The Waves
or Moth.
.2.
Oct. 29th 1929

Ending up very feebly behind them.

It was wrong, for that is not she be there.

But when Rhoda saw her face in the small glass she brushed her hand over it, thinking that ~~the had~~ in fact she had no face; I am not here, she thought. I am not among you. Other people have faces, but I have none. Then world, she thought, as they went ~~aftendacy~~ ammann, to the world the sun shines on. What they lifted was heavy. The ground was ~~perfectly~~ hard. They never hesitated when someone spoke. Either they laughed or they flew into a passion. & letting the table crash they cried No! Whereas all for her was dubious. She laughed in the middle of her anger. She hesitated when she was most ~~sure~~ ~~fat~~ ~~flood~~ ~~of~~ ~~scalum~~ ~~sure~~ ~~sated~~. She was carried ~~her own~~ ~~darkness~~ ~~tightness~~; but ~~at~~ her failure ~~mattered~~ ~~made~~ ~~the~~ ~~bitterness~~, sina: there was alice in the world. She sent the thick cup guardedly to her lips at tea, glancing sidelong at her neighbour. But when she saw that Alice was there, then the ~~world went~~ whole row of faces ~~went suddenly~~ ~~moved~~ flashed suddenly from side to side & ~~then~~ stopped. ~~dead~~. Her whole being ~~washed~~ flashed from side to side & stopped.

(She was a long faced long little girl, with her ~~hair~~ hair ~~came~~ at very thin & long at the end of her ~~frock~~ frock) She planted her cup ~~so~~ ~~tight~~ & set it down exactly in the middle of the sauce. Eleven. Mr. Alice was there very mouthful meat be eaten with stern discretion ~~in~~ ~~nothing~~ & it, by chance, Alice looked above, (then one ~~not~~ ~~make her see the~~ ~~feeling~~ let the extraordinary light on her countenance fall without flinching; though it was difficult to set down & draw breath ~~with that~~ ~~beneath it~~. & she could not swallow her bread & butter.

while Alia looked at her. But afterwards, in the garden, how high the leaft, how weldly the ran, thinking that Alia saw her, ~~passed~~ her from some other window: ~~imagining~~ Nay that the stood behind ~~a certain~~ that curtain; ~~then, of the game were played in the playing field,~~ how the lingered behind that bush. But when the saw Alia, walking with Jean-Jenny in the park, the was afraid once more. The ~~feels~~ fact Alia presence was staggering. The had always much ado to walk beat her; yet saw ~~with astonishment~~ the ~~unclean~~ ~~as~~ girls who ran right up to her, went past her, like ~~mice out~~ in a trylis dress — & ~~the could hardly~~ sometimes, the dared cast a look at her; & then quickly looked away; so as to gather another rubbly of that wonderful material, from which to build, at ~~at night~~ in in chapel, at ~~night~~, sitting over a book, or in bed at night, those pagodas, those dreams.

How beautiful, when night came, to let the fear tower, that we had always to knock down by day, build slowly over me; how the could ~~dream~~ pile up, dream by dream, the wonderful story of Alia & henley; & add each night the the chapters made by day; lying alone safe in the dark. The day, with its bells & interruptions was too hard for the perfect unfolding, complete & entire, of what was in her; but in the enchantment of the night these giant flies grew, these unreal & beautiful flies; & she lay awake long despite the night, going with agility among their ~~for~~ glistening leaves; but always as she was about to kiss ~~her~~, the life faded. The tree was light; it had no roots; its leaves cast no shadow.

Sense the heart of the adversum. it sighed. "Reached he.

~~Beautiful~~ ~~hidden lights~~ ~~darted into the~~

It was strange how ~~in the room the light~~ difficult it was to distinguish one thing from ~~and there in the room, had~~ another, whether that was light or flame, reality or reflection.

Coming in gradually as it did, the light which the lady seemed to radiate, here & there — ~~here~~ never the light seemed to have things suspended, with hollows & empty places; & then some spot of intensity. ~~But~~ It was unequal, visionary; ~~many~~ the most solid things in insubstantial; cupboards were robbed of their structure: beds might have flown through them. ~~Then~~ And strangeness ~~descended and~~ descended on the ordinary: a knife, a plate. — ~~he~~ had ~~at the edge~~, a faint no hard outline; but might be ~~taken~~ of white & dusp varnish. ~~But the reality~~ Yet, though the ordinary names seemed ~~to~~ unfitting, each thing, as the light touched it, had ~~lost~~ ~~an intensity~~, became ~~a dagger, a~~ ~~ideal~~, a something pursed, intense, unique, — dowered with a fanatical opulence, overriding names; sharp as cut, memorable as the eye — of there were an eye in the hanging curtain-like shape, which presided over the table like a judge, or lawgiver; or it might ~~be only~~ hand held in prayer, or the vast structure which, in Roman Catholic churches, is raised over sacred seats; ~~or~~ the heads of ~~clergymen~~, priests as they dispense blessing.

left, over her head like a ~~green~~ ~~emerald~~ ~~heaven~~ of ~~emerald~~, emerald, emerald,

For moments now, the little bird on whose ~~head~~ beak, ~~breast~~ ~~the dew was~~ there were drops of dew, on whose breast the sun ~~have~~ made canary & rose, sang together, melody & rollicksome, as if they were, for all

the wind as if they were swinging together that is swaying, lightly
at ease joined in some rich rapture, rhythm,
lazy movement long round; for it could not be that the voices that
that were so blithe, so rhythmical, came but from winged
bodies, swaying on branches & ~~swing~~ gently swing, &
then, silence came; ~~& sudden flight~~ it meant a sudden flight
something ~~[illegible]~~ omenous, a cat behaps, or some noise of
life in the kitchen startled them; & up they went into the air,
one voice escaping, singing, leaving off its song. The sea stanched
its foot like a hand stopped

So ~~they moved~~ Louis & Jacob & Rosamond & Bernard
moved in ~~their extraordinary world~~; among forms &
cupboards of grained oak; among the black boards ~~[illegible]~~
& the retorts of the laboratory; ~~among~~ or lay in the grass
but looking to the tap of the bats; (when one game was
over another began) the bats hitting & hitting & hitting;
& the little boys with stiff legs went on driving them
across the field; ~~their~~ Archie & Claude & Tom & Hugh &
Walter & Richard & Thomas, ~~& a thousand~~ so on
interminably; for no sooner had one been bowled
than another marched out to take his place; & then
sometimes, breaks would come, & they would be
hacked right out them, & driven off, ~~to~~ boasting —
with all their heads in a row, boasting about their uncles &
fathers & elder brothers at Oxford & Cambridge.

Louis admired them, for their assurance. Jacob liked their
pink innocent faces. Bernard

horses. Leaning behind a pillar watched them drive off. ~~He turned~~ & ~~Jasper~~ Jasper watched too, they both thought the same thing — ~~they~~ ~~moved them~~, ~~& yet darkened them~~, but it was inevitable, it was inexplicable. ~~They were~~ that the boating boys in the great lake, ~~in the~~ were what they wished to be — so lovely, so simple. Yes, but little dark too, ~~Louis~~ Jasper thought; cruel, brutal, irresponsible, leaping ~~behind them~~ ~~flowers about~~ butterflies with their wings pinched off; & dirty pocket handkerchiefs screwed up clotted with blood; ~~& making~~ ~~to small~~ boys sobbing in corners. ~~Yes~~, but how strong, too, how entirely certain of their wishes, & entire in their enjoyment; it might be ~~pleasing~~ a beast; it might be a kicking bales ~~about. Also, if one~~ somewhere. And how beautiful too; if one did not ~~[illegible]~~ in mind boys ears, & an expression in the face that was so slow that one was troubled sometimes to give it a rap, so off & be ~~the~~ ~~boy~~ entirely — such was the impermeability of their minds. But Unhappily. Indeed Louis went off, alone.

Jasper looked, healthily, heartily, unable to tear himself from the place & ~~the comfort~~ & the assurance, however one named it, of this unlikely: — & health, ~~& lightness~~ — yes, though they teased & hitched — ~~faulted~~, it was ~~the fact of~~ humanly fizzing in him up: a sort of effervescence, without which the business & the intensity were unfortunate; ~~& also~~ one might ~~lead~~ explain ~~to them too~~ — teach ~~them~~. So, he moved ~~[illegible]~~ the ~~[illegible]~~ his arm ~~over~~ round Archie's shoulder, or lying in the long grass talked about ~~Greece~~ to the the Greeks, to the beautiful, ~~but unfortunately very backward~~ far past; — where ~~[illegible]~~ was so like a Greek, that it seemed to matter that he was a ~~[illegible]~~ dunce, a disgrace, a bankrupt, an omen fraught with death — so he the Dr. moved boom, at him, without making the slightest impression:

& made

jump up in the terror of the vacancy,

even

$4_{3_2} \cdot 10$

$9 = 10$

was bound to bring disgrace upon his parents. "Boy" the doctor groomed at him ~~gaily~~ ~~blunt, hearty~~, always ~~thinking~~ to ~~be~~ teasing, always much huffier, heartier louder, ~~more~~ ~~unfaltering~~, ~~more~~ nobler, than a real person.

But Louis, when the brake had driven off stole away. An australian, speaking with an accent, he nevertheless (as he walked across ~~to~~ the courtyard ~~from~~ to have an hour's special tuition with Mr Grace) was the scion of a very ancient family. He possessed the most admired gifts of ease, a brother a wit. His saying "Can life wield fire through the court. Duchess would give the emeralds out of their rings"; & so on; he was admitted to anti-chamber. There was the Marquis and the Duc de Saint Simon. He held out his ~~hand~~ small boy — & tapped at Mr Grace's glazed door; & woke, the awkward colonial boy, who had a passion for Latin poetry, yet talked with an accent, in the presence of that ~~owl-like~~ ~~absorbed~~ absent-minded man, with his perpetual quotation. He was standing on a chair to reach down a book — his ~~latest~~ selection.

~~"The diamonds blaze on my forehead"~~

Rhoda, too, as she bent ~~down~~ ~~to wash~~ over the lavatory basin to wash after the gymnasium, felt slow down the Russian Empress's veil; stream about her shoulders. The diamonds of the imperial crown blaze on my forehead, the myrtle (yet he father was a mere barrister, ~~in a hat~~ always ~~black coat~~ very ~~hurriedly~~ seeing in his way. Down from ~~towards to West~~ Temple Bar) & walking very slowly, so as not to disarrange the garden, she went into the library, this hot spring afternoon, & took down the double columned Shelley that stood there, with the round label, C. 48.

the old darkies in white jerseys
& yellow trousers; the
old tilting invented;
~~the~~ ~~old~~ all

leaning her arms on the desk, with the veil flowing over her shoulders, the road about the floating water lilies, broad & bright

which let the oak that over hang the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery light

& she gathered flower after flower, as she read, & made a nosegay & hastened to present it

O! to whom?

O to whom, she repeated, looking rapidly out of the window & feeling the wet ~~damp wet~~ white flowers, laid beside her in the cage, with broad green leaves; & her fondly felt like them, ~~weak &~~ laid ~~weak & wearied &~~ damp ~~on the~~ there; heavy yet some extraordinary ~~sweetness~~ sweetness there, which was hautaine, burdensome, yet extremely luxurious; & she was fretful, & whole variable. & felt the her, laughter, her indifference, her sense of the overpowering greatness of life, & its terror, in her thighs, which seemed full, but laden like a bees with honey, & there was some burden in them to be ~~laid down~~ let flow, along with all the flow & ~~sweetness & mystery~~ of the ~~something~~ hidden, of the sweet smelling flowers, ~~the stream of~~ deep ~~waters that went flowing so jolly & neighbourously out & out~~ — sweet waters, with white lilies floating on them. Her body felt powerful, intensely susceptible, made of some O to whom she revealed, looking out the window at the distant couples courtesying along the ~~for~~ ploughes on the beach, for away, for the ~~fader~~ was roofed with immaculate turf & white stone; & there were also great iron gates.

like the Sea

with some burden,

White porous cells,

School

She seemed to think it. Just as over her, ~~to~~ not that play in separability, but in a broad cloud stream, as ~~of the wave~~ made ~~before the the body has become~~ as if from her whole body, became furious & illumined. The black flesh with lit, like ~~an~~ a slab of glass in a pavement. ~~before~~ ~~more~~ no longer black white & thick but fit like ~~the~~ a slab of glass in a pavement. ~~Therefore~~ Here lay the sheaf of white flowers, ~~spreaded~~ strewed with broad green leaves, lovely abundant, to be gathered together & given not to ~~one person~~ anybody in particular. The great stream, that was yet pale of irregularity & thus of pain, as if the flow ~~of her~~ were ~~that~~ checked here & there by rock or weight, had to surmount obstacles, to feel its deep way round some obstacle, went flowing out in a ~~delicious~~ wide, fertilizing & fresh & great, leaving her ~~smart~~ whole, ~~the~~ pacified, enchanted, but relieved of some oppression, having overcome some vast obstacle & impediment, & become incandescent, her body luminous, ~~but~~ its ignorance removed, its blindness unsealed the thickness of the body made light. & transparent & heaven. She ~~saw the old factory~~ watched an excursion steamer crossing the bay. ~~Good~~

So with Celia & Sara & Jenny. — ~~even walking together~~ ~~down the~~ the long grass path leading to the plain house seemed to be hazy; ~~not insubstantial~~, & & soft; & ~~as in the evening a light shivered over the~~ shivered the air ~~blue of face became~~ their face, ~~in the evening~~, had lost the eyes reflected, their blue, their haze; ~~the candid and~~ what was hard & candid before, the sharpness & clarity was gone, from their eyes; ~~they~~ something deep down had melted; & green its darkness & dreaminess to the depths of the eyes, as if they had in them the knowledge of some consciousness held alone ~~some~~ ~~with~~ apart, which made them whole checked & laughed, but

but to the wrong & desirable not to the whole world but to the sea, to the world.

& the blindness of the body ~~was~~ opened.

& its ignorance lit up.

become ~~knowledge~~. understanding

also more apprehensive & student, when they bent over their lesson books. or jumped for the ball, or gazed at the lilacs, hanging in purple bows among the leaves; or else lay in the grass, staring at the clouds moving ~~[illegible]~~ in the soft depths of the blue sky; & watching fairy white substance, gathered together in little groups. ~~[illegible]~~ Last year, since ~~what had been in Sydney~~ they had been like ignorant, has seen nothing; & now they saw everything, but tender, & soft; with new eyes; ~~[illegible]~~ ~~In the spring had covered the old stalks dry all these months.~~ The covered with greening green; & tender; & soft; & full of meaning;

Sydney pure clear;

how the tide had covered the ~~bare~~ stake ~~upon~~ which had been so bare only last summer; & it had come round & flowed over them with its deep murmuring waters, so that the edge of red brick walls quivered; & there was a film of ~~fear~~ purple light over them.

the blank interrogation

how they saw everything trembling & seemed round with soft grey & violets, — eyes, faces, & even the hard brick of the schoolhouse flowered like this, & their eyes filled suddenly with tears, as they sank laughingly down alone & ~~the~~ ~~tug~~ feeling the tug the obstruction, the impediment & the pain & the ~~gh~~ anguish; to & they the sudden sickening & lightening as if the deep tide had surmounted some obstacle & ~~was~~ the ~~freedom~~ door had opened into an immense world. into which they strayed with ~~wondering eyes~~ looking with wonder.

For there was glowing light in the room. That was undoubtedly a chair; that a table; the edge blade of the knife could be distinguished from the hasp. ~~At the same time~~, But if things could be named, ~~their~~ it was ~~still~~ how becoming more difficult

as the light regained,

as they became in themselves ~~& more recognizable~~, to relate them to each other. A chair & a table & a cupboard, seen together, make something else — And ~~whether it? Do I like it? Do~~ I what is not chair table or cupboard, but a ~~& so they~~ something

different

independent, & probably good or bad, beautiful or ugly, ~~something which~~, though outside of us, is yet ~~part of ourselves by us. So that~~ made by us. ~~For~~ nobody else will see the thing, the whole thing is either hideous or lovely, which the edge of the cupboard makes against the that of the table, in the same way. ~~Yet the light came~~

Every moment now the light increased; & although vast Gulfs & ~~Crevices~~ Vaults of obscurity remained in which there might well be more cupboard, or another table, or even another hooded form, sitting beside a block & knife & fork, they what ~~could~~ could be seen here & there ~~ultimately~~ plain. ~~The~~ Slowly but with determination the woman who had slept beneath the hornyer, & they so perfectly planted, sharing through the wave tops, ~~now close in her~~ rising & slowly over the ~~crest of the edge of the~~ water. Steadfast & implacable, ~~inescapable~~, awful, ~~grand~~ & powerful; inescapable: ~~was~~ ~~like some~~ air of these planets & pink Kuna, these flamingo & coloured rays, & like the Mother of Sam, ~~the~~ which a fool might have to hide her beauty, were fairy lights, ~~reflections from some~~ ~~dazzling hyperb~~ from some fairy island, reflected of ~~wave & the water~~. Flying fires ~~running thro~~, reflection from some unknown island, rays of wanton & spontaneous merriment, the laughter of lovely nymphs, the arrows not they in laurel wood by wanton boy. All no had fallen. The leaves covered them. The ignorant Mummering was clearer. Then suddenly again, a light ~~would~~ come, fairer & stranger, coming from further, & more strangely & ~~mockery~~ wildly Mumming the sandy waste, where the ribs of the ~~ba~~ boat lay, & the marked sea holly.

Hooping with a Cockle Hat

Jasper Worthing had the ~~Court~~ whole home had a glimpse of the doctor's private garden, and the door had been left open. The butler, Briggs, was ~~placing a table, to laying a table~~ ~~for afternoon tea~~. Mrs. Crane was ~~blowing the little girl's nose~~; ~~taking~~ ~~talking~~ leaning over to ~~talk to~~ ~~a blouse of plain cut~~ the little girl had; ~~on the~~ leaning down to ~~do~~ ~~take pins~~ something to the little girl's frock; the steam of the tea-urn rose in a plume on the table. Jasper saw it for a second; ~~thinking~~ ~~like steam~~ they, it there, he said, feeling queerly as if he had surprised some animal in a jungle. ~~One~~ ~~Cats there~~ ~~It will went together~~, And later, when he was alone in the study, the scene came before him, without a hair's breadth of difference. He gazed at it carefully, curiously. It gave him a the same shock, as if he had seen something in a jungle. But he could not give ~~any other shape to the right, see that~~ put it in to any other form; he could not ~~go to Bernard, say~~ make him too understand the ~~odd~~ symmetry which he had that fitness, that completeness, that meaning. ~~stood by~~ ~~deeper~~ that sense of healthy, private action suspended. that ~~existence~~ intimacy of understanding ~~with~~ ~~for~~ as if one had been ~~He~~ ~~given a key~~, shown a ~~secret~~ intimate sign. He could not impart it. Yet it lay in her mind; ~~like a~~ an example; a an illumination, a thing in itself. And since it it had more than that — emotion, something one could feel over over again, as often as the light seen through the crack of the door came back to him — or a smell moved by it, or a sound; — one could never tell what would suddenly bring to light Briggs, the table & the child. & that odd emotion. But one could not impart it. ~~So then, it~~ And then, Rhoda, when she was

13

and suddenly

Went across the to the mechanics building with a note, one rainy day, saw ~~to~~ to. The sky reflected in a puddle; & the sight of this whatever it was they were at? She could not step over the puddle. One had stopped on this side; her sky dwindled; there was ~~the land~~ were islands; nothing then surrounded her: the horses to left he just was gone; the grey water ruffled in the wind, the grey hale water seemed to be an infinitely, & he an identity nothing; so that she could not step across it. She & again ~~went away~~ like a stray feather; was not. &

~~Was. like~~ all the world ~~was~~ that distant; could not Exist. - could not be; for there was nothing but the grey puddle; but at last placing the palm of the hand against the wall of the house she came slowly back to ~~house,~~ & hardness, & to the houses, & so, I suppose she had to keep painfully going back ~~through~~ into the state of existence again & assuming its various impedimenta and to nearly. But the puddle the dissolution of identity - could not be ~~said~~; ~~discovered~~ terrible difficulty of crossing. & of coming to earth again by laying one's hand on something hard Could not be discovered. She lay awake at night thinking how the grey puddle lay in the middle of the path.

as it were & the dark

~~But~~ And there, as Mrs Lambert. Mr Crane observed, the little boys & girls would moon about the playground. Whitby, a retired man staring vacantly at the window. For Jasper & Louis & Rhoda were saying to themselves, Here am I entirely alone in the world. I am as a rocky island like Robinson Crusoe: How shall I make myself a right? They don't see what I see. They don't my point. And then fearfully & began. They began to ~~say~~ try to explain something, & the other person was not listening. He did not see

~~at all whatever meant.~~

I must set about alone, far out. So, at worse the holidays, they cut for themselves a slice of bread, or whatever they could steal from the sideboard & went rambling, tramping, along the lanes, across ~~the~~ fields, into paths, into over walls, into ~~great~~ vast forests (for ~~[illegible]~~ at their age, an extra mile brought them to unknown country) where they lay under the beech tree, reading the world like ~~which~~ which they had cried beneath them, or crouched in the long grass to see the plover fall on its nest, or stalked the lazy cubs, or watched the layers of the leaves tumbling in infinite gradation, up & up, above them, & thus very far from home, alone, heard the thunder of ~~horse~~ hoofs galloping ~~behind~~ behind them, the sudden armies of the wind, which did like ~~the~~ the shouts of armies, perished as ~~they~~ still in mid career; or gazed over the vast plain below, or still, ~~so~~ which, in its silence, seemed to have to outlived them & their fathers & all the generations of men.

But, on the other hand, when the brake full of boating little boys had turned the corner, Bernard

~~and they were at school~~ Lonelinesses had these alcoves, these islands hollowed out yet. There, even in the middle of dinner at school, when every one was talking, Louis & Rhoda & Jinny & Susan withdrew. The keyed eyes. The clasped fingers indicated that the body was in some distant place, ~~trying to say~~ thought Rome or Greece perhaps; it might be only some Kentish garden; the mind was trying to make that particular thing something seen through an open door perhaps: the Biggs & the tea urn: the dark players tennis: or Miss Lambert moving her hand with the purple ring over — hazy sporty, something complex, made of the

[illegible] of several things unexpectedly, portent.

But on the other hand when the brutal fate of boasting little boys had turned the corner, Bernard who was no cricketer, felt did not like it — he did not like being alone. Everything withered & fell flat. There was nothing to look up & send sharpness. He felt in his pockets, ~~as he walked in the library~~. There were only a few miserable coins & a lump of chalk. Life was meagre & bare. He stared vacantly at the sky. Nature never suggested anything to him. Pedestrians might be ploughers, ~~or~~ beech trees oaks for ~~anything he knew~~ cared; but if there were an old hedger ~~talking with a shepherd~~ coming along the lane with the bags on his back then instantly, Bernard stopped kicking the pebble & analyzing the stars, ~~& wondered~~ Had he been up since six? And ~~the~~ was he going out to work? Had he got a glass of beer? Or had he been in the Crimean perhaps, or had ~~he~~ what he been in several parts of the world, & ~~was~~ it very comforting to have a drop of something hot about midday. And he had in his waistcoat, a scrap of ~~leather~~ velvet; ~~helped~~ made his jacket what he saved so he said to lend; & they ~~began to talk of the~~ lend at breakfast. Then ~~he~~ and whatever the man said Bernard would examine & put away in his mind, — a phrase, something to be had out & made use of, one never knew when — his mind was stocked. To be ~~good~~ with phrases marked. Good bad, not so good; to be lived; or perhaps adopted for one's own. The thing that had happened to the man had happened to him. So, naturally, when Jasper was antagonistic, when Louis was unhappy — Rhoda laughed at him, — or when Archie felt that the cup was not what he most wanted after all, then Bernard, who loitered a little behind; or ~~let them~~ had a good phrase for that kind of feeling; had perhaps had it handy — He would trace the

[illegible] arm, Chatterton or Astley

[illegible] that or we

Not anything when he should have been doing his Caesar "the not anything you mean" if an he hurtit; this not anything; the not anything being then made very amusing, when the "Wowed we up, in a bubble from his lips; & then they felt, it's wonderful what one can say to him.

And different as they were, they felt, both Bernard & Louis guesses at what I feel; & that was a great consolation.

