

The  
Waves.  
First Draft



The waves.  
June 15<sup>th</sup>  
1930

NYPL

Part one.

Childhood in the garden.

The gradual wakening: No break of knowledge.

The beginning with pure sensations.

Then the children can describe the home.

Then as the sun sets; Louis can  
go into the garden & whisper, who are  
where.

Young Keeser him.

Then one.

Remind you with her to the wood.

The end of youth. Childhood.  
It ends with a general description of the  
And there must be the separate experiences  
of the children: The rhythm of the  
waves must be kept going all the time.

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Whodai dream - Thru things - Cool tumbler -  
having shed the burden - say the three chambers.  
I see, - I fall high water -  
Dream come where Senahe - were  
The culver into the sea -

It seems to me that the work ought very  
gradually to be illuminated; & at  
the end of the book there ought to be  
a figure discernible - or none.  
no divisions at all.

To go in & out from school to school.

The Chabel: } Boys.  
Love in the grass }

The ~~to~~ period. } Girls.  
Love for the girls }

Discernible by male  
by female

we have been turned out completely }

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Louie. The boys on the brake.  
The boating boys.  
Then horror:

Merle. They have you - so beautiful.  
W. disappears.

Benn The story of the Dr. & his wife.

Louie My Salu.  
Dreams.

66  
Merle  
Rhoda. Jimmie had these altars.  
at the door sees 'it'.  
Rhoda. Jimmie dream.

Jim: unable to have a husband.  
Rhoda in schoolroom.

The first days of the holidays:

The boys - Benn. tonight later.

Louie who has no material happiness:

Merle - lady at Paddington

Jim may be reflected in the window.  
Rhoda

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huckle - Louisa & the burden of love.

I W. almost go to nature.

June. Louisa & nature. how the boys to make.  
Then the dream in the library.

The last day of the summer holidays.

June.

June  
Rhoda,

huckle

Ben & h. a 2. in the same carriage -

B. has gone on.

College: Ben & h. when you  
huckle by the river: mat-ree Perlow.  
Ben & h. h.

They talk about his poetry.

Louis thinks of them in an A.S.L.

his vision of the unity of everything.

We must work together, understand.

London.

June & Rhoda about every party.

June's supper. Rhoda looks out of the  
window. Think she will.

June in the lobby.

→ Part one. School. Chem. Lab.

20060

16,800

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340 280

2720

680

9520

1600

7920

Remind me frequently. There received this  
from - I wish you flowers between the pages of  
the music. This is the country like here.  
I wish to be at the window. It from late.  
The chorus. The dancing way. Flapping  
hands. as Neville hear it too.  
Louis not late it. He is in London  
after home, June, in the country. The light on the  
Cabbage my feet. London: June. Rhoda.  
From the party. Love. etc.  
Dear death.

Then

Sept. 15<sup>th</sup>

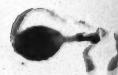
The party

Wray at on to Neville. He is punctual.  
in order to see. Perival come in.  
The table - The restaurant. The scene of  
Perival coming.  
Now they all come...

I may think my body not under.  
The water: makes a frame.

That they should say they to work  
with the war: & the fallen  
Memoration of the home.

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Now we have to the sugar the sweetest.  
The other people. The amusement.

Rashness. Look at them - far from  
my habits. They are in habits.

They are going home to get up  
up something for a year or so.

~~It is~~ A dreadful disease.

She has been given to him;  
spontaneous joy. He will

never give me anything else.

They are only mechanical.

They do this because other people do it.

And a small fly is a he was;  
or perhaps. She has just he study

on a side note. Somehow they  
have not conformed completely.

Look, at her: look at her.

How you have lost. Look at the  
front. The silver. The exactness  
& reality of her things.

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1930

The death Phable:

heville has the actual personal loss.  
Now let pain begin: let it find a way  
to be.

Bernard has the intellectual, but  
human sorrow, which is half joy;  
a substitute among other human  
things.

Rhoda has the entirely visionary  
ideal sorrow: in images: which she  
tries to verify by referring  
them to actual experience.

Now you will have my dream - how  
deeper will be more beautiful.

It should be kept simple & large. The  
rhythmic design should dominate the  
facts. Only one or two lines.

