The Waves

3

Jan. 19th 1930

And so, it fell too on the little crowded hamlets of the French Italian hills; & beat on the stony river beds, where such deep beneath high bridges, where the water was shrunk, so that washerwomen could scarcely find enough to wet their clothes; & in France, made the grey southern hills like the something shaken, urged in an explosion; & gave the green hills, smoothed in slate, with the back of shade, battered, with the solidity of a block of emerald, not too opaque for the light within the green heart to move from depth to depth. The sun struck, between some sediment & obliquity, such reds, & a reddening blow, caught the edge of the shade caught up in the valleys, at England; & lit up the ~~cows standing in reflecting beds~~; the heron on the stake, the slow rail of shadows over the young corn, & the hay fields, & the dark grey churches with their dark ivy.

The birds sang in the garden, ~~not in chorus~~, but ~~sang~~ solitary songs, ~~under~~ medelaius, addressed to one other, under the cones of purple lilac, & gold laburnum; for ~~the flowers were new~~ is new, ~~even~~ at midday there was a blossoming, a profusion; ~~here the~~ low ~~sq~~ squat round headed flowers massed ~~in~~ together, ~~here~~ pendant, here held upright, ~~like~~; & the turf was flat, soft, resilient; & the ~~flower~~ leaf flowed, & round ~~the~~ among the marshes the yellow flag, ~~the~~ ~~flowered its flower~~, its pennants, with the yellow in the marsh, where the frog ~~hopped~~ wagged, & the & the wild birds sang, not to one another, dreamy high, trading, pipping sadly on the margin of the ~~waves, alone~~. ~~all was~~ Estuary, ~~alone~~. The sea very out; only a faint sound coming, across the meadows, under the slow of the planes, more gray, the waves falling:

Kneeling among ~~the marshes~~ on stones

& the lean marsh went trickling their way from stone to stone

gray like a sentinel, like a warder from call to call.

a succession of colour, even under the ~~avenue~~ of the elm, the avenue of darkness were coloured;

a hoped or hobbled on the resilient turf.

They do not so: he does not see them.

the money

I do not know. that matter perhaps. something unfinished

a strong nodding Nod.

he is ridiculous. He soon ask Court. Suddenly admires him.

~~And~~ It goes on, said Bernard; bending on his doorstep, I
slowly beginning to walk down the street; though he is
dead. Nothing has stopped. There has been no pause, no
recognition: He looked, ~~dazed, curiously, intently~~ at
the sky, the trees, the clouds the usual sights: seeing ~~them~~ ~~many things~~ them without
participating in them, as a curious spectacle; as a
~~sleepwalker~~ machine ~~I shall walk~~ he said, working
by itself. He does not see it. And I will spend a
short time ~~with him~~ ~~alone~~ with him ~~walking~~, ~~I have~~
~~got over the first shock. I was hit on the head.~~ outside of the machine
things too. ~~This~~ is important. Now one must be certain
Careful not to lie. Now is my chance of finding out something
~~either he more important about us both~~ - in hospital he is dead.
~~He is dead.~~ Let me tell. He died of an accident soon ~~after taking up his~~
post. He lies in some Indian hospital ~~Room~~ a long yellow
room, where they waved fans. There is a bandage round his
head - I have seen that. ~~And~~ Next: 'There is ~~some~~ a
glory from the world'. I mean they have gone. Some power has stopped.
I had ~~been a sense of~~ strong with immense fullness ~~but in~~
me that is impaired. In our own life that has fallen
~~that~~ on I should have been thinking "he is ridiculous: now he goes into
Court; ~~to~~ as I put on my boots, a strong hope: ~~now~~ when I think I had
my mind fixed to the future I felt nothing.
fell into the habit of ~~thinking~~ ~~making~~ ~~false scenes~~: ~~X~~ ~~of~~
~~that face~~ It is gone, he said: that power is lost. something
much more valuable than you know - he looked at the
people coming along the street - his letters; He lies in an
Indian hospital with a bandage round his head, ~~And~~
also - ~~there is odd - I Certainly envy him~~ what luck,
~~I feel that very desolately~~ - what luck! to be just get so worn, so
~~such pleasure~~ to have letters to ~~carry~~ go on with it!
You are not going to be subjected to this belittlement.
~~Perhaps that way~~ in our mind when he came ~~to~~ to the
~~Perhaps~~ "Look, where he stands." I said.

a beautiful adequacy to whatever
turns up.

when he came into the restaurant.
~~And yet one must be careful to remember~~ to like things.
And ~~yet~~ there were the little things - turns of phrase - evasions of
Emotion - ~~something~~ ~~though~~ & yet all things beautifully adequate to what we
~~Then~~ is ~~[illegible]~~ Value of a man ruling a great house: with a round hand -
~~And all of that~~ And now it will never be - you have lost a
Great ruler, good unwitting people - somebody you would
have loved ~~very much~~ too; And he would have married too he would
have had a son.

~~And~~ But this is unimportant; ~~this is what~~ I want to speak of was
this before it goes again. When my son was born last night & Percival to
dead in a bed in a big room, with people waiting things - it's very hot; the
somebody was with him but he never was conscious again his
feet: why they carried him in, & he lay there without speaking
& then breathed are very deeply, & stopped, & went on, &
then, he was dead) what I have to remember is this
There is nothing special about it. ~~I shall say later~~; at the
~~moment one feels this~~ it's better than anything I had dared to hope.
Then is the worst they can do, in death; ~~I think inevitably this~~ -
~~the worst they can do~~ he was not twenty-eight & I'm in merely
strong - this is the worst they can do, & ~~I am not~~
You are mistaken if you think that I am therefore going to
be down & weeks away, - ~~I forget how it goes~~ - when they see this - or they care;
attitude is purely wrong. Worse still, a dogmatic: I cannot
~~I think I have know~~ anything: that is blame: ~~my attitude~~
I must always refuse to dogmatise: again this: this too beyond me.
what I have to remember further is that of all things
he would most have ~~disliked~~ a disliked anything a ~~[illegible]~~ & ~~[illegible]~~
a regret & tired ~~acquiescence~~ - fear; something cutting one off:
he was ~~[illegible]~~ any ~~[illegible]~~ out when I filled his ~~[illegible]~~
beer that night at the Inn - the foaming glass which he
held high & poured off, drawing with the health of
some great toy hunter - ~~And yet~~, Harry
the best ~~thing~~ attitude is ~~this~~ his - it was ruling & he
his own feel & they must have carried him in in his
ruling things - ~~the~~ ~~to the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ natural. again all. I am
not going to ~~say~~ cling ~~what~~ my ~~[illegible]~~ ~~and~~ ? I am

to the occasion.
He was
I think what

(how fragile the first things are alike - that light the death - congratulate) &
(there must be something currently alike in all emotion)

know

denying that this day is fine
going to ~~pretend that a fine day means nothing~~. or that I am glad I have been
indifferent to the ~~flowers or~~ spring or my own child. ~~born last August~~
(I shall not call him Sylvia; that would be sentimental; & there is
is an absurd ~~pandiloquence~~ ~~pandiloquence~~ in the same ~~that~~ — a ~~pandiloquence that is right~~ was right
~~for him~~ — ~~he could~~ stand it)

but only for him

The test must be, can I think of him in ridiculous situations, ~~when~~
I am being a little ~~silly, perhaps~~, ~~do ordinary life~~
situations without shame: to name him naturally — not to
let him bore; at the same time ~~keep him the idea~~ keep him on the float
horse with his hand lifted. — (I shall not call my ~~son~~ boy
Percival: that would be sentimental; & there is an
absurd pandiloquence in the name that was right but only
for him.) ~~He would have been a great writer~~ ~~and~~ ~~they~~ Yes,
~~there it all~~ you would ~~have~~ ~~may~~ all had to reflect him; all often: —
but ~~you~~ ~~some of you knew it~~ who will ~~have~~ know; ~~it~~ I am now
~~losing some~~ you ~~justifiably~~ indifferent as you seem;
~~undistinguished~~ ~~terribly~~ blank, undistinguished; greedy,
avaricious, intent when earning your daily bread. as you are

Yet already you begin to ~~make me think~~ Yet your
attraction. ~~The~~ Curiosity is only knocked out for a very short
time, completely. Next comes a desire to ~~return to~~ return, to
live again but, perhaps ~~differently~~ with another temperament,
~~perhaps~~. He lies in the long yellow lit room, where there is
no wind but ~~the~~ hot air; ~~that factory is some blind~~ ~~how may~~
That is for ever new ~~part of their~~ behind this scene. Next
And yet I begin to ~~wish~~ ~~pleased to know~~ ~~who~~ which famous
actress has been divorced? I begin ~~at once~~ to
~~think of myself~~ feeling my faculties, & to ~~blame~~
~~myself upon having the power~~ ~~to~~ & wishing to ~~be~~
~~be~~ ~~hearing~~ humble talking knowingly about the
private lives, ~~& standards~~ gossip. Then I ~~think~~

f-aesthetic. One cannot remain long outside.

~~The~~ I begin to be drawn in.

That is a fact not to be ashamed of. Yet I feel
after all, I was my curiosity about them they: that
he lives. And I intend to preserve it; only work

this private difference — now & again I think refer myself, what if I am making a phrase, or indulging in some new discovery of myself for his inspection: I can imagine myself saying to him:

But will that pressure be effective after a year or two? I am now at the zenith of the experience which I have never: obviously the strength will decline. I am already beginning to feel that the peace, the exaltation, the mood in which I cried what luck what luck are to be just yet so soon — the exaltation & the peace are going: something fully & fervent & wonderful is taking its place — I am noticing things with curiosity & then feeling ashamed & trying to regain an lyrical exaltation. ~~Yet come~~ ~~then~~ That is fatal. ~~That is~~ I ~~am going to~~ go

I must go on walking I feel, for it's change my trip I think expose myself to ~~danger of some sort. I must~~ ~~give myself a chance, only for a~~ days, to assault. I will go into the National Gallery & look at pictures. Yesterday I mounted the steps & went upstairs into the galleries. Yes ~~I am again~~ I think I can again ask myself ~~important~~ those questions, those important questions, under the stare of the cold madonnas; to begin with I can to ~~see him~~. That observer ~~with his~~ of the eye, which with the last of death — his body, his baggage — is over. ~~He has taken a different form.~~ There are the old madonnas ~~sealed on their thrones~~ & ~~the fathers~~ & ~~the hard~~ the hair they. The hair a singularly ~~inflexible expression~~ austere. That of course, turns on ~~the whole~~ other blood — that the child was born: my son; his pain is over. Life taking ~~from this moment~~ a new rhythm. I live in the future, ~~hardly feel~~; or the two cancel each other out. I am ~~certain~~ ~~not able to separate~~ happiness & sorrow are not yet separate. What is merciful about these pictures is that they make no reference whatever to: they say nothing personal; they ~~let me~~ do not nudge: they do not worry

& regret
Dost here, is
the

to be dead &
done with at
all

in that hot
room

Yet oddly enough, they expand my consciousness of them; they bring him back in another form. They put our relationship in a better light. They persuade me almost that in ~~their eyes~~ I am ~~able~~ can be alone; Man be heroic: I who make pleasure so lately - I who am incapable of taking up a firm & consistent attitude - I who his consistency that I resented - It was his approval that was dearest to me - had done anything remarkable I was to have offered it to him — Yes. I may be ~~more resolute in future.~~ I may be much more adept than he was: I had an easier attitude; I could set my house; was able to seldom disconcerted, whereas he was often awkward — We therefore could enjoy each other's ~~society in a most any~~ delicacy in consistency. His honor of consistability — that I could laugh at. He had a mild desire to shock the worldly.

Then is my funeral service. We have no ceremonies, only private dirges. We have trying to collect something — ~~And sometimes I dread~~ We have no better way either. Now I invite poverty; now I avoid it. I dont perceive I know what ~~then is important~~? where I am going. I shall arrive at no decision. I shall never arrive at any decision. Against life — I feel ~~[illegible]~~ irremediably unclean. And these pictures — here I am among the Venetians. That is reputed to be my Titian.

Yet

cannot getting look —

(but I will not let him fade)

Lipe

Jam

I do not have collecting adds, and.

Nothing has been said that meets our case. One ~~is left~~ must pick ~~up~~ fragments — I am exceedingly inconclusive. ~~That is supposed to be a Titian is it?~~

What is supposed to be a Titian is it? Let me consider ~~then what a person, this art~~ these pictures ~~them~~ now. The ~~general effect is~~ ~~what do they mean?~~ I look & look, ~~yet~~ Yet no sense of the artist as the Satyr goat: "the Prometheus Bound." — Titian never suffered as I am suffering. ~~In the contrary~~ he had a hope of ~~Calm~~ a brooding, of coming daily routine; ~~he may have been happier~~ that ~~[illegible]~~ ~~There for instance is~~ in a ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ Jupiter: however, meant has burning in his ~~[illegible]~~ eye: & then, I recognise the upward stretch of the arms holding the cornucopia: & the plunge downward. ~~He is~~ This the idea that is ~~[illegible]~~ strange ~~[illegible]~~ perpetual solicitation of the eye. ~~It doesn't work~~

On me the pressure is intermittent: & ~~better~~ muffled. ~~This~~ so far ~~so far~~ Angels, madonnas, & the sky & the I distinguish too little, & ~~that~~ too vaguely. ~~Yet this a~~ And ~~my eye~~ ~~[illegible]~~ Darkness ~~[illegible]~~ — a Jan Stellated, ~~and~~ ~~[illegible]~~ violently by some ~~[illegible]~~ Splendour, like that green sleeve, or the ~~glittering~~ ~~[illegible]~~ Early morning pale intensity of the sky behind ~~these~~ the white towers: or the ~~tracery~~ the crazy trees, & the tanks. ~~And~~ But they have added something — a strange interpretation of this particular moment — a serenity which: they have ~~[illegible]~~ ~~the sordid~~, & conferred some odd impression, too — if I could hold it, it would be important — or, a ~~an [illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~a lovely, what~~ ~~which~~ Consolingly — an ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~off~~ of comprehension a grasp of the fact — that ~~particular~~ idea breaks in one hand. ~~for what~~ ~~[illegible]~~ point is there in supposing that ~~things are [illegible]~~ ~~or that~~ there is ~~lovely?~~ ~~why~~ does why this incessant desire to ~~attain~~ impose lovely? ~~this false~~ ~~why not discursively?~~ ~~My mind is after all~~ ~~[illegible]~~ I am ~~spasming~~. I am bound — I am incapable of any further impression. ~~And~~ But I would like to ~~[illegible]~~ My eye is flutter. at the same time I would like to be able to ~~understand why~~ go into the

of
in his work:

whole air
whole
gong

he suffered
from & the

Shelley

(a Cid an
the
because offering
very Valentia)
an

and
desire for
robbed ~~[illegible]~~ the
Conscience

matter satisfactorily; I would like to go from me out among
know what for example is meant by the School of behind all this; I
would like to be able to say to my self, That was painted
before Giotto went to Padua. That shows the influence of
Gaddo Gaddi — or I should like to be — It was then a
Dia greatly youth making love to his master's daughter.
It was then that the discovery of the oil of the jasmine flower
revolutionized the art of tempera painting. It was then —
that is how I used to talk to him, sitting on the edge of the table,
while he lay groaning in bed. ~~He never got up till eleven.~~
~~He would work until laughter.~~

~~To~~ one does not ask all staunch the wound everlastingly
like that. ~~There~~ — He will come back to me in odd places.
One ~~can't be able to~~ ~~in such foolish ways~~ that nobody else
~~can~~ could understand. I shall be lonely. Perhaps he was
the only person who ~~could~~ ~~Now~~ How can ~~one~~ remedy that
Revelle would have ~~been~~ heard. Thoden is too remote.
~~So~~ Louis did not ~~know that~~ understand his humour. He loved
Juan. Therefore with him he was different. We must observe
the majesty of I But we ~~all~~ know something. Together we
must observe observe. We must close to the darkness
balance of ~~that is~~ then we shall love him those moments which
as one looks back remain. They go, with heart.

And now, at this moment, I want — a room. ~~A place with~~
Chairs & tables that bring him near. I want to talk of him
with somebody ~~who knew him as I did, but from~~
~~that angle,~~ with whom he had been happy. He was
~~happiest~~ with Juing — There are ~~many occasions~~ times when
one would do penance, I I must be assured that he
never spoke of me — that ~~the~~ he ~~had not notice that~~ —
~~Reachery~~ never knew my treachery — did not notice that
Evening my derivative what I read — There are occasions
I would willingly stand bare headed in the market place
or I could to do penance for that saying — a
~~yet reason~~ the horror will come back to me nightly
~~or~~ ask my wife: a yet reason tells me that it ~~was~~

that

he last that no
one will
understand
why we
laughed

most
at this time

14
4.10
4.10
23.0

probably he never noticed. I want to ~~theate~~ ~~about~~ Gaber: & to celebrate; & to sit with Jenny ~~telling~~ remembering with they ~~he~~ — Daisies. I will get a taxi — I will ~~find her~~ go to her quickly.

Look the sun directly over head, ~~there was~~ The trees ~~such~~ shadow ~~so~~ ~~there was~~ ~~fell in a pool by the roots~~ was through to a dark knot at the root. Light descending in floods ~~sudden entrance made each leaf take a~~ then, dissolved each the separate foliation into one green mass, Drenched in light. Now from an East ~~rising in light~~, made ~~by~~ incandescent light; each blade of grass ~~like water~~; fluent like water; & everything held in an interstication a frame — the bird ~~just~~ ~~half perching~~ immobile or ~~perching~~ flicking the head from side to side — the ~~the~~ ~~be~~ fallen leaf resting ~~unembroidered~~ on its edge: the dragon fly poised; the ~~lily bell~~ ~~water lo~~ yellow flag ~~displaying~~ its petals. ~~All movement was~~ held ~~from~~ & displayed; & the hum ~~which came~~ in the air seemed to come from a the ~~invisible~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ of fine wings, the more ~~[illegible]~~ some invisible. The river water and ~~water~~ ~~[illegible]~~ a ripple; & the & each ~~water plant rose~~ holding the water to reeds fixed in it immobile: & ~~held~~ letting the & the yellow pebbles lay on the ~~bottom~~ bed. Pondering, dark headed, the cattle stood in the fields; & the the hawk wer tolled wings settled on the tree tops.

To be the heart the flutterings an: other irregular which flamed in the horizon.

And I told them, said Rhoda; When ~~they were~~ laughing & laying with me, we love intrigue: we listen for his voice for the other side the door; but I was right all the same.] Shall I buy a bunch of violets & make a wreath? There is an old man always at the corner, selling violets: Shall I make a wreath?

280
200
56,000

Oh yes
you are when we ~~Life is intensely very dangerous~~ – That
child was nearly killed! The motor car come whizzing
round the corner. ~~I feel that we are spread on a battlefield.~~
We are the prey. Danger surrounds us. ~~We are~~ What I
told them when we danced together was true – They were
laughing & jeering. We love intrigue. ~~We love~~ Stolen
meetings, & to listen my to his voice on the other side of the
door. ~~And that's how we love~~ ~~[illegible]~~ – & form visions of love –
~~the figure in the grove~~, the white figure against dark
laurel bushes – ~~has no sense in it.~~ You are cold; you are
my vision of ~~some thing high~~. A man landing on the
beach ~~of Greek Island~~, & letting his ~~little~~ boat drift to sea
~~away~~ – that's ~~only~~ melodrama. Neville & Jenny went to
Stowe & whispers & embraces in drawing-room sofas, when the
servants have gone to the play, & the husband is away, or the
wife is ~~away~~ ~~away~~ ~~and~~. ~~And said~~ ~~That's their idea of~~
~~love~~; ~~And say~~ And now Percival is dead; & I ~~say~~ will
~~want to~~ buy a penny bunch of violets; & I will go to a
shop to buy a pair of stockings; & I work extra. Every one ~~I see~~ –
What ~~is the truth~~? What ~~do you have to pay for~~ ~~to be the meaning of over it mean~~? I work and
~~them. I will work~~ – ~~I work find out~~ – I work not be
baffled perpetually. When the brute work with its stream men –
I will discover what this ~~that happens~~ between the
leaks & the tiger; ~~when I hear~~ in the jetty the great floodtides
for my eyes are dim; my ears sure; ~~I have read in the~~
Jenny told me on the telephone. Percival is dead
The night.
Never cry I only heard the a word like the pounding
~~together of great~~ floodtides. ~~I felt the roaring the wind.~~
When I was a child, there was a hurdle; which I could not cross
because ~~my body had~~ There was a wall I had to touch.
~~And~~ to bring myself into my body: There was a space between.

22

~~Headache~~
Standing in the middle of the street,

2

The Stones spoke to me as I heard the rush of the grey wind.

There were voices in the Dragon Eyes.

If I had not moved I should have been killed.

I did more, I said

2 rushes to Queen.

A blank space lies before me — where there is nothing — nothing, nothing; I could stand still in the Tottenham Court Road. There is the puddle, I have no body, I cannot cross it. There is the roar of annihilation; the Idea is spending itself on white stones, on wheels rolling within an inch of the other. I am pinned between. All the pulsebeats have failed me. Unless I touch something I shall fall down. What can I touch to recover my surroundings? I buy a bunch of violets. (The violet is extremely powerful. They drive violently. A taxi, motor car, stopped by her) They stare at the edges of the pavements. Dangers surround us. And the Idea are Ghosts of. They kick us for their sports. She told me on the telephone, Percival is dead. She was crying. But I do not cry, because it is covered in me. Now I see the face of my page my. Now I see the face of the Stove — the laurel bush & the figure I told them of when we dined together. Jenny: Neville said: I said Then even that she clothed with flowing purple. I said then that when they were talking about his room a hearing his voice on the other side of the door, I said I knew it to be a lie. But he is dead, & looked at my figure: for the strange how there are always my mind how when they were blind I thought; they deluded themselves. I was, bound about with thorn, wasted, running, nothing to destruction; on fire planted with death, the purple nothing to destruction — no — no — I am trying to get at some thing find out something for myself about the nature of life. I will not be baffled hysterically like a bull with dark streaks. I will be. I will underlie the leaper & the tiger. I will understand the meaning & the wonder & the storm.

She told me on the telephone Percival is dead; Jenny the night. I never cry. I hear a sound like the grinding

of melstrae. ~~And that~~ I will find something ~~that~~ to give Percival, between him & me. I will buy a bunch of violets — make a wreath. There is always an old man at the corner, selling violets. I will go to Oxford Street & buy a pair of stockings. I will do usual things: but I will do them exactly, with precise understanding of each movement, as an offering to Percival, something between him & me. ~~Neville~~ Also Neville & Jinny were angry ~~with me.~~ They laughed. ~~They~~ Thoughts & whispers & embraces on drawing-room sofas when the servants are gone to the play & the husbands out, or the wives in the country — they said. ~~to them~~ They said that is love; I will ask everyone I meet to help me to understand ~~the Remembrance~~ what this experience ~~which~~ has been given me — perhaps — I do not know. There is something we share, if we could communicate. I do not want the things I knew about me. I want ~~to be~~ indifference; I want solitude: I want to be dashed like stone on the beach by the waves. I like feeling chimneys & cranes & parts of London; I like this cold ~~rough water~~; I am safe here; I mean & indifferent. Now I am rid of hellness & ~~self indulgence~~ — I am ~~leaning the decks & the wind, with the great ghost beside me.~~ It is in I am reading Hardy. Rough walk with the great ghost beside me. I am no fellow & we have been freed from some petty tyranny. I will buy a bunch of violets.

I stopped at the corner of Oxford Circus & bought a bunch; ~~they were buy violets~~ set round with leaves in a ~~bag~~ cone. The

And I will walk no further than Bond Street. I will force myself to stop: & I will go in & buy stockings. I will not indulge in fluency. ~~I will from that~~ I will make a phrase of my experience. I will plunge my hand into the ice cold water. ~~detect~~ & hold it there

under the Monument, or

that I will force myself to stop & buy stockings; & for me at its price & by

of milk-straw. ~~And that~~ I will find something ~~that~~ to give Percival, between him & me. I will buy a bunch of violets — make a wreath. There is always an old man at the corner, selling violets. I will go to Oxford Street & buy a pair of stockings. I will do great things: but I will do them quietly, with precise understanding of each movement, as an offering to something Percival, between him & me. ~~Neville~~ Neville & Jinny were angry ~~with me.~~ They laughed. They

under the Mausoleum, or

Thoos & Whisper & embrace in drawing-room Tolas when the servants are gone to the play & the husbands out, or the wife in the country — they said that is love; ~~to them~~ they said. I will ask everyone I meet to help me to understand ~~my~~ ~~the~~ ~~Remembrance~~ what this experience which has been given me — perhaps — I do not know. There is something we share, if we could communicate. I do not want the things I knew about me. I want ~~to be~~ indifference; I want solitude: I want to be drifted like a stone on the beach by the waves. I like feeling Chimneys & crane beneath a pearly sky; I like this cold ~~rough water~~; I am safe here; I mean to indulge — I am indifferent. Now I am rid of helpless ~~& selfy indulgence~~ ~~sedney the decks & the wind, with the great ghost beside me.~~ It is in I am sedney through rough water with the great ghost beside me. I am no fellow & we have been freed from some petty tyranny. I will buy a bunch of violets.

