

the event will show that for psychic work of this character your mind is a media—(he puts a finger on GNOOF'S forehead)—or if the word is better, a transparency of the very first order.

GNOOF (*beaming with delight*). Do you really think so?

ANNERLY. I do. Now it only remains for us to bind up our eyes and await the advent of Q in the adjoining rooms. According to the ritual sixty seconds is ample time for the spirit to manifest itself and you had better count the seconds on your side, noiselessly of course, until you reach sixty. You will wait in that room (*indicating right*) and I in the hall (*indicating L.C.*). There are no other means of access to the room so that if the money goes we shall know that it has safely reached Q. Now before we put on the eye-bandages kindly perform these psychic exercises with me. (*He proceeds to make ridiculous wavings in the air with his hands, all of which GNOOF repeats.*) Good. Now tie this round your head. (*They both bandage their eyes and proceed on tiptoe towards their respective doors.*)

GNOOF (*as ANNERLY opens the door L.C.*). Oh, Annerly, my dear fellow, if we should fail. Doesn't your very soul tremble at the possibility?

ANNERLY (*looking back*). My dear Gnoof, I think I may express myself as quietly confident.

(*He goes off L.C. and GNOOF goes off R. Immediately they are off DORA DNEIPER rushes out from behind the screen, grabs the banknotes which she thrusts into her bag and with a mumbled "Where are those four coppers?" extracts four pennies from her bag and places them on the side of the table. She then darts back behind the screen. Now the door L.C. opens and ANNERLY comes in. He has pushed the bandage up from his eyes to the top of his forehead. He tiptoes down to the table where he stares at the fourpence as if he had been stung.*)