The Waves.

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Rodmell

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"It now becomes clear to me, said Bernard, "here at College, where the pressure of life is so extreme, where my lips are often too wet with talking it becomes clear to me, especially at a moment like this — when I have just left a crowded room full of people, that I differ from other people in that the disparity between my public self & my private self is unusually great. I am a room full of tobacco smoke & pipes & chairs & the fire — & the stone steps ring with my solitary footsteps & I behold the moon rising with a certain indifference, at the end of an ancient chapel, — it now becomes clear that I differ chiefly from other people because of some disparity between my public self who is so assertive & my private self who is so secretive. That is what they do not understand — for they are now discussing me. They do not understand that I am abnormally aware of having a great deal of it on purpose. My sympathies are easily aroused. I am abnormally aware of circumstances. I am aware perhaps to a dangerous extent of what poor Jimes was talking about the humble on the end of his nose. He was talking that his chances of making a good impression on Betty Jackson were as indeed they were — poor. (This I put to the test of my lungs — I am not dreaming merely.) Thus curious are situations, & I said what I did say

& the arches ring with my ~~lost solitary~~

bubbling & central

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with that end in view. "But joined to the remarkably of a women") am quoting my own biographer "he had the common sense, shall we call it, of a man!" Now the people who make a rough impression & that on the mass a good are — because, as they are vagrant, for a changeable man is disturbed, are those who keep their Equilibrium in mid stream. Canon, Lycett, Pelen, Hawkins, Neville — fish in midstream. But you understand, for my self who always comes to call, & that would be a harrowing exercise to call, & for no self to come — that would indeed make the midnight hollow — & explain the experience ~~which are~~ ties on the lucky gold men in clubs) they have given up calling) for I understand that I am only imperfectly represented by the what I was saying to night; underneath & wherein, at the same moment, I am entirely integrated. Disintegrated = seeing some principle & sympathizing with his predicament: Integrated = sitting in my hole like a toad in a rock & ~~being merely~~. Very few of you have the double capacity as strongly as I have. Lycett for one believes in running after hares. Hawkins had spent a most enchanted afternoon in the Library (I met him coming out) Pelen his reported — I think wrongly — has his young lady at ~~the all Cigar shop~~ ~~Gordon~~ in the tobacconists shop. You are all ~~Sagge~~ engaged — involved — drawn in: I doubt that that will ever happen to me. In my case something remains ~~unattached~~ Wholly unattached.

For example, ~~I am to~~ as a proof of my ~~authority~~ ~~not~~ susceptibility to influence, & my I have only to introduce into my own room, ~~a light~~

the stem & robes scarcely

you know where to have him,

nobody come

receiving whatever comes.

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& to me by table, with a shawl or shawl ~~or a~~ & a gown
carelessly thrown over a chair to ~~[illegible]~~ be hemmed with the
closer, with the delicious carelessness of being able now to
work that letter, which) brought this morning. (It is
Mohetrow.) am now in the mood. I was wrong to sit
down deliberately. It must have ~~to~~ simple medicated book.
It must seem to be dashed off in a hurry. I have
that the mind get the impression that though he — this is
not merely — is writing in a tearing hurry, he is ~~writing~~
with intimacy not writing as he would to another man.
There must be some subtle ~~sug~~ suggestion of intimacy &
subject. Yet this to be kept very light. I shall have
Lady ~~without~~ ~~this~~ as if I were talking from one
thing to another. I shall describe the service for the man
who was drowned; so to Mr McWatt & her family
history; & so to some reflects, apparently casual, but
full of prosperity, about some book I have been
reading (perhaps criticising a play written in an
apparently casual way) ~~He will remember~~
want her to say, ~~[illegible]~~, as she is brushing her hair,
as she is putting out the candle. ~~& say~~ "Where
did I read that?" this the speed, this the
dark, this the ~~apparent~~ hot molten effect, as if
everything were tumbling into place made that I want. He —
Yes, this Byron I am thinking of. A ~~of~~ sip of
Byron will help to put me in the mood. Let
me read a bit. No, this is dull; this is too
better. Now I am getting the hang of it — his
speed, his ~~to~~ ~~But I c~~ Yes I ~~follow~~
I ~~am now~~ I have now only to ~~take up~~ work in
that rhythm. And get it full flat. I will
force it before out. I can't get up steam enough to

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carry me over the next transition. And if I begin to re-write it, it will be hammered, artificial; I will write the letter after breakfast to-morrow.

Now, ~~the first~~ ~~let me think of her~~. Let me fill my mind with ~~all the images~~ with imaginary pictures. ~~Instead~~ They ~~stay~~ ask me to stay at Rectover ~~which is near~~ Kings Langton, Walter's Langley three miles, & I arrive in the dusk. Let me see – there are two ~~or~~ or three nice dogs, & faded rugs, & a ~~rather~~ lean military gentleman smoking a pipe, in his lap a cigarette. Distinguished poverty, some connection with the army. A hoof on the writing table. Do you ride? Yes, I love riding. Then we go into the drawing room. ~~A~~ ~~Cup of tea~~ My heart bounds against my ribs. She is there ~~yesterday over~~ – in a very ~~short skirt~~. She has been hunting, running; the muscles, like a young boy's, in repose, hardened. I see the pallor on the pale-olive cheeks. ~~I see~~ ~~easily~~ make a good impression on the Colonel. I am not too clever, he thinks: I am not too raw. I can sketch the surroundings up to a point with extraordinary ease. But can I make it really worth? ~~We are~~ ~~At~~ Can I get it apart enough? ~~A message for the Colonel~~ – We are left alone. ~~Can I hear her voice?~~ ~~I want to make her say~~ something. "Remain?" ~~I want to hear her voice~~. How does she say it? I want to get the precise expression.

The trick is that I need the stimulus of other people. I tend to see through the villagers, they are dreams. The real novelist, the belatedly simple human boy, comes to me, I imagine, unbidden, unexpectedly ~~I suddenly believe the absurdity~~ and incapacity that ~~I~~ ~~suddenly~~ ~~believe~~ the absurdity and incapacity some grey blind flaps in my face. Everything becomes dim, impersonal.

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I see the grey ashes in the grate & the very black with ~~dead up~~ prognostics of bantry coals.
& ~~they myself imagine of the probably quite things.~~ And
~~some sense~~ What been on the whole a good day.
The drop that forms on the roof of the mouth in the
Evening is a round, & many-coloured. ~~I came off~~
very ~~with~~ Jack Jones ~~dress.~~ ~~I was~~ There was my
money: there was the opinion: I like views of them from —
Distance. I like people seen against intensely. And
I was ~~very brilliant — I came off very well~~ — things kept
popping into my head. ~~That was rather embarrassing~~
however ~~— anything has to happen.~~ But which of them am I —
am I the ~~dreamer: am I the~~ In one day I seem to act so many
parts. None of them seems to be really myself.
This is me — this is what I am — when I take the
bother & rather it between the bars & the ~~[illegible]~~
Garden gate through. & for a moment there is no
to matter what worries. I ~~make~~ One matter as
another bother. Then Mrs. Mollat comes & presses stall
up. She comes. yes: & I go to bed, wondering whether
Let me remember that. For what with one thing & another —
being so many people, inevitably centered in a skin
like that which makes a danger, life is bound to be
Damnably unpleasant — full of pain & sudden
reversions of the often probably everything, just as they're
saying "He's happy. He's a contented fellow" I shall
for safety, what with one thing & another,
Damnably unhappy. And so to bed.

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But now, let me ask myself a final question, as I sit over this grey fire, with its occasional promontory of black coal — which of these people am I really? When I say it myself Bernard who comes? ~~He angrily laughs~~ A faithful sardonic man, who is disillusioned but not embittered. This he who now takes the poker & rather roughly stirs the cinders so that they fall in showers through the grate. ~~He says, the~~ "Good," he says to himself, "what a bother! And then he adds, ~~[illegible]~~ Mr. Moffat wrecks it all up. ? I may I think often wheel to myself that phrase, as I rather though like, hanging from side to side, "Mr. Moffat some fire-footed." And so to bed."

"Is it wide-brow, or is it judgment," said Neville. "That Bernard lacks? For ancients no doubt would have had a name for it as — they had a name for everything: he is an ~~and~~ unlike minded man. One figure his always surrounded by half-written phrases; & gleamy crumpets. The most discrepant things accumulate round him: Therefore he will always remain in a state of delusion about his own feelings — Therefore he is an unsatisfactory person to have any intimate relation with. Mr. Moffatt, or whatever his name is, means as much to him as I do. That is the fundamental reason against letting merely slip. ~~This chasm~~ ~~There is no intimacy~~. This chasm, which is incomparable, rises from something deep, deep down: there is no entire. no intimacy.

But in a world ~~where all is so~~ which contains moments of perfect happiness — like this — why discriminate? I declare solemnly, & avow publicly — no ~~this is~~ I look

weakly then fade!

for my life is fragile as a rainbow

fragment of calm,

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this feeling of knowledge deepening my heart — that I want nothing changed. Beauty is poured over me till I ache beneath it, stricken, responsive: the ~~foot~~ fire burns down. The turf has for the one second before the regret felt. I am warm. I am ~~comfortable~~ at rest. I see the river — I see the sky. Boats ~~float~~ come past. Far away a bell tolls — but not for death — only to mark another hour of this incredibly ~~fine~~ happy existence — it has seemed to pick from joy. To be young & to be in love — & to realize that one is young, & is in love, as one realizes that tree there — a green — young, & is in love, as one realizes that tree there — a one sees it ~~the~~ fine branches stark, red & gold, in fine a fountain white behind, observed by red brown, & reflected in the water, so boatloads of ~~happy boys~~ — beautiful & strong & careless & ~~is~~ ~~perfectly~~ happy with Gramophone & cushions — & boys have boys from school and ~~at Eton~~ taking boys from other boys — & then, though the fountain the water, ~~though~~ to see this green, yet classically gorgeous buildings; which seem poised, not gravid, light, though yet so immutably in the Earth; & to be admitted a partaker — I am exposure to all this, with delicacy yet completely clearness. I never confuse my own sensations. I relish Browne. I feel with sudden pang. Now — there he is, indolent, powerful, intuition. And my ~~to~~ word ~~to~~ rocks round me. I stop. I look at him. He is humbly content to be humbly. He has no sense gone — no sense anything. I catch right of him against Greek & Egyptian. His charm is always conscious of complete indifference to the intellect. His irony is full of ease. He has dreadful charm on a moment. And that is part of his charm. ~~Boat go~~ The boat floats on: the dreadful gray man twangs at the zither. They pass under the bridge. Now another corner. That is

indolent, happy man

indolent, very powerful, intuition.

Unlikely, — for I like Unlikely

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a buffoon
them about
like a new
foundland
dog with
his paw.

Perceval - That is his monolithic giant repose. Or is it only
~~some~~ one of his followers & satellites imitating his monolithic
giant repose? They have all caught his tricks. The alone is
industrious of his following, or gathered with ~~[illegible]~~
indifference of the catcher they utilize. X Had I ~~only a little of his~~
beauty - had I ~~only~~ Bernard Shaw - what fun I do
I look then; for ~~beth~~ alas, the moment wanes - There is a
Check in the air - something faulty. I cannot admit
felicity for long I am too sharp set. I am too
clearly aware of the facts. X Now there begins to me in
me the 'amoeban rhythm: words, that have lain dormant,
like a great sea, are run in waves. Could I catch the
moment, could I let my whole being fly on its back,
lazy light, lazy with my hair blowing, I could
then be what in my maddest moments I believe
myself to be — a great poet. The rhythm runs false:
A I say the rhythm of ~~[illegible]~~ - I try to put from me
the idea that of perfect happiness - the boats, & people
passing, the trees, the distant voices. Yet even as
I feel the impulse, the hurry & tumult, I say to
myself, one must be precise. Some ~~[illegible]~~ splendid of
ice ... I am detached from my frenzy by women
walking with umbrellas & strong bags. My eye
which is clearly observant & rather too
sarcastic adds some drop of caustic to my frenzy:
which becomes higher; & yet becomes, by turns
vague, artificial, mean-ish. I do not know.
It may be boredom. Shall I have the authentic word.
Who is that approaching? Is it Shaw? Yes;
I may feel that relief, for I feel relieved, assuaged. I see
his geniality, his kindness. I will go to his room -
and then be his poodle.

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I want the great the assurance of friendship. I want to clasp something solid. It gives it stability."

I knew him. And ~~I wait for the~~ I feel, long before he is here, a great a warm a holiday, falling on me; changing me: I am. How curiously I am changed by the addition of someone else! ~~Yet the change is stabilised~~ — from shakeaway & uncertainty to his peace & stability & assurance of Bernard. How useful an office friends perform! Yet how painful to be recalled from these windy heights — to be metifaled — to have one's self adulterated, mixed up; made partly another. And yet how salutary — how good he is!"

"How strange" said Bernard, "the five books, seen together. I was Byron — I am always somebody else — ~~until I met you~~: the five were Byrons too. Now we will look about together: stream pens.

lamentably, laughing:

& I will ~~Now let me~~ tell you what I feel. I feel you clearly: I ~~feel~~ feel your disapproval: I feel you force. I ~~feel that I am~~ an untidy & impetuous human being whose handwriting is stained with the ~~the~~ grease of crumbs. Yes, I hold Greg's elegy in one hand; with the other I scoop out the bottom crumbs — the one that has absorbed all the butter. This offends you, ~~about~~ ~~that bodiam~~. ~~And~~ I then proceed to tell you how I have just pulled Percival out of bed; & describe his slippers, his watch, the wash basin, in such a way that you, ~~strong as you are, irresistible~~ recognize an perceive some private sense of your own. Cannot resist my charm. My own charm delights me too. Words such as these, metaphors. I am delighted at all the things I have observed. Incidentally the way, I say to myself, in which I ought to write my letter. (I am always writing letters.) ~~And you~~

& I feel your distress acutely.

merciful to surely accents.

Then drench whatever may be the bait;

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I begin to suspect that I am a born novelist. I am filled with the lust of youth, with potency, with the sense of what is to come. Blundering but fearless free, ugly, bragging, round all the powers of life & how rightly I shall enjoy my years in ~~London~~, my manhood, my freedom; how — but you are not listening. By these signs, we diagnose our friends maladies. ~~You's has~~ I have ~~overthat the marks~~ Do not, in your own affluence & plenty, you seem to say, pity ~~the one who is~~ me by; Hop; & ask me, what ails you? So I create you, Neville; placing ~~you~~ & see ~~your~~ in my mind's eye. You lie on the bank, this lovely, this fading, this still warm & round October day, watching ~~clouds~~ boats float by. Yet the fine things of that fine Cecil ~~by me as~~ ~~the~~ ~~to be~~ a very great poet: you wish to be loved. ~~you wish~~ Yet ~~to~~ splendid as the clarity ~~of your intelligence~~, so ~~Best wish~~ remorseless as the honesty ~~of your mind, that~~ ~~you would barter than both for~~ — these are the shadows which make me shift a little, uneasily: which make me see the faded patches & the thin strands in my own equipment, — bring you to a halt; ~~sudden~~ am I right. Yes, give me your poem; take out the sheets that you wrote last night in such a fervour of inspiration that you are in a little shaking about it, & let us go back, over the bridge, under the Elm trees, to my room, where with water round us, & none of them intruding voices — these scents & savours of other times — these chaps fully with their deductive aims & & ~~these~~ some dreaming romantic figure passing lightly along the avenue, we can shut ourselves in, & talk.

Instead power.

Telling him & him: in the second copy, in the other journ—

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Oh yes. I know what you are feeling — that I have scalped you, like a swarm of bees, buzzing after any distraction, suddenly impressive, interested: ~~without any~~ has lost your power of seeing ~~properly~~ my ~~smooth~~ remorselessly upon a single object: ...

"~~When~~ When there are buildings like these" said Neville, "~~when~~, I cannot endure ~~the~~ that there should be shop girls, ~~carrying baby's sweets~~, ~~littering, scattering~~ their litter their coming offend my eyes: beaks into my Neilness. ~~reason~~ wake me, even a moments of pursuit of delusion ~~that~~) how we have regained our foothold, after that long truck with the bicycles & the bags of sweets & ~~women's underclothing~~. Here we are masters of tranquillity: inheritors ~~of~~ tradition. The light are beginning to make bits across the misty square. Mists from the river are filling these ancient spaces. The leaves are thick in country lanes; but ~~here~~ here, in your room, we are warm, dry, secluded, with books on the shelves. You have been reading Byron; you have been marking the passages that seemed to you true of yourself. I find marks ~~everywhere~~, against all those passages which seem to express ~~your~~ a cardinal ~~to~~ yet so strangely ~~your~~ a nature: ~~your~~ a moth ~~the~~ ~~darting~~ why ~~impulsive~~ darting, against the hard glass of life. You think that you have a special understanding of Byron — And yet Byron never made tea like that. ~~When~~ When you always felt the hot ~~lost felt~~ so that when you put the lid on the tea runs over. Look — There is a brown pool on the table, among the books, among the letters. You must mop it up with your handkerchief, & then stuff the handkerchief back in your pocket — that's Bermond; that's

to degrading memories.

in the Star.

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so peculiarly ~~yours~~ that it I think often in twenty years time it will be by that I come. If you are dead then, I shall weep.
~~And yet~~ ~~Even you will be~~ Then you will be Wolsey's young man; & then you will be Meredith's young man; & then you will visit Paris in the Easter holidays & come back a Frenchman whom nobody has ever heard of. Then I shall drop you.

I am always merely. I do not impersonate Catullus, whom I adore. I am the most slavish of students, with here a dictionary, here a pitch book in which I [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ & the hard particle. But can one go on for ever cutting these ancient inscriptions characters with a ~~sharp~~ knife? Shall I always draw the red serge curtain close, & see my book, like a block of marble, pale under the lamps? No doubt such would be a glorious life; ~~& then to~~ to addict myself to a certain kind of speculation: ~~&~~ to follow it ~~see~~ observation, regardless; regardless of laws, of deduction; to be poor & unhelpful: to ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] very ~~[illegible]~~ to pass the time: to conceal my vocation: for I ~~[illegible]~~ your hand shaking: you will stain the magic of your footsteps of bright flame: you are not interesting me. I am trying to sum man up courage. I am trying to confess you a secret. I am trying to ask you to take my life into your hand & tell me whether I am doomed by some physical defect absolutely only to cause disgust? & you know, Gorse, one speak out — could one lay hand frankly on a word — you are my only friend you know my I stand with my back to you to ask him about a impossible problem: getting

you

hard vulnerable,

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hard humble, for I would rather be loved, be famous. Their poetry
perishes through the sand, lacking at incomplete, becoming un-
a mere mere of Calcutta, Kipling, Lucretius, a malaughter dead
And I am not loved; I am a true poet' Here is my
manuscript.

I give it you. I stop pacing up & down the room. The
dusk, which is loaded behind my shoulders, & lost in lead,
like a hunter, the remembrance fear. The thing I
am at present by, at the futility, & relief &
vulgarity of life, my love of life, my sense of
work, & its immortality, its value &
reason, its beauty, all at intolerably
(Even in this poetry) yet bound down, intolerably
enthralled & alone — ah this is in my ashes as
I know — catch it — my poem.

"He has gone" said Bernard "leaving me with this
O friendship... I two week pain flowing between
the pages of Mathematical journals.

