

NIGHT OF THE ECLIPSE

INSERTS



On his way back from Marseilles
INSERT he had stopped at Genoa,
to visit the Italian representative

CHAPTER I or II of T.M.

Mr Cozanneau remembers the daggling white boats
and the ~~steaming~~ fishing vessels, with their cabs of
sails, and idle nets, and water lapping against their bows, underneath
the stone promontory, — Genoa: where he had been a few days
before. He had stopped on the way back to fulfil a
commission for the London Office, who had asked him to discuss
the procedure with the Italian representative of T.M., a
young man called Mario ~~Partridge~~ ^{Siciliano}. They had met in the
small T.M. office in the port, a few yards from the water,
and had taken each other at once. Joséphine Mario. They
had gone to a cafe and talked for 3 hours about Marseilles.
~~Mario had been born in Tientsin~~ How he wanted to leave
Italy. Says to Cozanneau, You can take all your son: I'll
have the London sky for the rest of my life. The only thing
left to Italy is its country. There is no rebellion left in the
Italian soul. That is its tragedy. Italy is a subject. He had
insisted on taking Cozanneau home with him, instead of
his staying in a hotel, where he met his wife Nicotina,
and their child whom they had named Françoise, after
Mario's French parentage. Cozanneau remembers all the time

He was true a lurking inquietude about Pinkie. He had
even felt, if only I could enjoy his whiteness against the
sea, his lovely lines with the palm trees and the
light green grass, with the sound of the boats drifting in
every now and then, and waking in the morning to
see Mario and Nicola peeping round the door like 2
excited children, in such an unguarded intimacy of
friendship he had never known - Mario as Sicilian as
his name, restless and given to black melancholy, and
he from Tattin Broadway, S.E. His evening breakfast
in bed while they went in to eat the tutton, called to
the little Françoise who was with the maid on the balcony on the
other side of the door. If only he could have this quite
just, without the looking, feather ~~feather~~ ^{anxiety} at the back of it
all. ~~anxiety~~ But nothing came pass. He thought of Geneva
at that moment with an unbearable, yearning nostalgia that
seemed about to tear him physically, like these sudden
astonished memories of youth, that make me stop in a
dreadful moment of bitter, regretful yearning as if one had just
remembered a lovely promise one had made ten, ~~twelve~~ fifteen,
twenty years before and all that lay between ^{to the forgotten or until the moment} was unworthy,
a living betrayal of that promise...

EARLY CHAPTER.

He reads a report in the papers of a riot in
Maudsley: in July on unusual time, since the university
students have left the city, and they are usually prominent
rioters. But this riot is provoked by a new treaty
called the Muslim Pact, between Maudsley and Rulbach,
which ends the influence of western policies. A federation to
stand firm against unification of Arab territories ^{under Egypt?} More and
more popular feeling in Maudsley that government is simply
an instrument of the western government. A group of military
leaders and foreign, even Egyptian, residents believe that they
to change would be change in western policies. And
Cromwell has identified himself with this group, which
means identification with policy of i) industrialisation
ii) abolition of serfdom. Furthering liberal democracy,
which makes him feel confused: not knowing why these
things trouble him; why he doesn't wish to join the
journalistic organs — and these days, especially in a
group called sometimes "The Young Englishmen" — socialist
realism was "the thing" in Chelsea. It was the
journalistic substitute for thinking, an aristocratic fantasy

was in another epoch.

Jessie Craunille's ^{in Manser} work, if this is already done. Unhappily anti-Government, but closed in political matters, simply watches. One day at races when jockey quarrelled violently with the Prime Minister's son, and came down from the grand-stand shouting at the top of his voice, "You King of pickers! your ass is dripping with cream! you King of pickers!" And everyone was spell-bound with a kind of ecstatic horror, as these words being used against someone so highly powerful. Afterwards the P.M.'s son had said he wd have the jockey tried for "insulting His Majesty's Government in my person"; but the Prosecution-General, who happened to be in the same box and had heard of increasingly liberal practices abroad, dissuaded him. Unhappily never ventured in. He simply watched, ~~but~~ ~~with~~ ~~some~~ ~~astonishment~~ ~~and~~ ~~awe~~, and took Craunille's ~~side~~ ~~with~~ ~~interest~~, when the violence broke, and pointed ^{at} ^{to} ^{the} ^{horse} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{padding} ^{box}. The jockey's accusation was simply one of ~~acts~~ ^{innocence} but the most shameful suggestion in an Arab's eyes. That of being the passive partner is \equiv ~~innocence~~ ^{innocence}. The future Manser seems to be the sober, English

2. who had studied at Manchester or Birmingham,
speaking engineers, ~~and architects and lawyers in the country~~
and one of whom had English wives. The regime had no real
place for them. They could do their work and sometimes earn
good money, but an intrepid could displace them, and they
had absolutely no say in the country's life — they were
politically on the level of the illiterate fellahs, and
in the hands finally of men who had no fraction of
their ability or education. That was the Mandarin problem.
It was not a giving middle class people a voice. Neither
the King or Prime Minister in the new land — government by
means of a "Parliament" of chiefs manipulated at will
and ~~not~~ voted into power by the simple expedient of
standing unopposed in elections — was the British Embassy
on the other hand had the slightest understanding of this.
In the worst part they simply didn't know these people. They
knew the military officers, but they told each other
that these were "legal"; which they were to a surprising
extent. So when the actual issue was supported by
the military, there would be no war in the manner.

LAURA LADY NAME

ERIC BARLOW

Hester (Pinker) Gresham

Goody Crawston

~~Richard Reynolds~~
"Pip" Reynolds

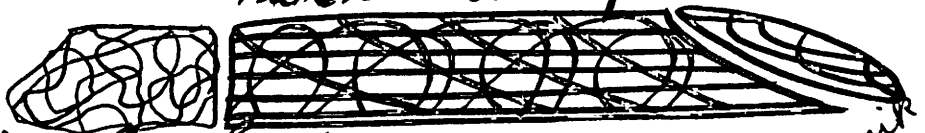
son of Lord Mainbury

Arthur Winters. (friend of Fanny Adams)

"Pinker and Pip"

Philip

"Pip" ^{Granville} ~~Reynolds~~



"Pinker" (Hester) Gresham

Ronald Wayman

? Spanish name.

~~Vivian~~
Diana

Felix Goyle



"How the hell does anybody get a name like Goyle?"
originally Gorumik, changed by deed poll, rather eccentric.

Joy Celeste

Harti-Indian? Princess Bramanya

"Fanny" ~~Derick~~

~~Derick~~

Adams. ~~Winters~~ ~~Gresham~~

"Fanny Adams" ^d Adams

Jonathan Gibbs

Reini

Vivien ^{Hawtrey} (Nigerian girl)

Bob Lawford, the confectionery millionaire.

Lon Lagrande (the laundry girl)

Rob Fourné (pronounced Fanny)

Vivian

Vivian

Fine Art - really, ~~truly~~ fine.

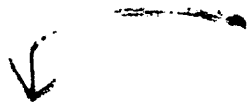
↓
Billy Landley - Soames. (Willy Web legs).

David ~~Robertson~~ Hackham.

~~Arthur~~

Peter Reynolds. (In the Mess Hall - the piece handed
only want in the country - the slow dying - too
Committee introduces him)

Jean ~~Pettam~~



Pip Raymond has 4 months leave, to which he is entitled after 2 years service. On special application he can obtain another 4 months, — sickness of close relative, etc. (the poster wife's having a child) — but he will have 16 weeks long leave for 4 years. ~~to~~

He and Pinkie have known each other for 6 years — since about 1946-7. They have taken the time in London and spent it at during their absence in the middle east.

The House.

Plot

The arrival in London: and in the house,
to find the party - the smashed mirror etc. the
sense of outrage.

He represents a company in Spanish
prosecco, - his nostalgia, and yet his
inability to leave; his fear of the loneliness,
made worse by the lack of wife ^{that} would he do
of sex - he always depended on it for health -
like a horse in time. In London he lives
on his earnings - gets an extension of the leave
due to him, which is unpaid, according to
the terms of his contract. The way he clings,
for instance, to the light jacket, the topical
suit. The girl's voice in *John* - "Take it off."
it's written! And he turns round in astonishment,
and stares after her. In London he is large
rides, drives out in the car - picnics -
pours away *Uggas* - it is "falling out"
nostalgia - a life of subjection, gradually closing
a him name of mine. The Company becomes

2 P16R

used: The Textile Imports, ^{Morocco} — TIM-
he remembered "I'm stopping me to Tim" —
"I'm Tim —" the long dark officer, with water
on the down and water steadily dripping down
through the water, to ~~keep the air cool~~ the
the air that passed through — Even the officer
had mystery. For him it was being surrounded
by a great mystery which did not reflect back
to him any of his childhood, which had no
associations for him, so that every experience was
clear for him, like passing into a new life.
But London was without mystery. Everything was
known. It could only be caught at — in the
street, as a party — suggested, and then as once in
flight: and the faint reminder of the city's — its
dark, witty, irreplaceable face.

Compare with his return to London after
the War.

Thousands upon thousands of people arrived in

just this way - men of his age, come from the
 sea as he was, still fresh from the sea -
 and gone to the very same dark arch-way
 with the glass up on the pavement beyond,
 where there were flowers, fruit, newspapers to sell,
 and called for a taxi. - (I joined -
~~but~~ bewildered more for a taxi - watched by
 a tall policeman who seemed to be saying,
 "You may put away all fantasy here...") There
 was no doubt about it - you were equal with
 other people. Or rather - you were a little
 less than equal - you were abashed, rather bowed,
 demanding nothing more of the ordinary - you were
 certainly not equal in nobility or worth or
 power. You did not see much of these things -
 thousands upon thousands of men must have
 entered London in just this way, with just these
 feelings - and yet the city still lay there,
 1900, 1920, 1930, 1940, 1950 — and generation
 after generation of men passed under these arches

4
and the city did not move, just as if it
was a living presence, a negation.

In this city only money placed you
among the significant people. If you had no
money, you were down among the outsiders:
these were interesting, - exciting - people, but
that was the general feeling you got from
their presence, - and they got from yours, that
you were all outsiders, visited one and then,
perhaps once a month, even once or twice a
week if you were lucky, to the significant heights
by means of an invitation to a really
smart party, a ball, ~~a weekend~~ or a stall
seat at the theatre on opening night; then
you fell back again, into the sweating positions
of ordinary humanity.

In the train he had behaved rather like a madman. Perhaps they hadn't noticed ~~him~~ it. They had looked at him with attention whenever he spoke - a group

William Craville

woman, with his hair drawn at the back of his head into a bun. spiritless, and an ageing woman from South Africa, "Beer, with a ^{who pronounced English} ~~German~~ ^{hiddenly} pronunciation of English. That had his idea been! To show them all how full of health he was, he returned, froth-foaming and lying in everything he did.

~~Bill Reynolds~~ ^{Bill Reynolds} ~~Reverend~~ ^{Reverend} Craville, his wife. ^{Reverend, nick-named} "Pinkie"
Diana ^{"A shade of pink, I think"}
Margaret, the girl.

The doctor, Diana's man, and William's friend, is Jack Wayman.

Where has William met ~~his~~ ^{his wife?}

Reynolds Craville has been in Morocco for five years: thus, he has prepared a precious

3.

leave of six months, thus entitling him to a renewal this time if he wishes. He renews the leave, and at the end of the six months his wife is pregnant, and after a conversation with her (and an acquaintance saying, 'Surely you're not thinking of abandoning her at this point, are you?') he decides to abandon his Moroccan job and stay on to see her through the birth. She has some money, and he has had a hard done salary in Morocco, and five years of service yield a good ~~amount~~ sum from the voluntary savings fund. So they can live for a year like that. When he discovers that the child is not his he applies for the work again - but this time has to fill a job at a desert station, with a lower salary, since his own job has been filled. An his need for human touch has gone into the child that will come -

3/
we describe his visit to the nursing home - the
wasmth - the smell of creating life, the
warm fire at the fireplace in the morning -
the going with a friend to night club to
see (Grace) - the sandwiches outside - how
one cannot let them in, it is forbidden -
and the man, and then their walk home to
a sleeping house.

Anyway, perhaps it was for the best - he would
have thrown all his life into the child - he
would have given up - and it had happened
(his being informed of the facts) just when the
money was nearly low, and he would have had
to go back to an office job (his memories of the
office job - the unific waiting, waiting -
the dreadful dark Offices - the morning news -
the bus-queues, - the same mute faces - closed
in - the reading of newspapers - the morning
train - the smothering of life)

The movements:

] The wife-husband struggle: she has become strange to him. He feels this like an animal. He has no direct evidence. Neither Jack nor Pinkie provide him with any, so that there grows up an atmosphere of conspiracy in the house. Voices hush when he approaches. And as he lives justly into the atmosphere, he learns that it is not only a conspiracy against him: but all of them - he and Jack against the women, Pinkie and he against Jack (his attitude to women, he fears of being involved), and even he and Pinkie against the other two. Only now and then does love strike up a sudden spontaneous warmth between them all, and at rare times they reach an extraordinary kind of communal happiness, as if they were staved of community. His resentments against each of them in turn; the petty differences: - because they see each other, and do not seem to know how to communicate with each other in good faith. All of them lie; and sometimes tell

the truth; and the two overlap. Petty situations arise, like Pinkie having cooked dinner for 7 nights missing - Jack coming in and snatching a meal, then leaving it me without so much as washing up - he is subjected to most criticism - or Diana should cook, and when she does, make dinner only for Jack - the "love nest" atmosphere between Diana and Jack intolerable for Pinkie and Granville because they do not enjoy love and envy it - Diana complaining of the distinction of the house, of Pinkie's laxness with the servant, who does not work enough (as Italian girl, with whom Granville talks - she tells him how happy she is to be out of Italy, it is boring here, provincial, everybody gossips, but here there is freedom, which she loved) - Granville criticised for presumptuous manners - violent attitudes and rigid moral disapproval of the women - of authoritarianism - Pinkie criticised for duplicity, for telling people's secrets, and having no sense of loyalty. Granville tends to protect her.

Thus, we make the atmosphere of conspiracy in the house, as Granville's nervousness is forgotten.
Granville - Pinkie: he feels the lack of

"artistic" qualities in himself, and she is constantly calling on him to dress up - she advises fancy dress parties for that reason - dresses him in straw hat, with a blouse cut at sleeves, with low heels, and tights to the ankles, and bare feet, with lips painted in rouge on his upper and his chest. Above it was lace, and gold ear-rings in his ears. Wants him in the best styles of Edwardian clothes. She also criticises his conventionalism: his "straightness" in love - his love of habits like tea round the fire, and theatre going - and she wants irregularity - chaos, - which he fears. They discuss this one day. The "strangeness" of Bohemian people disturbs him and makes him feel nervous and threatened; whereas they make him feel excited and safe. She seems to find his safety in "strangeness"; he only in the world of riding and clear relationships. In their discussion they put it down to his having always, from the earliest age seen chaos - no mercy - at the edge of his life!

7

While one had been loved and alone, coddled by his nurse and worried over by women, so that the strange was for him a flight from the dominions of Spinoza. Thus, she regarded some and healthy behaviours as "loving" - because it reminded her of that ideal domain. To be "good" was loving. To "love" was loving. Because the spinster had always recommended these things and made them sound lovable.

2) The growing of a circle, of which he is part: his absorption into the circle. This is at once his flight from family life, the loneliness and self-sufficiency of which torments him (he and Pookie are absolutely in agreement and always do their best to play down the husband-wife relationship, he insisting that when she cooks for him it is as a friend, he feels it as a friend, in answer to her complaining that marriage has turned her into a housewife: their discussion on this - but we've got to eat - who else is there to do the cooking? And so on. He says, maid. If only she would discipline the maid,

8

The women there are 3 from 15 attend 12, and all the washing, the kitchen-work, four people - it is too much - and so on) (The row he makes between himself and the maid - the way "Pinkie" at once descends, she will do anything for "pleasures" - all she knows is that he has spoiled the meal. Then, she is seen behind him if he departs even so little from the absolute strict work of accepted social behaviour: the Bohemians did not show anger these days - unless it was a "strange" destructive rage - this was fashionable - for anger belonged to violence, it was "blustering"; it was reminiscent of "Stimpf"; you were mildly affectionate with everyone, or else mildly rude and half-hand with everyone, according to the precise school you favoured. "Pinkie" favoured the school of Mild Affectionateness; everyone was cosy together, and morality was shut tight up (the voice of the spinster or the clergyman) She did not always obey this. Her rash, cold nature sometimes burst

2/
forth, and she vehemently descended in an example
of vulgarity, a greed, a snobbery, in a person. Or she
~~let~~ let us with her fists: if an argument went
beyond a certain point and she could sustain it
no longer, she either put her head in her hand,
and roared at the top of her voice, or
threw something (Reynolds got a cup of broken
tea down his trousers one morning for insulting
her without need), or let us with her fists.
(remember the occasion at the end of a party,
when he accused of snobbery - with Viscount
Hambleden - a member of the 1911 aristocracy,
the new de-luxe aristocracy, who knew not
only that "everybody loved a Lord" but also
what they loved in a Lord, and ~~cultivated~~
these public qualities (the pier voice, the
cavalier generosity, the even manners and the
trace - the nervous touch - of decadence) with the
technical proficiency of which only someone born
in the middle classes is capable.

10
The circle

The dances: "Princess Aramanya" ~~Reynold~~ Joy Celeste.
from Spanish America: a mixture of Spanish
and Indian blood. Her intense ribaldry coupled
with her ~~and~~ fear of sex. Reynold's strange,
awkward, silly infatuation with her: the journey
mystery of London: his visit to the Zoo with her;
their walking together:

~~Reynold~~ Vivien, the Nigerian girl, who is
looked down on by the rest of the troupe for being
jet-black: they have a sense of colour-grade,
from yellow to chocolate to black, the equivalent
of class. Vivien is tall, very straight-backed
with a very beautiful, a pretty, face, a tiny,
winsome, rather smiling mouth, and wide, knowing
eyes; a very sophisticated manner, and a great
security, a kind of deep inner look wisdom. Reynold,
having failed with Grace, sleeps with her: his
sense of 1) distressful guilt towards Pinkie 2) sense
of the usurpation of the white flesh - his own whiteness

1
against the oily jet-black of Vivien: he watches their
feet together. He even has a temperature suddenly,
a fever, and almost fails to make love to her —
as if the sense of corruption has risen up, and
overcome him with nausea. He revolts against this
feeling. Wants to take pride in his whiteness,
Wants to be great again. He misses all the time
the sense of being significant.

Notice how the 2 women are dark: his revolt
all the time against the white world, which for
the moment he cannot face.

The light-hearted conflict with Jack Wayman also
Vivien: they set out for Victoria — one deflected.
Wayman's description of her fight with Vivien and
how he was given "caca and eggs". Wayman
goes away for the week-end, and when he comes back
he discovers that Reynolds has slept with her (it has
all been promoted by Diana, through Fry Celeste)
he ~~was~~ ^{days} ~~was~~ But I bet you didn't get eggs and caca.
After a time, through a coincidence of events, involving
their departure for Paris, ~~Reynolds~~ ^{Ray} finds that she has

been keeping up an absolutely equal relationship with both, and listening to each's ~~own~~ friendly accounts of the other, while each has assumed that he has been chosen in place of the other and is proud with her. Vivien departs for Nigeria, and this is the end of the first phase. The circle tends to break. Reynolds now sees little of Joy Celeste, but he still occasionally goes to the night club where she is playing. bonaparte, the handsome dark-eyed girl whom Vivien says to visit persistent camp with.

The excursions. ^{works as a laundry. Has dissipated smart-dressed, rather enlittered looking friend. He dances - midst of circle with bonaparte}

a) Visits to his birth-place: the seeking of the passional curiosity — his honor, which amounts to a kind of giddiness, as he looks at the main street (Tattin Road) from the top of the bus, with the grey, unnatural canal parallel with it, to the right, behind the houses, — the utter failure of contact in his first visit. The garden. The lack of connection. The customary feeling of restlessness, combined with the paralysed inability to leave: the enjoyment of trivial things — the great importance a piece of toast, a small cup of tea, assume. The distance from the

inside world of time, thoughts and activity: how he found
 himself so often looking into the clock, as if at
 something altogether beyond the world, - the world's, or the
 sky's, time seemed different from time here, which
 had a strictly local function - 6.30 p.m. was the
 time when Dad got up, came sunshine or rain, and
 let the cat ~~out~~ the back and put the kettle
 on for tea and cleaned his teeth and drank the
 glass of clear cold water, which he believed
 kept him in the best of health, for it cleaned the
 stomach out; at 7.00. the tea, with biscuits
 taken upstairs to Mum and (at one time) the children...
 etc. And so this warm, regular world had
 been made - deliberately including death, rendering
 life as self-sufficient as possible - out of the timest
 details: it was like a settlement cut off even
 from the rest of society. War could come, - they would
 simply adjust their lives. Not a word they spoke
 would be effective, or even heard. Everything came,
 miraculously, from outside: newspapers, television, radio,
 electricity.... You never saw the source. You had ten

real independence of will and body than a slave, who could always run away to another master. The system surrounded you absolutely. You were recognizable as an inmate by your voice and your clothes. By the way you walked and held your head. Any escape from the system was the effort of a lifetime, against many more odds than mere lack of money; it is no point were you helped, at all times you were one of a great crowd clamouring for the same thing; any special gift you ~~was~~ might have been nothing in the classroom.

This world could take you back - two days in it were enough to make you forgotten, or feel forgotten, by real time and the real world: you entered the ritual of the little meals, you saw about; you read; but nothing you read or said or did while you were there seemed to have the slightest significance; just as if you were in a warm, damp-cell, provided with everything you needed except the possibility of communicating with the outside world. It is this utter ~~total~~ hopelessness of spirit surrounding you

- The fact that none outside attaches the slightest significance to you (are you not a mere thing of work - at least by the look of you by your living quarters) - which makes the struggle to escape such a deadly me, diving some back, and others to drink, and others to the mountains of social climbing.

His father's handling in the outside world: an attitude of great awe and reverence - ~~at~~^{esp} for people "well-spoken"; who appeared educated. His mother takes a more cynical attitude, since she uses her eyes more - and once tells him that as far as she can see education and money seem to produce "dirty-filthy" habits (like the one she gave no name, but which she knew about - men "messing about" with her), "snotty-nosed" condescension and stoppiness of character, much more than it produced a clean, decent, healthy man. Recall the "well-spoken" man in light-grey suit (whom Bilken called Cissy) - mother in Somersell Road - said he had been to Oxford - his father showed him

16
an essay, typewritten, of her, on colonial government -
and the man imitating the sophisticated accent -
"nvely. Yes... Yes... so lovely..."

b) Visits to the country. Twice to Edgocote
(two week-ends) and once to Yearlands Coney. From
the latter visit springs an invitation to the Headhunters'
Ball, \neq which leads to a kind of "social
season" for Pinkie and Reynolds, dominating the
latter part of the book. The country gives Reynolds
his opportunities to ride. But he does not like
to shoot. The feeling towards him (from the Squire)
on account of his class, dies: he is capable,
good in business - and these people are realistic;
it is where they started some generations back, and
they have always been taught, from children,
not to despise the poor, lest one day they be
plunged by fortune into that state (hence the
Squire is much better with his lands than
Reynolds - he runs in to drive a rover properly,
first an entire floor, make a drawer so that at
the slightest pressure of one finger it slides in

14 -

to its power without striking, and so on. Reynolds finds
him washing up his pyjama trousers one morning.
He always been taught that other people shouldn't
be asked to clear up one's personal dirt. This clearly
refers to sex: the dark area of the functions.
His relation with Reynolds improves. At first
for him Reynolds is one of "his wife's odd
friends" - he tolerates him because of Pinkie's
good connections - Pinkie for him has "gone off the
rails" - describe example of Squire saying
to the others in a really blunt way, when Reynolds
appear in the hall on Saturday morning dressed
in a jacket and ~~the~~^T-shirt, "God God, - 'e's
appeared in a bathing suit!" And he gave
Reynolds a look as if to say: "I don't mind
your class, old chap, but my friends might..."
So Reynolds turned with a lunge and went
upstairs and changed into a shirt. The
clothing became increasingly difficult as his
money dwindled: he didn't have his down suit

18
any longer, having sold it, - there was always something he
had to know in order to appear for dinner. Generally
speaking he was regarded as an aristocrat; and looked
up to, from the country. And that is how he felt
inside: he felt as he lay in the tall bed at
night staring at the old ceiling, wondering how
the Duke had looked in these same rooms 200
years before, (heard that he was a visitor, half-
mad rake). Staring again and again at the
wooden shutters, dreaming himself back in time,
when there were candles, the parlour below was
full of broths and reding-beds ... the carriages in the
cotton of the wide dance before the gates ... And
he felt to himself, "Well, I am an aristocrat ..." Sometimes
he felt a kind of withdrawn pity for the English,
for the extent to which they imprisoned in their
doubt while their intelligences, ^{with any} ~~read~~ their
hearts, yelled to be lost. ~~Was that was it like~~
~~to feel a Jew?~~ Was that how a Jew felt?
Wide and withdrawn, knowing that the crime could
not be laid at any one man's doorstep.

The significance of Reynolds' visits to Edgecote: ~~is~~ i) he feels, as if he has entered life for the first time, that he has joined again the traditions behind him, and of which he was in almost complete ignorance before - the newspapers on the table in the hall on Sunday mornings are a chill emissary from the outside world (the "council houses" which the square has permitted can just be seen at the edge of his park from the hall window) which he wants to disregard. Since these traditions have been broken, they presuppose unreality. These traditions argue that a man is in a religious function with others, not a technical one (which is the modern world): the closeness of the church, the sense of ritual (especially at Christmas, the secret of Reynolds' visits) and duty, women as child-givers, in sympathetic withdrawal from the men's world, the absolute fidelity presupposed in men's friendships, the necessity of polite forms at all times, and the air of adventure; the rising of women from the dinner table, for instance, after which men join the parlour and smoke and talk -

a. Lalit which Terrence presents very strongly but which she respects at least in form - this is the subject of many arguments between her and Reynolds, who is regarded as the house as "modern"; he tells her that in fact she envies the men's mind half-hungry together because she idealises it into what she with the women would not be capable of. So after that she organises the women into card-games afterwards, has the latter bring the tray of drinks before the men come in, & that way, when the men appear, they seem a redundant as possible (a bit of a shock to them).

ii) His conversations with the Squire (cop. after dinner) in which latter tells him what he is trying to do. It is this for which Reynolds advises him deeply. Squire tells him that money brings responsibility, he gets to put the money back into the people and the land - he wants his tenants like his own children, to stick with him all his life - but it is difficult these days, with the big factories and cities taking some of the poor labour. He wants to get into a living connection with his tenants - beyond a technical one. He uses his money from technique,

21,

but he wants to correct it on the other side, on the ground
that we use no machines. He is & manages the farm,
for instance, at a loss; the turbine alone, which is
vast, ~~costs~~ ^{costs} a senior clerk's salary in electricity alone,
not to say fuel for water and the grates; he could
~~fit~~ ^{turn} the park into a huge building estate if he
wanted to - there had been plenty of handsome offers -
it would certainly pay him to do so, but no, he
wants to keep some of Highland's old traditions
intact, its health intact, even if he was the last
man in Highland to do so. The pleasure Requests
gets from watching him and listening to him: his
frowny, rugged face, bushy blonde eyebrows, and
repressive, diffident, light-blue eyes, and his
broad shoulders... the man whose word you could never
doubt while you were in your right mind - the man
who confronted himself every day with the question: "Is
this right?" ... a man who would not spare himself
if he thought he had been guilty of a breach of
manners. The way he looks at a cigarette, gazing
into the distance. His halting speech - his fine,
rather tenor voice, choosing his words.

iii) The Inuitmen he feels in the guests - his feeling
 of having direct contact with them - no sense of block
 as he feels with the middle class people of technique -
 their structures, - the plumpness and waxy cheeks of the
 women - his feeling that he can behave with
 perfect naturalness with them. This game of guessing
 words - the wild antics on the floor - and the
 wildness - the Squire's sister. (Wagner - Valkyrie-like)
 The dancing, faster and faster. The fact that they
 are in an ~~abstract~~ intimate, unreflective and uncynical
 state of mind. Their enquiry and even credulous attitude.
 They do not sneer. Their sense of service (to the Crown
 - the Royal Family) sure and unquestioning; his sense
 of the real world bewildered and not at all cynical.

iv) The riding. He and Squire and wife and Pinkie
 and the two of them is the race together in the car. He and
 Pinkie stay close together, deciding on their bets.
 They watch the horses in the paddock. invariably wins.
 Notice too, when they return to London from
 Edgecote, their voices are hoarse at first, the room
 seem too small to contain them, and even their walk

seems to have become free. But ~~after~~ ^{then} the duck has been eaten, and all the eggs with country dirt on them, they have returned again to their own ritual, so different, like people to camping together in a vast crowd, hugging together in their little tent, spinning yarns and chuckling together, with the accompaniment of great din from the multitudes outside doing the same.

c) Reynolds and Wayman go to Paris. It is during the time when they are both seeing Vivien. Diana has to go to Paris to rehearse the dancing group for an engagement of six weeks, and Pinkie says she wants a rest from London and will go with her. They tell Reynolds and Wayman that they will write their address from Paris, as soon as they arrive. They leave and a strange emptiness comes over the lives of Reynolds and Wayman: the house seems very large and unattended; ~~to~~ ^{few people} ~~one~~ comes to call ^{on} them, or telephones them. It seems that much of the bustle of the place was due to the women. They discuss whether they should give a party - but they have too little money, and it would only be the same "crowd" again, minus the people of in the dancing troupe (of

when Joy Celeste is near. London seems empty, grey
 and uniform. It is the night before Vivien's farewell
 party. The idea occurs to them of telephoning
 Pinkie and Diana: they have sent a hotel address -
 from Montparnasse. They are told no such names are
 registered. They try again, explaining everything to
 the French-speaking operator, who puts the call through.
 Again they are told that they have no such names.
 Their suspicions are mounting: they are convinced
 that they have only given the name of this hotel
 as a cover, they probably use the ir for letters, and
 live in Montmartre, living a dissipated life.
 They try again, and this time it is certain. Reynolds
 says that he had sensed a certain conspiratorial note
 in their conversation before they left the country.
 And he unfolds a kind of picture of Pinkie:
 deception. He talks wisely - the taste for
 "Strampesi", the necessity of deceiving someone, of
 being ^{very} capable of getting excitement this way,
 and how she has probably influenced Diana -
 there is no end to the power of influence. And

25/ Their walking through the night - their complaints of being betrayed and
infidelity and by DISHONESTY. Why did they fall in? They
Wayman (knowing more than Reynolds - knowing how
Vivien has been deceiving him for several months)
begins to believe him: his rational apparatus
breaks down, and he says, "Well - if that is the
case -!" He pauses and bursts out, "I'll
never forgive 'inkie'!" It was rare for him to make
such a violent remark. So they plan that night to
fly to Paris. Reynolds has a letter of Credit, valid
for all European countries. They go to the air station,
both trembling with excitement. No planes until
morning, or in any case the letter of Credit cannot
be cashed until after the first planes of the day go.
They decide to go to Vivien's party - leaving early
the following morning and staying up all night.
Their arrival in Paris.
Wayman feels that he has been drawn into
Reynolds' "passional" world and that, as he might
have expected, it has recent chaos, being
made a fool of - these "instincts" are just
inevitable, if you let them run away with you. The
repentance hinders something in him. It is the

evidence of the differences and distinction between them.
 Weyman points out to him that if he goes by the
 instincts like this - well, he can see where it
 leads him: that our minds are for some thing, we
 have to use our minds as well. And Reynolds said
 he did use his mind: to his mind it seemed
 perfectly possible, logical - Pickie was still the
 sort of person who could do that. It only happened
 that she hadn't done it. Weyman gives him a
 close look, - and then asks, "Well, Diana isn't..."
 "She's always been honest with me. Pickie isn't
 honest."

