

# THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT

— V. S. Pritchett —

It was the dead hour of a November afternoon. Under the ceiling of level mud-colored cloud, the latest office buildings of the city stood out alarmingly like new tombstones, among the mass of older buildings. And along the streets, the few cars and the few people appeared and disappeared slowly as if they were not following the roadway or the pavement, but some inner, personal route. Along the road to the main station, at intervals of two hundred yards or so, unemployed men and one or two beggars were dribbling slowly past the desert of public buildings to the next patch of shop fronts.

Presently a taxi stopped outside one of the underground stations and a man of thirty-five paid his fare and made off down one of the small streets.

“Better not arrive in a taxi,” he was thinking. “The old man will wonder where I got the money.”

He was going to see his father. It was his father’s last day at his factory, the last day of thirty years’ work and life among these streets, building a business out of nothing, and then, after a few years of prosperity, letting it go to pieces in a chafer of rumor, idleness, quarrels, accusations and, at last, bankruptcy.

Suddenly all the money quarrels of the family, which nagged in the young man’s mind, had been dissolved. His dread of being involved in them vanished. He was overcome by the sadness of his father’s situation. “Thirty years of your life come to an end. I must see him. I must help him.” All the same, knowing his father, he had paid off the taxi and walked the last quarter of a mile.

It was a shock to see the name of the firm, newly painted too, on the sign outside the factory and on the brass of the office entrance, newly polished. He pressed the bell at the office window inside and it was a long time before he heard footsteps cross the empty room and saw a shadow cloud the frosted glass of the window.

“It’s Harold, father,” the young man said. The door was opened.

“Hullo, old chap. This is very nice of you, Harold,” said the old man shyly, stepping back from the door to let his son in, and lowering his pleased, blue eyes for a second’s modesty.

“Naturally I had to come,” said the son, shyly also. And then the father, filled out with assurance again and taking his son’s arm, walked him across the floor of the empty workroom.

“Hardly recognize it, do you? When were you here last?” said the father.

This had been the machine-room, before the machines had gone. Through another door was what had been the showroom where the son remembered seeing

his father, then a dark-haired man, talking in a voice he had never heard before, a quick, bland voice, to his customers. Now there were only dust-lines left by the shelves on the white brick walls, and the marks of the showroom cupboards on the floor. The place looked large and light. There was no throb of machines, no hum of voices, no sound at all, now, but the echo of their steps on the empty floors. Already, though only a month bankrupt, the firm was becoming a ghost.

The two men walked towards the glass door of the office. They were both short. The father was well-dressed in an excellent navy blue suit. He was a vigorous, broad man with a pleased impish smile. The sunburn shone through the clipped white hair of his head and he had the simple, trim, open-air look of a snow man. The son beside him was round-shouldered and shabby, a keen but anxious fellow in need of a hair cut and going bald.

“Come in, Professor,” said the father. This was an old family joke. He despised his son, who was, in fact, not a professor but a poorly paid lecturer at a provincial university.

“Come in,” said the father, repeating himself, not with the impatience he used to have, but with the habit of age. “Come inside, into my office. If you can call it an office now,” he apologized. “This used to be my room, do you remember, it used to be my office? Take a chair. We’ve still got a chair. The desk’s gone, yes that’s gone, it was sold, fetched a good price—what was I saying?” he turned a bewildered look to his son. “The chair. I was saying they have to leave you a table and a chair. I was just going to have a cup of tea, old boy, but—pardon me,” he apologized again, “I’ve only one cup. Things have been sold for the liquidators and they’ve cleaned out nearly everything. I found this cup and teapot upstairs in the foreman’s room. Of course he’s gone, all the hands have gone, and when I looked around just now to lock up before taking the keys to the agent when I hand over today, I saw this cup. Well, there it is. I’ve made it. Have a cup?”

“No, thanks,” said the son, listening patiently to his father. “I have had my tea.”

“You’ve had your tea? Go on. Why not have another?”