So the brother filled with Cricketers in white flannel went on coming & drawing off; & the sisters always very handsomely complimented the recipient. ~~Also~~ ~~And the~~ & the brother filled with ~~girls in~~ the Characters in the Midsummer Night's Dream girls in cloaks & hats & white muslin dresses went on coming in & drawing off to, ~~for~~ & there were in which they acted ~~pastoral plays~~, went on coming in & drawing off; down the long and ~~so~~ tables were penned on green baize boards — ~~where to~~ names. Some ~~had barked their gamentations~~; were at the top; others at the bottom; vast baskets collected the cutlery after the meals; & visitors to the School were shown the method of washing plates by Electricity. ~~In short~~ Innumerable children, or as they now began to be called 'future citizens', ~~to~~ Some Charles-Harvey Ellen, Celia Worthy, & soon, ~~in~~ like the names recurred over & over again disappeared, in different directions, like ~~the~~ drops of water ~~all the bad of a broad~~ rapidly falling & succeeding each other & falling; & to each the Wdn gave a book, & Mrs Lambert gave a book, with an inscription in their inkid scholastic hands. — rare as some, ~~Flora Utopia~~, ~~the Kitchenmaid. The bad~~ ~~those who were~~ that there were the Wdens & the ~~Upper~~ Stables's; —

omen written some degree

Litanies &

the bottom gradually moves up the top moves out;

wrapping in — cut of traffic, up Holborn across the Strand,

for the girls flounce & flounce with — & the married sister let her stay thinking the child was fairly scared

Strand boys & kitchen maids; — he riding a tricycle ~~with a~~ new ~~with~~ for a Company that delivered clean towels to offices; & white flowers, when was cut of a vase for a moment. The cook, so the said, had thoroughly knife at her; altogether the was scared — she didn't want to be cut into bits — The was a nervous little girl — & so the ran all the way home to her married sister; & her married sister [had an interview with the mistress]. was ~~looking for a new place; wh~~ had her eye on a first place where the mistress gave ~~to~~ after the maids hearty, & had promised flounce a silver watch if she stayed in the new place a twelve months — The ~~[illegible] the~~ that particular term had been very exhausting; & Mr Lambert would go abroad to the Dolomites to pick flowers. Dr Crane did not like foreign travel; he went to the Lake. There had been no severe cases of any kind; all the reports were filled up; & ~~lay~~ were pitched at an breakfast table. All the ~~proxy~~ were filled ~~corded~~; looked; wrapped — but never a thought how the straps had broken; or been lost; the 6 ~~res~~ carriages were reserved; — never a thought how the ~~Gat~~ clothes had grown too small, or been knocked out of shape: how the ribbons had faded & frayed; how the boots had become dinted & oiled; how the glossy spurs backs had been blotted & jammed: — Jenny was almost in tears, trying to smooth ~~his out~~ her ~~best~~ velo felt dress out, on tips of the boots & shoes; — The legs like — with he at at home, began thought; talk with gentlemen; & thinking only of ~~to~~ ~~with~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ nothing but dogs & tigers like; & Rhoda thought how she could confess to the near Celia & ~~[illegible]~~ read the label on her bag, so that she could see that hiza of information in her dream; & Louie, running hurriedly across the playing fields saw the shot where they had sat that

afternoon – now the clouds were very dark; nobody was looking; yet he ~~would be there always~~ the idea was there; & there was the value of the brown lounder, ~~in~~ on its pedestal; & another term was bared under her eyes; & they were painting another name on the roll of benefaction – somebody had died. This benediction accent fell on a world which was ripening its corn in England; the corn stood thick, & bent under the wind. Barges went slowly down the Midland Canals; the farmers watched the channels ~~&~~ across the fields; going back in the trains which raged out from all parts of England the children looked from the windows ~~&~~ ~~looked~~ in that excitement felt that ~~this was the day~~ day was the first day of the holidays, even in the horrid little suburban neighbourhood, where the trains were stopping. Certainly it was the first day of the holidays over there – by the sheet the coal lay on the grass. What was odd, Louis thought, was the sense of impermanence. They were passing across England in a train. Therefore they were not anywhere in particular – they were passing. Nobody could say exactly where they were at the moment. All ~~to~~ the ~~instant~~ had clothes – on this side, & on that. One had no attachment. Was this then, reality? To be in a ~~transition~~; passing; unattached. The mind they were hypothetic, not tied down by external force to some particular spot. One has an immense sense of relief, & certain terrifying to be removed from this. One feels the grip of joy & pain too strongly; & the flitting – the transitory. The fields of Leicestershire went hobbling by the window. They were talking of painting, painters who ~~paint~~ painted with the Belvoir ... the Rutlands. Crowding round the window they

One is leaving it, he thought. And as the train went through Leicestershire, it swayed far away, as if it had a thread attached to it, & this thread ~~again was~~ attached to several ~~other~~ things in schoolroom, bedroom & playingfields which it pulled & they came together: they united; they that was the summer term; he looked ~~back at~~ Now that he was passing away from it, though Leicestershire, he could could see the summer term lying, ~~all~~ ~~Cow~~ made up, finished, completed; beautiful that — & lasting ~~that~~. this scene — how horrible — all jumbled at the edge — that ~~how~~ ~~beautiful~~ beautifully ~~serene~~, now that one saw to the elms at the edge of the playground; that certainly triumphant; & that, if one saw as he could at this moment, ~~did~~ faces looking for a book with his spectacles stood up, very amusing; very subtle: that ~~scene~~ one would have to go mine again; & so he watched the red & black cows in the fields, & the rolling valleys he felt the three ~~things~~ ~~months~~ assembling themselves as in his mind; ~~bright~~ coloured, yet even with separate limbs; as green or purple or some odd rainbowright hue; which he conferred ~~upon~~ for no reason — or ~~very~~ capriciously: ~~at~~ the day might have been fine — but, since Percival had been as growing, it was reddish coloured in his memory. And he ~~He felt all these things~~ stood in his mind; the hat ~~made~~ was finely made; & as the train went on, ~~made~~ & stood up; ~~& so~~ yet though there was something satisfactory & beautiful in the fact that it was there, behind, while the train went on; yet ~~as~~ the train went on it went on too; one & something was ~~coming~~ impending: this moment's impression was not lasting, & ~~one~~ was drawn a- one was reaching something new, sudden, unrelated terrible, alarm; one had to go through that terrible fire dangerous process of separate things happening beyond control, seeing separate things, without any coherency; & wait, till they

Still passing but endured

gave out this

Part it was for them all: over; laid behind; ~~a~~ no longer lingered about but summed up & concluded, when the train started; left & left behind, by some quite lovely, nothing much had happened – It had been rather a drudgy term, Mabel thought.. dull: without any incident.

Susan was only too glad it was done with, & the train could have cut it off completely out the line. The would have been glad; never ~~a~~ what she didn't wish to think about – ~~a~~ so that the loyed hedges finally when each field; because they were not schoolfuls: they kept thinking that the halves had never been to school: the cows had never been to school, cows, were dong real things not

~~The kept thinking that the~~ the men in the fields were not coming up to the school with vegetables – ~~it was~~ unfortunate. There was ~~the ordinary nice world; the without~~ any

lucky

all the ~~nice~~ unregulated, ~~haphazard~~ things: ~~that~~ the kept consoling thought how they happened nice ordinary world where one could just be ordinary. ~~And~~ The thought ~~more~~ with fearful against the letter ~~the could see the~~ the would see her father – He would not see her. Then he would see her: & he would that would be her best moment, for when we had to talk it was ~~ordinary difficult~~ different – he would have things to get in the town. ~~Rhoda~~ Only there were hours & hours to be got through before the tasks of school could be done or ~~it~~ tasks like carbolic soap & linoleum – was just a red of.

Rhoda, rather at a queer angle, as if she were a toy with strings attached to her back & legs hovered round the edge of the grey puddle; in the wasteland. ~~But that was the~~ It was odd ~~that as~~ her moments lay scattered – her life. The thought as she baby realized her ~~shadow~~ landscape – was a long ~~strip with~~ sketch. Where that ~~faded~~ ~~they stood, & the~~ sketch ~~of the horizon, & there~~ there ~~was a moment~~; of blue; & then there were a moment, ~~& then there was a moment~~; ~~& then~~ a puddle. But ~~the knew~~ ~~what was odd was that it was odd~~. ~~It was~~ It was very grey. If one could go back to them & ~~add them~~ ~~make they~~ put them together, ~~no doubt there would~~ perhaps then she would hold ~~it it~~ – & her thin fingers made themselves into a cup on her knee – ~~her dim sense~~ ~~very that the wind was a tremendous weight, a great~~ ~~hold this enormous wind~~ – ~~the world~~ seemed to be a ~~swelling bulging~~ the meant? ~~what~~? the world? its meaning? But there were moments, when ~~her~~ the ~~we~~ pulse in her head seemed to beat a mile & a minute & her brain to expand so that she was able to understand everything: & not one of those moments. Indeed she could not ~~But this was~~ get ~~at~~ the ~~pulse~~ fully, ~~as~~ authentically, that is in a clasp; all over her senses; ~~the~~ but only heard it vaguely, in her ears. part of a demonstration ~~that was made~~ which she would have to an something held in store. And then, as the train rushed on ~~through the~~ swept on through woods & over high ~~bare places~~ jumpy places the began cautiously. ~~to be mechanically & afterward begin the~~ to hover & tremble over the things – ~~darkness, a night~~ so ~~fearful~~ so peaceful – & keeping her mind perfectly, because it was not night yet, over they thought of whitby: ~~wonderful~~, blind, extinguishing ~~gas~~ drowned place, where she used to walking; it there must be a house in whitby which actually remembers. There was a street – but the round hulks were on

be a cup in which the great O rolled:

~~too~~ grey in the new! heavy flying like a bird

then when the train arrived at

Effort, resolved not to spoil the thrust by hurrying get new: ask the wound do was to look at the map opposite & ~~imagine~~ ~~try to see~~ but that do & to imagine that ~~one~~ ~~another time~~ the line, instead of breaking off, went on, over to the Count. ~~Stood then~~ So boy felt suddenly from the rack. ~~Bicycle~~ Cherries ~~to~~ rolled every where. The ~~pale scrambled for cherries. & the~~ old woman opposite committed ~~the~~ horrible atrocity of opening her bag & beginning to eat. A ~~tourist old woman an atrocious~~ was ~~very~~ cross, An old man & an old woman began to argue. They ~~became~~ very cross. The hat was knocked off: not. It might have killed her. ~~The~~ The devil. And that was another And so they began haggling; astonishing old grumpy old woman; & a man who might have been — Clergyman between not — ~~The~~

~~She did not know whether she liked the~~
They were both extremely interesting.

Jenny on her way to Percy had been placed in the corner of a ~~the~~ carriage in charge of an undeveloped travelling lady. ~~But~~ And passing through a tunnel, the head then, the attitude in the window of a very nice gentleman's head, looking at her ~~in the~~ corner; - a drama, ~~as~~ the lady had seemed to put forth a field; ~~to be~~ ~~to be expressive~~; ~~to~~ an instrument. She knew ~~that the way~~ warmth & light seemed to clothe her. She felt a ~~intelligent~~ everything quicken up & lighten in her; ~~as if~~ in the warmth & the approval of the right face in the window. ~~Something~~ ~~She felt the beat of some astonishing power~~; that ~~took~~ made her move, very slightly in her seat; & the face in the glass noticed the movement & ~~approved~~ got; ~~She seemed to~~ & then she ~~moved her~~ smiled, & the face in ~~the~~ glass with the black tunnel behind ~~it seemed to be~~ ~~contain flickering back the~~ smiled. A wonderful sympathy ~~attachment seemed~~ to unite them, very secret, very profound; & ~~her body became~~ they were united by a wonderful sympathy, a kind of joy; irrecoverable, uncatalogued, something springing from the very fact of her being, intrinsically, so that her ~~as~~ hand & feet seemed to feel it apart from her body. And ~~then~~ ~~yet~~ the ~~tunnel end~~ And then the tunnel ended; ~~the~~ there was only a man reading a newspaper in front of her. He had hastily hitched up that screen; & glancing at the lady who was opening a handbag to extract a smelling bottle, Jenny felt & the whole apparatus of her body collapse like a that parasol & ~~nothing could work~~. ~~But~~ But if this were possible, ~~but~~ But then yet were true that one was like this, ~~how~~ well then, when one was grown up, out, — she looked over the ~~Kensington~~ ~~Hyde Park~~ roofs; & the glass roofs, the bedroom windows of tiny little white houses ~~Dancing~~; ~~in the light~~ There was a lovely harmony

& responding to answer

The had some curious attachment to that fall:

& the warmth & pentri a spring

with much a hope to dislike the woman; felt a repugnance to her.

that was done with entirely:

grass on the lawn. She had left Irwin Thackeray behind, fantastic with flatterers. But she had no heart: it was the last day of the summer holidays, was beginning; & already on the train went through the Surrey hop gardens, the last day ~~was all glowing out~~, as if she were just coming into a room, & saw before her a long ~~gloo~~ corridor, leading ~~to~~ through a succession of such lovely days to some unimaginable — something astonishing.

The afternoon by Jasper were unpleasant. To look at him was unlikeable; ~~& then that extraordinary charm for~~ ~~something~~ I have ~~had~~ a hale boy, in ugly clothes, trying to read a book in a smoking carriage with City gentlemen. He ~~was~~ He had an extraordinary craving to — ~~what was that was~~ something people talk about — what something — not this. It was terribly distasteful to him — this commonness. But then what? Heaven knows. Nothing appeared possible. No escape. No love. No complete abandonment.. Nothing. Yet he could have conjured the ~~wd~~ carriage entire — & then no; he was incapable of any effort. The horror of life weighed on him — & he watched high Lady Mayoress the well known symptoms as the afternoon in London — the jasmine, the asphalt ~~pave~~ paths, the ~~back wards~~ the broken lamp a glass in back rooms, & then the encumbered ones family, & all the beauty & reality & sense of life was ~~gone~~. ~~He had not seen Persuasion~~ to say good by to his elder brother. Cecilia was off to the Highlands, with ~~to~~ Jack — Not a word would come from him. And he returned to the summer holidays, forgiven them very mechanically in a series of interviews with when things had been dead; or he had been abroad; or sulky; or had all gone off, hopeless; & then something had happened; & then he had succeeded; & then not; & then there had been the wonderful day, boating, when .... He could not believe that he could survive the day that were long. And almost at once the struggle in Lyon — with porter, with luggage, with cabs —

& the horror of

its beauty
its overpowering
its tremendous
unknown

and yet as the train drew into the station & gradually seemed to stop the & to rest & then very gently gave a little bump so that one felt as kind of conclusion: a & end: he felt with relief so it had begun & ~~reached for his bag~~. The first day of the summer holidays. Everybody came streaming towards him from every part of the station; with trolley & & he stood there ~~for~~ ~~to~~ everything he said, brilliantly; with extreme impartiality; as if he he were ~~at~~ still moving in the train, & ~~yet~~ could see his body sitting in a trolley & porter had about to begin: And so he jumped into his body finding it hard on.

~~Bernard~~ ~~When~~ ~~Bernard's~~ ~~Then~~ Bernard, ~~to his~~ ~~third class carriage~~ ~~was the~~ was not going home. He had was going to stay with the ~~Larpents~~ in Devonshire: & & thus he ~~was going to Cross Landing~~; ~~But~~ he was going to ~~make a clean cranky journey~~; would have to remember to change: & this to ask the porter ~~who~~ on what platform the train came in — his mother had worthy full directions on a card which he had made into a boomerang so was buzzing about the carriage; at Larpent offerts; & there was Tom & Jack & Will & Pete — ~~all~~ they others ~~Newton~~ ~~Cockwood~~ had planned to fetch the same carriage; & so to have a final jollification ~~Sente Rebecca~~, ~~magnificently~~ — for by adding for they had a limited privilege ~~attaches~~ between them; & a ~~Corson~~ lots of name in common. so that the old ~~Jest in the corner~~ could ~~guess~~ ~~they what they were saying~~ — guess what they were saying — ~~for~~ for all the world what they were saying — so; but he was a rather a cheery old bird, with thick black eyebrows, ~~an~~ a red lip sticking out rather far, & ~~small cap~~ very little brown eyes. ~~He~~ looked ~~to Bernard~~ ~~thoughtfully~~ ~~The boat~~ One could begin, very soon making up stories: The fields went past, ~~Larpent said~~ Fred said that ~~he had~~ ~~to had~~ they were coming about the 12th of August.

Red would be shooting: Archie provident: they would be staying by the sea; they would be boating; they would be staying on the wildest part of the coast; very near the highest mountain in Wales; ~~on a~~ ~~in the very wildest part of Scotland~~. An eagle was seen there last year. Not an eagle, a kite. Kites are practically extinct. Kites aren't extinct. They fluttered past the at the window; the countryside; the shining woods went past; lines of blue, squares of gold; ~~then~~ green thick green hedges; clumps of woods; & Archie land his arm; & prattled to Robert; & ~~then~~ ~~houses~~ churches: little villages; lovely houses with lakes—

And Bernard peering between their heads thought.

That was a good phrase; he ~~had~~ had entertaining days in his mind. The sense, like a circle, hung up on a very high hill, & down below a gleaming lake. And then he got drawn in to the argument about Kites, about ~~is~~ an aeroplane; since he had an odd position among them, never boating, never actually rowing he hardly had done anything, ~~but~~ so that he was ~~always~~ more fair-minded, ~~only~~ ~~in this~~ & also was ~~a kind of~~ obviously the one to answer when the old man in the corner began jawing about the first day of the summer holidays; & where were they going — then Bernard of course took his a ~~before they could stop him~~ in actually began to dilate bubbles with him, & ~~for the~~ got him to have them ~~in what state~~ & he wondered when he got out, & hoped they would meet again, without hoping to be great thing; then the ~~for~~ I am making rings with my tongue; it was an extraordinary very happy sensation. It came naturally, he did not see exactly why one did. He stuck up, or blurted; ~~c.~~ not at all to say what one liked just because ~~an~~ old ~~gentleman was~~ ~~to~~ he was a stranger. He was very intently. He had seen Mr Gladstone

And what did he look like, Bernard asked. "The devil!" said the old man. A good phrase, Bernard thought; he meant I will say that; I will get them to bring in his flashlight somehow. Here But where was his ticket? He had had it when he started. Where was I say he saw. What did you do with my mother Go like? Nobody had seen it. Perhaps it was the boomerang. Where was the boomerang? Where had he got to change. The train was going. He had to change somewhere about now – And to want hung an hour for a train going to Exeter." It took he would up a large letter on the carriage. "You will not be able to miss it." his mother had said. But he had missed it – the train was going – he had no ticket – he had no notion where it was going. He did not was certainly wrong – But good bye good bye he waved cheerily going all over, to the others who stood, dazzled with all the luggage collected, on the platform, while now they watching him disappear.

He ought to have got out; he ought not to have gone on; what would happen to him? ~~So they sat~~ They felt ~~rightly~~ really that something awful had happened. Yet it was really very amusing. They shouted. It shouted back. — ~~It was very~~ It was to be indifferent, unconcerned. Blown up, a marks of one's fate — or to be off on the wrong train without a ticket when other people were checking one. There he was, as the train swung round, leaning on his elbows on the window sill, looking at them. So he vanished. And ~~so~~ Tommy felt, ~~as~~ that he was ~~naturally the most~~ naturally the most splendid of fellows, but also ~~that~~ he did not know how to put it — what his folly was — a rather unpleasant, green folly, what Bernard not caring a jot for any of them.

From the ~~north~~ north, the south, the west, the east, trains with specially reserved compartments kept streaming through England on this first day of the summer holidays. ~~Though for~~ Soon they had left all the signal boxes & the homes with back gardens, & ~~was~~ with their air of surprise at ~~being in~~ ~~at being~~ an event, & their air of being left behind, most unfortunately for them, & were out in the country, ~~an~~ passing through the very heavy whitening field of stubble; & then through ayle boxes & way in solitude very expectantly, ~~rather~~ hardly ~~for~~ ~~to~~ which people dozed a read paper, the train would come into world country, passing through where nobody lived at, but only a few miles up; high up on the hills; — how strange the comfort of the carriage was with the table between the windows with a catch for holding a tumbler & a ash tray was compared with that ~~heat~~ roar & the tumbling stream — & would go ~~to~~ so slowly labouring up, ~~into~~ into the into farmers, into open moors where there would be silence again, directly the train had passed; & already looking back one could see the whole — the cloud shadows

& the train went by

passing over the moors that were left alone. And then, after certain hours the descent began, down, down that break into the splendid gaping gorges & ravines, that in long years were shaped on the edge of ~~[illegible]~~ ~~yellow~~ ~~[illegible]~~ broken red cliffs, & by degrees the volume of the sea & blue in the distance is thicker & thicker till it seems ~~as if the~~ like a smoke, like a steam of richness, ~~[illegible]~~ & there is more & there are shots of pure emerald; ~~so rich~~ & the ~~[illegible]~~ earth were so rich that a light under it made it glow. And then how flat it became as one could see the thin edge thinning out melting into the sea: & there were people there; there were church towers, & then there was platforms with the every golden glow behind; & teacups were put on the table –

into the sea. (And there was no longer the first day of the summer holiday. ~~The~~ There was no longer

The sea ~~went~~ held up its level stamps: keeping ~~throwing~~ its waves. Had there been an eye in the hooded form, ~~bent~~ bent over the table, in the room, ~~with the~~ where there was now a light, not showing everything, but showing by degrees more things & ~~they~~ the ~~many~~ combinations of things, it would have seen the shallow bulbs ~~flower~~ ~~a~~ ~~rose had opened~~; the pies ~~showing legs~~ the plat ~~was~~ ~~heavy~~ ~~weakly~~ ~~was~~ ~~was~~ was colour stains; ~~shadows~~ in the ~~hollows the shadow there were great lumps~~; lines; ~~fern~~ angular or round; ~~hollows~~ in the hollows the crackled shadow outlining of shapes; & in front, on the table, several ~~great particulars~~. clear ~~exact objects~~ – a knife, a plate, displaced gaudily; & which outside the window the birds that had sung in the nest in the white ness ~~were~~ here & there, on one tree & then another, irregularly, ~~& had they~~ & far for the one bird that sang close under the window; ~~or~~ all were now singing far off, high up invisibly in chorus; ~~but~~ ~~their~~ ~~were~~ ~~were~~ & the sun & shrill & high; like mountain streams; & lovely, as it they sang to the pale blue sky; ~~to the~~ & yet ~~fearful~~ & anxious for all their intensity, ~~as if they their~~ perhaps the cat moved in the bushes: or the cook throwing the ashes on the ash heaps ~~made~~ ~~seemed~~ frightened them. fear was in their voices, & joy; & they sang lazily & then down in the clear morning air, the birds leaping higher, emotionally; & then they soared, singing, together, & chased each other – as ~~one could see higher the other wandering~~ ~~Eros~~ Harley, ~~flying~~, swifter, pursuing, taking flight, & they wheeled the ~~flame~~ ~~pursuit~~ was over, lovely, descender, deliberately impending, coming down here & there & then, & then, rather up on the bushes, ~~the~~ with their bright eyes glancing; & their head turning now this way

darkness, or colour:

now that were, alert, eager, aware, awake; & ready to rise again
above round into the air.

