**BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY’S by Truman Capote**

**Part Two - Chapters 4- 6 + tasks**

CHAPTER FOUR: **A Conversation about Men**

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| Chapter 4 | Pre Reading  task | Reflection: How do you feel about the behavior of HG & her ‘friend’ Mags Wildwood, as seen in chapter 3? Why do you think they behave & live like they do? |
|  | While | Note any unknown vocabulary: guess meaning in context, check later. |

The next afternoon I met Holly on the stairs. "You," she said, hurrying past with a package from the drugstore. "You left her there to die from the cold! And now she's really unhappy."

I realized from her words that Mag Wildwood was still in the apartment.

But Holly didn't stop to talk. Suddenly she was worried about Mag - but the night before she hated her. I didn't understand.

During the weekend, there was a bigger mystery. First, a Spanish or Italian man came to my door and asked for Miss Wildwood. Our conversation was difficult because he didn't understand my English. But I liked him. His brown face was handsome and he wore an expensive suit.

Toward evening, I saw him again. I was going out to dinner and he was arriving in a taxi. The driver helped him carry a lot of suitcases into the house. That gave me something to think about.

Sunday was a warm, late summer day. The sun was strong and my window was open. I heard voices on the fire escape. Holly and Mag were lying there, with the cat between them. Mag was making a woollen sweater.

"I think you're l-l-lucky," she said to Holly. "There's one good thing you can say about Rusty. He's an American."

"Why is that important?"

"Darling. We're in the middle of a war."

"And when it ends, you won't see me again. I'll leave the country. I'm going to travel the world."

"I don't feel that way. I'm p-p-proud of my country. The men in my family were great soldiers. There's a big statue of Grandfather Wildwood in the center of Wildwood."

"Fred's a soldier," said Holly. "But there'll never be a statue of him. I don't think he's a great soldier. But maybe he is. Brave people are usually stupid and he's quite stupid."

"Is Fred that boy upstairs? Is he a soldier? He does look stupid."

"He's not stupid. And he's a different Fred. Fred's my brother."

"You call your own b-b-brother stupid?"

"He is stupid."

"Don't say that! That boy is fighting for you and me and all of us."

"What is this: a speech for the government?"

"I want you to understand. I like a joke, but I'm a really s-s-serious person. I'm proud to be an American. That's why I'm sorry about Jose. He's very handsome, isn't he?"

Holly agreed and started playing with the cat.

"But I can't imagine m-m-marrying a Brazilian. And being a B-b-brazilian myself. It's a long way from here. Six thousand miles, and I don't know the language -"

"Go to a language school."

"Do they teach P-p-portuguese? Do people really speak Portuguese? No, Jose must stop working for the Brazilian government. He must become an American. Why does he want to be the p-p-president of Brazil. That's a crazy idea." She was quiet for a minute, then she spoke again. "I'm really in love. You saw us together. Do you think I'm really in love?"

"Does he bite?"

"Bite?"

"Bite you. When you're in bed."

"No. Is that important?" Then she continued, "But he does laugh."

"That's good. I like a man who laughs in bed. Most of them just make strange noises. OK. He doesn't bite in bed but he laughs. And -?"

Mag didn't answer.

"I said -"

"I heard you. And I want to tell you. But it's difficult to remember. I d-d-don't think about these things much. About sex and men. You do but I don't. They go out of my head like a dream. Most people don't talk about sex, Holly. I'm a very-very-very ordinary person."

"It's natural to think about sex. And to look at men. What's wrong with looking at a guy's body? A lot of men are beautiful. Jose is beautiful, but you don't even look at him in bed. So you're not in love with him."

"L-l-lower your voice."

"You're not in love with him," Holly repeated.

"I'm a loving person. I have a loving heart."

"OK. You have a loving heart. But that doesn't keep a man warm in bed."

"Jose isn't unhappy," Mag said. "And I am in love with him. I make winter sweaters and socks for him. I've made ten pairs of socks in three months. And this is the second sweater."

She put down the sweater. "But why am I doing this? Sweaters in Brazil! I should make s-s-sun hats."

Holly lay back. "Surely they have a winter."

"I know that it rains. Heat. Rain. T-t-t-trees."

"Heat. Trees. It sounds good to me."

