

NIGHT OF THE ECLIPSE

BOOK III

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eyes as she'd come into the kitchen, with her beret on, remained in his mind. Dick was subdued as well. Little was said between any of them; they gazed at the other guests in a desultory fashion. Granville could pay for nothing, which was another miscalculation on the part of providence; he only had a few shillings in his pocket. But yet, for all his trembling and his concern to get back to Pinkie---God only knew what for~~was~~, the evening was exciting; it was exciting to suffer in this way; the inner trembling was like an exciting undertone. And it gave him an attitude of unconcern towards the hair-girl which she seemed to prefer to his former one of flushed participation. He leaned back in his chair coolly, and she leaned towards him, shar^{en}g the silence. They drank arak again, and she said she had to be home about midnight to see 'dad'. ^{He} ~~Granville~~ was suddenly facetious and asked ~~with~~ a laugh how 'dad' was; she turned to him slowly with ^{her} a grave, sallow, bony face, her black hair pulled tight round her brow so that her eyes were wide and narrow, and said in a harsh way, "All right, big-prick, that's enough about dad!" He felt stung, but as she at once began talking about something else to the ^{pale} ~~hair~~ girl, and as Dick looked quite unconcerned, running his hand through his beard and gazing across at the pianist, he was soon at his ease again. The hair-girl even turned to him again as she was leaving and said she thought all people who travelled were 'interesting', and that they must 'get together' again some time and be real friends. Again the image of Pinkie sprang to his mind and he hardly smiled at her in reply, which again stood him in good stead with her if the quick interested glance she flashed at him was anything to go by; he simply held out his hand, neither formally nor shyly, and nodded good bye! The pale girl stayed on a little longer, then she went as well. She hardly spoke at all, only sat there in an easy way, limply, her stomach bulging softly under her jumper while she gazed before her; her hand dangled down from the chair-^{arm,} ~~rest~~, and nothing that happened appeared to have an impact on her; her eyes didn't change, ~~but~~ neither were they fixed; they stayed in a soft, reflective unconcern, which seemed to have infected Dick as well;

he had the impression that nothing could penetrate her pallor, which seemed actually inside her skin, its substance, not a colour only; it was like a wonderful veil that had been put over her and yet was absorbed into her, no longer substantial. Dick told him afterwards that she was driving him mad but that he was 'inching' her steadily towards the bed. Granville told him about his impression of her pallor, and he said it was exactly right---there was something immovable but marvellously soft all round her, and he added that the idea of seeing her naked made him shudder all over; he wondered if he'd be able to bear it, having got nervous about the idea so often; he'd never felt like that about a woman before! She was soft to the touch as well, he said; he'd never felt anyone with such a soft body. Hanni was like a 'skiffle-board' next to her. He also told Granville, for the second time, that the hair-girl's real name was Makboula, and that she didn't allow anyone to use it; he doubted if 'dad' existed; she was a rum girl and no one knew what went on at her flat, if she had a flat; He'd never been round to the address to check up. They parted at Waterloo, where Granville went to see him off, meaning to walk home, right across the City, which would take him about an hour; it was just after one o'clock in the morning, and there the strange, quiet evening ended.

Pinkie was ~~quilt~~ ^{again,} out, and his previous state threatened to return, only worse, with the fear now that she would stay out all night. But she came back a few minutes after he'd taken off his shoes. He heard her go straight to the bathroom, but she didn't run the water. He had the idea that she was wiping herself with the towel, ^{Between the legs;} a clear image of it came into his mind, and to confirm it he went there after she'd gone upstairs to the kitchen; one of the towels looked recently used, and he ran it over with his hands, in surreptitious haste. And he

found a small spot near the ~~inner~~ edge, moist and fresh. He lifted it to his nose and thought he recognised the smell of ~~an orgasm~~ ^{was} sperm. He was surprised to find that there ^{was} a thrill in this for him, besides the pain which was becoming so familiar to him now that ~~it~~ ^{it} was ^{like a permanent state of the towels.} ~~hardly conscious of it when it gripped him again.~~ He thought he would confirm his impression by examining her underwear after she'd slipped into bed; he would quickly touch them in the darkness to find if they, too, were wet. But the time ^{came} and there ^{was} no sign of ^{her} underwear. When she took off her skirt she was naked underneath. He asked her, trying not to speak with a trembling voice, didn't she, for Lord's sake ~~she~~ ---he aimed at facetiousness---wear knickers these days? And her reply, quite non-committal, was that she'd always found them 'an impediment'. She then yawned and asked how Dick was these days; and he said, "Fine!" When they'd switched the light out she told him that she'd decided to go to a cinema ^{that evening.} "That Kate?" he asked, with a touch of roguishness in his voice that was new and puzzling to him; and she replied, laying her head on the pillow and pulling up the sheet, "I went to the café afterwards. Hanni and Clockwork were there!" Then they fell asleep, simultaneously, it seemed.

at night with the flush of strangeness in him. She wouldn't have liked it, perhaps, but her blood would have risen to him! As it was, that night, he came back to her resentful eyes; she'd already gone to bed, and gazed at him from the pillows with a frown, while he undressed. She attributed to him what he hadn't performed, and for a few days this burned in her and incensed her, and excited her. Why hadn't he done it? The desire still ached in him. It would have released her from the sin she saw herself accused of in his eyes ^{which} that neither of them could name; he would have had his burden of sin ^{as well!} The moment had been perfect in the brothel; desire had coincided with ~~the~~ opportunity; but if Pinkie took the lead his desire would be stunned by fear of what she might be doing; he realised that. He had forfeited the right to lead their unhappiness!

But he was resolved now to imitate Dick. He even had a mystical sense of Dick as the guide appointed to him. Their afternoon at the Marquis hadn't been mentioned again. The crisis had made a rift between them. He couldn't bring himself to call on the hair-girl alone, though he had her address; he was afraid of her ridiculing him; and of being ridiculous to the rest of the group, Dick included, supposing there was a group. Her face came to ^{his} mind again and again, indistinct, with dark, hollow eyes and high cheek-bones, deathly sallow in complexion; she was gazing before her, downwards, not at him at all, the bones on her shoulders showing, talking to herself all the time. He didn't know if she came to mind naturally or whether his will was doing it! Why did he want to call on her? Was ^{her} ~~she~~ the face he'd been expecting all these weeks? But that was ridiculous! She didn't ^{even} appeal to him! Only his will persisted, telling him that there was a mystical connection in his meeting with her. He tried ~~to bring himself~~ to say something to Dick: when would they be going out again? But he always funk'd it. Dick was going about his life quietly, saying little. He'd taken Linger-Longer to the theatre and 'drawn a blank', Pinkie said.

~~The crisis began to peter out. Russia proposed, not directly to~~

Hanni had now returned to Hampton Court. She said she found it in a hell of a mess, and Dick said it ~~xxx~~ had all been done the evening before, when he'd given dinner to Linger-Longer'in a last effort'.

He tried to work on his report again. He wrote that the revolt in Rubath had been 'the birth of a middle-class', equivalent to what happened in England in 1832. He thought a definition of 'middle class' was necessary, so he wrote that this meant the class whose historical role was to destroy religion. When he read this over he thought it had too metaphysical a tone for a commercial report but he left it.

The sheikh of Rubath was now producing a White Paper on 'national reconstruction', together with the army-officers who had rebelled against him. Glenning said that Creed was behind this, too---he got on quite well with the army officers! And the joke among the politicians now was that the riots had at least produced a 'social Creed'.

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~~quiet would now be ^{replaced} ~~stirred~~ by 'nationalist loyalty' stirred ^{at} by speeches; the~~
 conditions of the poor weren't a real element in the political changes at all,
 only a useful publicity-platform to ensure their support for middle-class
 spokesmen; the poor didn't shift for themselves, and political action was
 foreign to them; nevertheless, after an initial period when they would suffer
 the same or perhaps worse hardships than before (while the middle-class was
 re-organising the country on an industrial basis), they would ~~after twenty~~
~~years or so, perhaps less,~~ enjoy a prosperity similar to that in the west;
 and the 'middle-class plan', he wrote, would thus have unfolded successfully
 in the Middle East. He had got the words 'middle-class' in and was thank-
 ful for it; but he thought a definition was incumbent on him; so he wrote
 that this meant the class whose historical role (he had to cross out the word
 'hysterical', which he ^{wrote by mistake} ~~had written instead~~) was to end the religious ^{n.} (epoch and
 introduce 'the planned community.') He didn't feel this really explained, and
 when he read it over to himself ^{he found} it had ^{too} a ^a vastly metaphysical tone for a
 commercial report; but he left it. Glenning came in and said that Creed,
 who had always got on well with the army-men, had prepared every word of
 the White Paper, and the joke among the politicians now was that the riots
 had at least produced a 'social Creed'.

There was an unpleasant incident between him and Dick one morning, during
 the week-end. He was getting into a pair of trousers in the bedroom when
 Dick came in, looking for Hanni who'd apparently said she might be calling ^{at the house.}
~~him after her half day at the office, which she did for the over-time.~~ They
 nodded to each other, and ~~then~~ Dick noticed the long, blueish scars on his leg
 from the war.

"What are they?" he asked.

"Oh, haven't you seen them before?" Granville said casually. "I was wounded."

There was a pause and he sensed a stiffening on Dick's part. He looked up.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing. But, you know," Dick went on in a slightly trembling voice, "I've got no sympathy for that at all. Did you expect me to have?"

"No. Why?"

"Well, I'm rather surprised at myself! But you went out to murder people and that's what you got."

He pulled on his trousers quickly. "Yes, that's what I got." His anger was up at once, but this was the first time Dick had made a frontal attack on him, and the anger was diminished by surprise. "I didn't ask for sympathy!"

Dick was glaring at him in an unnatural way, and he felt quite frightened for a moment.

"What's bitten you?" he asked, calm again.

"Nothing. You attack people often enough, don't you?"

"What's that got to do with it?"

"I mean why be surprised when I do?" Dick said.

"I'm not! You've got the right!"

"That's what I was exerting, old sport---the right!" Dick's ease of manner had returned; his eyes were genial again. And he left the room with, "Well, I'd better look for the old woman."

Granville told ^{Pinkie} ~~Marion~~ about this later and she said that Dick was probably brooding over what he'd said ^{after the} ~~after they'd all seen Hamlet together in his~~ ^{they'd seen} ~~long speech.~~ "After all, you're not ~~the~~ one to pull your punches, are you, sweetheart?" she said with a quick, critical glance at him. Dick was frightfully sensitive, she added, and although he liked to give the impression of being balanced he ^{brooded on hurts} ~~brooded on~~ for a long time without saying a word, and was full of 'the most awful doubts about himself.' Granville ^{built} ~~built~~ people up too high and then thought that only a 'God-almighty blow' would knock them down, whereas a 'tap' would do the job! He had a passing impression that this wasn't her true style of speech; the second such impression he'd had recently.

He expected to be stung by what Dick had said but instead he felt light and grateful; perhaps it was because Dick had shown his hand, and he could now see him in his heart, as a fellow-sufferer. He went out and bought a bottle of good wine, then ^{him} phoned ~~Dick~~ to say it was waiting for him whenever he liked to call, as a reward for 'taking attacks so well'; to be drunk on the premises or not, as he wished! Dick's voice at the other end was quiet and gracious: "What a nice thought, Pip! Yes, please, teacher, I'll be there, Monday, and we'll go fifty-fifty!" On Monday evening he came full of smiles, and they drank the bottle together, sitting in the music-room.

Dick told him ~~with a smile~~ that, in view of the conversations they'd had during the crisis, he now put him down as 'a romantic supporter of ancien régimes everywhere.' ~~That was in Granville's talk about Abu Kath'm, he said,~~ ^{he said,} It was a familiar theme of 'justifying poverty and distress---other people's of course---on picturesque grounds!'. Granville wasn't unlike those 'Arabophils' Hanni sometimes came across at the Foreign Office---who when they went out to the Middle East found 'dignity' in the Arabs and then hobnobbed with the ^{distress} ~~worst~~ rogues among them. Dick spoke pleasantly, gazing at him with light eyes, smiling, simply putting the propositions before him for rejection or agreement.

"Whenever there's something to say about henna-marks on Abu Kath'm's brow," he went on, "or the call-to-prayer that blaers down the dirty streets, or the stink of the river at night in the summer months and all that caper, you say it! But as far as Arab schemes to change Arab life go, even elementary ones such as irrigation of the desert, or plans to introduce wide roads and hospitals, you've got nothing to say at all!"

Granville shrugged. "Well, all I can say is that I don't

belong to the romantic school!"

"All right, tell me why not. You agree, first, that only talking about the stinks and the henna-marks would be romantic, don't you?"

"Yes," Granville agreed doubtfully.

"Well, then, tell me what else you think about over there! Tell me one realistic element that comes into your thinking about Arab life."

"I can't." Again he shrugged. But then he added, "In my friendships there, perhaps."

"No, I won't let you get away with it, old sport! Your friendships won't clear up the trachoma in the villages and decrease the child mortality-rate."

"Oh, I agree there."

"So you are a romantic, Pip!"

"No!"

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"But why not?" Dick persisted, seeming pleased at Granville's lack of resistance but also curious.

"I don't know! I can't tell you!"

Dick laughed and took another sip of his wine. "You talk just like me. And I thought I'd get a real explanation out of you."

"It's something I haven't made up my mind about."

"Well, that's how I like you, old sport, so, stay where you are!"

But
And this was exactly what Granville didn't intend to do. ~~And~~ ^{For to intend that of a single argument}
~~was his position? He believed that just as Dick had said he couldn't bring any arguments to show that any good was to be had from all these public schemes and plans! But would he have liked to see Abbott's Road, for instance, remain in the conditions that had prevailed during the Depression, when his father had been out of work? Would he have liked to see his parents half-starved as people in Ru-bath? Would he have liked England to have remained in the dark~~

~~early stages of industrialism, before the Factory Acts and Sanitation Acts and Housing Acts?~~ What was it to be then, the 'flame' in people, which he recognised in Abu Kath'm, or decent lives? He had to say decent lives! How could he wish anything else on people? And why should the two be incompatible? But he felt they were; the plans and schemes would be at the expense of the 'flame'; and here he was back at the beginning! ~~For he told himself,~~ If the price to be paid for good lives was death in the end---a kind of civic collapse---what was the good of it? He couldn't resolve the matter! He realised ^{how for} ~~that~~ he looked on the middle class as a total historical mistake; he wrote them off; ~~so to speak~~ ^{historical} he could see no need for this/mistake, much less good. ^{The} Middle-class ~~life~~ ^{just} was ~~simply~~ a negative development in his eyes: the factories had come, people had been herded into them, smoke had filled the air, life was violated and made ugly! But how ^{could} ~~was~~ an historical mistake, ^{last} ~~lasting~~ ^{ed} two centuries? ^{possible} ~~possible~~ How was it possible ^{for} ~~that~~ history ~~had~~ suddenly ^{to} ~~be~~ twisted out of its path and remain ~~distorted~~ distorted ever since? How could he put himself in opposition to history? Surely that ~~was~~ was romantic? to simply turn ~~his back?~~ his back? Still, he felt he wasn't doing this; if only he could elucidate for himself what his ideas were on the subject! Far from turning his back, he now told himself, he really felt that the middle class had taken men through an experience they had needed. He ~~had~~ always hated, even in Sussex, to be identified with the 'primitivists' or what Walsh had called the 'tub-thumping school'. What were his ideas, ~~then?~~ What did distinguish him from a romantic? He couldn't tell himself! He didn't know what this experience was that men had needed. There lay his next real task of thought.

Haani dropped in later and an argument developed between her and Dick. First she looked at the empty wine-bottle and, recognising a real chateau-label, murmured, "What a mean bastard you are, Dick."

I thought you said we'd got to cut down on spending?" She lifted the bottle up to the light while Dick watched her. "And you couldn't even leave me half a glass."

Dick nodded quietly. "That's right."

"He didn't know you were coming over," Granville said with a smile.

"Yes, he did. I phoned him at the office this afternoon. Not that you were very warm about it," she added, turning to Dick again.

And again he nodded, with the same expression as before.

"Well," she murmured, sitting down, but without looking in the slightest bit annoyed, "I say you're a mean bastard."

"And I say you're an interfering bitch," said Dick crisply, but also without annoyance. He then finished off his glass with a show of relish and added, "That bottle cost the best part of a couple of quid, too."

"That's what I mean!"

Then Dick turned to Granville and said, "Well, thanks again for the thought, bo'sun. I don't think anybody's invited me to a choicer drop of claret this two years."

There was silence and Hammi admitted defeat with a sudden smile. "Have I broken in on a stag-party, then?" she asked.

Granville was just about to tell her no, not at all, when Dick murmured firmly, "Yes."

"Oh[?] well, ⁱⁿ that ^Case," she said, stretching her legs and taking off the coloured scarf round her head, "I'll stay!"

Coffee was made, and ~~Hammi~~^{she} introduced another attack on Dick by saying that he was 'too bloody rational by half'; ~~at last, she said,~~ she agreed with Pip on the subject! She talked softly, choosing her sentences with the utmost care, gazing sideways at Dick without blinking, an edge of sceptical humour in her voice. She said that was why

ital he loved 'communists and scientists best of all the bipeds', at which Dick smiled in a distant way and winked at Granville. She added that the ~~the~~ ^{on these people} conversation ^{always} made an 'idiot smile' come over his face; he loved them because ^{he} ~~they~~ ^{they} were so rational in their approach, for he believed in everything ~~very~~ rational, "except your prick of course, and even that comes in for some quiet rational ^{analysis} ~~preparation~~ at times, doesn't it?"

Here Dick laughed outright and asked, "What are you referring to old peach?"
there, ~~xxxxxx~~

But she didn't answer for the moment, only went on gazing at him levelly, with the flicker of a smile on her lips. Then she said, "I mean, you like to know when and where it's going to happen, don't you, so you can get yourself in shape?" ~~xxxxxx~~

"Well, naturally, matron, I like to see my way ahead!"

ital Granville joined in the half-joking combat, and said he quite agreed, Dick was rational 'down to his fibres and bones', ~~which made it pass over to the other side, of attraction.~~ Scientists and communists, he said, put forward clear propositions, which led to action of some kind; and this was why Dick liked them! Every rationalist was a practical man at heart, or tried to be. ~~Handi~~ ^{Hanni} carried on ~~and~~ ^{Dick} and said that when ^{he} was with ~~them~~ ^{scientists and people} he spoke in a 'special' way, trying to make everything he said sound like 'statistics'; and then she imitated him, showing how his beard lifted up, ^{giving} ~~and gave~~ him a goatish look. ~~Again Dick laughed.~~ The more intimate a subject was, she went on, the more impersonally he liked to talk about it. That was another of his 'school-boy affectations'. She turned to Granville and told him with a smile, "Do you know, we had a geneticist down at Hampton Court last week, and Dick kept asking him things like, I believe ^{xxxxxx} ~~there's already research into the possibility of influencing the sex~~

~~of a human embryo in the early stages of conception, isn't there?~~

→ and 'When the female organ^s makes a secretion on being excited, what exactly is going on, can you tell me?' He thinks he's so bloody clever!"

Dick was enjoying himself, leaning back in his chair, his eyes on the ceiling, seeming to contemplate himself with her, as if they were flirting, using his image as a convenient subject. In her level gaze there was relish of his person, reluctant and concerned.

It was ~~such~~ an unusual vein of talk for her, and Granville felt illuminated as to her nature, as if they'd been strangers before. ~~The moment and her mood had coincided to bring her ease, apparently, and to remove~~ The still, dignified presence with which she protected herself, ~~that was~~ always like a dark shadow, ~~a presence~~ sometimes enchanting and sometimes hunched and ancient, sometimes unsubstantial like the evening light and sometimes dry and imprisoned, ^{wasn't there for the moment.} ~~For a moment~~ When ^{he} ~~one~~ looked across at her ^{he} ~~one~~ could see the desert blazing in her eyes, but closed round with darkness, so that it was like a glimpse of the boundary where light and darkness met and were one, at the primitive beginning of matter.

He resolved to talk to her more often so that a real friendship would grow; the possibility was obviously there. ~~As it was, there~~ ^{still} An uncomfortable wariness prevailed between them; and this made it difficult in his relation with Dick, because there was always her shadow near by, an ambiguous no-man's-land. How ^{marvellous} ~~wonderful~~ it would be if all four of them could share confidences together and live in self-yielding warmth and safety, facing their own desires, so that a powerful vividness came about, from the variety of their separate feelings ^{towards} ~~and their brushes with~~ the lonely, subtle world outside, always giving them something to tell! And other people would be drawn to them; the rooms of this house were vivid even now; they could share everything;

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there need never be any problems of money; there needn't be dislikes or quarrels, because everything would be plain and stated; their natures would be simply facts; it would be ^{as} silly to quarrel with ~~them~~ ^{these facts} as it would be to quarrel with trees; they would watch the outside world together; there would be this marvellous fellowship of the flesh, in which all their raw desires would be shared and known, so that in looking ^{at} ~~into~~ themselves it would be like looking ⁱⁿ ~~into~~ a strange pool, secret and mysterious, and apart from them, no longer their own possessions nursed in silence! If only they could break the silence between them!

There was ^{real} silence between them for a moment, and he found himself looking for something to say; shouldn't he express interest in what Hanni had just said about Dick's 'statistics-talk'? should he ask Dick, with a smile, why he went in for this style of talk? ~~what peculiarity was Dick satisfying?~~ But as he sought round ⁱⁿ his mind for the right interjection he began to realise that this was exactly the thing that went against them living openly together! ~~What was he doing but trying to find a form that had no meaning beyond politeness?~~ What was it but a doubt of Hanni and Dick, that he should all the time be asking himself what sentence would put them at ease, ^{what} would elicit an amusing confession or anecdote, ^{what} would call out their ~~valued~~ ^{valued} and friendship? Surely ^{this} ~~that~~ meant ^{that} he was in a state of tension? Why couldn't he lean back in his own silence, letting them interpret it as they wished, so that his nature was conveyed to them in ^{perfect} ~~truth~~ ^{truth}? ~~and not in tension?~~ It was no use him saying that the other two weren't like this, and that they created a responsive tension in himself; let him create his own silence, and then perhaps they could reply with theirs; let them fall into a truthful silence responsive to his! For how could a question conceived out of tension put them at ease? Surely that was the mis-

take and stress of all middle-class conversation?

~~He wasn't interested in putting a question at the moment, after all; he just wanted to sit there; and since they were his friends, why not do that?~~ But the pressure of the conversation and its form would weigh on him, and he would feel obliged to acknowledge it as a presence beyond all three of them which began to touch ~~all~~ their thoughts, so that the most spontaneous utterances were brought within its compass in the end, and ^{well} moulded to its formal requirements! Only Dick, as he'd often observed before, had ^{the} ~~this~~ gift of breaking through this into intimate self-revelation, probing and enquiring, and unfolding himself; he was used to this world, it seemed, and had learned the way ~~early~~ to handle it early, so that the word 'candour' had come to mean this for him---a deliberate breaking-through of conversational form^s! It had to be done, in the name of sanity; perhaps that was how Dick remained sane, always challenging the dark powers to come to the light; the mind was there to break these powers by analysis! But the others weren't like that. Hanni's mind wasn't ^{enough} sufficiently trained, to make the analysis; Granville had too little experience of the conversational form; ~~in the first place, and~~ Pookie, happiest of all, had a form in herself, natural and organic, which didn't take account of other people, ~~and which other people could dislike.~~ ^{she} Pookie refused the analytic effort, or rather it was unnecessary to her, however much it might have excited her, as it appeared to sometimes; ~~in Dick,~~ she gave vent to herself unguardedly, sensing in a blind way that the dark powers were an element of change and instruction in life, and had to be absorbed in the flesh, not reduced to indignity and ~~flung~~ flung out by the mind; she hid much, but never to the point of wounding herself; she followed her desires, while Granville refused to, finding himself in a permanent neutral territory as a result. Hanni was similar to him in

this respect: she had neither Dick's searching mental hold nor Pinkie's flow of manner; the struggle was already giving her stature, beyond the shyness she'd always had in England; there was a mute, ~~xxx~~ striking dignity growing in her; her face was beginning to wear a tragic look, determined and immutable, with a ^{proud,} ~~xxx~~ long-suffering wisdom in it, like a god found in the desert, made of stone. It was partly this untouchable element that put Granville in awe of her, at a stiff distance.

Again he concluded that Dick had the purest middle class alchemy in his blood, of all of them, like a new metabolism, as natural to him as breathing, and as automatic.

He heard Hanni ask Dick whether he was a communist or not, and if not why he didn't join the communist party.

And Dick considered this in silence, still gazing up, and stroking his beard.

"I'm not, no."

"Why not?" she asked him in a level, clear way, ~~as if she'd caught Dick's previous mood of cross-examination from the atmosphere.~~

"Because I don't like the idea of shedding blood. That's against all the rules for me."

Here Granville was interested and spoke at once, with a bite in his voice: "But you don't mind cutting out embryos as you call them, and shedding blood like that?"

"Now, then, sea-scout," Dick murmured, smiling at him archly, "hold hard."

He was just about to answer this, opening his mouth to speak, when he saw Hanni's face become rigid, and it seemed that her self-revelatory ^{moment} had flown away; ~~in a moment~~ had he frightened it away? ~~For~~ She said nothing, and looked as she'd done on innumerable occasions

in the music-room---mute and distant. Meanwhile, inwardly, he forced his interest ~~himself~~ in the theme to abate, like gripping a pounding heart relentlessly for a moment until there was no sign of life; and miraculously, when he had achieved this and was sufficiently collected for formal conversation again, the ^ease seemed to return to her ^{as well,} and she spoke once more. What terrible ghostly worlds had come into being!

"I wonder if he is all that rational," she said to Granville, then leaned over and stroked Dick's hair for a moment. "You're just a soft sentimental lump underneath, aren't you, darling?"

"That's right, mother," Dick said in a mock-childish voice. Then he, too, leaned forward and began taking part in the conversation seriously for the first time, as if in answer to the biting remark Granville had made. He said that his 'paradox' lay in the fact that he admired rational people for their lack of squeamishness.

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 "And I mean by rational," he added, "the opposite of people like you, old sport." ~~His objection to blood-shed was quite logical: it led to further blood-shed and created its own appetite. He agreed, however, that certain experiments were necessary in the interests of curing people of diseases, experiments which might cause pain and blood-shed in animals; and logically, perhaps, he ought to agree with the bloody revolution on the grounds that it would cure the diseases of society, but he couldn't face killing people and that was that.~~
 As an ideal, ^{he said} ~~he believed~~ one couldn't beat communism; it planned life according to principles that had been thought out and supported by study and research, instead of the 'haphazard ways' of capitalism. On the other hand, being a paradoxical person, he was quite relieved that communism hadn't come about yet, because it would bring 'a frightful lot of earnestness and do-goodism' into life for which he was unsuited by temperament. But as an ideal, logically, he saw no holes in
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it. For instance, children ought to be brought up, not haphazardly as they were now, but according to an intelligent plan, which would enquire ^{each} ~~enquire~~ into what ^{the} child was best suited for, what training he would respond to best and what society required of him at ^{all} ~~the~~ time. ⁵⁰

Granville cut in with a remark that this might be unfortunate for the child---he'd be 'in prison' before he started, in the 'prison of other people's ideas about him'! But Dick said that ^{if} the matter was properly studied the training would go according to the child's aptitudes and therefore wouldn't constitute a prison. Granville replied to this, how was it possible to know so much about a child's aptitudes, enough to make safe predictions about his desires and happiness, especially as ^{the child could say nothing} ~~children invariably know so little~~ about ^{himself?} ~~themselves~~ sufficiently to give clear answers or even indications? And Dick said again that it could be done if research was exhaustive enough.

There the talk ended, with a little irritation on both sides; the soothing effects of the wine were turned to spleen, and he wished that Hanni hadn't come in. Nowadays when he and Dick confronted each other they exaggerated their points of view out of irritated defiance; this gave them a wild idea of each other, and that in turn made the defiance stronger.

When Pinkie came in he told her about the conversation, while they were getting ready for bed, and she said that 'old Hanni' had probably got her ideas---the 'rationalist' talk---from Glenning, who liked to amuse himself by stripping Dick's character ^{down.} ~~bare.~~

"She's got a sound head on her, has old Hanni," she said, "but no ^{And she added in a mock elegant way,} ~~mind!~~ ^{Not but what it suits her!}"

The bottle of wine for Dick had drained him; he asked Pinkie if he could borrow something from her but she replied, "I was going to ask you the same thing, old cock!" She hadn't a sou; in fact, she was

overdrawn. He asked how she managed to spend so much, in view of the fact that he always footed the domestic bills, and this started an argument. He tried to broach the question of whether she ^{her uncle had} and Maimbury had loaned ~~Grove~~ anything, but he couldn't, though it supplied the indignation with which he argued.

He was always trying to pluck up courage to go and see the hair-girl; he thought perhaps he would offer Dick, the muscular-looking girl and the hair-girl dinner somewhere, a table for four, don't you know; but for that you needed coin, a base element, no doubt, but ^{me} ^{had} which ~~had~~ a magical influence ^{on} ~~over~~ restaurateurs, waiters and so forth. He hesitated to ask for an advance at the office. He wanted to take a bus to the Strand and look for Joy Celeste's home, but he thought of 'dad' being there: he feared being ridiculous in the eyes of this mysterious, stooping old fellow with the tiny head.