Perhaps down a snail shell, ~~arched, or~~ ringed, ~~that~~ rising
among the grass; ~~like a~~ in grey cathedral, a swelling building, girdled
with its dark ring; ~~or~~ perhaps they looked at ~~the~~ green ~~blades~~,
among ~~the grass~~, green-shadowed among the grass, where
tall ~~the~~ blades were & touched their lips & darked. The
blades of green; among ~~which~~ tall, green soaked or very slender, were
perhaps ~~they~~ down the flowers they saw, ~~the~~ all ~~at~~ all
splendour & glory of white, or violet, with their ~~black~~
fuse of juice & their petals flowing making an ~~green~~
lightness the bed; & here rising in tall ~~colours~~; & the lips
very purple, & ~~the~~ within a smooth dark tunnel. or they saw
the lilies bright leaves ~~curling~~ ~~in~~ dancing; ~~or~~ ~~or~~ watched
still, sparkles, among the soft plumes ~~that~~ blossom in white
their ~~beaks~~ beats would sink; or ~~down~~ the the drop against
the wash, the pendent, the legged the bright the gaunt
flung, & yet not falling → with a whole wonder in its
beyond home and
& flowers curved; or the sun simply
one gold: gold that made their eyes gold; &
fingered the softer beats, made the canary red, & the
the blue purple: or perhaps they looked, deeper, away
~~from the~~ between the leaves the flowers, into ~~those~~
~~dark avenues of darkness, or the damp lake~~ dark avenues
where there only corruption; where the leaf rots &
the flower ~~as~~ has fallen. ~~there was the worm,~~
& ~~there was the soft mentioning~~ ~~was at the~~ & ~~then~~
one of them, a golden eyed on the other, beautifully
descender, ~~plugged the~~ pecked the pink worm, the defenceless
worm, the soft-mentioning ~~white~~ ~~O~~ &
~~pink~~ pink again & again & again, beautifully

or with edge or

brightly impinging the flesh; ~~&~~ making it, making it, things making the pink brown;

~~For all it touched & the~~ lonely sky over, the bare stars, here was pain with joy, & cruelty with rapture; here there was

~~fresh~~ Down there, among the roots, ~~there was~~ where the flowers ~~all things were couched, there were the black stinking~~ roots ~~things: the~~ fruits of strange smells were wrapped; what had ~~fallen was the lilies~~; the ~~fruit oozed with decay~~ golden ~~of tobacco~~; decay oozed from the brown sides of ~~the~~ decayed fruit, & beasts stirred on them. There we ~~where~~ ~~the~~ ~~marked the~~ on things' ~~&~~ & creeping amorphous body with a head at either end — now & again an ~~withered in the damp.~~ The golden ~~eyed bird~~ Slowly turns

The sun ~~penetrated there too~~; cleared all that darkness, in between the stalks, under the leaves; ~~&~~ the sun also sometimes felt there, & dried some wetness.

~~Do~~ So they lay, as the day broadened, as the woman who had lain under the horizon, who had been a girl, a nymph, ~~stirring~~, stretch glancing, now gazed higher to open her eyes. Very lonely with a blazing mirror, put down her glass, laid aside her trinkets — the ~~silver~~ & ~~the~~ ~~of~~ topaz & the aqua marine — all the pure jewels, that she had bound her head with trying this & that coronet, — emeralds & opals — & shaking her head, & glancing laughing as that the sky was raged with glaring light as emerald, opal, & light felt on the shore, on the lips of the old boat, on the marled sea holly, on the foam

Their faintness, & the their ~~[illegible]~~ worst wave. She had been radiant, & evanescent, partly fancy from the whole of death — unknown to ~~the~~ something carthorn, streaked, stained very but was lovely as the feathers. ~~a~~ ~~was~~
And now, ~~on the day~~ she had laid that down. The rose ~~now upset~~ with ~~bare~~ brows; with deep eyes: the began to make a straight pathway over the sea. The began to level their ~~[illegible]~~ journey. Under the gaze, their journey, their shadows, were stilled, & they might be deep it seemed. There might be depths unlighted even by the ~~[illegible]~~.
Shoals traversed by the whale, & ~~the~~ ~~swift~~ ~~squadrons~~ ~~dumb~~ of dumb fish. Visited by the silent fish.

Meanwhile ~~the~~ ~~in~~ the ~~room~~ ~~the~~ ~~where~~
~~What the~~ This then was ~~the garden;~~ ~~that~~
This was what the figure bending at the table of ~~these~~ had ~~been carthorn~~ ~~could have~~ heard ~~so dear~~
would have heard — the sea washing over the pebble
the mournfully & cut grey
tung them this way & that way; the regular stamp of the sea;
& then, at last eyes had opened & it had watched the
light stealing in the room, it would see there, on that
~~pane slowly~~ ~~the curtain~~ ~~place~~ ~~slope~~ ~~wall~~ ~~on~~ the window sill, a
~~garden~~, ~~hanging~~ white bed, dormitory; legs stretched stiff;
cap & apron; & then on that slope of the curtain a
lump of bread, a case of light; a garden where the children
green & heavy
played the ~~bed~~ flowers were ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ nets;
where children heard ~~[illegible]~~ among the ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ a voice crooning, love;
felt ~~another~~, out there under the apple tree, the
evanescence gate things; our loves & hates, & the coming on
the covering over of hope by the white hide of death —
he had cut his throat & was
with dry & tongue & red eyes
+ & heard caught the menace & the growl of some
wrath above hunting ~~little a~~ ~~in the~~ ~~confusion~~ ~~[illegible]~~

world whom to ~~manage~~; where they had seen, under the apple tree,
how all things are flowed over by the pale tide that
overflows, & covers everything; death, for pale tide, white as
the moonlight, ~~must come, & then~~ (the man ~~lies dying~~ on the
~~to lifts but~~ settles to rest his throat cut) so that the
tree, the wood, & everything out there had become ~~paper thin; had~~
drawn down into the white ~~like~~ dust ~~in the moonlight~~
~~like~~ white & thick as dust; & they had seen how
when the leaf moved without a wind; had
on a stunted the horse with heat, day after day; how
mounted like riders on a horse we are drawn
on, without our knowing; life pounds, life
carries us forward life steps ~~down~~ implacably carries
us into the thick of torture & darkness, irrevocably
~~in~~ relentlessly & if we put our hands to ~~we feel~~
we feel its steady tramp its remorseless ~~stepping~~
plodding on & on; & ~~they had~~ there is no escape;
& they had ~~seen too~~ felt too how lightly the
~~soul may~~ it; how for many hours the
how ~~the~~ soul may leave ~~the body~~, the "I",
there under the may vanish from "me" & "I"
& seeming to recede deep down into the wood beneath
to leave the moment unfelt, the brain tenantless
while the ~~can~~ birds converse, dumbly fore
with all ~~the legions of~~ ~~France~~ part, deep
tides beneath, centuries that have ~~died~~
& ~~some deep soul that lives~~ the
vast undifferentiated breathing life whose
breath comes at night when, with a
free sigh, a sigh passes over the wood.

how he
in.
died in
the fetter
with his throat
cut,

And then the light had had begun to bring out a ~~plate~~ circle against a line, a plate beside a Knife; ~~a vast~~ here the mass of a Cupboard, & against that a single green stroke. ~~And~~ There began to be combinations ~~of shape forms~~, ~~which~~ & strangely at shapes were yet (in this pale light) ~~one of the~~ for birth; ~~Confused~~; naguely confused had one meaning. There began to be reflection too, so that the ~~th~~ real flower was attended there on the wall by a phantom, a flower without roots, ~~some~~ a flower growing in a looking glass. ~~And~~ And there beside it, were other appearances, ~~a~~ reflections too; a ~~whole world~~ ~~so that not only were~~ a world of illusion, a ~~world where the~~ ~~the~~ reflected ~~of~~ flowers growing beside reflected Knives; & neither flower nor Knife was a real Knife or flower. ~~Gradually~~ The reflection was part of the flower — when the breeze lifted the ~~[illegible]~~ petals, when the drumming of the waves round the sleeping women, the tortured women, the naked men were shed astegan. ~~then the flower flowered~~ ~~the~~ remembered; ~~& the~~ & the flower flowered & their petals burst asunder, then too in the looking glass the flower flowered & their petals burst asunder.

things which are linked together by strange resemblance.

1919
Nov 29th

Chapter Two.

I am one of those people, whose lives will never be altogether satisfactory because there is a certain inevitable disparity between ~~their~~ my public self & ~~their~~ my private self — between the outer & inner. I ~~should not be surprised~~ — Bernard said this to himself; ~~on~~ returning from a party; he was at college; & he had come back, very late, to his own rooms; & ~~the~~ his thoughts, though not spoken ~~& then~~ aloud, yet preserved, even in his mind, some thing of the roundness & explicitness which, ~~the~~ words ~~are bound to~~ bestow. Even ~~when he was~~ though he was alone, his lips ~~often~~ moved; he could not make anything clear ~~& satisfactory unless he~~ to himself unless he expressed their words. What are they saying about me now? ~~he wondered.~~ They are bound to be discussing me. What they don't understand is that I am quite aware of doing a great deal of it on purpose. I mean when I say things I say them very largely because of the pressure of circumstance. I am ~~more aware~~ ~~you see~~ abnormally aware of circumstances. I am aware perhaps to a dangerous extent of what poor Jinnies is feeling about the humble attitude of his wife. He was obviously feeling that his chances of making a good impression on Billy Jackson were poor. This I feel to be the fault of my jingles. No, I am not deceiving myself about that. I know that therefore I say — ~~I hope whatever~~ whatever it was ~~that had~~ might that end in view. I am curious of situations ~~& I care it~~ I am always curious of situations. Now the ~~fortunate~~ people ~~are those who are~~ who make a

had it to some extent in actual words.

single impression & that in the main a good one, ~~we~~ are those who ~~can maintain~~ keep their equilibrium (he saw a fish ~~in mid stream~~ steady, with currents rushing past) ~~even~~ in midstream. Canon, Peters, Lyllett, Hawkins &c. – Fish in midstream. But you understand that I am perfectly capable of that myself. You understand that I am only superficially represented; ~~they~~ – ~~when I am alone~~, underneath, – & what's odd even at the same moment – I am ~~capable of~~ perfectly ~~awful degree of~~ entirely integrated. Outwardly = seeing fences, people. Integrated = ~~being alone~~. being myself. ~~For~~ Very few of you have the double capacity as strongly ~~marked as I have~~ as I have. Therefore the presents an intensely ~~of~~ problem to me. ~~Therefore I am~~ Not purely ~~professionally~~ dissatisfied.

This simple for you.

Lyllett believes that there is virtue in catching a hare. Hawkins had spent a most industrious afternoon in the Library. (Met him coming out) Peters has his young lady at the Movies. ~~to some extent~~ True even of you are all engaged. I doubt that I shall ever be engaged.. I shall always be aware ....

He poured himself out a little whisky & water.

I doubt that I shall ever be engaged, ~~he said~~, meaning by that involved ~~in~~ completely, ~~in the~~ something will always remain ~~detach~~ floating – a

He poured himself out a little whisky & water; & then sitting sideway at the table ~~he began writing on a~~ wrote a large sheet of paper. The date & the month.

But it must have an impromptu look, he said & he altered the date & the month, as if he had ~~been~~ ~~hastily~~ ~~mistaken~~ just seen his mistake, & ~~hastily~~ corrected it. I have just come in, & I have & I am writing the first thought that comes into my head.

I am darting off a light, rapid darting account of news
~~my mind, my fancies~~; I am going to give her a brilliant
~~water-colour~~ sketch ~~of myself~~; ~~She will see me~~
~~She must not take me too seriously~~; ~~She must see~~ me
neither is to be insisted on – She must see me, not as I am now,
as I wore ~~weary coat~~ had just come in & put my
Opera hat there & my cane there; & had then
snatched a piece of paper, & written an account of my life –
~~But the will~~ humorously; ~~with a~~ little brilliant by perhaps.
I want to make on her the impression of somebody completely
aware of everything. Nothing takes him by surprise. He is at the
random & casual & usually easy to get on with. But
~~he; no fool. He has had~~ he has had some experience
– that's it – which has given him a ~~curious jerkiness, not~~
~~quite standpoint~~. He is a nice
engaged, as more than I am. He is a fellow of tremendous
energy & abandonment. He never stops when he
~~wants~~ to think of the word – he ~~dashes on~~ – he wonders
never has a stop, but a dash – he is a violent character –
but ~~at the same time~~ he writes a very fluent running
~~vigorous~~ ~~small~~ ~~noble~~ hand; but he writes so jerkily that
some of the letters are not fully formed – they must
be sacrificed to the ~~of~~ idea of speed & abandonment.
~~Yet~~ The ~~must~~ get the impression that his life is
immensely ~~full~~ rapid. ~~He is full~~ He knows everybody &
he does all sorts of violent things; but that is a matter of
course.

Now who am I thinking of? he said when he
had allowed the date & ~~written, in a letter~~
drawled very jerkily ~~perhaps~~ ~~drawl~~ My dear ~~Dilly~~;
Peggy. Byron, ~~writes~~ ~~to~~. ~~He is to do me like that.~~
You won't believe me – but it has been impossible for
me to answer your last letter – for me to write before now:
& I write now – ~~by because~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ instant. Even now I write
~~the~~ ~~instant~~. Your letter,

a Man writes to his an account of his day before going to bed.

a sort of hurry & ~~Health~~

used at Jack talk –

in a hurry – here he carefully made the stroke of the 'y' silent; I want to in a hurry, he repeated. It's between one & two in the morning, I should like to talk to you in a few minutes before I go to bed. But how can I give you any idea – ~~how can~~ I've been talking I am feeling very exhausted at the same time very excited. Do you know these moments of ~~fate~~ – But that's not quite the line; he said: that's too like struggling up in a window seat together. I want to impress her with ~~my energy~~ my tremendous vibrating vitality. It would never stop to analyze himself. He would – I wish there are Byron's letters in the middle, he said; & so he began to read Byron's letters. There is a row of rather brutality about him, he ~~said~~ pondered. & he completely blackened out the sentence he had written. What I want her to see, he said, is a man who cannot stop to think. I want her to see me – ~~He was to~~ He would ~~he~~ suddenly he became very bored ~~that he would do would~~ ~~he had had to~~ he wrote the letter decidedly after breakfast: then I would go quite early; he would describe ~~the~~ Mrs Moffat (he had a phrase about her) ~~as~~ he would describe the service in the chapel: (he had some good phrases about that) he would then go on quite early – (I was this quality that he most admired) to rage over Byron, ~~to~~ the books he had been reading. The great point to aim at was an appearance of lightness; but all the same, there was to be a great deal in it: there were to be lots of natural phrases.

the lightness would only be on the top. There would be things she will remember unexpectedly — as she brushing her hair, as she putting out the candle.

Now he turned round towards the grate, in which were only some grey ashes & black coals. Effie ~~would be he had only~~ seemed rarely seen her twice, & that in London; but ~~he~~ thought it possible that they would ask him to come to ~~Heathcrest~~ Restore, Knipe Bowlton, hospitals, ~~to Christmas~~ during the holidays. A small but shabby country house. An ~~old man~~ elderly man, ~~rather battered but~~ with a twinkling red. Two or three nice days. Effie having a flower in her button hole. No ~~just~~ mother — she died when ~~Effie was~~ the brother was born. The truth is that I can sketch these scenes up to point with extraordinary ease. See the dinner table — I see myself sitting at dinner talking to the Colonel, & accepting his offer. Nothing ~~to just~~ ~~thought~~. And the gardener & the butler — I have ~~a fairly clear~~ ~~notion of the kind of~~ see of drawing room — that ~~let me see if I can~~ I really make it work. The turns from the window as I come in, thinking — No; she is doing something quite definite with her hands, ~~the butler~~ ~~with a start~~ — She says Hullo! I can just hear her voice — ~~The says butler & then the sets up~~ ~~that difficult~~ ~~that point~~ — The ~~novel~~ novelist would ~~begin from~~ begin just before we came into the room. He would ~~begin just before~~ begin just before we came into the room. He would have ~~kept~~ kept that the way to say it — namely inside her. That's where I feel ~~I can see the~~ further — Everything is clear up to that point — but why does she say Hullo? but that's not clear — that's where I feel. The

He lit a cigarette, & ~~bent~~ leant back puffing the smoke up in a detached way into the air. Everything had become very dim. He could not advance any further down that avenue: something barred the way. And yet if he were here I should know. He yawned.

Knipe Bowlton — Wrathin — Langley — three miles

the fellow who plays in the dingy fashion cigs.

Hullo! father!

~~Nobody was there.~~ There was nothing to stimulate him: he was
He felt very dirty. Everybody gone in bed. He two or three, I
daresay ~~And~~ They had had a whole a good day. He been —
successful adventure — some things I never expected, really,
came off; I came off very well in Jackson's room.
~~But~~ The whole procession one of perpetual decoration. "Do I take
you in? Do ~~you really~~ Can I really make you believe that
I'm ~~be~~ like that? I'm not like that — to myself.
what am I then to myself? ~~Oh~~ something incredibly tragic.
natural — He became more & more aware of the grey
ashes & the black coast. ~~All the world~~ The
of the sea red & white ~~really~~ ~~the water~~ of the sun red him. I'm ~~not really~~
~~any of them people~~ — ~~anything but~~ this — what ~~it's natural to be.~~
~~Go on and tell~~ ask you others; I don't know what I mean
admire me. You're not essential to me. Only this is
essential to me — the rest are graceful, pretenders.
This is what I am — He began thrusting the ashes into the
pothers. Bits of cinder began to fall through the bottom
of the grate. He had a sense of company with them —
And then they come & sweep dust up. he said Mr.
Prattat comes with a dust pan & broom. Nature a
great refuge, for life is bound to be damnably painful,
There other will get me into trouble. ~~but~~ They away off.
~~And~~ fully love. And there very place doubts to light the fire
~~whether it light~~ to be about the comfortable of the whole —
probably there is some essential flaw — oh probably oh
probably

with a sense of complete privacy

now, at his ease

What then was that, on the table, lying beside the knife & fork?
The ~~day was light comfort~~ There was the ~~light~~ healy yellow crust of a
French roll. For day was rainy, light was comfort the room.
Fewer subterfuges in

a hard like horned ~~top~~ horn on French roll. It was a light only ~~hardly becoming~~; ~~for~~ only hardly becoming. Because the extreme clarity of light brought out everything; & then suddenly failed. Centres of darkness loomed behind. ~~The~~ In such a confusion of brilliance & darks, it was particularly difficult to be sure where the French roll ended; which be was the white of the cloth & which the ~~&~~ harp of the knife. The diversion was extreme. The lightness here ~~made the darkness~~ denser. Even the flower petals had some metallic clarity; a vein, on the back gene was a clear crimson; and the had an emerald spot; the leaves were were now flecked green, like stiff chintz. And the Eastern sky window was cut sharp. Outside the Charmed Elephant went on stamping; twitching a head & trunk indolently yet methodically; the waves fell booming, like the sullen discharge of ~~guns fired~~ muffled guns. Every like the sigh of some very nearly exhausted sleeper, who utters verge of breaking no more, yet sighs again; louder this time; & then falls into a sterlorous sense. Outside breathing, until the listener wishes that so unintelligent yet forcible a life should cease. And the woman, by no means now more deliberately looked; but her breathing the sea: ~~On lawns of the gage fell on the lawn; on the willows; on the Lawns~~ River became green, under the sky; the lawn that sloped down to the water rose on bent feathers.

which whiteness was the whiteness of the cloth at. She bone handled knife

Stood then the breaking breaking gave just a sweet as the sleepers seem to be giving steady sleep magic lamb.

A soft ~~for~~ plumage of green; like that on the breast of some bird ~~almost touching the floor~~, the thin curved branches of the tree swept over like a crinoline & almost touched the floor: hung an inch or two above it; each thin spray ~~broked with~~ a ~~[illegible]~~ into a little ~~green~~ red, for green autumn.

~~His~~ ~~There is some~~ It lacks ~~in him~~ some indefinably simple quality; ~~something~~ like poise, or judgment or the ~~as if the quality~~ that one an artist ~~knew about~~ ~~Had he lived in the 19~~ ~~He is terribly~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~century~~ — why alone on an isle of what to call it. ~~He~~ — Jasper was talking to himself about Bernard. It lacks whatever ~~the thing is that~~ it is that leads to effective action. His ~~unfortunable~~ charm ~~is enough~~ my mopper paralyzes his will power. ~~He unfortunately had that.~~ Therefore he will always remain in a state of complete delusion about his own feelings: a most unsatisfactory person to have intimate relations with. Perhaps he will never be intimate with anybody. He is as intimate with Mrs Moffat — or whatever her name is — as with me. Again with Jackson, with Jones, with Jolliffe — or whatever it pleases them to call themselves. That is the fundamental reason against letting myself slide into a relationship ~~about~~ — ~~No amount of intelligence and~~ ~~And~~ ~~His~~ No amount of intelligence — ~~intelligence is very fine, but~~ No amount of intelligence — is enough. His lack of discrimination can't be ~~glossed~~. ~~And in these words~~ ~~His~~ ~~These~~ ~~words~~ ~~together~~ ~~in~~ ~~[illegible]~~

These words, which were more fragmentary yet ~~more~~ poised of greater intensity than those that Bernard had spoken, over his fire, the night before, brought first Bernard in view; rather crumpled, tousled, ~~& already~~ adorned, ~~for some reason~~ in his ~~shoot it~~ pyjamas, for some reason, ~~which~~ ~~whose tassels~~ & in slippers, with the sole of course untied; which was midday; &

Ran

had a name for it

Clothe one

then, without of course deserting his actual body, brought Jackson
homely into bey: the sort of difference between them
homely: ~~to very bey~~. ~~Was~~ so much more intense than Bernard.
~~Bernard~~ his extreme concentration: his clarity: seven so
extraordinarily different — his poem:

~~Interestingly~~ Lady I am ~~to some reason~~ about fifty times
quicker. ~~One feels how something about. His~~ emotional states are
~~to~~ ~~Everything appears~~ I see everything in Hardy I had in
addition some ~~peculiarly~~ my aplomb. Some belief in mystery — weird
so distracted by impression — dream-visions — odours —
Even manners like that one —

A young man ~~was~~ in a boat beneath was
playing a new record on his gramophone. The
~~wildly~~ dance music began to reel drily round ~~calm~~ above.
What ~~any mean~~ ~~of interesting the intensity of my~~ ~~degradation~~ —
If any permanent satisfaction were possible — but ~~in my~~
~~Case~~ ~~how can that~~ ~~?~~ I am deficient in all the
ordinary qualities — I am ~~at~~ not even yet acquainted
with what it is in me that produces this curiously
intense — these violent storms of emotion — this
terrible sensitivity — how I am darted to splinters
in a second — in a second I assure you (he had
now detached a second self to whom he spoke)
& then, I ~~be~~ am powerless to do anything. I lie
awake hour after hour. When I see him my
knees positively tremble. And this is over — He
~~never was~~ haunt the shortness with of what
mean to me. I catch sight of him against those
absurd pictures always in some quite
unpoetic place. Thirsty had of his chin for
me. He has no self-consciousness what so ever.

His associations are quite ~~too~~ unbearable. Thanks his
Charm for me.

But then you have every right to complain that then is a
degraded state of mind. ~~But then I~~ And yet the place they is
~~that I assert~~ I assure you I assure you ~~that that~~
then that become at moments, integrated. (The two
words ~~had~~ integrate & disintegrate were omnibus
words covering very up the state of mind ~~which is~~ perhaps
of the highest sublimity, & the most degradation) ~~I don't~~ that
that we have again yet experimental sublimity – People
say we are young. ~~That is~~ The obscure thing to say. But
my ~~an~~ feeling that we are – at least in intellectuals –
absolutely mature. That when we get over these
states, we shall ~~decay~~ die. ~~My feeling~~ That I am now
feeling that we only touch on highest sublimity –
~~It might be laughed in the boat a Bonaparte.~~
The boat had drifted in; another boat, came along –
with three young men out. There was perfect.
No sway not perfect: Never he was getting. No sway of
a fine sort. They all caught each other tricks.
Jackson could not get back again to his own state of
relaxing – the lady to whom he had been speaking
had ~~come~~ either fine weather away or come so close that he
was one person; & then could not ~~see~~ speak straight
heavily. He ~~said~~ felt, instead;

One ought to look at it. And then one ought to
be able to give a perfectly coherent account of it. One
ought to possess sufficient detachment. The poem
should contain not a single extra word. It should be
the very opposite of being respect of Bern and envy,
where the metaphors really did not help one to
see anything. The usual impression is to be distributed.

The obscure thing to

everything ought to be absolutely exact, absolutely hard, absolutely relevant. What is detestable is confusion, lack of order. Every word should be locked into its place.