"Better for you than for me."

"Yes," said Holly, sounding sleepy. "Better for me than for you."

On Monday, when I went down for the morning mail, there was a new name on the card on Holly's mailbox. Miss Golightly and Miss Wildwood were now traveling together.

I wasn't very interested because there was a letter in my own mailbox. It was from a small college magazine. They liked one of my stories. They couldn't pay me but that wasn't important. They wanted to print the story. Print the story in a magazine! I was so excited. I wanted to tell someone. Running up the stairs, I knocked loudly on Holly's door.

I couldn't speak when she opened the door. Her eyes were half-closed with sleep. I gave her the letter and she read it slowly. Then she gave it back to me.

"Don't let them use your story. Not until they pay for it," she said.

I looked at her angrily. I didn't want her opinions. I wanted her to be happy for me.

She smiled. "Oh, I understand. It's wonderful. Come in," she said. "We'll make some coffee and have a party. No. I'll get dressed and take you to lunch."

Her bedroom was in the same state as the other rooms in the apartment. There were a lot of boxes and suitcases. All her things were packed. She was ready to leave. This room did have a piece of furniture, though - a double bed made of light wood, with a shiny cover.

She left the door of the bathroom open. As she washed, she talked to me.

"You know that Mag Wildwood has moved in? Isn't that good? She's not a lesbian, but she's stupid. That's almost as good as a lesbian. A stupid person will pay for the apartment and take my clothes to the cleaner's."

She came out of the bathroom. "And she's quite a successful actress. Isn't that great? She'll be out of the apartment for most of the day. And there won't be too much trouble with men because she's getting married. He's a nice guy, too. But he's a little smaller than her - about a foot smaller. Now where -?"

She was on her knees looking under the bed. She found her shoes, then she searched for a shirt and a belt. The room was a mess but Holly was perfect.

"Listen," she said, and put her hand on my face. "I'm happy about the story. I really am."

That was a beautiful Monday in October 1943. We started with drinks at Joe Bell's bar. When he heard of my good luck, he refused to take our money. Later, we walked toward Fifth Avenue, and watched the soldiers. They were playing music, not for the war but for me.

We ate lunch at the cafe in the park. Then we laughed and ran and sang along the paths toward the old wooden boathouse. It's not there now. An old man was sweeping up trash and putting it on a fire. The smoke made the only dark cloud in the sky. It was the end of the year but to me this was the start of something.

I sat with Holly near the boathouse. I thought of the future and spoke of the past.

"When you were a child, was life good?" Holly asked.

She listened to my stories about my life before New York. Then she told me about her life but the telling was strange. She didn't name places or people. "I had pretty cousins and we had lots of parties," she said. "We went swimming in the summer. I was very happy."

"But you ran away from home when you were fourteen," I said.

"That's true. The rest of my story was a lie. But really, darling, your story was so sad. I didn't want my story to be sad, too."

She stood up. "I've remembered something. I must send a gift to Fred."

That afternoon we walked around New York, looking for gifts for Fred. She wanted food for him. "He's a big, tall guy and he loves to eat," she said.

It was dark when we came out of the last grocer's store. We were near the store with the bird cage in its window, so I showed it to her. She liked it.

"It's beautiful," she said. "But it is a cage. Nothing can be free inside there."

We were near a larger store and she took my arm. "Let's steal something," she said, and she pulled me inside.

I was scared because people were watching us. Holly laughed and stole something small. Then she took my hand and we walked away. It was as simple as that. Outside, we ran for a few blocks because we were so excited.

"Have you often stolen things?" I asked.

"I had to when I was younger," she said. "I steal sometimes now - it's good practice. One day I may need to do it again."

I have a memory of spending many days like that with Holly. Sometimes we did spend a lot of time together but in reality the memory is a lie. Toward the end of the month, I found a job. It was necessary and I worked from nine o'clock in the morning to five in the evening.

My hours were very different to Holly's. When I came home from work, Holly was getting out of bed, except on Thursday, her Sing Sing day. She also got up early in the day when she went horse riding.

