The Waves

2nd Feb:

1931.

Monday
Feb 2nd
1931

"I" had died — I mean the real Bernard, the man who remains when all the other have gone; the amoebaline scrapping, seeing, considering combative animal; who, after a time always returns some echo, makes some answer when I question him, coming home in the evening, sitting down by the fire: that incorruptible, faithful, & essential man. The words had vanished; the earth was a mere wash of shadow. No sound broke the silence of the wintry landscape. No cock crowed. No smoke rose. No train moved. A man without a self, I said. A very lonely man. A dead man. A heavy body leaning upon a wooden gate.

With dispassionate serenity I could see the dust dance of the past; my life a whirl of dust: & those fabulous presences, ~~her~~ men with brooms, women watering the willow tree by the river — those cloudy phantoms, made entirely of dust too, dreams, mirages, clouds travelling, changing & for ever losing & gaining, mutable rain. ~~In my pocket book. I said,~~ I recorded many phrases: ~~under B. butterfly~~ ~~wonder, under D, phrases on the death of friend.~~ ~~And the thing changes.~~ I change. I a shadow, had taken note of shadows, ~~not a, naturally, positive.~~ But how can I proceed now, without a self, weightless, sexless, through an empty world? a world stuffed of air, of illusion?

You will not believe the extreme dependency of

Those feet stepped through the colonnades ~~wooded~~, full, which I now entered, opening the gate with the pressure of a dead body, as man without a self; an E Worley man. No more to hear echoes, no more like phantoms. But to walk always without a shadow across the dead earth. Where had been flocks of sheep, or a rabbit, or a fame-stepper in fallen: had there been any response, had there been the opposition even of a bramble, a ditch, a fall: but no, that melancholy path led only to another view of the same landscape; more wonderful & pallor of the negative ~~the~~ view of the same landscape.

Now then does light return after the eclipse of the sun? Very Miraculously. Early. In this Photo; like bars of It hangs like a glass cage: a hoop; something to be fractured by a touch: there is a spark there. Next moment a flash of blue. Then is rainbow as I gazed were breathing on a twice for the first time. And then under the the dulness woke one walks with a fresh lungs. And then off twists a white wraith. The frost & woods ~~a brown~~ a blue: a green; & the gradually drink in brown. Suddenly a rose flatches a blue light. ~~There~~ It sounds stately: it seems to recover substance. it feels an weight; it sounds, sinks, seems to swung to settle to be beneath one again: &

So the landscape returned to me; but now with this extraordinary difference, that I saw it but was not seen. I walked unshadowed.

I came unheralded from me had dropped the old cloak – the
old flesh, the old extreme echo, the hollowed hand
which beat back sounds; ~~the~~ then as a ghost,
white, leaving no trace; perceiving merely; without
pleasure, alone, new in a world never trodden; among
unknown ways, treading the new flowers: —
unable to speak save in little words, one two three,
merely recording blue white red,. ~~distant~~ without
pleasure (I who have made so much) unattended,
I who have always gone with my kind,
solitary, I who have often laughed louder alone,
with the Bernard who has been with me since
that day I woke in a nursery, saw the
bed & the cupboard & a hoop of red.
But how shall one describe the world seen like this
whatever self? Save that it fades; save that it
undergoes that gradual transformation; becomes,
~~so~~ even in a short week, habitual also;
Blenders when one weaths, & one leaf repeats
another. Lovelinesses when & ah to phantoms.
One loves – one has to live.
But for one moment, sitting on ~~a~~ the turf,
somewhere high, above the flow of the world, & of
bleating herds, she wave gifts ~~bom~~, I
watch at a cliff, repeated; oh & wept; & felt
new what Rhoda had felt, when she died,
by her own hand, escaping: & then crowned
Susan Long flaps flaps: so was Neville,
most vigilant, most wise: & Jinny, the
hot flap of the summer's heat, & Louis,

bending

bending in with her other hand on one ring: I who think, have been life, have been death: I have washed like the sea from there to there.

So I was thinking when I met you, here in the vestibule of the restaurant. The place where one hangs up one's coat.

I was thinking, It does not matter what whom I, meet. All this little affair of 'being Bernard' is over. There is someone whose back seems vaguely familiar to ~~to~~ me: but whose name I cannot remember. We will dine together.