18
Chapter 20.

He ^{had} got into the habit of reading the morning paper over breakfast more or less column by column. It was an hypnotic activity ~~which~~ he'd never known before; he left his books unread, and never went to the library ~~more~~. ~~His mind seemed to have no say in the matter; it was soft;~~ The newspaper was lying there when he got up, on the door-mat, with some ridiculous head-line, and he ran down to get it automatically; at the breakfast table he opened it with his left hand, keeping the right for his cup of tea, which he could now pick up and replace in the saucer, after long practice, without glancing at it. He always turned to the middle pages first, where the gossip-column was. It gave him ^{he} a sense of ~~what had been 'happening' in London the evening before, and it suggested~~ an inner circle of glittering activity from which he was cut off and which was going on all the time, spreading a glow over his small life. This circle involved more or less the same people day by day, but it wasn't 'society' in the fashionable sense; it was questionable whether that even existed. It was a kind of special gossip-column society, and even though it might be imaginary, it ^{seemed} ~~was~~ sufficiently ~~true to be~~ ^{able} accepted ⁱⁿ during the breakfast-hour, in a half-dream, a little sickly and squalid, but compulsive. And ^{also it} ~~the gossip-column~~ was a relief from the dry, tyrannical hold of the other pages, where robberies, ^{dirty civic crimes,} yacht-races and political manoeuvres were talked about, and the eye was

drawn against its will, by a few quick phrases that ^{seemed to} touch¹ the heart and then pulled quickly away again. He had the impression that the gossip-column was actually an intimate report of people's doings. It was like reading a letter someone had written him. His mind put up a little resistance to this, but acceptance became easier with time; it went with the cosy light in the kitchen and the steaming cups of tea. And why so much effort, after all? The gossip was like meeting new people.

n.p. 7/26 ~~But why wasn't he satisfied with the people he already knew? All~~
~~he could say was that~~ ¹ ~~this~~ gossip-world was glittering and extravagant as his wasn't; he didn't know where it was going on, ~~there~~, ~~He~~ had no evidence that it was going on at all; but still it was a relief! It was more hopeful than reading a book because it talked not about an imaginary world or a past world but one that was going on here and now, it might be only a few hundred yards from him. Certain names always figured in the column---Warsdale, Maine, Wynters; a star-name was Laura Lady Maine; she was a 'lavish party-goer', ~~Mr~~ Glenning said one ~~evening. These were the titled people; but having a title was only one of the certificates of entry; it wasn't essential. Nor was power. Nor was it even enough to be rich and important. Official receptions, dinners, business-men's letters and diplomatic events were rarely touched. There had to be something wild, a bit of~~ ¹ ~~A title, for instance, could be spoiled by the owner being a respectable politician or commercial man. There had to be a suggestion of extravagance, but extravagance on a sound footing. A kind of respectable wildness. A touch of wildness, even.~~ The parties and balls, since they were all described in the same column, seemed to involve a group as distinct from the rest of the country as the old noble classes had been. ~~And it was a relief to him to think that there were still people who behaved as if they~~ ^{new} ~~outside the hundreds of little civic laws that~~

ital ~~hamed the rest of mankind in,~~ ^{And} ~~Also~~ he felt a thrill at nearly being at the edge of the group himself, for weren't some of the names connected with Pinkie's family? Arthur Wynters, for instance, was Maimbur's son! A cousin of Pinkie's! The column would say, 'Viscount Maine will be back from his annual trip to New York at the end of the week. Something tells me he may shortly take a week-end at Warsdale, accompanied by his daughter. But Laura Lady Maine danced three times ⁱⁿ a row last night with the rather dashing Hon. Wynters, who had flown in only an hour before from the Bermudas. One of the party told me afterwards, "Arthur always keeps his appointments."'

ital He noticed that Pinkie turned to the column ravenously when she came home in the evening, and ~~then~~ sometimes she and Hanni talked about the parties described as though they'd been there themselves. This surprised him because he expected her to feel boredom at a world she already knew; but apparently, she didn't know it; and she relied on the newspaper like everyone else! If anything, Hanni was ~~more~~ less interested. ~~For~~ Pinkie spoke without relishing of her ^{childhood} life at Aldercote, and made it seem that the people she ^{had} known there, by virtue of her having known them, were dull and not ~~at all~~ in the style of those glittering personalities in the gossip-column. The inference of the column was that a kind of 'high society', mingling with 'trade' and 'art' ~~more liberally than in the old days~~, still went on in ~~very~~ palatial houses under brilliant chandeliers, with flunkies and attendants. The picture was ^{silly} ~~absurd~~, but it formed in his mind without him doing anything about it, in a breakfast-hour state of crassness which came each day with a dull, thudding cosiness.

~~Most of the glittering names, including Maine, Warsdale and Wynters, were those of big trading families which had entered the peerage at the end of the nineteenth century or just before the first~~

n.p. ~~world war~~ [Pinkie said that the 'real' aristocracy was living in rented rooms and draughty barns, ^{these days;} but this didn't rob the '1911 aristocracy', as Glenning ~~always~~ called it, of their glitter for her. Once they had met Arthur Wynters by chance in Shaftesbury Avenue and Granville noticed that she seemed to glitter and sparkle herself, in talking to him, by a strange ^{sympathetic} process ~~of reflection~~. He was a pale young man with delicate, fluttering eyes, and there was a quiet assurance about him---in the slow, undefensive way he moved and gazed before him---which was unusual in ~~the~~ post-war ~~generations~~ ^{people}.

Her family was also connected with the Maines, but illicitly. A General Maine had had an affair with one of her grandmothers during the 1914 war, and had been responsible for a deep hole in the divan downstairs in the music-room, which had come ^{from} a house in Carlton Terrace where the grandmother had lived for the war-years, it being so conveniently ^{near} the War Office. Granville had gazed at it in wonder after she ^{had} told him, trying to imagine the grand and fabulous actions ^{of that} ~~which~~ ~~he attributed to the~~ world before his birth, and the magnificent bedroom with rose-coloured silk overlays, and the immense lace curtains hiding the windows, in an unsubstantial Carlton Terrace where the houses gleamed and towered like rocks of immutable sugar, and where the hum of the traffic---or the clip-clop of hoofs---was softened by tall trees!

n.p. [Pinkie told him ~~later~~ that in fact Maine and Nancy, as ^{the grandmother} ~~she~~ was called, had always made love in a box-room full of cobwebs, in the servants' quarters; her grandfather, she said, being a 'rather vague old boy!', always thought the pounding 'above stairs!' was a Zeppelin raid! One night the bombardment was so loud that he decided to go up on the roof and 'have a look', and he came across Maine in one of the upstairs rooms, in his Blues, though he was supposed to be fighting on the western front; "What's it like up there, Maine, old boy?" grandfather

asked, and Maine replied at once, "Much too hot for you, sir! Better stay downstairs!"; and they both went down to the cellar for a drink. Maine said he'd 'dropped in to have a look at the raid on the roof', as the War Office roof was 'crowded', and her grandfather seemed quite satisfied. The raids had gone on long after the Armistice, which her grandfather had thought was 'just like the Germans'.

When Pinkie told these stories the men in them were nearly always vague and bewildered, so that one wondered how public life had ever been carried on ^{at one time.} ~~before the present epoch~~. But this vagueness helped to cast a legendary warmth over them as well. Nearly every article of furniture they'd got from Aldercote had a story attached to it. The divan with the hole helped ~~the~~ to give the music-room its glow, making it seem watched over by the past, and also as if it were continuing the ^{now} past in its glowing colours; the room had an extra dignity and presence. It made him think of heavy curtains, and love-letters written in a large, generous, untidy hand; so different from the careful, educated little scrawl he had taught himself. But it was more than a thought; it was almost a memory, seeming to lie in the room. Much was due to the curtains in the bedroom, ^{too,} with their sad monkey. And in the book-shelf there was a collection of Maine's letters and memoirs, written in ^a halting and oddly meek way, with much more tender feeling and doubt, than ~~than~~ the letters he himself ^{ever} wrote ~~and~~ ^{or} received! Something had gone out of us; ~~we thought~~ we couldn't weep any more like those men; yet we thought of them as blustering and hard--~~smil-~~itary men who ^{rode} ~~had ridden~~ rough-shod over their women and servants, ~~who~~ had sent battalions to their slaughter, ^{and so forth.} Yet they had ^{this} peculiar meek dignity. He came across a note one day, slipped into the Memoirs, yellow and faded, one corner inexplicably burned, from Maine to Nancy Grysham, from General Headquarters in France, dated

November 18th, 1915: 'My own darling Nanky,' it said, 'dined at the chateau last night, quietly toasted your health at the very moment, would you believe it, when my host referred to ~~Nanky~~ Nancy, the town, in French! Rushing this off to catch the bag. Big push starting soon, your own Ted. ^{P.S.} ~~P.S.~~ Please tell Mamma to send chocolate biscuits!!!' Maine always announced a push some time before it happened, to give German spies, ~~the~~ Pinkie said, 'a sportsmanlike hint'. Sometimes he even gave the exact day and hour. 'At dawn the day after tomorrow,' he would write, 'the big show starts'.

~~These memoirs drew Granville into the past; but also they had the effect of closing a gap for him; he was aware of there being something in him, inherited from these men, which he'd never known before.~~

n.p. *ital* The past gazed on him ^{from that letter} as it gazed on the music-room. He felt he had to join up with ^{this} the past, by his development; he didn't know quite how. But he couldn't forfeit what these men had had. If he'd been a Grysham it would have been easy; the gruff tone of the Grysham males would be in his voice now, and their ~~glaring~~ glaring, impersonal gaze would be somewhere in his eyes; he might be like Nigel, who was more on the classical, or what Pinkie called the 'gilt' side of the family. He ^{wouldn't have been} ~~couldn't be~~ just one single person sitting in a kitchen, trying to make out where his personality lay and what the world was made of!

ital The past would have been in his flesh: people would have said, 'That's just how his grandfather looked!' ~~And so~~ Life wouldn't be just here and now! Nor would his own life stick out like a sore thumb; he'd be one of the shadows of the house, that came and went, among the other shadows of the past that had come and gone in their time. The glow would be that of the past and future as one presence, absorbing everything!

Sometimes he felt he was in a mystical association with these

^{men,} ~~people~~, through Pinkie. There was ^{a scrap of} ~~also~~ a letter he'd seen from one of her uncles, ⁱ ~~Clive~~, who'd been killed as a boy at Ypres in a dawn-attack: 'Dear Mums, my boots are cracking again, and could you send some notepaper, also, dearest darling, I lost the precious lanyard.'

^{Like a tiny cry! with} There was [!] such a yielding innocence ~~in the tone, that brought~~ tears to his eyes; there was ~~no~~ ^{only} defence of the personality, ~~no~~ brittle mind-work going on! ~~but~~ this golden, unquestioning belief! They all had such delicate voices compared with ours, so rich and full of heart, so rambling and soft. Everything had been spoken without caution or fear, then. There [,] ~~had~~ been such openness.) ~~Our relations with each other were more like business-relations. Feelings had really mattered in their world; they had caused attention; they had been worth expressing; people had cried when they had had to leave each other, even only for a few months. But we were hemmed in all the time; our feelings bubbled over and simmered and~~ ^{made} ~~caused~~ endless distortions.

^{h.p.} These were ~~always his thoughts when he dipped into the family letters. In them there was that intimate glow of men for whom people~~ ^{People had been} ~~were~~ the be-all and end-all of life; ^{then} thrilling and ~~infinitely~~ ^{like} curious, exciting speculations equivalent to ours about ^{stars,} the outer spaces, speed, ~~and~~ death! Rooms had been full of their touch and sound, ~~of people~~ ^{full of} the exciting rustle of clothes; ~~then, people had still been the centre of life, not examples of~~ ^{at least} ~~'higher' themes.~~ And whenever he was with one of Pinkie's relatives

~~one of the older generation~~ ^{he} felt a tremendous ^{inner} relief, at the sensation of counting again in the scale of life, for himself alone, in his flesh, ⁱⁿ the way he moved and talked, ^{the} ideas that came ^{to} his head; it was totally different from the usual sensation; ^{the} room, the sky outside, the touch of his clothes, the sight of other people, the sound of voices were differently in their presence; actual people counted, for themselves; ^{There} was no grandness in life beyond the grandness of people; they contained the glow of life, and elements of the beyond, in them; ^{So} their voices had a richer sound, and when they moved or smiled it always had a fabulous quality, yet quite natural, much more natural than ^{ourselves!} the same thing in other society. There was a bustle of glowing humanity in the room; and their eyes lit up at other people, as if they were overcome by the thought of the fabulous qualities that lay in them, and by the endless achievements ~~of which they were capable, and by the~~ infinite spaces they suggested. ~~We would take a long time to get back to that, he thought; the light in people had gone out for us; we hadn't awe for each other, only for status, that is, for each other as an idea; the rustle of our clothes in a room was no longer exciting to us; we no longer carried the world in our eyes, and spaces.~~ ^{He} ~~Granville~~ ^{former} was astonished, in his naïf modern self, that no schooling had gone into making these people fabulous; there had been no ideas ^{to} support them. They had ^{actually} grown up with the glow ^{of} in ^{their} flesh. They had governed their households, and ^{partly} ~~partly~~ ^{their} ~~their~~ country, with it. ^{Their} ~~spelling~~ ^{had} been atrocious; at least, this was true of the Gryshams. Nancy had written her letters to the general in one rush, with no full stops or commas, like the common people, ^{for} ~~their ascendancy~~ ^{didn't} depend on education, but on what they were in themselves, and from each other. He always had the impression that they hadn't been much disturbed by the appearance of a new kind of England, ^{of} ~~with~~ trains and symmetrical roads and ~~grimy factory walls;~~ ^{the England that destroyed them, while it made them richer for a time} partly they had helped to build it; and partly they touched the factory-owners and their families with their glow, and married ^{young} ~~their~~ daughters off to them. They had seen everything with the old way

The gossip-column helped him believe what he knew was untrue, that their world was still intact. Of course, after breakfast there was a slow, lurking disgust. It was numbed state, like being condemned only to watch life. There he sat in the kitchen, and his whole self, even his flesh as he leaned on the edge of the table, cupping his hand under his chin, was put out of use. For the effect of reading about a falsely glittering world was to take away the ~~glitter~~ real glitter of the kitchen for him. For two years he hadn't had quite this feeling, which he now accepted every morning as what it was to be alive! In ^{those two years} ~~that time~~ he'd hardly read a newspaper. He felt, now, like something small in a fetid and unseen hole, watching an unreal tower that was the world. His independence was tainted. And the paper always made it seem that the world was going along on perfectly organised and sound lines like a story being unfolded day by day which however had no real plot, no meaning and no interest.

Under its influence the intimate side of his life seemed to disappear and he was no more involved in himself than a stranger would be. Indeed, he saw himself as a stranger---bushy eyebrows---tiny white creases round his eyes from the Basrah sun---! Marked, found out! A clerk, a little clerk---! It made him giddy and sick. All the hours with Mohammed by the river were an illusion, all the endless blue depths of the sky were an illusion, and the desert, and every spell he'd fallen under---nothing counted but this dreary, day-by-day tale of a world where for a thing to really happen and be really serious it had to stink of money or importance or crime or a rotten glitter or whatever would draw a crowd; ^{but} nothing that would draw one single creature, with a message to him alone, addressed to his stature alone.

He had a panic-stricken sense, which he remembered from two years before, of being stranded for ever in England, a dumb registered functionary in a world where the spell had gone out and nothing was allowed to glow---the horror of never being able to leave the country again, of being directed in his movements for the rest of his life, according to his type and function, for after all weren't there millions of people like himself, who was he to have the desert and know Mohammed and stare in ^{the} blinding spaces, who was he, who was he? The endless English cry that had smashed and wrecked everything until it had finally smashed and wrecked the country itself---who was he, who was

he, who is this fellow, who ~~isxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ are you exactly? I
 am I----I----I ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ and I stretch to the ends
 of the earth as endless as the spaces and no man shall take it from ~~you~~
 me, no man shall touch me with ^{your who-is-he} ~~this deadly~~ cancer!

~~filled in the glow for oneself. Nothing sank into one's mind because it had no power of intimacy; the man on the stage, making his quick gestures, could never touch us intimately; he asked nothing for himself; his signs were the thing to watch, not his power to dance or even mime.~~

→ But he didn't feel the power, or the right, to stop taking the paper. Pinkie said ~~that~~ the style appealed to her, it didn't 'put on airs', it was 'racy and bitchy', and it 'gave the fashions'. Sometimes he flung it on the floor, and watched it lying there inertly, with its endless task of deifying public life, like a musical box that sang the same thing over and over again, 'Look at the crowd, Look at the crowd!' A crowd, however, did excite fellow-interest, and sooner or later he bent down, his eye caught by one of the headlines, and began reading before he was really conscious of ~~doing so~~. ~~But~~ Always when he put it down again and leaned back it was like descending from a high, floating voyage where only the shadows of faces had been seen; and this withered the room for him; he was no longer quite there; the plates on the dresser didn't remind him so vividly of the old London, and the sound of carriages rumbling past, ~~as they had done before~~; the shaft of sunlight on the table was less lively; it was only a dusty, yellow patch; he wasn't present to his own life; the world was starkly physical, and he watched it in ^dumb relation, with the newspaper as his only passport to its inner reality; but then, once attained, this inner reality was only dust and shadows.

→ ~~Glenning said one evening that reading Creed's speech had been one of the finest things in his life: he, too, disliked the newspapers. Advertising T.M., he said, was hollow enough, but 'advertising the big world' was worse. A journalist, he added, had to have an eye for 'rank and importance' whether he liked it or not; and that was surely~~

Glenning told them one evening that he'd started as a journalist. He said it was the same work as publicity---^{it} journalism was 'caption-writing'. When he thought of all the people he'd worked with he felt sick at the thought of their influence on people's minds, except that by now he knew they had none, really. He said ~~that~~ he'd fallen into 'the racket' with the brightest of intentions and had meant to get out of it---to start his real life---as a matter of fact, to study music---as soon as he'd made a bit of money. "Then," he said, "my guts slackened, after about twenty years"; and now he got a melancholy pleasure from 'sitting in the ruins of ~~his~~ self'. He never went to a concert; he had no records; he felt music would hurt him. He'd studied nearly up to the Mus Bach but had run off to Greece, after a girl or something; he couldn't remember; anyway, he'd never gone back to college. He'd been brought up in the country and was the son of a country-parson. He had meant to become a priest at one time. "Or am I making that up?" he asked with a smile. "I can't be certain."

After he'd heard this Granville bubbled over to convey how much he, too, derived from music. He tried to talk---perhaps he could really talk to Glenning, from his heart, instead of listening to ^{his} the sad little witticisms with a yes and a no all the time!---but all he found in himself was the bare words, all useless without ^a the warm ^{moral} drive ~~of moral images~~ ~~in~~ behind them. He wished he could talk with an easy flow about himself as Glenning did! But all his processes of speech were gummed up. He couldn't sit back and reflect about his own life. Also he realised that he wanted more to persuade Glenning that he had intelligent ideas ~~than~~ to convey the ideas themselves. As if doubt was cast on him every moment of the day?

Only with Pinkie did he talk endlessly, walking round the room, flinging his arms out---~~hexgxxxxhixxxxxlxbeingxxxx~~ he laid himself bare to the one person it suffocated most.

The following Saturday the weather changed and it was warm again, with hardly a breeze; he was aware of it the moment he woke up because of a fluffy, indefinable smell of leaves, mixed with that of the hot tarmac below; the light streamed in from between the curtains.

n.p. Pinkie was still asleep, turned away from him, and he began to feel sleepy again, too. There was a delightful silence; the traffic in the distance only made a light, comfort^{able}ing swishing noise, as if they were near the sea and a holiday was beginning. He turned on his side again, towards her, closing his eyes, and just at this moment she stirred as well. She was hardly awake. His cheek touched hers slightly and he was sleepily aware of her face being turned square in his direction, as if to ask him a question. With a sleepy tenderness he drew close~~ff~~ to her ~~still~~ and for a moment their lips touched. Then he almost fe~~el~~ asleep, his mouth open. But the drowsy mood of tenderness returned, and he put his face close to hers again. She hadn't moved and still seemed to be questioning him silently, her breathing steady and deep. Then she made a startled movement, and everything changed: he felt her eyes open, so that her lashes brushed quickly against his brow. She seemed to stare inot the dimness of the room, trying to recollect herself, stiff and bewildered. Their lips were still almost touching, and he dared not move, wondering what was about to happen. Suddenly she pushed away from him. It was as if she'd just discovered who it was, so close to her, ~~and hadn't intended it.~~ Only in sleep had she fallen ^{close to him} into it, and now she drew back in a ~~panic-stricken~~ panic-stricken way. She held herself stiffly at the edge of the bed, gradually waking up, her breathing quicker. There was silence. He waited, hardly daring to breathe. Perhaps she'd had a nightmare. He made the slightest involuntary movement towards her and the moment she noticed it her body quickened again, with the same panic-stricken movement as before, and this time she leaped out of bed. His heart began beating fast while he was wondering what she would do. She ~~had~~ drawn back from him in an ^{unusually} ~~extraordinarily~~ impersonal way, as if his sleeping presence was nauseous to her, that of a stranger! ^{And} She seemed to assume he was still asleep; he was aware of her as watching him for a moment, with this impersonal horror, as if he were inert! He made pretend he was still asleep, breathing deeply, and then he heard her start dressing, always ^{with} the same quick,

Chandler's, Tucson

Charles's
The / prime house - in (red Charles, is -

prime doctor, he wd hardly be - variety - & he
write, and he certainly wouldn't have (held) (to speak) (lapsed)
The first

write, and he certainly would have had (hatt)
~~(Lispark 1. revised)~~
 The first

~~the~~ I think it was their at a place The first
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staff is involved in team, ~~the whole~~ $\sqrt{10}$ way

8 Feb 15 has to be taken
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 be a
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 staff, 'Charles'

We have, as we can see from their never

5. quite similar to work + at their work
ad clear: she was
found, physical picture in

hindered a sound logical analysis
it was perhaps the introduction

introduction, ad
to make this
feel
feel surrounded & people

the made
wrote that

He had no idea ^{of} where he was ~~left~~ ^{going}. He didn't →

There is, the wrong people very many.

do notice the ~~same~~ ^{other} ~~parts~~ ^{parts} in the year (with 12 weeks)

Full story + ~~chapter~~ on the } and 1 and 2 methods

to recover the health of women),
 considered ~~internally~~ integrated project the

is a sound and ~~interesting~~ ^{curious} ~~fact~~ ^{the same} 1 ylls inbred +
not self fertilized

would not interfere
the ~~man~~ ^{man} grip
~~the~~ ^{to} ~~him~~ ^{hit him} on the head
closest

~~The time does~~
time & time. A ^{closest} my friend tell me 1 4/5 hrs

ce

You can't make a Ramanan Health project
out of material medicine any more than you can make
health out of material medicine, and the effort will
always be defeated, however many times it is
reassociated, and however successful, ~~and~~
because ~~there is an~~ ^{of the} time contradiction built out
~~that it is work.~~ Health from — one ~~cellular~~
~~is charging \$80 a week for full board and~~
~~medical care — stick off + a clear ad right~~
~~at, and get there on a minimal intake~~ You
can decide to be a hospital, ^{namely you can with briefie} if the ~~reference~~
of disease into more tenable forms; you ~~can~~
decide to be a health farm, or a kindham, or
an educational unit to bridge the gap between
conventional & alternative medicines, for you can't
be all of them together. The London people will
want to pay for this spirit, the health lay, will
want juices. The hospital will want ~~activity~~ ^{nurses and}
~~the clinic~~ — ~~the clinic will be for the~~ and the
Board will ~~not be~~, as before, the seeing,
check for the future. And finds the end someone
will write to the Board and say "It's all your fault," →

8

→ reform need to start now.

Incarcerestasy

How could a spiritual person say "I'm not doing this for human beings, I'm doing it for God, because I was commanded to"?

A "mistake" was often a successful technique of avoiding an effect or producing new effects in a static situation. The ~~state~~ evil-good Meadow the Lord had been allowed to fall in Christianity was a survival of the more Judaicistic thinking.

Spike Milligan

It seems to me impossible to me - Ravana
 health center unless it is ^{Teacher as its} ~~is the~~ ^{and motivation} ~~principle~~
 that you cannot be sick. The people who apply it in the illusion of
 cure are shown (in the way which they find
 less congenial to this understanding) that they
 cannot be sick, and that the whole sickness-
 cure (system) denies the simple mistake of
 identity. At the teaching of this there are
 several techniques. Christ & Jesus are using
 have the technique in this direction - May
 Beke Baldy's work, so do many spiritual healers,
 help is needed, his lectures and care of sick people. Now
~~the I am saying is that the departure of~~
 material medicine of which Chamber ~~could be~~
 the director ^{is} a part, ~~not~~ ^{be} ~~not~~ the central
 part, of the Ravana Health idea. The use
 of such a center to bridge the gap between
 the various material medicines - homeopathic
 and natural and conventional - and to help the
 way doctor who wish to use of alternative
 systems, could be, again, one of its functions
 to be the central one. ~~To my mind, the~~
~~state aphasia should be taken off the idea~~

→ confirm the reality of disease, and then try to argue that it isn't real.

→ Members of the board have talents. There is they
they are sitting there. But there is no way in which
these talents can be used. All decisions, all
endeavour and avowals and enthusiastically agreed
plans are always and quite systematically and
~~under~~ unswervingly blocked so that the ball
passes out of the board's court as quickly as
(as a tactical necessity move) it can be kicked in. Of course the board likes to
be used as a dump for ~~used and~~ ideas, to
~~be rejected or adopted~~. Which have ~~at~~ been
formulated outside it, and ^{while} we simply presented
it with rejection or adoption, like the game-
the-sum-
at-for-leads decision ^{largely} to run the a Gal-
every in the way have that to set at short
notice, ~~to which the Board found it not committed~~
~~by having been put in doubt by its own the~~
of ~~intentional~~ ^{unbelievable} progress of the theatre week. When
at the end of the ~~meeting~~ ^{unbelievable} Chamber looked at me
across the table & said "Why are you still in
doubt?" I was thinking 1) the fact a girl's
was organised the way at of his is peculiar
and ii) the Board was being used unconstitutionally
and decisions were being forced in a rushing
by Hackman. However to my mind,
this small event characterised the Board's
role in the running of L.M. for ~~the~~ ~~begin~~ to end. ~~the~~

and disturbing way like arriving home---back to ourselves---in a place we couldn't recognise, with a language spoken which wasn't our own, with none of our friends---no familiar face---at hand. It was like the meeting of the invisible, and perhaps it could never have been anything but a series of vivid glimpses, in the heat of the afternoon. I doubt if friendship on my terms were really possible: Angelo seemed to know nothing about those terms, as I learned---they weren't in his life and I think they could never be. The real thing perhaps was that we were real strangers for ever, and that this was exactly how we grasped the invisible together. We couldn't have this in life. It had to be a complete inner thing. It couldn't develop, even. We couldn't have a real daily relationship. We had a kind of one for years---but there were long silences, of months, sometimes a year, or two, and most of the time we were nearly a thousand miles away from each other in any case. And our meetings were brief---two or three days here and there. We wrote to each other only in our hours of need. Perhaps we couldn't have glimpsed that invisible and darkly unexplained and awful and ecstatic world without being total strangers at the end as at the beginning. Our actual living worlds really were strange to each other. Or rather, they were the same in the darkness of the night and the passing of thousands of years of time.

In those first weeks he showed me Verdi for the first time. He made me listen first to Il Trovatore, just at the right time, so that the tears poured down my face. Then I think it was La Forza del Destino, or a part of it, and La Traviata. The sheer horror and terror of Il Trovatore---the absolute direct strokes in the music that are like strokes of fate---he pointed out. He had a way of conducting the music and standing over

2.b. you making wild faces, which was irritating but at the same time the thing that joined you together, without you liking it. Later, in Paris, he grew ashamed of this warmth, which Francine told him irritated people: without it he wasn't really himself. In those first days he used to grip you in the arm sometimes, at a stirring passage in the music, and squeeze you right to the bone, with a sharp, thrilling gleam in his eye. He really became Verdi. Verdi was Italy. You could see it. And inside Angelo it was all one; and, as he said with disgust, so little in the visible Italy you saw all round you. For me he began a kind of search into Verdi which is like going into a vast unknown landscape little by little, and even after eight years this search seems hardly to have started. He found for me land after land of extraordinary and dazzling promise and forbidden wonder that I thought couldn't exist in life---even in music to which I had always gone with my last insoluble problems, since a child, with my last grief and yearning. It was Angelo who first touched the edge of this Verdi-land for me, first touched the door that hadn't yet opened and but for him might never have. Verdi seemed the real Italy--- a marvel that is visible to most people in certain compelling sensuous appeals that never reach words. [Angelo despised Italy because he was her so completely and overwhelmingly. It was why he stood alone. He was perfectly misunderstood---I say perfectly because in our time there is a kind of perfection to be had from being misunderstood, a man can be perfectly and beatifically misunderstood, his anger taken for sweetness, his darkness for light. Angelo was called a snob by Italians who spent their lives scraping away at the fabric of life to find a fat Position in it because of the terrific Italy he represented, and the stirring and dazzling dream of life he had, which wasn't at all pleasant,

and his yearning to break away to more and more marvellous forms and colour and even---in those first days, when he was much under Roman influences---love. For the sons and daughters of functionaries, up to their necks in day-to-day 'life' and day-to-day 'personalities', he didn't exist because he didn't give himself a fashionable name like 'communist' or 'socialist' or 'poet' (among the nineteenth-century names current then); and he was a 'snob' because of this terrific Italy he represented, which was for them just high tone, social tone being all they really grasped or looked for.

