The Waves.

Vol.

VI.

5th November 1930

I am blown like a leaf in the wind by life; wandering this way & that, high & low. ~~Knock~~ brushing the wet grass, then whirled up.

~~I listen, but there is no~~

I am flutted with natural happiness, & sometimes long that the load could fall from me. Sometimes when we sit, my husband in his jacket, holding the paper, which he does not read (soon he will snore; ~~he who is now so fresh~~ soon he will be heavy) I stay the thread at the eye of my needle: the lamp ~~stood~~ in the middle of the table kindles the dark lane; I see a lamplit street among the green green. Jenny in her yellow dress rises from a motor car; & they go up stairs, all in evening dress, men & women, ~~coming together~~, & they talk of politics, painters, books perhaps; & then they ~~do not talk, but~~ withdraw ~~&~~ into some ~~alcove~~ purplish, into some sunken seat, & there pass out the warm, the juicy, the intoxicating essence, so that the houses opposite bend a red, Jenny says. She said "~~This is life. When the door opens & he comes in~~"

Greeting each other,

"The door opens" she said. "& he comes in. The world is changed."

But there is no sound in our house. ~~The wind wakes through the trees;~~ The wind wakes the trees creak; ~~there is a creak~~ a moth hits the lamp; some cow lows in the field: ~~& then~~ I thread my ~~needle~~" Then I drive my thread through the muslin; & say this is happiness; this is life "

"Now let us make up stories," said Jenny. "~~Who let us~~
Who is he? & who is she? Who are they, all these people?
Let me tell you first, since we have never met before, that I am
twenty-six & ~~have~~ am ~~been~~ married, ~~four years~~ & am
infinitely curious. ~~My~~ Life has many turnings: Round
the next corner, ~~maybe anything~~ what comes next. If you, whom I do
not know, ~~which is~~ were to taught me, I have a coach-
four. & will leave Mr. Nathan's shop in Piccadilly at
ten thirty precisely; will you come? — I ~~would come~~.
I would hastily fling a few necessaries in a hand box & start —
But now, hand me facts: & let me hang them, here,
Here, here, as if I were decorating a Christmas tree; let me
stick. They move so quickly; & are gone. In they
come out they go. That man there, rather heavy
but distinguished; he has surrounded, ~~with~~ by
beautiful pots. ~~Go~~. And had a tragedy: & loved a
Girl; she died: ~~and~~ or she left him; hence the pots; the
flowers. the rare, from China & Mexico, dug out of the
Earth, or found among crocodile skins & old junk in
Shops. But since beauty must be broken daily in
order to remain beautiful, (he is static as you see,
& cannot break his pots, like, as you see, Reginald —
Round him: note the blueness under the chin; note the
weary bags under the eyes.) He has a
mother, they say, in Bayswater. Who he was in
the army & sat on damp ground & drank rum
with soldiers. She must be stuck: one more add
fact & fact deftly: ~~for~~ for they get up & go off. And
there another, like a butler bending to ~~his~~ take the hand
of an old woman on a sofa; his neck in life
surely has been due to stooping, & she, on the sofa,

What are
their lives?
What have
they done?

facts, facts,

dictatorially

precariously like a mountain goat leaping crevasses.

But to go on.

You do not know.

suffocating her lost in a stool, crumbled & wrinkled as the sea, with a few perfect & splendid diamonds, must be the daughter of an earl, perhaps: a shuffling shabby old woman, trundling about her estate in a pony carriage.

I have lived all my life rather hazardously on the verge of starvation. Why? Why what fun, I hate ~~one~~ I starve. That man yonder is a Judge; that man is enormously rich: whether on the stock Exchange, or whether he stows ships, you cannot say. That man with the Eye glass, shot his governess through the heart when he was ten years old; then he rode to ~~Turkestan~~ Persia. He fought in revolution: he married a barmaid. ~~He~~ He now does nothing but collect materials for a book on his mother's family who have some connection with one of your great cathedrals. That bitter man with a blue chin ~~lost the~~ has lost the fingers of one hand; in fact the whole hand is shrivelled. But why? ~~In what adventure~~? That woman, you whisper, wore the heart pagodas hanging from her ears, wore the ~~flame~~ flame & who let the life of one of your statesmen. Now from her death she sees ghosts & tells fortunes & breeds cats & has adopted a coffee coloured youth — And that man, sardonic, ponderous, rarely to be seen at painting, lived a life of the utmost debauchery, (it will all be in memoirs) until he met a stranger on a train who took out a Bible & converted him between Edinburgh & Carlisle. ~~So that he is now~~

But to go on. This is the pressure & strangeness of life. There are the cracked & battered shells the cats on the shore; stone, engraved with such strange hieroglyphics

that to unfold them thus rapidly is to turn dizzy & laugh — Clap our hands at the exceeding strangeness of the entertainment. That stout man is an architect: & the, ~~whose eyes~~ almost dim for love of some lady; ~~was~~ & that old man ~~is~~ was once Lord Chancellor.

Yes; there is an immense amount of knowledge in this room. Between us we could

x

But facts & facts & facts, but which of these facts is the one that matters? Which draws the others into order? How do they come to be from strangled roots & gifts? Where is the branch; & how have they come to bear these ~~ill~~ ill assorted ornaments? Do these flittering flies, these withered hands?

But I do not know, nor, if I could know, would I forsake my swing, with its fleeting dancers, its ~~Crow~~ star-light bather the other chasing, for the ~~sadness which~~ the other root of knowledge.

Curious of other bodies,

Intensely dancing thoughts.

Amazing sensation

Enveloping me etc.

Here then are facts & facts & facts; odd facts, monstrous facts, ~~hard~~ diamonds, ~~hard~~ withered fingers. That we who live by the body, whose bodies imagination is so sharp & clear like ~~these~~ without shadow, grotesquely, may be true. as you say. As you say, there is no such violent outline to you; ~~because you go~~ there are shades & dark places to you. But I cannot remain seated, looking on. I wish to be among them, in case the couch should start, ~~& I not there~~. My body is always responding to signals, the ~~black~~ & gold ~~which rays~~ Come, the black ~~which rays~~ ~~red~~, across the room. Hence the dazzle & the flutter, & then such ~~dance & welter of these waves~~. I must jump up & be you. I cannot ~~make any sense of facts, or say~~ tell you, if it is like is good or bad. I take facts as a monkey takes nuts into its naked paws. I am going to push out now into that ~~brother the~~ shifting crowd; I am going to be buffeted by ~~new~~ ~~every kind of person~~ sensation.

And then, halfway across the room, the abrupt ~~chaffer & and~~ chequer of all this light movement, ~~swords~~ into one long ~~black~~ gay light, ~~across~~, enveloping me. Have I raised my arm? Or is it merely that my yellow scarf with the strawberry ends, floating, has signalled, & that man there, giving a little gasp (how glittering, how instructive how ~~flem~~ nocturnal, as if we were alone in a forest, where the wild birds ~~go crackling~~ screaming through the boughs) pauses, glances, & follows.

~~That~~ Now ~~every sense~~ my body is all sensation: Now I feel ~~this~~ the / iron railing at this Vatican is blistered, glorified; now I feel this

Curtain is made of rough gold; and its still folds; now
now I feel the iron railing is blistered with little bumps;
Now I feel the great tide of darkness – here in the
Garden – break upon me; remember: Cavernous:
night open: & night alive with all its moths, & ~~secret adventures: & pathetic: & bold~~ people
roaming, & how a light that moves. Also Jam
Now every rose flowers towards flowers hidden darkness:
Dead high darkness they smell sweet. And I feel the
Gravel under my shoes: & the grass: & then the ~~my~~ tall backs showing with their le many lights: & ~~my~~ forms
Engine throbs

with its uneasy flashes of light.

Now let us sing our love song. Come, come, come,
~~that has been my cry, come~~. Come here & now. All
beauty has flowered tonight. A great flash has
lighted in the sky. Limbs hardness & softness.
I am ~~so light~~ like the nightingale whose note
bubbles & cannot flow for fullness. Jug jug jug!
Cry. And I feel the blood boiling in my throat. As
of the heart of the world had found & let fall their
like wild animals in the forest. The birds so
dreamy high in the trees. The monkeys
dance & jabber ~~& [illegible] how would cry~~, screech.
We are all hunting devouring & tumbling
over each other. Run among the thorns.
Here is one that winds me. It is drawn deep into me.
And then velvet flowers & leaves ~~that~~ where
Coolness has been stood in stream, green, leaves,
floating leaves embraces me. & breathe me. &
~~wrap me~~ place me, ~~with~~ Then is life.

20280

4160
400

86,680

200280

1600
400

56,080

"To sit with you" said Neville, "alone with you; here in London, this fire lit room, you there & I here ~~what is it~~ is calm, ~~all I ask;~~ & is all. The world ransacked to its uttermost corners holds no more. Look at the fire light running up & down the gold thread which shimmers in the curtain. It falls two upon the toe of your boot; it gives your face a red border: I think over the fire light & not your own colour. ~~Here we sit~~, I think ~~to~~ there are books against the wall, ~~but am not sure~~; I think that is a picture: ~~the white or~~ that ~~Darkness~~ behaves ~~another~~ ann chair. ~~The Table~~ is when you come in everything changes. ~~Would swear that~~ ~~the~~ cup of coffee, & a piece of toast ~~or~~ changed when you came in after breakfast, & ~~arranged the~~ ~~Everything arranged itself~~. I thought there can be no doubt. Our mean & unlovely lives fashion splendour only under the eyes of love; ~~which is understandably~~. ~~Behold~~ the mental fact I said in it ~~then they become comprehensible; & what would be more natural?~~ — ~~but~~ I rose & yawned. ~~for~~ I had done my breakfast. And as Neville line; ~~but as usual~~ a non-committal day, colourless without outline but tender, we walked through the Park to the Embankment & then ~~to the~~ along down the river: & ~~then~~ up the Strand & then to the hairdresser & then, to the house where I left my umbrella. & ~~then sat down in some garden,~~ & talking: & sometimes we stood still to talk; & sometimes ~~we only looked,~~ ~~mechanically~~ looked & ~~opened our eyes~~. ~~I sometimes think~~ that we dreamed ~~We were a pair: but you not~~ then we parted;

this meaning

unlovely as they are & infinitely tedious

&

~~Then we came together~~.

We were married. I should say Listen to this theme, listen to that. That really this dancer to be a dancing person who enjoys life; intimacy is rarer; it is less material than reading & hearing. Your face is

Can this last? I said bravely, by the lions in Trafalgar Sqn. I said as long as I perfectly remember at night last. We were both Each other no less – we have no reason least possible ~~I said~~ (Jeremy a copy of ~~Shakespeare's Sonnets~~) in Charing ~~Cross Road~~) that And nobody attitude when we are apply. And then doubts in the end doubt. I snatched your hand. However you went to have your hair cut – I felt that the distant into the future was death: that we were entrap. – devoured by all the fat. by all the facts: & I hated the medieval – terrifyingly people & their fortunes & their crimes ruthlessly. ~~Moreover~~ By 5 I had made up my mind that you were faithless. I snatched the telephone: & the buzzy buzz of the dr was in your empty room shattered at At that moment you opened the door. Of all our meetings this was perhaps the most wonderful. And had to be safe for a moment, to have that weight removed, to live freely under the open sky without doubt – jealousy – how to know that you breathe these times. – to be together with all that never intrude; & that familiarity for lost people, dancing aimlessly

Look this room seems like a little clearing in a vast forest. We can speak perfectly freely in our natural voices And we laugh – laugh. There are absurd advertisements in

Why shd love lies when a hand naturally

in haste: there are all sorts of odd things happening. We pick up tricks. We are extraordinarily adept at noticing the behaviour of our friends at parties. We perceive & notice & wonder at little changes in the way they effect each other or blush & hesitate.

~~secluded; a chamber, a some luminous square at the Centre, withdrawn, recent, like a chamber~~

Central, ~~like~~ something lit up, ~~in the he.~~ a ~~square of illumination;~~ outside London years. There we are concentrated: here in ~~the~~ ~~set~~ we can be silent, or & can think without raising our voices. What, we say, did he mean by that? And did you notice her blush, her hesitation. There is undoubtedly trouble brewing. ~~we may~~ So we follow out the infinitely & then this wound in infinitely fine filaments then ~~pass lightly over~~ ~~they turn towards~~ then make ourselves the Centre of system. ~~although~~ We do not like men who wear Cinerarias on the left side of their waistcoats. Nor ceremonies: nor the sad figure of Christ stumbling ~~on~~ before another stumbling & sad figure. ~~We do not like indifference,~~ & And the pomp & the indifference of the ceremony of ~~lovers~~ makes us laugh. [We laugh & we laugh. We observe incidents ~~that~~ in omnibuses & railway carriages that take our fancy.] Some strayers a ~~fool~~ fady, some sudden vision ~~has~~ however, ~~in~~ gives us satisfaction. & also little oddities in omnibuses & railway carriages. Why should it ~~allow~~ be so great an allowance to talk of little things? And then, ~~D~~ silence:

Great people at parties, or ~~many~~ standing under Chandeliers, ~~holding tools~~.

& then somebody has ~~given in her presence~~ written a book — here — has thrown light on the conduct of Gladstone, or it may be Rembrandt. Now let me enter into all the part: those hanging gardens left pendant ~~after dame~~ in the mind; in which I go, pushing aside the branches, reaching at some fruit, remote or easy, because, in this world I am much lighter footed than you are; & my insight dazzles you: as your body, yes even its silent presence, its firm stretches, its strength, its power to move & climb & do things beautifully & dexterously, its mechanical skill enthralls me. My mind is always slightly in hides; ~~my~~ its strength hamstrung slightly by the feblness of the body which falls damp alas, dragging slightly at the goal. Alas, alas!.. I am absolutely dependent upon a room — a chair & fire, a fire know. I daresay this more magnificent to have no such attachment — to tumble half naked like boys on the deck as they squirting each other with hose hoses. I could not ride about India in a sun helmet & return to a bungalow. I want curtains; I want to see the gold lines tremble & welcome flower & finally very to break off that fruit, as round the fruit, making it seem heavy plastic, tangible. So real is this room — every thing is to be touched — yes — the shape potently yes: but the side of my cheek is the side of your cheek, so white, so white, so like the glow, the looking glass ~~side of the~~.

In the lines the coat fake in the

as you do something to the electric light

Pain giving under your boot.

I need always someone to sit beside. I need ~~the~~ listening & the waiting for you to come - ~~I need~~ ~~someone~~ for even stirring the stagnancy of life. ~~I need~~ partings & meetings with their anguish. ~~Pain~~ or ecstasy. And privacy.. To be alone in this room, ~~the~~ ~~the quietness of this silence~~, & order. I am as neat as a cat. ~~That neatness is~~ ~~Surely our~~ We must offset the intolerable waste & ~~hellish~~ huge deformity of the world, sidling into tubes & disguised, & trampling, by tipping shaken knees quietly through nowhere men. By lying up packets of old letters with green silk. By removing the cinders with a hearth ~~broom~~ brush. And then let us read Milton together or Catullus; or this virtue & severity are ~~the words that spring to my lips~~. But I love to skip the virtues & severity of pages of noble Romans under the ~~pagan~~ greyish light of your eyes, & the dancing flames, & the summer breeze, the laughter & the shouts of boys at play. Hence I am not a disinterested ~~one~~ seeker, ~~through the sand~~, ~~for~~ ~~a~~ perfection through the sand. Colours lights are always falling on the page. And the page is, I think, only your voice ~~reads articulate. The~~ Alcibiades, speaking. Alcibiades, Agax, Hector, are you. They no doubt shared your taste for gold, & ruined their lives wantonly flying the Channel in a bag; & were in the trenches in France; ~~& were not~~ They were not great readers either. And that is what I need, & that is what alone consolers me for the

Wanton as Romans

Are and you are so much more than this. Hum a bit - you are.

my sickness. my feebleness,
lack of many things – beauty & health & power – & the
children. the depravity of the world, & the flight of youth; &
Percival's death; & the bitterness & rancour &
envy & uncharitable. But of one day you do not
come in after breakfast – of one day I see you, when you
do not see me, ~~talking~~ Kenny another – if
the telephone goes buzz, buzz, buzz in your empty
room then — after unbearable agonies I
think, I suppose (~~then it the~~ I face the ~~most~~ silent truth)
find another.

Meanwhile the sunlight ~~flashes on fine streaks of gold of an~~ runs up the gold thread in the curtain; makes sudden ~~Clashing~~ around the parapet so that it seems solid; round the fruit so that it seems ~~heavy~~ ripe, about to fall. I am now all drawn out, my body, quivering, naked.

The waves ~~no~~ swept over the head. I of the colour of marble, violet black; they raced in, Unlatched into caves, where only the roots of sea weed lay dry, & receded, further; & left the line of old straw & snake black looks higher. Jolting the cave with hoarse clamour; & losing a wet drop into ledges erratically. Now ~~the sun~~ burnt through islands of cloud; purple & ~~yellow~~ yellow sorrows; & therefore felt obscurely in what had advanced in curving echoes, swimming directly on purpose as of the unclouded blaze of majesty, proved wearisome. The rocks had shadows, & the trembling sea holly. & the hills, blowing like blue cloth across the sea.

& had lost the funny sense,

Resting, settling the birds seemed free now to leave the nest, ~~fell~~ & made ~~swoops~~ sweeps & circles in the air. ~~They. The~~ & made lonely voyages over the marshes; perched for a moment on some stake; looking at the thin sea grass, & the waves, reading from the pale sandhills; & then cutting circles west this way, ~~too~~ skimmed the water as if ~~looking~~ & plunged down; & enormous

dropped like stones as if spirited the white doves. They
cut the air, as if the air rippled, increasing in their
wind racing between the pressure of the wind, here
turning; & there across. And now & then the creaking
of the feathers could be heard.
Some petals had fallen. The ~~leaf no~~ cloud leaf
was no longer stood a edge, but had been blown
in rows & hearses into against some stalk. The
flowers lay like bright discs in the sun; but now &
they flung under the light, & some heads were heavier. died
The bees were absorbed in the sun flowers; motionless; &
had made bare how & then & rubbed off all the
bloom. ~~The windows of the room~~ The red
Curtain, the white blinds blew in & out, flapping;
from the windows, & the light of ~~after~~ had
some yellow, some brown in it, some tinge of
abandonment entirely, something blown &
evanescent – which entered the room. The
had burned a cabinet, & then felt it. Here
made the window on the side of the jar water.
~~And~~ In an uncertainty ~~&~~ ambiguity, as if
some shadow were wheel, a moth wing flight
through the immense velocity of cups & cha-
bers: which flapping its wings till hanging
high shade: such a thing in a cathedral, where the
voice fades, & disappears, flapping lost; & die
before it reaches the ground.

11th Nov. 1930

"And time" said Bernard, "lets fall its drop. Last week, for no particular reason, ~~I felt that~~ — I was standing at the window, shaving — ~~time~~ the drop formed; ~~one of its drops~~; the drop fell. ~~I had been my razor &~~ I went on shaving (for our habits never desert us hastily) but was aware of the merely formal nature of my actions; & even in an ironical way manipulated my hands whom carrying on their business without direction from me. I then (at intervals in the day pursuits I reflected: as when one has lost a tooth one's tongue is for ever seeking the empty place.) ~~Once I done wrong~~ I kept saying, (And everybody noticed the vacuity of my face in the aimlessness of my conversation.) ~~It, when it~~ Youth, I said.

What have I lost?

Let me call it youth, the name will serve; though to me it is a misnomer; for ~~now & again~~ abandoned, all through my life, ~~these drops~~ those had their sense of my being ~~fallen~~ becoming young — that which is generally despised & overlooked — ~~parasites~~ — returning ~~[illegible]~~ pensive, hesitant, tapering to a point with weight & fatigue. These are the true cycles of life; nor & it ~~then behaves a wise man to~~ when he has collected his wits to I then see horribly clearly to the bottom of the river. Will another drop form — spread its luminous time over the day? Seems doubtful. ~~Then, summoning what energy remained,~~ I ~~opened the~~ ~~I then did what I could.~~ I

Whereof I am left vacant without illusion.

reproved myself for the vacuity of my action: for my sense ~~of the importance~~ of self preservation: that is, for losing ~~I came~~ to Rome. Here I ~~return the~~ by this surveying the Eternal City & already the

34

What does it make to me
of Rome or Ad?

little man who was shaving ~~two~~ five days ago in London appears to me like a heap of old clothes.

Every word, with them to stimulate it, violet perfumes, fountains & whips cracking, & bullocks oxen, & the odd tufts of antiquity springing at every ~~to~~ round corner. ~~the desire to make~~ this presence will return. But ~~to~~ now I sit like a convalescent, like a beggar, ~~in the sun~~. I use words gone stiffness. "The sun is hot." The breeze is cold. In such moments ~~new vision of life arises~~ new ~~the only to define the mind~~. ~~before me the Carriages force the world~~. I feel myself ~~then~~ an insect, instant ~~reaction~~, ~~infuriated~~, & wheeled round. ~~The efforts of man to run counter to this~~ carried round. I am without any desire to go the opposite way. I could swear that I feel the motion of the earth: its hardness under me. Then, for a man who is so completely overturned odd. Could I prolong this moment ~~very~~ another inch, I could touch something firm: but being so civilised, I never wish to prolong these states; & indeed rather deprive them. & dislike them: & shall not return myself until I am busy like a dog, running & stuffing:

All the same, it is a good thing to take a peep over the shoulder of the world sometimes: before one submits to harness again, & thunders off with the usual cant of weds — finds to chatter at street corners.

They have drifted from me & fallen from me — I have outlived certain desires: I have lost friends: I have come to the conclusion that certain gifts are denied me: — I can realise very clearly that Rome is the limit of my travelling. ~~This now impossible~~ that I shall never go to Tahiti. ~~There~~ Naked savages fishing for coral in brilliant waters — I shall never see them.

new relations to the world are perceptible.

no doubt

I can't throw into infinity.

he is not alone people.

