

TALES AND TRAVEL'

Novellas

SHORT STORIES/NOVELLAS

Ⓟ 'TALES + TRAVELS'
Manuscript + Synopsis

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EARLY
STORIES

1) The girl Fosea who came to the house.

Routine of photographs, hand-reading, in order to hold the hand.

2) His sudden staring 3) The heaviness of S.

when M & F went together. Also the sudden

look S. gave when M asked me which is beautiful? me

S. standing at door leaning in it talking

about J. The "strangled" voice, the

up-gazing resentful eyes. Said heard him

passing water out of the window.

Then all talking about J. The cerodome.

We advanced in long single file, pale in the dark, then as soon as the shells began to fall into the field we started running, trying for the cover of the ditches just short of the river.

There were men lying on the grass huddled together, holding communion with their fear. They made silent groups, still like sleeping children. That is what they did under a bombardment: they lay flat down with their eyes closed, and each of them was the world.

The men with the mine detectors went ahead, rooting out the mines and laying white tape down to guide the infantry forward. People lost each other. They called out to each other quietly, between the deafening bursts, one companion to another, afraid of losing touch. Some were walking back, away from the line, seeking their truancy in the eleventh hour. The field was full of dazed men wandering this way and that, sometimes lying down, sometimes calling for the stretchers, sometimes running towards the ditches on a sudden fancy.

At the southern bank of the river we waited for the boats to take us across. The water was dark and calm, with high rushes on either side. We lay down in the blackened shell-holes near the bank while the German gun wailed and wailed, mocking us. A long flame issued from

to another which seeps unconsciously, like a
murder, to the poor, wretched bodies of women,
which have lost all appearance of humanity; and
are stretched crucified and inert on the cross of
his dirty seed. It is like the real world
Violet, with the same obsessive determination she
pursues an instinctive hunger, such when she is
talking to a peer it satisfied because
glancing round for a duke, and with a duke
for a prince, and evident search for that
which does not exist; and if she let go for
a moment if she let her old woman's wisdom
penetrate the idiotry her real life, if she
allowed herself to open her eyes on the real
world, she would have to leave her heaven,
the appetite which has fed her life since she
was a young girl would suddenly disappear,
she would disintegrate into a mass of ropes,
disappointed, only old woman, strawly
the crusty world is full of shadows full of
death sick & derelect, while when is a
world where Crusts, such like give the light. They

photograph.

The eyes are always judging. They are always coming to a conclusion. Your name for us is not us as we tenderly know ourselves to be, all that we have, all that we can ever be, each of us alone, high and dry with his sins and stains, a whole world more than your mere idea. You name us soldier, but you name not us.

The two boys went across to the musicians and asked for a German song, only to be charming and to be smiled at in return. The musicians could not understand their English, and the boys could not remember the name of the tune they wanted. One of them agreed to try ^{to} and whistle it, and when he began the silence fell and was terrible. He whistled softly, without conviction, and gradually the murdering silence entered his flesh and at last he stopped whistling, paralysed and alone in his exile, the tune dead and forgotten on his hands. He said like a broken man, "Then it goes up to a higher pitch," waving his hand high in the air to wave away the ghosts. The musicians shook their heads again, and then the soldiers smiled at them with the faces of beggars and walked across to the door and stumbled sick and hot into the night.

This morning I walked in the woods at Hellbrunn, and everything was still and waiting. The air was dumb and heavy before a storm. I walked through the leaves, ~~and~~

7. I think there is one reason that they lie to themselves in order to live: that they are incapable of love, though some terror of suffering perhaps, & therefore are never rooted, everything goes up to the brain & imagination, they walk in their own dream, always alone and have to construct women as dead ^{sexual} objects or every body in to their lites - a kind of ^{sexual} ~~neuroses~~ ^{neuroses} so that they may serve their own images - in order to make a world in which they feel warm, since no one creature in the world can do that for them.

~~understand~~ ~~up~~

4) The young girl Fosca who came to the uncle.

5) His sudden striking white eyes at Marcella when Giuseppe made that remark.

enter death. But then the shells exploded, six of them together, at the top of the crater where I was lying, and my fear suddenly quickened again amid the deafening crashes, and I tried like all the men round me to burrow and burrow my way into the black earth, scratching at it with my fingernails.

