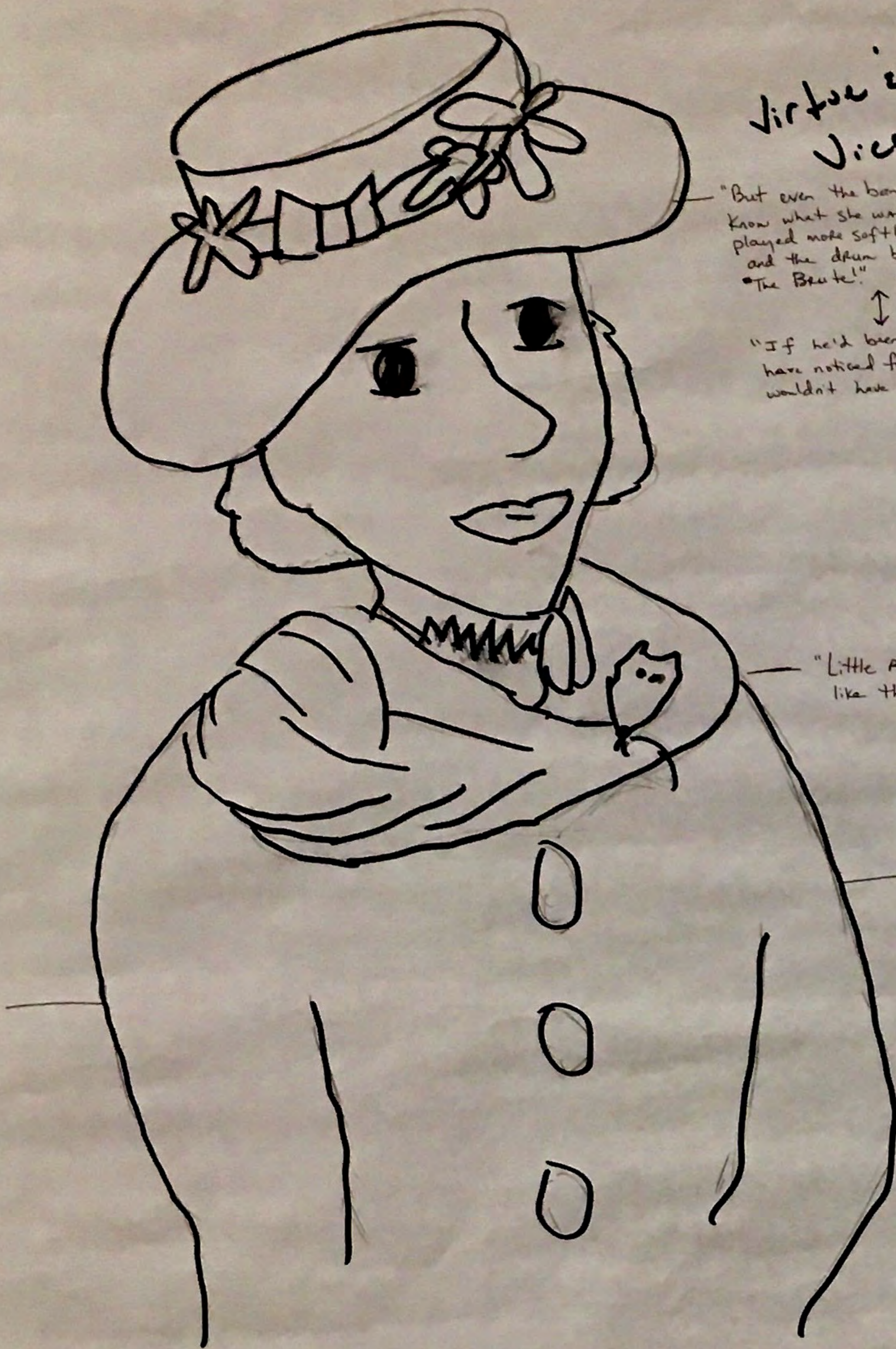
"Now everything, her hair, her face, even her eyes, was the same color as the shabby ermine, and her hand... was a tiny yellow paw"

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

"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.