That I will force myself not to behave ordinarily; I will have stop. & for he at his power & by

The clothed at the corner of Oxford Circus & bought a bunch; ~~they were bay violets~~ & set round with leaves in a ~~bay~~ cone. The ~~and~~ I will walk no further than Bond Street, & I will force myself to stop: & I will go in & buy stockings. I will not indulge in fluency. ~~I will from that~~ or make a phrase of my experience. I will plunge my hand into the ice cold water. & ~~detect~~ & hold it there

hate their people. I hate the word hence words Pilate ~~under~~
that I cannot inexorably dealt out; You might all die; in your
~~grimace like villain~~ people from the infants, with parents,
carrying parents inexorably begging life
God you have left me to undergo this indignity. ~~for~~
~~such what before me~~ - I am twenty five: & I shall live to be
old perhaps, & I shall ~~And I have no wish to live.~~ I ~~have~~ but I
~~see, as I think,~~ have already ~~known~~ already, as I told them
~~at dinner what is they may conceal if they take~~
I am ashamed ~~to say~~, but the only consolation now comes from
image: I see you ~~already~~, though this broad daylight,
pierced with arrows; I see you ~~with your head bent~~ surrendering for the sake of some
further advantage: I see the beach. & the boat, from which
you have landed, drifting away: and there instead
images make me happy & they will come, fleeting & flitting,
when ~~when~~ at night ~~comes~~, & I need not endure the perpetual
interruption.
~~infinitely~~ ~~lofty~~ Let me then escape for a moment from my
own ferocity. I will & make image of image as I
walk along ~~as~~ fond thus; of wave & the sea; & the moon
rising. We are alone together; we have mounted our horses;
we ~~are~~ have escaped; & at last in some ~~to~~ warm place,
we dismount, & I give you the branch of violets.
~~And now my dear Jack;~~ because I am trying to say to
you what ~~strange~~ ~~fools~~ ~~we are~~ ~~my dear Jack.~~ ~~to~~ I am
to be married, ~~believing~~ by these private ceremonies; by these
gifts from one to another, without words; Jack bring my
violets now, holding my violets.
Should believe that this shop is garden. & ~~every thing~~
has an order, ~~a ceremony~~; & dignity in the movements of the
shop girls. Should believe that the gods, are
bestowing beauty. Should ~~believe that~~ ~~I have now~~
make myself liked, admired; ~~I could~~ easily understand the
feelings of everybody here. I ~~have a~~ There are ~~the halls~~ &
warm hollows which we enter only at ~~when~~ in some hell,
~~after the~~ in the storm.
I think strewn the violets into the gutter before they
have become

an hour ago.

time

Here we draw breath. ~~[illegible]~~ Spread our wing, ~~in the still~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~that~~ ~~of~~ / then of course, ~~[illegible]~~ the shadows falls. ~~The~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~I am aware of some impediment after this~~ ~~I do not understand~~ ~~why~~ when that the dark girl ~~opens the~~ pulls out the drawer. The ~~[illegible]~~ ~~to the fair girl~~ says something hard, cutting, to the fair girl. She is depicted, vindictive: she hides ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ There is no pleasing; No; ~~something~~ had destroyed my Espare sun, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~I realise~~ ~~the~~ incompatibility: I turn now, to hang my bell, to take my passed; ~~to face the [illegible] & hatred the [illegible] of all~~ & I say, now that I am in Oxford Street, why have you at-morrow! why have you trampled out the only flower you ever bore — ugly, & vindictive & [illegible] hermen boys & Louis, who is afraid of being laughed at for his Australian accent, lets in an Eating house in the City pretending friend the charing column in the Evening paper (because he is a timid & a disturbed soul): & he says he ~~began~~ will reduce us to order so that he can love us. ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ Wave to be anything rude so submerse he, the lover of mankind, therefore prates. as. ~~Bern~~ He hailed Percival-Bernard, with rolled his sorrow making phrases ~~beautiful as bird~~ jugling with words, very comfortable in an arm chair, with Jenny I, aghast at ~~the~~ our moment at nothingness, ~~yet~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ even enjoy the violence of my own sensation, & pray respectfully to this denegation of my friends. ~~I see nothing~~ ~~admirable in any of them. I see their the factors.~~ ~~Their~~ I see them incement & ignoble feeline. And this is my offering to

Percival

But there were a hollow in which I held a bunch of violets. I wish she held them, but so that I do not see them & delile them. I will go to some Museum where they keep rings or old cabinets under shades. I will go to or I will find a train to Hampton Court & look at the red ~~[illegible]~~ walls: the avenues: the but then I should stand in a crowd buying tickets with other people. The finest scene is mine — here — the long nave blank — here half in room a so — here a seat by myself at the end filled

Light
Is it this? is it more than physical exhaustion!

That Hardness

my vision is thin.

When my sensations fail me,

hall looking at the redoubtable Mamboyaney & that absurd Jan for the morning particularly in a brian hatch.
She took her seat at the end of the hall, among the decorous, & rather somnolent ~~summer~~ audience of a summer's afternoon.

the then fell the question & finding the funds.

And we, the sad, who are ~~so unknown to emotion~~, who have come from beef & kidneyings in deplorable Esperance in respectable clothes, hungry & rebellious ourselves perfectly conscious of more life:
We are parasites, vampires - we cluster like maggots on the back of something which will carry us forward.
Every face has a look of repletion & greed; ~~a false refinement~~;
of knowing more, than the girl who sold Stockings: And they know nothing. Tinted, powdered, with their grey whole hair drawn round their ears, their long noses, their whole glove, their little bags, their lip pens, & clear shave cheeks, save for a small moustache, they fill the hall with tired air; ~~[illegible]~~ & talkers; ~~the~~ old Hank ~~[illegible]~~ nerves which will never again which can only repeat what ~~it is~~ has been said at lunch parties at tea parties, ~~what it is~~ above perfectly safe today. And this is the sort they bore.

Beethoven also Mozart

And

First a lady, ~~with long [illegible]~~ hair thin, like a sea horse, swollen but entwined in flowery green - with rings; The assumes, after her first mark, an air of tragedy, & speaks. Her lips move a twice. While the little man keeps the accompaniment. And then the gathered family together or at precisely the right moment ~~the~~ sings. Ah!
This for ~~[illegible]~~ And this ah that I say. I am liberated by that too. I am lying out musically beautifully. This not violent. Italian exaggerated emotion, what she is trying to convey. This the voice of a lady. No that which seems to paroxysmic, like a wolf howling; or a mother lamenting her children (of what my eyes saw not here the green & against purple shade) when these frills & flounces are cut - Hence again - a grieving & moaning voice, called this the voice of the pale young woman, in love, at the window, in Venice - This night is; & she has come to the window that looks at the Canal. This

over. ~~We are thrown back into ourselves again~~ That is what we want to cry out like poor people, in love, who wonder both our already, our present alight, we want for the love very intense just time to take their deaths in a sense.
This is to be magnificent. And now I am going to think of Percival.
~~I will try to find out~~ I will think ~~this~~ ~~[illegible]~~
Percival would have ~~said~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~like the moon~~; he would have laughed at all, ~~looking like a person~~; a slow solemnly; our respectability; he would have gone working like the waves; he would have spread humbly like the moon, in a rebellious laughter. He would have wandered joyously among the ~~people here in London~~; he would have lifted a hand to the people here, meeting him there, ~~would have had just of all this would~~ I would want to meet him. Arrogant (for this is foolish, to be thinking of him – he is not here –) and lubricity (this is) ~~to have~~ are ~~can~~ come in from the street, find this; we who have made it ~~this~~ cannot be what we seem; we have in us this dancing flame – this hooked blade. There is something that we have made to ~~explain the rest~~: there is, in Regent Street, an arbitrary ~~shape~~, beautifully hollow. There is something explanatory, carelessly: ~~this~~ more than a cry from the lips, a wolf howling. This a perfectly constructed, ~~little~~ ~~[illegible]~~: one theme leads to another; by a series of combination & similarities, of intricate nobility, ~~[illegible]~~ broken, woven together, discords & harmonies, reality & invention, & at last coming together; And ~~they~~ as love gave they another is infinite; ~~like the~~ It would seem as if he had constructed a perfect dwelling place: the form movements are halls; & there can be very little left over. It agitate me has made them; we are notes determined & narrowed & he seen. It is to be found in Regent Street – an exposition, a flame, a complete exposition. There is an exclusion. And the sweetness, the rest, the content, overflowing, runs down the walls of Regent Street, & instead of leaving my friend, I think of Lorna, in her gaiety home. The whence my fear. The ~~is a fear~~ infinitely sensitive, & most personable; ~~he will take his~~ he is ~~to be~~ foolish, & by no means successful. Timed: but work can intensify that I cannot mark. Suffering, ~~after poor~~ rooms overcrowded bare. He has no home. He ~~take~~.

breathe shaped with the thick-coloured lace they wear in Venice – faithful only.

Intense sight understand. There is no chance

the

a woman come to the window in Venice.

Bend & hearts

his (in this lovely curious melody)

was per

Get

Such I were became this heart claim upon my help.

why always sad?

She is ashamed of her cachet. She dances poor – the poor jugglers (as do) over hot coals, & her blessings are most simple: a flower. And I ~~love~~ Juan – the & poor & life are all corporations & against some inequality? ~~The word~~

Liberalis also some ~~vein of compassion~~ my, of melancholy & understanding. Yet profoundly sad. Louis, for example, in that Eating house. He thinks that I do not see him. But I follow him with admiration & love, ~~when~~ because, when he has paid his bill, out of his little lean purse ~~takes~~ takes his way back to the City ~~part~~ alone: & cannot buy anything; & has no pleasure. Yet thinks of Persia or Arabia, ~~thinks with a~~ habitual thoughts ~~body companion~~, of the velvetness, the meanness, the sordid pickle of suffering & ignorant life; finds a hungry & beggar; ~~& thought~~ & ~~in short~~ allied to me, who ~~will understandably~~ Yet dislike him, as the mistress for his bad manners, & his appeal for help. ~~And~~ The dislikes me; dislikes young; is uncompromising; is solitary; ~~as~~ I went to find him, ~~to~~ indeavouring to give ~~me in~~ something which ~~in do not want to have~~. & can only ~~Gravelled by this be bound & bound~~ He is a mere compassionate by this bound. ~~We have had our differences~~ melted from ~~after~~ which is, almost entirely ~~not~~ sad. Yes, terribly sad. Jugan ~~when~~ ~~also~~ ~~also~~ cried. When the postman flopped & the letters were brought he, the sad that we ~~strangely~~ burst into tears, there, in extremity, before the maid; the ~~standing~~ stony robbing – sublime: to be adored, for her intolerance – there is the old home with ~~those~~ stone floors. ~~because the would not marry him:~~ ~~because the would not~~ marry ~~him~~; & the ~~pranicum~~ flower pots – in the room with the stone floor, that why he loved him: yet the would not marry him.

But now; since this is over, & they are have come back for the third time to bow, not so superciliously, but rather as if they had at last found some thank, ~~Yes some separately that they~~ had around something – they are nothing than faces – they are no longer

a blue shawl
relieved,
complacent,

to spruce & debonair – they also express much more openly some
vestiges of contempt, yet both ~~about~~ for understanding, I
will go. ~~There is another quartet after this; but my ears are~~
They will sing again, & play again; but I shall understand no more.
nothing. ~~My ears~~ without
And as I go, before I need pass against hostile, I can keep this
attitude until night: ~~until then~~
She came out into the street. I
I can remain in a state

& began to walk quickly with her eyes fixed ahead of her.
I shall keep the sense of perfect relieved of interruption:
~~very little magnificent~~ It has become heart yet melody
This is my reality. This is ~~that~~ which ~~I walk only~~
Comes time only now & then, ~~the dark fin~~ which passes
~~far out across the bay;~~ ~~something~~ – ~~I can just see~~
passing, like a dark fin, ~~the fin of some very remote great~~
~~fish when I am~~ & I see it, too, in a landscape sometimes,
~~then I am~~ across the waste of the sea: this is what
~~Eyeli~~ is ~~sometimes~~ ~~visible~~ for a moment in a landscape.
Then ~~the I~~ I am drawn, very unwillingly, ~~always~~
through a waste of loneliness, of distrait, when everything
has failed, when I have no existence & ~~that~~ this my fate
to have no existence, ~~no stability~~, no natural
happiness: ~~then~~ I achieve ~~this place~~ for a
moment some ~~unknown~~ when ~~infinitely~~ ~~faithful~~ to my soul
which has its reason; ~~with something that~~ ~~am aware~~ an aware of
~~some~~ ~~existence not our; our~~ presence, ~~being~~. ~~There is the~~
flat marsh, there is the grey sea; & in order to bear
this painful sense, I would ~~sacrifice all my friends~~;
would have no interruption. I would ~~run~~ force ahead
though the streets deading but anyone should ~~wake~~ me:
~~I would~~ horrified if somebody asks me the time, or say,
~~what~~ is. And I will indulge myself, today, because
Percival is dead, & this is my funeral service. I will

see on the
horizon,

like the fin of
a great
porpoise on the
beach pressing
my body
against yours
as we lie,
& breathing
through,

with the

I will set out this evening & ~~to~~ make the pilgrimage. Go to Greenwich; I will walk up & down ~~on a~~ by the Thames, on a little embankment. ~~I will be very quiet~~ I shall be alone, save for one old man reading a newspaper in a glass shelter. Then, when I am tired, I shall lean over the rail & watch the ships, bowling up & down the tide with one with a woman on deck & a small dog. They are going out to sea this summer evening. And that sight will fill me with exultation. ~~Why~~? Because they are moving, away; because they are leaving us; because they are like Percival, vanishing. And I shall drop my branch of violets into the ~~wave which the ship makes~~ waves which slap unfeelingly against the pier. That will be my ceremony, my dirge.

And then feeling ~~the~~ again ~~the~~ the lone lines. The sin passing I cast out to sea, I shall in my ~~desire to be taken to that keeping~~ sense of nothingness, loosen my hands deliberately & let fall into the ~~little~~ waves which break against the pier my violets. That will be my ceremony, my token to Percival.

lean on the rail

in the tide

Suddenly, with some breeze, every leaf in the tree flickered: the
remembered ~~eye~~ mound ~~seemed~~ became for a moment
Hicad ~~with~~ ~~up. but up~~ made light with layers of ~~green~~
many colour; seemed to lift herself & to be ready for
Shaking its feather, like the hawk, ready for flight.
Through all the flowers the sun was alight hand;
a sudden ~~flaunt~~ flaunt & flash; & ~~then~~ like the as if
~~flame~~ eye fin ~~burning~~ ~~cutting~~ the green glass eye
~~of~~ lake; ~~where~~ whose water then seem to rock from
side to side, ~~bending~~ the reeds, ~~and~~ wetting the dry
tufts of ~~sea~~ seaweed on the bank — ~~like the~~ or it was
~~so~~ ~~crying which~~, ~~when~~ every body is listening
irrepressible mockery, ~~as~~ the satyr-like smile,
which when all faces have been drawn together in
solemnity for some time, cracks the mask & makes
the whole ~~of the~~ proceeding seem ~~for the~~ ridiculous: too
solemn. And then there is again uniformity.

Nor is regis therefore have lost our youth — Neville said.
We who, only a year or two ago, were ~~so capable~~
perfectly ~~unattached~~ & had to sit anywhere — in street beds with the down
~~for~~ ~~who~~ ~~had~~ to whom ~~any~~ place thing might be given happen. always hanging
~~for~~ ~~who decided~~ ~~the being one thing rather~~
who had no notion ~~whether~~ why we were this or that —
we are now ~~going off~~ ~~so complete~~ — either marrying
like Bernard & breeding children — or, finding nothing is
life so desirable as this room. ~~There is the~~
Look at ~~love~~ the firelight running up & down the gold
threads in the curtain: there are books brown
upon the wall. Something moves ~~magnificently~~ in the
~~round~~ looking glass. And we have had a day which
is like might have been written by Mozart; ~~it~~

pale green.
dark green;

like

melody leading to melody; only the wonder was that ~~the only~~
there ~~was nothing~~ seemed made of nothing but what one does every day,
naturally. I had not finished my breakfast when you came.
And then seven a fine morning — nothing and the very thought
and so we walked from Regent's Park to the Embankment;
~~By a complete chance we saw~~ & so we ~~became involved in an~~
~~argument about numbers.~~ talking about ourselves: & we
~~we were not bored for a moment~~ — ~~Indeed everything~~ I saw
seemed to have a particular ~~significance~~ meaning: the wigs in
haberdashery windows, ~~Even the~~ How amusing, how grotesque —
made us laugh. And then we sat down somewhere ~~in a park~~
~~to converse~~ the conversation ~~which~~ became suddenly ~~of the~~
utmost importance. One had suddenly the feeling
~~that for ourselves there could be~~ ~~we~~ were the only
people — very intimate, but not in the disagreeable sense
when one wants more than the other: strangely
And so one sheered in chair, with you in another;
& I suppose this — if one could face it — the end of all
~~the things~~ that made us so remarkable when we were young
~~How can we carry out any~~ enterprise? ~~How can we be thick in~~
~~How can we~~ ~~carry out any~~ enterprise? ~~How can we be thick in~~
rightly, unconditionally brutal. & We shall
~~never speak the truth~~ ~~Then~~ we were ~~all long~~ sunbathed about
half naked, ~~in~~ like boys on a deck, squirting each other
with the hose pipe: & now ~~suddenly~~ — ~~all~~ that seems
child's play, & we ~~are cooped~~ up: we have found a room
where we can go & be alone together. ~~We are quite content~~
~~Just nothing more.~~ ~~To be with you — to~~ ~~you to be with me —~~
~~That is enough.~~ ~~Indeed~~
What has happened is that we have left the
We can make this into an entire universe — we can
read books, & see ~~likenesses~~ curious ~~life~~ aspects of
each other's faces in the lurking glare — unknown sides,
& those we shall discuss; & ~~we~~ whenever you can
away something will happen that I can tell to you
only. ~~It will be~~ something silly; & then I shall

Only you we had each other then we had new world again etc.

There will be no sun.

see you with other people; ~~but~~ we I shall feel what you were feeling
was that you favour them: ~~I shall not have a feeling of that it~~ Jealousy will intervene ~~this time~~:
~~I shall~~ It will absorb me: — & so we shall soon.
~~Now is this~~ Is it the right ~~way of life, or is this~~ the wrong ~~way~~?
And one day — the whole thing will have vanished. It will
happen (for you or for me) just as casually as one opens a letter.
~~It will be one. One will look back upon today as one~~
One will throw away the envelope — done with: all over.
~~Yes, this all very odd; &~~

I shall see you talking to strangers in a crowd. I
shall think ~~there is something~~ ~~with a little shock,~~
that ~~there~~ is something that I do not know. I shall be
jealous & curious. I shall inveigle you back,
~~very~~ we shall sit here, in this twilight, making sure
that there is nothing that we cannot share. Sometimes
we shall bring each other almost impossible
idols, puzzles — because, ~~this obviously true that you are not to~~
other ~~people — work upon~~ within you can resist ~~the~~
certain seductions: ~~& so~~ influence, temptations. ~~Odd~~
~~there is always the risk that somebody may~~
& therefore we shall ~~this change will be allowed for. And it may be~~
~~the~~ change ~~that making some one new bring about must be~~
~~accounted~~ for. ~~So we shall~~
So you will come in after breakfast?

By ~~to~~ making
I shall get up to take down a book.
You will ~~remain~~ be sitting ~~there~~, ~~probably asleep, probably~~
probably asleep probably. Doing something with your hands.
Every word I read ~~will be different owing to your~~
will be read under your eyes, with some slight, but
curious difference owing to your presence. I need
always, for example, read it aloud. Then
I am aware, even if we say nothing ~~for hours~~,
of the ~~health of~~ your body. ~~I hear your~~ And so

It goes on, this intimacy, in this room; this walking together & looking in at hairdressers shops.] It has its reality; makes its difference. It goes on, this intimacy, in this room, this walking together this looking in at hairdressers shops, or it may be we go to look at pictures, or hear a concert, or do nothing so respectable – merely laugh & laugh; Oh yes & above people we hate certain things intensely. We hate ~~all~~ the ~~old~~ new; the times; the Spectator; the successful: we feel them hostile to ~~us~~ our ~~[illegible]~~ that we care for – We ~~[illegible]~~ feel that ~~if Shakespeare was~~ Shakespeare would have liked us. ~~And~~ This intimacy ~~therefore is very often~~ therefore we often come in, to find each other, laid with rage; to unhardcorse insult, we have had; or to discuss some party; to shred the unspeakable vagaries of the worldly; & to laugh & to laugh. Also we back up faults. ~~We feel~~ I know what you like; you what I like. Then, with our eyes sharpened, we observe everything, for instance at a party; or, ~~at~~ in a railway carriage. Our ears are pricked. I ~~recover~~ am also, though not very much adapted ~~in the matter~~ to, live a social life – I am too fastidious, too proud – I am ~~[illegible]~~ immensely suspicious; & ~~very good~~ at ferreting out the ~~[illegible]~~ beginning hecks & nods & winks, the shared words & hesitations & blushes which indicate the beginnings of lovers – its difficulties, its complications.

I ~~[illegible]~~ ~~can~~ ~~I am very skilful at~~ ~~[illegible]~~ which I then weave together, here in this room, when the lighting fire runs up the gold thread in the curtain; with you ~~also~~

My mind ~~has~~ though much subtler than yours, is ~~not so~~ less direct. ~~rather~~ impeded, because of some I am quite incapable of saying all night. ~~And~~ ~~I cannot talk to men in bars as you can. I am~~ of enjoying violent scenes

I might say Dickens so would the Carts come to Covent Garden

intimacy. about wh. we have an almost religious fury

dependent when you for the ~~[illegible]~~ Austen ~~overwhelming~~ Experiences — like rage & yearning — ~~you could knock a man down: you~~ My violence has ~~the~~ my publicity ~~[illegible]~~ from that fact. I am always, in crem, a little irritable.

Then I shall die - very

~~And~~ It is possible that ~~[illegible]~~ one day you will not come in after breakfast. I deserving ~~that time when we were not~~ are more magnificent to have no such attachments. Percival had no attachments — ~~[illegible]~~ ~~which it~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~to call~~ 'love' for Jason: but that was

All this mystery — Eleanor says: even the children give warning. "Defect" this

marvellous, or as we call it, unusual. ~~Unfortunately~~ I am ~~[illegible]~~ fated to be one of those people who ~~often~~ whom a worm, like they & the beauty of visible things, or the companionship of Man? ~~[illegible]~~ love, is a necessity. I ~~can~~ could not rest about India in a helmet. ~~[illegible]~~ return to a bungalow. I ~~am~~ when I wake in the morning I ask merely when are you coming. ~~Everything hinges on that~~. ~~I assume you~~ Everything changes as you come in. But would be better perhaps to go into a hall; to mount a platform; to ~~address meeting~~ & make a great speech.

He cracked the whip down on the coal. Noiselessly, irresistible. They fell The wave ~~beat~~ on the shore, ~~monotonously~~ regularly. Like the tread of a chained elephant; like the beat of carpets; or a mallet driven a stake further & further. ~~The~~ Wind, ~~in its level monotony~~, the wind ~~seemed to~~ suggested ~~that~~ cold black water; cooled; smooth; like polished steel; so dark that it reflects nothing but falls heavily enough to break anything. Then, ~~so~~ cooled with the force of a spring. The wave curled back & fell again.

And I would like to know the history of every person in the room,
said Jenny. "I would like to know who that tall gentleman is
bending down with the gesture of a butler to talk to the old
lady on the sofa. ~~His~~ success in life & he is obviously
very successful. men have ~~been~~ ~~odd~~ something to do
with stooping. She, on the other hand ~~does~~ has always
commanded. Her wrinkled face is full of authority.
The ~~is~~ ~~more~~ ~~aged duchess who plays~~ ~~lady~~ lady whom he
good breeding ~~I get with~~ — I guess that she is the
daughter of that great Scotch Earl — & has ~~no doubt that~~
her manners are ~~the only to~~ never known doubt of
any kind. ~~Her servants adore her~~. I suppose she has a
parrot. ~~The Queen lunch parties~~. Everyone who comes in
pays her a little homage, if she wishes it. These are

Crumpled, wrinkled,

Where people has always been around

~~I am~~ (When) I am with people of my own age,
~~I do not think of asking~~ ~~cannot~~ ~~naturally I am~~ —
if you will forgive my forgetting so — ~~absorbed~~ I am
absorbed by ~~watching~~ ~~to my~~ ~~the effect~~ ~~upon~~ of my body ~~about~~ on them; ~~I~~
~~forgot that we are~~ (I am twenty six; ~~I am married~~ ~~the~~ ~~4 years~~
~~I my first baby was born last March~~) ~~But~~
with you, ~~who must be~~ I ~~become aware that~~
~~who cannot feel the~~ ~~my body~~ is ~~not strength~~
~~these his outside~~ — ~~Even~~ in this room — ~~a~~ I want to
I am aware of this marvellous curiosity. ~~Tell me~~
by my the voices of all these people. Often try to guess
~~who they~~ are; & what ~~has brought them together~~
has happened to them before this moment?
"I knew him at Oxford" he replied ~~(but feeling~~
had not heard his name) Why have they come here?
~~Life~~ is full of extraordinary ~~combinations~~. ~~Look~~
I tend to watch the door opening &
meeting:

I am now

Enter in to

think my life is going to be changed.