After Paris and the departure of Viren the social
 period begins. The Headhunter's Ball and the Thames
 outing. The night club on New Year's Night, when
 he meets the small ~~girl~~ young woman, - the gradual
 evaporation of good will.

He thinks constantly of the TIM days.
 It seems impossible to him that he should go back,
 as if a great demoralisation had set in. At first
 he had been stationed in Kerdistan (the town-
 name), which had been much like Scotland (in

the mountains and cool part of Kurdistan, was the
 Persian frontier). He remembered the ferocity of the men.
 The Cadillac in the garage, belonging to the chief
 man; the wild drunken author of shooting me right while
 he and Pinkie lay in bed, the birds disturbed from
 their nests and making droppings on them; then finally
 the women coming out, and leading the men to bed,
 for the Kurds are more submissive to their women
 than the Arabs, the women wore the purse-strips. Their
 looks, such like Englishmen. How he ~~was~~ had
 dressed up in a dufftun - the gold-rimmed clock,
 the ammunition pouch, the daggers, the turban and
 the hawk on his ~~neck~~ wrist. Their joy that he
 looked the perfect tribesman and could pass any day
 for me, in his six feet and three inches. How
 at another village - with the young couple, who long
 wanted, shy and submissive - Pinkie had been dressed
 in the finery, with a heavy, jewelled headpiece, and
 he had seen her unutilised in the past, see there
 like a girl from any of the villages, very young, with
 curious light ~~eyes~~ calf-eyes, never having seen a city.

28

The day they went out with the chieftain in the hills - this was further south - to the site of their tents by number, for by summer the men moved out of the houses and kept there hunting, the women remaining behind in the tents to prepare food. The lonail ran up the side of the hill from Couleas to Couleas showing them how they fought in the mountains: he loved to see show of in front of them. The fear they felt, among only these men: knowing how, in the do's, ~~the~~ Political Officers had been suddenly killed by them, a dropping an unwise word, so for they were an impulsive people, very proud and easily angered. He wanted to be moved away from them. They had a kind of grim materialism. For instance, the dreadful pig-sticking description by the fur chieftain, a swarting man with a heavy chin and fixed, ~~at~~ carved eyes - standing with the 2 rows of guests on either side, all of them men except Pinkie, towards whom eyes were often turned.

Moved to (Mond)

After he has re-discovered localities through his
new friends (of Diana) — when Coraillon is back again
in his first state of exile, realizing that it is
something indelible in him and his country he
leaves Pinkie's bed and sleeps in the big room,
where he feels happier, more in his own kupa, with
that peculiar "eternal" feeling the big room has,
(i) Diana and Wayman keep him awake at night with
their love-making. His hysterical sensitivity is
every worse. They don't sleep until 5 or 6 every
morning. He wakes with a start at seven or
eight. It goes on endlessly. He comes in for Club
at home, then Wayman is still awake (all this
time having shifted what just — Coraillon begins
to doze), then they talk & make love or make
coffee. He begins to hate them bitterly. He is
pale, with large under his eye, and he has to empty
during the day. The days stretch after and before
him with idleness. (ii) The intense money-problem. The
scrapping of a few coins. The lectures he gives, or eastern
life, and lessons in Arabic. He sometimes tells lectures
and a shouting enthusiastic — or — sakanthipkin —
and a straining audience.

Advice about how to make love and books
about how to make love are useless,
because love between people is always new
and cannot be described beforehand.

Speak to me if he didn't want ^{a screaming,} hysterical
me. "No, Pookie," he said, "I didn't want a journal.
I wasn't trying to criticize you. In fact, it's my
fault. I came back and then the house was empty.
People hardly come any more." "What do you mean,
your fault?" "Well, before I got back people were
coming here all hour of the day, weren't they? The
had far more parties —" "Not all hour of the
day," she interrupted. "I wish they
had been, darling." "Well, everything was jaycees,
that's what I mean. It must have been jaycees than
this. Christ" — he looked round the room
nothing could be less gay than this." She looked
down, and there was silence for some time. Then she
said, her lips pursed. "Little and he eyes still
cast down, "Well, what do we do about it, then?"
"I'd like to know if you really think it is my
fault," he ~~said~~ murmured.

~~The~~ Conversation — it is the condition of
marriage. Two people are sufficient. They aren't wanted by
other people. They represent no possibility of risk or
adventure. Especially at the age we are, when excitement
is almost always to do with sex. We represent a closed

was open at the bottom, letting a cool breeze flow ⁱⁿ ~~into~~ after a hot, winter day. He stayed in the car for a long time before he spoke, and she would have been aware of this, for after a time she laid her coat down and lifted her head, ^{looking him in the eyes, without saying anything.} ~~looking at him, and jaying back.~~

He then asked her quietly, "I bet there's a difference between the house then and the house now, isn't there?"

She at once defensive, protesting, lifted her chin, her eyes vague, shining, as they always were when she felt challenged and abused: "What do you mean by 'then', for God's sake: when I was playing the show, I suppose!"

"No, I mean, before I came back." "Society. That's what I said — when I was dancing the jay fandango, — at least according to your interpretation, though for me life was quite normal, in fact more normal than I like it to be, if you must know."

He allowed there to be a fault, and held himself in, forcing himself not to demand a reply, and attack her again for the state of the house when he had arrived. And gradually, like a high ~~jump~~ ^{step} spending itself, his anger died away, and he felt he could speak to her quietly, as he always would

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13/ requirements. Notice how automatically we represent the
comfort for them: they ~~float~~ come here for warm rooms, and
meals, and a sense of ease and friendliness - I mean, they
associate us with comfort, that is our warmth for them, we
want like a simple friend who can even be relied on to
have money and so on, and whose friendship is a trip in
thief. And you'll notice how naturally - I mean, if we
give it in to it, which we don't - they separate us off from
everyone else as a couple - we are always Pip and Pinkie.
The men wouldn't flirt with you as if I depended for me, and
the women wouldn't with me. And just because we are
married they associate us with sides people - if we let it
happen. They feel like dependents. You can see Wayman
playing on it. He goes out of his way to treat Diana like
a lover. It means youth for him. But the fact is he's
been with her as long as I've been with you. That has to
be faked up a fresh every day - that sense of strangeness.
He keeps it going artificially. Pinkie says at the end,
when they have discussed all this, that still, her friends
did stay away from the moment you came. - "and
I'm absolutely sure, Pip, if I'd had a party I'd have
loved to join in, and the more friends the better -
you know I would." This makes him tired in a little while
of way. he says. "Yes, all right. Let me carry all the

load of that. By some mysterious dispensation I have all the moral ~~wrong~~ wrong in me, and you all the moral right. You are a very nice, quiet, even-tempered person, and ~~everything~~ in your life would have gone all right if — just by accident, of course — I with an ~~am~~ unfriendly, cruel, nature, hadn't come into it. You did nothing. I came along and took you by the hand, and you only followed. Like hell you did! You aren't a weak a tub!" "All right, all right." He then says that he & Diana must have warned people not to call a phone. At first she says vehemently don't be ridiculous! But then she tells him — after he says, why don't ~~the~~ ^{you} tell the truth! I don't mind in the least — I'm not like you, I'm not afraid of other people's hatred and other people's moral disapproval — that it was the only thing they would do, because they thought he would bite anyone's head off who came into the house.

At the party she and Diana give — two in June, — he cannot tell who are their friends. Merely a great mass of people. He is the outsider. He moves among them as a polite stranger. They show a gentle, respectful attitude when they realise he is Pinkie's husband. And — though it is a surprise to him — he realises through their attitude that she has always spoken well of him, whereas, he has never been able to get it out of his mind that in secret she

15/ with nothing unsafe in my life at all - of course,
I'm going to yearn for the risky and "strange."
It was in Rome that she taught him to dance. The
dancing was ~~so~~ embarrassing - awkward. But she
held on - refusing in the most remarkable way, as he
had never seen her, not to lose her temper. And she took
him through the mamba, the samba, the quick fox-trot,
~~and~~ ^{all} in an hour, so that at the end he was enjoying
the movements & really wanted to learn. After that it
was much better. She was proud - happy for weeks.
For all the parties he insisted in parties. He loved
the movement - having always hated the conversation,
and the tipsy flirtations, and the slow drunkenness.
Now he sweated and felt light and healthy afterward,
knowing much he drank. But still, after a few weeks,
it didn't seem enough. The novelty was forgotten. He
wanted to go to parties ^{for the dancing,} ^{and} to almost every one.
But still something seemed missing. She asked for the
circumstances. It seemed to make no difference. After
this he told her to get me if the house. For they had
already been to a party the previous night. It was
just as if she wanted to take him to the very edge
of utter dissipation, to see whether it would crush him.

And he hated the feeling that he was being made to
sue agreeably to other people like a puppet, as if he had
no original manhood of his own. He would not be taken
for the right face, to be order, just because she
feared other people's moral disapproval. She tended to
assume that he wanted above all to be liked, too.
And this inhibited him more in the company: she
didn't grant him any original manhood - she seemed
happy only when he was most like other men - in
company she wanted to conform perfectly - in sports
company look at him in doubt because he played no
sports in business company because he had no
business solidity, but yet without great seriousness,
always with a light desecrated cynicism towards the
"right" people. Yet it was a slight undercurrent all
the time. She liked it less if he fitted in. And
she seemed quick to desert him if an argument
arose against him, & he began shouting dogmatically
as he often did, she invariably deserted him and
dumped to the other side. And this gave him the idea
that she talked against him behind his back.
The true lead been set at the very beginning.
She wanted affection - kissing and petting - and

talks badly about him. Had always said to write "gay"
enough: he didn't go to parties, and dancing, and the cinema,
with sufficient enthusiasm. He was too keen on things like his
working attitude in the morning: "it was right that a man
should have it, but he should also be able to have it
with people. And really it was true while she was with him,
he did feel untrained and stiff - strangely disappointing too.
Her attitude - of wild abandon, of idealisation of parties and
people for their own sake, and very acknowledged "enjoyment"
evoked the opposite, defensive feeling on his side, and he
exaggerated his dislike of parties, and even of the cinema,
which he in fact loved, so had gone to at least once a week
before he knew her. But when she said, "Well, shall we go
to that party on Thursday?" with a guarded, pressed-up look,
as if ready to hear his reprieve, he would say grimly, almost
unable to control himself, "No for me - no." There was her
the clerk in Bristol had come to know her. He had
gone along to the first of the parties. Then she went to
one alone, after he had told her to "for God's sake,
get me of the house!" and from that time on she had
friends and would-be lovers; she thought Granville was
secretly homosexual and wanted to get rid of her in the
evenings. He always took Lia with deadly seriousness:

when he said he hated parties - just is aggravate he.
She took him as his word, though he never said so with
all of himself. And when she was away from him he
was gay, free with the people, natural. ~~She only learned~~
~~him to the first time~~ But she never saw this - only
thought of him as an reception to the sort of natural man.
She would never have imagined that he even so much as
hesitated to take the Madame of the hotel. She
believed in him as the soul of him, and believed
that Louis was against parties and a good time. That
is why she always told Pip sadly that she only liked
rather good-looking people. She told him she didn't
like being with training or successful or ~~not~~ reliable and
decent people - she only liked ^{make} worked ^{people} out - as
friends, and she always had done. That was the
conversation they had one day - that he liked some,
clean, decent company, with everything clear, and she
said she liked the strange and unhealthy. And he
says perhaps that's because we had such different
childhoods. And she says, of course, it is. - Look
at the way I was brought up, being morally set on
all the time, spoiled & nursed by a nurse, cradled
off to church every week, were with other children,

16/ liking each other, whereas he remained this, ~~and sitting~~
and turned away from her in embarrassment, his
feeling was that they belonged to each other & that was
that, and "affection" belonged to relative strangers.

Her sentence - he studied & watched him -
her describing him - wanting him to be "gayes" - more
respectful to other people gave him a constant feeling
of "what-have-I-done-wrong-here?" self-questioning
towards her. Again & again with this - "how
will she feel about!" as if she is his moral
watcher and listener.

In the boat from Beirut he had lain low by times
on his bunk imagining their first meeting when
he would arrive in London, in that special, ~~strange~~ ^{withdrawn} quiet
the route led on smothered evenings, when the wise
of the traffic seemed to dispose itself tightly into the
air. ^{on the train from Naples} He wondered if she would be at the station to
meet him, for he had telegraphed the time of his
arrival. ~~It was as if he had been away~~
for ~~her~~ ^{her} months. But this was always the case after
~~she~~ ^{she} had been ~~separated~~ ^{away} more than two ~~or~~ ^{on} three
days: ~~her~~ ^{her} body became a raw, voluptuous
memory for him, even though their love had often failed -
~~perhaps because of the talk~~ perhaps because of that,
since she was always just the other side of
attainment for him, and his desires could never be
absolutely laid to sleep in her body. And during
the taxi drive from the ^{thought of the} station his month was
dry with apprehension, at the first touch of their
bodies when the bedroom door was closed.
And now the familiar feelings of
imprisonment were returning, ~~was that~~ ^{was that} Walter of them
once mentioned the group was he had met in his way
up the stairs on the evening of his arrival. When

the girls, as if that was what he had come for - to "take his case," as the boys said.

By then she was away from him, and his desires increased, she filled out all his vision, and he wanted the elementary satisfactions of living with her which he took for granted. - the simple pleasures of his life - when she was there. And gradually, day by day, especially in Moral on this occasion, when the heat produced a nightmare lethargy in which only the passions were not asleep, she became for him more ~~perfect than~~ ~~she had ever been~~ voluptuous than she had ever

been, except on a few occasions, when in a brief explosive carnality they had found each other's obedience, once every few months. So he began to yearn for her more and more, so that an image of her body was with him when he slept at night and when he woke in the morning. His eyes glared out with

forgetful, backward-looking desire. When his boat docked at Naples he didn't drive out to the T.M.M depot to stay for a few days, as he had ^{at once} ~~to~~ ~~drive~~ ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{Public} ~~to~~ ^{Rome,} ~~to~~ ^{Milan,} but took a train where he caught an express to Paris by an hour.

when the chieftain, awaking on his bed after many
glasses of the mustaki awak, white and tasting like
perfum, asked him if he would take one of the
women, and adding that the Madame herself, though
she was in her middle forties, was the best of them
all, because she was tip, fat and strong. Then he
burst into laughter and shouted, "But if you do, brother,
I shall tell your wife!" Crumille laughed, too, then
shook his head, as though he had never seriously
thought about taking one of the women. He wanted to.
It was an aching need at the pit of his stomach to do
so. But he could not bear to dishonor Pickie.
~~A honor con caution~~ He disliked this feeling, because
it seemed to him like a take caution. He wished
he had been able to do it, and - like the Kurdish
chieftain - regret the dishonor he had done to his
wife, and bear his regret. He always felt sure
that nothing good in life could come from so much
holding back. There was always a point in life
where you should no longer hold back, lest all your
being become crippled and tormented with an everlasting
underground murmur of regret. So he just sat and
drank with the Madame, the Kurd and several of

and rented the house. He hadn't seen Wayman since the day he had married, for nearly 2 years. Now they met again, and shortly after he and Diana moved into the house with them. The old life began again, he could feel himself again, he had friends, the kitchen was always full, there were always visitors, he was in the world again. And the old feelings — their love of the family life — fed it, gave the house a glowing quality, because everything was made for the meeting of friends, for hours of talk. The sense of affection was an accompaniment, unobtrusive, from which they both fled at once.

The month alone in Mosul, when Pirkie had already left for England, had renewed her for him as a creature — in the terrible growing heat he began to dream about her, and to count the days that remained before he would see her. He dreamed about touching her body again, as if their habit of sex had made contact with any other impossible. While he was with her, his desires satisfied and laid to rest, he could imagine taking another woman with pleasure. He went with a Kurdish chieftain who owned several of the more expensive brothels in the city and hesitated

and felt this impossible closeness to each other more of all.
The marriage world seemed a world of eating and
sleeping and "kind of talking that seemed heavy and real
speech because it is was only half-conscious, or fixed,
natural and persistent as the movement of air. And all
adventure fell away from that world. Everything must
now be planned. Sex was secure: the rare bird had
been caught, and sang henceforth in its cage. The
element of risk was gradually eliminated from everything.
Life became a search for comfort. Meals became
better and better, and more important. The bed had to
be soft. ~~And the details of it~~ There were two people
now. Whims could no longer be indulged, because
there were ^{two} ~~two~~, so they had to be sacrificed. Out of
love grew order, from which no love could grow. Order
and isolation. It was strange how quickly it grew —
the comfortable little home, where in a way life was
dream-like and idyllic, but somehow anaesthetised,
somehow stripped of challenge, every sharp and dangerous
experience at all —. They lived it for a time, then
gave it up. ^{after the mis-marriage,} by sudden mutual decision. They couldn't
bear to see each other reduced to comfortable little
people. They sold up their house on the edge of London,

8
an act of cowardice. Yet Pinkie was as terrified of it as
to war. Yet together they would make it. They couldn't
avoid it. A man could only avoid it if he was wealthy.
Then you could cushion off all experiences. You employed
several maids, you paid for quick flights whenever you
moved etc. But otherwise the family followed you - in
trains, on boats - in a sweaty, suffocating little ~~island~~
proventive island, watched by strangers for whom you ~~was~~
have the status, no longer of a man and woman, but
nursery and daddy, all the hope in you as condensed up
to that, as if you were already dead. And the mis-arrangement
was like a grim demonstration that they couldn't bear
to make that world together. They recoiled from so much
doers.

After the operation they talked to me privately,
with a report that seemed far beyond them, as if it were an
infernal sleep on the fate of their marriage. As if their
hidden strangulation, deep in Pinkie's body, were the
strangulation of their love. Pinkie said, "You see, it
couldn't bear to be torn - I'm sure of it - it couldn't
be torn to us - we ... Oh, I don't know..." And she
hung down her head, pale, picking at the wadded blanket
in the bed. That was when he was still working at the
school of oriental studies, and they hadn't much money,

life. They had to yield their sex to him in equality,
or like servants, otherwise it was spoiled for him. He
asked of Fannie everything he would ask of a friend,
but when she felt that of the male friend he wanted
he relegated to the rear quarters, and all the life they
had shared - the life that had fed him all these years -
was gone. He had no medical marriage. It was only a
certificate. But a child closed the family round him -
he would not have his own rhythm any more, it was
an assault on his manhood. If he had a moment of
peace after lunch - in the brilliant glow of the woman -
it was only a reprieve: - the domesticated man's
illusion of freedom. The typical family man who is
friendless is a great terror to him: the absence
self-sufficiency, the little family-cock who comes
and re-comes his little stage every day, intimidating
the little brood, but whose power means nothing to
the world outside. The family a little island of
illusions, where men repose all their dreams and
manhood, allowing them to be gently strangled
at a life by women, lest there be any accident.
disturbance to the status quo, on which the children
depend. So the family becomes a worship of the status

7
noon in Moul after lunch, with the mesh-blinds drawn
over the windows and everything in a blueish-musket
glow, putting up his feet on M^{Kath'm} Shamsud (the servant)
brought him a liqueur on a bronze tray, with a packet of
cigarette and matches at its side. Then he would sit
smoking and sipping in the brilliant dusk, with silence
all round the house as the afternoon heat grew, diving
knee and more people indoors, and darkness grew over
him. ~~It was freedom the only name he knew to~~

~~free it~~ In itself it didn't seem much. But in it
he seemed to get the essential flavour of things, he
felt really in the world, without loss to himself, his
own rhythm that of the existence, so that the stream
of self entered into the stream of the world, and
was one with it. It was a world in which women
occupied masters at the back of the house, and had
their children there, and were not to be seen when
~~another~~^a man visited the house. In that world
Cromville had no sense of personal shame, a caution,
or imprisonment. He felt not absolutely himself.
But yet he didn't belong it. Women weren't that
for him. They were equal creatures, who shared his

entirely decomposed and ^{so} must have been ^{for} weeks. He
could not tell how ^{to child} ~~it~~ had died, but it would have
been possible to strangle itself in the umbilical cord -
this often happened. And this image stayed in Coramille's
mind - of the child strangling itself, of a ~~kind of~~ dark,
speculaten suicide in the depths of Pinkie's body. The
word 'mis-cariage' sounded so ordinary, but when it
happened it stunned him like the death of a ^{or rather he realized with} person ^{for} /
^{shock that} ^{it was} the death of a person. He wondered how the child
would have been, - for now he believed in the existence
of the child, which he had not done before. And it was
just as if he had killed the child himself. He had
heard the news with no gladness. He had attended its
coming with a kind of silent horror, while at the same
time excited, too, and proud. For it was like setting a
seal on their relation. It was binding them together -
stranding them together - for always. and though he wanted
this he was horrified by it. He couldn't bear the thought
of a ^{close} ^{life} together - they and their children - severed
from the rest of the world. He was ashamed of his being
pregnant at his side. He felt stripped of freedom,
reduced to the little family-man. He hated the
littleness of the role. He must be something ^{more}. He
yearned for the vague freedom he felt in his sitting

6 JEALOUSY

Each day, a ~~part~~ side of him. There was no accident, but at a certain point, about three months after she conceived, her stomach grew so large. Another month passed, and they became more anxious: it actually seemed that she had grown smaller in that time. ^{He is tremendously relieved that she is looking "small."} ^{Mamae has so} ~~that~~ ^{she} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~day~~ ^{day} while actually looks better than with child. - ~~It was~~ ^{It was} ~~gross~~ ^{gross} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~lover~~ ^{lover} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~gross~~ ^{gross} ~~prostituting~~ ^{prostituting} they were walking in the country, ~~she~~ ^{she} ~~behind~~ ^{behind} ~~him~~ ^{him}, family atmosphere, his lover when ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~looked~~ ^{looked} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~him~~ ^{him} earnestly and said, coming down a hill, she ~~looked~~ ^{looked} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~him~~ ^{him} earnestly and said, "I don't feel it any more." "What?" he asked. "I think it's dead." But still they did nothing. A week later, at a concert, she nudged him and whispered, "Blood's coming out of me, we'd better go." Still he did not think the child had died. Yet ^{also} he could not believe it was alive. If he really thought about it he knew he had never really believed in its life. Its coming seemed impossible. Somehow it had seemed too impossible a gift for him and Pinkie. When they had ~~heard~~ ^{heard} she was having a baby he felt chill and pale, without knowing why. It did not come as a real event. And when they talked about the child it didn't seem real. A doctor examined her that night - as soon as they got home for the concert - and said she would have to go into hospital at once. There she waited a night and was given a mis-abortion (?) the following day. The young surgeon told her that the embryo was

They had to make the bed a place of delight and utter
abandon — the only place they could breathe freely
and without any little fears, so that ^{here} they shed all
the reserves and cautions and discouragements of the
day, in an abandoned procedure plump. But these
were only words to her. They only made her love and
more frightened that she was unworthy of him in bed,
that he was "figid," and it made things worse. He
knew that only actions would change her. And he did
not show these actions could be. Once when she said
he would just ^{have to} accept the fact that she was "figid" —
he shouted at her at the top of his voice with a use that
word, it was a stupid, irrelevant word — that tried to
make the centre and end and be all of love the
little area between the legs, which was only a small
part of it all, — and there were figid people, but she
wasn't figid, she was warm, and he wanted to give her
warmth to him. But it didn't work.
Then the marriage. This really seemed to
rest — in an implacable, silent way, as if it came
from God — that they had a deep instinctive refusal of

5
JEALOUSY.

It was just as if they didn't want to look fully into each other's eyes. The bed-part seemed completely separated from the other, public part of their lives. The one did not increase the other. They were different scenes, divided by a curtain. Their love would be new or ten months for a week, then it would break into something rough again. And Linnie would always be the one to recoil. He wanted to abandon himself to the flesh. But she couldn't trust herself to do it. She couldn't let go of the phrase, "I love you," and when he didn't utter it she was furious and indifferent in bed, as if his hands were loveless and mechanical, dulling her. She couldn't let go of the self in bed; his love had to be a kind of flattery and cost, otherwise it became mere movements of the body, undignified and rather dirty. He tried to talk to her about it, but it had no effect. He told her that there must be some vulgarity between them - that there was nothing obscene in her love - nothing naked and angry and ribald, which there must be once they were beyond the stage of flirtation, and mental ^{sentiment of each} ~~sex~~.
~~They had to get the best into a pleasure~~
~~the very essence of their beings, the residue of their whole~~

the wrong place. He did not like this "I love you" --
it embarrassed him. It belonged to the girl weeks of
just then. After that a darker, more casual union
took place, and the frail mental "I love you" --
depending on choice and personal predilection, ~~which~~
had ~~not~~ to place as all in the darkest places of
union, the strip could be chosen or joked about
or be judiciously decided on, because there was
only necessity, which asked for no permission. And
then the bodies melted into each other with a lavish
~~and~~ ~~love~~ ~~and~~ abandon, like ~~speechless~~ ~~inanimate~~
~~things~~ ~~locked~~ ~~together~~ as if they were speechless
things belonging to the night, locked together in a
grim ~~primitivist~~ ritual of procreation. Once that
seemed to happen -- ~~for~~ Granville: that no thought --
to "I am Pip" "This is Pinkie" thought -- had ~~entered~~
struck light and death on the bed, and they
had been utterly abandoned to each other. And he
seemed to strike absolutely to the core of her sex,
But when he mentioned this she didn't seem to
know what she was talking about. She didn't think
of it as any different from their other nights together.