Then I hung up my coat, & tapping you on the shoulder said 'Sit with me.'

But gently where we are, ~~that there~~ ~~after~~ ~~of here & now~~, ~~what~~ that thick glitter looks down upon, whether it is

What City

Paris or London or some small village ~~lying another~~ ~~filled with a desert land~~, of hence washed houses lying under cypresses, under ~~the~~ high mountains where ~~the~~ eagles ~~largely~~ soar, I am not ~~sure~~ certain.

I begin now to forget: I begin to doubt the fixity, the reality of here & now. I have seen so much: I have talked so much: I have lost in the process of eating drinking, living ~~that~~ the thin hard shell which cases the soul; ~~which~~ ~~that in I~~ which ~~the~~ makes shuts one in.

Who am 'I'? Am I Bernard Neville, or Jenny or Susan, or Rhoda or Louis?

I assure you, I do not altogether know.

true, Percival is dead; we is Rhoda; ~~& after others~~ we are divided; we are not here. ~~But~~ Yet when I said I will tell you the story of my life, I could not feel any obstacle separating us; any diversion between me & them; ~~or~~ but ~~rather~~, as I looked down the long table at which we sat, I felt ~~both here, I am not one person~~. But I am you: ~~I am~~ It seemed to me that the diversity we speak of, this solitude, this identity was ~~often~~ overcome; ~~&~~ Even since did Mrs Constable suffer me wound with views, thrust which wounds came - heat & cold & pain & pleasure - I have been ~~any number of people~~ like: Here on my brow is the mark I received when Percival fell: here on the nape of my neck I bear the hot kiss that Jinny gave Louis. ~~I have lived many centuries.~~ I must have been a savage, ~~I must have been~~ Surely I have had the wound of the sea in my ears always. Susan's tears were ~~all our tears~~ my. Even now though she is dead, I see the hills on the descent that Rhoda saw; ~~& dwelling the world each it.~~ ~~This a lie~~ Thus, when I come to tell you the story of my life, I ~~am~~ have to set myself the task of recalling from all their adventures & voyages, some so mean, others so wonderfully appropriate, ~~others which~~ how I have been blown about the world, like the seed, the ~~star~~ flower flings: ~~but them,~~ & what I am, & what my life has been, I cannot say; I cannot mould it into one object to set before you. I cannot detach myself from the people, & the places, &

I have received blows that fell on others.

parts of me that belong to others, that have been deposited in him:

distant times & foreign places:

This all a lie, this story; something convenient, something I fabricate to amuse you with:

Then there is that old brute the red man, dancing round his fire; ~~dipping his hands in blood~~. Squabbling for ropes of entrails: squatted, hairy, furry over his fire: sulkural, visceral, — such there he is. He has feasted tonight upon caviare, quails, ~~roast~~ fourneedos, & some singularly delicious sweet bread: ~~while~~ & now holds in his hand a glass of fine old brandy. He now washes his hands before dinner, & puts on a fresh coat, to impress the waiter; but he is naked hairy within me. He loves the scent of food. His belonging sense of dinner wants. He perpetually nudges & moves with his hairy idiot gesture ~~as~~ vomiting greed & desire. I assure you I have great difficulty in controlling him sometimes: But ~~tonight he has~~ such now that man has contributed very largely to my life; I owe him immense pleasure; & some disgust. He has given a fierce glow to green things: he has heed his torch with dried blaze & at dusk strangely smoke behind almost every leaf. he has lit up the cool faden ways: he has brandished his torch in Rhodes, in murky taverns there. where girls sewing have been pierced suddenly with a red & translucency. &

~~he has~~ But now he has merely misused

but when shaved brown & hairy raw Chinki

at dessertes

me with that serene glow: that gradual happiness. that
very, complete pleasure half sensual half divine which
fills me, when, my body swung in tier after tier
light but substantial. fruitful, upright, the eye
sees, all these feelings. fragments of bread, a
bush: I felt as the loved their grown windblown
garden:- the lovely shades: the astonishing
gift that his; something, like that bear, at once
desirable. but so beautiful, mottled like a thrush's
breast, cool, firm, & if you put it the skin his in
thin shrivels, all mottled, veined, like the shells
sea shells; so that I hear again the murmur
the incessant murmur, which met my ear
in the nursery, of breaking waves. So
lies the silver pronged forks: they now seem to me
lucid, logical, exact: & the salt, in shimmering
like sand; & the horns of the rolls — how
glazed. how yellow, how hard they are —
which in pantomime, colour sings with colour,
shape changes to shape, one suddenly becomes
clear, is changed & dismembered, in the deep sea
the silvered bowl of the looking glass.
Alas, I ~~behold the door opening - shutting~~;
yes, I could admire my hand even; what a
marvellous thing, with its fan of bone laced by
veins: how soft, how supple; how it seems to be a
creature another there endowed with
some queer sensibility & sensation gets over.