He took me into his own real country through Verdi---into the basic harmony where all the colours and heat and massive strong undertones of Italian life were joined and integrated like the unfolding of a marvellous story that had never been heard before in the history of the world but had always been there and belonged to the sky and the hot, golden dawns, and to a mysterious, breathtaking spell at the centre of things, where they were born, the centre of all self and being. And so there was something basic and final and completely unchangeable in Verdi, in the clattering first bars and the gradual unfolding that seemed never to have any hesitation but to contain the fullness of each moment of feeling, always burnished wonderfully like copper, full of warm, saturating light, thrilling with a peculiar life-thrill that touched all the sources of taste and smell and sight. That was the first impression he gave me---in the terrific clanging introduction to La Trovatore, and in the theme of the gypsies that contained the burnished light of their fires, and the heat and ciacadas round them, and to give the glint of their ear-rings and show their bright, dark eyes, and carry off their fine, fatal, unswerving passion that knew nothing but its object and never the consequ-

party, and Angelo seemed to thrive on this and understand it, yet at the same time he felt unworthy of it; though what he felt unworthy of I didn't know at that time. The big, pleasant, long-haired, smiling singer, with her bare arms and low-necked dress, seemed to intimidate him and take away his usual direct and inquisitive approach to people---his questionnaire-self. He didn't know her name, he wasn't introduced to her, but there he was in her thick arms, being led round and round the little ^{room} in a dance he'd never done before. With a sound instinct, Angelo was always formal. He never allowed himself a moment's informality with another person, even a close friend: in clothes or habits. He let off with his mouth sometimes, into a kind of scorching vulgarity, but that was as far as it went. He didn't seem to be able to trust his path---see his way ahead---without a formality of manner, dress, walk and speech. There was a wonderful photograph of Angelo as a student which I looked at again and again when Francine showed it to me; he had such a total absence of bohemianism---that cancer of middle-class life. I was used to those little flag-signs middle-class children put up to show you that they aren't going to occupy the old expected positions of power any more, and that they want to revolt, but in the style of their parents, that is, comfortably---with jackets and ties and a bit of hair on the face, so as to perpetuate the same hard and self-seeking values as their parents, only with a dash of socialism or fake religion or blatant sex-freedom or art, to give the thing its modern dress. And in this photograph there was so much of the other world, which hadn't been touched yet by anything so complicated---anything so powerful that it could afford rebellions of any kind. It took my breath away at first, There was Angelo, going into a concert at the Teatro Argentina, with an umbrella in his hand, his tie so straight, his head

lifted, musingly and also painfully, with a kind of strained delicacy, his eyes narrowed slightly, with a frown, fastidious and clear-cut, while he was caught by the flash-lamp. In this formality his lonely and inimitable nature stood out much better than it would otherwise. He seemed to be walking out of the close Roman world of that time---I think it was just at the end of the war; the Rome when the streets were drenched with brilliant, stifling sunlight, not thick with traffic as now, though noisier than now; a Rome that was still lazy, undisturbed, southern, a tiny city on two sides of a river, its population less than half what it had been in ancient times; without the tall, pastel-shade blocks of flats on the outskirts, but with small villas among trees; the Rome where trees lost their leaves and these leaves settled on the roads and were hardly touched; where the intimate part of the city, round the Piazza di Spagna and as far as the Piazza Venezia at one end and the Piazza del Popolo at the other, extending along the river through tiny, mediaeval streets as far as the ghetto opposite Trastevere, was still in a noisy southern sleep. And Angelo seemed to be stepping from that hot, bright world into the dimness of the theatre's foyer---for music, the invisible. And with such a look of pain! That world was closed still, it hadn't been invaded and broken into by hordes of peasants looking for work, or by bureaucrats, or by foreigners; so the heavy southern conventions, with a searing hot desire underneath which they---and the brothels---tried to contain, lay over everything, in a midday stillness and boredom, the city squares empty and barren, friendship hardly possible except in the southern terms of convention---freindship with a woman unthinkable---woman herself unthinkable, marriage the heavy imprisoning gate that closed on you for ever in the

barren square, your dreams floating uselessly into the hot, dusty air, in a tedium that closed you further and further in yourself, while your woman bred you children and closed you round with dullness and habit and a base, fleshy possessiveness which if thwarted turned into cruel fury.

That was before he met Francine. She visited Rome university as a student from France. I often wondered about their first meeting. I wondered if it was delicate, enquiring, intrigued, with a secret joyousness that they'd each found their freedom---because Francine as well had come out of a heavy tedium, but more northern, the northern-Latin tedium of tall, many-windowed, dark buildings from the nineteenth century, stretching from one end of the street to the other in a firm declaration of intelligence, symmetrical, even pleasant, but with a menace, even something dismal, a world fixed and set in its intelligent routines, with a formula for everything and a mature behaviour which frightened the uncertain ones and made them walk the streets alone for hours on end, as Francine did in Paris when she was a young girl.

The excitement that engulfed Angelo when a woman was present was really a life-excitement. It went far beyond the actual woman, and certainly beyond sex. Perhaps that was why Francine was so aware of it; she was far from being just jealous. I remember asking me that question one hot afternoon after coffee, in their room that looked down a hill towards the Vatican---in a queer, captivated, hissing voice, his eyes piercing, 'What do you think it'd be like living with a really beautiful woman---an extraordinary woman, a real Venus---do you think you'd ever get tired of her, wouldn't there be something new every day, so that you'd never get tired of her, you'd always feel this terrible, ecstatic beauty---imagine her body---so langorous and

mighty and soft---I think I'd go mad!' That was the theme of nearly every conversation you had with a young man in Rome---if you were alone with him: ah, if beauty came his way---a real woman---ah, then he'd do something! But it never did. The moment always passed, it was always just a moment and then the world returned, the real---all too real---woman returned with her tiresome qualities, her fears like his own, her coquetry and whims. But, ah! for a woman---an everlasting woman---a woman who wasn't a moment---who sustained her beauty like a marvellous picture as touchable and gleamingly vivid as a Caravaggio! And as Roman.

There was always that feverish and troubled desire of Rome, a gnawing, obstinate passion that was contained by its being so fleshly---only the langorous, yearning flesh, on hot afternoons, behind closed shutters, in the streets, in cars at night, under the trees, a contact that was sudden and compelling could quell it, for a moment; nothing in life, in people. And that was why Angelo's theme always came up again---'If I was alone in a room with an attractive woman I wouldn't be able to resist her, I couldn't, couldn't, I know it!' And his actual slim flesh would seem to tremble and shudder. Half of this came from other people's expectations, especially women's expectations. What sort of a feeble creature must you be if you didn't throw yourself on a woman when alone with her? Were you lacking---or was she ugly? They were the only two possible answers in the southern, tight, provincial world. Of course, the northerner found it

easier, safe in his cold climate. But where the hot, dense air poured through the shutters, and the flesh was brown, and the sex stirred hotly... Ah! And the man felt a certain sensual obligation; all his pride was caught up in it, there was even a challenge from the woman, silently transmitted through the generations by the mother. There was always a service to be done for the woman. Failing it meant the final, basic shame. So men looked at women audaciously in the street when they didn't want to, when they felt actually tired and disgusted and bored.

And in this world the easy freedom of the northern woman looks like the most blatant sexual challenge of all. There she openess and unguardedness of the north are a sort of maddening invitation to sex at any time. There are no corni in the foreign world---no horns, no such thing as infidelity because everything is free! This is what the first dark, provincial glance at the foreign world says. It doesn't see the key to that freedom, which is invisible. It doesn't readily perceive the invisible. As Angelo told me, the Italian doesn't see the 'invisible man' inside another person. There are only the outer gestures of freedom, which look quaintly unguarded and dispassionate. It seems so easy to invade that world---snatch some of its prizes.

In that provincial world the cazzo---the prick---is an important and proud possession from the earliest age. It is the man's special acquisition---something by God's grace which sets him apart from the other half of the species. Male and female are the fundamental division in life: you talk of your children as 'the male' called Antonio and 'the female' called Paula. It is always the 'male' and the 'female'. And the female

at birth is a disappointment. A male is a great occasion. There even lingers in Italy a sense of the woman as a handmaid of duty, and the man as a kind of guest, waiting for his food and calling for his wine. It is an almost Arab sense of women, sometimes. It goes deep into the ancient world.

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It was really in Paris that our friendship developed. And in this development it found its destruction. In Rome that had always been prevented. We saw less and less of each other after Melli and I started to live together. Once we met by chance at S. Felice in Circeo, by the sea, one Sunday afternoon, and nodded to each other like pleasant acquaintances. Our glances were distant, yet we all seemed to know we belonged to each other in some way. On the other hand, we really were acquaintances, we really did know nothing about each other; yet we knew each other better than we knew the people we called our friends at that time. Both sides were ambiguously aware of this, but it didn't change matters.

Whenever we did meet in Rome it was stiff and unsatisfactory. The old warm speech had gone. It seemed to be because we were four now---two couples. Yet more seemed to be promised. We didn't know. We just waited, let things slide.

A few weeks after Melli arrived Francine took me aside and spoke to me in a rasping and bitter way, saying I seemed to have lost myself, I never visited them now, and when I did there was no longer the old passion in what I said; I held back and seemed cautious and didn't give myself; what had happened to me? I couldn't explain, because I didn't know myself. We

were walking down the hill towards St. Peter's, just the two of us, and I remember she was very angry, pale and quivering slightly. But all I did was shrug my shoulders and smile at her; she walked into a shop and that was good bye. Angelo, as always in these things, kept apart. He didn't say a word before or after. He never said he agreed with Francine or disagreed. It seemed to make him feel enormously tired, any friction of that kind. He just kept quiet. Anyway, there wasn't a word between us for many months.

Melli and I went on living on the outskirts of Rome, making our lives together, timorously, building up bit by bit and day by day the life that had been smashed in both ~~xx~~ of us. There was no time for anything else. Then suddenly I phoned Angelo one day to see how he was. And to my relief he made a cry of delight, and we were soon making a date. We all met again---we were friends. But really it was the same. There was no development. The first flush---when Angelo had thought we could make a wonderful group together of some kind---was over. And now we were separate. Really Angelo and I should have seen each other alone all the time. Then, so to speak, Italy would have tolerated it: it would have been within the traditions; above all, within Angelo's. But he had chosen another world---by marrying Francine. And Melli and I belonged to that other world by birth. So a man's relation---with the women excluded or at best onlookers---was out of the question. Yet anything more than that was in some peculiar way rendered impossible by Italy.

My only enjoyable moments with Angelo after that, in Rome, were when we were alone---in a café, sitting in his car, while he poured out his complaints against Italy. But they were snatched moments---they were really only urgent plans for him

to get away from Italy. He asked my advice: should he leave? And I said I thought so, yes. He had to enter the other world completely---for a time. As I had done, leaving England. Then he could come back, when he'd shaken off his country sufficiently to be able to inherit it in its fullness and truth.

In our friendship, even in Paris, there was always a negative element that seemed to come from him alone. He never seemed really to find his ease with us. He never really accepted us---or himself in our presence. I wonder how far he saw us in ourselves. He would be at his ease with us for a time--- he would seem to accept us fully---and then it would be broken again: there was always a difficulty; only towards the end, in the last year or so, did we seem absolutely and fully to be ourselves with each other; perhaps because we had each made a kind of surrender in our own life, the surrender into new truth that awaits everybody. But before that the ease would always be broken---sudden-ly; and he would seem almost a stranger again, there would suddenly be one of the old formal questionnaires directed at Melli about Germany ^{or} ~~and~~ at me about England. And this troubled Francine as well. It seemed to trouble---eventually to wreck---her nerves. It produced a kind of constipation---a most intimate physical refusal to give. Nothing could be taken for granted: one wasn't accepted, in one's intimate nature. This was what Francine seemed to feel. And we only began to realise this slowly. Before, we only thought she couldn't understand him properly. We didn't really see how much she suffered. In a way, we were both too busy with our friendship with Angelo---in music, books, in walks and little drinks and cups of tea together, and his long confessions about how unberable he found family life and also Francine. She was so nervous, he said. Once, in Rome,

he had just yearned for other women; he couldn't stand being with one woman all the time. But that was over now. It was more a terrible unsatisfied life-need. And to Francine he always seemed to be shifting his position, in the intimate things: she was already, by nature, a highly nervous person, fragile and quick, especially quick to doubt herself, and she doubly needed a resting-place in her intimate life, which he couldn't give her. Essentially, he was alone, from beginning to end. Completely and utterly alone as perhaps only a Sicilian, with his strange connection to the classical world, can be.

There was probably no development in our friendship even when I thought there was, for this reason. For a long time after they'd moved to Paris---for about two years---we heard hardly anything from them; there were just one or two letters. They couldn't see us, he explained in his letters, because they were living in such miserable circumstances. For the time being. We didn't find this strange at the time---we didn't realise that in this he was expressing a world totally foreign and unknown to us. In misery, creatures don't show themselves to each other---that was his world: the very opposite of ours; a world without solidarity, really---a world of lonely creatures. But we didn't perceive this at the time. We just read his letters and left it at that. He wrote that they were waiting for their house to be ready---they had bought a little house. Then we should come. We could even stay with them. He seemed to need a scene to be laid for our meetings; and if this scene wasn't laid properly there was disaster. Our friendship ended when we failed to lay the scene: we hadn't time; we arrived in Paris suddenly. At the moment we needed his consoling talk most, his talk stopped.

He belonged to a strange, terrible world. It had absolute-

ly no sympathy in it, absolutely no love. It was classical. And he himself seemed to become more classical, too. The leavening influences of Italy---which are really those of the church---seemed to cease. He became more stark, more crisp and slim, more piercing, more direct, with a great air of loneliness and desertion round him, as I imagine the Sicilian landscape to be. His soul burned and penetrated. It didn't communicate, except in tiny bursts. It didn't console, nor was it consolable. It was like the appearance of an ancient Greek soul---eager, gleaming, fierce, unsympathetic. And together with this his immediate life seemed to be more squalid than before. He was squalid at meals---snatching at his food, guzzling his wine greedily. His teeth were black from nicotine. He made sneering remarks to himself, under his breath. He shot insulting glances at Melli, as if to pay her out for any love he had spent on her. Francine cried endlessly, the tears would pour quickly down her face and disappear again, apparently unseen by him. He was like the land and sky of Sicily, I said to him once, at one of those last meetings; though I'd never seen Sicily, only glimpsed one of its harbours; what I knew, I felt I knew through him. 'You're less and less of a person,' I said to him, 'you're landscape---as every man must be, more and more if he develops properly---he must be the landscape of his own country---you're the rivers and hard rocks and long, deserted beaches of Sicily, you're the torrid nights---pitiless sea---!'

And I read somewhere that in Sicily there is squalor among people, wherever they are together; an inner squalor, but when you're alone, outside the villages and homes, in the enormous, still country, you get at the soul, at the origin, but it is hardly a human soul.

of a vast flood trying not to get his feet wet---haunted by vulgarity, banality, madness, chaos, self-obsession, all the pitfalls of the creature who is denied society.

I only know one clear example of the same thing in England and that is the writer Joseph Conrad. He was brought up in the other tradition, close to the German world, but he used English. So you get a glimpse of it through the way the language changes under his pen. First of all, it isn't English. It isn't us. When you read Conrad you feel you are reading a kind of translation without it having the disadvantages of a translation: you are listening to a real man, only translated in some way. And because his concepts are for us lofty---that is, they begin not in a human situation but in the reflections of a lonely and cultivated man---there is a terrific vulgarity in his work now and then which you never get in an English writer of the same extraordinary powers. You see it sometimes when he talks about people in the lower classes, even when he is admiring them. They aren't quite whole. He can't quite see them. They're half-caricatures, half serious sketches. The barmaid in one of the short stories has large bosoms---no name; she is Miss Blank. She has no speech when we go into the bar---no light little gestures; though we've been going into this bar for years and she knows us well. She seems locked in her low status. And this is really the status of vulgarity---a kind of blind inner ugliness and smallness: essentially, she hasn't got beyond primitive evacuation-difficulties---her sweat probably stinks, she might let out a fart through her lack of proper control. This is probably what provincial vulgarity is at the root---something to do with evacuation, with the question of primitive control. It reminds me of Angelo's frequent recoil from people---the nose lifted slightly with distaste, from the

Perhaps the friendship collapsed into its real self.

Perhaps the friendship we have now---of silence---is what we were working towards. At the frontier of the invisible, when we seemed about to become practical friends and knew the recital of each other's difficulties by heart, it stopped. He took the necessary action; but only because it was inevitable, perhaps. It was a devastating shock, among all the others we had just had in England. It seemed our chief consolation in life was dead. But afterwards, in a strange way, it was better. There was a sense of relief; an extraordinary sense of freedom which we couldn't understand. We both buckled down to work again---
and ~~we were~~ in Rome ~~by now~~---with an amazing festive freedom. Perhaps Angelo's stark, blinding intuitions had known something about this beforehand.

He could only take action from himself} from the state of his own feelings. In that way, he never used judgement. He acted straight from his feelings; they were the spring of energy. That was the only way open to him because he had no society in him. He had to take his immediate, dazzling-clear appraisal of things, because he was alone. I remember how he described a young German once---'He's lost his eyes---when he sits at table he's looking for his eyes all the time---on the floor, under the table, but they've gone---!' And this was an exact description not because it hit off a characteristic of the man but because it immediately conveyed his approach to things---it showed you at once an image of his pale, stretched face, that had been in so much suffering which it had never understood or penetrated to a cause.

Angelo's judgements of other people---or rather, pictures---were never tempered with sympathy, so there was no danger of

we were sitting at the lunch table, in the half-darkness, sipping the last of the wine, with the sun gleaming through little chinks in the shutters. And that subject, fascism, seemed there, in the shadows. But it was triumphantly passed over between us. I can remember now what a triumph that was, so soon after the war, to forget that I was English and he was Italian: to let a whole basic history go by the board, perhaps because we knew what a reward there was for us if we did so. It was an intimate triumph for us both which we never spoke about. We overcame politics---and five years of concentrated war-publicity. You can't get round that horrible war-publicity: it turned the Italian into a certain sort of creature; the fascist was a kind of black core which might be found in the heart of any Italian you met. And I thrust these thoughts, which had never started in me and which I had yet to think through, away from my mind. We both insisted on seeing each other at the frontier of life---
~~as~~^{as} we were.

That, partly accounted for the terrific sense of celebration in our conversations: freedom from war. And it was a kind of freedom neither of us had known before. We'd never shared dreams with anyone outside our own worlds, hitherto. I think I can remember the dim sensation at the back of my consciousness of Angelo as a fascist---I don't mean fascist in thought but fascist by birth, by torture, if you like. . It never came into my mind as anything conscious, but there was a certain hidden recoil in Angelo, an hauteur---a certain imposed dignity that lurked there---which belonged to fascism. It was an inaccessibility to freedom. It was something black. It was a negative painted world---the world was painted bright colours but these were cheap and artificial; but of course the child had

taken them as bright. It was a sense of a black negative centre that dangerously disturbed the natural world all round it. The colour was always black. This was the colour of the absolute negative; the no-colour; it was like the perversion of life to the point of exaltation. Exaltation was a strong element. The black centre exalted to be putting an end to life. And it was strange that in the last months of our friendship, when all his childhood was reappearing to him, and perhaps he was facing his past square-on, he and Francine were wearing black most of the time, entirely black---black coats, black stockings, black shoes, black ties, even black shirts. They were two strange figures in England---pale and cut out clear with black. An enormous negative had been done to life. The black disturbed Melli. She said so at the time. She didn't know why.

Rome softened him in the war-years because it was by nature perhaps the least fascist of Italian cities. There isn't the right pride in Rome. There is a bit of the ancient bombast---cutting a figure again---but the city has passed under a lot of wreckage since then. There is something more like Jewish resignation, a sense of the passing of things, the doom behind all power. It comes from real knowledge. And this knowledge, from centuries of watching power at work, acted on Angelo when he first came to the city.

There was something too neat and finished about fascism for Rome. She doesn't like too much assertion, just as she doesn't like finishing a building. I haven't seen a really finished building in Rome, either old or new. Something has to be left, a bit of nude staircase or a gaping cellar, to

let the spirit out; you don't want to wrap things up too neatly. Too much logic stuns life. And the two things went on side by side in Angelo---the sense that for freedom you have to let things slide a bit, and the sense that some strict action was necessary---even some damage---to stop a mess. I suppose one is only free when one has these two things as one and the same sense. Socrates had it, which is perhaps why he was persecuted. And you found it in English politics, when there was such a thing.

The Romans are empiricists as the English used to be, except that they don't wait and see, they just wait. When you've finished waiting for one thing to collapse you start waiting for another. The consoling element in Roman noia lies here---you are waiting all the time in a kind eternal ante-room, and you dream of the room on the other side of the door which you never penetrate, it gives a glow to the ante-room, even though nothing real can possibly happen there---since it all takes place in the other room, the last, magnificent salon of all. Nothing happens in Rome. And Angelo was softened under this first shadow of real humanity.

Fascism, like its child nazism, wasn't a political doctrine in the Anglo-Saxon sense at all, but a facet of the provincial temperament. Its basic interest was to cut a figure in the world. The Italian preoccupation with figura was its seed. And both movements followed a theme that had been going on in the middle classes of Germany and Italy for decades before: namely, that you have to show some vitality, there has to be action, something must be disturbed, otherwise there is death and emptiness. That, underneath, is the provincial situation. Thus, people completely innocent of the political ideas of fascism and nazism were the causes of it---they bore it in

their way of talk and gathering together. In the provincial world, however you may try to escape it, you begin to cut a figure the moment you go among other people. I don't mean you try to show off. But you try to be lively, you have a certain idea of the form any conversation should take, and in some way every conversation you have outside the intimate family circle is a performance. This is so In Germany and Italy. Really the effort ^{l.c.} Angelo always made when he was with other people--- even as we found out, with us---was the effort involved in all provincial gatherings. The idea of society as a source of ease and natural behaviour is absent to the provincial consciousness, so that there is no society in the proper sense at all. This lack of society was exactly what caused fascism and nazism, not the arrogance of the Italians or the murderousness of the Germans. The Italian is rarely arrogant, and I've never known a murderous German.

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I believe that Angelo never really perceived me as a whole, only as moments. At one moment I was lively and passionate, striding all over the room, at another I was elegaic, at another penetrating, at another just absent, there but doing, saying, apparently thinking nothing, a pesce morto---a dead fish. He often used those words: he would say, 'You're sitting there like a dead fish!' That is the Sicilian world, too. You suddenly, in that world, achieve God: you suddenly put out massive branches like an oak, you tower over other people for a moment, delivering yourself. And then---silence again. For you aren't an oak. You are only one for a moment, then you go back to

tradition, too. You have a philosophy, but you don't let it go right through your life. You don't jigger with the basic things, like where your money comes from. So it is at one and the same time a craven conformism and a rebellion: this creates the negative and spurious element of fascism. And there again is a reason why it took root in the provincial countries, Italy and Germany, and not in our world: power in the provincial countries is the status quo that pervades everything outside the family. It isn't on the whole open to discussion. It is conceived as permanent and unalterable. The family is the real seat of discussion, unlike in our world. And of course the family is an island of interests to itself. But in our world power is a fluid and continually moving thing, always in the balance, and we grow up with an unquestioned sense of having the right to challenge it. This is the moral indignation that doesn't exist in the provincial world---it is an emotion really and truly lacking. In our world having no power gives our challenge all the more grace and rightness. In the provincial world having no power robs the challenge of anything but self-interest. On this hub Europe---and the whole Christian world---is split in two.

If you are poor in our world your challenge to riches is made clean. In the provincial world it is made dirty.

I think this is why my moral indignation, which I shall always have whatever the flux of my interests, was finally for Angelo---though not consciously or willingly---self-interest. I think perhaps our friendship broke on this hub, more than on any other. At this point the two worlds can't understand each other.

shouldn't he do what he likes, if it's his own life? This is the provincial freedom. The other man may go to the devil if he wishes to. So the tendency is for everybody to be left to his own world, and for the world to consist of immediate interests stirred and spurred by dreams. There are political dreams, religious dreams---collective dreams of every kind; and each time they happen there is an enormous upheaval. The development of the metropolitan world is opposite to this: its greatest modern revolution has been industries, namely the slow organic alteration of life according to practical observations, not dreams.

The provincial dream is the only form of collective action, the only patriotism. This is the same for Italy as for Germany. Like the German, the Italian is alone, he has to fight alone. Like the German he expresses nature, its marvel and vigour. He has to fight through with the dream of self, the dream of power, the dream of work. The invisible is all inside him, not outside. He doesn't translate the invisible into outside terms, either. Whereas in our world that happens all the time, the invisible becomes continually absorbed and materialised in life, our rooms and houses and family-habits reflect us, that is, they express the invisible to which we belong, they are our outer realised form. And this is rare in Italy. You will find a clever young doctor, fighting to get somewhere---not just in a career, but in real development---you will find him sitting in the same kind of room as everybody else, the same unenchanted sitting-cum-dining room with its naked electric lights and hideous sideboard, the same lack of glow and mystery. And the woman who wants to get out of the old provincial life and be fashionable and stylish like the women in Paris, she sits

in the same rooms, too, she invariably has the same sense of unenchanted womanhood as most of the women round her, only she is ^{disturbed} troubled, often neurotically, from that natural balance which ~~which~~ is her safest anchor. In Italy there isn't any sex in the northern sense---the peculiar enchanted fascination one sex has for the other, based on respect. French love is respect, whether you like it or not. It explores all the exquisiteness and refinement of human respect. In origin it is aristocratic. But in Italy that can't exist: There can only be the dream of sex, usually from foreign influences: it gets connected with affectation, vanity, even rebellion; it isn't real enjoyment, natural enjoyment. Natural enjoyment is the short-lived act of love. This is what sex means in Italy. It means the literal moment of love. The invisible isn't in people or things: there is just the body, which has its natural appetites, for sex and food. There isn't a real development in people. There isn't real development of character on a communal scale, just as there isn't in Germany; there is only development in single people, by terrific effort. The sex in Germany is a tremendous assertion of nature, it is nature as a massive and truthful dream; there isn't the desolation in sex that you find in Italy. It has become a vigour that you get nowhere else. Sex is intact in Germany as passion. In Italy this has been curtailed, as a force, first by the slave-civilisation of ancient times---the inheritance of squalor---and then by the church which tended to take over pagan forms. The world of Germany and that of Italy are divided by the fact that Italians are historically an enslaved people, and when you have been humiliated you don't feel like sex, you don't have respect for your own body and you don't expect other people to. Your sex

grasp me as he usually did, before the words were really out of my mouth. I told him that years abroad seemed to discourage the doubt in one---and that this wonderful element came back to me when we returned to England for a few months. He still looked surprised at the word 'doubt'. And he said nothing. I added that in Rome I was right inside my own world, I surrounded myself with my own world, I was a world to myself; but in one's own country one hears and understands every subtlety, one learns again that one isn't the author of the world, one hears clever and concise and complicated propositions, stated quickly, there is the brisk competition of ideas, and a pleasant innocent doubt returns, when one ceases to lay hold of every idea as if it was a log to keep afloat by; one learns the flow of real talk again, as one can only have it with one's own people; abroad, talk is just an exchange, an exchange of ideas; among your own people it is a blind and tentative journey where pride has to be asleep. But he didn't seem to see. At least, he only nodded and turned away. He seemed not to be thinking on those lines. Yet something of the same kind had happened to him: a great innocent doubt had departed. He seemed bent, wholly, on certainty. Angelo became more and more mysterious for me in those days, as he drifted further into his dry, isolated, pale, marvellous and brilliant reality.

He was clinging to certainty---for survival. It was a certainty he'd made for himself out of stupendous effort over the last few years, and he now seemed to be keeping it going by force of will, not letting it rest. Calling most people cretini was an aspect of this. The faith in him really seemed to have gone. Faith and doubt are really the same thing.

It seemed he could no longer rest in himself, leave his development to time. He had to cling to the invisible, which he'd built for himself. The invisible didn't exist in his world, except locked inside single and lonely men. He clung to it for all he was worth, inwardly. You wouldn't think, to look at him, that his work had anything to do with enchantment or compassion at all. It seemed something hard and cruel, sharp as a knife, which meant him turning away all the time---~~from~~^{from} his wife, everybody. It meant having no friends, even the one or two friends we are allowed in life. It meant that the blood had almost to be stopped. Then, in perfect and absolute isolation, the work could begin.