His eyes cleared to see the dowdy women; & stopped dead on the river & on the young man in the punt. ~~He began to~~

& go to work & go to die. To live upon the midnight-hours intolerable ~~see~~ ecstasy & pain – & love & hate & go-& crawl from life & press from thighs –

~~He had~~ ~~He was full of a~~ A curious long ~~mech~~ mechanical, ~~half~~ yet apparently spontaneous rhythm began moving in his mind, raising lilting sometimes inaudibles in irregular set nonsensical sentences on top of it; ~~which were~~ all expressing the same mood of ecstasy & tumult & grief & pain. If one could keep them rising & moving & taking new shapes, ~~from~~ in the end they would pour out coherently, & there would be a poem, beautiful, ~~that~~ plain. But when he ~~had written his poems~~ ~~the poem~~ often seemed as if the ecstasy ~~just~~ died out. ~~Of course, it was~~ The words weaken. But then, he said, one is only just now beginning to be able to say. This – a poem, ~~he said~~ ~~jettisoning~~, I understand my whole theory of letting the thought absolutely clear. Perhaps after all I am not a poet. Perhaps the whole process – inspiration &c – is entirely different. ~~Get up and~~ Yet this incredible that I should not be a great poet. These every gift. ~~Yet were in th~~ Surely ~~of~~ that was ~~not~~ inspiration – & he remembered writing & writing – without being able to stop – I ~~actually~~ wept. I was absolutely ashamed. ~~Yet~~ And yet – he got up & began to walk ~~across~~ towards his room. Probably one will do it, & then will he come to end of it. ~~Get~~ One can't go on feeling what I feel – ~~this despair~~ & ~~this~~ day after day. He ~~had~~ felt some ~~unrelated~~ general

he seemed there is almost nothing that I can say

anger & sense of injury rising in him. He looked at the very
still & beautiful objects – the trees, the bridge, the vast grey
buildings flat with yellow lights. ~~Take me to~~ ~~What a~~
There is peace – there is content – there is immemorial calm.
~~But here~~ And there am I ~~distracted~~ & tortured – "The raw
~~It seemed to him that there all unnecessary &~~
There is a force of brutality; there is a horror in the world: am I
exposed to something – then am I stretched on the rack . . .
He saw Bernard coming towards him; ~~smiling amicably, with a~~
~~pale bag in his hand.~~ – always inclined
~~There is something~~ ~~Even his~~ ~~Stupid~~ all ~~extraordinarily~~
in keeping, Bernard said. Even his paper bags – they
met. And ~~as they approached~~ ~~each other there~~ there
~~began~~ ~~was~~ ~~silence~~ directly they recognised each other,
there seemed to be an intermediate ~~third~~ person
who went slightly in advance of Neville, & slightly in
advance of Bernard, – a ~~they~~ or envoy, an
representative; ~~but~~ different ~~from the~~
So then & met ~~Bernard~~ him said Neville; ~~& Bernard said~~
much the same thing. The envoys met, ~~there~~
The two envoys met. ~~but~~ I ~~don't~~ in the heat want to meet
him: ~~for~~ I want to be alone. ~~And yet when~~ The envoys
~~had~~ met; the principals were ~~at~~ affected; ~~in~~
when Neville & Bernard had recognised each other, each was
Neville lonely by both; but when the envoys had
changed greetings, then suddenly Neville lonely felt
wavering, No; ~~he did not~~ could not hold out whole, Bernard strongly
his poetry ~~He wanted desperately~~ – was so pure. had always been very generous: had liked
~~Bad~~ Bernard; although
he had meant to take tea & then, when he felt hot &
cheated & pale gardens, to sit down & ramble down
that path, very darkly yet ~~lapt~~ serenely low –
with here was Neville: & he perceived his curious

That – what might be.

but I want to be alone

he wishing to be alone;

almost ~~extravagant~~ clarity of thought, ~~something~~ of such extreme ~~good sense,~~ & decision..

Nev showed he very intently to be ~~left~~ alone together they both thought. (Something might happen: something might come yet — as ~~it~~ would if they proceed to sing, ~~and~~ Bernard a letter of Neville, Neville a letter of Bernard, together; ~~then~~ then — ~~the Better Life~~ & ~~then~~ even now, something began to bubble & stir in them; they began to think of unexpected things; the mysterious was worthy. As they were near Bernard's room they went there.

Neville at once took up a French novel; fascinated as he was by the definiteness & clarity of the French prose, he ~~still~~ felt at the same time ill at ease, & almost anxious to find fault with the water, because the scene he was describing — it was a scene in a ~~French~~ Paris, among well bred people, in a drawing room, was ~~so~~ too unclear to him. (Probably Bernard would have been at ease there.

He could not have been at his ease there.

Neri already a man of the world, he thought, thumbing the book. And then there was Byron. He opened the book. Neri just like him to write things in the margin: he thought; & he wished to be Byron, Instead. He looked at Bernard, who was pouring ~~the~~ barley water into the tea pot; & ~~then~~ he felled at his feet, ~~& the~~ & now, ~~he~~ Neville thought, ~~so~~ ~~somehow pleased & amused~~, he will button the bed & eat the tea with them over — That is just like him. And he felt very fond of Bernard, as ~~the~~ a pale brown hole accumulated in the table; & Bernard hastily stuffed a tuft into his ~~dirty pocket~~ cape handkerchief & kept it. ~~He could hardly say he make it seem, he thought.~~ ~~the~~ which he then stuffed back into his pocket.

Hardly at the marks seized pencil; ~~at~~ ~~He~~ hoping to find some thing worth

One mind

There is something that

That is the reason why one is so fond of him: I ~~He dont see why~~ I think I may ~~should~~ ask him to read my ~~poems~~ that poem. – He could ~~hear~~ ~~give his mind~~ collect himself – but he is so scattered ~~so~~ He ~~has~~ ~~Yes~~ is a talker – ~~that is what always~~ ~~fits~~ ~~between us~~ perhaps it is that that ~~fact~~ prevents me ~~from~~ – Just –

He ~~could not find the exact~~ listened as Bernard wandered ~~now~~ meaning into a story, a page – describing ~~the~~ people, giving an account of what he had said, ~~does~~ ~~he~~ he listened ~~in order to~~ admiring him & enjoying his jokes: but ~~also~~ ~~in the~~ ~~watched like if~~ he listened for & yet all the time he listened for something to show itself, something indescribable – something that would mean that one could show him the poem.

Bernard finished the story. –

~~This is not altogether what I~~ ~~He could~~ There are the sort of pleasures I should like to be able to talk ~~off to~~ ~~but as~~ It goes splendidly here; my talk. Bernard thought, feeling the ~~scholarship~~ ~~of talk~~ scholarship of words. I am feeling that he loved poem, now, like this, with almost perfect mastery of his tongue; of his ~~thinking except~~ ~~everything~~ everything at once seemed to be shaped: thus he had clearly noticed at the time; by a little early adjustment, by a little emphasis, by getting into one head the shape of the man speaking, the impression Jeffreys had made on one, then simply letting it naturally, & even as one was talking other among thus, occurred to him; he suddenly understood something about the psychology of friend – he hazarded a guess: & this he found an extremely pleasure in giving vent to his description: how the room was furnished, what sort of person he had on his wall: he suddenly dropped on

Ou

m

whatever most characteristic of Jacob — a true poet — ~~character~~ ~~gave it an word~~ everything referred to that. Hence I suspect, he said to Hardy, that I am a born novelist. I am intro-spect; ~~but~~ I am much too interested in actual facts — I feel the lure of the ~~[illegible]~~ actual fact.

— Now a word like "lure" gave him peculiar pleasure. He would like to describe that down in — fresh flowing hand. ~~He looked at the text~~ a meadow.

Suddenly he became, that Neville had lost interest. Just as he was about to describe Byron's character. For in fact Neville had thought, ~~I shall never~~ ~~be able~~ — ~~to~~ ~~about~~. I shall never be able to begin that subject. He is going off again —

And now, when Bernard stopped & looked at the ~~last~~ crumbs that was under the other crumbs so that all the butter had run out, he was irritated. Now he will dry his pipes on the fire. Bernard became intently vague & dreamy. But feeling the chair, Neville power of making him feel, a very remarkable, he thought. ~~He~~ There was perhaps something silly in what he had been saying. ~~One must try to be more profound.~~ ~~The [illegible] imagery should be commonsense with~~ He thought me ~~[illegible]~~ imagery. Now I must think of something profound. ~~One might of some age~~

He looked at Neville lying back in the chair, so: He — in love with somebody — somebody has been beastly — behaving badly. ~~She is always in the dark~~, he said; ~~beastly~~. And then of I say that, a that isn't true —

to sit, purring, the industrious little a tabby —

taking the last one in the dish, when the butler had accurately

glow of) am very intellectual I shall always a bad [illegible]

(he asked hinted in the character of a novelist)

He looked at Neville lying back in the arm chair.
It may be love – it may be nothing. What is the quality of this
~~But~~ silence? But ~~though he asked~~ it was unfavorable to
ask this calmly; for the fact of being silent was intensely
uncomfortable – such was the extraordinary force of Neville's
Character. All Bernard could do was ~~[illegible]~~ hurry along the narrative
~~again~~ straight off, for example – Byron –

What ~~should we have thought of~~ about Byron?

Instantly he saw Byron, just as he had seen Percival; the story
scene arranged itself; ~~& he worked~~ with Byron in the centre:
& his tongue itched to be describing Byron's house, & his
afternoons; & his limp: & ~~how he talked~~ ~~what he said~~ to
Lady Byron. But he felt that Neville refused to
talk about this:

And then Neville got up, & began wandering round the room; &
stood at the window; & ~~suddenly~~ these restless movements,
these sudden & angular movements, seemed to ~~produce~~
~~different~~ break up the silence; to make one exhaustant &
irritable & uncomfortable. But it was very quietly. All at he
clobbed

Something heavy & vehement seemed to be loaded
behind his life: it would crash straight into the wall.
It was a violent against everything. It was a scream
against the ~~[illegible]~~ terrible. His common politeness,
the inhumanness of everything. It was a demand; it was
a. And at first Bernard felt this ~~as to be as if~~
it were a bullet, that would fly past his ear &
lodge in the panel. And then, growing more
uncomfortable, he began to be unable to detach
himself from the tremendous unhappiness & anger.
& his claim & his demand & he began to
fizz – that is to feel his own feeling mixing with

(largely altogether and has to be made)

Some one else feeling: & It was extraordinarily exciting, also a creative — one was re-made, one was altered; ~~exciting~~ my life is changing; one is admitting a new force into one; I am seeing that — & that. [They ~~appear~~ in life to come appeared so plainly — shaped so plainly that he could not name them, intensely felt them]

Have it with me

Yes I will read it to night; (& I am going to be alone) ~~& I will tell you tomorrow.~~ he said, having received an extraordinary proof of Neville's confidence: having felt ~~for a~~ that he was in contact for a moment with something which — ~~as~~ live thing — like ethereal light; whizzing round; also for Susan tremendously visual, this impression when Neville stopped raw, with you read my poem? it had a shape like a long white hot screw — a ridiculous as it might be — boring into one. It was one of the most exciting things that had ever happened to him. When Neville went, he began plumping up & down the room; taking handfuls of biscuit into his fist, & cramming them into his mouth, pulling books off the shelf.

And this is life, he said, nothing & Mystery.

~~The pho~~ Later, as the night drew on, ~~as~~ the shouts of the company of boarders, ~~wer~~ as they thumped & boated, were wafted, of their fathers & their uncles & themselves, were blows ~~through~~ about Neville's window; ~~quietly~~, ten evenly. He was alone, keeping his eye fixed, ~~with intentness &~~ steadily upon this & then upon that;

~~When~~ He ~~when the~~ ~~Some pressure is removed~~ 'It's like this when the pressure is removed, he said, ~~analysing the~~ ~~his comfort &~~ relief & comfort; ~~which now pervaded him.~~ he ~~was very comfortable~~; tired enough to ~~but~~ be curious of the cushions of the chair. For once, the chair is comfortable, he said. And ~~there~~ — ~~he~~ the coals had accidentally ~~disposed~~ themselves ~~with~~ ~~in~~ ~~upon mechanically~~ neatly, ~~the~~ ~~the black~~ It was the black & the red; red & black. ~~Burning the black~~ ~~home~~ ~~by~~ over the bridge. This evening, he reflected, said. ~~then~~ I felt the horror, — (the physical symptoms — ~~the~~ hardness — giddiness; related to him) ~~then~~ in Bernard's rooms, ~~& the strong~~ ~~suddenly~~, ~~asking him to~~ when he ~~was~~ ramming ~~the strong~~ ~~bad~~ his cigarette end on to the plate — which was very greasy — then the moment of dissolution came. This physical senses had been so acute that he described them. Came to the waste. Here the pity rose from the boarding company, made the world outside seem very wondrous; & the room calmer quieter. ~~The~~ ~~Here~~ ~~And~~ I love that, he said, but ~~pushing~~, ironically, yet sentimentally; ~~But Bernard~~ ~~understood~~. ~~The~~ "Gen glorious. Gen & Come" how did he say that? He said it in ~~an~~ his cold way — half grumpily: ~~but~~ ~~gay~~ the underlood — ~~everything~~ — ~~hurriedly~~. There is nothing ~~that~~ perhaps that he cant understand. ~~Egbert~~ — no, he ~~saw the~~ understood even about Percival, his splendour, in his stature; in his bath.

His eye kept settling as with ~~them~~ ~~contentedly~~ satisfaction

& specimen it word

ann, bodies, unfathomed

the

I said look for myself.

Really, this almost unbelievable, he said very gently, his eye seeking the symmetrical black & red coals again: with content; ~~That~~ the ~~thought~~ to himself. ~~From every~~ No they offered his own certainty; ~~or~~ his consciousness of being. Every part of his body was contented — as the cinder of the cushion; as the rug under his feet; as being upheld sustained ~~unassailable~~ by some inner predominance which ~~belonged to him~~ was his indeniably. ~~at the same time~~, he, Mathe me your figure, he ~~said~~; — It seemed that his head ~~lying back~~ on the cushion was laid there, like a ~~a~~ boy, just as they were, & they had only to wear, or to cry; ~~as the~~ ~~he~~ or perhaps this actually beautiful ~~pathetic~~ ~~wonderfully~~ the & ~~his fingers~~ moved ~~resting~~, a little, pensively, adoring it — the ~~and~~ did not distinguish between the Goodness of Bernard, & the ~~goodness~~ beauty of Percival, — I then give it back to them; This is the solution — at least for me.

He was looking at the coals, but behind him ~~was after all~~ the beauty of the grey block there, as I saw it when I had crossed the bridge — ~~the beauty~~ & then the ~~square~~ Court — & then the ~~advancing~~ figure ~~— It was~~ coming towards me — & then

~~Here~~ His smoking ~~reached~~ was ~~became~~ too strong — it was being ~~that tears had a co~~ were actually in his eyes.

Nothing that I can ever do, will be good enough ~~for them~~, he said, letting the hair run, but taking up the poker. ~~By 'them' he meant~~ as "they" They are ~~so much~~ infinitely beyond me — being the grey buildings, the court, Bernard, Percival, & Jinny ~~& something tremendous; something terrible. Sublime~~; the drunken young. ~~perhaps. He~~ Again it flooded, with more vigour, assured now, ~~that~~ the window. They were cheering. ~~How~~ I adore it! How I adore it, he said. Smashing the coal with the poker.

Prothero,

Why did one wish ~~to have this~~ though to end it? Why was it impossible to continue in that state for ever? It is that I somehow feel merely ridiculous. ~~There is~~ There is always a curious ~~instinct~~ desire ~~not fear~~, suspicion; an ominous feeling; a desire to decry whatever admires; or perhaps this is merely conventional — one is afraid of one's own feelings.

or does one prophesy the End —

At any rate how ~~feelings~~ the pagan felt a sorrow that was ~~at perhaps~~ perhaps sweeter ~~more~~ delightful than his ecstasy; how things pass; & the song is over. ~~One will very soon be~~ We shall all be parted soon. This section of my life will be over. So he wrote on a card on his knee, a poem.

It was strange how in the room are they suddenly stood out in complete clarity — ~~that~~ That was a green jar. Its shape was immutable. It bulged & tapered. Round the neck a arch was grooved. Its colour was hard & clear, ~~an~~ emerald green, ~~to the~~ at first glance, but with certain dark spots ~~down on side~~ where the green became almost bottom shadow; & the pot ~~had~~ bulged; & then one square of light ~~on the~~ a reflection, a window it seemed, lay on the hard green glaze. The pot seemed to be ~~be~~ a pot merely; had an air of being pot-shaped there ~~without~~ casually, oddly. One looked at it; It jutted out, had further moment at any rate some quality & identity that severed it from the cupboard frames & the rest of the things, which, as the light was still so partial, ~~had~~ were crowded rather ambiguously (in the depths of the room) in the ~~so~~ strangely wavering & unstable light. ~~So~~

The swelling of the pot were due to that shadow,

For though the dawn had now lost all its mist, the reality now displayed — the actual jug, the actual knife — was odder; perhaps one looked at the green glaze

long enough now incomprehensible. The night wch he dazed in — Frances & Jane Law looked with complete intensity at one thing: Night wch fed the whole mind reached down a funnel; amazed at the gardens & objects: whereas, when the light forever changed & shades & many tints came flashing & sparkling, then the mind was following wild flames & lightnesses: forever seeing resemblances. & not knowing where the edge was. Only, however this matter of identity, these surprising rearrangements here & there of form & colour might be in the room, there was something monotonous, unclean, not ghastly very or fatty — always indeed recalling the same image: ~~Beneath~~ a hammer falling; a foot stamping: Down on the beach the waves broke, thud mechanically, ~~regular~~, recalling ~~always~~ the advance of phalanx upon phalanx, their regular ranks; & the ~~rushing of~~ sigh of someone so wound asleep that his body lies flat on a beach, a sandy shore; & the tears come, so as ~~with~~ as up a lake a man who breathes for him.

with green feather:

15
1 16
2 17
3 18
4 19

like a damp
not

Nathaniel looked at the steady procession of people's backs past the window. As the entering house in the city. ~~Their~~ The window was ~~made~~ misty by the ~~steam of~~ fumes from beef & mutton & steak & chops & sausages & mashed. A ~~watery vapour~~ hung in ~~the~~ inside the room. ~~something~~ was added to it by ~~the~~ Nat's chops; & ~~his~~ the Nathaniel with ~~his~~ the early solution of the evening paper propped in the cruet, ~~at~~ ~~helped~~ ~~humly to~~ helped humly to greens & ~~read~~ stand at the latest shorting news. (his father, who had been a business man in Australia, had failed. & Nat. was now a clerk in an office) But he was not much interested. As, he felt practically nothing of anyone. When the paper fell slipped from the cruet, he put it on his knee; & ~~went on~~ looked at the people passing the window without ~~Hardly~~ any change of expression.

~~It makes Hardly any~~ I don't think I feel anything, he said to himself. ~~I think I am~~ ~~Nobody would~~ murmur. There is no difference — none whatever. They ~~all~~ yet do I too. The only difference is that I ~~have~~ ~~voice~~ & ~~Kind~~ faint curiousness. ~~The horror yet~~ — ~~but that grows fainter.~~ that there is something else: but that grows fainter. I shall be almost gone. ~~Look~~ I am quite unable to work up any pity or horror: I don't think I even see these people in the street anymore. I never have funeral clean new; or ~~also one in a blue moon~~. ~~And~~ I am an ordinary Englishman.

~~He liked to say the~~ The ~~thought~~ word pleased him: in a ~~complicated way~~ ~~although he was~~ ~~He~~ Yet he did not altogether convince himself. The planet at the other ~~dim~~ tables. They ate with greater ferocity; & they were generally interested in the shorting news; & soon they would play a game of Dominoes. Yet it was true that he felt

Healthy

exceedingly little. I feel so little, he said, waiting for the budding to be brought, I scarcely see anybody with distinctness. This is ~~yet dam more~~ than is the right state of mind. This better to be exactly like other people. This ~~speech~~ better to have arrived at the certainty that one must be ~~in~~ average. This the fact - this the truth. All extremes are mere vanity. Certainly can work themselves up into a froth. ~~But~~ They can spend three years at the university analysing their feelings. They can sit ~~[illegible]~~ talking. I am very glad that ~~my~~ we went smash just when we did. Otherwise I should have ~~wasted my time~~. Now I have got ~~the truth of them all~~. I ~~don't know~~ Know the facts perhaps worse. For

been like that to

He looked, through the steamy windows, at an impressionist picture of ~~[illegible]~~ young men of his own age talking, in ridiculous attitudes, over the backs of chairs, one had his knee across the edge of the table. ~~They were~~ It ~~was~~ is incredible how remote they are from facts: they don't know what goes on; they have it all ~~to learn~~. Lots of them will be thrown for ever. He looked at what was actually before him: ~~the~~ Rather ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ handsome & harassed, but with some indescribable assurance some look of knowingness, some thing unabashed, up to snuff - these young men here were a degree more than bank clerks & knew the right thing to say in every emergency. So the waitresses they were just 'fellers': the jaunty attitude, as they dealt their cut lifts of coffee, green & potatoes, the easy swing of the body, the easy ~~[illegible]~~ smile, the easy repartee, the joke, the easy casualness, the ordinariness of talk seemed to Nathaniel right. The other (he looked at the picture he had made) has something ~~[illegible]~~ gone: its gone wrong. It is unproductive.

And when the girl said your apricot cream, putting the dish down with a smack (she was in such repute she could only get through by adopting what was it (various rhythms) he tried to say

His change of attitude is wonderfully finished.

They wondered he was more carefully when he spoke again.

that the real Mulberry office clerk said—
He always failed at the last moment to say the right thing.
He always remained unassimilated. He felt his body, formidably,
craggy body. And he remembered that if he spoke aloud with an
Australian accent; ~~And that, [illegible]~~ People always
knew that he was not English — what then he? The
very much wanted that momentary interrogation; as if
they were trying to place him. ~~Get about trifles to~~
Then he would ~~be angry. Then he would~~ go and open
them & denounce them & heap out all the deplorable
[illegible] ~~upon their packages, their manners~~, the disappearance,
[illegible] or ugly things about them — he would gently
[illegible] & lose his temper &
[illegible]; or even, ~~at the [illegible] moment,~~
say ~~something bad~~ But ~~for the most part,~~
And then, ~~now familiarly~~, unfeelingly, ~~his~~ he hardened &
offered himself & ~~became~~ ~~[illegible]~~ of his own said,
I am with my back to the wall: yes, & I can impose my will.
You can't stand up against me. You are weak immaterial:
all this is language superior: in me is something enduring
this curtoonen shamly made him rigid
And looking at the dreary windows he began to notice
with gathers & ~~the ash~~ I will make them: I will
find out what the order is: he said, watching over the
[illegible]: ~~Hour~~ I am not going to submit to that —
he meant the disappearance disorderliness & the people passing in the street:
heterogeneousness & the people passing in the street:
I am going to reduce this order.
What then is truth. Lies at the back of reality? He
turned; a thought struck to his most remote part.
There is something with it. I always hear: I am in a
garden. Those cuttoonens & that's word me. I felt my
feet rooted to the earth: the root goes right to the
middle: & I'll the Egyptian woman taking red
pitchers to the Nile — that's the background —

~~One must get the background~~ He looked again at the shifting
Dodgers, loitering & hurrying bodies: You shall be reduced to order
he said; I shall discover the ~~the~~ ~~some~~ connection with her
hitherto escaped everybody. And suddenly his mind took a
flash-light picture of the ~~whole~~ eating house — the great
~~[illegible]~~ steaming coffee urn; the sandwiches under
glass cases; the men taking snacks at the counter;
the poor bodies hanging behind the steamy windows —
the narrow ~~[illegible]~~ white tables. That taken, he said
with a sigh of relief, relaxing from what had been a
state of extreme tension. And he stirred his coffee
word & word, looking with wild mutinous eyes
~~very observantly~~ & mathematically at the ~~other~~ people
And then, as if he were now in touch with humanity a-
Chord, as if some relief at that emotion into which he
had tried to thrust back, horrified him, he became
very quiet, much horrified by curious visual
memories — of light & darkness; a veined leaf; very dim
Hampstead; a cloud like a purple bruise; & at
the same time, he became very much the youngest
person in the eating house; so young, so credulous so
tender, so loving. So simple minded that he was
almost ashamed of himself. You are all
deluded & equipped, he said; I am only looking up an
~~appearance~~ prelude; nothing behind. I am ~~very~~ incredibly
young. I am entirely such thing — You cant get me — you
cant employ me. I am escaped.

Then, ~~[illegible]~~ feeling this, & trying somehow to make
amends, & hoping to make up some
deficiency in-cd. never he made up he ~~paid~~ left
a larger tip than ~~the~~ others did. For options
they loved by the sight they to the girl when
the light then their ways. The other loved — It
gave her a thrill. They never saw more the Sphinx.

off their shaken-body, steamy, white

The song of the birds

Therefore he must always be careful to give more in this than other people.