× He is about Lilly; he has never married; ~~he~~ for many years he has lived abroad. He has a home, ~~so there are~~ he has ~~very~~ surroundings, lovely with beauty. But he is not happier: ~~because, beauty is not enough.~~ we do not ~~pick him~~ to be happy. There is a ~~fantastic~~ romantic Story connected with his ~~early life~~ - A girl died. Since then he has collected ~~every~~ pictures & bronzes - a hopeless pursuit, because, only cared things are beautiful - they are breaks. Look ~~but~~ He is much regret after. His collection of duchesses - We are making up his character: an early ~~misfortune~~ dabbling on a card column: but we know nothing. And he is ~~sad~~ devoted to some old lady in Bayswater - ~~But~~ Just tell you facts, & you shall add them, as if you were decorating a Christmas tree. He ~~he~~ was also a soldier once. He saw the Dames stand shuddering near with sorrow. He lost his little finger in an engagement. All that happened long ago. There are strange hearts to be added - China, Rome: Indeed I fancy this picked him. If he were to reveal his soul: Look how his eyes, generally so steady & strong, flicker. Also he is a Mob; & has the habit of good words. And is a great authority upon walking sticks. But he finds - hang you facts daffily; for he is moving; & charitably he moves, we feel attached by his power, which ~~seems~~ sets our little remarks - Characters all seem molten like a Lea. ~~He~~ And he sometimes wants hearing. And that lady there, is obviously not at home: Shall we say that she has come because bring

An admirer some time in war —

~~Love of Hardy & he Doyle — Hardy: a rolling life — the catch: he drinks perhaps too much: is writing for tea, among his lots.~~

She, the lady by the fire place, occupying a central position, is the quatroiseca of a distinguished Statesman. "Lady Roberts!!!" is the ~~he has always~~ I do not ~~remember his name~~. remember his real name. She has a horse too. A little dog runs at you barking ~~when you come in~~ ~~I think~~ Her talk is always about the hart. You will find he manipulating the sunshine in a curious way, drawing blinds given in June: — ~~And I think~~ She was loved by some ~~and~~ ~~I think~~ he was killed in battle. ~~And~~ And that she is, quite unspeakably, ~~some very cheerful~~ at the head of ~~a good~~ ~~And so,~~ And. She ~~has a~~ manage, a lady, a universal, a habit, an institution; ~~all words of a book be a the habit~~. You will find he Tiger Cheyne. I think the walk early thus the Thule Some place of business. One visit her by appointment. I am not sure she at all. I am journeying. a cabbies trains. A spinster. Aged almost 80 years. Devoted to a father. ~~And~~ inexpressive, darling daughter: And ~~better to you and~~. And beloved. ~~Yes~~ And rather poor. And afflicted. ~~& with dit woo.~~ ~~And has her fashion.~~ haverly: still drawing comfort from Uncle Robert.

~~As for~~ ~~such is life~~ he

~~"And~~ ~~But And that is~~ a Judge: a he is a Ships owner; & he is one ~~great merchant~~ That is And that is a Judge. & that is a ship owner.

There however is some body ~~whom I have~~ different. it ~~worth be interesting to know~~. it has spent his life in the dullest of all occupations, work to but remains ~~lovely~~ young.

& that is a very rich young man: ~~in whom~~ who ~~cannot do something foolish~~

What can it be —?

are responsible
? so much.

But you want me to think about the elderly because they have done things. Of therefore I am always repeating the words tragedy & failure. ~~as of~~ The word that there was no such ~~thing~~ as mean: as one fashion there lives, crudely. Here is happiness Napier then, like a painter bringing the rose into relief add & unhappiness. And authors are intre for ~~reg~~; & yet you will agree that there must be, that which contains. We are all in such a ~~state of~~

~~But what can you~~ Do ~~with~~ these facts? ~~No women have~~ I ~~looked at~~ create anything?

~~And they~~ There is no

I have never seen any other people before. Therefore they are merely spectacle. But how can you make these facts into anything conjecture! They do not present a philosophy. You cannot deduce from them if life is good or bad. You can only feel that they have something in being; here is an organization; to ~~them a~~ for you, there is a different here is something that has taken shape.

They are like the lace or Card.

Let us then discuss ~~the~~ what they make.

In the first place, they persuade one that that old man is ~~no more~~ ~~man~~ ~~heroic~~ ~~the has~~ ~~seldom~~ And why are we here? To dramatish a certain Friday evening. All these people have done something to make Friday — they have stoked up the lighter of the day — in the city some of them, or in their cluttering rooms or drawing room. Now they have heated their experience for a time: we feel see a common atmosphere; ~~of~~ they have created an attitude common to them all. But you can see that they often withdrew into one that is private there is ~~at~~ somebody who has come here

in order to escape from an existing situation. ~~He lives in~~ a
~~Miserable home, down by~~ His wife — I am always
~~dealing with~~ those who are married or who
merely to indulge in the common atmosphere activities
a drink. To love his ~~wife~~ sense of fact. His
son is a failure; a his wife has an invalid: There is
here an immense amount of knowledge — home
Cowed he built by the hearth here: a Cors decided.
Lives have been freed. But there is also a common
fund of experience: so many there men & women are
fathers & mothers; they are cognizant of such
others anxieties about teething or measles: & have
bills to pay. ~~And there are some who~~
& common sympathy. Also there are their
~~un~~ inscrutable lives. I have only two or
very few facts: ~~No doubt~~ I would ~~add~~ tell
you that I jumped over that man's back 30
years ago at my rooms. But what I remember is
my own heart: only little fragments of other lives
~~&~~ interest us — Much is never known — or known
wrongly. He was very brave & calm in life —
Saved a man from drowning. He ~~married~~
has been married three times — the last time to his
housekeeper nurse. He ~~left~~ has made a
discovery ~~about the~~. And if this is all I
~~know~~, And it is we who are making
this particular Friday. ~~You~~ We cannot deny that.
Historians will ~~wish to know~~ try to find out what we
made. This very important. You are
perhaps right to be curious about people's lives.
You are perhaps right to sit here, a little
withdrawn & ask questions. ~~He~~
~~There are~~ Each of these people has a home;
& has contributed to the making of the present

that room
I entered.

~~moment. Each is~~

That man was is an architect. Now ~~there is no tragedy~~ whatever in his life. ~~Great~~ He is wealthy. ~~Everything~~ He married a very rich woman. ~~Needless to say he.~~ He is ~~far~~ not successful. He ~~is fully~~ He has ~~But having contracted some~~ ~~He work~~. He has a curious disposition — ~~always telling he never says anything~~ He ~~will always tell his~~ When called his foreman with an arrow. He rebelled in a tanks. That man rode round Europe on a donkey. He next ~~rebelled in Italy~~. He became a diplomat. He was in a Russian revolution. He has ~~always~~ done ~~Among~~ a home in Norfolk. He married a rich widow. He is now too old to do more than talk. He is ~~Orderly~~. He is Seventy. He has ~~a~~ some disease which will kill him suddenly. ~~That man, is~~ the ~~son age that~~ ~~a very distinguished~~. He is collecting materials for a book on his own family. That man is ~~nobody; he has~~ a journalist: he has also been a jeweller: he was once in a bank; then ~~he is an actress~~ he determined to see life; & lost the first finger of the right hand somewhere — contracted a limp. He is also a ~~most~~ devout Catholic & goes to Lourdes every year. ~~There~~ he is scandalous & has no home — lives in clubs. That woman was famous for her beauty having been a famous ~~mus~~ She then developed a taste for life in the country. ~~And Kuhs~~ & breed calf. ~~then~~ She wrote to London to visit ~~do~~ them. She has a faculty for fortune telling. She ~~never~~ ~~used~~ writes — under the influence of the stars. And has adopted an Armenian heresiarch. And ~~Lady~~ is a friend of ~~the Prime Minister~~. That lady in silver That ~~man~~ is. ~~But~~

it gets Colonly materials for a book on his mothers family.

They need something to do with bulldog C. Cat Sit.

- has been given much beloved. ~~Her hopes~~ I cannot be
more wh

But what can you construct out of all this?
There is an immense amount of knowledge in this room.
We ~~could get~~ Between them they could build cathedrals,
~~rule~~ dictate policies, ~~or~~ condemn men to death. I see
several factories, industries. The common fund of
experience is very deep. Most of these people have children, or
who are falling ill, or having of anemations. ~~they~~
~~have made today~~ ~~Friday~~: ~~& now they are~~ In one way or
another they have made this particular Friday;
this ~~right to be curious about them~~. & directly
~~they have left~~ tomorrow the whole thing begins over again:
some to the courts, some to the business, others to the
numerics, ~~others to the~~ The variety is endless. I could tell you the
But ~~what can you construct out of this~~?
And they will all go away, the said, & ~~they will~~
~~take themselves out of a thousand beds~~. Some
will be taking train to morrow for France. Others will go on
to India. Many will never come into this room again.
~~some will~~ One of them may die tonight. ~~The~~
another will beget a child. From this ~~hands~~ every kind
of building, law, book, child, idea, picture, & life
~~will rise~~ ~~The world~~ will spring from them.
no doubt you could go on giving me lists of facts
all night, & each list would be a jumble of oddities.
~~So~~ ~~Think how~~ I see that ~~they~~ all live by
breathing ~~through their~~ mouths. They ~~have~~ nothing
~~They have very little in common~~ ~~Their adventures are~~
hardly related.
~~And this the~~ is the joy of life, the said;
~~And~~ I am twenty-two; And we two are
part of that astonishing agitation; we cannot
help ourselves. ~~My~~ I am ~~also a~~ ~~we are~~
also ~~making today~~. Nothing can prevent us: we
are buffeted about - we ~~also~~ knock against each
other - what I delight in, the said,
hate what I delight in.

I love rooms crowded with people in the big seat the coach. want to see of.

for I am ~~not~~ as you see, ~~too~~ very easily stirred by any thing physical – the body excites me – I cannot long remain seated – I must be ~~allowed to~~ I love the active. the bold. the practical – I wish to be ~~said~~ to go among them. I wish to go quickly. & to feel ~~and~~ the shock of collision. I ~~must to~~ I must jump up. & leave you. ~~or because~~ I cannot say of who is good or bad. You lots of facts mean nothing more to me. I listen hoarding up ~~[illegible]~~ facts, facts things. I am going new made – ~~this very striking~~ into that uneasy crowd, of Roman Catholics & disappointed old women & the man who collects: who holds & the man who rode..

Everything in the room was new extremely clear. The veins in the flage of the chair; the ~~cabbage. the~~ grain of the cabbood; the fibres in the mat. Everything was exact & brilliant & crowded & ~~without~~ shadow. Outside the leaves, multitudinous on the tree, flutted separately; ~~or seemed~~ & the flowers seemed innumerably ~~to~~ & detailed; & the grass even was many shaded. New & they come level. Humphrey blew the whole of the vegetation down, a rapid strip; but even as the wind lead, each blade ~~recovered at instantly~~ – ~~flowers~~ ~~shaken~~ separately duly off & shaking

Nicholas, reading in his room, raised his head & ~~who~~ am like a room that has taken its way into the wooding a very old flame – red & who feel that my life has Ended neither of flesh. & therefore when I walk down the Strand I feel. Yes is a dream: this not happen; or it has happened before. I C. to Perhaps a dead – yes, but Perhaps has died a million times. He died in Egypt. everything has happened before so Egypt. We are parts you were. eh

Louis, stirring his coffee in the Abbé ~~said~~ ~~looked~~ nod ~~up over~~ the little book of Latin poetry, ~~which lay beside his plate~~ & read, looking up, It becomes increasingly difficult. It only an hour for lunch. & if I am late I must write my name in a book. And my inheritance of Epicureia is past. I have lived millions of years. I am like a worm that has eaten its way into the wood of a very old picture frame. This is a dream, I feel; it has not happened; or this ~~for~~ has all happened before. ~~And~~ I who have ~~become~~ ~~after all these ages~~, Percival is dead; yes but he has died a million times. He died in Egypt; he died in Greece. This is part of the eternal procession: spring & winter; our footless & senseless revolution. Down the strand they go, with ~~hand~~ attaché cases as they went with satchels down the Nile; And I, who am above ground for a moment after my long sleep, come to ~~now~~ with Lucretius to try to understand what our position is: we who live here & now. But only for a moment.

Packed in me.

Susan is married & has a child: she has been married a million times: her children are old men: & get babies.

My lunch interval lasts precisely half an hour; & in moments of press I eat a bun on a stool in the office. The white voracious chicken teeth, the typewriter, the telephones are always chicken: nibbling at the little ~~oasis~~ island; ~~for~~ I am half in love with typewriters & telephones. I like to be called to come to the Merchants' room in order to report upon our commercials to China.

My heart leaps up when I am given a rise of ~~£~~ twelve shillings a year. At the same time I know that unless I can ~~by an effort~~ by an effort of concentration, read these fleeting impressions into ~~one~~ & out of the many

& assemble myself ~~not one~~; & be one person; feel here & now
wholly; not in streaks & patches, sometimes remembering
what Plato said, then how Napoleon conquered — when I can
concentrate all the force in me upon the moment
when I can be myself, & I am weightless & sharp as a
hatchet, can fell any oak if I drop with my full
weight: then I am ~~a~~ spectrale: like a snow flake: that
be wanted. And the first necessity is to
~~have light~~ ~~see~~ be able to read Lucretius ~~confused~~ & stir
my ~~aps~~ cups: & ~~understand~~ ~~how~~ the Clerks ~~who talk of~~
are talking, & ~~to~~ who are telling about racing a belly: &
& the ~~girl who~~ harlots ~~in the tips of the~~ long in wantonness: &
the ~~wanton lily~~ affirms ~~the~~ & by understanding I mean ~~relate all this~~ believe
healthy love of the girl in the sun:
reduce it to the same ~~[illegible]~~ logical order that I reduce
this line of poetry. Nothing should seem irrelevant.
or ~~[illegible]~~ like a piece of brown paper in a or the
floor. And this occupation — shall be with an end in
view. And ~~the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ & red & those fracture &
mantrouble. no type height & care or impressions head
those hesitations & needs to be
excluded which wants our strength. I shall
~~find it impossible~~ to write these few lines of poetry
~~which shall~~ & give back to the sheet & the
a table, shops ~~as a~~ some thing which they have lost in
~~the~~ when they were broken upon the stones of the
long beach. But I have only half an hour for lunch: &
already, I am in love with the typewriter & telephone.
I ~~mean~~ ~~now~~ ~~dread what I used to look.~~ ~~We are~~
I want to be called into the inner room; & to submit too,
a desk & a carpet. So I am always struggling: I am
a man in a high wind. ~~I can scarcely talk of my~~
I must live ~~in abstracts~~; ~~must not take~~ refuge in
~~bulkhead up; gazing~~
~~but my boat.) and pressure a strong~~ air. I ~~can~~
I must recognise many of the

drowning, the ~~[illegible]~~ little bright red. come & rest on my knee & let me
~~[illegible]~~ sigh; my favourite cloak is over a balcony:
and I am afraid of so I recollect: so I am
divided: I who have

One leaf rubbed by the rushes and the
the ~~[illegible]~~ fresh
breeze of the sea,
~~[illegible]~~ fell from the branch; falling still green &
glowing, irrevocably to the earth, as if it had
received news first & secretly ~~of the doom~~ that awaited
them all, & went beforehand; but in no way
disconsolate the majesty of the sea.
~~[illegible]~~ It lay crushed on the thick
grass. Above it shook all the others; spread out like
the throats of ~~[illegible]~~ green fish in the sea. beating back the
sun in white whole shields; new with green;
while on the topmost bough the hawk poised
immobile; still as something that watch a signal in sky.
~~[illegible]~~ The sullen waves falling heavily
alone ~~received~~ the sense of ~~what more~~ a
something more in imaginary; for when they had fallen,
there was a sighing round, as the foam sought up
the beach, & again was drawn in, & again spread wide.
Round, grey.

Susan / in the bathroom wring out the soaps suds from the
slobbering flannel. The steam of hot water
obscured the windows
where the steam has run down the windows in streaks,
~~I see the bean tree~~. ~~I have not seen it~~,
suddenly & in detail; I see nothing now, & feel like that,
with surprise. Hugh The steam of baths is
forgotten, ~~the~~ I look up. My hands are
always slobbery with soap; or hot & wrinkled
from water; or ~~flowing~~ white with flour. ~~The~~ I

Go about the house in an apron all day long; in cold weather, too cold to wake the children; or whether this summer, whether this winter, I no longer know by the never green & the heath flowers — only by the dandelions in the meadow & the hoar frost on the window pane. When the lark rises I am hurrying to sweep the floor. I wander to walk all day through beech woods, noting the ~~turning~~ jays feather, turning red & yellow, as it falls, passing frightened happy countrymen, as the wind & women bent with the gale called lads, blowing while the donkey cropped, & the child ran ~~pushing~~ dancing round so round the room during the chime. hunting away the linen, ~~mend~~ picking up a broken log. I am filled with natural happiness. I listen — I hear voices going round the farm, giving orders. calves are born, & lambs, are laid by the fire ~~to warm~~; & the & there is always a basket in the kitchen full of puppies. ~~I make cards, but never I sleep all night~~, & never rise at dawn to see the red dips on the roses, or lie out, watching ~~the~~ notes hid the leaf that was that was dark against the night is now pale in the morning sky.

(Katherine Mansfield)

March 6th
1930.

all night, watching the ~~the~~ ~~ship~~ from one side of the ~~how~~ ~~ship~~ to the
other. ~~Feeling~~ ~~how~~ ~~well~~ ~~my~~ ~~wild~~ ~~spirit~~ travel with them, ~~and~~ I
feel a ~~feeling~~ ~~of~~ find happiness ~~of~~ so fragile, so alone, though the
so ~~that~~ I. Now I am ~~always~~ here in the room, ~~at~~ ~~this~~ down
with children, ~~very happy~~
praying
branch of stars now that. I have to see to the fire, I
have to see to the hundring. The butcher calls. The
meth has to be stood in the shade lest it should sour.
And sometimes when I have let the lamp stand in
the middle of the table, to light kindles the dark plane,
& I think of London, & its hazy slight & its frosty streets; & its
its royal parements, its bright faces & we journey, in the
white dress, very carefully descending from a motor car; &
then ~~all the~~ I think of all the faces, & how they talk —
perhaps of the government, perhaps of lectures; or
do not talk at all, but, ~~sitting on~~ ~~round~~ withdrawn,
pass each other bread, pass out the wine, the juice,
~~something~~ intoxicating; so that the very chimney
on the house opposite rel a bend, ~~under the~~ — so
the has told me, in those lay away letters that
have to be drowned in my natural happiness — the
~~Mam of~~ ~~Hannah~~, ~~the~~ Children — ~~but~~ ~~before~~ so
that they may have their fling, before I have
pressed out of them something tempting, tantalizing, derisive
grey-eyed fierce incessant relentlessly. my fierce
realizing, ~~in my~~ beautiful but horrible nature. ~~strong~~ ~~but~~ as
fire strong as heather. for Children.

Chi.

We are no longer young. Tired your own lives, we are handing them on to others.

The red eyed hawk flicked at a gleam, moving & wary above the tree. A ~~brown~~ shiver, ran through the leaves; ~~for~~ then stirred they lost their green density, became brown, grey, darkened as if that splendid uniformity ~~were~~ ~~that argent~~ a lot laughed, though shady, felt some change. For an average the longer a cloud grew ~~which~~ only like gran they ~~lay~~ from the hand; for there had been a shot. The lop eared rooks from the trees was stretched & torn & ~~rent~~ mixed with the clouds. was drawn into them & made part of the rolling & morning Cavalry that moved over the sea. The waves ~~Curling th~~. The sea, curling steely into thick rings of water, coiled on springs, uncurled them suddenly, so that the beach seemed beaten with a blow; the wave ran round the shores of the entire world, now here clear, with ~~man~~ aged & stained fish; in it: washing ~~the~~ red weeds; here cloudy, where it ~~broke~~ & the naked limbs, of their rowing men, dredging with their nets ~~dredging~~; here cloudy, sandy, where it broke suddenly between piers; against sea walls: aging bathing machines. ~~so~~ ~~The wave~~ so wave fell separately: the air was full of the long muffled roll; an explosion, a detonation as of some wall falling & ~~he~~ withdrawing & again falling & grey continuous sound, monotonous as ~~a~~

a long conversation at
Hampton Court.

On Lake of Geneva.
What have we done.
The world without any hospital.
Death.
(Rhoda)
a conversation about her.
Why
we have taken on us the
pardon of life.

a wall without window, without any slit of light.
Everything in the room was new plain; chair & table &
cups; ~~& chair~~ & yet their edges were becoming
lined with shadow so that their ~~edges~~ lights
appeared greater; their weight more ponderous:
as if the colour in them had been tilted
a little to one side. The looking glass
held so much that such deeper hollows, green, white,
were the flash of a knife. There the bowl of a
bier, all shapely darkended & gaffeeled,
as if the colours & very beautiful: one might
see a robe like a hill side; here ~~a thin~~
a mountain; high thy mounting; x
deep as a fathomless well; & unbreathable,
flash made of China: portentous fire ranged in
the plan, & ringed with its gold circle,
they had the stability & the significance of what has
been caught up by an eye & elected &
put together for a purpose. The moment
was enough; was everlasting.

9th March 1930

III

Hampton Court, said Bernard. The ~~word after word~~ ~~way I~~ tone of my voice as I say Hampton Court proves that I am middle aged. Ten years ago I should have said Hampton Court with a clamorous, interrogation: ~~what will happen?~~ ~~How will the~~ ~~what will it look like~~? Will there be avenues? arches? ~~a~~ what will happen to me? Now – Hampton Court – Hampton Court – with great difficulty ~~I many front hence merely~~ I have ~~like a~~ cleared a ~~space~~ in the it tolls, a resound; ~~it wakes echoes; it resuscitates~~ in the space which I have so laboriously cleared – ~~in the space which~~ I have ~~confused~~ in the pressure ~~of active life~~ of other affairs. ~~It~~ The ~~word~~ words is ~~stained~~ coloured. I strike ~~it a~~ ~~of~~ ~~fire~~ the words, they give off ring after ring of ~~old~~ ~~fusty~~ sound; ~~none after none floats from~~ ~~I mean~~ – lakes, trees, flowers, mazes, old ladies – spread in the ~~stagnant of my~~ pool of my mind; ~~beneath them~~; ~~one on top of another~~. They float when a deep water made on the brew of many mixed past emotions; in P. There is Susan, there is Louis, there is Jinny, there is Rhoda, there is Neville. Now, when I join them, where they ~~stand in the~~ are standing, looking about them as if waiting for something to begin, a ~~group~~: another arrangement ~~of~~ life will at once form: we shall make a comment; ~~I shall be like~~ a statement, something will be effected, ~~when, for the most~~ indeed I may be seen part, run to waste; in the race of life. Jinny all new middle ~~of~~ aged. ~~and~~ already, at 50 yards distant, I feel the order of ideas being re-arranged by the tug of the magnet of

pause

agitation vocally. I walk approach. I feel with every step things in me rushing into a pattern: ~~yet~~ & forebodings & still Hampton Court is at the bottom yet; this mixed cats with old emotions, thoughts this, going to be — as my agitation, heart pleasure, heart apprehension, tell me, now; or ~~but~~ I am glad to say that need that I am within sar that, pleasure, on the whole prevail. I love. Entirely ~~& indulge~~ the waves. ~~a recreation~~.

~~And~~ One first emotion, said Neville, when the table had been ~~drawn up~~ spread with two or three cloths, is one ~~much~~ resembling hatred. (In our generation we seldom use words in their complete integrity) We look anxiously at the table to see what the others have made of life. The halls have been posted on the doors. I say, have you passed a ~~Have you~~ Have you gotten first, second, or third? Are you blooming? And instead of being ~~Consumedly~~ glad to see my old friends again, I am first & foremost anxious to prove to myself that I have made a better job of life than you have. ~~Return~~ ~~what are~~ my ~~private~~ reason for ~~Alone summon up~~ congratulation? What can I say to myself under degree my breath, to ~~assert~~ prove that I have ~~passed~~ failure a better the examination? ~~How say that I am famous~~ (dust) Carry in my pocket six letters hurriedly penned in the train which entitle the for autographs on opinions or poems or — I don't know what. ~~And~~ There will be six more on the table when I come home. There will be — clover their impress on future? — I am now inwardly trying to vanquish your indifference — your eye fixed & complacent & tempts — large square envelopes with ~~engraving~~ arching the crest Royal Highness & saying in the left hand corner that decorations will be worn.

view drawn up to their knees,

indeed & very far & look healthy

first & foremost

I hurriedly search to find my the credentials — in a pamphlet

202
40
32
20
30
322

"Decoration will be worn" it says in the left hand corner.
That does not impress you? Nor me either. It is
like the sound of clapping that one hears as one enters
the door of a theatre thinking of something else.
And so. ~~It~~ Under your eyes my name becomes like a man
clapping, in a vast field, perhaps to drive away wolves.
~~That is the~~ ~~But this clapping seems~~ ~~As~~ It has not even
that useful purpose. It dies out; & one hears the
wind sweeping over the ploughed land, or a lark.
You make me seem ~~bare~~, naked, ~~unadorned~~; & without
pockets. What ~~are~~ then are my credentials?
~~Intimacy. That is how~~ How can I ~~advance against~~
~~the clear steady eyes of a woman~~ sweep down the
barrier, cut down obstacles. ~~Conquer your indifference~~,
& make ~~it~~ your ~~fall~~ your feet that is the object that we
all ~~have~~ have in view – conquered by ~~my superior reality~~?
~~who~~ my life? I dart putting my hand into my
pocket this time. I wait, rather timidly, with ~~a~~
apprehension. ~~because what I feel is to me very~~
~~important~~, ~~clear~~ eyes, watching the strange
smoke rise in me which I call intimacy; so that
~~when it has risen high~~ I ~~is to me the marvellous in my~~
when it has risen a little further ~~I shall try~~ &
become less disturbing; ~~a~~ less clouded ~~&~~ less a part of you
~~incontrovertible~~ I shall name for your benefit;
~~This~~ intimacy. ~~when~~

When I have done breakfast, somebody knocks
at the door. And the carpet changes. And the thread
~~which~~ that runs up the curtain ~~& coolly~~ & coolly breeds a fruit
~~How can I describe the~~ or if it would break
them off. Everything is ~~above reproach~~ ~~altered in~~
~~colour~~. ~~Shall be it or I or~~?
is like fruit hanging on a tree – so that you can
touch it. The. The thin, skeinned air.