It was the exact opposite of everything I'd known in my own world. It wasn't just the solitude he and I had always talked about---I'd urged him more and more to surround himself with solitude, especially living as he did in a big city. This wasn't the same. Solitude is really tender and easy, when it is real: it achieves a marvellous sense of spectatorship, but the really solitary person isn't cut off from anyone or anything, he is given more perfectly to life than anyone else. But Angelo was entering an Absolute. He was being absolute in his life. And this wasn't solitude. It was too artificial. And everything in me, all my Englishness, shuddered at that. I had no sympathy for it. It was a sort of death for me. I wanted to get away, to breathe properly again, to get back to our freedom that Melli and I had together, with each fresh day growing freely between us, with its own form, ~~but~~ with a definite form each time. Angelo had to impose a form, in some way. He had to cling to the form he'd made for himself, because of

and squalors that are its language and always will be. Really he is a man without a faith. He's alone, with his thoughts. He's in a dead world, just as a Sicilian is said to be in a dead world when he's surrounded by nature; traditionally, he is completely oblivious to it. It all lies there round him like a pesce morto. Yet he is part of it. This is his strength. There is a terrible loneliness round him which is perfectly classical in origin, and more or less inconceivable to us; he is the last classical man. He is quite different from the Italian in this. He has a driving and cutting will, a power to see clearly even to the point of ^{the} utmost darkness in his own self, and to make dazzling clear reflections even while he is up to his neck in the squalor of life. He has this marvellous remoteness and spirituality, which leads to his suicide. The classical world was a tragic world, and so is his. There isn't any hope, finally. There isn't the mess and squalor of paganism---the having a stink and liking it; there is this alter ego of paganism---the obsessive and terrible horror of the vulgar which is the classical absolute, and the precise opposite of anything Christian.

Being with educated Sicilians is for me like suddenly finding myself in a nursery or a bed with strange people, grown-ups at that. It makes you feel as if something awful is going to happen---somebody might drop a fart or giggle, and the whole thing will fall to pieces. There is this high state of tension all the time, bordering on hysteria. There is no Sicilian conversation in the educated sense: there is superb and lucid exposition, there are heights and chasms and clear rushing streams, and deserts, and the hard, baking sun, but there isn't the give and take of conversation. There isn't any drama. There can

✓ speak, throwing little chunks of bread across the table ^{to him or} ~~and~~ putting another potato on his plate. He licked his chops, guzzled his wine and had everything down inside a few minutes--- talking the whole time as well. It wasn't that he lacked table manners. They'd just never started with him. When he practised them they were hardly more than horror of vulgarity, namely, a form of hysteria again.

The tension would always start the moment we were together again, like a dynamo. It wasn't unpleasant---not at all a stiffness or restraint. It was tremendously exciting. Nothing could be left to silence. If I was silent, especially in the early days, he would cry, 'Forza, forza!'---strength! Only for a brief and lovely period, which was like a special inheritance for Melli and me, too ecstatic to be bearable almost, ^{did} when that tension ceased and life just flowed along between us, with Angelo saying things like, 'Oh, words don't matter' and 'Let life take its course.' But Francine would look at him doubtfully. She always seemed to doubt him in this way, and for years we didn't understand why. What she was really doing when she glanced at him like this was conveying to him---reminding him---what he was really like, in himself, after the tension of our meeting together was over and they were alone again, and the pesce morto of the world had returned, the corpse of daily life; and then there were no flights for her, nothing was allowed to flow... She didn't understand him, we said. It was true she didn't. But at the same time she knew him as he was, which was why he clung to her, why he listened to her and why---'in his terrible way', as Francine said---he loved her.

He didn't respect us, in ourselves, because we weren't permanent characters for him. He respected in Melli the

English could be remarkable. All of a sudden, if there was no other way of being understood, he would start talking English, slowly and clearly, enunciating it beautifully. But he always said that English wasn't his 'destiny'.

We went for long walks through Itchenor to the harbour where endless clusters of yachts lay on the water, and looked across at the other bank, which was in the form of a rising lawn, with a house among trees, like the close, hilly Hampshire country. It was all neat, picturesque, very clean and vivid. He had a great sense of England. It was always the freedom that caught him. He said the same as on his first visit---he felt so free! He could see it in people's faces---it was so marvellous after the tension of the Continent. The ease, the perfect ease of life underneath, the space inside people, a kind of inner harmony of freedom that was like a communal dream, were what struck him, he said.

We went up to London to see my parents and I remember the little cry of amazement he gave when he walked into the back room, into the blaze of little lights---the wonderful glow of intimate life that made everything look like a palace. At first he said nothing as we walked into the tiny hall from the front door, only nodded in his solemn way to my father, but when the door of the back room was opened and the glowing light broke on us he made this little cry of joyful appreciation.

And he told my parents later, 'I love your son all the more now, because I know you!' It made him understand me. It was something to do with the intimacy---the thrill of that room, which I still feel myself when I go there, intact from childhood, and which always makes Melli feel absolutely calm, as if she'd found her real element at last. The world there

is safe because it relies on nothing that isn't human. All its commitments are human. All its references. There is absolutely no power. Nobody has power. Therefore there is no corruption. The creature is fully contained and allowed for in that world. There is nothing but the creature. And because there isn't any power or Position he is the king of every place he is in, by natural election. But that working-class world isn't by any means just a natural or primitive world. The lack of power isn't due to power not having started up yet. An enormous history of civilisation and respect is actually behind it. The people with power---those who get hold of power---leave the class: if power is within their grasp, that means they've already left it, in any case.

m There is an enormous invisible freedom in that world, as I know now from having tasted its opposite. There is an enormous delicate and respectful appreciation of the human creature there, an enormous Christianity---much more so than in the middle class.

The middle class has nothing to compare with that world, as far as respect for the human creature goes. The middle class is in this respect blunt and gross, by comparison. There goodness of feeling---the substance of society---is sustained by working people everywhere. And as their world dwindles, as their numbers grow less, so the middle class gets invisibly weaker, until in the end there is a kind of massive crisis, when the whole matter of intimacy and power has to be gone into, when the choice has to be made quite clearly as to whether we are belonging to a Christian civilisation or not, and what that means. By that time all the intimacy at our disposal will be used up, and it will have to come back by means of

conscious and chosen allegiance.

There is only one other place where I've known that same intimacy---not the thrill so much, but the intimate sense of safety in a creature's world, where all the consolations are made for the humble and thwarted, for the lonely, and not for the powerful, the logical and the effective. And that is Italy. Finally we've always had to flee back there, for it to save our lives again. The power lies absolute round and over Rome, just as it does round the streets where I was born, but it isn't inside: it belongs to another class, another breed of mankind, who aren't seen often. They cut figures, they have appointments and important occasions, they are restless, shifty, damned. But their activities are outside, while there is this glow of an inner family-seat which is hidden at the centre. There isn't the thrill of respect and freedom as there is in England, it isn't the same kind of thing, it isn't in people, the thrill lies more in place, in something physical, almost external, it isn't grounded in the thrill of people being together, but it comes from the same root.

Angelo's background was stark in comparison with mine. That was why Rome could save him. Its world is sad and bored, but still there is the thrill that even seems to emerge from the boredom and that refuses no new bedcompanion. Nothing gets refused in Rome. It all gets mixed up in a hot compost---the thrill is the steam that comes off, and the mysterious heat inside can never be localised because it shows no flame or even a glow. It stinks of course, but so do we all at times. And perhaps Angelo lost this influence slowly when he was in Paris, perhaps its softening touch was forgotten, and he drew nearer and nearer to his own original world, where stinks are

what other people have. His world seems to have a rooted puritanism, but not one of a Christian origin. It reminds me more of the Arabs. They are supposed to wash at once after they've made love, and to make love near a river if they can. You can see the difference between our world and theirs in their lavatories, where you squat over a hole in the floor. The tiny water-tap at your side is such a clearly-cut physical device compared with the conceptual paper of our world, which prevents you coming into contact with your own flesh. In the Arab lavatory you just turn the little tap on, put the fingers of your (right) hand under the water and wipe your arse. Simple! When that is clean you wash your hands. Really that's cleaner than paper, if you come to look at it. The intimate connection between flowing water and cleanliness is still there. The sense---the horror---of evacuation is there just the same as in Christianity, there is the same risk of of confusing evacuation with the love-processes, as among all humanity, but it isn't conceptual. The different religions treat it differently.

As the middle classes grow in our world so the acute stink-consciousness of our civilisation grows. The more in flight from his problems a middle-class person is the more stink-conscious he is. I suppose this is why some unhappy daughters of the middle class literally bathe themselves in scent, to hide the original stink of self: the inner natural self is putrid---this is the basic middle-class philosophy. For the middle class has historically vindicated the outer rights and freedom of the human creature, his dignity, but at the expense of the religious faculty. They had to show that every man was a child of God---in life. But to do this they had to show that there was nothing divine about him either---that he inherited no

natural power over his own kind: the claims of pope, king and nobleman were knocked out one by one. So you got God taken out of the human creature as fast as he was being put in. The human creature became master of the world. And of all reality. Christ seemed to have given people a terrific spur of freedom---he seemed to offer glory, something divine in life, if only you threw off the shackles.

And the middle-class stink-self is the creature ostracised by this grand flight for glory: the middle-class child learns early---with frequent devastating effects on his nervous system---that in the area of rights and civic relationships he is free, but in the intimate areas he's as good as---shit. It is a strange thing to happen. Essentially, the middle-class upbringing is indoctrination in shame: the natural and spontaneous outburst of humanity which is every child's birthright is discouraged---rarely in a conscious way. For there are other things which the middle-class child has to grasp unless he is to go under---the byways of power. He has so many techniques to learn.

The working-class child knows nothing about these things, in his world where ambition simply doesn't exist and life is taken as it's found. Like an Italian he is the king of his own feelings, they assert towards the mother their own natural kind of royal dignity, and the intimacy is therefore not discouraged. In the middle-class world intimacy is the greatest threat to movement and development, whether you like it or not, and however good a mother or father you are: you yourself are caught up in ambitions, and no other path can be put before your child, so that in humanity he must be groomed according to the world he will inherit. In the middle-class world only the non-intimate rights are furthered. The middle-class world is grounded on power, not

on humanity, as all aristocratic society was and all lower-class society must be in order to survive. The middle-class thrill is at root the sound of mighty machines---the sound of nature harnessed, the thrill of movement and spectacle; and the aristocratic thrill is the thrill of other people, in the same way as the lower-class thrill is, too. In the middle-class world other people aren't enough. There is the great world-struggle pre-occupying the middle-class mind---the mind has to make its fierce demands on nature. And when these demands have been exhausted---as they will be perhaps by the pathetic flights into space, which are like a last effort to turn eternity and even God into a civic right, there will have to be the thrill of people again, the thrill of the sound of their coats swishing, the thrill of the things they say and do with their own hands.

That will be the end of the stink-self. Every man can then be a slave and kind^g in one, as only the working man is at present, though his position isn't a permanent one, nor an unadulterated one, nor an invulnerable one: he is for all that a child, a victim, a helpless reflection of the middle class (his master), and one by one he has to go into the middle class, send his children in, according to a process that has been going on for all to see since the eleventh century. The middle-class has reached its utmost mental development---and its obsessive stink-consciousness is its consciousness of the last lingering odours of the intimate thrilling self which the mind has had to forget in its enormous plans for the marshalling of power, which in its steel parts and regular noises and clean emissions of wanted commodities is as different from the farts and ordure of mankind as anything you can get. The middle class has tried to create God on earth, in men, and for this reason it has collapsed inwardly more and

more with each wonderful success, so that in the end when it has cleaned the whole world up and its great thriving project ---freedom---has been accomplished, it will committ a sort of suicide back into humanity. For the real world---not the projects put on to it---is still there for contemplation, as unexplored as it always was. The whole hidden world of our own organs that do their work invisibly every moment, the hidden world of plants and the seasons and the invisible attractions and influences of the earth, and the language of animals, all the world that lies all round us nearly dead at the moment, which our senses and instincts have lost track of, so that we are like pale and hostile and unknown visitors, not knowing what we shall do next by way of destruction, all this awaits us again. Our intuitions, which the middle class has all but killed by calling invalid, will get their life back again. Clear and golden intuitions are the prize of civilisation, just as in a person they are the prize of real thinking.

Where I was born nearly all the mystery of created life is still there intact; and Angelo felt this. There is the thrill of the outside created world which, though wounded and darknwith smoke, is absolutely beyond you, beyond your powers and knowledge. The mystery of Christmas is still there, the streets at Christmas, in the crisp air, when everything is still and you see the lights on the little Christmas trees in the windows, and the lamplights make the roads look like village lanes. Not all the created life is there, the mystery isn't quite intact, there is a nervous background of menace which is mostly disregarded from inside but is always there. Only the people have made it natural. The actual streets were put there as part of a mathematical proposition for somebody's

profit-and-loss account, and this can never fit into a real and lasting scheme of things. But the people there have made villages of them. Every Christmas was as mysterious to me as the countryside. There was the crisp hush of the week before the actual day, and we used to go carol-singing in small groups; and the sky seemed as silent and vast as you find it in the country. The roofs were low, just like a village. Usually the sky was haunted and ghostly, turned into a frightening zone of emptiness and oblivion by the great work-schedule that hung over everything and tried to make itself the only thing there was in all creation. The untouched intimate heart won in the end, though: it kept the glow, and you felt this most of all in the special seasons, at Easter, on Shrove Tuesday, on the Bank Holidays. The created world came back again then. It was still the breath of God, over the streets: you were still in the state of grace, that is, the child of great creating forces which you didn't understand but the rhythm of which was in you. The knowing and foreseeing face of the middle class wasn't there. The mark of that face is its lack of respect: this is what differentiates it from the working class or the peasant face. It has nothing to respect in the universe. There is just---nothing. The sky is---nothing. The invisible is---nothing. There are just hard, touchable objects and---space. But where I was born there was the wonder of active and irresistible things outside you; and that doesn't wilt in the old people, because it isn't an attitude but a total state of being which only the slow and painful initiation into the middle class can end. Once it has ended nothing can bring it to life again. And Angelo seemed to recognise this; I think it was what made him utter his astonished, happy little cry.

I don't think there was anything like that in his own life. I think his life had the terrible Italian bareness. Some magnificence had been denied. There is this deep historical slave-element in Italy all the time. And perhaps Angelo had it in his life even stronger than other Italians. Perhaps Sicily has it more than the Italian continent. He used to tell me about the terrible hysteria of family-life, the pale, quivering hatred behind everything, the feuds. He used to imitate his uncle---thin and pale and sharp-faced---standing just behind the curtains of the window watching people go by outside, talking to himself, his eyes narrowed with a hatred as consuming and helpless as disease---'Look at that one! He calls himself a priest! He'll die soon! Curse him! Curse him!', his lips like knives already cutting. And then the 'occasions', the family gatherings. The neighbours who came to pay their respects and sniffed round looking for all the proper signs of such an occasion---the coffee, the wine, the cake, all offered with a terrible absence of real feeling for others, and received in the same way. Under the smiling and hand-shaking---'When is this idiot going to offer us something? Is that all he's got? And he swindled one of his brothers out of a hundred thousand lire only last week!' It was a life starved like the hot earth. And the heat seemed to bake feelings dry, to suffocate and crush the creature into a victim of the elements, their slave. Angelo hated and feared hot weather. It finished him completely. In cold weather he was lively, clear, active. Just a day of real heat would knock him over. Perhaps his world was pagan. I don't know. It is so difficult for me to see, across those oceans of difference between us, across the enormous religious divides. Perhaps Christ was lacking in his world. Perhaps only Christ

a fabulous way, across enormous glowing spaces of air, as at the amphitheatre of Epidaurus where you sit looking across the parched Greek plains towards the mountains of Arakhnaion, and the gods seem to sit there, while the air among the cypresses is mild and eternal, the same as it must have been for Aesulapius and the sick people coming to him, close to that amphitheatre.

Christ entered Angelo like that, like a breath, like the recognition of a great new power in the universe. But it was a spectacle; Christ was a breath-taking spectacle that he saw clearly. But one spectacle can be replaced by another. You can't have the same spectacle before you all the time. And the next step wasn't to alter him inwardly in any way, it had nothing to do with the inward moral character. That was much more my world. After becoming really conscious of Christ there were things in my own life that I saw much more clearly---always related to moral actions of some kind. But the change it made in Angelo was to make his eyes brighter, with yet one more brightness. It was like getting the benefit of a new sun. But nothing in it contributed towards a permanent and decided moral character. This, perhaps, was the development lacking in his world. That was why he could say helplessly, 'You see, I never know what I'm going to be tomorrow. Or even in two hours' time. I never know how I'm going to feel, what I shall think, what I shall want to do.'

And there was still a kind of pagan triumphing in him which was completely strange to any feelings I had ever had. Once when we were driving through Paris he jumped the traffic lights and a policeman stopped us at once. Francine whispered angry little comments as we drew to a halt. Then there was a long conversation between the policeman and Angelo. He told the man

mildly and quietly that he'd been confused because he was driving some English friends through the city to show them the sights, and in pointing something out---jumped the lights... A beautifully contrived, beautifully spoken Italian story; and it would melt any heart. The policeman was tall and grave, and listened sceptically at first. But he softened, especially when he realised that Angelo was a foreigner. He seemed to appreciate it, above all, that Angelo had no bitterness or fight in his speech, no rasping haughtiness. So with a smile he let him go.

Now Angelo shouted a thank-you and drove off fast, and I was amazed to see that he felt triumph, not fellow-feeling for the other man, not the slightest appreciation or even awareness of the kindness in the other man, the fact that he had given something freely to a stranger, which is the best homage one can get. It made me pause. It was like a lapse of his character for me. But not exactly that. I wasn't aware of a lapse so much as of a character which I had clearly not understood properly so far, and which I had wrongly taken ~~it~~ for granted was like my own in most ways.

And of course the northern civilisation gave him a thousand gratuitous little triumphs like that every day. And he couldn't see the key to it; that was how it seemed. In his world yielding to someone else seemed too close to being a fool ever to be practised much. He couldn't understand how people could be so yielding and credulous---and, perhaps, soft. He wanted to see something more definite. Really I think he didn't believe in this apparently good world: he wanted to see the evil, clear, as it had been in his world. All this good seemed to him a

kind of massive concealment. He wanted to see other desires naked, he wanted to see the evil and negative. He didn't want to lose himself in a fluid, chaotic mass of goodness. It was like being helpless in his mother's arms again, perhaps. Life had to be externally clear-cut for him. It had to leave him alone, above all. And all the goodness seemed to put on him an unexplained and continual obligation. What did they want?

X What did they want from him? It reminded^{me} of the way Italians — often take unexpected gifts, with a wary, narrow look, as if to say, 'What's all this for? what's being asked of me?'

The Italian face, indeed, is rarely lit by a really unreserved and open smile, never by real laughter. There isn't real intimate humour in daily life, none of the bright and optimistic attitudes that form the features of the northern face and give it depth and an encrusted individuality. History has made its encrustations on the face---violence and struggle, pain, yearning. But these are communal lines, not individual. And they are classical. They also tend to close the face. There is a sad and elegaic humour---something ironic, also intimate, but not with optimism or relish. Pleasantry is missing. There isn't really pleasantry in conversation. There is delight, curiosity, the sad dirge of an endless confession, but not common pleasantry. This comes by individual breeding and effort. Faces lack light. Given light and openness they would be quite different, their lines would have developed differently, they would be good-looking in the northern way, which they almost never are. Faces convey no hope or plan of life. They aren't on any quest at all. There is no questing in life. After I'd been living in Italy some years I began to recognise a foreign tourist at once, by instinct almost, without ever looking closely. And the sight

began to thrill me in a way I couldn't understand. I began to ask myself what was this different quality I saw in them, that made them so immediately recognisable. And after some years I realised that mainly in their walk, their way of striding, they always seemed to be questing for something, quite naturally and unconsciously. And it was in everything they did---the way they looked at things, the way they smiled, the open way they had of asking questions. They had this deliberate air of going somewhere. Whatever they were doing they always seemed to be going somewhere. But the Italian never does.

In that comparison you can see the difference between two worlds---how far we have been taken towards not accepting what lies all round us, towards questing every moment for an end or solution, and how far the Italian at the opposite pole accepts all the time, waits and looks on and accepts, strolling through life however quick his pace. Angelo's pace was always much quicker than mine. He shot through streets like a torpedoe. But the root-difference between our worlds remained. We had both developed a long way away from our worlds; he had learned the questing ache, and I had learned the acceptance. But that root-difference, behind us, at the birth of life, remained, hardly conscious to either of us.

The northern man sets out early on his quest. Already as a child---alone with his conscience, the king of his own conscience---he has it before him. I knew the direction I would be taking in life at the age of eleven or twelve, and I can't say I've swerved much from that direction. But in the south there doesn't seem any need for a direction. The world is just there, made for you, and you fill it in your turn like everybody else. In a way

you have no responsibility over your life. The world won't forsake you in the south. It will always give you something to eat, something to hang on to life by, however wretched you are; you aren't judged by your quest, as in the north. You can always get a little bit of pleasure, a drop of wine spared from someone, the healing sunlight. And then there is the mother--- she passes from generation to generation as the unfailing fount of help which can never wane. Life can pass in a dream, in the south. You wake up to your gifts late, on the whole, especially if they are strong. You wake up to your own will late. Angelo was like this. He only divined gradually what sort of thing he was naturally required to do in life. And each step was a terrific effort and pain, like unsucking himself from a great marsh. He really did begin changing his life nearly half-way through it, with decisions of the kind I had taken in the years of puberty. And he'd changed so much. He'd studied so many different things, altered his course, altered his job. First there had been the safe road, pointed out to him by his family, which he had accepted and followed, and then there was the slow and spasmodic awakening, year by year, until he had altered the whole thing from top to bottom. The years he spent studying a subject that had absolutely no interest for him at all, and which on the contrary produced a numb loathing and disgust in him every time he opened a book, must have been a purgatory that was nearly the end---how he survived it with a clear mind I can't understand at all. And it was always a question of survival. This was his quest. A quest for bare survival. Mine was always a quest to finish or ~~start~~ ^{make} a book, go abroad, get enough ^{money} to do my work, and that sort of thing. But his was a quest just to survive in his bare self--- to keep himself this side of madness, despair, the utter and outer

^ darkness. For months of his life my friend has laidⁿ in darkness, without speech, nearly gone out in his flame, a victim to some eternal darkness and helplessness that comes on him, as he said it came on his father. He complained about his father---but there was always Francine's quiet voice saying, 'You're the same, you're the same as your father.' Angelo said that his father had spent most of his life 'crying'---regretting, complaining: for forty years he'd been crying about his health, how he was going to die at any time, but he was now past eighty, and apparently still sound of limb. He ran to church every morning---the church was his pagan god, Angelo said; it wasn't a witness of silence for him, but worldly power. He believed in God as other people believe in society.

For his father life was never quite realised; his quest never really began. And Francine said it was the same for Angelo. The scene had to be laid so carefully for this quest---so many enemies had to be fought off---so much solitude had to be procured---the outer world had to be placated and appeased in so many ways. And here the Absolute came in. The outer world was an absolute power that had to be fought all the time, while the fighter was weak, being flesh, and not absolute at all. You could only get through by putting one absolute against another.

That was why there was really no quest: if you make the outer world into an absolute you glorify its powers, you humble yourself to it---which makes the act of defiance necessary as well. You build the world into such vastness that you are left without any power in yourself at all: you have to assert yourself deliberately, in order not to go under; you tell yourself you have to be strong---that you are indeed strong, and that the fight will be long and bitter. Everything involves the long

and self-destructive fight. Nothing is soft.. Nothing comes easily. Nothing is relative. The world is all absolute round you; other people are absolute---they are enemies or friends, fools or not, great or small. This is where the fight for survival comes in---your intimate flame of life is always at stake in this struggle with absolutes. And only when towards the end of your life---if at all---you realise that the absolutes aren't there and that you yourself aren't absolute, and no act of defiance is necessary, only then are you free for the quest which should have begun in youth. Angelo told me once how Verga had come to write his real books---the ones for which he is known: he came across a leaflet that described an experience at sea, in the seaman's own language; it was just a seaman talking about the sea, from himself. And that seemed to set Verga's language free. There were no absolutes; no monuments. He found his own speech, suddenly, after years. There was just the relative creature talking about the relative world, in crisp, spare terms. From that time he began to write properly, without being artificial.

In our world of the north all literature is that seaman talking. The relative world weaves in and out of his narrative. But in the provincial world, in Italy and Germany, the great battle with absolutes has to take place. The outer world is absolute. A man's statements are absolute. One statement clashes with another---there is none of the endless dialogue of free and wondering voices as in our world. There is none of the leaven of the invisible society.

Right at the bottom, those absolutes are pagan. And in Angelo's world they're classical pagan---still with their old dignity and fire. They don't belong to the Christian world,

weren't really meeting, even when there was nothing obviously wrong. Once Melli arrived in Paris a day or so before me and Angelo said to her, sitting in the dim, still drawing-room that overlooked a tiny courtyard, 'How is he? Is he in a good state---or---' He paused---'funny?' And he seemed to expect her to know what he meant. But she looked at him questioningly, and he brushed the matter quickly aside, seeming to assume that she just didn't want to talk about it; she was baffled as I was when she told me later.

Then later she said she thought he didn't see me as really separate from one of his own states. He didn't see the theme in me---only a series of moods that seemed to have little to do with each other. I suppose that meant I was a pagan for him, really. The pagan is the child of every sensation, always completely engulfed by it. I was a storm, then light, then laughter, then calm, then full of portent---like something in his own world. The pagan has no deliberate approach to the world. Reality overpowers him every time. What was invisible for Angelo in my changes was that deliberate approach of the northern world. Perhaps this was the key to all our differences. I think this is why he shrugged at the end and said to me, 'I'm sorry---I can't read your books---I want to---but I can't read English---it's a destiny---I know that now.' He felt there was something invisible to him.

I think he missed the safe inner order of my world, the harmony that lies right underneath and therefore makes any sally away from it an adventure---there are no dangers of bursting the seams. My long dramatic descriptions seemed to tire them as much as stir them.

One thing I thought afterwards: that he had left us either

to become great or become small.

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The northern world had nearly crushed Melli, too. When we met I knew she was convalescent from an illness, but not that she'd been in such danger. It was a mercy I didn't know, in a way---because we would have held back from life in those first months, we wouldn't have talked till late at night or walked at dawn, none of the things that actually helped her recovery.

I was also ignorant in a deeper way---about health as a whole. And I learned this from Melli. She already had it in her---the power of health. She had the enormous natural-born silence that this requires. I'd had an inkling of it before---but it was all twisted and girdered-about with the prevailing concepts of health. I had felt these were wrong. I'd always felt strangely at odds with medicine---whenever I had to see a doctor. There was some contradiction there: I felt a loss of power and self-reliance and initiative which I thought was wrong, whenever I faced a doctor. But I didn't know why it was wrong. I tried to argue that he, the doctor, was wrong. But it was a difficult road. And, slowly, Melli taught me why. First she had the inner rhythm and silence of health, and secondly she was learning herself, as the best doctors do, through their own bodies.

Even as a child her's was a rhythm, a deep, inner rhythm, which just doesn't do for this epoch. And as fast as the doctors looked for a cause ^{of the disorder} they gave up. It was mad to suppose that the usual doctor of today could ever have found anything.

When she was a small child her family was chased out of Germ-

~~/to P. 272~~

to find out more about it in the library. I was hot at the collar and my hands were trembling as I opened the medical encyclopedia to look up 'hypertension'---what a fine state to study anything in! And partly this was because I wasn't in charge of my own body, though I didn't of course know this. I was helpless. If my body got a cold or 'flu or measles or gout or anything that came along, well, it just came along. I just had to wait. I had no sense at all that the body gives warning of what it will do, and shows its weaknesses intimately. I thought that was health. And now I think it is ill-health. All I could do, in the matter of the body, was to keep my fingers crossed. Now in all other respects in life I didn't keep my fingers crossed: that wasn't enough for me---never had been. I directed my will towards this or that object, lived towards this or that, and always had done. But in the case of health, it seemed---in the case of the basis of all will---I left it to chance, or to the society round us (in which I was supposed not to believe). It was little wonder I had such ambiguous feelings when I faced a doctor, as if I was being found out in some way.

And here was I trembling like a leaf because there was a medical book in my hand, sweating like a cannibal in front of a witch-doctor! I was superstitious, clearly. My approach to medicine was thoroughly and completely superstitious; I was little better than a pagan would be. You couldn't imagine that I was an Oxford-educated individual. What hope had I of doing anything for Melli in this state?

Knowledge would have held me---my terror of Melli dying---in check; whereas I was ignorant. It seemed I first had to clear my mind of a lot of rubbish, but I didn't know what this rubbish was. I only felt it was there. Yet I couldn't believe that the text-books were wrong, either. Nor could I quite believe them.

a disaster. This is because it must be a dream, and not an inherited safe form. Like Italy, the German world has grown out of independent duchies which were always a law to themselves---not from an integral monarchy, radiating a single authority through its noble classes, as in France and England. There is no communion of ideas, no collective genius of thought, in Germany, just as there isn't in Italy. This is why you see people's faces changing so much, especially if they have great gifts. The doctor in charge of the clinic, for instance---I always had to look at him twice, to recognise him. This isn't a sign of inner vacillation---it simply means the absence of an inherited communal form. The peasants have an inherited physical form of life, as in Italy, but as soon as the break is made with this life the search for form has to begin. In the Anglo-Saxon world character develops in each creature as a collective force, whether he likes it or not. But in Germany it develops by individual crisis and effort; the encrusted lines of age are the lines of a single and individual development, and the being of this isolated creature has been so variously interpreted and misinterpreted in its life by other people, it has been seen in so many false and true lights (other people have no collective criterion in their judgements) that it tends to change according to the light it is in. This is another great danger of the German people.