Sometimes, I stopped at her apartment for a cup of coffee. She was always going out, usually with Rusty Trawler, Mag Wildwood, and the handsome Brazilian. His name was Jose Ybarra-Jaegar because his mother was German. They were a strange group. Ybarra-Jaegar was different to Holly, Rusty, and Mag. He was intelligent, well - dressed, and serious about his work. He was something important in the government and went to Washington three or four days a week. Did he enjoy these nights? Night after night in clubs - La Rue or El Morocco - listening to Mag t-t-t-talk and looking at Rusty's baby-face?

He was a foreigner, I thought. He didn't understand Americans. To him, we were all the same. He didn't realize that people were different - some good and some bad. He thought we were all interesting and fun to be with. And, I thought, Holly wanted him.

That explains some of what happened next.

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| Post  Reading  task | 1.HG & MW have a frank chat about themselves & men.  Do you think most women have friendships like this?  Where these things are discussed?  Do men?  2. In the last part of the chapter, HG takes the narrator ‘shop lifting’. She says she had to, at times in the past, & wants to stay in practice. What do you think of this attitude? |

CHAPTER FIVE: **A Gift from Tiffany's**

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| Chapter 5 | Pre  Reading task | Reflection: Do you know anyone who feels they are ‘better’ than you? How does that make you feel? What do you think makes them feel that way? |
|  | While  Reading task | 1. Where do HG & her friends go?  2. What happens to Rusty & Mags?  3. What do HG & Jose do?  4. Why is Mags angry with HG?  5. HG & the narrator have an argument. What is it about? |

Late one afternoon, I was waiting for a bus on Fifth Avenue when I saw a taxi stop across the street. A girl got out and ran up the steps of the library, through the doors of the building. Suddenly I realized it was Holly. I was surprised because the idea of Holly in a library was very strange.

I followed her inside the building. She went into the reading room, where she sat at a desk in front of a pile of books. She was wearing her dark glasses. She turned quickly from one book to the next, sometimes reading a page more carefully. She held a pencil above a piece of paper but didn't write much. When she did write, her pencil moved slowly.

I remembered a girl from school, Mildred Grossman. Mildred was a serious girl with thin, straight hair and dirty glasses. She never dreamed of a more exciting life. Mildred and Holly were very different but in my mind they were similar. Most people change every few years; their ideas and even their bodies change. But these were two people who could never change. For this reason I looked at Holly Golightly and thought about Mildred Grossman.

I imagined them in a restaurant in the future. Mildred will read the menu carefully. Then she'll ask the waiter, "Is this food healthy? Is it good for me?" Holly will want to try everything on the menu.

It was after seven o'clock. Holly put on more lipstick and some jewelry. She was preparing to go to a night club. When she left the library, I walked over to her table. Her books were there; they were all books about Brazil.

The night before Christmas, Holly and Mag gave a party.

I arrived early. "Look in the bedroom. There's a gift for you," Holly said.

I had a gift for her, too. There was a small package in my pocket.

On the bed I saw the beautiful bird cage.

"But, Holly! That's terrible!" I said.

"I agree. But you liked it."

"The money! It cost three hundred and fifty dollars!"

She laughed. "It cost a few trips to the bathroom. Promise me, though. Promise you'll never put a living thing inside it."

I started to kiss her but she held out her hand. "Give me that," she said, touching the package in my pocket.

"It isn't much," I said. It was a very small piece of jewelry - but it came from Tiffany's.

Holly couldn't keep anything. I'm sure she has lost that piece of jewelry by now. She's probably left it in a suitcase or a hotel closet. But I still have the bird cage. I've carried it to New Orleans, Nantucket, Europe, Morocco, the West Indies. But I often forget that Holly gave it to me. One day, we had a fight. We fought about the bird cage, and about O.J. Berman. And we fought about my story, when it was printed in the college magazine.

In February, Holly went on a winter trip with Rusty, Mag, and Jose Ybarra-Jaegar. Our fight happened soon after she returned. Her skin was very brown and her hair was almost white from the sun.

"I've had a wonderful time," she told me. "First we were in Key West, Florida, and Rusty was angry with some sailors. Or maybe the sailors were angry with him. He went to hospital and now he'll have a bad back for the rest of his life. Dear Mag went to the hospital, too - she was badly burned by the sun. She looked terrible and the

doctors put something on her skin. We hated the smell of her. So Jose and I left them in the hospital and went to Havana.