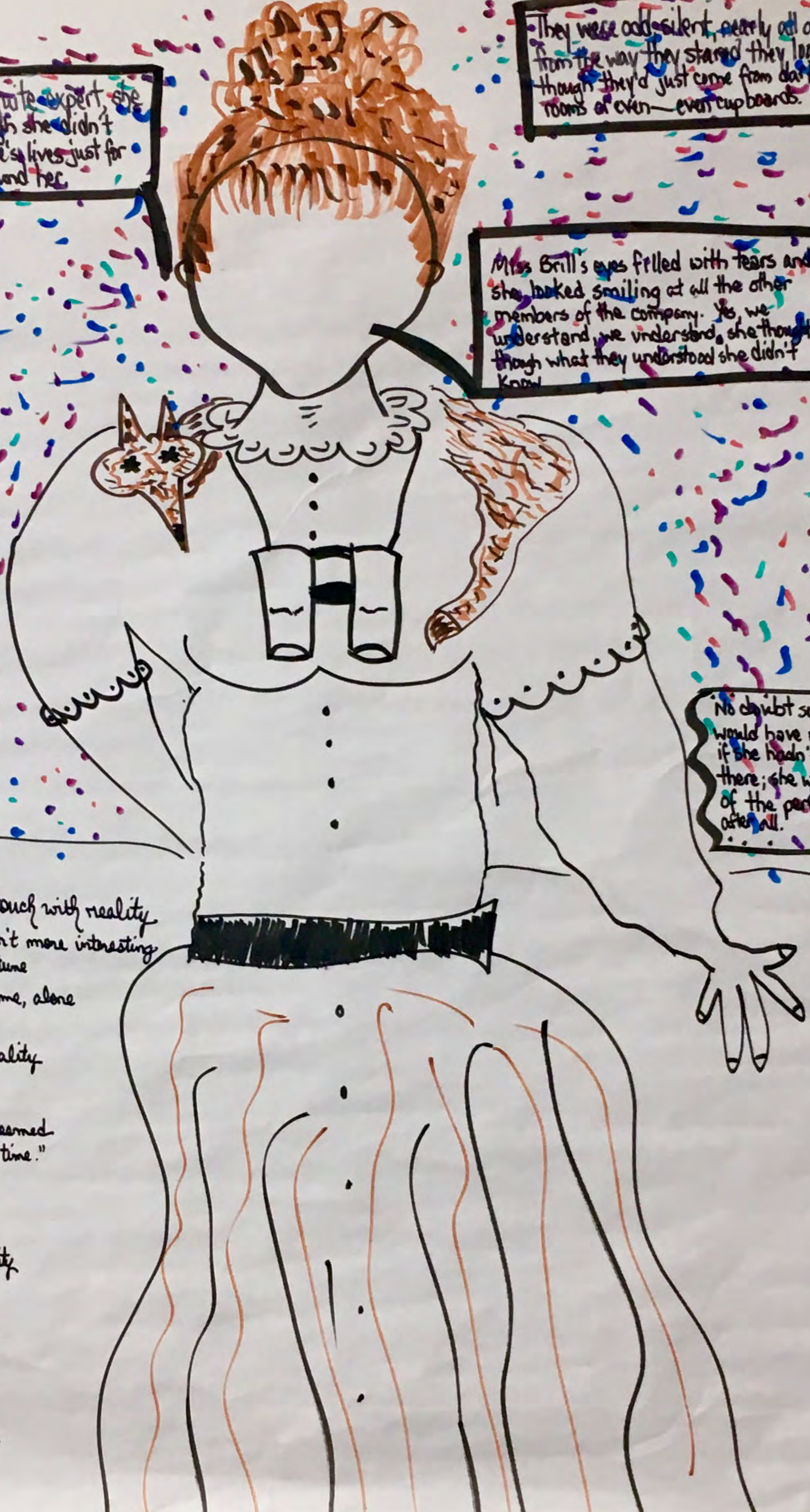
She unclasped the necklet quickly, quickly, without looking, laid it inside. But when she put the lid on she thought she heard something crying.

