Do You Hear That?

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Diffusion Generator

Tony White’s Balkanising Bloomsbury project is supported by Arts Council England through a Grants for the Arts award.

This publication is supported by Proboscis as part of the 2007 Diffusion Generator case studies programme.

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education, found beautiful wives and were living like princes. Maybe they were doctors in New York or somewhere. Chicago maybe. He'd probably imagine them strapping the baby seats in the backs of their cars and playing basketball with each other at the weekends. Like they did when they were boys.

At that time almost everyone knew someone in America, but unless you'd been there yourself all you'd know about it would be from music or what you'd seen on TV you know, the Beach Boys and I Dream of Jeannie or in films. Well, that and the money people sent home, when you could do that kind of thing, which was real enough to keep the country going.

He'd think about the presents he'd buy for his grandchildren when this was all over. How he'd hold them to his breast and pinch their rosy cheeks.

There was a knock at the door late at night. 'Do you hear that?' he asked his wife, but she was already going down stairs. He heard the vase in the hallway break as she slumped to the floor; heard a voice familiar and yet unfamiliar say 'Mother!' But there was only one voice. Only one son.

Imagine the shock. I don't think he was ever quite don't know what the family thought, but you can be sure of it. I didn't dare to ask about this it's so I shoved it off. I did want to ask about this, to the father was doing and he'd killed himself from the bed, been shown a video in prison of what his murdered for another knock at the door, and jumped waited for another knock at the door, and jumped wounded. He's been shown a video in prison of what his murdered, when the phone rang. Some people said that whenever the phone rang. Someone would hear a voice familiar and yet unfamiliar say 'Mother!' But there was only one voice. Only one son.

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right after that. His health. You’d think in some way he’d be pleased at least to have one son return to him, but I think he just retreated into the day dreams that had kept him going before. Those kind of dreams are hard to let go of. If they were grilling some meat or something he’d turn to his son and ask, ‘How do they do this in America?’ or ‘What kind of car did you drive?’

I think before the end, when the net was closing in, he might have been lucid enough to realise that he wouldn’t be remembered well. Maybe it’s lucky that we never see our own obituaries. He had a hospital appointment. His cardiologist recommended rest. It was his blood pressure, at times of stress it would go up very steeply. But of course he never liked to take advice.

I wanted to go to the funeral. Id thought that maybe I could get a story out of it, but in the event I decided not to. A few months after that I tried to phone to get another interview or at least a quote. I wanted to tell him that my tape recorder was broken when I’d interviewed him before and would he like to set the record straight, tell his side of things. I wanted to say that people would be interested in his experiences, that he wouldn’t automatically be