

Between the acts. Typescript, earliest, dated
draft.

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This manuscript has underlined chapter heads

Two drafts of p.19
Verso of p.24, numbered 12 corresponds to
p.12 of longer typescript and fragments
p.11-12 and 10-14

2nd April 1938

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Summer Night.

1...The Lamp.

Oh beautiful and bounteous light on the table; oil lamp;
ancient and out of date oil lamp; upholding as on a tawny
tent the falling grey draperies of the dusk; seen across the
valley; not a wandering light like the car's; but
steady; ^{the} assurance to the next house, over there in the darkness
that the fleet has reached harbour after the days toil;
circled by gaitered legs; slippered feet; and dogs couchant;
presiding over truth; when the active and the urgent slip
their vestments and become disapparelled; rid of the five
fingers five toes; money in the pocket; and brooches and
watches; when the whole emerges at top like a many scaled
fish, all its parts now visible, not evanescent and vanishing
and immortality broods; and death disappears; and
the moment is for ever; yet sleep has not leached the eye;
nor doped the mind; on the contrary, the mind released from
shepherding the body to knock at this door, to observe
that fur, that rag, that window, that grating, this that and
the other, surveys the whole unembarrassed by the part; unimp
eded; Oil lamp, that calls out the colour in the faded,
matches the discordant in on unity; God or Goddess; accept the
the praise of those ~~imagined~~ dazzled by daylight; drowned by
upraor; oil lamp.

The Centre of Lamp

The garden

The grass was wet. Four deck chairs still stood in a
circle. Mr and Mrs ^{Perry} ~~Johns~~ had come over; Mr ^{aines} the farmer
and ~~perry~~. It was a question of the cess pool.

The goose faced woman with the eye proturding as if she ran
 with wings wide cluterring: ^{low!} "I am one of those people
 that cant eat herrings. Nor my mother either.... So we got
 ta ing about the new shop. how the schoolmaster had not paid
 for tenwety weeks meat. A joint daily. So to The Honourable
 Syliva at ~~the great house~~. But said ^Perry, knocking his
 pipe against an old brick, about this cess pool... Upon which
 smelling, a scent of hay was smelt. From herrings to talk of
 bonfires. Then to crushed verbena leaves. Then she said
 she remembered a farm between Looe and "iskeard. but, she
 added, as if a stake drove through her attaching her to
 even through the scent of hay to the proprieties,
 Weve been buried there close on three centuries. A proest
 againstthe buidlars trade in which her ~~xxxxxxx~~ husband is
 a local employer of labour. He now knocked his pipe against
 the deck chair. Said, the contarct for the new council houses
 had gon to london...Paused. A spirt of black juice ran up
 his trouserleg; hesitated at the lips; twitched them strange
 then issued; wry, sour, embittered against the firm of
 Brook smith at "slington which can afford to seallow us
 smeller fry.... A cow coughed in the meadow. She said
 (low, like a child stooping under a leaf ^{it} the political
 and econmic obersations of her husband) I never feared cows;
 but always horses. As a csmall child in a permabulator in a
 lane a great carthorse had brushed within a hairs brea fth.
 She was only two but she could still feel it... see it.. ^{red words her heart}
 Yes there a lot of hanky panky, the builder said. More knock
 of pipes. Legs shifted. A bird chriped. omeone said, its
 getting chilly.

Prayer to the Night bird.

3

Not to the nightingale, the amor us, the expressive,
do we turn in ~~this~~ crisis; praying to be released
from the herring and the council houses; for they sing of
death, the nightingales; but to some little anonymous,
bird of daylight, who thinking to sleep, has woken; a
sociable fowl; who shuffled in the angle of the apple tree
can't sleep; his wings want stretching; hence the sudden
bubble; like a child asking to be let down from the very high
chair when the grown up people are boring; round the table
on and on; Off he flits, wise and honest bird; not afraid
of saying, snail shells, pebbles, little bits of parsley;
worms; slugs; slime; they have, he chuckles and chatters,
still their substance and succulence, even at midnight.
Oh sensible and ironic bird, to whom there is no convention
of ~~xxxxxx~~ garves, nor knowledge of my family and yours;
nor need of cess pools; nor how it was beneath you to marry
the local builder seeing your tomb stones were three centuries
old; come, and ~~tweak and add~~ ^{twinkle} twitter and free our long
ears cluttered up with fur; in which dust that no housemaid can
broom away has lodged, tweak us awake this jocund night of
early summer and remind us of the ^{sun} ~~cold~~ ^{under} ~~inside~~ out feet;
of nakedness; how the sole of the foot and all the skin
is bare, and the hairs are still capable of sensation;
while our tongue ^{works with weather} shape the smoke in our brains into ^{weary} ~~wreath~~
talk about herring and cess pools.