28<sup>th</sup> Oct

\* Rhoda's death under life: remains her  
same of beauty at the limit: of  
order of reason:

How can one make this alone?

I can't go to Stamps to wait alone.

"Remember with each under to please  
fit for me on a friend's death.

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humble with say "Who is hammering the  
windows? What lovely boy?"

The ship at Green with that you out to sea.  
The walk when there seems to be a reason.

### Life Chable.

I have signed my own name, said down, ten times.  
Or. I am imposing myself... This is Ach.  
The map on the walk, with the sheep. The  
days of Henry Curben hater. The that is  
the world they who see the city  
Cherub. ~~Life is~~ This is Greatness.

Juan

Juan

We are the middle aged. habits

humble widows.

Another love.

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Nov. 3rd  
1930.

Scheme for the remainder of the Waves.

Life chapters:

Louis: . . . ——— Cradle scene.  
Susan: . . . ——— Love scene.  
Jimmy: . . . ——— Love scene.

Middle age.

Bernard the word  
Keville. private life. her dreams.  
Susan? Rhoda / prelude to death.

Hampton Court.

Chorus. as they go back to London.

Then the phantom dinner party when they <sup>the men</sup> are not present; but only Bernard, —  
he sums up all their lives —  
welcome heart of them.

Then the funeral death.

And by it in the nursery, said Susan:

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Nov: 3rd  
1930.

Scheme for the remainder of the Waves.

Life chapters:

Louis: . . . ——— Cradle scene.

Juan: . . . ——— Love scene.

Middle age.

Bernard the word

heville. private life.

Juan?

her dreams.  
Rhoda / prelude to death.

Hampton Court

Chorus. as they go back to London.

Then the phantom dinner party when <sup>the</sup> they <sup>then</sup>  
are not present; but only Bernard, &  
he dumps up all their lives &  
welcomes heart of them.

Then the funeral death.

And by what in the nursery, said Juan:

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Novelli: lone view: the private life:  
the being in a room with one other person.  
looks read under that light.

Then The Waves.

Then middle age.

Then name

Jensen.

Novelli.

Rhodan include to death.

Hamilton Court.

- Middle age.

That there are waves, a passage in life, by which  
life is marked; a bounding off, who has  
nothing to do with fate, + events. a  
natural process.

Then the fresh philosophy must be found.  
like the falling eye drop. It falls.

One observes these things in nature.

[This to contrast with the spectral  
landscape wh. becomes visible in the  
last chapter]

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Middle age might be staged in different  
parts of Europe. Italy; Spain;  
some unheaped jungle & island - but not too  
large.

Then and in Rome.

We went there to sound off a drop.  
But not to be a line. Not to look at  
mums, or vicid.

Rhoda climbing a mountain in Spain.

Heville making the Lucan S<sup>q</sup>.

Jura in the fields:

They went to the garden.

The different sense of time.

How ridiculous it is to say

William riding here fell over a molehill -  
when one has been thinking in millions  
or less.

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One thinks of a crown - why do a thing like a  
Gold teapot.

"Look at life hanging before us at Hampton  
Court" said Jering. Let us put it from us,  
look at it as something outside us. How  
beautiful.

The thought of death must come in.  
What a n apparatus it is.

Then the Men go on.  
Life sings its best song. The nightingale  
the wren - &c.

What a song they sing to love -  
we who observe things without being  
part of them.

The character of Marlborough is so immensely  
important, because what Marlborough  
we should have been - like Rhoda -  
Vatals of the French King.

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The last chapter.

What this needs is some conflict, so that there can be an end. What which must come in in the end, must be an argument between them.

There should be an inclusion.

How the inclusion (letting in the plan) perceives the enemy.

I summoned my forces.

Like in a conflict.

Who am I

What position we stand in when our indifference melts

(This story that I have been composing with your ears, taking you in, now runs in a way.

Per Ardua. Now there is no symmetry.

Here there is only a fish which might be worth.

You know how easy we look one foot down

2 Naps? A hidden fall? Now that is a specimen. And

He there who he more than should be  
The New gate delightful road. The  
Should be from at night 2 the

The train stopped at the night in gate  
went on singing.