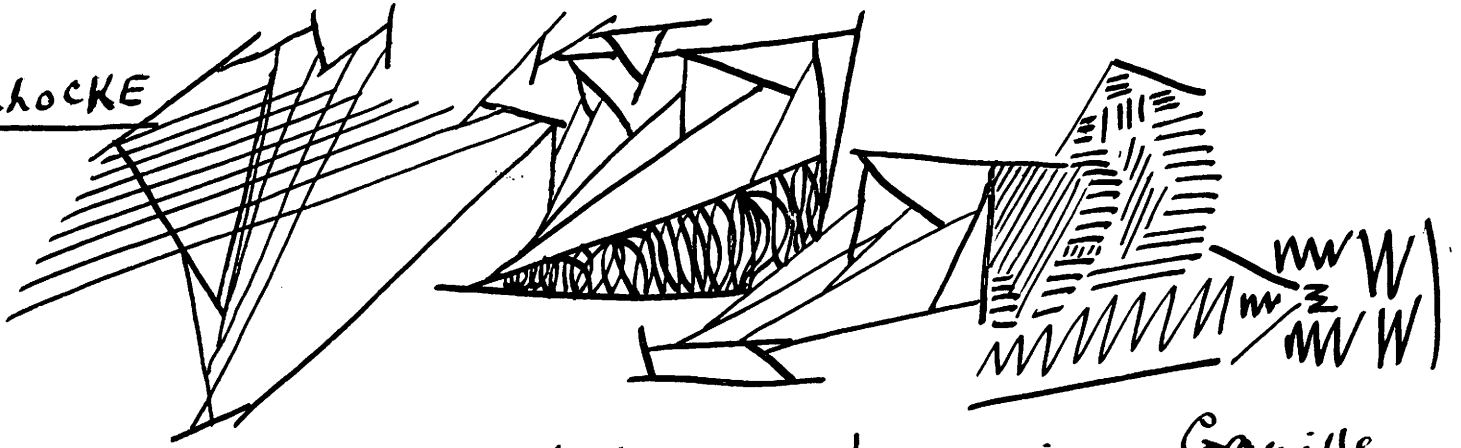
MARRIAGE.

silence. Their first three weeks together had been perfectly
 harmonious. But then the harmony ceased, ~~and~~ they were
 together in body, and became less and less so. When they
 first slept together it was without any special awe. It
 seemed ordained and expected, and to that extent ordinary.
 Their tallness and
 their bodies seemed to fit so well. Their tallness and
 muscular broadness matched. And a voice seemed to say
 to Coraillon as he lay on his side for the first time, his
 eyes closed, 'This is your wife!' And their proper
 manage seemed automatic, as if it had always been
 intended. But still the body did not follow suit. They
 were awkward when they touched each other's bodies.
 And as Coraillon became more insistent and more
 abandoned, so Pinkie drew more into herself, and often
 recoiled more from his touch, so that he was ~~unhappy~~
 alone in his climax, no matter how long he waited,
 or how patiently he would be. Then, slowly, they
 did find a physical union, of sorts. But it was not
 the kind he liked. The only because stirred when
 he told her how he loved her and how beautiful she
 was, as if to spiritualise everything, and this seemed
 to touch her to ecstasy, but for him it touched her in

The telephone had rung, either for Pinkie or Diana, and then it had gradually ceased until now it rang only a loudful of times every day, as if they had warned everyone to wait for a call rather than phone, how that Cranville was back. And although ~~Granville~~ Wayman was happy to see him, still, he never had been much more amused before, when the house was always full. Diana and Pinkie had persuaded it then, and he had to dumbly followed them. The movement to separate a party a minute a group of people and always came from the corner, where whenever Wayman & Cranville were in the house alone for any length of time, a silence came over it like a pall, and they began to feel cut off from the world. Cranville felt Pinkie blaming him for the silence of the house. And it was true. His coming had altered everything! When he entered from Moral he had seen three or four people just can outside the door downstairs, but now were gone. Yet what had he done! He flew out and thought what it in his room, wondering if he had frightened them all away that first night by walking out of the room in anger. So one evening when they were alone together he mentioned it. The dusk was growing, and the window of the "music room"

4
Crawley remembered the incident too quickly put it away in his mind. And they began spending most of the day together, as they had done before - perhaps more so, because Diana and Wayman weren't what they had been two years before. He would work in his room until Lucia knocked on his door and told him lunch was ready, then he would go up to the kitchen and take his place under the sloping roof. Afterwards they would take coffee down to the "music room" and he would usually sit on the settee by the window while she sat in the armchair facing him. In the afternoon they would go out, separately or together, and ^{usually} be back in time for tea. It was a kind of suspended life. Only in the evening was there a little variety, when friends came to the house, or they went to the cinema, or Diana and Wayman came and sat with them, though that was rare. ~~The evening when they were alone, both of them reading, with the book just starting outside, he looked up and~~ ~~gave~~ ~~the~~ ~~was~~ ~~sure~~ ~~that~~ ~~before~~ ~~his~~ ~~arrival~~ ~~in~~ ~~London~~ ~~the~~ ~~house~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~full~~ ~~of~~ ~~people~~ ~~every~~ ~~time~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~day.~~ ~~But~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~moment~~ ~~he~~ ~~sat~~ ~~far~~ ~~in~~ ~~his~~ ~~London~~ ~~two~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~this~~ ~~continuing~~ ~~silence.~~ ~~The~~ ~~first~~ ~~day~~

POLLOCKE



1) Quiet, separate life: lectures in the evening. Coramille sees him for a few minutes most evenings, in the kitchen. Pollocke tells him how he followed girl.

2) Diana is quiet: during the day she tells no one where she is going.

3) The way they spoon together on a chair. Coramille's feeling of certainty that it is all wasp-waisted. But then his question as to whether he has not for years missed a real relation... his remembering how at the age of nineteen he had ^{one} just this woman in love, passionately, in front of someone else.

Something was wrong with his life.

4) Pollocke's day: he would ring up Diana from the office at lunch-time. to ask her to come up right away ~

else meet him for tea.



Personnel Department of a business affiliated to his father's. But he had

got the job independently. He would soon be Personnel

Manager: judging what employees to send where etc.

controlling foreign posts. He would soon travel.

5) Coramille has noticed that Pollock's attitude is a more interested one. Feels that he has somehow won a deeper respect by visit to the Maggus. Before, Pollock was avoiding him. Pollock didn't seem to want an informal, friendly relationship. Talking alone with Coramille he would always begin to fidget after a time: and in Coramille this would start up the panic-stricken inner voice, "Well, say something - do something -" as if the rhythm of the world had stopped. And when Pollock was out of his sight again the rhythm would recommence, and the ^{Pollock's obsessive fear of emptiness, which was near} ~~pretext~~ ^{seem} ^{ridiculous} / ^{the reason (Diana often said)}

6) But recently Pollock has been in good health: calm and easy. He & G. ~~sometimes~~ ^{have} "few minutes in the kitchen together, about eleven. When P. comes in. Before More Pollock tumbled, blinking, with skin-attacks looking just as ~~and~~ But now a certain well-being he had always had was ^{undisturbed}: a had been ^{undisturbed} since Coramille had returned from Rome. They had still not had longer than in times alone together. Perhaps it was better. Coramille wanted to be more settled in himself before he was alone with him for long. That was how Pollock made me feel.

i) Bertha has lost communion with other people. "Dirty
stabs. " Christian gentleman". It is all states.
The world is ideas. Her defensive, crucifix, always worn.

ii) No connection with Cornuelle & Pinkie - unlike
Kath'm. It is simply "work" for her: so that
she isn't sewing herself in life. Cut it even from
the activity of her own hands.

iii) The constant activity of mind: calculating
wage-rates, kinds of, sleeping conditions, Kath'm
won't do the washing-up. Also Kath'm mustn't
enter the kitchen during hours of work.

~~iv) There is no place too sacred for her mind to
enter. She says she goes at him a kitchen~~

iv) Everything strife: he finds the room untouched
in the morning, because of the struggle between
her & Kath'm as to who should do them.

is ~~not~~ manifested — has form of religion. Society is a kind of ^{state} lay-church ~~organization~~

~~1) No corner absence from the day. The doctrine was~~
~~belong to the weather, the country, those belong to~~
~~the "An". They create the reality~~

~~2) Has acute self-consciousness; when Coanille glances~~
~~at her~~

~~3) Constant awareness of her own appearance~~

4) ~~State~~ "Religion": whereas he never sees Kath'm or his mother pray. She goes to church only with the kind. A mental religion. The state of reverence has gone absolutely. This is what Christianity has come to mean: a mental doctrine of morality, not a felt reverence, of the holy spirit, ^{in people,} that is its chief meaning. For which all the mental doctrines of social benevolence + democracy, of "individualism" and "freedom" have come. The very thing Christ revolted against — the domination of God as a social power by priests, and against the faith, hindering the spontaneity of Sablath's and for equality of women. which came the holy spirit

~~Compared with her, Berta, Pinkie's ~~best~~ friend~~

Berta, an Assyrian girl, a Christian minority. In everything she showed reverence. How you could feel the will always working. For higher wages, for more dignified treatment. Kath'in must do the dishes. He is "only an Arab": dirty. She does not like him in the kitchen. There is a bitter, watchful enmity between her & Abu Kath'in. She comes to Pinkie because Abu Kath'in centers the kitchen: because she will steal ~~from~~ ^{Alu Kath'in doesn't steal out of reverence, knowing that Allah is watching her.} & Berta will take the responsibility, besides she brings dirt into the house. ^{the Assyrian asked for} ~~the~~ ^{times} the wages of an Arab, for much less work. ~~She~~ ~~took her to church every week was a moral prohibition:~~ ~~and when she knew it was ^{not} in honor to her,~~ ~~Paris of New York, the ^{great} dream was~~ ~~to deeper than her mind.~~ She wears high-heeled shoes whatever the work she is doing, & is always doing her face in a pocket-mirror. Pinkie's rather interested politician with her she takes as respect for her as a "lady." And hides from Coville behind it, as hidden the Italian girl did later in London. They both want to be "ladies." It was all self, and an absolutely relentless will, for status and money, with utterly no human connection, a state

A perfect indifference. At all times she hesitated to leave, looking
at chaos ~~to~~ to Pinkie, in calculating use of mind. Pinkie
& Cornille were simply ideas for her. That was how she
looked at them, in a charless, abstracted way, as if they
had no being, existence in themselves. They were her ideas
of a life station, which she in time would achieve. In a
moment, if she were contradicted, her eye would turn from
a broad indifference to anger, and she would always look
straight at the door, to indicate she would leave that
moment if they weren't careful. There was nothing between
in her - no connection - on which they could rely. So
Pinkie showed her more & more kindness, thinking it would
soften her, & the girl played more & more in her
emotions. She asked for more & more afternoons of, and
for the sake of peace Pinkie gave them to her. He cooking
was perfunctory & tasteless, and Pinkie did not of it
as a result, with Kath's, whose presence was always
sincere and beneficent, carrying no threat or anything
unpleasant, at her side. He could always be relied on.
Every day drew him nearer to them, until he began
calling Cornille "father." He loved the act of serving
them. He simply wanted to be with them. His biggest
trick was standing near the door when company was
present - springing forward to fill somebody's glass & take

the sandwiches round. There was his same step-stepping
 presence in him as in his mother. He could sit in the
 same way with his eyes fixed gently upon me without
 losing any sense of comfort. But for Bertha it was "work,"
 that had to be measured by time and rate. She was
 withdrawn from them, & so withdrawn from the work. That
 was how the meals tasted. The potatoes were simply
 done, ~~but~~ the meat was grilled. ~~And~~ The vegetables were
 boiled. This was how other English people had liked it.
 But somehow the stuff wasn't cooked. It was a ~~symbol~~
 of a food, dished up on moral plates, ~~not tasting like~~
~~the dreadful Communion food~~ ~~refectory food is~~
~~English~~ ~~unpleasant~~ & tasting ^{stiff} ~~stiff~~ & unwholesome. She
 constructed them into 2/3 cadescending, over-washed,
 sodden, suited functionaries of the Empire, & served them
 accordingly. He was self-conscious to the point of starting
 & blinking & setting his face whenever someone spoke to her.
 Her "dignity" was something she had to keep up by
 looking as contemptuous as possible. For Kath's & his
 mother she was simply a bad person. But she wasn't
 bad. Her life had been a bitter struggle - had to support
 a large family - & that was simply how she thought
 things had to be done.

The feeling that set her to ~~the~~ ~~the~~
~~when she went to church~~ ~~she~~ ~~was~~ every week was

a kind of moral ^{white-skinned} ~~instinct~~, deeper than the mind, and when she went down on her knees it was probably to a kneelled vision of the Lord. ^{a well-poised ~~gentleman~~ gentleman with his heavenly seat} ~~well~~ well to the work, in London, Paris or New York, where there were no dirty ^{situated} ~~places~~.

She had made her act of withdrawal. She was indifferent to everything. She would have laughed at Alu Kath'u's behavior during the eclipse, ~~and give it to~~ ~~her ignorance~~ ~~and~~ her "self" belonged to her. She was acutely conscious of her own body, the way she walked, the way she should form her face & her glance. Everything was self and will. ~~The outside world was simply ideas.~~
~~to only reverence for the mother & father, & for the future husband. These she attached all her femininity.~~
She had a mind which was going round & round all the time, making its minute little calculations while Alu Kath'u watched her from the porch, squatting on the tiles, unblinking & calm, dusty & in peace. There was no peace for her. She was only darting glances, & shifting, and tapping on her high heels with chattering little steps. Only at night, fortunately, when she slept, was the earth allowed its way over her. She had a ~~fast~~ fast face on the first rung of the Christian ladder. Who had it come about, this

Event. CLAP

After Vivien. Diana has clap. She has been using same tongs etc. as the others. [We have already mentioned Granville's dose of clap in the ~~book~~ ^{army.}]

Pollocke goes to hospital for a test. They talk about the prostatic-gland massage: the long finger covered with rubber. Pollocke telling him how the man said. "All right, take your tongs down."

Granville's fear that the clap has been transmitted through Vivien, to himself. Diana accuses Pollocke of having it: but the tests are negative.

But Granville has no symptoms.

Some weeks later, after his has died down, Granville gets spots on his phallus, which have no irritation. He begins to feel old horror. The pain of the clap in hospital.

He goes for a test. An embarrassed student-doctor asks: "Have you had ^{extra-marital} intercourse?" "Yes." "How many times?" "Several - two months ago." "Two wife!" "No. Not that I know of." He couldn't even let a complete

stranger think badly of him.

The hospital: the cold corridors.

The CIRCLE 1

Slippery Dick and Inatta Gibbs always talk about women as "nice". Inatta tells Coramille "being a nice need if you can."

The party ~~just before Pip and Diana go to~~
Paris in which Coramille and Lou Laprade dance in
the centre of a clapping circle. Wayman and Diana
call out, "Go it, Pip!" Coramille asks the girl to
walk outside with him, but she refuses. He goes
to Vivien and sits on the floor. He tells her about
Lou Laprade, and she tells him that the girl is
only playing cat-and-mouse with him, she just has to
perish. He stretches and yawns and says, "I don't
like penitentiaries" — His drunken inner struggle as he looks from Lou's
face to Vivien's — latter watches him, his drunken feeling that his integrity helps
him choose her. She asks him with a smile what he
is doing now there with her, if he's so interested in
her, after all she's sitting alone. He says, "Because
really I want to be with you now. She's stupid.
You have a wonderful natural sophistication in your face,
the suggests safety, justice — capability. Her ear-rings,
light eyes." — She half rises and says, "Go back to

him, you're drunk" but he pulls her back with, "No, I mean it." This is at about half-past five in the morning. ~~He is sleeping with her~~ He ~~is~~ smiles

as he sleeps, and puts his nose close to her cheek, says let's curl up on the bed in front of everybody, and I'll put my head on your shoulder, and we'll sleep with our arms round our necks until about noon and then you'll cook a big breakfast, and we'll be alone here, and then we'll make love —"

Wayman is already with Vivien, by this time. Diana's turning disapproval. Her claim that Vivien smells. Wayman and Coraunille laugh at this.

I describe this first party in Victoria. The West Indians and some Nigerians standing round the room: awareness of being in white company — when he speaks to me of them the alternatives are: excessive politeness, as if to thank him for his attention, and defensive coldness, which they regard as necessary when they see it does not alter his friendliness. Then, gradually, their happiness that among these

THE CIRCLE

white people there is no feeling against dark races. They begin talking more loudly, dancing spontaneously. Entry of la grande. And then, after midnight, the Princess. She looks around resentfully at the others, saying between de teeth that there are too many black

niggers here for de liking.

Crawville feels, despite himself, a glow of sympathy - so uncompetitive and unselfish - in Heini, sitting drinking on the bed, laughing in his strange way, and imitating a drunken man.

Jonathan Gibbs - the tall, short-sighted, straight backed young man, with a deep measured voice. Very staring blue eyes, and the impression he gives of never being at all at ease. Also such an impression of blue blood - arising from his dominance of company, not by intelligence, or wit, or even interesting talk, but by a sort of form which enters into everything he says & seems to fill even his silences - such an impression that Heini (?) says it must be a middle class imitation. But it is not like Derick Adams - Wynter: it does not cost favour, it is not

clearing, there is something blind, stumbling and primitive
about it, and ~~nothing~~ oblivion whatsoever. Even while Gibbs
was a rather intimidating person, ~~he was~~ he was
not oblivion. Crumley's ^{and also feeling of fear} ease with him; his mastery of
Derick Adams [Bywater], which Gibbs enjoys. Crumley -
then they have tea at Gibbs' - which two Heim: sits in
a kind of trembling silence tonight, and Gibbs perplexed
glances at this pale young man with the cracked voice.
~~Gibbs and Crumley talk a lot about the Gibbs interest~~
in "nice". His sexuality is clear. There are ~~stories~~
"stories" about him: that he keeps ships, and asks his girls
to "do things". Dreams have been heard coming from his
room. He has a room at the open shore Crumley
and Burke looked on the way walk by the river -
then he had called the room "hideous!"
Derick Adams [Bywater] is always silent about Gibbs.
For here is a man who opens all the accepted
class formula, and whose blood is quite unquestionably
blue. Gibbs goes to the most fashionable parties
to cause trouble. He strikes fear into some of the
young men, especially those who have the money, the
accent, the price, the contacts, but not the lineage,
rich no influence in the world can give them.

THE CIRCLE ³

A POSTATES [renew chapter II]

Take Billy Landley - [Soames] The tall, charming young man, — invited by Pinkie to the house, she tells him to grab a motor — he says his least was in his month, "my dear, I didn't know where you'd landed me" — but everything was all right when he saw a picture of Pinkie's face on the wall — he recognised the features — once and thought with relief, "Ah, this is a Greenham!" and at once everything that had hitherto appeared untidy, characterless and squalid became delightfully eccentric and cosy. So at once he got down to work with a motor. He belongs to the Fanny Adams school. His chief friend is an imitation in a much lower social level. He comes from a professional family, the son of a doctor and a "free-thinking" woman. Strange but the background could have produced snobbery. He cultivates cruel meditations, and learns how to withdraw from people so as to keep his company

expensive. His gall and beauty. His delicate charm.
And also a shrewdness and intelligence which the other lacks
and which he tries to conceal as "unfashionable."

One of his complaints (to Diana, with some too long an
affair) about Gramille is that he "just talks - I
mean, he just says things, he doesn't seem to
mean them, do you see what I mean! - I mean,
we're not cows, are we!" He believes in people

being "tough and witty". Diana laughs. "Are you
tough?" He does a little pironette round the

room and says - "You bet!" He has the
habit, at all parties, of uttering a loud high-

-pitched laugh, like a shriek, quickly and fitly.

as a kind of trade mark of his presence. It was quite
regaled. How Gramille, when he first knew him, takes

him some pancies - it is said. A slightest suggestion

of a sneer in the young man's face - Gramille sends
the same thing as Wayman told him about, the

disputed conviction, "He wants to carry favour with
me". Also he remembers they were pancies - you

just, he thinks, he'll think you meant it as a def.
to him - his reputation as a party which

THE CIRCLE

4

to cultivate. Tells Diana one day quietly of his best friend Billy Landley-Soames that "he has a skeleton in the cupboard, you know." This is "trade": She tells this to Wayman, and he is all contempt: he says they don't even believe in it themselves, it is just another of his postures. The "trade" is London, which the family has been trying to withdraw from entirely for a decade now: the family money is quietly being invested in more abstract concerns. A large country house. Taken over by grandfather. This trade ~~had~~ been foodstuffs - a subsidiary of which had become famous before the first world war - Landley's. Now the name had been changed. The old men had been tall, ruddy, gruff, strong-jawed men who drove a hard bargain and were proud of their money. But in the last generation there had been marriage into a penniless aristocratic family - one of the brothers - and this had introduced a sense of shame which was realised perfectly in "Billy Wet Legs", as Wayman called him. He, like Fanny Adams, was said to be sexually neutered.

How Diana makes Granville feel his no joining in rancour as he feels shame (towards us)

The other young man - Diana's lover - is called David Hawkes. Mention the headhunter's call, where Hawkes brings a friend, a sinful looking person, Granville can see him measuring him up - what's his class? He is not sure. Hawkes would consider it 'vulgar' to tell him about Granville's - not 'skelton', that was ~~the~~ altogether too mild a word for what he had! - but Granville's 'inquiries'. The word originates had a suitably sinister and long-reaching sound. It suggested sudden shakes, which made Hawkes' look very small indeed. That was why Hawkes tried to play out his contempt on Granville: ~~the same kind of message~~ instruct that made Fanny Adams and his mother want to keep outsiders out - they wanted to be the only insiders to be considered insiders, and so their revenge was all the more bitter. This friend of Hawkes, when Granville knocks his key casually, without thinking, against the wood of his chair, the young man does the same. He has a dangerously-flushed, rather greasy face, and a vulgarity in his voice - something rasping and ugly - he seemed to watch people's clothes as if -

THE CIRCLE 5.

- and soon after he also knocked his ring against his
 chair, just as if he wanted to say. "Yes, I can come
 up to your standards in the matter of solid-gold rings."
 Some ^{time} later he asked to see the ring: "Brass," Co.
 said, "gold-plated." The young man blinks doubtfully and
 leads it back in silence. He follows Craville
 with his eyes, and G., ~~just~~ ^{judiciously,} by a strange kind of
 telepathy, dropping an "h" here and there - of all
 absurdities - and saying "uh, uh..." like a working man.
 And he feels ^{these eyes saying} "Ah, we're getting to
 something there." ^{The young man's unspoken appearance.} At the ball, when Pinkie dances with
 her with the usual abandon, he makes up to Hawkes and
 whispers, "Hey, what the hell's wrong with that woman!
 I mean - I mean - she pushes it under your nose!"
 Diana tells Craville this later. They both say that
 a Pinkie can't see what people we really like -
 she lets herself go with this vulgar, ungentle rat
 of a young man, and of course he's going to say she's
 a whore when all she wants is a dance, and the
 young man has hardly entered her head at all.
 For Diana conceals her affair with Hawkes.

How Hawker sleeping there one night - Diana comes up
from room (she tells her to be sleeping on floor)
and he tells ~~her~~ at breakfast table how Lucia
looks into the bedroom when he is masturbating. "By
dea, was nothing all over the place - and I looked off
straight into his face -" Pinkie laughs & says, "Oh
oh wouldn't you. She's a virgin!" He says, "But
that's just why she would know!" *

How in the theatre - he trades against Diana -
"What do you mean by trading me to a play like
that with all these people?" He imitates her.
"Sooner tone, I refuse to mix with these people!"
GRANVILLE thinks "APOSTATE" - he can withdraw from any human experience
by an act of will. He has reduced his soul self to a nothing.

* Cranville says, "What were you masturbating
for?" And Hawker groans: "Oh, Pip, really..."
G. turns to Pinkie: "Well, why was he? Do you
know?" "Because he wanted to, I suppose." Then
G. turned to Diana and gave her a very very
superior look: "It looks as if he wasn't very
satisfied." "No," she answers, "he looks thin, it's the way
he looks in bed with me, that's
why."
too should be chill fear, "he wasn't in bed with me, that's
why."

Chapter 6.

THE CIRCLE.

Crammille perplexed by ^{Hackham's} ~~Hawkes'~~ saying this — thinks that Hawkes is trying, with honesty, to dispel shame of inveterate habit. Perhaps actually he was masturbating when Lucia came into the room — and this was to forestall any stories she might start. It enforced with his requirement that people be "tough and witty".

Perick Adams — if he has been to the cinema with an ordinary person, he says afterwards simply that he's seen a film — but if with Hon.... " — and I saw a wonderful film yesterday." [Hon. Arthur Wynter].

Crammille has become a kind of procureur for his friends. Jonathan Gills phones him up, asking if he has met any new "nice" lately; their long talks. C. promises just jokingly to Heidi in return of dinner + drinks takes along the 19-year old model, who asks if she can hold his behind a few minutes after she has met him, in the Cherry, Cron Road. She + he dance in the Creek Club, the

pushing and wriggling into him, with little cries of ecstasy -
"Aye, you feel good! Oh, you feel so good!" Cilla
laughing from the side of the room. The warden watching
is disapproval, because he always has justice made,
but does nothing because she is member of Cilla's
party, & Cilla is good for newspaper publicity (gossip,
social column). Granville also pursues the girl for
Reynolds, who kills him. He steals [Alec's] girl, the
same day he meets her (Jean! She says she is Greek,
a tall, Golden look - the difference in the bath next
morning; long argument in pub the evening before with
[Alec] who swears that despite Granville's appearance to
Jean he's a bloody rogue & will be ^{sp?} ~~in~~ ^{before} her ^{in the}
can say Jack Robinson. ^{batting} ^{of an eye.} Only after an hour is he persuaded to
let her go. She is fascinated by the scene Granville uses.
Nester into him at Henri's flat. Walking home from tube
station she says she won't sleep with him, but she does. She
sleeps naked next to him. He goes to her, & she says, "Oh, Pops,
I couldn't sleep, I've been thinking about you!" in anguished voice.
But it's not a success.

[Davenport] G. meets him in the pub. The stories
G. tells - like all these stories they have an untruthful
ring, yet we could not see why or from what they had been

Chapter 7?

(Val)

Heini intimidated by class:
the everlasting intruder — he feels their work
with people like ~~Adams~~^{Addams} and Gibbs,

Heini? The pale, dourcast-looking, nervous — the nervous laughter — the endless smoking — the delicacy — the generosity — the lined eyes and brow, the lusty squint, laughter ascetic. The skin of his face like a parchment mask drawn on his bones. Viennese.

Their first meeting with the Princess in the club (a "jazz" club, ~~built in the form of a railway~~ ~~waiting room~~ built in the form of a tunnel) — Heini recites Tension jokes — the alarm clock in the window — Coamille feels a little honor, has the impression of himself as healthy. They arrange to see each other the following afternoon, for rehearsal. Princess, Heini, Diana — and Wayman joins them later, in a leafy wood. Princess draws towards Coamille. Diana with him. Call me to Diana as ^(Diana) she's to dance together — "Hey, give me dat man!" is

an imitation negro - accent. She performs a tated 7
negro (as we see later), having Indian blood -
actually she is half-negro, - says negro we
untrustworthy 1st. (bosco) the dance leader -
tall, unsexual - Rob Freme (pronounced Furey) -
best Indian - from Kingston - he keeps saying
of Princess " ^{what,} ^{that Indian like to the times - you sit} ^{your} ^(fuckin') Indian
blood to the ^{the women,} ^{they,} ^{what?} ^{think of} ^{called me,} ^{"old what?"} ^{she said.} ^{yourself!}
times again, in _____

(Much later) She calls Rob Freme "the man with the onstage plank."
"listen to the man with the onstage plank!"

their performance at the little theatre - well
of the audience - acclaim the company, after
ridiculous performance. Gramille whooper is Pinkie,
"I'm sure most of these people think they've just
arrived from the Indies, here ~~where they've been~~ ~~locked from~~
~~the history books,~~ they've been doing that Voodoo
dance in the villages! That was the requirement he had
had with Pinkie (has this been mentioned?) in the
theatre, - that all these people on the stage
were sophisticated than she and her crew (before they'd
met Rob Freme etc)

NOTES

About Chapter 8 — after the hell in
Pinker's and Pip's relation has been suggested, there
has been a talk of Gogole, the evenings are
eventless and Pip has become used to Pinkie
again as his wife — she goes out unexpectedly one
evening, he having cancelled something unexpectedly.
About 2 hours after she has been out he begins to
feel quite inexplicable threatened, sick feeling in
his stomach, and his mind goes to Pinkie. Troubled,
walks about the rooms. ~~He~~ Unable to rest. At last,
about half past eleven, he decides to go out for a
stroll. He sees Pinkie and Gogole on 15p '1'.
Gogole kisses her. They get drunk, and walk
to home, he holding her about the waist. Pip trembles
and his knees go weak. Waits for a time, then
returns to the house. Pinkie is already in. States
at so cruelly. He is turbulent. But already the warmth
of love, the presence of Wayman & Diana, are calming
him. He realises he cannot ever now believe it.
He can't believe the absolutely ruinous, that they are

lovers. When they are in the bedroom again, there
is a long shouting row. He in wounded way
asks her if it is true - yet she shrugs! and
she says no. And he calls her liar liar - but
it is only to ask her, appealing to her to tell him
no. And she says, "Alright, if you're so bloody
sure about it, we are lovers." The utter shock he
experiences. And almost ~~was~~ deliberately he brings the
conversation round to make her deny it again "What?"
staring at her. She says, "Yes. no. yes - no - yes
whatever you like, if you're so sure." He screams at
her that she's absolutely merciless. Tells her to get
out - and she says, no, you get me - you're going
back to Mond, aren't you?" And he is absolutely
stunned. He says, you're asking for a divorce -
and she answers the shocked, "Go ahead & divorce me"
and he asks her, you can say that, it means nothing
to you? - and she gradually withdraws by saying,
Well, you ask for it, you're so sure - until she is
crying, and in bed says something he doesn't understand,
"I want us to be lovers again." Happy for the moment with
assurance of love, he falls asleep. But he seems to be
quite prepared for divorce is "stunning blow to him and he
does not force it."

to be sure of his own ~~the~~ identity he couldn't bear to go
down there in this lonely state, and to be reduced still
more.