Bart.

At the Table.

4

Old Oliver was in his usual attitude; the book between his hands; the elbows resting on the arms; the head supported by the wings. the lips nibbling like a rabbit biting lettuce; rhythmically, for it was poetry. If he looked up, he saw not us, the cess pool and the council houses, but us through a time veil, a word veil and he too seemed like a figure at the end of a road, in the autumn; holding a gun; with a spaniel at his heels; for there was always something of the squire about him; and he seemed to hang in his place on the wall among those steel engravings between the curtains; of public spirited gentlemen one or two of whom had assumed minatory attitudes in black gun metal in public square in front of corn exchanges; his fathers. And his lips mumbled; as he shut the book; and half closed the book; seeing us at the end of the avenue; at the knot and hub of which was Byron.

Huh--h said, or Hush. It was taken at first to be Hush; because he had a book on his knee--Don Juan by Lord Byron. For though his father had been the local squire; he himself had worn Her Majesty's uniform in the tropics; in the determination to save certain fields; long in the possession of the family. But always in the corner of the garrison room on top of a great trunk that had crossed the Red Sea; the China Sea and the Pacific ocean scores of times; black hasped; painted with his name in great letters; there were books; and they had book plate plates;

5
in them; an elaborate shield.

So we decided that he was saying not hush but Huh⁸ that he was saying; this hour, this talk, this bird and the whole crew of you derive from Byron; who died at Missolo ghi well over a century ago. Time had passed; time stood behind us; time dark pool. However next moment it was Hush he said. Listen. Whos that ' Somebody was coming down stairs. The usual boards creaked. *the waiter*
He said to Perry.... Perry said to him....

Mrs Perry said.... After which (nothing was said of any interest) the general feeling of the company was like a foot that has been numbed but is warm; the veins currents of blood; the impediment removed.

The step on the stairs

Who paused? Who made the loose board creak. Ships that pass and signal each other in passing. Housemaids and bootboys in basements who raise the cup as we pass the area railing. The guessed at; vanishing; the rocket that breaks and disperses. That feeling ~~sixxxx~~ slipped between the space that sepa ates one word from another; like a blue flower between two stones. It was however only Mrs Giles Oliver who, having forgotten whether or not she had left the light burning had come down to see. Oh its you! she said.

The relationship between the people in the room

To take them in order of age: Mr Oliver (Colonel. retired) was the father in law of mrs Miles. aged 73.

Mrs Giles was the wife of his son, a stockbroker in

*Gold frame 4
rackets*

the old frame

London. aged 35

Mr Haines was no relation to anybody; but lived at
Murdocks. Age 45

Perry was the local builder aged 30

Mrs Perry his wife; aged 32 ; and her social standing
is shown by the fact that she had a grave three
hundred years old between Liskeard and looe.

Now Mrs Giles came in. She was like a bolster, all
white. Drak pigtaills hung over her shoulders. She wore
a wrap, embroidered with faded peacocks. She was somnolent,
like a priah dog, yellow, fleasome, lazily stretched in the
dust in Constatinople.

"I saw he light on the grass" she said.

But it was eraly to have gone to bed; early to
have shut the eyes. And she set down on the three
cornered chair that wa like a Beadeles hat.

~~Amochairxmfmamxmkinzh~~ Mrs Perry regarded her with a ce tain
animosity. Perry on the other hand expressed approval.

Mr Haines felt(perhaps)a certain constriction. Her father
in law felt as if a flower had been dropped into his stream.
No more than that. Nothin changed him now. Nothing could
ever change his stream now, till it went over the ra ids;
and, all traffic being stopped, nothing allowed to go either
way t rough the vil age, because he owned the land, the
farm cart, decorated with moss and chrysanthemums, or with
pri roses and palms, according to the ti m foof year,
bore him, through ranks of villagers, some wearing

smocks, to the family grave.

She was only a flower; a soft blurred stock. sweet smelling.

*fallen
in the
stream*

He shut his book; with his very fine veined fingers; snapping the little ~~vividness~~; the thread that ran gilt and glittering back to his boyhood, when on a birthday, his mother had written his name in the works of Lord Byron, in a very fine hand.