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he then took out of Charles where I had  
collected a number of valuable specimens.  
to put in my note book.

I sat there with her. Larkins, Louis,  
2... that Lad! How we change -  
Myself... re.

Do you know I am so rapt by the - extraordinary  
way that my eye are just open?  
And you cant care very much.

It seems to me that I am telling you  
something so true - I need the  
whole language. What the use of  
specimens?

That there should be a good many breaks.  
Why I remember this scene at the party  
is because I then realized -  
was somebody: my sanity was  
gratified. See transparent.  
A shell grows over one.  
The struggle: the enemy.

1931  
3rd Jan

NYPL



Why do you put people into the world to suffer  
so horribly —

No — why do you put people into the world  
to become so indifferent?

Why not end this suffering now?

What then is the end of a chapel?

as I step into my drawing room.

Heard that my wife had died with... my  
you is asleep, so much I be very glad  
going upstairs?

Rhoda is home — they never believed that  
something else would do instead. They

interfere, intercede. ~~And~~

They don't marry — Coburn, among the  
two, but the two names down in  
Ston.

But you haven't read me a right  
when you perceive that there is my  
drama. The sense of what is a  
hill: the recurring struggle.

(Always a little part of ourselves that  
remains outside the threshold of  
childhood or death by falling  
from a horse)

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Never then I sometimes doubt after that experience  
whether the whole duty of man is to reproduce  
his kind.

Science.

Philosophy.

Children.

The war again.

Civility.

The laughter of the just.

Home life.

---

He who will handle.

have he make by the streets:

forms -

Then say this is the life I lived  
as an individual.

Now I come to the non-individual.

---

A utopian:

Life is pleasant, life is good:

2 as one loves one's sense of

individuality. This also very

amusing.

We only dominate when we make  
phrases.

Politics

2 the shock of perpetual contrasts of

perceptions.

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The perspective against wh. we see life -  
with the man in the woods of Sweden  
or the British Empire?

I have never been able to 'die' for long - hence  
I can't make plans.

That the novel changes when the perspective  
changes:

~~But~~ I'm not a preacher.

The order should be this:

Go into the room & realize her own fate as  
Melinda: her broken system.

Go to Neville & discuss book.

Go to Louis & discuss the soul -  
problem:

Then the question arises which life is best?

This is discussed at Hampton Court.

But they also see them - Louis against  
time: against eternity: they ask for  
the six sided flower. They ask

what can survive?

Then the sense of loneliness again - Conflict.

Then the complete dying out of identity.

Then to return.

The walk through the straits.

The idea of death: to be fought. Then

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Then is wrong - not finding Per-oval.

Then to Louis & Rhoda.

Then relationships. Their limitations.

Then the party at M. Court.

Then the other perpetration.

What have we kept?

The vision of life.

---

The  
man he walks with boldness &  
vigour.

---

I ask you, what is the meaning of life?  
What force has made us take these ways?

---

The walk (after arriving at Waterloo)  
handgun &c.

Then the loss of identity.

Then the return

The wave falls

It wakes.

Death.

O solitude.

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30 Jan.

Is this then the beginning of death? I asked myself.

The fall of the war, differently.

The walk across London

How had such things be painted a street, a figure.

The beginning of content.

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I was thinking to myself how would I tell the story of my life - how would I

And who am I?

I'm so many things

I'm made of death & love.

And now I have come wondering this.

Death.

I have been aware again.

I am now aware of something else.

I am reaching to somebody else -

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I can wash the look of common things. Man  
hear through another on Central San, the sea.  
I can see things. I can hear things -  
I have read so much. I can  
Then I have only to look in the stars: a to  
turn, & suddenly makes a new  
surprising arrangement, tempt me  
with the perfect justice.

Far far away, when the fate of the  
war on the beach  
sometimes I think I have reached  
identity: that I am free.  
That you recall me.

The vague general human face.  
You see me in my own body.  
here.

Here, now when.

Thank the Lord.

now the prototype adventure  
begins again.

Alone.

O death

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How strange things are when we see them alone.  
Oh the infinite love of human life. . . its  
passion. . . we must be there & we must do  
that & be that & there we create - man -

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