



WIN LYOVARIN

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1. lover
 2. the doll
 3. an old cloth and a tray of mackerels
 4. the last drop of ink
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LOVER

Saturday: Loneliness?

Night time / starlight / river / glints / hotel / luxury /
riverside grounds / party / lights / reflections / splendour
/ breeze / throng / formal dress / smiles / laughs / fun /
food / buffet / wine / booze / happiness / city folk

Room corner / she / evening dress / black / stunning /
she / eye-catching / entourage / crowding around /
eagerness to please / by her side / him / gentleman / old
age / she and him / laughing / two people / music /
holding hands / dance floor / arm round waist / dancing
/ waltz / Blue Danube / Johan Strauss / motion / rhythm /
beauty / them / couple / touching / him / question / who
/ husband / ? / improbability

Me / eyesight / staring / observing / interest / doubtful-
ness / jealousy / me / she / eyes meeting / finally /
deciding / walking to her / me / bowing / introduction /
smile / seeking permission / dancing / she / granting
permission / me / statement / thanks

THE DOLL

Why are we here? Why are there so many people? Why do we have to travel? Why are so many faces so sad? Why are there people crying? Why are there people hugging each other? Are they hugging because they're parting or because they're meeting? Why are there people waving? Are they waving because they're meeting or because they have to part? Why are those crying? And those, why are they laughing? Why have I come here? Why do I have to travel? Why did you drag me out of bed in the middle of the night, mum, right when I was dreaming of my favourite doll? Why won't you tell me where you're taking me? Why did you decide on a plane? Why not a train, a car or a boat? It's because you want me to get there fast, isn't it? How come I feel like eating a mint right now? Why are there so many strange faces here? Why is it still so crowded at this late hour? Why does everybody have to carry a suitcase or two? Where are they all going? Are they going to the same place where you're taking me or not?..

AN OLD CLOTH AND A TRAY OF MACKERELS

A cloth, a table
An old piece of cloth on an old table
An old piece of cloth folded flat on an old table
Sunshine flows in
Showing the cloth has three colours
Sunshine bounces
Off a military medal next to the cloth

2

The second-hand goods dealer
Has come to buy the old cloth
Better be dead than sell that old piece of cloth
He needs it for tomorrow
Looks round the kitchen
Empty shelves empty rice pot empty plate
Hasn't eaten since dinner last night
Tomorrow is National Day

3

His hair has just turned white
But his leg hurts since youth
He hobbles around
Indochina
The war against them French

4

Every year he sticks that cloth up in front of his house
When the wind blows the old cloth flutters
And his memories come back to life again
The old cloth flaps and waves at the whim of the wind
A length of cloth that once fluttered over French
dominion
An old cloth he washes every year
Since the day he was decorated for valour in the field of
honour

5

'What are you putting it out for?' the dealer asks.
He does not answer. He doesn't have to.
The dealer asks again: 'Well, you're going to sell it or
not?'
His belly groans louder. 'You traitor,' he mumbles.
'I'll throw in a tray of mackerels, how's that?'
'No way! Over my dead body.'
He looks at the dealer
Looks round the kitchen
Empty shelves empty rice pot empty plate

6

Sunshine streams over
The empty table
Tells himself: "Twas just a piece of cloth"
As he hobbles over to eat the mackerels

THE LAST DROP OF INK

'This year's most outstanding novel is *A Single Drop of Rain*, written by Weit Wathin.' Thunderous and prolonged applause greeted the announcement.

As Weit Wathin stepped onto the podium, hundreds of pairs of eyes converged on him. He bowed a little as he received the Asiawrite Award from the president of the jury, placed the golden plaque down on the stand and beamed. The Asiawrite is given every year to five outstanding writers in the whole of Asia, and is the most prestigious award crowning the career of an Asian writer. In the course of twenty-four years of literary toil, Weit's output had been steady and his books not only made money but also won much critical acclaim. ...

Newspaper reports

17th January

**LEADING WRITER
SUES GREENHORN
FOR MAKING HIM
WIN AWARD**

Well-known writer Weit Wathin filed a court action this morning, alleging his name had been used without authorization by an amateur writer named Khom Kangwan.

As a result of the announcement made by the Asiawrite Award jury, which selected Weit Wathin's work, *A Single Drop of Rain*, as ...

Win Lyovarin [pr. Liao.wa-rin], born in 1956 and trained as an architect, is the most inventive and versatile of Thai writers of short fiction, with a passion for formal research and packaging. He shares with novelist Chart Korbjitti the distinction of being awarded twice Thailand's most prestigious literary prize, the SEA Write Award, in 1994 for his novel *Pracha-thipathai Bon Saen Khanan* (Democracy Shaken & Stirred, on sale at his winbookclub.com website), and in 1999 for his outstanding collection of short stories *Sing Mee Cheewit Thee Riak Wa Khon* (That living thing called man), of which both 'Lover' and 'The doll' are extracted. He has lately published a lengthy historical novel which has promptly been turned into a movie.