L. D. ...

In a corner of one of the rooms downstairs there were two musicians, with a little card on the table in front of them: "Bitte, für die Musik." I stayed there drinking schnaps for an hour last night. Listening to these musicians closely there was a plump American soldier. He sat at their table nodding and smiling as they played. His coat was open in the front, his head was bowed, and he was happy and himself. When later two other soldiers looked in, thinner and younger, he called across to them and asked them to join him. They laughed and smiled with him, but without pleasure. They were brown-faced children, whereas he was father, calm and expansive, flushed. ¹³ They were exiles. That was the abashed horror in their faces. We are exiles. You glance at us; your eyes say, Soldier, and you turn away. We are boys. We have mothers. We have childhoods. We have names. Under the ammunition belt there is a

cooperate with his silence — but foolish G,
must always speak his mind, tho this will make
the son hate his art he already does. For at
the same time it makes him feel guilty and
he sat at dinner with his hands clasped
together, not eating, staring at the other guests,
and M. s'being nervous on his account. He has the
honor of being given the golden spoon.
I am no sure the Count knows because he has
a definite power of intuition — reading the English
girl's hand in F — in the pizzeria, reading the
handwriting at Caspinello, exactly to the point on
each occasion, even how the marriage went, which
have nothing to do with ~~the~~ character. And his
intuition can not miss them, because they take
no pains to hide their love, he always clasping
her, and they are together for hours or even alone
in a room, every day. 2) Last year he passed
with M. when she went to San F —. The tender
she was weeping, & coming to me, asking me to
join her. 3) On way back from Caspinello his
sister Franco not to keep her out — (in the
village) ^(because she is tired) — his instant capitulation, —
"ai, du, vai du, — it's all right. For this year he
is more tolerant. His suffering must have
been profound. We came back at one, he was still
awake. He said: you are always away from

3) If once the lot of women as impossible objects of his own hunger, I am sure the centre of impetus in his life could be gone. I am sure it gives him his only source of interest and enjoyment — lacking imagination, passion for work (clerk's work at the ministry miserably paid, which a child could do), love of a meeting like riding or diving or watching sport — so that the sudden emptying of his world would be, must be, a most frightful shock to him, making him realise that most of his life he has been living from day to day a ~~scholarly~~ a scholarly life, a dirty dream. He reads books, indeed, like a scholarly — turning through them for references to an embrace and beyond this he has no interest in them whatsoever. If he is asked about his one visit to Paris long ago he talks of pornographic lit. obtainable there, the night-clubs where naked women could be seen, the exhibitions in Montmartre, and one (probably by no means quite imaginary) fact after

and the trees made a hot, closed dome round me, the twigs and bracken stirred and cracked under my feet. I walked in other Austrian woods during the autumn of 1945, also before rain, when I had been released from the bonds of my crucifixion, though not released unconditionally.

~~(Did the War, fabulous country of memories, end in the middle of 1945? Or is it wherever you are, and alive as long as you are alive?)~~

During 1946 and 1947 I would blush and my heart would beat faster at the mention in conversation of the word battle, or at the questions, Were you in the army? Where did you serve during the War? I was a mute wanting to make my ghostly revelation, and I went down into the pit, and the sky sang again. What did you do during the War? Show me the place, take me by the hand and lead me there, and, tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor and clever shirker, take off the bandages and let me see what they did to you. You are alone in this, but you are all of us.

The legend grew up among my signallers that wherever I went the battle became worse. They said to each other, He has got a magnet in his pocket.

I remember that when I first entered a battle-area I did not believe in war. That is what the others must have seen in my face, - the innocent disbelief in evil that the Novice has.

The arrival of Franco.

Over absence of Count & I have
anything to do with it. Spend 4 day,
away which is unusual.

The change in M. when with F. is
her jealousy & embarrassment over the
wallet, & her annoyance when he
stayed out so late on only his 2nd

night. F. seems to be more dispersed
in his interest wandering, perhaps

she is beginning to feel this. The tenor
of age difference which I made

apparent (i.e. when he fell in love with
S) M. does not seem to approve

strongly of my talking or absorbing
tenor of having him taken away by

someone else. F. going away & return
S' eyes.

The calmness of the picture of
Count & S. The picture of

The tenor of the servants
The

murder.

The commanding officer told me I need expect no opposition, since the Enemy was believed to have fallen back from the yellow house. The plan was for me to remain there until evening, waiting for the English attack to draw level. The forward troops would be told of my presence on the flank.

I left with my men a little later. They followed behind me in single file, through some trees, then downwards into the open valley. We marched directly towards the yellow house, not troubling to skirt the fields because there was so little cover. I looked from side to side at the hills above us, waiting for the Enemy to open fire. I turned and looked back at my men, and they were walking in silence behind me, palely, as they did when they walked into the attack. But we reached the other side of the valley untroubled.

We came close to the house and saw no movement through the windows. I went to the door and pushed it open, and before me, in a clean living-room, there were five or six Italian people. I nodded to them and they all smiled carefully. They were not peasants, I think, but people from one of the big coastal towns. The furniture was dainty, and there were good carpets on the floor. There were three men and two women, all of them over thirty.

Anna Maria.