VISIT MOTHER AND FATHER

So one afternoon his mother and father came for
a late tea, after his father left work. They never mentioned
his not coming to see them. His mother seemed to understand
his honor. Only his father ~~was~~ asked vaguely, his blue eyes
gazing into the distance, fixed and strong. "When are you
coming on, Pip?" And his mother turned her head away
slightly, with, "What he want to do that for?" then
glanced at ~~Corauntie~~ ^{him} and chuckled. After a little
pause she added in a quiet tone, her smile wavering
and a shadow of regret in her face, which she tried to
hide, "We'd have to wait a year for that, wouldn't we?"
She knew ~~that~~ he felt this honor of Tattler Broadway,
and in a way she wanted him to feel ^{it} ~~this honor~~ but
also her glances seemed to tell him that ~~that~~ ^{it} wasn't right.
She could never get it out of her mind that it was a
honor of them, a superiority. ~~And when he was aware of~~
~~his in her~~ ~~as Corauntie and loved, because~~ she would
never have thought of mentioning it, or complaining. She
bore it silently, in patient submission, glad that he was
up in the world enough to afford superiority, and in her
most secret thoughts agreeing with him, that she really was
unworthy. And when Corauntie was aware of this in her
he stopped speaking, lowering his eyes for her quietly

length, giving it a primitive, unmade look. They lived quite
 cut off from the rest of the district. Granville always
 looked me for it on his way to Tattin Broadway. It
 was often told that the police didn't like to walk
 down there, except in pairs. But probably that was no
 longer true. London was cleaner and safer since the war.
 It had fewer of these squalid mysteries. There were
 few policemen now with pouches and great mustaches,
 and faces flushed with beer. The police tended to be
 pale and gaunt now, ~~the~~ silent, ~~stare-facing~~ ~~observers~~
~~of public morality, the guardians of the streets~~ at
 street-corners, the clean guardians of public morality,
 watching and observing.
 He wasn't ready for that journey yet. Instead,
 he had asked his parents to come and see him at the
 home. It wasn't just that he recoiled from the sight of
 Tattin Broadway. There were only streets, much like those
 on the way to the library, only south of the river, and
 in bleak detachment from the rest of London. But the
 hours he spent there always felt like a cancellation of
 life, as if he would lose all consciousness of his identity.
 Or so he remembered it. And he wanted to be stranger
 than he was now. He wanted to have talked to more people,

penetrating gaze. He always hoped she really knew him, and that these doubts were against his deepest knowledge. He wished no sadness would pass through the face she looked ^{away} ~~at him~~ from him sometimes. They had written to each other regularly, at least once a month, while he was away. There was nothing wrong. Yet there was always this suggestion of regret, which troubled him.

They had tea in the "music room," a week or so after he had come back. The house was straight by then. But a visit from his mother and father always meant work beforehand. Pinkie always insisted that the rooms be clean, especially the kitchen and bathroom, and so the three of them — Lucia as well — spent the morning sweeping and wiping down the woodwork. Then the stairs had to be done, and it was three in the afternoon before they had lunch. But the house seemed full of light and sweetness, ~~at last~~ really for the first time since he had come back. It was a sunny day, and the windows were open at the bottom. He went from room to room, standing in each of them for a few moments, quite still. It had always been like this — the house would be filthy for weeks or even months suddenly a relative would be invited over and there would be a moked spring-cleaning or carpet floor. Cora would usually do the stairs and the carpets, while Pinkie looked after the kitchen and all the painted woodwork.

in the house. He always shrugged at the beginning and said, "We'll get me worn ready if you like". The incentive always came from her. She would say, "But I can't have them walking into my kitchen while it's in that state!" with a shocked look, her eyes very wide. With people she felt were her own sort - the people she could really talk to, unlike most of the relatives - it was different. Even then she didn't like to have the beds unmade for long, and the lace was always spotted before the party. But when family was coming it was ~~not of the~~ ~~question that things shouldn't be spotted~~ quite out of the question for to work several hours beforehand. It was as if she thought of them as "grown-ups" ~~or really thinking and~~ ~~feeling people as her own sort were~~ but still - who were not truly thinking and feeling people as her own sort were, and whom you always had to be careful not to shock, and who were thoroughly loving. So in their company she never mentioned the things she loved. She assumed naturally that they'd ~~would~~ outrage the "grown-ups." He never talked about her parties, or her friends, or any of the things that actually happened in the house, unless they ~~could have happened~~ ~~happened to be like these that could~~ happen in any respectable home like Lucia dropping a plate that kept on coming though three plates in one day, as ~~the landlord wanted to cut~~

in an upstairs ceiling despite three coats of damp-resistant distemper. She ^{fell more} ~~seemed to feel that~~ "grown-ups" led events ^{lives unbridled} ~~and blossomed~~ by sin or wild hopes, and that they had to be handled softly, like invalids taking their first air. So she sat there with a faraway expression, her face strained and held a little to one side, seeming paler and thinner than usual because she held herself so exactly, ^{ed} ~~draining herself~~ of blood for the moment.

~~Granville opened the door downstairs and at once his mother's quiet, rich voice came - "Hallo, stranger! Back here at last?" It had a mellow tilt, enclosing at once, the legendary, glowing tone that had pervaded his childhood. He heard it before he had really seen either of their faces. Then his father spoke, holding his hand out firmly. "Well, my ^{son} ~~too~~, how are you!" Their welcome was always overwhelming to him, as if he by comparison were blunderer, his features somehow stilled. His father's first words were always loud and forthright, and his head made a steady, hard grip. ^{He was a slim man, with rather nervous} ~~But it wasn't that they were heavy~~ ^{seemingly to gaze into the distance,} ~~into a light.~~~~

His mother was a plump woman with black hair, her face weatherbeaten and always placid in expression,

meditation, except for the brief anxiety that every now and then would wake her eyes up, and draw her lips, as if a sudden thought had suspended her life. Her hair was greying now, but she seemed to have lost no vigour. She had a swift way of walking, her head slightly forward, her heels making a sharp, dry sound on the pavement. As a child he had always recognised her footsteps along the pavement, listening at the bedroom window. She had tea every day at five o'clock, and then she would sit down at the table, quite still, so that her elbow was leaning on the corner of the table, sipping ~~away and sipping~~ ^{with a deep, inward religion,} ~~this was she she really~~ ~~was the real interest~~ her eyes lost and unblinking. It was when she was most alone and there was most silence. The tea was like a tender little act of obeisance to her own image, the only one she allowed herself. As a child he had always liked to see her at table with her air of teatime, but he hardly ever spoke. He heard her voice first when he opened the front-door to them. Pinkie was upstairs nervously painting her lips. He saw their shadow against the frosted panes of the door, and heard ^{the} ~~her~~ murmur of their voices. They would be saying softly to each other, "Was that the right bell?" "Don't say to me, the milk..." "Oh, no,

"There he is..." Then, as he opened the door, his mother's voice, light and ~~rather~~ mocking, echoed across the passage: ~~the~~ "Come in, come in, we thought you'd ^{never} ~~be~~ ~~coming~~!" There was laughter. Voices were raised - "Hallo!" "Hallo!"

His father put out his hand and gave him a hard, steady handshake, gazing at him with a kind of stern and yet gentle solicitude, his blue eyes fixed and unblinking - "Hallo, my son, how are you?" Then his mother leaned forward to kiss him as they came forth into the hall, and she cried out, after a smacking, unkind kiss, "You are a strumper!" Her voice had a rich, throaty lilt, quiet and yet mellodiously strong, enclosing him at once. And his father had a deep, hoarse voice, tending to cough at his words.

They all stood for a moment in the dark hall. Granville said with a laugh, "You both look fine!" "Not bad for an old wall-flower is she?"

asked his father with a hoarse laugh. "Now then! Now then!" She turned slightly in the laughter.

in her way to the staircase, joining in the laughter. "Not so much of the lip!" Then she shook her head at Granville, in mock-deprecation. "He's a cheeky as ever, you see!"

"Got to keep my end up, some ~~how~~ ^{how}!" came his father's voice from behind. Then they walked up the stairs, his mother leading. Hitherto their voices had been a small echo in the hall, covering everything. But now silence fell for the first time.

"Well, what's ~~it~~ ^{it} like being crack?" his mother asked quietly, out of breath with the stair-climbing.

"Oh, not bad. I miss the sun."

"Gets pretty hot at times, doesn't it?" his father asked.

asked.

"I should say so! I don't miss that. But it's nice to wake up with the sun!"

"When are you going crack, Pip?" They had reached the first landing.

"In about two months."

"Oh, well," his mother said, "that's a nice long leave. We'll see a bit more of you."

"That's ~~right~~ ^{right}," his father added.

The first meetings after an absence had always been like this. There was a tumult of laughter and still voices, a fiddy warmth, with ~~kisses~~ ^{kissing} and handshakes and kissing. ~~He would suddenly be kissed and of his~~
~~stare, and his blood would suddenly~~ His blood would

seen suddenly, ^{quicker} and he would be flushed with excitement. It was like being released into the light from a tomb of silence. They seemed to stir his body back into life, whereas he had ^{been} bloodless and ^{slow} (locked in silence) before, watching the world from a still ^{frame} ~~at~~ ~~body~~. It was in his mother's caress, her kiss and ~~his father's~~ ~~grasp~~ ~~the~~ ~~grip~~ of his father's hand, so abandoned in generosity, and mutely ^{seemed to} ~~and~~ ~~if~~ They ~~were~~ collecting him back in ~~the~~ ^a single moment, joining ^{him} to his childhood again after all his journeys into the cold, when he had forgotten them.

Then they would grow quiet again and their voices would take on a reminiscent tone. They would ask him questions and make up little reflections about the people he knew at Tattin Broadway, who might have died or moved away. Then he would feel perfectly at ease, letting the voices fall over him like an eternal chant, ~~lightly quiet and seeming to come from beyond the~~

~~that.~~
 On the second landing Pinkie came towards them with a shy, ^{slightly bowing} ~~ducking~~ movement, ^{a smile on his face and} ~~A the hand~~ ^{his} hand held out. And the same tumult of welcome began again. His father pulled her roughly towards him and with a laugh said, "Well, how are you, my duck? Pretty or ever?" And his mother gave him

look as if M^r Crumille's work-magnets were an
understood ^{joke} between them. He kissed her kindly on
the lips, then on the cheek, holding her round the
waist and making way to and fro. She laughed,
and Crumille ^{saw} that the blood rushed to her cheeks,
too, and that for a moment she had ^{suddenly} ~~the~~ ^{over-joyed,} ~~eternity,~~
~~breathless~~ look of a child who is swept up into
somebody's arms. ~~The quiet~~ The passage-way
and the "music room" seemed suddenly to lose their old
meditative, rather dejected stillness. Everything came to
life with their voices, and all at once the house seemed
a warm, humming island away from the world, and ~~precious~~
more ~~precious~~ than the world. ~~He~~ Crumille ^{saw}
pinkie of a moment as a flushed, laughing ^{asking them for their coats.} ~~housewife.~~
There were cups and saucers ready on the little table
in the middle of the room and a tea-coty waiting on
the piano. ~~The house~~ ^{the feeling of} ~~became~~ ^{came} for a moment,
~~in his eye.~~ ~~He had~~ a ^{smug} ~~confident,~~ ~~perfectly~~ self-
sufficient look. ~~The electric fire had been switched on~~
and was glowing very red in the hearth. ~~The street~~ outside seemed
~~to be beyond it for warmth or excitement.~~ absent and irrelevant. In his parents' eye as they
went to sit down, slowly and with ceremony, there was no
consciousness of anything beyond this room. He stood in
the doorway gazing at them. For a moment it didn't

seen necessary in life to look beyond a time for warmth and excitement. And he remembered the Sunday gatherings of relatives at Albert's field in his childhood, when his uncles with their dark suits and polished black boots, and his aunts with their hair pinned up and imitation pearls round their necks, talking endlessly, their voices raised, was the whole world to him, and the streets outside were a distant murmur, vague and unremembered.

He went upstairs to make the tea while Pinkie sat talking with them. For a moment his face had taken on its strained, faraway expression, as if she were too determined to be loved. But she liked his parents too much. She liked their loudness, which was never grating or shrill, and the way M^r Cranville called her "duck" and "my darling", smacking at the words with relish. He was a slim, well-built man, stooping a little now, with very firm features, his hair black like M^r Cranville's and greying at the edges, and his gaze steady and meditating, cast blue into the distance, wide-set and level. He had a way of listening to other people with a drowsy smile, nodding every now and then. And sometimes the drowsiness would grow on him until he was nodding asleep, and M^r Cranville would whisper with a smile, "The old man's off again. He could sleep in a pool of water, that man — honestly, he could."

"Ulati Thati" She blinked and looked up at Gramille, then down at his work. He felt sorry for her. She looked like a trapped animal suddenly, quite foreign to the three of them. He gazed at her helplessly, the tea-pot in his hand, and his mother looked down, drawn into her own silence. The woman no longer seemed warm. They were all separate for a moment. He felt, more vividly than he had done in the last few days, that he had no connection with Pukie. The presence of his own kin ~~was not~~ ^{made} ~~to~~ ^{make} it clearer.

Only Mr Gramille had noticed nothing. "Why shouldn't he make the tea?" he said. "That's what husbands are for. A lot of ^{bloody} pie-cases, if you ask me."

He meant this as a joke, but it fell flat and Mr Gramille frowned, his eyes dim. "All right, all right, but so much of your Abbott's field talk!"

"What's the matter!" His eye narrowed, but with curiosity, and only a trace of imitation. ~~Mr~~ ^{Mr} Gramille chuckled to fill the silence and said, "You Abbott's field talk, that's what's the trouble. Now get on with your tea." She turned to Pukie.

"Do you take sugar, dear?" "Yes, please." She stirred, as if to move herself out of her distant thoughts. "Pip always makes the tea." And quite inexplicably there was a sadism in her face, close to tears. "He's better at it than me." Mr Gramille gazed at her from under his

eyes for a moment. There was utter silence in the room.
"That's right -" She nodded towards her husband. "To make
our tea first thing in the morning and it's the best cup in
the day." Then she nudged Pinkie, "if to make everything
natural and lonely again. "Now that I tell him."

"No," Mr. Gramille said. "She's kippo in
the morning ^{to tell us anything} - all I get is Humour. Time and time again
she's turned on and ^{let} ~~left~~ it ^{as} cold."

"That's when your snoring's been keeping me
awake all night!"

"Snore?" He looked at her with a ~~mock~~ ^{mock}
~~astonishment.~~ ^{astonishment.}
~~"How you know I have money, my dear?"~~
~~"I never heard of such a thing."~~

"Listen to that!" She turned to Pinkie
again. "He used to down the stairs in the war. We
used to go down the settles every night, and he'd sleep
through anything -- we had a land-mine down the street
one night, that woke him with a start -" She ~~laughed.~~
~~into laughter.~~

"He sat up and said, 'What was
that, for Christ's sake?' You ~~couldn't~~ ^{were} there, then, were
you, Pip?" He shook his head. "You couldn't have
along that street for years. There was gas everywhere."

They began talking when the air-raids,
and another cup was poured. Then Pinkie began to tell
them about Moul, and they set making little noises

and another cup was poured. Then Pinkie began to tell
them about Moul, and they set making little noises

57
of wonderment. Granville felt at ease again, happy that Pinkie was talking.

Then, after a pause, his mother turned to him quietly with a brief, darting look and asked him, keeping something jovial in her tone, "What sort of welcome did she give you, ~~but~~ ^{P.P.?}"

He was sitting on a low chair on her side, so that she was looking down at him, and for a moment he felt utterly under the command of her brooding gaze. Her elbow was leaning on the arm of the chair and her hands were clasped lightly together on her lap, ~~she~~ ^{she} ~~looked~~ ^{still and} ~~expression was~~ very placid. He ~~blinked~~ ^{blinked} and looked quickly away at once, then said, "Oh, all right, I suppose." But his eyes had given her the real answer. She gazed down at the carpet again, and her lips pursed ever so slightly. He glanced at Pinkie, who was sitting on the floor, his back against the settee and his legs stretched out before her, close to Mr Granville's chair. But again she had noticed nothing.

Mr Granville spoke to her softly, with a little chuckle. "I suppose you put over the flag for him. We did when he came back from the war."

"That's right," murmured Mr Granville. He was drowsy now, and sitting deep in his chair, his eyes

glazed over with sleepiness. "We had flags in the upstairs windows." Then he added thoughtfully, as if already half asleep: "Dark when he came, though... He didn't see them."

"Were there ^{really} flags?" Granville asked his mother.

"Well, we had a couple of flags from the Jubilee up. Do you remember sitting out all night for that Jubilee?" She looked across at Mr Granville. "Now ^{wake} ~~wake~~ up, sleepy head, ~~and~~ come on..."

He opened his eyes with a start, and they all laughed.

"God love old Ireland," he said, ^{shrugging in his chair.} "I wear night gowns."

There was another pause, and Lizzie turned to Mr Granville. "Did Pip tell you we'd got an Italian girl?"

"Yes. What's what she like?"

"Do you speak the language?" Mr Granville asked.

"A bit. Enough for the kitchen, anyway." She turned to his mother again. "She's clean. But she isn't very energetic."

"Yes... like half these maids nowadays. Lots of girls. They don't seem to know how to do a good day's work."

then.
man for the moment.

There was really a close instinctive sympathy between
They talked privately together, ~~and~~ seeming to include the

Notes

~~Pinkie change from brief forgetfulness. She begins painting one of her favorite Whitworth portraits as if she and Granville were a suburban couple. Her Granville had arrived back from Baghdad.~~

Walter begins by asking the salient question after a pause, — in a level voice, his eyes slightly lowered as if she were about to flinch away from some truth. She asks, with a brief chuckle first, "what sort of welcome did she give you, Pip?" He blinked and looked away for her at once, and it seemed to him that he had already given his answer. "Oh, all right," he said. "I suppose you put the flag up for him," his mother said ~~privately~~ to Pinkie in a peculiar way. "We did when he came back from the war." "Yes, that's right," murmured Pip Granville drowsily, sitting deep in his chair, his eyes glazed with sleepiness. "we had flag in the upstairs windows." "The ~~back~~ Jack when he came, though..." he added thoughtfully. "So he didn't see them." "No, I don't remember any flags," Pip said. "Well, they were up all right," his mother said. "Mr Kendall's boy put them up." "How is Mr Kendall?" Pip asked

suddenly remembering the tall, heavily-built woman from
last year. "Oh, my God. Of course, she's getting on.
She's always been ^{had trouble with the} ~~been~~ ^{had} in the heart, you know." Then she
turned to Pinkie. "I expect there was a lot to be done before he
came about there!" Pinkie ^{enumerates details of}
getting the place ready after the ^{house had worked -} ~~tenant~~ had gone -
the whole place had to be scrubbed from top to bottom.
Then there was this new maid. "Oh, yes, what's she
like?" "Well -" Both Pip & Pinkie said at once,
and Pinkie told her about the hot-up between them.
Moby asks if she's clean. - and Pip says, well,
she doesn't have much to do, she's very busy about that.
We have a ^{swatch} ~~swatch~~ dinner - Pinkie says
what matters, they have a proper dinner every night
and you know we do. He gages at her and does not
understand why she is concerned about it - away from them
she would be, asks, "what does it matter what sort of
dinner we have?" "Well, it matters if I cook for you ^{two} ~~two~~
times every evening." "Not every evening..." "Is she a good
cook, Pip?" her father asked. "I'm sure she is!" cried
Mrs Granville. "Good God Almighty, you've eaten her food
often now haven't you?" "Oh, yes," he answered perplexedly,
blinking his eyes against sleep, "that's right." "Sweetly
to goodness you remember that night we came here - it

2) Bank Holiday

over ~~the~~ Monday, wasn't it Pip! — and we had chicken
dne in that sauce. Did you remember Pip saying about
it? "TV Granville blinked again, gazing across the
windows — "Bank Holiday..." "He doesn't remember!" "TV

Granville cried. "Well, I'll be damned!" She laughed.
"He'd forget to carry his brains round if he had any — he really
would!" "Wait a minute — Bank Holiday Monday —"

"Oh, come on, — we had a pint with the Kendalls first,
and we waited half an hour for a trolley — but ~~then~~ it
"Lord 'blige me, that's right! Now fancy forgetting that."

Old Kendall was an early knave." "You see?" "TV
Granville said to Pinkie, with a little wink. "He remembers

the pint." "That's right," TV G said. "we were going to have
no more beer down here, then we said, No, to be damned,
we'll have it in the kitchen round the table. Yes, by

God, that was a good piece of chicken." "He's been
cooked a sauce like it before it was once," said Granville.

"So now you know," TV Granville said. "She is a good
cook."

~~TV G~~

Reminiscence was it.

THE HOUSE. - POWERS
- GRANVILLE

Note: ~~what~~ he ^{asks} ~~to~~ himself "how is it that they are capable of scorning a decent feeling? (Carad?)" He has been brought up to be unable to do so, i.e. to latch himself if he should do so.

Granville sits down - after he has come back,

rather stunned, from a walk with Wayman, or from Wayman's apartment, then W's withdrawal makes him feel strangely

abashed and sick at heart - ~~he~~ ^{and} wonders what has made his people different. For they were different. He looked

down, and he didn't want to think about it. It still there was a difference. Perhaps they really had started

the difference. It was a difference of soul, almost. He noticed it again and again. In his childhood the

difference had perplexed him but he had always ~~thought~~ ^{put}

it down to the idiosyncrasy of the actual person, only

~~when he was twenty~~ ^{in his twenties} connecting it with certain

circumstances of upbringing. He sat down and tried to think it out. He runs that ~~if~~ he has a compulsion

to respond to people in him - directly - and that

their presence overshadows all the thoughts he might have about them. He cannot think about them while they

are in his presence. [The ~~way~~ way [Val] follows Wayman

round the kitchen, dog-like]. The basis of all the differences,

he thinks. Then he begins to be clearer: they grow up

by concepts; everything real (getting food by work, worship

clothes, cleaning the house) become conceptual, until they are
brain-people thinking the world from the quiet armchair.
And if we have been quiet, and recuse against the
outside world, for a sufficient amount of time we are
then likely to be affected by others. Our rhythm is now
disturbed. A feature of middle age. Brought up
in middle-aged world. They are taught early to cut
off themselves from sympathy with others, and sympathy
with their own feelings. Everything is will, and power.
Hence, unreligious feature. The un-religious class. No
unspoken, instructive respects. No belief in leaving things
to the silent world. Take Wayman. Everything has to
be tampered with. Everything arranged by will (binding with
Giana etc.). Also his uncommunism. The most fundamental
ties with the outside world cut off early: and the child
lives in a little monument of power, with no beliefs, only
lessons as to how to use and continue to pursue power.
The tough, down-to-earth ^{pose} ~~man~~ - which is less connected
in fact than the higher young nobleman. ^{connected} ~~the~~ ^{Cranville} ~~for~~
though this reasoning by thinking, what were it - have
been like in the house where to war come?

THE HOUSE

JACK COLLOCKE

Crawville comes to see that while ~~at the~~ ^{was the} ~~1~~ ¹ ~~man's~~ answer disgusts in Wayman it is only because he associates it with weakness. What Wayman is looking for above all is strength in the other man, to the point almost, but not on the way, of indifference.

Gradually as the book develops Wayman manages to shake off this disgust of weakness. He comes to feel it as a sort of courage. He and Crawville see love and love eye-to-eye in this.

NOTE

Wayman can sleep with other people talking in the room. He absent-mindedly interrupts conversations. He reads while the people are talking to him. People, he felt, naturally suspended their lives for him, while he had a natural right to go on with his in their presence and ignore their feelings. This is Wayman's confidence of superiority again. A constant source of conflict with Pinkie, who tries to destroy his confidence. He often looks taken as a result. He is confronted for

the first time in his life by a challenge to his
class-position. Hitherto, he has been at home, at
~~school~~ ^{school} and at university, where it was acknowledged
and encouraged, but now there are no sympathisers.
Pinker's position: "where the hell do you think you are,
Jack - a hotel?"

Wayman's development is towards relinquishing
his class position, with a constant effort.

THE HOUSE

JACK POLLOCKE

The episode in which Granville watches ~~Wayman~~ ^{Harry} following ~~Wayman~~ ^{Pollocke} round the room, puppy-like, asking questions and smiling, ~~quite~~ ^{rather} abashedly, while Wayman treats him to his crack and doesn't answer. ~~Wayman~~ ^{Harry} seems to go on doing as much ~~in order~~ ^{in order} to assure himself that he's wrong to assume he's being treated unworthily, as anything. But his questions produce nothing, and he looks sad and lonely for a moment: his continual regret - that he has ^{not} the personality to command attention and respect. Granville watches this and says to Wayman afterwards that - adopting Wayman's language, with which in effect they covered their souls - he thought "taking all in all, it was a pretty poor display on his part." Wayman shrugged, and said, "I couldn't help it. There's something about [...]. I don't know." Granville's reflection that Wayman will take an "intelligent attitude" towards the Egyptianists, claiming the English colonialists, -- thus contracting one of his own situations - without realising for a moment that what made the Egyptians true with

the more cruel and lustful hatred was just this cool, off-handed condescension of attitude, which denied the victim ^{the right} place, it seemed, in ~~any~~ ^{the hierarchy} valid of creation.

Another feature of Granville ^{Wayman Pollock} X

He writes to Granville that he has met an Irishman called O'Donnell, a young pale man, who he is walking along the road & they see a friend of O'Donnell's on the other side of the road, and O'Donnell says, "I like that man." Wayman, "Is he nice?" A pause and O. says, rather sternly, "No." Another pause. "No, he's not at all nice."

Wayman is struck and awed by his social personality: there is something in the letter that makes Granville think that O'Donnell was very well aware of W. as an important person socially, was nervous & reserved, & was trying to make an impression. Wayman is awed by his coldness & sternness, his capacity for clear thinking in an "emotional" situation of instinctive likes and dislikes. This is naive in Wayman which is a way Granville has always liked. But if he explores a person beyond the social personality he feels disgusted. This naive - take for instance,

THE HOUSE

Wayman.

JACK POCKOCKE

his naive acceptance of Diana's saying "I could forget you in a week. I'd force myself to forget you. I have the will!" When Diana was only preserving herself against him — frightened for her feelings, locked and secret, deep in her.

~~The way Wayman writes a letter everything settled and tidy, with witicism — a dignity and social poise — even an outbreak of an impulsive feeling, so that when by accident there is an outbreak it seems vulgar and distasteful. Everything ready for the printer, so to speak, as if the letters were designed to appear right away in a book.~~ The creation of an outer shell of personality. Trying to render society a legend, with a withdrawn philosophical cynicism and faint comparison. There is an association in it, too, which Craville appreciates. Trying to make the dead, predictable functions of society a mystery and legend — an eternal legend. And Wayman, perhaps best of his friends, could appreciate the glowing mystery of the city — the related reasoner (the dream in the palm of the

of the hand, as Wayman always said of the nervousness of
the city) of sitting in cafes here by here.

The House

CIRCLE

Addams

Mr. Derick Adams-Cresham sees Crumille as
symbolic (in the vanguard) of a man invasion from
other classes. He comes from the relatively small
circle of people who commanded taste and influenced
political power before the war, and who still had
^{at that time} undisputed prestige in other classes. But since
the war the lash-gates had opened, and all the
old places - from belles lettres to the Foreign Service -
had been broken into by people whose background
was small and mean, ^{and} whose accents were - to
say the least - rather peculiar, like bastard dogs.

~~and who did not know how to behave in~~

~~places where there were~~ Crumille was typical

of them. Obviously he had all the necessary
qualities. He had a good English face, though a
bit on the rough side. His manners were gentle,
but - finally, there was something missing. He

~~saw it when he talked a lot from the way~~

CIRCLE

He just did us justice like people with good backgrounds. Either he didn't open his mouth, or he uttered perfectly unadorned thoughts - without a saving drop of wit, a deception, or any capacity of eloquence. As (behind) said, "He ^{didn't know} ~~just~~ doesn't seem to have the stamina," ~~you know~~ And he meant by stamina this ability to perform in a drawing room.

But more important than all this Fanny Adams' panic, that his class is being invaded because he does not belong to the class,

most of whose genuine members are busy running away from it, to America, or to garage or mechanics. So he and his mother stand like poisoned sentinels at the (crew-mounted) gate, stopping all who would enter in, to inspect their credentials, either realising that the great house is empty? guests now, and the parkland overgrown... Though

The House

the facade mentioned, created largely by the 1911 aristocrats, (like Lord —) They created a kind of streamlined imitation of the aristocratic life, in the same houses, but with the ugly face of ^{Big} Business staring through from behind. Of course, the heads of families were still around, the East of this and the Viscounts that; vast family fortunes had concentrated themselves on their heads. — ^{but} the rest of the family were now lost in democracy.

Finding Mr Cromwell was like anti-Jewish people disowning ^{a friend was Jewish} someone's Jewishness. "Ah, that explains..." and all the qualities which would have ^{unmistakably} passed with perfect adequacy as Gentile, become interesting signs of the dark, hunted race. So all Cromwell's qualities — which could easily have

been taken for uninteresting - became signs of
his class for Adam-Croshaw and his
friends. His silence, which was once taken
by Fanny Adams as his virtue, before they
discovered the worst, as "interesting" - ("he has such
an interesting reserve") - are now signs of his hidden
drama. His accent - which before was rather
delightfully "crooked" - is now his worst badge
of inferiority. His authority of talk simply signs
now of his essential "weakness".
Fanny Adams, being middle class, longer to his dislike
of Cornville the same persecuting zeal that other
middle class people showed towards Germans, a
Jew, ~~and other class people~~, a negroes, according
to their intellectual tastes: a zeal that has never
been shared by other classes - and was unknown
to Cornville - because it is unusual, being
compounded of ideas, for which leisure and a great
aloofness from life are required; if you live with
upon a German a few or working people, as opposed
to conceiving them as ideas. You lose the appetite
for persecution. is [like all middle class people in the end] an intellectual
of whom life is a panorama of occupations. For in the highest
of the aristocracy as for the middle class
people

looks
the Industrial

it was Money, in the Perfect State (socialist or
 communist), in Art. But in any case it was always
 power: a power conception. And someone like
 Coraunille, brought up in a wholly different
 tradition, who shared power was simply looked on
 as weak by Fanny Adams. That was why
 he was said to lack "stamina": they simply
 could not imagine that a man did not want
 to join in this little race for power, and
 did not share their envies and dream and
 gold-plated illusions. They were for me instant
 doubted that Coraunille looked up to them,
 and - by the face that he associated with
 them at all, and did not carry a worker's
 cap in his hand and keep his ~~big~~ ^{big} ~~His~~ ^{His} ~~wasn't~~
 it proof enough) - did not want to be like
 them. So their social attitude towards him was
 a kindly one, because, to their minds, he at
 least acknowledged their superiority, which was
 something. And (Lelmann) thinks of himself

is free of class-thinking, whereas in fact he had
been for a minute of his life failed to respond
to things like ^{words of the} honey-privileged ~~class.~~
~~class.~~

~~changes~~

THE HOUSE.