Look at that wasp. Has he heard of me? No.

Those soldiers, marching to the barracks. No.

Those voices between, ~~but~~ not sharply or cruel or brilliant,

87

becomes soft. ~~And the scragginess of our~~ unwholesome – its
~~rawness~~ ~~it~~: For at that hour, you admit Susan how
~~ugly~~ your husband looks, ugly & how bitter you have to say to
him. how usual & colourless your breakfast is, is
~~the~~ you have simply to go & order dinner to look at
the red bits of meat ~~in the larder~~ under bluish wire
shades – in the larder. The scragginess & rawness of
your relationships repels me. Mine, at that hour, even,
when the door opens ~~becomes~~ rosy & tender, ~~fat~~ &
always new. We have no repetition. ~~For~~ ~~[illegible]~~
~~As we break it~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~The~~ It is very precarious: ~~the~~ ~~If the sunset~~ dull,
~~watching, or an watches the light on a~~ It is always
~~or the skin withers, we throw the thing~~
moving. The whole day is spent ~~wrestling~~, in a
~~long embrace which is~~ sinuous, serpentine convolutions.
Suppose we read Plato – Suppose we read the Times.
Suppose we argue about ~~time~~ war, or about numbers; or
merely loitering about, putting roses in water. ~~[illegible]~~ The snow is
Suppose it happens to be winter – falling falling. & dealing in
~~falling~~ & I. ~~[illegible]~~ down the roof. bright with fire.
cups together in a case, ~~lit, warm~~, a tin bath & all the
the pipes burst & ~~together~~ we stand a tin bath & shout when.
basins dotted about on the floor, & shout when.
another burst of water comes – ~~or the~~ Those are the occasions
~~Great~~ occasions ~~when you who~~ incongruous, ~~co~~ which you with your
beautiful in some fantastic way. Suppose it is
necessary practically minus. the polo ponies
summer. We might go & see the polo ponies
to bouncing off the turf like rubber; or something
bleached & tremendous in the City – a Church with
~~But look~~ each of them
free in heat against it. is like an
eye – I select the obvious, at random,

then

blue bottle
shades

wrestling; long
our like
adders,
with smooth
scales
uttering
music.
but
mulular.

like adders
wrestling,

arabesque ~~which~~ drawn ~~to Indian ink to~~ illustrate; another something hazardous, marvellous, in our intimacy.

The hazards
The marvels

The new, the true hope, the holy hour, the fire in the city square. There are ~~printed upon~~ signs printed in strong alone because we dare to cheat.

by which, looking back, I need how I loved this one, that one, that other. & the very each was different.

Meanwhile. ~~Yes, Jason, my life has been full of extraordinary adventures with other souls.~~ Yes, which has been a lumber to the game Nab or Spy work – ~~an~~ Whatever pin ~~an~~ ~~I hope I am~~ not that I wish to hurt you, but because I wish to ~~purely morally~~ respect my own form perch & ~~energy~~. ~~that accomplished~~, belief ~~in the~~. I ~~have known~~ ~~anything when fad interest~~ me – Obviously, I am not going to change now. Men we set all gen. irretrievably committed. to ~~the life we have chosen~~. ~~Hence of these were an impartial observer, he would~~ ~~his wear~~ Before, when we met in that blue & brown clinging wool, with the ~~pill box hat~~ ~~the~~ ~~&~~ with Percival, if you remember, ~~all~~ we summered, we Nook, ~~or~~ We might have been anything. Now we have chosen; ~~or have been chosen~~. (Sometimes it seems the choice was made; ~~such way complicated~~; a hair of tongs ~~set in~~, ~~here, when I am, or these~~ lifted us) I chose

Blue feathers with the hobby glass,

Nenchoes

intimacy. I have taken the print, not here outwardly, but inwardly, upon the ~~red~~ ~~inner fabric~~, the raw, the red, the unpicketed. ~~that~~ which is merely, of facts, & minds, & ~~that which is~~ ~~rubbier~~ so ~~much rubbier~~ as something ~~more complex~~. Just as rubber it has stuck, & colour, texture, in balance ~~rather~~ than name. To you, I say merely Neville; you see the the limits of my life, ~~that~~ to narrow radius, the I, as the line ~~which~~, ~~in your view~~, it cannot have; contrary because I have committed myself to intimacy

feel myself passing imperceptibly – like a fibre in a net, where ~~made of~~ hair – so fine that it almost undistinguishable from what it ~~sea~~ surrounds – ~~so~~ that it lets, whales, huge leviathans ~~without being seen~~ unnoticed. ~~I seem simply to perceive as the~~ I detect; I perceive: before me, under my eyes, as I sit over the fire, letting my book fall, lies ~~a~~ spread a map of life as it is at this moment. I know ~~who loves, & why,~~ & what loves are trembling to the top; flaming with fire; how jealousy shoots, like the dart of fever, hither thither; how remorselessly & ceaselessly love crosses love; knits indestructible knots; complicates & then the web tears, & is spun again; & I extricate, & untangle; I let myself be spun upon; I suffer – I am violently torn – I do not succeed in keeping my equanimity – I have been rent asunder – but ~~and then,~~ ~~all the same~~ but the experience is absorbing; I would not change my life with any of yours; though there was another glory once; when one came in, you remember, unattached, & flung coolly on the edge you had been.

(~~But you~~ ~~that you had no beauty.~~ ~~said Juan.~~

~~and therefore,~~

No, said Susan, thank you darling me at first. I revived
suddenly by the heat of my hand on the table: Look at
that firm flesh; that white skin; ~~that healthy~~ Neville ~~&~~
~~has never known~~ what can Neville know, ~~since he has~~
no beauty? what beauty? ~~You sink into arm chair.~~
While ~~I work~~ needing arm chair? ~~Young nothing but~~
pity? Your body even though your body the
~~would will always seem a little~~ even flowers, apples, &
branches of shade must look, ~~remained~~ somehow, under glass.
And the & then, when, lying back among white you look
at the ~~map of the~~ world, ~~at you see are these lands &~~
~~nerves could world & world, infinitely curiously, like balls of~~
~~what you see~~ are you see nothing but ~~people. You see~~
~~entire; only fabric~~ filaments, veins, veins, crossing &
crossing, knotting & knotting. but ~~not the whole, a~~
~~But I say~~ but not a house in a
field; a ~~the~~ house in a field, - a ship on the sea
with the water ~~tossing~~ round it, & ~~far off the~~
~~pale~~ line ~~on~~ the horizon. ~~You see nothing~~
You see nothing entire. You pass incessantly over
these fine threads, in a maze. wandering in, cut off
~~But I have &~~ ~~for~~ growing close & close, strange
like an old woman over her darning
But I have seen life in blocks, substantial, huge.
~~I have Known~~ At town: a ~~house, a~~ village; childhood;
motherhood; ~~father hood.~~ ~~I am one of those who~~
~~love~~ I have lost much. When evening comes, & the
~~light of the~~ lamps on the hills make me think of London,
& ~~the~~ There they remain square, hard, prominent,
underlined in my mind, ~~a of I had~~ I am not
succeeding & man. Yet among you incomprehensible

ch gradations
of healthy colour

~~may~~ by pulsing
my body
only, in the
strength &
colour. I can
go where you
can never
come.

Sense

with reddened
eyes

you ~~notice at once~~ feel that my eyes make your
~~to~~ make you blush & shiver – I hope, for I wish to
triumph over you ~~to feel~~ in order to increase my own
vitality – ~~to~~ shading your softness with my
hardness; ~~making~~ spending all the silver, amber, gray,
this flutter. This supply by the ~~flood~~ of ~~green light~~
~~pure. pouring~~ light, that pours like a mountain torrent
straight out, drowning you, I hope, ~~mak~~ making you
~~flushed up & turn pale & run your colour:~~
In short all middle aged people hate each other, said
Louis.
in the surlaa said Rhoda. ~~Hatred~~ Our hatred is
like the thin skin ~~that~~ made I think of ~~some~~ ~~kind of~~
big entrails, which bind a whole ~~mass of things together~~.
miscellany of various ~~softnesses~~ intestines together. ~~It~~
One flash the knife cuts it: we are soon
through our hatred, our envy, our ~~co~~ jealous
sealing of credentials. We ~~have come together~~,
~~calm all, we are one more~~ ~~made one, let us it~~
~~to are drawn~~ are now composing something
at this long table, which the waiter brings us fish &
bread, & ~~how it~~ stand bottles accurately down the
table – we compose something ~~other~~, as ~~one has seen~~
make something; a poem; a sonnet; such
something which, ~~but~~ will never be again. In
~~remember~~ ~~the~~ the last moment, in ~~the~~ London, in this
restaurant? ~~That has raced back to~~ where
her new, since death was in it, ~~Hurled~~ away,
& become more real to us now ~~than it was at the time~~.

under a tyrant or mountain torrent: drown him, engulf

a mere idly watch shadows people shadows

tremendous reality

~~Comes together, a curious miscellany;~~
Comes

Confusion only; ~~makes, by the addition of one thing~~ ~~their number;~~ fragments, tones, to fellow. by the addition of this & that; Jinny's laugh; the ~~way~~ Susan's hand; Bernard's rumpled hair. ~~Like~~ So little times, ~~baby head~~ ~~begin; & Hoping, & begin again &~~ gradually ~~make~~ baby head, among interruption, gradually ~~from the other tunes~~. fathers impetus. ~~from they break into their old channels;~~ ~~&~~ we hear this ~~& the whole volume from there is made~~ & form together. We ~~feel ourselves~~ lose our sharpness
We make something different.

very room. ~~We feel our bars~~ Coming up from the depths fresh, when ~~we~~ Sharpness we were distinct; ~~sharpened~~, ~~edge sharpened~~. ~~We~~ Never a great effort to come,
Sharp edge.

because ~~what is more difficult than to~~ ~~it needed~~ to come, a single row, all alone table, meant that the ~~dull~~ ~~sleep~~ ~~quick~~ life, which we lead by instinct, among things that ~~we~~ are so familiar that they cast no light ~~reflection~~ upon us, ~~daily~~ ~~the tape of action, is cut~~ ~~thoughts~~ ~~we are cooled~~ ~~Now we are cooled~~ doing our daily work, was ended.

Twenty telephone calls; & as many footbands. ~~They all~~ were necessary before I could ~~make a~~ ~~in order~~ to ~~clear a~~ extra little hole in ~~what I am~~ ~~life~~ ~~attitude~~ which I might come to Hampton Court, said Bernard.
Thus

We are middle aged. The pressure of life is tremendous. The urge. The habitual, ~~by dint of~~ ~~Growing fast~~ How so fast ~~that~~ from January to December that ~~to~~ we have to leap like fish ~~in~~ ~~Here~~ ~~Then~~ ~~gray~~ ~~in order~~ to break the ~~routine~~ ~~of the whole~~ ~~Then~~ ~~and~~ ~~any engagement book~~. ~~Then~~ ~~with~~ ~~any~~ ~~are already~~ is blackened, and any
Come to Hampton Court

And how we
high

real break in, as Neville said, impossible. We
let leap, but we fell back into the stream. ~~Those that~~
~~voyage to the South Sea Islands expected was possible~~
I shall never take ship for the South Sea Islands. I am
married: I have sons & daughters. ~~Securely kept in place by~~
the stream of circumstance I ~~to want~~ ~~I am a man~~
I am wedged into my place by circumstance.
Yet my mind ~~is as~~ adventurous as ever. Now that the
fortunes of my body in this world are settled. (I am
married: I have sons & daughters) ~~there is~~ I can
think more wisely, more variously, more imaginatively
than I could, ~~as a~~ when I was a very ~~man~~, ~~with whose~~ ~~who, to an~~
~~fashion~~ deeply ~~immorally~~ frequently I devotes ~~his~~ my ~~nature as a~~ self
~~child in a brain his~~ like a child rummaging a
brain his. But alas, my desire to make
phrases ~~has I fear~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~wanted~~ ~~for you~~ to show you go
has left me with very little that is positive. I have not
~~control any great influence~~. I can not navigate —
to lay on the table.
I can not tell you how fortunes are made.
I am not an authority upon ~~the~~ law; ~~law~~, ~~theology~~, or
medicine. ~~And because of that various alloy~~
And as I can never be a bone, ~~as I am~~ make them of solitude my
phrases, ~~have a sense that~~ written down, have
~~that~~ a nebulosity which ~~to~~ foreboded decay,
as in solution I write with wet straw, a phosphorus,
broken, this nebulosity has an extraordinary charm; as
I know, because such as you feel, while I sit speak,
Bernard alone understands me. There is something
of mystery in what ~~he~~ Bernard says. ~~I am not conscious of that~~
~~I am~~ ~~I have surrounded~~ ~~but~~ And the reality of my
loneliness is changed his city now filled with
melancholy. And then — I end my day thinking of
death. I, who have gone home to home,
like one of those travelling ~~see~~ friars of the middle age,

who congeal the waves & fools with his stung heads & his
battleaxes – I am a traveller, a pedlar, staying in my
lodging with my young – an indiscreet pair – who
bustling up in the first room, in a low hole. They lying in
the bran in a haystack. Really I don't mind the
fleas & I don't ~~mind the~~ bend no fault with relations – I
am very tolerant – I cannot adopt the attitude of
those who rule here – I am not a moralist – I have too
great a sense of the shortness of life & of the manners it
contains – yet I am not an indiscriminate or pre-
mature thinker – I have my contempt, hidden –
my disgust – I have seen in my day many people die –
I have seen old men of course, by the bogs; also they types in the Persian glass –
sense of the shortness of life, & its ~~p~~ grotesque, ridiculous,
unsuspected. I do not make rules – I shut very little.
I am not really one of those clung to life.
I ~~have~~ It is very haphazard. My philosophy never has
chance to harden. Louis has come to conclusions

the dregs of contempt & rage hidden up my sleeve –

years ago
to when & to
when

because it is
executed law
of that
does
charges

my life has been terribly serious. ~~What with~~ because my Australian accent; because, when Jenny kissed me, in a garden, ~~man~~ the broke the thread ~~which that~~ which with great fail I have to then again. ~~I have a sense of the past.~~ This moment with its wine, with its, shaking leaves, with its ~~general sense of people~~ lifting joints going ~~about~~ long to ~~roast~~ in white flannel trousers & bare feet ~~to ~~[illegible]~~~~ ~~[illegible]~~, is for me ~~lady~~ hurtled with the shadows, ~~of the inquisition~~ of the dungeons, & tortures, & infamies practised by man upon man. So weak are ~~the~~ my senses ~~in my care~~ that they never blot out, with rose or ~~deep~~ violet, ~~what my~~ reason the horrors ~~Cause~~ change that ~~which~~ my reason ~~adds up~~ (ignorantly ~~bump~~, adds up, like ~~some methodical~~ mechanical reckoner against life. Where is ~~there~~ any order? ~~in all this~~? Where is ~~there~~ any explanation? How can I ~~solve~~ reconcile these ~~in confusion, the~~ idiots, incongruous, contradictory ~~phenomena, not one line of~~ appearances — falls, fat women, city churches, & the steam of beef & green — into one smooth line, ~~& one profound~~ ~~is~~ of clear meaning? I cannot do it. But I cannot ~~rest from the~~ give up the attempt.

~~This free~~ I have achieved a desk of solid mahogany in a room hung with maps. Here the directors meet on alternate Tuesdays, & ~~on these~~ occasions a tray with glasses is stood on the sideboard. Our steamers move lines from continent to continent. . . . ~~Considering the extraordinary accuracy with which I perform~~ They ~~that transmutation~~, & have won an enviable reputation for the comfort & their ~~equipment~~ (laratory baths ~~& hot & cold water~~) & their (comparative) freedom from ~~death~~. ~~Never~~ then quite ~~unpa~~ unpredictable accidents which are the act of God. I wear a white

wasted what new. ~~I should by rights am an by lean balance~~
I am ~~I can assure you~~ a man of substance.
This is ~~my~~ the arch & ironical manner; ~~by~~ which I hope to
distract you from ~~the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ the shrivelling,
unhappy soul — the small the tender the intensely
young & unprovoked soul — for I am always the youngest
person at any gathering, the most naïvely surprised — the
gayest pleased — the ~~first~~ to one who seem before
everybody in apprehension ~~or~~ fear, hope & sympathy
~~sympa~~ for the least discomfort a ridicule — as for example a
[illegible] in the rose, ~~or~~ with a butter tendrone — ~~by~~ yet I am also
with a formidable, bony, harsh & ~~sardonic~~ a
severe judge: I ~~am~~ There are few people I wholly
respect; & I do not see how any one can
pretend that it is fortunate to have lived. This a
burden laid on us. Your letter & ailments, your
Childish tranquillity when the kettle boils or
some pleasing arrangement of colour — like
Jenny's yellow-spotted scarf — meets your eye
seem to me trivial, ephemeral; ~~as May~~.
I do not like these gatherings. Yet than
scarcely could make my lonely years any group, any
company, ~~any~~ that is less tedious. My happiest
hours are spent with some crabbed book; a small
pot of flowers; a cat where coat I comb; &
the most splendid view of chimney pots. For I
live very sordidly, so that I cannot invite a
lady to tea, high up in a lodging house. The
Rest of smoke are caught in the roofs. I watch the
Cats stretch & scrape than many rules upon old
blackened chimneys that were young when Charles
Lamb was young; & I hear the clamour

of the church where Donne preached. I return to hearty.
But am ravished with a sense of human suffering &
indignity

~~my yellow Hart, said Jenny,~~

I love my yellow Hart, said Jenny. ~~Therefore~~ ?
~~Love its felony texture;~~ ~~its like a moth's wing,~~
~~soothing~~, & ~~its~~ ~~the soft~~ ~~Humped with soft~~ Nots of
~~wine-coloured~~ as with its wine-coloured Nots, ~~so~~ &
~~felony~~ in that it might be caught like a web on a
Flower. ~~It nestles upon my~~ I ~~love~~ beauty
~~when it has~~ ~~not the smoke~~ ~~that has been~~
~~turned into~~ ~~too~~ become when it has I do not like
~~gross~~ his, dismembered, beauty. ~~Love,~~ the
of your wet lips, Love, ~~when~~ ~~the~~ ~~Glen~~ are
~~afraid, but the not tired of people~~ of any thing entire.
~~Glen~~ I like ~~the~~ ~~body part~~ warm when it has turned to
~~Glen~~ ~~play~~ ~~like the~~ halvable: what one can touch with
Now; ~~one fingers~~: what a one tastes. And, being unafraid,
rash, more courageous than you are, I am
~~so~~ not always ~~alive to~~ concerned to ~~make my~~
~~freeing~~ tempering my beauty with meanness;
gulp it down entire. ~~I believe in it wholly,~~
~~to one lumps~~. I admit that it is very own made natural: made of
stuff, or flesh: ~~not words~~, not ideas.

~~But~~ ~~Then~~ ~~I have not~~
But ~~life has~~ ~~been a~~ so you see, people — oh yes,
rich people, different people: people fancy fancies;
& telling me the story of their lives: many repeated
confidences (while looking at horses, or fingering some
pearl ear bracelet on green horse) — there
~~fascinate my life, & make it very difficult to~~
~~to~~ come here. ~~They~~ attend me in like a repeatedly:
~~we are reading~~: the band plays. ~~the coloured stream.~~

Yet is felony in

here we end

I am attended by

with drums beating, colours flying. Rather a rapscallion
crew, to be sure — ~~we are not~~ My mother must have
followed the drum flag; my father the sea. I am like a
little dog that trots down the street after the band.
~~And I admit that no adventure has~~ ~~And~~ my
curiosity is insatiable — like the dog. Snuffing at chair
legs, pausing sniffing entranced over a brown stain, or ~~a~~ carcass at some
entrancing whiff of meat from a butcher's shop.
And my frollicks have led me into unimaginable
places — ~~Stuffy~~ Stuffy bedrooms — marble halls. For
I am as indispensable at entertainments as dog Toby
in Punch & Judy. And then if when it all, what
rapture & ~~triumphs I have~~ my body has forgot me,
I beckoning across crowded rooms, ~~to some death I~~
detaching some single figure from the crowd,
who tentatively wavers, & then follows me, out onto the
balcony. ~~How~~ ~~All~~ The torments & divisions of ~~have~~
Death ~~to~~ of have been solved ~~there there~~ there has
been unity, completeness; ~~that~~ I as indivisibly as the
water in flood.

~~And having~~ ~~The incarnation of the body~~
seen with the bodies imagination, ~~the world wears a beautiful~~
of the body the world is seen with the imagination
of the body, — My body ~~bustling in these~~ wearing
I have spent years in front of looking glasses — as
honourably as you have spent years over desks,
making the world let the thought, or the ~~ship~~
~~and London~~ luxuries of the ship adapt themselves t
the needs of middle class passengers. ~~I am~~
~~to be seen~~ So I ponder. below the looking glass,
what of feeling, which, ~~or~~ what theme or dalliance, what
loop or ~~length~~ straight ~~line~~ will ~~express~~ be to my
body what the word is to the idea, ~~or the a flame~~,
~~making thought visible~~. And the idea changes.
~~It depends on rooms, on people.~~ ~~I may dress simply to~~
It may be daring; it may be rigid. I may be
angular as an icicle in silver, or voluptuous as a
wavery candle flame. And ~~as I say~~ the
imagination of the body creates relationships
that are more violent, more abrupt than any of you.
I have come from the extremes of coldness to be snow in a
three horns, ~~the whole~~ the short front, ~~standing~~ standing in the corner,
~~furnace a few ashes left~~. has been whole then
violet; smoke, flame have wrapped in both words; or a
heap of ashes has been left. of a burning
conflagration (~~let us~~ we merely raised our voices
above a murmur as we poured out to take the ~~fears~~
secrets in our hearts, so that nobody might wake in
the sleepy house — I heard the cock the one,
the one in the night the ticking of the clock was a
footsteps) ~~the cats~~ we have sunk to ashes, the
flesh consumed. completely, & without the
~~discomfort of a night~~ any such clinging of unbent bones
disapprecate relic or form intimacies have behind the

Ashes or
the heart say

I am not afraid of you any longer, said Rhoda. ~~Thanks~~ I
~~always~~ thanks, I have trained myself to walk straight up to you,
~~without~~ instead of making a roundabout entry, hiding
as long as I can behind pillar boxes, lampposts or trees.
At the same time, I have never ~~got used~~ – as Bernard has
~~been had since his birth~~ – to your astonishing behaviour.
You may reach my pocket & never find an engagement
book, like Bernard, with dinner & lunch 1.30.
~~I do not believe in things~~ ~~the astonishing arrangement~~ ~~to be made down~~
~~You, who are like a friend, choose~~ for an engagement: to
childbirth – shifting office; a room of a grove has
always come before my eyes; yet, I am to be honest,
the only that I have trained my body. That has been
taught to do these tricks. But inwardly I am still ~~the~~
~~I am afraid~~, frightened when I see you,
because you believe in something – ~~Rhoda~~ ~~had~~
you can ~~believe that the must have~~ vacancy children;
Louis is a remarkably ~~commercial~~ man;
Bernard has ~~a pocket~~ my life an engagement book full of
dinners & luncheons; & soon. That you should
commit yourselves to such a conception of life fills me
with a terrible kind of admiration. At the same time, of
course, I despise you for letting yourselves, friend life
upon ~~such~~ details, ~~that~~ ~~you should~~ find it very
very difficult to come here. Peace became of your
engagements. You ~~believe in~~ want here & now.
do not want here & now. I do notice this actual
table, & cloth & flakes. See a wave breaking upon the
limits of the word – ~~a family bread~~. I ~~hear~~ ~~which~~ you
~~an~~ I do not ~~hear the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~chirping~~. I hear
a third like something ~~after~~ breaking, behind your voices.
~~And then~~ you go on talking. And you go on making this
personal relationship with Neville and so unfortunately.