There is little sense of other people in the German. There is little psychological insight---I mean, as a natural

Our books on war are exercises in pity, on the whole---horror, some kind of recoil, some collective indignation on behalf of other people's lives, on behalf of the collective health and goodness that is being put at stake in war. But this isn't so with the German book. Invariably if it tries pity for other people it is only insipid. Usually it is just a stark account of horror. But the horror is peculiarly insentient. You have the feeling that these people belong to chill rainy nights where the bullets are flying and men are screaming.

That was how Germans seemed to me in the last war. They invariably put in a stiff attack on a rainy night. And they didn't seem to feel the exposure, not like our men. They belonged to nature more. But they weren't bad men. I was always struck by their simplicity and natural goodness when they came in as prisoners. You might say that their officers were bad. But not abstractly so. They weren't visibly cruel men. Even the SS officers I didn't find cruel men. But they were men who could be present at some fearful brutality without feeling it much: after all, it would be somebody else's suffering. In our world that could only be a bad person. But in the German world that doesn't follow: and knowing this is the first step to understanding that world.

The German goes his own way. It is the only way he can go, and why our world will never really understand him, only respect and admire him, or work with him, but never really join with him in his world. He is the great natural force of our European world, almost speechless, like rocks and mountain streams. The officers and men who came in as prisoners were each fighting their own war---they each had their dream. On our side we weren't. I wouldn't have gone into the war if

it hadn't been for the concentration camps: they were the spur to moral indignation---in a people that didn't want to fight. Without them I think people would have had to be pushed into the army. But the German with his terrific vigorous good will and belief, that is ready to gush out at the slightest encouragement from someone of power and authority (it might be, someone with a powerful enough dream), will be off on his war before he knows where he is, and only think about it afterwards, with some puzzlement. He won't change, though, how^{ver} much he puzzles about it. He will just join the collective puzzlement: what happened exactly? It was the same with the concentration camps: I've never met one German young or old who seemed to feel the slightest genuine horror at those camps. Such horror would be a collective emotion, really---proper to a collective massacre. It would belong to our world, but not to the German. There is just perplexity in them---what did I do? all I did was join the army! fight a war---then all this comes out at the end! Only those Germans who suffered in the camps themselves, or lost a relative in them, have the real horror: because it springs from self-interest. The basic communion of pity and fellowship---all abstract or collective sympathy---is lacking in Germany. This is what the rest of the Christian world doesn't understand, in not understanding the German. You will get a German saying of himself, 'Now look at how I behaved in the first world war, prancing about on a horse, with a spiked helmet, anxious to fight it out with England---what an ideal!' But there it will stop: going further---changing himself---requires the self-examination which is just not part of the German upbringing, as it is part of ours.

In the German world power is like nature. It takes on the permanent and overshadowing forms of nature: the status quo is always there for good, like waterfalls and mountains---until it disappears. Hitler, the American occupation, industrial prosperity---they are each there for good, as long as they last. In the German world power is as little fluid as nature, in the sense that mountains and streams don't walk away overnight.
x But if they do walk ^{away} the German adjusts himself at once---they were only scenery. It was never really part of him. Nothing collective ever is.

There is this vigorous and primitive belief all the time, which is both healthy and dangerous. The background is pagan as it is in the Italian world, too. But the Italian world has been softened by the leaven of the church. There hasn't been any such thing in Germany. I shall never forget seeing, in a pleasant little village near Hamburg, a Lutheran priest stroll out of his house in knickerbockers---it was hot---with that self-celebrating swagger you often get in the German official. It isn't a swanking walk so much as a primitive and pagan exercise in self-satisfaction, like an inner dance. The forthright chin was there: the man with no doubts. It was strange to see it in a priest. Power---status quo---stuck out of his body: it was in his walk. It reminded me of the pulpit in his church, which I'd just seen: it was placed exactly above the altar so that it seemed actually to be emerging out of it, not to one side of the chancel as it usually is. I'd never seen that before and my first impression was one of blasphemy. It was like making the priest a spokesman for God. The voice actually came out of the mystery of the cross and the host. Not even in the Roman church, with its apostolic succession,

do you get that: only the pope has divine access to eternity, so to speak, but even then he doesn't issue physically out of the godhead. But in this Lutheran church the godhead seemed owned socially. It went with the hierarchy of power. The priest had God up his sleeve. It was the god of power, that is, a pagan god.

Sometimes the clinic was like a faery castle for me. The pine forests seemed so near---and the stark mountains that were called the 'mother' and the 'father'. The faery-element was in the people, too. Their faces had been developed by strange primitive forces.

The German is rearing to go---to be led, to believe and lapse into a state of believing self-immolation, where the individual responsibility is given up. One man, given the right preparation, can change the German scene overnight. Belief gathers like a storm, a marvellous primitive dream of life, which is such a necessity in Germany, the ache for glory and splendour. The dream grows until it seems to engulf the whole of humanity, then it reaches politics, then it explodes.

Germany is much further from us all than most of us can imagine. The German kings of England were never understood. They acted with a wild, ungainly, awkward and yet simple violence at times: for instance, when the young Prince of Wales, the son of George II, dragged his wife out of Hampton Court screaming with a baby half hanging from her and raced her in a carriage to St. James's Court so that his heir shouldn't be born under the same roof as his father, whom he detested and abhorred. Lord Hervey's memoirs from that time---he was a subtle, scathing, intriguing, clever courtier---are a chronicle of the most disastrous misunderstandings. Most of them came from the fact

✓ that the ^(Hanoverian family) ~~Germans~~ had no idea what all this English freedom was about. They couldn't see why a man with such enormous power, like the king, should be unable to exercise it according to his wishes and convenience, but have to consult interests and parties and an undefined entity called public opinion. They couldn't understand a people who asked to be defended against its enemies but hated the sight of a military red coat. They couldn't understand a people who spat on the royal carriage and yet were decidedly not republicans. They couldn't understand why an apparently absolute power should be given to a king and then limited and curtailed and ridiculed by the fact that parliament and parliament alone had the power of the purse. In the German world a man with power does not beg and he does not discuss.

There seemed no rules in the royal behaviour, to English eyes. It was a chaos of vigour, sentimentality, courage, vacillation, brutality, graciousness. Above all there was no justice. No recollection today of what was said yesterday, and a wavering from ^{this} ~~one~~ minister to that according to immediate self-interest and the persuasive powers of the minister ^{involved.} There was no judgement. They had no themes in their characters. They were either riding the crest of a wave proudly or else drowned in self-humiliation and contriteness. They could be proud and offensive and pugnacious, then an extraordinary simple and child-like charm would appear, which would disarm everybody. They dealt each other smashing blows, inside the family, and these blows were apparently taken for granted by all of them. The king would have a sudden overpowering regard for his daughter, followed by an absolute nullity and blundering insentience towards her. And she reciprocated the behaviour.

To the outsider this is incomprehensible and outrageous. But it is the German world. It is all the original vigour and rude health of our civilisation.

This is why it saved Melli when our own world had nothing to offer. It all depended on one man. When I met him for the first time I was standing by Melli's bed at the clinic, talking. She had just had a bath, I think, and the routine was to spend an hour in bed afterwards, well covered-up. There was a quiet knock on the door and at once I felt, with this man's presence as he came into the room, the most extraordinary sense of peace, like an invisible wave that washed slowly over me. It felt as if he'd gone alone all through life's battles.

In that moment I knew more about him and his clinic, and about what he'd done for Melli, than I ever knew before from hearsay or ever learned afterwards. I always have to make *I* this ~~first~~ absolute contact first, to know a person. It more or less is what my tummy tells me. If it aches, there's a person in coils. . If it doesn't, the other person is all right. It's an animal feeling. In medicine this is terribly difficult, if you're trying to steer through darkness all the time, as I was, trying to repair my ignorance little by little. I had realised that in the end it depended on how this doctor struck me in my animal feeling. It depended on the man.

And this doctor who stood before us now, in white, had gone the road alone. He'd done the self-change. That peace isn't possible short of a terrific and completely unsparing act of self-examination. All knowledge has to be dreamed first, and be yielded up from intimate life painfully and slowly. Then it is given to other people, to become their certainty.

with this energy; you tend more to rapture and to heady, nebulous dreams, you get a bit of mountain madness in your innermost self, your nightmares are sickly and menaced, with strange vengeful and spiteful creatures from the dark woods, unsparing in their venom, nudging and sneering and pinching.

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I went through my own therapy at the clinic, picking up what information I could from the little books written by the doctor in charge. I wanted to find out for myself. I didn't want a doctor doing it for me; I wouldn't have learned anything. Which can be dangerous if you're as ignorant as I am. Because of that, it was months and even years before I found out what was suitable for my own system. But at least I learned in those first few weeks that the body wasn't just an inanimate lump, but worked and sometimes complained in all sorts of ways which until now I knew nothing about.

The clinic was quiet and soothing. Everybody was in bed by nine. I could read with my bedside light until nearly midnight. But I tried to sleep early. I wanted to get the maximum benefit out of the stay.

One evening Melli happened to go to one of the clinic lectures about sleep. Apparently, it wasn't only that you needed enough sleep: the hours in which it took place were important, too. There were certain hours of darkness in which it should take place. The intestines, for instance, had ceased their work by a certain hour, and after that food tended to turn rotten inside, and go to fat, namely, dead cells. So sleep and eating were linked. I remembered that my mother

already there in the bones and blood and organs of the young, as disease? Again, only questions; from an ignorant person.

You hear so many stories about what is supposed to be happening to us nowadays, without our knowing. Are they true? Who can tell us if they're true or not; who has the over-all knowledge? There are specialists, but none of them dare to speak outside their province. The earth is being poisoned, people say---not so much poisoned for ourselves as for the future generations. We were brought up on the last vestiges of the old life, when the basic things---the food and soil and air---hadn't been tampered with. But what about the future? What's happening inside us? What influences the child in the womb, unknown to us? Are all the tiny, invisible processes of the body known? If incubation-periods are anything from ten to twenty years, how do we know what is happening to our children? Can anyone tell us, for certain? If the crop-specialist tells you it's 'safe' to spray crops with a certain weed-killer, does he mean it is safe for my liver? Not at all. He doesn't know anything about the liver. He means his spray will safely kill the weeds but not the crop. So the words these specialists use have to be examined. It is all vague. The word 'safe' is vague, meaning one thing for one man and another for another. Specialists have rarely been trained in language and expression, and yet we have to know precisely what they mean. Who can collate all the things they say except the ignorant, like me, who can watch and compare?

What is the fate of a class that has challenged every pattern of life, wherever it has found one, in order to make something spuriously 'new'?

And there are the apologists. Without spraying poisons on to crops, they say, we would have no apples---no tomatoes---on the table. But have we really reached a point in our history when we sit down to eat a poisoned tomatoe rather than none at all? Is it really possible that no apples or tomatoes were eaten before the epoch of science? With all the spurious thought we've accumulated it seems we can't sit down and think out the simplest and clearest propositions.

What hope can a man who has spent all his formative years in a laboratory learning formulae have of answering questions like these? Yet he has control of our lives, and those of our children. He has no real voice, his mind invariably hasn't had a real training, except in other people's formulae. How far---outside the formulae---does he go along on superstitions, more untested than my superstitions because he feels he has the support of his formulae? How far are we in the hands of functionaries none of whom could take responsibility for the power he uses? How far are the doctors just functionaries of medicine, although given the power to heal? How far are we being led into darkness, by people who prefer the darkness?

In the last hundred and fifty years life everywhere has been put under new principles, and no one has bothered to examine these principles to see if they are all right for the world or not. They've come into being at an alarming rate, they belong to us and they stem from us, yet we're their servants---slaves. They form a prison-house round us. And partly this is why life seems to become unreal---because prisoners are notoriously day-dreamers. Nearly everything robust and ^{ly} genuine from two centuries ago has been taken in hand and overhauled, and a vast prison based on

the principles of production has been put in its place. It is rather like living in a factory where the only important thing is what's produced, and yet we're not like that---we need intimacy, we dwell on the little follies of life for our pleasure, we take notice of each other not for what is useful in each other, not for what goes towards producing things, but for the way we turn our heads, and our smiles, and that peculiar deep magnetism that pulls us to this person rather than that. These are the real important things of life, and yet that is hidden in our world. The middle class still has its face fixed on the production. It's true, we've made a factory. We live in a factory. Nothing else counts in our lives but what goes on in the factory. Everything else---like the family, or God, or ~~the~~ countryside---has ceased to move^{us} except as an agreeable or even passionate attitude. But we have to make it look like the earth again, we have to plant trees, we have to find out how to turn ourselves from little factory-dwellers into men again. We can't do it by running away from the factory. But we can't just leave things as they are.

What intimacy can we hand down, as the old generations handed down intimacy to us? All we inherit is a repertoire of principles---rules and principles! Where is the intimacy, unless it is what each of us desperately manufactures out of the broken sticks of our lives, in the ruins? Nearly everything we have even now, has come out of an intimate act---everything from theatres to horse-racing. It is all started from an intimate and usually tiny group of people, doing something of the greatest importance to themselves, but which would be folly---an evening's pleasure---to us now. What human creatures did was the highest importance^{o/} to them. But that has been knocked out for us. Yet we still

This went hand in hand with the discovery of our bodies, it was one and the same journey, and at the end the sense of health was total: it meant not just better nerves but the mystery of created life.

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When you arrive in England after years away you feel a wonderful thrill and cosy excitement, provided you've got enough money in your pocket. Everything from the houses to the lights in the train-compartments seem made with intimate devotion; intimacy and safety are the first things that strike you. You can settle down. Let the mind wander. You're free.

There is an underlying safe zone in which everybody is joined together, in England; rather sleepy, never reaching words. You see it in people's faces. Everybody belongs to the same world, but this is never spoken. This is why everything feels so safe and intimate. You have the underlying collective silence of the family, without the limitation of freedom. Things don't have to be spoken. This is a marvellous relief. Centuries of organic development are behind that. Two Englishmen saying hullo after ten years away from each other may only shake hands and give each other a quick intimate glance that to the foreigner is no look at all. But there's terrific historical development behind that. The most infinitesimally subtle glance is understood. This is what makes it so difficult for the Englishman abroad sometimes. His glances, little gestures, grunts, nods, yawns and smiles mean absolutely nothing---except perhaps that he's gone cuckoo.

children of men with money in their pockets.

This doesn't mean that I think ~~my~~^u children are going to inherit anything better---however ~~much~~^u I like to protest that I didn't~~t~~ originate in the middle class. For no one really originates in the middle class---they're broken in at the age of two or five or ~~twenty~~, according to circumstances. The fact is that my children will still be the butcast children of a man with money in his pocket, however little he may actually have. The money lies all round them, in the schools and universities and hospitals and friends and jobs that are waiting for them---the whole abstract apparatus of the middle-class inheritance, which cannot be avoided.

From what I have learned in the middle class you have relations with the people you like and the people you do business with. The people you like are the people you approve of and who presumably approve of you: the approval is handed back and forth on the principle of the market-place. If you hate somebody you turn your back on them. The breaking-off of relations is on a massive scale in the middle class, a deadly ritual that stops the blood. There is nothing binding. Nothing you can absolutely take for granted. So no arguments can be carried through. Nothing can be inherited. We offer our children dust and ashes, and there's no way of getting round it.

There is the complete collapse of human authenticity. The thrill and mystery of the human presence is gone. It is leaving the human face---the cracks and lines of real experience and single human power are going. He has no power. But some he must wield. You can't get round it. You can't get round the single human creature as the basis of all thought. In the end even the rules and principles wear down because the shere

same.

We got out of England in a panic rush, after the third winter. There was no money, the violence had caught up with us. Here was a country where a kind of psychic violence had taken place. A shock right at the centre of life. So much violence had been done, England wasn't big enough to contain it all, so it spilled over on to the continent of America. We couldn't hide it any longer---the charnel house. The countryside was there: it lay there like a reminder, a great waste camp for food-production.

Angelo and Francine were like a fire waiting for us---when we got out. The moment I saw Angelo walking along the Rue de Seine arm-in-arm with Melli, who'd gone on before, I knew a fresh life was about to open. But we only get signs in this world, not the actual message.

-visible girders.

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at first mutual
by to 1/2 inch up
in it we seemed
to proceed in the
same way.
The European
dream had us
for work 2 hrs.

we were still largely the children of war: the
from the fascist world, from the anti-fascist. But
fascism was one of the subjects we never touched. And

When Angelo and I met, ~~the war part in each of us was put~~
~~aside. And the European dream began something of which we~~
seemed to have been starved, and which we needed for our develop-
ment. Before, I'd only had the dream of my country. I say
'only', but perhaps it is all one ever has. I'd been enchanted
and daunted---as part of the very same experience---by my country,
by the people I loved in it. For me, in England, there was al-
ways that marvellous fairy-enchancement, together with everything
else. It always gave me that twinge of intimate excitement.
And Angelo was the same. Hitherto, he'd only fought the battle
of his country. And now there was a kind of reprieve for both
of us---a new dream opened between us, that seemed different from
anything else before. It included our own countries but in a
strange way was the best in our countries, ~~so much that we couldn't~~
~~really say it existed properly.~~ It came in glimpses. We learned
fast from each other. He really showed me Italy---through the
horror he felt at it mostly, and through himself. And I showed
him a bit of the world outside---in myself. Yet ~~we felt in the~~
~~same world.~~ We felt we shared the same dream and had done al-
ways. ~~And~~ Now, for the first time, we were meeting in each
other the protagonists of that life-dream---in the flesh; that
was what made it remarkable for us.

Only in ^{the} first weeks ^{in Rome} did we really see a lot of each
other. I had hardly any Italian and Angelo no English, but
in some way or another we poured out speeches that were immed-
iately comprehensible. It was in a strange and even terrible

A2

He had studied music for five years - the violin - ~~and~~
~~discovered this after a long time~~ ^{because he was so reticent about it} He had put all his piercing and
 stern southern will into music. And he'd given it up with dignity -
 as himself. No, he'd never make a violinist, he knew that. And
 he'd smoked aside this subject as well. He was - at one and the
 same time - too ambitious to be a violinist, an instrumentalist of any
 kind, and too unmotherly: and the pained, exasperated both would

came into his eyes and nose again. Meanwhile — with a long
sigh, through cracked lips, often with a cigarette stuck uncomfortably
between them — he had to live, earn money! Actually, he earned
very little. The commissions were few and far between. He was
more or less an apprentice to another man. When he despised,
and who laughed at him. He hustled back to the floor in his
tracks in early as possible, soon after noon, and plunged into music
as usual — the floor of music would shake with the powerful
loudspeakers. And he would pace the room, puffing air at with
quick jogs through his cigarette-smoke, squinting, crouching, moving
his shoulder with a characteristic little tunching movement.
He would talk — suddenly. And the rest of the morning would
slowly be forgotten.

Insert

X

~~and~~ disturbing way like arriving home---back to ourselves---in a place we couldn't recognise, with a language spoken which wasn't our own, with none of our friends---no familiar face---at hand. It was like ~~the~~ meeting ^{in a dream,} ~~of the first time,~~ and perhaps it could never have been anything but a series of vivid glimpses, in the heat of ^{an} ~~the~~ afternoon. ~~I doubt if friendship on my terms were really possible. Angelo seemed to know nothing about these terms, as I learned ^{later} they weren't in his life and I think they could never be. The real thing perhaps was that we were real strangers for ever, and that this was exactly how we grasped the invisible together. ~~He couldn't have this in life.~~~~ It had to be a complete inner thing. It couldn't develop, even. We couldn't have a real daily relationship. We had a kind of one for years---but there were long silences, of months, sometimes a year, or two, and most of the time we were nearly a thousand miles away from each other in any case. And our meetings were brief---two or three days here and there. We wrote to each other only in our hours of need. Perhaps we couldn't have glimpsed that invisible and darkly unexplained and awful and ecstatic world without being total strangers at the end as at the beginning. Our actual living worlds really were strange to each other. Or rather, they were the same in the darkness of the night and the passing of thousands of years of time, *but different by day.*

Angelo
A2
In those first weeks he ^{revealed} ~~showed me~~ ^{to me} Verdi for the first time. He made me listen first to Il Trovatore, ~~just at the right time,~~ so that the tears poured down my face. Then I think it was La Forza del Destino, ~~or a part of it,~~ and La Traviata. The shere horror ~~and horror~~ of Il Trovatore---the absolute ~~strokes~~ strokes in the music that are like strokes of fate---he pointed out. He had a way of conducting the music and standing over

you making wild faces, which was irritating but at the same time the thing that joined you together, without you liking it. Later, in Paris, he grew ashamed of this warmth, which Francine told him irritated people: ^{but} without it he wasn't really himself. In those first days he used to grip you in the arm sometimes, at a stirring passage in the music, and squeeze you right to the bone, with a sharp, thrilling gleam in his eye. He really became Verdi.

Verdi was Italy. You could see it. And inside Angelo it was all one; and, as he said with disgust, so little ^{of it existed} in the ~~whole~~ Italy you saw all round you. For me he began a kind of search into Verdi which is like going into a vast unknown landscape little by little, and even after eight years this search seems hardly to have started. He found for me land after land of ~~extraordinary~~ ~~and dazzling~~ promise and forbidden wonder that I thought couldn't exist in life---even in music to which I had always gone with my last insoluble problems, since a child, ~~with my last grief and~~

~~yearning.~~ It was Angelo who first touched the edge of this Verdi-land for me, ^{pulled at} ~~first at~~ ^{had never} ~~opened~~ the door that ^{before} ~~hadn't yet~~ opened, ~~and but for him might never have.~~ ^{was} ~~Verdi seemed the real Italy---~~ ^{which} ~~a marvel that is visible to most people in certain compelling~~ ~~sansuous appeals that never reach words.~~ Angelo despised Italy because he was her so completely and overwhelmingly. It was why he stood alone. He was perfectly misunderstood---I say perfectly because in our time there is a kind of perfection to be had from being misunderstood, a man can be ~~perfectly and~~ beatifically misunderstood, his anger taken for sweetness, his darkness for light. Angelo was called a snob by Italians who spent their lives scraping away at the fabric of life to find a fat position in it because of the terrific Italy he represented, and the stirring and dazzling dream of life he had, which wasn't at all pleasant,

Angelo was called a snob

~~and his yearning to break away to ~~more~~ more marvellous forms and colour and even---in those first days, when he was much under Roman influences---love. For the sons and daughters of functionaries, up to their necks in day-to-day 'life' and day-to-day 'personalities', he didn't exist because he didn't give himself a fashionable name like 'communist' or 'socialist' or 'poet' (among the nineteenth century names current then); and he was a 'snob' because of this terrific Italy he represented, which was for them just high tone, social tone being all they really grasped or looked for.~~

→ He took me into his own real country through Verdi---into the basic harmony where all the colours and heat and massive strong undertones of Italian life were joined and integrated like the unfolding of a ~~novel~~ story that had never been heard before in the history of the world but had always been there and belonged to the sky and the hot, golden dawns, and to a mysterious, breathtaking spell at the centre of things, where they were born, the centre of all self and being. And so there was something basic and final and completely unchangeable in Verdi, in the clattering first bars and the gradual unfolding that seemed never to have any hesitation but to contain the fullness of each moment of feeling, always burnished wonderfully like copper, full of warm, saturating light, thrilling with a peculiar life-thrill that touched all the sources of taste and smell and sight. That was the first impression he gave me---in the terrific clanging introduction to La Trovatore, and in the theme of the gypsies that contained the burnished light of their fires, and the heat and ~~cigars~~ *cigadas* round them, and to give the glint of their ear-rings and show their bright, dark eyes, and carry off their fine, fatal, unswerving passion that knew nothing but its object and never the consequ-

party, and Angelo seemed to thrive on this and understand it, yet at the same time he felt unworthy of it; though what he felt unworthy of I didn't know at that time. The big, pleasant, long-haired, smiling singer, with her bare arms and low-necked dress, seemed to intimidate him and take away his usual direct and inquisitive approach to people---his questionnaire-self. He didn't know her name, he wasn't introduced to her, but there he was in her thick arms, being led round and round the little ^{room} in a dance he'd never done before. With a sound instinct, Angelo was always formal. He never allowed himself a moment's informality with another person, even a close friend: in clothes or habits. He let off with his mouth sometimes, into a kind of scorching vulgarity, but that was as far as it went. He didn't seem to be able to trust his path---see his way ahead---without a formality of manner, dress, walk and speech. There was ^{her} a wonderful photograph of Angelo as a student which I looked at again and again when Francine showed it to me; he had such a total absence of bohemianism---that cancer of middle-class life. ~~I was used to those little flag-signs middle-class children put up to show you that they aren't going to occupy the old expected positions of power any more, and that they want to revolt, but in the style of their parents, that is, comfortably---with~~ ^{certain} ~~jackets and ties and a bit of hair on the face, so as to perpetuate the same hard and self-seeking values as their parents, only with a dash of socialism or fake religion or blatant sex-freedom or art, to give the thing its modern dress. And in this~~ ^{her} photograph there was so much of the ^{old} ~~other~~ world, which hadn't been touched yet by ~~anything so complicated---anything so powerful that it could afford rebellions of any kind.~~ It took my breath away at first, There was Angelo, going into a concert at the Teatre Argentina, with an umbrella in his hand, his tie so straight, his head

lifted, musingly and also painfully, with a kind of strained delicacy, his eyes narrowed slightly, with a frown, fastidious and clear-cut, while he was caught by the flash-lamp. In this formality his lonely and inimitable nature stood out much better than it would otherwise. He seemed to be walking out of the close Roman world of that time---I think it was just at the end of the war; the Rome when the streets were drenched with brilliant, stifling sunlight, not thick with traffic as now, though noisier than now; a Rome that was still lazy, undisturbed, southern, a tiny city on two sides of a river, its population less than half what it had been in ancient times; without the tall, pastel-shaded blocks of flats on the outskirts, but with small villas among trees; the Rome where trees lost their leaves and these leaves settled on the roads and were hardly touched; where the intimate part of the city, round the Piazza di Spagna and as far as the Piazza Venezia at one end and the Piazza del Popolo at the other, extending along the river through tiny, mediaeval streets as far as the ghetto opposite Trastevere, was still in a noisy southern sleep. And Angelo seemed to be stepping from that hot, ^{classic} bright world into the dimness of the theatre's foyer---for music, ^{form} the invisible. And with such a look of pain! ~~That world was closed still, it hadn't been invaded and broken into by hordes of peasants looking for work, or by bureaucrats, or by foreigners; so the heavy southern conventions, with a searing hot desire underneath which they---and the brothels---tried to contain, lay over everything, in a midday stillness and boredom, the city squares empty and barren, friendship hardly possible except in the southern terms of convention---friendship with a woman unthinkable---woman herself unthinkable, marriage the heavy imprisoning gate that closed on you for ever in the~~

barren square, your dreams floating uselessly into the hot, dusty air, in a tedium that closed you further and further in yourself, while your woman bred you children and closed you round with dullness and habit and a base, fleshy possessiveness which if thwarted turned into cruel fury.

That was before he met Francine. She visited Rome university as a student from France. I often wondered ^{what} about their first meeting. ^{was like} I wondered if it was delicate, enquiring, intrigued, with a secret joyousness that they'd each found their freedom because Francine ^{to} as well had come out of a heavy tedium, but more northern, the northern-Latin tedium of tall, many-windowed, dark buildings from the nineteenth century, stretching from one end of the street to the other in a firm declaration of intelligence, symmetrical, even pleasant, but with a menace, even something dismal, a world fixed and set in its intelligent routines, with a formula for everything and a mature behaviour which frightened the uncertain ones and made them walk the streets alone for hours on end, as Francine did in Paris when she was a young girl.

The excitement that engulfed Angelo when a woman was present was really a life-excitement. It went far beyond the actual woman, and certainly beyond sex. Perhaps that was why Francine was so aware of it; she was far from being just jealous. I remember asking me that question one hot afternoon after coffee, in their room that looked down a hill towards the Vatican---in a queer, captivated, hissing voice, his eyes piercing, 'What do you think it'd be like living with a really beautiful woman---an extraordinary woman, a real Venus---do you think you'd ever get tired of her, wouldn't there be something new every day, so that you'd never get tired of her, you'd always feel this terrible, ecstatic beauty---imagine her body---so languorous and

X 187/A3

Civil

mighty and soft---I think I'd go mad!' That was the theme of nearly every conversation you had with a young man in Rome---if you were alone with him: ah, if beauty came his way---a real woman---ah, then he'd do something! But it never did. The moment always passed, it was always just a moment and then the world returned, the real---all too real---woman returned with her tiresome qualities, her fears like his own, her coquetry and whim. But, ah! for a woman---an everlasting woman---a woman who was not a moment---who sustained her beauty like a marvellous picture as touchable and gleamingly vivid as a Caravaggio! And as Roman.