Aware of the change the talk was of the scare. Measles. That was why she had gone up early. To sit with him. Its ^{he} was asleep now.

Oh thank you ~~so much she said~~. Thank you, she apologised. She apologised for disturbing the conversation, which, she supposed must have been about....

The cess pool said Perry.

They did not bring the drains there because of the rates, "Aines said.

The rates!" said Mrs Perry.

In the "apoleonic wars, old Oliver said, missing some connection, they had ploughed up the land, Yes, you could see the ^{new} scar on the hill, where they had ploughed; to grow wheat; in the "apoleonic wars.

But you don't remember... ? Mrs Perry began.

No, he did not remember the Napoleonic wars. Still if you went up in a plane, you could see; he touched his fingers; the lines cut by the Saxons; the ^{main} Roman road; the Elizabethan manor house; the mound raised for the beacon; & the scar.... but the scars were almost healed.

*Hammer looked at John Gilder with him on
his wrist. Perhaps he felt—*

Mr Haines felt "perhaps" haines felt a certain constriction.

Perhaps is a very useful word. For per aps allows the ^{his} mind to indulge in many reflections: as for example; haines has a secret life; haine admired the girl at the cottage on the left hand side of the road; "r mother charred. It was perhaps his child she bore; perhaps. Nor did anybody make any bones about that obviously pregnant girl. Chit. Drab. Strumpet they called her; and she concealed her condition with a tightly buttoned grey coat. ^{when} She was 'gravid' as they say of rabbits. What then did he feel for Mrs giles? Perhaps this; perhaps that. A man after all must have a hidden underground bubbling spring; which never comes to the top --not when Mrs perry is there and Mrs giles Perhaps he measured her against --was she Lily, was she abel? Perhaps he kept the child; Or perhaps there was something repellent to him; chill as cold mutton in Mrs Giles, the bolseret like, the pigatied. with whom, in a straw hat white blouse fastened by a golden arrow he played tennis when there was the Whit^Sunday bazaar in aid of Church funds at the recory.

Perhaps-- under its shelter as many ideas grow as there are balades beneath a stone; but all white; denied the green that the fresh air of certainty gives; that certainty which is to tell the truth the lot of very few.

no solid truth achieved by
(our unbroken)
In proof of this sad solid truth: Haines said:
"Did you ever hear Sir (so he called the old man)

9
"of a chap" (here he hesitated as if from
awkwardness at trespassing clumsily in o some higher
sphere) of a poet (he made the correction as if he
stood in the presence of a superior) called Thomas? "
(he brought the name out pursing his lips.) *Thomas*

Oliver touched the mottled cover of "yron with the
tips of his fingers; yellow one was with tobacco juice.
"e also rased his eyebrows.

"Thomas? he repeated.

"A *S*urname" said haines.

Whereupon there was a collison between the ladies.

For Mrs perry whose goose eyes always seemed like a
bill about to gobble some pea, *When* said "Thomas" and rs
Giles very slowly raised her head, swanwise, and, as if
certain w ights had moved into position behind her eye
making the hslloaw heavy; the surface dark: said

"Old mans beard!

"ainesturned in his chair.

And there was another collision.

Em he said. meaning so you ve read that. And " never
thought it; so were not such fools either of us; not
such simpletons.... For perhaps he laboured nder
the derision of some smart sprig whom he had heard
nin the recitory garden saying clever things.

And perhaps he had his stock of books at the farm.

Not only the *F*arriers gudie and the *V*ets companion and

"ow to cure the bott and the weevil. But here and

there a volume bought at the shop in the igh street,

And the other one about the dead soldier.

I like the cuckoo, is it; and the deaf man
who hears the voice....

They quoted. "remembered; forgot; stumbled.

I wish she said, shifting in her chair as they came
to an end of what the remembered; I'd known him---

Did you, Mr haines'

He shook his head.

"I doubt" said old "liver; I doubt...."

he lenththed his lips a little and smiled.

I doubt that we should altogether have approved.

It was
thinking
of
Lord
Byron

He smiled, and smiling, at them not at himself,

became himself satyr-like; a "agency buck; a diss
olute rather dishevilled old man, with an open neck;

a flowing shirt front of whi e cambric;

and a ring on h s finger, ostentatiously displaying

his much aradvertised broken heart and armorial

bearings on a red cornelian: Mrs perry ~~that is,~~

looked at him apprehensively; obviously painfully re

minded of her ^{mercantile} mid le class origin, in spite o the em

phasis which sh ahd already laid upon the antaquity

of the family graves.