Now the birds sang each alone, separately, in the garden. One sang under the window, ~~where the sleeper was waiting~~. Another on the topmost ~~spray~~ twig of the lilac bush; another on the wall. Each sang evidently, hastily; ~~as~~ in a rage, in a vehemence, as if their ~~own~~ song must burst at them; Even ~~if it~~ no matter if it were destructive, the ~~[illegible]~~ breaking ~~into~~ the ~~of~~ song of another bird ~~[illegible]~~ unmelodiously. Their eyes were bright; their throats burned; their claws gripped the twig ~~or the~~ a rock. And now & again their song ran together in ~~bars of~~ ~~fond~~ in sudden most perfect harmonies, ~~sweetest~~ like the interlacing of a mountain stream, where waters, meeting, foam, & they mix & hasten, plunge & gushing down the same channel, bearing the same ~~clumps~~ clumps of leaves, & taking the same blues & greens of sky & cloud, & then part. There is an island & ~~they~~ a ~~fallen tree~~; ~~all~~ they ~~wander apart~~ never.

The male

Now they sang alone ~~perched high or low, with~~ whether ~~the~~ the bare sky behind them, or the brick wall. They sang exposed without shelter to the air & sun; beautiful in their new plumage; ~~even the duskiest~~ bright mailed

variegated shell-~~[illegible]~~ strung, & here & there, ~~soft~~ bright with soft blues, with ~~[illegible]~~ any bar of gold. Shades, with a ~~single bar of~~ crimson or green. They sang ~~without hesitation~~, as if the song were wiped out of them by the pressure of the morning. ~~[illegible]~~ And as if its edge were sharpened & went out; most never the softness of green light, the dampness of wet earth, the fumes & steams of the steaming

Dangerous Notes

kitchen vapour, the wet sheets & perhaps thrown out into
bucket from the day before. On all the sodden, the
crumpled, the ~~cloth that the~~ the ~~early~~ wet cotton. They
descended, suddenly. They ~~fr~~ swerved suddenly from
the lilac bough, or the fence, seeing a snail there
& tabbed ~~suddenly together~~ the shell against a stone. It was
~~broken~~: relentlessly, ruthlessly, until the shell broke &
out oozed something slimy. And then, that explosion, the
beak jumping, sticky with the ~~flesh~~, snail flesh
they soared, slowly, to the fence or highest twig
where only the sun burnt. These days, such a lament as
tore the heart of the listener, had there been a listener,
for youth ~~dashed~~ disillusioned, for the cry of youth broken
hearted, with the snail slime on its beak, with
the arrow in its heart, for hard, exhaust youth, where
ego-strong has been broken, where energy has been
broken; tabby snail-shells: who clear eyed, sometimes
lifted high, with the sun above, & then beneath,
laments - laments. When all is fair & the country
covered with apple blossom, they glance, lament.
Pale laments, ~~or~~ laments with piercing ~~sadness~~ sweet.

It was merely England; ~~the borders~~ where Suffolk ~~ran~~
a ~~from~~ meet Norfolk, a lolling country, a country of ~~very~~ long straight roads.
A carriage, a car even, could be seen coming along ~~for~~ way ahead.
But although it was a country without ~~[illegible]~~ anything sensational
hidden — no keep of the sea, no hills, marshalling
Grouping of lovely shapes — trees, of course, — here
Susan, who was walking slowly to whistle for ~~[illegible]~~ the
tin-can seller, ~~[illegible]~~ bucket — trees — The knew it
too well. To say anything dreamt of gypsy white: The knew it by ~~[illegible]~~;
The knew it so well that ~~the knew when it would be~~
it smells, ~~it sound~~ — The knew it by the way the flowers
grew; by a certain barn; by an old woman who came to
the door — cottages. The knew it by some rhythm it had —
~~when they~~ ~~the way~~ anthem. ~~Both~~ Hedges walked up the
lane by their horse heads, swaying slowly. The knew it by
the depth of the ~~[illegible]~~ The knew it
by the cries of the schoolchildren; also something curious,
mixed, not more one thing than another thing —
The bad dog must be put on the chain — which
when she raised her head from stooping over the dog
gave ~~her a shock of pleasure~~ sent a wave of
habitual, comfortable, ~~yes so very~~ profound ~~feel~~
feeling through her; so that she stood for a moment,
looking about at the fields.

~~I should never be happy anywhere else, the~~ said,
~~because~~ I should never be nightly anywhere else. The ~~[illegible]~~ said
~~people~~ then she had left school! ~~then the bad~~
~~when it~~ with its violent severance; its intolerable
invasion of others ~~scenery~~ smells; other homes
And she began to think how much people missed
when they did not see this. There, the lichen on the

paving stones
furze & pine wood.

name of:

ale roots
& mouse
chopping
stops —
the cars
&
L Forster

which the farm

Mrs. Bone was always threatening to kick her out)

barn, she said: there are the heavens ~~on the~~; & the green white tufts on the old man's head; there are the crow's nests in the ruts which the farm carts have made; ~~And~~ for see nine get up price in London like ~~fancy for the rose~~ that of it. But then she has other things, she said; she might be going to a party. The pale radiance of many lights hung for a moment upon a misty turnips field. ~~Then~~ But there, the brother ~~then there~~ the dressing up, she said. ~~Also~~ which ~~also~~ we couldn't afford ~~it~~ with Nigel at College. ~~Also~~ ~~if~~ ~~he~~ Everything would go to pieces, there - she said, how would they get on without him? (her father) There would be bloodshed - (for the village ~~had a very high proportion of~~ was full of family quarrels) ~~And then~~ & nothing would be done with the Bradshaws (the squire's family) ahead. ~~Everything ahead to her~~ ~~would they do?~~ ~~They need~~ It seemed to her that she knew ~~the cottages~~ every cottage in the parish; ~~& what~~ how many children there were; & what women, coughs, bad legs & scarlet fever they had; to whom wooden they had applied: which were in active need - which were beggars: & all this she had always known & that way; & it was nothing - to ~~be~~ what had always been.

Then there will be the dance at the school she said: & ~~in confusedly~~ ~~pushed~~ Robert to give heavily the overturnable bolsterness of sitting just the thick shock of hair on a darkish forehead, & then its clammy ~~the~~ nose. And I shall make it up with Mrs Beard, because if I let her think she can annoy me, then ~~they will be~~ the others will try it on too. ~~Or~~ Rattie a bad lot of old women, ~~the~~ rather: & then Hilda Maurice Edgar, who will certainly beat her, if as

father says, ~~he~~ ~~Anna~~ he is the father of Mary's child.

There were some families that were very vicious. They had always been so. The men got into trouble poaching. Then there were the Epileptics. Mrs. Candy ~~was~~ had been taken bad again over her washtub on Monday — She ~~ought never to be allowed~~ And she would have another child in May: Epilepsy, drunkenness, consanguinity — Anna.

There will be the dance at the schoolroom on Saturday the second; I shall be very nice to Mrs Beard, ~~because~~ so as to give her no chance whatever of another grievance. But although she ~~knew~~ had it all, like a ~~Hen~~, map, in her head — the exact position of every house; its defects — ~~how a~~ ~~for the cottages were let to fall into~~ ~~disrepair~~, no sinks sometimes, ~~bad smells sometimes~~, leaking roofs sometimes, & knew could at any moment summon up her exact position — for, as her mother was dead — Anna for her to do things, with the clubs, meetings, games for girls, ~~still~~ could in a moment feel lively, agreeably, in ~~touch~~, in relation; welcomed at a farmhouse, but on the whole not so much liked by the Beards, for her sake. (Her father very ~~much~~. very kindly treated, was ~~here~~ to her ~~an~~ ~~absolutely~~ a double God. ~~did he not read~~ ~~looks~~ lumbering about in his shabby clothes, ~~always~~ ~~putting~~ ~~oddly everything~~, ing always asked to settle everything

vanity for his people came & sat on the doorstep. ~~[illegible]~~) although she knew all this, ~~Anna~~ by instinct, now at home; she was very nearly as stupid as an old donkey; very nearly a vegetable, I suppose, she said, thinking of Jenny's parties in London; ~~an~~ a little jealously;

I don't think think so, she said suddenly, the crochet quickly. She had been told, so that she saw it again; I joined, doing one thing & then another, how entirely she was patched. I go on; & seemed to her that she was so much "I" that wanted, as Teazes, taking her work then: strong winter sun; & then spring: ~~the fire~~ there would be that lovely fog in March when: the ~~bird~~ leafy, damp suddenly & the heard at time, & then the ~~sh~~ hay. & the early foggy about the lanes ~~stuffing~~ ~~with~~ ~~to~~ with ~~the glass~~; ~~hazels~~ hazy feathery wisps on the hedges: ~~then~~ & so on, she said thinking with ~~too~~ not troubling to keep summer with my ~~pe~~ pleasure. Yes so I'm almost a thing - so ~~contents~~, ~~so~~ one thing hastening & another - ~~I don't know how~~ ~~some people~~ ~~talk~~. ~~But~~ I never want to talk. I can't talk. I feel I can't say anything. I mean I never say anything. Flash sometimes, probably. ~~Old gentlemen get on~~ ~~with them~~. And then -

But she never could bear to pry her mind when marriage with my pleasure - leaving him (her father) perhaps going ~~away~~ far away. No: and yet she knew, - for hay there began to touch on her this great wave this delicious pity - then ~~the world~~ ~~that the world~~; ~~that there~~ for stronger than this was. And then ~~But there's nobody~~ in the whole world she said: this extraordinary impulse to give everything she loved - one has ~~had it~~. But to whom? Hence the strength, most foolish, folly - since she had blue eyes & the cool fire; how then could one feel it in the rays - the demanded. This dove to be absolutely & entirely - what any doubts gone away? Do then perhaps feel the? Does Mary? Does Charlotte? It

And suddenly she began to
think her own eyes. It seemed to her
that she was in her eyes - for they
were;

to rather a brutal young man — to a young man in fairies,
flapping his jacket with a whip. Silent; dumb too. That was
what she wanted. Somebody very dumb too, who would
come home in the evening. She never could imagine what
they said. Then he took in his arms. All this time she was
nuzzling the nose of a donkey that had come to the gate.
But it was always impossible to imagine what they said. He
called her dog ~~& they went on~~; ~~they~~ & so came home,
& the fields & the trees & the cows & the darkness began
again to shade her eyes & to make her feel as if
were rocking ~~among~~ them, like a ship at sea; ~~as if she~~
~~were~~ forging ahead through ~~their~~ familiar waves; &
taking on her cheeks the sweet old beauty; ~~which~~
made ~~the body~~. Started rising of actually at her blood:
in the ~~roots~~ roles she felt, in ~~her~~ the palms of her hands.
She felt as if everything were chiming ~~& making~~
~~God~~ circles ~~in~~ little circles like the pulse in her ~~th~~ blood:
brick circles in the. Her breath went up before her, like a
horses breath. The stride which was regular in gait &
~~pleas~~ unhurried. ~~went on~~ ~~And~~ ~~Little~~ Beside of wet jerked on
her skirt. ~~the~~ & brown shoes became rubbery & darker
with the wet grass & the mud. And ~~But~~ what, the
suddenly thought, do I look like? I am at the moment
very red; my nose is red; & my eyes are running slightly at the
corners, with the wind. I am december dressed; thick
my skirt & coat are now a ~~little~~ shabby. Oh ah,
they are two years old. And I am no ~~longer young~~ ~~& I appear late~~ is
my eyes are my best point. They are a very dark blue. They ~~they~~
face ~~might be a~~ is an oval face. I look determined; & a
~~little set~~. ~~I do not~~ laugh much. ~~I sleep~~ for my ~~eyes I~~
~~might be~~ & perhaps more serious than I am.
What I mean is that I am very slow in my feelings:
~~but~~ I ~~do not~~ often & very serious: & they
seemed to her to reach straight into everything; the
to be the only possible truth: never to be hurt off,

new
governess to
avoid a
deep mind
was
easily
adapted
in a
cheerful
& gay
plan.

are rather
decidedly set.
& I look

or beguiled or made to think what was untrue: so that
directly she opened them in the morning she saw exactly
what was there. Also, thinking she slept, she felt
possessed of some extreme determination or passion, which would
draw her out of the obvious way — past all the hedges —
the cliffs — she was not ordinary. She felt with too great
intensity. She felt with such passion that sometimes
when she woke early she lay in bed nearly looking at the
~~[illegible]~~ flame go free. Until she could see it
shown so real in her: & then, using ~~[illegible]~~ slowly dim down
the wonder so to send the eggs, feeling than smooth oval shape,
feeling of a feather that had struck to some other;
Then ~~the wonder~~ she felt the reality strongly so strongly
out in the garden that she could not bear to be
~~[illegible]~~ caught by the cook or anyone. She felt
more like a cat or a bird or something that has always lived
~~in the~~ out all night. Sometimes she had hardly been
~~out all night.~~ here

intensely
like an
animal

Healthy

It is that I ~~can't give up. The~~ that I am, she said: & she seemed grey
green, pear-shaped, not a person, a light, an aura, something
falling on tree & hedge which nobody named:
This was heavenly; this was her happiness: & it did not stay long;
this flicker in my came only once or twice, ~~I was so~~ as
suddenly when she was with a sense of her own eyes, out of doors:
for ~~any context~~ ~~any body there~~ of a friend, not actually she said,
then — &, ~~as at the~~ even the imagination of people
talking in rooms with their usual things about them, humiliating,
made her fever & love the sense of being in her eyes. And she felt
all those attachments. Those ugly, as of
human boys look that solve things & broke it up
making it a ~~thousand lesser~~ little, chattering, annoying, kindly
~~greedy~~ hocking blaming ~~greedy~~ — yes, she would like after this
walk to drop into a chair & simply eat. ~~What was~~ There was
~~there~~ for luncheon? And she ~~thought~~ felt her teeth meet in
the rather solid wing of a pheasant; & her tongue roll its
fibres; & then the delicious hotness & scent of pheasant, & the grey
dry bread crumbs, & the heaping up of soft bread sauce, & the
the ~~half~~ perfect, curious taste of bruised sprouts — & the deep
the cold water — ~~the~~ that would be very delicious —
Her body would unbend with that.. And then, ~~about~~ late five,
she would become the daughter, that well known,
rather formal but sweet daughter would possess her,
as her father came in, & her mind would begin to
bow slowly like a flame before his ~~need~~ tiredness or sadness
& the world would immediately ~~detach herself to meet, to~~
leap up to embrace, or cover over ~~or~~ & alleviate
whatever was exposed & craggy; plunge into the hollows:
~~so~~ He was a dark man. ~~He had~~ But his habits had
formed themselves upon beliefs, & the beliefs were very old;
& very venerable. Gentle, regular, orderly ways; among
men, calm — not liking lawyers; ~~a curious~~ he was an
old man too. She was very like him.

Unlikely,

pheasant.

on the pheasant,

when her father came in;

saying nothing sometimes.

Thus, beneath the green hot with the little windows let into its side there was were other objects also — for example there was a white bowl, ~~solid,~~ flaky, ~~& solid~~, ~~wh~~ but not, if one looked long enough, ~~highly~~ ~~whitely~~ white. The glaze was cracked with little threads; blue, ~~yellow~~, a brown ~~of dark but~~ light, a soft & thin of many tints lay on it, so that purples hung even — but as one looked they vanished, ~~& only~~ ~~whole~~ ~~remained~~ absorbed into whiteness. That bulged round behind the hot; & there were in the foreground knife & fork & plate: the ~~light~~ daylight revealed more & more shapes, hard, bright, but pitched irregularly, so that the actual shape might eventually on a new entire light be different: Now the knife blade seemed like a ~~wave~~ glyph — a wet road in the ~~light~~ — a stream ~~of~~ ~~sun~~ — its surface taken from it in its intensity of being. ~~It~~ And left it to cut ~~seemed to~~ ~~But what there was also the whole~~ what was further more, but much more difficult to define a wholly irregular confused, unrecordable ~~in for~~ a cement bag, here spread, there straight, a conglomeration of a cobblestone, in which the eye might see only the a person who walks into a grove; here a) here hopefully ~~to~~ there here caverns purple growing ample — then intense, twisted here, ~~falling there separate~~ turnings up, down there convolutions, climbing there thickes, the like a person muled in a fog; wandering among trees; unable to understand; hemmed; confronted by huge encumbrances; one thing

fashioned for holding purple, — egg, or

& its profound cavity became shallow flow

Coming of Indian

looming, jutting: threading their avenues, or abutting on nothing; ~~here~~ such was the capricci that waited again simply looking, in the early light, at the room.

~~But~~ But

~~to~~ But, just as the intricacy of ~~green blades, or their~~ leaves & twigs begins to tire one, lying beneath, with their little angles, their criss-cross lines, & then, when the wind blows, all seems to be blown out in one vast billow or flaunting cloth, together, a flag; so now, the wind & the sea, its great thunder of water, made a all these little brightness, these intricacies, these lines & spirals, intersecting obscurely, cutting each other into zigzags & shapes, together: by its line & pale; its smooth pallor; its blackness; its perpetual regularity. & monotony & indifference. such would cowed come any from the limited, alone, unalloyed

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Prehistoric
Education
Bibliography
The Town
Conversation
Weather.

It was all dark. ~~The~~ Indeed, just before the cab turned the corner, ~~one might have been in~~ the streets so dark that everybody must have been ~~asleep~~ indeed gone to bed, asleep already; ~~bandaged~~, indeed — which was incredible to Jenny: for she was passing beneath their windows in a ~~state~~ so different: a state, that the momentary darkness affected her so strangely; like the darkness before light; like the hush ~~before music begins~~ before the violins. And then there was the avenue of light: & then, the hush & prelude, like some mystic rite — taking off, planetes, formally arranging & beginning then to move. Everybody was moving. The great rooms were not real, but like stages raised in fairy tales — of great banqueting halls where tuffts of pale flowers flowed, & the lye to ladies, even the very footmen knew, had an air of being real.

In silence, in whole; powerful, in body

This is just what I expected, she said ~~as~~ this natural. I am here alive. I ~~have~~ am a native. I am ~~expe~~ expressive — I am sentient. I am alive everywhere — not alive only, but my mind, my being, has put out — & the silk, extraordinarily, the silk ~~at~~ beauty he the fine silk, purely beyond strangely coloured, perfectly adapted to give effect to the silk that he body kept up — those flowers, regards, bowings, — that extraordinary sensibility it had, so that without knowing the name, she knew, & they flood talking a real relief, how the lift to every person & the other say in the room — to hear the words he speaks, — to hear laughter, — to hear simple, to hear mocking, dark: her body moved he those days always she have like a violin, it changing tune: & the shadows needed to say more than food regret or love have met — a whole fine love —

flowered

She said, much more subtly to me another voyeur language of movement & colour, follow follow. or, suddenly turn. like a fish in whose track a shadow has fallen. I hate you - dont follow - & then suddenly, when she was left to talk to Pamela, or Claudia, all the went naught, colourless, lifeless. Beneath their clothes were the bodies of men - male, hard, grooved with beautiful clefs & cut lines. Beneath their. They were very young. Their hands fluttered at their ties - felt their work. Behold moon, she said, sitting on the balcony with Mr Watson, we are accepted ? Want we what you want to see, young bodies, sitting on gilt chairs ? And she laughed at nothing: but a wild ecstatic laugh; The laugh she formulated, eager, fearless, fearless body, with its clothes torn out, making her naked arm when she shot it out, like a — making her knee, with its folds of grey flesh like a — eyes too, as if one had silver bones - She laughed again. She took the thin flemmed glass & sipped.

to circle let themselves be floated, to lean against the slow wandering wall, the thing that rhythm which seemed to become something one leant against, smooth, cool revolving, new as yet spray entering into body a vital & cool, something upholding me, at the same time handling me, & adding this blood body, so that in the centre of the rhythm, sitting now steady, but irresistibly round & round in a extraordinary harmony egg shaped, oval, all in & out, there was the other body with its hands, folding its, to the its centre of vibration, its rhythm, leaping off, in harmony with the music, waves the upon its waves. At last, they sat back the rhythm; & walking rather greedy as if they had just shuffled off a morning standard, they found two

there was no point

eyes

as if everything were sealed, ecstatic,

gilt chair alone on a balcony.

They went to supper. She took a thin-stemmed glass of gilt sipped it, rather rigidly because she did not like the taste of wine. ~~Her dad the~~. ~~It~~ tasted a little like medicine. And then, when she had drunk half her glass, she began to ~~feel faint~~, I feel my spine. Now just between the shoulder blades. Each little knob is becoming ~~hot~~ warm, soft; & something now is moving up the back of my head; now I am able to remount that little ridge which ~~I have~~ lies just behind my tongue. I will venture over the border. I will ~~say what~~ I will venture. I will step out. I will listen in. Just break.

And she said ~~the second~~ aloud to Mr Watson,

Tell me what you do; But of course it was ~~but the~~ The accent ~~felt strangely~~ ~~with~~ There was a accent in 'tell' as if some weight fell in it; as if the words trembling through some impediment; & yet her voice was like a fluttering bird, which having ~~flown~~ flown out of the nest, finds its wings weak & poised round & round, & yet now the bird is out struck men, dark men, his face, his escaped. ~~and~~ They looked & laughed. & she sipped again & felt the warmth — softness not only in her, but actually everywhere — warmth & softness seemed to circulate everybody I am a naiad she said to herself. This is my world. No other is possible. This is where I am come to explore to live to make my way. As her eyes raised themselves to the door. When it opens, my life will be changed she said to herself. Only a servant came in with a tray. ~~But~~ next time — at any moment — she said to ~~herself as~~ watching the door. My life may be here in the same room. And she began making up

The liquid warm

Something is going to happen at.

& her voice with its apt tali

gilt chairs alone on a balcony.

They went to supper. She took a thin-stemmed glass of gold
sipped it, ~~[illegible]~~ rather rigidly because she did not like the
taste of wine. ~~[illegible]~~. ~~It~~ tasted a little like medicine.
And then, when she had drunk half her glass, she began to
~~feel faint~~, I feel my spine. Now just between the shoulder
blades each little knob is becoming ~~[illegible]~~ warm, soft;
& ~~something~~ now the ~~[illegible]~~ shaving up the back of my head;
now I am able to ~~[illegible]~~ remount that little ridge which ~~[illegible]~~
lies just behind my tongue. I will venture over the border. I will
~~say what~~ I will venture - I will step out - I will enter in.
Just break.

And she said ~~[illegible]~~ aloud to Mr Watson,
Tell me what you do; But of course it was
~~but the~~ The accent ~~felt strangely~~ ~~[illegible]~~ There was a
accent on 'Tell' as if some weight fell on it;
on of the words bumping through some impediment;
& yet her voice was like a fluttering bird, which
having ~~flutted~~ flown out of the nest, finds its wings weak
& feeling round & round, & yet now the bird is out stretch
ness, drinks freely, sits free, sits escaped. ~~and~~ They both
laughed, & she sipped again & felt the warmth -
softness not only in her, but actually everywhere -
warmth & softness seemed to circulate everybody
I am a naiv she said to Henry. This is my world.
No other is possible. This is where I am come to explore to
live to make my way. As her eyes raised themselves on
the door. When it opens, my life will be changed
She said to Henry. Only a servant came in with a
tray. ~~But~~ next time - at any moment - she said
to ~~Henry~~ ~~Hs~~ watching the door. My life may be
here in the same room. And she began making up

The lamps were lit

Something is going to happen next.

& her voice took on a strange

~~a perfectly absurd~~

from what Mr Watson had her an extraordinary picture of people who crossed the Alps every year; ~~who~~ (he said he hated travel) & brought back in the dicky (this was a word that had stuck in her mind from reading memoirs) alto-relievos & paintings (he said he hated pictures) & then perfectly dressed, in her distinguished way — all she could see was Henrietta lying on a bearskin in a studio. In ~~fact she~~ ~~he understood~~. Though her mind thus embellished everything, every small abrupt fact about living in Chelsea, ~~living a bachelor~~ eating dinners, liking pictures, she knew that he understood all she was feeling; because their bodies were harmonious. But others might be much more so, she said, watching the door open. That stern one, looking so critical — their distinguished Chaperon, like a Roto bronze, so well groomed — And feeling their attention thus captured, tapping curiously the floor under the table. They started. Indeed they were perfectly indifferent to each other.

And for a moment Jenny (said now) will hesitate, wish want; I will make my choice very carefully; Italy; with extreme discretion: ~~I will not~~ ~~But I can't~~ Only what so odd is that I am doing this, I can't help doing it: he he will come — & then her eye fell, by mistake, on a pair of her own eyes, staring at him awkwardly, to answer some question.