which - when yellow new thick & melt in

~~Still~~ ~~And then,~~

It seems possible to blow off: infinitely receptive, ~~having held everything~~ holding everything: trembling with the fullness, the lucidity of a globe: so my being seems, no longer lashed forth by incontrollable desire: a further changing colour: ~~to~~ still, deep, endlessly comprehensive: unmanned at last from every form desire: now that I am no longer that particular man Neil Bernard; ~~Even~~ ~~able to I look~~ let the door open: well the anxiety about newcomers is appeased: unknown people — we know each other: the woman in black, the man with the bitten moustache: is there anything to be added: can I know that too. Far, far away I hear the pitcher-plant waves fall: but its shock scarcely ~~at~~ no longer troubles ~~my~~ me: ~~I seem~~ at as the surge of the sea.

~~And then,~~ So for a moment, we seem ~~to have~~ cabaret of anything: of understanding. Taking upon ourselves the mystery of things — apparelled in darkness; ~~I could now~~ I could go now like a shy I seem to hear all that has been sung. The savages dancing round the camp fire. In the heat of the day, like a girl from a green coach: or its majestic march: & the waves ~~beat~~ deepening than colour: & tossing their crests: & the lonely shore, & the faden wave the back wake: the deep tunnels between the islands: the steepen waking: & the horse gradually let up. ~~Left~~ Whole here, in this

restaurant we sit among crumbed tread, a the door ~~[illegible]~~ swings on its hinge, a voices come & voices go.

~~Yes, but~~. And then, as before, at the crisis, how many thousand times – oh wheated, comes this. I ~~mean~~ see you; immersed in dreams, exhaustion almost of voices finally, like a drop that at length ~~touches its~~ is swollen beside Juliet, or the wave that bursts, I touch what is hard; & all breaks. And the endless process begins again: always new; always unknown; you face, the moon, the tree. ~~the~~ unknown as they are true, yet begin, to feel that pressure which we cannot help resenting, yet at the same time welcome; for I am compelled, merely because I am with you, at this table, to ~~desist from~~ be an elderly bald-headed man again. This nonsense to think that one bursts that constraint. Oh dear no. Nonsense to imagine dissolution, completion – not so long as you sit opposite me. I am driven into my shell. The moment asserts its supremacy. Here we are; we must – there is the hammer knock again – summon the waiter. I see myself as you see me, elderly, rather to stout, a little grey, worn, deeply battered: one person, in a coat, where I had been thinking myself oh thousands, all scattered; part of all time. So But while you summon the waiter, & he goes to behind that screen to tot up the bill, ~~Crumbs & [illegible] to for me~~

Yes; artist me.

I move the disordered table - plates, crumbs, crumbled napkins, knives laid across ~~the~~ each other. The old everlasting approaches returns: a worse horror; a worse delight. Wonder, sordidness, corruption lie before me. They are linked. People are yawning. Parting with the Discomfort draws near. I have felt worse worse; & the ~~Coffee is~~ one greasy knife congeals. How dreadfully how laborious, how distasteful! And the inner meanings of the word appear. Now it pierces through all layers of the organism; & turns & turns to tinsel. How intensely disagreeable & healthy life is! — & what a tremendous struggle, this little one is! — to get up & go.

Well then, since the hole is hard nothing remains but to say good night. I ~~have find~~ then — how can I pretend the most casual way — what most ordinary, most usual can I find! ~~There tried to give you an account~~ ~~of my~~ life: Good night words rhetorical. Too long — that affected — I am tired of phrases. I am like that I spoke in the waiting hole; red + blue, cat, dog — the little words; hello, no words. Silence

Now the face is gone — now the hedge is gone whom I seemed to have seen are. And I am alone. I am now speaking to myself without an audience. That pressure is removed. Now I need lie no longer.

concealing someone ?. Concealing nothing? I do not know.