I still fight escape

it may of course be the right one)

spring threads from one to another & nothing jounders up to with balls of the thread. ~~you do~~ I see none of that. I see ~~you or marks~~, as ~~hands let into~~ ~~as outlines~~, as blocks of stone, without protuberance or colour or eyes or eyelashes growing together, against the vast beach, the ~~bare~~ dull thread that is sometimes louder, sometimes lower, but never ceasing. Fishermen on the verge of the wind are drawing in their nets, & Cathy then, as we sit here at their table. The fierce hot wind ~~in~~ rattles the parched lop-eared lean of ~~Oriental~~ Salem beach. ~~There~~ This is an ~~enormous~~ circumference ~~which I stretch~~ ~~stretch my mind to~~ that I try to envelop as we sit here.

And so I have lived almost entirely in visions; only picking up from life ~~that~~ this little reed that is enough to spread a world ~~view~~ view. That is what I look at when I am away from. I wish to stretch my mind wider & wider. I feel you are always plucking at me, with your children & your lovers & your clubbism, & whatever else you do ~~to~~ with to press on my attention. And therefore I hate these meetings ~~of women~~, I loathe even the touch of your hands: And yet as you are the deferrers, & these precious deeds I have to accept your invitations to dine at Hampstead, lounge in order that I may lie awake & look at something ~~which our~~ meeting has ~~suggested to me~~. ~~like~~ a stone in a Greek island, or a ~~like~~ palm tree: or the sea ~~or~~ ~~roaring~~ upon a ~~island~~ large & awful prospect which ~~in the~~ ~~the~~ ~~fire~~ though she almost embody human boys; nevertheless our representative ~~for~~ ~~the~~ otherwise, ~~our~~ there memory of our life, its fundamental & integrificance, is unendurable.

But alas, ~~all~~ I am not ~~of~~ strong enough to live without you. I have the body: I have there

~~affections~~, I must undergo the penance of being confined to this particular spot a moment. I have to take up against you. And for your being allowed to dwell in order a wider ~~view~~ of understanding that shall ~~clear~~ ardent open – see my dream – so far, embrace so much, that they lovely encompass the whole world, I must contract, & go through all the suffering of the individual. I must buy my clothes. ~~I must~~ be in for dinner. I must answer the telephone. ~~I must~~ & ~~though you all~~ after accepting for years offers of kindness – help. The brain gate those attachments, the pressure of all these hands, the tap & ~~the~~ & the hurtling & the calling hither & thither. I shall fall, fall alone. Though this thin strut on which we alone can stand for a moment, down ~~down~~ into the gulfs of fire. I shall be ~~up~~ burnt up alone, without any of you helping me. When the fire gets hot, you will ~~all~~ withdraw. And yet, ~~let~~ ~~when~~ there are moments when it seems as if the fury might be averted; when, ~~the bubble~~ ~~as~~ ~~blown so vast~~, that our companionship seems to blow so vast a bubble that it leaves nothing ~~outside~~ of it; & the whole being then, ~~comprehending the heights~~, ~~no longer jostling~~, unabroaded. I could fancy something that ~~our~~ ~~one~~ ~~mom~~ our lives might be blown off this moment of time & now to rest & to higher & high, & away, & ~~never to be~~. I could fancy that we shall love here & now.

Look, we have arranged an epilogue for the moment, and therefore

~~but~~ The effect of food, the effect of wine, has ~~never been~~
yet to be observed said Bernard; — ~~for it is certainly~~
There can be no doubt that ~~the~~ the arrangement,
which we are just now, so that we are content to
ruminate & brood in, were it not for my hypocrisy,
to sit silent, is due to ~~the~~ ~~after~~ process of
~~What we~~ ~~the fact that we have~~ food & drink; &
~~That~~ The sharp tooth of egotism is ~~now blunted~~ dulled.
~~Life spreads~~ Anxiety is ~~subdued~~ ~~lost~~ at rest. We
are receptive & not aggressive. We are ready to
consider any suggestion impartially — other days to consider
~~Also~~ The landscape, said Neville, ~~begins to~~ ~~becomes~~ obtrudes itself
said Neville — ~~We see the~~ The ~~scene becomes~~ Then, here — that hut —
world has spread before us; the rolling & the
mountains ~~become~~ are a symbolical ~~figures~~ figure of love.
We no longer frown with concentration. We raise our
eyes, said Jinny.
And ~~the~~ directly we cease to contract our individuality
we become aware — but this is almost mystical —
~~of some force~~ and down — or a force, I do
not know what — flowing in & expanding our souls
& making them ~~large~~ luminous serene
and down, said Rhoda, thinking to him in parentheses,
~~for we see that~~ the state does not last long.
for we see that the others ~~we see~~ soon began to
smooth their napkins by the side of their plates;
Neville ~~will~~ ~~watch~~ ~~some~~ ~~one of~~ ~~more~~ looks at people with
intensity. ~~Passively~~ ~~some~~ food & wine, having
~~Rules~~ ~~Rolled~~ the lash of egotism (& we no longer wish to hunt
each other) ~~were~~ ~~in each a~~ ~~soon~~ is but they also
accentuate in the others that private personal

The lie of the landscape, for example,

I am trying to make out both: a lake, green, reeds — marks of cap for me

~~Lake~~ Where I say lake like; I am trying to find the Metaphor

Yes. they are going to Mumbles. I am ~~bound on~~ ~~pass~~ bound on an adventure. ~~My~~ something new lies before us. What? where are I going? ~~I am beautiful~~ ~~says Jenny, & I say~~ All their beauty then - curiously then ~~[illegible]~~ seems when one capacity to & the chance once more once men before they due to fulfil to the proof, & so fill one me for tonight, the I am sorry I ~~am~~ the particular Neville as Jessie am closing my hand upon the particular last - ~~Look, they too~~ Bernard has beckoned to the waiter Jenny with a ~~feature that~~ has taken out her looking glass & is looking very seriously at her face & now, like an artist making some very difficult decision, has put her powder puff twice to the side of her nose - ~~[illegible]~~ her ~~cheek~~ lips, as a matter of last want only one dab at the red stick - And Susan, who feels they at these preparations, because she is making ready for something ~~[illegible]~~ different - some ~~[illegible]~~ almost silent scene - in darkness - ~~does~~ ~~[illegible]~~ fastens the ~~[illegible]~~ top button of her coat, which she ~~will~~ & then unfastens it.

Now they get up: they move: they are going to walk in the ~~Park, by~~ garden, by the side of the Lake, said Louis. And we shall follow, Rhoda, indeed for a time we shall walk with them. Only soon we shall be discarded - as we both know - in favour of more congenial companions.

in ~~our~~ adje observe to ~~[illegible]~~ commake comments, ~~in one~~ ~~some~~ flattering others not. & because the other will take more congenial companions.

We shall walk up ahead as far as that gate, said Rhoda. ~~And at~~ ~~enjoying~~ & there comes over me, that mood, now as we walk, one another carrow still mood, when, walking upright in my own feet, I get seem to advance down this avenue, ~~lot~~ ~~in a~~ many minded, many aged, without division separately me ~~pass the~~ ~~To that for the~~ moment I ~~enjoy perfect what pass~~ ~~am unbounded~~ & unlimited ~~a lying~~ from my kind; & seems as that I merge in you, & ~~as~~ ~~together~~ we have won that victory ~~&~~ & have triumphed over time ~~out~~ — a ~~Value, extraordinary adventure & power, but serene, as~~ ~~To that is a a always step~~ Feel the ~~at~~ a triumph; a & one thing comes in & and then going out freely; ~~an~~ a triumph; indeed, ~~if the moment lasted~~, now one ~~wrong~~ night day, that the iron doors have rolled apart; ~~the~~ fancy ~~D~~ have cleared their devouring; There is no death, one might say walking up ahead, & enjoying this momentary, ~~endless~~ ~~for but why not~~ endless life but if it has given us ~~a~~ one moment, that is eternity; ~~this eternal~~ ~~this eternal serenity~~ enjoy, then, this eternal serenity. But at the gate of course, what you predict happens.

I see Jean & with Bernard: Neville with Jinny, said Louis: And the jaders of the old palace, Lizzy. I suppose, to ring with birds songs: (the nightingales, the owl,) the larks. & all those the other birds which from time immemorial have charted poetry where Jean, who has always loved Bernard, says to him; ~~what~~

mdulgena

In a Rhyme-enting one by
My friend Life &c. & Neville who who has had some bitter
Critical moments of Effaceable happiness ~~days to~~ take Jenny
hand with the cherry coloured nails; ~~not that he~~
because they both love love; &

They have a Their movements become stealthy &
~~yet seem to~~ nocturnal. They seem to assume
certain privileges; to beg you that we shall observe
the conventions, & — we who can never horribly
think though fence houses; but must always near these
think They ~~walk~~ go further & further, thinking
furtively though the ferns. They ~~will~~ grateful
and we, followers fed, they cannot help it. What deserting us.
with the real cutlets & the asparagus they are
~~they must be,~~ under the compulsion to break off &
be alone together.

~~And~~ But they ~~make the garden full of them for us.~~
~~astonishingly~~ send us back a message: the intermittent
cry of the steamer: the flash of light on the electric rails: the
astonishing intensity grown bowing & bending of the trees, an
given us by them, Rhoda. Down there ~~are hidden~~
They are taking each other's hands.

bound tightly together

And many clerks & many waitresses, are also sending us
a message.

Women, Hello &c. Mary Wollstone Craft Godwin (of
that was her name)

Buried in the ferns, couched under ~~trees;~~ beneath
Or walking up & down, under the plane trees which
Growth on the sea shore, near Athens. — They have also
gone off together, And ~~at~~ moments, whether sitting this
They send us back a message.

It becomes suddenly audible. The screech of some
train: the flare over London: here there: From

uses something resting dry pavements like the dream on
in a fantasy City; something heard in when the Turks are
near & ill tempered & so beat their drums at night. & then,
there is silence; & then that bird, ~~[illegible]~~ loopy
~~[illegible]~~, here at Hampton Court, ~~& that~~
lovely stream, ~~which has come from~~ at the we see a bird hopping
among the twigs; & her an old woman, with a camp stool,
hobbling back to bed with a water colour: the & a
man ~~fishing~~, & a rendezvous paper who looks at us
with wild eyes, ~~has doubtless written something~~ & comes yellow tight
a very ~~which behind~~, beneath ~~the~~ parasol. The river
Thames ~~flows~~, ~~somebody is~~ lights go in & out on
the bridge. There is here & now, & just also ~~the~~ the water to
joy & hearts. & Juan & Bernard, there is something
very wonderful, just strange, like nocturnal animals,
are hushed, drifting, with slow steps: & ~~making~~
~~crying out~~ & now & then a cry of pain, a war, a
voice singing quite tuneffully. Most how it goes in
Greek. In the English moved to, now the
hum with this purely beautiful & about time here, about
years, about death, about the opening of the door. –
now the has come in, about the ~~[illegible]~~ maiden stirring ~~[illegible]~~ Coventry,
about Juan's daily due to Than, about a
voice very often over, & the silken garments by
~~[illegible]~~, & about a time & a rest; & also death too.
& how now the is come.

~~Leader Rhodes~~. ~~but~~ We are hard to gather together a message make sense of scattered words. ~~It~~

~~We are hard~~ ~~The night~~ They have disappeared now ~~[illegible]~~ apparently ~~[illegible]~~ ~~It~~ those trees. A weight has drobbed into the night. ~~All~~ ~~Now~~ ~~The shadows are~~ The shadows Every tree has some ~~strange~~ shadow ~~behind~~ it. which is not the shadow of the tree behind it. And, ~~which they murmur, the lights flare over London & the trams screech~~. ~~And~~ We hear a drumming like the drumming on the walls of a fortunes city when the Turks are ~~very~~ hungry & uncertain tempered.

We hear ~~they~~ crying with sharp ugly like beaks Ohen Ohen: & (listen to the trams screeching & look at the flakes on the elastic rails) And we hear the ~~young~~ beech trees, or beech trees, ~~to~~ raise their young leaves, ~~like~~ ~~the~~ as of this bed (a waiters, a typist ~~or~~ & only the lower middle class lie under them) ~~were~~ let her silken robes fall on the ~~floor~~, under the ~~bedclothes, under~~ candle light, by the windows, or it may be the ~~green~~ those robes that Socrates twitched under a plane tree near Athens, — ~~the wind has~~ comes down ~~the~~ ~~ages, as~~ & the cry Ohen ohen, ~~to the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ & ~~the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~of~~ down they rattling ~~[illegible]~~ down the ages, & ~~the murmur~~ in the shadows ~~[illegible]~~ & the ~~as some~~ lean medieval Knight, bird helps from tree, they look — a ~~But here in this garden at the moment~~ ~~[illegible]~~ a ~~[illegible]~~ man is leaning over the barrier, & as ~~he~~ ~~feel~~ ~~he~~ ~~turns~~ an old woman hobbles along with the pang with a basket under her arm. ~~The~~ & a boat passes with a gramophone in the bow.

(that ugly ~~[illegible]~~)

from the dry throat of some

~~for~~ we must connect — we must understand — we cannot rather ~~an~~ a picture a tune a word a moment of this astonishing message to speak us.

It would seem then that

There is that queer ~~grey~~ blue flame, among the trees, when it seems that
Everyone's eyes are before the steps.
Look what do you think got? ~~is we that lit~~ ~~the~~
this astounding performance! This a song like another.
The table cloth ~~tonight~~ has been ~~twitched away~~, — (that rather coarse
yellow star and cloth). ~~It~~ has been twitched away.
We look down between our knees at ~~It is a year~~
When we open the door open ~~today~~ One hears the
rover gutters, ~~leaves~~ in a gale. ~~And somehow~~ we meet I cannot
But ~~what about death~~? I listen, I ~~feel heart~~ hear
~~nowhere tonight; everything is alive;~~ death anywhere tongues-
all ages seem alive ~~to me~~ tonight, in the shadow of the trees,
in the sigh, ~~which is~~ that comes now — listen listen —
rolling through the branches, ~~like the tossing of drowsy~~;
seem like the tossing of strong limbs; the

all alive; &
this man
room,

the crazy the squeaky

all the under world – the gramophones, the trams –
have been swept, crushed, ~~& broken like fragments~~
of ~~glass glass, into thin thick~~ & thin blue, night.
~~waste floes~~ ~~have~~ swept ~~over flooded the sea~~ fa
& the tide washes those the seas, very
swept into one great flow, of ~~warm~~, a blue tide, ~~an~~ a
deep tide, go moving deeply, in fathomless thunder ~~the sea~~
this over the sea tops; & every cry & cought in it, &
every movement & every colour, under heat, heart, ~~in~~ &
& flow & take; & a rather bath, a ~~fertile~~ tide. fertile, there
And now, do you see those people coming towards us
along the avenue – the net is raised, higher & higher, to
the top of the water, & we spill some of the women
hand, ~~now the fish who are there in the water~~ – –
the ~~the~~ silver bodies, ~~the half-fishy~~ the silver fishes, as they are
~~Drawn up out of the depths & laid on the shore.~~
~~they walk towards us,~~ now they are laid on the shore.
~~Now the~~ There is a group of people coming towards us.
Are they men or women? They might be either.
~~By the~~ ~~Their bodies are~~ They still wear the antiseptic
draperies of the flowing tide in which they have been
immersed. ~~in~~ ~~with the silver~~ Now they become human beings – as they
from that tree, they regain their natural size. ~~Now~~ ~~I know~~
~~And is it not~~ And our feeling of awe ~~is now~~
~~how change to – that we call it love?~~ to something
~~but~~ love; & pity, & admiration too, but also they have
they are obviously so small. And yet they come, ~~and~~ ~~then~~
~~they~~ wearing on ~~the~~ faces like ~~emperors~~ the ~~little~~
which you can only – that is all we have to ~~offer~~ to
~~fight with – there~~ as our representatives: ~~And~~
~~then has happened millions of times before.~~ who have
much for my mother's sake, always out of the night;
& ~~with~~ this & ~~now they~~ Every night for thousands of

but all –

the horses
the silver
fishes
fish

as they
wear the tiny
flowers
drapes the
flowing
eyes.

years to come men & women with worth down the years hence.
And now, as they come to that age there, they have faces:
There are ~~on them~~ Susan or Neville, Bernard & Jinny.
What an astonishing Pilgrimage now lies before - How are
certain the particular! How are we dazed the necessity of
contingencies on books again onto that particular that,
of history attached to ~~somebody~~ & health,
with their power to inflict horrible wounds,
& the cherry coloured hands, & their engagement books, —
"the map of the heart", & catching a train in order to be
back ~~because~~ the children — They will carry all the little
habits with them, Rhoda, & they will make a light in the
~~pitiless~~ ~~pitiless~~ ~~pitiless~~ room again. They will

We have no defence against the intolerable
injustices. Which is now, loving them as we do, & ~~time they~~;
the very fact would work & blame make us weep, with
~~their~~ because the fact would will be so
comfortably; with the pity upon "I am jealous" "I am heartless"
you would come up back to greet you. Your old
~~tortured bed~~ friends, with the particular tone, the odd
deviation from what you expect, the sudden reminder
reminds you of particular peculiarities — oh — & those
a thousand memories too, which we make yellow with
every time you handle — ~~then~~ with every tone you
varying waking echoes in you — This is about to
begin again:

~~and~~ we are together. ~~again~~, said Neville.

This ~~little~~ a fabric; our common feeling: you
form, & mending.

We tell you; we cannot

What are we destroying with our presence?

They are talking:

Jinny
Graffiti

entire
like a
globe

only the world, said Rhoda. But can it ever give us illusion after illusion. The air which was white, grey, entire like a globe, where trees had sunk to the bottom, the sky aching over, & the wind blowing, is now gone: & the illusion there is the upbeating. This dancing, this fuchsia, what do I think of you, what do you think of me, with the pricked hulls. The crystalline, & all that injunction of personal existence - which makes life such a terrible - you have put us back into the world, Bernard: by creating the illusion. We swim, we catch. Very unreal, intoxicating - terribly dangerous.

And yet, as a matter of fact, we are in that world. Present framing mind when the mere thought of saying merely - 'what do I think of you - what impression am I making" has something incredibly forced, & distasteful about it, said Bernard. We are like flying stamps - though we are not yet no colour in the light: a foreign eyes may see the colour you think wrong. My cigarette end is nearly spent & colour comes to us. We are almost indistinguishable from the sun. We are spent, quiet, a quiescence.

Listen, our fire - said Jinny. As I told you, it leaves no ashes, nothing to put in lockets.

It leaves no I am never satisfied, said Susan. But there comes a time when like a bird I can't swallow any more: I sit yawning. I gape: like a young bird, yellow beaked.

And we are all conscious of having I imagine a letter finally, said Le Neville. at long distance you - torn to the fabric: run off, like little drops of quicksilver scattered from the big drop;

I always feel some compunction: & yet if I had stayed I should only have prevented you: with ~~that~~ that little dark drop — that seems to be a time with one person. Now that is over.

And now ~~we watch the lights coming~~ lights coming out in the bedroom of fair Dame, how fascinating Comforting this to watch the hard-faced ~~smart, but highly respectable Radicals~~ in their or make shopkeepers on the other side of the bank. Yes. only by being very hard working that they manage to pay the rent. What do you think their takings have been lately? ~~They have a family roll, & a~~ Just enough to pay for insurance & school bills. What a sense of worth & ~~comfort~~ human values those lights in the bedroom of shop keepers give us. What anguish they must have for their stock — instead the tobacco are going bad — ~~what a~~ And then, ~~after all those~~ Saturday comes & there is just enough for a bottle of wine — perhaps.

Perhaps they look at the giant rabbit crouched in its hutch. They will kill it one of these days. And then.

Then that light goes out.

And for thousands of people, sleep is nothing but warmth, silence, a moment's lingering perhaps with some imaginings. A cabbage leaf in a corner — he may see that, he may dream of that. More probably she a puzzle, something for left up, & send to a newspaper. That's romance — when the curtains draw into the little boys. Happily that is the rabbit's. So round the home, looking at the chickens & the rabbits. & we have finished our letters: & it will be nice when the ~~first~~ Tuesday comes — rather unpleasant to get up — ~~very~~ we have not done so badly today — & so you see, we drop off.

The Arrow

Happily that goes on; ~~Happily there is~~ it will soon be time to catch the train. ~~Because~~ I shall have over this parachute ~~too~~ much longer, a whole series of events will be fun knocking together, like trucks in a ~~Railway; the~~ siding: tomorrow's ~~line of events~~ will be disordered. ~~Think how~~ I'm lights must be ~~lost~~ out: we must walk: ~~we~~ must walk; ~~we~~ must be out of the front door by ten; & at eleven I must see someone; & at twelve I must ~~be~~ ~~with some~~ ~~[illegible]~~ somebody else; & at one I must go out; & at two I must be back — mad mad mad — merciful. When, ~~delightful lucky~~ ~~which~~ indefatigable forbidding unfeeling word ~~that we~~ pretend I will, but clasp I've heard ~~[illegible]~~ racoon ~~was~~ lying, ~~the~~ down the river, ~~hear what is the the~~ "far off ~~song~~ as the boasting boys: ~~they~~ used to drive off in brother with their little wicked caps on; ~~& then head was~~ all bent one way as the rake turned the corner; & then again, ~~there~~ they were rolling out chorus across quadrangles; & ~~now~~ in wonder evenings: or singing their absurdly sentimental songs in the summer; there they are, coming back from some in large low charabancs or crowded on the decks of river steamers: ~~they are~~ with singing songs. ~~[illegible]~~ ~~impossible not to feel~~ ~~the~~ what with the spring & the spinning stream & the irregular rank hoot squeak & the just perceptible ~~[illegible]~~ high of the breeze — ~~we~~ are rattling away from each other; we are ~~brother up~~; little bits of ourselves are crumble, as sugar crumbles in hot tea; ever! something of me has gone: I am no longer able to hold myself apart: I am

heads up in confusion.

while they are floating down the river, chorus to music hall songs!

& the tired muscles in my thighs.

not able to distinguish ~~any~~ them very clearly; I have no strong sense of pity left: you are only other bodies jogging beside me; ~~the~~ ~~all my~~ daily ~~event~~ chiefly the roles of my feet. I am like a log which floats smoothly over an a waterfall. I am not a judge: I am not to not occupy the highest sensitive. I am not called upon to give an opinion. Roses & cabbages are alike the same to me. Grey forms, things one passes; & I do only by an automatic action, that I put my hand in my pocket & lead a ticket. It is a habitual task. ~~the regularity~~ (in ~~mere~~. If the train were to ~~run~~ get off the rails over me, I should, I think, meet with either on the other side.

The tree now spread its branches, & a scatter of leaves fell circling to the ground. Grey settled with subtest compromise & lightness upon the ground, as if ~~unwaking~~ dissolution, softly placing themselves upon the place that where they would await dissolution. Circling in wider, more voluminous, wilder circles, the hawk ~~took~~ towards Easily soared ~~the air~~ was broken, ~~with the~~ into an unlearning ride, a wide-wandering wake, layers of water ~~moving~~ that ~~& melting~~, ~~Birds~~ over the world.

~~The plate was~~ In the room there were new a ~~doubts~~, a there was some distortion of the patterns in the plates; ~~the~~ a the scroll had into become a lake; a the surbound bulged within ~~Vait~~ brown; there was a look of there was a little purple hatchet in the brown. some odd addition from the clouds a lights a bridging. some blooms added; transcendent; & an of the

had sun had broken; had met some opinion, & the dark, damaged
had let run out a finer essence, a fluid. So of the
had a reasonable plane, had again wavered. The woman who
was regarding the world with clear eyes, dispassionately,
aged in her effort to see everything, held for a moment:
flared aside, & the shadow at ma fell — on the fa
waves, on the beach, on the tunnels between the
leaves; where the birds hopped sun gently in land snail;
so that they stopped as they hammered; for the snail was
dark; the worms sucked duly back into the ground.
now again a shelved twig, a dry dead straw
wd. he blown from an old nest, very dry & ~~fall~~
& fall, dry & withered among the glass. Far
where the apples were rong, damp rotted, half
mouldy also on the ~~sd~~ side. where they had lain.
The sea kept up. its sound; its reiterated beat; its
g spray cooled & uncooled; like a the dark homes;
no longer the plumes of men, the age fan, & the
branched feathers: but the fallen: a rows.

Ice from the.
The pool.
The grass.
The moon
The view.
The reflection in the pool.

a ~~grey~~ wall ~~seemed~~ of bricks fell suddenly: was raised & fell again: in its wake rat the old gulls, screaming; over a fish, or a rott spray of sea weed. The waves rose again, always with a gull, a young gull, riding or riding a black black of riding the waves which rose under them, bore them on a little way & then fell. The gulls flew round, & again settled & were borne to shore.

March 25th

Here, on the top of the hill, the Wistaria ~~blooming~~ tree blood ~~in the~~ blended by the gale, in the midst of the ~~Bluebody~~ ~~white blades of grass~~, pane, pallen lights wood, ~~pale coloured~~ with lights of white grass. & from fireworks. ~~Fire was~~ Here was—came fire blow shadows. in broadsh, expanding & breaking; & so after them the sun came round, narrow; in wedges that made the hill ~~was~~ domed in flat; as if in the distant somebody hacked with a green light. ~~Behind~~ Hell

the blue for pale coloured grass with it

The air was like a sea, in which the bird cut the feathered; down into the depths, or up into the top; flying this way; trembling suspended; or skimming close to the ground, or let the wych weeds rush between their feathers.