"When " was a b oy" he continued, "the legend still

hung about...." ^{The Byron legend, Mr} It was we felt, a legend that hung

like a wreath of Travellers joy, in a duty lane;

or one of those circles of art ofical flowers,

warranted to resist the inclemency of several winters

, cheap but durable, such as lie on the rgaves of

village churchyards. Then he quoted
"I

throwing his head back,

To me
 "I'll go no more a roving by the light of the moon

And them, *thepher like a hawk in a vault*,

Come

He stopped, like a smoker, who having blown two perfect smoke rings through his nose, watches them, complete rings, with a certain complacency. But refrain from adding a third. Arent they, after all, perfect? Yes said haines, as if he saw the rings; and they were very perfect; but wobbling; losing shape.

How many winters and springs have changed those perfect rings, that wreath of travellers Joy that legend which so obviously moved old liver and enchanted him and coloured his eyes, into the little bare sprig of old mans beard! And why was the leaf so stringesnt so pungent to him and to---he looked at Mrs Giles. hoping hoping that she would help him in assertring the right of the living to their own opinions.

She shook her head ever so slightly from side to side, as if saying inaudibly: Not for us, no.

No not for us, haines echoed, hitching up his trouser, Byron and Shelley were not for them; not in the way Thomas was.

Mrs Merry paused, as one waits for the strain of an organ to die out before leaving Church; the emotion which connected haines and Mrs Giles; She did not

share it; therefore wished, having for politeness sake let it die down, to attack it, as a thrush pecks a white butterfly. ^{Calhoun} But she must wait to destroy this ~~common~~ feeling about poetry until she was in the car; Then she would destroy it in the interests of her own superior good sense; sense of proportion; of that fibre in her which was to some extent John ^{her husband who was to come about here} perry too.

Well she said, as if he heard the last strain of the organ die out, "We must be going - " she held out her hand.

^{with the lantern to the} "And I'll fix it up" said perry, also rising.

The common feeling (about poetry) fluttered round the lamp for a moment. Why did Mrs Miles and Haines feel that for them these words were pungent; but not the other? And old Oliver--why did he feel the very opposite? What breadth of time; what river of people feeling, talking; and putting it into words; ran between those islands of speech; leaving the old man high and dry on his; them on theirs? Why, was there nothing but smoke to them in his recitation; and a decided prick in their own? And how had each of them--tennis partners smiling tolerant boredom-- the same nerve; in the thigh it was in her case; and tingling still in connection with his; She still felt it, as she sat on the three cornered chair; though she should have risen at the same moment

often negative. The chauffeur though coming from the county town ten miles off did not know. The history was dubious, for though the ~~Olivers~~ ^{Olivers} had been there since 1710, that was not a stretch of time to in that county of old mansions to make them notable; nor had they any blood connection with the Warings, the Elveys, the ^{Man}nerings of the Turnets who had all mixed quarters, and lay there married, buried, intertwisted like an ivy root o a wall.

*he especially
inter twined*

On going up the principal staircase (there was a mere ladder in the back for the servants' it is true that a length of yellow brocade was visible; and, as one reached the top of the stairs, a small powdered face with a pearl slung headdress on top came in view; an ancestress of sorts. There were fifteen bedrooms opening out of corridors. ^{There} A butler who had married a ladies maid; and, under a glass case, ^{There was} a watch that had stopped a bullet on the field of Waterloo.

It was early morning. The dew was on the lawn.
The church clock struck eight times.

On the eighth stroke, Mrs Swithen: ^{led} Scireham drew the curtain in the morning room -- the faded white chintz which so agreeably from the outside, tinged the window with its green lining. ^{Edge} And there with her old hands on the hasp jerking it open, she stood; Olivers married sister; a widow; She always intended to set up a house of her own, either in Kensington or at New; so that

she could have the benefit of the gardens;

But she stayed on all through the summer months,

and then when winter wept its damp on the panes,

and choked the gutters with its dead leaves,

and it became more and more annoying of the

original builder to have chosen a north aspect;

her brother said they did it to escape from anture;

naturally; were not four horses required to drag the

family coach through the mud?--- also he would tell

the story of the famous eighteenth century snowstorm;

whne for fi ve days not a cart came there way; —

when winter came she retired to lodgings at hastings.

But it was summer now. She had been kept awake

by the birds. How the sang! attacking the dawn

like so many choir boys falling on a plum cake.