I shall never learn Russian. I shall never read the Vedas; or Don Quixote in Spanish. I shall again walk bang into a lamp post. What remains is — here, observe, the first ~~letters gathered~~ strange gathering in this desire to jotting-down — is ~~probably just as interesting~~; & has even more relation to truth than what went before. For one thing Remind — that heap of clothes who was sharing — had many bulbous illusions: that his children were the cleverest, for instance: had some peculiar quality. Even his father shabby home. Remember, very peculiar. Who his mouth was often about to. ~~What for~~

of some peculiar quality attaching to his possessions

Now behold, as I pace this terrace by the Great Jars where bulging dates ~~are~~ flowing in the advancing light of Italy: we behold a different product rises.

under lean underlying

Another drop forms in the roof of my soul.

(Nor do I see why the process should ever end. Why not Given a little attention to the state of one's soul, less than one pays to the state of one's teeth?

My jaw fell, both at their jaunty cut —

I can have loosed certain grasps. I have relinquished something. (But only because I am about to come to grips with something new. In this blindness, in this 40 ignorance we have no guides. We instinctively yearn preachers. Let a man jotting, say Behold then in the truth,) I at once see something in the background.

(There is other

Neville and ~~Tony that~~ feel then at sight of a crucifix) It was always too easy for me to make up a story about the doctor. He crossed the pink bridge, I remember, into his bedroom: a wife, in my story, to buy a house with a new hedge, who he clothed. I do not know what became of them in fact. This story telling I can hardly count the stories I have made up every day of my

life. And entered them in my note book. But I have never found any story of sufficient strength to which to attach them. Are these stories? Look now, from this terrace; at the swarming multitudes; at the general activity & clamour (that may be in detachment with the other) at the sweep of the sky; ~~at the~~ imagine the length of level land, & the aqueducts & the broken Roman pavement, & the tombstones in the Campagna — Of course the details are of the greatest interest — I could get a painless pleasure from describing it. But ~~to~~ what good? Why impose my arbitrary design? Why even say, The rest him under the dark archway. He ran for dear life through the street — They hurried there in that room, ~~where the~~ ~~th~~ where the chimes harmed hangs? ~~Novels & novels &~~ Why does there little individual events, & make them into stories which can be sold like toys on trays? I sometimes think there is no story whatever. And that is hard of my curious predicament. And that is also the extraordinary interest: for it suddenly seems possible that there is after all — something: I talk of 'time factor.' I talk of "dropping forms": I have glimpses of a rhythm; & of an order which is imposed by that rhythm; & of myself being one of those who are able to perceive that rhythm (now & then) — ~~for~~ in moments of hush & surrender, when there seems no reason for the hand to move the razor. I do not know — I am so mixed; ~~veined with clay silver & iron; & much of me~~ And then, I take a ticket for Rome.

I slipped into an office & bought a ticket for Rome with an air of delirious whim. Thirty, declared the clerk. I sit now on a lone seat in the Borghese Gardens, surveying the eternal city. & the little man who was sharing in London five days ago looks already like a heap of old clothes.
Introduced a curious bewilderment. At the same time I am not involved in this pageantry: I see the toilet ~~tables~~ presents & the picturesque ~~nurse~~ nursemaids; I notice unknown being ~~words~~ hurt. I sit here like a convalescent, a beggar. I say the sun is hot, I say, or 'the breeze is cold'.

And I am now very lonely.

I am not so settled as I thought. Certain things he definitely beyond my comprehension. I shall never understand them. Also, it is probable that ~~I shall~~ Rome is the limit of my travelling. The only consolation is that the violent collision was so that I shall be left to a more unsolid & disinterested age to realize them.
I begin to understand what it was that I felt 15 years ago. Also further has come nearer.
That heap of clothes who was sharing attached peculiar qualities to all his possessions.
"My children, my wife, my house, my dog" he was in the habit of saying with a ~~curious~~ slow of satisfaction as he let himself ~~out~~ in with his latch key. And that lovely veil is slipped down;
I am alone on this ~~the~~ seat in the Borghese Gardens.
Nobody wishes to be a tourist; the skeleton of ~~Latin rules is finis~~ an Italian washerwoman has about the same physical fineness as the daughter of an English viscount. ~~There are~~ Italy

is of the blue blood of nations.) Now let me consider.
When a drop falls, it is a sign that another stage has been reached. Nor do I see why the process should end.
No doubt in these dilemmas the ~~doc~~ devout consult
these portable pocket chaplains but unpleasantly sentimental looking
priests. But for ourselves (I have my own Group of friends)
we want teachers. Let a man jump . . .
1906
To Neville used to feel his characteristic rage at sight of the doctor's courtesy.

For my own part, I have always avoided anger: ~~I~~
I have told stories.

Could we survey these lives I doubt very much that we should find that they have ~~been~~ hinged upon what is ~~commonly reputed~~ the obvious events:

Here am I shedding a skin, ~~and~~ with labour & hesitation turning a new page in this most curious book, & as anyone knows "Bernard is spending a fortnight in Rome." ~~It is true~~ This has happened to me through meeting people: through reading books; through falling in love: but equally evidently for no reason at all; as if the soul were like the sea; as if waves ran through it; & there are moments when I perceive this current, physically, in the Bolton Jaden, in ~~Long~~ Manchester Square:

Unfortunately, ~~I am no great~~ incapable of politics. ~~It~~ I never shed any skin
I am not heroic. I do not remain fixed. I am
me. someone I think I know. At a restaurant
then returns my note book. Look at the bubbles
rising: look at the extraordinary pleasure of mingling
& there that & the other. News is pleasant.
I have not seen the Times for 5 days. What has

Did the Rome friends say. The have been a year.

Here are all the flutters & the

But

But suppose that my sense of the drop becomes stronger & stronger. Suppose that I feel more & more unable to make stories, suppose that I also feel. there is nothing more important than the state of the world, that our friends are more to me than any other experience; suppose both states of consciousness deepen; then I shall have a momentary hesitation, when I lunch with my friends, whom I saw today, I shall talk of my plans rather slowly: I shall for a moment look at the people in the street: I shall hesitate a little longer: I shall feel some kind of indifference & some kind of solemnity & lethargy: I shall be rather slower: I shall be rather subtle: I shall not bubble up just so spontaneously, & yet what I say will have perhaps more body: ~~& I shall~~ I recognise, ~~that I am growing~~ I shall be growing old.

~~The drop~~ ~~Those strangely coloured & rounded~~ here for example my sense that things & persons are merely shapes ~~begin to grow~~ shapes themselves: ~~how they~~ to involve me in them.

Some idea, ~~coherent~~ which makes them coherent in shaping.

I do not feel like an Carnivalist or a hygeian anymore, or ~~I walk up a down.~~ Strange moiaché- magnificent mind.

There is my private joke- "Men with weak legs should not go to Rome." ~~That is a commitment~~;

It drags up: from the raw: one thing connects with another,- now I am involved: now I am

I love the unity, the separate identity of objects: the lists beneath my feet: I feel tremendously moved by a sense of the greatness of human life. Heal

~~far from~~ that ~~poetic is that~~ two contradictory in

[illegible]

~~These states of the soul have their mean~~

These elevated products are of some importance; have some ~~meanings~~ ~~are given~~ these lifting up;

But these elevations are not to be defined - these flashes of - ~~intuitions~~. ~~Or~~ ~~I will take the next ship to Tahiti~~. But ~~What shall I do~~ of Tahiti ~~at the moment seems within my reach~~ Tahiti. at luncheon I shall take my glass rather heavily; I shall hesitate as I raise the glass to my lips: I shall observe with more than my usual detachment a woman - ~~coming in~~, ~~being after all middle aged~~. a pretty woman. And so I begin (I recall the usual partner acting interference, the second chapter. & so I begin observe the formation (hints dud in that room before these lips) of ~~another, quite unknown~~, the new, the unknown, the strange, the altogether ~~not~~ unaffected, terrifying rather, & efficient. Lachent is that man's name.

"Now I have reached the summit of my desires," said Susan.

But there moments of escape these visions of fuis -

observing the Colour;

(1. Susan: I am at the summit of my desires.
but regret Bernard.

(2. Jinny: I am in Piccadilly tho - but regret eye:

(3. Neville: I regret scarcely anything. I am in love with life:

(4. Louis: I am in love with Rhoda.

(5. Rhoda: ~~the~~ climbing the Spanish mountain.

Hampton Court.

take w
267

"Here I stand, said Jenny, "where everything that is desirable meets. Piccadilly South side, Piccadilly North side, Regent Street West, & the Haymarket. I am under the pavement, in the centre of London. Innumerable wheels rush over my head. ~~by~~ The great avenues of civilization meet here & strike away. And ~~thousa~~ millions have died, for one reason or another. I do not know for what reason they died. Little animal that I am, sucking my flanks in with every breath, I stand here half-starving — alive. They have been crushed by boots; they have been killed by stones; or like Percival, been hitched off their horses ~~for ever~~ because age ~~was~~ molehill. I can still run. I am alive.

Moreover I will not be afraid. I am not a whimpering little animal, always making for the shadow. For a moment, catching sight of myself in that glass, before I had time to make those preparations with which I always prepare myself for the sight of myself, I was dismayed. I am no longer young. The day will come when I shall raise my arm, in vain; when I no longer hear that deep sigh, animal, nocturnal, & full, through the dark, some one coming; & I shall look into strong face, & see the eye wander to some younger & lovelier woman. For a moment, the wonderful descent of upright bodies down the morning stairs, like some winged, some terrible descent of multitudes, & the churning of the great wheels of this engine made me cower & run for shelter. I wished for death.

Then I thought, walking deliberately down right

preparations which engage me, I will not be afraid. I thought of the inherent omnibuses of the incessant & unfaltering coming & going, of trains coming, that stop & that go, ~~trains going~~ & ~~hotels catching trains~~: I thought of powerful & beautiful cars, now slowing to a foot's pace, now easily shooting forward. This is the triumphal procession, I said, with its banners & its brass eagles; this is the army of victory crowned with laurel leaves. These are ~~more~~ better than men in swamps, black men, women with long sagging breasts & multitudes of children. These broad thoroughfares — Piccadilly, Bond, Piccadilly now Regent Street & the Haymarket — are paths of victory driven through the jungle. I too, with my little halcyon leather shoes, my handkerchief that is but a film of gauze, my reddened lips, & my finely pencilled eyebrows march with the band.

Look how they show off clothes here, even underground, in a perpetual radiance. They will not let the earth lie wormy & sodden. There are gauzes & silks. There are underclothes trimmed with lace. A million offices stitches & have been put into these silks. Crimson, green, violet — they are dyed all colours. Think how they organize: take in; drive, tunnel, order, count; punch tickets, invite, cheer, urge us on. ~~Trains come: lifts~~ Lifts are ready; trains come; stop & start, as regularly as the waves of the sea. This is what harmony adhesion. This is I am a native of this world; follow its colours. Now can I run for shelter when they are so magnificently adventurous, daring, curious too, & gay. Note the little energy that remains even they paint a picture or the walk, or make a joke.

I will powder & redden my lips: I will rise to the curtain in Piccadilly Circus. I will draw to me with a proud gesture a cab whose driver will signify in some alacrity his understanding of my signal; & for I still sylph casement: I shall feel the bowing of trees in the street like the silent stroke of the loom when the light wind blows, ~~bending it making a red ruffle of red ran through it~~ ruffling it red. I will drive to my own house. I will ~~my the violet~~ fill the vases with larch, with hypericum, with extravagant flowers; ~~with~~ nodding ~~many coloured~~, in great bunches; I will arrange the chairs, & put ready cigarettes, flames, & some gaily covered, ~~[illegible]~~ new ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ book, in case Bernard comes, or Neville, or Louis, or perhaps; somebody new, somebody strange, somebody I have only once seen, & then ~~[illegible]~~ an artist, & then asked on a ~~sudden impulse~~, turning my head as we hasted in the ~~stairs~~, to come. or with ~~Whispering~~ my body: I will ~~sharply~~ I shall cry an hour ago or "~~like the hay~~ Come! ~~the hay~~ Come! ~~How is my fleece~~ " Tell me, I shall say, ~~the story of your heart~~; & ~~he will~~ tell me ~~her love~~, her grief, ~~her passion~~; ~~he will take me in his~~ arms. ~~I am sick~~ all: once more. he will give me ah.

"I do not need a room anymore" said Neville; "I can hear Jerusalem without envy. ~~I am happy in the street~~

We want her. Need her. We do not want her. I have ~~her~~ without fellowship. That old conversion has lost its bite. ~~There are now~~ I could swear that I love people, ~~here~~ in the street. ~~I could swear~~ that ~~O~~ there is happiness, a content fills them, as they swarm out of their offices, the days work over. I have plucked my the fruit — ~~is that it~~: I ~~had~~ look dehumanately.

After all, we are not unfortunate. We are not judges. We are not (at sometimes seems) called upon to lecture our fellows with ~~thunderbolts or hot irons~~. It's better to listen, & to hear that there are Jews in the Shaftesbury Avenue. Here the fool, here the villain, here Cleopatra in her barge: Also there are figures of the damned, standing like that naked man in front of the placard on the police court wall, their feet in fire, howling. One must ~~sometimes~~ sometimes weep. They act their hearts infallibly, & almost before they are ~~going to~~ open their lips I know what they are going to say & herald the coming of the divine moment when, miraculously, they speak the words that must have been written in this play, ~~this endless play~~. If it were only for the power of listening, life has been a miracle. ~~And this endless~~

given to moment pulpits & lectures them on hale Sunday afternoons.

Think how marvellously the words fall into the pockets: as one comes into the room — The says: & he says: well. Nay: & then someone else comes in. Surely this has all happened before: work ~~that voice~~ only hath a word. They ~~only~~ lift ~~a letter~~ the days waters; waters; ~~we understand with only the flicker of a word.~~

Sometimes the birth-cave seems half an image of anything.
Some one laughs. I have heard that laugh a thousand times;
& the wrestling, the fighting; the ancient strangeness; then
all this is thickly overlaid. One can almost hear
peace & welfare falling in flakes through the last an
arguments: & the child dances, ~~in the long~~ dressed in
her mother's clothes.

I ~~think~~ look. Like some one who draws a veil, on that
picture. Was been good; ~~fair~~; Was been fair; may coloured:
the people of that are laughing, leaving the lake. And then
some body knocks. somebody comes. There is a knot on
the stair. ~~Come~~ I regard all present privacy,
intimacy as to set with

"I come home" said Louis, "& hang up my coat. I put my cane there (I like to fancy that Pope walked with such a cane) my hat there: I try to divert mystery of my authority. I have been sitting at the right hand of a ~~bound~~ ~~an oval~~ varnished table. I am immensely respectable. All the young ladies in the office are impressed by me. I can dine where I like now, & without much vanity may subpose that I shall soon aspire, ~~afford~~ a home in Jersey; ~~a conservatory~~ & a motor car. ~~That~~ I come home to my lodging & arena resume that curious attitude which I have continued all my life: I open a little book: I read one poem. One poem is enough.

O western wind

O western wind – you are at enmity with my fumbler & robbie & also alas with ~~my~~ the vulgarity of my mother who has never been able to speak English correctly.

O western wind, when wilt thou blow
Rhoda, with her extreme aberdeenshire, her eyes the colour of hard snails shell, ~~face~~ chagrin unseeing, would not have disturbed you. western wind
Coming at night, or at the most prosaic hour of midday. She ~~crows~~ goes to the window & looks at the chimney pots, ~~at the cats~~, at the brotherhood of poor people. O western wind when wilt thou blow.

My task, my burden, has always been much greater than ~~any~~ that of others. I suppose I have been set on my shoulders. I have tried to do a

Mean rat

Colonial work. I have driven a restless, an unruly, a ~~vic~~ vicious team. With my Australian accent ~~[illegible]~~ in calling shoes, I ought to make the clerks accept me, yet never forgetting my column & severe correction, the discrepancies & incoherencies that must be resolved, I am as a boy dreaming of the Nile, reluctant to be awake, wishing indeed to remain unseen, I yet brought my list down on the Grand oak door. It would have been happier to have been born without a darling. Like the people I most admire, Lohengrin & Percival.

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

Poetry has been a terrible affair for me. I am like some vast sucker, some glutinous, some adhesive, some malleable mouth; I am tired to draw from the living flesh the stone lodged in the centre. I have known nothing whatever of human life; I think I chose my matters in order that with her Cockney accent I might make me feel at ease. But the only fumbled the Moorish dirty underlinen.
I have been humiliated a dozen times a day by charwomen & the boys calling after me a mocking my brain & superchoon fait. I raise my feet like a crane.

Rhoda Flis. Rhoda loves me.

O human beings, said Rhoda, "how I have hated you! How you have nudged, how you have interrupted! How hideous you have looked in Oxford Street! How jostling others each other in the Tube! I climb this mountain, in Spain. From the top a peak, I think, in Africa, & my mind is filled with brown paper parcels & shuffling staring faces. ~~And~~ You ~~have~~ smell so unpleasant, limping up outside doors to buy tickets. You have never had the courage to be one thing rather than another. All were dressed in indeterminate shades of grey & brown. Perhaps a band of blue embroidery was hemmed to a ~~brown~~ hat. What dissolution of the soul you have demanded in order to get through one day equably! What lies you have uttered on, & bowings & scrapings, & flattery & servility! How you have chained me to one spot, one hour, one chair, & sat yourselves opposite. You have snatched from me those little white spaces that lie between hour & hour. & ~~You~~ have crumbled them into dirty pellets which I have tossed into the waste paper basket. Directly you were gone. But that was my life. At last tamed & made nibble ~~in order to get through the week inevitably~~, I sat very politely telling lies in a chair, or some stall at a play: instead of jumping out & breaking a bottle in the gutter as a sign of rage. Knees & jaws were always covered with my hand. Trembling with ardour I walked that dream

I pulled mine up too. like that.

(these are stock phrases)

not surprised. what they did, & said. I copied, & said & did. If Susan or Jenny pulled their stockings up like that, I ~~did at too~~ So terrible was life that filled up shade after shade. Look at life through this, look at life through that, Nurse. Let there be rose leaves, let there be vine leaves. I covered the whole street with the blaze & ripple of my mind: Oxford Street Piccadilly Leicester. There were boys too standing in the passage when school broke up. I stole secretly to read the labels & to dream of names. Harrogate perhaps, Edinburgh perhaps, was ruffled with golden glory where some girl (I forget her name) stood on the pavement. But it was the name only. ~~Then~~ wonderful my nights have been: when I have walked down long hedges: ~~that~~ & twisted flowers with fleece, with vestments, shape tried to cover the blue black bare. Then at night, ~~dream after dream~~. I have always rufflered day to break into night. I have longed to see the enfolded dwindle: to feel the bed soften: to float: to perceive ~~the~~ lengthened hen, lengthened face, a green branch on a moor & a lady & gentleman in darkness ~~parting~~ farewell.

two figures

I dribbled violets too into the Thames at Greenwich the day Percival died & the ships came bowling up with the woman on deck & the dog barking, &,

252 X

It would have been better to stand like Jerem alone in a room sobbing. Or to have stamped a stam like Jenny in a rage. Or like Doum to have made plans for the better accommodation of their Clan passengers.

why its astonished.

Now I think this Wrench like: ~~Imagine,~~ Now when I am scaled, let me suppose: now I am dying. ~~Let me suppose~~ that this mule back is a hard mattress. ~~I am~~ There only the thinness that between me & the warring fires. The admirable attendants who hand me over on their occasions wear their white jackets & antiseptic hands have withdrawn. My bath has been upset up low and some solitary tree with a bowl perhaps at its very tips. I have stirred the waters of beauty in the evening when the hills close themselves together like birds wings folded. Then, I have sunk down fingering some old bone on the turf like a sea-bitten branch eaten free from all the clinging & tying together of clothes. x

when the wind blows to bruise this height this will be nothing but a puff of dust.

Now we climb up. up. Now I call to that a pure Woman. curious spirit who track her hand along hedges who made my eyes sometimes in drawing rooms:

Behold the puddle again. I say: ~~the cavern wh. I cannot see.~~ Then time this vast, like the sea. Look, ~~a new mount~~ we begin our flight over the warm. We are like birds flying the Atlantic: Now the lights in the hovering boats are gone.

Pale flowers are about my feet, & the mule stumbles forwards. The ridge of the hill looks like mist: from the top I shall see Africa. ~~Wearily, but deliberate~~ Indefatigably the mule stumbles forwards. Here again is the hurdle that I cannot cross; here is the ~~wide white~~ [very pretty] space in the pavement: & I am launched, the bed giving under me, the sheet letting me fall.; & the ~~dark, fair woman with a~~ good face like a white horse at the end of the bed make ~~has made~~ some valedictory movement, some gesture of turning ~~away. Now~~ & departing.

~~Now I am alone,~~ ~~the~~ ~~now~~ I call to ~~that lovely~~ spirit whose eyes met mine sometimes in drawing rooms, sometimes in lonely places: ~~where the~~ the fair one flowers I laid them on my desk: green & cowbind & the moonlight coloured May. And, binding them loosely in a sheaf, I gave them — to whom? Come now; let us start, like ~~rats~~ those who fly the at dawn. The lights of the houses that are gone; the chalk cliffs vanish; innumerable warm, settling moths, settling flies, but threading between them we are beneath us. I am holding no hand but only the stalks of a few unseen flowers. I am stumbling up a hill in pain & ~~flying also~~; ~~& there is nothing hard,~~ I can touch nothing; I can see nothing but waving hills like ~~the~~ birds' wings; & some bush, ~~dark~~ that seems to ~~watch~~ [weep] its shadow on the ground. We may sink & settle on the waves & the flowers may be washed & their

her stumbles on — we stumble on.