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"It has removed that extraordinary presence which is so devastating" said Bernard. "He has shot like an arrow from the room, leaving me with his poem: O O friendship — I two wish pressed flowers between the pages of Shakespeare's sonnets. O friendship ~~hot tender~~ tender! tender & rude pierce me your thrust. I feel it here — I hon- ~~hollow~~ ~~suddenly to~~ ~~looking~~ while he gave me his poem. All gross It looked ~~suddenly to~~ ~~looking~~ ~~while~~ ~~he~~ ~~gave~~ ~~me~~ ~~his~~ ~~poem~~ ~~All~~ ~~gross~~ ~~thrust~~ ~~evaporated~~ ~~That~~ ~~confidence~~ ~~I~~ ~~shall~~ ~~retain~~ ~~to~~ ~~my~~ ~~dying~~ ~~day~~ ~~Like~~ ~~a~~ ~~long~~ ~~wave~~ ~~a~~ ~~roll~~ ~~of~~ ~~water~~ ~~which~~ ~~he~~ ~~went~~ ~~over~~ ~~me~~ ~~draping~~ ~~the~~ ~~very~~ ~~pebbles~~ ~~to~~ ~~light~~ ~~that~~ ~~lie~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~bed~~ ~~of~~ ~~my~~ ~~soul~~ ~~It~~ ~~was~~ ~~painful~~ ~~it~~ ~~harrowing~~ ~~painful~~ ~~Felt~~ ~~crushed~~ ~~drawn~~ ~~together~~ ~~my~~ ~~dirty~~ ~~shirt~~ ~~rolled~~ ~~up~~ ~~like~~ ~~old~~ ~~clothes~~ ~~away~~ ~~and~~ ~~left~~ ~~me~~ ~~to~~ ~~feel~~ ~~strange~~ ~~this~~ ~~to~~ ~~feel~~ ~~him~~ ~~going~~ ~~away~~ ~~from~~ ~~me~~ ~~to~~ ~~feel~~ ~~attached~~ ~~to~~ ~~another~~ ~~person~~ ~~to~~ ~~feel~~ ~~the~~ ~~line~~ ~~lengthening~~ ~~as~~ ~~he~~ ~~drew~~ ~~away~~ ~~Between~~ ~~him~~ ~~& me~~ ~~there~~ ~~was~~ ~~always~~ ~~to~~ ~~come~~ ~~physical~~ ~~attachment~~ ~~holding~~ ~~his~~ ~~person~~ ~~and~~ ~~yet~~ ~~but~~ ~~now~~ ~~how~~ ~~gentle~~ ~~this~~ ~~his~~ ~~being~~ ~~invisible~~ ~~holding~~ ~~his~~ ~~poem~~ ~~to~~ ~~feel~~ ~~that~~ ~~strange~~ ~~authority~~ ~~that~~ ~~alien~~ ~~& reassuring~~ ~~pressure~~ ~~removed~~ ~~to~~ ~~admit~~ ~~no~~ ~~longer~~ ~~the~~ ~~presence~~ ~~another~~ ~~in~~ ~~my~~ ~~mind~~ ~~of~~ ~~another~~ ~~to~~ ~~feel~~ ~~them~~ ~~from~~ ~~dark~~ ~~corners~~ ~~in~~ ~~which~~ ~~they~~ ~~took~~ ~~refuge~~ ~~hiding~~ ~~themselves~~ ~~why~~ ~~I~~ ~~know~~ ~~not~~ ~~in~~ ~~fear~~ ~~& shame~~ ~~at~~ ~~my~~ ~~familiars~~ ~~mocking~~ ~~those~~ ~~wooden~~ ~~these~~ ~~shabby~~ ~~comfortable~~ ~~matters~~ ~~those~~ ~~mocking~~ ~~observant~~ ~~& thrifty~~ ~~with~~ ~~their~~ ~~commonsense~~ ~~with~~ ~~their~~ ~~fibres~~ ~~& antlers~~ ~~who~~ ~~even~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~crisis~~ ~~& that~~ ~~the~~ ~~moment~~ ~~took~~ ~~notes~~ ~~on~~ ~~my~~ ~~behalf~~ ~~& are~~ ~~now~~ ~~ready~~ ~~to~~ ~~come~~ ~~flocking~~ ~~darkening~~ ~~the~~ ~~air~~ ~~& enriching~~ ~~me~~ ~~with~~ ~~their~~ ~~& I~~ ~~welcome~~ ~~that~~ ~~laughter~~ ~~& regular~~ ~~curves~~ ~~For~~ ~~I~~ ~~am~~ ~~not~~ ~~confusing~~ ~~& more~~ ~~selves~~ ~~than~~ ~~Neville~~ ~~allows~~ ~~the~~ ~~simplifiers~~ ~~& makers~~ ~~sight~~ ~~for~~ ~~his~~ ~~own~~ ~~purposes~~ ~~the~~ ~~deceivers~~ ~~&~~

It looked

as if they were a nerve, a cord, strung between us, cut by your entrance.

& their many disguises, (Bernard's phrase — ie)

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simplicity. We are not simple as our friends would have us. Yet love is simple.

Now they have all returned; now the Utah, the rent in my defences which Neville made with his extraordinary sharpness is covered, is repaired; I am almost whole again; & see how happy I am to bring into play all that Neville ignores in me; to have the use of faculties which he has not; to feel, as I look out of the window, a that regret would give ~~Neville~~ him no pleasure. ~~That means more to me than it does to him~~

but it gives me (as I am rich, wider, more many more. I am rich than he. My life embraces many lives. I am

(we are our friends as measure of our own greatness)

surrounded by the sound of singing. They are thronging, hurrying, voyage. They are celebrating some sun with the heaven. The little boys in caps are now making merry. They are clapping each other on the shoulder & telling stories of absurd adventures — which Neville, harsh & delicately avoiding ~~[illegible]~~ interference, harkens back to his rooms, & thinks of me? Yes, he thinks

who always least the dance way as the brake turned the corner.

I can imagine him. I can see him in his low chair gazing at the fire, which has assumed, for the moment, an architectural solidity. ~~He~~ If the world be like that — he thinks: ~~to~~ above all he discern order; & architecture: his room with his in the manner of Pope: he detests my Byronic exhibitions: & his eyes (for he is in love — with whom I do not know — but the figure of love presides at our intervals) fill with tears, of desire for some impossible state of ~~& heaven~~ bliss: & stabbing the poker he finds that momentary appearance of solidity. Even they pass. Every thing perishes. These moments that we think so important. And youth — And love — The boat

to meet his own needs.

meet they need.

Infinite threats (yet feel I have had a glimpse)

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been elevated through the foliage of the tree: is now just the
bride. He will go to India - We shall never meet again.
~~Crushed in his own sheet~~ Then he stretches his hand for —
that of Harper & reads, ~~fr~~ gently, smoothly, long lines of
poetry. I will read them. Yes, but I
want to listen to their rollicking chorus. They are
smashing the china. Noisy like a torrent, jumping
rocks, brutally are ambling old trees, coarsely, but
good-humouredly. They are always boasting about
fathers who have served, brothers who have regiments.
In they roll; on they gallop; after hounds, after
footballs; or they bump up & down in racing boats,
like sacks of grain attached to oars. Now
hoarse, careless, & jovial at sounds. The
gently delicate wind sends it the sound in
fitful bursts in & out ~~after it~~ & round & round
There I can see an old shabby unlucky woman
carrying a shiny bag. The trots home under the
open red windows, half afraid that they
will come chucking down the stairs &
knock her over. Noisy like a slamming rickety
bonfire. She is going home to ~~feed~~ small
boys & girls, ~~her~~ to the youngest of the large family.
Sitting round a table eating bread & dripping. Her
husband is a fever man & gets up at eight in
the evening. Neville ~~Hunter~~ is deaf & dumb to all
you. He sits over his tea, unlocking the tools of
Cow. ~~He~~ working in the manner of Poke: or imagine
Villa, as it may be

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That I see & Neville does not see; that I feel & Neville does not feel. Hence he will reach perfection in life & I shall fail. And Louis? What malevolent, yet searching light does he throw upon this drowsing autumn evening, upon this ~~concert party of learning~~, upon this China smashing. & how they are ~~jeering~~ I'm ~~for him John feel~~! Rolling & humming song! This thin lips are pursed at this moment over some document. He "My father, ~~the~~ a banker at Bordeaux" ~~failed~~, & ~~Louis~~, so much better ~~adapted to a~~ ~~fitted for learning than I am~~, ~~is already~~ ~~works~~ ~~has already earned~~ so he sits in ~~some~~ a office. But

Dud bankrupt.

now & again I feel his eye on us. eddying in upon, like insignificant items in some total which in is future pursuing. One day the addition will be complete. His perseverance, his loyalty are unassailable. the ~~with arrive at the conclusion~~ It has already arrived at the conclusion that ~~this~~ — ~~some~~ that must be a chain thrown against the wall — this is damned." ~~He makes a curious addition to this theme~~ "Yes, ~~as I shall my~~ lean at the window, & drop my cigarette. So that it ~~goes~~ eddying high the ~~&~~ cricket onto the ~~here~~ grass I can distinctly see Louis watching ~~it~~ ~~of~~ me, ~~Drawing him~~ sneering & yet what an edge, what an intensity he carries. & how ~~I should be~~ ~~Editing~~ I would be the knocked at the door ~~now~~, if I saw him ~~now~~ — if he carried on he does that. Louis makes me feel that means something.

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"The Pebble from the window" said Louis, "motor cars.
~~Behind~~ motor omnibuses, vans, motor cars,
from the window. In the background are shops & houses.
In the foreground are glass shelves with plates of buns.
All is somewhat obscured by steam from the tea urn,
A meaty & savoury smell ~~hangs~~ combat of
beef & mutton & steak & chops & sausages & mashed
hangs down like a damp net. I drop my
evening paper on a bottle of Worcester Sauce.
~~obscure humanity~~. Yet I cannot
But even so I am intra clerk. I ~~cannot~~ (They go on
passing. They go on passing.) I cannot read my
paper with certainty. I am an average Englishman"
I say. & then I ~~add~~, (~~but~~ I look at the other men
at the next table to see if I am doing what they do.)
~~And I wish yet it~~ right. Pebble land, with rippling
metallic skins that are always in agitation, they
are discussing the case of a piano, which blocks up
the hall, & "I would like a tenner. It is nothing one
gives big makers; I would like a tenner." The
people go on passing. I am conscious of worry, of
disorder, of siren gas burgle low up, steaming in disorder.
"I would like a tenner to be rid of it" he says. And
then they dive, sleek as cormorants or guillemots when
feathers are thick with oil, into the waters. How
comforting the night of them is! All & Cerises
are vanity. Thus is the mean, the average. Meanwhile
the people go on passing — short, tall, some up, other down;
& the door periodically open. I feel the rhythm
that pervades the chop house: the waltz
music motor so primitive, so tiny. The waitress
feels the undulating in a cart, bowing her body in a

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rhythm between the table & dealing her plates of green & custard & apricot rhythmically with method. And as she circles round, in this wave, a with equal address, with dignity, they, the average men, call her by her name, address the Sheikem words to her, fall into the rhythm, still talking about pianos. Here is the central rhythm. Here I see the common meaning expand, contract. Yet I am aware of it: alien but. ~~I am~~ It think, they hear my Australian accent; & ~~all~~ pick up their ears, to check. Just time I think, where I come from. I who dwell above all this, a nest, a refuge, any alien, external. I who would work to be haunting the region, blindly acquiescent, must become, with the fall of my eye, the particular disorder. To me is addressed the cry which I hear always, whatever book I buy a misshapen order in-find outrage under us. Buy me back into sanity — we who pass disgraceffully, hobbling up & down, that is talk, past the window — with a background of shrieks, a leopard of bears on glass shelves. ~~This~~ Now for you to find the connection. I shall return you to order:

What then is it that lies at the back of everything?

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Here is a little book which contains a sentence – as shows a ring;
I mean a perfect statement, – only a few words: but poetry
and you all ignore it – and I cannot translate it, so that
its binding power – for such I interpret it – rings for me; or
makes clear to you ~~they~~ why you doubt, why you appear aimless, &
so removes the degradation which, if you acquiesce in
aimlessness, pervades you, making you tremble, sensitive,
Even when you are young. ~~Both~~ to translate that speech
so that it is available to clerks in city restaurants is my
to be my endeavour. Little as I am; I offer to whatever
passing, perplexed, tattered, disordered something enduring
I work not subject to this aimless hanging of petticoats,
bonnetless hats & all the variegated headdresses of women –
& the shame; & the grinding; & the slaving & restless
of motor omnibuses; for ever: ~~They shake~~ I
shall wind it to rest.

I ~~am in a garden~~. And my roots go down, deep down –
lead, silver & damp marshy places that smell odorous,
to some Knot hid as with oaken roots, in the navel
of the earth. Long ago I have heard rumours of war: many
troops green marching in ~~pleasing avenues~~, flocking
like migrating birds: I seem to have seen women
carrying pitchers; Then I woke, in a garden, with
~~crack~~ blow on the nape of my neck, ~~as~~ remembering
all this as one remembers the confused cries & toppling
pillars in some great conflagration. Painfully alternately
I am for ever sleeping: & waking. Look now. I
see the shamming brass tea urn; the glass
cases of pale yellow sandwiches; the
men in shirt sleeves perched on stools at the
counter; which outside the bookies have – theft &

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dodge. I burn that vision relentlessly upon my brain. It has handed on me. It is like a stigma, branded on my quivering flesh by a blue eyed man; ~~a~~ with a red hot iron. I see that against the ~~suddenly~~ endless sky overhead, against the parted flutter of wings, many feathered, suddenly folded in rose clouds, of the East. Stung my skin burned her: my nakedness hatted; my innocency outcast, as I turn my face upon Bernard & Neville.

But I am very weak; but I am very young. I am always a child in a garden, looking at the marks that the stream ran: has made in the grass; dreaming with more delicate spread, a ~~fine~~ leaf. I am always the youngest of all the people here; the most innocent, the most loving. You are all perfected; I am naked. When the waiters young, hot you with, you affectionately & embrace the accepts you as his brother; ~~you~~ She is your sister. But she holds me at a distance. She repents me. And then, when I go, I secure myself by stitching her large a lip — a stitching way which I cannot afford — under the edge grey blanket, so that she may not find it till I am gone; & her storm may not strike on me till I am hard the growing door.

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"Now the wind puffs down the passage, lifting the blinds," said Susan," Now the bird chirps a note; & one bird sings close to the window. ~~& the sun goes over the faded roses on the wall~~ Rather I will step out then, quietly in my stockings, past the bedroom door; through the kitchen; past the ~~tool~~ shed & the green house; over the fields & the dew-wet. I shall feel the dry returning ~~grass~~ ~~warm~~ ~~stuck on in a~~ in which ~~lovely~~ ~~very~~ ~~peace~~ that; my dog, for I cannot believe that I am not the white field, the new golden lighted field, the new flushed field; ~~peace & black, for the~~ ~~low~~ warm is ~~city a~~ & the bowed trees ~~Morning after morning~~ I possess this earth, because I come here, morning after morning, when the others are asleep, to where are the tracks of birds & the young hare, who only runs when I stop by her form - this still warm grey hard. And the horse that shakes its rattling lazily. And the cow that creaks, as it pushes forward. And the world shimmering blowers. And the faint rose; & then the green, where the rose fades. And now the silence. And then a bell. And the cry of the man herding the cart horses ~~horse~~ from the fields. All is mine.

one foot before another

Sent to school, sent to Switzerland to finish my education. Home and ~~they~~ ~~napoleon~~ the flood, on the wide land, this fen land, where the clouds move so slowly, where the cart gradually gets larger coming along the road. ~~For~~ Men walk by the horse head, swaying slowly, with their whips aslant; ~~for~~ ~~slowly the~~ smoking a pipe. I have known them all my life. I know all their wives & children. Old rheumatic city man. J. : Parker was ~~with~~ a ~~large~~ fine

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India. They drink. I know they treat their wives. The smoke all the same uses; blue, ~~woods~~ woody. Thyme the complaint of the smell in the junk. They ~~They~~ Brother & sisters lie together in those colonies. Why not? what does it matter! Now the darkness the dawn when the linen dressed seems to stand by itself, is stained is cold. Now. The day this Tuesday the Eleventh. ~~There is a fair today,~~ This market day. Rajo, will will be jerry in netted carts; & the roads will be full of cows & bullocks. of cows & whips cracking of blue waggons: Now ~~the~~ the wind dawn to ~~turn again: the~~ the creaking wheel; the day is rounded & unbelieved; the night thing

But what am I?

I do not know myself. I do not separate myself. I am white in the dawn: & the blaze with all the August stars at night. I am January, may September — whatever the season is — East for second: here, and at this gate: where I stand, calling to Bernard, who rows up a hum. Now I am Lavinia: Egypt: awake: a huntress; a woman strong: with my clear limbs on a man. I want to give; to give to give. What have I to give? Not right & laughs: not Elegant & fine phrases like Bernard, & lovely words: not Rhoda's strange communications: not Jinny's dancing & personality: I have only my entire self: undivided, felt, entire: as it was that day on the beach with Bernard and has always been. To whom can I give ~~my body~~? And ~~I could not~~ I would then possess everything absolutely I would form children. I would possess some God Great horse: with ~~a~~ pumps: roses: pigeons: cows & — room hung with hams. I would drink. I would see footsteps heard up at the back.

& Lavinia here has forgotten: sentimentally in her own, in soaked mattress.

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It is my self. My self is in my eyes. They are bear-shaped.
blue grey. They see insects in the grass. They see ~~things~~
~~hidden under leaves. They look~~ down to the roots. where
they fade, a bear shape is outcast. I am not a person, but a
light. falling hard-edged upon this gate, this ground.
I cannot be formed about, ~~softly~~ or float gently, or mix with
other people; ~~or~~ I like best the ~~about~~ stare of shepherds across
the road; or the ~~thought~~ had look of a gipsy woman, beside a
tilted caravan in a ditch, as I go by; not going ~~about~~ or
talk about what ~~will~~ we feel." I feel only two things: for my
father, in his old hat, slouching, ~~dreaming~~, shuffling along
the three legged barrow handing some herb
always between his fingers; & for the man, in ~~jacket with a~~
cab, in ~~redy breeches, on with a cab~~, the rather heavy
young man, who ~~soon~~ in redy breeches, will say to me ~~some~~ one
word, slapping his thigh, ~~under the ~~ [illegible] ~~tree~~,
in the ~~middle~~ middle of the afternoon, with the bees droning, &
throbbing weldly heart. ~~& then~~ ~~that~~ one word, to
which I shall answer one word; & then ~~possess him~~ this
give that which has formed in me, hard as crystal,
indissoluble entire; & then ~~being seven, eight~~, & time only
I shall possess children, & house & garden, & ripe
fruit & harness & flow. & become in my time one of
those silent & ~~suspicious~~ and ~~then of those~~ a silent women.
like my mother, polishing & scrubbing in an blue apron
~~natural, fierce~~, ~~but am now only twenty-two~~ ~~eighteen~~;
am ~~now~~ a girl, only; & ~~this~~ time
Now I will call my sister, ~~& go back~~. Now I will
I will now think of food; of the ~~rather~~ wild grating
wrong over pheasant; of the dry bread crumbs; of
the metallic taste of Brussels sprouts; of the
coffee; of butter; of Now I will go back

'standing bottling upon'

& maids who call me ma'am.' men, digging in the

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~~along the~~ ~~seeing~~ feeling my breath sweet in my chest, with wood smoke, with fresh air. I will walk along the grass path, where the branches wave, ~~sway~~ with regular, with strong, with even strides, now swerving to avoid the puddle here leaping lightly to a clump; ~~what~~ & beads of wet form on the hair swing through the air; & my shoes become muddy & dark; & I see more gently now, more vaguely; & I shall go in by the kitchen garden & feel the eggs, one by one, & rub off the feathers & the grit; & hold them warm in my palm; & then walk through the cabbages with their green drops. Healthy, healthy. I am healthy like a cat or a

as the light thickens

a dog whose fur is grey with rime, whose hands are hardened with the baked earth. & then I shall sit at the table, honouring our tea- But in the evening when the lamps are lit & I see a yellow fire in the window (from the street) I shall think with sudden envy, with or jealousy, even of Rhoda: because in a flash London comes before me: I ~~see~~ there are pavements instead of fields:: & wonder where the beyond lay But now this still ~~early, & the~~ I shall be that there should be another life not mine."

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how the wind lifts my hair" said Susan, "how I see the rose on the wall paper & the knot of ribbon.

"How strange that they should have gone to bed" said Jenny. There are no lights in any other rooms. The street is almost dark. They must be undressing; they must be going to sleep: ~~which~~ ~~why~~ ~~I~~ the night is just beginning. I feel the white: I feel shining. Silk is on my knee. My feet feel the pinch of shoes; ~~my hands~~ the rings a necklace lies cold on my throat; ~~my head is~~ smooth; I ~~can~~ sit bolt upright, ~~arranged prepared: I want for the~~ so as not to touch my head. This is the momentary hush; ~~the prelude~~; the dark moment before the light ~~flows~~ the music begins: flows over me. I

Now I get out, & looking to see I know who is there in the cab arriving, now I go in. This is the prelude this is the beginning. I only stand & keep. I touch this & that. My cape eye hair necklace dress — all are prepared: ready. I go up stairs, in the same way, with people I do not know. I feel, now that my cloak is off, exposed to the criticism of my peers. I ~~am a natural~~ These are my peers; ~~my~~ this is my profession. I ~~am~~ Here all is decked & ready & ~~prepared~~ prepared. This day has shed its ~~mask~~. Here are the doors for this that the day was made; Here are the wide rooms, empty; ready for a few chairs. There are the green handles: cream white: a letter table with a proper knife. Cab is ready.