Oh but I catch your eye - There is no escape. No immunity. No end seems to the ~~eternal~~ struggle. I who had been thinking merely ~~immense~~, & so vast, & somehow rid of myself at last, am become in one second, at the touch of your ~~of~~ eye what you see - that is an elderly man, rather heavy, a little grey: a man who only takes up so much space in his seat: a particular kind of man.

This is humiliating; ~~a shock~~ this is disillusion. Could you see me, I ~~should be staggering~~, reeling, like a man ~~who has~~ walked bang into a lamp post: & sets to one side, putting his hands to his head. I have made an awful fool of myself. & I must pick up my stick & my hat - where is my hat? Now I must ~~pretend~~ pick myself together & go, with a jaunty, affected indifference. To try to deceive you. How intolerably disgraceable life is! ~~Now the pettiness of the prospect.~~ Look at the stains, at the crumbs, at that knife already congealing with grease.

Disorder, sordidity & corruption surround us. & we have to make life out of this. ~~Oh, Lord,~~ to work these greasy stains & bits of meat & old napkins & that we have to create. ~~Look how~~ we have to build, from the pettiest the beginning always afresh. We have to jam men the world & pray the lord. We have to get up. We have to go.

And now I feel the ~~the~~ rush, the roar of the inconsiderable tide sweeping away every defence - turning me over head & shoulders in its flood & chaos - & again I must ~~make the~~

undistinguished, uncared, uncontained

I am purely carried on

collect. I must assemble. I must draw together another collection, another contribution. How tremendous a struggle this is — to get up & go.

And what about saying good bye? Yes sir, we have spent the evening together. Than I have my best always with a sense of my own inadequacy to ~~say~~ ~~teach~~ you: to offer you something — ~~to be as truthful with you as I to whom phrases are~~ so which, even if it is a lie, is ~~my~~ my attempt at truth. ~~Even~~ And you have exerted on me the pressure of your almost unknown face: you have finally given me, this very fresh gift: you have made me feel like a drunken man, fading suddenly, ~~nothing is more~~ there is nothing but what is before me. Yes, you have given me, in my view, that ~~time~~ of the cab the ~~present moment~~: the flush, the clock, the hoot of the tape, the cab of the seen — Listen! hear the light high lick of an ambulance. I perceive with extreme intensity every ~~crac~~ crack of a flow. I see a crane in the waiter's short front. I see how the curtain is caught there by the back of that chair. Indeed you have begot back the inexplicable marvel of existence: the chance to call a cab & hurl it down: the ~~mystery~~ the for the sake of a tap, of weight of round. ~~life~~

& young fellow, ~~[illegible]~~ Cambridgeshire. & almost mystic sense of the ego & me: of the some cab, some conversation, some clerk, but not again the old one, for ego & life & the street curious, ~~[illegible]~~ something shall be

as if tired after a long march, have played with mountains, the whirling blackness had ranched & in the grand peninsport, there had been, some extraordinarily humbler but valiant bird, ~~say a tomtit, say a magpie a little~~ little creature, say a mouse, ~~say a squirrel~~ say something as I see you now, sitting up, on its haunches in the midst of the absolutely desolation, actually alive: And, the little heart makes me weep. Little heart I say – small grey adventurer little heart – Creature – Oh but I am tired of words: 'mouse' 'small' creature, the cut of the – how they conceal! Better no words at parting

Who are those who make us rich? The people who make us? Those human beings – those fortunes – the who those who arouse in us who press upon us, & melt the grey from us, & How beautiful you are; how I adore you: how in you permeate the world, with a ridiculous sense of importance invest the happy the sick – in short how I love you – & so, without words, good bye.