Turn left the house on the a fence & then again a broad black

~~The~~ No horse, no cow, no domesticated, anxious needing care, or shelter, came along the, for there were no human tracks that comes from a road in the grass, a wrinkle made, thoroughfare of years ago; a smooth scar; a ~~B~~ Here perhaps the ~~wild~~ The ~~pool~~, in ~~blue~~ water reflected ~~softly~~ in its ~~lady~~ shape of lady ~~and~~ reflected nothing but ~~the~~ brilliant blue or wine colour, heat stained where the vegetation had died out, on an ash coloured stump, some bent dead, & ~~stained~~ The bird sang & then for a beak full of water. There was no sound of croppers no sound of wheels, but only the ~~broke~~ sudden roar, of bird; then calm; & then

a the skin, shaped over the wind.

then the Hill air, in which the Dragon flies, or the wind blows

the flaggy the wind, & then Vollmen drops. The
Redwood on a frozen or bleached hillside lay on bare, ~~as white as~~
~~Jaunt~~; ~~but~~ rain ~~pelter~~ pocked, bleached till it was ~~white~~
when the sun struck on it ~~like a~~ ~~to~~ like dazzling blue as ice. Storm
rent the rain drenched the tree in the wind whipped it;
~~then it blew with its tail~~ flagellating each branch; then it
went a foggy red, as if bruised & kindled; & at ~~last~~, then in the
sunset was for a short while as green as the hundred southern
hedge against a blue sea.

~~Nobody~~ From the hill under the little tree ~~the~~ a vast
landscape rolled; & now unfolded. Far away the
remote green seemed almost made of blue grass;
separate, airy, rapturous; a haze of blue heat.
Not woods, haven, under storm, blue scorched,
made the ~~be~~ ~~lay~~ poured down the slopes, &
lay staring the ~~weald~~ plain; forming their
blues, then red, their ridges of black, or blue.
But there was no smoke, no passing storm; stress
so distant that nothing could be seen — no roof, no
shelter window. The earth had ~~at~~ crystalled
at such little intervals such fast fellen. such
fast thick encumbrances. Here was only cloud, &
the battering of the wind, & ~~sun~~ above the
the darkness of shade of sunshine, the battering
of the rain. ~~When sun wealth~~
Shelley seen marked the ridges of distant hills,
skylines, monument, obelisks over the
Earth. And on the horizon there was
a ~~sun~~ hill, higher than the rest, lying
fazer & stillness to the mystic gloom of the ~~sun~~ sky.
There must be eagles screaming round its brow —
stunning city now down its ravines.
The trees stood ~~the~~ on the moor. Little boys.

& standing at one the corners forms a vast plain.

however such is grandeur

And that amiable woman, said Rhoda, has gone,
unawares with the sanctimonious euphemism she used,
you will not suffer any more. Instead of ~~dying~~ today in
Warren Smith, you are dying: ~~the~~ you will be dead tomorrow,
the drawer the filing, the fluffy curtain: the dolling out from her
miserable store another sticky sweetmeat. Thinking this
the hope that I shall meet this & die, without making a scene.
Loathsome human boys, how I have hated you! How you
have nudged, how you have interrupted; how hideous
you have looked in Oxford Street! How depraved sitting
opposite each other in the tube: my mind is filled with
rooms taken back, & dead attaché cases. and you
have spoilt so unspeakably: & you have never had the
courage to be one thing rather than another. All
were dressed in undeterminate shades of grey & brown.
And your attempts at alteration were feeble in the
extreme - a strap band of blue embroidery pinned to this. Not,
that a discolution of the soul you have thus designated,
in order to get through one day equably! What lies you
have invented to, & bowings, & curtsys, & what
flurries & perversities: & how you have chanted me to
see that, when I wanted to be in another; how you have
& how, one engagement; to see you at four.
~~How~~ you have snatched from me those letters
which shall tell the how hand travels, ~~How~~
you have mauled & crumpled, ~~made distinctly~~ & mean
into dusty little pellets, what I have found out the
world has perished dusty you were you. But
~~wantonness~~ it was my life.
I ~~have~~ have been tamed & made useful in order to get
through the work respectably. My scene was on no
account present one be a prophet. Like Dorian,
I might have been a Shepherd; but I defied that mandate here.

room with his australian accent teaching us the meaning of life.
Teachers & preachers have always thought the lowest of mankind
they have halls & set up in evening dress. Let us
pray. Let us praise. Let us believe. That's right & that's
wrong: my lady. Pray, (I come not abroad) confound your
impertinence. Instead of going out & breaking some
bottles into the gutter as a sign of rage. Put there
muffering. That's their religion; that's my friend.
perennial, daily humiliation & defeat.

I have sat in the stalls, listening, ~~[illegible]~~ comfortably covering my
ears with my hands. Listening to preachers;
instead of taking out my rage & denouncing all
teachers & preachers, having halls & standing up in
evening dress & saying ~~let us believe~~ whatever right &
wrong. ~~[illegible]~~ And I was always
pretending – sayings & coach, among picture frames. That
nothing took me by surprise. Races, manners, what one
did with knives & forks. ~~[illegible]~~ So I called people
by their nicknames – Such were my interpretations
& deceits. ~~After all~~ Now PO terrible ~~life has been~~:
war life; ~~the bayonets~~ ~~it has~~ blade; ~~I mean~~; Let us
breathe & discipline. I said, waking in the morning
& put away the bare blade, which so shall up
shades after shades. Look at life through them. Look at
life through that. Let there be rose, let there be true lions
(choosing always the stark halter) And I covered the
whole street with the blaze & ripple of my ~~own~~ mind; &
Oxford Street; Piccadilly Circus. ~~[illegible]~~ There were
boxes too, standing ready for the carriers, when school
broke up: & I stole ~~like a shadow~~ across the paths to
dream of Sturrozale perhaps. Harborough hotels,
ruffled with golden glory where you feel (I forget his name)

Wood on the pavement. But only then came. With fleeces wrote
vestments. Have tried to acquire the blue black trade - ~~[illegible]~~.
I dropped rocks, too, into the Thames at Greenwich, the
day Percival died, & the ships came bowling up with the
tow on a deck & the ~~[illegible]~~ dog running wild he, or
a thing my head into the speedy water I cried
out to them to bear me ~~thundering on the fleet horse~~ ~~[illegible]~~
on ~~the fresh foliage with my~~ out to new that in world
hunter ~~on the waste of the world~~ forever ridey fleet horse.
In some wants verge the wind, where there is no vegetable but only
here & there a ~~[illegible]~~ marble ~~[illegible]~~ pillar.
No doubt it has all been a dream. It would have been
better to raise ~~[illegible]~~ without ~~any~~ ~~visions~~. Kept some hand in
our pocket. Nor to have flung words in ~~vast~~
Jerusalem. Like those the sewer throw, walking over the
ploughed fields, when the Earth is bare.

I shall not see the bare earth any more, compact, shining, from the plough; nor the thin dark blades, nor the bloom on the hedges. And there will be no more rising of the waters & beauty in the evening: when the lilies close themselves together round, like bird wings, folded, & my face has been between them, upcurled, towards some haystack, or whitening tree, with a frost ready at, on the very top.

Then I said to myself, sadly, clutching the old bone — Now these creatures, the old clothes are said. I am on the turf which would soon be sidled by strange eyes; I was then free of all calamities, calm white bone by the dew from the dark, like a bit of wood, in the

And I remembered leaning on my elbow with flowers beside me, & at school, at a table, I said: I would look flowers & free then — to whom?

Go, said. For they would be lilies; they would be lilies & green leaves.

In these days, you will understand, our heart can [illegible] these branches, of many colours: that our heart has desire; our heart has intuition; our heart has belief. Our old friends in bath chairs were by wheeled along the parade. And I can remember how the old sailor leant upon the [illegible] & [illegible] I will present it.' Fight sorry: I will present it — O to whom?

Now I am lying among these blankets in a state which must be very nearly the last, & all these — the table cloth has worn very thin; those yellow stains have worn to holes: there is only the thinness that between me & the [illegible] forever admirable. These kindly, but these people have withdrawn. They would burn like green wood, crazy, shelter; their hours are so thick; their

ovals, brown, white, orange & brown white bells with lots
of bright scarlet & chaos would not. Nightly & hop
they would have a great many wishes for buckets.
all the buckets in the world and not contain them.
But when the wind stops to ~~blow on them~~ breath this
hour ~~when I lie~~ expand there will be nothing but dust.
~~I shall be crushed~~ Jocelyn had some French, to put light
they will find nothing.

but fitful & erratic spirit.

~~But I said, addressing my dead the~~ But now, addressing ? Theale to
~~bedding bend over me & laughing~~ that curious rapt & ecstatic
& pale & fine & indestructible element — the who
picked the flowers & put them on my desk — the whom ?
Still we something — you in the address places — the
or wandering alone at Cuxo, or playing with angels in Jardin,
woman along a perspective perhaps; never Carey in the
Coastfer definitely or probably: ~~but matching the~~
O you who have picked the flowers & put them in my hand,
Come to me now; & let us together ~~confront~~ the
& let us see whether we can, for once — & shall be for the
last time — cross that particular freedom
in the middle you said what where ? ~~how & the~~ shall,
unable to move. Indeed I was only by laying my hand on
something hard that I was ~~able~~ could & to shake my body across the
our name full & fair — to ~~have a note on connection~~
drop a letter into a box. why hands &
Can still see the bedroom door a great gnu; but
I shall never ~~[illegible]~~ There will never be anything to touch
~~let you~~ Take my hand then & let us
again.
on the pyre;
Shall be a vast pool; & vast sea; we shall be like
people flying the coast Atlantic; ~~that~~
which ripples beneath us. Now even the light in the
heavy boats are gone. The chair & some cloth; the
You. Curious to take such a light as the wet sky
to hold to look had only. but some day you shall ? put it ?
at a hand; that went half hanging among the books
looking anything — & give me the strange garland & they

And I had no letter, no return tickets. I held nothing in my hands; a presence that we shall reach some other land together, & touch something, & then recapture a remembrance, where falls in the Remembrance & ~~[illegible]~~ — then darkness closes him & darkness around me.

Now it falls in threads of

gathering loose branches of ~~[illegible]~~ wild flowers; ~~a~~ bulbous red carnations. This strange to ~~[illegible]~~, ~~[illegible]~~, with ~~the~~ this that faintly beneath me. hips ~~[illegible]~~ I am ~~[illegible]~~. the waves rolling ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ I ~~have stepped~~ ~~[illegible]~~ the pebbles, the immeasurable waves; & holding these visionary fingers; ~~a not knowing that~~ ~~a~~ this ~~[illegible]~~ whether & as ~~yet~~ there is nothing hard; I cannot touch anything; I cannot recapture my ~~body~~; no pulse beats anything that belongs to me; ~~& [illegible]~~ some [illegible] (phrases [illegible]) ~~all falls in~~ Remembrances threaten & darkness closes down, down, — all that I was.

(why that woman has a fixed face, like a white horse)

And there may be no law.

We may fade as the wave & be drowned.

We shall go into & our flowers with us drowned.

With this air will fill my throat with bubbles.

Meanwhile we fly.

But I cannot [illegible]

~~Down on the level land~~, ~~[illegible]~~ where the elm trees stood, the ~~cattle by~~ The afternoon sun, shaping & ~~falling~~ warming the ~~land~~ fields, made the level land ~~seem very [illegible]~~ by the waves ~~in~~ very aware, ~~they~~ get very rolled beautifully rich; with deep blue warmth in the shadows; with red in the yellow corn. A deep warmth, was laid like laughter over the fields. ~~The~~ ~~[illegible]~~ A cart, a horse, a stake a flock of rooks, — whatever moved with a rolled round in gold; ~~painted~~ ~~[illegible]~~; & ~~when~~ when ~~[illegible]~~ a cow moved a leg it seemed to throw ripples of red gold. The horns seemed to be radiant. ~~And~~ when the thrashing & carts came back, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ of wisps of hay seemed like sprays of red flagon hair

162

taking a whole
village in that
state catches from a
blue net
– why not fly

Darting over the plain came round headed shadows, which never changed their shape, which kept every atom of their colour, ruthlessly; creating a hill, hollowing a cave, a cove, a valley; a whole village lay in their bulbous shaped valley ~~them in blue~~. Far away on the horizon, among hills grown ~~many~~ fine as many grains of blue dust, ~~a window pane~~; & the ~~smoke of the fires~~ there was a fluttering vane, or a single line ~~of factory~~ or church steeple or tree or mast. ~~The~~ ~~a~~ children rushing into the cottage from school came the mother, coming out with a jug, said

No, said Jenny, I am not sure.

~~Jenny &~~ ~~And then~~ ~~This a long way~~ is Piccadilly south side, Regent Street North, Haymarket. Piccadilly west ~~said Jenny~~, ~~the~~ ~~Lifts~~ has played this trick-two often. ~~I know the mood~~. Things are ~~suddenly~~ shaken to pieces ~~here where I stand~~. ~~Rhoda~~ I see ~~Everything was distinctly~~ ~~the~~ all became Rhoda & dead: Percival is dead. And then, little anemal that I am, ~~with~~ my ~~Ja I am like a field mouse~~, ~~I think, very~~ with my ~~my then thanks are tucked in & out~~. bright eyes, my thanks that are tucked in & out with every breath - I scamper away, alive. They were crushed by a boot; or snapped up by a big dog. I am ~~to~~ have my choice. This is ~~an~~ a junction, under the pavements where all that is desirable ~~gathering~~ meets together. Move

along a

against the village in a blue net

Coming into the depth the dove dovetail softly veiled with light, miraculous, like pearls, whole drops, something where sweetness could not be exhausted. by the rabid carnivals long deep dawn kiss of their mother - worthy women in checks African.

The bed came very near my little body but missed it.
But after all

Moreover, I will not be afraid. ~~I will not consent to~~
~~They are very~~ I am not a timorous peering little animal,
always making for the shadow. For a moment ~~me~~ I was
bewildered. I grasped my ~~to be~~ little bag very tight & looked at the
different sights ~~with a~~ as if ~~would make a bolt~~ for it. And
for a moment (but I am afraid of these sensations - I dislike
them) the extraordinary elegance, the flight of bodies,
down the morning streets, w. what ~~to~~ ~~a~~ affects me
seemed like the elegant, ~~as~~ the jaunty. Though the air of
some winged, terrible, darting & winged, & silver, of doomed &
away & then - silver & the charming & some engine
then dimmering them - for a moment ~~they~~ I was dimmed
a cowering little animal; Then I thought,
Rabbiting right up my own reflection in the ~~shade~~ my
black glass window, as the war of Piccadilly.
I thought of the infinite omnibuses, This is the
triumphal procession, I said; with its banners & its
brass eagles carried by humdrum people. This is the
army crowned with laurel leaves. ~~And~~ This day I wad above
my head is the broad thoroughfare, equable,
dry, brilliant, ~~where~~ I too, ~~having the~~ ~~with my~~
flowering scarves, my little hatted feathers, my
handkerchief that is but a film of gauze, my
reddened lips & my finely pencilled eyebrows
~~walk~~ new to gaily; ~~flaunting my coloured scarf in this~~
~~jam of the~~ London. ~~I~~
Look, how they show off clothes here - given
underpaid, under a hideous rain-coat! There are

Piccadilly
but
Regent St
some
wonders

Some high
mind &
Chan.

Gauzes & silks. There are shelves trimmed with lace. And
rough tweeds for the northern heather. And there is the
right time at Pekin or New York. As it seems to me,
I stand in the very knot ~~centre~~ of desirable ways —
~~By here Piccadilly, there Regent Street, or~~ to
Piccadilly or Regent Street. Look how they ~~crawl~~
organise, marshall, eject, take in, turn about direct, &
~~bid us~~ urge us on; this ~~he I am not a~~
~~Whimpering little assigned~~ They ~~are~~ Why should I
~~wear~~ whimper & run for shelter when they are so
so magnificently equipped, so vocical, so daring; so
curious too & instructive — ~~Lo~~ There is a
Clock which tells one the right time at Pekin —
I will put a dab of powder on my nose —
redden my lips. And then, drawing to me with a superb
gesture a cab — whose driver will be eager to come time —
I go forth the streets & catching this eagerness even in
the eyes of hake sellers & ~~men~~ sandwich men —
I shall drive to my own home, pull the ~~bell~~
chain together. Hung then the windows, & be ready
for Neville or Louis or Bernard. ~~with~~ And
~~with them~~ I shall sit with them alone, hour
after hour, till late at night; hearing the
telephone ring; ~~every~~ we shall piece together
And with our fine ~~[illegible]~~ arranging the world,
battling over our amusement in our curiously
fitting their explanation or that, with some hesitation
flattering infants with some explanation, with some hesitation
with some under moments, with a great deal
always left unsaid. For I have not the imagination of the
mind. I am a honest however. That then
gives me a curious sense of things outside my
limitations.

with travis
Commer &
Fanny &
young as
regularly as
the waves the
sea.

Yet when the young man tells me, as he always does,
the story of his heart, I shall ~~fall back~~ clap my hands;
I shall sing my praises; the thing I am after. But
there will be just one moment of ~~[illegible]~~ hollowness
as I clap my hands: an echo, ~~a hollow clapping~~ -
"Rhoda's dead": then which, whipping my body sharply,
I shall urge him to tell me more, ~~this~~ more, about ~~the~~
anguish of his love. ~~[illegible]~~ I shall ~~[illegible]~~
~~head~~. ~~I shall~~ to me - ~~I shall make~~ him ~~kiss me~~.
seize her hand & make him kiss me.

as the words take into them. (about his love)

pause, his mopes his head.

Now the corn was cut, ~~& the flying birds~~ was cut
~~made shadows~~ A black stubble remained as cold ~~that~~
flowing & warm. ~~& the~~ ~~suddenly~~ a great
owl launched itself from the elm tree, &
~~& lighted on the~~ swung - as if a
beautifully, rhythmically, - ~~to the~~ ~~in a~~ ~~fall~~
falling & rising as a line dipped, to the
& lighted on the cedar.

In the room the ~~same~~ ~~marbled~~ ~~the works~~
All ~~the way were~~ All the way was lapis flowing
sprinkled with white black specks; flowing, roaming
~~roaming~~ works:
Room ~~the rules would be black with them~~.
In the rooms the straight lights came from bowl to
plate; made the knife blade crescent; &
crowded the clothes & the looking glass with
colours ~~[illegible]~~ ~~on~~ colours running into colour,
making dividing, leaving channels of light, making
they lose their ~~[illegible]~~ purpose & become merely
objects. Immortalized by being rid of purpose; &
~~yet~~ ~~therefore more~~ & unfamiliar, & yet
demanding consolation

as they came crowding about the pen.

"I read Lowes — Every volume begins with I. ~~The~~
read Lowes until, having impressed those all the
Gowing ladies in the office, & asserted my own
supremacy which is indeed considerable — I am
a man of very great authority & influence — this
amazing what I have done, & where I can dine now, & who
I can see — of Mind — I come home & [begin again that
Lowes attempt — (it began years ago ~~I am~~ & has
been continued all my life: to ~~read poetry a great~~
poem. Much more I required than an a
knowledge of language & ~~to~~ ~~I hang up~~
& hang up my coat; but my gold headed cane there;
() (I wish I can say that Pope walked with such a stick) dear
& clever merely of that ~~why do~~ adhesive & ~~ingenious~~
regrettable identity. ~~which~~ This only ~~a great~~ a poem.

O ~~western wind~~,

Pitiful at enough with my tumbling, stepping: with the
vulgarly aping adorable mistress who has never been
able to think highly concerning ~~of whom~~ ~~of~~ ~~her~~ ~~heartily~~
that that) chase her

O western wind

O western wind, ~~when wilt thou blow~~ —

There ~~was~~ only one person who understood that, & the only
happily! Rhoda would have understood that; the
world not have spoilt it. With her fierce purity
with her intense abstraction, with her eyes, the
colour of dark flint: green opaque shining.

O Western wind When wilt thou blow
That the small rain down can rain?
Christ that my love were in my arms
And I in my bed again!

Coming home alone at night, or at the most prosaic hour of
quickening, she would go to the window, a hand lifting — I
forget how long — at the chimney pots & the cats, at the
broken window sills high; I never asked her what
she saw.

I sat with my back often before me; & was scarcely
conscious of her presence. My task, my burden has always been
much greater than anyone. A pyramid was upon my
shoulders. Those fund lids a colossal work. Can helped;
Have I not ~~gone down daily~~ driven a rocket on
unruly a terribly vicious team? — Yours my
Australian accent; & the ~~inveterate~~ load laid upon me
at birth to weld ~~me~~ together those ~~elements~~ incongruous
elements which no alchemy will compass. Jan
I ~~am one of those who~~ would have been happier to
have been born without a darling. To feel merely a
~~fool is to love so much.~~ Fearful, I ~~yet~~ yet
yet vexed with criticism?

Rhoda with her blank eyes, her curious negative
eyes, leant at the window, ~~looking at~~ & perhaps
~~we could have~~ while I, concentrating my mind on
a little poem, tried, like some vast sucker, some
terrible adherent mouth, to draw back from it
its core, its essence, the stone lodged in the centre.
What been a terrible affair for me — broken here
held there deep sunk, deep imbedded hard stone.
And I have known nothing whatever of human life,
Night & chose my mother, with the cockney
accent, in order that she might help me.
have been humiliated a dozen times a day by
Charwoman, street boys, cabby girls in
mocking my poem & superciliously ~~coi~~
~~the~~ Rhy: like a hen, like some high stepping
indecorous crane or at the Zoo.

Why in
Lady Rhoda,
with my
vision,
writing my
criticism,
heartbreaking

O western wind, when wilt thou blow
That the small rain down can rain

that has ~~been~~ been my destiny, the sharp pointed pyramid that has pressed ~~upon my me, all these years to~~ on my ribs, the ~~weight I have carried,~~ ~~I~~, all these years? ~~first that~~ ~~I~~ ~~go~~ That I remember the Nile, & the women carrying pitchers on their heads; ~~that I am no single & solitary apparition but~~ that I remember; that I feel myself woven in out of the long summers & winters that have made the corn flow & frozen the streams. I am not a single & passing thing; my life is not a moments bright flash like that on the ~~surface~~ face of the lake I dreamed.

I must weave together; I must blanket ~~strand, strong~~ cables, ~~the~~ in the many threads, the many coloured, the thin the thick the broken & the enduring of our long history. of our tumultuous & varied day.

There is always something to be understood; ~~also there is always~~ ~~some~~ a darkness to be ~~reconciled~~ reconciled. ~~some~~ a smooth falsity to be avoided. Broken & tragic ~~on the foot stained roofs~~ that I see ~~these broken fragments~~ is the effort. And broken & foot stained are those roofs, with their chimney ~~and~~ cowls; their loose slates; their leaking eaves & attic windows. I pick my way over broken glass, among shattered tiles, seeing only pale & famished faces.

Let me suppose that I make a moments music, & then die. I can assure you it will not be unwillingly. Percival died; Rhoda died; They had ~~no consolation in them~~ But I shall have to be gaunt to be sure, to be immensely respected as I trap my way along the pavement to the city. ~~I shall be very old;~~ Perhaps I shall

never die but bleach up here like some bone, taken quite its
marrow, Perennial ~~dog~~ was flowering with green
leaves, ~~many~~ & was laid in earth with all his branches
~~that~~ this rigid in the summer wind. Rhodes
my strange companion, with whom I shared silence
the who hung back always when the herd assembled
& paddled with orderly slick backs over the
rich harbours (I remember Hampden lovely) has been
consumed ~~on the~~ new; has gone like a vapour, like the
desert heat. When the sun blisters the roofs of the city
I shall think of him: when the dry leaf rattles in the flowers.
When old men come with baskets & pointed sticks
fishing where boats of paper. ~~I shall think of~~
~~Much~~ Christ that my love were in my arms
And I in my bed again!

The stubble was full of sharp-pointed shadows. Now that the sun had gone very slightly behind the hill. The cows horns were sharp crescents; the slant of a roof was ~~sharp now~~ like that of some arab tent in a desert, the stalks black, & the line clear cut against the haze & suffusion of the clouds. ~~A boy turn run my & barking might~~

roof

A shepherd might be cool black, & then, turning ~~to~~ ~~red & ruddy~~ & red faced, with ~~a white jacket~~ & ~~to~~ ~~trousers~~. Clothes stalked in whiteness. ~~water~~ ~~The sun~~ Running gold in midstream, the river became black as a pit beneath the bank. Dazzling specks of gold in the air, suddenly birds vanished as its nothingness. Yet, on the sunny side of the wall, the fruit hung against brick framing this shining globe, in which jonquils & cascades of red, & the soft swollen pears were pulled out from the wall; & the grass ~~was~~ like blades were all softly burning in one soft green.