& the whirling caverns of darkness.

The this strange to feel the warm cut cloth failing beneath you

on the beach yes into

frail hitch soaked with the water. The waves may ~~[illegible]~~ & rise over my mouth, ears, eyes & the flower float for a moment, then sink. This may be the end of that particular flight—
There may be no hard bank ~~[illegible]~~ to lay touch with the palm of my hand & to drag my body over.
Everything now feels & falls in a tremendous dream hour. I have to confess. ~~[illegible]~~ the darkness closes down enveloping me — ~~[illegible]~~ the mind stumbles unsatisfactorily on; ~~[illegible]~~ we shall soon have ~~arrived~~ at an end yet that ~~[illegible]~~ sea is ~~not~~ perfectly distant. That old fire peasant woman ~~face is strong~~ unpeacefully. Her clatter ~~[illegible]~~ cobbler flame under the grey large. And I ~~must~~ say all are mere painfully outward in a body: & have to shoot my eyes here & there & direct the body accurately ~~how~~ to enter the narrow door of the Spanish Inn.

hangs
flows the
wind: I am
free.
&
flower
blind
delights
free.

the waves beat on the shore. Rhythmically, & ~~with~~ the long lines of breakers with shock after shock, they beat on the shore. But no wave fell separately. The air was full of a long muffled roll; of single consecutive, as of one wall ~~intermittently~~ intermittently ~~both~~ falling with the same huge weight, falling in a grey continuous wound, as monotonous as a stone wall without any slit of light.

A breeze rose; a shower ran through the leaves, & when stirred they lost their green density & became brown grey, and the tree wrinkled, laughed & lost its manner uniformity. The hawk flicked its eyelids & rose rising & pouring above the tree. And on the horizon a scattered cloud was flung like grain from the hand ~~[illegible]~~. A shot had sounded or a dog barked. The ~~left hand~~ ~~the~~ smoke of trains & chimneys was stretched & torn & made part of the canopy that moved over the field.

The golden & amber-green light entering the room, as the curtains swayed slightly, made the chairs & tables wonder, mellower, & ~~so~~ veined them with gold & brown & yellow inlays; but their rims & edges were lined with shade so that their depths seemed deeper, their weight more ponderous, as if the colour had been tilted a little to one side. The looking glass held the green & white of the ~~[illegible]~~ leaves & the light, the flash of a knife, the bowl of a hot

all slightly distended, rounded & made protuberant. There was a slope like a hill side; ~~height~~ high; ~~so~~ with a point of light, here black & deep as a cavern cut in rock; assembled together the stars gave back ~~a~~ a complete picture hung there, a representation: & meanwhile the shadows lay longer & bluer on the beach: & the waves surrounded the blue sea holly & ~~with~~ made purple dark as mussel shells, as if the ~~sea~~ violet dye had been washed off into them. And racing over the waves came arrows of shadow, many feathered, darting to the shore. & seeing to hunt before them the long ~~lines~~ of black wait

80, ~~20~~

253
280
2024
506
70840

70
30
100,

Nov. 24th

"Hampton Court" said Bernard, Hampton Court.
~~The tone of my voice proves that I am middle aged.~~
~~We~~ Behind the red chimneys; the square battlements.
~~That Hampton Court~~ is our meeting place. Hampton
Court. The tone of my voice as I say Hampton Court
proves that I am middle aged. Ten years ago I should
have said Hampton Court with interrogation — what
will it be like? will there be avenues & arches?
with anticipation — What is going to happen to me here?
Now Hampton Court, Hampton Court — the words
fall & resound in the space which I have so
laboriously cleared with a dozen telephone calls —
~~I make the song of words~~ & they fade off ring after
ring of sound: then buried voices, ~~like~~ reflections
rising from the bottom of a dim lake: summers, autumns,
years, old ladies, one conversation in particular,
by an urn — one winter walk in the snow — they
float upon ~~water which the~~ ~~depths upon which~~
waters that now ~~lying~~ lie deep upon every scene.

There, at the gate, our meeting place, they are
already gathered — Susan. Louis, Rhoda. Jinny
Neville. They have come together. When we have
come together, when I have found them, another
arrangement of life will form. Something
will be affirmed, checked, that now runs
endlessly to waste. Already at forty yards distance I
feel the order of my ideas re-arranged. The
tug of the magnet of their twenty tales on me. I
come nearer. I feel with every step that they in me
are rushing together, without my willing it, into a

a halter. Involuntarily I raise my hand, & in obedience to ~~some in~~ a strong & irresistible feeling of pleasure wave it ~~forward~~ in. Reluctance has yielded to desire. I have lost complete control of myself. I am like a boat bobbing in the agency & capriciously of the wave. There is no panacea against ~~the~~ the gallantry of contact with other people.

(trampling thistles)

Now we assemble in the long ~~room~~ dining room that overlooks some parade — some green space still beautifully lit by the setting sun; ~~& the so that the trees are aflame gold &~~ so that there are golden bars between the trees."

"And our first emotion" said Neville, "as we take our places at this narrow table, ~~in~~ side by side, in one of these ~~[illegible]~~ rare ~~reunion~~ meetings, is hatred. Instead of seeing you, Bernard, you Jinny, you Louis — & so on, I look ungloomily at your face, clothes, even such minute things as rings, watch chains, for signs of success or failure. What have you made of life? I ask. The lists have been hoisted on the door. Have you passed? Did they give you a first, second, or third? First & foremost, before even we break these hard rolls & help ourselves to lukewarm fish & salad, I want to prove (this is middle age) that ~~there~~ my ~~taken a better~~ desire is better than yours. I feel in my private pocket to find my credentials — what I carry to prove my superiority. I have passed — oh yes. ~~There is better~~ People call me — to do innumerable things. Why I do not know, but I have impressed myself upon the imagination of the world. Hence, their letters — their cards —

Lady Susan: Lady Susan. I am trying to interest Susan: I am trying to fascinate your indifference. Your eyes talk of humour & confusion & distress me. Under your eyes my fame dwindles. These letters, ~~cards~~ ~~with~~ these cards my credentials, make a faint sound like that of a man clapping in an empty field perhaps to scare away crows. Now that died away altogether & I hear only the wind sweeping over the ploughed land, & a bird singing — perhaps some intoxicated lark. Has that week heard of me? No; nor those ~~housemaids~~ lovers, those couples who began to ~~stray from~~ look from the hatch, & look at the sun, which are not yet dim enough to lie under. The faint clapping has died out. What then are my credentials? How can I overcome the barrier you raise & make your life — that is the object we all have in view — touch interest to mine?

What I carry in my pocket

Now I will tell you ~~about~~ what my life pedigree quite simply: I name, hesitating: with eyes that are gentle & dark; not brilliant, not mocking, (trusting you to have clean fingers; newly washed, antiseptic) & wait a moment, watching the strange emotions that are twist time, till they have risen & become less disturbing: & then I make a bolt for it & say: ~~I have been intimate~~. ~~Oh~~ Yes, I was intimate. (I address myself to time) Yes I was

There is always some person we want to compare.

for the

When someone comes in,

What then remains? There is always, you know, which are feeling your situation is raw & the edges sharp, somebody whom one wishes to make crouch beneath one. Jesus. with your green eyes, your bear shaved eyes.
Listen. I talk to impress you. When what I achieved was intimacy — the fit gold thread running round the present: pattern so solid the parents could hack them: they made immobile, ~~right~~ wild round me so that you can break them off; ~~their~~ ~~all this because someone came in~~ The thin skimmed air of early morning soften, turns opal, blue & rose: at that hour, your husband, the farmer, is red nosed: you have nothing to say at breakfast: you see nothing: century comforts you you hardly see words at all. The scraggness & starkness of your relationships ~~left~~ disgust me.
Mine, at that hour, is warm & tender. There are no repetitions. ~~This precaution~~ Each day is dangerous smooth on the surface, we are all bone beneath, like snakes coiling. Sunshine we read the Times. Supposing we argue about Shaw, a number. Suppose it's warm. The snow loads down the roof & seals us up together in a cave red with fire.

[Take in]

Rhoda: the light changes. Cars dip their head lamps.

So melancholy begins:
None of the great landscapes.
Like when seen from a train.
The ground unmemorial design: the

"There was another glory once" said Jean: "There was the the beech wood, ~~& the knotted roots~~. There was Elvedon, & down among the trees. And then Bernard's phrase — about the legion & its wooden wings ~~which I never caught~~ never fluttering lightly, escaping; as all the ~~the~~ changing travelling lights, the various, the dimpling have escaped. But look, Neville, at my hand on the table. ~~Look at the fingers — I am no longer ashamed of them~~ Look at the gradations of healthy colour ~~for~~ here for the knuckles, here for the palm. My body has been used, lightly, daily, all over; like a ~~A~~ tool ~~is~~ by a good workman. What can you know of life (we battle together — like beasts fighting in a field stags, making their horns clash) when you need curtains. ~~Charming~~ & this perpetual twilight? Seen through yours hale & yielding — but how textile — flesh. Even flowers, apples, bunches of ripe fruit must have a filmed look as if they stood under glass; & then lying in front of a fire, deep in a chair, ~~you see only this what can~~ you see ~~but~~ one inch of flesh, only; its nerves, its fibres, the sullen or quick blood within, but nothing entire. You do not see a house in a garden; a house in a field; a & ship in the sea with the wave in the skyline. ~~You bring your~~ Your eyes closer & closer ~~to~~ from the network like an old woman straining her eyes over her darning. But I have seen life in blocks, substantial, huge; ~~a town; a hills; factories~~ & ~~backwards~~, ~~as~~ the ancient. ~~The~~ Babylonian building made from time immemorial in deserts: by ~~the~~ battlements in towns: harbours, waterworks, & all the ~~architecture~~ plain architecture. The

The flickering Clock,

Form, well cut.

The blade worn in the middle.

The great architecture

Silhouetted against an

substantial building, factories, gasometers. These things remain square, hard, prominent, underlined in my mind (I must catch the ten twenty home tomorrow morning for example) I am not fluent, I stammer. I sit among you abrading your softness with my hardness, quenching all the dilogy ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ grey & flickering moth wing ~~[illegible]~~ blue & red with the green spurt of my clear eyes. Now we have clashed our antlers; ~~we withdraw~~. This is ~~only~~ the necessary prelude; ~~when the~~ this is the salute of old friends: ~~this is the clash of contact.~~"

My life has

"~~Now~~ The gold has faded between the trees" said Rhoda "& A slice of green lies behind them — this life the blade of a knife or like some tapering green plane, upon which nobody sets foot. ~~Then~~ Now the cars begin to wink & blink, coming down the Avenue. Lovers can draw away into darkness now."

making the trunks thick. ~~are~~ with low.

~~The stags will come close up to the window.~~

"We are indebted." said Bernard. "How many telephone calls, how many hot lands ~~[illegible]~~ necessary to cut this hole in ~~the fabric of~~ life & let us come together, at Hampton Court? The pressure of life is tremendous; we are all now ~~held~~ swept on, by the torrent of certain things so familiar that they cast no shade; so that we are never disturbed by comparisons ~~of you & me~~ — of ~~me~~ as you see me, my life, & thus attain the utmost freedom from friction & some deep, some hazy conscious pleasure. Even a great effort to come. We have to leap like fish in order to take the train to Hampton Court. And however high we leap, we fall back into the stream.

like the fish we must know, on the red gravel, finally this body tumbling

I shall never take ship for the South Sea Islands. A little journey to Rome is my limit. There was a daughter. I am wedged into my place by circumstances

But she enjoying body. ~~My mind is free~~ my body that makes part of the puzzle.

But I make stories. I twist things up into toys. ~~I cannot~~ ~~see A~~ girl ~~sitting~~ sitting on a stool out side a cottage door ~~without~~ ~~saying~~ seeing ~~different~~ ~~Every possibility: the pathetic, the photogic, the comic iconic~~. Is she waiting? Is she not waiting – is she deserted; or not deserted – ~~as if~~ all lines converge there for the moment. ~~As the~~ There was the story of the headmaster: the headmaster wife: I ~~a attitude a~~ breakings off, beginnings a wave gathered in a ship – a hansom cab street corner – all stories. But none the true story –

I back some conviction.

The efficiency is in myself. I ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] do not cling to life. I shall be brushed off as easily as a bee from a sun flower. My ~~[illegible]~~ philosophy has never hardened. It runs like quicksilver all ways at the same moment. Now Louis, wild eyed, but severe, in his attic, in his office, has come to conclusions: "

"I ~~have been tortured~~ the thread has been broken," said Louis, "Your cruelty, ~~has been very subtle~~. Jenny broke the thread when she kissed me in the garden, years ago – the threads I laboriously try to weave again. And the boating boys mocked me at school for my Australian accent.

A fresh impulse.

A. This is the meaning, I say: & then start with pain: Look I say the rumour that runs through the Earth of conquest is a mistake: & am then twitched asunder. Broken, ~~[illegible]~~ always,

Over broken tiles, through gypsum, I pick my way. ~~A bandit~~ by ~~the light~~ Different lights fall, or making the ordinary leopard-spotted, wrap. The moment with its wine & shaking leaves, with its flitting joints coming from the river in white flannel carrying lanterns in to me purple with the shadows of dungeons & torture & infamies practised by man upon man. So ~~weak~~ impotent, so partial are my senses that they never blot with rose or violet the sorrowful charge that my reason remorselessly & adds & adds even while we sit here. What is the solution? ~~Where is~~ the bridge? How can I reduce these dazzling & incoherent appearances ~~out~~ the line of deep meaning?

see or & Meanwhile you observe, malicious, my pursed lips & ~~gleam~~ frown. ~~But~~

But I beg you to observe my cane, my waistcoat. I have ~~wheeled~~ achieved a desk of solid mahogany in a room hung with maps. Our steamers have won an enviable reputation for ~~their~~ the excellence of their cookery, their cabins replete with every convenience, hot & cold water laid in. I wear a white waistcoat now, & carried a letter book before I make engagements.

This is the arch & ironical manner in which

"But you have never been able to hurt me" said Jenny.
"This film, my scarf, baffles you. I love its yellowness, & its dark wine coloured shadows & its softness so that it might be caught like a web on a rose bush. I do not like the high ornamental beauties of your roof tops, towns, with their lean cats, their blistered chimney pots. I like rain when it has turned to snow a welcome halfbaptism. I like what one touches, what one tastes. And being unafraid, Jack & much more courageous than you are, I am not always tempering my beauty with meanness for fear the fire should scorch me. I gulp it down entire. I admit that it is made of flesh or of stuff; it is not fine than & white but with poverty like your ideas.

People, men & women, in uniforms, in wigs & gowns, in brocade & velvet, in border hats — (I notice all clothes always) press upon me. I adhere to their wonder, Eddy with them. They give hearties yes: but they invite me into private rooms & make unexpected confidences. Sometimes while looking at horses in a stable, sometimes while pressing grapes in a greenhouse. I am attended by a regiment of my fellows — their drums beating, their colours flying, marching best foot foremost down the street. My mother must have followed the drum, my father the sea.

[take in 231]

now that they turn grey, now that they turn brown, I accept them still."

"Nor am I afraid" said Rhoda. "There were lamp posts & trees on the way from the station. But I did not hide behind them. I walked straight up to you all. Yet I am to tell the truth this only ~~my body~~ that I have ~~been~~ framed. That has been taught to do a certain trick. But inwardly I am untaught, unaccustomed, hating you, loving you, envying you, despising you, but never at home with you. You have all, now, middle aged, committed yourselves to a statement about life, that amazes me: Susan must have children: Louis must have authority: Neville must ~~Confess~~ have an love: Jinny ~~has her~~ has her clothes; — Bernard other people — You exist here & now. in this room at this moment. You see every tumbler, every salt cellar, every stain on this worn table cloth quietly as I do. You do not flinch & shrink but use things as if you were their masters, taking one thing up, putting another down. But I see only parts of this decorative arrangement, often with horror in a flash. I do not see you very distinctly. I do ~~not~~ or know what you feel; I often do not listen to what you say. I hear a thread like something falling behind your voice & wound in the thin white line of some breaking wave. Yet ~~there are threads than between us~~ Neville says the ~~heart~~ is a map. There are threads between us; touch one & the other flutters. a—you are blocks of white stone, without eye holes, or any other protuberance, standing together on a beach, or perhaps ~~in~~ against the railings you square. Meanwhile the chained

my body

Embedded in you are in this saturation made of repeated sounds.

Elephant Hamper: the mallet is driven with heavy blows, into the sand. Also, there is India. Fishermen on the verge of the world are drawing their nets & carrying them. A hot wind ruffles the topmost leaves of primeval forests, & birds ~~green~~ ~~are~~ dip their beaks in the solitary pools that have formed in deserts, where perhaps some ruined ~~to~~ Column stands. That is the circumference that I try to envelop as we sit here.

I have lived almost entirely in this effort of vision, only picking up from your poetry the little seed that is enough to spread this wide vista. I see you as shaken against the sand, down whose check time & rain & have drawn some strange channels & streaks. But I wish to stretch my mind always wider & wider, to so that it embraces the last standing bush on the horizon & see the last sun fall there, for ever. But you are always plucking at me with your children & your poems & your chilblains or whatever it is you do & suffer, & wish to press on my attention. Therefore I dread these meetings. I loathe even the touch of your hands, your twitchings, gestures, ~~to~~ eccentricities of different kinds (~~there are few~~ moments of beauty are so rare.) And then you torture; you laugh; you stare. And yet folded in your crevices, lie these seeds, so that I come to Hampton Court not seeing precisely ~~to~~ in order that I may be shaken, from some hidden chasm & abyss in your soul such feeling & pleasure as ~~[illegible]~~ (only perhaps by a word, a gesture, a way of picking up a handkerchief) which fills my mind & spreads round me, when I lie awake at night,

something far away
the sand that spread at night into vast vistas, moaps of
gurgling travelling, awful prospects almost entirely of
human tokens (so many civilisations have perished) but
Our ~~the~~ the representation ~~of life, or~~ or otherwise the
misery of our lives with their prattlations of
insignificance would be intolerable.
But since I too have intends, I believe, though more
fitfully than you do, there circuits & flowers & rolls of
bread & warm bottles, I must undergo the penance of
here & now. Hamlet's court ~~[illegible]~~ at seven precisely.
Far from being allowed to spread in wider & wider
rings of understanding that may at last (such is
my dream sometimes at the most incongruous moments,
reading the papers in a third class smoker)
embrace the entire world, I must contract & go through
the antics of the individual. (when I am wandering
with Percival on the verge of the wood) Must buy my
clothes & answer the telephone. & pretend
always pretend; & lately always what ~~you~~
Jean, what Jenny what Bernard & Neville do & say.
Yet I am positive. I am not reduced - not captive.
after undergoing for years the brush of all these
attachments, the pressure of all these hands,
the tugs & the hustlings & the callings hither &
thither, I shall fall ~~[illegible]~~ alone through this thin
sheet on which we stand into gulfs of fire.
You will desert me. You will not help me. You will
withdraw, ~~being time tortures, of intimate~~
cruelty, ~~with [illegible]~~ You are, after all,
much more cruel than the old torturers, for

~~And much more~~ Yet how desirable! There are moments when our companionship seems to blow so vast a bubble that the limits of the world are gazed upon it, & on its pensively bene the sun sets & we are left ~~with the hour~~ there ~~an absolute~~ absolved from separation, nothing is unabsorbed. I could fancy then that our lives might be blown off, & sail & soar & take the blue of the sky & the first tinge of dawn. Just as we might escape from here & now.

the white of morse the black of mid night

~~Let us now be silent, said Bernard forgive silente. [illegible]~~

"Drop upon drop" said Bernard "silence falls. Silence falls. One can feel, as we sit here, forgiven, separate, contained physically, ~~the round ness of life~~, its stubbed incommunicable ~~content~~, incommunicable sensations clustering, forming on the mind's roof ~~as~~ falling; splash into some deep pool. Fathoms deep. ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~waves spread in the depths of your very dark~~. Splash splash Forever separate. Forever alone. Alone, alone.

that has

I too feel that who am so intolerant of loneliness, whom loneliness destroys, as rain falling drop by drop upon a snow man pits his face, warps his nose, dissolves him into a shapeless mound. Already, as silence falls, I am becoming nothing but a rather fat, middle aged, not very successful man. ~~True, I am comfortable~~. I do not wish at the moment more than this. We have dined well. The fish, the veal cutlets have ~~dulled~~ blunted the sharp tooth of egotism. Anguish is at rest. The rainbow gives - lovely - but does not care

the regis gone are washed out.

the very tolerable Moselle

what the others think. Neville's anguish are at rest.
Susan hears the even breathing of all her children
asleep in their cots. We are reflective, not
aggressive. We are ready to listen to any suggestion
that the world may ~~want~~ offer guilt impartially —
~~We~~ I reflect now that ~~there~~ the earth is only a pebble
flicked off the face of the sun & that there is no life
anywhere in the vast abysses of space."

"I am praising the trees" said Neville, "I am
wishing well to the soldier & the nurse maid."

"And the soldier" said Neville, "makes love to the nurse maid behind
that hawthorn tree"

"~~And the sun, "said Jinny~~"

~~The trees are~~ "~~Cut in frame~~ in the sun" said Susan, "all
~~seems eternal~~. Seems as if no leaf would ever fall; &
no bird ever move."

"It seems" said Jinny, "as if the miracle had
happened; what we all desire: a life were ~~stayed~~ stayed here, now."
~~Stopped from falling~~."