Oh that we should be capable of such suffering — that we should inflict upon ourselves such torture — that the face of one person should have this power: a face we hardly knows too. For the recent admonition of pain is stamped on me — that general, look, mode, air, manner, or word. Yet this shadow, this vanity, this mark that watches me, has power to drive me back again, among all those other faces: to make me suffer again, a long laugh: a beat about like a moth, caught in a room, darting from light to light. ~~for ever tom,~~ ~~a new~~ by ~~the~~ insuperable desires: forever restless; ~~lit~~ drawn from light to light. I remember Loneliness return; a ~~that~~ despair ~~which was~~ ~~for have am I to be infected with fear, how am I to find~~ But wait. While they add up our bill behind that screen, wait one moment. Now that I have recalled pain for the blow which sent me staggering, ~~for the~~ among this letter, these stains, these gleams known; ~~I began to recover~~. I will begin to record in words of one syllable ~~how the~~ Clock ticks: the woman moves: ~~the~~ waiter has a crease on his ~~shirt front~~. The gradual running together, & coming together & running into one bar of ~~music~~ rhythmical, usual, ordinary increasing intensity ordinary days: the ~~woman~~ Clock ticks: the woman walks: the waiter ~~rises nods his~~ comes towards us.

~~When you~~ Lyon who distraged me, have also received in me ~~the~~ then & that, one thing & another, tick tick tick tick, rush, roar, cry,

In all the fine Hour, the scarcely perceptible movement, the pulse & flow, the check, the rush. the pressure the Shewmark. the gradual Splendour, the zenith & the setting. the Sense of Power, the wonder & the majesty of Time — Let me not divide you: let me accept you; ordinary, admonitory surface: chafing me: ~~Cry~~ working in me such distant eyes, as Susan, when she passed me where I stood with Needle forging a hoop, in the tool house, in the garden: & bringing back to my ear the earliest sound yet, the lea's sound, the beat of the waves as I heard it, when I woke, & though hardly opened eyes looked at the cupboard & saw the bright light fall on the brass handle. How I have loved you.

But now:
~~Now~~ then, good bye.

So that he has left me. That door has closed. That life has gone. I am alone now. Out into the street to catch a tram, to take a cab, he already that almost unknown person has gone. The pressure is removed. Here are empty coffee cups. Here are chairs, tired, but nobody sits in them. Heaven be praised for solitude. Let me raise my voice that my glory. To be alone, ~~to be~~

Lynedy
Fryer

Let me not cast off, shake away, cast mystery free.
Let me be calm. Let me throw off this veil of gloom:
this mutable & changing cloud that wobbles with
the least breath that changes as the sun changes.
That has been changing & going all day, all night.
While I sat here I watched the stars change. I
saw the clouds pass & go. I have forgotten who
I am. For no one sees me. Heaven be praised,
no one presses upon me, & says me: no one
looks out of his face into mine: & comes
close & peers in & makes me shiver & make
me laugh & make me rage.

~~Come back to!~~

~~Now returns that~~ Now comes solitude.
Now I need no longer run hither & thither.
I need no longer go in & out of mind;
fetching & carrying to voices. Feel on me the pressure of
hands, & go along streets, looking for rooms,
imagining voices. All that going & coming is over.
Here in the shade: & here — the table. And
what am I? Something freed. Something
released: something like the light which
burns with its own veil; & the bird that
circles the pillar in the descent.
Heaven be praised for solitude: for one
moment in which freed from the

imperfection from wholesome, & all the temptation. no
more lies need be feared, no phrases. My
book is to be burnt. no to be dropped under the
table for anyone to mince up — my chairman
coming wearily at dawn, hoping to escape
exposure that I have drobbed — old
tram tickets, theatre tickets, rubbish for
rich. Therefore scared with letter balls.
What is the phrase for moon? And for
Death? & for life? & for going away
& being lonely? And for mystery?
I have never found the phrase. I
need a better language such as
lovers use. I need some mystic
language, when the dom commonness
the months & years are me
where I lie in the ditch, mouth,
screen. Nothing neat. Nothing
that comes down on the page in
all form — Nine other
resonances & lovely
echoes, that touch the
chimes in our blood & heaven
our hearts: I have done with
language.

Who am I? & what am I? I the man who
sits by the fire, & pokes the cinders, & says
wearily tiny, Mrs Moffat will come —
I wish she'd hurry up! And Mrs.
Moffatt — Who is she? & the lady &
the gardener. And my willow tree?
Beautiful hegeant; adorable; lovely: but
vain. How much better emblem is:
the coffee cups: & the table: And
most desired quiet days, loneliness:
most holy; most sublime — as
when after a night of storm, the
sun lies on the waves of the beach, &
the whole sea burns, & the entirely sea.
Most holy: most comfortable;
as when we bury our faces, &
lie in the grass, & the clouds
pass over us; most comfortable;
most desirable.