CIRCLE

The almost-religion with which Crumille
imitated the scandal and contempt of people who
had thought him steady and decent. The affair
with [Tallor-Brady] and the boyfriend, "I'll kick
that young bastard in the teeth" — and his pause
wondering at himself, causing the pain of another
young man, wondering at how far he had travelled
from himself a year before. But "I'm in it", he
felt. I'm actually living here. I'm not a spectator
And for a moment he felt he wanted to provoke
their contempt. He wouldn't have felt right with
their respect. He remembers [Tallor-Brady]'s
boyfriend's guarded, threatened, hostile eyes (before
he knew who Crumille — when latter = Tallor-Brady
first met).

THE HOUSE

CHARACTERS

The House itself: ~~Gloria~~
~~'Amorist'~~
~~Harry~~
~~Marian~~

Joyce: the girl who is broken in the lower middle class
trapped after another - educated convent - alternative
is clipped rancorous of the safe lower middle class
man was the upper class young man, who always
treated her caddishly, perhaps she seemed to come to
him like a lower class girl. Terrible fear of
plunging into ~~anything~~ ~~after a time~~ but anything
which might become deep - for fear of being hurt
again - so she stayed with ~~loves~~, when she could
not dream about, or be any tender towards. Then
her capitulation to a married man. He attempted
suicide. Here we see someone's creature directly
crushed.

Reynolds the publicity man, with quiet hands. The girl
blonde from Australia he picks up - the money she
takes - the way he talks about her - the late night -
and his death into solitude, unhygienic. The black
night into which he gradually went. His quiet country
tastes.

Wolfgang.

Jean, the delinquent girl.

Miriam Evans-Hartley

(Vivien Tallor Grady
"Small-but-Ready" — make similar play.)

Miriam Conover-Hartley

"Miriam Heaven-highly."

also small man Cummings at party

When they call Short-Cummings (who is he?)

The House.

EVENTS

THEATRICAL PRODUCER.

The young theatrical producer — the theatre world — his famous friends — his feeling of being understood and at home only with famous people — his love of his own past, and his provincial background, the wealthy father who finances him from show to show — his feeling when someone who is only an acquaintance telephoned him to ask him to a party is, 'What does he want to get out of him? He wants to cultivate me, perhaps! He is trying to surround himself with a galaxy of names...' And sometimes as a kind half-aloud, facetious afterthought (the kind he would tell to his friends) he would think, 'And God forbid that he has a play to show me!' People frequently bring plays for him to read (since he does produce them in the home theatre) — relatives and friends of his parents, an aunt, a promising young cousin in his first year at Cambridge, a retired army man who lives down at Torquay where they take their holidays who has "tried his hand" at a play — and also the sophisticated young men. — 'I say, would you read a play of mine?' — and though he has always made a

file of it, for instance, ~~then he met people who~~
~~announced they were architects~~ — "I'm tempted
someone's going to show us a play before I get to that
door!" — yet he was flattered, and he gave much
of his thought to it. In fact, he seldom read the
plays, and when he did only skimmed through them
with half a mind, ready to pounce on a technical
impossibility so that he could throw it down,
thinking: "Why can't these people learn something
about the theatre before they write?" But he had
great difficulty in reading all freshly written work
— not only plays, but novels and poems. ~~If it~~
~~was the work of someone famous, or dead, or~~
~~one that had been accepted~~ He could with
attention and belief the work of people someone
famous or dead: but in the work of someone
still alive, and not at all famous, he felt
in a very strange way personally threatened. He
knew the feeling. He had often thought about it.
So he avoided the work of living and little-known
people. ~~He was a very complicated person — his~~

~~factious of ~~the~~ ~~author~~ why did he feel threatened?~~ First of
 all the work had no mystery, no sense of eternity, or
 awe attached to it: there was the flat print, the
 straggling phrases of the author — and behind it a
 life which F. shared and did not find, a very
 decorative affair. This was really behind it, or
 one of the things behind it: that he did somehow
 did not believe in life, if such a thing is possible;
 it was a grey, empty stretch from death to death,
 full of bad smells and digestive processes and
 claustrophobic dreams, and the best you could do
 was to adorn it with a little art — but not of
 life, not art in books & plays, for unlike many
 when he did not try to make real art an
 decorative embellishment ~~of life~~; he understood it, knew it
 as something in earnest and about the very work of life.
 But he wanted to turn every day into something
 decorative, by careful arrangement. Famous ^{people -} names
 (coming to tea, or drinks in the evening) —
 helped it: they created a golden feeling of
 a heaven on earth, ~~the~~ an infinity of power and
 centuries stretching behind them. And it was
 the same with the books: once the life talked about

by the writer was dead and finished, it would take
in some sort of mystery for him. If it were still
about our life but written by, say, an internationally
established personality, again it would have mystery
for him. In neither case did he feel that someone
might be faking. In neither case did he feel the
unpleasant, close, hot pressure of an actually living
creature in his mind, a creature unhaloed by
death or fame. He wanted to keep books a
mysterious forbidden province - even the print and
binding and jacket - a mystery he did not want
to enquire too deeply into, lest it would
disappear. He did not want to realize fully
and actually that the words on the forth printed
page were written by a man like himself
perhaps living only a few yards from the
dirty tenement house, full of fumes from the street
outside all day, where he lived: a man no
more haloed than himself. He did not want
to know how a thought became word, word
manuscript, manuscript ~~book~~ proof and proof
the final, colored, mysterious thing that stood on the

shelves at the bookshops. I never to know very firmly the
 difference between a "good" book and a "bad" book, but
 this was a kind of surface technical difference which
 he applied to all un-labeled work, which never was
 for him more than ~~a~~ technical, more than another
 clear ~~and~~ ^{an} unsuccessful attempt of a dammed modern
man to imitate the work of dead or middle aged
 man. In the end, he did not believe in his life --
 he could see no mystery in his own life, he had
 no sense in the world beyond the company of
 distinguished people -- and he could not see how
 any mystery could be made out of it by other people.
 He said one evening to N -- "Shall we put
 our hands down into the dirty, ~~silly~~ ^{silly}, stinking,
 corruptive mire of remembrance" (about the War) "or
 shall we stay clean for the evening?" And that is
 how he thought of his own past, a rather his past
 before he had entered the golden mysteries of the
 theatre, the authentic, metropolitan theatre, before
 he had left the ~~dark realm of~~ ~~dirty, dark,~~
~~dark, lonely realm of~~ his self ~~into~~ for the
 realm of his self, where everything was closed and

dark and dirty and dimly dawn-like and full of
doubts and haunting essences, for the open, clear,
public ("Gosh, how lucky I see you!") world. He
~~was provincial by birth, and again and again he~~
~~wished~~ he had been brought up in a provincial at
home; and again and again he wished he could
absolutely stamp out all trace of that long
unauthentic part of his life from birth to - well -
the last year at Oxford. His first few months in
London after the final examinations at Oxford were
a lived, perfect dream: there was ~~always~~ a kind
of enchanted smile on his face during all that
time, as he met me among theatrical formality
after another and they all liked him as a quiet,
witty, gentle and essentially unassuming young man.
He never quite lost that slightly surprised look of
the man whose relationships were a matter of awe
even to himself. ~~The provincial was looking out~~
~~the time, saying, "Gosh, look!"~~

So because he had dated any manifestation
of the unbeloved pure self in him, so he could not
bear to think that it should enter into the making

of a heavenly thing like a book. Yet with the other side of his mind he knew that it was the only thing that did: that a book was made of this as the inclusion of everything else ~~he knew that only a chosen book~~ ~~of the world takes~~.

And apart from this he felt that he was surrounded everywhere by people, like him, who wanted to be famous but who, unlike him, (this really was true) had no gifts ^{at all} ~~from~~ which the gods could be asked. A book or a play, freshly written, was yet another attempt to qualify for the gods. And so he had a sense of competitive jealousy towards it. He realized this, too, but could not stop it. Like all people who are very uncertain of their own position, he never once put out a hand to help others. ~~For~~ in fact, more and more, he took a kind of enjoyment in not doing so. He took a special delight in writing of a little note, "Have read your play, shall return it soon - desiring it to produce at Canterbury": he loved the feeling of being busy, and it satisfied him enormously that the people should actually be seeking after him and his time and his influence, while he, armed

with the day's toil and a little. outcase, "dressed off"
in a taxi for the station, the first day ~~escape~~ ^{real} ~~at~~
already looked, with a hundred little things to do
on route too, such as straightening up Nigel's
speeches a revising that dreadful entrance of Pankov
at the end of the first Act, if possible. It gave him
the feeling that he at any rate was no layco -
provincial; others were now. And naturally he
wanted to keep the provincial world going, - and
firmly shut out - in order to keep his sense of the
heavenliness of the authentic metropolitan ^{me,} and
his sense of ~~his arrival in it as~~ ~~his arrival in it as~~ ~~a advised~~
~~having~~ being a ^{moment as} a ^{advisement} in his
past. So even if the retired Colonel had written
a first-class piece of work ~~technically~~ which would
have brought him F. A. A. V. (as producer), ^{we} not only
money but also a much more solid position in
the theatre (as a ^{director of long runs} ^{good use for long runs}), even fame;
he would not ~~take~~ ^{under} any circumstances have
taken it up. That was something he could never, never
do, so great was his ^{had been} ^{was} ^{suffocated} sense of the provincial world
in which his childhood ^{had been} ^{was} ^{suffocated}.

The House

BEATRICE GRISHAM

As he deliberately mentions his mother and father in front of the (Violet) figure: how she with embarrassment makes ahead — she does not acknowledge them as real human creatures of serious consideration. And he asks himself, what do these people think they have? hard hearts and stunted natures, certainly — an ability to act and react and dress people down without the slightest remorse or the slightest conception of what — in some dark place of ~~existence~~ ^{reality} ^{instance} beyond society — the human creature owes in courtesy to another; a confidence that they possessed all the authentic wit and charm and intelligence available in the world, whereas they had only shouted the best of mankind down with an extra vulgarity — that was it, their vulgarity, which made them so worthy to stake the lands of his mother and father. This is his mother's. And in a moment of super he thought of her as 'his' yellow-haired, bolstered-up slut' sitting ~~in front~~ opposite him. And at the same time as he felt the super he knew it was also a sort of vulgar super which he could shake off at will. In fact he liked V. Where did his ^{hate} super get him?

Where did it cancel out less? He was tired of the
endless circle of hatred: (see in you late, so I
hate you, and another sees in me ^(and hates me) hate)... Every
man, every single man that walked the streets
outside, was a rotten intellectual making endless
little judgements in the ~~trusty~~^{lonely} prison of his ~~to~~^{trusty} brain,
but that was no good. Every body ~~was~~^{felt} superior ~~to~~
~~inside~~ to everybody else, ~~especially~~ when you could
feel making judgements on you when you came
into a room. Everybody was placing you in a scheme
of values, according to their fixed conception: -
you were put down as a low bird, - on the opposite,
a comfortably married fellow; a "probably" some sort
of executive, a "probably" a clerk, a "probably"
a he'er-do-well, just according to ^{what} you
were wearing at the time, your mode of entering
the room, and the company you were with. And
~~you were placed~~
~~secretly~~ ~~according to the social distance~~ those who
placed you higher were those most socially aware
of themselves. The worst were the lower middle
classes - the displaced people in Rome, London,
Paris, Berlin, Hong Kong ... exclusive, superior, with
a touch of violence, knowing all the answers. Better

than the people they had risen ^{from} and better than those
 above them by virtue of the fact that they had had
 a little struggle - not "backward" like those
~~behind them~~ ^{beneath} proving their great talents in the
 face of ~~social~~ - ah, if only they had had more

OPPORTUNITIES : superior to everybody, in fact.

It was the delight of every country. They sat in
 & their superior, clean, very-obedient-you-know little
 cones and play-acted life ~~in a lady's~~ ^{the}
~~very ancient~~ (being a real lady, a real
 Jew, - even an artist, the demi-god of the
 semi-detached villa - 'young Jim' a 'young Arturo'
 a 'young Ahmad' paints, you know, he's sold quite
 a few things, and Jim, Arturo, Ahmad, can be
 cocks of their lovely, three-yard walk, up and down
 the passage, with Mum and Dad doging in the
 Drawing Room (~~Mum's~~ ^{even Dad's} ~~learned~~ not to call it the
 Kitchen now) They're so clever - worked their way
 from scratch, you know, and why lack of Opportunities
 prevents them from leaving the squalid job behind
 a desk in a fetid atmosphere earning a little
 more than father earned in his time and doing half

as much work, with more of the best, but all the
superiority ^{in the world} - believing in nothing, looking forward to
nothing, - a little ego, a clever little ego puffing
its chest ^{sub}, mother's pride, advised by the neighbors
and sent out to do all the diplomatic talk with
authorities like the police or tax-people. Because
they know how things work in this world, they're tip-
-top, they are.

And they were, the lower middle class clean seem
copying all over - not Christian civilization - but
civilization everywhere, far excellence the
judges, the intellectuals, the watchers, the evil eyes
in life. God, it made v. look wonderful!
They must keep us! All right, we'll have to
laugh, be contempt, be nastier! But keep us
that other world of little clean-faced calculating
people each in his little box, with nothing to give,
no suggestions to make, for whom - in the end - a
vague They settled all the questions ^{stage} and saw to the
necessary job of making this space between the
two divisions bearable and even faintly diverting at
times...

But that was only another phantom! 'The
 lower middle classes' - so many people all
 with hearts and wills to be judged in precisely
 the same way? He was judging. Where
 was this phantom? Yet ^{there} were these little boxes
 all over the country. He had seen the same
 clean, rather petty features in every part of
 the world! Phantom - its melody? He fell sick! ^{in every part of} the mind
 opening all the time! Stop! Stop the
mind! But it went on fulminating and
 observing and stamping and calling and
 moving! But no, you had to go through
 to the end. You had to keep on with
 the intellect until it did ~~was~~ meet
 up with life. You had to let it talk
 itself out, until you saw the phantom meet
 with the world.

The true.

PRINCESS ARAMANYA

The girl - the dancer with black hair
down to the middle of her back, ^{West} Indian
~~from~~ ~~Colombia~~ - who keeps the embryo of her child
in a bottle on the mantelpiece and stands watching
it, finding that the nose would have been wider,
and the eyes, but the man's dimpled chin, receding
very slightly. She had a sense of how: only of
having murdered her own flesh - having murdered
one of her own family - and reason what it is she
might, she could not forget it, especially when
children came running to her knees (children always
loved her) - then tears would come to her eyes. ~~She~~
She ~~do~~ simply did not know how she had been
capable of doing such a thing.

"That's what fear does to people, I suppose," she
said.

THE HOUSE

Chapter III

PINKIE

Mention in connection with Pinkie's disgust with his words and truth of his Land etc (feeling suffocated, wanting toretch etc. Chapter III) the sense of disgust he remembers deriving from people in his childhood - they drew back as he became more and more involved in Star he was saying - especially middle class people? - until he believed until ~~then~~ ²⁰ ~~early~~ that he was somehow physically disgusting. And Pinkie had renewed this feeling for him.

We mention how he was with the nymphomaniac and how he tells her this and she is astonished, 'you, repulsive - you?'

THE HOUSE

GROYLE

"groyle"

Wayman coins the ~~phrase~~^{term} "a groyle,"

which means easy lecher. She mentions to Covarrille as he passes him at a party, "She looks as if she would do with a good groyler" - referring to the girl Covarrille has been making up to (the dentist's secretary, the country-wench appearance, she has just suffered disappointment and has her defence up against men, but is ready to sign that she may take them down) - friend of Olga's - he walks her home. Has already seen her in Olga's room. Cancels tea-party with her, she walks out on 2nd appointment.

Wayman talks about "going out on a rather wild groyle tonight!" "Groyle ~~suggests~~^{is a} facile, post-bellied, eight-shouldered sexual opportunist" - his hands always ready. Note how Groyle shocks an upper-class contingent when they arrive (much later in the book) at party.

Note how Wayman chuckles lightly as they

stroll into the air for a weather or Vivien's party and
murder to him, "Go in and fuck Diana. Why
not? it'll wake her up, a bit..." Amusement &
suspense in ~~Ray~~ Granville, — and he has relaxed
early morning sense of male friendship ~~as the dawn breaks~~
the rest ^{of the world} of a haven of pleasure — the growing dawn,
the slow, honest, utterly open speech between them as the
dawn, like talking across eternity. And as this hour
relations didn't matter; you ~~could~~ give your sex to
any ~~one~~ ^{one}, an undiscriminating gift, and the growing
day would close it up like a dream, and it really
that you could live like a dream and that the day need
bring no recantation.

THE HOUSE

PINKIE
(at MAIMBURY'S)

The Pinkie has special self-censoring attitude to "gossip" —

1] At dinner with [Glencorner] two she slips — with a sudden stern exclamation — Cranville saying they are going on to an all-night party. She says, "Gee, we're going to be going out. I'm dead tired. We're going straight to bed. And their agreement of toward, — to saying why does she want to be false, does she think they'd find a little unwholesome husband she got into bed early every night interesting, for God's sake, with the lives they lead, in the country ^{at} ~~at~~ ^{seat} ~~at~~ ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{minute} ~~minute~~, in the Bahamas the next, in London for the "season" next. And, my God, he says, look at his family and you! You've the most unashamedly degenerate lot of luggers I've ever come across — with a burst of laughter that comes across the street. She chuckles too. She says, "Well, here goes, enough of dinner parties, let's see some prose down us."

2] Her unwholesome behavior with his father a Christmas day, when he brings in the presents, including one for Lucia. The fact that the lunch has to be for

ready for ~~the~~ six people (including doctor & his wife).
The room is in a mess. She objects she Granville
wants to put out a working drink for us & for
one beer. She asks why can't he take his father
across to the pub, she has to get on with the housework.
G. is shocked & astonished, & takes his father
across. A bleak, odd day. Nostalgic to him -
his father's seat, how he is muffled up, and pass
Christmas days, the legendary "gun-ups", who
have such earnest, ^{honest} knowable, open faces. - They
make no mention of it. They talk about his mother.
His father talking quietly - about "your mother." "How
she got me through those years I don't know. I still
don't know to this day how she managed." The
rich level tenor of his voice - the even beautiful
way of speaking - unassuming, respectful, full of a
quiet, speculative sweetness, his eyes gazing into the
distance, blinking, a little ruffled with thought, quite
undisturbed by any smallness of thought or weakness. How
Granville wishes he were taking dinner with his
parents. Thinks of doing it - in retaliation - but it
will his parents' attention to it as well, and make Patrick
ly Stencil. At home they are having dinner with relatives.
Granville has sister & brother, with a home (sister married & in
Canada)

The House.

LATER

BEATRICE GRESHAM

to do with latter part of book i.e. Aristocracy England's

only ~~side~~ dream. It's only reason for lifting up its head.

The woman at the edge of a great family.

It wasn't simply that she wanted to advance herself - by meeting the "best people" - but in someone of the real nobility she felt that all the grace and wit and underground, ~~distinct~~ wistful, ~~and~~ pained decadence, all the delicate beauty, the sadness of feature, the madden flush of power and coldness, the possession of an identity which seemed to belong not simply to one person with a name who would die into oblivion in his due time, but to a people long since dead with much the same cast of features, and to parks whose silence belonged to those people, and to houses where their portraits still hung, where you could play the operetta they had touched in the evening and where you could look across the lake or the lawn under your windows when you got up in the morning, after the servants had softly parted the curtains, just as they had done... all this had been brought to a fine pitch, by training in childhood, by the grand background of everything they did, by their blood, in one living creature: so that when she met other creatures, no matter how witty or graceful or

Farques - Bentley
fuck 'em all

Farquhar Hall
Fuck-'em-all

~~Marquesses~~ Farquhar

they were, no matter how much they love all these
stamps of the noble person, - if they did not have
that authentic background, if they had the slightest
"skeleton in the cupboard" (like "Trade" in the
~~the~~ previous generation) - ~~so~~ for he they were
without any enchantment; they just weren't
enchanted people, they made life empty and tawdry
for he, they were just themselves, ~~they~~ their presence
did not call back across the centuries, from knowing
woman to drawing room (wantelpieces by Adam) - she
couldn't help it. And so ~~too~~ ^{the} first question she
asked of somebody "new" - ~~off~~ (all the "best people"
did the same, openly or in secret - she knew that) -
"What about his family?" in a rather hushed
voice, so that the least could be taken for intrigued
curiosity or such a shaming person, or for
suspicion or a person whose credentials she had
doubted "from the very first." ~~wasn't my story.~~

her son: his exaggerated accent; his
claim that is too good to be true; how the
phrase "I don't know" on his lips came to sound
something like "Ah rarely descent we'er," with a
trace of a sneer in it somewhere, a kind of downward
glancing condescension which was a sign of breeding. She

3 The House.

he was being told about a lapse of breeding in a party (for strange people were seen at parties nowadays, people who not only had "come up from nothing" but seemed to have absolutely nothing to say, either) he would laugh in a shocked way, but without malice, and call it, "Revelry!"

All his ~~conversations~~ talk went on along decided principles. It carefully avoided all "earnestness," the work in among his friends; it never pursued a theme too long (to the point where feelings, here rather troublesome elements, ~~became~~ became involved), and it kept just one slight shade this side of the ^{the border} border of frivolous, so that at any time he could slip ^{a word} ~~quite seriously~~ with ease and ^{go for} ~~get~~ a laugh. Thus, after describing ~~in a tenderly witty way~~ the plot of ~~a drama being~~ ~~its~~ ~~own~~ a play he had seen the evening before (if he had been with nobility, even 1911 nobility, he would say, "Have you been to the Phoenix? ^{Arthur} Colly and I were there last night...," ^{Arthur} Colly being a quiet-mannered young man who would come in ^{for his} father's ~~fortune~~ ^{death duties (or something)} ~~fortune~~ a little one day, if ~~the~~ ~~Constitution~~ Revolution ~~didn't~~ ~~beat~~ ~~him~~ ~~to~~ ~~it~~.) He would throw in a slight otto voce remark, "But just between you and me, I can't bear serious plays!"

THE HOUSE

PINKIE

Pinkie's laughter mocking and destructive, different from her ~~light~~^{deep} chuckle, which is admiring and tolerant, full of warmth.

She has to try and reduce Crumille now and then. As if to remind him that he has no status, is not worthy. We must always remember that she takes a strongly social attitude towards other people, without being in the least snobbish. She really only acknowledges freedom to the well-to-do and well-born.

i) As Croyle's influence on her grows, in the latter half of the book, we see an extra bitterness and half sneering resentment enter her conversation. In a flat tone, she tells Crumille that by living with her he is "padding" himself against "reality". She speaks to him as if he were a stranger. She says, after all, he doesn't have to for his own meals, do his own shopping, lift a hand for the housework, — 41 m.

get no contact with reality. That's why, she says, he has taken up Arabic, as a flight from the reality. He asks what the reality is - a filthy job, a dribbling nose, fog? He says you're all so damned bogged down in your discomfort and failures that you call it reality. ~~People are just much more~~

No, she says, reality is coming into contact with people (Croyle is a small-time reporter). Gramille says, if he was working in London, she'd be drilling into him a sense of mad venture men.

He knows this has come from Croyle. Croyle is a kind of talkative desecrator of very small altars. He cannot bear a high degree of human dignity, or anything that might be called "religion" or "mystical" - this means high-fallutin' and

pretentious. It is Gramille's "pretentiousness" - ^{"aloof"}

his keeping away from people (that he does in reaction to Pinkie) that Pinkie is attacking.

He is "out of contact" with people - in the way he has a car, he can fly anywhere - she says, if it weren't for the fact that you were working

class in origin, you'd be absolutely the same as somebody with a private income. Crumley says quietly, "I am absolutely the same. I've got the same lungs and kidneys and blood!" This again must be a Crumley-theme, who sees Crumley as a category in a middle class scheme, a working class boy who has risen without casting a backward glance into the middle classes, where he has taken on all their mannerisms. # He wears the mannerisms — the same as Pinkie — a person's clothes, experienced beliefs, apartment, friends, and daily habits; again essentially middle class social attitude — no account of what Crumley is in himself, no knowledge of that, and no instructive sense of it. In Crumley and Pinkie the instructive, direct sense of other people is practically dead. They believe only in the performance, so to speak — hence, many people who would wear bad clothes, in any case,

keep dirty flat, talk to workmen in pubs, — though with
few more money — in order to sustain the middle
class obsession of "being in touch with reality".

Cornwall tells her, only Comrades have that
obsession. Other people just have life, which they
live, as excellently as they can. But the Comrades
is always sniffing at you from the outside, like
a dog, and trying to tell you how you should
live on the moral plane.

ii) She tells him he has no right to
these outbursts — to these sudden views — "You're
not a genius, she tells him, you're not an artist."
He is stunned and disgusted by this: "Have I no
right of speech, then? Have we no right of speech?
Is it only the artists, or the distinguished people, from
whom we can't make our lives, can we,
or, no! We're not good enough!" He says, artists
are people. She says, "But all people are artists."
Therefore they are different. They "know what they
are talking about." He is horrified & disgusted,
and inwardly tied up, by this. He asks, flatteringly,
in a half-dumb despair, "What is a genius? How
very quietly,

PINKIE

do you tell him? By what he looks like, by the way he speaks, by what people say about him? But there are only the outward signs, Pinkie, [and ~~the~~ genius ~~is~~ never ^{means} ~~the~~ outward signs. (Genius is a little flame. We all have it - it depends on a man's character if he smother it or not)] He tells Pinkie that she can only see a free and worthy certain social categories.

If he were a "lord" of course his life would not be "padded." And if he dressed himself as an artist he would be free. But without the necessary social fancy-dress... He only has a simple human face... It isn't enough. A human creature in himself isn't enough. This is the mode of all her thinking.

iii) Hence, her way of describing the people - always as if they were little puppets, dashed off in a few rather laughably, careless words - like little painted objects with no very authentic life of their own, certainly with no "flame" as Crumille would put it. "A girl with a completely grey face and long lank hair, she's the daughter of

a Colonel at in India, a complete bundle of
neuroses..." "He spends all day strumming the
guitar in black tights and ~~at~~ ^{one} ear-ring in
his ear..." "He used to come in and sort of swing
to me his shoulder a very low one, you'd be..."
And their Bohemianism seems to give them for ever
an extra dimension of being. They are never quite
real for he: not like he. They are their
costumes. He has seen her blink and seen shy
and "play up" (with loose-looking eyes, and
consciously calculated mannerisms, as if there had
never been in he life an inhibiting thought or a
sexual disapproval) ~~is~~ in fact: of a set of
strikingly Bohemian people. Gramille is an
exception to this. He always has to be apologised
for. He is a straightforward human being.

iv) His ~~shunning~~ "shunning" other people
is connected with shame in his eyes. She is
ashamed on his behalf. Being alone is having
a deficiency which cuts you off from others. Only
"sick" people are alone by choice. To be "healthy"

4
you chose company. If you "liked" people ^{PINKIE} you
constituted their company. If you "disliked" people
you were solitary. Being solitary was an
unsympathetic trait. It had to do with selfishness
and a sick introversion. Crumille contrasts in
his mind the "solitary" nature of Mohammed,
whom he watched simply saying before him, across
the Tigris river, for nearly ten minutes. And
he had a deep, utterly reliable attachment: and
a love of people, compassionate & very gentle, warm
dramatic, and charitable ~~in~~ ^{as} ~~the~~ Pinkie couldn't
be. He didn't like noise, and a flurry would
him, and sudden appointments which made the
day feel like a race: so he also was called
a solitary ~~by~~ by Pinkie, and ~~was~~ ^{therefore} rather
thankful, though not as Crumille was, because
he had the exotic quality of a dark skin and
Allah, which gave him a sort of glowing
bohemian edge which Crumille could never have.
v) Notice her half smiling, half sneering;

expression when he gets something she can't share -
for instance, when Mohammed sends her a gaudy
and expensive ^{present} - a watch, perhaps, together with a
magnificent gold-rimmed turban, and a leather desk-
pad, with paper-knives and pen-knives - She
looks at it all judiciously, but her head bowed as it
often was when she felt provoked in things, blinking,
and mocks him: 'Mohammed's darling boy' -
he'd better be careful, homosexual seduction -

And then the seduction of any "magic" there
might be in the presence of a flaw material
deadness. This was her constant need, to flatten
out the magic. She says with a shrug. Oh, I
suppose this sort of thing could advance him in the
office - with a laugh - you're not going to think
worse of him for it. Terrible, really - what is
all that worth! Let's say a week's wages, and
he's probably reckoned it's going to be worth a hundred
times that in the end.

Secondly when he is congratulated by
letters from the London Office for work he did in
settling disputes, she mocks at it, and calls him

5.