"And at last, said Rhoda, "we had no more to live"

"Listen" said Louis, "to the ~~waves breaking on the shore.~~
~~breathing the wind, as it~~ moved through eternal space.
as much more. For millions of years ~~after~~ after we are dead"

"Tick tick, hoot, hoot;

"Tick, tick hoot, hoot" said Bernard. "I think I
motor cars: I think of electric railways: I think
(like a fly that's trapped, goes round & round in the
same wire cage) opening our note."

Run, fight, I say: Offer yourself to this

illimitable chaos"

"Thou lovest unhealthily" said Neville. "I admire one bank clerk more than all the stars." And yet there are moments when the universe seems ~~almost~~ were ~~wholly beautiful~~ & we, pullulating, insignificant, deforming the flies even with our lust."

were,

("But Louis," said Rhoda, "this state will not last. They are already beginning to smooth their napkins by the side of their plates. Neville looks with ~~[illegible]~~ curiosity at somebody who has just come in outside the window. That girl is feeding the deer who are drifting up ~~[illegible]~~ to be fed. Jinny has taken out her looking glass, & is looking very intently at her face. Now, like an artist who has made an important decision, she has drawn her powder puff ~~from her lap~~ round her face: who her lips require reddening? Not at this moment. Susan, who feels they at the right of these preparations, fastens the top button of her coat & then unfastens it. She is preparing for something different.

has given one dab to her nose.

"Yes" said Louis, they are saying to themselves "what lies before me? What comes next?" Their faces are now cut out against the blue of infinite space, in which there is no life, ~~but only~~ whatever. ~~It~~ Still they hunt; they are on the scent. Their voices are shrill & low. They do not finish their sentences. Now they move. They are going to walk in the gardens before they shut. And we shall go with them as if we belonged to them. But we shall soon drop a little behind."

Like conspirators who have something to whisper" said Rhoda.

Why should anybody put a
golden hat on her head?

"And King William" said Bernard "fell over a molehill in the very park. A crown, seen against the whirling abysses of infinity shaped like a ~~teapot~~ golden teapot. What is the part our little English part of Kings, of their fantastic decorations? All then ~~can only~~ becomes unseen, directly we lose our grip of time; ~~which alone~~ then only the King is on his throne, wearing his crown. But now, as we walk towards the gates this building is ~~dazzle~~ light as a cloud, set for a moment on the sky. And we ourselves – even though we walk six abreast, what do we oppose to the universal flood? ~~Those~~ ~~we accidental~~ our comings together ~~appear~~ like driftwood for a moment in a stream: ~~how~~ volatile ~~our instincts~~, how precarious, ~~what are~~ our lives: what ~~are~~ have we written to let work these fugitive random evanescent lights that we call brain; heart; how can they make way, how can they do battle? ~~And~~ that we have loved, & that we have had ~~certain~~ moments of exaltation? ~~For example when~~ Neville knew a poem at my head once, & ~~I thinking~~ ~~Wordsworth~~ cried ~~as~~ "I too knew what Shakespeare knew"! That ~~is~~ has fallen like a rose leaf ~~perishing~~ fallen in some flood & ah is work a poem embodying immortality "I too knew what Shakespeare knew" That too has gone, has perished, like a rose leaf in the flood, never to be found again.

~~"And then, said Neville, we enter these cloisters, &~~

our sense of 16, 17, 18 hundred & thirty of mutton & mutton,

The flower stands before us,
the flower with its
sides; the flower
seen simultaneously:
the lamentation that
was in vain
when we found such
Resolval: the
flower is now
interpreter
something made of
life.

"But suddenly" said Neville, "the machine clicks. We may be something ridiculous. ~~A dog~~ That dog prancing. Time falls into perspective again. Age returns to this Galloway. Three hundred years seem long. Once again the bubbles take up their hearts. King William mounts his horse, I am ~~[illegible] interested by the~~ once more convinced that the the fate of Europe is a ~~matter~~ of immense importance & ~~that~~ which is of immense importance (though a moment ago it seemed ~~laughable enough~~) ~~depends upon Marlborough & the Whigs. hangs in the balance~~ & all depends upon the Duke of Marlborough.

"We believe now in the Duke of Marlborough" said Rhoda. "Next we shall discuss the character of Godolphin & so talking about Whigs & Tories shall undergo that strange transformation into English people at a certain point while we advance down this avenue side abreast, ~~feeling for the moment no divergence~~ with no divergence into Gen & I, but ~~many~~ all one entirely — all one [illegible] brings — a triumph. While Neville talks of James & Halifax & Queen Anne, ~~it seems as if~~ the iron door had rolled back; Time's fangs have ceased their devouring. We, have triumphed over the abyss of space, by mean of Marlborough & the Duke of Marlborough. & Wren. Gals have beauty too, as the Quarter had beauty when they played one summer's day in a hall, & I said to myself ~~to~~ like what? & was convinced the is reality. There is no death since we are walking side abreast; I leaning

Vaguely upon Jenny, Jenny upon Louis; Bernard arm in arm with Neville, & Jinny touching Louis. That curious mood that disembodied still mood is on us; ~~there~~ is as if the walls of the mind had become transparent; & the iron doors have rolled back ~~and~~ & we are walking in air & enjoying this momentary alleviation (it is not often that one has no anxiety) yes, & if it has given us a moment's peace, it has given us eternity.

"That flower hangs before us, made of all our lives."

"a ~~gigantic~~ something palpable, something real" said Jinny.

"a splendid apparition" said Louis. ~~The~~

~~Sev~~ ~~for~~ Six rides.

It plays against the night. to which we have all contributed. Flickers changes yet always returning to one shape. ~~Like~~ A massive composition.

Old Mrs Constable ~~from~~ squeezes her house & the sensation gets shi-made. It started. Then life pushed it. Muscular & drastic, & with violent effects we push on arm hither & thither. And begot children. And moment after moment. piled up: & were lit through; now suddenly blazes; ~~&~~ the shadow of death fell; ~~&~~ we were not altogether consumed. And then we broke free. But were recalled. by some instrument like the planets. Speech was not allowed us. Behold this beautiful ~~illumination, this~~.

Then suddenly we are ended by sense of our strength: ~~an common effort~~. It vanishes. Then great pallor, then great illumination blazes for a moment.

Dude.

"A mysterious illumination" said Louis. "visible for a moment against the trees."

"Quivering but massive" said Bernard.

"Built up by innumerable small strokes" said Jinny.

"A manyshaped life" said Neville. "Bernard, Neville & Susan. Louis Rhoda & Jinny: ~~together make up one life~~ there it hangs, against the Athenaeum. manyshaped; deep with all emotion. If we could feel our experiences, & now, because our arms touch visible to us, through the screen of flesh; the moon, the fields, children, books, travel, home, marriage, death, friendships, Cambridge love, hopes, all for a moment let up seeming to make one shape; one to cast one great illumination upon the trees: so that, as we walk each feel, I am contributing: I am & completing: I am being completed — only as the background is so strange, we do not know perhaps what the pattern is. what this splendid flower that shakes its petals is: how short chance: what it means, rising so firmly, so upon the dark; made of such tremendously keen sensations; such & ideas; made glorious of many much darkness: still capable of flowering splendidly ~~for a moment~~.

Look. Now it vanishes. ~~How~~"

"Here we break off" said Louis: "Susan with Bernard: Neville with Jinny. Rhoda lag behind. The gardens of the old palace begin to ring with birds songs. — the owls, the nightingales: now that there

Wrap

And Jenny
who always loved
Bernard will say to him –
my lost life – my
And Jenny who always

lovers, for we are all that, though so differently, pair off again. & Nick the Gloves, where, in the shade, Susan, who has always loved Bernard will say to him Oh my ruined life, my wasted life, & Neville, taking Jinny's little hand with the cherry coloured finger nails will say love, love, & the Wych Elm, imitating the nightingale, love love love."

"They go further & further" said Rhoda leaving us, as we knew they would, dallying by the elms. They slink away over the plain, furtively yet with assurance, as if they claimed an immemorial ~~[illegible]~~ privilege, not to be disturbed. They are lost in the darkness. They cannot help deserting us. They are under compulsion to break off & be alone. There is a tide in the soul which they obey. These things follow some law."

"They have drifted" said Louis. "They have drawn apart again. They send in back ~~a song~~, a message, a confused, a composite message. The solitary hoot of the steamers, marking out the sea, the flash of light from the electric rails, the grave lowings & bendings of the trees, breathe back to us the message of those who are now couched ~~under~~ under floors, under backs; all the nameless men & women who have been here, under one King or another. They moan; they stir; they breathe darkly. Buried in the floor, Couched under backs, or walking up & down under the plane trees which flow on the dark shore near Athens they send us back this song.

"If we could mount together, & hover" said Louis, "we could
perceive from a sufficient height, if we did so
Each other's arms, which remain empty, then we could
make one line of beauty; & look down & dominate, &
see to the depths & remain untouched, in our own
bodies, remain aloof, unscarred, untouched, if we
had sufficient strength & insight, & could endure the
loneliness: could be without any support; like Lucretius,
like Plato; & these latter are disturbed by faint
clapping sounds; ~~but the applause~~ the & laughter;
we never escape; we never rise above; we are
bound down by our fate. We are scared like
birds. We hear voices praising & mocking. We
Gen, Two trembling two solitudes," said Rhoda: "& ~~two~~
I forever unknown of these lives; the poet, the
preacher: I who believe in solitude only at the
hour ~~of death, & its violent rebuke~~; & its final
sense of wrong, ~~cut, away~~.:—Then we are divided
And ~~Our arms are~~ empty" said Louis. "We have
"& love love love" among the Gens, sacrificed that embrace. ~~Now listen; look. The~~ &
fishing rods, & bags, & the red finger nails. & geraniums
insight, & the reaches among the grasses. And still
we ~~pass, & look~~ & listen, & penetrate these shades, with
our as far as we can with effort, with endurance, day by
Syn day. Look, look. The net is raised higher & higher.
It comes to the top of the water. The water is broken
with silver, quivering white fish. Now they are
laid on shore. There are people coming towards us.
Are they men or women? They still wear the
antique drapery of the flowing tide in which

they have been immersed.

"Now, as they pass that the "red Rhoda". They regain their natural size - They are men & women. Their feeling of awe, as they hurl all the draperies of the flowing tide, turns to pity, to admiration, because they are so small.

What have we made free in chattering vain about you?" "The whole world "red Rhoda." It has broken into ~~bits~~ splinters, at our feet. The world that was whole & entire as if earth & air had come together, with the trees, the water, & you all absorbed among the flows, ~~making part of it,~~ ~~that world is gone now.~~ Where you sauntered, all is gone. ~~Instead~~ But you alone, simply by your presence, replace it. ~~the~~ Illusion returns. It flickers, it dances. Then ceasing this questioning, 'What do I think of you? What do you think of me?' begins again; & the sharpened pulse & the brightened eye & all the intensity of personal existence — without which life would fall flat & die: you ~~have~~ drifted us into the waters of illusion: even the sun flickers. We swim; ~~to~~ we become buoyant; we are swept hither & thither in the currents of this wild & dangerous tide."

"Let us scarcely breathe" said ~~Bernard~~ Neville. "Exhausted, & subdued, we have only bodies. We are in that placid & silent frame of mind when the mere thought of being ~~Neville,~~ ~~bend & pity~~ merely asks what do I think of you, what impression am I making, is I attractive & meretricious, forced & merely fantastic. We are like Jenny, yellow dust which is moth coloured in this light, or like Susan eyes

where you murmured in your work

280

which are moth coloured in this light. We are almost indistinguishable from the wire. A cigarette end is the only point of emphasis among us. We are silent, acquiescent."

"After our fore" said Jinny. "There is nothing to hunt in lockets.

"I am never satisfied" said Susan "After a time I swallow no more. But I sit yawning like a young bird ~~with a yellow beak~~. Something has escaped me"

Perhaps that with some regrets. We left Jin. We tore the fabric. We separated to satisfy ~~some further~~ some further inexhaustible desire for something more, to be alone with our person; to ride, to swim out, with our own particular fever our further deep, better, stronger, blacker, ~~of poison~~. We are worn out"

But let us pause for a moment" said Bernard, "let us pass the terrace by the way in the dark, almost alone. How comforting it is to watch the lights coming out in the bedrooms of hardworkers & smoke the toilsome on the far side of the Thames.

5' Dec. 4/30

280
253
840
1400
560
78,400

280
56
1680
1400
30,800

~~56~~
280

281
337
337
281
56

Dec. 14th
1930

The sea coiled its spring & uncoiled it: It struck the shore heavily, again & again; with a sound as of a wall ~~of blocks~~ had fallen heavily, a wall of grey stones, an impermeable wall. On the shoals of the water the old gulls sat screaming over a fish, tearing a rotted spray of sea weed asunder. The waves gore again & again, with one young gull swaying aloof, riding some solitary plank, riding the waves, ~~till~~ as they rled to shore, & then ~~they~~ skimmed ~~the surface~~ away, & lighted far out, - were again carried in & landed on the shore.

The gulls

The sea now shook its branches, and a shower of leaves fell to the ground. There they rebound with perfect composure & lightness, placing themselves on the pleasure that where they would wait dissolution. Circling in wider & more voluminous circles, the hawk sliced the wandering waters of air which moved over the world. The sun, ~~rising~~ and the girl turning barely with forehearted jewels, & then the straight jaying man, and crousing supreme, now had glanced aside, now had bruised its edge on some obstacle that let run out another shred that merged with the ~~pure~~ yellow. Purples & grays were that into the ~~light fro~~ garden from its broken vessel. Blue shadows, as ~~of water~~ from mussels, blackened the ~~lur~~ tunnels between the stalks, so that the thrush for a moment stopped hammering, & the worm sucked steely back again into its narrow hole. Now & again a whitened & hollow straw, a cabled twig ~~&~~ was blown from an old nest & fell,

burning

white into the slightly browned glass. The apples lay there no longer hard as green stones but red streaked on their the sunny side, soft & brown where they had pressed the earth. The straw was heavy on the dung heap & moist & rank.

In the room the colours on the pattern on the plates had run — The pecan brush stroke was swollen & lopsided, the blue scroll working slightly had become a lake. There was a purple bloom on the brown of the cupboard, a transient colour, a wandering light where before the brown had been as glossy as the side of a chestnut. The height from floor to ceiling seemed tremendous, & hung with curtains, ~~breathing up,~~ letting fall shafts of brown light, & crushing it ~~between~~ into folds of & recesses & darker recesses. Some ~~light too,~~ ~~fresh, of~~ fern too, from the setting sun, burnt lit unexplored knobs, handles, looking glasses. Like red eyes looking out from ~~cans~~ can, tunnels, & vast ~~crates~~ caves, overhung with flies.

"There are times" said Bernard "which seem to be no time: & places which are no particular place, just as you, if you will pardon me, are not ~~any particular~~ person. In particular. In fact, when ~~you speak to me I~~ I came into this restaurant, & hanging up my coat, found you hanging up yours, I did not know you from Adam. Remember your name. You must be thirty years younger than I am. We met on a, you say, on a steamer. I have therefore the greatest freedom in talking to you. Anything can be said to a complete stranger.

I could tell you the story of my life. But now to impart a secret, there is no story. ~~All stories about life are false.~~ ~~Now whatever~~ Life is like the sea; one wave, & then another & then another & so on ~~follows another~~ & yet when ~~we~~ one meets somebody ~~who~~ for the first time who is almost a stranger — that is very important — a curious ~~sense~~ that when ~~I~~ meet a stranger, I But sometimes, especially ~~when one meets a stranger~~, on an occasion like this, in a restaurant where one has never been before, then this self, Bernard, consolidates, ~~cut~~ from the various in which he lives (for I am ~~now~~ much more interested in the ~~that~~ ~~after~~ ~~the~~ natural debt now than in merely) & ~~becomes~~ the ~~story of his~~ his life becomes an enormous ~~road~~, a succession of visions, one enormous road at ~~which I look in~~ & if I were to sit here for a week, talking, I could not tell you a fraction of the stories ~~that~~ ~~of me~~ going that make up my life. ~~There is the story of the~~ sponge, of the beech wood; the pigeon; the screwed up twisted handkerchief: the table cloth: ~~There are children~~ & many, for ~~stories~~; ~~each filling one volume at least;~~ & would ~~fill a volume~~. Stories going seventy years each fill a volume & would

indefinitely.

or a small fabric with window of a

take many months to relate in full.

~~But besides~~ And what is more the presence of a stranger, & some influence in the evening hour, the unfamiliar variety of my surroundings, (Even that dash of fruit has its some weight, no doubt,) this I may produce the heretic illusion that all these scenes, ~~defined~~ may, like grapes from a stalk, ~~from~~ so that if I had a pencil & a sheet of paper I could draw the design of my life in & it would be seen that ~~these~~ scene after scene & scene after scene innumerable scenes depend from a thin black line which is ~~that which~~ what I call (provisionally) myself. Now the faculty of ~~vision~~ is ~~so strong~~ illusion is so strong at times that I could fancy that I can break my life off & hand it round. I am then filled with an extraordinary sense of power; & if I could hand you what I see then I should be quite content to shuffle off with hand in hand with death who would then ~~only have~~ merely put a rather stout, worn, old Jewish man of eighty live to bed. But I should have left behind me something miraculous.

Something to do with it

in his dotage.

Oh but let me give up these rather pompous phrases; let me pluck aside all these flowers ~~be~~ make believe. & decorations & images & attempts to draw the lineaments of what is only a shadow. I begin to long for a little language rude & plain. I begin to long for a little language such as lovers use, I want to say ~~they~~ everything ~~with one flick of my fingers~~ with only a word. I want ~~every~~ all unless that ~~has~~ is finished. When the words come ~~drop away so that they are always~~ images we ~~can not~~ the flesh is so hot, so heavy that it can live in one of these hottest phrases that come down with all their heat on the ground. I believe

sometimes to sounds in the grass; I stop in darkness sometimes & hear feet shuffling. That's the language, I think; that's the phrase I should like to catch.

I wish now like you in some great syllables, how Mrs Cunliffe (our old nurse) talked her things &

& the ~~music of~~ words, ~~what a what I want to catch~~?

those are the words that I want.

Well then, to make a beginning, Mrs Cunliffe, our old nurse, raised the shoulder above her head & ~~curve~~ expressed or cut that sight & let it down the thin arrows of sensation. And for ever, so long as one draws breath, wherever one moves, whatever one knocks against – ~~these are sensations, what a~~ we feel, arrows of sensation. (Sometimes passing a cottage with a light in the window where a child has been born, I think with that ~~another body has been~~ so they have dropped another bundle of flesh into the Cauldron. another glowing body is on fire –)

Take a flower, an ashy red flower seen for a moment in a garden, land like ~~like~~ like pure light upon like colours burning upon caverns of blackness. next moment a clap on the back of the head – terrible – for which reason the flower is never remembered) ~~Hard then walks running. And~~ this green tree: one leaf against the sky; & this a whole rat white with maggots: ~~writhing~~. under some leaf. And all this happens in one second & lasts forever. But of course there are large plains of bread & butter, jugs of milk & hours & hours & hours of sleep. while a ~~bee~~ fly buzzes bigger & bigger

Chairs
tables,
plant,
women,

So they have dropped another bundle of flesh into the Cauldron.

Jugs big big when a man dabbled early

~~Then there Jinny. Then there Neville, Louis, Jinny~~ –

~~Rhoda~~ – And they for no reason, ~~let~~ suddenly as one ~~turns a corner~~, turning the corner, one sees hang in the

Neville: Jinny suddenly appears: that little elf squatting over a basin in Rhoda: ~~at that boy~~ Louis, a long was rather late for tea: & Susan – ~~at~~ that name I

pause, ~~for the~~ over feeling ~~over woman~~ the Kerchief flutter,
for woman ~~the~~ very who cried, as I felt (I was in the train home with Neville)
my indifference melt: Neville did not melt. Therefore I am
myself. not Neville. Also how strange the feeling is, as I
think – for I am sure – pleasant. At the same time, (I shut my eyes)
the wet pavement had hardly shrunk into a hole which we
~~sat on the white brown & green roots.~~ The wood pigeon flew out
& I made my little poem – being at one love; not perhaps with Jane; but
whenever a sound knocks a hole in this mind she is in
love. But with what? ~~I am always falling~~ I was
in love but not glad with man or woman. The fair-haired
the lawn with big brooms. The lady sat working.
I cannot interfere with a single stroke of those brooms; they
working. working. Nor with the lights of that woman
working. And this strange to them, that vapour, hurt, fed upon every
luxury known to man – ~~where he lodges a faithless purpose:~~
~~& that~~ cannot stop that faithless purpose; & ever how, likely
incredibly a ~~woman working~~ ~~only~~ at a window mat
we ~~dispo~~ dislodge that woman.

to feel as pleasure

2

there they are, all day long as if, we had written on Stonehenge, it was already surrounded by great stones. Then again, though we was a little boy, sitting in beech leaves, so comfortably, I recall as vividly as the trees, & the pigeon, & Jasper lently, where narrow back heaving went up & down like a pumphandle swinging on the ribbed — I recall ~~my vision~~ ~~the last stand of the certainty with which that that~~ but I then became aware of the presence of enemies: that determinate hopeless opposition, that being which is like knots forever hostile to us; so that the whole of life is an act of effort, & again effort & again effort; & ~~to~~ to sit passively in a beech wood is impossible, to be carried on by or the back of the wind is impossible. Then changes from decade to decade. But I seldom sit for half an hour without being aware that whereas the natural course of the world is ~~that~~ one way, my course is ~~this way~~ another. And therefore, jumping up, I ran down hill, hand in hand with Jasper & saw the stable boy clattering about the yard in rubber boots. And then more bread & butter, more milk, more bees droning round the nursery ceiling & these jeweling islands of sun light — like the breasts of doves, drops of water. ~~or~~ Louis ~~described them one of his poems~~ found some right word, the right one, & put them in a poem.

the pendulum that forever turns the opposite way:

the fruit wh. has no stone.