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



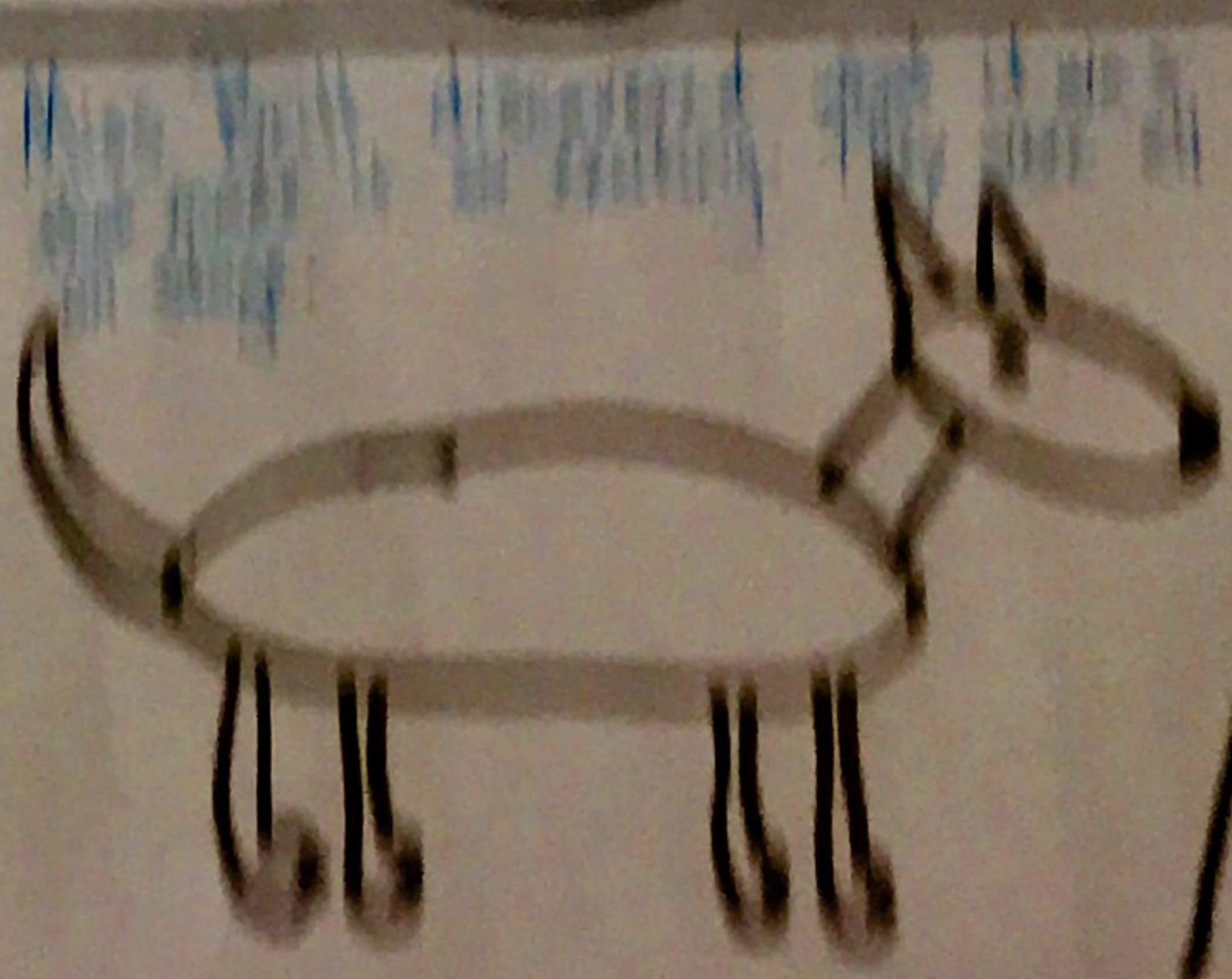


1
B
B

[Thought bubble with illegible purple scribbles]

[Yellow scribbles]

I love you





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

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."

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 "[rub] 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 cns ~~the~~ 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 ~~been~~ had 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 smothered 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.