He says I'll love Rio more. But Havana is wonderful. Then we went back to Key West. Mag was sure I was sleeping with Jose. Rusty was, too, but it didn't matter to him. Mag was very unfriendly until I had a long talk with her."

It was March and we were in the living room in Holly's apartment. There was a new piece of furniture: a small bed. Holly was lying on it under a sun lamp.

"And she believed you?"

"That I didn't sleep with Jose? Yes. 'I'm a lesbian,' I told her. 'I don't sleep with men.'"

"She didn't believe that!"

"She did. That's why she bought this bed. You know me - I can always tell a good story. Darling, put some oil on my back."

I put the oil on her skin. Then she said, "O.J. Berman's in New York. Listen, I gave him your story in the magazine. He liked it. He wants to help you. But you're writing about the wrong subjects. Blacks and children: who's interested in them?"

"Mr. Berman isn't?"

"I agree with him. I read that story twice. Kids and Blacks. Lots of descriptions. The story doesn't mean anything."

I was still putting the oil on her skin. Suddenly I was very angry. I wanted to hit her. "Give me an example," I said quietly, "of a story that means something. In your opinion."

"Wuthering Heights," she said, immediately.

That made me more angry. "You can't compare my story with Wuthering Heights. That's one of the greatest books in the world!"

"It is, isn't it? My wild sweet Cathy. I cried millions of tears. I saw it ten times."

"Oh," I said. "The movie"

She lifted her head and looked at me. Her eyes were cold and angry. "You think you're better than I am," she said.

"I don't compare myself to you. Or Berman. So I'm not better than you. But we want different things."

"Don't you want to make money?"

"I don't think about the future," I said.

"That's how your stories sound. You write them without knowing the end. But I tell you: you need money. You like expensive things. Not many people are going to buy you bird cages."

"Sorry."

"You will be sorry if you hit me. You wanted to a minute ago. I felt it in your hand. You want to hit me now."

Yes, I did. My hand and my heart were shaking as I put the top on the bottle of oil.

"I'm sorry you spent your money on me," I said. "You worked hard to earn it."

"What do you mean?" she asked, quietly.

"Spending time with Rusty Trawler," I said. "That's a hard way to earn money."

She sat up on the bed. Her face and her shoulders were blue in the light from the sun lamp. "It takes about four seconds to walk from here to the door," she said. "You have two seconds to get out."

I went upstairs and picked up the bird cage. I took it down and left it in front of her door. That, I thought, was the end of that. But the next morning, when I was going to work, I saw the cage on the sidewalk with the trash.

I picked it up and carried it back to my room. It was too beautiful to throw away. But Holly Golightly was out of my life. She wasn't important. I didn't need to speak to her again.

And I didn't speak to her again for a long time. I passed her on the stairs but I didn't look at her. If she walked into Joe Bell's bar, I walked out.

One day Mrs. Sapphia Spanella, the tenant on the first floor, sent a letter to the other tenants. "Miss Golightly must leave this building," the letter said. "She has late-night parties and brings strangers into the house. We are not safe while she is living here. Please sign this letter and I will send it to the owner of the building."

I refused to sign but secretly I agreed with Mrs. Spanella. But her letter failed. In early May, the open-windowed, warm spring nights were noisy with the sound of parties from Apartment 2.

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| Post Reading  task | Discussion: HG wants to steal Mag’s boyfriend. How does she do this? Is her behavior fair/ethical? What do you think the English phrase “All’s fair in Love & War” means? Can you put it into your own words? |

CHAPTER SIX: **A Visitor from Holly's Past**

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| Chapter 6 | Pre  Reading  task | Prediction: In this chapter we meet someone from HG’s past. Who do you think it could be? Why could he be looking for her in New York? Write your ideas in your notebook. |

t wasn't unusual for strange people to come to Holly's door. One day late that spring, when I walked into the building, I saw a very strange man. He was looking at her mailbox.

He was about fifty years old, with a tired face and sad gray eyes. He wore an old gray hat and his cheap summer suit was too big for him. His shoes were brown and new. He didn't ring Holly's doorbell. Slowly, he touched the letters of her name on her card.

That evening, on my way to supper, I saw the man again. He was standing across the street, under a tree, looking up at Holly's windows. What did he want? Was he a detective? Or someone sent by her Sing Sing friend, Sally Tomato?