For we were all from within ear shot. Iron, too iron, the veil in which we are cased melts; & a voice, perhaps Jasper's cry, or ~~did~~ Tom the boot boy making love to the turkeys among the raspberry bushes, comes through: penetrates, enters Neville, Rhoda, Louis, faces begin to surround me: & me's own white original way is streaked coloured & sometimes

an inch & so spattered with shrieks; & then the Rhodes, Lorna & Rhoda recoil in horror, are violently repelled — the disjointedness of human flesh appalled ~~Rhoda~~ Lorna: Rhoda was aghast at the torture that human beings inflict ~~upon each other: could not they~~ before Neville asked her for her knife. when she was swimming her we hotels to the South Sea Islands.

I was preserved from their ~~glances~~ glances & have avoided mortifying friends, & am not a landmark because I ~~am deficient in~~ for ~~ten~~ generations my fathers have had more than enough to eat; ~~or~~ (Little squires, comfortable clergymen) & then, ~~why should me attach~~ ~~their faces~~ & the inherited one a sense of continuity & security: & then ~~why should me~~ ~~the spectacle of human life~~ has, ~~what one sees~~ the panorama which one sees not from the roof, but from the third storey window, is to me more interesting than any what ~~the ways to bring on~~ ~~that particular bearing those, by that~~ that particular woman looking to that particular man. Even if he is merely I am ~~in a~~ who one of a group. ~~It was impossible for them to bully me~~ / I at school how could I be be bullied? ~~How could~~ My mind wandered. I ~~at school,~~ why not be absorbed by the spectacle? Why their minutiae, Egotistical, feverish absorption in our own functions? And then, whatever be our day dreaming pleasure to be under a novel, & watching the different expressions on the boys faces as they listened to the headmaster, & figuring his life, with Lucy at home, & her, & the trying to formulate some sort of explanation for the queer feelings that ~~remained~~ rose in me; time passed: the way melted; I lost sole sorts of innocence; but never that rare delight which stays me to set with a herd of little boys, to laugh at the relevant features of the scene. I liked to observe Percival:

we
woman says

& the organ. & the prayers. & Lucy, peeping over the edge of her
ivory bound prayer book.

Thus are contrary scenes. But when, having so
arranged a scene in chapel, I come to the ~~figure of Percival~~,
a boy who sat staring, ~~lividly, staring~~ grimly, with
some ~~resolution~~, ~~& other fierceness~~ ever ~~so~~ at the wall, &
was ~~therefore the~~ ~~behind him, the other boys kicked them~~ & picked his head) — picked
hands & he kicked his, to the back of his head) — picked he was wa-
the symmetry of this picture is destroyed; & I
~~can conceived of~~ there should be music; there should be
some wild carol — say, some down rush of brown heat
like an wave through the fuzzocks & thick flames of the
north: ~~to~~ & the wild rattle of a rush of
moorland torrents — when ~~the~~ to break up ~~the~~
our symmetrical scenes — our apprehensions,
orderly arrangements — here a bellow, here a wail:
there should be a wild cry: hunting horn: hounds in
full tongue: there should be a rush & a riot:
& the some thing entirely unconnected with the
scene, as if. ~~hitting the~~ a pack of hounds had passed
the window; or some trumpet had blared. so
a peal of wind through the window there should
come a cry from some wild, naked, unapprehended
life: a sound that should ring among the halls. this
away. whatever startling, what is unexpected,
what we cannot account for, what escapes un-
what turns symmetry to nonsense — so that the
little apparatus of observation is unhinged:
fellow go down: the doors float off; ~~all~~
there are the irresistible moments;
so secret too; & ~~with~~ & how, I ask, can

when he pitched his head to the ground, the wind died)

'I am in love'

I convey this to you? Then only when the Italian peasant
than upright men that I can go on describing life in scenes.
"Percival then had that kind of beauty which
depends itself from any careers. And as he was
not precocious I suspect that he read whatever was
written up for our edification without any comment,
& thought, with that magnificent equanimity that
was to preserve him intact from so many
humiliations & meanness, that Lucy's flaxen
pigtails & pink cheeks were the height of
female beauty. Thus preserved his taste later
was of extreme fineness." That will do — And I
might add, that, being a man of action, he
pitched with his head & died, for which reason, ~~even tonight,~~
that these herds, these insignificant & hardly
formulated face — pouring down Shaftesbury avenue —
coming up to Jake at the door of Tube, &
go, & many obscure Indians, & people dying of famine
Dreams, & old men who have been cheated by
the black coated scribes & whipped dogs..
Crying little boys & girls, lack ~~a protector~~. He
would have ridden about in a sun helmet,
administering justice. About the age of forty he would
~~have irretrievably~~ ruined his career. ~~And the old~~ No
lullaby comes back to me. Sleep sleep.
as I stood in the street, beholding the storm, & a
whalebone black sky, & he jumped into the taxi, &
the roar of London & youth crept in our ears: &
the ~~hunting song~~; No lullaby comes to sing his
into a wild hunting song.

Then there was Louis.

Help.

in what
we so many
~~wandering~~ and
high.
dreams,
visions.

"Now I raise this book in my hands" said Bernard "this
~~Great~~ Orrish globe of many coloured lights. Now I hold it before me:
I turn it between my fingers: search it in its depths, in its
confusion. "This" "My life; ~~life~~? our life.
The illusion is now strong upon me (in the restaurant, in the
corner, with you, whom I do not know, except that we met once
in a dream I think in Italy)

Because you are unknown, because of the infinite variety
of your surroundings, perhaps, it ~~will~~ appears to me that
I hold it; this globe: has rounded some vast circle in the
Cycle. Comes now look deep, look steadily into this vast
conglomeration - this vast amalgamation, which
adhering for a moment, has presented itself before me as
~~a~~ completed. If I could hand it to you entire;
~~that would be best~~. If I could break it off as one
breaks off a bunch of grapes, & say take it away &
do what you like - that would be best. While the
moment of completeness lasts, while I have this solemn
~~illusion~~ illusion of having a complete thing before me.

Unfortunately ~~so much~~ one cannot one must tell stories.
A story about childhood; a story about love; a ~~story about~~
I can make up innumerable stories - there is the
story of the sponge & the fly & the wood & the pigeon of
Susan Jenny Louis Neville - each would fill a
volume, & they would be false; there are no
stories. We are always telling ourselves stories, as if
we were children. ~~Then too~~ They we are ridiculous
flamboyant, beautiful phrases. But oh how
true) are of these phrases, which fall with all
their feet on the ground, & are so empty!
& of these neat designs of life drawn upon half sheets of
note paper. ~~Now~~ I begin to long for some

something

there -

like the rhythm & beat on the pavement.
little language, such as lovers use, half articulate, broken.
& I begin to desire some other order; what, I know not;
something more in accordance with our ~~[illegible]~~ those moments of
~~tranquil assurance & inner confidence which come~~
(now & then) then we have no belief need of stories.

Humiliation - ~~approach~~ in Dead:

Lying in a ~~dith~~ ditch on a windy day, when it has been raining. Then over the sky come marching Snowy Clouds; tattered clouds; wisps of cloud: then I
I could not convey to you my troubled confused but angry, humiliated, but at the same time pleasurable sense of being swept over by the indifferent procession of ~~which I am allowed for a moment (with the little frame trembling my own) a broken fragment momentary glimpse.~~ What shame me then is the the confusion. the height, the indifference: & the the wildness & the glory; ~~the~~ the Great clouds:

Influence

always changing: movement; & something tragic; & something hella theller: & something ~~[illegible]~~ bowled up, but towering rearing mounting passing heavy untidy wisps & bits broken off & lost ~~on the~~ & I myself lying every moment in a ditch. ~~That is the~~ Of neatness of order, I do not see any trace, then;
And ~~that~~ look by look, if we begin to turn over these little scenes like children turning the pages of a picture book:
turn back over my life with me: I will add notes in the margin:

We began with Mrs Carlisle & the sponge.
the lemon yellow sponge which became chocolate brown. She

~~There was Mr. Cantrell,~~

Louis now, was very different. Let me draw you two or three portraits. He suffered from chilblains, the penalty you pay for an ardent temperament. The remorseless eye of Youth fixed upon those swollen joints. Yes, but we were also struck to perceive how cutting, how alert, how severe, ~~how forcible~~ he was, naturally, when ~~we sat under the elms~~ pretending to watch cricket. There he held a sort of court, entertaining the stories for which I was famous, — we waited his approval, seldom given. His authoritative mind swerved its way, ~~into~~ reluctant as we were; for his ascendency by any other kind we resented; Percival's on the other hand, ~~being~~ we adored. Then Louis, with our feeble arguments, broke them, like twigs, across his mind. Sullen, sulky, suspicious, he, once broke a door with his naked fist. The Pirate legend clung to him reluctantly; his speech was too bare, too severe for that kind of mist to ~~attach~~ itself. Unyielding, unperceptive, ~~he~~ without any of those simple ~~tastes that we~~ attachments that make ~~legends~~ connect me with ~~the~~ other legends, he remained always aloof, a enigmatic; being a scholar, & capable of that inspired accuracy which has something formidable about it: ~~& the~~ & My phrase, looking up through the elms, about the clouds did not meet with his approval. But on the other hand, I was much surprised to find a letter from him; I have been his confidante; he was terribly dependent on sympathy. He had a curious longing to be what I am by nature: I need not say that his efforts met with ridiculed limited

an imperfect-

Walked across the cricket field: letting his feet wheeling like a clumsy crow

~~Upholsters~~ And he—since often our secrets never left him long in doubt. He passed his way, for which we honoured him, & ~~had no~~ when he condescended to listen with approval, my sense of my value mounted lightly.

Neville Wentworth in an indolent haze like a fleece of thistle-down haunting the sunny corner of the Maying fields.

I ~~with also~~ Neville was incorrigibly lazy: yet through him, that I have roved round without ever precisely touching the Latin classics: have also derived some of those persistent habits of thought that make us irredeemably lop-sided: about crucifixes for instance. He detested the right of them. Our half-love, half-hate were to hing on these points in indefeasible treacheries. ~~And then,~~ ~~the~~ Catullus & Lucretius the swaying, sonorous doctor, whom I invested with all sorts of human characteristics, was immediately a humbug: & so has turned out a ferocity that made up for his indolence. When Catullus, Horace, Lucretius, & I lay in the grass, & extended humbly some Greek chap, ~~with his~~ rapidly discovering, with a mind like a the tongue of an ant-eater, so naked, dexterous — glutinous was it, the very curl & twist of those Roman sentences, which for me he turned in sand. The big thorts of the marbles waves came swishing by, on land wrinkled over: tremendous, mountainous: & the pleasant hazy life was horrible boredom. Nothing could happen to lift that weight of intolerable monotony.

an instrument of the irrigation.

Then the little girls, ~~Rhoda,~~ on the East Coast, at Brighton

Now let us turn another page.

The Chorus.

Letters begin
descend upon the page
proof.

And I descended then quite easily into the deep waters of the human chorus. ~~If life were the work of a musician musician~~, There would be the very infinite melodies, & ~~then a~~ Chorus, & a passing ~~something~~ drumming in the bass; & then now & again choruses ~~where some rather simple~~ everybody singing some rather simple tune — like Here we go round the Mulberry Tree, or Pellicock rather ~~not~~ pellicock hill — something almost idiotic. For ~~there is something~~ we are animals: we are we are not always aware by any means; we breathe & sleep automatically; we conglobulate amorphously; yet in undifferentiated blobs of matter — so that with one stroop a whole bratchful of boys for cricketing; ~~fight~~ an army marches across Europe: we fill churches: & sedulously oppose any renegade (Neville, Louis, Rhoda) ~~Those are the called no doubt, but~~ who has set up a separate system. And I am drawn irresistibly by the sound of the chorus across Court, into meeting places. not from curiosity, but from some obscure ~~desire to~~ love of human reality; — an old man often one must in a train — I take it — I am greedy too. I like the coffee room, warm, indulging, not so very clever, but extremely gay robust & rather coarse aspects of things — men in public houses, messes, & what they talk about rather think & discover they mean — the fourth right, perfectly unassuming rather brutal, & ~~so~~ uncalculating & without end in view except dinner & love & money & getting along somehow, humorously on the whole, tolerantly & without great heroic or ideals — ambitious or anything of that kind — So there was always that, when Neville sulked, or Louis,

as I peeled apple sublimely turned on her heel.

Moon, not equally, by any means, but yet great blobs, may
Case away. melted, here a drop there a drop: another - ~~here became~~
apparent tickling warm. New became apparent
those delicious textures: at first so mysterious: so
elastic, radiant: where no foot has been: meadows,
lying white leffred with hoarfrost, but there the crocus
burns, there the 'in the rose & the rock & the snake too - the
adder with forked tongue: & all the spotted & the strange: all
the complicated & tangled. The little girls, educated
on the east coast & at Brighton, had grown long frigtails
& had acquired the look of startled foals which is the
mark of adolescence. Jinny was the first to come
sidling up to the gate to eat sugar. She nibbled it
off the palm of one hand very cleverly but her ears were
laid back as if she might bite. Rhoda was wild -
Rhoda we could never catch. She was both frightened &
clumsy. It was Susan who first gave me the
that sharp ~~pang, sep. that~~ pang. disagreeable intensely:
illuminating though: what we owe the people who have
made us say, at worst new to do, where new to be most
hateful: yet it ended instantly: I mean she was not my
made for me; & so I will raise her, in my thoughts: & suppose we
look at her strange eyes, like marble, hard, but over them
poured torrents of mountain spring: washed:

We sitting out of bed rather early: throws up the window;
look what a where the birds are! You know
that sudden rush of wings - And that exclamation, &
confusion; not a babble of voices: & all the birds are
sparkling; everything is trembling: the reality is
everything is broken, splintered, as if the world were a
mosaic not yet formed; ~~into~~ so brilliant.
bright as to be unreal; sharp, dazzling
vanishing insubstantial, & one bird

embarrassment;

carol

perhaps. ings close to the window.

Now I of course beheld the ~~[illegible]~~ other eyes in their sockets: I saw with wonder Ada, Joan, Dorothy, & many whose names now escape me. Among them one or two figures, no distinct melodies distinguished from the general hum. Ginny, Susan & Rhoda, they had grown up, on the east coast, on the south coast. They had grown long legs & acquired that look of startled scale which is the mark of adolescence. Ginny was the first to come sidling up to the gate to eat sugar. She lifted it off the palm of one hand very cleverly but her ears were laid back and she might bite. Rhoda was wild – Rhoda one could never catch – She was both frightened & clumsy. It was Susan who first dropped on my face those scalding tears ~~that~~ which ~~burn & brand whether with pain or pleasure or pain, one does not know the wattenings~~ are pleasant, no painful: ~~one does not know which~~ both, neither. ~~She was~~ two entire. She was born to be the adored of hearts; Sina hearts rejoice securely. She ~~loved, the~~ loved: the hated. Savage & fell & ruthless. Literal, & entire; she was ~~Her eyes were of green black & big. It was, and the drops fell on~~ immoderate & quaking & ~~[illegible]~~ sublime. . Her feather tracked from room to room, in her flabbing dressing gown & worn out slippers. On dark nights the ~~[illegible]~~ pale eye was wounded like the report of a gun. And gun flood there with which the shot things: & an old dog howl by the fire; & some restless servant could be heard laughing at the top of the house as she whirred the wheel of the sewing machine round.

some mad I say something at the top of the house. some troublesome decrepit retainer – & that ~~[illegible]~~ shows me that little piece of dramatization, shows me, how little these preludes how little we are ever all immersed in our experiences: as the rabbits of Grey & agency with some observant ~~[illegible]~~ [pitying]; & he says to me, who am in a feverish huddle with fear as I am – funny. Lately – he ~~says shows me~~ (visually) a steep of turf & running down to a river: where a willow grows; a willow fine, with innumerable branches. He directs me beyond & interprets my own sacrament. He bids me observe scientifically ~~the growth~~ some symbol, ~~as it were a~~ of my own experience

(Yes for on that turf I ~~was sitting~~ sat ~~the day~~ [yesterday] Neville came: I sat with Lambert, with Blake & Jenkins: & Lom, & I sang: & though the fine things I saw all those grey ~~[illegible]~~ walls, I ~~heard~~ the hum & ~~bled~~ bleat of bicycles & tram cars: I watched the willow change ~~as~~ as I saw it with ~~their~~ one & with another: I burned boxes of burnt matches with ~~[illegible]~~ root;) I changed with extreme rapidity nightly.

I was Napoleon (one term) I was Byron.

Obrem

what is permanent (if there is any permanence) in our a fabulous lives.

160

~~between swift green cars~~
the pricked green horse's ear,

(Monks House
Dec 31st
1930)

the willow tree grew by the river. I sat with Neville with
Lasperet, with Baker, with Ramsey with Lowes; with
Jinny. Through ~~the~~ its fine plumes I saw boats floating
past. I burned match after match in the turf,
heatily, drearily. ~~as~~ to mark this stage & that in
the process of arguing, of development, ~~seeing~~ while I saw meanwhile
the old grey buildings on the other side of the stream; —
Caught ~~hard~~ in ~~with~~ ~~my attention~~ on the ~~outskirts~~ frontier of my intelligence
in that soft border land which catches perceptions
or sensations & holds them till the mind can get to
work on them, ~~the~~ the fleating rounds of the traffic
on the High Street; ~~& watched~~ I saw a girl on a bicycle
who seemed to lift the corner of a curtain concealing
the populous undifferentiated human chaos lying
behind my ~~the figures~~ of my friends; & the willow tree.

~~That~~ The sun alone ~~was rooted; those~~ it remained, ~~that~~
when I was Shelley when I was the hero ~~of a book~~
new ~~forgotten~~ I forget his name of the Possessed; ~~which~~ I
dance for a whole term I was Napoleon but
I was chiefly Byron. For many months driven
my hart to Hyde into a room flinging flora-
ding whips on a chair. ~~I to~~ I was always
going to the book case for another sip of the medicine.
Therefore of course when a lady who is now the wife of a
well known peer leapt over a hedge, narrowly
missing the pony cart in which I was
driving my mother to church, I let fly
my remembered accumulation of phrases; every
book, every wonder sent was littered with my
unfinished letters. And I bought the right
hats & coats: I arrived all of a tatter at the
home, early & late, instructed her in the intricacies
of the heart & ~~did not marry her of course, for~~

To my jerk in.

Whole empty chaged —

Scrolling flightly:

failed in the end, being no doubt unfitted for the particular intensity.

Here again there should be music. — not that wild & damaged work which in extreme youth we feel our first sight day of Percival, without being ~~ourselves~~ in love with ~~him, rather~~ only with the possibilities that life contains; but a ~~sublimal, faint~~, something sublimal, visceral; all words here break down. No transcript has yet been made. ~~The day breaks all purple.~~ A coloured slide has been slipped over the ~~lantern~~ day. Compare a room seen before the curtain & after. Think ~~how~~ what a ~~little means~~ ~~meaning a letter~~. And people outside the circle — they don't see, don't hear — ~~how strange~~. And the perpetual pt. they pass. And merely moving in this jumping sordid substance — how curious even the very moment — & the agony — the being crucified — drawn out, hopelessly, beyond ones limits of safety — & suffering all the time: then those moments of punctuality; shadow clock blankness — how strange: & then more ~~blurred~~ thrills of apparently meaningless joy; combined with that mystic sense of completion: ~~which~~ of annihilation; & suddenly one sets apart — & that rasping dogfish roughness, & the hard wd. be scratched by the dogfish, the jagged edges of what one feels when the, lacrymals, has missed the train & can't come that day. The influx of all horror: the through that gap — what is the use of painfully elaborating these circumlocutory sentences when one wants is ~~simply~~ something ~~simple~~ or love! like a bark or the ~~noise a~~ mere yap back of hounds? And then Jean lates to see in some ~~restaurant~~ restaurant, as it might be here, a middle aged woman taking off her cloak. That was the cause of it.

but premature yet ethereal too: the rays thro lark are not sufficiently fleet no strange joy

It is indeed very odd, very odd, that nobody has ever been able to say a adequate word about love.

But to return. Let us again pretend that we are unrolling a perfectly plain & logical history, where one thing being dispatched – love for instance – we go on to the next. I was saying that there was a willow tree;* I wish to make you understand that that shower of falling branches & crooked the trunk ~~appeared~~ had to me even then & now ~~had eternal~~ they the effect of a ~~participator or commentator~~ of what remains outside our illusion, yet cannot stay them; is ~~for the moment~~ changed too. And yet preserves even when most transformed some, probably indeed of which our human lives lack: hence the gravity, the its eternness. We change. Here Neville for example: with his poem; with his anguish & his calm good sense; his clarity, & order & that ~~perfect~~ detachment of any blur, or fume. But can anything be as clear as ah that? I would say. And following his face I would observe ~~how it fell upon~~ a point in a gramophone; & the young man in flannels. Through the scene was cut out with intensity: the moment stayed, permeated with his reality: his anguish, his sensuous: then there was Rhoda now. Clarity, & ecstasy.

The women take advantage of any pillar or old gentleman or barrow or drinking ~~mourning~~ lolly the turn to hide behind. What extraordinary fear wavered in her steady, bent & blew like a flame, in her grey startled dreaming eyes! Cruel & unhelpful as we are, we ~~are not a~~ had ~~as all~~ & that stems – we have our fundamental goodness surely: or life would cease. The willow, as the hand of

much more new,

& its permanence too commentator.

& its everlasting.