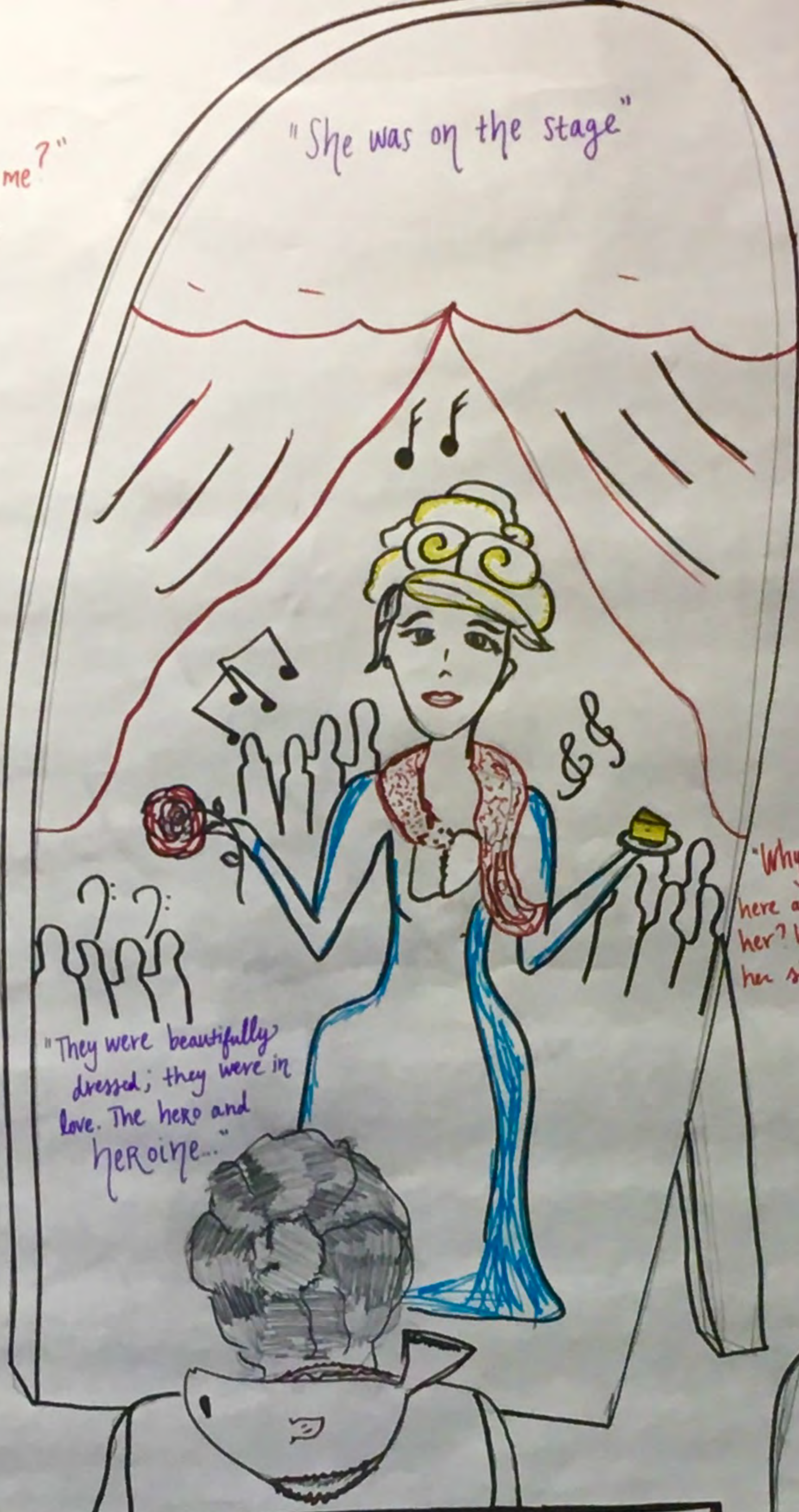


Lindsay Lundquist
Nesley Bryant
Cassandra Pecina-Bryant
Camellia Chan

Am... Miss Brill

I am alone
 I wonder about those who surround me
 I 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
 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."

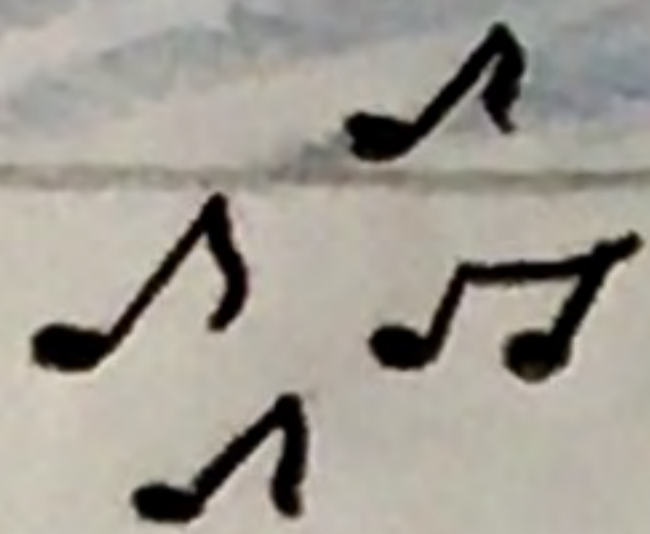
"They were beautifully dressed; they were in love. The hero and heroine..."