This is what I dreamt, what I worshipped. I am a natural here. ~~The carpet which I take the carpet to feel under me;~~ I feel naturally a carpet that gives a little; or a floor ~~that~~ above the roof. There are great shades. Jewels I shall shade & dance.

a the death chamber hush & the ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ as I feel ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ as I leave the bed room

I am arranged, prepared.

a the feather, taking out the pins lands them

fantastically looking nothing, but world penetrates

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how the wind lifts my hair" said Susan, "how I see the rose on the wall paper & the dust of ribbon.

"How strange that they should have gone to bed" said Jenny. There are no lights in any other rooms. The street is almost dark. They must be undressing; they must be going to sleep: ~~which~~ ~~it~~ the night is just beginning. I feel the latch: I feel shining silk in my knee. My feet feel the pinch of shoes; ~~my hands~~ the stiff a necklace lies cold on my throat; ~~my head is~~ smooth; I can sit bolt upright arranged ~~prepared~~: I wait for the ~~to~~ to come to touch my head. This is the momentary hiatus; ~~the prelude~~; the dark moment before the light ~~flows~~ the music begins pours over me. I

Now I get out, a, looking in the I know who is there in the cab arriving, now I go in. This is the prelude this is the beginning. I only stand & sleep. I touch this & that. My left eye hair necklace dress — all are prepared: exact. I go up stairs, as in a dream, with people I do not know. I feel, now that my cloak is off, exposed to the criticism of my peers. I am a natural. There are my peers; my this is my profession. I am. Here all is decked & ready & prepared. The day has shed its ~~book~~. Here are the doors for this that the day was made; Here are the beds room, empty; room for a few chairs. There are the green handles: cream white: a little table with a proper knife. All is ready.

This is what I dreamt, what I worked. I am a natural here. ~~The carpet which I like the carpet to feel under me~~; I feel naturally a carpet that gives a little; or a floor that allows the foot. There are great shades. Now I shall shade & dance.

a the death shining hair & the dress outside as I feel rounded & perfect as I have the bed room

I am arranged, prepared.

a the feathers, taking out the pins & lands them

fantastically looking nothing, but world penetrates

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Fear colour or I colour.

in manner

in adress.

working planes. in wh. I see rigidly advancing. I ~~[illegible]~~ now ~~[illegible]~~ in to the
lighted room. I unfold in this light, in this stimulus: under
the eyes of strangers. ~~They look at me.~~ All the black, white
figures look at me. ~~my mind [illegible]~~ My body too cool: it feels
fluttery; it feels as a few feels, when the tiller creaks in
when the gun is hot a some very young ~~[illegible]~~. I lean forward; I
~~take up a paper~~ knife; I look at a picture. Now they come
as I know, for breaking from the wards, edging into these
further rooms; they come, ~~and but my [illegible]~~ to me. a hand. This is the
most exciting thing in the world. And as they come,
I know secretly how to think: strangely, languishing,
simple, mocking: ~~for~~ ~~The words come from me~~ words. No: this
my body thinking ~~Now do I~~ do I am not thinking; but rather
insinuating, dumbly, with a finer instrument; balance
I am like a tune being played. I am rather a music. I am
strangely moving under a arch. I say too, I do not
know how, almost with the hand of my hand, as the way
I look ~~at an [illegible]~~
I proceed simply. I am crowded, but slow. I am arch, gay,
funny, melancholy. ~~for~~ I am all through my body; ~~when~~
~~come [illegible]~~, having fallen; ~~then~~ their tops, I say, do not
follow, turning blackness rippling over me.
all gold now, to this one; then rippling back. say to (come) [illegible]
that one stop. ~~My~~ I ~~regard~~. I send signals this,
~~[illegible]~~. then I change. ~~They~~ There

Now I have; I look along the rows of unknown people.
Beneath their ~~[illegible]~~ clothes are the among the flowing
tossing lights of the women, ~~the~~ stand the male bodies,
hard grooved, with deep rolls. ~~They~~ Their hands They
are very young. Their hands are fluttering to their ties;

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They are touching their waistcoats, their pocket handkerchiefs. They are very anxious to make a good impression. They are
Now one, pale with dark hair, breaks off & crosses the room &
comes hesitating fluttering her hands; but with Caprices;
melancholy, romantic; comes to my side. And now,
giving my assent, I with a little jerk, as if I were a
limpet broken from a rock, we join hands, we are eddied;
we are swept. We give way to this; we yield to this; we bow to
this: we flow in to the curve: no we bend we
come sharp against a rock. There is hardness in this heavily
fat we screech at. We flout off. Held in cut cut, we
making this ~~great~~ jewelly tapering curved figure: this figure
with notches; which becoming over & it presses in together:
we cannot fly outside its pressure curve: it presses hard to me; we
our bodies go vibrate together, held by the curving figure: which
suddenly bends. My blood ~~burn~~ to flow ~~as if inside my body~~
stand upright. It is as if we had rubbed at the wild.
come then. Let us go to the gilt chair. in the balcony,
This is the moment I foresaw: but I am dizzier now. I am
The body is stronger than I thought. ~~I left this~~
Are we not acceptable? Are we not beautiful? Are we
to Chris not the summit of life? May them many look at me
now. I am one of them.

Now

ma

NYPL

hand. Make the thin hemmed glass a sip. Wine has a drastic ~~unpleasant taste~~. Pungent taste. I cannot help wondering and think. ~~And then~~, yet ~~just between my shoulder blades~~. There ~~lies the~~ the dryness. Yet just between my shoulder blades something ~~whatever~~. Dry ~~what is behind there~~ something unknown, strangely gradually ~~low~~ bulks strong, alarm, relapse, it holds. Oh there is nothing this is relief! The ~~bell~~ bar in my throat lowers slowly. ~~I had~~ words, the crowding act & clutter & hunt forth, are on the lip of the skin. It does not matter what I say. The simple & voluntary becomes many. Oh yes, when I say I think forward into the cavity between us. "Tell" a a weight seems to fall a "tell" – it echoes like a heavy door with hinges ~~and~~ falling a it "Tell me what you do" There is an agitated inequality in the word, but this a fluttering bird. Tell me what you do." I ~~think~~ say again: eyes falling flame again. All these lines are becoming warm, molten, ~~soft~~ ~~off~~ afterwhelmed. I am a native here. [And now, with a sober nod, I dismiss that one. I want to stand for a] And he says, ~~and I think~~ he that has been in Italy – ~~And I always let in crowing the alps in a~~ Chariot, ~~see~~ us And I always letest by some quality in his voice what he is: I am intimate. I am admitted to the core of another soul. We cross the Alps together in a Chariot. ~~for~~ He stands melancholy in a great cloak in an Alpine hem. I pick a branch of wild alpine flower which I fasten in his coat. I stand on tiptoe in a great rock I do not attach to do it. Now this is over. ~~I am not a~~ There are surely to be hours. There are other bodies. There are the shocks: the enchoirs. I also like golden headed men with blue eyes. There – the door opens. When it opens my life will be changed. No that is only a

That's the sign probably.

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man with a tray. That is a very distinguished man; That is a
Rhoda. Inhales; but the her clothes are hang on him: they hide him.
That is I ~~with watch) with wait;~~ The ~~breaks into~~
heaves ~~through unruffled~~ The door not melt; The door not
miss Her blood does not take the rhythm; as mine does.
The remains unwarmed. I I will watch: I will wait.
At any moment the door may open; — Then, rebelling
fold, fluent, my body gets on alone with repeat "Come".
"I shall edge ~~[illegible]~~ behind them" said Rhoda, "as if I saw
someone I knew. But I know no one. I shall
twitch the curtain: Draughts of oblivion only lull
steady my ~~excitation~~. The ~~door~~ opens & the tiger leaps:
The door opens & ~~the~~ terror rushes in: Yet looks tie as
the other rude as the wind reflecting broken columns. The
swallow dips her wing in silver pools.

I am a native of this world. There are mighty like bending corn;

agitation

NYPL

I walk to and fro saying that to myself in order to calm my agitation. There are dark bodies under the stars in which the power that defies her living. But however the door opens; life approaches: the force & indifference of people do not kings, of people ~~equal~~ for ~~fate~~, assured, & laughing people, who despise me, a solitary girl, brilliant young men, taken from ~~assured~~ young, who know what to say, who sits there assured, ~~come up. day~~ approach with ah there air of contemptuous indifference; with only a ~~an~~ faint smile thrown over the hardness, the cruelty with which they will torture me. The swallow defies her wings. There are cities beyond the sky. The moon rides solitary. The ~~talk her way through~~ depths of air & the blue seas. ~~Now~~ But I am made to suffer here. I am thrust back into this awkward body. My The moon rides through the sky. ~~The~~ I ride, flying my cloak wide ~~down~~ along the flowers, along the wide street roads where there are moon shadows. I must face here his humiliations, ~~I~~ must note his boredom, his contempt. ~~I~~ must also lie. Yet night has wheeled a little further over the chimney pots, & I see some ~~lighted~~ fog, some unembarrassed cat hatred, not flapped in relief, not fettered with light daylight is, ~~that~~ heavily, heavily, contemptuously, ~~as it~~ as ~~it~~ ~~but let~~ There I ~~could be~~ in the sky, I could be ~~it~~ free, beat my wings against winds & feel the calm & rush air choke my throat: here I am pinned down, to here I am confined. ~~Now~~ The tiger leaps — people ~~Now~~ ~~Now~~ ~~there~~ & more people flame from the furnace rushes in. ~~Now~~ The hungry tongues with its flame its cruelty its mockery whose is upon me. I must prevaricate, lie, find barren with which to keep them off — the

mutable, armed
in my solitude & am

with Shelley fingers &

and like.

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~~Equal~~ Equitus. ~~the familiar~~. ~~the~~ ~~familiar~~ Equitus ~~familiar~~ ~~mary~~ the familiar with lips. Now I think of names & faces.
I think of Calm women, like Jesus: Now indifferently, with
her needle pricking in & out of some calico. She turned
beyond my words, my faces, ~~mary~~ agitation: I think of the
~~the maternal~~ ~~the wonder~~, ~~the wonder~~ from whose wide knees the
Ample skirts descend. ~~But~~ There is young who rides
their horse like a full amphora. ~~there~~ in imaginable
to me — two remote from me — how ~~of~~ I could be her.
But I am unable to ~~the~~ move: the ~~the~~ ~~the~~ the
night be in the heart of a forest, the a so comforted: ~~the~~
~~has~~ no ~~fear~~. so that.
~~What there~~ I pluck at the curtain, in my
agitation. I look at the sky. I am one of those who
come like a torch, like a spirit. ~~But~~ ~~are~~. I sit
at home, I sit alone, rocking some brown paper
from side to side. There I am gathered together: I am one.
But here, I am destroyed. I fall asunder. My body
parts in different pieces. I am broken into little
fragments. Where is my unity, my self? I say
yes & no. I praise. I lament. I enter into peoples
lives as they pass, dancer, in step near me
gesturing, with my tongue. ~~But~~ I am Caesar & cut
~~with~~ upon their lips; I see them: I see that: I am
divided, in pieces. Jesus is future: Jesus is future.
When they dance they dance wholly. They have
attained some knowledge beyond my grasp. They have a
wisdom which makes them simple. They say yes. they say
no, bringing their fists down with a bang on the table.
But I go wandering with the moon down the empty spaces. I
am also here, in this hut. This student this weary woman.
The clock chimes & the tiger leaps.

I am to stand between the two worlds.

NYPL

I will unsend my any words – I will forge a way through these walls. I will burst past them. I will take my way far out, far away, to some sky night, something entire. I will find this head; this form; it lies beyond them. I will walk then boldly, casting off her, unfastenings, embraces, & endless talk of this & that; to an island an end in view, a room, to that open window, & the balcony under the morning. I will seek what I want in the barred, white feathered, in the obscure sky, with its sudden effulgence of moon. Look then at the bars of the railings: at the horses: at the pillar boy, at the people half circles w without faces, at the ~~outlines~~ that ~~more~~ outlines: only; ~~but~~ shadows against the sky. Let me break – on the beach with the waves. The broad foam is me. I am the wave that spreads to the limit of the cliffs. Under that arches the sky with its embraces some solitary shape of sea holly. Shaken wildly.

But no. The mood topples at the summit. I go falling over, an eye slip from the back of a galloping horse. Then comes shame: awkwardness: ridicule. I mount, I ride again; I will not be the slave of these pettiness. I will not. But again the dove shows & the tiger leaps.

NYPL

Cut me like knives into pieces making me stammer, making me lie,

Stop the theft

What they have done from age to age.

They in their
There should be a world immune from change. When I have hastened
through this drawing room, this lighted room. Dickens wrote books
which tear me asunder, which ~~[illegible]~~ ~~so agitate~~ me
~~that I am~~ which split me asunder, ~~I then sat, not there,~~ the
I ~~then stood~~, I ~~then~~ they hid found again; ~~that~~ I seem to have known as a
child, ~~but when I read my Bible, then~~ in the ~~bowl~~ brown
~~red bowl; the statues, the~~ forms ~~by~~ ~~[illegible]~~
~~that have crowd the gulf, that have~~ statues, forms, the
faces and creatures, robed in beauty, faces & names. Here
~~I love the~~ There are lovers under the plane tree. A
~~[illegible]~~ policeman. A cab. A man passing. And
Red & the immediate & particular, red & the clutch, red & the
little shake like tongue that flicker, they seem to have
drawn into them, there in the street, many all
what they have suffered; & their joy, & their endurance; &
their toil, ~~continued from age to age~~. They assume it
there; in their relief, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ by the railings, under the trees.
But I am not free. ~~I am forced~~ to give myself, I am. I am a tripod on the
verge of fire; this world wept by the hot heats that pierce
the room every time the door opens & new people, men &
women, come in; ~~breaking my~~ breaking intensely.
my mould, shattering its splendor. I am ~~being~~
not yet twenty one. I am ~~about to be~~ not yet
contained enough to make even one venture. ~~As~~ What I
say is intolerably contradictory. I am to be broken. I am to be
divided. I am to be cast up, down, among these men &
women, with their unhampered desires. Their
tumultuous free room. Like a stone in a rough sea.
Like a ~~[illegible]~~ wing for ever the wave ~~rise~~ breaks.
On the other side of the world the swallow dives his
wing in dark boughs. How the door opens: the tiger leaps!

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I ~~am a wave~~ that rushes to the limits of the cliffs, I am ~~the boiling~~ foam that flows to the limits of the rock & fills the hollows with whiteness. But I am ~~also~~ here, in this room, ~~a fact~~, a fact, a party.

The wave broke with a strong regular thud. ~~Then~~ They
They fell with the concussion of the ~~feet~~ of ~~mounted~~
horses, horses feet, on turf. They swept the beach
with blue, green, diamond tipped waves. They
They drew in & out with the mandala, regularity of
an engine; & which swept its force & sound &
drew them again. The ~~woman who had~~
gem had risen. ~~And the woman~~ It drove a straight
path, flittery dancey, over the waves, It shot fell
level on the land; ~~it~~ Even became green —
many flashed. The wood deepened; their green
armour to shed. A wave that rolled down & the
warlike edge became soft as bird feathers
in which one plume is ~~triangular~~ greener than the other.
hills reared ~~Curved back, mandolin~~: ~~& the~~ heavily
fledged with woods.
hills ~~reared~~ to hills, ~~in jewelled & mounting~~, reared
bound back by things, ~~so their volume untrained &~~ which
~~yet with their~~ & ~~held on~~, yet ~~restrain~~ held back
their ~~vehem~~ energy, their ~~pride~~ volume. They
woods bristled proudly on their flanks.

[Take in p. 108]

NYPL

Sept 3rd

"All London" said Bernard. "lies under mist. Guarded by fa[illegible], watched by factories, the lies there sleeping. We look down upon her from Crystal. Lo, she lies a dormant giantess. The broad green eyes. The fields all her ant heap to her breast. Not some idol is more majestic. Everytime I look at the train windows I see it more. Separate edges blurred with houses rise from the mist. We are bound upon the assault of dawn. The early morning train to the city is like a shell aimed at her heart. As we flash thro' stations sobbing trains expectant faces turn upon us. But we do not stop. We are going to Eastbourne. We are going to bore our way upon the heart of the city. We are combat, lightly hurled like a missile down at the flank of some hundred-headed monster. Arrogant said Cowhand.

The metropolis

We are going to wholly her flank.

This the vacant of all sensation? Go in the multitude. I am ~~no a man~~ Here, all clothed together in one big shot, we have no power to who am I? Nobody. There is alone a relief, a cancellation. The human race are amorphous. In big shot of flesh. Capitals ~~com~~ lights. aimed at the maternal heart of London. We can scarcely emerge. No struggle with reality avail: But I am aware: ~~then~~ I am numbed to a tolerance. I w. say my dear fr; why fidget? why suffer that by any system fr can differentiate purely? Fr are only we posture a calculation. I would say, ~~Rose Celestine.~~ No I do nothing actly. I feel that what we can do very little. We are tremendously limited. We will traverse at London. We are grandified - enlarged - made magnificent some curious way by this

We are going to wholly her flank.

NYPL

Sept. 10th

Meanwhile, this is the strangest of sensations, because my great happiness ~~because~~ presumably – being an accepted lover – engaged – I am nobody. I am only part – one segment – of a long not-naked chain of flesh amid at London. I am numbered to tolerance & acquiescence. My dear Sir, I could say, why do you ~~from~~ a ticket? Nothing we can do will avail. You are only one joint in the caterpillar. Over us all broods the splendid unanimity ~~of one desire~~; we are enlarged & solemnified & linked into ~~uniform~~ uniformity as with the glittering of some enormous good ~~& to~~ because we have only one desire: to arrive at Euston.

worth your particular?

I do not want the train to stop with a thud. I do not want to be broken off. I do not want to assume the burden of individual life, & to feel & fume, because somebody ~~will~~ set before me at the left. By such means, ~~take~~ go fast; pass the ticket collector ~~& catch the~~ & fast, by running, catch the tube. I do not wish to feel this – like as I ~~now~~ feel, ~~now that the train has stopped~~, that hate & rivalry have resumed their sway, hurry & ~~confusion~~ confusion & the desire to be first through the gate at the left. I do not want to be broken off from the Calabella: & to assume the burden of individual life. ~~I am~~ I who have been sinned. Monday night, when ~~I~~ & the accident me, charged entry home with a sense of individual life, who could not see a tooth brush without saying that is mine, ~~and~~ ~~this~~ ~~is a~~ ~~cage~~ above all contrite, humble; that I ~~say~~

(how had they hated, strong feet such Ora)

NYPL

to undergo my hands, to let fall my horoscope; ~~to become~~
a watcher, a listener; ~~& rather~~ than a merely
stand here, in the Euston Road, watching the brave lives, &
contriving with perfect ~~unfaltering the nature of~~
human life. ~~Poets have no desire~~, I who ~~have~~ no
eye to find; I who am merely without desire, without
envy, with the ~~pure eyes of understanding~~.
Lord! I ~~cannot~~ brandish curiously ~~or rather~~
with ~~your~~ my simpler fury, ~~that allows me to suffer~~
become part of that merging merely in
So I cancel the word 'curiously'; because my mind is
edgeless: ~~I am~~ Over me still broods the frame creation:
unformedness, unanimity; I am not ~~I mean~~ I
am ~~in some strange way involved~~; I am
am capable of ~~going~~ in any direction. ~~I am~~ capable of
flowing ~~into~~ easily, easily into the stream; a lizzy
goose & an — in a frame - hypothesis. Aware of
certain differences between people. But are they very
important? Are these ~~doubts~~
my fault. I ~~do not~~ am unaware of distinctions.
I am alive only to certain facts simple facts —
as of poverty. He is an ennui boy. Yes the
general common ~~feeling is~~ He has a bag.
Personality; our distinctions are not profound or
important. We are active; we are also
drowned. As we from deep bottom we
attain a rhythmical monotony

NYPL

I accept: I have found, merely being left on the north, my
~~like individual self, with its wedding presents & congratulations~~
& all that. Gratified like a child with the dog,
~~[illegible]~~ Now I am at liberty to ~~follow that~~ we call
wander, to roam, ~~to pursue with out~~ any object, frame of
thought; to ~~let~~ merely be carried, ~~effectively~~, I am
always that – a ~~being~~ on this current flow of life;
~~follow~~ observing the faces of people coming out of the left.
They that. They stand irresolute; they hesitate ~~on~~ some
moment entering ~~[illegible]~~ of ~~[illegible]~~, & to take part in
the flow East or West, of to follow strangers. to
leap them round with a to sink into the
pervading current; ~~Now~~ which beats along the street,
which, hesitating the down the left, suddenly
acquires course, inevitably; & so
when the bus ~~stops~~ the fetes in; to

the roar, the tumult, the scene – how shall I describe it? –
of to sink in, instead of trying to stand out.
to give myself this general ~~uproar~~.
feeling, now, ~~down it poly~~, because the bus has
& to stop, having been battering an obstacle. to
embrace this – One observes hesitation – the
observer the human animal circulating daily, as it
reaches the street. It determines its course.
What possible end have they in view? I will
~~watch~~ ~~to~~ ~~Ha~~ Plate is determined very largely by this
Plate of the women. A highly intelligent face,
yet better women, his his working class
women, condemn him to a life of struggle.
the hesitation. Now I will walk – Now I will

Hang
Dropped of

(hang this that
idly)
Surrender
myself

NYPL

with the
Ships under
are passing
gentlers.