Forced to listen, she had stretched for her favourite

book, on the antiquity of ^Man; and had spent the hour

between three and four thinking of rododen dron forest

in Piccadilly; when the entire continent, not then

^{The underwood} divided by a channel, but all one; was populated, she

understoodm by vast elephant bodied, seal necked,

splay footed, heaving, surging, slowly writhing,

baying and she supposed barking monsters:

the iqaunodon and the mastodon: From whom, presumably,

she said, jerking the window open, we descend.

Naturally it took her at least five seconds in time actual time and in mind time considerable ages to separate the actual "race with the blue teacups from the leather covered grunting monster who was about, as the door opened, to demolish a a whole ^{tree} branch in the green steamy undergrowth. Naturally her glance was vague. And how she jumped, when race said putting the tray down, "ood morning! ^{Mah} Baaty Grace called her, after a moment; for as she felt on her face the divided glance of her mistress, that was half meant for a beast in a swamp; ^{here} she felt somehow queerher rprint dress and apron turned to a scaly hide.

How ^{they} those bords sing! said Mrs Swithin, at random. The window as open; ^{the} ~~the~~ birds song certainly did come in. An obliging thursh hopped across the alwn. A coil of pinkish rubber twist d in its beak. Mrs Swithin was tempted by the sight to continue her imaginative reconstruction of the past of Europe; but as her mother had often rebuked her Theres a time for everything; and a place too. Dont stand gaping like that ^{Lay} or the win'll change--- Such elements of social morality imprinted on her in the very room too which had been her mother's, of sixty years ago, supported her in what her brother was always calling A very different world. And so though much given to increasing the bounds of the actual moment by flights,

whether into the past or the future, or sidelong into
such alleys and corridors as lie about the moment,

she sat down to morning tea like any other
old lady, with a high nose, ~~pinched in the middle~~,
thin cheeks, a pearl brooch, and a ring on her
finger, which once shapely was now knotted, and the
other trappings of rather poverty stricken but gallant
old age. violet silk and lace head dress.

The terrace

It was strange and regrettable that the builder
of Pointz ~~had~~ pitched the house in the hollow,
when, not half a mile off, there was a stretch of
high ground. Nature had provided a beautiful terrace;
which man had neglected. Nature had provided a stretch
of turf, about a mile in length and very level till it
suddenly dipped to the lily pond, broad enough
to take laid out the entire shadow of one of the elm
trees. Yet nobody within human memory had ever built
there, and you could walk up and down, up and down
under the shelter of those trees provided, it seemed,
gratuitously by nature, for they were not purposely
planted. There were gaps; then two or three grew
close together; their roots broke the turf,
and there were green waterfalls and cushions of grass
between their angular toes; in which violets grew and
primroses, in spring; in summer the wild purple orchid.

*Mr. King was
somewhat
luminous
in the
wh. had
defeated
eye.*

~~The Terrace.~~

The nurses now after breakfast were trundling the perambulators up and down^{the terrace}; they were talking in the not low voices of nurses, as if they were communicating ideas, pellets of information, exact and carefully formed thoughts to be conveyed accurately to another person--- but rather as if they were rolling sweets; which, as they thinned to a transparency under the tongue-- green yellow, or pink-- gave off a mild sweetness. ^{the many} The sweetness probably came from what the gardener had said that morning; the cooks answer; she had told him off about the asparagus; the being rung for; of those trays; and how it was a sweet costume; and the hat and the blouse to match; which was leading to something about a feller.... as they walked up and down up and down on the terrace.

It was strange and regrettable that the man who built Pointz had pitched the house in the hollow; when, not half a mile off, there was a stretch of high ground. Nature had provided this beautiful terrace which man had neglected. Nature had provided a stretch of turf, about a mile in length, and level, till it suddenly dipped to the lily pond; and broad enough to take laid out the entire shadow of one of the elm trees. Nobody within human memory had ever built there; and you could walk up and down, up and down, under the shelter of the trees, provided by nature,

it seemed, for they were not purposely planted.

There were gaps; then two or three grew close together

Their roots broke the turf, and there were green

waterfalls, and cushions of grass in which

violets grew in spring, ^{or} in summer the wild

purple orchis.

Amy was saying something about a filler...

when suddenly ^{jumped back} "abel, the elder, interrupted,

Come along george/s--leave off grubbing" The little boy

had lagged and was grouting in the grass.

