

GNOOF. Indeed.

ANNERLY. Yes, I saw Q.

GNOOF. Not, of course, a billiard cue?

ANNERLY. No, no. Q. The—er—somethingth letter of the alphabet.

GNOOF. I know. I know. A round O with a wiggle on it.

ANNERLY. Precisely. But as you have already guessed I use Q merely as a symbol for a personality.

GNOOF. Quite so.

ANNERLY. Now, my dear George, you believe in the supernatural. You believe in phantasms of the dead?

GNOOF. Phantasms?

ANNERLY. Yes. Phantasms. Or, if you prefer the word, phanograms, or say if you will phanogrammatical manifestations, or more simply psychophantasmal phenomena. Well, last night I saw the phanogram of Q.

GNOOF. Good gracious!

ANNERLY. Yes. I saw Q as plainly as if he were standing here. But perhaps (*rising and pacing the room*) I had better tell you something of my past relationship with Q and you will understand exactly what the present situation is. When I first knew Q—don't you think you ought to take notes?

(*He is now above table c.*)

GNOOF. Indeed, yes. A most valuable suggestion. (*He produces notebook and pencil and puts down all that ANNERLY says in shorthand.*)

ANNERLY. When first I knew Q he lived not very far from a small town which I will call X (GNOOF *makes a note*) and was betrothed to a beautiful and accomplished girl whom I will call M.

GNOOF. One moment. I strongly suspect that Q and M are not the real names of your acquaintances, but are in reality two letters of the alphabet selected