<u>Goldheads Theirs,</u>

Do not let them, for ever, at their labor alone.
Do not come, wrapping, with your hands:
Wd. willingly give all the rest my brothers have

to be disturbed; to eat & eat; & think & think; & sleep & sleep.

But now, the head waiter — the manager of the restaurant, having finished his own meal, attends; & they want, alas, to lock the place up. They have to meet you; meet steps; meet but up the shutters; fold up the cloth; & give one brush with a wet mop behind under the table.

And then, however tired & done I may be, I must haul myself up; & find the hansom cab belonging to me in the hall. And then what an infernal nuisance —

I-I-I — tired as I am, therefore I am, almost worn out with all the talking, even I, an elderly man, feeling rather heavy, must take myself off; & open begin work, what?

Again I see before me the vast street. The lamps are the stars alight, but the sky is polished whalebone. There is a rent of black in the sky. There is a star of some sort. What shall I call it?

There is a sense of the break of day. I wish we could call it
dawn - whether dawn in color, to the
Eldorlyman, standing in the street, looking up
into the sky. Whether is some sort of
whitening of the sky. Some sort of
renewal. Another day; another
turn of the shuttle; another funeral
wailing. The stars draw back again into
legend. The fellow against Thutmose. A
redness is on some row — some old
wood fire seems to be burning.
Cobwebs light their candles.
Yet this is the ~~[illegible]~~ eternal renewal,
revival & return. The wave in me
once more rises: falls away: I am
aware once more. Again new
dawn: growth. Swelling
forward as the wave gathers
here where rocks, mounts,
first thrust, then pulls back.
Back. What do we

perceive then, yes I, will I, have I reason
as we stand passing the present?
O death! ~~yo~~ you are the
enemy. you are my great
adversary. you are the hostile
presence against which I will
rede with my spear
countered, with my hand
fling back like a young
man, like Perseus
when he battled in
~~the~~ & like him I will
fling myself against you,
~~his~~ unvanquished, impelled
O death.

Saturday Feb. 7th 1931

The waves. July 1st 1931.

Interludes.

The light stirred upon the trees in the garden: & the bird here high up, there low down, gave each a solitary chirp of sound.

making one leaf transparent & then another. The bird sang high up, another low down. The sun light ~~stirred~~ rested like the tips of fan here upon a window, which contained windows: here made a blue finger print of shadow upon the wall.

Shaped the edges of the walls.

The sun rose higher. Blue waves, green waves, swept a thin flick face over the beach circling the sea holly, & leaving shallow pools of light in the ~~sand.~~ X ~~over the vast expanse of the shore~~ X.

Dew on the spiders webs & shade lay on the grass, & the flowers & leaves ~~twinkled~~, as if the garden ~~were~~ danced ~~in a~~ mosaic of drops not yet formed into one whole. The birds whose beaks ~~were~~ dipped in the dew, whose breasts the sun made canary & rose, sang a strain or two together. Like skaters swinging ~~arm in arm & stopping~~. and then were silent; breaking asunder

a of the

1 X The rocks which had been noisy & rosy, hardened & were marked with red clefts.

2 X & a black rim of straws, ~~sea~~ weed, with some bones, & twisted stalks.

The sun ~~rising~~ laid broader blades upon the house; the light entered the rooms, whitened the ~~table cloth~~, the edges of chairs & tables, & stitched ~~the~~ ~~fe~~ ~~table cloths~~ ~~&~~ ~~white~~ hanging, drapery. & hanging with fine gold wires. Indeed behind ~~it~~ split asunder & shook as —

When the blue spot of dawn is
on the bedroom window,
the ridiculous crow of the cock

The windows showed now erratically spots of burning fire, & hollow glooms. The blind hung red at the window's edge but the red line cut off a section of wind to cut with its blade a section of darkness. Drawing darks darkness rolling on seemed to heap up darkness in mounds of unmoulded shape.

19 Sailor had swum thither

Darkness covered.

Now the sun had sunk.

The gardens

The home

The world.

Darkness had fallen

Even over the one wave – that –

& then sought the den.

The Waves..

2nd February

1931

Monday 2nd
Feb. 1931

the anastaly
Jettning
Selery
Considering
Comparative
animal