Dreyer are
who

at the
sight of
face.

high ~~imagine that I am~~ bird and that I move, become part of the stream, I am hypnotized. ~~My mind~~
The surface of my mind slips along like a pale grey stream;
A large country only provides a little beach. I am
without desires, I am without objects. I cannot
remember my hat. I seem to have no future. Only in moments
of emergency — at the curb, suddenly a desire to
preserve my body springs at I seizes me: I am a
flash I am hostile, self preservative. Then again
indifference descends. For some reason the name of the
traffic — & the regularity of the movement ~~[illegible]~~
~~as~~ seems drowsy, my head ~~[illegible]~~, ~~& I think~~ as ~~if it might~~
be the wear of ~~waves, a fresh breeze, I go~~
underneath. & Oxford Street ~~becomes~~ floods
with ~~[illegible]~~ mastodons, with mammoths, with
old pink pens, with mastodonic pre-historic cars; —
as of time (of which) am thereby one moment I had
thought back as much a two girls real; as if
the short skirts had been cancelled. Think —
all ~~their~~ our bodies are in fact naked. We
are only lightly covered. Think, beneath these
garments are shells & hydrants — lilies
~~[illegible]~~. This however ~~the~~ type that my
dreaming, tentative advance, like one who swimming
just beneath the surface of a grey stream, is
intersected, torn, pricked, by remains of
poly, curiosity & love. ~~Deep~~ The ~~[illegible]~~ dies into the
light, & then let me sleep. For I would like to
~~[illegible]~~ under, to go under, to visit the mammoths
clubs, are a whole. ~~[illegible] due,~~ to
& given my prerogative — not only to eat &
be, but also to explore: & feel even the

NYPL

Inspiration,

vapour of pre-historic vegetation, & these vestiges from buried worlds. I would like also to be able – before I marry – to collect these isolated words; ~~& to be the~~ of man selling ~~to~~ very ~~pitiful~~; & ~~the~~ lazy tramp; & the sullen ploughman, aquiline, ~~stubby~~ ~~brown~~, & the whistling boy, & the tremendously contemplative, shabby man. Come, let me – I am ravaged with curiosity; shall we gain or sympathy? Am I not, today, trembling all night, like a tree in a pool, with some occult & whatever sympathy which ~~which~~ became, I feel the tremor & concern of life, bids me sympathize, ~~even~~ with ~~our~~ all these scattered flocks? These slaves & truffers? These poor little boys; these pipers & further pools. I mean we seem but flies – we seem that hour. Evanescent. I am aware of the doom of the race. I am aware of the sense that we are passing & fading.

Yet ~~at~~ I am returned, & hard upon at these bottomless depths, by my ridiculous, keen, curiously: my magpie eye; ~~my~~ ~~wh~~ catches a face, an attitude, & above them – a letter stay.

NYPL

of life prolonged.

Yet I cannot deny a sense of lasting, ~~endurance~~ immortality
Even. ~~that~~ I may in these children, ~~&~~ ~~that~~ I may cast a
another thing of seed, wider, beyond this generation;
beyond this brief & transient wave of traffic in Oxford Street
my daughters shall be buying different clothes from these;
& my sons shall be in Canada paddling a their own
~~after them~~: Hence we are not insignificant, not
raw dust merely, non dried; we flower & flower, we
cover the earth; we make ~~the~~ fadeless ~~the~~ our ~~the~~ ~~the~~ fruits
roar; we come up ~~again & again~~. differently
Then then explains my own confidence & well being, even as I stand;
~~that extract Malabaly~~, which is not vanity, nor ~~has~~
~~self conceit, nor~~ for I any unpaid gambling, have no
force in my hand, or ~~than~~; ~~no, I am~~ have no
~~I am of~~ no importance; ~~but yet~~ I see that, yes, I see
that every thing that my senses bring in, I savour. Yes I am a
man of extreme curiosity. I am a natural taster. I am
the richest of anything I see. I ~~do~~ seldom reject. I
seldom deny. I accept every experience.

Look me up that little back street. A crane
has been lifted from upper storey - a miniature crane.
For what purpose, I ask myself was that crane lifted there?
The architecture of the ships was blurred with an
immeasurably fatigue. The was hoisted ~~from~~ the
life from the barouche landau. A virago stands at the
bathroom in blue. The usual woman dreams at the
bedroom window. Children shriek & scream like
swallows in mid-street. I ~~address my~~ families;
that Jenny who dodges about in the glaring of my
being my identity - & would be
these little stories that I make up incessantly -

in new lands: with

NYPL

illustrations in the margin of my note book. I have
an enormous store of observation now when human life.
When the long winter evenings come I perhaps to sort them.
Indeed I am interested in the work of my own hand —
Indeed I suppose my greatest delight is to consider
obscure backsheesh: minute from observation to
observe myself some hint spread quite clearly before me —
to make a theme a story.

Look, something new to write. Take a note of this

But then I need an audience. Life happens in books that
I can read. That is my deficiency. I cannot order
my life plays in a ~~the~~ restaurant a some day after
day, & spread to the chair the same pressure & attention until
I make my phrase & run it with it to some setting
where it will be strange by dozens of candles. I need the
eye of friends. To be myself (a note) I must be
surrounded. Now the authentic, the originally (
when I interest them like an, & Rhoda perhaps,
another) sport most completely alone. As his
wonder the sea a hackled shark. He has

I begin then after this somnolence to work to wake,
because of my friends. I wish to sparkle in many facets.
I ~~who~~ have been plunging away mammoths & mastodons —
in that timeless territory ~~which~~ of non-identity — ~~that~~
~~where I am nobody but only~~ into a tide that ebbs & flows
~~round Earth's human shores~~ — ~~the~~ whose rush whose
treats as ~~it draws, in & out on beam sometimes~~ — in
moments of affirmement, moments of happiness, ~~like~~
mere: seems to round on ~~the~~ on the verge of
one ~~seem to~~ hears ~~on the~~ beyond this little circle of bright
light, this drummery of intemperate fury. to which I
am drawn back now by curiosity, greed ( ) an hunger) &
the ~~unexplain~~ desire to be myself. I think of
Louis; I think of Neville; I think of Susan; Jenny; &

Love heard

NYPL

they return me from darkness:
Rhoda; ~~all these~~ are because we shall meet tonight. We
shall dine together. ~~The apparent accident made~~ ~~We shall~~
~~dine~~ in honour of Percival who goes to India.
The actual meeting is still far off. Now I feel only the
harbingers, advance guard; ~~the~~ agent-couriers of
emotion: outriders ~~sent to herald the~~ of emotion: whatever
~~fate~~ for me friends in advance; — ~~they and their~~
of themselves in advance, strange heralds. Compact
Louis, remorseless, monumental; after him hale; Neville twitching,
Clarrisa: Jinny, with ~~her romantic~~ like fungus of the eye: Jinny so
hot, so pricking; & Rhoda like the nymph in a
fountain, always wet. These are fantastic fictions.
These are figments. ~~These are~~ ~~but the~~ ~~The~~
I command them (as ~~I sit at the~~ ~~that~~ they need
~~revision, that they~~ bear up revision. They are
like slides held to my lantern. I bring brighter &
brighter as I think of them. Look Louis I am one thing, with
Neville another. Strange how the thought of them quicken
beds this carcase as my ~~that~~ I think. Slow as
I think of them. I love ~~that cloud~~ like vapour
~~that~~ they ~~serve to~~ draw me up: they to make me
better myself: they spread these clouds. These vapours.
I begin to be unfolded of solitude. I descend there
hidden place — these unknown, ~~darkness~~ &
~~indifferent~~ faces: ~~I am~~ [Happiness comes stealing
back; & the agent drawn to communicate. I am]
vague hopes: aspiration: I harass:
Ceremonious. A man whom I dislike would now be
welcome ~~that I should~~ & dale love: a
& somebody brought down by disease — crops, cricket,
football, politics. My appetite for solitude is
exhausted; & the desire to hand on a phrase to
ring some body close to me in a circle becomes
a physical necessity. The dreaming eyes over
personality become too hard to be borne. Hence
I desire to impart my own bewilderedness:
my belief that life is nothing
but the ~~mood can~~

image sent

There visions of people in absence.

The particulars I have done with generalities.

NYPL

is such a very definite meaning, under my hands; to be shared, commented upon, foundered & drowned with complete abandonment.

the fact, the cordon,

Mixing a salad with my hands..

as anybody: I am not fastidious: ~~who will~~ ~~an Italian~~ a waiter will do: better still the ~~[illegible]~~ proprietor of this restaurant: what I want is the hand, the ~~[illegible]~~ the fact: ~~an fact~~. ~~That~~ & the action of ~~the proprietor of the restaurant~~, ~~who~~ the salad: the delightful fact: which alone ~~opens the letter~~ fuses the string, opens the drawer. I feel that delicious perfect confusion as idea merges with idea: figure merges figure. What shall I see? an open explosion took place: I see somebody. his cousin: heard with Sam. And Heaven knows what. The entirely unexpected nature of the explosion is the joy of interior society. Mixed with an Italian waiter: ~~to see~~ ~~to~~ Create ~~words~~, which ~~have~~ — And. I desire to continue an organically sane; my experience my abounding sense: of being just arrived, a London, young: & engaged: whatever my background; & ~~one lot~~ & what is to come from Jack, as I handle even affectionately words with this magnificently self-pleasure wife; I know not: I am flooded with overhouse movement: I cannot let this cup to my lips without a feeling that I am letting something specially heavy: belongings some particular: & then with complete unfashionable in cycling who is to provide the flying a word where may nothing not phase carrying — ~~of~~ a balloon stack over home — Orient, talk: I am happier now at this moment, with the prospect of my being found longer than ever before — uncanny, furnacelike. but happy. In what happy.

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"This nearly eight"
"~~Eight~~ has struck" said Neville. "I have ~~been here~~
I came early to taste every moment of anticipation;
to see the door open, — to say Is it Percival? No this
not Percival. ~~He will be late, alone, but this is the~~
place to which he is coming. He will sit at this table; I
shall sit ~~opposite~~, ~~but at an angle, so that I can see~~
him: ~~behind him~~ Opposite the glass, so that I can see our
faces reflected together. Now the ~~lay~~ table, & the metal ~~flow~~ vase of
~~flowers,~~ with its three red geraniums, are about to
undergo an extraordinary transformation. ~~Here,~~
~~waiting,~~ ~~There will be flowers round them~~ not ~~something~~
~~odd~~, student incapacitated; ~~an~~ demented. & Susan; & Neville
town & Rhoda: & Jinny: ~~&~~ & Neville be jealous; Neville be
tormented. Ah are neph-jibes: Percival & myself.
Already the whole room wears that strange wavering
uncertain appearance of a place where one waits, alone,
expecting something to happen. The blankness of the
table ~~of~~ is oppressive; & ~~the~~ its white cloth. The
hostility, the indifference of the other people chiefly
horrible oppression. ~~They want;~~ & They look at me;
find I am not the man they want; off they go.
Each look instructs a last upon me. I the should
have forgotten. I shall go. ~~I cannot~~ examining it: Somebody
in the street must ~~soon~~ be doing him now; he must be
passing a certain shop; he must be ~~near the~~ is
in a particular cab; or walking? At any rate, he
must be approaching this particular place.

twelve myself;
to

I have read
~~thank~~ of other
intolerably
of
that

Neville

NYPL

He must be observing this particular shot — unless indeed he has forgotten.

The door opens: I know that man. That is Louis. The actress ~~is tentative yet~~ It is ~~the~~ a strange mixture of assurance & timidity. He looks at himself in the looking glass as he passes, & decides that he is dissatisfied with his own appearance. Yet what does he want to look like? ~~the despair everybody~~. He is cold, imperious, domineering, difficult (I am comparing him with Percival) at the same time formidable. Here, Louis."

not seen me,

"That is Susan" said Louis. "She has not changed. because the darkness the futility of London. The hesitates for a moment at the swing door, like a creature dazzled by the lighting lamps. She has the ~~Her~~ stealthy yet swift movement (even among tables & chairs) of an animal. She seems to find her way by instinct; in spite of those little tables, disregarding waiters, to ~~the~~ our own table in the corner. When she sees us, her face assumes a certainly what is alarming, as if she had what she wanted. Who loved by Susan would be to be imprisoned by a birds sharp beak. Yet there are moments when I could wish to be pierced, nailed down; fixed forever ~~and~~. ~~Look at~~ red of wriggling: & fantastic aspirations. There is Rhoda. She did not. She must have slipped in behind somebody. She must have made a tortuous course, taking cover now behind a waiter, now behind some ornamental pillar, so as to hunt out as long as possible the ~~moment~~ shock of recognition; ~~because she wants~~ to hoard as long as possible her dream ~~of what life might be~~; to stock her store details in her basket. ~~Yet~~ We

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Cruelty

unbroken. We make him. We fashion him. And the hates us & friends us, & yet comes coming to our sides, believing for all our lives is always some name, some face which sheds a radiance like a lighted water, which lights up Marlborough, us & makes it possible for him to replenish her dreams.
Tonight it may be Percival.
"The door opens. The door goes on opening" said Neville, & yet the door not come."
"Merci Jenny" said Susan.
She stands in the door. And everything seems stayed. The water stops. The ~~party~~ by dinner by the door stop. ~~Also~~ She seems to be in the centre: & round her babble & the ~~lamp~~ hand lamp rays of the door & ceiling arrange themselves like a the star in the centre of a pin cushion window: & now, very in, the moves & ah is ... repose & movement & lines of rain through the air, wavey fancy. Louis finds he had to his neck tie. Neville, who sits washing with intensity, ~~grasps~~ nervously strangles the knives & forks in front of him. And Rhoda perceives her as if in the hourglass in which her eyes seem always lying a ~~big~~ bonfire suddenly burnt. ~~On me~~ & the ~~effect~~ is And ~~Jan~~ ~~unfaing~~: Hurling of fields: of wet plain: of velvet: & yet unable to capture this derision a the laughter & something that seems to curl about him: like little fingers, ~~tickling~~ tickling up my shabby dress: my ~~thick~~ square leather fingers. I hide them under the cloth above.

NYPL

"He has not come" said Neville. "The door-bell. But he does not come. There is Bernard: as he pulls off his coat, he throws a glove ~~he~~ this shirt under his arm hits. & they, unlike the outsiders, he seems to enter without any sense that he has come in. We are all equally ~~interesting, nice, lovable, agreeable~~ — Does he know us? He — without any perception that we differ; or that our table is his goal — Indeed, he is ~~such~~ ready to stop. He half knows that woman in evening dress — he half knows everybody. ~~Now~~ But now, perceiving us he comes bearing down upon us with such benignity such love of mankind (crowd with some ~~[illegible]~~ unique of ~~the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~ludicrous shadow of mankind~~ ~~[illegible]~~ & fatuity of his 'loving mankind') that — if it were not for Percival —, one would jut, now the feast has begun, now ~~there~~ we have settled down to this delightful, enviable (fortune matters no account whatsoever) & human entertainment. Let us see what there is for dinner. ~~Let us~~ Yes. I will take a little thing. (Yes) will begin with that. (hoping to some meaningless rhyme & feel, alone,

But without Percival, there is nothing

Should perhaps begin a door is come in to a room full of people

NYPL

Their words are brittle & detached. They seem merely silhouettes, ~~angularly painfully cut out~~ sharply, disagreeably cut out.

The swing door goes on turning "said Rhoda. "~~Each person~~ is held for a ~~moment alone in a room~~ & then strangers keep coming; ~~something~~ people ~~we shall never know~~, people we shall never see again; people who ~~stir us~~ touch us disagreeably with a strange unfamiliarity, ~~strange~~ indifference. ~~We cannot even~~ ~~And Neville~~ is ~~distracted~~; & we cannot subside, we cannot forget the ~~laughing of our faces~~ ~~the~~ our surfaces ourselves. Even I, who have no face, who make no difference to anybody but ~~flutter~~ & uneasy & ~~know~~ feel that ~~Jinny has changed~~ the discontent of being ~~the~~ fluttering, unattached, disintegrated, incapable of communication: ~~to~~ ~~feels~~ of ~~angry~~ two; ~~in sympathy~~ ~~with the~~ literary, became of with the misery of Neville, who, if the door Everytime the door opens looks listlessly at the table cloth; does not dare raise his eyes; then looks: for one second, & says he has not come.

(Susan changes bodies, Jinny faces)

But there he is.

"Now" said Neville. ~~The burden is removed.~~ ~~Now the~~ The leaves, all ~~dead & drooping~~ ~~are in~~ the air: are flown. ~~Now~~ my heart ~~beats wildly~~ ~~the sun comes~~ Here he is. All obstacles are removed. All impediment removed. All ~~now comes~~ & the ~~inextricable~~ chaos is over. vanquished. He comes. ~~He comes~~.

"Here is Percival" said ~~Susan~~ ~~B~~ Jinny

"~~Here is our hero~~ ~~said Bernard~~." ~~The~~ ~~who~~ blundering; clumsy; he has not dressed.

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"Here is Percival" said Bernard, smoothing his hair not, as ~~Louis would~~, from vanity, but in order to prostitute ~~the God~~ of decency; he is conventional; but a hero of course. The little boys always trooped after him across the playing fields. ~~They imitated his method of blowing his nose & They~~ blew their noses as he blew his nose, ~~but & the never imitated them~~ But now, when he is about to have gone, to go to India, ~~too~~ all these fights come together; ~~& Bernard knows~~ As he takes his seat, between Neville & Jinny, ~~and~~ the occasion is crowned. We who yelped like jackals at each other have now assumed the sober & deferential air of human boys, with Percival their Captain. We who have been uprooted by our youth, ~~by~~ who have sung like Eager birds such fun we sang, or tapped with the unwieldy oyster shell, our snail shell, the young ~~solitary~~ singing left the thick cracked, or been ~~solitary~~ singing sing solitary outside bedroom windows, of love, of fame & the other triple experiences so dear to now – we all sit at ~~finally~~ the Clipper table; hope to ~~underland;~~ & regain that solitude; now desire to enter into society; to make our contribution; to sing together; to be one society & here in this restaurant where six obvious gentlemen intents are at variance; & the remorseless tides the door turning its glass cage on its hinge seem to surround us with temptation, & distraction & indifference & the promise of other boundless.

the fast lunch' sucy.