& monstrous detach.

in a fluttering form

grew on the verge of some grey desert where one bird sang on a withered tree. The leaves shrivelled as she looked at them, were turned in agony as she passed them. The traffic ~~roared~~ ran hoarse over rocks & loaned slowly away. And ~~there~~ ~~when~~ baby were pillars, ~~frozen~~ clouds, stunted as the verge of a desert lake. Then Jenny: She was ~~like~~ a flap of fire, she was like one of those crinkled fossils, earthy & hot, febrile with the desire to drink dry dust. So little flames zigzag over the cracks in the dry earth. ~~So~~ The made the moment dance, make it flicker - with Mycon one would say but that she never imported what was not there. ~~Here we were,~~ It was a street, it was a room, it was a garden: here we were; at this precise moment. And there was no past & no future: merely the moment in its ring of light: the brilliant moment; the ~~great~~ moment. Lately. As for Louis, when he let himself down upon an iron seat cautiously, or - I do not think I exaggerate - spread a mackintosh square upon the wet grass to ward off rheumatism, we felt - I am glad to think - his presence formidable. I had the intelligence to salute his integrity: ~~his~~ his completeness: his search, research; with strong fingers wrapped in rags because of chilblains: ~~for~~ ~~what was~~ some diamond some hardness. I buried boxes of burnt matches in neat holes in the turf at his feet. His epigrammatic tongue repressed my indolence. He fascinated me with his jeweled imagination. His heroes wore bowler hats & spat. The omnibus - tram car banged & shuffled through his landscape. He haunted me as Mrs in Northern towns; his words falling as from a shot tower hit the walls & up it spurted.

And then ~~after then passing must be withdrawn & the~~
he got up & went: we all got up: & – here I ask you to
follow a ~~fortune~~ experience which I can only give by a
crude metaphor – ~~that~~ little drop of sediment which is
merely, & then when they were all gone. I had the
fleeting sense that in me something ~~unnamed~~ had formed – some
foam – which falling, brought to the ground, a wave, a
sense of being precipitated, formed, falling –

I rose from the ground & walked away. But of
Chaos 'I' was forming: this foam, this sediment, that
made the drop, fall: – in a state of considerable
exaltation I entered a shop & bought a picture of
~~Bach~~ ~~Brahms~~ Beethoven in a silver frame – why?
I had no ear for music: But the waiter's
foreign accent suddenly appeared to me: ~~the~~ I thought of all
the horror, & madness. & how much was already a
fact – how I was the inventor: how the opportunity
opened before me: ~~had~~ ~~was~~ nightly distinct from any other
organism.

Then they say of course the Bar, ~~& the stage~~, or business, or
some job in an office. The first whisper of strange has
gone up – the carol, the exclamation, & now with
curtain. One goes into this room: this inhabited ~~dry~~
room: this place with all its traditions, & objects. One
takes a set of chambers. One rents the family
factor. ~~Their hope of home widens; & I would~~ The uproar are by
people who have no connection with one's
previous life have now turn up in great
quantities. And thinking yet homeless, in the
oddest candles of New York & something. One
takes the wound: the mixed sensation? I
dreamed. nausea: the complex & disturbing
impact of life in civilized society. How upsetting!
How upsetting never to be sure what to say next –

(I ~~&~~ upsetting my own name –

& these painful silence. & then things one might utter, never to have said, not in that company. How red, how raw, how mean, how lavish of confidences to kind, extraordinarily sympathetic that, rapid ~~those~~ ~~of~~ married women! & incomparable sincerity; which one would willingly exchange for a few pence: & the ~~pen~~ ~~the~~ presence on the outskirts of that detached observer, with his curious power to respect even here, ~~of~~ some point ~~that~~, beside the fire, & the ~~flowing~~ river. — Even here, when one struggled with this mountain obstinacity & longed to coin it into a few pence: & through the door in the next room saw people, for instance Jenny, sitting at their ease; saw life, as the servant ~~opened~~ announced men in white waistcoats & ladies in evening dress, one dim array flow ~~down~~ through channels, constitutely, like shapes, compose again that pageant of which one has read in books. Was the Prime Minister in Parliament; what was to be done about Ireland or India or Japan. ~~What was to be done!~~ Come into my little room says the lady in the pearl necklace with perspicuity. And we watch them withdrawing. And one thinks how important it is to stand on the threshold of that room; ~~we are admitted to some~~ while the innocent fluttering world of unofficial life, of life which she has begun to control, goes ~~flaming by~~ ~~roaring by~~ ~~quite ignorant~~ with these omens, past us.

Lindsay in 2 or

& Cambridge name, with names

making Friday

In his orderly.

The key to fascination. But let us not exaggerate ~~even~~ ~~in our~~ too much in our desire to make a story. There is always the nonsense, the gap, the what one remembers is a matter of broken dream: that green; half finished sentences, & such incoherent incidents as but mark in traces, & need not in Shakespeare. Remember very few. Landscapes Jane Austen go out for a walk ~~with~~ in order to talk a some particular hide. That goes on;

that chaotic, unformulated stream, in wh. we go a time, we long
wandering for such a dream. Nothing to be called an event;
nothing one can fix after a fashion; nothing yet this all
a whole, this stream too; I and the ships in the street & the
sky behind & rain roughly pour my back — this rain beat
wh. I shd carry. Some observation it might be about
life — as that there were the oceans the sand that — a mighty
are of those hidden understream. Ships sink to the bottom in a
flash, yet wh. are truly alive merrily, busy fleets
Cardiff with a tray of shells on this or a new bookstalk in —
the pavement. You and thinks of you saw me letting
between

And then our friends.

Jotted all
oddly

Cardiff B
(unlikely
pounds)

Let us pause a think where we are. I am sitting at a table in front of a bathing priest talking to Jim whom I met on the deck of some small steamer. This is the present. I have reached in my pilgrimage; & I for some reason hold in my hands, from a hand, like a crystal, this vision of the past. I am trying to think the truth: but every word I say is only that one fish which has come to the top & let slip he caught; which mellow of fish leaps & dazzle in the water, ~~in the~~ make it like bubbling silver. My crystal far from being hard has walls of the finest air: if I press, they will burst. all ~~their~~ will escape.

(I am handling a net)

~~And then~~ Our friends. ~~Yes~~ - this they who become ~~woven into~~ recur: Neville, Louis, Jinny, Susan, Rhoda, Laurent, Bernard, Blake. Yet there are ~~this friends are~~ these faces, these presences, these little gestures, ~~their~~ conversations we had - the sense that flew in these years of a marvellous instrument - sonority - a music - a whole symphony - a concord & discord - a power to make Neville see: Rhoda sound: a Louis: a whole world rise, as one reached up them & ~~and~~ let's talk - Lets get to the bottom - lets plunge over head in the sea, said Lets get to the bottom of this matter. Lets

a flood - flute,

shakes hands, wd Jim the ath -

And then, I have found life unlikely for a space for a whole week. On the contrary. I think am of opinion that. So why not make a dash for it - & go off to the Cumberland fells, where for a whole week in an inn with the rain running down the windows ~~the~~ discuss I think ourselves charitably: & talk: & love & the chaucers of Balzac, & ~~the~~ then quarrelled

because the meat was tough; &

Susan married a farmer; the rain stained note found me in a Westmoreland Inn. And the full horror of marriage was then evident. And over & over to marry a man in fallen & bear him children to attach merely to one lot of ground: to forfeit the right to take ships to Constantinople: to be robbed. The raining clouds went by: & with them a ~~[illegible]~~ baby grey & unintuitively. For her words my aim incapacity: my own doom too, & the desire to be also robbed: a pee: & to speak: & to be bound: & to make an end & to continue: & to be aware myself & someone else, & that offensive sense of human weightiness which the presence of great mountains imposes, leading Neville to the confusion of verse: leading me to meter gymnastics, without any sublimity: & a return to my usual resort: which had become ~~[illegible]~~ room for human laughter. Jocularity. A room sufficiently well furnished not to arouse any remark — & yet I don't mind some sorts of discomfort: I don't mind rich Bohemian comfort.

— proved the contrary

The marriage, then I married: & then —

I now think of an observation which occurred to me at that dinner when the presence of the Prime Minister inspired me with the presumptuous idea that I too made finding. What was this: In spite of extreme susceptibility I possess also some I have a certain stolid hardness: ~~which~~ against which my friends taps then breaks in vain. This gradually forms a course even upon the most unfortunate — Rhoda, the most timid girl, ~~[illegible]~~ gained an ascendency: I, for some occult reason, gained the confidence at a very early age. I could be robbed: I could take my knife & carve a pear, when Jim was over: or ~~[illegible]~~ find

178

Interesting account

my own voice saying something just absurd ~~long ago~~ the
calm without that horrid tremor which turned from Louis
to Mom. An amiable quality! No: I dislike it.
~~But~~ And in these days one took certain hairs
with one's own character. Yes: one took one's faults
very seriously: one believed that one could change:
could mould one's own character by
trying a strong to one's right bar. An illusion.

Yet I too have heard ~~that~~ that voice ~~which~~ Now that
light – I felt that ~~indeed~~ leap ~~of~~ of the heart – I too
observed the change which takes place in fire from a
other prosaic objects, when in the presence of ~~that~~ that – Shall we
call her the third Miss Jones? ~~Yes~~ The ~~first~~ first Miss Jones
I am inclined to call the real Miss Jones. She is
the Miss Jones ~~in whose presence one feels~~ who makes one
feel steady, steady. Then as a matter of some importance, I
~~She notes her~~ her attitude to servants, ~~she takes her~~ a
~~for being~~ too clumsy about a veil – I ~~for~~ has the
letting free the mole that the gardener had at last caught.
~~Think she is rather at breakfast?~~ Yes, but at the same
~~the breakfast rod. he highly romantic~~ – It would
not surprise me to see a dragon fly hovering above the
bread – ~~that is the mood~~ The third Miss Jones has
that quality: the first had not. The second was merely
~~not ga mood~~ an apparition. ~~The third~~ ~~And~~ So – a
parenthesis. The third Miss Jones also surprises me
with a desire to share; ~~to~~ the maker one look for the
~~first time~~ with some anxiety. The hitherto
repulsive face of a ~~woo~~ poor baby! And the little
fierce beat, drum drum drum – so – the tune gives
and suddenly takes on a more majestic rhythm.
Yes, I did say, wading down Bedford Street,
how was and a swamp: then the Roman came with them

the faith in

Hole art in

But what about breakfast?

with the fact, fate one never knows what one does

what one does breakfast

~~the fields were clear~~ ; & so we shall continue; my children shall continue: & often feeling as we stand here and look abroad, some hardly conceive they looking into an unknown, or begin an every new feeling, still a very curious demonstration the ardour with which one faces one's hosts, & calls upon one friend, often old bachelor like Lomi, dreamer like Rhoda — are that one has too a curious respect for the unmarried — those who have rather to themselves another bride; the other dwellers; the solitaries — the old — wistfully have loved down & marry Rhoda — ~~or~~ have brought her to her knees, from her flight; have stayed that perpetual flance over our shoulders to some unattainable object: wh — perhaps affords a little dismally when on one abroadside on the third New Jersey. Yet that we is not in a state here to reason

I used to follow Rhoda's eyes with some curiosity as she looked over her shoulders at some unattainable object.
~~His friends certainly~~ How curiously one is able, by means of his friends, ~~to make any moment~~ ~~what~~ ~~least~~ are able to
are ~~Colour any~~ able to colour, ~~able~~ to contradict, ~~able~~ to
~~and~~ subtly the other side of ~~any moment,~~ our most
intense state of mind - provided that we are
endowed with a turn for phrase-making.
And Now, to quote from the official biographer
- a thing who used to be much with me when I was young,
but has completely disappeared, - "About this time he
married & bought a home" - "His friends observed
in him a growing tendency to domesticity" -
"The birth of children made it highly desirable that he should
augment his income".
That is the biographic style - a little clumsy, but one
cannot do without these phrases - ~~they can be very~~
~~beautiful indeed if written correctly~~ - seeing that
we wear flowers, hitch them up with brace, &
begin letters with Dear Sir, & end them yours
faithfully even if at the same time one is burning
under their heads Come away Come away
Death, or Let me not to the marriage of true
minds, or merely Hark hark the dogs do bark
or any other ~~and~~ ~~complete~~ nonsense. Also, if
correctly used how admirable ~~these~~ these phrases are - when the
Roman Road they lay across our lives: & compel us
to walk in step. ~~and~~ like crippled people -
about his pleasant now & then to go
flackbowgung - to cut across country.
"He attained some success in his profession" -
another step the Roman road: "& inherited a
small sum of money from an uncle" But

at this point the Roman road becomes a little dusty.
The lunch was true enough, but when I come to think of
what was going on ~~in my mind~~ about then I perceive
that the art of biography is still in its infancy.
~~At me think~~ or more probably thinking has yet to be born.

I became a certain sort of man walking my
path day by day through life, as one treads a path across a
field. My boots became worn a little on the left side.
We came into a room of certain re-arrangement took place.
Here Bernard! — of which: much depended on this.
There were many groups of a many
Bernards — the ~~kind, the~~ ~~nice~~, ~~a the~~ also the Charming, but
weak. the strong but supercilious, also the brilliant, but
immoral, the ~~especially~~ nice good fellow, also the bore (doubtless)
the sympathetic, also: the cold, ~~the wise, the~~ —
this unnecessary to the city all the different people we are,
as in different surroundings; ~~bad~~ at that age, but
what I was to myself was of course none of these entirely.
I am inclined to pin myself down most firmly
~~to my breakfast in London, with my wife,~~ to
the common stuff of me, at
breakfast in London with my wife, who,
being now entirely my wife, ~~but not~~ gave me that
feeling of uncertainness & yet reality — ~~of being~~
such an — of fine work & cure these rather
unnecessary but to me helpful images —
a ~~bad~~ fine frog has of his place at on the right thinking
leaf — he is more a frog for being on that leaf.
"Pan ..." I would say ... or "Jove ..." "Milk
..." the mighty ugly, or, ~~perhaps~~ "Eleanor's com-
Conny" — ~~For those who~~ have inherited all the
~~Words of the age, that~~ not Eloquent Dust: but
for those who have inherited all the stars & all
the angels — but I see myself there tremendously.

Here differently people say! that.

also the Shabby: also the mean about Tony: the rather two well dressed —

to take dig my fork into myself where I am most solid

before going to my work tremendously roled. Muscle, nerve, intestine, blood vessel, all that makes the coil & spring of our being, the unconscious heart, as well as that little nerve which governs & watches & beats regs such bulk & so on on the surface — so functioned unfeelingly. No woman can ever know that feeling of perfect ~~adjustment~~; of well being; of power; of absolute adjustment to a ~~perfectly~~ satisfactory universe (think of Rhodes & ~~having the~~ world & stag of our civilisation; active always, flying through the world to some other end, intolerant — doubtful & always vindicating my ~~theses, my~~ ~~incomes~~, my measured tread, — ~~the~~ & the tiger which I would throw her —) But it was satisfactory: & I think good: we were to have a child; ~~to~~ that my closing, shutting closing, week after week, with an increasing hum & sturdiness as time went on, & the hard & fever of youth were drawn into service, & the whole being seemed to gap and rip & cut like the mainspring of a clock. ~~Before I went out~~ ~~And then~~ I am wanted on the telephone. Look then how my being is shivered & divided, & let us see with what magnificent velocity the atoms swarm round the information & arena set to work to assimilate the message & create as I put back the receiver a new, a more complicated a more difficult situation which I am perfectly fitted to deal with. I must act. I do then I ~~put~~ clap on my hat & ~~run~~ start for the office: the thus: world of other men in hats like mine; how delightful the sense of uniformity is; & the brotherhood the freemasonry, as we all put on our hats: start to ~~kill the~~ share the beast within our energy & skill that will make the hot bubble ~~for our young~~. ~~How tolerable is~~

your engagement book is

The bray & cheerful foolish hum which plays up to the door of the tube; (W mother that had went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone — For there is no doubt that the ordinary man in good health (mine is good) enjoys the is happy: the smell of balm in the air;

Eating drinking sometimes meditating, delightful urgency

~~Shutting, closing, the~~ Opening shutting, opening, shutting, the whole machinery seemed to expand in & out like the mainspring of a clock. Toast & butter, coffee & bacon, the Times & the ~~&~~ letters — ~~suddenly~~ then the telephone rings. ~~then~~ I am wanted on the telephone. Certainly. I am coming. ~~I~~ I take up the receiver with composure. I feel ~~equipped for any~~ ~~able to deal~~ with anything. I ~~feel that~~ whatever happens is good. I remark the ease with which my mind adapts itself (stating as this is. I feel ~~nicely able to deal with anything~~) & it would be the same if ~~I were summoned to the~~ presence of the I were at the highest in Montana) to the Czar. I feel the magnificent velocity with which the atoms, I warm round the interruption & assimilate the message, & have created, by the time I put back the receiver, a new, a more complicated, & richer world in which I am called upon to act my part; & can do it. (I choose a ridiculous instance or purpose) I then clap on my hat, & step into a world inhabited by vast numbers of men ~~with hats~~ who have clapped on their hats, & as we pass each other we exchange glances of good fellowship, of ~~understanding, all engaged on the same desire to~~ a kind of wink — ~~& in about the~~ something full of understanding — the wink of hunter, cragsman, powerful, full of shares & dodges & all set on the same end — to make a living —

Was only a mistake to come but for instance had I been called to take the Bench Surpose)

There is no doubt that life is pleasant. Take the ordinary man in good health. There is no doubt that the mere process of life is ~~satisfactory~~. He likes sleeping & eating. He likes the smell of fresh air, & walking abt a smart pace ~~to the offices~~ along the strand; or in the Country there's a cock crowing on a gate. There's a foal gallopping round a field. There's hot water, & soap, & apple tart — to say nothing of jam. Life is pleasant. Monday Tuesday Wednesday follow each other; each spreads the same ripple of well being; repeats the same ~~the~~ curve of rhythm; one breathe takes a little further, ~~agreeably~~ with a sharp cold thrill; another ebbs breathes a little quickly. So the being grows rings: the identity becomes robust. What was fiery & furtive & intermittent like a fling of grain cast into the air & blown hither & thither by ~~great~~ gusts of life from every quarter of the globe is now methodical, orderly & flung with a purpose. ~~But is we~~ so steady.

to talk only of the usual pleasures, not the extreme,

And how pleasant! And how good! How tolerable is the life of little shop keepers, I would say, as the tram drives past the suburbs & the raw light punctually lit, flares over the carcass of beef. Active, energetic, busy as a swarm of bees, I said as I stood at my window & watched the stream of workers/men — or what splendid endurance & violence & hardness of limb, I thought, seeing the boys in white drawers sending about after a football on a patch of snow in January. Now, being clumsy about some small matter, (perhaps the meat was underdone) I turned

luxurious to dwelling with a little ribbon the enormous stability (which yet proved ~~to~~ long our child was to be born) of our married life. ~~We were~~ ~~not~~ Sharply marked at dinner. I spoke unreasonably, as if being a millionaire, one threw away five shillings. Or, because one was a perfect simple jack ~~lived to the top of St Paul's~~, one cut a caper on the garden wall. Then, we made up our quarrel, on the stairs, going up to bed, & standing at the window, I said, looking at the sky which was clear but dark, like the inside of a blue stone, Heaven be praised, we need not whisper this prose into poetry. ~~This simple hundred~~ We need ~~never raise~~ not our voice, even. The little language is ~~after~~ all the best. For the space of the prospect & ~~its serenity~~ & its clarity seemed to offer no impediment whatever, but to let me expand ~~in~~ out & out in serene circles to the end of space.

A head butter. Also

In to this crashed death – Percivals – among the blackbirds & after. ~~the~~ Our child was born. ~~Even coming down stairs:~~ ~~that very~~ the night before. Which is happiness & what is sorrow? – I said largely ~~coming~~ pausing on the stairs, ~~Especially dead~~. Referring to ~~the two parts of my body~~, ~~making~~ a purely physical statement. You know how one hurts one's foot down ~~such~~ – when there is no sleep: It takes ~~some~~ time to deal with the physical sensation. Half one's body ~~is~~ cold; half warm; then one's foot finds the stair. One brain – unfortunately ~~begins to work~~. Like a trunk: cold, here, hot there, somehow divided, yet sensed, unified: a sense of stillness up the spine: ~~Both~~ one's foot then finds the stair: ~~and~~ ~~all~~ everything becomes transfused: this is ~~the~~ a stair-case: & a man is singing a hell. One's self seems whole: immune: but dare going in a moment to implied harm upon that island. Wait

One has an age, then only for the state one's feels.

And one hears a man lately in the street

a moment, give him another second of respite: let him put
his foot down. And the time that once in the waiting room,
~~I should be faced to face it.~~ there will be no escape.
There was nothing to be done: Nobody could take any
notice. What did it matter, in London! I went out.
I saw the first morning he would never see. The
sparrows seemed like toys, dangled on a string by a child.
It was a pageant, a show. My attachments were cut.
What is odd is, ~~but~~ the relief: the sense of vast
burden removed; ~~the~~ pretence, ~~the~~ make believe, the
routine, clothes: what more valuable ~~Experience, what~~
possession, what final blessing could there be, I
said - Fearing but what I held should be broken.)
went to looked at pictures. ~~I thought~~ a
square, a arch, one stood on another. ~~this~~ Cause, so
silent so then which we have made, At ~~midnight~~ any, as
each in dark sea: this is ~~enough: what was~~ all, I
said; enough: so here is his infinity; our
friendship, what we had (in that sun for instance upon
Cambulen) but ground of gold-green: there will be no
quarrel ~~now what a pang~~; no miserable interruption;
laughter & amber colour, even fading, but tender.
How strangely the room jolted with the guest & the
peace & the certainty of understanding, &
~~him~~ what a curious strength human beings
possess - then to be able to laughter, then to
hold together: to ~~go~~ ~~clap~~ for immense: free:
~~Everlasting~~ outside, of - for a moment. It did not last.
What torments one in the horrible vividness of this
mind's eye - it intolerable irreparable burning
how did he die how did he fall - how did
carry him - how did he hurt! And one sees

an se

(by newspaper placard)

& no longer
wondering
remember
these
silly
things

hideous after fracture of fact: over & over again. Then there is always the horrible pounce of one's memory: one has very little control of what they: none perhaps. Don't think of that, forget it. I began to explore: but no. I must remember, in spite of his presence there dreamy & quite serene, — indifferent & generous. magnanimous. how, last year before he sailed, I had refused to go with him to Hampton Court. I fled to Jenny & confessed. sobbing that I had not gone with him to Hampton Court. Then I thought, looking at Jenny, who sat remembering other things, that this is what we die, when we cannot explain about not having gone to Hampton Court. And then, of course, a maid came with a note, & as she took up her pen, to write, & I recognised my own curiosity, what is the writing, the fact that fell on her face: the new things, the things we could not share. And then there will be pleasure, I thought, about her beauty: there will cover her face too. Under it will lie under lids: young: & permitted being to grow old, & lose her hair, & touch the anthracite, & deal with unexpected things, & be a perpetual subject of talk. But now he stayed there — both I kept saying, that's his face in a very ugly Brompton Cemetery: some black coated person is mumbling over him: & I should only come year after year — find more lilies.