“No really, thanks,” said the son. “You drink it.”

“Well,” said the father, pouring out the tea and lifting the cup to his soft rosy face and blinking his eyes as he drank, “I feel badly about this. This is terrible. I feel really awful drinking this tea and you standing there watching me, but you say you’ve had yours—well, how are things with you? How are you? And how is Alice? Is she better? And the children? You know I’ve been thinking about you—you look worried. Haven’t lost sixpence and found a shilling have you, because I wouldn’t mind doing that?”

“I’m all right,” the son said, smiling to hide his irritation. “I’m not worried about anything, I’m just worried about you. This—” he nodded with embarrassment to the dismantled showroom, the office from which even the calendars and wastepaper basket had gone—“this—” what was the most tactful and sympathetic word to use?—“this is bad luck,” he said.

“Bad luck?” said the old man sternly.

“I mean,” stammered his son, “I heard about the creditors’ meeting. I knew it was your last day—I thought I’d come along, I . . . to see how you were.”

“Very sweet of you, old boy,” said the old man with zest. “Very sweet. We’ve cleared everything up. They got most of the machines out today. I’m just locking up and handing over. Locking up is quite a business. There are so many keys. It’s tiring, really. How many keys do you think there are to a place like this? You wouldn’t believe it, if I told you.”

“It must have been worrying,” the son said.

“Worrying? You keep on using that word. I’m not worrying. Things are fine,” said the old man smiling aggressively. “I feel they’re fine. I *know* they’re fine.”

“Well, you always were an optimist,” smiled his son.

“Listen to me a moment. I want you to get this idea,” said his father, his warm voice going dead and rancorous and his nostrils fidgeting. His eyes went hard, too. A different man was speaking, and even a different face; the son noticed for the first time that like all big-faced men his father had two faces. There was the outer face like a soft warm and careless daub of innocent sealing wax and inside it, as if thumbed there by a seal, was a much smaller one, babyish, shrewd, scared and hard. Now this little inner face had gone greenish and pale and dozens of little veins were broken on the nose and cheeks. The small, drained, purplish lips of this little face were speaking. The son leaned back instinctively to get just another inch away from this little face.

“Listen to this,” the father said and leaned forward on the table as his son leaned back, holding his right fist up as if he had a hammer in his hand and was auctioning his life. “I am 65. I don’t know how long I shall live, but let me make this clear: if I were not an optimist I wouldn’t be here. I wouldn’t stay another minute.” He paused, fixing his son’s half averted eyes to let the full meaning of his words bite home. “I’ve worked hard,” the father went on. “For thirty years I built up this business from nothing. You wouldn’t know it, you were a child, but many’s the time coming down from the North, I’ve slept in this office to be on the job early the next morning.” He looked decided and experienced like a man of forty, but now he softened to sixty again. The ring in the hard voice began to soften into a faint whine and his thick nose sniffed. “I don’t say I’ve always done right,” he said. “You can’t live your life from A to Z like that. And now I haven’t a penny in the world. Not a cent. It’s not easy at my time of life to begin again. What do you think I’ve got to live for? There’s nothing holding me back. My boy, if I wasn’t an optimist I’d go right out. I’d finish it.” Suddenly the father smiled and the little face was drowned in a warm flood of triumphant smiles from the bigger face. He rested his hands on his waistcoat and that seemed to be smiling too, his easy coat smiling, his legs smiling and even winks of light on his shining shoes. Then he frowned.

“Your hair’s going thin,” he said. “You oughtn’t to be losing your hair at your age. I don’t want you to think I’m criticizing you, you’re old enough to live your own life, but your hair you know—you ought to do something about it. If you

used oil every day and rubbed it in with both hands, the thumbs and forefingers is what you want to use, it would be better. I'm often thinking about you and I don't want you to think I'm lecturing you because I'm not, so don't get the idea this is a lecture, but I was thinking, what you want, what we all want, I say this for myself as well as you, what we all want is ideas—big ideas. We go worrying along but you just want bigger and better ideas. You ought to think big. Take your case. You're a lecturer. I wouldn't be satisfied with lecturing to a small batch of people in a university town. I'd lecture the world. You know, you're always doing yourself injustice. We all do. Think big."