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We have come together at last."
"Now we can talk" said Jinny
Now we can unite out of our solitude" said
Louis
Now we can think; now we can say what is in our
mind" said Neville
Our isolation, our preparation is over. The old
further days; the revelation a transcript: Those
moments of terror & horror: when the
Cuttlefish dabbled his lemon colouring thorough &
it became brown: & the heavy drops poured down on
Themes — moments of transcience in danger
in gardens, ~~Can be shared~~ - ~~For~~ we had the
~~Same aloofness~~ ~~different as we~~ are,
under current bushes & in that world come
where the pelade swam on dusk of green:
where the butterfly poured, & it for for ever,
& the beats of the wind was like a tiger
panting — Can we exaggerate the shock &
the terror! We also sat under a beech
tree, & it saw the pale hands & the clock &
the ~~lower~~ slate below. & the pigeon
clattered thrust with wooden wings. This was
our origin; our beginning. There were the close
furled buds of stars from which we drew our
Every lineament. "of sensation
"And then" said Bernard "the cat came to the door &
purring our new wooden hats lightly over our
foreheads, so as to hide our unmanly tears as
drove thick sheets who we turned to see for the

& was at the garden door making love to the kitchen maid. —

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last time, boy-men, with our names haunted on white letters
on our braces, with our brand new hockey knives, & in
the regulation number of sweaters, jerseys & football
shorts when what our mother had stitched on
metals for some night previously, our parting was
naturally momentous. a second reverence from the
body of your mother.

under the drawing room lamp.

And there were Mrs Dalmer. Miss Lambert & the Rev.
Somebody" said Jimmy; monumental ladies,
white robed, stone coloured, enigmatic, with
amethyst rays moving, like original light
(all colour was a mind from the room;) over

Mrs Flower women

pages of French, geography & arithmetic: there were
maps: forms: & green baize board: a
And bells rang "said Jimmy" punctually. A
scurry of marks to prayers. A smell of linoleum.
Certain coloured lights high windows: Circle
Then & yellows: Sensibly, drawing in a chain;
Number: boys sing in unison: regulation;
regimentation: & some: order: discipline;
the gymnasium & And from one after window
a certain view: a field: unframed by the
Coronation of this corporate & unreal &
mandarin system"

Also "We changed: we became unrecognisable"
Mrs Lomi: "Exposed to these different lights,
~~Now~~ what we had in common (for we all) became so different. For
Phoebe so distinct – came slowly (other mottling, in
velvet patches – ~~as one~~ as in a fever, washed over
with by chemicals – to the surface. It was

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was the: he said that: Rhoda & Bernard & Jinny & the
rest."

"We saw boats sailing right across the" said Neville.
And Bernard advancing in the central way across breadth of
green: against a background of ancient buildings. Then,
in an access of emotion, I took my horse — strong
in alexandrines, the manner of someone I admired —
as fast galloped down the path. Then we
without precisely noticing exactly, neighed
by the by something so powerful that one feels
exhausted — exhausting are its fellows.
"I however losing exactly you, saying the" said
Louis. "I ~~added~~ lose the date from the calendar
an entry, a proclamation of the world of steps broke
Thus a sea merchants & the city of trades —
which lies with its wharves & its bridges its
constant traffic with the East & the
West & the first & Mendes the 13th had dawned
when a ~~commerce~~ commercial nation.
~~At~~ "Then said Rhoda, we — Jinny & Susan & I — were
~~Elsewhere~~ ~~taken~~ exposed, ~~not~~ in that arrow, in
Every drum ~~who the hypocrite~~ in long legged steeples,
with a few precious stone nestling in our
~~to~~ stepped here & there, bowed, shook hands,
took a sandwich, from a plate, a cake, a sweet; sat at
a table; drove down to ~~Richmond~~; arrived in
time to tea — dined
"But tonight we are together" said Bernard.

An a holiday remark.

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"We have come together, drawn by some common emotion. Shall we call it, conveniently, love? Love for Pelleas? No: that is too small a particular a name. We cannot attach the width & volume of your feelings — we who are so different — to one small spark. We have come together impelled by the desire to be no longer separate — that is to confess ~~our~~ something ~~[illegible]~~ here, in this room, now at this moment, — I will not say enduring — for what endures? — but ~~[illegible]~~ seen by many eyes from our narrow experience: Look at those three flowers in the metal Jar. Look at our eyes as they ~~become like a tower, rising in a wave, seen from~~ Immediately. ~~[illegible]~~ tides. "The Camahor" my Aetna friend, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~Carnation~~ is all your carnation; a seven headed flower; a flower ~~that~~ many coloured, ~~[illegible]~~ red purple, & also silver flared; — the emblem of ~~of your to~~ which every eye brings its own contribution. Pelleas is a flower, seen from seven angles. "All ~~life is before us~~" said Neville. "The eldest of you is not more than twenty ~~five~~ three. Life is to come. Oh life once! said Lou" Burned in sand. Every day ~~in a process of~~ digging up. The sand which burned. They the eyes of youth.

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We are young, said Neville. "our flowers are only now ready to fall, to flower. We are now at the moment of Eclipse when our lights, what worked & flamed, what went out during the abysmal boredom of adolescence, now ~~been~~ fall unobserved ~~upon friends, upon strangers~~, upon ~~human faces~~; & ~~their incomparable beauty~~.
on the table; on the ~~fruit~~ wine; on ourselves; on ~~these poses~~ reflections ~~which the mirror provides~~; in in the lost glass. The world is displayed. ~~here & now~~."
people are displayed; ~~if we could~~ we believe that we ~~can afford it~~; can talk; can love."

"~~This is only one one moment of happiness~~" said Louis.
But ~~life has been~~ lived a thousand times already, said Louis:
~~But at least it has~~ I century runs every day – Thus
I have lived ~~I have lived~~ ~~I was the people well~~. Thus ~~at least~~ I explain my own
incompleteness; I ~~explain this~~ by my vanity. when I
came in I

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"We are very different" said Louis. "When I came in, I smoothed my hair in the hope of looking like the rest of you. But I am different. I have lived ~~I think~~ a thousand lives already. Every day I embrace some little relic of my past. I ~~have the time of~~ hear time always trampling like a chained elephant on the shore. What you see here & now is only the cinders & ashes of something once splendid. I ~~am~~ was once an Arab prince, ~~a Italian nobleman~~; or a great poet in the days of Elizabeth; or a Duke at the Court of Louis the Fourteenth. I am inordinately vain; immensely self confident; & have an immeasurable desire for sympathy. I have eaten no lunch today in order that you may think me cadaverous — so great is my sympathy. But while I admire you — Jerusalem & Percival most, because they live so fearlessly — I hate you. I think of you as my torturers. Why for you that I do these antics — smoothing my hair, concealing my accent. I am the little ape ~~with a~~ who chatters, & you are the drowsy women with thing bags of stale bun. I am also the caged tiger, & you are the Kaffirs with red hot bars. I am the fiercest & most powerful person here — and my whole life, ~~this~~ the apparition that appears after many ages of monotony, — with he shrieks in vacillations of hatred & contempt, ~~&~~ in terror lest you should laugh at me; in the effort — ~~to~~ incomprehensible as ~~it seems~~ to you — to make ~~one~~ line of poetry; ~~only in comfortable thoughts, the~~ ~~I am the~~ companion of Plato: ~~still~~, thus ~~in an easy home in~~

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~~the city, meat~~ topical, clear as glass; wedding together floating girls & women with bad teeth; the pale stone spire of some church, & bellying bellyache hats, glasses & fan & bottles & clocks, & cars & chairs making noise.

"But you will never succeed here," said Rhoda. "because you will never hate me; with-cently.

[Take on p. 156]

I come here, seeking, I believe ~~support~~ ~~seeking~~ to be ~~able to~~ imitate you; to ~~[illegible] a light only~~; something to imitate;

As they look at themselves in the glass I say, their heads are real. And I will keep close inside to imitate them. And I will feed my heart fierce from ~~[illegible]~~ these women - from men & other women with large families & having new & them & I take that they despise me"

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I come here to light ~~my~~ the my fire at ~~at~~ not Rachel's face, at Jerusalem. Because they are men of action, women with children. But they disgust me, because I mistake them, & my view of them is false."

"I have very little to explain" said Jinny. When I came in the room tonight I stopped & peered about like an animal at work with eyes near the ground. The smell of carpets, furniture & stews disgusts me. I like to be ~~in a field alone~~ walk thro' fields alone - I like to stop sometimes by a gate. I watch my willow now in a breeze. I like to be with people ~~like my father~~, who ~~sits~~ ~~that sits the fire~~, who sotto a — who sit silent; the only language I understand are cries of love, rage, hate, & pain. I ~~can~~ feel ~~now only~~ ~~to~~ Nature, ~~not~~ because Jinny ~~when the lamp~~ by the flame ~~made me~~ ~~forced~~ made me to put my hand under the table, to hide them. Thro' tears . . .

the people at a glass window & make the smoke rise.

— "New Begins to come," said Rhoda. It may be the wave.

Over the Cove

(The cove of some ~~flowing~~, something flowing at. Lobster Nearer Rising. Gently. Every thing looks quite. flowing. The hardness of substantial objects is lost. ~~Now here~~ Our senses are extended. We hear. Some voice seems to be speaking. Yet we are what ends in. I am washed down.

the colours warm flame the fruit a glow everywhere

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Breaking on me again. from a great reservoir:
Rose - love love. But how complex a play, for
Bernard was speaking yet. There is the hoot of a
steamer. The night is thickly woven, alien & alien,
with eyes & whores:

Rhoda & love. Nine is only a general vision.
We complete them yours. We take the light that
fell on the pavement at Scarborough from a
name painted on a box.

O.

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(The flames are red & yellow)

"Look, Helen" said Rhoda. "Look ~~had~~ moment by moment ~~Lo~~ light comes; colour falls; ~~as if~~ ~~the~~ ~~a~~ bloom, & ripeness ~~in~~ ~~lie on~~ ~~are~~ ~~in the air;~~ ~~warmth lies~~ everywhere; warmth rises; & ~~the~~ ~~& the eye~~ over eyes ~~meet everywhere~~ veils are gone gently, as if parting through curtains, which fire; curtains ~~of~~ & curtains of colour, veils fine as over the table, & the walls, & the plush seats, are met everywhere by veils: ~~which~~ like curtains: everything ~~brimmed & stirred; filled & pierced: our glasses~~ the ~~a of the thin~~ air were golden quivering but ~~gently enfolding they~~ in colour: one thing melts in another."

Curtains of colour

"Listen" said Louis: "the roar of London ~~is pouring~~ pours round us. Wheel within wheel. ~~The traffic hums,~~ ~~Its in a great whirl~~ hummed; ~~& within~~ it as it ~~Its in a~~ lesser wheels. ~~And then there~~ is the hush, - disordered ~~And~~ Then this dense or a malicious a close packed, inexorably revolving; then a siren hoots. At that solitary cry, ~~the~~ those seem to slip away, & a ship makes for the sea.

the circle & pressure of rays of light on all.

"

"Our senses seem splendid" said ~~Rh~~ Jinny. "We can ~~this as if some juice had~~ ~~&~~ I & ~~never~~ senses we had not imagined, that had lain that white colourless ~~can~~ now ~~fill &~~ become full; now fill themselves, ~~as they~~ ② & float. apprehend, feel, float into the warm rose air; & ~~they~~ drink in this warmth this ripeness, so ~~that we stretch out &~~ & unwind us with fibres, that float & absorb, & become

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heavy & red wounds & colours to our ~~[illegible]~~ eyes, to our ears Lestin."

"The Tower of London"

"Percival is going" said Neville. "We are surrounded here, as we are, with legends, with colours; where one thing — for instance all this Labelcloth, runs into each other; but there is India out there;

"A long time there" said Bernard: an air of extraordinary remarkable depredation in the air: a mosque rises from a mud wall; bullocks pulling carts ~~[illegible]~~ which rich in the rich, which Indian ~~[illegible]~~ Charles wood, voluptuously. The Time seems endless. ~~[illegible]~~ Ambition, Over all, broods a sense of the folly of rain: Percival rides down the ~~[illegible]~~, a the road, on a neat flexible mare, in a sun helmet: accepts the just tribute of the multitude, to whom he appears, justly regally, as a God."

"There is a river in India, said Rhoda,

Alexandri

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"He is God" said Rhoda "beautiful, ~~impassive~~, puzzled perhaps: a acquainted with some secret; or ~~as~~ man ~~for~~ merely thick: ~~Percival~~ or a hungry & greedy; ~~a~~ in love with ~~Jinny~~ who will not marry him; has it does not matter. What matter is that he ~~[illegible]~~, ~~by the way he takes mustard~~, look, how he helps himself to mustard, some power, but what power? — to illuminate, to liberate, to ~~relieve~~ that power sold into ~~the Germans~~, to ~~make~~ even the ~~[illegible]~~ ~~like Jim~~, we all turn towards him: no we do not even do that; but sit here gradually weighting ourselves with food food, ~~[illegible]~~, feeling comfort steal over us, our thin blood turned to gold; feeling in one tide a great desire to the pulse fleet flood at our two one low in serenity. confidence, in some trance of well being, in some rapture of benignity: ~~which~~ & the outermost hearts the earth indeed, ~~[illegible]~~ unless come with our pressure — the world 'shakes' slowly: remote provinces are lifted up out of darkness: & we think of those tortured men, of maimed women, the twisted purple & the vulture feeding on some bloated corpse with a new intensity; & tenderness: or, since Percival is among us, the world as parts of our enormous scope, of our province as human being: ~~He~~

"~~He may be Percival~~ then, ~~who wants~~, said Louis; "Percival then" said Louis, who makes us ~~feel~~ aware that ~~those~~ explanation — apparently deliberate — attempts to be truthful about ourselves to us seem are cramped & crabbed. Something has been left out. We have tried to accentuate our

sold us our blood,

& our hearts:

Why

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Something overspread by him:

Chatterers. From vanity we have laid them upon our faults, which is ~~pressed~~ to ~~an~~ particular to us. But there is something underneath; ~~that~~ which fear wind made, made of innumerable tubes which

"The ~~may~~ may be ~~maybe~~ hate" said Susan. "That is what rushes round & round ~~& round~~, in a furious coal black torrent, so that we are dizzy & we look down into it. Everything is whirled, ~~smashed~~, round, dashed about. It's unreason makes us ashamed to look down, to say what we see; we turn giddy:

"or hate" said Jenny "such as Susan felt for me; because I knew Louis was; because, squeezed on Jam, ~~&~~ ~~hubbub~~ I made her think when I came in. "my hands are red."

"A red-colour idea strikes me" said Bernard "(~~you~~ I am afraid) (I know how I dread intensity) & the wind we hear now in the street is the wind of innumerable voyages moving over innumerable chairs: ~~this~~ I see myself standing at the window shaving. And I ask "what force moves my hand?" Love? for my hand goes on moving every morning of my life, without my being responsible. Love is that shaving (you see) am afraid of intensity) Love is innumerable voyages sweeping over innumerable chairs."

~~"afraid, afraid, afraid" said Neville.~~

And so the shaving of chairs there is a howl & a cure: also a wound of hammers:

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"Yet the roaring waters" said Neville, "~~& the volume of that roaring~~ ~~water~~ upon which we build our crazy little forms, ~~also~~ ~~fore~~ is there are more stable ~~than~~ than ~~anything~~ what, ~~huge~~ the jerking, cut, wild, weak, inimpulent cries that we utter when, trying to ~~explain~~ speak "I am this — I am that" we cut, ~~a wave~~ upon the rage. ~~the mob race is the wonderful our language~~ are! But my long ~~for~~ ~~Perceval~~, ~~their~~ ~~which~~ which lurks beneath. The delicious taste of the roast duck, ~~not~~ fitly filled with vegetables, clothed in this pungent sauce, ~~falling~~ falling one by one, ~~fresh~~ fresh rubbed & various tastes & scents, down like bricks ~~in~~ in a well my throat, ~~on~~ have ~~stabilized~~ now stabilized my body. I feel gravity, it exact, a command. ~~&~~ ~~be~~ Instinctively ~~my nerves~~ ~~now~~ anticipate ~~some~~ the ~~Weariness~~, ~~Drama~~ of ~~Cake or~~ ~~regal~~ something regard Evanescent; & cool wine falling glove like ~~over~~ to the ~~my~~ nerves & caressing them ~~with strange, remote~~, & the halali & ~~colour~~ like the ~~cold~~ cool but solemn air ~~which~~ ~~like some green light~~, ~~like some~~ ~~large~~ falling the scent of caverns, hung with ~~clear~~ grapes, ~~where~~ shady ~~the heat of March~~ warm vineyards; hurtle with grapes. Now I can look into the love which lies down, down, far ~~but~~ beneath. But Let Rhoda ~~who~~ ~~sit~~ ~~off~~ where ~~back~~ fan) we reflected in the looking glass opposite, ~~Rhoda~~ who ~~in~~ ~~rocked the~~ ~~to & fro, racking her hoops, & thirsted when~~ ~~interrupted~~ jealous interrupted ~~always~~, ~~wanting~~ asking for a my pocket knife when ~~we~~ she ~~was~~ rocked in this in a brown basin; — I want her to speak, ~~above~~

& look out these sayings.

Wounded

like bricks ~~in~~ in a well

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about love, first; let her say ~~how what the~~ Yes; let her
strange prejudice, her ~~terror~~ ~~as~~ making a ~~great~~
because love is not a whole hole to her; ~~there is no~~ thing
her ~~eyes~~ Yes are not greedy when she looks down. She looks
over our heads far away."

"Beyond you oh" said Rhoda. "~~you are only face to face~~
names; ~~Nature standing against a background~~.
& 'love' is ~~a blue image, a statue~~ to a landscape:
to hills, many backed, steep, ~~clear~~ meeting in a
ring of grass, on snow-white. Between ~~these~~
the ~~folded grey hills~~ folds of the hills one must see, ~~in~~
~~a blue star to~~ high, a beach, & hear the sound of
waves falling ~~on a~~ ~~green each behind~~ it; &
the light being blue, washed with stars. Here on this
beach. The level of short fern turns, there are beaches,
~~dark hands~~ bathers, & a tree or two, set with
white flowers. Accustom your eyes to that
clear pallor that quenched light: ~~set out~~ to
then behold, ~~now~~, in that dark ~~patch~~, against the
dusky black of laurel trees, a white shape perhaps
a statue, ~~perhaps~~. No: it lives. It has
landed ~~on the beach~~; its ~~boat~~ has been
~~from a boat, which has now broken on the~~
~~down~~ & its boat has drifted away. It has mounted
the hill, & come here. [When the boat drifted:
When mounted the hill, - When come here to be
beyond our reach. [We look speechless, at first
feeling nothing, we shake by degrees begin to feel
that we have assumed our disguise.] This not
Percival; this not Susan, nor Jinny, nor Louis:

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It makes no gesture of familiarity: it never beckons; & seems not to see us. Look how, when the sea rests upon the Knee, it seems to be a fright; see again as it upright like a column; ~~[illegible]~~ then to fall, like a fountain falling. I ~~can~~ hear ~~sounds~~, & the high ~~[illegible]~~ & the unregulated wild voices of the wind, the remembered roar of the surf. ~~The~~ The boat by which I have come has drifted away: it is beyond our reach.

The troughs roar up behind

~~But that is over~~ What is the light which in which I drop my thoughts to refresh them: to fill up the like adept, ~~[illegible]~~ upon, subtle faces have with beauty. (here I go, forgetting, across wonderful of Place. & am almost blown out,- to drop my book in its white fire: But it does not necessarily a show of light of familiarity. ~~This~~ And often I

& feel I am at rest at last)

But And only for a second do I allow my sight, at some pantry behaviour - for I can only Hold the voyage who Charged, ~~tormented~~ by your treacherously, by Simple Cheerfully glide or ~~[illegible]~~ to by some Curious blown, Church See ~~through~~ the pleasure of Shoulder, to ~~finish~~ vision beyond this:

It might be of a strong man against a rocky

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Far away over your heads, against black leaves & white bunches of flowers in a pale star seven light, with the sea breathing in the background, there is the figure; there is the column, the triangle, the shape. There is the curious ~~the~~ shape, wholly, sometimes also partly I see standing outside the railings.

And her shoes? " said Neville.

~~And the telephone ringing~~? " ~~said Jenny.~~

Oh you have left out everything. ~~There~~ And in her voice behind the door. And catching right them when he does not see me? And ~~that~~ ~~that must~~ be his lost on the stairs. ~~And~~ ~~still~~ he does not come. We sit here. you have left out everything. ~~The~~ One waits; he does not come. It gets late & late. He has forgotten. He is with some one else. He is indifferent! Oh then the agony — the intolerable despair! And then there he is — in the room! beside me! Then there he is — in the room! "

Oh you have left out everything! "

"And he comes, inevitably, ~~drift &~~ said Jenny "he comes drawn, as by a current; our hands touch; our bodies touch to you; though what we see the world; the ~~sea~~ sea cliff, the cricket, the dog all beautiful; nothing remains unlit; all forever, all forever clear."