Text
Angelo
A3

There was always ^{de} that feverish and troubled desire ⁱⁿ of Rome, a gnawing, obstinate passion that was ^{only} contained by its being so fleshly---only the languorous, yearning flesh, on hot afternoons, behind closed shutters, ~~in the streets~~, in cars at night, under the trees, ^{in the parks in} a contact that was sudden and compelling, could quell it, for a moment; ^{but} nothing in life, in people. ^{daily} And that was why

Angelo's theme always came up again---'If I was alone in a room with an attractive woman I wouldn't be able to resist her, I couldn't, couldn't, I know it!' And his actual slim flesh would seem to tremble and shudder. Half of this came from other people's expectations, especially women's expectations. What sort of a feeble creature must you be if you didn't throw yourself on a woman when alone with her? Were you lacking---or was she ugly? They were the only two possible answers in the southern, tight, provincial world. Of course, the northerner found it

Everything related to the flesh. ^{was} ~~low~~ ^{Rome} combined health & based on
to perfectly.

easier, safe in his cold climate. But where the hot, dense air poured through the shutters, and the flesh was brown, and the sex stirred hotly... Ah! And the man felt a certain sensual obligation; all his pride was caught up in it, there was even a challenge from the woman, silently transmitted through the generations by the mother. There was always a service to be done for the woman. Failing it meant the final, basic shame. So men looked at women audaciously in the street when they didn't want to, when they felt actually tired and disgusted and bored.

And in this world the easy freedom of the northern woman

B
nerv looks like the most blatant sexual challenge of all. They

show openness and unguardedness of the north ^{was} are a sort of

meddening invitation to sex at any time. There are no corns ^a

in the foreign world---no horns, no such thing as infidelity

because everything is free. This is what the first dark,

provincial glance at the foreign world ^{northern} says. It doesn't see the

key to that freedom, which is invisible. It doesn't readily

perceive the invisible. As Angelo told me, the Italian doesn't

see the 'invisible man' inside another person.) There are only

the outer gestures of freedom, which look quaintly unguarded and

dispassionate. It seems so easy to ^{him to} invade that ^{northern} world---snatch

some of its prizes.

→ In that provincial world the cazzo---the prick---^{was} is an im-

portant and proud possession from the earliest age. It ^{was} is the

man's special acquisition---something by God's grace which sets

him apart from the other half of the species. Male and female

^{we} are the fundamental division in life: you talk of your children

as 'the male' called Antonio and 'the female' called Paula.

It ^{was} is always the 'male' and the 'female'. And the female

at birth ^{was} a disappointment. A male ^{was} a great occasion. There even lingers in Italy a sense of the woman as a handmaid of duty, and the man as a kind of guest, waiting for his food and calling for his wine. It is an almost Arab sense of women, sometimes. It goes deep into the ancient world.

→ ~~know~~ [B] from 1888.

~~It was really in Paris that our friendship developed.~~

h. p. ~~And in this development it found its destruction. In Rome that had always been prevented. [We saw less and less of each other after Melli and I started to live together. Once we met by chance at S. Felice in Circeo, by the sea, one Sunday afternoon, and nodded to each other like pleasant acquaintances. Our glances were distant, yet we all seemed to know we belonged to each other in some way. On the other hand, we really were acquaintances, we really did know nothing about each other; yet we knew each other better than we knew the people we called our friends at that time. Both sides were ambiguously aware of this, but it didn't change matters.~~

Whenever we did meet in Rome it was stiff and unsatisfactory. The old warm speech had gone. It seemed to be because we were four now---two couples. Yet more seemed to be promised. ~~to~~ ~~didn't know~~ We just waited, let things slide.

A few weeks after Melli arrived Francine took me aside and spoke to me in a rasping and bitter way, saying I seemed to have lost myself, I never visited them now, and when I did there was no longer the old passion in what I said; I held back and seemed cautious and didn't give myself; what had happened to me? I couldn't explain, because I didn't know myself. We

were walking down the hill towards St. Peter's, just the two of us, and I remember she was very angry, pale and quivering slightly. But all I did was shrug my shoulders and smile at her; she walked into a shop and that was good bye. Angelo, as always in these things, kept apart. He didn't say a word before or after. He never said he agreed with Francine or disagreed. It seemed to make him feel enormously tired, any friction of that kind. He just kept quiet. Anyway, there wasn't a word between us for many months.

Melli and I went on living on the outskirts of Rome, making our lives together, timorously, building up bit by bit and day by day the life that had been smashed in both ~~of~~ of us. There was no time for anything else. Then suddenly I phoned Angelo one day to see how he was. And to my relief he made a cry of delight, and we were soon making a date. We all met again---we were friends. But really it was the same. There was no development. The first flush---when Angelo had thought we could make a wonderful group together of some kind---was over. And now we were separate. Really Angelo and I should have seen each other alone all the time. Then, so to speak, Italy would have tolerated it: it would have been within the traditions; above all, within Angelo's. But he had chosen another world---by marrying Francine. And Melli and I belonged to that other world by birth. So a man's relation---with the women excluded or at best onlookers---was out of the question. Yet anything more than that was in some peculiar way rendered impossible by Italy.

My only enjoyable moments with Angelo after that, in Rome, were when we were alone---in a café,^{or} sitting in his car, while he poured out his complaints against Italy. But they were snatched moments---they were really only urgent plans for him

to get away from Italy. He asked my advice: should he leave? And I said I thought so, yes. He had to enter the other world completely---for a time. As I had done, ^{by} leaving England. Then he could come back, when he'd shaken off his country sufficiently to be able to inherit it in its fullness and truth.

In our friendship, even ^{later} in Paris, there was always a negative element that seemed to come from him alone. He never seemed really to find his ease with us. He never really accepted us---or himself in our presence. I wonder how far he saw us in ourselves. He would be at his ease with us for a ^{moment} ~~time~~--- he would seem to accept us fully---and then it would be broken again:

~~there was always a difficulty; only towards the end, in the last year or so, did we seem absolutely and fully to be ourselves with each other; perhaps because we had each made a kind of surrender in our own life, the surrender into new truth that awaits everybody. But before that the ease would always be broken---sudden-ly; and he would seem almost a stranger again, there would suddenly be one of the old formal questionnaires directed at Kelli about Germany ^{or} and at me about England. And this troubled Francine as well. It seemed to trouble---eventually to wreck---her nerves.~~

It produced a kind of constipation---a most intimate physical refusal to give. Nothing could be taken for granted: one wasn't

accepted, in one's intimate nature. ^{How we began to see how} ~~This was what Francine~~ Francine had suffered: and how she needed his coldness to suit her ~~seemed to feel. And we only began to realize this slowly.~~ ^{of a kind of reserve, while at the same time it was wrecking her.} Before, we only thought she couldn't understand him properly.

~~We didn't really see how much she suffered.~~ In a way, ^{I had} ~~we were~~ ^{been} both too busy with ^{my} ~~our~~ friendship with Angelo---in music, books, in walks and little drinks and cups of tea together, ~~and~~ ⁱⁿ his

long confessions about how unbearable he found family-life, ^{understand} ~~and~~ ^{had us} ~~also~~ Francine. She was so nervous, he ~~said~~. ~~Once~~ In Rome ()

he had ~~just~~ yearned for other women; ~~he couldn't stand being~~
~~with one woman all the time.~~ But that was over now ^{in Paris.} It was clearly
~~was~~ a terrible unsatisfied life-need. And to Francine he
always seemed to be shifting his position, in the intimate
things: she was already, by nature, a highly nervous person,
fragile and quick, especially quick to doubt herself, and she
doubly needed a resting-place in her intimate life, which he
couldn't give her. Essentially, he was alone, ~~from beginning to~~
~~end.~~ ~~Completely and utterly alone~~ as perhaps only a Sicilian,
^{ancient Greek} with his strange connection to the ~~classical~~ world, can be.

There was ~~probably~~ no development in our friendship even
when I thought there was, for this reason. For a long time after
they'd moved to Paris---for about two years---we heard hardly
anything from them; ~~there were~~ just one or two letters. They
couldn't see us, he explained in ^{these} letters, because they were
living in such miserable circumstances. For the time being.

~~we didn't find this strange at the time we didn't realize that~~
~~in this he was expressing a world totally foreign and unknown to~~
~~us. in misery, creatures don't show themselves to each other~~

that was his world: the very opposite of ours; a world with-
out solidarity, really---a world of lonely creatures. But we
didn't perceive this at the time. We just read his letters and
left it at that. He wrote that they were waiting for their house
to be ready---they had bought a little house. Then we should
come. We could even stay with them. He seemed to need a scene
to be laid for our meetings; and if this scene wasn't laid pro-
perly ~~there was~~ ^{it} disaster. Our friendship ended when we failed
to lay the scene: we hadn't time; we arrived in Paris suddenly.
At the moment ^{when} we needed his consoling talk most, his talk stopped. ^{Because Helli & I were in France.}

He belonged to a strange, terrible world. It had absolute-

ly no sympathy in it, absolutely no love. It was classical. And he himself seemed to become more classical, too. The leavening influences of Italy---which are really those of the church---seemed to cease. He became more stark, more crisp and slim, more piercing, more direct, with a great air of loneliness and desertion round him, as I imagine the Sicilian landscape to be. His soul burned and penetrated. It didn't communicate, except in tiny bursts. It didn't console, nor was it consolable. It was like the appearance of an ancient Greek soul---eager, gleaming, fierce, unsympathetic. And together with this his immediate life seemed to be more squalid than before. He was squalid at meals---snatching at his food, guzzling his wine greedily. His teeth were black from nicotine. He made sneering remarks to himself, under his breath. He shot insulting glances at Lelli, as if to pay her out for any love he had spent on her. Francine cried endlessly, the tears would pour quickly down her face and disappear again, apparently unseen by him. He was like the land and sky of Sicily, I said to him once, at one of those last meetings; though I'd never seen Sicily, only glimpsed one of its harbours; what I knew, I felt I knew through him. 'You're less and less of a person,' I said to him, 'you're landscape---as every man must be, more and more ~~if~~ if he develops properly---he must be the landscape of his own country---you're the rivers and hard rocks and long, deserted beaches of Sicily, you're the torrid nights---pitiless sea---!'

(A) ~~But~~ I read ^{once} somewhere that in Sicily there ^{was} is squalor among people, wherever they are together, an inner squalor, ^{but when} ^{that's why} a man you're alone, outside the villages and homes, in the enormous, vast, still country, ^{indeed} ^{he} you get at the soul ^{of Sicily} at the origin, but ^{it} is hardly a human soul.

of a vast flood trying not to get his feet wet---haunted by vulgarity, banality, madness, chaos, self-obsession, all the pitfalls of the creature who is denied society.

I only know one clear example of the same thing in England and that is the writer Joseph Conrad. He was brought up in the other tradition, close to the German world, but he used English. So you get a glimpse of it through the way the language changes under his pen. First of all, it isn't English. It isn't us. When you read Conrad you feel you are reading a kind of translation without it having the disadvantages of a translation: you are listening to a real man, only translated in some way. And because his concepts are for us lofty---that is, they begin not in a human situation but in the reflections of a lonely and cultivated man---there is a terrific vulgarity in his work now and then which you never get in an English writer of the same extraordinary powers. You see it sometimes when he talks about people in the lower classes, even when he is admiring them. They aren't quite whole. He can't quite see them. They're half-caricatures, half serious sketches. The barmaid in one of ^{his} ~~the~~ short stories has large bosoms---no name; she is Miss Blenk. She has no speech when we go into the bar---no light little gestures; though we've been going into this bar for years and she knows us well. She seems locked in her low status. And this is really the status of vulgarity---a kind of blind inner ugliness and smallness: essentially, she hasn't got beyond primitive evacuation-difficulties---her sweat probably stinks, she might let out a fart through sheer lack of proper control. This is probably what provincial vulgarity is at the root---something to do with evacuation, with the question of primitive control. It reminds me of Angelo's frequent recoil from people --- his nose lifted slightly with distaste, from the from people---the nose lifted slightly with distaste. from the

Perhaps the friendship collapsed into its real self.

Perhaps the friendship we have now---of silence---is what we were working towards. At the frontier of the invisible, when we seemed about to become practical friends and knew the recital of each other's difficulties by heart, it stopped. He took the necessary action; but only because it was inevitable, perhaps. It was a devastating shock, among all the others we had just had in England. It seemed our chief consolation in life was dead. But afterwards, in a strange way, it was better. There was a sense of relief; ^{a new} ~~an extraordinary~~ sense of freedom which we couldn't understand. We both buckled down ^{happily} to work again. 44

I ~~We were in Rome by now with an amazing festive freedom.~~
Perhaps Angelo's ~~strong, burning~~ ^{seen this} intuitions had known something ~~about~~ this beforehand.

He could only take action from himself; from the state of his own feelings. In that way, he never used judgement. He acted straight from his feelings; they were the spring of energy. That was the only way open to him because he had no society in him. He had to take his immediate, dazzling-clear appraisal of things, because he was alone. I remember how he described a young German once---'He's lost his eyes---when he sits at table he's looking for his eyes all the time---on the floor, under the table, but they've gone---!' And this was an exact description not because it hit off a characteristic of the man but because it immediately conveyed his approach to things--- it showed you at once an image of his pale, stretched face, that had ^{taken} ~~been in~~ so much suffering ^{without ever} ~~which it had never~~ ^{standing it} ~~stood~~ ^{by it} or penetrated to a cause.

Angelo's judgements of other people---or rather, ^{his} pictures ^{of them}---were never tempered with sympathy, so there was no danger of

we were sitting at the lunch table, in the half-darkness, sipping the last of the wine, with the sun gleaming through little chinks in the shutters. And that subject, fascism, seemed there, in the shadows. But it was triumphantly passed over between us. I can remember now what a triumph that was, so soon after the war, to forget that I was English and ^{that} he was Italian: to let a whole basic history go by the board, perhaps because we knew what a reward there was for us if we did so. It was an intimate triumph for us both ^{though} ~~which~~ we never spoke about ^{it}. We overcame politics---and five years of concentrated war-publicity. But

l.c. You can't get round that horrible war-publicity: ~~it turned the Italian into a certain sort of creature; the fascist~~ ^{you} ~~was a kind~~ ^{find} of black core ~~which~~ might ~~be found~~ in the heart of any Italian ~~you met~~. And I thrust these thoughts, ~~which had never started in me and which I had yet to think through,~~ away from my mind. ~~We both insisted on seeing each other at the frontier of life-- as we were.~~

^{was the chief pleasure we got from each other now} That ~~partly accounted for the terrific sense of celebration in our conversations. freedom from war.~~ And it was a kind of freedom neither of us had known before. We'd never shared dreams with anyone outside our own worlds, hitherto. I think I can remember the dim sensation at the back of my consciousness of Angelo as a fascist---I don't mean fascist in thought but fascist by birth, by torture, if you like. It never came into my mind as anything conscious, but there was a certain hidden recoil in Angelo, an hauteur---a certain imposed dignity that lurked there---which belonged to fascism. It was an inaccessibility to freedom. It was something black. It was a negative painted world---the world was painted bright colours but these were cheap and artificial; but of course the child had

Inter X
A1

taken them as bright. It was a sense of a black negative centre that dangerously disturbed the natural world all round it. The colour was always black. This was the colour of the absolute negative; the no-colour; it was like the perversion of life to the point of exaltation. Exaltation was a strong element. The black centre exalted to be putting an end to life. And it was strange that in the last months of our friendship, when all his childhood was reappearing to him, and perhaps he was facing his past square-on, he and Francine were wearing black most of the time, entirely black---black coats, black stockings, black shoes, black ties, even black shirts. They were two strange figures in England---pale and cut out clear with black. An enormous negative had been done to life. The black disturbed Melli. She said so at the time. She didn't know why.

(A1)
Angelo → Rome ^{had} softened him in the war-years because it was by nature ~~perhaps~~ the least fascist of Italian cities. There isn't the right pride in Rome. There is a bit of the ancient bombast---cutting a figure again---but the city has passed under a lot of wreckage since then. There is something more like Jewish resignation, ^{in Rome} a sense of the passing of things, the doom behind all power. It comes from real knowledge. And this knowledge, from centuries of watching power at work, acted on Angelo when he first came to the city.

There was something too neat and finished about fascism for Rome. She doesn't like too much assertion, just as she doesn't like finishing a building. I haven't seen a really finished building in Rome, either old or new. Something has to be left, a bit of nude staircase or a gaping cellar, to

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let the spirit out; you don't want to wrap things up too neatly. Too much logic stuns life. And the two things went on side by side in Angelo---the sense that for freedom you have to let things slide a bit, and the ^{opposite} sense that some strict action ^{is} ~~was~~ necessary---even some damage---to stop a mess. I suppose one is only free when one has these two things as one and the same sense. Socrates had it, which is perhaps why he was persecuted. And you found it in English politics, when there was such a thing.

The Romans are empiricists as the English used to be, except that they don't wait and see, they just wait. When you've finished waiting for one thing to collapse you start waiting for another. The consoling element in Roman noia lies here---you are waiting all the time in a kind ^{of} eternal ante-room, and you dream of the room on the other side of the door which you never penetrate, it gives a glow to ^{your} ~~the~~ ante-room, even though nothing real can possibly happen ^{because everything} there---~~since~~ ~~that~~ takes place in the other room, ⁱⁿ the last, magnificent salon of all. Nothing happens in Rome. And Angelo was softened under this first shadow of real humanity.

Fascism, like its child nazism, wasn't a political doctrine in the Anglo-Saxon sense at all, but a facet of the provincial temperament. Its basic interest was to cut a figure in the world. The Italian preoccupation with figura was its seed. And both movements followed a theme that had been going on in the middle classes of Germany and Italy for decades before: namely, that you have to show some vitality, there has to be action, something must be disturbed, otherwise there is death and emptiness. That, underneath, is the provincial situation. Thus, people completely innocent of the political ideas of fascism and nazism were the causes of it---they bore it in

l. c. their way of talk and gathering together. In the provincial world, however you may try to escape it, you begin to cut a figure the moment you go among other people. I don't mean you try to show off. But you try to be lively, you have a certain idea of the form any conversation should take, and in some way every conversation you have outside the intimate family-circle is a performance. This is so in Germany and Italy. Really the effort Angelo always made when he was with other people--- even as we found out, with us---was the effort involved in all provincial gatherings. The idea of society as a source of ease and natural behaviour is absent to the provincial consciousness, so that there is no society in the proper sense at all. This lack of society was exactly what caused fascism and nazism, not the arrogance of the Italians or the murderousness of the Germans. The Italian is rarely arrogant, and I've never known a murderous German.

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J I believe that Angelo never really perceived me as a whole, only as moments. At one moment I was lively and passionate, striding all over the room, at another I was elegant, at another penetrating, at another just absent, ~~there-but~~ doing, saying, apparently thinking nothing, a pesce morto---a dead fish. He often used those words: he would say, 'You're sitting there like a dead fish!' That is the Sicilian world, too. You suddenly, in that world, achieve God: you suddenly put out massive branches like an oak, you tower over other people for a moment, delivering yourself. And then---silence again. For you aren't an oak. You are only one for a moment, then you go back to

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tradition, too. You have a philosophy, but you don't let it go right through your life. You don't jigger with the basic things, like where your money comes from. So it is at one and the same time a craven conformism and a rebellion: this creates the negative and spurious element of fascism. And there again is a reason why it took root in the provincial countries, Italy and Germany, and not in our world: power in the provincial countries is the status quo that pervades everything outside the family. It isn't on the whole open to discussion. It is conceived as permanent and unalterable. The family is the real seat of discussion, unlike in our world. And of course the family is an island of interests to itself. But in our world power is a fluid and continually moving thing, always in the balance, and we grow up with an unquestioned sense of having the right to challenge it. This ~~is the~~ moral indignation ~~that~~ doesn't exist in the provincial world---it is an emotion really and truly lacking. In our world having no power gives our challenge all the more grace and rightness. In the provincial world having no power robs ^{our} ~~the~~ challenge of anything but self-interest. On this hub Europe---and the whole Christian world---is split in two. In America this split is so grave as to be a hidden civil war.

If you are poor in our world your challenge to riches is made clean. In the provincial world it is made dirty.

I think this is why my moral indignation, which I shall always have whatever the flux of my interests, was finally for Angelo---though not consciously or willingly---self-interest. I think perhaps our friendship broke on this hub, more than on any other. At this point the two worlds can't understand each other.

shouldn't ^{a man} ~~he~~ do what he likes, if it's his own life? This is the provincial freedom. ^A ~~The other~~ man may go to the devil if he wishes to. ^{You don't try to save his soul, for that soul's sake.} So the tendency is for everybody to be left to his own world, and for the world to consist of immediate interests stirred and spurred by dreams. There are political dreams, religious dreams---collective dreams of every kind; and each time they happen there is an enormous upheaval. The development of the metropolitan world is opposite to this: its greatest modern revolution has been industries, namely the slow organic alteration of life according to practical observations, not dreams.

The provincial dream is the only form of collective action, the only patriotism. This is the same for Italy as for Germany. Like the German, the Italian is alone, he has to fight alone. Like the German he expresses nature, its marvel and vigour. He has to fight through with the dream of self, the dream of power, the dream of work. The ^{dream} invisible is all inside him, not outside. He doesn't translate ~~the invisible~~ into outside terms, either. Whereas in our world that happens all the time, the ^{dream} invisible becomes continually absorbed and materialised in life, our rooms and houses and family-habits reflect us, that is, they express the invisible to which we belong, they are our outer realised form. And this is rare in Italy. You will find a clever young doctor, fighting to get somewhere---not just in a career, but in real development---you will find him sitting in the same kind ⁿ of room as everybody else, the same unenchanted sitting-cum-dining-room with its naked electric lights and hideous sideboard, the same lack of glow and mystery. And the woman who wants to get out of the old provincial life and be fashionable and stylish like the women in Paris, she sits

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n.p. in the same rooms, too, she invariably has the same sense of unenchanted womanhood as most of the women round her, only she is troubled, often neurotically, ^{Having lost the} ~~from that~~ natural balance which ^{was} ~~which~~ is her safest anchor. In Italy there isn't any sex in the northern sense-- ^{no?} the peculiar enchanted fascination one sex has for the other, based on respect. French love is respect, whether you like it or not. It explores all the exquisiteness and refinement of human respect. In origin it is aristocratic. But in Italy that can't exist. There can only be the dream of sex, usually from foreign influences: it gets connected with affectation, vanity, even rebellion; it isn't real enjoyment, natural enjoyment. ^{in Italy lies in} Natural enjoyment ~~is~~ the short-lived act of love. This is what sex means in Italy. It means the literal moment of love, ^{to produce children.} The invisible isn't in people or things: there is just the body, which has its natural appetites, for sex and food. There isn't a real development in people. There isn't real development of character on a communal scale, just as there isn't in Germany; there is only development in single people, by terrific effort. The sex in Germany is a tremendous assertion of nature, it is nature as a ^{vigorous} ~~massive~~ and truthful ~~dream~~ ^{act}; there isn't the desolation in sex that you find in Italy. ^{in Italy} It has become a vigour that you get nowhere else. Sex is intact in Germany as passion. In Italy this has been curtailed, as a force, first by the slave-civilisation of ancient times---the inheritance of squalor---and then by the church, which ^{discouraged all sex outside the family.} ~~tended to take over pagan forms.~~ The world of Germany and that of Italy are divided by the fact that Italians are historically an enslaved people, and when you have been humiliated you don't feel like sex, you don't have respect for your own body and you don't expect other people to. Your sex-

grasp me as he usually did, before the words were really out of my mouth. ~~I told him that years abroad seemed to discourage the doubt in one--and that this wonderful element came back to me when we returned to England for a few months.~~ He ~~still~~ looked surprised at the word 'doubt'. And he said nothing.

I added that in Rome I was right inside my own world, I surrounded-

~~ed myself with my own world, I was a world to myself; but in~~
~~one's own country one hears and understands every subtlety, one~~
~~learns again that one isn't the author of the world; one hears~~

~~clever and concise and complicated propositions, stated quickly,~~

~~there is the brisk competition of ideas, and a pleasant innocent~~

~~doubt returns, when one ceases to lay hold of every idea as if~~

~~it was a log to keep afloat by; one learns the flow of real~~

~~talk again, as one can only have it with one's own people;~~

~~abroad, talk is just an exchange, an exchange of ideas; among~~

~~your own people it is a blind and tentative journey where pride~~

~~has to be asleep.~~ But he didn't seem to see. At least, he

only nodded and turned away. He seemed not to be thinking on

those lines. Yet something of the same kind had happened to

him: a great innocent doubt had departed. He seemed bent,

wholly, on certainty. Angelo became more and more mysterious

for me in those days, as he drifted further into his dry, isol-

ated, pale, ~~marvellous and brilliant reality.~~

He was clinging to certainty---for survival. It was a

certainty he'd made for himself out of ~~stuporous~~ effort over

the last few years, and he now seemed to be keeping it going

by force of will, ~~not letting it rest.~~ Calling most people

cretini was an aspect of this. ~~The~~ faith in him ~~really~~ seem-

ed to have gone, Faith and doubt are really the same thing.

learned from by the tiny intimacies of language from complete absorption

lived in a little world of his

again

towards form

Angelo

world of abstractions

hard

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It seemed he could no longer rest in himself, leave his development to time. He had to cling to the invisible^{form} which he'd built for himself. The invisible didn't exist in his world, except locked inside single and lonely men. He clung to it for all he was worth, inwardly. You wouldn't think, to look at him, that his work had anything to do with enchantment or compassion at all. It seemed something hard and cruel, sharp as a knife, which meant him turning away all the time^{from} his wife, everybody. It meant having no friends, even the one or two friends we are^{all} allowed in life. It meant that the blood had almost to be stopped. Then, in perfect and absolute isolation, ^{his} ~~the~~ work could begin.

J It was the ~~exact~~ opposite of everything I'd ^{learned} ~~known~~ in my own world. It wasn't just the solitude he and I had always talked about---I'd urged him more and more to surround himself with solitude, especially living as he did in a big city. This solitude ^{wasn't} the same. ^{Real} Solitude is really tender and easy, ^{when it is real}: it achieves a ~~marvellous~~ sense of spectatorship, ~~but~~ and the really solitary person isn't cut off ~~from anyone or anything~~, he is given more perfectly to life than anyone else. But Angelo was entering an Absolute. He was being absolute in his life. And this wasn't solitude. It was too artificial. And everything in me, all my Englishness, shuddered at that. I had no sympathy for it. It was a sort of death for me. I wanted to get away, to breathe properly again, to get back to ^{the} ~~our~~ freedom that Melli and I had together, with each ~~fresh~~ day growing ^{unexpectedly} ~~freely~~ between us, with its own ^{new} form, ^{yet} ~~but~~ with ^{the same} ~~a definite~~ form each time. Angelo had to impose a form, ~~in some way~~. He had to cling to the form he'd made for himself, because of

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and squalors that are its language and always will be. Really he is a man without a faith. He's alone, with his thoughts. He's in a dead world, just as a Sicilian is said to be in a dead world when he's surrounded by nature; traditionally, he is completely oblivious to ~~it~~^{nature}. It ~~all~~ lies ~~there~~ round him like a pesce morto. Yet he is part of it. This is his strength.

J There is a terrible loneliness round him which is ~~perfectly~~ classical in origin, and more or less inconceivable to us; he is the last classical man. He is quite different from the Italian in this. He has a driving and cutting will, a power to see clearly even to the point of utmost darkness in his own self, and to make dazzling-clear reflections even while he is up to his neck in the squalor of life. He has this marvellous remoteness and spirituality, which leads to his suicide. The classical world was a tragic world, and so is his. There isn't any hope, finally. There isn't the mess and squalor of paganism---the having a stink and ~~liking~~^{accepting} it; there is this alter ego of paganism---the obsessive ~~and terrible~~^{is} horror of ~~the~~ vulgar which is the classical, absolute, and the precise opposite of anything Christian.

Being with educated Sicilians is ~~for me~~^{you may} like suddenly finding myself in a ~~nursery~~^{nursery} ~~or a~~ ~~bed~~ ~~with~~ ~~strange people~~^{children dressed as}, grown-ups at that. It makes you feel ~~as if~~^{will} something awful is going to happen---somebody ~~might~~^{will} drop a fart or giggle, and the whole ~~thing~~^{formally} will fall to pieces. There is this high state of tension all the time, bordering on hysteria, ^{like the German tension which also springs from} There is no Sicilian conversation in the educated sense: there is superb and lucid exposition, there are heights and chasms and clear rushing streams, and deserts, and the hard, baking sun, but there isn't the give and take of conversation. There isn't any drama. There can

rejection of the ~~human~~ human creature.

speaking, throwing little chunks of bread across the table and putting another potato on his plate. He licked his chops, guzzled his wine and had everything down inside a few minutes--- talking the whole time as well. It wasn't that he lacked table manners. They'd just never started with him. When he practised them they were hardly more than horror of vulgarity, namely, a form of hysteria again.