And it was wrong: yes, all out of proportion, hanging or perfection: the blue was too heavy; it made her pale; taken.

the dicky & the bearskin & the Chaperon's body

their bodies become flat & indefinite

short fat woman.

Was awkward, Jenny said; & she could remember the awkwardness, at school; the lanky, awkward child he name was Rhoda; & she remained awkward, but while she recognized the difference between them & thanked her stars that she looked nothing like that, it was clear that she had none of a whole, her. She made a divided impression — she was two things not one thing. She was cased in clothes inexpressively — she had something intent, out of keeping discordant — yet all this same, derisive as Jenny might be superficially, delivered to see what she was not made apparent, & there to feel more sure of herself, still beneath that — no doubt some memory of pictures the school stairs helped — she was also aware too, that the women, if they were Even if they were women, Rhoda a rival, was the Common Lot; some odd alien, made her feel an exact code of signals, amusing, unbroken, a current running in her veins something cordial, cynical, detached, hermit, fundamental, a common knowledge of what life was they were after — girls at their first dance. Underneath the rivalry & the, brittleness of flirting & effervescence: the reality was brought out by the hard male body with its deep cut rills. Jenny went on independently — was like that they were, smiling and grey enduring — very oddly made their contrast seem perceptible, for the first time so clearly, in this room of the intensified sharpened perceptions.

Rhoda remembered her. She is triumphant, she said to herself; I mean she is the very

with shoulders are long pressed — a bit stiff — at friend:

frowning, looking

over open registers

what they were feeling underneath

things ~~The others are~~ Some other others are that. The belong
to the people who are that, the thought; types; the real people —
the remembered. The three girls going upstairs arm in arm;
To them she owed her perfect loyalty — a wondering admiration —
an almost aesthetic joy — They were complete, & the
look of being, — expressive — the they only — the thought of
the little passive beauty of the girl who had gone to
Homewood as Home Whitby & then further made Whitby radiant.
And she became conscious of the extraordinary strain & disparity of
what she was; ~~and~~ what she felt; the tiger leaps: — that was her
~~radiant~~ instinctive, habitual phrase, for this kind of thing: this
frequently happening thing: this presence of a sudden catastrophe,
falling up of some cant; ~~these~~ disposal of her feet of
Cautious avalanche of experience — untested unfathomed.
The tiger leaps — Yes, when the door opened: when Mrs
Somebody began. ~~to~~ with a lift of the heart the whole
thing flashed into light. Old Mrs — — asking her questions:
Gently pulling her down from her tower into the gulf
or stream easy to ride on always — they offered one
'something — rents — tracks — something terribly real — & to
refuse was difficult & then to give over whole mind to
understanding — to envelop them, letting pleasure about my
husband — my dog — my son — I hope you will come.
Yes no — in underclothing — that was the Chaucer
& the temptation — & the perpetual stimulus —
yet to understand nothing! To be ~~a dea~~ deceived
without a face even. I have no face, the dead
Other people are here bodily; I am one of them
who come like inhabitants — who think only with the
mind — whatever it is — If I could grasp something
about life — if I could make sure — before the cant
falls. The tiger springs — the avalanche falls — But
And so I stand here, intellectual: an incomprehended.

Lack of unanalyzed experience

The avalanche of sensation

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The boarding house

And at once her sense of being unlike other people, or that out from some terrible lack of knowledge which Jenny had, then making her real affection, able to be quite sincere with that man she was talking to, overcame her. And she felt the desire for praise for encouragement; & a kind of that she should be the object for so much cordiality - but down ecstasy. She felt terribly insincere: not in her body, but feeling both the thing, trying things over quickly; & doubting & doubting & fearing & making up sense: & wishing to achieve what she knew she was not: sincere, lovely, like Jenny

I am detached, dishonest, somehow not right. If people could see me as I am how they would despise me! What a vile nature I have been given! What ~~a deceiver~~ I am! How How insincere untrustworthy & despicable I am! I saw the ~~sense of suffering increased~~. With the quickening of sensation; the passing of youth, the slumber of other lives going forward, introductions taking place, & couples assuming the rapt look of dancers, the sense of being not the whole world, as she was, sitting over the fire at home, a vision tight stuffed something ~~with~~ making a complete globe, universal, comprehending everything, vanished; was burst. ~~And~~ It was ~~more like the~~ being ~~rather than anything~~ & ~~seeing~~ one's self ~~running~~ ran away, ~~in & nothing able to catch it~~. Feeling that all the things one had collected & believed in a tethered anchor to ~~were~~ proved false. ~~And the was false~~ So they remained — She had to stiffen & harden Even to keep herself putting forth One ~~answer~~ ~~Possible~~ or remark after another. ~~an~~ another. And thus she made no single impression — was always insincere: was guilty of insincerities, was hopelessly untrustworthy; for For the complete people had no such severance — no such ~~but~~ came into rooms, met any collection, with complete unanimity & were thus in what they said all of a piece, sincere straight forward. As usual she felt that there was some simple trick of knowledge just beyond her grasp: Jenny had it: they all had it: & look like therefore very simply, — were sincere, all though. But if she talked the atmosphere tried to be ~~like~~ simple, extreme, sympathetic, blunt, remote, — something or other, whatever the thought of at the moment. became nothing made a single impression on her — She was always shifting & afraid — afraid ~~of~~ & nervous &

One was

There was drama

had no Kubelay
would do anything to be liked. But for the most part people
want simplicity & that thing (the adored desirable thing
that practically everybody possesses) the usual
finality so that they say damn it no: By Jove yes —
& bring their fists down on the table. And then in
weariness, in despair at her own lack of the most
desirable finality the hardened, for she did not wish
to damn, the hated being asked to do what would alone
reveal her ~~the~~ incompetency in the supreme art of
being a real person. in her despair she began forging
through talk — (a little brother see Stiffi) the remained,
disorderly, baffling fragments, things that had no meaning
for her, escaped her. bewildered & baffled her, the would
shrug her shoulders & let the burden fall & strike out,
with a backward sense of her ten worthiness, like a
golden deserter. yet some feeling too that the battle
was not worth while, let her at least, forward
reality; the ~~thing~~ ~~that was~~ to make for what was out, beyond,
had, real: something intimate, her own, one of those unapparent
things that are germane to the soul; the metal that rings:
the thing, to which she intended & think to. There ~~was~~ was
beyond those people, & she walked as if she had an end in
view, across the room (but she had no real end, like Jenny
no impulse no certainty) to the window, to the balcony, to the
night of the sky, when her ~~own~~ desirable or she was
actually, she was here facing with that obligation,
absolved, & let be herself, alone; part of the sky, so
curiously barred with black. [Was a relation
that was perhaps sincere. It was a relation singing
like metal, very pure, ten mitigated, without
alloy, no question of admitting quality, only of letting sing, of
being. A] It was a great pool of light; barred with black.
an odd sky But you know what I think, she said

to look like a person —

like a part of her self, the morning sky

in one simple, not careful, perhaps bad relationship.

addressing lovely very hurriedly in case the should be interrupted
I'm that; I'm not that. ~~Can't be helped~~. The of the things to be noted.
like the moment at the handle. Life has its book then. & I note
stages. It was a great relief after being so madly gaily.
~~This extraordinary property~~ & be calm up here before, alone.
Regard me as I am, have as I am, leave away then. down the
dark laurel groves, where the hunter go, & there is a statue
of ~~Apollo~~ Artemis in the flash. ~~Let me be~~ Shall I go with
the fading flight? Shall I see the rippled waves? Shall Now I
shall see the water break on the shore —
the vivid white ~~walls~~ foam was herself. The white, the
swift, the surging, the unmuzzled, the free — was her.
She was ~~falling with~~ sweeping the shores of the world: yet
steadfast; high uplifted, piercing, aloof.

And then as always happened when the identification was
most complete, & she felt ~~an~~ complete there would come
whispering & whinnying at her ear ~~her~~ ~~then~~ ~~many~~ ~~always~~ ~~applause~~ ~~just~~ ~~lovely~~
~~and to slide over at the summit~~; — that one was posing &
pretending — self-glorifying. The mood always toppled
over at the summit. One felt ridiculous — of a
why identity overall; why this admixture of personality?
And then, & then, suddenly one became enchanted, &
felt off from the edge of the moon: could not anymore
see the pillar of Artemis ~~pride~~ crossing the dark green laurels:
mind the next beat of the idea, as one might slip
from a galloping horse — felt from then lovely incapacity
to carry on the ~~A~~ race. ~~And one was not represented~~
~~There laziness~~. There was a lolling, a meanness in
self glorification, something radically unsatisfactory.
in being a self at all. Now & now there, rather
glad to be in the room, with
& was left standing, rather weak, rather vulnerable

vacuity into the organic of the works; falling

falling off,

p

suddenly become aware of the comfortable laughter, or whatever it might be.

I am being resumed into life; become a part of the bubbling cauldron. Gentle flames stir me up & down. Mere fumbling, something to be noted in the margin: but what is obvious is that we are not for a second let off. I am borne from one scheme to another. I am tossed constantly sentient. My soul is perpetually thrown about. I am have no work. I am now passive & receptive. I receive anything: I ~~have no~~ ~~had~~ seemed to her that her life had already lasted a million ~~years~~ years: that she had never ceased to be thrown from one thing to another; that her being was ~~many lives~~ a million ~~years~~ years old. Each ~~written over; that the interval~~ leaved back: that she could never ~~interfere~~ a ~~that of~~ form: all was halfable, could be planned; lovingly written over. And this is life, she said, searching that avenue ~~secret knowledge~~ sensation which has just become obvious.

moved up & down.

Then they began singing. All those boarding boys, who had driven off in brakes - Charles Richard Harvey Richard - crammed close together with their bats or their footballs, whether summer or winter, the round faced, chubby little boys, with a ~~or~~ cap dabbed at the top of the head; ~~the~~ boarding of their tender, swobbing stockings, boarding, all so ~~anyone~~ much alike, so anyone to be ~~alike~~, ~~of~~ dressed alike, to feel only ~~in~~ as ~~what~~ the others did, ~~to~~ by means of to think, to swear, to laugh, to hedge their collect, to buy, to do whatever was done by the rest - they burst into chorus now, nothing but something very unanimous, very wholehearted; so that everybody's

The birds sang by the window.
the man who fell out of bed.
And rub his eyes: the soul awakens.
a stumbling curious - person
who goes into the garden.

The Town.
The Phantom Conversation
at Tyche.

heart inclined to it. Were like a roar of flame when the doors of an oven in a smelting are flung open - Were like the hunting wind. Were like the bolting & bounding of a swollen stream over boulders. It rose & fell exactly like a switch back railway. It ~~were~~ swept me up - & our throat hardened, & down & our throat loosened - It swept me with its own sweet hurly bede. All the little words were run together.

So ~~they sang~~ become molten, & soft & urgent & expressive. swept on & on. As if under us, rolled a volume of warm water, very swift, very deep: & of accented stressed words, any words, so long as they are run in unison together.

harmony, tremendously united.

Dec. 29th.

Coming back to the same place.

The clerk had pulled out, he was the shore.

wounding some flock

The glass was full of curiosity, letting humbe pleasure.

the bird which had sung in the dawn close to the bedroom window
was hopping. He hopped from twig to twig on the branch outside.
The clerk ~~was awake~~ stretched, yawned, looked at the opposite wall.
pulled himself up, & perceived that after ~~that~~ curious experience,
sleep. ~~The dawning into~~ was over; & here was day. He was awake, &
he could feel on his bare flesh ~~the~~ heat, the waves of cold & heat;
the flux of green & blue; see the umber & purples of bark, & the
& feel, imaginatively, the roughness of the grass, with cold dew
softness. ~~Already then the dawning~~. It might be rose smell,
or mould smell, or merely earth smell, when the frost is
when the little particles of earth are thawed, that came into his
nostrils. He felt too, his own body, with its muscles &
nerves, flukes: without flashing anything, or even touching
anything. Yet his body felt, imaginatively, the slamp
& the gale & the deep river waters. He felt
the minutes ticking. He felt the wave of & burning of blood in
his lungs; & the thump of the heart. And besides that,
he heard the barking of some ~~hedgers~~ hedgers. The ~~Cow~~ Shepherd's
dog, ~~attention~~, insistent & some early bell in the
Church, & the cock shovelling the coal, & then again
the bedroom cry of a child in a cottage. So he went into the
garden, & at his coming the bird hopped higher up. The
shadow disturbed them; it frightened the
stealthy cat with her eye near to the ground, the
poaching, stealing cat. He stood under the
trees in the orchard, & the net of light, falling with
& fast, fell over him. He picked an apple off
from the grass — an apple like a green stone.
He held it for a second against the blurring blue of the
free proper horizon. He saw, in the middle distance,

a long low room, with a rabbit, with its smoke, & a brazier part. And, tiny back to the house, through the ~~real~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ all these movements, this way & that, & shapes, sometimes remember, sharply & clearly, & these infinite depths of colour bound him about, beat on him, rose up — spray in his blood — a shower of ~~[illegible]~~ magical coloured shards flied with strange lightning. His hand clenched upon nothing so that the nails made red crescents in the palms. The sleeper ~~The fire~~ ~~The flame~~ His every vein braced; his skin beat upon; his brain active — like one, when grey thin coils of electric ~~[illegible]~~ instrument in a heavy mahogany wondrous room, smelling good. ~~[illegible]~~ Then was the ~~[illegible]~~ cool And then the breakfast table, & then the frost & then the newspapers And the ~~[illegible]~~ steam of coffee; & bacon cut in triangles, &

The sleeper had ~~[illegible]~~ wound had gone out into the ~~[illegible]~~ world; & been received, like somebody who ~~[illegible]~~ passes through a trellis of ~~[illegible]~~ like a swimmer; like women was having men unchivalrously then ~~the stars~~. like the silver moon, rising unfolding into clarity; but through ~~the~~ vapours; for sleep had been a deep sea, dark waters, thick clouds, held over him; & they had seemed had shelved, had let hang where his head thought they & rise to the top & wake to drowsed torrent, the vast falling of all colours & heights.

Shades & sounds & colours, floating one over another.

The Town.

To be written
Tuesday

A train coming in.
The people getting out
A lift.
How they run towards
Upon the lift.
The boy with bad throat.
The streets
A usual Wednesday. Monday
Midlock. a
Barometer & factory chimneys.

Dec. 30th.

~~Under the~~ The barometer & factory chimneys, appearing in sublime, ~~& above~~ towering to sit circling & to towering ~~as~~ sentinel, ~~over~~ the City with ~~its~~ which was ~~no~~ dwindled ~~as vast~~ all vast, were as impressive. ~~So~~ as palaces or cathedrals, Could one have foretold ~~what their function was~~, Could one have endowed them with ~~them~~ some hidden ceremonious purpose. ~~Like all towns~~ Seen from a distance, London was majestic & sad - ~~[illegible]~~ so quiet, & so immense, & so fallen seemed into a ~~trance, thinking~~ ~~the~~ mood of profound meditation; a monstrous brooding, a perhaps one felt the power ~~[illegible]~~ that lurks massed in ~~all~~ that vast conglomeration ~~of homes~~ for new separate ridges of home stood out, & chimneys - the more for the silence. It was only coming in by train or by car ~~that one~~ saw the thing itself, Now it appeared ~~[illegible]~~ before one, as a whole; the have, ~~that~~ mother or It contained ~~not~~ a roar & volume of sound; it was London enveloped, contained, folded all that in its deep maternal, ~~or [illegible]~~ breast.

But each time the train ~~[illegible]~~ shot into a station & stopped ~~as~~ to let people in & out, or flashed through past rows of rather blank repetitive terraces, & gardens walls & palisades, ~~so~~ the vastness & the quiet & the brooding were broken, ~~no sooner~~ roused; & ~~[illegible]~~ became more & more difficult for the whole peaceful mass to assemble again. The train boring its way so perpendicularly into London made the ends of the great edifice which had lain so momentous & untouched crumble in: was rubbed & attacked; & only ugly fragments - ribbed hills - gathering homes - fast flying streets - remained, unconquered, in regard. ~~[illegible]~~ Around in the station there were left.

a maternal calm.

fledged with

rear the envelope, beneath the surface.

complete chaos. ~~The train was all over the~~.

~~A sound~~ ~~Out bound Everyone~~. And the illusion that the long low powerful train, which had swept thus so many ~~be~~ fled & turned had some reality, had imparted some Unfortunate ~~to~~ had a ~~mind & body~~ & purpose & firmness & reality when the passengers was broke - out they tumbled - ridiculous little ~~odds & ends~~, brother off, separate, active, ~~but~~ irregular - contradictory. And the shaded train slowly ~~gave up some~~ ceased to steam. But they on the other hand, seemingly drawn, though exhaustedly, for some were lame, some were hampered with luggage, down towards the clock, actually made off, running, some of them, fronting to ~~overtake~~ get the first ~~though~~ but the ticket inspector, casting glances, more of them, at the ~~whitened~~ palely lustrous clock face. For heterogeneous as they were, displaying no wish to herd together, but to outrun, outpace; still they seemed dominated, by the same desire - to escape, to arrive, to hasten, to catch, to make their way, to be in time.

But when, after the short passage in the tube, they rose again in light, & the left doors opened, & the street appeared, this unity was further ~~dim~~ loosened. It may have been the effect of daylight. Several blinked & stood irresolute; & ~~them~~; ~~again, the traffic, & their~~ at any rate they seemed and were shaken loose, less arbitrarily connected, as free to make each to left or right, or even to stay for a moment, hesitating, in some momentary eclipse of purpose.

with marking with distinction,

as if a light had been Chattering;

& postulating in peding

Glares of the Clock they seemed

to out wit to out plan

broad populous assembly lot

And then the power which could hardly be denied when they were herded & pressed together, of skirts & trousers & shoes — ~~their~~ whether they were in fashion or old, new or patched, asserted itself; & the heads ~~which had~~ it became apparent that the head it became clear, could though, ~~when~~ men separately, ~~Cabaretts~~ much ~~as nowadays went to~~ alike, must take their orders from skirts & ~~from~~ boots; ~~or the~~ muttering from the clothes under them. fine

Could never over come the clothes under them.

It was an ordinary day; blue patches in the country; here

Gregorth, Dorrunch

rather one thing now the other; Mr. Harbert Finch, Mr. Wilkem Clark, & Mrs Emily Blenthorne all took the omnibuses. Henry Mitchell started off, to walk to work. Mrs. Clay had to consider the best way of reaching Cross Corners. Mr Lapthorne hailed a taxi. Miss Rose Phillipes had time. She stepped out briskly, to reach the office on foot. And as each made that decision, he or she became still further separate, still more aware of their own distinctness, or their own special circumstances.

Yet, even so, the act of walking & driving, in one stream, high streets, still exerted some smoothing, hypnotising power, at anyrate upon the surface & the mind ~~so that it was impossible not to feel that~~ which became ~~hypnotised~~ ~~of a pale grey, of a~~ a certain sliding pale grey, of a ~~certain~~ ~~was too~~ superficially regulated, enjoying survey, calculating, judging, & moving, as they go shop, with their office lunches, an chains or dress material hanging. Yet nothing had time to sink very deep; & underneath the sliding surface there was something brooding watchful, conscious of the position of their particular Monday morning in the ~~long~~ unwinding ~~drama~~ history;

Iro made them
seem bigger
& stronger &
more vocal
successful.

The tweed - cloth so
ridiculously
transcended
reality.

Indeed the Hoover cult, he ~~brought~~ in
look from his button hole. The
photographs of a boy or a horse,
the whole photographs of a well known German
Fuehrer cult. Hood or the
in antelope are were protests
fely curious & not altogether
successful attempts to show
personal feeling & the
people that he was
not this - entirely.

And then, at a stopping, or in some perplexity of turning, that faded; & out sprang a violet gleam consciousness of ~~every~~ the moment which ~~used~~ made the past, sink into darkness, into non-existence. And then again the moment; illuminate, ~~Every gleam~~ faded, & the ~~mind was~~ There was again a ~~regular~~ steady stream, moody, brooding, quick, & often the more often that they knew, somebody would begin talking to the wide world, to the large uniform comprehending thing who presided over this monotonous rhythmic world, this undifferentiated world these streams of grey faces, these overcoats & these hats these horses this surge of traffic. And then at another corner, again the impure world bite sharply in on horses, a hubbub in at the extraordinary folly of this speech: at its anger at its boasting: at its rancorous: at its ~~But so soon a~~ But at one, in the office in the shop, in the country house or country house, each was ~~Ex~~ ~~the~~ certainly worn, each was humanly; in his normal attitude;

spasmodically the rhythm prematurely

broadly pleading oratory

perfectly or completely with other or with other,

to his clerk Sir Herbert Mark would ~~act the tyrant~~ say Mornay Rogers. And he would put down his Drama. Cost, hint, barely decently. Then he would adjust ~~only~~ to ~~the~~ attentive Sebastian Clark ~~would hesitate~~, who thought his to whom he was so important, who had so high an opinion of him. And so he would begin working at haste: he would ~~fade when tact, stamp them, make pleasure~~; evading ~~detection~~; — & then right, cast & ~~so~~ formal, licked him side further into his own formidably; & braced him to ~~take the~~ reply decisively; talky like a on the ~~at~~ until he was ~~being talking, energetically~~ in full speech apparently without hesitation a doubt or any other confusion ~~Just this~~

On the other hand, Mr.

Then indeed, such was the force of the walls, ~~or of the~~
with their legal books, or the windy shop, where they sold
theatre tickets, or the office with its noisy desks &
the emphatic irregular typewriter, or the great ~~Hall~~
Counter with the industrious men handling rolls of stuff
~~Dress material~~, that ~~the~~ whatever there was,
~~whatever~~ of identity or oddity, or disparacy became shaped
sharper, like a marking ~~which the~~ made visible before one,
like clay ~~thrown~~ into the heat, brought out, hardened &
~~made visible~~ like a mark held to the fire. Then, Stephen
had Hubert Mule became a lawyer; Mr Clark a
Clerk broker; Mrs. Burthorne a woman with a family;
Henry Mitchell a messenger boy, Mrs Phelps a
typist; & that with, & always there was some
approval in their mind, something which read as
personality accented they I am I. I don't
wish to be other than) am, welcoming the advent of
I & feeling that I was to be supported & encouraged at
whatever cost. And then to warm a sufficient
came into to mind quaint recollections, & moments of
fely approval, moments of unexpected kindness &
private hates or dislikes, dexterities & hates & skills,
& here & there, a sudden concentrating & clarifying of the
mind so that all that was personal seemed
adventurous; or, on the other hand, the mind was in
abeyance, & some more realized & indefensible perception
came (as Mrs Burthorne) became jealous manifested duty: a general
wh-ahead about her ~~daughter, marriage~~; a the
the marriage of her eldest son, a real & membrane of
anxiety & awareness of the relations of young
people, of men & women, coming together, with their
different characters: & how showed all bed, on the
wedding day so that the thought of the young man

taking the maid with pleasure or

of the daughter from the rest of the in & some page or text or letter lay slipped in layers;

who was wedding cloth as a bridegroom; & her body was
tinged with maternity. young man capable of marriage, & ~~the~~ a
woman with child.

And so each regained that sublime, drew into themselves,
arrayed the extraordinary ~~was~~ irregularity & disunionedness
the hell-shell nature, a diversion & antipathy so accidental &
fortuitous & discovered way into compact globes,
so that the universe was comprehensible, navigable, or
profitably arranged in familiar ways. And, instinctively
as the money wore on, each man & woman tried to
avoid work; to keep their sense of familiarity & lovely
contemplated; & only to admit such impression,
regards words thoughts memories as fortified themselves
in their identity. ~~When, later~~ Then down, when their
~~avoidance was~~ familiarity was most intense, when
everything seemed to yield to their outcoming, when they
were making their world known, & doing just what
they wished whatever pole or pitfall whatever command most
~~at~~ ~~the~~ with most urgency & certainty — down
then that the discomfort of being was most assuaged;
then that friction, if any such demand was tolerable;
then that life ~~was~~ became ~~swift~~ great, tolerable,
happy: even though none of them thought it: ~~to~~ the
word happiness never occurred to them.

add madly

Lenfeld
they had made already
fantasy of dust & smoke
with a lamplight in it,

it was then that they were furthest from the thought of death, most embedded in life.