"They have become nocturnal; said Louis ~~they have become~~ night; their ~~face~~ eyes are like moths whose wings move so gently that one cannot see them move at dusk. ~~said~~

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"The ~~neighbors~~ year now going" said Neville "~~all the bands are~~ ~~on~~ The leaves were all out on the chestnut trees at Richmond. The boats ~~were~~ creaking & groaning were strange ~~at~~. I saw the why make these unfamiliar journeys? ~~why such~~ to unfamiliar ~~beautiful~~ places — flower Nature? ~~Nature~~? I want the actual person. I want what's here. The table. These flowers vanishes. We barely have gone left us.

At the hour at the tempest" said Rhoda. Seem to be wandering & the leaves to enclose, little parcels. Green jewels & the days back on the Thames like this

The light ~~Now curiously too near~~ Journey or naked men.

"There is a rangeing in their dreaming. Something unknown & distinct. We shall be shot dead. Our sculpt exhibited.

And there is also death. I do not know why. Perhaps In all a sense of the passing of time. The heart ~~the~~ goes high the hide. We feel the avalanche Now they. The procession here. Look, with the flowers, their horn. Why how they turn & look the street, & how they frown; how they turn, & look at the

We are rich young" said Jinny. We have days that time before us. Now, the first ~~is~~ rocket hence the leaf; and the room is golden, now we can that

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Changing. down-falling flowing, decay.

I see them pass. And while they passes, ~~I am aware of~~ I am aware of changing decay. Some purple flame blows downward. Death is woven in with the violets.")

"We are still young" said Jenny. "We are not yet twenty five. ~~Look~~ How powerfully we sit here, ~~in~~ in ~~the crest of the wave~~; emerged from ~~all those~~ the tentative ways, ~~there~~ the ~~dancing~~ abyssal lights & ~~and~~ on ~~random~~ or foot; ~~coolly~~ & straightly looking in front of us; ready for what may come; expectant. Our hands ~~lie~~ holding ~~lie~~ all is firm, real, without shadow or illusion. ~~Beat~~ Beauty rides on our brow. & definiteness, & ~~the~~ ; our flesh is cool & hard. ~~We can~~ ~~Jenny is ready for the field. I am for drawing room.~~

our knees & feet:

Our differences are clear cut as the shadows on rocks in full sun light: Beside us lie crisp rolls; & the table cloth is white; & the my hand & Jenny hand seem equally alert, nervous, ready to grasp ~~the~~ whatever comprises very different things. And ~~we~~ infinite days are before us to come: & we can spend them freely; now the fruit is golden because beneath the leaf, & the room is golden because of love. Night. We can look down streets, or watch the walls turn orange & pink in the world is humming, "as we are ~~have only~~ to sit here. ~~Ready~~ asking ~~who is coming in~~ — what will next week, to morrow, no this very instant bring? ~~Whatever comes is right~~ " Who is coming in! Whatever comes ~~is right~~."

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Life will never recover from
the dirt that has been made with

"~~We walked bang into the~~ I have walked, and Bernard bang into the hollow tree. I am engaged. It
"The heel of the hour," said Jinny, "the little moments of
pagan, the ~~[illegible]~~ on the edge of plain, the daily
crumbled walls, suddenly become clear. I see
everything lit up, as if ~~from~~ from a passing train, in a
rosy effulgent. This passed: how strange: it's a
tremendous experience - Bernard is engaged. Something
extraordinary has happened - A chasm has been laid in
the race of time. It will never flow fast again."
"Not only for one ~~sudden~~ moment. The shock is in
for one moment, when Bernard said, "I have walked
bang into the hollow tree - I am engaged" - a
frost fell, a hard light, stable & ~~so~~ common -
like a bird caught & hurried in a trap. But now
look, look, ~~we have~~ we are released: that trance of
immobility that sudden intensity of London
when we were all lifted in our relationship,
is over; & something hot & unknown rises forward
& carries us on. We are going to the
next thing to happen. We have set sail. The
sense of adventure seizes us - we do not
know what is coming next. Something is released.
The stream, down down, ~~so~~ over, & we
can no longer climb to our branches; we are
in it: we are carried forward. Listen.
Rhoda (for we are conspirators) Look that is

"How strange" said Jinny -

This is now: this week last for ever.

said Louis.

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Perhaps he was angry — but what she said
I ask the time she was thinking. but my how?

What is the cause such gathering via of active thinking.
They do not even trouble to finish their sentences, they understand
each deeply a word. [take up p ——]

I walk with little pace.
And walking down Oxford Street, and Bond, I said to myself,

I now I am done with these private troubles. I do not
How delightfully now the other people have taken upon
themselves the burden your identity! ~~Faith~~
I am speculating: there is very little real enjoyment
at that table. This the honour he has done her in
asking her to dine ~~that evening~~ ~~her too~~ rather than any
pleasure. She is aware of the fact: a young man ~~is up~~
~~being treated~~ from the country is being treated
Her face requires renewing. What pleasure
Can the hair when there is expressing he now?
There are few things more dismal than the look of
Pretty that is not enjoying itself. Yet
"We ought to be enjoying ourselves" these are not.
There glorious lapse that almost two nonchalantly.
My eye return again & again to a hair of middle class
women in that room. Why are they here?
What is their relationships? ~~Impossible~~
Impossible puzzles. ~~everything else.~~
Ceremonies. One wd. like to avoid ceremonies.
None may thought have anything absolutely to do
with my private life. A boundless curiously
fetes me: a kind splendour — God. Know
everything — God. Give me everything Give —
the load human mercy wd. be lined? Everybody

NYPL

I seem to be the uncle of the human race.
But these thoughts are frail & foolish. I only have written them ~~because~~;

"Bah how wan" said Bernard, "the gulbration is over.
How wan they ~~[illegible]~~ in moment of identity
of fierce delight & exultation in their own happiness,
is flatted; & these speech of ~~[illegible]~~ wind are a
wide margin of indifference, of curiosity - why are
are those two middleaged women dining alone together?
The youth, in the corner, is up from the country. His
being asked to dinner by a friend of the family. This
uneasy, & rather subpiant features, his gaucherie
fuchsiness, his stare, his awkwardness, prove that he
is undergoing one of those experiences which are
painful but proud in retrospect. As for happiness,
that poor woman, has had to hoard it for more
than three times already: the for all her delightful
air of rapture, her exclamations, her intensity,
the state of complexion never left her. They are
~~talking about~~ Ah but my nose! she thinks -
whatever they are they may be talking about too;
or ~~for~~ the war, or the unhappiness of her
dearest friend. Ah but my nose she thinks.
There remains however the problem of the solitary man:
~~how I cannot diagnose~~; we account for the
two elderly women, who are dining alone.
I could ~~to~~ ~~tell all~~ ~~a story~~ make up a story;
I could ask you to imagine a little home in
Earls Court, with two green gladiators on the
mantel-piece. ~~But these are moments~~

He turns to abroad more - more happiness:

The nervous way in wh. fr. time to time he puts his hand to the back of his head

Shaded with lace curtains.

NYPL

But are there stories? I sometimes doubt it.
What is my story. Has ~~[illegible]~~ Rhoden, or Neville?
How foolish we should think the most inspired novelist
who tried to make a story of us. How we
scratch defenseless — how we ~~cut~~ perhaps his
special architect did he id. make us seem; how
in the width & volume given here; how arbitrary
his ordering, connection and seem — Yet such is
the human instinct that ~~[illegible]~~ which I have set down
I have entered at least two dozen notes in my
note book: This is a large volume now.
for a book which is absolutely false. ~~[illegible]~~ is
going to say that the great moment of life was this:
~~when Hankey~~ Banks the Crabs from our waistcoats, we
were ~~[illegible]~~ We sat. — We think, how
~~are we to~~ arrange to say the bill? ~~Do think~~ —
Bernard, Neville
"Bernard with hay. No:
Louis. now stand up:
"Waiter" says Percival.
The waiter brings the bill discreetly folded.
The ladies ~~tidy~~ fish up flowers & handbags. The
mention of money has somehow divided us.
The waiter goes away. ~~We are~~
There is no story: ~~There are~~ said Susan: ~~There are~~
to ~~be felt too violently~~. There are only strokes of
pain: you are engaged; Percival is going: my hands are
red."
"The end
The circle has closed
again" said
Louis.

Can a story
is now then:

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Here he would be forced to say "Percival the handsome young man, ~~who had maintained an attitude of~~ in the city suit ~~a fly~~ ~~where reserve contrasted so~~ & shotted ~~a~~ tie, where reserve contrasted so strangely with the loquacity of the other, ~~had~~ now brushed the crumbs from his waistcoat, & ~~as if~~ with a gesture that ~~seemed such an heir~~, ~~made a sign to the waiter~~. ~~The feature~~ was characteristic - ~~He was clearly one of those who~~ given, made a sign to the waiter who came instantly, & returned ~~in a~~ a minute ~~fair~~ with the bill discreetly folded over the rather formidable total."

Now Louis, go on with the story."

~~But~~ "Now on a moment" said Louis, "we are about to part, the circle, the common feeling; broken ~~darted~~ ~~about~~ again & again, seems ~~I know not~~ ~~Oh stay, oh~~ to ~~break~~ us. ~~to close. That~~ ~~cease~~ to ~~break~~ Oh let us ~~somehow~~ ~~prolong~~ ~~this~~ somehow lengthen this moment; ~~make it complete; establish this;~~ ~~let~~ make ~~this enduring~~; let us keep this ~~for we~~ We are about to part. There is something entire; here is something lasting; do not let it be cut to fragments by the slicing ~~door~~; open more; open put on our hats - & coats - & find our cabs, ~~swift~~ rain will ~~descend~~; ~~as~~ ~~wound~~ ~~say~~, ~~of~~ Oh, now, at this moment do not move: do not let the swing door vista this, like a ~~light~~ lythe, to fragments. ~~For a moment~~ Something ~~instant~~ & complete as a bubble formed at the end of a hope ~~rises~~ swells; stays; blows ~~then~~ here suspended."

~~"It is beautiful"~~ said Jim. "~~This~~ Round, ~~hard~~, solution.

which had worked slightly up wards, yet the few simple remarks he had made were all much to the point.

& so other, so charitably, ~~for we are all so~~ ~~difficult~~ stay: to create.

NYPL

said Jinny "& ~~very~~ beautiful. ~~Oh our~~ Our love for Percival is in it — this made of him. It is made of his strength: of his youth: of his beauty: it is made of something so deep in us that perhaps we shall never feel strongly enough to let it come out again. ~~Or perhaps when he is not there, to comfort it.~~ :

"There ~~is the other~~ side of the world in it" said Jinny "India: & unknown mountains; And the forest & animals and are in it" said Jinny: the cascades & glades. & the the moonlight falling upon some high peak; ~~the~~ where the Eagle soars: & & plant.

"All happiness is in it" said Neville. "A table, a chair, a book with a paper knife, & the petal falling from the flower. & the light ~~dancing~~ fading upon the walls, which we sit, silent perhaps, or ~~the~~ talking — it does not matter.

"Yes, said Susan: Every day is there. The farm horses are led down to the brook. The rooks rise & fall. The holiday are dug. The church bell tolls. ~~Good~~ ~~If this is life, can~~ ~~as Jack, we it was, so it will be.~~ ~~do no wrong. Let us only then life can do no~~ ~~wrong. It one has only to let merely take~~ There is nothing to fear."

"~~For~~ ~~And~~ ~~we are young~~" ~~said Bernard.~~ "

~~You~~ "Stop is not" said Bernard. "Yes, that is the last drop. The brighter. That we fed Jack. like some infernal gluttons into this jewelled & splendid moment, which we have created, thanks to Percival. ~~Hope that~~ What is ~~Everything is~~ to come? I ask, breaking the crumbs from my wastebasket. ~~We have been able to~~ We ~~have published~~ are sure of this: we can ~~make~~ ~~cast upon our hearts, one~~ add to the treasure

to make that symbol, that of one man. + this moment again, Jelliss hustings & calling of strange animals;

& maybe afraid. Perhaps he moments

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home. We are not mean slaves, bound to recline inalienably on our backs. Unrecorded blows we are creatures. We can make something that will join the innumerable Congregation of moments; ~~that~~ [We are awake upright, in the sun. We are not in bondage, but also] ~~Give~~ that make the hart, — Shakespeare or Dostoevsky — he behind us. Tomorrow's hand. We too, arising put our hats on, step forth into a world which we have proved, can be made splendid, not into ~~the~~ night, not into chaos; but into something which remains to be discovered, which demands to be created.

Look, Percival, while they go to fetch a taxi, at the world before you. The street is red & bruised by innumerable wheels. The yellow canopy of your tremendous energy hangs over us. Above the sky is clear — dark, & ~~th~~ marked. "There are strange clouds" said Rhoda; "taking their way indifferently — ~~we are Germany, our~~ ~~France~~"

~~All~~ The ~~agony~~ agony of life is now when we lay down our days." said Louis: ~~indifference. partly indifference. And of splendour.~~ indifference.

They have begun to cut. Percival ~~wears his hand.~~ goes. What can we do to bridge distance? What can do to fan the fire so that it blazes for ever? How can we respond to all time to come that we that stand here now honored Percival? How can we give to others the intensity of our love? How can we let shutter to preserve the most from decay? And what gone. Then over.

memorial-petals thru.

wake a

theatre, dance halls, dinner.

NYPL

Oct. 6th
1930.

The waves broke & spread their ~~dark~~ blue waters dribbly over the shore. One after another with incessant energy they massed themselves, & broke. The blue was dyed through them. ~~Their~~ They were flushed in colour. The shore they met the sky. There was no division. The sun had ~~risen,~~ & stood in the middle of the sky; the fish ~~where~~ lazily rising, the woman tying her hand with jewels. ~~Their~~ of unequal light, had vanished. All vapours were absorbed. The darkness & moisture had gone from the air. Now in this burning dry light only a a light boat, strong equable, as the woman touched in her green mantle had lost all lay, had been burnt into random, impersonality, was now blended entirely as a ~~cool~~ light green, so fully blue light poured into the sea; & the whole of the waves turned like the muscles on the backs of horses; they flashed & fell; & ~~the~~ bound backward; ~~then~~ with curling back the energy of their spray.

The fields were lush with grass: the dragon flies hung over the yellow flags. Cows pushed slowly through the long grass. ~~and~~ slowly ~~weaving~~ lashing their flanks with their tails now & then. The trees spread their wings lazily. Horses ~~&~~ flung out their cumbrous limbs on the meadows, rolling in the sun. The birds were enormously busy. ~~Now they~~ ~~The babble & chuckle~~, the clear song, the violent warbling were one.

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Bubbling & chuckling they carried feathers bits of straw to make a dark knot in the higher branches of the Elm trees. They hopped from perch to perch. They sang, serenely; & flew high ~~and~~, wearily round & downwards, wearily & drowsily. Now again they sat peacefully side obscure with bright eyes & twitching the air with ~~@~~ gyrations but upon the earth; weight some thing, a worm, or the cam back into the wings yet flying flush between their bills. A sound of chirping & growth was to be heard even among the flowers; as if they their effort, in hurling & bustling absorbed them, - as if the ~~@~~ ~~was~~ an air full of the ~~fo~~ breath of leaves; as the fullness of petals; & the bees, ~~no drones~~ when they pass open, went ~~indefatigat~~ indefatigably from the red to the yellow. Pray the whole to the blue. Light lay more & more softly & beautifully upon their broad backs, upon their delicately furred stalks. upon the tiller

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the sun struck fully on the house. Here came the ~~coach to the door~~ door with ~~two~~ ~~[illegible]~~ the ~~[illegible]~~ windows were ~~[illegible]~~ all dim: the panes were ~~[illegible]~~ thickly woven with green branches, & spotted with blue; ~~so that~~ sharp edged, the light lay upon the window sill; & showed under the room plates & cups, & their rings, their handles; without shadow; & the bulging mass of a chair ~~[illegible]~~ bowl; & the intricacy of the pattern on the rug; & the formidable ~~[illegible]~~ angles of the book case, of the curtains, of the chairs. ~~There too~~ all crowded, yet orderly, all separate, yet making together an ~~[illegible]~~ assembly. ~~with~~ & felt homely in the central darkness, where from the mass of objects some where all their mass seemed to throw a shadow, something human, where perhaps ~~[illegible]~~ to be with revealed, & maybe a further shake; ~~[illegible]~~ disencumbered.

to indicate to hint to a dumbness

Meanwhile the waves pounded, ~~like a chained~~ with fresh ~~[illegible]~~ & loosed their ~~[illegible]~~ spray breath, & raced swiftly into ~~[illegible]~~ over the salt out boar, through the grass, & over the sea holly.

NYPL

23rd Oct. 1930

"He is gone; he is dead;" said Neville: he is dead; he is gone"
There were a rustling: a hen hence felt: his home
trembled: he felt. They carried him indoors & he died.
I felt then: I am dead; ~~It this can be, oh~~ When is
permanent: When is allowed: When can get my hands on two
by means of a rustling & hence: ~~oh~~ The wheels of the
Jensalem moved forward. Clap one hand catches me a big
bank of my head. My concentry to live in a world
where there is horrible in ~~do violence to another~~ Death is
in a world of danger & hate: a mistake to go to pantin:
& Sudden death. ~~And~~ a woman gave shotting. And
Between the market & the salt cellar he the telegram;
Between the market & the salt cellar he the
he came come: a hen hence trembled & he felt. ~~They~~
~~He said~~ did not speak again. At the tree & tower. The
Thoughts. The coaches. The railway lines & the railway were
darkness. A rat ran went on in his lair: & then he died
And then he died: Into that roaring chaos you take me
~~It takes~~ ~~You~~ have a mind & running ~~Oh~~:
to: my
that went freely & comfortably. Along railway lanes:
There were a fire where the rat & he matched the
tumbler from my hand & drank it: in fear my. Women go
past the window where ~~I am having~~ my heartbeat: a
There were no lights in the middle of the road;
On Nobody: unknowable. ~~The~~ ~~Be that~~ ~~Yes~~
~~Be~~ - We drink it. We ~~cannot~~ - We are conversations: on
~~Dr Jacques Jack~~ The word drops word it
Jensalem reads: & knocks me down: ah of me the
I gave him: love, & admiration: for when he died we
come I perished: when he came I saw both
where he comes, I saw: ~~The~~ ~~The~~ ~~Then a our vindication~~.
I saw now the. The lights the world go up: I
ah: drank & ~~man~~ laughed comfortably in his pain:

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And now the darkness, now nothingness, has taken all those
Earthly: & natural things: ~~having~~ they were thrown down under
fallen of darkness never to be again: down vast corridor, in
like fists of bent broken shoes legs for ever & more
for him: our father, our hat: out of you: Out of you:
out of you. His horn thumped over a molehill:
And his laughter & his back: his old rubber rod: his
Cap: his nervous manner ~~mar~~ habit: his the tooth &
broke everything. Suddenly stood in the window ~~he found~~
all the people in the house by. Covered with curtains he
then came & threw the curtains about. Why a
molehill - why a mark a garden - how can other
Doctors & all that. And whatever to come - how
he would have written; ~~obey~~ & lifted the bottom cut
at the rat; & then, presiding over cowards, in
a way; with his sword in a chair: That such a life would
have darkened him? Doubt. He would have come home
He would have taken some unfortunate view. He would have
refused to enter some crime: Would you: been disgraced:
~~started the~~ — ~~no~~ But a molehill: some thing
pushed him him: & they carried him, heavily heavily to the
parlour.

Oh Mr. & allowed, take me, too & break the
whole pageant: & prolonged contents — all the — my
broken my van & the litter raft: my
van life: my dress: my garden: my integrity:
my work. That used & left the work work —
interest, — altogether. left the wire car.
Tired with such starts & runs of early
such involvements: plays — I say
why not throw out the lover too? &
so, & leave him, relume this mercy. The
Deluted gamekeeper? — Look at my team —
how they turn, like wonderful but a ~~boot~~
coach; wonderfully fond days
down in one;

Then like
hunt
papers
whose

NYPL

as I may have, when I am near, were hard other times & mellow:
I weep: I weep. I clutch my hands: to his door: at.