The tension would ~~always~~ start the moment we were together, ~~again~~, like a dynamo. It wasn't unpleasant---not at all a stiffness or restraint. It was ~~transcendent~~ exciting. Nothing could be left to silence. If I was silent, especially in the early days, he would cry, 'Forza, forza!'---strength! Only for a brief and lovely period, which was like a special inheritance for Melli and me, too ecstatic to be bearable almost, ^{did} ~~then~~ that tension cease and life just flow along between us, with Angelo saying things like, 'Oh, words don't matter' and 'Let life take its course.' But Francine would look at him doubtfully. ~~She always~~ ~~seemed to doubt him in this way, and~~ ^F for years we didn't understand why. What she was really doing when she glances^d at him ^{hesitantly} ~~like this~~ was ~~conveying to him~~---reminding him^d what he was really like^d in himself, after the tension of our ^{splendid} meeting ~~together~~ was over and they were alone again, and the pesce morto of the ^{ordinary} world had returned, the corpse of daily life; and then there ^{would be} ~~were~~ no flights for her, nothing ^{would be} ~~was~~ allowed to flow... She didn't understand him, ^{always} ~~we~~ said. It was true she didn't. But at the same time she knew him as he was, which was why he clung to her, why he listened to her and why---'in his terrible way', as Francine said---he loved her.

He didn't respect us, in ourselves, because we weren't permanent characters for him. He respected in Melli the

English could be remarkable^{good}. All of a sudden, if there was no other way of being understood, he would start talking English, slowly and clearly, enunciating it beautifully. But he always said that English wasn't his 'destiny'.

We went for long walks through Itchenor to the harbour where endless clusters of yachts lay on the water, and looked across at the other bank, which was in the form of a rising lawn, with a house among trees, ^{with} like the close, hilly Hampshire country ^{beyond}. It was all neat, picturesque, very clean and vivid. He had a great sense of England. It was always the freedom that caught him. He said the same as on his first visit---he felt so free! He could see it in people's faces---it was ^{such a relief} so ~~marvellous~~ after the tension of the Continent. The ease, ~~the perfect ease~~ of English life, underneath, ^{an} the space inside people, a kind of inner harmony of freedom ~~that was~~ like a communal dream, ^{was} ~~was~~ what struck him, he said.

We went up to London to see my parents and I remember the little cry of amazement he gave when he walked into the back room, into the blaze of little lights---the ~~wonderful~~ glow of ^{intimacy} intimate life that made ^{the tiny place} everything look like a palace. At first he said nothing as we walked into the ^{little} ~~tiny~~ hall from the front door, only nodded in his solemn way to my father; but when the door of the back room was opened and the glowing light broke on us he made this little cry of joyful appreciation.

And he told my parents later, 'I love your son all the more now, because I know you!' It ^{helped} ~~made~~ him understand me, ^{he said}. It was something to do with the intimacy---the thrill of that room, which I still feel myself when I go there, intact from childhood, and which always makes Melli feel ~~absolutely~~ calm, as if she'd found her real element at last. The world ^{of the London backstreets} ~~there~~

absolutely no power, exercised by one person over another.

Nobody has power, so there is no corruption. There is nothing but the human creature. And because there isn't any position he is the king of every place he is in, by natural election.

But this working class isn't by any means just a natural or ~~such~~ ~~was~~ primitive conglomeration.

It isn't a backward edition of the middle class: it has its own culture and also sophistication, as full as that of the middle class, only it doesn't rely on formal education and power; therefore at the same time it is vigorous - ^{vig.} more than anything in the class alone - it is frail and always under a ~~constant~~ ^{constant} easy defeat.

Its delicate and respectful appreciation of people is the fruit of long Christianity, beginning not first in the Evangelicalism taught by the middle class together with high wages, better factory conditions, etc. in the centuries of moral life that went before. Perhaps it is the only survival of Christianity being we have. that of the common people: the attitude, the function. not a mental attitude,

is safe because it relies on nothing that isn't human. All its commitments are human. All its references. There is absolutely no power. Nobody has power. Therefore there is no corruption. ~~The creature is fully contained and allowed for in that world.~~ There is nothing but the ^{human} creature. And because there isn't any power or Position he is the king of every place he is in, by natural election. But ~~this~~ ^{this} working-class world isn't by any means just a natural or primitive world. The lack of power isn't due to power not having started up yet. ^{A long} ~~An enormous~~ history of civilisation and respect is actually behind it. ~~The people with power—those who get hold of power—leave the class: if power is within their grasp, that means they've already left it, in any case.~~

There is an enormous invisible freedom in that world, as I know now from having tasted its opposite. ~~There is an enormous~~ delicate and respectful appreciation of ^{beings} ~~the human creature~~ there ^{is} ~~the fruit of long~~ ^{and perhaps it is the only real surviving Christianity we know.} ~~an enormous/Christianity—much more so than in the middle class.~~

The middle class has nothing to compare with that ^{it is} ~~world,~~ as far as ^{Christian feeling} ~~respect for the human creature~~ goes. ~~The middle class~~ is ^{Working people} ~~in this respect blunt and gross,~~ by comparison, ^{are a guarantee of decency and goodness.} ~~there good-~~ ~~ness of feeling—the substance of society—is sustained by~~ ~~working people everywhere.~~ And ^{As} their world dwindles, as

their numbers grow less, so the middle class gets invisibly weaker, ^{box} until in the end there is a ~~massive~~ massive crisis, when the whole ^{question} ~~matter~~ of intimacy ^{versus} ~~and~~ power has to be gone into, ^{and} ~~when~~ the choice has to be made ~~quite clearly~~ as to whether we ~~are~~ belong ^{Christianity} to a Christian civilisation or not, and ^{the} ~~if~~ ^{the crisis breaks in public scandals, delinquency, etc.} what ~~that~~ means. By ~~that~~ time all the intimacy at our disposal will be used up, and it will have to come back by means of

Contrary to its usual supposition, that it is more refined.

in wgt hat = subtle class person with the delicacy of a large workingman.

Because the general decency is weakened,

- perversion on a massive scale, gang-war on the highest political level,
barely controlled epidemics, collapse of weaker and physical well-being
through experiments in space and in food and in medicine)

conscious and chosen allegiance.

There is only one other place where I've known that same intimacy^{as in the London back streets}---not the thrill so much, but the intimate sense of safety in a creature's world, where all the consolations are made for the humble and thwarted, for the lonely, and not for the powerful, the logical ^{or} ~~and~~ the effective. And that is Italy. Finally ^{I've} ~~active~~ always had to flee back there, for it to save ^{my life} ~~our lives~~ again. The power lies absolute round and over Rome, just as it does round the streets where I was born, but it isn't inside: it belongs to another class, another breed of mankind, who aren't seen often. They cut figures, they have appointments and important occasions, they are restless, shifty, damned. But their activities are outside, while there is this glow of an inner family-seat which is hidden at the centre. There isn't the thrill of respect and freedom ^{in Rome} as there is in England, it isn't the same kind of thing, it isn't in people, the thrill lies more in place, in something physical, almost external, it isn't grounded in the thrill of people being together, but it comes from the same root.

Angelo's background was stark in comparison with mine. That was why Rome could save him. Its world is sad and bored, but still there is the thrill that ~~even seems to~~ emerges from the boredom and that refuses no new bed-companion. Nothing gets refused in Rome. It all gets mixed up in a hot compost---the thrill is the steam that comes off, and the mysterious heat inside can never be localised because it shows no flame or even a glow. It stinks of course, but so do we all at times. And perhaps Angelo lost this influence slowly when he was in Paris, perhaps its softening touch was forgotten, and he drew nearer and nearer to his own original world, where stinks are

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what other people have. His world seems to have a rooted puritanism, but not one of a Christian origin. It reminds me more of the Arabs. They are supposed to wash at once after they've made love, and to make love near a river if they can. You can see the difference between our world and theirs in their lavatories, where you squat over a hole in the floor. The tiny water-tap at your side is such a clear-cut physical device compared with the conceptual paper of our world, which prevents you coming into contact with your own flesh. In the Arab lavatory you just turn the little tap on, put the fingers of your (right) hand under the water and wipe your arse. Simple! When that is clean you wash your hands. Really that's cleaner than paper, if you come to look at it. The intimate connection between flowing water and cleanliness is still there. The sense---the horror---of evacuation is there just the same as in Christianity, there is the same risk of ~~of~~ confusing evacuation with the love-processes, as among all humanity, but it isn't conceptual. The different religions treat it differently.

As the middle classes grow in our world so the acute stink-consciousness of our civilisation grows. The more in flight from his problems a middle-class person is the more stink-conscious he is. I suppose this is why some unhappy daughters of the middle class literally bathe themselves in scent, to hide the original stink of self: the inner natural self is putrid--- this is the basic middle-class philosophy. For the middle class has historically vindicated the outer rights and freedom of the human creature, his dignity, but at the expense of the religious faculty. ~~X They had to show that every man was a child of God in life. But to do this they had to ^{ridicule} ~~show that~~ ~~that he inherited~~ ~~was nothing divine about him either---that he inherited no~~~~

INSERT

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3?

it was ^{in slavery.}
the doctrine for everyone, even a slave, even a
child of God, and would deliver ^{the climax of this} ^{self-sacrificing}
gifts. And the renaissance was ^a middle-class aim:
it emanated from the towns. But the result was
the church lost the

signs. And the reverence
it emanated from the towns. But the result was
loss of divinity: ~~the~~ not only the church, but the
religious faculty itself ~~collapsed~~ ^{in people,} collapsed, as men
began to make the mistake that they were the
authors of life, and not the everlasting interpreters:
as they came to think that outside their ~~gifts~~ ^{understanding} there
was nothing in the ~~universe~~ ^{universe}. What started as an act
of celebration ended as a lonely act of pride. The
more wonderful things men did, the smaller they seemed -
until we have the pignies of today: every exploration
into the systems outside them brings them closer + closer
to an intimacy ~~they~~ ^{that} ~~and even to the~~ ^{apparently} ~~divine~~ ^{made them}
look like dwarfs. [To achieve this all ~~divine~~ ^{accepted} ~~already~~
~~blindly accepted~~ authority, which people accepted already
the pope, king and nobleman (in the order
historically) had to be thrown off. The
human creature... / Con. P2

Insert
~~every divine claim on his life -~~
~~natural power over his own kind~~ the claims of pope, king and
noblesman were knocked out one by one. *So you got God taken out*
of the human creature as fast as he was ~~being put in~~ *proved to be there.* The human
creature became master of the world. And of all reality. Christ
seemed to have given people a terrific spur ^{to} of freedom---he ^{had} seemed
Val to offer glory, something divine in life, if only you threw off the
shackles.

And the middle-class stink-self is the creature ostracised by
this grand flight for glory: the middle-class child learns early---
with frequent devastating effects on his nervous system---that in the
area of rights and civic relationships he is free, but in the intimate
areas he's as good as---shit. It is a strange thing to happen.
Essentially, the middle-class upbringing is indoctrination in shame:
the natural and spontaneous outburst of humanity which is every
child's birthright is discouraged---rarely in a conscious way.
For there are other things which the middle-class child has to
grasp unless he is to go under---the byways of power. He has
so many techniques to learn.

The working-class child knows nothing about these things;
in his world ~~where~~ ambition simply doesn't exist and life is taken
as it's found. Like an Italian he is the king of his own feelings,
they assert towards ^{his} ~~the~~ mother their own natural kind of royal dig-
nity, and ^{his} ~~the~~ intimacy is therefore not discouraged. In the middle-
class world intimacy is the greatest threat to movement and
development, whether you like it or not, and however good a
mother or father you are: you yourself are caught up in am-
bitions, and no other path can be put before your child, so that
in humanity he must be groomed according to the world he will
inherit. In the middle-class world only the non-intimate rights
are furthered. The middle-class world is grounded on power, not

d
courage~~h~~. This doesn't mean he is punished or even thwarted
in his desires. In that way he's freer than anyone in other
classes, or anyone in history. But he learns that he doesn't
count: he will 'count' 'one day', perhaps; he sees that the world
he opened his eyes on at birth isn't for some reason the world
he will make his way in later. Sometimes he notices the desperate
struggle between those two worlds in his parents's eyes. His ~~heart~~^{heart}
~~the danger~~^h has no place in the scheme of things: his parents may
(believe) in it, and woo it, and protect it; but he sees the
truth. ~~Therefore~~^{So} you have in middle-class children ~~that~~^a hurt
clarity which ~~sometimes~~^{may} grows into irony. As a child he doesn't
belong to the important scheme of things: not as an Italian child
does, for instance; an Italian child is equal with his parents,
he is only a smaller edition, and there is no difference between
one age and another. But in our world the different ages are
marked: each has its different intimate demand which doesn't
fit the scheme of things.

The working-class child knows nothing about this either.
In his world ambition simply doesn't exist and life is as it is
seen at birth. Like an Italian he is the king of his own feelings,
with a natural right to be given an audience for them. But in
the middle-class world you are caught up in ambitions whether
you like it or not and this must show to your children. And
~~in humanity the middle-class child must be groomed for the world~~
~~he will inherit. For the middle-class world is grounded on power, not~~
~~The middle-class upbringing must in all humanity be a subtle~~
~~mustering of arms for the fight for Position which will one day~~
~~take place:~~
~~consequently:~~ the Position may be a ~~thing~~^{job} or money or simply what
your neighbours think of you, or it may be a rejection of all
these things, but a Position of some kind it will be, not a
natural and humble inheritance... We middle-classes are based
on power, not

Our social choices are grounded in principle,
not on humanity as all aristocratic
society was and lower-class society
must be if it is to survive. But
in no world 'humanity' means rights,
wages, living conditions, legal
guarantees - an abstract or for
our ultimate theories as possible.
For the middle-class thrill

Continue X

on humanity as all aristocratic society was and all lower-class society must be in order to survive. The middle-class thrill is at root the sound of mighty machines---the sound of nature harnessed, the thrill of movement and spectacle; and the aristocratic thrill is the thrill of other people, in the same way as the lower-class thrill is, too. In the middle-class world other people aren't enough. There is the great world-struggle^{now} pre-occupying the middle-class mind---the mind^{that} has to make its fierce demands on nature. And when these demands have been exhausted--- as they will be ~~perhaps~~ by the pathetic flights into space, which are ~~like~~ a last effort to turn eternity and even God into a civic right, there will have to be the thrill of people again, the thrill of the sound of their coats swishing, the thrill of the things they say and do with their own hands.

That will be the end of the stink-self. Every man can then be a slave and king in one, as only the working man is at present, though his position isn't a permanent one, nor an unadulterated one, nor an invulnerable one: he is for all that a child, a victim, a helpless reflection of the middle class (his master), and one by one he has to go into the middle class, send his children in, according to a process that has been going on for all to see since the eleventh century. The middle-class has reached its utmost mental development---and its obsessive stink-consciousness is its consciousness of the last lingering odours of the intimate thrilling self which the mind has had to forget in its enormous plans for the marshalling of power, which in its steel parts and regular noises and clean emissions of wanted commodities is as different from the farts and ordure of mankind as anything you can get. The middle class has tried to create God on earth, in men, and for this reason it has collapsed inwardly more and

more with each wonderful success, so that in the end when it has cleaned the whole world up and its great thriving project ---freedom---has been accomplished, it will committ a sort of suicide back into humanity. For the real world---not the projects put on to it---is still there for contemplation, as unexplored as it always was. The whole hidden world of our own organs that do their work invisibly every moment, the hidden world of plants and the seasons and the invisible attractions and influences of the earth, and the language of animals, all the world that lies all round us nearly dead at the moment, which our senses and instincts have lost track of, so that we are like pale and hostile and unknown visitors, not knowing what we shall do next by way of destruction, all this awaits us again. Our intuitions, which the middle class has all but killed by calling invalid, will get their life back again. Clear and golden intuitions are the prize of civilisation, just as in a person they are the prize of real thinking.

Where I was born nearly all the mystery of created life is still there intact; and Angelo felt this. There is the thrill of the outside created world which, though wounded and dark with smoke, is absolutely beyond you, beyond your powers and knowledge. The mystery of Christmas is still there, the streets at Christmas, in the crisp air, when everything is still and you see the lights on the little Christmas trees in the windows, and the lamplights make the roads look like village lanes. Not all ~~the~~ created life is there, ^{its} ~~the~~ mystery isn't quite intact, there is a nervous background of menace ^{factory} and routine; ~~which is mostly disregarded from inside but is always there~~
Only the ^{inmates} ~~people~~ have made it natural. The actual streets were put there as part of a mathematical proposition for somebody's

profit-and-loss account, and this can never fit into a real and lasting scheme of things. But the people there have made villages of them. Every Christmas was as mysterious to me as the countryside. There was the crisp hush of the week before the actual day, and we used to go carol-singing in small groups; and the sky seemed as silent and vast as you find it in the country. The roofs were low, just like a village. Usually the sky was haunted and ghostly, turned into a frightening zone of emptiness and oblivion by the great work-schedule that hung over everything and tried to make itself the only thing there was in all creation. The untouched intimate heart won in the end, though: it kept the glow, and you felt this most of all in the special seasons, at Easter, on Shrove Tuesday, on the Bank Holidays. The created world came back again then. It was still the breath of God, over the streets: you were still in the state of grace, that is, the child of great creating forces which you didn't understand but the rhythm of which was in you. The knowing and foreseeing face of the middle class wasn't there. The mark of that face is its lack of respect: this is what differentiates it from the working-class or the peasant face. It has nothing to respect in the universe. There is just---nothing. The sky is---nothing. The invisible is---nothing. There are just hard, touchable objects and---space. But where I was born there was the wonder of active and irresistible things outside you; and that doesn't wilt in the old people, because it isn't an attitude but a total state of being which only the slow and painful initiation into the middle class can end. Once it has ended nothing can bring it to life again. And Angelo seemed to recognise this; I think it was what made him utter his astonished, happy little cry.

Revision ended
here X

I don't think there was anything like that in his own life. ~~I think his life had the terrible Italian-bareness. Some magnificence had been denied. There is this deep historical slave element in Italy all the time. And perhaps Angelo had it in his life even stronger than other Italians. Perhaps Sicily has it more than the Italian continent.~~ He used to tell me about the ^{his} terrible hysteria of ^{in Sicily,} family-life, the pale, quivering hatred behind everything, the feuds. He used to imitate his uncle---thin and pale and sharp-faced---standing ~~just~~ ^{at} behind the curtains of the window watching people go by outside, talking to himself, his eyes narrowed with a hatred as consuming and helpless as disease---'Look at that one! He calls himself a priest! He'll die soon! Curse him! Curse him!', his lips like knives already cutting. And then the 'occasions', the family gatherings: The neighbours who came to pay their respects and sniffed round looking for all the proper signs of ^{hospitality} ~~such an occasion~~---the coffee, the wine, the cake, all ^{received} ~~offered~~ with a ~~terrible~~ absence of ^{thanks, as they were given with an absence of kindness.} ~~real feeling for others, and received in the same way.~~

Under the smiling and hand-shaking---'When is this idiot going to offer us something? Is that all he's got? And he swindled one of his brothers out of a hundred thousand lire only last week!' It was a life starved like the hot earth. ~~And the heat seemed to bake/feelings dry, to suffocate/and crush/the creature into a victim of the elements, their slave.~~ Angelo hated and feared hot weather. ~~It finished him completely.~~ ^{he} In cold ~~weather~~ he was lively, clear, active. ^{But} Just a day of real heat would knock him over. Perhaps his world was pagan. I don't know. It is so difficult for me to see, across those oceans of difference between us, across the enormous religious divides. Perhaps Christ was lacking in his world. Perhaps only Christ

love and hate, constancy (also unlike the Italian)
work of in ~~the~~ friendship - and revenge, generosity;
a trace of mysticism, darkened by superstition; the
final demonstration ^{of his} is betrayal; the two finest virtues -
courage in men and chastity in women. On these
things showed in Angelo, as they showed in the history
of his island. He has no joy of living, yet he
~~is not~~ ~~indifferent~~ like the Arab; he is clean and tidy,
he has no tendency to indolence like the Arab;
he is tidy and clean without being - like the northern
people - optimistic. He speaks rather gutturally and
drily, ~~like the Arab~~ reminiscent of the Arab; and
with much *OTACISMO*, reminiscent of the
Greek.

INSERT

INSERT P. 250

The more you know the Sicilian, ~~the more~~
~~distance he becomes from the Italian~~ the more
you realise how different he is from the Italian.
And you can generalise about him, ~~for~~ as you
rarely can with a people nowadays. The
short description of the Sicilian applies perfectly

to Angelo: musical — to the point of ~~the~~
affectation; imaginative — to the point of ~~the~~
~~obsessive~~; rational — to the point of
~~the~~ sophistry; humorous — to the point of the
~~cruel and~~ grotesque and cruel. A people veering
between ~~the 2 opposite poles of~~ the tragic and
the idyllic, with little in between. Even
physically the description is valid: of
middle height, brown pale-brown, eyes luminous,
dark-haired, slim, FOLTE (?). In character,
too — resolute yet also repressed: a gesture
or slight movement of the face denotes a sudden
change of feeling (quite unlike the Italian), the
sense of inferiority for land in hand with
plans for greatness: pride, jealousy, violence

~~a familiar way~~, across enormous glowing spaces, ~~as at~~, as at the amphitheatre of Epidaurus where you sit looking across the parched Greek plains towards the mountains of Arakhsaion, and the gods seem to sit there, ^{in mild} the air among the cypresses ~~is~~ ^{seems to be} mild and eternal, the same as it must have been for Aesculapius and the sick people coming to him, close to that amphitheatre.

Christ entered Angelo like that, ~~like a breath~~, like the recognition of a great new power in the universe. But it was a spectacle; Christ was a breath-taking spectacle that he saw clearly. But one spectacle can be replaced by another. You can't have the same spectacle before you all the time. And ~~this~~ ^{his} next step wasn't to ^{change} ~~alter~~ him inwardly ^{in his case} ~~in any way~~. ^{clearly} It had nothing to do with the inward moral character. That was much more my world. After becoming ^{really} ~~really~~ conscious of Christ there were things ~~in my own life that~~ ^{than before} I saw much more clearly ~~always~~ ^{every} related to moral actions of ~~some~~ kind. But the change it made in Angelo was to ^{brighten} ~~make~~ his eyes ~~brighter~~, with yet one more brightness. It was like getting the benefit of a new sun. But nothing in it contributed towards a permanent and decided moral character. This, perhaps, was the development lacking in his world. That was why he could say helplessly, 'You see, I never know what I'm going to be tomorrow. Or even in two hours' time. I never know how I'm going to feel, what I shall think, what I shall want to do.'

~~and~~ ^{Angelo} there was still a kind of pagan triumphing in ~~him~~ which was completely ^{foreign} ~~strange~~ to any feelings ^{I'd} ~~he~~ ever had. Once when we were driving through Paris he jumped the traffic lights and a policeman stopped us ~~at once~~. Francine whispered angry little comments as we drew to a halt. Then there was a long conversation between the policeman and Angelo. He told the man

got mixed up
mildly and quietly that he'd been confused because he was driving some English friends through the city to show them the sights, and in pointing something out---jumped the lights... A beautifully contrived, beautifully spoken Italian story; and it would melt any heart. The policeman was tall and grave, and listened sceptically at first. But he softened, especially when he realised that Angelo was a foreigner. He seemed to appreciate, ~~for~~ above all, that Angelo had no bitterness or fight in his speech, no rasping haughtiness. So with a smile he let him go.

Now Angelo shouted a thank-you and drove off fast, and I was amazed to see that he felt triumph, ~~not gratitude but a~~ ^{not gratitude but a} ~~but fellow-feeling for the~~ other man, ~~not the slightest appreciation or even awareness of~~ ^{that the other man had paid him a kind of} ~~the kindness in the other man, the fact that he had given some~~ ^{thing freely to a stranger, which is the best homage one can get.} ~~thing freely to a stranger, which is the best homage one can get.~~ It made me pause. ~~It was like a lapse of his character for me.~~ ^{I realised suddenly how different his world was from mine, and how little we'd been understanding each other all these years.} ~~But not exactly that. I wasn't aware of a lapse so much as of~~ ~~a character which I had clearly not understood properly so far,~~ ^{I realised that a deep} ~~and which I had wrongly taken it for granted was like my own in most ways.~~ ^{in my world, so deep that few people realised that it had anything to do with Christianity at all.}

as if he'd scored a card.

J And of course ~~the~~ northern civilisation gave him a thousand gratuitous little triumphs ~~like that~~ every day. And he couldn't see the key to it; that was how it seemed. In his world yielding to someone else seemed too close to being a fool ever to be practised much. He couldn't understand how people could be so yielding and credulous---and, perhaps, soft. He wanted to see something more definite. Really I think he didn't believe in this apparently good world: he wanted to see the evil, clear, as it had been in his world. All this good seemed to him a

Really he was in ^{the} place in ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~Christian~~ ^{the} world.

kind of massive concealment. He wanted to see ~~other~~ ^{all} desires naked, he wanted to see the evil and ^{the} negative. ~~He didn't want to lose himself in a fluid, chaotic mass of goodness. It was like being helpless in his mother's arms again, perhaps.~~ Life had to be externally clear-cut for him. It had to leave him alone, above all. ~~and all~~ The goodness seemed to put on him an unexplained and continual obligation. What did they want?

What did they want from him? It reminded ^{me} of the way Italians ~~often~~ take unexpected gifts, with a wary, narrow look, as if to say, 'What's all this for? what's being asked of me?'

The Italian face ~~indeed~~ ^{rarely once} is rarely lit by a really unreserved and open smile, ~~never~~ ^{but} by ~~real~~ laughter. There ~~isn't~~ ^{is an} intimate humour in daily life, none of the bright and optimistic attitudes that ~~form~~ ^{would} the features of the northern face and give it depth and an encrusted individuality. History has ~~made~~ ^{Italian} its encrustations on the face—violence and struggle, ~~pain, yearning.~~ ^{is an} ~~There isn't~~ ^{always} ~~any~~ ^{privacy.}

But these are communal lines, not individual. And they are classical. They also tend to close the face. There is a sad and elegaic humour—something ironic, also intimate, but ~~not with optimism or relish.~~ Pleasantry is missing. There ~~isn't~~ ^{is} really ~~pleasantry in conversation.~~ There is delight, curiosity, the sad dirge of an endless confession, but not common pleasantry. This comes by individual breeding and effort. ^{Italian} Faces lack light. They ~~Given light and openness they would be quite different, their lines would have developed differently, they would be good-looking in the northern way, which they almost never are.~~ Faces convey no hope or plan of life. They aren't on any quest at all.

There is no questing in life. After I'd been living in Italy some years I ~~begin~~ ^{could} to recognise a foreign tourist ~~at once~~, by instinct almost, without ~~even~~ looking closely. ~~And the sight~~ ^{of a foreign tourist}

Gifts still
are
an affair in
Italy, despite
their influence

People aren't
self-motivated
as they are in
the north's
already made
see their own
intradition
from - puzzled - deeper distance.

began to thrill me, in a way I couldn't understand. I began to ask myself what ^{which} was this different quality ^{that} I saw in them, that made them so immediately recognisable. And after some years I realised that ^{it lay} ~~mainly~~ in their walk, their way of striding; they ~~always~~ seemed to be questing for something, ^{all the time,} ~~quite~~ naturally and unconsciously. And ^{gazed} it was in everything they did---the way they ~~looked~~ at things, the way they smiled, the open way they had of asking questions. They had this deliberate air of going somewhere. Whatever they were doing they always seemed to be going somewhere. But the Italian never does.

In that comparison you ^{have} ~~can see~~ the difference between two ^{we don't naturally} worlds---~~how far we have been taken towards not accepting~~ what ^{he} lies all round us, ~~towards~~ ^{we} questing every moment for an end or solution, ^{while} ~~and how far~~ the Italian at the opposite pole ~~accepts~~ ^{all the time,} waits and looks on and accepts, strolling through life however quick his pace. Angelo's pace was always much quicker than mine. He shot through streets like a torpedo. But the root-difference between our worlds remained. We had both developed ^{individually} a long way away from ^{our} our worlds; he had learned the questing ache, and I had learned the acceptance; But that root-difference, behind us, at the birth of life, remained, hardly conscious to either of us.

The northern man sets out early on his quest. Already as a child---alone with his conscience, the king of his own conscience---he has it before him. I knew the direction I would be taking in life at the age of eleven or twelve, and I can't say I've swerved much from that direction. But in the south there doesn't seem any need for a direction. The world is just there, made for you, and you fill it, in your turn, like everybody else. In a way

Carl

you have no responsibility over your life. The world won't forsake you in the south. It will always give you something to eat, something to hang on to life by, however wretched you are; you aren't judged by your quest, as in the north. You can always get a little bit of pleasure, a drop of wine spared from someone, the healing sunlight. And then there is the mother--- she passes from generation to generation as the unfailing fount of help which can never wane. Life can pass in a dream, in the south. You wake up to your gifts late, ~~on the whole~~, especially if they are strong. You wake up to your own will late. Angelo was like this. He only divined gradually what sort of thing he was naturally required to do in life. And each step was a terrific effort and pain, like unsucking himself from a ^{bog} ~~great marsh~~. He really did begin changing his life nearly half-way through it, with decisions of the kind I had taken in the years of puberty. And he'd changed so much. He'd studied so many different things, altered his course, altered his job. First there had been the safe road, pointed out to him by his family, which he had accepted and followed, and then there was the slow and spasmodic awakening, year by year, until he had altered the whole thing from top to bottom. ~~The years he spent studying a subject that had absolutely no interest for him at all, and which on the contrary produced a numb loathing and disgust in him every time he opened a book, must have been a purgatory that was nearly the end--how he survived it with a clear mind I can't understand at all.~~ ^{But} And it was always a question of survival. This was his quest. A quest for bare survival. Mine was always a quest to finish or start a book, go abroad, get enough ^{money} to do my work, ~~and~~ that sort of thing. But his was a quest just to survive in his bare self--- to keep himself this side of madness, despair, the utter and outer

Cont.