Suddenly I felt sorry for Holly. We were enemies but I wanted to help her. As I walked to the corner, the man looked at me. Then he started to follow me. He was singing quietly - Holly's song: "I don't want to sleep, I don't want to die. I just want to travel through the sky."

I waited for a traffic light to change. I looked at him out of the corner of my eye as he spoke to a dog-owner. "You have a fine animal," he said. His voice was low and he came from the hill-country.

The hamburger restaurant was empty but he sat next to me at the bar. He smelled of cigarettes. He ordered a cup of coffee but didn't drink it. He looked at me in the mirror on the wall opposite us.

"Excuse me," I said. I looked at him in the mirror, too. "What do you want?" The question didn't make him nervous. "I need a friend," he said.

He pulled an old wallet from his pocket and took out a photo. There were seven people in the picture, in front of a wooden house. They were all children, except for the man. He had his arm around the waist of a pretty little girl.

"That's me," he said, pointing at himself. "That's her..." He pointed at the girl. "And this one here," he added, "is her brother, Fred."

I looked at "her" again. Yes, now I could see that the child was Holly.

"You're Holly's father!'

"Her name isn't Holly," he said. "She was Lulamae Barnes until she married me. I'm her husband, Doc Golightly. Call me Doc. I'm a horse doctor. I do some farming, too, near Tulip, in Texas. Why are you laughing?"

I wasn't really laughing. I was nervous. I drank some water and it went down the wrong way. He hit me on the back. "This isn't funny. I'm a tired man. I've looked for my woman for five years. Then I got Fred's letter. 'She's in New York,' he wrote. I bought a bus ticket and came to the city. I want Lulamae at home, with her husband and her children."

"Children?"

"Those are her children," he almost shouted. He pointed at the four other young faces in the picture - two girls and two boys.

Of course, the man was crazy. "Holly can't be their mother. Those children are older and bigger than she is."

"Listen," he said calmly. "I'm not saying they're her natural children. Their own dear mother, a good woman, died on the fourth of July, 1936. I married Lulamae in December, 1938, when she was almost fourteen years old. Maybe an ordinary person of fourteen doesn't know what she wants. But Lulamae isn't an ordinary person. 'I know what I want,' she said to me. 'I want to be your wife and the mother of your children.' She broke our hearts when she ran away."

He drank his cold coffee and looked at me carefully. "Do you believe me?" Yes, I believed him. His story was so strange, it had to be true. And it was like O.J. Berman's description of Holly in her first days in California.

"She broke our hearts when she ran away," the horse doctor repeated. "She had no reason to go. Her daughters did all the housework. We had our own farm, chickens and pigs. She got fat and her brother grew really tall. They didn't come to us like that. Nellie, my oldest girl, brought them into the house. She came to me one morning. 'Dad,' she said, 'I've locked two wild children in the kitchen. They were outside stealing milk and eggs.' That was Lulamae and Fred. They were very thin and their teeth were falling out. Their mother and their father got sick and died. All the children were sent to live with different people. Lulamae and her brother lived with some terrible people, a hundred miles east of Tulip. She had a good reason to run away from their house. But she didn't have a reason to leave my house. It was her home."

He put his hands over his eyes. "She grew into a really pretty woman. She was fun, too. She talked a lot. She had an opinion about everything. I picked flowers for her. I found a bird for her and taught it to say her name. I taught her to play the guitar. One night I asked her to marry me. I was crying. 'Why are you crying, Doc?' she asked me. 'Of course I'll marry you. I've never been married before.' I had to laugh. I've never been married before."

He laughed quietly. "That woman was happy!" he said. "We all loved her. She didn't do anything except eat and wash her hair. And send away for magazines. We spent a hundred dollars on magazines. That was the problem. She read those magazines and they gave her dreams about a different life. Then she started walking down the road from the farm. Every day she walked a little more. First she walked a mile and came home. Then she went two miles and came home. One day she didn't stop walking."

He put his hands over his eyes again. "The bird went wild and flew away. All summer you could hear him. In the yard. In the woods. All summer that bird was calling: 'Lulamae, Lulamae.'"

Then he stopped talking. I paid our checks and we left the cafe together.