Now I have reached the summit of my desires, said Susan, I am walking alone my fields with my son. The gate is rusty & he heaves it open. The hard & passionate desires of childhood, my tears in the ~~[illegible]~~ schoolrooms, my ~~rage in~~ loneliness in foreign places, when I must ~~take a~~ hear rules clatter in ~~foreign~~ market places, & hear the chatter of ~~[illegible]~~ rude eyed women, with work wearing bright rose says ~~in Paris~~ & carnations twisted in their hair, is rewarded by this security. I flowers all I see. I have grown trees from the seed; & I have made clear ponds in which the broad leaved lilies flower. I have raised melons & peas,

Growing luxuriously in the flowery heated plant houses; Bird
There seen my sons & daughters are gathered over like fruit
in their cots have broken the meshes & now
walk with me, taller than I am, ~~always~~ casting huge shadows
upon our fields. Now I am fenced in, surrounded, protected.
My sons & daughters say, & even the iron mongers ~~[illegible]~~ They
looking up from his paper & string, exhort the
shabby cart at the door, full of butterfly nets & parcels.
We hang mistletoe on the clock at Christmas; &
~~[illegible]~~ wrapt in ~~[illegible]~~ blackberries & measure our
height ~~[illegible]~~ against shutters in the
drawing room. And then I who make wreaths for the
dead; or ~~let~~ sit by the beds of ~~[illegible]~~ drunken & fatigue
women, meeting their last obscenities. Oh fallen &
vile & almost intolerable, & cold to me, born on Jews, &
Early acquainted with the farmyard & the dung heap,
The cattle straying & out & the mother with two ~~[illegible]~~ beds &
Growing children. There seen the windows steaming with
heat. There smelt the sink

Sunday where can the shadow enter, what
f. shock can shake those my laboriously gathered
firmly shaped resolutely pressed down life? —
Lulled the that something I am sick of natural
happiness with its closed gardens its prout flowers
& children filling cots & then ~~[illegible]~~ peeping over them
in hordes & filling the house with trophies — oars
jaws, skulls of deer, & pipes, hook ~~with gold~~ arms worn at sharp.
stamped on them. I am sick of the body. I am sick of
& all the rapt all the hungry all the strong intemperate
ways in which the mother ~~[illegible]~~ covers, protects, chastens
helps. Gathers together & ~~makes hopping her young~~
~~tables~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~under her wing other hungry~~ ~~[illegible]~~
cut me by table.

~~I had~~ Then when spring comes perhaps. The first day.

Interlining my bed

then instead gloating here, I remember ~~that~~ phrases, that Bernard made when we were children; & the leaves shook above us, very light, ~~making~~ the blue sky showing through; the ~~[illegible]~~ bird ~~[illegible]~~, & something ~~[illegible]~~ ~~something~~ that ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ & refused to be ~~[illegible]~~ caught ~~the leaves, like~~ & what he said trailed away up & up, like the story that clasped from one one book, always escaping ~~[illegible]~~, always breaking any stillness, leaving something dangling, uncertain. ~~And~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ is a shiver runs through ~~my~~ the clear, the serene, the perfectly orderly air. (For we have ~~[illegible]~~ ~~never had~~ always been making me ashamed when the bell rings to come down to the servants' lunch. Or this Evening, or my son Morris, my husband Morris, after three ~~[illegible]~~ long hours ~~[illegible]~~ with the men; & looking up from my sewing I see the ~~[illegible]~~ the lamps on the windows, or maybe a light from a passing car, & ~~then~~ begin thinking then of ~~something~~ ~~[illegible]~~ & irregular, & key of doorbells: of beyond dead people. They go Upstairs; they are not bound to each other.

& the ~~[illegible]~~ has ~~[illegible]~~ disturbed the ~~[illegible]~~ fitfully
aging memory, when I heard the lunch bell ring & thought bitterly
There is no morning the hour new. Life stands round me
like flies round some imprisoned red ~~in the~~

I hear uneasy cry: movement: ~~agonizing~~ There in drawing
room in London, men & women are being sucked round
the ~~[illegible]~~ of halls, drawn by ~~[illegible]~~ currents of hatred &
amusement, ~~[illegible]~~ twisted, distorted; &
are engaged in a violence of movement, ~~[illegible]~~ with
their minds driving them on, & making whirlpools.
There they dart & eddy; there they stay & ~~[illegible]~~,
on the surface far above me, who the gently circle,
round & round, stagnant, content, rather sequent &
apey before my time, ~~with [illegible] I who~~ and to
knitting, cleaning, for the most part perfectly
content. But something has escaped me.

Now the ~~air~~ substance wholly was gone even from those ~~[illegible]~~
from the innocently solid hills: warmed though, they seemed
made of grains of ~~[illegible]~~ colors, purple; & an ache to the
foot, hot, ready to engulf the walker. And yet
to their transiency, their mutability, ~~color~~ ~~which~~
for ~~they~~ the light travelled on, every moment, was
given some ~~[illegible]~~ thing of the ~~[illegible]~~ finality, ~~as if~~
of the immortal, the ~~[illegible]~~ reservoir of passing
generations; some flash from the sky of unearthly nature
as if the ~~[illegible]~~ austere guardian, outside the ring of
Earthly habitations had ~~[illegible]~~ ~~hung~~ some
unknown watchword; & yet ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~
was, ~~still~~ strangely ~~lovely~~; it was a dreadful;
ironical. And yet at noon it was so hot &
that the old tool house was sweet with smells of
mould; & where the gardener coat hung on a nail,
& the onions ~~hung~~ in the ~~[illegible]~~ iridescent skins,
~~[illegible]~~ glistening ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ the skin of the dead adder beside them.

agony like
wold
swathes
on the air

humanity of

it not.

even then

comfortably

I do not need a room anymore, mind Neville. I am ~~just~~ happy in the streets. One could swear, when the gates of the tube left open, that a ~~crowd of~~ troop of gentle & happy people poured out into ~~theatre~~ Leicester Square. ~~Look~~ This whole air to feel queerly for the moment without bitterness. I could say almost truthfully 'I love my friends.' ~~At any rate I am no longer poisoned & clouded I seem to myself to perceive every ill & shadow of their minds.~~ I look at them through ~~perfectly~~ clear water now. Oh, oh, we are not ~~to~~ ridiculous. We are not ~~cannot~~ arrogate to ourselves the powers of Judges — we'd better to laugh. This ~~time~~ to listen to reading Shakespeare. There's the fool: there's the villain. They ~~will~~ ~~it~~ act their parts; ~~o~~ almost before they open their lips I know what they are going to say, ~~yet it is~~ & herald the coming of the divine moment when, miraculously, the words ~~fall~~ break exactly what) divine. ~~I clap my hands~~ — I ~~laugh~~. Then a play without an end. They will talk be talking when I slip from the walls. Indeed, it was only a matter of sitting & listening; life has been ~~too far~~ far more a miracle than one was given to understand. by those saints divines who preached (from bulpits thick by haunted a rich chocolate brown) discipline wrath, & all ~~by my boy~~ ~~ah~~ the thumbscrews & tortures of the middle age ~~to these people~~. Here's the fine fellow: & here the pompous ass; & here Cassandra — Ophelia; here's some perfect nonentity, a ~~the~~ boy on a bicycle cocking his eye at a rotten Rogue. Also there are figures of damned people standing (like that man in front of Macaud on the Polia Court wall) their feet in fire howling.

Oh yes. I sometimes weep,

(I have secured I suppose something I wanted)

to this perpetual circus of

But it is delightful, when the wind fall into them [illegible] like balls billiard balls into pockets; ~~& to sit working~~ ~~[illegible] & to sit~~ when one comes in, ~~& perhaps then only~~ enough to make room in the corner of the ~~hard &~~ shabby sofa with the broken springs. ~~Then~~ She says..., jerking to the window — then he says... lighting his pipe. The door opens. He comes in. Look, I say... And the kettle boils over... ~~Some one~~ — & ~~this is~~ ~~[illegible]~~.

Jerking the book came in a kind of trance I had half a page of ~~the~~ anything. And then ~~there is the~~ they ~~again~~, & thus they modestly wrestle & fight, then old familiar, irreconcilable friends, with their ancient grievances, their indestructible endowed, & their disorderly energy; ~~so that only they not with~~ wrestle & fight; all the time like Shakespeare; & And the chief dancer dressed in her mother clothes. Or the long fights. Then in Shakespeare, without the words.

But now & again come some dreary throat — Lowes, Rhodes — ~~[illegible]~~ pause though, disconsolate, dreary. They ~~[illegible]~~ want a plot, do they? They ~~want they & happen~~? They want a reason? Imagine it is not enough ~~that there should be~~ for them to trace the invisible lines

(That are can make everything entirely ordinary dear.

Thalia

or make it flutter & jerk;

Charge them;

This not enough for them ~~to see that a~~ the ordinary scene ~~with it~~. This not enough to ~~see the~~ listen wait ~~for~~ the moment when the thing will be said, or sentence written; to watch the forms ~~come together~~, moulded, with each dab & line, heavy, fervent, as if a sculptor ~~with~~ slashed & ~~[illegible]~~ built; to ~~see~~ see in the air those ~~airy~~ any presences ~~the~~ those ~~astonishing~~ menacing, tender or ~~singularly~~ joyful, ~~which hover~~ — something which make ~~to those~~ like ~~me, who have never~~ to ~~[illegible]~~ hang about the edges of words, & make the words, & the ordinary jabbering deeper than any ~~that~~ philosophy, ~~more~~ stranger than any history; with always something more, too, further down further, until one thing dizzying. & charge them, so that ~~they~~ even ~~as they~~ ~~[illegible]~~; & make the ~~words~~ sentence so sensitive, ~~& so~~ radiant, often very ~~anxious~~; ~~but they~~ which give the sentence the curve of a boomerang; & which fill the air; which make the moment the unique, memorable ~~so as if it had never happened~~; or which hang about the edges of words. & make us see them, and hear them: are always

But how these seem known & known; ~~these seem~~ death. These seem made & made. Also, these heard what the faintest further music of ordinary life. I have watched the casual ~~moments~~ the hay carts breathing; & ~~then, also, for the casual day~~. And ~~what is~~ also, here, ~~among these~~ moving about freely among these old cronies, ~~[illegible]~~, years ago, ~~by~~ I am also ~~[illegible]~~ by talking & rubbing among these I the sky & centuries moving about in the undergrowth. And also then, if one does just look, like Lorna & Rhoda, to ~~[illegible]~~ sitting behind iron railings, ~~there~~ there are also moments of wild despair, when the years are flying, & the horses of laughter heavy transfixed fly a race

~~ah to~~ babies at the sea; trampling the weeds; ~~Nothing~~
~~then seem to~~ Are we to wait to wager a crown, and
when there is ~~laughter;~~ ~~&~~ old. All then should be restrained
as bone; all then should be ashamed. We should think only of
what ~~impression we are~~ making to be born yet to be born. And
whether someone is near abroad. And what figure we
should cut in the eye the ~~Global~~ public were then in the
room. ~~We should consider ourselves as to little limps in~~
we who do not know yet shall be alive tomorrow; who have
who are forever passing.

Not beneath the dignity of man to spend his days then.
These ties are sacred: these affection vain; these moments
contain nothing that serves the common weal.
~~This is the~~ Never better to set at day a make money.
Or to wear a gown. Or to wear a garter.
Yet merely to read ~~an~~ Shakespeare ~~reads~~ yes
to sit listening needs some rarer gift
than a kindness. To look into the pool, where all
glimmer & vanishing wants clear eye. ~~I better no~~
interpretation. ~~Always to shuffle~~ And when the
not to interpose. And to be sceptical. And to
throw our caution to the winds. And never to
interrupt or break the sentence. And to
know how, when the door shut, to create this
two ~~in to one.~~ And to perceive ~~how clear~~ what
dignity then wears. And to be dispassionate. And
to weep silently. And with keen knives to
cut away coarseness, cleanseness & all the dirty
that fakin bugs – its form, its sweets. And ....
to be able to follow some new face.

The money makers do not enter here. The tenhot has a brother thought.

They say that one must beat one's way against the storm in the belief that the sun belongs on a new land, fall there into grey heath, hedged with poplar trees: tall, ~~lifting into purest breeze~~; & there is truth, & ~~there the~~ ~~Exit there clean, there bare, there~~ ~~is~~ value. ~~& there~~ are ~~or the shapes which for some reason here, in our~~ ~~Chastity & Cloudy wonder~~ & unfraught; that there ~~are the~~ ~~that~~ ~~is~~ Exit is something entire ~~which~~ ~~a~~ shuffle along here, in the ~~storm & the state~~, in & out, up that turn, down this blind alley: absurd; Rhoda knew, with her such intuition, ~~like that~~ in such exit, like those fond ~~are the~~, which having the steamer, far out to sea; & Louis in his top room, ~~with his hand~~ shading ~~his eyes~~ his hand with his eyes & ~~would no~~ doubt welcome the ~~feel nothing but pleasure thought death come~~; & looks at her, though compelled, by the force of intellect, to ~~resume his fearful work~~ routing ~~out the Chaos of~~ out into incantatory the fanged stems of Eyeline.

But look at this. ~~I mean~~, the way where ~~somebody is~~ one hears the thing said in of that big wallow. One cannot even read a ~~often~~ book without effort. ~~I can assure you~~, the page is ~~rather~~ corrupt often. Words are missing. ~~To take certain meanings~~ ~~very difficult~~. One is often too tired ~~or too lazy~~ to understand ~~some~~ a metaphor. One must have done two with certain exhaustion, with certain jealousies. To read this page one must be all eyes: & afraid of nothing. Nor must one interrupt. And one must have infinite patience, & let the light sound, even yet were a shedding delicate feet, darkening in the tubes, or the chuckle of water in some darkening in the tubes, or the chuckle of water in some hope unfold her. For ~~how the~~ nothing will be

Lot. in the entering

to the parlor here (the way, who knows in some way the blind fanatics trees

Instead the way you

& Lobscure of flowers & leaves

Such deep pain!

a [illegible] who
[illegible]
the
~~the~~
~~[illegible]~~
all crash back
on ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible]
back, rolled
with roots,
seemingly.

repeated in fear or spite. ~~And~~ The poet who writes this particular scene has withdrawn ~~the~~ page. Here are no commas, no sticky colours. The lines do not run in convenient lengths. the verse is torn And there are violent interruptions; ~~when~~ the [illegible] and much their nonsense. And we shall only spoil the sense if we try to prove – ~~a poet, or~~ One must be sceptical. & throw our caution to the winds. And know how when the door opens to me whatever it is too. And weep silently. And with ~~keen~~ known cut away clumsiness & [illegible] And coarseness – & to be able to follow some new face. And even when the most silly conversation ah apropos ~~the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] or what somebody said or [illegible] goes forward, to puff with plenty & impenetrable paper word, phrases, parts of this [illegible] drama into their order. ~~together to make poetry~~. so that they come

~~And~~ ~~But Rhoda flew~~ together there; as if ~~Shakespeare~~ as in all down the page, in very difficult blank verse.

~~But~~ Why then should one fly to the north pole; why ~~should we look for beauty among statues~~ & ~~[illegible] groves? The child has put on a old~~ painting the thick leaves of the laurel?; & look for statues?

Yet ~~when~~ ~~for a moment when~~ Rhoda passed through the room, flying fast with the starry fanatical eyes of a bird who dreams of a gum grove in the middle of [illegible] flown over the roofs of the city; ~~I felt this has~~ ~~when the door [illegible] back. [illegible] has~~ [illegible] They She always [illegible] behind her hand to down. They were the conspirators. They ~~had their [illegible]~~ were

like people who have their orders given them in a sealed packet.

But for mystery I should be content would the fire burn for ever; ~~with it~~ how ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~bowed~~; like a dome now, now like a furnace in which some but glowed takes on the look of Crucifix; or now the log ~~has~~ scales, like ~~a dragon~~, of plumed scarlet. I could watch the ~~pattern on the~~ ~~Curtains~~ ~~turn red~~ the parrots on the curtains flying, & the fruit swell beneath their beaks. And ~~some one to~~ ~~or~~ I could ~~be for hours~~ ~~listening to the~~ for ever to the sounds in the house: with the audible sighs out the hinge & wind of the incessant wheels & cars; & they on way, come in; & then talk; & then laugh; & then more beautifully & clearly what the voices then read what you let. & then sleep me. Then who is that running up the stair?

like the coiled tail of a frigh.

like the chirp of an insect in some vast fire

Now the light had faded from the pool home well; the ~~to~~ adder skin hung there shrivelled & limpsy. The shade was stood in the corner, silver from the Earth. ~~Sun~~ ~~only here & there~~ The river was ~~silver, only~~ in that breadths; the river ran red, ran silver, & then ran into blackness, where the ~~grass, filled, Crouched trees~~ under the rain trees lie like ships at anchor, ~~only~~ The evening was falling; the waves beating, spread their weed fans over the shore smooth, reaching, & reaching into the caves, among the dead sea weeds, & withdrawing, ~~stood~~ ~~Curved their as~~ curved ~~that~~ the ~~they, the~~ but behind them other rose, & ~~made a green~~ other behind them, rolling, they immeasurable.

sending cold spray in manner through the caves, lightning & white shadows firing a few fish

ups & downs in & out

Now the ~~young~~ window hung. The red flashing glass which faded, & here & there a ~~light~~ ~~light~~ shaded pale light opened, sight; then another; ~~till~~ with a line they here in lines now, irregular; & opened two solitary among hills, & fields, where the ~~Now the sun went on the fields was~~ hills ~~for~~ Came together what a wind, huge, reels, made rain & wind blowing & closing, ~~red~~ what a wind, ran some sheep days back, or the cygn bed, ~~twist~~, rolling some branch, far away from the flock

Lights ~~being~~ rolled in harbours, & made long streaks in the like twelve poles for some ~~the~~ gala across harbours, where little boats lay too concealed in darkness.

& the yachts looked their sails, nobly acquiescent.
Then the last owl sailed no longer with the last
swift flight of the day but lingered without aim or
bounds, through the complex territories of night,
~~the~~ ~~the~~ when nothing and sweeping hedges, where the
bird slept, & the only lights were green fires in the
eyes of ~~prowling~~ cats, or ~~the stoats~~ badgers.

& the trees were remarkable & the

Now on some sobbing wave far out in mid ocean,
oneream of one star rolled; ~~lighting the~~ swaying
in solitary joy there, gleaming alone: the heart
could only some rock, crudely crashing.

And ~~sometimes~~ across the fields moved now a lantern, o
some soft travelling light, blunt & like a
wedge of gleaming drove a wedge of light
along the road. At the thorn edge,
where the rusty cliff fell, & the sea
sand its waters there were hardly any ~~dress~~
division; but an equal sigh, a murmur, pleaded
here on earth more student for blame brushed
their friends & brother by the foam, ~~we~~ & how
hollower, from cavern, from deep gulf in
the high. the moon. the irresistible the
tremendously piled waters of the racing
atlantic.

all was dark; & home ~~[illegible]~~
& lulled in a thousand starry hollows.

A sudden hand began pushing curtains so that they met in the middle of the window. & ~~pushing blue blinds in~~ drawing ~~the blinds~~ blind with one smooth ~~jerk~~ pull.

Also as if there were waves in the air,
Even in its stillness, darkness moved across,
unlike, ~~the~~ one wave blacker than the other, now
[silhouetting some tree against, or a house, or a hill]
unlovely ~~now~~ a some great mound, it might
be tree, a hill, or house. Like the waves of water
round wreckage, in ~~the~~ washing by the ribs of a
ship, or some sunk steamer lying with its
~~with its funnels~~ on the bed of the sea, ~~and~~ its
funnels the home of fish,. ~~the~~
Here it washed down steep, ~~as~~ ~~where some~~
Eddying round single figures ~~lying~~ standing under walls;
& couples clasping ~~as~~ each other as it
under the showering darkness of the tree; or how it
rolled its wave along grassy ~~round~~ ridge;
wrinkles upon the skin of ancient turf,
Swelling the solitary thorn tree; & then
mounting higher slowly along the bare
upland slopes. & then rising, it met the
shadowed hemmadon ~~of~~ this mountain top, the
high shored icy & polar where the ~~sea~~
snow waves, ~~where~~ which are white when the
valleys are full of ~~sea~~ ~~mist~~ & rainy weather, &
the ~~bracing~~ gusts, retiring in the verandahs look up
~~Fancy~~ to them shading ~~to~~ high their faces;
~~the~~ ~~from~~ there lies the darkness
~~overflowed, covering~~ covered.

hanging over the parachute of a bridge's

under the lacy shadow

1930
April 7th

I do not know ~~where I am, nor who I~~
altogether where I am, said Bernard. ~~whether this table is~~ which
of the many little white tables with plants & knives & bottles
this one is; ~~I that must have sat at many thousands~~.
That ~~wound~~ may be the sound of traffic, or again it In the street
~~may be this may be a little restaurant~~ Might the Mediterranean
~~may be~~ lapping in some quay; & the Jardine boats may be into things
lapping a heap of silver fish ~~on the sand. onto the quay~~
So far as my 'self', ~~that too has taken many million shapes.~~
has been ~~so often~~ made & remade ~~again that I am~~
so often that I ~~begin~~ scarcely know it. I ~~have~~ seldom
attempt to ~~look at it now. Moreover, as I am one~~
detach it now from its surroundings.

But when I meet somebody, a young as you are, &
almost unknown, then a curious phenomenon
sometimes takes place. I behold Bernard, myself, at
~~different stages, shining~~, who is not quite myself plum
but does at a bench, shining here & there in the
welter of circumstance: he seems to consolidate
himself, & to be Bernard the child, Bernard the boy,
Bernard in love; ~~but~~ more often I am
~~But~~ At these moments, if I had a pencil handy —
a shutter rattling I could ~~make~~ draw a plan of
~~a my life, as it would~~ the universe ~~human existence~~. I say
I start up there; this line, myself, ~~makes a~~
proceeds to swell, here & here, into large
loops, so that my line begins to resemble a bunch of
grapes: each loop, ~~representing~~ a new
cosmos sung or ~~map~~ of the world, sprouting on the
thin single line. ~~Only~~ my life; an irregular

in a world of vivid but disembodied features;

to hang over the trumpet - well a metaphor for
those some silver shining & immortal God. Mr he
who is the Centre of these groups: he who presides &
Causes these contradictory waves to circle round him.
~~He was indeed a very nice little boy.~~ Look at him now.
There is a child robbing behind a hedge with her
handkerchief screwed up in a ball. Remark
~~reaction to that moment was benign,~~ & felt this
(& you know how such feelings strike into tragedy whatever
their surroundings may be - a walk, a hedge)
How very odd how the human back works up & down
like a hump handle, in ~~moments~~ But which ~~to~~ I
tried - to get the exact phrase (I cannot remember an ge
when) did not try to get the exact phrase, ~~which~~ a
habit that won me the reputation of coldness - you see, an
phrases) ~~he - he - I am 'he' tragedy~~ - he felt too,
O wretched mortals, compelled thus to endure what none
can avert. ~~In those first after revelations~~ of
no phrasing can catch the sublimity of that revelation.
Grown men felt no more than ~~to~~ did. The The Scene
Change. We are now sitting on an enormous city
high ~~hill~~ alone ~~under high~~ ~~as alone together~~. ~~whole men~~
with long brooms sweep a lawn. ~~I was became~~
~~unknown of them, became my~~ What all the
beauty & tragedy of the past. I see the gardeners
sweeping & I know that Hannot will have with a
single stroke of their brooms. There is also a lady
whom for some reason I have always called Mrs Jannet,
waiting at a table between two long windows.
We clutched each other hands & looked at that scene.
What I felt was, in very strange that one should feel so
much. ~~What~~ How very important to assert one's control over
feelings. I suppose, or one will loose one's self possession.

My sense of pity & tragedy
Volume
and.
We are doomed we are doomed we are strapped to something wheel.

& there is no falsity I dread more, nothing that humiliates me
more. We therefore ran down the hill, hand in hand.
The stable clock still there for me, with its gilt hands, its
~~go~~ the knocking about of a boy in great stable boots under
hose. Did I mistake love & fear! – did I even feel the
first sensations of sexual excitement? Well I saw a
pigeon; & no doubt my phrase was a love poem:
no doubt whenever any sound becomes loud enough to
knock a hole in our mind, one is in love. But with what?
I think that on that occasion I was in love with
being alive enough to feel contempt of death. ~~Then~~
~~That was~~ screwed up, the wet trotted handkerchief ~~still~~
~~that~~ put my teeth on edge.

I have fallen in love all my life; but not always with human beings.

You see we were all born within earshot, ~~their~~
~~little group~~, Jinny ~~Percival~~, Susan, Neville, Rhoda & I.
I do not include Percival as you would understand if
you had not behaved badly in chapel. ~~He was without any~~
~~trace of an aura~~. He had the kind of beauty which
~~resolutely~~ defends itself from any careless. And as he
was not particularly clever; he was ~~very~~ much
slower than the ~~rest of us~~ in especially the revolts of
youth. He read the Imitation a third with perfect ~~un~~
~~The of Jones's poems refers to the garden~~ – the stainless
first; He ~~wanted~~ I think he had ~~the kind of~~ look
the infinite a up in school ~~walls~~ chapels liberally.
Chry that is written ~~in~~ ~~school walls~~ Lucy's ~~incredibly~~
He ~~was probably to love with~~ ~~Lucy~~ ~~his~~
Flaxen ~~seemed~~ to him the height of human beauty
Her height did not offend him.