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

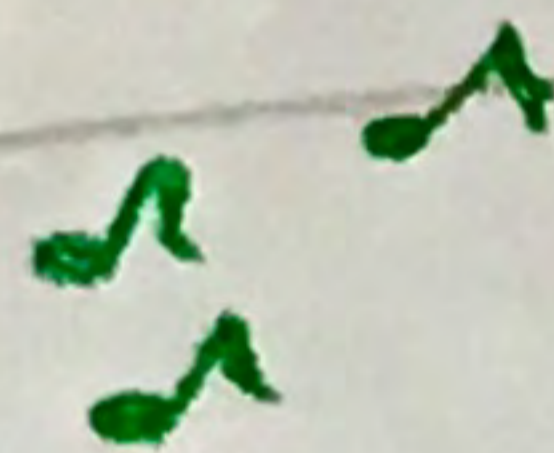
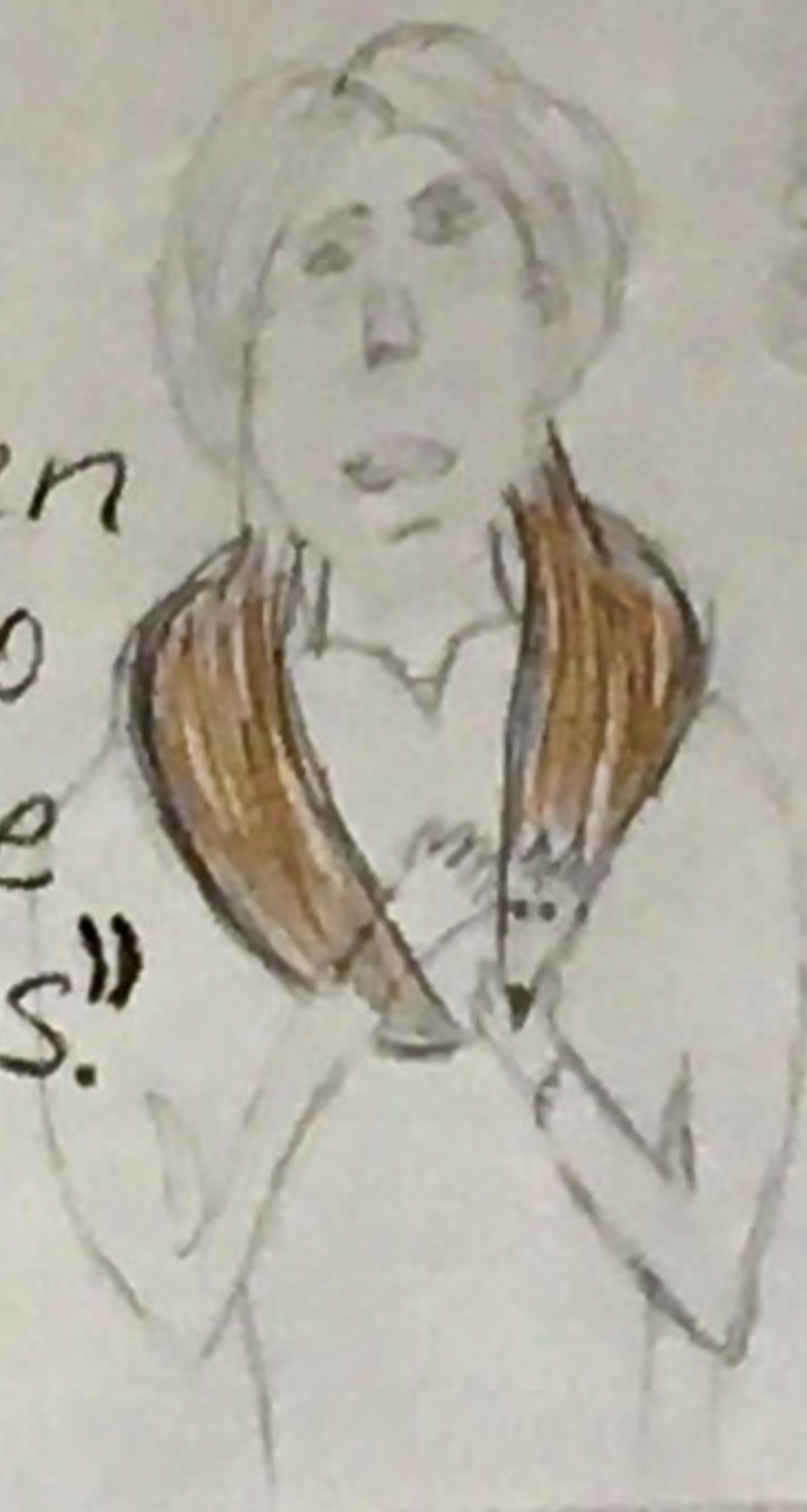