T. I. M's "blue-eyed boy."

PINKIE

She is rather like this when she finds
Wayman and Coramille deep in conversation. This
need to deflate other people to a level where they
cannot offer any competition is exactly reflected in
Grogg. This one of the chief keys to the understanding
between them.

Her quickness to deteriorate a conversation
into a quarrel - shopkeeper etc. The laughter - when
she lifts back her head and seems to cough out her
words from the back of her throat - that is always lying
ready, very near the surface.

The man is always ~~repeating~~
~~repeating~~ ~~repeating~~

Inquiries

- 1] Words Anybody - Have seen - Kelly? ✓
- 2] Words Oh, Oh, Antonio! ✓
- 3] Chapter VI (P. 39½) Dogs: Tote ✓
Under - "Five bob each way much fine" "??"
- 4] Civil hist for making passages (Chapter 7)
- 5] Can someone who hasn't been presented at
Court present someone else - ? (Chapter 7)
- 6] The Vebrett formula (Chapter 7 P. 15½)
- 7] The Regent Canal along South a North
edge of the Zoo? Has it striping grassy banks?
- 8] The "Queen's Gate" Locate.

To my mother and father, and the others
whose faces are not shaped by sneering.

CHAPTER I

INSERTION.

Describing Pollocke and Diana for the first time: it isn't enough to describe them there at the party, physically. This will do for a character like Crayle: once the situation - of the 2 couples - has been laid. Linkie develops, more or less like Cramille, throughout the book, so the description of her in Chapter I can hold. But perhaps Pollocke and Diana should be introduced before they are met. While Cramille is on his way from the station. We should know at once that Pollocke is working in the City; ^{T.I.M.!!} and that Diana has - he thinks - started dancing in a coloured troupe. He remembers chiefly Pollocke's puller, his very light-blue eyes; and the way he chuckles, with a rather helpless cringing movement. A nice young man: with a mixture of utter self-possession and shy restraint. ^{his family: volubly: so he had (no it's T.I.M. as Diana (coloured))} ~~Diana (coloured)~~ higher executive because university education. His way

of talking: G. had never known since his voice. The walking
that he had taken with him: typical - a kind of
witty stoicism; breed of ~~upper~~ middle-class Englishman
who didn't belong to the hard, spotty leader-type of
the nineteenth century, ~~and~~ yet was also to the
aristocratic elegance that preceded it; a little,
fit to be capable at games - ~~to be played together,~~
~~from Cassinella but she was~~ together with a
certain fastidiousness alien to it. (This the kind of
description necessary) He is his mother and father. Cassinella
is wondering all the time how he will find them both.
Diana warm; always nice to be with, gives you the
impression that she will get everything seen to especially
in your interests if you leave things to her; with a vein
of something stout, and silently unforgiving, one of these
days Pinkie would go too far and lose her power of
forgiveness; tired with ideas, utter; restless in ^{most} ~~all~~
enumeration than gossip. She & G. together often ill-at-ease.
Her vein of back-biting particularly strong. Couldn't keep
a confidence. Had he remembered right? What a tremendous
excitement it was to be returning to the household that had
seemed to enclose all the mystery of the world: those people used to
come and gossip at them, as such a warm, throbbing atmosphere of
brothering with people. He had

2

deliberately got out of that. One of them had to — as Pstlocke had said; Pstlocke had his job in the City — it was too good to exchange for a foreign one. And in any case he wanted the theatres, cafes, cinemas, friends, clubs. He was essentially a city person. Mrs. P., thought Cranville. Yes, but with a country-heart. Suppose Pstlocke had a country-heart too! He didn't know. Perhaps he would never find out. He begins to wonder what they have in store for him. How they will receive him. He has been yearning for Pinkie. Has been ^{day-}dreaming about her every day: it began about a week after he left. A ~~constant~~ ^{constant} ~~yearning~~ ^{yearning} joy — over in his mind of the best times they had spent together. He remembered their night in a little room at Lyndhurst again and again. Yet she told him she didn't remember as being v. different from other nights when he asked it. She couldn't recall it exactly...

CONVEY CRANVILLE'S BITTER SHOCK
AT ENTRANCE.

[Check that later Pstlocke says —
in Diana says — he tried to get Pinkie to say
a more welcome]

REVISIONS

CHAPTER I

1] He was perfectly aware of the effect he was having on them: the young, sandy-haired Luck - grey at the edges, however - the skin of his face weathered and dark, the lines of his mouth shades lighter where he had screwed up his face against the sun. Describe him as he sits in the narrow seat of the dining car.

2] Describe more closely the conversation he has with the 2 women. He enquires after their apartments in London, perhaps. (His of never doubting, never having a sullied mind for a moment - too good to be true - trading on fact that the women did not know it was too good to be true. He mentions his Arab friends - and this leads the Boer woman to talk about the negroes.

3] Describe more closely how the Bres woman
revolted ^{him}: Black, untidy hair, - dark sallow face,
dry skin and long dark hairs, a nose a few
upper lips, the yellow teeth, and the dogged eyes,
unashamedly cunning, searching him so that he felt
like a virgin, as if she were undressing him.

4] How he looks forward to the welcome of
Pinkie, Wayman and Diana - the meal etc.

5] How relieved he is to be ~~leaving~~ ^{leaving} the closed
nightmare horror of Mosul: the intrigues, the possible
activity, and the sleepless nights, the hot drenched
days without the energy or appetite to eat, and how
he had dreamed of the women of England, and
land where he would feel safe, where he would wander
at railway stations, walk freely at night in the
streets, see friends, be understood.... And how he had
landed at Syracuse, in Sicily, and had not stopped
in Italy, but gone straight up to Rome and there, after
one night at a hotel near the station, had caught the
early morning express to Paris.

2

This deepens his horror at what he finds in his
house, and the Malines which not reception implies a visit.
It also means that he is in a nightmarish frame of mind,
which we must point out.

It also means that both civilisations - the Arab and
his own - refuse him.

And so, under the impact of his new Malines, he
begins to dream of the ^{and with} east again and to yearn
to be among them, in their glorious ugly cities.

DIANA.

Check a position of Diana Chapter

(6B) : revise and cut.

INSERT.

DIANA Chapter.

Old Aunt Mathilda and King Arthur
Chapter.

OR
≡

Diana and Pollock had married just after he left for Mauders. He and Pinkie only knew about it six months^{later}, from a brief note from Pollock which said, "Oh, by the way, we got married ^{a few days} ~~some~~ after you went away. A quiet Registry-Office job. The bonds have been got me ever since." But Diana was still known as Vinals. Pollock always introduced her, "This is Diana Vinals." And most people didn't realise they were married.

There was something watched about the marriage contract for them - and for Pinkie and Cornelia as well. Life was so public these days. ^{The newspaper - at all the time.} The being was peered into all the time. (You were analysed and predicted out of existence.) And marriage had become a kind of public certificate. ^{Even that had to be peered into!} It the secret act of sex. So it was something unpleasant to be (or see) publicly and quietly - like a visit to the dentist. For old Aunt Mathilda and King Arthur, who were both born

about the turn of the century, this was unconceivable, and
simply a proof of degeneration.) ~~But both Pollock~~
~~and Cozelle, and Jina and Pinkie, were into the~~
~~business of marriage with the same gusto as any of~~
~~the~~ (It seemed sometimes that the nature of the modern
world could never be explained to them.) They were
"democratic" and "liberal" and "open-minded" —
they were everything a Victorian would consider
"ultra-modern" — but they were ^{always a lap behind} ~~behind the~~ reality.

~~And the~~ ~~find~~ There was something childish about
them — ^{perhaps} / about (so many of) their generation. King
Arthur still had the look of a boy of 18 sometimes.
One felt so much older than ~~him~~ ^{he}

King Arthur set great store by ^{his} "wisdom" — of
which he seemed to mean ^{his} ability not to raise
his voice when he felt disposed to, which was often.
He sat back and surveyed the situation, calm and
withdrawn: Other people got hot-and-bored — it
was amusing to watch them as one grew older... The
trouble was that this wisdom of his was inseparable

2.

of ^{his} ~~the~~ upholstered ~~conchair~~ by the least with
 its special cushion embroidered "A. P.", and ~~the~~
 his smooth, turkish-man's car, and the best hotel
 wherever he went. ~~It was a wisdom paid for in~~
~~monthly cheques~~ & it was impossible to imagine him
~~stopped~~ ^{apart from} these things. & his "wisdom" missed life
 at all its essential points.

DIANA.

CHAPTER 2

i] She has early been taught a fear of the authentic upper-class English manner, and that she is out of it. A rooted sense of humiliation in her. It is as if she is depending herself against accusation of "dirty wop." (She has for this reason a sceptical att. towards Frank because he is messy, and a physical terror of the Nigerian girl, Vivien — ~~the~~ making Pollocke bath after sleeping with her, saying she "smells" of her.) She washes and bathes herself at great length. Pinkie says humorously that she has a guilt while she is always trying to wash away.

ii] Her constant vigilance, which is almost never let down. A constant fear, on the edge of trembling, towards upper middle class Englishmen. This day in life are so tightly and tensely drawn together. And her face is a fixed, prepared mask, esp at a party, which gradually takes on animation. Crumville is reminded of himself. Perhaps that was the reason ~~of~~ of the nervous sympathy between them, that separated Pollocke & Pinkie as one type from the type Jane & himself. They had always said this: and he

and Diana would spend hours two years before talking about
the two two, as the law-walker, the indeterminate, the
promiscuous, the blind, the self-centred, and the fabulous.
As towards Pinkie, and she towards Pollocke, were spell-
bound by what they felt to be a fabulous element: so
that they could well understand the other in this. And the
very sanity they found in each other, removed all
attraction. The G. had often sat on the edge of the bath
while one lay in the water, and hardly been aware of the
water, and then only intellectually, as something that should
by all laws of feeling stimulate his sex.

iii] He living only in the personal world. She has no
other. Personal gossip is her chief interest. She cannot keep
a secret. Like all gossip, she is incensed if other people
— usually Pinkie — fail to keep a secret. Crumville was aware
without much bad feeling that she had probably discussed the
most intimate details of his life with perfect strangers —
~~found~~ ~~by~~ A feeling of confidence grew with him in a few minutes
behind a closed door, and she gave him confidences as if they
were the last she would ever make. And so in a sense they were —
they were the latest true statements of his knowledge & feelings —
but to an audience, and his knowledge & feelings, changed, and
the last confidences were the result. There was a legendary,
family, myth-like in the voice she she sat under by the
fire talking. It seemed to issue from great family warmth,
and the safety of a provincial community, where ~~many~~ voices
carried in them something of the mysterious eternal quality of

PIANA 2.

rocks and streams, to which children listened open-mouthed before going to bed. Gramille always said he could listen to Piana gossiping until the cows came home. It made him not want to hear the sound of his own voice. His voice seemed to create eternity wherever they were. It was a dry, flav. clipped voice, precise to the point of ~~being substantial~~ ~~the natural~~, being school-marmy, and she tended to drone on one note, her eyes and lips hardly moving, gazing straight ahead, ~~raising~~ a cigarette to her lips with a careful, mechanical ~~movement~~ movement every now and then, and spitting her eye of air to the smoke; but ~~it had~~ ^{it had} a rocky unevenness, seeming as if it was with the silence but to draw the same rhythm, belonging to eternity, and to issue from far beyond where she herself sat in the flesh; suggesting a smile that daygloved and baked, and a large house set coolly behind trees, and the gossiping of servants over washing, and soft drawing rooms with tall potted plants curtained against the light in the afternoon, and a certain recumbency of the wheel/stock for men, and glibish tea-parties in print-dresses, and surrounding everything a blunt, insistent safety, behind trees, set back of the road; familiar with ~~self-parity and luck~~ luck and senseless-dishonesty, with certain sceptical ~~distance~~ distance from the world beyond the trees where vanity, interest and deception reigned.

iv] Her insistent embarrassment or secret from what was to

was acceptable social return and appearance of compromise
she only felt safe with compromise. She didn't encourage love or
self-examination. Her self was held untidily in reserve.
Other people exhibited even. Her gossip depended on a sure
attribution of honesty, selflessness to herself. Never at any time
did he find in her an open - either had a friendly humorism -
exposure of self that Pinkie had. With Postlethwaite she adopted
a kind of ruthlessness that had to reach more than it hurt him -
she once told ^{him} ~~us~~ an anecdote that if he did something of
which she morally disapproved she wd. leave him in force
herself never to think of him or regard him for a moment. He
actually believed this - he was only 23 at the time. It was
in her a self-protective measure. Because she knew to create
much - especially at the beginning - of a certain intellectual
or "scientific" ruthlessness towards suffering or pain, a even
great overpowering pleasures. He once told G. that he wd.
like to see the strength of being able to shut "to be human
Cost Road" during an operation with a girl he loved. But this
~~was a barrier towards~~ ^{recort} from "sacred" or "deep" feelings -
a kind of sacrificial denial of the informed intellect -
softened with the year - or with acquaintance with Diana -
and he would probably say the opposite now. But nevertheless
he had groomed Diana to a certain hard, sceptical defensiveness,
which at once gave her lust and stature: because it acknowledged
her right to desert him at will. It acknowledged no necessary
tie between them that of the love they felt: when that was gone
his relation must go - that was the tenor of this feeling.
Postlethwaite united with a ^{renewal} ~~renewal~~ of love all these
features in their first conversation together on evening of his return.

12. USEFUL??
DIANA

~~It had ended his first letter. Great!!!~~ ~~And then the discussion ended. He no longer felt interested~~
~~of the previous evening. He had felt that something of himself~~
~~had been stolen by Stolcke in his silence and that was by~~
~~talking. He had made himself worse again.~~ LIPD???

It was the same with Diana's silence, too — he felt a hidden judgement in them, as if a portion of his soul had been carried away into the being. He didn't mind the judgement — if only he could lead it! Told him to his face, it would at least convey a respect for his separateness. But silence made him feel wounded — it watched him from the outside, as an object fixed for ever in an indelible moral conclusion, and gave him no right of appeal or self-acquittal. It treated him as a familiar object whose moral composition had been explored and set down in final knowledge. He was left no mystery, no anything inexplicable lurking at his being's edge, nor that invisible force that spoke to his mind from far beyond men. It stripped him of eternity. It cast him out as a godly creation, and established him simply as a creature of other men. [The modern judging silence was simply that incessant familiarity of people who had lost all sense of a seed beyond men — ~~and with it all capacity for awe~~ ^{who thought that they were the} authors of the universe!]

Silence had gone on people. They kept formal, set faces for each other, and only ~~spoke~~ spoke true thoughts when closetted in the double-bedroom or kitchen, ^{speaking} in quick, animated voices that had been starved of release. The modern world

probably eager for a chat. She would make much of an imitation which didn't include Pinkie - as she had done when &amp;amp; had invited her to a ball. She took pleasure in the long process of dressing, and sewing, and manicuring, asking Pinkie to come down and talk to her. She watched the childish envy in Pinkie's eyes. She loved the feeling of leaving the house in a superb flowing gown while the other sat alone in pullman & stables, evidenced to a evening by the fire.

~~She was self-proclaimed queen in communication~~ It was to feel the very humiliating power she attributed to others when she felt humiliated. It was a sudden release into the heavenly realms of power, and the soap's history hitherto was at once denied. It was so strange that ^{by a certain} ~~she~~ ^{often} ~~she~~ ^{sometimes} ~~she~~ ^{came into her} look of narcissism ~~and hardness~~ ^{that} ~~she~~ ^{came into her} face before - pandy party had its cause in a wounded and lamenting heart...

~~The showing of a weakness didn't give people to follow any more, - they took revenge on each other for what was in themselves.~~ Pinkie did the same. She would sometimes look up from a book or newspaper and give him a swift pitying, humiliated, slightly contemptuous glance. "As if to say: 'A poor fellow, no-one has invited you, have they? no-one wants your poor, unworthy presence...' For her one feeling she took revenge on him. And he wd. begin to feel a certain need, until he took pains to appear to be "dying" something in this evening alone. She was disgusted by the sight of him stationary

in a chair. " was a self-disgrace. And that was what people did
on days - they ~~descended~~ ^{descended} ~~with~~ mercilessly on ~~people~~ ^{only}
other people for ~~their~~ ^{errors} errors that were ~~simply to~~ ^{to} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~made~~ ^{made} ~~them~~ ^{them}
a projection of their own. The meaning of this was to imply a
fraternity of human error. Each man missed his own in
silence, unforwining & therefore unforwining, burning in ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~divine~~
hell.

Pinkie how she has come to associate
his sex with being socially excluded. See Opposite 0.

EARLY CHAPTERS

PINKIE.

Chapter 7? After the
chapter on Diana? or before?

In studying the character, we find she constantly
seems from Granville because he writes of it into
life, according to her. She has a great fear of the
reflective life. She taught him to dance at
Mauds. Bought him clothes. Organised dinners.
And the more preparations she showed, the less he
wanted, although he also was of a normally
pregnant nature. He absorbed it all to himself, and

She has begun to associate his sex with being
cut off from other people — with social ostracisation.
And there was nothing to be done. Their sex was
doomed.

↳ made any show of preparation on his part "good"
to be encouraged like a child's first step, — and his
behaviour, ~~of~~ his pride refused to allow.

TURN OVER

She was overjoyed when he learned to dance.

INSERT

At the beginning: Lada (and perhaps Maud also) tells the end of the affectionate closeness between Pinkie and Pip: their "jumpy animal" play. Their playful kissing and tumbling together. She has a growing laughter and dignity with him. Only in the mornings when they wake up do they go back to the old playing.

When Cozminille described as going to 'give a lecture at the Inghly Institute' altered to going up to the Head Office of I.I.M. in ^{Throgmorton Avenue.} Threadneedle Street.

INSERTION

(Newspaper)

Chapter

Lady Maine's Visit to Kensington ~~Stage~~ Home-Weavers'

Shop.

Laura Lady Maine looked up sweetly when a woman in the crowd said in a distressed voice, 'She's crying, the poor dear!' It was certainly true that Lady Maine looked sad. But there were no tears. She moved towards the shop with slow, dignified steps, turning to her mother every now and then to say something. Inside, the Maynors shook hands with her and the party moved forward to see the weaving exhibits. After a few minutes Lady Maine stepped aside and powdered her nose, asking me if her private party for a ~~hand~~^{pocket}-mirror. She was dressed in a suit of light-blue cashmere, with an opal necklace and flounced crepe-de-chine trousers to match. As she went back to the exhibits she was heard to say, 'I wonder if I'm getting a cold.'

C.T.O.

The Hon. Hugh Fisdale was at his parents' house
in Annapolis preparing, in the words of a friend, "a trumpet
party." Lady Maine is not expected to be one of the
guests.

INSERTION.

LADY MAINE

CHAPS 1-4.

After paragraph in the paper, which Granville has read ~~in~~ over the breakfast-table.

"Laura Lady Maine, the only daughter of the Marquis of Cochausen, a powerful but little-known man, who liked to keep behind the scenes, had become famous since she was. She was a black-haired young woman, with striking dark eyes, not at all an English beauty in the traditional sense. She had a set, even, unmoving face. Gradually since she was she had gathered round her a small circle of ^{well-born and rich young men} ~~the best of the best~~ ^{mostly pure families} ~~people~~ who could combine a title in at least the third generation with plenty of money. People said it was largely her father's doing ^{though} ~~though~~ the newspapers gave no hints at all. They only discussed Lady Maine's future husband, ^{was one} who changed frequently, and might be a ^{one} half-a-dozen or so young men. None of these were of the "degenerate," ^{that is to say, genuine Cochausen was after} ~~castoracy~~ "new blood". He was horrified by the in-breeding of the old

exclusive circles, and wanted to save it in time. After all, the aristocracy had been saved in the eighteenth century by ~~the~~ marriage with mercantile families, and this alone prevented ~~anything like the~~ ^{France Revolution - England.} ~~revolution like France's.~~ everything else had probably ^{prevented} ~~prevented~~ the same had to be done nowadays. Since she was Lady Maine had become a strong, challenging symbol of the intemperance of exclusiveness and inequality in the country. She was well-born and wealthy, without decadent habits. She was active in sewing bazaars and laying foundation stones and inspecting army-pensions. And despite over five decades of socialist doctrine dished out by middle-class thinkers and pamphleters and politicians, she was the idol of the working classes. She ~~and her~~ lived at her parents' house in Piccadilly - a Palladian-fronted town residence with over a hundred rooms - and ~~from~~ ^{and} ~~every~~ ^{every} day ^{of the year} ~~there~~ ^{there} was a ^{large} group of silent spectators outside, trying to catch a glimpse of "the veiled" ~~the~~ ^{the} glowing, danask-~~stained~~ ^{veiled} legend of a utility in magnificent houses had survived the epoch of Mr Jack Citizen (the man with the rights of a king and "face like a wash-board"). Gladness was certainly a clear man. Cromwell had only once seen a photograph of him - as a Staff Officer during the War. He had always moved in the highest circles. But he ~~had never given~~ ^{hardly ever gave} a public speech, ^{or had never} taken his seat in the House of Lords. He was a tall, stem-looking man, thick

2 Laura Lady MAINE.

in the jaw — cunning and watchful in matters of power, so it was often said. But he was hardly ever mentioned in the newspapers. He believed in facing facts — that political power in England rested ^{primarily and} absolutely on the people who worked in the factories and joined the trade unions, and secondly that these people were conservative, ~~and if anything were deeply and naturally patriotic than middle-class people, so many of whom had fallen by the sword~~ and preferred to be pursued by gentlemen, if the latter were intelligent and sensible about it and didn't come the old tricks. ~~If~~ He thought a kind of "Young ^{Young} Englandism" — a new aristocratic government by benevolence — was possible even now. He had little direct influence on politics, but he was often consulted in questions of public appointments, and matters of prestige and social policy. He would have congratulated Pankhurst very heartily on her marriage. For by doing so, he ~~would~~ ^{would} have said, she had won someone over to the idea of aristocracy. And there was something in it! His idea was to knit ~~the~~ ^{these new, articulate classes} ~~modern democracy~~ into "the body of the history of England." To judge by their idolization of his daughter, the newly articulate classes had no objection, either. A photograph in the paper of a hallow Minister talking to a late King with his hand in his

pockets had caused quite a stir. The cessation press encouraged it. A reporter asked a Cannon-bay what he felt about abolishing ~~loyalty~~ the King altogether, and his reply was — "Well, ^{of course} he is our King, isn't he? — (we can't very well abolish him, can we? ^{conceding even} ~~it's~~ right." And the newspaper had carried great headlines — "HE IS OUR KING." So the genuine and deeply natural patriotism of working people — much ~~deeper~~ ^{stronger} than that of most middle-class people and unconnected with any sense of moral inferiority — was exploited ^{by} the Press for simple requirements of the political status quo.

Chawren believed in a thorough democratization of the ~~land~~ country, beginning with the Coast and permeating the highest levels of industry, where the old search into an applicant's "background" still went on. It was true that the country was still ~~ruled~~ ^{managed} in every quarter of its life by the old guard of public-schoolmen. Who were now tired and not very bright. Their voices came on the air on the radio, and they were even at the crucial points in the film-industry, advising caution and safety-first. They managed the weekly and monthly magazines, the newspapers, the industries, and they were now numerous even in the Parliamentary Labour Party. This meant not that new men couldn't come up from below, but that they could only do so by

3 LADY MAINE

adopting state ideas from above. ~~Any one~~ Anyone who refused to do this and still got to the top had to be - in the words of the journalists - a "natural", that is, a man who went by his own sheer force and whom no kind of society could have kept down. On the other hand, people like Fanny Ardant, who had sucked in the state ideas with his ^{his} ~~with~~ ^{without any effort} milk, ~~found~~ ~~no~~ ~~difficulty~~ ~~whatsoever~~ ^{themselves} at the top - writing in the newspapers and talking on the radio. ~~Even~~ ^{Even} a generation before, an effort was required by middle-class people to reach such positions - hence, the ~~older~~ ^{middle-aged} ~~people~~ ^{writers} were ^{in the words} ~~much~~ ^{much} ~~more~~ ^{truthful} ~~entertaining~~ and provocative. ~~Because the mental fatigue~~ ~~induced by them~~ ~~set in.~~ But now there was an army - like an Army of Occupation - of young men who filled the columns ^{allotted to them} with flat, neutral, listless paragraphs that only served the function of keeping the people out. To get anywhere in England you had to ~~mix in with people~~ ^{show your face in the right} drawing rooms. The fact that the drawing rooms were as grand these days made no difference. ~~As a~~ ~~rule~~ Capacity of itself - unlike in America, where the concept of aristocracy had been totally abolished - was simply not enough. The first question to the newsmen in England was still a casting, chill. "Well - now - who are you, exactly?"

For years Coville accepted it as a natural and inevitable proposition that ~~white people who had been brought~~ ~~up~~ ~~by~~ ~~all~~ ~~people~~ could never achieve a responsible position in life - it was simply obvious - he didn't know why. And it seemed equally natural that someone like Adams should achieve it. He knew Adams had no mind compared with his own, and probably not a quarter of the energy. But it made no difference. He simply didn't feel equipped for responsibility. For years he took it ^{for} granted that he would never do such things as drive a car or ~~wear~~ ^{wear} really well-fitting clothes or ~~talk to~~ have access to any but the most "ordinary" people. His job in Mansour was the result of a pure fluke - the director interviewing ^{him} had asked ^{with a genial little smile} whether he ^{was} liked to feel a bit of connection between his legs, and it happened that during the War Coville had learned to ride well and to love ^{it} riding & they chatted amicably, and he got the job. But Pollock fell easily into ^{his position in} the City Office. Had it not been for ^{coville} the connection Coville would have been ^{sniffing} ~~sniffing~~ ^{at} ~~at~~ a twelve-pound-a-week job. ~~even so~~ But after 2 years in Mansour he had begun to lift up his head, and he had even hired a car for three months and had two suits made-to-measure. Of course, he had to talk about these things as if they were the most natural things in the world.

4. LADY MAINE.

The positions of power in England were all prepared for and by a ^{no longer} making middle class that had the necessary energy, intelligence and (almost all, perhaps) good will. Cobden held that if this wasn't checked with new blood from below it would bring the country down. Trade, industry, leisure, the very air of the country had suffered. Cornhill knew it for himself, writing in English business from Mansour: inevitably, the answer came — ~~if I.M. was unknown to them & that no credit was allowed and a Bank Reference ^{was} deemed essential, in a stiff, stale, bloated, run-down style.~~ that was England! There were no "opportunities." ~~Students were interviewed at the university, and~~ ^{intended} ~~but~~ ^{schools} ~~the~~ ^{intended} ~~present~~ ^{intended} of a group of students interviewed said they ~~schools~~ ^{intended} emigrate. At the basis of the middle class attitude was that new ideas — serious ideas — were unpentmanly: and that was that. The only changes ~~that~~ seemed to originate from ~~the~~ ~~people~~ ~~like~~ ~~Mansour~~, who breezed about the world. The operative question that persuaded every walk of life was ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~paraded~~ "Who are you?" It was ~~like~~ ~~a~~ ~~woman~~ ~~tic~~ — surviving from an epoch of unprecedented industrial & commercial expansion when the public schools ~~and~~ ~~strictly~~ ~~disciplined~~ ~~middle~~ ~~class~~ ~~men~~ ~~were~~ ~~conspicuously~~

~~As a result~~
sisted — ^{tenaciously and} ~~(expressly)~~ — to make leaders, and when
therefore a man's background ^{provided} ~~was~~ the quickest rule-
-of-thumb for a judgement of his powers. The obsession
with background was not a blind and rubbish clinging to
the past, but a ^{more-} valid instrument that no longer ~~worked~~
worked.

The problem was complicated by the fact that
this ruling class — tattered, reinforced in parts, tenacious,
demoralised, at one and the same time — was the only group
of people who had the real governing mechanism ~~the essential~~
~~superior to the country in a deep~~ ^{in origin this was the}
aristocratic name, which the upper middle-class had
absorbed.

The country was paying a debt for the
most brilliant and capable, and most loved, aristocracy
in the history of Christendom. Everything after that looked
a bit pinchbeck.

~~Now, with the demoralisation of middle class
people, thousands of whom were earning far less ~~for teaching~~
than skilled fact machine operators, there was
then, with an increasing inefficiency and doubt
due to industrial overwork.~~

Now, as life became drabber, so there was
a growing nostalgia for the old aristocratic forms — that, like

5. LAURA LADY MAINE.

Roman Catholicism, that was many ~~hundreds~~^{thousands} of converts in England, was a kind of gaudy, mysterious recollection outside the ~~literary process~~^{of} ~~struggle of real life~~ rational and fully explained democracy of modern life. You found people who could argue with ~~force, bitter denunciations~~ violence — ~~and if they were being~~ deliberately and passionately blind, ^{as if} to hurt themselves — for a kind of revised indignation and revised social injustices, in much this spirit. There were people who made a show of relishing mortality — stories of torture from the past — the burning of heretics — tyranny — in revolt against the tame, cautious, safety-first attitudes of democracy. It ~~was~~^{was} ~~more~~^{was} ~~than~~^{was} a linguistic revolt — Comarville had never heard anyone standing up for the concentration camps in Germany which had disposed of between six and ten million lives. The concentration camps — Hitler — was a kind of insurance policy for rational democracy. The Impressos — in his dreamworld of peaceful trade and amicable labor relations at last — held up his finger and said, "There — you see where all this passionate discourse gets you — ~~it~~ this fashionable ~~rebut~~ rebellion from readers, into the curving arms of a dead

antiquity, a new medievalism, a the Holy Roman church,
or something? At last we are making the majority of mankind
comfortable - compare ~~they~~^{they} diet of the average man under
the knights of chivalry and modern democracy! - Men
are at last beginning to hold up their heads. And you
want to hold up the grand parade by these backward
glances." The Imperial was a sure man for comfort!