"Well," said his son, still smiling, but sharply. He was very angry. "One's enough in the family. You've thought big till you bust."

He didn't mean to say this because he hadn't really the courage, but his pride was touched.

"I mean," said the son, hurriedly covering it up in a panic, "I'm not like you . . . I . . ."

"What did you say?" said the old man. "Don't say that." It was the smaller of the two faces speaking in a panic. "Don't say that. Don't use that expression. That's not a right idea. Don't you get a wrong idea about me. We paid sixpence in the pound," said the old man proudly.

The son began again, but his father stopped him.

"Do you know," said the bigger of his two faces, getting bigger as it spoke, "some of the oldest houses in the city are in Queer Street, some of the biggest firms in the country? I came up this morning with Mr. Higgins, you remember Higgins? They're in liquidation. They are. Oh yes. And Moore, he's lost everything. He's got his chauffeur but it's his wife's money. Did you see Beltman in the trade papers? Quarter of a million deficit. And how long are Prestons going to last?"

The big face smiled and overflowed on the smaller one. The whole train, the old man said, was practically packed with bankrupts every morning. Thousands had gone. Thousands? Tens of thousands. Some of the biggest men in the City were broke.

A small man himself, he was proud to be bankrupt with the big ones; it made him feel rich.

"You've got to realize, old boy," he said gravely, "the world's changing. You've got to move with the times."

The son was silent. The November sun put a few strains of light through the frosted window and the shadow of its bars and panes was weakly placed on the wall behind his father's head. Some of the light caught the tanned scalp that showed between the white hair. So short the hair was that his father's ears protruded and, framed against that reflection of the window bars, the father suddenly took (to his son's fancy) the likeness of a convict in his cell and the son, startled, found himself asking: Were they telling the truth when they said the old man was a crook and that his balance sheets were cooked? What about that man

they had to shut up at the meeting, the little man from Birmingham, in a mackintosh . . . ?

“There’s a fly in this room,” said the old man suddenly, looking up in the air and getting to his feet. “I’m sorry to interrupt what you were saying, but I can hear a fly. I must get it out.”

“A fly?” said his son listening.

“Yes, can’t you hear it? It’s peculiar how you can hear everything now the machines have stopped. It took me quite a time to get used to the silence. Can you see it, old chap? I can’t stand flies, you never know where they’ve been. Excuse me one moment.”

The old man pulled a duster out of a drawer.

“Forgive this interruption. I can’t sit in a room with a fly in it,” he said apologetically. They both stood up and listened. Certainly in the office was the small dying fizz of a fly, deceived beyond its strength by the autumn sun.

“Open the door, will you, old boy,” said the old man with embarrassment. “I hate them.”

The son opened the door and the fly flew into the light. The old man struck at it but it sailed away higher.

“There it is,” he said, getting up on the chair. He struck again and the son struck too as the fly came down. The old man got on top of his table. An expression of disgust and fear was curled on his smaller face; and an expression of apology and weakness.

“Excuse me,” he said again, looking up at the ceiling.

“If we leave the door open or open the window it will go,” said the son.

“It may seem a fad to you,” said the old man shyly. “I don’t like flies. Ah, here it comes.”

They missed it. They stood helplessly gaping up at the ceiling where the fly was buzzing in small circles round the cord of the electric light.

“I don’t like them,” the old man said.

The table creaked under his weight. The fly went on to the ceiling and stayed there. Unavailing the old man snapped the duster at it.

“Be careful,” said the son. “Don’t lose your balance.”

The old man looked down. Suddenly he looked tired and old, his body began to sag and a look of weakness came on to his face.

“Give me a hand, old boy,” the old man said in a shaky voice. He put a heavy hand on his son’s shoulder and the son felt the great helpless weight of his father’s body.