That the delusion that death said, Carry out with the real, not false beauty. It makes us acquiesce in falsity.

What we talked in bed:

the

& old men talking in a corner:

to the sincerity of the moment passed: ~~& the~~ so it became tolerable – a thing I could not stand. Let us rather speak ill of his faults: let us laugh: let us curse his folly: let us do any blasphemy rather than guard this weakness, this insanity. Let us think of worms & corruption rather than this. Therefore I broke off. & Jenny who had thought the dame, pagan that she was, without any future, tremendously honest in her body, understood me, gave her little body a flick with the whip, & pressing her hand to her head so that her hair might not be blown untidy – a gesture for which I respected her – waved her husband to me as she stood on the door steps. ~~The flare should be kept~~ We must not let ~~for from~~ no light go: stand on that jam. No. And I observed with perfect clarity the detestable meanness, the thick-ankled, clumsily complacency & indifference: & the ~~& shoddy~~ women; ~~flayed not fled~~ & the dreary old men; ~~forsaken~~ to take the sun: & the ~~the length of life they~~ all brutishly the ~~indifference~~ aged about ninety: everybody seemed to suppose, I found to live to be a hundred. & so ugly. & so tame, so bound to be run over. And at the mercy of the irrational world – horses & motor car – everything so cautious, not to be run over. And at the mercy of the irrational world – horses & motor car – everything crushed & crushed unmanageably. No I seemed to see in Vienna controlled. Vienna an ugly jumble: & Vienna a weller of confusion. And I must take my boots off & creep upstairs quietly because my wife & child were asleep. And for me divan, Jenny, for him ~~& Vienna over~~. And my little home in perfectly warm & snug: &

How much better to be Rhoda; how much better to see your father in the desert; I mean the extreme seemed to me then the only endurable. I mean to escape: to attach one's mind to some stake; to be on the verge of the world; to be a sea bird, a lonely solitary, indifferent, a skimmer on the outskirts of things; to shut into proper indifference; to shut the door at this insanity; to be all given, all consumed, given entirely to one rapture. Who knows to consume one's soul in thought: to buy about some comprehension of unity by thought: to care without division; to select like Neville: to be like Susan a worshipper of the very sun & the frost-bitten flower; ah there had to burn, night & night, like Jinny — ah there had been rapture: they had all some common feeling with death: were in league with the whirling universe: were cast round; had unbelievable delight: I saw life, the way it shot through their eyes: as the night drew on. I visited my friends in turn. I tried to prize them: their locked cases: to make them yield me understanding: I went from one to the other, putting my shattered fragments under their eyes: or holding my sorrow to the one & to that for them understanding: Oh, not my sorrow: no, but the incomprehensible nature of this life we have to live, the mystery, the ugliness, the incoherence. Some people do not perish. Men & poetry: I to my friends. I to my own heart. I to seek among little unbelievable strange unbelievable gaps & lady loaths & distrusts & in sense of the weakness & & there was no hecatombs the moon: none in the stars: there was ~~no~~ I who am so imperfect — I who am so easily content.

one, one only to draw on great gulfs of the salt-stained air.

I am not sure that this is not the end of the story. A kind of sigh. A last ripple of the wave. A trickle of water to some pitter where, burbling it dies away.

Let me again touch the table & recover my sense of this very moment.

My beliefs, to continue, repeated by a glance at the side boards, that there are no stories; & our ~~best~~ Persian hotels are only for the sake of neatness: & what we have to record this immense & overwhelming life is not susceptible to such treatment, ~~easy in fact~~. Oh no, one never thinks of merely as a story: one seems (even I, an elderly man, whose growing a little stout) to be part of the howling wind, of the ~~passionate~~ passionate, the unburdened sea. True, we fall asleep, we are silent; our waters can only trickle feebly round that sprig of green holly: have the greatest difficulty in wetting that small pebble. But wait. But if the desert some wind begins to blow: something stirs; some infinite sea heaves in; again we are a boat, a thing buoyed the spring in wild manner of wholeness — we bound upon the waves: we are not to be contained.

In other words then. I did not make my wife or break any thing
~~Each day the dead meal had to be trodden down~~; I
Can ~~not remember~~ any particular Gaitation:

Nevertheless I sometimes doubted after that experience
whether this the whole duty of man to reproduce his Kind
I doubt ~~whether~~ this Nature provides any support.
~~It matter~~ King William of Orange ~~look a little silly~~, &
her Crown, ~~observed against~~ ~~the English Crown~~ -
~~observed against a million years~~ ~~& some star whose~~
~~light hadn't reached~~ ~~yet~~ the light of
look a little silly if you set them against that
the perspective of how many million years is it? -
I forget. ~~Some~~ That star which I see now - well, if I
think about that star, - & I sometimes can't help
thinking about it - that star, ~~oh dear me, how~~
~~fabulous it makes us all seem!~~ & ~~my hand~~, that raises the
~~cup~~ ~~pen~~ - & ~~the table~~, & this house, & this little
~~clown, this world.~~ ~~was~~ annulchalis, ~~everything~~
The light has been travelling for how many millions of years?
before it reached me? ~~And~~ I figure myself to them
thinks. ~~Sometimes they work. Sometimes they don't.~~ I am
~~Convinced: sometimes~~ not. Light travels

What about
the labor?
the how?

But then again I have tried my little boy fairy stories.
~~They~~ are so hard, so fierce, so relentless ~~so~~
~~in disfavour~~ - ~~little children~~. ~~And a mother~~
Entirely matter of fact. The relation of mother & child
fills me with horror & tenderness.

Children a

& of course
a woman
wants a
child
& its natural
& holiday
& rather -
dear -

When I went down to Lincolnshire that summer to
see Jessie, who had married her farmer, she came

with the swaying movement of a woman with child, with the lazy movement of a half fetlock dail. We sat in the garden & talked about flowers. The carts came up dripping with hay from the meadows. The donkey brayed. There were the usual farmyard babble of ducks & geese. She told me that she had always wanted to have children.

for Let them be against infinite that?

~~Anyhow, as I was saying,~~

I do not pretend to more than a momentary hesitation, standing on the ~~the~~ a door; a ~~momentary~~ to put it. amazement that we should be then occupied; ~~the~~ the sort of flash that makes it difficult to remember what one says next; ~~or~~ that hints dooms. Fugue ~~or~~ a metre? I don't remember. ~~Then are~~ hovers behind unspoken. Or, for example, when I went to see Susan that summer, & she advanced towards me with the swaying motion of a woman with child, with the lazy movement of a half fetlock dail, I remember ~~that the fulsiety of the proceeding~~ feeling that it was no doubt necessary but hardly as a justification. The donkeys brayed, & the farm carts came up dripping with hay. There were the usual ~~geese~~ farmyard babble of ducks & geese. And the visit was not a success, so that I was glad to go — & moved my pram & sat ~~to~~ on a bank by a pool, & half asleep thought that I was again in the woods above Elveden; & saw the gardener mowing the great lawns, & the woman at the table writing.

the sense of fruit swelling behind leaves, & a farm hand, pressing his silvered shade with the deliberate gesture of that good workman bent down into the earth. How fruitful, & how laborious, & how half-centurous it was like something wrapped ~~in a fine veil~~, up in a mist: hurts me or a glacier - the lovely grey, & the calm, & the acceptance, when Rickarby was dead & she had refused him, & got on for bearing children, & landing merely to the comfortable ways of nature, & forgetting, covering over, ~~all growing middle aged together~~ those efforts to see other people lives in the proper perspective are always found out. Complacency. She was aware of my criticism. & irritated - ~~as people do~~ - by my asserting the personalities - by uncanny perspicacity - (even Susan,) so that the atmosphere was hostile: ~~hostility~~ hostile: ~~hostility~~; & I felt. ~~I thought~~ sitting ~~down~~ on a bank by a pool to wait for my train, they how we surrender, & life goes on, ~~How it is inevitable~~ ~~how we cover over~~. How we began to perceive that this must be so; & ~~therefore how we can not avoid it.~~ There are the gardeners again sweeping with their great brooms, & the woman working by the window. That is the image that comes back to me always with some sense of finality & fate - are those images that steal out like smells - that ~~flood~~ the mind - that hold us in a trance - that seem to wheat an old bar of music; over & over; & then suddenly an awake & aware some pre-natal experience: what we cannot overcome - to sum up - ~~the~~ Both the measured sway of the broom & the lovely form the figure I now lent the reality & doom what was inescapable in our lot; & the

very grey ahead - so much over anxious & anxious -

impossibility of making headway; & the eternal round; & commonplace, & despair: Oh, the sickness, for at every recurrence of the mood it thickens. What we saw as a boy we see as a man, falling into the figure & with the weight of our added experience — fortuitous, dear me, — some knowledge of our own limitations: that after a time the energy of our effort was spent: I should not be ever what I ~~may~~ thought; & life is altogether more weighty; & we cannot retrace; rain at times so forcibly; & we are always short of some experience — Then. They too sweet irrevocably: but with that June morning; & I revisited the beech wood, without the old power to leap & cry Life Eternal: Then, however, ~~happily~~, the sense of the enemy; the sense of discord; the sense of this ~~is~~ force down & so up — (as a knife might fall held to a grindstone) — of discord, of being extra not a force in me that forgot; operated. I clasped my ~~his~~ hands ~~round my knees.~~ ~~I felt~~ Then alien & inexplicable element — the things I perceived to be stubborn & ~~to~~ ~~the~~ obdurate — this dullness, this insensibility this rage with Jesus, this contempt for the established order — carried themselves as enemies: this the effort the struggle; this the perpetual warfare; this the shock & the collision; this the incessant chattering, piecing together; out of Chaos making order — this is the abrasing pressure, this is the daily battle & defeat — perhaps — why everybody at it, I said: that's what they're at, talking to themselves in the street — that's what we chew up: that's the church, the heat, the energy: that's what we make, when we meet.

& saw the roofs of Elveden beneath me;

Offrontin,

or alone for the matter of that. We fight. ~~We~~ Every breath is an act of hostility. I create. ~~Stepping~~
Remember a lovely beauty of the June day, you suddenly become to me images of your goodness: you be wear some beauty new, and that I have captured. Lovelinesses on you: the days that seem have been dabbled in my mind: I see you again, as I saw you when I walked yesterday, something to make a phrase of. "The wood pigeon clattered with wooden wings." What phrase shall then be now for the landscape? This-that, looking: then were the sea not so far off: that long straight road: & the last coming coming coming.

Such feelings, such words are on again – the wheels grind against stone – one creates. This a hard necessity – a disagreeable operation – the ~~pain~~ ~~agonies~~ shell of life is dropping pebbles into our machine in very fact – dullness, disillusionment – a vacuity: has effort in to make an acquiescence in the is: ours, to fling off, to get up. It exists, not to be overcome. And I will not feel I saw: I will not acquiesce. I will not love my sense of the enemy.

To the drop forms: these moments of exhaustion fall: & we resume our way. And what a fool am I for enjoying these moments of Exaltation! And how tremendously important it becomes – to receive a dinner ticket! And, by preference, what I want is a seat in a first class carriage where ordinary men are talking about racing. My curiosity about other people's lives becomes then insatiable.
I wander off to the music hall: I play there: I cover up with the pleasant & cause them pleasure.

the inefficacy of our friends & their remoteness, & how life is more of a burden than we had thought it. I remembered here then the sense of ~~hostility between myself~~ & the world had pressed itself on my children mind & I jumped up & said 'Let's Explore!' Now what could I say! ~~for~~ then green landscape, ~~among~~ those glossy leaves; ~~which~~ concealed nothing, what was there to fight, or to explore! or to exact! I am not sure that, ~~although writing a novel I should not~~ ~~the accent~~ here, if that ~~point was~~ a stick ~~at my~~ to point at the indentations of my own temperament, I should not ask you to ~~fix~~ observe the immense the acute the almost overwhelming ~~sense~~ capacity for dejection possessed by this man, sitting in a field waiting for a train: with his hat down over his eyes: & the sheep advancing in that wooden way others: while he cannot see any good reason for ~~getting up; for being again spited~~; until they: ~~when he~~ has lost his sense of opposition: when the summer trees, & the flat placid view, & the church spire & village roofs. make him no ~~desire to create~~ ~~I need an audience~~ no map. I need an audience. I need stimulus. ~~But~~ the Mexican ay admiration, interest. Yes, but now, in this solitude I ~~felt~~ achieved one of these rare triumphs: these very rare moments that sense of a sharpened sentence: (do not think me mystical: do not believe that I am of those men whom Rhoda attacked with such ferocity, the preachers (the prophets) I did yet – I will not scrape stupid phrases – some odd sense of the I am naber that it behoves us, then breathed, ~~then lamented~~ with the ten relations, the stupid to take me now, & with it beat up a tumbleweed, then a stripe, make a violent bode among these odes: Ruth, & Stan. Hotzan & Letzon & the big Ruth, & Stan. Hotzan & Letzon & the big

as enemy, as the need of effort opposition,

until something emerges — a phrase.
that float on the stagnant ~~surface~~ & weedy surface: not to be
until something emerges. Then the effort & the struggle; the
H the peripheral warfare; the incessant shattering &
fitting together — out of odds. Ends making at least
a phrase — this is the daily battle. Defeat & victory — this is
the absorbing pastime.

O gardener, sweeping with great brooms, & lady who
rely waiting for me at your table, how often you have ~~seen~~ heard me
me, when the afternoon lay stagnant on the land,
tear my hair; some nightly, & groan like this ~~now~~ — ~~as a~~
~~young man, as a man no longer young: I have heard~~
~~them~~ Stamp my stick; & hail myself: How often it
must have amused you to see me ~~here like a child~~
me recovering equanimity, launching myself again upon
the sea, ~~with some~~ phrase.

When the mind ~~has~~ dominates the landscape, it
that I should find by any ~~Ulad~~ in a phrase: that I
should launch myself on a more ~~into the wonderful sea~~
~~of illusion~~, with one of those phrases, which
come to me from a ~~the~~ spark, ~~by indeed by the~~
~~collision between~~ ourselves & you — passions.
Numbers, disordered, landscape: the spark: the
when we shake free from the world, when we refuse to be
our come, when we combed those disorderly forces to
unity, when we create. A phrase. That is our
great achievement. ~~That is what lends~~ beauty
to the numbers. Lethargic days. You hear the clear
whispering ~~sounds~~ & to the ~~of a~~ cart comes into the field.
a man starts throwing ~~to~~ mayles, & to feel shake that right: ~~of the~~
whips crack ~~that right~~. because I am in opposition:

Poetics are highly disagreeable: dangerous: deficient:
& a little absurd — to think that ~~we~~ discrepancies in us;

~~Ought we not to~~

A phrase — a phrase — what is a phrase? This victory, this triumph: it gives one dominion: it puts the hen, otherwise so scattered, in order: it turns the thick green of the leaf turns to light. I forget my phrases: they are not always written, or properly formulated in words.

But one may make a phrase, a order or calm return. One ~~lives~~ pulls merely together, gives, & finds, without surprise because order has returned to the universe, that there is just time to catch the train.

Then it becomes a matter of importance, like the gratification of hunger, to buttress & fortify merely, to fill out & substantiate what might remain theoretical, linear, with all kinds of flesh & blood: ~~How~~ How satisfactory old market women are Clambering into third class carriages with their baskets! & the atmosphere of common sense, tolerance & pleasure that comes of a day hard work in the fields. The talking at paper. The talk of buying & selling, ~~gossip~~. Then the lights of London. Not the flaring ecstasy of youth of comets but all the same the lights of London. The little electric lights high up in offices, in public buildings, in & street lamps, ~~these dry fine nights~~ when the pavement is dry as bone — I love all this, when I have detached my energy in the moment, when I have made a phrase. & also, I like to find that the pageant of London ~~has not faded for all my own little~~ roaming — in a theatre for instance: ~~a play about~~ real living people — beautiful women in evening dress — men in evening dress ..

the good night & the see you tomorrow manner of friends telling out at the waterside station —

that tattered violet banner

I like the extreme brilliancy & fertility of the human gift as which is forever pushing up this fight against the strong green woods & the sheep advancing with measured tread, munching. And then there was the open door & the warm & garnished room, with two or three chairs drawn up to the fire, food, wine, conversation. Nothing of great importance. I admit it said; but after all one new character ~~thought & followed~~ & brought to the summit of Efficiency by some great office; a beauty cherished so that it seemed newly springing even in middle age, & youth so highly trained for ~~happy what~~ pleasure that one could not help enjoying that pleasure, in ~~spite of everything~~ must get — a acre & a acre of rolling land in Leicestershire, for those who hunt; a sea chopped into little waves suitable for yachtsmen, & woods rustling with bright-winged birds so that these admirable bodies might get the serene they needed. There I met Jenny, & a whole dictionary of proper names — Hals Regs. Molls Dicks — & those who I planned in part little facts & make little jokes, & arrange other meetings, according to the season, either in lush & fallen, in tawny, in woods, picnicking — as the time of year & occasion suggested. Life is pleasant; life is good. Monday, Tuesday Wednesday follow each other

But which life is best? A question of perspective —

But now, which life is best? Mine, Neville's, Jinny's, Susan's, Louis's Rhoda's? ~~There was a time when~~ I spread them on the table & consider. I recall an occasion, in early autumn perhaps, on a fine night at Hampton Court. Our ~~[illegible]~~ disappearance was affect considerable, because being each by that time committed to ~~a~~ be a person, ~~a~~ certain statement, the other life, ~~which might qualified, perhaps contradicted that statement seemed to reality~~, seemed to contradict it. Jinny looked at ~~Rhoda~~ Susan's hands — untended: I felt nothing more repulsive. Despised — Neville I remember apologized, more or less, for his fame: Louis & Rhoda, the conspirators ~~and~~ sometimes called them, observed, I dare say, a little bitterly the easy withdrawal, the instinctive desire which does the introspection, after dinner, in concert, to that doorway ~~surrender to~~ immersion, surrender ~~common~~ which ~~the~~ came ~~easy to us~~. ~~I also~~ We also belonged, to the lock system, I remember, to the rush of the globe through infinite space ~~of~~ — we stood groups — six people — against ~~[illegible]~~ death & time. What could we keep? what could we say that we promised, ~~or could~~ what could we leave behind us? O world of dream, I thought: ~~would~~ vanishing like, & I saw again the gardener stooping & the lady waiting. What is this tide that beats on the shores of the world, what is this sullen roar of waves falling? What is the background to our brief apparition? That we shall be lost — can that be all? ~~Or that~~ We shall be carried in the dark hers, having parted from each other; that we shall be dispersed by the wave into whose women we look, now that we have met again? Jinny Neville Rhoda Susan. Louis & I?

When we joined together

The other person coming along the road —

Early to the rendezvous.

Walking arm-in-arm down an avenue

But must, must, must, that began again, like the
concatenation of trucks in a siding. And I had only then a
~~one of those curious~~ a vast or adumbration, a
a of a giant brush swept a cross the canvas which had
at the back of my mind drawn, thus, &
the wave hunters circled the holly. Must, must must —
vote bed: with however, some curious addition, or
complication added to that infinitely complex vision
through which we look upon the world.

That the season of identity is over.]