It

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? - who

Two young girls...
Two young soldiers...
Two peasant women...

"She thought she heard something crying."



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

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

Even she had a part dramatic 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

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

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

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

No, nothing would please her.

It's her far fun 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.



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

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 isolation that she may be accompanied by a companion.

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

I am reliable & forgetful
I wonder when this play will end
I hear the best thing to do is to work
I see a myriad of couples going to and fro
I want someone to get the clock correct
I am reliable & forgetful

I pretend that I am not an actress
I feel my part coming upon me
I wish she would stop talking
I worry about all the other ladies
I cry anytime this play is over
I am reliable & forgetful

I wished that one day this play will be over for good
I say that it will not but I know I must
I dream of one who had I my part to play
I long to tell myself that my own role will be more important
I hope that the next play will have a different ending
I am reliable & forgetful

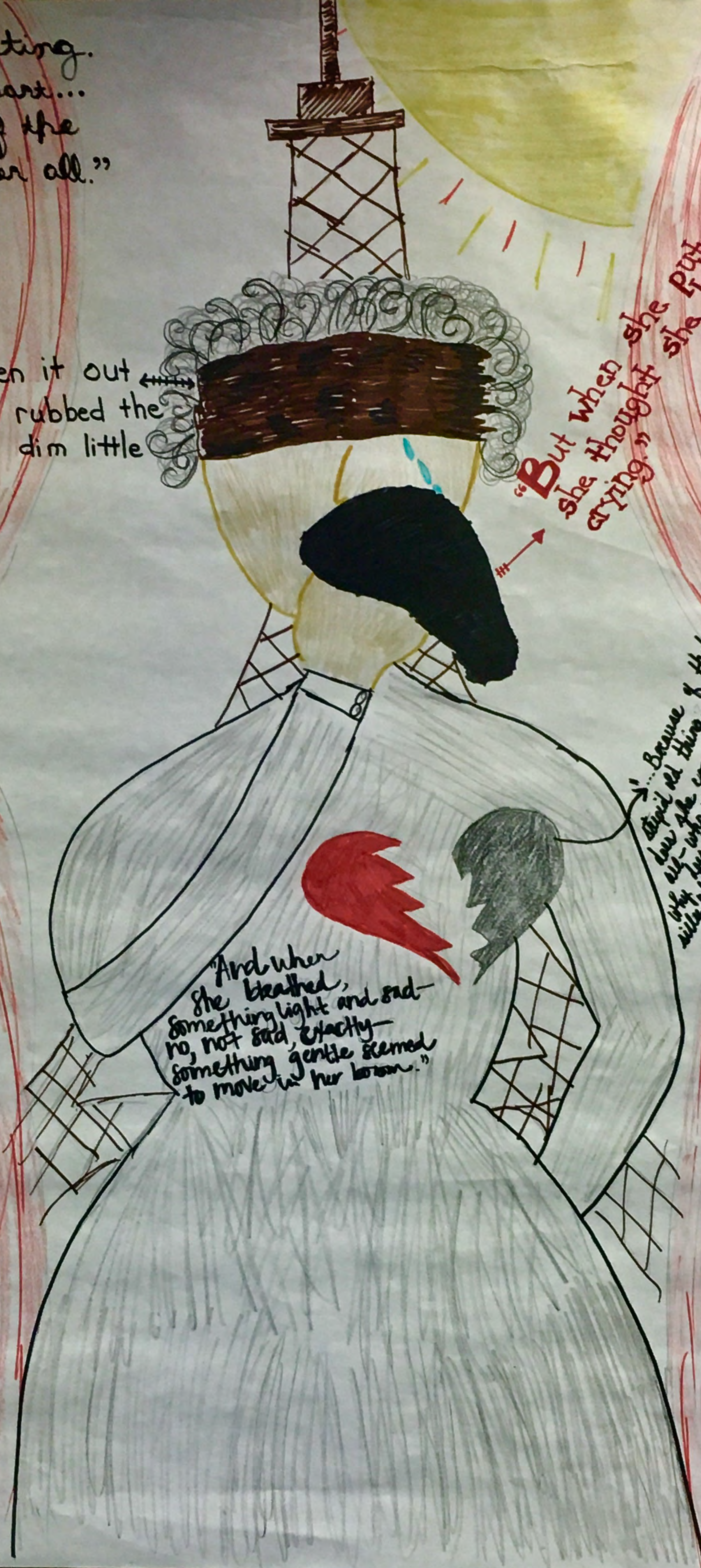
...they were acting.
Even she had a part...
she was part of the
performance after all."