It was a cold, windy evening. We were both quiet. Then I said, "But what happened to her brother? Didn't he leave?"

"No, sir," he said. "Fred stayed with us until he became a soldier. He's a good boy, good with horses. He didn't understand Lulamae. 'Why has she left her brother and husband and children?' he asked. After he left the farm, he had some letters from her. He sent me her address. So I've come to get her. I know she's sorry. I know she wants to go home."

He wanted me to agree with him.

"I think you'll find that Holly or Lulamae - has changed," I said.

"Listen," he said, when we reached my apartment building. "I need a friend. I don't want to surprise her or scare her. Be my friend. Tell her I'm here."

I liked the idea of introducing Mrs. Golightly to her husband. I looked up at her lighted windows. I hoped her friends were there. I wanted to see Doc Golightly shake hands with Mag and Rusty and Jose. But then I looked at Doc Golightly's proud, serious eyes and I felt bad.

He followed me into the house and waited at the bottom of the stairs. "Do I look nice?" he asked quietly.

Holly was alone. She answered the door immediately. She was ready to go out. "Hello, you silly man," she said. She hit my arm playfully with her purse. "I'm in a hurry so we can't make friends now. Tomorrow, OK?"

"OK, Lulamae. But will you be here tomorrow?"

She took off her dark glasses and looked closely at me. "He told you that," she said in a small, nervous voice. "Oh, please. Where is he?"

She ran past me into the hall. "Fred!" she called down the stairs. "Fred! Where are you, darling?"

I heard Doc Golightly climbing the stairs. Holly saw him and stopped. She wasn't scared but suddenly she was very sad. Then he was standing shyly in front of her.

"Hello, Lulamae," he began. "Don't they feed you up here? You're so thin - like when I first saw you."

Holly touched his face. "Hello, Doc," she said softly and kissed him. "Hello, Doc," she repeated happily. He lifted her off her feet and started to laugh. Neither of them saw me when I went up to my room. They didn't seem to notice Mrs. Sapphia Spanella when she opened her door. "Be quiet!" she shouted. "Take your men away from this house!"

"Divorce him? Of course I never divorced him. I was only fourteen!" Holly lifted her empty glass. "Two more drinks, my darling Mr. Bell."

We were in Joe Bell's bar. "It's early in the day for drinking," he said. The clock behind the bar showed that it was not yet noon. We were already on our fourth drink.

"But it's Sunday, Mr. Bell. The clocks are slow on Sundays. And I haven't been to bed yet," she told him. "Not to sleep," she said quietly to me. She went red and turned away.

For the first time, she seemed to feel a need to explain her actions to me.

"I had to. Doc really loves me, you know. And I love him. He may look old to you but you don't know him. He's a kind man, he loves birds and children. He gave me a lot. Every night I ask God to watch over him. Stop smiling!" she said angrily. "I do love him."

"You're a very special person," I said.

"Yes, I am," she said. Her face, pale in the morning light, brightened. She smoothed her hair. "I look terrible. We spent the night in a bus station. Doc wanted me to go with him. I told him, 'Doc, I'm not fourteen and I'm not Lulamae.' But you know what's sad? I am the same person. I'm still stealing eggs and running through the trees."

Joe Bell put the fresh drinks in front of us.

"Never love a wild thing, Mr. Bell," Holly told him. "That was Doc's mistake. He was always bringing home wild things. Once it was a sick bird, then a wild cat with a broken leg. But you can't give your heart to a wild thing. If you give them your heart, they get stronger. Then one day they are so strong that they run into the woods. Or fly into a tree. Then a taller tree. Then the sky. If you love a wild thing too much, they run away."

"She's drunk," Joe Bell told me.

"A little," Holly said. "But Doc understood. I explained it to him very carefully. We shook hands and he held me. He wants me to be happy."

"What's she talking about?" Joe Bell asked me.

Holly lifted her glass and touched it against mine. "Good luck, Doc. Dearest Doc - it's good to look at the sky. But you don't want to live there. It's a very empty place.”

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| Post Reading  task | Were your ideas in the pre-reading task correct? If not, were you surprised?  Write a paragraph summarising this chapter in your own words. Write in your notebook, post to our group page or message to your TF |