~~life also becomes a spectacle.~~ Yes, but ~~without~~ after a time
~~perhaps~~ with ~~perhaps some~~ difference — ~~as~~ to that when
for instance, ~~as coming in to a room~~, [one sees the
~~thing~~ scene as a spectacle. ~~It is amusing, it is decorative:~~
~~it is~~ ~~rather~~ ~~interesting. It~~ It does not concern me
as it used: ~~the~~] I feel no longer bubble in my throat the
hard egotistic song. ~~of youth.~~ ~~It is amusing, decorative.~~
~~interesting, a spectacle. My~~ I do not seek a corner: I do
not seek a perch. I do not feel that here is my
~~Chance~~ that I must snatch then: ~~that~~ or the moment
will pass; ~~that I am~~ & I be forgotten. X To then
I went to Neville who had known me when I
was Byron, when I was Meredith's youngman,
when I was the hero in Wordsworth's whose name
I have forgotten. He had known many Bernards now
dead. & I feel for some reason interested in — in — the late Giles
~~Lane~~ something fresh outside their little affairs: I forget
to listen to what is my hostess I wish to talk — about

~~I feel that~~ I pause for a moment: I look. I say to myself, thinking of Rhoda — with legs dangling — it is then that our friends return to us — that the out there makes a fine background; ~~or they~~ & there's a perceptible shifting of perspective. Time has given the arrangement a little shake. And I relate myself, suffering perhaps a shade melancholy to overspread my countenance, to the wider, yet better intense world: to Shakespeare, Dryden, Racine, Baudelaire, ~~the~~ Keats & Coleridge: ~~I see~~ laugh often well, but these sudden shifting in the scene, these sudden use of another clock for our time keeping are specimen, parts of flowing old; & the reason why, melancholy me (right) I sought Neville; I sought my oldest friend who had known me when I was Byron, when I was Meredith's young man, when I was that hero in Wordsworth whose name I have forgotten. He had thrown me a poem: his first: I found him reading at perfectly neat table; a curtain-pulled methodically straight; a paper knife dividing a French volume — nobody ever changes the attitude in which we saw them first: or the clothes. There was freedom; there was leisure: we ventured down that avenue, that avenue ~~from~~ which runs under the trees, ~~the with~~ under the thick leaved, whispering trees, the trees that are rich with immortal fruit; ~~we~~ which we have strolled so often together: until the fruit is have ground some them: Montaigne for example; an enormous theological pot pourri. We have to want I read; if I wake in the night I feel along the bookcase & pick out some volume. Then I accumulate a hive in my head a vast conglomeration; ~~of~~ a mass from which now & then I break off whole clusters be — Horace Walpole or Donne. & hard —

instead of pulling on my hatred hate this.

him in my hand, & say that's Horace going to take in Madame de Deland; or that's Shakespeare. How strange the certainty of the recognition was! Nobody can ~~deform~~ dispute it for a second. That's Keats – that's him himself, as if he were present. So we shewed the Hawthorne books, & showed each other, in ~~their life from~~ jammed our discoveries: & his gay falling ~~on the~~ from the other side, the luminous, gaily & & then sank into one of those stupors that are so much more fertile than talk when a pin rises in the wastes of silence; & a thought, in broken, & sinks back, that pin, that thought, into the depths spreading round it a little ripple of satisfaction; contact which had now become curiously external, like a scene that one is about to leave.

~~Lord how I wished then for Percival~~! How it caught me as I left the room, the pangs of that old pain! ~~I had not thought of him for months~~ That devil for a certain company. Who's? Percivals. Yes, though I had not thought of him for months. I felt, I imagine, how I could have said something to him about Neville that no one else would understand: how we would have walked off together arm in arm laughing.

Then suddenly just ~~then~~ growing so cold, so ~~pith~~ shaky, off revived in me some old curiosity ~~of~~ about what about Rhoda & Louis? ~~what was~~ their relationship? The rat in his attic, overlooking the wet roofs of London; the fazed with ~~that~~ those black eyes – & the nymph of the fountain always wet – the ~~weird~~ furtive, & healthy figure who never joined herself entirely to us, when we met; who

What was the nature

seemed always beyond, far away, who dreamt,
I figure her awkward with the tea kettle: I figure her
obsessed with moon, dreaming. But also remote as
the moon, modestly child like, tender. 'Do you know
Lowe, coming down the Holborn saw a ~~whole~~ row of
old women wearing false noses?' 'And what were you
doing Holborn?' I figure them carrying on that kind
of ~~relationship~~ life there in his attic, with a few
daffodils in the window box: blue books on a chair;
documents neatly filed. And then? How
lovely in the privacy of those to whom the world has
given much shape! — Leaving them spoiled, bare,
a prey to anguish & difficulty, taking from them
some small common gift which the gives the
Clerk, the typist, — they never achieved the daily
Carnal good fellowship, nor came together, nor
solved, nor roared up to the skyey a thorny
crackling bonfire — yet went, also, to the heart
of things, were our judges; were the silent people
whose verdict we often crave — themselves so
incompetent, so solitary. Lowe, with his
long hands, seemed to clasp them, as the tides ran
back drew themselves with a slow anguish of effort,
compassionately painfully the enormous tumult of
waters: An admirable administrator.
He knew the gage over different lands, different customs: he
knew, he remembered: he heard the rumour of
ancient civilisation: what has been said by
the Egyptian, the Indian, men with high cheek
bones, yellow men, brown men, & solitaries
in hair shirts. The bracing humidity for the

hardest task of all, he went to the Strand, to an eating house, & mixed with those little men in tail coats, who talk about greyhounds & how to sell a friend, whom he idolized because he feared them, & there with his foot hooked on the milk jug he proceeded to make straight lines for this infinitely narrow, vagrious & uncharted & unfounded life – to make straight lines with red ink & a fine nib.

Rhoda would then say to him, remembering Percival, Away! the moon is dark beneath the moon – Away! the faltering winds will call the darkness soon –

I am quoting; & I never remember a poem exactly. I am trying to get the flight & the abandonment, the structure & the anguish. The jolly & the intolerable discomfort & dissatisfaction that relationship; also its simple childishness, its consolation, its little anecdotes; & how they talked a little language. Brothers words, Rhoda & Louis, below in a moment of extraordinary richness, in the stalled lady. An open window had always seemed to her an extraordinary attraction.

How much of this is true? How much imagination? What do we know of our friends? Are they not strangers against the sky? enormous now dim, now gigantic; And life is a dream. Who am I, holding the paper in my hand? And the present moment: we pass to sky? People are hidden from us. Their consciousness is often dark. Life continues – for me

for me this way & that way, led by some absorption hither & thither: what did he say – what did she? How often one wishes that one did not stop: never wanting, & saw them: the happy and happy.

However, I walk nicely by tapping the table. I ~~Jugan was~~ remember.

There was Susan: Callingham child to her, the shewed me the cucumbers & the tomatoes, & how the vine that had been half killed by frost was pushing out a leaf or two. "I am glutted with natural happiness. I listen & hear men's voices going about the farm giving orders. Calves are born. Lambs are laid by the kitchen fire. There is always a basket of the kitchen full of rabbits.

did they talk in something like that; or am I inventing it?
Our friends — are they not almost unknown?
Yet let them die & our life goes out: the vision fades.
Susan, married to her farmer, showed me the
cucumber & the tomatoes & how the vine that had
been half killed by frost was pushing out a leaf or
two; Susan walking rather heavily with her dogs
across her meadows: Susan whose choice had been
"I love: I hate!" And when she bundled into
market in her old Ford car, the iron mongers
treated her with respect; & all the children, buying tools &
guns; bubbled out as she came like cuckoos: & the
measured them against the drawing-room door:
& went about the fields attended by deferential
creaking men, & yelping dogs, pointing at
her stick at roofs, hedges, walls fallen into disrepair.
The pigeons followed her, waddling this way & that
for the grain that she let fall from her bag
"Caperbie fingers." But I no longer see at dawn" she
said —

And Jenny would be glad entertaining a new
young man. The occasion, splitting her were
carefully arranged not to interrupt important
conversations, dialogues in half lit rooms; for still the
longest the moment. The achieved at lies.
without effort, clear as crystal, courageous,
unlearn life must enter into ~~them~~ that heart
after barbed sorrow, like a pike are
darkness to meet, valiantly, she ~~[illegible]~~ adds
to her experience: & grow older truthfully,

arranging her one whole look – the gift of eye – as of course a gift – to be accepted, treated fearlessly. When they come to bury her, every thing will be precise. That moment will be faced like another. Meanwhile, the door flies open; ~~the~~ who comes in? And she advanced to meet him, coherently tempested, encouraged, as on those first spring nights when the tree under the high London houses, with all the respectable householders going methodically to bed, scarcely sheltered her love; & the squeak of trams had to drown the cry of her delight: ~~the~~ & the rippling opaque had to shade her languour, her delicious lassitude; as the coolness & greenery were laid by nature to her burning skin.

I love my friends: they fill me with a vicarious satisfaction. Let that morning from the table, I ~~can~~ share their attack upon life. I become like an insect, many-eyed. But which life is best? Mme. Nevelle's, Jinny's, Susan's, Louis's, Rhoda's? Spread them on the table & consider. I recall an occasion in early autumn perhaps on a fine night when we dined together in Hampton Court. Our discomfort, our rawness, was at first considerable. Each by that time was committed to a statement; & the other person coming along the road to the meeting place dressed like this or like that, with a stick or without, seemed to contradict it. I saw Jinny for example look at Susan's earthy fingers; & then hide her own. I, considering Nevelle, so trim so exact, felt the nebulosity of my own life, with all these phrases: He then boasted, because he

was ashamed a little, of his success. Louis & Rhoda, the ~~conspi~~ conspirators, the spies at table who take notes, felt, after all, Bernard can make the waiter fetch us rolls. In short, we saw for a moment displayed among us, the beautiful body of the perfect human being, whom we are not. All that we might have been, we saw; all that we had missed: a ~~thought for~~ a ~~Gnu~~ grudges for a moment the others claim ~~we were~~ like small children when a ~~then let~~ when the ~~slice of the~~ cake is cut ~~falls to their share~~. & ~~the slice~~ the one cake – the only cake ~~&~~ ~~how much is left for me? they say.~~ watching them diminish.

Moreover, we had our bottle of wine. & then, under that seduction, lost our enmity, ceased comparing. &, half way the big blackness: through dinner began to feel enlarge circle round us the unread; the wind, the rush of car wheels – that is time, eternity. the roar of space sounding reverberating at the ~~onslaught of time~~ as we rush; And rush where? And who are we? Six people at a table in Hampton Court. To me, this adventure always ends: ~~in~~ rudely ~~[illegible]~~ like: in a sense of my own ~~indomitable~~ pugnacity. I ~~the~~ strike the table with a spoon. I ~~If~~ I could measure things with compasses. I would; but my only measure is a phrase. I forget what is that occasion. at any rate, when we walked down the avenue, some general sense had returned to me, though fitfully, like the echoes of voices laughing, from people one cannot see. Against the gateway, against some ~~I was still~~ ~~dark~~ cedar tree, I saw ~~the~~ ~~our~~ Neville, Louis, Jinny Rhoda Susan & myself: the six lives; ~~the~~ our illumination. And King William still seemed an unreal monarch, & his crown mere tinsel. But

we, burning against the cedar tree — we, yes, but grey mellow mellow, we erect for a moment, blazing — what could we keep, a ray that we fostered, a hope behind us?
What to then ~~from~~ you ~~most~~ utmost harmony ~~Can~~
what sign of love, what I saw again the gardener weeding
~~Good then~~, & the lady waiting

And then surrendered — heredity Jim. Jim & I, to his work what abandonment, to the next leaf, the present bud, to the warmth that hovered in words on a hot day; to the lights fretted like ribbon on ripples water. We drew away; we were consumed in the darkness of the tree; leaving Dora & Rhoda to stand on the terrace by the urn.
Then, when we had met again; ~~too~~ we, shall we be darkened by the river into what ~~waters~~ we ~~now~~ look now that we have met again? Shall we be drawn under?
When we returned from that immersion, ~~it was with a sense of shame;~~ & saw the ~~Castes~~ conspirators still standing there, it was with some amazement; yes, & some shame too, ~~&~~ some sense of judging a ~~pranks, who~~ painter's elbow; but we were ~~satisfied~~, ~~we had no grudges no grievances~~; we were tired; & whether what been good or bad, accomplished a lost undone, the clothing veil was falling ~~upon~~ upon our endeavour; the lights were sinking, as we paused for a moment on the terrace that overlooks the river ~~&~~ ~~noticed the~~ ~~The waiting~~ ~~swan had~~.
[In this we dropped I dare say ~~many sorrows~~;
at roots & things; The steamers were landing their fishers; & the motor omnibuses & there was some chorus, ~~a lout sings;~~ ~~was lighted but~~ ~~sels~~ ~~was~~ standing up, parties ~~journey in an old~~

interruptions:

waving their hats & joining in some last song.
The sound of the chorus came to us over the water; ~~into which~~
2 we dropped into it then & there; & I felt that
~~instant~~ old ~~[illegible]~~ impulse, to join the little boys in small
Caps, who ~~always~~ are always singing the same song, ~~the~~ which had
moved me, I do not know why, since I was a child, - to be
consumed, mesmerized, thrown up, down on the wave of
almost senseless movement, sentiment, desire & thought.
But not now. Oh no, I could not collect myself
sufficiently; I could not distinguish one thing from
another; or detach myself, or altogether recover myself,
from that endless satisfaction, when the whole
of life seems flowing from us, without our willing it,
& rushing wondrously ~~with~~ on, away, out there,
under the arches of the bridge, round some
clump of trees, or on a lawn, out, where sea birds
sit on stakes, where the water - charmed
with sand, ~~out to~~ beyond the sea: that is the kind of feeling.
But then 'must, must, must'; that began
again like the concatenation of trucks in a siding;
like the blow of a hammer near at hand; - must go to
bed, must catch the train; must make the effort; &
the lights in the bedrooms of small shopkeepers
came out, ~~the lighted~~; And I thought "The
green grocer is ~~[illegible]~~ ~~the lamp of his~~ going to bed, ~~his wife~~;
they will eat the rabbit on Sunday; he has frosted his
letter; I may win the prize in the football competition..
And so we walked back to the station, ~~I~~ ?
found myself grasping my return ticket to Waterloo
firmly in my hand.

was this then the beginning of death? was this a different fall? another kind of wave? a ~~differ~~ new assembly of elements, which, rounding & bursting & streaming away over the shore, may bring ~~left me with some~~ suggested content?

Can I struggle much longer? I asked myself — (I am an intermittent student: I do not say my lessons by any means at the stated hour: ~~this~~ ~~for~~ I was walking down Fleet Street at the rush hour when I said this:) Can I forever offset ~~my~~ energy? For ever strike the tuber with a spoon? Must not I too consent & submit, & be swept under? Multitudinous, carrying attaché cases, dodging with incredible celerity in & out, buying newspapers — they went past like a river in spate. They went past roaring like a train in a tunnel. ~~At last,~~ Seizing my chance, I crossed the street, & dived down a dark passage to the shop where they cut my hair. I leant my head back & was swathed in a sheet. The hairdresser began to pass his scissors to & fro. ~~Felt towards to stop the oscillation of the streaming steel. So we are cut & laid in swathes, I said;~~ Looking glasses confronted me, in which I saw my ~~corpuscular~~ unreal body, the ~~half again crowd by in the street, & dogs barking in the dark but erratic~~ ~~Course. I am~~ & people passing in the street. I pettingly ~~beseeched~~ & banished, among the ~~scissors, the Sept Scythes~~ powerless to stop the oscillation of the streaming steel; So we are cut & laid in swathes, I said; ~~O~~ Swing your scythe, harvestman. I sew. Cut. Lay low. Make us all lie as low. Damp meadows; here an ~~flag.~~ old hamlet, here a

the omnibuses were clogged;

as they pass a

a young one; ~~here~~ thorn - flowers weed.
Hopefully, we have no more to offer ourselves upon the
bare hedges to the wind & snow; no more to carry ourselves
erect when the gale speeds, or in those hallid noon days
~~when the colour is~~ hale days of summer when there is no
light; ~~no~~ when the bird creeps close to the trough; & the
& the dump whitens the leaf: we are become haunted by
that mysterious universe which stalks when we
are about our business, which burns red when we are
found asleep; ~~I am~~ we have renounced our station
among men, & lie now that withered mouldy weak,
dead upon which, however, I caught an ~~[illegible]~~ expression in
the eye the handsomer in ~~the bathing~~ glass as if he
listened to something in the street; & instantly
my mouldy weed crackled daily: flashed with accounts
on one hand on one head & can catch light on a thousand
glass.

I thought of Susan then: & then of. I am never
myself. Something catches my eye. And while he
brushed the fluff from my coat, I thought how,
~~of forum~~ of crackled myself, made off, answered coyly this
Good-will, both my thick, went gently mouldy that thick
into the strand again; & said I remember, holding
one of these ghostly dra hyper with friends which one
which sometimes force themselves into life in moments
of emotion, invent here. like these anchorites have gone by:
these men are your brothers;

Persuading Rhoda I was of some persuading
my own soul.

while a rough handsome looks in the glass
with an expression of curiosity I will not
consent.

I mean I stray & look & wander, & sometimes try to see, in the heart of somebody else's prayer, into the dome: alone; out, to their goal. But then, like the lost wandering dove, I find myself flutter, flutter, descending upon some curiosity, some battered nave or absurd tombstone, with ~~lady~~ laughter, with wonder.
I watch the sightseers with Baedekers thrust hard, whispering while the lost dove weeds in the dome, & the organ indulges now & then in a moment of elephantine triumph. Louis would roof us all in would he, under the dome: ~~this infinitely various, vagabond, uncharted~~ this infinitely varied lives; Louis ruling lines with red ink & a fine nib: And then, standing on the ~~at~~ top of the steps, that look down Ludgate hill, clogged with ~~omn~~ omnibuses, for ever the rush hour, I quid so long as a single hairdresser looks in the glass with an expression of curiosity I shall not consent.

~~But then,~~ — And so home, ~~we~~ humming the usual nursery rhymes, Pillicock sat on Pillicock hill, hark hark the dogs do bark, or so on mixed with stray lines, such as O Word O death O time, or Let me not to the marriage of true minds, or so on. Hunger & thirst. Eating. Forgetting: ~~turning up accordingly to appointment at eleven thirty or eight o'clock sharp.~~

But one day as I sauntered along a country lane I leant over a gate leading into a field & reflected so much bitter: so much unaccomplishment, & Wharahom, for one cannot cross London to see a friend, life being so full of engagements, nor ever take ship to the Indies & see a naked man shearing fish in the waters: I said it had been a dream; I said it had been an important phase; I said that it had proved impossible for me, ~~with my~~ being so fragmentary — always taking snuff from an old man in a train, to keep coherency: the sense of man, first savage, & still the new in tweeds & gaiters ~~hanging~~ leaning over a gate: ~~the sense of our~~ to It has been too vast an undertaking, I see. I cannot attempt it. I think to myself sadly, as one sees the ~~a~~ the companion with whom one has been on a voyage to the North Pole. Now it was all up: the food had given out: one must lie down in the snow, & let the wind heap a tomb.

The sense of our own track

I called to Bernard — the man who sits over the fire when everybody has gone to bed; the man who differs from the others, who changes according to the room. That 'I' who has been built up ~~by~~ now by a in a beech wood, now on the beach of a river, now in a walk through the streets, or leaning over the parapet at Hampton Court: who has been most mysteriously composed; ~~from the~~ waves breaking, leaving some sediment: at any rate he has always been able, ~~even~~ in moments of emergency to see, at least, from his ~~ff~~ submersion: to assert humbly: to protest I

It may be with laughter, gravely, savagely, or with a frown of I am Bernard.

Now as I leant over the gate leading into the field from which one had a splendid view, ~~of~~ ~~Surfaces~~ Churches, villages, woods & fields lying beneath, that old self made no answer. It threw up no opposition. ~~said then,~~ no phrase. And I said there is now nothing. Life has deserted me. No echo comes when I speak; no varied words. This is more truly death than the death of friends, a death in youth. I carry a dead body about the world with me. I am merely the swathed figure I saw in the hairdressers looking glass; taking up so much space. It was like the eclipse, when the sun went out, & left the earth, flourishing in full summer foliage, withered, battle, afake. ~~but I may live many years.~~ I saw the groups we had made; how they came together; how they ate together; how they met in this room & that. I had rushed from one to the other; I had travelled; stayed at home, been suddenly hung; fetched - carried; now joined this group, now that; always kept hard at it by some extraordinary purpose, which kept my nose pressed to the ground, on some scent; with an occasional toss of the head, & snuff in the air. Then back to the scent on the ground again: What a bitter, what a confusion! - with children here hung down; here a sudden death; here gold, success; here hacked bark, anguish, perpetual effort, - running hither & thither: There was nothing but Dance & bitter & dust & decay; ~~may~~

I had no more appetite to fight; no more strength in me with which to harass heights; no more sharp teeth or clutching hands. I desired to feel for nightly the ripe pear, the hot grape; the sun beating down from the orchard wall.

Would 'mant' then never start its tapping, its knock-knocking, & send me to catch the train? And love? Oh but nobody knows this Bernard: he is alone, sitting over the grey ashes of his fire: only showers of cinder fall when he broks. And my pocket book, stuffed with photos — under B Comes 'butterfly powder' — I made that in Chabel on a bag, but have never used it. And under W were many for the deaths of friends. I had never got the right word for Moon. And Rhoda had taken her own short cut, falling, by accident, down sand, from a window. And all the rest were living. ~~And the willow tree grew by the wall.~~ And Mrs. Constantia pressed her change. And the wood pigeon clattered a wooden wings. And the gardeners pushed with great brooms. And the willow grew by the river. And here was it — I sat one day by a bank & saw ~~a dead fish.~~ the ~~man & the~~ wood brute man stretch against my opposite. And I dropped into the river. And I stood on the steps of St Paul's rowing I wound out Consent. ~~In all these lists~~ Always my self had been with me — the annotating, doubting, seeing, considering, contradicting animal. He lay prone now. And the wood was a yellow-brown leaf: the gate wood nearly: my body the body with you see before you — the aging, rather heavy, old body of an elderly

man who sits opposite to you at a little table in a restaurant, heaping up sandwiches of bread crumb, over & again conveying the shreds & the bean-peelings — the beautiful shelled stems of ripe fruits

Go, I said, where with the dust in the desert. Under the porcelain, to make the one final effort, to ~~reconquer a vision~~, & advance, upon this rock. Landscape, alone; as stones without a self. As it were without a note book; without phrases; without hay stack & hake upon which one draws the design of life; — as they like a bunch of grapes, each cluster connected by a stalk. A man without a self. A very lonely man. A man perceiving what is there unstained. A man who is ~~in love with~~ has lost his language. A man having phrases. A man seeking only that little language, which loves & sees. Brother, revered wand, like those a child sees, when it sees the tea, the cow, the table, the hat.

And then again to fling away in endless opposition upon this flank the fat, the submission carefully being under landscape where the sheep advance, hoofly foot, munching as they move. A man without self.

1st Feb: 1931