Inhabitants of the same garden.

(One of Jones's poems describes old nurse & her house pay for lemon & chocolate cake)

But ~~both here~~ – I have found myself in difficulties,
Jane falling about ~~in Jinny~~ rather in the dark for some
Way of expressing Now, James, (whom I met for the
first time last night) ~~begins for a moment~~ ~~pulling my~~ & ~~pulling~~
give me the assurance that you will ~~shoulders~~ ~~my~~
next leap into the dark – if I make a wild
Dart, at time, like a plummet ~~pulling~~ ~~leaping off~~

& there is no folly I dread more, nothing that humiliates me more. We therefore ran down the hill, hand in hand. The stable clock still shines for me, with its gilt hands, & the knocking about of a boy in great stable boots with a hose. Did I make love to Susan! — did I even feel the first sensations of sexual excitement? Well I saw a pigeon; & no doubt my phrase was a love poem: no doubt whenever any sound becomes loud enough to knock a hole in our mind, one is in love. But with what? I think that on that occasion I was in love with being alive enough to feel contours of death. ~~Things~~ ~~that are~~ screwed up, like wet pocket handkerchiefs ~~that~~ ~~which~~ put my teeth on edge.

I have fallen in love all my life; but not always with human beings.

You see we were all born within earshot, ~~this~~ ~~little group~~, Susan ~~Percival~~, Louis, Neville, Rhoda, & I.

inhabitants of the same garden.

I do not include Percival as you would understand if you had sat behind him in chapel. ~~He was without any~~ He had the kind of beauty which ~~…~~ ~~of his own charm~~. ~~resolutely~~ defends itself from any caress. And as he was not particularly clever; he was ~~very~~ much slower than the ~~rest of~~ ~~to~~ in expressing the revolts of youth. he read the inscriptions on school walls with perfect ~~to~~ ~~One of Louis's poems refers~~ ~~to the garden~~ — the stoneless fruit — ~~He would~~ I think he read ~~the kind~~ of such the inscriptions a thing that is written up in school chapels liberally. He ~~was probably in love with~~ Lucy's ~~this inevitably~~ seemed to him the height of human beauty. Her flaxen pigtails did not offend him.

(one of Louis poems describes old men & he shows pity for lemon & chocolate (cre)

But ~~look here~~ — I now find myself in difficulties, rather in the dark for some ~~same feeling about the same~~ way of expressing. Now, James, (whom I met for the first time last night) ~~better for a moment~~ follow me ~~understand my~~ give me the assurance that you will if I make a wild next leap into the dark — holding ~~beating~~ them apart — off dart, at times, like a fisherman

Suddenly the time comes when me that ~~what~~ I am not, as
you would you will know from the tone of my voice
that Percival was very ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ dead. When that important
some new element to my story? To me, vagrant & I am -
vagabond, I have long learned to congratulate anything. Begin
decent behaviour usually fr. ~~[illegible]~~ happy however, in
telling the story of my life, an absurd belief. Comes over me -
such as a mariner must have, should it have fortune to
current two story be it. ~~It is that nothing could have~~
~~happened differently.~~ Seems terribly

the garden; the fruit without a stone. There we played.
It has also disturbed the old nurse, whose great orange
turned from lemon colour to chocolate brown ~~& went~~ as it poured
showers of water trickling down her skin. We were
all born within earshot, Neville, Susan, Jenny,
Louis, Rhoda & I — but ~~discovered~~ ~~discovered~~ by
every horrible difference. I do not include Percival, as
you would understand if you had just behind him in
Chapel. He had the kind of beauty which depends itself
from any cares. And as he was not precocious, I
expect that he read whatever was written up for our
Edification without any comment; a thought,
with that magnificent innocence which was to preserve
him intact from so many humiliations &
meannesses, that Lucy's blazon lightness & pink bow
were the height of female beauty.

~~I could tell you how~~ The headmaster went ~~[illegible]~~ lumbering
along the corridors in the reading desk of a ~~[illegible]~~
ship in a high sea. ~~But~~ I ~~could tell~~ you ~~a thousand~~ and ludicrously
~~stories of~~ his odd ~~[illegible]~~ habits in authority acquired habits.
But what do you think Percival made of it? — ~~what~~
of that inscription, ~~on which was written~~ how did he read
the very complex & contradictory text which is presented to
the jury; to make what sense they can of — Lucy, or the
pee outside, here a brain like brown benevolence, the round
of the vanity humps, little boys nudging each other, or
the immortality of the soul? ~~Percival read his~~

He was to be a man of action. It died young. But if
he had lived, undoubtedly his name would have
been blended by a great ~~[illegible]~~ many obscure Indian,
half caste, down-trodden race; & the rumour would have
reached of the great Englishman, ~~riding~~ who
rode in a red helmet; of the just & fearless lawgiver: of
And he would have acquired some quite ordinary
perhaps disreputable nickname. & yet without middle life
he would certainly have shocked all those in
authority.

of heat & cold
down on them.

of mind & temper.

battleships in a gale of wind.

His least words were thought a sign of genius madness. At best we were noting

Sir, I need not say,
We observed of course the regular habits of the headmaster & his
wife. Louis was a very good boy but not brilliant. He was
morose & sarcastic. Neville floated in an indolent haze
like a piece of thistledown, haunting the fancy corner of the
playing field. His immunity from criticism was due
largely chiefly to his perfect ~~manners~~ tact; a his astonishingly
mature taste. At fifteen he was an accomplished man of
letters. The little Jude grew long leg tails &
acquired that lock of tousled locks which is alone so
pathetic & so ridiculous. Jenny was the first to
come toddling up to the gate to eat sugar. She lifted it
off the palm of your hand very cleverly: but her ears were
laid back as if she might kick. ~~And~~ Rhoda was
cold always ~~very cold~~. Rhoda one could never catch.
~~Or~~ It was ~~with~~ Jerry who first taught me the joy of tenderness.
pleasures of love. Therefore, ~~Classics~~ ~~first of all~~ ~~I~~ ~~decorate~~ his
She was born to be the adored of hearts ~~to~~ Poets require
security before all things. She had eyes like ~~an~~
blue black ice - There are perhaps springs that
freeze stagnant in a hundred years. And then the
vast dewing. Could she have been making clothes
for her lost born when she was ~~before~~ ~~the~~ ~~was~~ ~~an~~ ~~altar~~? ~~The~~ ~~was~~ even
~~heppag~~ ~~laying~~ offerings on the shrine of her adoration?
And I was the lost & petty unworthy object of those
~~ralding~~ tears. It was on my face that the frozen
spring fell. Drop after drop. ~~The~~ ~~lord~~ ~~on~~ ~~a~~ them
was in a rambling house with all the doors open; &
clothes & shutters, so that he father whose duties
must have been meagre, spent his time getting
~~up~~ to shut them. One heard him early in the
flapping slippers all over the house. There were
lots of servants: a maid who sang as she
shovved round the handle of the sewing machine.
But meanwhile, I was ~~reading~~ Byron. My ideal

Many were think into books intended.

therefore were to ~~think~~ come into a room ~~also~~ & fling down my gloves & riding whip on a chair. ~~Naturally, Juan did~~ I would romance above all things. Juan always pay to the book care correspondingly to have another rip of Byron. Therefore of course, when a lady who is new the standing the of many little brewers, leaf over a hedge, narrowly missing the hay cart in which Juan ~~Juan~~ conducting my Aunt to church, ~~I at one~~ ~~the Jan boarder~~ exploded. Even ~~my college friends~~ Words letter & letter, & letters. ~~And~~ Juan unhappy with an unhappiness that it makes me ~~Glad to think of when, after that Morning work~~ — the horse blazed a large heart in my love affair: & Words: I arrived mud-splashed in the drawing rooms late in the evening. The Colonel his father behaved with the greatest Consideration. And the Child blue ~~letter~~ ~~in which~~ ~~Juan expressed her~~ written on a cheap ~~the~~ paper in which Juan disliked her agony were Crucified away almost once hurriedly read. One accidentally mourned. But could I have rolled back forty years, I would have taken the next train to his home & offered my ~~hand~~ absolutely: all in vain.

Concurrently with this, ~~Exit another self.~~

Meanwhile Louis ~~had~~ discovered ~~that~~ the Laxity of all this. I do not know what age he was when his father died, but he was much older, mentally, ~~than~~ Running you eye over him you would not see it: but his mincing manner, seem to which seem to disfigure something; ~~no perhaps his~~ ~~Origin~~ proves that he. He was not much poorer than many people: but his hands always seem tied up in rags to become a chilblain. The point was that if you met a bank clerk in a bollycock hat, you must at once do homage to the — I hesitate to find the word; but life is supposed to be lived by such a one: Earlier: Clearly: his little wheels are oiled; they run round. ~~You forget~~ In a room full of bank clerks one would hear a hum like that of bees: & if one were Louis

one would say that's the bloomsbury. He would suck in the only smell. Indeed the floor was scattered with bus tickets all the better. He particularly liked mean streets in manufacturing towns, where the women hop stop about all day in their shawls, carrying beer mugs. There was a drunken brawl — indeed, I am strong the impression that Louis was insincere in the way that I am — (when my Byron tone was done. He became a young man in Dostoevsky) the his integrity is above reproach. Therefore when Louis met me, idling my time away under those willows, where I was ~~wont~~ used to be, all the summer, studying ~~my~~ that's what I then stuffed into old books, his presence acted as a rebuke. I was unpleasant alone about his mittens. I drew attention to his chilblains. ~~That's~~ Youth is cruel, intent young habit for his own identity. But when he let hunting down when an oran seat cushion, or (but here I may exaggerate) spread a square of mackintosh upon the grass, I pricked my ears to protect himself from chills. I must give myself the credit of generosity: I made a screen of neat hats in the grass: I must have burned boxes of best matches, belonging to Louis

Louis who exclaimed one moment at them wheeling & vanishing years. His hands always seemed to be tied up in rags because of chilblains. He formerly got mincing — a strange combination. I was of course unfashioned about his mittens. I drew attention to his chilblains. Good in Good because it must do better for his own identity. But to I idled ~~I was idling my time away~~ ~~lying under the willows~~ ~~idling my time away I was~~ But when he let himself down upon an even seat cautiously, or spread, & so not ungracefully, a mackintosh square upon the grass, I had the generosity to salute his integrity & buried boxes of burnt matches in neat holes in the turf at his feet. His hand in Cambric Tayne approved my modesty. my sophistication by with ~~talk of~~ ~~the came from~~ the gypsy & coily factoriness & fascinated ~~my imagination~~ with his rather wordy imagination; his friends were bank clerks. ~~His life was an affair of making entries accurately~~; he was ~~dis-Mystered~~ grain; & ~~which he thought~~ his words turned to hard bullets, ~~take wound shot~~; falling down-Tower like wound shot. The walls shooted up as they fell. But the was the tent to approve my such descriptive phrases which to you do duty for ~~Incantation~~, It was thus, ~~with his~~ ~~a~~ ~~with a few wood~~, then that I found myself partially at least from my study; ~~perhaps~~, as I lay under the willows; & then that I saw forms in the green branches, in a vision; which ~~was helped to consolation~~ ~~but~~ ~~But of course~~, ~~but~~ ~~But~~ since I am not one of those who can enjoy loneliness, a fatal defect of this you ambition to cast phrases in iron — mine never last a day — they are pushed by any breath — I smoked the helps of Neville, who was happy; & with his

expressed my wishes.

and the tree that pushed up like flower cen,

help. for he was not by any means capable of serious
attention without laughing, so for my moment that
~~Thursday was intelligent~~ & humane laughter which
~~it made, no doubt, in order not merely to exist as a~~
~~momentary understanding of another point of view; but~~
~~to become~~ gave a look to the ~~[illegible]~~ conflation, &
I heard while they talked, at cross purposes, the soft incessant
contradictory sounds of traffic in the high street. A
girl on a bicycle seemed to vanish behind a curtain,
letting a white edge to disappear into a
world of confused sounds; ~~to~~ & so to round off, to my
private understanding, a
I suddenly see those willows through Rhoda's eyes.
I look along the line she plans. The moment, which
Louis precipitated, & Neville wounded, & the girl
bicycle deepened, in my private ear, now hung so
substantially before me that I could detach myself
(I am capable of extraordinary detachment — here
almost more curiously to see what other people see
than the they really) ~~The was then~~
~~not~~ be felled with curiosity to know what R hoped
made yet [The was then a girl; awkward, lanky,]
~~the human race was~~ great. What extraordinary
~~the large~~ fear ~~[illegible]~~ wavered & her dusky like some tiger wild
that antelope that hence, lay pricked, to smell the
wind, in her grey startled dreaming eyes!
Who have never known a moments rhythm — I who
find all the expert thy in the world to pass under the hen
any ~~curtain~~ into the brute being, event, professional,
say, every day word. The willow, the willow —
it burst my twig root & hearth upon the eye.
Now I think upon some grey detail: ~~whose a~~
~~single bird warbles~~ jaw, with a single bird singing
passionately on a ~~[illegible]~~ withered tree. For

that flick with his adroit ✓ who

much at cross purposes with those cut phrases, with those values like Vicarys,

certain into any word

flesh & blood. She had less gift than any of the children of men. The arm withered of the hooked claw; all of the war of brain became to her the fathing of a dream over works.

Louis then ~~said to her, called her stone,~~ recognized in her glorious, her own terror become visible. He was allied to her by contempt & pity; such the two together & those thrusts up, a whole, a timeless, an ~~blazing flame.~~ unquenchable flame. He saw the flame bend & bow & yet burn with its furious

Her war of the human race. ~~weighing with love,~~ ~~her~~ led her to simplicity & enlarge, so that instead of the face with its ~~features,~~ ~~such to her so terrifying,~~ eyeless features, the raw city marks, ~~naked but~~ blank as stone, & standing flashed about in gloves. Louis recognized in her as come his own terror become visible. And the hair of them with ~~their jewellery~~ then became conspirators against our muddy world, with its small curiosities, e. mysteriousness, intrigues. redey thus & like crusaders; but often ~~at loggerhead~~ fancy their weapons, & ~~both were formidable~~ upon each other. Then add

wounding

Jening.

The heavily wa of the rash had jammed & let ~~breaks a~~ a little flame break. That was the fire in the rash; blinded of flossness, but hot with its hurts, its cruelty its daring its agility, wildness & heat.

So through her eyes for a moment I saw the yellow two.
I saw them in scheme intricacy & clarity. as if set were
cut out when your Grey sand with the brother hitter a
with the sand drifted about it. lost
Then Jenny came. with a flap & flame like one stem
yellow crinkled hoppers, earthy & hot & ~~red~~
~~warm and~~ febrile somehow with the ~~the~~ thirst ~~& heat~~
& eagerness like (always ~~there~~ phase flitting
branching in my mind) ~~the~~ for ~~life~~; I imagine that in
~~hot crackle~~ little flame ~~see~~ go zig zagging over the cracks in
the earth. So, ~~at~~ the made the moment dance;
So the made it flicker with allusion. ~~intimacy,~~
~~intrigue, passion,~~ flicker with wonderful, silks, hot
that the
Eveys. laughter streets, whether. embraces, & that
restlessness which urges one on, from room to room,
So the moment ~~thus~~ initiated by Louis,
& touched here & there by Neville, by Rhoda &
Jenny, formed & fell; ~~but~~ ~~for~~ it thus that we are
impelled to those actions which are most characteristic.
Then that we decide, when we have opened our minds
most widely to impressions, & seems to me
that I thereupon jump from the ground, impelled by the
sense that I had completed some ~~hard~~ ~~of my education~~ ~~made~~ prayer,
first stage of my meditation. Then drop, finally weighted by
some thing in myself. fell to the ground.

(What would you say, by the way, if I
told you that Rhoda had a father, or that ~~Jean~~,
Neville's ~~uncle~~ lived in a particular street?
If I dared when on 'want'; or if I discussed
~~the~~ my own medicament with the girl?
Did not marry after all?)

for ~~they~~ lost
Each
death

Contents,
restless,
intimacy
endeavour

by something
peculiar to
myself,

strange little scraps of dialogue remain to me, which are almost incomprehensible. Old iron, old iron, old iron, chain & hartshorn to mend ... & other street cries. A dream of high flying bank & two dim figures. I assure you that ~~for~~ many years of our lives nothing remains but a dream & a street cry. By setting my reason to work I can ~~how does tell you that~~ decipher some three or four crabbed inscriptions, over that a wrung pocket handkerchief or two.

Now then, we come to London. I could give you little that Rhoda's father was w-a w; that Neville had worn a particular shirt. I could describe Louis in great detail. But, in fact, I knew them in quite another way. ~~In the~~ At first, when we were very young, I knew them, as I have had to say, by their share in making my moment change shape & twinkle differently; ~~my self, my~~ ~~Then, some thing~~ ~~& I to quicken the grain of self in me~~ but I cannot say that ~~then~~ the moment was memorable because, at last, I myself, ~~dropped into it~~ made it fall. put what drop into made it

I rose from the ground & walked away. I stared into shop windows with unseeing eyes, & bought things I had no desire for — for instance a portrait of ~~Mr~~ Brahms in a silver frame. I then became that young man in Dostoevsky who sits with dun-coloured fingers drinking tea, fearing his hair-pinkness (the one mean, & I wish not describe him; because I could not now do so without laughter. Is this the right plan to introduce my love ~~[illegible]~~ story? Even already will ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ away down that long avenue, which has risen beside my visible street life, & is now so very close that I can remember there

Enter Way

when the lady bores me at dinner. A turn or two with some
~~Eighteenth Century~~ ~~Eighteenth~~ ly talent, or a book, is a
great ~~ad~~ advantage. I can now walk up & down as
familiarly among both as any man. I have gone my
well known tracks: the grass is worn away wherever I
tread. Then I ~~come back~~ & make love & conversation & Psycho-
logy. All roads go James; & I have settled some problem
again leaps up in my thinking (say about a chamber) that I started & thought I had
but to return.

The way I knew Henrietta & Jane & the rest was
not by any means by their home or aunts, or
professions. (sometimes) did not see them for months.
I became a haunter, a stroller, a flâneur, a gibbet, with
my ill-ordered, undescriptive way of life, always
never making plans, or purpose, because of I had a
philosophy, I have been careful to avoid one, is
even that whatever happens is best. Any attempt to
regulate, or to discriminate seemed to me then
a ~~form of~~ blasphemy. — ~~to~~ ~~to~~ perhaps, ~~to~~ so was.
~~to~~ so presumptuous! & faith weak often!

Therefore I cannot tell you ~~anything~~ ~~exactly~~
~~except that I can~~ in what order & what stages:
who saw what, when. But I can tell you
what any ~~this also~~ detail, ~~that~~ about love. That
is convenient to call things ~~love~~ by some
name, even if it is incorrect.

~~I was love~~ Perceive 'loved' Jane; Jane 'loved' me;
I 'loved' ~~on the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ the girl
who ~~then expected~~ ~~[illegible]~~ the young lady, fr.
who is what, when the young man talks. The talks vague —
vague. We all suffered.

Or the divine order of commandments

friendship
That seed of sensuous love, which is sown early in youth, when
at maybe, I have tried to express, with something informed in
~~lost in progress of forming in us,~~ ~~us~~, to that ~~we become~~
part of our friends in us, we ~~then went on to know~~
were then of course separated by streets, met ~~with~~
irregularly, but streets come between & Swan a
I became a rambler, a haunter, a philosopher ~~with~~ whose
creed was to accept; not to plan; I do not think I even made
an engagement for March or February. This of course streets
got between us; & ~~But~~ ~~Stud~~ ~~we knew each other, not by professions &~~
~~towns~~; but often it was impossible to ~~walk from~~ cross Hyde
Park. ~~Yes~~ We knew each other not by professions & houses;
but for that is absurd; that is only acquaintanceship; but
~~as one dot~~ by the way ~~we~~ ~~would adopt an attitude as he~~
helped himself to whisky; ~~as & are going~~ by the way
Neville rumpled his hair. accent; ~~tones~~ of phrase; dined. cards,
the ~~phrase~~ & certain moments of courage, cowardice;
~~certain habitis; but~~ clingy on a touch ~~to~~ let in a love;
~~& generally the talk went on, as if there~~ all the same
~~degree of darkness~~ when nobody else noticed. This
~~Proven centuries implacably~~; brother, illuminating; &
& all this is ~~transmuted in a great~~ centuries of form
lightly, accompanied by that tremendous steady
current has certain stream or chorus, in
which are that crew & dream & ~~all so~~ we
fabricating perhaps insane, & so as wallowing
drowsy ~~gently~~ ~~to~~ taking a few words, ~~who~~
in a deep semi-civilised tenacious life; even
those who work & do to share, that is t
express everything. ~~Very~~
~~Here are~~ ~~Of course~~ There were ~~three~~.
Here is Susan's. We brought the
love scenes.
Jug with a smash to the floor. On every side

Piccadilly Circus.

Girls displays of wh. the other were unknown.

the landscape seemed to thrust away, as after a lightning flash. One night week has seen a the tide go free thrown. The milk streamed over the table, i collecting chalyn a hood, then fell in separate drops. ~~A bird flew beat the window.~~ (The was ~~Heatwave has sage~~ (I have blended ~~her age~~ her ~~Jay~~ several scenes into one.) The robbed, reverting to her youngest, most childish days; with such an absence of consciousness that the might have been healthy like a child whose eye is suddenly seized by something outside the window. ~~They~~ The then, Collulo hurly; the then rose; the then Compressed hurly, as if married; the had Children.)

And Sherlle ~~merely robed.~~ The ~~said~~ walked like an adder, ~~murmuring such~~ was very witty, was feather; talked i talked, deep into the night; & then, threw up he had, lay back robby in his arm chair: Jenny was mistress of every how. There was ~~the sugar~~; then was the cage; ~~the fat~~ altogether, with a wheel of yellow feather a the edge of the cage. The tapped the Jenny was the mistress ~~of the art of bone~~ ~~of every~~ art. The hammered with her beak on the sugar; a the flicked her tail feather, was off in an circle of yellow i back agn, tapping tiger, intensely wrong of the cage; Rico of yellow fire - the flashed; perking he blue head the way i that ~~rustcolor~~ has ~~And her dad Rhonda has~~! ~~And~~ Rhonda, ~~Rumsey~~ ~~up to~~ visited Louis late at night.) do not Knew how ~~they~~ loved; ~~I can only hear~~ I think the must have least out of the window. I think the must have blended to some voice ~~which the~~ rising —

whether it was the lady practising next door, or an Arabian nightingale it did not matter. Some unremembered sound allured her curious ear to him — he sang of the desert, he, which I dare replied, in his accent, his professional manner, for though he loved her (I dare say they were the most amorous passionate eyes at all) he never lost his sense of hard dealing ~~and when hard~~ which required him to reduce our ~~to~~ disorderly words to a few lines of profound poetry.

And now for my sketches of time I remember nothing but vast areas & broken dreams: half finished sentences. Such inconsequent incidents as ~~the face of the old lady~~ ~~fast~~ they met in trains, as men met in the smoking rooms of East Country inns; & a very few landscapes, (ma) never go out for a walk ~~in order to~~ or notice the particular hedge ~~that~~ or

Me ~~as which~~ I for see me sitting between two well dressed women at dinner, with my wine glass, & the ~~wand letter~~ crumbs & napkins, that I had abandoned my self to a chopped up, disorderly, ~~disconnected life~~ life. I can hear the worn uniform in which I would think of me raw the cab-horses about London, the changing my socks in the cab-envelopes — & my cracked pumps — that I had abandoned any attempt ~~&~~ such as we all make — yet even, the pot behind the counter in the bar. Perhaps — to rise above our station; & to carry a godlike view, ~~under the the shade of hands~~ when our ~~lot. Both, a~~ to whatever, only to wonder, I now begin to

& to cast an eye over the globe.

Only I am an intermittent thinker. I do not say my mind punctual.

But even I one day said walking down Chancery Lane,
watching the motor omnibus, I could not feel
this extraordinary exaltation, so that though I hear a little
noise I am also in a very silent place, & what I see though so
loud, is yet remote. Indeed, these symbols (I had made bad
love to marry a girl & Gaby angry at. Yet at this moment)
show that I am ~~at last most~~ have ~~at last~~. Indeed I
~~were capable of~~ I had naked ~~some Cartoons~~
~~were about to make a phrase~~, ~~Cont. Conformity~~
~~some understanding~~ ~~& was a pitchine. I said, each of these~~
~~lovers, &~~ I — & how ah my friends handed me the
~~keep afterwards~~ their lovers, & I perceived one common
flowers which, then, flowered my way. I saw. Look
at the black, look at the hawthorn. But I saw
every flow wear this garland on its heart. We
sing, we faulty & rancorous, sing — either like flow
sing, we faulty & rancorous, sing — either like flow
smaly, we with joy, or hearty with derision
ridiculous, we revolt; a family alone at an altar
wondrous, we think. Are we then so much
separate as we think I said? Are we not
tufts, incoherent, partly upside, partly on chairs
and a letter on napkin Jack? Or is this not
a drummy h he heard (like that in a fairy city in the
sat) or like that wh. there whole make? I
asked myself when were not some Cartoons
(he you with horsehead. I see the wind in
long flowers — regularly the man head
like the Jackson brown — & the
Ocean) (April 12th)
1930