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darkness. For months of his life my friend has lain in darkness, without speech, nearly gone out in his flame, a victim to some ^{inherited} ~~eternal darkness~~ and helplessness ^{like} ~~that comes on him~~, as he ^{before him} ~~said it came on his father~~. He ^{used to} complained about his father--- But ^{always said} ~~there was always~~ Francine's quiet voice saying, 'You're the same, you're the same as your father.' Angelo ^{had been} ~~said that his~~ father ^{low laid} ~~had~~ spent most of his life 'crying'---regretting, complaining: for forty years he ^{had 'cried'} ~~had been crying~~ about his health, ^{tell us why} ~~how~~ he was going to die, ^{at any time}, but he was now past eighty, and ~~apparently~~ still sound of limb. He ^{didn't} ~~ran~~ to church every morning---the church was his 'pagan god,' Angelo said; it wasn't a witness of silence for him, but worldly power. He believed in God as other people believe in ^{social position} ~~society~~. ^{reputation}

For his father life ^{had} ~~was~~ never quite realised; his quest ^{had} ~~never~~ really began. And Francine said it was the same for Angelo. The scene had to be laid so carefully for this quest---so many enemies had to be fought off---so much solitude had to be procured---the outer world had to be placated and appeased in so many ways, And here the Absolute came in. The ^{outside} ~~outer~~ world was an absolute power that had to be fought all the time, while the fighter was weak, being flesh, and not absolute at all. You could only get through by ^{pitching} ~~putting~~ one absolute against another, ^{in Angelo's world}

That was why there was really no quest: if you ^{turn} ~~make~~ the outer world into an absolute you glorify its powers, you humble yourself to it---which ^{an} ~~makes~~ the act of defiance necessary as well. You build the world into such vastness that you are left without any power in yourself at all: you have to assert yourself deliberately, in order not to go under; you tell yourself you have to be strong---that you are indeed strong, and that the fight will be long and bitter. Everything involves the long

before he
could begin to
be himself

20

and self-destructive fight. Nothing is soft. Nothing comes easily. Nothing is relative. The world is all absolute round you; other people are absolute---they are enemies or friends, fools or ^{wise,} great or small. This is where the fight for survival comes in---your intimate flame of life is always at stake in this struggle with absolutes. And only when towards the end of your life---if at all---you realise that the absolutes aren't there and that you yourself aren't absolute, and no act of defiance is necessary, only then are you free for the quest which should have begun in youth. Angelo told me once how Verga had come to write his real books---the ones for which he is known ^{late in life: he had} ~~he came~~ ^{across} a leaflet ^{described} an experience at sea, in ~~the~~ seaman's ~~own~~ language; ~~it was~~ just a seaman talking about the sea, from himself. And that ^{had} ~~seemed to~~ set Verga's language free. ^{Suddenly} There were no absolutes; ^{no 'literature'} no monuments. He found his own speech, suddenly, after years. ^{In this sea-talk} ~~There was~~ just the relative creature talking about the relative world, in crisp, spare terms. From that time ^{Verga} ~~he~~ began to write properly, without ~~being~~ artificiality.

In our world of the north all literature is that seaman talking. The relative world weaves in and out of his narrative. But in the provincial world, in Italy and Germany, the great battle with absolutes has to take place. The outer world is absolute. A man's statements are absolute. One statement clashes with another---there is none of the endless dialogue of free and wondering voices as in our world. There is none of the leaven of the invisible society.

Right at the bottom, those absolutes are pagan. And in Angelo's world they're classical pagan---still with their old dignity and fire. They don't belong to the Christian world,

weren't really meeting, even when there was nothing obviously wrong. Once Melli arrived in Paris a day or so before me and Angelo said to her, sitting in the dim, still drawing-room that overlooked ^{the} a tiny courtyard, 'How is he? Is he in a good state--- or---' He paused---'funny?' And he seemed to expect her to know what he meant. But she looked at him questioningly, and he brushed the matter quickly aside, seeming to assume that she just didn't want to talk about it; she was ^{as} baffled as I was when she told me later.

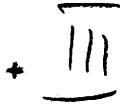
Cafes ~~Then later she said she thought he didn't see me as really~~
~~separate from one of his own states. He didn't see the theme~~
~~in me---only a series of ^{disconnected} moods, that seemed to have little to do~~
~~with each other.~~ *n.p.* I suppose ~~that meant~~ I was a pagan for him,
really. The pagan is the child of every sensation, always ~~com-~~
~~pletely~~ engulfed by it. I was a storm, then light, then laughter,
then calm, then full of portent---like something in his own world.
The pagan has no deliberate approach to the world. Reality over-
powers him every time. What was invisible ^{to} ~~for~~ Angelo in my changes
was that deliberate approach of the northern world. Perhaps this
was the key to all our differences. I think this is why he shrugged
at the end and said to me, 'I'm sorry---I can't read your books---
I want to---but I can't read English---it's a destiny---I know that
now.' He felt there was something invisible to him.

I think he missed the safe inner order of my world, the har-
mony that lies right underneath and therefore makes any sally away
from it an adventure---there are no dangers of bursting the seams.

My long dramatic descriptions seemed to tire ^{him} ~~them~~ as much as stir
^{him} ~~them~~. They were journeys from safety; not desperate flights to achieve it, as he perhaps
thought.

One thing I thought afterwards: that he ~~has~~ left us either

to become great or become small.



The northern world had nearly crushed Melli, too. When we met I knew she was convalescent from an illness, but not that she'd been in such danger. It was a mercy I didn't know, in a way---because we would have held back from life in those first months, we wouldn't have talked till late at night or walked at dawn, none of the things that actually helped her recovery.

I was also ignorant in a deeper way---about health as a whole. And I learned this from Melli. She already had it in her---the power of health. She had the enormous natural-born silence that this requires. I'd had an inkling of it before---but it was all twisted and girdered-about with the prevailing concepts of health. I had felt these were wrong. I'd always felt strangely at odds with medicine---whenever I had to see a doctor. There was some contradiction there: I felt a loss of power and self-reliance and initiative which I thought was wrong, whenever I faced a doctor. But I didn't know why it was wrong. I tried to argue that he, the doctor, was wrong. But it was a difficult road. And, slowly, Melli taught me why. First she had the inner rhythm and silence of health, and secondly she was learning herself, as the best doctors do, through their own bodies.

Even as a child her's was a rhythm, a deep, inner rhythm, which just doesn't do for this epoch. And as fast as the doctors looked for a cause they gave up. It was mad to suppose that the usual doctor of today could ever have found ^{a cause.} ~~anything~~.

When she was a small child her family was chased out of Germ-

X
to find out more about it in the library. I was hot at the collar and my hands were trembling as I opened the medical encyclopedia to look up 'hypertension'---what a fine state to study anything in! And partly this was because I wasn't in charge of my own body, though I didn't of course know this. I was helpless. If my body got a cold or 'flu or measles or gout or anything that came along, well, it just came along. I just had to wait. I had no sense at all that the body gives warning of what it will do, and shows its weaknesses intimately. I thought that was health. And now I think it is ill-health. All I could do, in the matter of the body, was to keep my fingers crossed. Now in all other respects in life I didn't keep my fingers crossed: that wasn't enough for me---never had been. I directed my will towards this or that object, lived towards this or that, and always had done. But in the case of health, it seemed---in the case of the basis of all will---I left it to chance, or to the society round us (in which I was supposed not to believe). It was little wonder I had such ambiguous feelings when I faced a doctor, as if I was being found out in some way.

And here was I trembling like a leaf because there was a medical book in my hand, sweating like a cannibal in front of a witch-doctor! I was superstitious, clearly. My approach to medicine was thoroughly and completely superstitious; I was little better than a pagan would be. You couldn't imagine that I was an Oxford-educated individual. What hope had I of doing anything for Melli in this state?

Knowledge would have held me---my terror of Melli dying---
in check; whereas I was ignorant. It seemed I first had to clear my mind of a lot of rubbish, but I didn't know what this rubbish was. I only felt it was there. Yet I couldn't believe that the

held
~~text books were wrong, either~~ *Now could I quite believe them?*
Now could I quite believe them?

a disaster. This is because it must be a dream, and not an inherited safe form. Like Italy, the German world has grown out of independent duchies which were always a law to themselves--- not from an integral monarchy, radiating a single authority through its noble classes, as in France and England. There is no communion of ideas, no collective genius of thought, in Germany, just as there isn't in Italy. This is why you see people's faces changing so much, especially if they have great gifts. ^X [The doctor in charge of the clinic, for instance---I always had to look at him twice, to recognise him. This isn't a sign of inner vacillation---^{It simply means} ~~it simply means~~ the absence of any inherited communal form. ^{or guide} ~~The~~ ^{German} peasants have an inherited physical form of life, as in Italy, but as soon as the break is made with ^{peasant-} ~~this~~ life the search for form has to begin. In the Anglo-Saxon world character develops in each creature as a collective force, whether he likes it or not. But in Germany it develops by individual crisis and effort; the encrusted lines of age ^{in the German} are the lines of ^{isolated} [a single and individual] development, and the being of this isolated creature has been so variously interpreted and misinterpreted in its life by other people, it has been seen in so many false and true lights (other people have no collective criterion in their judgements) that it tends to change according to the light it is in. ^{Seen} [This is another great danger of the German people. ^{he has} ~~people.~~

~~There is little sense of other people, in the German.~~
There is little psychological insight---I mean, as a natural

X The doctor who saved Melis, by, for instance -
he had seen him in his clinic, at the time.
for this meant looking at his intelligence, & even in Italy.

Our books on war are exercises in pity, on the whole---horror, some kind of recoil, some collective indignation on behalf of other people's lives, on behalf of the collective health and goodness that is being put at stake in war. But this isn't so with the German book. Invariably if it tries pity for other people it is only insipid. Usually it is just a stark account of horror. But the horror is peculiarly insentient. You have the feeling that these people belong to chill rainy nights where the bullets are flying and men are screaming.

That was how Germans seemed to me in the last war. They invariably put in a stiff attack on a rainy night. And they didn't seem to feel the exposure, not like our men. They belonged to nature more. But they weren't bad men. I was always struck by their simplicity and natural goodness when they came in as prisoners. You might say that their officers were bad. But not abstractly so. They weren't visibly cruel men. Even the SS officers I didn't find cruel men. But they were men who ~~could be~~ ^{might be} present at some fearful brutality without feeling it: ~~more~~ after all, it would be somebody else's suffering. In our world that could only be a bad person. But in the German world ~~this~~ ^{this} doesn't follow: and knowing this is the first step to understanding ~~that world~~ ^{the German}.

The German goes his own way. It is the only way he can go, and why our world will never really understand him, only respect ^{or} ~~and~~ ^{admire} him, or work with him, but never really join with him in his world. He is the great natural force of our European world, almost speechless, like rocks and mountain streams. The officers and men who came in as prisoners were each fighting their own war---they each had their dream. On our side we weren't. I wouldn't have gone into the war if

it hadn't been for the concentration camps: they were the spur to moral indignation---in a people that didn't want to fight. Without them I think people would have had to be pushed into the army. But the German with his terrific vigorous good will and belief, that is ready to gush out at the slightest encouragement from someone of power and authority (it might be, someone with a powerful-enough dream), will be off on his war before he knows where he is, and only think about it afterwards, with some puzzlement. He won't change, though, however much he puzzles about it. He will just join the ^{general} ~~collective~~ puzzlement: 'what happened exactly?' It was the same with the concentration camps:

→ I've never met one German young or old who seemed to feel the slightest genuine horror at ^{the concentration} ~~those~~ camps. Such horror would be a collective emotion, ~~really~~ ^{have to} proper to a collective massacre. It would belong to our world, but not to the German. There is just perplexity in them---what did I do? all I did was join the army! fight a war---then all this comes out at the end! Only those Germans who suffered in the camps themselves, or lost a relative in them, have the real horror: because it springs from self-interest. The basic communion of pity and fellowship---all abstract or collective sympathy---is lacking in Germany. This is what the rest of the Christian world doesn't understand, in not understanding the German. You will get a German saying ^{regretfully} of himself, 'Now look at how I behaved in the first world war, prancing about on a horse, with a spiked helmet, anxious to fight it out with England---what an ideal!' But there it will stop: going further---changing himself---requires the self-examination which is just not part of the German upbringing, as it is ^{a necessary & unavoidable} part of ours.

In the German world power is like nature. It takes on the permanent and overshadowing forms of nature: the status quo is always there for good, like waterfalls and mountains---until it disappears. Hitler, the American occupation, industrial prosperity---they are each there for good, as long as they last. In the German world power is as little fluid as nature, in the sense that mountains and streams don't walk away overnight. But if they do walk the German adjusts himself at once---they were only scenery. It was never really part of him. Nothing collective ever is.

There is this vigorous and primitive belief all the time, which is both healthy and dangerous. The background is pagan as it is in the Italian world, too. But the Italian world has been softened by the leaven of the church. There hasn't been any such thing in Germany. I shall never forget seeing, in a pleasant little village near Hamburg, a Lutheran priest stroll out of his house in knickerbockers---it was hot---with that self-celebrating swagger you often get in the German official. It isn't a swanking walk so much as a primitive and pagan exercise in self-satisfaction, like an inner dance. The forthright chin was there: the man with no doubts. It was strange to see it in a priest. Power---status quo---stuck out of his body: it was in his walk. ^{He had God up his sleeve. It was the} ~~It reminded me of the pulpit in his church, which I'd just seen: it was placed exactly above the altar so that it seemed actually to be emerging out of it, not to one side of the chancel as it usually is. I'd never seen that before and my first impression was one of blasphemy. It was like making the priest a spokesman for God. The voice actually came out of the mystery of the cross and the host. Not even in the Roman church, with its apostolic succession,~~

do you get that: only the pope has divine access to eternity,
so to speak, but even then he doesn't issue physically out of
the godhead. But in this Lutheran church the godhead seemed
owned socially. It went with the hierarchy of power. The
priest had God up his sleeve. It was the god of power, that
is, a pagan god.

Sometimes ^{that} the clinic ^{in Germany} was like a faery castle for ^{us} ~~me~~. The
pine forests ^{were} ~~seemed~~ so near---and ~~the~~ stark mountains that were
called the 'mother' and the 'father'. The faery-element was
in the people, too. Their faces had been developed by strange
primitive forces.

The German is rearing to go---to be led, to believe and
lapse into a state of believing self-immolation, where the in-
dividual responsibility is given up. One man, given the
right preparation, can change the German scene overnight.
Belief gathers like a storm, a marvellous primitive dream of
life, ~~which is such a necessity in Germany~~, the ache for glory
and splendour. The dream grows until it seems to engulf the
whole of humanity, then it reaches politics, then it explodes.

Germany is much further from us all than most of us can
imagine. The German kings of England were never understood.)
~~They acted with a wild, ungainly, awkward and yet simple violence~~
~~at times: for instance,~~ When the young Prince of Wales, the son
of George II, dragged his wife out of Hampton Court screaming
with a baby half hanging from her and raced her in a carriage
to St. James's Court so that his heir shouldn't be born under
the same roof as his father, whom he detested and abhorred,
Lord Hervey's memoirs from that time---^{he} ^{he was beyond anybody's comprehension.} was a subtle, soothing,
~~intriguing~~, clever courtier---are a chronicle of the most dis-
astrous misunderstandings. Most of them came from the fact

that the Germans had no idea what all this English freedom was about. They couldn't see why a man with such enormous power, like the king, should be unable to exercise it according to his wishes and convenience, but have to consult interests and parties and an undefined entity called public opinion. They couldn't understand a people who asked to be defended against its enemies but hated the sight of a military red coat. They couldn't understand a people who spat on the royal carriage and yet were decidedly not republicans. They couldn't understand why an apparently absolute power should be given to a king and then limited and curtailed and ridiculed by the fact that parliament and parliament alone had the power of the purse. In the German world a man with power does not beg and he does not discuss.

There seemed no rules in the royal behaviour, to English eyes. It was a chaos of vigour, sentimentality, courage, vacillation, brutality, graciousness. Above all there was no justice. No recollection today of what was said yesterday, and a wavering from one minister to that according to immediate self-interest and the persuasive powers of the minister. There was no judgement. They had no themes in their characters. They were either riding the crest of a wave proudly or else drowned in self-humiliation and contriteness. They could be proud and offensive and pugnacious, then an extraordinary simple and child-like charm would appear, which could disarm everybody. They dealt each other smashing blows, inside the family, and these blows were apparently taken for granted by all of them. The king would have a sudden overpowering regard for his daughter, followed by an absolute nullity and blundering insentience towards her. And she reciprocated the behaviour.

To the outsider this is incomprehensible and outrageous. But it is the German world. It is all the original vigour and rude health of our civilisation.

This is why it saved Melli when our own world had nothing to offer. It all depended on one man. Then I met him for the first time I was standing by Melli's bed at the clinic, talking. She had just had a bath, I think, and the routine was to spend an hour in bed afterwards, well covered-up. There was a quiet knock on the door and at once I felt, with this man's presence as he came into the room, the most extraordinary sense of peace, like an invisible wave that washed slowly over me. It felt as if he'd gone alone all through life's battles.

In that moment I knew more about him and his clinic, and about what he'd done for Melli, than I ever knew before from hearsay or ever learned afterwards. ~~I always have to make this first absolute contact first, to know a person. It more or less is what my tummy tells me. If it aches, there's a person in coils. If it doesn't, the other person is all right. It's an animal feeling. In medicine this is terribly difficult, if you're trying to steer through darkness all the time, as I was, trying to repair my ignorance little by little.~~
I had ^{only} realised that in the end it depended on how this doctor struck me in my animal feeling. It depended on the man.

And this doctor who stood before us now, in white, had gone the road alone. He'd done the self-change. That peace isn't possible short of a terrific and completely unsparing act of self-examination. All knowledge has to be dreamed first, and be yielded up from intimate life painfully and slowly. Then it is given to other people, to become their certainty.

with this energy; you tend ~~more~~ to rapture and to heady, nebulous dreams, you get a bit of mountain madness in your innermost self, your nightmares are sickly and menaced, with strange vengeful and spiteful creatures from the dark woods, unsparing in their venom, nudging and sneering and pinching.

I went through my own therapy at the clinic, picking up what information I could from the little books written by the doctor in charge. I wanted to find out for myself. I didn't want a doctor doing it for me; I wouldn't have learned anything. Which can be dangerous if you're as ignorant as I am. ^a Because of that, it was months and even years before I found out ~~what was suitable for my own system.~~ But at least I learned in ~~those first few weeks~~ ^{isn't} that the body ~~wasn't~~ just an inanimate lump, but worked ² and ~~sometimes~~ ⁵ complained in all sorts of ways which ^{then I'd known} until ~~now I knew~~ ¹ nothing about.

The clinic was quiet and soothing. Everybody was in bed by nine. I could read with my bedside light until nearly midnight. But I tried to sleep early. I wanted to get the maximum benefit out of the stay, ^{to have} Melli's state as much as possible.

One evening ^{she} ~~Melli~~ happened to go to one of the clinic-lectures about sleep. Apparently, it wasn't only that you needed enough sleep: the hours in which it took place were important, too. There were certain hours of darkness in which it should take place. The intestines, for instance, had ceased their work by a certain hour, and after that food tended to turn rotten inside, and go to fat, namely, dead cells. So sleep and eating were linked. I remembered that my mother

already there in the bones and blood and organs of the young, as disease? Again, only questions; from an ignorant person.

You hear so many stories about what is supposed to be happening to us nowadays, without our knowing. Are they true? Who can tell us if they're true or not; who has the over-all knowledge? There are specialists, but none of them dare to speak outside their province. The earth is being poisoned, people say---not so much poisoned for ourselves as for the future generations.

We were brought up on the last vestiges of the old life, when the basic things---the food and soil and air---hadn't been tampered with. But what about the future? What's happening inside us? What influences the child in the womb, unknown to us? Are all the tiny, invisible processes of the body known? If incubation periods are anything from ten to twenty years, how do we know what is happening to our children? Can anyone tell us, for certain?

If the crop-specialist tells you it's 'safe' to spray crops with a certain weed-killer, does he mean it is safe for my liver? Not at all. He doesn't know anything about the liver. He means his spray will safely kill the weeds but not the crop. So the words these specialists use have to be examined. It is all vague. The word 'safe' is vague, meaning one thing for one man and another for another. Specialists have rarely been trained in language and expression, and yet we have to know precisely what they mean. Who can collate all the things they say except the ignorant, like me, who can watch and compare?

What is the fate of a class that has challenged every pattern of life, wherever it has found one, in order to make something spuriously 'new'?

And there are the apologists. Without spraying poisons on to crops, they say, we would have no apples---no tomatoes---on the table. But have we really reached a point in our history when we sit down to eat a poisoned tomatoe rather than none at all? Is it really possible that no apples or tomatoes were eaten before the epoch of science? With all the spurious thought we've accumulated it seems we can't sit down and think out the simplest and clearest propositions.

→ What hope ~~can~~^{has} a man who ~~has~~ spent all his formative years in a laboratory, learning formulae, have of answering questions like these? Yet he has control of our lives, and those of our children. He has no real voice, his mind invariably hasn't had a real training, except in other people's formulae. How far---outside the formulae---does he go along on superstitions, more untested than my superstitions because he feels he has the support of his formulae? How far are we in the hands of functionaries none of whom could take responsibility for the power he uses? How far are the doctors just functionaries of medicine, although given the power to heal? How far are we being led into darkness, by people who prefer the darkness?

In the last hundred and fifty years life everywhere has been put under new principles, and no one has bothered to examine these principles to see if they are all right for the world or not. They've come into being at an alarming rate, they belong to us and they stem from us, yet we're their servants---slaves. They form a prison-house round us. And partly this is why life seems to become unreal---because prisoners are notoriously day-dreamers. Nearly everything robust and genuine from two centuries ago has been taken in hand and overhauled, and a vast prison based on

last insoluble problems.

last insoluble problems.

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tiny city on two sides of a river, its population less than half what it had been in ancient times; without the tall, pastel-shaded blocks of flats on the outskirts, but with villas among trees; a Rome whose intimate parts, round the Piazza di Spagna, extending as far as the Piazza Venezia at one end and the Piazza del Popolo at the other, lay in narrow, mediaeval streets, straggling by the river towards the ghetto opposite Trastevere, ~~xxx~~ still in a southern sleep.

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a Rome whose leaves floated down
from the trees in the fall and
stayed where they were; whose
centre, round P. di Spagna, as
far as P. di Venezia at the
end - P. del Popolo at the
other, straggled along the river
in narrow, mediaeval streets
as far as the ghetto opp.
Trastevere, ~~was~~ still in
sleep.

When we were alone together he talked with
women. They were close to music in the
way, that they were a whole world of
sensations sufficient to itself. They only
haunted and pained him. Just the
thought of the smell of a woman would
start him off. He talked then said
their feel - how he liked kissing the
feet, softly, then
further up; and
further up, and
his eyes, saying

hips them; low rounded their hips, higher than the
shoulders; the stout thighs, the breasts that
were unfurled like the a glimmer of leaves,
in that first moment. Sometimes it was an
actual woman we'd meet. Was she too small?
too hippy? too twee? too commanding?
too passive, perhaps? Or it might be the
imagined creature who was the most
beautiful of all women, who made the men
stop in the streets and gasp, who
filled the room every time she walked in.
There was, in fact, one v. beautiful Roman
girl in our group: she needed ~~and~~ he stated
his ~~imaginary~~ expectations; stayed in her
as he whenever she came in, stayed in her
side, held his hand, stayed as he moved
so closely that he seemed to have fallen a step,
until he gasped and swayed until everybody
was laughing.

There was always a feverish and troubled desire in Rome, a gnawing and obstinate passion that was only contained by its being so fleshly, without mental afterthoughts. The langorous, yearning flesh got its satisfactions on hot afternoons behind closed shutters, in cars at night, making them tip and roll slightly as you walked past them, under the trees in the parks, in a contact that was sudden and compelling.

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There was always a feverish and troubled desire in Rome, a gnawing and obstinate passion that was only contained by its being so fleshly, without mental ^{sympathies.} ~~afterthoughts.~~ ^{only} The langorous, yearning flesh ~~got its satisfactions~~ on hot afternoons behind closed shutters, in cars at night ^(making them tip and roll slightly as you walked past them), under the trees in the parks, in a contact that was sudden and compelling — ^{could quell this desire} for a moment: but nothing in daily life, in people; ~~no~~ no dream. Everything...

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insulting glances at Melli, as if to pay her out for any love he might have spent on her. Francine cried endlessly, the tears would pour quickly down her face and disappear again, apparently unseen by him. He was like the land and sky of Sicily, I told him once, at one of our last meetings; though I'd never seen Sicily, only glimpsed one of its harbours; what I knew of it, I knew from him, which was perhaps the surest way. 'You're getting less and less of a person,' I said to him half-joking, 'you're a landscape, as every man must be I suppose if he develops properly---he must grow into the landscape of his country---and you're the rivers and hard rocks and long, deserted beaches of Sicily, you're the torrid nights---the pitiless sea---!' And he laughed in his strange way, in a dry, high-pitched voice, his head raised and his eyes half-closed in their usual languorous way.

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Insert. → (A)

→ Yet ~~what a~~ ~~thing~~ joy had a wonderful softness. And in his long elegies -
about death, how it made everything senseless,
about his loneliness at the office, & the pain
he felt in the city, & his shared horror of
being in any group of people to 'empty'
himself how alone - there was such a

a. so regret that it was like music,
even his voice.

63 8 7 1 min

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15

27 ✓

of a vast flood trying not to get his feet wet---haunted by vulgarity, banality, madness, chaos, self-obsession, all the pitfalls of the creature who is denied society.

I only know one clear example of the same thing in England and that is the writer Joseph Conrad. He was brought up in the other ~~world~~ tradition, close to the German world, but he used English

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Due to the hot weather ..

not the arrogance of the Italians or the murderousness of the Germans. The Italian is rarely arrogant, and I've never known a murderous German.

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I believe that Angelo never really perceived me as a whole, only as moments. At one moment I was lively and gushing, striding all over the room, at another I was ^{sad perhaps,} ~~elegant,~~ at another ^{comic,} ~~penetrating,~~ at another ^{I was} just absent, a pesce morto, a dead fish---doing, saying, and apparently thinking nothing. He often used these words ~~too~~:
he would say, 'You're sitting there like a dead fish!' This is ^{Very} ~~the Sicilian world,~~ too: everything is moments, ^{in the Sicilian consciousness without} ~~nothing being~~ ^{there.} You suddenly, in that world, achieve God: you suddenly put out massive branches like an oak, you tower over other people (for a moment), delivering yourself, Then there is silence again. For you aren't an oak: you are only one for a moment, then you go back to

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grasp me as he usually did before the words were out of my mouth. He still looked

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and squalors that are its language and always will be. Really he is a man without a faith. He's alone, with his thoughts. He's in a dead world, just as a Sicilian is said to feel in a dead world when he's surrounded by nature; traditionally, he is oblivious to nature. It lies round him like a pesce morto. Yet he is part of it. This is his strength. The loneliness round him, being classical in origin, is more or less inconceivable to us; he is the last classical man. He has a driving and cutting will, a power to see clearly even to the darkest point in his own self, and to make dazzling-clear reflections while up to his neck in the squalor of life. He has this marvellous remoteness and spirituality, which leads to his suicide. The classical world was a tragic world, and so is his. There isn't any hope in it, finally. Yet there is no Italian resignation, either---the having a stink and accepting it; there is the alter ego of pagan squalor instead---the obsessive horror of vulgarity, a classical absolute, and the precise opposite of anything Christian.

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→ the result of the late-Greek -

speaking, throwing little chunks of bread across the table and putting another potato on his plate. He licked his chops, guzzled his wine and had everything down inside a few minutes--- talking the whole time as well. It wasn't that he ^{'d lost his} ~~lacked~~ table ~~table~~ manners: he'd never really had them.

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English could be remarkably good. All of a sudden, if there was no other way of getting through, he would start talking English, throwing in idioms like 'It rained cats and dogs' and 'I'm feeling blue'. But he always said that English wasn't his 'destiny'.

We went for long walks through Itchenor to the harbour where endless clusters of yachts lay on the water, their masts swaying in hundreds, and looked across at the Hampshire side, where there was a rising lawn and the typical, close, hilly

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~~They are always giggling at
each other. They are of great
between~~

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~~an intended~~

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learn that the world he sees his
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The working-class child knows nothing about this either. In his world ambition simply doesn't exist and life is as it is seen at birth. Like an Italian he is the king of his own feelings, with a natural right to be given an audience for them. But in the middle-class world you are caught up in ambitions whether you like it or not and this must show to your children. And in humanity the middle class child must be groomed for the world he will inherit: For the middle class world is grounded on power, not The middle-class upbringing must in all humanity be a subtle mustering of arms for the fight for Position which will one day come about: the Position may be a title or money or simply what your neighbours think of you, or it may be a rejection of all these things; but a Position of some kind it will be, not a natural and humble inheritance ... We middle-classes are based on power, not

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as disease? Again, only questions; from an ignorant person.

We were brought up on the last vestiges of the old life,
when the basic things---the food and soil--

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