Then, as the day warmed, the streets filled, & each shop or office had its — there were few rooms not the street, the shops, offices, parlours, shops, offices, Even the streets that were not full of occupied, everywhere, in parlours, in & the running wherever there were people, the sense of accent & energy was deepened: the sense of human life having & enjoying them; taking every shape that was conceivable; & moulding every thing that it touched into its own character: the barrows & hackney coaches, flower women, beggars men, women & children — & they were as the to learn that wherever they congregated, as Comes, as in a refuge, there was a fire in the separate Colours & peculiar delight & a marked an extreme richness & variety; one life obtrudes obtruding another, carelessly at out, breaking over it arresting its own type, breaking up the other; a perpetual assertion of individuality; & And each had made was drawn from such deep springs, & came trickling from such secret ways that there was nothing to indicate was impossible: communication was almost helpless; these they & fretted in by law, by business, by art, by engineering, by Commerce — each magnetised & drawn on, they were. It was very seldom that the feeling of I merged in the feeling of war. And death was far away. Even the children & elderly felt as the street widened that is my street, my life, Then I foresee that inevitably, & if I were to die, it was this all held in me; But for the most part the curiosity & zeal, the delightful sense of being a to hackney coaches or a barrow or a

negativing obliterating

in order to that they had to feel he had

Journalist or a mother or a dressmaker flew like a flag in the wind. There was an enterprise calling for terrific exertion — calling so loudly & clearly that no one thought of the it at all: every movement was almost as spontaneous as the fate of a wave; as the ~~hurrying~~ swelling & hurrying to the shore — which to break, to fade, to cover the ~~to~~ beach with water. Hence in the city, ~~even the~~ in every street, though there abundance of personality some ~~[illegible]~~ building, domed or pinnacled had risen; some extravagance had forced itself up, had ~~spread~~ ~~& beyond the rest, had~~ had exceeded in height or breath above the rest; with some fetlock of stone, or statue in a niche, or motto over the door. There was hardly a street without its exclamation, its claim, its proclamation; & what ~~what~~ ~~already in the~~ wanted here & there, lit up in the middle of the day. in letters of coloured light

Conversation: Jan 8th

Conversation

Unfortunately one cannot paint these moments of illumination, said Bernard; these ~~moments~~ he continued, as he ~~[illegible]~~ ~~his~~ handed his coat to the waiter, when everything become ~~[illegible]~~ plain. when life has no more mysteries, when ~~the secret of the~~ everyplace that passes in the street yields up its secret. There are times when — ~~every book~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~. There are times when I seem to myself ~~to be a wise man~~, sitting by the wayside seeing the future in a bowl of water. ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ — Like the mysterious obliquity of their dancing room. ~~One gets the illusion of infinite distance~~; & the working planes ~~give one the sense that~~ which are make ~~one~~ ~~like~~ ~~other~~ windows into ~~[illegible]~~ lineal worlds.) And if you were asked what is

Journalist or a mother or a dressmaker flew like a flag in the wind. It was an enterprise calling for terrific exertion — calling so loudly & clearly that no one thought of the at all: every movement was almost as spontaneous as the tall grass waves; as the ~~hasting~~ swelling & hasting to the shore — which to break, to fall, to cover the beach with water.

Hence in the city, ~~in the~~ in every street, though there abundance of personality some ~~[illegible]~~ building, domed or pinnacled had risen; some extravagance had forced itself up, had ~~[illegible]~~ beyond the rest, ~~had~~ in height or breath above the others; with some fleur de stone, or statue in a niche, or motto over the door. There was hardly a street without its exclamation, its claim, its proclamation; what ~~[illegible]~~ ~~already in the~~ winked here & there, lit up in the middle of the day. in letters of coloured light

had exceeded

Conversation: Jan 8th

Conversation

Unfortunately one cannot paint these moments of illumination, said Bernard; these moments he continued, as he ~~[illegible]~~ ~~his~~ handed his coat to the waiter, when everything becomes ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ when life has no more mysteries, when ~~the secret of the~~ everyface that passes in the street yields up its secret. There are times when — ~~every [illegible] does neatly into its pocket.~~ There are times when I seem to myself ~~to be a wise man~~, sitting by the wayside seeing the future in a bowl of water. ~~[illegible] [illegible] after one in these places~~ — Like the mysteries observed of the dancing room. ~~One gets the illusion of infinite distance~~, or the working glasses ~~[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]~~ which are make ~~one~~ ~~the~~ ~~little~~ ~~other~~ windows into ~~[illegible]~~ (And if you were asked what in literal words.)

Or

~~Your character~~ is the secret of life what would you say? Does the question convey no meaning to you? ~~Are you~~ Or do you think that the ever mind unduly accept the fact there is no meaning? ~~Do you not~~ Or are we still too near the brute for such a question to be feasible? To Euhan, to Columbus, that is the only meaning that life has yet attained. That is what produces this intense activity; There is Louis, he broke off, looking ~~like a~~ ~~pea~~ at Hinsley for a moment in the glass - He is ever satisfied with his appearance. We were asking

& deadly that

what is the meaning of life. He said as Louis sat down beside Percival; & I am going to help myself to some ~~of that delicious~~ my cold herring although the others have not yet come. On the last dinner ~~we shall ever eat here~~ here, said Louis. ~~The house is falling down.~~ There are great crack & wood already holding strip It is falling down.

~~But~~ ~~It is going to be one of those evenings~~ -

I ~~rather~~ think, said Bernard, that it is going to be a one of those evenings ~~which~~ when the most commonplace remarks - pass the butter - or do you ~~like~~ truly wind or what - has a ~~wound~~ ~~attached to it~~, as if they had hung a shell over our heads, ~~which~~ I have that feeling sometimes.

The house is falling! There is an echo when

Percival would say that is a bad thing. Percival detests echoes.

Percival is ~~too~~ ~~wise to~~ ~~never speaks, said~~ Louis. ~~He is~~ ~~has~~ He won his ascendency over us by saying nothing.

a Couch - like the shell a

I wish now ~~tell you~~ ~~I love you~~ describe ~~first~~ ~~the character of Percival~~

Said Bernard, my first impression of Percival, said Bernard. He was ~~wonderfully~~ very young the middle age. ~~that was~~ Certainly beauty marked him even as a boy. He was ~~bodily in double~~ ~~He looked fourteen~~ ~~wh~~ - he did not ~~Gradually~~ I just became conscious of ~~Percival~~ this in chalked an summer evening. He was not really attending to the sermon; but he an air of contemplative severity

A2

150280

1200

3000 60

420

Bernard
Louis
Cesar
Neville

Rhoda
Jenny

which refreshed the eye, while ~~it~~ the same time it conveyed his own opinion that the sermon was nonsense. Then his ascendency was moral, as well as physical. He was not ~~good at games.~~ He was markedly unprecocious.
He was definitely bad at games. Nor did he give way — There is Susan, looking about her. We are here, Susan, he said, beckoning to her. ~~You will sit~~ We are discussing the moral ascendency of Percival; I will go on describing my first impression of his character. The first about him is that he

~~He lived a life~~ But ~~with~~ it is impossible. Because ~~when any~~ as soon as any new person who comes in, ~~does ideas~~ ideas, ~~of~~ are changed; ~~changes one's ideas.~~ ~~He is differ~~ I no longer see him: my ~~the~~ idea of Percival is changed. The change that Susan makes is very subtle. Percival ceases to ~~be indifferent.~~ He lie in the midst you like ~~the~~ a Crusader on his tomb. Or Here he checked himself, because to have said anyone would have ~~to~~ been to ~~stage~~ touch ~~upon~~ that ~~new~~ ~~strange~~ ~~very~~ ~~sensitive~~ ~~unexpressed~~ curious quivering whatever it was that began now rubbing over the ~~read~~ ~~to~~ face of Percival, so that he became mobile, ~~full of sensibility~~, uneasy, extremely ~~sensitive~~ full of sensibility. ~~Demand~~ But there was Neville, coming at them, straight as a dart, with that ~~perfect~~ ~~like~~ extreme defencelessness which made it seem as if, having seen them, he disregarded everything else, came directly towards them, had no hesitations.

~~And there will be~~ And no sooner had Neville sat down, than Rhoda came in, very ~~cheerfully~~, ~~suddenly~~ abstracting suddenly, for the head taken care to hide, ~~as long~~ merely as long as the tones,

~~go~~ afterwards from the side, & covering himself as long as the
could ~~w~~ behind palm trees or waiters. ~~They felt that~~
it was a great shock, to confront them. And then,
Just as they were beginning to say what are we waiting for?
Jenny stood for a second in what appeared then to be a
doorway, for her ~~elegance~~, ~~her~~ they emphasis she was able to
but as her body made her ~~surroundings~~; arrange themselves
~~So as to form a~~ harmony ~~with her~~. in ~~rgt~~ a pattern.
~~The most~~ round in the tables & chairs at once became
~~pale star~~. Susan had changed the body; Jenny had
Changed his appearance, too] And when the rat down. Louis,
who was not satisfied with his appearance, put his
hands under the table.

in an
order

~~And yet~~ Jenny changes appearances, ~~and Rhoda~~.
Susan changes bodies; ? Change nothing, because nobody
Knows I am here, Rhoda said to Hewitt, ~~[illegible]~~ recognize to be
~~had old device~~ — ~~remedy for discomfort~~ — a belief that
the was invisible. ~~But~~ But how mean, how
~~I think this very~~
strange to think, when here we are, together, ~~when~~ &
~~we should all~~ could say everything aloud.

There are moments of illumination
when everything ~~is perfectly~~ been calm, and Bernard has
But Nancy that the great mystics have always been
solitary. ~~And they seem~~ You must, you see, forget about
& he indicated what lay round them.

that

~~But~~ Yet we all knew something very important, and

Not like the first bar of a symphony said Jinny, tasting the
nauseous, but ~~delightful~~ delicious wine. You have said that before:
& you repeat it because that is the phrase out of which
everything else is going to grow.
We have nothing in common except our youth.
And the memory, so distant that it has ~~almost vanished~~
has become more than real, of a garden.
Of a nurse, whose tongue, from being lemon coloured turned a
rich chocolate brown.
Of a beech wood very high up & a woman sitting between two long
windows waiting.
Of a clap of thunder & violet petals
~~And now,~~ And then, we went to school, said Bernard.
To call roots of different schools.
Shine we changed, said Louis: Where we became
unrecognizable.
But then tonight we are together. said Jinny. Rhoda Susan.
The symphony then will be made of ~~one to~~
what is different in us coming together. said Neville
This is 'now', this is the present moment, said Jinny.
Life is before us, said Percival; the oldest here is twenty three or four.
Or is it ~~not~~ ~~already~~ over? Louis asked, ~~I feel that~~
We have lived ~~so many lives~~. Thousands of lives.
That at least is how I prefer to explain my own
incompetency: the terrors & cajoleries which make me so
ridiculous. When I came in, I smoothed my hair in
the hope of looking like the rest of you.
I never speak without trying to allay my Australian accent.
Perhaps to think that the Louis you see, has already
lived — was an Arab prince, was an Italian nobleman,
was a great boat in the age of Elizabeth, was
a Duke at the Court of Louis the Fourteenth. What
you see here & now is only the cinders of a refuse
of something once splendid but now, I think, bereft of

4th Jan 1930

Everything serve an inordinate vanity & the inexhaustible horror of suffering. But wait; let me try to be truthful. ~~also~~ I think I admire. Every one — Bernard & Percival most of all, for they each have one ~~essential~~ gift — essential to life — I also hate you. I despise you. I think of you as my torturers. I think of you as a caged tiger I think of you ~~as~~ bald fat women looking down between the bars. I am ~~such~~ the terrible, ~~normal~~ the most powerful person here; ~~but~~ And my whole life, what I had my life, literally what remains to be lived, & perhaps it will not be long, will be spent in hatred & in contempt & also in terror lest you laugh at me for my Australian accent. I shall publish with one or two very short songs.

I will try to be honest too, said Jinny. You will never succeed ~~in hating me~~, Louis for I think, but I cannot be ~~certain~~ you, that ~~I am~~ I am irresistible. You will ~~not~~ never succeed in hating me. ~~I think~~ You will never be able to shun my house, without coming in; or to see me, even across a room, & not come up to me. When I stood just now over there, everything as you noticed ~~at~~ made a pattern round me; I had the air of being perfectly prepared for what I should say; & when I sat down you felt suddenly aware of ~~your~~ my clumsiness, of your superiority. ~~Nobody has ever loved life as I love it. But then~~ I ~~have no past & no future~~. Life, ~~personally~~, is for me it has neither past nor future. I can imagine nothing beyond the moment, because my body is much stronger than my imagination; & this my body that goes before me, creating, as a lamp, ~~make~~ the hedge when one is driving at night. Perhaps I shall ruin Louis; he will never ~~bad~~ cease to think of me

moving forward

You pitched for but you for here you hands to ~~you~~ lies or under the table.

And the imagination of the body is not as limited as you think."

"No, but there are many occasions when we shall not want you; said Neville. ~~Here is the doorway.~~ You demand admiration. ~~There~~ Stay there, for a moment, prepared, making us look at you. But none of you saw me afterward. I came quickly & directly, here, & knowing what I want. ~~I wish~~ to attract the person whom I love. My life therefore ~~seems to call of you~~ passes with a rapidity ~~& a violence which~~ directness which is far greater a far greater rapidity & directness than ~~any of~~ any of yours. I am like a hound on the scent. Nothing else has ~~much~~ importance for me. ~~Right the~~ What I love. Riches, fame, ~~beauty~~ I had them would ~~perhaps be important to me because I am~~ go towards them. And I shall have riches & fame but I shall never have what I want. I lack ~~the~~ bodily graces & the courage that comes from them — the audacity ~~& the~~ in body, am timid, I am hesitating. ~~I am for all my~~ ~~the~~ ~~my~~ swiftness ~~is too~~ of my mind is too strong for my body. I always fail before reaching the end. I ~~falls~~ fall in a ~~little~~ heap, at the foot, damp, disgusting. I shall lie in the excitability in the ~~cruise of life~~ cruise — never love.

All the same, he said, I would not exchange with any of you. My knowledge, my consciousness, my suffering, my writings, if they are only of the mind, I suffer horribly. But I don't suffer, as Louis does, in order to make an effect. I have a far greater sense of fact than ~~he~~ any has. I see everything — except one thing — with complete clarity, ~~& then~~ without illusion. That is my raving. That is what makes my life ~~a perpetual &~~ uncease~~ing~~ intense & excitement to me; & then, Una Jan, in this

I feel for days to death.

would only be means to the end.

or all my

that is what makes me the most inimitable of an art;

are restless, ~~capable of~~ deluded illusion, and the person is always changing. I do not know when I have the home upon which I shall love in the evening, I am never stagnant; I have always risen from my worst disaster. And I am not happy. I shall grow old."

"If I could believe that I should grow old," said Rhoda, ~~the terror~~ I should be rid of the great fear. that ~~I am~~ person in-discontinuous-incoherent. That nothing persists; one moment does ~~not~~ never lead to another. The door opens a tiger leaps. That was why I came circling round the chairs so as to avoid the horror of the spring. I am afraid of you all. I am afraid of the shock of sensation (falling upon a mind which is without ~~some~~ the power that you all possess of making) ~~because I do not~~ am not able to make ~~any~~ which cannot deal with it in the usual way — as Neville does — ~~by making it~~ ~~To him, every thing that happens~~ is ~~an incident in a~~ ~~He has an end in view~~, ~~I~~ I a ~~I have none. I cannot make one moment~~ spring naturally ~~from another. I cannot feel~~ I have no end in view. I do not know, as you all know, ~~that the evening is bringing me~~ ~~to a~~ how to run minute to minute — hour to hour in something indivisible & overwhelming. While you are all embedded in life; I remain outside, which you call life. ~~While you~~ ~~Neville~~ You are like hounds on the ~~scent~~. While you are all like hounds on the scent I remain detached. I am ~~not~~ ~~too~~ You all add moment to moment unhesitatingly, because you have some end in view, & that end makes your days & hours like the ~~days~~ ~~I envy~~ of boyhood or forest to a hound running on the scent. but I am not ~~running~~ There is no scent, no end; no person by whom I shall sit in the evening. There is

that you have the

became

to light up some tub-
probably the mischief
Sea holly

are times when I have no face, no feet at all among you; when there is nothing for you to know me by; ~~or for me to know you by~~; when I seem to be in the foam or in the moonlight; I feel like a beam, rather than a person, rising on the beach, suddenly interrupting some patch of ground & then receding.

a way the sea,

~~You have all some object upon which you fix your desires; & I have none, & therefore I shall~~ Therefore I ~~not~~ establish no place for myself; I shall never marry. I shall have no children; ~~I shall~~ And as, unfortunately, I ~~am subject of~~ am very weak & very vain, & ~~desire with~~ wish beyond everything to be what ~~have what~~ other people ~~have~~. I ~~pretend to have~~ ~~in pretending deceptions~~, am always trying to deceive you. I ~~with you~~ am always imitating the dress & ways of real people. That is of people with an end in view, I have inevitably for their love, ~~for~~ their admiration, for their sympathy. Like Louis I would chalk my cheeks if I could ~~do~~ fain it. If I could fain some lodgment such as you all have, some home ~~for~~ founded on natural happiness: ~~if I had~~ some assurance that this ~~perpetual~~ shock, when the tiger bounds, will cease, that ~~if I had~~ some assurance that ~~there is such~~ a thing as ~~growing old, having~~ one years old, that ~~one~~ being heavily in the spaces between the great leaps of the tiger, ~~so~~ that life is continuous, that ~~it~~ will wrap me about, & embed me in its folds. Therefore the people I love are always ~~many~~ women with ~~large families~~ children, or men of action. But my view of them is so false that they always despise me. I despise you; ~~but~~ that is hardly because I am ~~unfeeling~~ to me. Yes that is perfectly true, said Jessan. You are

am full & tries to understand the lives of

am but always with a sense of frustration because they feel my contempt.

will flow round me

do not understand you.

I am a woman who will have many children. When I came into the room tonight, I peered about, ~~among the tables & chairs~~, feeling like a cat with its eyes near to the ground. The smell of tables & chairs ~~is to~~ & wine & ~~the~~ scent of is disturbing to me.

I like to be in the fields, or in the road.
I like to see be with people who do not speak except when something has to be done. I ~~understand~~ The raging I understand but are ~~exclamations~~ of rage, love, or pain – The talk of ourselves seems to me ugly, like the undressing of some old woman, whose dress had seemed part of her; but how one sees ~~her~~ ~~wrinkles & her~~ breasts. & her wrinkles too. When you say nothing, you are beautiful. ~~&~~ I shall have natural happiness. I shall always go to bed tired. ~~out~~. I shall ~~think of you as~~ be like a field bearing crops in rotation. ~~And there will be long~~ hot summer days, when the heat stands over me; & winter nights when I say crackled & cold in the moon. But she will come after another perfectly naturally, & without my willing it or unwillingly it. ~~I shall be some thought of~~ ~~like~~ ~~like~~ a and my children will carry me on; their nothing, their crying, their going to school & coming back, ~~will carry me on~~ ~~like a wall make day follow day~~. ~~But~~ then I am ~~very jealous~~ ~~that is what is good in me~~ – that is when I far ~~out~~ surpass either Jenny or Rhoda. I shall have accomplished much more than either of them. ~~when I chi~~ But on the other hand, ~~&~~ when you are all sensitive & alive to the claims of other people I am debased by the bedroom passion of maternity. Nothing will ever ~~make me~~ come before my children – I shall think their fortunes, or unfortunes; I shall hate those who see their faults; I shall lie about their character; I shall let them ~~that me~~ ~~and~~ away from you all. Also I am torn with ~~the passion of~~ jealousy. I love with such ferocity that it almost kills me when the object of my love, throws by some raging, that I am too gross to understand him when he explains. I tear my hair; I beat my breast. I have no sense of the beauty of words.

Cries

That she is jealous & has

In the depth of passion,

magnified

"Then you are much to be envied" said Bernard.
If I had been born without any love ~~for~~ of pleasure,
I should perhaps accomplish something. As this,
I am unable to bear the pressure of solitude. ~~When~~
I cannot see my words curling up, like rings of smoke
when I am alone. Everything becomes dark. When Louis is alone,
~~then~~ he ~~the~~ light is turned full on. Rhoda loves to be alone.
The fear in him lest we shatter ~~his~~ the sense of being
~~being which~~ is ~~reality~~ what is so ~~out~~ extreme in solitude.
But I ~~have my~~ ~~am~~ only come into ~~being~~ existence ~~when I feel~~
~~that~~ ~~what I am speaking~~ by means of ~~feel~~ the ~~pressure~~
pressures ~~which upon the presence of other people~~
on me which other people exert, drawing from me words in
rays; & ~~that is fatal~~, because there is something
nevertheless in me; a character which is ~~always~~ being
~~fast~~ made up ~~of something~~ in ~~rays~~ ~~by or the presence of people~~ of other people themselves;
~~not~~ whose combination is not entire ~~as but fast~~ but assigned;
~~fabricated of the~~ ~~as a building~~ there is
~~an intangible~~ something inaccountable in it.
Hence the fact, which used to annoy ~~me~~ you when I was at
school, that I ~~can speak fluently~~ appear perfectly helpless in the society
of boarding boys - ~~there~~ they ~~can~~ ~~stimulate me~~, they
bring me into existence as certainly as you do; &
~~this~~ puzzles you, ~~as you think~~ ~~less~~ perhaps makes
you think less well of me. Hence too the fact that
~~if you find me sometimes~~ when I am leaving you
at a railway station for hours, when the train is moving,
you feel that it is not only the train, but that I am
leaving you, too, without any violent regret. I
have not your constancy or ~~your~~ because I am ~~not~~
~~not one person~~, an entity as you are, but
I am made & remade continually.

~~he~~ & he sees with certainty intends.

the boy with bitter cafe in big brain-

seem to you always to be escaping

people draw different words from me.

From the point of view of success in life, this is serious. I cannot strike hand; I ~~am~~ have none of ~~Neville's~~ other Knepe like ~~character~~ happiness decision, of Neville. On the other hand, since my susceptibility to ~~this~~ the pressure of the human presence is so keen, I am ~~rather~~ more widespread influenced by life, I am more serious, more colourful, more moved, more thoughtful than any of you. ~~Almost~~ Any society is conflictical to me. ~~My power of phrase making — Go for the my power of phrases making that is perhaps the most~~ And my phrases are ~~much more than phrases.~~ They show ~~that~~ a understanding of the moment in which I am ~~much~~ more superior. Everything that is in me is notable, ~~in no means~~ for my understand me if you think that because I am dependent upon society that I do not bring something to it — something — a this — remarkable — very fashion, very subtle, very difficult of expression. This I am always trying to put into currently. I am no rogue. I am generous & opulent even. I have very few prejudices. I am almost indifferent to my age) to what people think of me. I carry toleration perhaps too far. ~~I am~~ Since I am not entire, not concentrated, not withdrawn into that hardness & generous which only those who can get in solitude. Even achieve, I am incapable of the great denials, renunciations, heroisms, ~~of~~ of life. ~~Get~~ Thus, I have to be ~~happy~~. I shall never write a perfect phrase; I shall never carry through an arduous enterprise. But I shall have been heart of more lives than any of you; I shall have been drawn into passed adventure, met older people, & yet I shall always preserved something reasonable — ordinary & often like to talk of so-worldly about me, that no one suspects me of being ~~poetic~~ ~~shall be taught~~ And I have a ~~and volume~~ ~~an artist delight in the alien wh. is in all of us~~ ~~I do~~ love in the mind because they too are alloyed; as they alloy ~~of something~~ because they too are alloyed;

I do not want one thing; I want many people want many things moderately.

Like me, this want latter throw overboard paid thousands for

I often succeed.

that discount reasonable

madly

At the mention of death they ~~all~~ fell silent. Also each was sensible of the strain of ~~endeavour~~ trying ~~speaking~~ to speak the truth; of something arid & angular in the shape which each had ~~made to serve~~ for & now wished to ~~add~~ rub out, the company to add, ~~also~~ to subtly something which would ~~not~~ surrounding there lines with ~~in~~ ~~or~~ that soft ~~clap~~ air, ~~in which~~ full of shad ~~or colour~~ & ~~movement~~. ~~Yet nothing~~ & wavering air. antlers.

of ambiguous colours.