"His horse fell" said Neville. "Percival is dead. His horse fell, & he died. The rails the world have caught me ~~on the track of his head~~. ~~He~~ I am dead. ~~All~~ my heart is cut from me; ~~& whole away~~. all fun, all happiness: the lights of the world have gone out. A moment ago, this had not happened. ~~I came into the room~~: Now I hold this telegram. I hold this telegram ~~which obliterates the past~~. Oh to lift this weight, this impossible chain — this little paper. Women go past the window as if there were no cliff in the middle of the road. ~~He Get all~~ Percival is dead. And the and to let light flood back again! ~~But~~ He was thrown / in a race & died ~~without throwing his weapons~~. ~~Now then & trees, the racing lines of white~~ His horse stumbled, & he fell & died. There was a roar in his ears; ~~& its~~ a drumming: it cleared. And barns & summer days & the river — that fun ~~where we lost~~, ~~his~~ are cut off; ~~his~~ his spent away: per sym. I am alone forever. They must have carried him to some pavilion. ~~There were only strangers there~~. He died with strangers ~~there~~ — men in riding boots. Yes, & loneliness & silence often surrounded him: ~~Yes~~ ~~Yes, & he loved & he was rash: he~~ He was also very rash. He flung one aside. When he came in, all was safe. And women go past the window. as if there was no cliff in the middle of the road. We

Have felled me

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deserve to be lifted up by mob-hills ~~& Will everything~~
for ~~some~~. If this is allowed, why ~~[illegible] life~~
should one consent? why should one submit? what is
left me; ~~They~~ They wheel away from me — my self. ~~my~~ &
~~days, & moments of such happiness, alone, or when he~~
~~came in, or moments of meeting; & all was so~~
~~loose; so casual; for one did~~ moments of happiness
like sharks on burnt paper — why not break up my
How frail how futile, now — how aimless, how
sleeless, to spin a little web over this chasm — &
sat & talk. ~~All the best is heredised.~~
Nobody after this will know me. the shouted
from the window. ~~He understood everything.~~ He
was to be seen shouldering his way ~~down~~ through the crowd
~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ on a windy day. He gave me a
book once; ~~to~~ I have three letters, ~~all about~~
written on board ships. "~~The~~ I am about to
play quoits with a widow ~~from Yarbiton~~."
~~And then, I believe he forgot something~~ Had there been
any one there to notice ~~his [illegible]~~, a strap — a stirrup —
all this would have been prevented; & setting in
Court he would have done justice: ~~or riding~~ &
sudden — shot; & come home again, & made some
violent protest against tyranny. And been
dismissed: no: tumbled; ~~been the master of~~
& ~~not returned in triumph~~: & worn a star: &
gone clanking through the streets:

Perhaps it was a strap — a stirrup.

He leaft all his home carelessly

Now these things are vain no more; ~~& no~~
there is nothing left: ~~by~~ the earth is denuded; there is

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there is a ~~green new, amazing~~ a growing new, a subterfuge
hidden: a unreality, & insecurely. He will not
open the door. His tie he throws: his clumsy wraps, all
burned now in Judea; in some cemetery; laid out
in some dry place, some very ugly British grave yard;
I am to hide all this: I am to say nothing to any one.
I am to watch our hart perpetually dwindling
while they go on. They are barring about. That
boy almost missed the bus. And I know
that nothing of all this matters. I know we are
I who am so lonely now that I could weep. And
will weep, shortly, ~~holding~~ as if in a last
communication; as if once more we were in my protecting
together. (They ~~will~~ have buried him- but I say
we are together, ~~since~~ the lamp burns; the ~~fire~~
Cinder Jack: we are together, I say, oh yes; you
cannot rob me of that; & I defy you to
you men in reddening boots & widows & women
young hart the window: you cannot destroy
my sense of them: my delight: my rapture.
Look where he comes I said: in his shabby coat;
& so the lean Jack: as if the metal, there in my
them, melted, & felt. The telegram still
lies on the table, between the salt cellar & the
mustard pot.

Bernard

I am pierced then by joy & sorrow.

fields, sun,
wind &
crowds,

NYPL

now pain; begin; feed on me; tear my flesh. I roh, I roh:

"Such is the complexity of life" said Bernard. "And which is happiness & which is sorrow. I do not know. My son was born last night; today Percival is dead. I will put on my hat, & go out in order to be free from interruption & to spend this short time outside of the machine. There is a world that Percival no longer sees. There is the machine working, without our participation. I am a phantom in this street. Omnibuses, clouds, heights are taking their ways indifferently. I feel no attachment.

Now is my chance this of finding out something that I do not know — something important. I must be careful to avoid phrases; & lies. What was Percival to me yesterday before I heard? was a point; as it were something upon which my mind rested; the focus of certain humorous & agreeable emotions. (For days this I did not think of him.) Now my mind goes to the usual place & there is nothing ~~there is not nothing~~; he is ~~not illuminating that~~ & ~~thinks~~ feels warm, feels amused, ~~feels an irresis~~ begins by instinct to create scenes, ~~with others~~ in strange Indian houses, to scenes mixed of the past, & the present: he is getting down a chest in a sun helmet — no, he is reading the vanity of human wishes with his leg over the arm of a camp chair: suddenly I feel, no; you can't go there any more. That place is empty. This gone. That tower, that ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~, central place in my mind upon which I can rest, is lost. It is there no more.

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Oh yes, casual people, indifferent & sceptic, something much more valuable than you know is lost. He lies in a long yellow room, where men moving hush their, with a bandage round his head. You, Percival, are not going to endure this belittlement. You have lost a great ruler; you unwelcoming people – somebody you would have liked to follow; & he would have loved one of you – a woman – & had a son.

But this is unimportant – I want to make sure ~~of~~ ~~this~~ before it goes what I felt, ~~as soon~~ whether with the visual image the beautiful decoration which my eye creates perpetually – of a man riding in I felt "This is better than I had dared to hope. This is the utmost that you can do – he was not twenty six & should have lived to be eighty – this is the worst you can do (I am addressing somebody Embity, cyclen, incredibly stupid) & this not enough. We remain stronger than you are. We – yes – that is myself & Percival. I am not going to lie down & weep ~~away~~ – I ~~as~~ who am a man, with a son, in the prime of life: & this a fine day. A submissive attitude is wrong. Worse, a dogmatic. I cannot assert: I can merely say "Put to the test ~~this is what~~ this: ~~after this~~ I will not dogmatise. What I have to remember further is (remembering how he struck the glass from my hand that day at an Inn) Can I think of him feebly, in ridiculous situations? No stillness: no pose – And yet he rides a great horse with his hand raised. You would have had to reflect him – blain, indifferent, hurrying creatures that you are, driving down into tubes; or catching omnibuses.

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You would have had to jump up behind him.

Yet already you begin to grow your fascination. Curiosity is only knocked out for a very short time — ~~perhaps half an hour~~. One cannot remain outside the machine for more than half an hour. Next comes the sense of the present, with a different perspective — what way? — There is the Indian hospital, the yellow letter room, & the squatting black men pulling ropes: & then they bury him. And yet what famous action has been divorced? This on the placard. Behind the hospital is behind the placard. I should like to buy a paper — & yet — I cannot ~~yet~~ ~~undergo~~ ~~but~~ inevitably

~~Whenever~~ Yes, whenever I discover a new vein in myself, I shall submit it privately to you. I shall refer it to you for your inspection. What do I do? I shall act. You shall be the supervisor of many of my actions. But will the pressure be effective after say, two years? I am now at the zenith of my experience: it will decline. I already feel that to-day what luck — what luck — to be just getting all — wonder to enjoy. And the gallantry — the peace of the night of the region in the early morning air — is yours. Calmly descending, infallibly alighting two regions back through the air as I looked out of the window. Something trivial, noisy, wonted, is taking its place. I am no longer terribly cautious of the unreality of shop signs: ~~of the act~~ the omnibuses do not seem to me cars of juggernaut: faces again seem natural; & I do not feel it strange that people should stop

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& look in at windows. But surely he would have laughed then. Remember, that the Gallantry of perjured in. That he would have derived. Remember. he was riding in a rage, & died I think without any sort of farewell.

I must keep on walking, for if I change my rhythm, or meet anyone I know who makes me stop, I shall be exposed to some sort of annihilation. I will go into the National Gallery & submit myself to the ~~effect~~ stare of pictures. ~~Then~~ There is very little time in which to ask myself that important question. Happily the obtusion of the eye with the visual image – the bed, the ~~round the~~ black men tugging at robes – is growing. I ~~can perhaps discover~~ may be beneath something lasting. There are the cold madonnas among these pictures. (The Baby suggests my baby: & still I can not separate sorrow from joy: I am still shored up on either side by tremendous buttresses: I am a little man upheld by ancient instincts) Mercifully the pictures make no reference; they do not nudge; they ~~is~~ do not hount. The private, the particular, ~~or the~~ grief; the bed in the hospital. Yet they expand my consciousness – the comes again under another form. They almost persuade me that I can be heroic. : I who make phrases so easily, who am so easily deceived; – who loves so well what comes next – who cannot clench my hand or enforce my will – who am, compared to him, weak, vacillating inconsistent. Had I done anything strong to him I would have carried it. Now I recover the sense of my loss. I ~~see myself~~ go to the place where he was & find – emptiness. ~~I shall not find him~~ He sits in his bath, & read

The opportunity will be lost forever

NYPL

would return his bats, for example singing Gilbert & Sullivan. He liked to shock people in hotels: that is, he did not notice if they were shocked or not, by his old coat, & hob-nail boots.

This is my funeral service. We have no ceremonies, only private clergy. Nothing that has been said meets our case. We stop & back up fragments. I am irremediably inconclusive.

I shall not be Tehan humly; she is of the school of Tehan, so they say. I have no sense of the heroic as Nakefoot.

NYPL

how I recover what he was to me through a sense of my own infirmity. He was courageous: he was thoughtful: he spread around him a feeling of largeness & indifference. ~~At the same time he~~ had also great compassion. I assure you that I could weep, thinking of the children crossing the road & Percival (~~which~~ a foolish name) stopping to help them. Small scenes, ~~behind doors, remain with me, torment me~~; such small scenes return, will remain. Why? ~~Because they cannot be said~~ & make me ~~weep to~~ weep - ~~they~~ because they cannot be imparted. Hence our loneliness. Often when - very unusual - I can't feel merely.

seen between doors - statue -

This is my funeral service. We have no ceremonies only private dirges. We have no conclusions. Nothing has been said that meets our case. We pick up fragments, alone like this, ~~in lecture galleries~~ sitting in the Italian room at the National Gallery. I doubt that Titian ever felt what I feel: painters are immune, living lives of methodical absorption, adding stroke to stroke - They are not scapegoats: they are not chained to books. But that crimson there must have burnt in his yard; & he must have surged up with those great arms holding the cornucopia, & fallen like an avalanche there in that mass. What I feel disconcerting is the silence - the perpetual solicitation of the eye. On me the pressure is intermittent & muffled. I distinguish too little & too vaguely. I am titillated immoderately by some splendour -

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that rolled far against the olive green lining of the
morning intensity of the sky against the ~~aqueduct~~ arches; & the
yellow light behind the pricked ears of the olive trees

They have added something – a serenity I think – to my
interpretation. 'If they ~~never~~ survive, he survives – he
longer now too! They confirm some vague impression –
could I say hold it? it would be important –
of continuity, entirety – the idea breaks in my hand.
Why this incessant desire for unity?
'All or one' – but what is the point of all being one?

I am growing: I am flooded with sensations.
I dislike this numbness. There are others ~~weep~~
suffering now; oh yes, there are multitudes suffering.
For example Neville. ~~Susan Rhoda in her~~
I cannot interrupt that. But I want – some one to
talk to: a sweet, human thing. I want to
talk with someone with whom he had been not in love –
merely at his ease. He was at his ease with
Jenny. There I can do my penance. Has
Ask, did he complain to you Susan: he does he tell you
how I refused to go abroad with him that time he asked me?
Did he ~~speak of me with~~ Was he hurt?
O there are the thoughts that wake me up
shrieking in the middle of the night – for which
one would willingly do penance, bare headed, in
the market place – I would not go: I
made some excuse, & he said nothing. I want
to celebrate his goodness, to be assured that he shows
me such affection, as such a thing; & to set such
Jenny remembering make things – & to laugh

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~~naturally. I will take a taxi. I will go.~~"

"There is the hurdle" said Rhoda, "& I cannot cross it. I hear the roar of the great grindstones whirling an inch ~~or~~ ~~two~~ above my head. I feel the rush of the grey wind. & all halfable forms of life have fallen on me. Unless I ~~I must touch~~ I must touch wall; I must grope till I have found the wall.

It seems in my ear.

~~The~~ I will find something to touch, a wall. I shall be whirled down the windy corridors for ever. ~~The be~~ I will buy a bunch of violets & make a wreath. She told me on the telephone, Percival is dead. Susan cried. But I never cry. I heard the grinding of the millstones & was blown where there is nothing. Now the shadow ~~falls~~ has fallen on the grove, where the white figure stands, I told them that Seven clothed in green, down flowing with purple wound about it that night at dinner, when they talked about his shoes & his voice on the other side of the door. He landed from a ~~little~~ boat alone, on the shore where the waves break ~~& break~~ & withdraw leaving a line of foam. But I will not make ~~crochet~~ white patterns, blending myself like a bale with silk streamers. ~~I will accept this gift,~~ The heaven have cracked asunder; & ~~here at last~~ is my flash of light. Here is the rent in the world. Though which I see ordinary things like trees parched with lightning. ~~There is an old man at the corner of the~~ I will go to Oxford Street & buy stockings. I will do usual things, but with

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understanding; under their illumination, as an offering to Percival, a bunch of violets, something given him by me.

Look at the street now that Percival is dead: how lightly rounded the house stand, to be buffeted over by a break of air. I am out alone in a hostile world. I do not want things I know, & touch & handle, about me. I want indifference & violence & to be ~~tossed up &~~ dashed down like a stone on the rocks. I want to taste the ferocity & power of this universe.

I like factory chimneys & cranes & towers. I like the hammering & tan & tan & tan, all perfectly indifferent. ~~Now~~ Now I am rid of pettiness: I am riding rough water with no one ~~to help~~ begging me. If it had not been for Percival I might have sat indoors. Now I will go to ~~Bond~~ Oxford Street & buy stockings. Cross Sahara & ~~look~~ left the dry stones behind my feet. What poor author, falling, ~~fool~~ headlong towards a poem heard a woman talk loud. I could have believed in ~~the~~ little kindness, hands touching, & mothers & children. Now in Oxford Street I am offered by this welter: faces & faces, coarse & steady & casual, almost informed, looking in at windows, vaguely brushing me with their vacancy, & passing: ogling & jeering as they loud. Carrying ~~with~~ with parcels. But I am immune:

No: the beast with all these faces begins to wear ~~down my~~ thyself, to shuffle close: his breath is on my pleasure. Gen, who could have sand me, coming in nonchalantly in your grey suit

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that night, & a bruise relaxing my imagination; have left me to undergo this indignity; & I am not yet twenty four. I shall live to be old herbalist & shall be worn down with rheumatism. They will destroy you ~~too~~ — & the circle of beach under the moon & the grove in the flat land ~~between~~ where the mang-backed ships hills come down together. [Now let me see you clear; crush some herb that brings you back to me: recall, anything — you are still so close to me.] ~~I will~~ Though this broad daylight, & I am in Oxford Street. I will ~~make image after image to appear to them [illegible]~~ visit that place now; ~~& to~~ & we will mount our horses, & gallop to some ~~wooden~~ far inland grove, where we dismount, & I give you this bunch of violets. ~~They lie here beside me,~~ & lush eglantine, Green cowbind & the moonlight coloured May,

I see the grove, & the dark land behind

Now in the shop where they sell stockings. I ~~must~~ wish not ~~to~~ make phrases, blending myself like a bank with silk streamers. I wish lay my flowers on the counter of a shop & buy stockings.

I could believe that beauty is a more flowing. I could believe, as I walk down these aisles, strewn with lace & stewn with baskets of silk & handkerchiefs, that there are warm hollows in the thick of the storm. Over me the leaves are thick; & the crushed herb smells sweet. Here we draw breath, in wondrous communion — not a flower stirs not a bird sees — which the fair opens drawer after drawer. They are to be silk stockings of the colour of some stalk. And their vulgar; & they are sharp; & they has

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difficulty in concealing her boredom: also the is like a worm among flowers. I must turn now & hay my hell & take my parcel, understanding better how intolerable my task is: for this is Oxford Street; & ~~their~~ ~~the~~ these are our peers: these are our companions: ~~with them~~ our lives are paired: these ~~is~~ strants press into our privacy.

Why have you trampled into the mud the only flower you ever bore? ~~Why have you~~ survived? in-
myself? ~~Let me consider my friends~~ And ourselves – let me consider my friends.

I will seek relief in images. I ~~p~~ will ~~p~~ grope my way forward, across the street. through ~~these~~ those branches, ~~those flowers~~; reading a the twig of that distant grove; & ~~so for a myself~~ to push myself across the carven, & reach hardness. I will buy a bunch of violets from an old man at the corner & make a wreath. Now the shadow has fallen across the figure which stands against the laurel boxes robed in beauty. Its new flowing downwards in rain with purple wound about it. It

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"This is Oxford Street; there are our companions: hate or jealousy or shame. I think of Louis, who is afraid of being laughed at, because he speaks with an Australian accent. He sits in an Eating house, reading the Morning column in an Evening newspaper (because he is timid of a ~~[illegible]~~ Mob) & he says, looking at the people passing, that he will reduce us to order so that he may love us. But we refuse to be reduced to order, & so he hates us. ~~He hates Percival,~~ & the mob reduce his sorrow by looking over the edge of the street, after they. The women mock, bad luck & the sea gulls.

Bernard will find his comfort sitting in an arm chair, juggling with words, making phrases. Under his in his note book; (for he is to write a novel) he will sets phrase to be used on the death of friend. And feeling work ark, Did Percival love me? Expecting the answer ~~to be~~ Yes. And Neville, after working, look look up & say "Who is passing the window?" What lovely boy?" And Jinny. Eyeing to the farmer, in the country, with hand dazed, holding a letter. Then with a kick shut the oven door.

My tribute to Percival is hatred of his friends. I

Arthur, mercenary, hope, exquisite vanity & all transiency everywhere. We are at enmity with what shields & time sticks. This is my offering to Percival.

~~But there was a hollow in which was a shelter.~~

~~There was a shelter~~ –

But I cannot buy him stale flowers like these: withered flowers, violets crumpled, lilies yellowed. I will go to the Home Museum, where they keep rings

He wrote into his notebook.

Crossing the Square personally

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under glass cases; or old cabinets; or the vestments that Kings have worn. I will go to Hampton Court & look at the red walls & the courtyards, & the gentlemen & the trees, herded in black pyramids, symmetrically among flowers. & velvet blue & some dignity in my naked - dishevelled soul. But then I must stand in a queue; I must smell sweat & scents; I must be hung like a joint among raw flesh. Let me then hear something blazed. Here is a hall, & you pay some money & ~~you~~ you join & you take a seat in the middle of a somnolent summer afternoon's audience.

Having ~~just~~ replenished ourselves at luncheon with beef & pudding we are ~~rather transcendently~~ ~~perhaps replenished~~ & ready to go on living again. We crawl like maggots on the back of something that will carry us on. Women, neatly dressed & powdered & discreet; they have white hair waved under their hats; they have white gloves & ~~to~~ little bags; they have clean shaven cheeks save for here & there a white military moustache; not a speck of dust has been allowed to settle on their broadcloth; they breathe in & out what has already been said about Mozart & Beethoven: they are stranded like walruses unwieldy with flat - ~~pray for some wave to submerge them: they~~ ~~their flanks heave. The effort~~ & cannot ~~wd~~ waddle further. They pray for some wave to lift them, to waft them: they are too lethargic to move.

And the singer not new comes forth to their rescue. The sea-green singer; woollen, but contained in stiffness rather: the stiffness arises he first smooth & creamer an air of authority, making

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in her lips once or twice, while the apologetic man plays the first bar of the accompaniment. & then she inflates heavily & hurls heavily, precisely at the right moment into the note "Ah."