Born the King of the Idiots. How he has
been proved wrong on every possible occasion in
practical matters. How he jitters and rattles over
the slightest thing. How before the war he advises
his wife to buy certain shares, whereas
she prefers to buy land - land increases astonishingly
in value while the shares are reduced to next to
nothing. By the war he adjusts himself readily
to this by denying that he ever suggested shares.
Now Mrs. wishes to sell the vineyard & put the
money into shares, which would give her just
enough to prevent the bi-monthly money-crisis
which she alone has to bear - but she requires
his permission (legally) and he refuses to give it
on the grounds that land will be very much more
valuable in a few years time, which is true, except
that shares wd bring in a much greater income
than the grapes do at present ~~in a few years~~
~~time~~ the family's fortune and get Mr. thro' a tough
period at a time when, unlike the Count, who is
never ill and never worried, whose mind when
it is full is full only with lecherous imaginings,
he needs to rest at the family before old age.

time-limit made my happiness the greater.

My truancy was a steep green hill, a dark lower room underneath this hill, a village with a church hidden and alone, a hill breathing grass and trees, and my truancy was a dream I lived, turning in my country bed with joy and pain at dawn, before the town was awake. It was a truancy made possible by the War alone, and, logically, it was brought to an end by the War. I was evacuated into the country with other school-children in September, 1939, and when I arrived I stared at the grey, ruffled lake, at the islands of tall trees, at the gravel path where chestnut horses were sometimes to be seen, at the cafés in the main street, at the cobbled square, at the rare green hills to the north, I stared at everything with astonishment and blessed the War for being the instrument of my release, in a place where at last I could breathe, where I was not watched, where lonely ghosts of men did not walk, where the dawn came up with no ugly contradiction outside my window, and where at evening there were no deathly street-lamps, but the starting of small animals in the grass.

L. D. D. D. D.

In my work as an officer I combined the role of the abstract murderer with that of the victim. My work

TALES AND TRAVEL

Final Selection

- The Villa
- Adolf Hitler's House ↗ ?
- No Enemy But Time
- La Mimosa
- The Mark
- The Dog of Sky-Alley
- Imposture
- The Game of Murder.
- Miriam and the Road to Arezzo
- The Riot
- The Death of Children
- The City of Se J—
- Lost in Hamburg Heath
- Cesare and the Chinese
- The Broadcast.

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A other

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Retype / for Jean Leroy:

As from: P. 12:

In Germany, not many yards ~~from~~ ^{across}

the border...

TALES AND TRAVEL

TALES OF TRAVEL

- | | | | |
|----------|------------|------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| | | - ① La Mimosa. | Rome |
| | | - ② No Enemy But Time. | London |
| | | - ③ The Dog of Sky Alley. | Berlin |
| | | - ④ The Villa. | Rome |
| | | - ⑤ The Riot. | Rome Baghdad |
| | | - ⑥ The Imposture. | Rome |
| | | - ⑦ The City of El I — | Berlin Baghdad |
| ⑧ | The Mask → | (Rome) ⑧ Cesare. | Rome |
| | | - ⑨ Hitler's House. | Zurich. |
| | | - ⑩ Miriam and the Road to Amegga. | Rome. |
| (24) LEN | → | ⑪ A Notebook (Barcelona, 1949). | Barcelona |
| | | - ⑫ The Broadcast. | Rome (Baghdad?) |
| | | - ⑬ The Death of Children. | Berlin |
| | | - ⑭ An Italian Sketch. | Rome |
| | | - ⑮ Hamburg Heath. | Hamburg. |

= 17 pieces

Cesare
The Villa
Hamburg Heath.

Order?

TAKES AND TRAVEL

1. La Mimosa
2. Hamburg Heath
3. The Dog of Sky Alley
4. The Villa
5. No Snows But Time
6. the Imposture
7. The City of El J —
8. Cease.
9. Hitler's House
10. [The Mark X] A Notebook (Barcelona, 1949)
11. The Broadcast
12. Len. [change name] X
13. The Death of Children
14. Miriam and the Road to Anegso.
15. The Riv.

[An Italian Sketch?]

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£25 for dentist's bill.

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PAGES OF TRAVEL AND MAGAZINES

La Mimosa.

No Enemy But Time. (Harper's Magazine)

The Riot

~~Hitler's~~ The Villa.

The Dog of Sky Alley.

Hitler's House. (Cornhill)

The Mark.

1 upstair.

The Broadcast

Len.

The Death of Children.

Miriam and the Road to Anegón.

The City of El J—

Hamburg Heath.

Cesare.

The Medal.

An Italian Sketch.

232

Tales of Travel and Imagination

Tales of Travel C 100 MS pages

132 MS pages.

Stories

The River
 The Broadcast
 Hamburg Heath
 Hitler's House
 The Villa
 + some Italian
 sketches

Top of Sky Alley 4
 The Mask 2
 Imposture 2
 La Minerva 4
 No Enemy but Time 4
 City of El J — 4
 The Death of children 4
 Len 2
 Miriam & the Road to
 Arezzo. 5
 Cesare. 4
The Medal written
 in the form of diary/
 confession) 5