But men are more than their stomachs. The tastes
of the working population - for "hansa" - seemed to require
this. She made Buckingham Palace look too Imperial -
~~and her efforts to democratise itself futile. She made~~
~~the Royal Family look a bit too German for the English~~
taste. ~~She made the~~ Palace's efforts at self-democratization -
commoners of all sorts were now invited to ^{Royal} dinner-parties -
~~these looked a futile effort capitulation~~ look like a
futile capitulation: in our circles were daylongly
exclusive.

Chambers encouraged the legend. ~~He was ultimately~~

He was friendly with the Press lords. The Embassies,
the Boards of Directors, the Staffs. ~~the propaganda service,~~
~~(radio, film, television)~~ and also the new intelligence &
and will ~~in their~~ in their own style, if the style would
to be swallowed up and destroyed. The pinched, cowering,
dissipated, suspicious pastimes of tone that had become a

6.

a hall-mark of middle-class people in public or distinguished positions - still with that pallid air of having been elected to the highest moral ~~for~~ missions ^{in the world} ~~by natural~~ _{a similar middle class.}

~~doctors~~ had nearly ruined the country, as ~~it was not~~ ^{just that more said, would} ~~but~~ ^{in America.} The middle-classes knew

how to herd people into factories and fill people's stomachs, but that was all they could do well. Capitalist

democracy or communism - they were only 2 sides of the same coin. The latter was only more intelligently efficient. The work

and end of life for both lay in one word - production. Europe was still not entirely ~~the process~~ impressed by that concept. A

chance lay with England. Chauvin thought, to lead the world back to a concept of aristocracy without losing the benefits of

modern civilization. Men were worshipping creatures, he said, and they had nothing to worship under the

blank-faced, ~~see~~ rational Europeans. ~~He said this~~ ^{if I were a socialist} ~~the~~ ^{he said this} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~had~~

~~could not understand Hitler's feelings - but like~~ ^{in always} understood the rigors of Nazism - but ~~the Germans~~ ^{the Germans} ~~always~~

cut the patient's head off to cure a common cold, like Hitler, and in any case Nazism was a middle-class

revolt, amounting in self-disgust, an attempt to escape its own world; the Europeans. When sick with his confu-

principle, takes flight into fake mysticism, violence, aestheticism, or a taste for "grand fancies" of the sort or

curious; he ~~can~~ can never cease to think in mass-
-terms - what will do for the majority - what schemes and
plans and programmes must be devised for the "future" -
and even his scrolls are organised down to the last detail.
When he throws ~~over~~ overboard even organization his whole moral system
falls to pieces and he is a "bohemian." Only the aristocratic
concept, Colaninno argued, could bring people back to a religious
sense of life without ravaging the system of modern society.
For aristocracy was a value, and by definition didn't serve
as a plan, much less a group of people.

* Lucas. The Emperor, learning that his son & daughter
is in love, has one question: "Well, what's to be done?" He
thinks of men in terms of contracts, allowances, property and
settlements. And for him this is a perfectly natural and universal
way of thinking. He has brought the kiss of death into the
world, and he hides his dead features under a crown promising
comfort and equality.

LAURA LADY MAINE.

INSERT

The new aristocracy with which Lady Maine surrounded herself. ~~"the aristocracy"~~ the lavatory-stinks of industrial wealth performed as, to speak. The de luxe civility whose capability known past in the country came out of scrap-iron, suppositories, old clothes, horse-wear, and rubber leavers. "Trade" was frowned on and never mentioned, except to slight someone's name. It was practised in a genteel fashion by someone in the family, and the rest — the houses, the parties, and the tiffs abroad — ran on smooth, regularly-oiled wheels. "Trade" was still ungentlemanly, at a time when hardly ~~anybody~~ ^{everybody} could keep up a large house in town, let alone an estate in the country, without it.

Lord Mainbury, for instance, was a good aristocrat in the gentleness of his manners and a certain artistic elegance and liberty of manner — a

certain careful taste for the casual and useless — even a
worn liberalism, detected sometimes in his smile and a
twinkle in his eyes — but he was at the office sharp
at 9 a.m. in the morning, and there his manner was
implacable, ~~and fixed~~, ^{the} middle-class manner that had
[~~been~~ ^{been} for pitiless bargains with the lives of millions of
people and had ravaged the country from top to bottom
with the foulest and most inhuman industrial schemes
known to ~~the world~~, ^{man kind}. One morning Crumille had called
on him at ^{the} office to express about a settlement of
Pinker's and Mainbury continued gazing down at the
papers before him quite fifteen seconds after he had been
admitted into the room. It seemed to put him in his
place — in case of any familiarities he might wish to
practise ... That was Crumille's instruction with, anyway.

LAURA LADY MAINE.

The most heavily cracked claimant to her hand
is the Viscount Woodale. He is the richest of the
young men and the one with the best title. It was
said that the Marquis, Lady Maine's mother, liked
him ^{best} — he was a young, cheerful young man, not without
religion — and he was the only ^{of them she} invited to the house.
~~His family managed a~~ ~~large estate~~
a vast ^{chemical} ~~estate~~ concern which had branches all over the world.

MARRIAGE

In Five Chapters

Establish marriage - know : of sensations and
nightmare - waking in the morning; covered over with
damp feeling of remorse the cause he couldn't say for
certain. Contrast this with his ~~first~~ fresh and
lively awakening in Mansons, at the riverside hotel
before Pinkie came out. It seemed true that he was
living in true manhood, which marriage somehow defamed,
just as he was sure he was defaming the woman in
Pinkie. How long could this mutual infliction of
pain go on?

The feeling was he had sensed that he
has forsaken the struggle for life: as if
he is secreted into a grave, and the
pace between him & death is only a
matter of waiting, in absolute sameness.
The seal is put on his very seed.

PLAN

Chaps 1-5 we show the decline of the marriage, the ruin of the old intimacy, and the hunger for new life. After Chapter 5 we describe this new life. The first five chapters are the story of the breakup, with Dimmesdale and Paine opposed clearly to each other as the protagonists in a bitter life and death duel.

Make clear at the beginning that Paine is the quickener for Hester Dimmesdale.

We must learn in the first chapters from DIANA, that Coyote is in the habit of seducing women at random. This perhaps in connection with Lucia, whom Diana tells Dimmesdale he (Coyote) kissed with when she first came (Chapter 6!) We do not emphasise this at the time. It does not seem to connect in Dimmesdale's mind. We simply go on talking about Lucia.

INSERT GENERAL.

Gradiente is rugged, with a dry ^{scattered} (leather skin,
He was first presented to Coramille as a kind
of massive, rugged creature, his face lined and
weatherbeaten, seeming older than the other three. He
gives the impression of muscular power to hold in,
so that at any moment it could become violence.
His face expresses little, but is rather stony.
There are only swift changes of expression, which
disappear almost at once: a very quick sneer-like
curtain, the brow compressed to a sharp frown, but
not exactly a frown, rather like an animal showing
its teeth. Then the smile, only this was soft, and
only his really opened and lit up his eyes. His
features seem to have been etched out by the
sun, whereas the others, ^{are} white freckles, more open and
softer, as if they were more patient with the
world and more prepared to receive it whenever it
came. In contrast to this Wayman is thin,

rather pale, censorious perhaps, but with no ~~harsh~~ controlled violence, but a kind of critical aloofness, casual and above all serene.

The first part of the book rests on the strong contrast between these two, who are yet friends and who really understand each other.

The last part shows them uncharacteristically close to each other: Wayman was more to the un-sentimental than ever before, and to that extent hardened and ~~more~~ vitalised, and Courville softened, pale, his features clear again, with the sun washed out and Mesopotamia only a romantic memory, and we come to Wayman than ever before, though he feels the loss of himself. The gradual realisation in him, and therefore in the book (we see it happening)

that they ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~in the~~ ^{in the} ~~same~~ ^{same} predicament and that they cannot be divided from each other morally.

Courville's final resignation from the situation; and his determination on his own way, no longer judging the others, - which is what the others do, too (!)

They both suffer this psychological dislocation.

DIANA

EVENTS Chapters 3-6?

2, Episodes: ii) When Diana is invited to a party by Bob Langford - Crumille only knows that he is a confectionery millionaire - she met him when she was a "hostess" at one of the night clubs where the troupe had been performing - and his expectations of taking her home for the night were disappointed for the better - his gesture of pushing his cigarette back to him when she had taken one, like a symbol for him. He is obsessed by idea that people love him only for his money. Difficult to distinguish the 2, since the 2 were always connected. Describe meeting - Diana tells Crumille during one of their walks. or AT THE HIDE?

P. 12

ii) Show her dressing — Pinkie watching her —
talking in the room downstairs — her proud sweeping
up of the house in a wide-skirted, shining, gold
gown. Crumille and Pollocke winking at each other,
and turning away to laugh. A certain sadness
hangs over Pinkie. What Crumille loves is the fact
that she shows it.

INSERT CHAPS 1-4.

Cromwell has been student of history.

Failed to get relationship. A tremendous disappointment and shock: but now he had begun to feel that it had left him free for the most enjoyable indulgence in history. Thus he went to the library and read history books. A description of his finds: how he ^{had} turned from Renaissance (see Bibliographies) to Middle Ages, and had been miserably absorbed, as if there were a reader of it. And he had discovered his dream one night in Stanzas. It was the most

memorable, perhaps most important night in his life. Yet he had spent it in absolute silence, lying in his bed, mostly with the light out.

Prepare the book for Chapter 11 and

INSERT throughout.

Change servant (Mowl) name to

Rath'm.

And T.I.M. assistant's name from Karim
to Mohammed.

INSERT

GENERAL [Perhaps Chapter IV]

It must be clear (somewhere in the first three chapters) that Pinkie has pleaded with Pip in Mond for a child. He does not want one because of his fear of the family: he says he wants to travel, to take a few jobs in all sorts of places, but how can this be done with children? He is terrified by the idea of a permanent home. This is one of the reasons why he refused Pinkie's daily tenderness: the ordinary affectionate relations which he abhorred. At all times he refuses to as a wife, strips her of responsibility as a wife. Always wants a certain formality between them, especially in public. His sense of life being closed in the company of a wife: the bleakness of the future, the loss of adventure; his feeling unable to be himself with other people when in her company; his feeling of being watched by eyes that knew him

too well and had no real assurance, no instinctive confidence, no blood-confidence in his behaviour.

This is a theme of great importance - the counter-theme of Pinkie's feelings of opposition towards him - and it should be developed thoroughly.

Perhaps in Chapter IV look Pinkie's feelings and this situation with the child should be entered on for the first time.

INSERT

GENERAL

Check that Diana or Wayman mentions (somewhere in the first three chapters) that he will now have more time to spare from his lectures, - and how Grenville is about to say, "Then we shall work time together!" but suppresses it: one is not supposed to need another person in this world, but to behave as if one is properly self-sufficient.

INSERT

CHAPTER I

Description of Granville.

He has a lean face, rather lined and muddly, chapped, with a firm, straight nose and dark, ^{grey} blue eyes that are absolutely level, set ^{rather narrow} & ^{slanting} in his brow. His hair is brown and wiry, thick, greying slightly at the edges. He gives the impression of having spent most of his life in the open. It is ~~rather~~ a reflective face: he is often gazing, lost and yet at the same time into the distance. ~~His face is perfect, ^{seems} to still the muscles of his face to its still repose, ~~and has the firm set of a~~ ^{trustful & rather simple.} But ~~that of a simple man.~~ country face. But when someone comes near and its peace is disturbed, it becomes at once sterner, his gaze becomes ^{very} guarded and cautious, and he seems to close in on himself, and his~~

his jaw becomes set grimly. Then, ^{in a moment} when he is
at peace again, his face falls into reflection,
quite still, as if he is gazing into a perpetual
sky, which gives his eyes their light. ~~then~~

~~It is only for his face to form from reflection~~

~~to a light~~

POLLOCKE

Pollocke's Famous Bull: his nose, how it lengthens and sometimes makes pale his face. Like having one organ in reserve - for later development. No one knew what Pollocke's Famous Bull was going to turn into. Pollocke said ~~that God had given it to him to~~ that God's idea had been to give him a ^{poor} ~~small~~ smelling organ because of the sense of disgust his ^{parents} had bred in him. To pick up all ~~that~~ the God smells they had taught him - from "foreignness" is "long hair" - would have been intolerable.

INSERTION.

POHLOCKE

CHAPTERS I II.

When Covanville was in the country two years before
 Pollocke had been lecturing on International Relations, one
 of the special subjects he had taken at Oxford. He earned
 little money, but ^{just} enough to keep him and Diana. All day
 together in the attic room: the far-fine looking, endless
 cups of coffee; ~~too~~ ^{too} little money to go out; learning to
 hate the sight of Diana's face — tells Covanville that
 he looks at her sometimes on the other side of the room and
 thinks, 'You ugly bitch ... How did I ever get caught up with
 you!' and yet knows that it is only because of the room
 and being with her every time of the day. ^{He fears being "impotent" — so he is} They come into
 the kitchen ^{deliberately, none to none.} her and her, because they do not wish to
 appear at a loose end to Covanville and Pinkie. Covanville
 would sit for hours in the kitchen drinking tea with them
 at the beginning, then they began to be ashamed of
 having so much free time and so few appointments. Covanville
 remembers this feeling from two years before as he talks
 to Diana in the attic: that he wouldn't appear too
 "available" to them if he wanted to keep their respect.

They seemed to enjoy with a great formality and distance.

Then, while G. & Pukic were in Montreal, Postlocke got a job in the Personnel Department of a firm. It was allied to his father's firm; but he had got it independently. Now he would be able to get special necessities on account of his father, which was doing him good. He wrote to Cozminille that the hours were "gentlemanly" and the pay side poor as first would increase quickly. ~~He would~~ The office was in ~~Capitol Avenue~~ ^{Old Jersey,} ~~near the~~ ^{head} Offices of T.I.M., Postlocke wrote, "so we can stand each other much better if ever they were you to London, which I don't suppose you hope they do." He made every thing reliable and intimate, with all the time an objective re-statement that aroused no upheavals, and no angry upsurges. When he read the letter Cozminille was actually sorry he didn't work at the Head Office, though ~~he~~ he had insisted when taking the job that he would make no circumstances he asked to work there. Postlocke had this rather magical gift of insouciance company, which Cozminille knew in no one else: where they met so to speak in masculine fashion, as little citizens in the new land or little husband in the air; they talked like people who felt in ultimate control of things.

Cozminille also remembered his writing that

INSERTION

POHLOCKE.

Diana had become a "beautiful woman" again, because
 he saw her then. They go out more often and manage to
 meet at least once a week. "I'm even joining a poky
 little club in Soho"; he added. He says he just couldn't
 live that life any more. "For me" he says "Bohemian
 means madness. I lose my self-respect, my sex and I
 think ultimately ~~to be a~~ I would just love you ~~to be~~
 was beginning to twitch!" Diana had said quite
 seriously to Pinkie that Pollocke feared going mad. She
 had asked him a question 3 times & he had just stared
 at her & then said, "What?" in the strangest way, with
 glowering ^{eyes} His calm way of speech, his genial wit and
 careful phrases were the defences of a violent interior life,
 full-on, full Coramille, of fear, but of unceasing quiet
 and caution. Note the way Pollocke writes a letter:
 everything ready for an invisible printer so to speak. Any
 appearance of an impulsive feeling, as in himself, appears
 vulgar and distasteful: unp. e.g. white-lipped and trembling,
 instead of a leering mirth. Someone in his family had
 gone mad Diana had said. ~~with~~ ~~but~~ ~~Pollocke~~

WAYMAN

INSERT

Chapter 11.

Explain that "King Arthur" is the chairman of a chemical firm, with branches in every part of the empire.

His success with women. His lecher. And fascination with every new woman. A dogged persistency. [Perhaps a proof of his jealousy? Diana - Cornille is surprised, because usually the stories are legendary tales about Wayman - how he had asked Diana to leave their room for the evening because he wanted to bring another girl back, and Diana's objections, but usually the agreement in the end, when he makes a token gesture by saying he will only give the girl a drink, no love-making. And then his asking Diana for a week's separation because he is getting tired of her body - "And since you've no conversation, and girl, your body's of overriding importance to me" -

~~At the end of the book~~

POKROCKE

INSERTION

his look when he wants some sex. His face seems
lapses & he can't concentrate on anything else. He fed,
the tongue in his trick and his mind says, "Now
come on, your whole functioning is going to be upset
if you don't satisfy that tongue. You'll probably be
restless all night and not to be able to write
tomorrow." (from Chapter 11) A man possessed by an
idea. Watch way he staves at Pinkie's ~~room~~ ^{cosson.}
That's why he needs many girls, to satisfy a
kind of intellectual curiosity.
Describe the time when he comes in blindly into
music room and almost pushes Diana off the stairs.
He does not seem to know or see Pinkie or Cosson,
~ seriously recognise them as real creatures.
Always "picking up" girls.

Episode.

INSERT

Early in the book. The visit of an old school-friend: Cornille knew him from before. Certain dapper quality. Face, friendly. But a passive weighty against the intrusion of any idea. He had not a trace of any but received and conventionalised ideas, but a kind of sitting-down, i.e. here - for - the night, resistance. Ideas were driven out by the thick atmosphere, so to speak: Vernon. He liked Pinkie. Her energy "anastrotatic" ~~prediction~~ for that. He is disturbed by the way G. "stares" at him. Looks like a balloon. And as for what G.'s values are for he is absolutely puzzled, out of gear. He just can't cope with it. He follows a dapper, smooth, gently curving line of conversation, and his disapproval is more clearly social: for himself he likes "decent" people, but in fact these are people with a pattern special to the middle-class. Why this leaves him

in peace. He is a doctor. He keeps away from Pollock
because of his "loquaciousness." Thinks himself absolutely
calm work, not of fear, more rooted & object than
Pollock's, less mitigated by curiosity and self-
examination, of "letting go." He clings to ~~his~~ ^{right}
diet, regular hours and ~~not to make his~~ ~~concern~~
~~rough~~ good food. He stoves for a well as
friendliness of attitude, but wanted a short cut to
wind solitude and ~~ambition~~ not of sheer ~~lazy~~ laziness.

He comes in and G. notices Pollock's relief
and warmth. He is natural as he rarely sees him.
And a dapper conversation, as if it had been rehearsed at
in dormitory a hundred times, & after prep, begins. His tone of
silliness to the outside. Like this:

"Well, Jack, how's the School of Commerce
going ~~small~~ these days?"

"Oh, you know —" he is immensely pleased
"smiles are taking charge of all gestures of his face —"
"still succeeding small!" A pause: "duly versed ^{is prepared} with advice"
"grinding L small!" A pause: "as a matter of fact, —"
"costumes in all?" For, as a matter of fact, —
"the talk is full of" — "as a matter of fact, and by the
-ways and do-t-says" — "the indication of upper
of the upper South" the costumes-indicator of upper

EPISODE

VERNON.

Sixth exchanger. " - I've been working rather hard lately. The old boy really does seem to like me!" Good quite, in earnest matter of content. It indicates long later, surprise and a ~~pleasant~~ flippancy of attitude towards all "old boys."

"Well, done, then!" This is a parody of the "nigger-man" at school, who really does talk like that. (2 matters of content, to denote understood reference to the thick-necked Philistine) ~~playing full-~~ ~~trick~~ "And how's your sex-life?" In the same tone - a wonderful touch! Worth ~~a dozen~~ ^{half a dozen} outlets of content, though the air of evasiveness is carefully preserved.

G. always had to run away during these return flights to the wood. He has upstair - Vernon has Pinkie's penny on the table. Here he notices the hard, useful quality towards "letting go" in Vernon, too - he is saying with deliberate loudness as he ~~first~~ turns the penny over & over, with plates everywhere, just before they eat. "Oh, yes, that's good for another

Gifts penetrations. Their cause, your admiration in
Billocke. Actually such a trip Hends Vernon, but he
is drip with a kind of bitter religion, against Pookie
for being brought up the subject of the eye of the
person on the dinner table, and against Gramille
for his hatred of science, and his dislike of ^{technical} ~~of~~
references ~~to~~ sex.

And for Billocke, too, there is a sense of
rebellion against Gramille's "unreality" when talked
to people like Vernon. A half smile comes into his
face as he asks what he regards as "scientific"
questions, which are practical, "concrete" and
analytical, therefore not up Gramille's street, since
G. is always talking about "feeling." He tries to
prove himself one of them. Almost cancel himself
out & disappears! The coolness, crispness and ^{clear} attention
to "fact" becomes so routine that he almost
disappears! His question was, "Could children be
also shocked by electric shocks? To save -" this
paraphernalia? And Vernon - They are playing with
Gramille, he knows this, but decides not to believe they
are doing so - answers with equal seriousness, "No,

in on the shore: you see, ... [R] Pollock's
 respect for science is Pollock's ~~own~~ expression of the
 philistinism that is at the center of his attitude
 to life. He is carrying favour. These are the real
 thinkers for him. They are actually ^{stupid} & unchallenged
 assistants who only explore received & unchallenged
 ideas for the sake of their lives. They are a kind
 of father for him. Here is the philistinism of
 the modern era: his father talked about "foreign"
 countries & "lower" classes. ² here the language
 admits nothing to its sensibility but facts, and
 bodies, souls and other "vague" facts are treated
 as non-existent. It becomes a pleasure to do so.
 Art directs & stimulates you after a day of
 "things". This is the contemporary philistine, whose
 temporary and life is absolute.

INSERT

Chapter I & II.

Describe the first floor of Louise: the two rooms which at long ago have been occupied, — Pinkie "shook" them out of the house — he came in in the first week of coming back. Croyle would do one of his Russian dances, with a mighty leap at the end which always brought the plaster down from the ^{ceiling} underneath, every night.

Now the rooms were waiting to be decorated. Granville does not go into them. He remembers Pinkie's reference to them in one of her letters. She will make an extra floor there.

[Reference to this perhaps next morning, — he realises, from the silence from downstairs, that there are no longer tenants. It gives him a wash feeling of a moment — the feeling that the house is all his, and that there will soon be wash, glowing rooms downstairs as well, without the feeling of trespass, like ~~at~~ a dream suddenly broken into, from the

tenants moving downstairs, — his not having the
gramophone in to lend me a deference to them, whereas
Puckie seemed to have no consciousness of them, she
went about the house as if they didn't exist. But
when Coramille went to the lavatory in the middle
of the night, or came into the house late, he would
always close the door carefully, in case he should
wake them up. ~~He seemed of compulsion to~~ ~~account~~

He couldn't imagine behaving as Puckie did. But
he often wished he could. It seemed much better to
live in a world of your own feelings, always a little
separated from other people. Yet in a social way she
was warmer than he was.

Chapter 2.

Important.

WAYMAN

called this because her name is Mathilda, the name which out of shame of the case (very unkind to Wayman) she has changed to Marie.

] A description of

Wayman's mother and father. Wayman calls his father "King Arthur," and his ^{mother} "Old Aunt Mathilda." His mother slim and nice very beautiful; graceful, and clear-spoken. Wayman gets on very well with her. They speak confidentially with each other, and his mother shares ~~with~~ ^{some} his secrets. She and King Arthur disapprove of his being uninterested with Diana. They also work of her, that it isn't wise for her, she has "given" Wayman everything, and how he does not need to marry her. - as Wayman says, "as if she had a deposit account between her legs." She has tea with Corauntie and Wayman once - Corauntie sharing the joke. It was understood between them that his parables were a joke. His mother did not approximate to "Old Aunt Mathilda" feeling - she was slim, pale, good-looking and graceful - it was just because it was

is inappropriate that Wayman called the "King
Arthur" was more exact: his father had a well-fed,
bewildered look - he picked up things slowly and
thoroughly - he would blink when he could not grasp
one of Jack's ideas - the thought of Cain and
Abel was somehow amusing, he would look even
more bewildered, ^{with} his ~~face~~ ^{midly,} well-fed face,
in evidence! "King Arthur" devoted a kind of mock

respect. The Committee goes down to the Lake. Stockbroker
tudor. Describe it. Garden, small area. Similar
houses. People in for tea. Bridge. The country of
his talk. Jack regarded as rather strange and disagreeable
kind. People seemed to fear his irony. He was
"bohemian" with strong left-wing, socialising tendencies.
His way of talking - rather strained "Oh, my dear"
Not quite secure, as people with longer heritage /
wealth. These are the nouveau riches, and some of
daughters of the nouveau riches. Their lives were a
pursuit of money, mitigated by golf, tennis,
summer courses or a few weeks abroad, perhaps
visiting some of the colonial resorts, perhaps
every week-end, theatre in town ("medical

2
Chapter 2.

When Wayman saw his mother again he asked what she thought of Cornville and she said crossly, "I don't like the way you wear his tie." And that was all. His presence had seemed nothing whatsoever to her. Wayman says with a laugh, "Old Aunt Matilda seems to see of any man ~~other~~ as suits and hair-dos." The taste is ghastly, too: the suits and hair-dos are ~~made~~ ^{of} ~~with~~ ^{clashes} - wooden and ungracefully, clipped hair, plastered painfully down - they belonged to a class which had accumulated money but absolutely no new tastes, a new concept of comfort, at all. Their attitude towards working people was absolutely lacking in paternalism & protective feeling, ~~unlike~~ ^{unlike} that of rich men and more ancient families, ~~who~~ ^{for} ~~had~~ ^{had} working people had simply failed in the race for money, which was the race of life, and a layman ~~with~~ ^{or} stupidity, and no undue attention should be paid them: they should be kept there - they felt a ~~kind~~ ^{kind} of vulgar competitive triumph. He was the most stupid son & daughter revolted from this, after a public school and perhaps a university had

given them a line that this was vulgar. Their parents
were definitely not "gentlefolk". Much socialism &
communism among the young was only a demand
that their parents adopt almost the aristocratic
patriarchal "gentlemanly" attitude towards the
poor ^{in order.}

But they did not stop reproducing
them as poor ~~in order~~ ^{in order.} They wanted to "raise them up" — by education. And
this was the ~~in order~~ ^{in order} of Granville's objection to Pollock's attitude.
to looking them as real, like themselves, but was

how Granville had always argued against Wayman's
communism.

Granville likes "King Arthur." King Arthur
has benevolent eyes: the way he sits at court, ^{seeking}
to weigh things up

INSERT

In Fin/ chapter -

Paras 3, 4 & 5,

That Pip always refuses to go "round the corner" -
to the café (decide on a name - sufficiently stylised -
'The Colombine'?) because he has a fear, that all
these are "linkie's crowd" - he doesn't belong - he
has always withheld himself. But later when he does
go (in Chapter 8) p. 25 or he finds this is an
error. He settles down there.

INSERT

CHAPTER II - IX??

Were talking about Frankie and the clerk of T.I.M. describe how she had gone with one to a dance (a shameful thing for him in the locality) and how he had beaten her up when she came back. This was the first time he had ever hit anyone in his life. Now regretted it. He did she really seem to hate it. But it was succeeded by a silence. From now on there was ~~be~~ no question of loyalty. He knew she would have all the affairs she wanted from now on.

(This is lay a strong line of jealousy).

INSERT

Chapter 5.

(to give response to pub scene Wayman and Crumille.):

Wayman revealed something Crumille had only suspected. It explained that "indecence" of Wayman's. ~~Always~~ ^{Open} when they were alone together he spoke with this honesty - a calm, self-revealing objectivity. And this was the free air they liked to breathe when they were alone together. But at first they had only spoken haltingly to each other. Sometimes this limpid conversation that was like ash between them took time to grow. And this was the first time they had really been together for two years. Sometimes Crumille made it easy by asking a question, like "Do you like music when you make love?" He hated the phrase the words "make love" with his lips. It was a very Wayman question. But Crumille accepted the terms of Wayman's world, for its limpidness and clarity, and put the rest of himself away for the moment. And Wayman would consider the question slowly, with

an interested glance, for he loved all questions which
violated the old, accepted relations of ideas. That was part
of his success of with women: that every moment he shocked
and delighted them with ideas which they had never conceived
before for which they felt an immediate sympathy. His
company was clarity and light. It was like a natural
superiority, exploration, into the forbidden areas of thought,
beyond the frontier: and when the women gave their
verdict, it seemed only a further act of classification,
a perfectly intelligent choice in an ordered and intelligible
world, without any dark shade, a obligation beyond
itself.

One afternoon Weyman met a Dutch girl on
a walk before dawn to sunrise in Amsterdam
and within five days he carried her off from the
seat at his fireplace with, "And now we're sleeping
together," and did so.

THE HOUSE.

INSERTION

CHAPTER 5.

Nigel: the man who wets his pants.