Is then the planet upon which our floes & unwieldy bodies will trundle into the sea? ~~I cry out~~, In Some they have been cleft in whose core we can expand. ~~This~~ The ~~Throat~~ age woman at her bedroom window in Venice. The great core of round ripples. with in its theatre. They Ah, and a woman to her lover at her bedroom window in Venice, leaning out shamelessly & unhesitatingly.

The voice has a core within it. We can bathe within it

Ah, yes ah; ~~we~~ She has provided us with a cry. But only a cry. And what is a cry? And then the beetle shaked me, with their violins; they Come: ~~but~~ & images & images. ~~The~~ ~~But what are~~ ~~images?~~ He has let his boat drift. & goes alone to the & the olive leaves dance; & ~~he~~ ~~yawn~~. But what are images? Let me use this opportunity, ~~to~~ to break images and. & What images? Something that we have made. Square & cobbly: placed on top of each other: a perfect dwelling place. Very little & left outside. One thing is inclined on top of another; The structure has become visible. What is inchoate and there (the people hanging) is here explained. We are not so narrow as we mean. There is other circulation. This is our triumph.

Look: now: they in oil.

The sweetness of this content overflowing from Down the walls of my mind & liberates melancholy, liberates understanding. We are all made Compassionate by this wound, as if we were Consoled for some lamentable misfortune. Or from Lowry with his hemp to a beggar — Oh ~~brave~~ Neville,

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~~to~~ a Jerusalem, as the Kitchen the oven has to, felt "Thus over". I
the felt. "What a hot a life a one". "We should be
Cowards to submit to death" said Jenny. In short —
with beauty comes understanding?

But now you are they have

I should stand ~~in~~ a lesson & look at works flobbing by:
here comes somebody with a bag.— somebody leading
a dog on a lead: there are also Steamers hooting & "this
for no reason a shrill and - sound.

2 fe

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& forbidding all that warm day & mens the drops together. ~~& so~~ &
swelling & making flow ~~to~~ down the walls of my mind
understanding & ~~that~~ so that if Louis entered humily it
~~was~~ also ~~said~~ ~~stopped on his way home,~~ at some
~~that corner~~ & sorry upstairs into his attic room,
his room under the roof, he could not prevent his tears from
flowing: & Jenny had much ~~ado~~ to check his sobs but said
afterwards & I can see that Jesus, when he kicked the over
door to, said ~~some~~ other few words "This over"
The oblong box has been placed in the square box; ~~the~~
on the square box a spiral; the building is complete

But now Jesus they have come back for the third
time, & how not so miserably - they are wiping their
faces with their pocket handkerchiefs - they are no
longer so demure - debonair - they ~~are more~~ have
hauled in half way down the shingle into the sea -
They ~~will~~ go.

I will set a side this afternoon; I will make a
pilgrimage. ~~Taking~~ walking, taking omnibus, & tram;
until I come. I will go to Greenwich. What have I
picked? What flowers? ~~Nothing very like a~~
~~rose, or a orchid~~. No things that have been sheltered, or
had time to flow. ~~Not~~ ~~What do these~~ Purple ~~or the~~
~~omnibus~~ ~~flow my, that I do~~ ~~add to the bunch~~ ~~or~~ nothing
There ~~are~~ not a rose or an orchid. But
undoubtedly ~~nobody~~ as we lunch down ~~Bell~~
Regent Street in ~~the~~ omnibus, falling together,
I am ~~not happy~~ not hurt, no, no not hurt; not
~~wounded by the~~ not injured by the collision. No ~~no~~; ~~they~~
old men, said out; & ~~that~~ ~~by shutting~~ ~~ah ah~~ ~~& fetch on their~~ ~~eyelids out~~ -
~~&~~ - stop impossible to be. And then there mean

In my arms

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streets where the chattering jews on a very sort of iron road
bolt & screw in land with harrows, & the people crowd into
~~the~~ off the road into the pavement — I am not
altogether alone, & ~~the~~ there are flowers of kind; ~~grass~~
~~trample~~ flowers ~~that~~ flowing among the rough grasses of the
field which the cows trample, which are wind bitten.
Stunted, ~~which~~ almost deformed. ~~And~~ There, Beloved, I
bring ~~[illegible]~~ up by the roots, with clods of earth sticking to them.
For now I ~~perceive~~ see ~~down that~~ the masts of ships,
there, among these chimneys; ~~how~~ I a I ~~was~~
release the desire that has been ~~thwarted~~ all this
morning, to fly to you; to ~~be~~ fly, wings, ~~to~~ ~~to~~ my
infinite, to let be the ~~the~~ ~~the~~ I have done with
all this scruples, & integrity, & to come
There is the river; & There is the river. ~~Now~~ I will
walk by the ~~Thames~~, up & ~~down~~, up & down, along
that ~~little~~ ~~Embankment~~. I will walk up —
down by the river; I will pass the Embankment
where is there is nobody where old man
reading the take on a plan stalls. I will loose
the tumult in my heart — which is like the waves.
I will let fly my arrow: & the chained hounds
shall rage, & I shall give myself to the water —
I shall ~~come~~ no longer restrain the leaping, the
boundless the uncertain desire, wrath & undulant,
fierce & homeless like the waves of the sea, to be
out of the fist of the free wind, away & away & away.
There is a ship, making for the sea. A woman
walks on deck ~~with~~ & a dog bounds at her side.
They are going with the sea this summer evening. They are
They are vaguely happy joy. And I drift with the waves.
The lilacs, these violets. which are rolling at my feet —
are what you are, my violets

form

it spread & dyes;

it shows had that I can shout in me:

& I walk fly with the waves

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to be spent to be exhausted and so flung

unconsciously. Loosing my hand, I let fall ~~the~~ ~~tow~~ marks something that flows out, ~~towards~~ over the rubbly wave, the ~~fat~~ gilt wave, past the towers & factory chimneys, away. I let flow from me the hidden secret, cherished & cherished all day, jerked back, held back — the desire to ~~flow out~~ to rush & flow & be swept away & away to the desert where we run together among leaves, & over high pastures over low hills that bound like greyhounds —

Behold now then there's that is coming on the full tide; a woman walks a deck, ~~with a~~ a dog ~~by~~ barks, boundy and he; he strut is strong against the rail. This a small steamer; unity, barred with white barred funnels. They are making towards the warm bay. And ~~to~~ unloosing my fingers I drop ~~into the~~ my flowers, let them fall into the wake; ~~this is~~ what I ~~have flown~~ watch the white wave pass the few flowers. ~~I held the grass weed,~~ what I have held so tight — a few flowers, grass weed; the green blades sink into ~~into the~~ wheel & sink.

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*

The author would be glad if the following pages were not read not as a novel.

The waves ~~fell with a roar. They~~ massed themselves & fell: curved their backs & crashed; up reached them & swept. With one rush they covered the old dried line of old shells & weeds & empty bottles & sticks & straws & grass. They swept round the rocks & some spray leaping high fell & shattered the rock pools & made the waves there leap against & sent showers of blackness across the water.

The sun burnt ~~over the~~ but ~~no longer~~ catching some cloud, turned it to an intensity that made it ~~into~~ almost another sun; a long slice of light, a burning island, a shore upon which no foot could touch; & then another cloud was irradiated, serrated & toothed; so that the light ~~which fell~~ on the waves had lavish of lozenges & diamonds ~~& then~~ broken in the blue, like the hard edges piercing Ulises & the water round them was then darker.

The birds sang now, exhaustedly, perched above their nests, interwoven twigs; with silences: again which they sang again. as if shutters were round: as if the faltering muddling forged them: & the tap dripping also stopped as if the buckets were almost full, & then began again, in the ~~back~~ ~~near~~ in the kitchen garden, near the house.

The windows had now erratically shots of

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plain glass, or dark circles or the angles of some branch. & then come tranquil shades of complete clarity. The ~~sun~~ The blind hung red; ~~the~~ within the room, the daggers of light fell with precision: here on the bulging green pot, with a window on its side; here on a cabinet; & even through darkness before it seemed to fetch out, behind the pot some further shape, & there be beyond that another. But here in the foreground were all the china birds; the felt & clawed dam; & the fire crown, & the &

"I have signed ~~my~~ my own name" said Lowe, "twenty times. And I have laughed aloud with joy, thinking Mrs Kennedy, Peter, & the typist whose name I forget. I have laughed, like the young mares in the meadow like the stallion who neighs. My movements seem to me just of an inescrutable grace. Catching my toe on one leg, fastened in the glass, I write my name on a page, ~~what can one do but laugh~~? Moreover, everything plays into my hands. The sunny air inflates me; like a shrivelled ~~an~~ an oak that has been shrivelled. I who am so green, who have looked with such intensity at whatever caught my eye, now lie back in my chair by my mahogany table & ask the wave they in which lie the letters that I have just signed to catch the mail. ~~Beautiful~~ Rare are such moments; rare & fine as the sunny day. Even the edge of the paper seems thinner, smoother; & its weight more solid. Crisp paper, with a very dark. And I look into avidly at the map of the world, laid beside by the lines of our ships.

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Alone I should stand on an empty grass plot; say there are rooks; here comes somebody with a bag; the gardeners are trundling barrows: nothing disorder & this thing & that thing:

"I have signed my name" said Louis. "already twenty times. Clear, firm, unequivocal, there it stands. Clear cut, unequivocal am I too. ~~Then would fall~~ the shadow of a pyramid in muddling in the sun. Now I am content: now I am gathered together, this fine morning.

But mornings are no longer fine! Twelve ~~[illegible]~~ o'clock means neither rain nor sunshine: it is the hour when Miss Johnson brings me letters to sign for the American mail. Often ~~[illegible]~~ there white sheets I indent my name. ~~[illegible]~~ the whisper of leaves ~~[illegible]~~, or ~~the [illegible]~~ water running down channels: or ~~darkness~~ green depths stirred with ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ gaston, gunnear — ~~I do not~~ remember the names: & coloured petals ~~out~~ & the I ~~[illegible]~~ new a Duke new Plato, companion of Socrates; ~~&~~ the tramp of ~~feet~~ dark men, yellow men, marching megatons like the swallows — ~~all~~ an summed up in my one name: incised clearly & purely upon ~~a~~ the sheet. I repeat in my effete women. ~~These~~ letters, ~~these~~ cables, ~~these~~ urgent commands on the telephone to ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~Globe~~, Berlin, Paris, New York & make effective, run into power, fuse & make I fuse my many selves (no dreams). ~~I [illegible]~~ ~~look at the map opposite~~ & who are effective

in a wire bag

dahlias

& women with petals

Bay

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Even the prim Jonathan flower which Mrs Dabor (I think) arranges in a lobbed vase.

x Deforestung mere epithelium

self who has forged those lines there on the map opposite
by which fragments of the earth are bound together.
I give effect to my wish. I often laugh. ~~The~~
I love the opulence of the & the high-polished mahogany tables & all the
impersonal equipment of the office. I like to hear
the roll-call of the left & the letter-sorter as it flows.
A ~~Board meeting~~ I like to ~~say~~ send to have every
hour allotted. Mr. Prentice comes at 4. Mr. Eyre at
at 4.30 ~~5.30~~. A Board meeting. ~~And the sense~~
~~There~~ is no time ~~To send these~~ these papers from
so, by dint of an ancient system we send these
papers from to India China & other remote parts of the globe.
I am effective (I am proud of modern life.) I am
and many private interests are involved.
perceive the relation of one thing with another &
looking at some statistics in the Strand closes
reflect how if my scheme were adopted he would
bring up a healthy family, & increase the wealth
of the world in 2000. My shoulder is to the wheel.
No doubt it's green on Constantly. Which fiend repeats
where Chatham stood. Pitt. Burke. Sir Robert Peel.
(Then I feel ~~the~~ strange certain stains, seasons,
settlements. ~~When I was a little boy on~~ That
woman with face me a flag from the top of the sea.
my accent. My father & Mr. Frame &
& innumerable objections, revolutions &
longings to be accepted & not thrust out)
I am already on the way to be revenged & ~~when~~
I sign ~~my name~~ Good day. Mr. Johnson "May
I ask; & wait a moment, unable to lift the
pressure of my mind from some large blue sheet:
& then, casually taking ~~letter~~ the letters,

& its faculties
to & between
the telephone. The
telegraphs happen every
hour to attract
attention.

Then there
is a Board
meeting
(with letters).

Cold
darkness
before me.

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Lord. neatly enough a top of another in a more gay hand
(Rhoda would laugh!) sign them, effectively,
without doubt; & they are despatched.
And Susan has children:
And indeed I keep my attic room; that's a border & cane are
for the street only; there I still consult the chances;
there I still watch the ~~moonlight~~ rain fall on the garden, like a
policeman's waterproof, on the flats till: & as it
I watch, with sympathy, some Hallam at her crashed
bedroom plan. But from ten to five & my shoulder is
to the wheel; & then ~~the perfect enjoyment~~ as you sleep: their
letters are driven from heart to heart; &
& my shadow steadily falls sharp as a pyramid
then is life: this sense of sharp falling shadow, not
moment to spare, of purpose taging every ounce of energy,
of every a wage. climbing a ladder of very top in
the sun, there is life: this is the moment when
Sweeney jumps he by steps, between two steps, the board
must stand taut, & there is no hint of doubt, or
despair a lapse: the weight of the world rests on us;
the its vision is high on eye: blank, look aside &
see reflect on the world some peaceful obliquity
strip our duty;
& yet even as I set here aged & forgotten,
misusing my name again & again
romping forever, some music; and I laughs; or
wonder; or had some thought. To drown it, then, I
go to Hampstead or to Kew; or to some
tavern by the docks, to watch over life: other life:
to submit myself to the present tide; &
at midnight climb my attic, & then the
usual letter book. But Rhoda comes,

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to cast doubts on my achievement; & then, by way of a rebuke we fall to talking the I, over the fire, of Calcutta, maybe, or some other remote hotel; & the deserted Susan: her garden, & her child:

But the bell rings: the lift stops with a thud; shear the doors open & shut: there is muttering: & the Cabotte mind heavy shed dew & mark & ash the tentative foliage of youth stands bare now —

& leaves what is to come: a board meeting; my identity shuts down fast over the deserted, & gapping, the debt & ground facing of my colleagues; & in time I shall be admitted to a share of their desks, hush tab blotting paper & general air of infallibility. This then is the true use of life — to cast the dice upon personalities over the more wavering faces of others: to do our will: & achieve our aim: to send these shafts to distant posts; & then, certain of 5 or a year or decades to buy a place in Surrey with glass houses, & hybrids & some apple or some other rarity to show our friends when they come, in rather inferior cars, to visit us.

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"And I return the nursery" said Susan, "by the fire
And the Kettle boils.. & I fill the hot bottle, & I hatch, in its
velvet cover in the cradle where my Child sleeps. ~~Jane now~~
The steam of the bath has obscured the window. I see
the bear the through drops of hot water.

Sleep, Stay, Sleep. I who am primitive, unmelodious,
never hear any music, but now a dog barks, bells sleep
bells tinkle, the cartwheels scrunch the gravel,
~~& I think, I hear the country crowing, as it d~~ I now
sit here singing my song, sleep, sleep; like an old
gypsy by her tent fire ~~as~~ spreading her hands to the blaze;
in a ditch;
Oh sleep, sleep; I sing; ~~as if I could~~ who shall dare
interrupt Stay, my old melody, my maternal song;
sleep, sleep; who shall spill milk can under the
window or fire at the rooks, or shoot rabbits or
bring any engine of ~~dead~~ fire in profound, destruction near this
wicker basket, laden with soft limbs, under a pink coverlet?
~~Rocked on~~ Here lies my

in my
afternoon;

I am no longer January a May or any other season; but
all is plant; all productive; ~~all life fused~~ my
senses ~~are quicker & more~~ with my eyes now on the
Kettle now on the ~~to~~ cradle; & every sense ~~to~~ wrapped
~~round the cradle~~; fire them from my heart wrapping
the cradle, & letting keep out only the small
face, one hand. Sleep, sleep. I croon, a bird that my
rough voice, ~~my cry~~ of that had two notes only,
I love. I hate, has learnt another ~~Stay~~ note;
~~bubbling, like as if from a deep well~~; like a
as if the seal had been ~~broken~~ ~~unstopped~~;
taken from a well; now bubbles up something not

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love, nor hate; but deeper still; dark water, from Cavern, beneath
these gay flowers; so that I could easily fell with a
blow any intruder or snatcher, any one who should aim
at the limbs there; he should die, he should fall.

I go padding about the house all day long in
a fog, stupid. Whether it is summer, whether it is
winter I no longer know by the moor grass &
the heath flowers; only by the steam on the window
pane & the frost on the window pane.
When the lark feels high his ring of wind — it
falls through the air like the paring of an apple —
I am stooping to find my baby. I who used to
walk all day through beech woods noting the
jay's feather, how it turns as it falls, &
pained shepherds & tramps, & stared at the woman
squatted beside a tilted cart in a ditch
now go from room to room with a duster &
~~pick up~~ ~~trotter~~ toys. Sleep, sleep, I say,
crooning, desiring sleep to come like a blanket down
to cover these weak limbs; demanding of life that it
sheathe its tusk claws lightning, thunder & sleep; &
the making with my own body a warm hollow;
some alcove; some shelter. Let the my child
sleep; let the soft flesh firm steely; & let
joy light the eye; & let the hand curling
clasp feel for my finger & clasp my finger, & the
arms be opened to come to me. Then I hold him to me,
by the fire; or take him to the window, & he & I
together look at the near tree; at the rooks nests in the
high branches; & the sky; & the clouds; & the

Put away

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blue. & I think these eyes ~~are~~ will see when mine are shut; beyond me, clearing the dark still; & I go myself with them, beyond my body, ~~inward~~ interwoven with his, among strange men, buying & selling; perhaps in law courts, perhaps in money markets. His voice my voice shall ~~be heard~~ reach my ears; & he will bring me trophies, laying them at my feet, increasing my possessions.

But I never see at dawn. See the red drops on the roses. Or, I do not lie out at night, noting how one spray eclipses ~~with~~ hide now this star now that; & then look again & the stars have moved further. The butcher-calls. & the milk has to be stood in the shade lest it should sour.

Hush sleep. Stay. Bubble, bubble, bubble, happiness ~~chuckles~~ ~~through~~ runs through me. This is life; stay; All things blowing, all things flowing, as the men used to say, when they brought the hot wound I change my song, & ~~very gently~~ not dip it matter gently as the kettle boils. Life life, come forth; come gently & fully & forever hovering like that steam; come irresistibly; filling my veins with some nothing through them; making them fill out & stretch; till I feel, as I go about the house I am glutted with natural happiness. I can hold no more. Let it move must come, more children, & their children. — all their sickness, anguish, perhaps some disaster, ~~perhaps some~~ I shall say, or let it say they hide me like the high wild wind over the moor. Life, life; & I cannot control, or stop, or know where I am going, blown by

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life like a leaf over the moor. I am no more than something flying, driven, hurtled this way & that.

Sometimes I am flutted with natural happenings; afraid of unnatural happenings. Sometimes, when we sit, ~~hushed~~ my husband in his faded silk, sewing, with his dog, & his local paper fallen from his hand with its news of meetings, markets, & I with knitting, sewing, or some ~~so~~ handiwork, the lamps stood in the middle of the table kindles the dark pane; makes a lamplit street among the evergreens; & ~~they~~ ~~down~~ ~~stop~~ ~~sewing, or~~ ~~needle~~ threading my needle. A think of lighted room, white lace cut & flung in a yellow den slipping like a ~~needle~~ knife from its sheath from a motor car; & then all in evening dress, around the fire. They go into some room, & crowd & shout, about politics or about pictures, or perhaps they do not talk, but withdraw ~~these is~~ & press each other's hands, there is some alcove, there is some sunken seat, press out some wine, some glass, some intoxication, so that the houses opposite reel & bend, so young told me; "because one's life is changed" she said. "for ever, all in one moment".

But there is no sound in our house, save the creak of evergreen; old nurse moving rather heavily across the floor; the cry of my child in his sleep; & an odd watery laughter; some hope bubbling; some cow mooing; ~~& having threaded my needle~~ I feel the deep waters rise & bubble; & natural happiness, life: & so I thread my needle.

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