"She had taken it out
of its box... and rubbed the
life back into its dim little
eyes."

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

"...Because I that
dumb old thing... why
did she come here? why
did she want to see me?
why did I want to see her?
why did I want to see her?
why did I want to see her?"

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



Mirthful

Independent

Stylish

Sofisticated

BROKEN

REJECTED

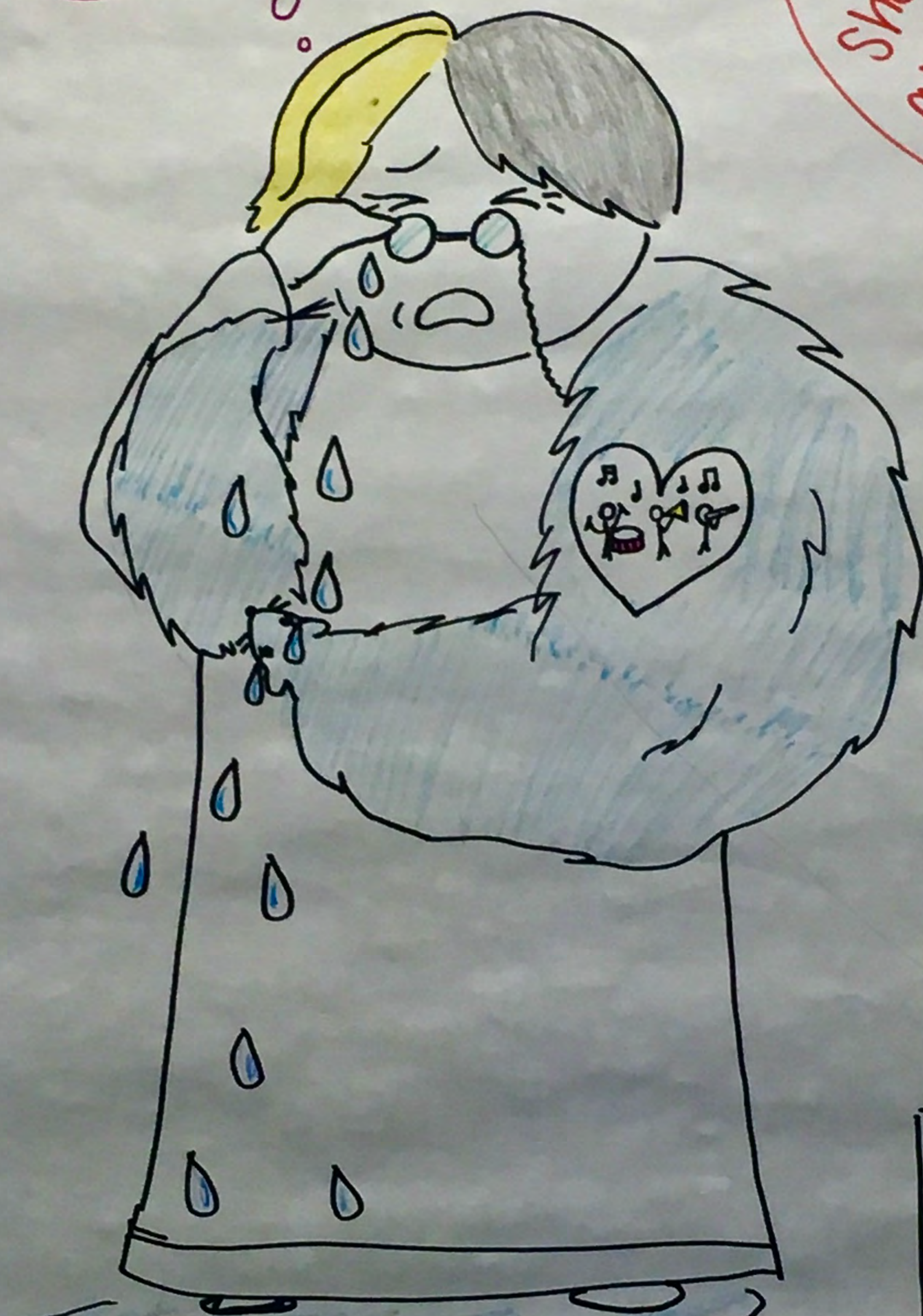
ILLUSIONED

LOVELY