In the drawing room where Granville meets him for the first time (it is at Lord Mainsbury's) - Granville hears him saying, "How damn he ~~talk~~ talk that - ~~stupid~~ - young man -! Really, it's inducious!" They were talking about a common friend, apparently much younger than themselves, ~~whose~~ ^{whose} name he didn't catch. And later he heard him say, "He fell in love! Fell in LOVE! I love you!" There was a kind of domineering, sneering disgust in his voice. His eyes slightly bloodshot, and his lips wet. And at the same time there was the suggestion of a pained smile about his mouth, which looked as if at any moment it could turn into a sneer or a cry of pain. Granville feels a trembling that is yet remote from him. It doesn't belong to him, but is like a watering of the earth, that simply happens. The student, ~~has~~ since the war, though his one belief is to the Labour Party and had written a pamphlet supporting the Republican force in the Spanish Civil War of the 1930s. Granville has an image of the

"young man" is naked and frail, what middle-class people
often called "sensitive", or if they wanted to be uncomplimentary
- a ~~frail~~ ^{hasperrade} ~~hasperrade~~ is "tough" minded - ~~they~~ "earnest."
And he imagined Nigel - from his voice alone is
broad-shouldered, flushed, with wet-lips, his eyes
strangely blind and surmising, rather ^{all} his face was
blind, not looking directly at any object, bending over
the white naked body with a whip, ^[] rather like a
public-schoolboy - he was an Eton man - from middle-aged,
with ^{a certain} ~~the~~ ~~touch~~ half-homosexual but brutality still
hanging in him.

INSERT.

TROGLODYTES.

CHAPTER 6.

When talking about The Troglodytes — they also have the habit of going down the steps and pushing the gate fast. It didn't close properly but caught against the post in such a way that it was very difficult to push open. Usually Corcuillo stood back and gave a mighty kick with his right foot, and it swung open with a deep clanging noise.

NOTE

For the first scene downstairs at The Masque
and in the evening at Gene St. Lawrence Jay Collette
can use expression "dipping his wick" - about
Pallocke - "he's always dipping his wick."

CHAPTER VI

Insertion and Connection.

Perhaps break up into two chapters.

Insert P. 52.

~~But she was easier with the Granville
than with her own relatives. She would only tap her
into connections~~

~~But reference to public thinking of relatives.~~

~~or "journalists."~~

Insert passage — "She enjoyed having the

Granville over. They had a certain ^{one} ~~obvious~~ ^{discrepancy}
that appealed to her. They didn't remind her of
clergyman and safety. She once ~~told him~~ ^{said to him} ~~that~~ ^{after} they had
been to the house for a Sunday lunch. "They're not

po-faced — that's what I like about your parents."

~~When they came she only tapped into connections but~~

at some ~~time~~ ^{point} she would get tired of their presence,

and he would look at her rather uncomfortably,

knowing she felt it at once, with her silent divisions

watchmaker. It was as if she couldn't summon the
face of their being adults any longer. She would give
him a hint, half-stern and half-appealing look from
across the room, seeming to tell him that she was tired,
tired, and needed her friends again, needed to swear and
put up her legs ^{and be herself.} ~~to be herself again.~~

The inexplicable sadness that passes across
her face is due to her guilt towards them and the
espoken sense of not belonging to them, though she
professes to. This is revealed much later in the
book. At this time she is feeling more and more
deeply for Croyle, and more and more hopeless in her
attitude towards him, though he doesn't realize this.

Chapter VI in music room with
Pinky, Mother and Father — electric
fire in June, on sunny day!?

INSERTION

CHAPTER ELEVEN.

His thoughts on Christianity — the industries —
about Matilda and King Arthur: does he have
them in the place and time? does the chapter read
with this position completely enough stated?

CHAPTER 11.

P. 3 or 3 1/2.

POLLOCKE.

Introduce the subject of Pollocke more ceremoniously, for he is the cause of a lot of thought, occupying 2 chapters. Cranville, during these dark, close days, in which he is contented and certain about the future, still perplexed and a little hurt by the fact that since his return from the Middle East he and Pollocke hadn't had a real conversation together. And he

comes to the conclusion that there is too absolute a

He recalls 2 years of coincidence,

difference between them. Then begins his thinking:)

In the asked himself

Why does this difference exist? Now it was much clearer

to him, since the night in Maudslayi, and he felt sure in

~~the~~ Pollocke's, silence, that he would have done before. We have

had reference to his night of ^{thought} thought in Maudslayi several

times in the first half of the book.

Perhaps to make a clean cut of the

POLLOCKE subject we had better put all
reference to dark, close, contented days at the end
of Chapter 10. Beginning Chapter 11 with "These
days Pollocke..."

POLLOCKE.

INSERT

[~~chapter~~ⁱⁿ Chapter on Pollocke
just before Maun's chapters.]

At T.I.M.

The attitude which he has had also received from his parents — that people are "after" something; and the slightest position of power he is in he is aware of people cajoling and pushing to "influence," and most of it was imaginary. People would call in to sign contracts and he would think of them as "lucky" that he was in a good mood that morning. Sudden complaints came into the office — that orders were complied ^{with} too slowly, answers to letters delayed, missing assignments, contracts badly made up — he often failed to acknowledge letters — a foreign representative would call and would be shown to a clerk in the "foreign department," and asked "What can we do for you?" while Pollocke sat upstairs chatting with a "colleague," who was swiftly becoming the only sort of person he felt really at

home with. People were incensed, but no appreciable effect on the finances of the Company, which depended on salesmen who knew their jobs, and intelligent men at the outposts, who realised "England was going down" or something like that, and the flippancy and adolescence of the Pollockes was going to bring about a major disaster if it was allowed to go on. For the truth was that Pollocke's heart wasn't in his job. He really wanted other things. He wanted to go abroad like Granville. He wanted if possible to do no work at all. He said he would feel quite happy with a beach life, and feel no conscience: girls and sun. So there was always an element of flippancy at the edge of his work.

But this flippancy was part of his success with the directors. ~~He was~~ It meant he never lost his head: he was neither too enthusiastic about a scheme, nor did he sack. He did ~~the~~ ^{the} work required of him, and often more; and he didn't "worry", ~~they liked~~ ~~his~~ ~~ideas~~ ~~because~~ ~~he~~ ~~was~~ ~~so~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~simple~~ ~~reason~~ ~~that~~ ~~he~~ ~~was~~ ~~never~~ ~~that~~ ~~deeply~~ ~~involved~~ ~~in~~ ~~anything~~ ~~there~~, when he did have ideas, they were carefully — indeed,

cautiously — thought me, and presented only when they
 were tidy and finished like a ~~Foreign~~ British Embassy
 despatch. And he tended increasingly to officialise
 his own life. While the directors mixed in business
 with everything else they did, no more in the
 evening, for him it was a "job", like a position in
~~the~~ a Government Office, with duties that ended
 abruptly at a certain time of the day. He was even
 ashamed of "taking work home"; he didn't want
 "one side of his life" to interfere with the other. Once
 he told Gramille he wished he had 2 characters:
 one "himself", and the other the man who worked at the
 Office. He began to keep a "little book" for
 appointments, and to juggle every time Gramille
 suggested they go to a theatre or something. Gramille
 noticed this had set in ~~since~~ during the last 2 years. It
 hadn't been evident at first, since they were living
 in the same house. But it became more & more
 clear that Pollock had a mortal fear of returning
 to those days of idleness and remorseful self-examination,

when he spent most of the day talking in front of the jury - five or else speculating endlessly with Diana, trying to squeeze ^{excitement} from ~~and not~~ novel positions, ~~then before the~~ ~~what was~~ ~~F.H.M.~~ while he was waiting for a permanent position at the Head Office, not sure that he could get it. Diana had told Coville during that period that Pollock had a real fear of going mad. Apparently there were cases of madness in his family.

He had been promoted slowly, and was now in charge of a whole office, the Department dealing with North American, perhaps the most important, certainly the most important, part of the Head Office. He was naturally disposed to get on with Americans. His rational, pseudo-rational, qualities stood him in good stead. And fundamentally he believed in a mechanistic universe in which the most important element - indeed, a real controlling element - was man, or "society". And that people differed rather according to what faculties they had "developed" in themselves than natural and birth-given privileges. ~~when those privileges were apparent they belonged to "geniuses". But his work was entirely based~~ Applying this to his

work he tended to think in terms of giving "equal attention" to his clients and not "favoring" some, even when there had bigger and more enthusiastic offers; in this his democracy wasn't at all American, but one stage behind, at the English public-school stage. He tried to keep "friends" and clients he liked for this "personal" qualities "apart" from his work; with the result that he closed his ears to the result that

he often overlooked good deals — in one case a deal with a ^{New England} ~~New York~~ business combine which would have made possible the expansion of the Meadows office. A much needed reform at the time — with a complacency, and sometimes a cavalier endorsement, ~~which was~~

~~hardly~~ ~~valued~~ ~~the long~~ ~~edge~~ ~~of~~ ~~open~~ ~~unpleasant~~ which offended people and brought him some very insulting letters. Once Covarrille had recommended ~~an~~ ~~offer~~ a / client from Egypt who ^{sought for credit} ~~called~~ ~~supply~~ ~~bank~~

~~for~~ give advance payments (a quite common thing allowed by businessmen all over the world) procedure favored ^{on} perhaps as being socially undignified — only by English business-men, which ^{had} led to the country a quite staggering amount of trade since the end of the war). ~~and~~ ~~happened~~ ~~to~~ ~~write~~ ~~letters~~

Pollock told him over the phone that he would probably
be "turning the client down" (a very representative phrase),
thereupon, after putting the phone down, Crumille wrote
him a letter ~~saying it was probably~~ saying he thought
it was reprehensible to do so. (a rather patronizing letter.) And the reply began
with the words "~~It is~~ 'luckily' for old Kroupolos ~~that~~
I'd already decided to take him on — your letter
wd. have really got my goat, & I ^{might even as well} think I would
have told him to get his poplin shirts somewhere
else." That phrase had a certain hard vulgarity —
only a suggestion, in the "luckily" — that was a constant
element in Pollock's character. Once in a position of
power he ~~was~~ turned other people into claimants &
petitioners for the his favors, when in fact T.I.M.
depended quite as much on them as vice versa.

This was true to some extent he had no
choice to regard Crumille. After all G. worked at
the Middle Brother ~~trading~~ posts, and order and
contracts for him then came through Pollock. However
Pollock had access to the directors & could always
get him little concessions. He never did this, however,
though a strategy to Crumille would have done so as a

4.

matter of course. But Pollock worked according to a steady "principle", of not "jamming" his friends, with the result that Crumille missed a special bonus in his 2nd year at Mansu which his predecessor had always received, and could never do a "wangle" on his ^{expense} ~~sheet~~ - sheet - like a week-end flight to Beirut or Alexandria - though the directors all did "wangles" / ~~of this kind~~ ^{of this "scuddle-sheet"} ~~See Pollock's~~

~~on the other hand never took advantage of his expense sheet. It ~~was~~ ~~sent~~ ~~in~~ ~~every~~ ~~week~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~other~~ ~~hand~~, refused to "take advantage," and ~~had~~ sent in sheets week after week with shillings, pence & halfpennies on them. He said he had to be "careful", He didn't want to excite any animosity.) ~~It was not to be seen that he had~~~~

So it remained, a ~~hard~~ rather clerical and tedious job for him, ~~at~~ without flamboyance - much less flights to Paris, and lavish business dinners in the evening, which other heads of departments were doing in ~~fr.~~ And the result that his clients - unlike those who went to the other departments - took on a certain collective face, a ministerial & official one. ~~But~~ ~~no~~ ~~incidents~~ came to his office; the most they would have ~~or~~ would have been a cup of tea, ~

~~parvenu~~ in him, impressed by show of power so deeply that he
 never understood how it really worked. And the same was true
 of Pollock. He had the fashionable ideas ^{"intelligent"} ~~or they were called "ideals"~~ — a mechanistic,
 Godless universe, the classless society, universal education, equality
 between men and women, ~~science as revealing the true nature of~~
~~reality~~ ~~he asked a good object~~ — he took the critical,
 analysing approach to things, though he analysed according to
 premises which he never for a moment questioned. ~~But with~~
~~the Director he had something of the pompous, settable~~
~~young chap for self~~ ~~But in his dealings with the Director~~
~~he adopted a suspicious and appreciativeness that was like a~~
~~rejection of the rebellious and youthful. He always took~~
 ~~pains to dissociate himself from Gramscian's "higher~~
~~ideas", which came into the department from time to time.~~

But in his work he took his position very seriously. He
 said people regarded him as a "father-figure", and he
 saw himself as the one who gave all the time. And
 steadily resentment — as of being neglected by life —
 increased in him. Diana said [essentially he was
 lazy, and above all) he hated responsibility — really he
 felt unworthy of it, and so he exaggerated its nature —
 he made it unpleasant for himself, by turning it into
 a con between something like an official government
 position, with strict security regulations, which allowed
 him no personality whatsoever. So the clients were

"looking" in his eyes, because he offered a blank, self-
-less face - he was a mere business mechanism whose
job was to ask them certain questions - to be
solicitous - but to ask nothing for himself. So he
got nothing ~~for~~ himself. Very deep in him - from his
parents - was a feeling, not a belief or a conviction,
that there was a flat, decided standard of
competence, seriousness and responsibility that was in some
way associated with regular hair-cuts, boringly cut
and tasteless suits, careful manners ~~and a~~
~~the right~~ and a background marked up with
"General School Certificate, Matriculation Standard, three
distinctions", "Goldenden Essay Award", "1st Class
Honours" in Ancient Greek, "Captain
of the First Fifteen".
He scoffed at all these things, and certainly he didn't
"believe" in them. But yet, at the last ditch, he
relied on them. ~~And the first class understood these~~

~~gratified if they~~
A feeling of apostasy Granville has in
Pothoche. Pothoche will engage his own intellect at
the most unexpected times. If Granville asked
something like "Don't you think it's mostly ~~the idea of~~
~~with the~~ of people listening to little radio boxes" when you come

6.

out of a film, being in the dark like that — there's something wrong about it, isn't there, just watching shadows? expecting Pollock's ascent, Pollock might pause, seeming suddenly to withdraw himself, and say, "Es — so. I don't think so," in a crisp, slight voice. It wasn't the force of his disagreeing. It was that he withdrew himself by sudden intellectual decision from the heat of Crumille's questions. If Cr. had asked a more sober question, rational, the words carefully chosen, to depict — ^{so-called} subjective situation and this so-called subjective feelings, P. would have replied in the same vein and probably agreed with him. But this withdrawal — so that he seemed to stand back & watch them look coldly — was like an apostasy. It was saying "I understand, and reject." The apostate & Christ.

And also ~~the~~ there were times when he seemed simply not to share Crumille's feeling — not to have had the experience. Crumille asked him once, 'Do you have a remorseful feeling the morning after parties — especially if you drink a lot — you feel you've lost yourself — if then, you've said too much, you feel ashamed —'. And after a minute Pollock shook his head in a blind way and said, 'No. When I overdo it I feel pretty good after a party. In fact, I often feel much fitter after getting drunk.' And in that case, it was the truth.

The apostasy was apparent when Cr. came back from

Maurice. Pollock never uttered a word to him about the party
he found in the evening of his return: nor did he say anything
about the people there. He never suggested G's marriage
might be in danger. Nor did he try to help him see
suspicions - either by confirming ~ destroying them: the
suspicions ~~was~~ have been quite clear to him. Yet if
Linnie was going with another man ~~he would have helped~~
~~Concetta to take a short cut, so to speak~~ - then Linnie
was being plainly treacherous, and a principle that protected
her at the expense of his closest friend was a very strange
one. But Pollock's "principles" were very strange things.
They hung in the air, ^{rich} abstract and alone. ~~There was~~
~~principle~~ They took no account of ^{the} here and now. ~~They~~
~~acknowledged no left~~ They acknowledged no differences, applying
equally to close friends, acquaintances & strangers. A principle,
"Never pick a man up if his feet, in case he feels
you are patronising him" ought to change if a close
friend is lying across railway tracks & an express train
is approaching at 80 m.p.h. But he had the feeling
with Pollock that principles were designed ~~for~~ to ensure
a good world for other people than a safe conscience for
himself. At bottom, it was a state of flight. He was
trying to keep a clear mental world in life. ~~He was~~ ^{this}
parents had taught him up to fear "letting go". And

7. a close friendship challenged him: why should he be weak and "let go" — into the ~~soft~~ ^{absolute} and distinct sea of unorganized feeling — by making an exception to his principle "just because" the man was a close friend? Even to Diana he applied the same strict principles. When he had a girl to bring back to the flat ~~it was as if Diana had become~~ ^{treated her — if she were much less than an acquaintance: it was his principle that he (and she) must have freedom, and any familiar reference to be "special" relation with him represented an infringement of ~~that~~ this principle. And he couldn't make an exception of his principle "just because" Diana was his wife ~~...~~ ^{Christian} spirit-body ~~and~~ to block the dualism [that had always ravaged Christianity] was particularised into a brain-feeling dualism, with the body, its feet of the ground, being unotted along ~~between the two...~~ as quickly as possible by the two of them...}

One of his chief weaknesses was that his powers of criticism were greater than his powers of appreciation. He was capable in the interval of a moving play — it had happened several times 2 years before — of making crisp, carefully weighed little judgements on the decor and manner of production. Coramille would be tongue-tied and

quite unfit for conversation, and this for Pollock represented a certain foolishness — he often said of Crumville that he was a "true fool" — a heivete, and that the power to criticise ~~was the faculty of~~ ~~impart~~ ~~aliveness~~ to a play known knowing was a measure of one's aliveness to it.

Otherwise, if one was "taken in" completely, how could one "see" it clearly? For is he "taken in" represented for Pollock — like "letting go" — a certain error.

And if he saw someone constantly being "taken in" and "letting go" / ^{- like Crumville -} he felt ^{and always} ~~pity~~ / admiration, / pity, ^{but also} / at times contempt and a veiled, searing coldness.

Once, in the interval of performance of Macbeth, ~~he began to~~ he saw that G. was unwilling — unable, rather — to talk, and began, slowly and deliberately, to talk about the "nature of the poetry" in this play and to quote it at length, which he knew G. would have been unable to do even if he'd learned the whole play by heart at school, even a year before, his memory was so bad. And Pollock seemed to be saying, "True, you see — for all you being 'taken in', you are much less in the play than I am. And probably, because you are such a vague and impetuous person, rushing into things to get your head turned as quickly as possible, you miss half the points. Give me a quick ^{description} ~~reference~~, for instance, of the technical place of the Witches in the play — I bet you couldn't. I could."

His criticisms on these occasions were sharp, thin and silvery, like a knife, without the nettleness and sweet gratitude that follows real pleasure.

And all through their friendships Comanille asked himself, "Is he really my friend?" He couldn't for the life of him decide. Sometimes it seemed that Pollock was the most intimate friend he had; and at others it seemed he belonged only to ~~the tiny part of people~~ the three or four close friends he had had at school. Pollock would often not see him for a time. When he lived apart from them - as he had done 2 yrs before - he had almost never planned up.

Always there seemed this terror of being "taken in" or "getting involved." ~~At the time~~ Sometimes he seemed to have written over his life that disgusting and feeble phrase of - the very soul of apostasy - 'Evitez les complications.' But in fact he was

never out of a complication. He was plunged into worry and difficulties & criticism & ^{humiliated} a sense of his worth far more deeply than G. was. Nothing happened smoothly. He was always in trouble. There was always a cause for remembrance or remorse. That was his saving grace.

But G. could never get rid of this feeling of apostasy. As if he couldn't safely take for granted a consistent loyalty, ~~but~~ ^{but} ~~was~~ ~~always~~ be prepared for a

of Pollock's "principles" to end their friendship. ~~For I~~
~~did~~ take such decisions ~~with~~ ~~openly~~. For I did
take such decisions - not to speak to someone for 2
weeks, or 2 months - esp. someone like Pinkie, who
came up though for principles & quite often came for
~~the time~~ other people: for she as well "let go" &
so there was always trouble.

With a friend you have to feel they would stay
by you at the Cross, ~~with~~ when all the good, just and
reliable people ^{have} ~~but~~ turned their backs. And G
couldn't feel that ^{about Pollock} Pollock was certainly capable of
being the last at the Cross. But why if his
"principles" demanded it... And his "principles" might
not, in which case the blood of friendship ceased to
flow...

~~XXXX~~

CHRIST

CHAPTERS 12 and 13

Show clearly the development:

i) Comanille's childhood doubts: how could he follow Christ if he advocated the total rejection of family.

ii) What was the reason for this terrible loneliness of Christianity? The dreadful image of the Cross? Comanille began to see that the Crucifixion established men's dignity. It was the image that men would always remember, and which each new generation would re-state, because it embodied an eternal human situation: of faith broken and attacked by experience; of faith absolutely victorious over experience by means of death. Christ established that there was a sacred area in each man that could not be defeated and crushed, if only the man exerted his free will. He established the free will. The miraculous universality "civilisation", disregarding countries, races, climates, periods, centuries, is based on that.

iii) Comanille was determined to think out this "contradiction". "He could ~~almost~~ feel the solution already in him, unspoken. It only required thinking out. And he would do it." Surely he had already half-found it — in realising that Christ established the dignity of the will by insisting on its unique place in solitude? But was Christ's own life? His words had to be seen in his own life. And Comanille began to think about

ancient Israel. It was strange that he had never put these things together in his mind before. One "education" - that abomination of middle-class vagrancy - didn't encourage that.

iv) what was it that Christ inherited from the Jews? He was a Jew himself, and respectful to fellow-Jews. They established the first community-by-faith. That rested on the first real monotheism. It was unique. Their survival rested on that monotheism. We have inherited it.

Christ was the instrument by means of which we inherited it.

v) of the "exclusive" nature of ^(explain - why for Jews, rich etc.) Jewish faith. It was a contradiction in terms. Christ pointed out the contradiction. He offered God to everybody. There could not be a real religion for one "people" alone. If he was discovered in attitude, then he could be discovered in any attitude.

vi) this was the reason for his attacks on the 3 idols of Jewish conceit and exclusiveness - the family, the close, proud, ruthlessly selfish ~~group, suffocating and~~ ~~group, suffocating~~ the very antithesis of mystery, full of possessiveness; the temple, God in the hands of the wise and the learned, excluding the poor, the weak and the foolish and unlearned; the market-place, where business was transacted as though God had been put aside for the duration of the transaction. And this wounded his fury. That was it! How strange it had never occurred to Coramille before! The struggle of the Israel community was come to the rest of the world. We have inherited this

viii) For in childhood he had looked for that ease of belief, that calm and steady acceptance, described by the Church as "faith"; and only did he realize that faith was a painful tension of doubt and shame and continual denial and re-assessment, until all conflict was closed in death. p. 67 onward.

~~ix) We have reached a point where there is a complete separation between what a person is in public and what he is in private. He has thought come about? He knew it originated in Christ. But what happened to make the dislocation so complete? He thought of Eldred Mathilda and King Arthur. They didn't seem to have any solitude of the great kind. They were all public.~~

ix) P. 69. (Already seized) How had this deep cleavage between solitude and community come about? Historically ... It was the abandonment of the inward element, the one opposite in the contradiction for the other. With a forward movement of imitation Christian civilization grew tired of that expectant, still world of what we now call the Middle Ages, with its usances and rituals tied to each other in an unshakable security, isolated from all penetration to another, and quite separate from the towns. The movement began in the towns. The change was wrought by the leaders of the town-community. The middle class means that group of people against religious form of life. It was this class that broke the church in 2. from within, and this class that produced the Reformation. It was a cry for freedom: even if still under Christ's guidance, yet wholeheartedly - even in its most fanatic form, like Lutheranism, in the title of

NOTES FOR MANSUR CHAPTERS

The idea of a ^{Christ as} terrible judge gave rise to an increasing worship of Mary in the late middle ages. She took on the role - like the saints, who also joined in a redundancy - ~~is~~ of interceder, between Christ and men. It is this fear that lies near Christianity from the beginning - in the first astronomical of Peter that Christ actually meant to die, and in the sons, denunciatory strictures of St. Paul. The triumph of the cross is the cause of belief in God, and actually only one symptom of the Christian religion, and by no means a necessary impediment of all religions. Fear of death goes hand in hand with the idea of sinning which the image of Christ, implacably pinned to the Cross, in eternal silence. Is this why, Coramille temple, the Christian is so easily disoriented by another's silence? Is that why Diana's silence seems to accuse? Why should silence carry within it an accusation, unless it arises from a situation fixed deep.

into the substance of our history & therefore no present lives?

the apubite of incite.

REVISE

From Mendus Book at least
reference to the War and Zatteren - from p. 94
to end of Book - and make another chapter from
them, showing how this one Mother and Father were
making a different world from Zatteren, and how they
fulfilled more clearly the industrial proletarian of the
middle class hierarchy: a part of the ~~front~~ ^{middle} class
world, with the religious connections largely reversed, and
the new consciousness wholly here, with other things surviving.

Batterea represented the nineteenth century
stage still, the pre-proletarian. Adolphi field is clear,
orderly, silent, with deep intentions like perfume for houses:
that was the world we had gone up in, that gave him
such a clear and disturbing insight into the two extremes
embodied in either side of our civilization, the religious
and the Imperis.

NEW CHAPTER

AT END

MAUSUR EPISODE

(Evening of the eclipse).

New Chapter at end of Book Mausur.

How after thinking this out — it made a difference to him, more perhaps than any other previous single occasion in his life, as if he had arrived at last at his real identity. His life had been so full before of perplexities and hesitations, it seemed; ~~especially~~ only the respite of his adolescence had intervened. But this occasion seemed now to make him certain of where his real self lay, and why he could not clear certain things, and was so often distraught and out of place in company, and was ashamed of things — like showing himself to advantage in the company — which other men found easy. It was really clear to him for the first time that he was nice and for always — fish out of water, but not only this common and general experience of our day, but why. As if a bridge had been made between the religious consciousness and the European world, the journey he had taken with his own life, and knowing what was happening to him. He felt stupider with Pinkie, especially

When he criticized him, and then wildly passionate in
his denunciations, stirred by Diana or Pollock, but
more secure. And above all he felt he had to
justify himself. Pride of self was less. He felt
he had less to defend. He was mortal, watched, he
seemed to be saying... let them think what they like.
He knew he hadn't reached the real mask yet: he
hadn't ~~the ability~~ to come face to face with the very thing,
he wasn't easy enough yet. That would only come
when his sex with Pinkie was right, when he giving the
fulfillment of his manhood instead of being stunted
enjoyably all the time: the fortune-teller had said
Pinkie would marry twice... He believed that absolutely,
he was realised.

in the next few days, and played
the part so unaltered Pinkie asked him what
had got into him.

And he had got this far by sticking it out as
himself: that is, by refusing to believe that it was
him alone, because he was sick a "subjective", as
if the world would always be right; for he knew another
world which was lived opposite to this one, so his self
wasn't intimidated. That's why we "inferiority-complex",
we need to run to do it like a ~~man~~ winner: there
were the middle class obsessions with society as absolutely
and final objective truth. And he had refused that in himself!
And thank God, he actually
indeed happy.

[R] means do research

Suggen

BOOK II.

begins with "Pollocke..." and new
aspect being introduced.

CHAPTER 13.

Mention Fry's Indian robe while still at the

Marquis: when she is dressing.

How is she wearing the hair?

They said: "narrative received anything if the bed was in order. Well, this one well, at this rate. He remembers how he went into bedroom and (as always) tried to relieve the novel of me night in Stratford-on-Avon (thank God it wasn't Shoreditch or Battersea - he would make Potters laugh) - the rest,

Also CHURCH

The church: the reservoir ~~and keeper~~ ^{of} the memories and experiences based in church, and the keeper from generation to generation of the record of his mission. The church is that continuous element from which a constant revolt is required, and which makes revolt possible. ^{as} ~~as~~ ^{from} ~~from~~ the church are only new statements of the original act of faith that made it possible.

rich feeling of night, the bed uncovered, his hands with long sweeping movements and the violent volitional turning of his body, the plump richness of everything, his bosoms firm with pleasure, and nipples hardened, his soft stomach, and the ~~for~~ ~~chaps~~ of his belly his buttocks and ~~the~~ ~~for~~ plump chaps, as they groped and the sweat poured out of the wind, in a number of swift movements that led in an inevitable, unhesitating progression to their orgasm. His legs drawn up side under him in a ^{blindly} rump posture. But they had never repeated this. He mentioned the pleasure of this evening to her, but she never seemed even to remember it. Usually they were "bodies" joining ^{twice} ~~twice~~ together. Yet he worshipped her body. And the more she turned from him the more gladly he did so: as if to flatter back into that rump posture at Stratford-on-Avon. He always maintained but this rump posture

ADDITION

casualty was the essence of ~~marriage~~ ^{marriage}. "Being in love" is even "loving" were foreign to it. Vulgarity was proper to the coming bed. "Being in love" — the hysteria of adoration — was a kind of neo-Platonic thing, the "Ecstasie" that was a flight from the source of life to perfect spirituality, whereas marriage, being an absolutely practical institution (not a "relationship", there is no "relationship" in marriage, only an interior monologue, to be spoken) had to meet the sources of life: you couldn't take spirituality too far because it ended in despair and melancholy. Whereas this casualty was the essence of that which kept children, as opposed to raw feelings. Yet it was amazing how married people right until they were old tried to keep the old romantic thing going: the carnal thoughts suppressed, and merging in masturbatory day-dreams and finally a mad suppressed hunger to feel a strange body under the unoptimal circumstances. The "darling" and "I love you" of marriage was said by means of cunning.

Stratford-on-Avon - Perhaps Falstaff

had something to do with it. It was pre-society

jeeking. Quite Falstaff.

REVISE "CHAPTER 27"

The visit is Meekham Manor.

Let him feel absolute stillness and purity inside,
the same as the still morning outside. After Jack with
Katie. He tells her he's going to leave a walk,
and not to wait breakfast for him. She doesn't
open her eyes, but nods like a child, and he leaves
the room.