“Lean on me.”

Very heavily and slowly the old man got cautiously down from the table to the chair. “Just a moment, old boy,” said the old man. Then, after getting his breath, he got down from the chair to the floor.

“You all right?” his son asked.

“Yes, yes,” said the old man out of breath. “It was only that fly. Do you know, you’re actually more bald at the back than I thought. There’s a patch there as big as my hand. I saw it just then. It gave me quite a shock. You really must do something about it. How are your teeth? Do you have any trouble with your teeth? That may have something to do with it. Hasn’t Alice told you how bald you are?”

“You’ve been doing too much. You’re worried,” said the son, soft with repentance and sympathy. “Sit down. You’ve had a bad time.”

“No, nothing,” said the old man shyly, breathing rather hard. “A bit. Everyone’s been very nice. They came in and shook hands. The staff came in. They all came in just to shake hands. They said, ‘We wish you good luck’.”

The old man turned his head away. He actually wiped a tear from his eye. A glow of sympathy transported the younger man. He felt as though a sun had risen.

“You know—” the father said uneasily, flitting a glance at the fly on the ceiling as if he wanted the fly as well as his son to listen to what he was going to say—“you know,” he said. The world’s all wrong. I’ve made my mistakes. I was thinking about it before you came. You know where I went wrong? You know where I made my mistake?”

The son’s heart started to a panic of embarrassment. “For heaven’s sake,” he wanted to shout, “don’t! Don’t stir up the whole business. Don’t humiliate yourself before me. Don’t start telling the truth. Don’t oblige me to say we know all about it, that we have known for years the mess you’ve been in, that we’ve seen through the plausible stories you’ve spread, that we’ve known the people you’ve swindled.”

“Money’s been my trouble,” said the old man. “I thought I needed money. That’s one thing it’s taught me. I’ve done with money. Absolutely done and finished with it. I never want to see another penny as long as I live. I don’t want to see or hear of it. If you came in now and offered me a thousand pounds I should laugh at you. We deceive ourselves. We don’t want the stuff. All I want now is just to go to a nice little cottage by the sea,” the old man said. “I feel I need air, sun, life.”

The son was appalled.

“You want money even for that,” the son said irritably. “You want quite a lot of money to do that.”

“Don’t say I want money,” the old man said vehemently. “Don’t say it. When I walk out of this place tonight I’m going to walk into freedom. I am not going to think of money. You never know where it will come from. You may see something. You may meet a man. You never know. Did the children of Israel worry about money? No, they just went out and collected the manna. That’s what I want to do.”

The son was about to speak. The father stopped him.

“Money,” the father said, “isn’t necessary at all.”

Now like the harvest moon on full glow the father’s face shone up at his son.

“What I came round about was this,” said the son awkwardly and drily. “I’m not rich. None of us is. In fact, with things as they are we’re all pretty shaky and

we can't do anything. I wish I could but I can't. But"—after the assured beginning he began to stammer and to crinkle his eyes timidly—"but the idea of your being—you know, well short of some immediate necessity, I mean—well, if it is ever a question of—well to be frank, *cash*, I'd raise it somehow."

He colored. He hated to admit his own poverty, he hated to offer charity to his father. He hated to sit there knowing the things he knew about him. He was ashamed to think how he, how they all dreaded having the gregarious, optimistic, extravagant, uncontrollable disingenuous old man on their hands. The son hated to feel he was being in some peculiar way which he could not understand mean, cowardly and dishonest.

The father's sailing eyes came down and looked at his son's nervous, frowning face and slowly the dreaming look went from the father's face. Slowly the harvest moon came down from its rosy voyage. The little face suddenly became dominant within the outer folds of skin like a fox looking out of a hole of clay. He leaned forward brusquely on the table and somehow a silver-topped pencil was in his hand preparing to note something briskly on a writing pad.

"Raise it?" said the old man sharply. "Why didn't you tell me before you could raise money? How can you raise it? Where? By when?"

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