In their silence they heard a flowing, murmur of which they had been unaware while they spoke; now it seemed to grow loud. Oh in the country it might have been the wind. Here, in the middle of London, it must be the wheels of innumerable motor cars. Occasionally a horn sounded; or some repeated high light bell rang & ~~now~~ ceased, very far away, bringing in the repetition of ~~a steamer~~ of ~~Their flight by a~~ the ~~mast of the~~ sea appearing on the horizon, a siren hooted from the funnel of a sea going steamer.

wear the rush of the

rushing past the door.

Beyond the, how & noises lying flat

The sound reminded them ~~of~~ that in little more than a week, Percival would ~~be~~ start ~~for~~ for India. ~~He was leaving them.~~

But what is that unless? said Louis, breaking the ~~not so much breaking the silence~~, as speaking so low that his voice seemed to accompany the wheels of the motor cars. There is something that none can have had the courage to ~~mention~~ say. We have all spoken creditably, laboriously, ~~trying to tell the truth~~. And we all ~~felt~~ feel now, unless I am mistaken, that the truth we have been able to speak is ~~unsatisfactory~~. We have ~~all~~ tried to accentuate the things that make us unlike each other. But this is a symphony. We are also alike. What is it that has brought us here? Our common childhood in the first place. And the memory, so distant that it has been as. ~~we~~ ~~we~~.

with the exception of Percival

crumpled & crabbed.

P. 153 But to night we are together," said Susan

ought we are together.

It is this love, love for Percival; something irrational: that is why we cannot speak of it.

Is that why we are afraid to speak of it? Are we ashamed of it? Is it the thing we do not understand.

And then they were silent again, trying to put into words their sense of something powerful & confusing which had drawn them, from very different hearts, to this one spot at the same moment. But it was like going down into a mine; & then, taking a lantern, & looking into a fast narrow coal black stream, with diamond hearts tipping the edges, cycles of the beautiful small waves, rising down, time, falling from cavern to cavern.

It is with aching heart I always make to my red-colour phrase that I am ashamed to speak of it, said Bernard. I also feel that whenever I have an idea, & they became dizzy looking at it. It is a ridiculous idea, & it makes me, said Bernard, the first to become uneasy at the sight. I am merely standing at the window sharing this morning & I say to myself this love that moves my razor. I am trying to trespass my feeling that we are in the hands of some irrational constantly doing things which we cannot explain or defend. My hand moves over my chin gently in a series of deft inscrutable movements all day I have gone from one to another & there they done what reason. All our days are spent in listen — we can hear it

They smiled, thinking that the rush of the wheels was the rush of machinery of reason sharing machinery of chem. something swift & incomprehensible & automatic; something terrifying. something very low voiced guttural, & torrential. something that never stops; even when we sleep it

It cut its way through solid rock;

it goes on; not listen to that cry. That is a drunken man: that is an ambulance, a low engine ~~passing down~~ somewhere in Regent Street; that is only a motor car, hooting at the corner: that is the rush of all the clocks together: & that is ~~the~~ a clock ticking; that is a steamer, taking Percival from us;

one not louder than another;

The tears are forming in my eyes, said Rhoda; I am going to let them fall. I am not ashamed. I am not afraid. I am going to speak (as I shall before I die). How does it go? What can I make you ~~(make) what that?~~ ~~feel what?~~ feel ~~as the tears rises to my eyes, as~~ the song in praise of love? Sing a song in praise of love, asking Jinny, to whom I have exclaimed my delicacies, to help me by understanding.

Songs in praise of love.

~~So then the~~

Grant me in the first place a landscape. ~~Thus~~ The hills come down steeply & there where they meet is a ring of grass, an enclosure; but ~~is~~ between the sharp backs of the hills ~~we must be able to~~ one must be able to see something blue – the sea. ~~Against the hills~~ There are dark-leaved bushes. Flowers, perhaps, but there you smell. When we have grown used to this line still place, we see ~~coming into the circle~~ ~~that~~ ~~some body who is~~ ~~not~~ ~~that some body~~ begin to hear ~~people in unison, singing in chorus~~; but this ~~may~~ ~~what words like the voices~~ singing ~~in a loud~~ ~~Then we see a youth & a maiden~~ (& then we see, among the dark leaves, ~~a~~ that form which the figure ~~on the pedestal~~ which has ~~walked slowly~~ ~~to lose her come home~~, landing on that beach, alone: ~~her~~ coming away; ~~the figure suppose she~~ ~~which~~ has ~~revealed~~ ~~that hell~~ ~~to be~~ a hell, which ~~has~~ is has come here, to be ~~[illegible]~~ beyond our reach. We look ~~at him~~ quickly, at first feeling nothing, we ~~[illegible]~~ shall by degrees begin to feel that we have attained our object. Look. He is not Percival; he is ~~not Jinny~~. nobody we have ever seen. not Percival, not Jinny, not Jinny not Louis. He has no gestures of

blue in the twilight.

Growing in a

a very various singly without words.

familiarly, never beckon. seem not to see us. ~~Since~~
~~perhaps he is not home~~ – Look how then his arm rests on
his knee, and ~~how the angle lets a~~ like stir to some
musical instrument, the flight perhaps. And then again he is
~~like a~~ upright he is like a Column, something left standing;
& again, fellow, ~~he~~ he has the flow & turmoil, the rush & roll, & the
sea waves. But don't look too long or we are to ~~[illegible] that~~
let the strength of your feeling harden into rills; Look at the
procession – noble flowers, some shelly-blue smoke,
held up, high, in the hands of all sorts of people like
ourselves – messy, ~~[illegible]~~ who, whenever we
looking at him, only for an instant over their shoulders,
pass indifferently – catching glimpses they ~~[illegible]~~ looking in at
shop windows? I daresay. Their hands are full of
parcels which difficult to find the right ~~[illegible]~~ fare to give to the
ben Conductor. or to slip into the This is a procession
passing. This is ~~what~~ here & now. (Quite to the
rush the omnibus wheels – to the hoot of the cars.)
But ~~also~~ it would be foolish to pretend, just for the sake
of preserving immaculate something perishable, unshaved, that
we do not turn once, leaping into the transient, ~~the~~ &
perhaps raising the hand with the parcel were a
torch, ~~as we glance~~ to look rather sheepishly sheathily, to us
~~not to exhaust our~~ passion ~~or prove ourselves~~
at ~~what~~ that figure, which is not Jason or Perseus;
~~Again~~ what is it the look at it now again: when I looked
last he was like a triangle, like a column. Now,
like the flowing reels that descend the Alps, like
avalanches of bright water, like the sea. And now I
will tell you why I am sad. This balance, ~~[illegible]~~
with beauty there is sadness. ~~There has come in a~~
looking at it again, – now. This instant, I is
flowing money descending. It ~~has~~ cannot

its impetuously

brandish as yellow-tipped reds,

distinctly sufficiently. I have done what I said I would not do.
I am aware of the the downrush. The chase, the jolting
waters, & the insensate roar; I am dizzy & tired;
the moment cannot last; the figure will not stay,
for me; & I can do nothing whatever to make sure
of safety. Look what we have made is already shaking.
I look back at my grove, at the circle of turf; I
believe I am being pursued there, & because he is going,
then as I say, tears fall: but what shame, what not regret.

laughing, half, half, gaily

voices coming up the stairs:

Her tears rid down her cheeks.
Her concern, — she was not afraid, not ashamed —
her tears falling, gaily jinny — Neville; ~~made it~~
Both spoke together, eagerly to protest her ~~emotion~~ tears
stimulated ~~a their~~ to laughter, spoke together eagerly:
"You have left out
~~the~~ shoes, ~~the~~ bicycle; ~~the~~ telegram, & the telephone
ringing & hearing him, rather gruff at first; & ~~when~~
the bell comes, ~~when~~ it doesn't come; ~~the~~ catching
sight of him when he doesn't see one — the back of his head
in the lounge, ~~his~~ arranging to meet: waiting;
his being late; ~~oh the agony~~ ~~the~~ ~~being~~ his coming
~~cruelty~~; You've left out [jealousy; suspicion;
hours & hours of] agony: ~~lying~~ tossing in bed;
waiting. ~~he doesn't~~ comes: the bell rings; it's not him: he
has forgotten. He is with some one else; he is
indifferent. The rage: the tears: the intolerable
despair; ~~then~~ & then he relents; ~~but~~ & there is are
three days; (coming unexpectedly) ~~or three~~ A
morning on (three weeks) Humbled heart. ~~the~~ Waterloo
Station, oddly enough; some village we ~~got to~~ in a storm, —
we ~~had~~ had tea in an arbour: ~~all sorts of~~ There were the
~~we even wish to re-have~~ early moments: & yet there
along made the agony worth while. Yes for
all that you ~~have left out!~~ leave out: ~~all~~ And, ~~most~~
~~astonishingly~~, the final rapture.
Oh you have left out ~~the only thing~~ ~~which is life~~!
everything!
At the recollection, their faces became deeper, nobler,
the flush seemed to grow richer & darker; ~~more~~
flowers & nobler, lit at once calm & absorbed,
yet the stillness was only that of something

'a third days looking by chance,
I feel that the ~~what~~
rubbish backwater of the Thames,
or merely washing one coal on top of
another -

Quivering infinitely quickly. They seemed to have hitherto nocturnal, or rapt,

~~What she is there~~? Neville said, why seek what is impossible? Why pretend ~~that we can understand~~; why ~~indulge in fancies that there is any~~ or make up ~~Also~~ there is no time — Why ~~that we know to be untrue~~! I am twenty-five. Soon one will be employing one's plan with another ~~one, over~~. We have ~~at most~~ only five years ~~more~~ left us. Often that one may do what one likes — Education, rather like. That will be one's only occupation: — No doubt it is a good thing to have an occupation. But now — when it is hot, to feel — the light under the leaf, the purple ~~in the wave~~ to feel the wave ~~like a~~ golden because he is there — the whole world deep, mysterious, absorbing — and intoxicating — so haunted — ~~one does not know~~ who is coming in ~~— one can~~ next? ~~Every adventure is possible — one has~~ what will next week — next day — this instant even? — ~~Here I now~~ said Jinny, why then make ~~these~~ patterns? ~~a grove; a statue; procession~~. Nothing explanation, reason? ~~It~~ There is only one thing — the other person. ~~to possess him; to have him~~:

~~How they have~~ Gay, nearly to indigo, under plumes, you excite me, ~~as~~ the plumes ~~of horsemen~~ tossing up & down; ~~said Louis, not shall you~~ ~~you that Caral Cade~~. with the light ~~in~~ nature as green & gold feather plumes. Flash green.

But then ~~unfortunately~~, said Louis, — ~~And he is so dull~~, said Louis. But he has red ears; ~~he~~ said Louis. Can only talk at least that is the reason ~~that~~ ~~Perhaps me~~ why, ~~when~~ I shall perhaps what I seem to see: ~~when~~ I ~~life is the~~ I have my ~~half-brown hair~~ steak & kidney. Laugh the reason this Eating home.

Why to indulge?

Swollen how the purple purple, running

an added pressure on the plan,

Oh ~~but you have~~ But ~~you have~~ what are you talking about?
Not love. ~~Love~~. You have left out every thing.
His shoes. And the telephone ringing. And his
voice heard behind a door. And catching sight of him
when he does not see one. And then one waits.
And still he does not come. It gets late & late
He has forgotten. He is with some one else; he is
indifferent. There is the agony - the intolerable despair -
And then there he is, unexpectedly; & then the rapture
the final rapture - Oh You have left out every thing.

X

"But he has red ears" said Louis; ~~large~~ red ears.
I see them, at the table next one, in the city chop house.
Neville & Jinny ~~are both looking at something~~
do not see them. They see - something - "he raised his
lowered, watching the light in their eyes gradually fade -
unusual, late. the bodies ~~this~~ phantom. & I see" he
narrowed his eyes, looking between them, "a counter, with
Jared weather under glass ~~shades~~ cosy, ~~a plated urn~~ &
clerks eating chops & green. Beyond them there is the
plate glass window, high street - but ~~this~~ giving onto tram-
I see omnibuses, vans, the heads & shoulders of clerks &
~~typists~~. hats sellers. underneath undifferentiated heaven by.
my love - I have not attained it & what at rare moments -
~~reduces all that to order.~~ It makes them intelligible.
reduces them to order. At present the incoherency & the
shelter - the fact that this is a shelter for the eye &
has no meaning for the mind - ~~drives~~ ~~it~~ goads me
to perpetual revolt: is the cause of that suffering
that I spoke of. forbids me to acquiesce as you do in

when they see them, the light in their eyes so gradually, so unknown, in their eyes fades

these personal delights I am prevented from loving by the need of loving more. of loving everything. That's you — ~~because you~~ who are the people whom I could most love, & yet you stand out; you assert; you, with your great gifts. ~~Want your Eyes, proper Attitude~~ eclectic young men with red ears; hot from one to another, always seeking what is personal & private: have no order, no continuity; are love, like Rhoda, in flashes & moments; or like ~~Je~~ Neville & Jinny ~~and young men with red ears~~ in a trance. But these are moments when these achieved harmony, ~~he said~~ in spite of you, he said. They are ~~the most~~ very sublime; ~~Enough to me.~~ But ~~I am not~~ And my life — if I can ~~endure~~ live it — I am as you know much inclined to end it — will be spent ~~in~~ ~~fast in~~ reducing ~~my life~~ they to order: ~~then in weaving it~~ ~~yet these~~ engaged ~~all this too~~. underneath passers by, ~~the tea urns~~, the ~~glory~~ ~~twigs~~ half sip of tea, with the gulls ~~wild duck~~ crossing; ~~which she sees between the tea urns~~; women with bad teeth eating buns. But I am quite aware of my own inadequacies: ~~and the fact that~~ I am happy here & now.

"Susan & Percival are not going to say anything" said Bernard. "And that's what ~~because~~ this ~~so~~ becomes ~~much~~ easier for me to think than to be silent, Phrases you know — my undoing. ~~Once more~~. I think ~~Can~~ ~~you pattern~~; ~~with~~ ~~Than~~ understand; ~~How~~ ~~the~~ ~~what each is feeling~~; ~~I am like an a that walking flies~~, ~~bringing as~~ I think I see everything: Perhaps that's painful? the reason why I am not passionate. "Or am I painful? ~~Shocked, as~~ (~~because he had~~ become engaged that morning) & I am in love.) am very happy. But the fact is ~~that one's feelings are~~ that I have I do not know. I think he ~~married~~ in ~~became engaged this morning~~. ~~But it is like walking~~ ~~a mouth. I ought to be~~ I walked into a

adding to the number of separate objects:

& call them words.

~~Snack~~ into a hollow boy. Perhaps in a week, or a month, I shall be able to describe it. At the moment, I have walked into a hollow boy: I ~~know less about it than you do.~~ At his words, the ~~bee~~ ~~or~~ feel & the feint the flame half left as worse, the crumbs of rolls, the tents of light & shadows, the knives & forks, the flowers, - the little knives, or sugar left at the edge of plates. The long glistening table cloth, became very clear;

made him shaded candle,

They ~~felt~~ felt ~~too, something~~ the shock, the collision with something hard. ~~a long moment~~ were stunned them for a moment; & then, ~~as if the shock had stunned~~ them, ~~they everything~~ ~~as might happen if the veils had~~ ~~been torn off~~, ~~something had hard had~~ the shock ~~having~~ had made things fall, ~~they~~ ~~little~~ shaken down veil, mist, & dark hangings ~~from the eyes~~, ~~everything~~ ~~they~~ new. The table, the flowers. The ~~orange hat~~ front hall, the little lumps of sugar & salt on the edge of plates, the half crumbled rolls, ~~all~~ the ~~seemed to be brightened~~, for the first time.

trembled & fell

clear cracked faces

"This this that unites us," said Rhoda speaking to Louis, for all the others were talking; ~~much more~~ "action, not love. We are all ~~now~~ agog for the next thing to happen. We are moving.

"The sense of separateness has gone: we are strong; ~~we are~~ ~~going~~ and strong, battered by little waves, one thing happening after another. The sense of adventure fills us; we are ~~on the track~~ out. ~~Any thing may~~ We do not know what is coming next. ~~Life~~ ~~We feel that~~ Bernard has broken our immobility. ~~Life~~ We ~~launched heavily~~ have set sail.

connected together

~~feel that~~.

~~We~~ ~~Everything becomes visible.~~

Our energies are now called out. We are calculating how much we can live on; & where to get a home; & ~~since the boys~~ ~~which~~ ~~this~~ ~~you~~ comes slap against us in fresh waves, instead of stretching out.

Look two, ~~how the~~ We have become serious too of

lead against the wall, nervous tick, like

The room has become suddenly, walled, a tent: a dense place: a mysterious

The fan-tube (Percival has recognized an old school friend)

of the other people; curious of them, not merely decoratively, like ~~[illegible]~~ ~~2 red~~ the pattern on an inlaid box, – but ~~we are curious of~~ in the world, with them as animals: ~~as~~ struggling struggling ~~getting engaged in~~ the same driven pain due to us.

We are curious of enmeshing ourselves; ~~look them~~. We are ~~of~~ & also of some common feeling – the sea underneath – the common feeling of danger, & change, & movement. ~~Yet~~ We are curious of curiously, overpowering ~~odd~~ direction. ~~to get at them~~, ~~Yet~~ drives us to ~~make~~ ~~across the room~~. to lean back over our chairs, & the presence of something to the waiter, in order to ~~see them~~ overhear what they are saying it. And they are doing the same thing.

This relationship, which is hard relief for it eases us from the necessity of thought – ~~it~~ release ~~some~~ power ~~to~~ much stronger than love, ~~something~~ deeper. more instinctive under that stream, ~~upon~~ which ~~this~~ ~~saturates~~ us, so that we cannot ~~even for a~~ laugh at a name it, or isolate it, as we do, it ceases instantly – Listen to the roar of thing it makes us say.

You can get them so that they don't crack.

This all ~~the~~ Knightsbridge. behind a screen.

~~And~~ ~~But the is his daughter~~ You have got it wrong. This is his daughter; not his sister.

Facts. you see; all facts; That is the life of action: instinctually carrying us to summon all our resources, to explore places where words cannot go; ~~making wood~~ making ~~speaking~~ ~~touching~~ this muscle ~~so~~ brutally & unnecessarily taut, that nerve quiver; making us more legs & arms: making the heart pound too mercifully; ~~for~~ driving the blood ~~is great~~ large through the veins. making the whole mechanism function: & forever they bound, in a va, ~~until~~ until it falls asleep ~~what~~ the pulsing fuse. the dead eye.

But look how early & naturally into what leaves off ~~at~~ natural energy & pride it drives us. Look at Jenny; & Jasper: & Percival. How victorious & ~~[illegible]~~ angrily they seem, as they ~~se~~ speak; how the hair seems to become lustrous: the eyes radiant, like the

eyes of race horses, or animals running or hunting. Nervous though with leaves with their eyes near to the ground.
But ~~with the Element is combined something~~ are feels also ~~that~~ how the animal element, the sense of speed, of danger, of delight in the use of muscle & speed is bringing the pulse up in the thigh the brush of wet leaves. The instant of adventure & change is soon going to break up this party. It brought us together — in five minutes — now this going to shake us; cut that glass door, which swings round & round; which ~~we~~ scarcely ceases to swing.

They got up, receiving the crumbs ~~from their knees~~ away, pulling down the points of their waistcoats. This with ~~done with~~ Then they took their coats with alacrity. And then, pausing for a moment round the table, Neville said, "But I shall miss you, Percival"

& once more, only very differently, something as overhead as the dress for action, something like the spring of tops, some passion released, & pounding, rapidly, seized them. Whatever in common was there; here & now; & divines made of they all, twined round, round, fast; in colour, music, beautiful; it was to be destroyed.

But lately, they snapped it. They could not endure it. Fear beyond they ~~place~~ compelled them. They fled sharply away. And the moment, then broken, was swept swiftly, on the glassy flowing current, & speech is speech to you ~~what~~ ~~to~~. Johnson, Shakespeare, Plato — if you like; & the innumerable Cappadocian old moments of moments broken by action. Calm desert lovely — beautiful sea; real now; & now — they stood at the door looking for taxis — only to be remembered. It led away, fast; but towards them came something inscrutable. There was the long equably lit street; clear; yet dark; very smooth, bounded by wheels; the sky was clear & very dark bad, vaulted. "The decencies are admirably preserved" "said Bernard", looking. There is something inscrutable in the prospect. It urges one on!"

The room was bright new. Cupboard, table, chair. Plate, Knife fork — Each ~~lay~~ was outlined, filled in; ~~made of~~ ~~gilt~~ square, angular, many; ~~their~~ or, again a slice of light, a prong of silver; or a ~~circle of something~~ circular, spread ~~into a circle~~, in a round ~~platter~~ plate of white China. The sun, no longer ~~veiled or~~ hazy seen, or hazy concealed, ~~had been~~; perfectly uncompromising, undeniable, evident: ~~leaving the~~ & taking ~~his~~ its station in mid air; no longer to be hinted at in veiled terms, or likened to girl or goddess; or youth or man; no longer touched on a sea matters; ~~or~~ trying hardly with watery jewels, or sending ~~across~~ waveny ~~& unfortunate~~ waters lances ~~that quivered like the~~ ~~that~~ fanned & flashed, quivered & faded, in the unfortunate air, like ~~leaping~~ like the flanks of some dying, ~~some~~ dyer ~~failing, dying~~, dolphin, hazy, dying, & the flank of ~~some~~ a blade: ~~of~~. Now the sun burnt. It ~~fell~~ struck upon the sand, upon the rock; ~~made~~ blanched each hook; showed how a rusty cartwheel; there an old ~~lonely~~ boat, with an oar, without sailor; ~~take~~ hard as iron; gave to everything its exact measure of shape — ~~its~~ to the ~~its~~ sand hills their innumerable shelter, to the wild grasses their green ~~& yellow~~, — & meeting whatever it might be — ~~a~~ long, ~~or a~~ ~~slow stream~~ cottages ~~the~~ ~~the whole wide perfect~~ ~~dyed~~ the ~~to~~ arid ~~Indian~~ waste of India; the dry land, with its little furrows, sandy, here a ~~little~~ wind-scoured into furrows, piled into absolute caverns, or here steadily cultivated; or dotted with stunted jungle, ~~let that go~~: let up the ~~mosque~~ ~~road~~ smooth headed mosque; or the ~~cluster of palms~~ frail ~~cluster of~~ patch white cane homes of the Indian village; & the vast river, & the vigorically wrinkled, ~~to~~ long-breasted, white haired women, ~~our~~ among their wrinkled. ~~clo~~ ~~clothes~~ beating them white on the stones.

line

Coated with glaze.

fading

caught the mirror in its reflected glory;

rugated

the wrinkled linen

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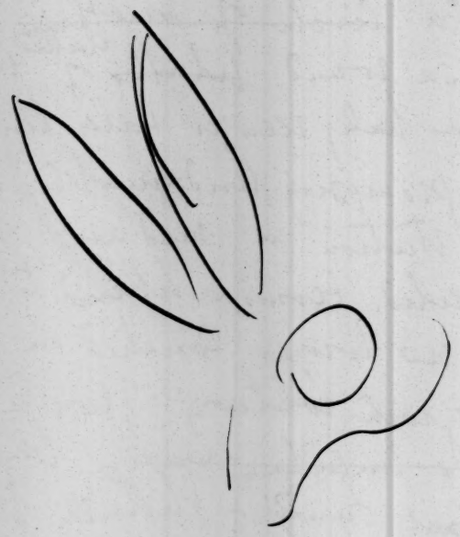

of steamers, were caught in the level plane, beat up again from the ~~sea~~ waves; & it beat through the awnings, & made swarthy, warm, beaded with moisture ~~the~~ all its variety of hamlets; its ~~many~~ swarm of life: its as they ~~hanged~~ lay dozing, or paced, or gathered in groups, or looked, alone, down into the sea, where a with shaded ~~hands~~ eyes, under sun helmets, leaders green lined umbrellas, wrapped any thing to unbemoist the monotony; & for the ships were crowded; their bibs hooked together ~~world~~ & sides, carr pressing such a swarm variety of burden; compact with limbs, compressing for the vagrant a swarm of activities; a live shot perspiring ~~too~~ people with their planes tumbled upon India; or ~~again~~; & then, it drew out the verdure & moisture of the thick woods of France; & of Ireland; let up the cows standing in the reflecting pools; the heron in the lake: the slow sail of shadows over ~~young~~ the many colours of the cultivated weald, & the ash grey churches, with their dark wg.

Saturday, June 18th 1930