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."

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

"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."

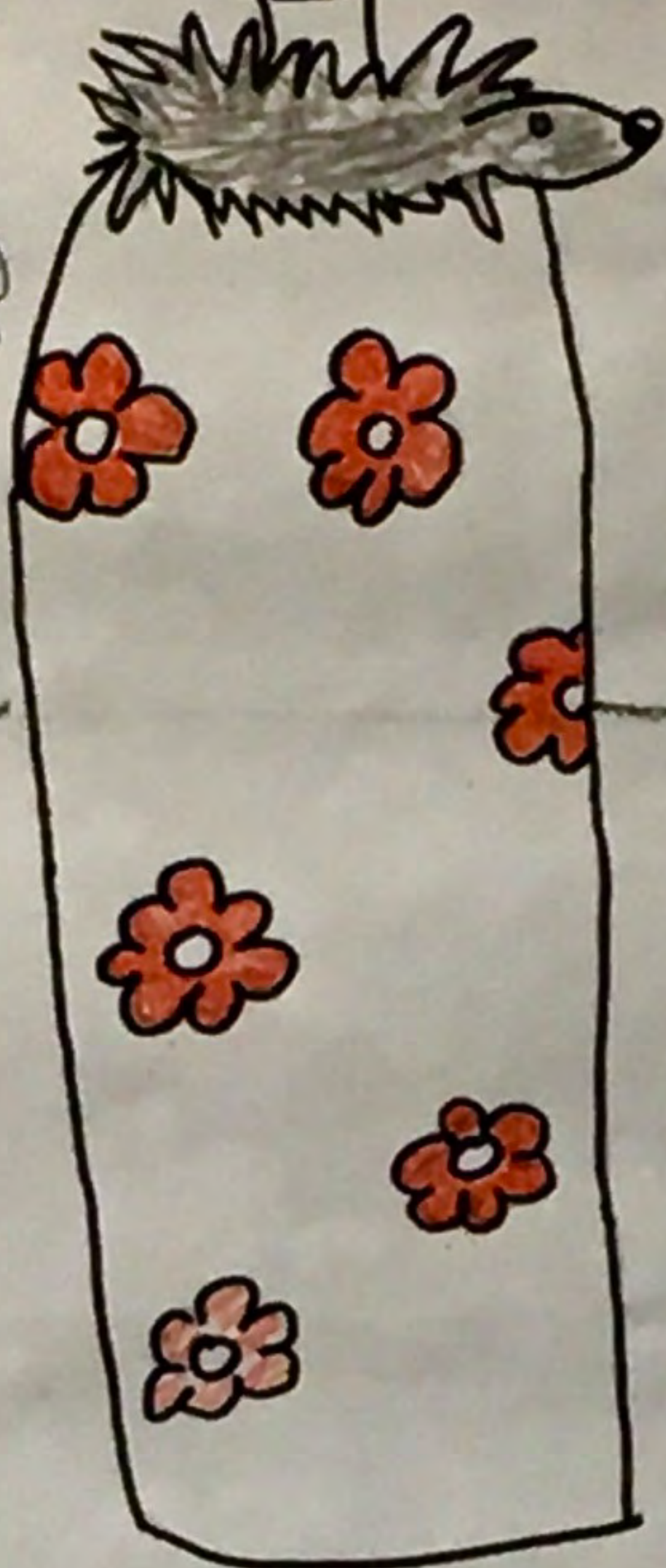
EXIT



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

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

"—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
- Reflection
- Excitement
- Hope
- Judgement
- Insecurity

Be Relevant In spite of Looking Lonely

Vulnerability