And then the boy ^{only} suddenly thrust its fist out over the

counterpane, and the ~~waxx~~ furry bear was jerked

^{away} overboard. She had to stoop.

George grubbed. The flower blazed between the angles

of the roots. It blazed a soft yellow; a lambent

light under a film of velvet. It blazed. It tore mem

brane after membrane. ^{it} filled the caverns behind the

eyes with a soft yellow light; a light that was warm

and sweet honey smelling; all that inner darkness

was made a hollow hall of yellow light. And he looked

at the tree beyond; and the whole was stamped out on

the ground; the whole

flower; that is the flowr and a the grass and the
 bole of the tree; Dow on his kness on th grass he
 he held that completeness Then there was a roar and
 a hot breath a stream of coarse grey hair rushing
 past between him and the whole flower; a terror. A gret
 wild beast; rushing, destroying, terrifying.

he leapt up; toppling in his fright, a and then saw
 coming towards him a terrible peaked eyeless monster
 moving on legs; brandishing arms.

Good morning Sir ~~old~~ ^{liver} exclaimed, a
 hollow voice ^{hollow} ^{rashed} ^{the} ^{peak} ^{shape} ^{George} ^{hand} issuing from behind a sheet of paper.

Suddenly he crumpled the paper, which he had cocked
 into a shout; And appeared in his own person, with his
 little flaming eyes, and big nose and wrinkled
 old man's cheeks. George stood gaping. Nurse

slapped his back, by way of asserting her care of
 the child. "Say good morning to 'arndppa' she adminished
 him using another voice than the one that had served
 her when they were alone. The old gentleman had sprung
 upon them suddenly from behind a tree.

But the old gentleman was shouting.

^{George} ^{liver} ^{liver}
 Captain captain. "eel heel you brute!

The nurses turned. George turned. One nurse held the
 furry bear dangling. They all turned to look at ^{Tiger} ~~captain~~
 the elk hound bounding among the flowers. He sprang
 as if he were on the track of a hare.

"Heel! Heel!" the old man bawled, as if he were commanding a regiment. It was impressive to the nurses the way in which an old gentleman of his age could still shout; and make a great brute like that --whom they hated--obey him. Back came the elk hound, sidling, apologetic. And as he cringed at the old man's feet, a string was slipped tounf his collar--the noose that old Oliver always carried.

Bad beast
There he said, you wild beast!"

George was then pro elled by the nurses towrds his grandfather. But he looked at the dog only.

The hairy flanks were sucked in and out; there was a blob of foam on his nostrils; The dog had sdestroyed the flower which had been --he looked back down at the groundp, *the whole* but the flower *the whole flower* was gone for ever.

Oliver was annoyed. His little trick with the paper had ^{not} worked he felt. Though he had done his best to remove the impedimtn between age and youth. And he liked children. But this little chap was a cry baby. He nodded and sauntered on, smoothing out the page which he had been rading, and repateing over and over to himself as he rtried to find his placem the Franc...the franc.... The fran the franc he reaped, as if he were murmuring over the last line of a poem, has been pegged down.... Looking up over the rim of the paper that was uncomfortably

large had been pegged down he added. But could not find his place, and it was difficult to fold the paper in the breezz; surveyed over the rim ~~eyelessly~~ ^{hungrily} for a moment the familiar landscape. It was framed between the trees; the flowing fields; the bare bald heath; and the wood; and the road ^{white} ---- Yes, it had an oddly pictorial effect--seen between trunks; like a picture in a frame.

If he had been a painter he would have planted his easel here.

M. Daladier he read, finding his place unexpectedly has been successful in pegging down the franc....

The Bedroom

Mrs Giles Oliver drew the comb through the enormous tangle of hair which she had never had bobbed, or shingled, or shaven after giving the matter her best attention; and lifted the heavily embossed brush which had been a wedding present, and had its uses in impressing chamber maids in hotels. She lifted it; and stood in front of the three folds of the mirror, so that she could see three separate versions of her own rather heavy handsome face and also, outside the glass, a slip of the lake, of the lawn, and tree tops.

Love, she was thinking, being in love she corrected herself, does not necessarily cease with marriage a thought

If she were in
love with
P.H.
what was he
feeling for
her?

the insidiously shaped with reprehensible vagueness to allow her to indulge the idea that there was no harm in feeling what she had felt overnight for Haines, the farmer -- that prick and tension in her thigh when he had capped her quotation from Edward Thomas. She could feel that, and at the same time 'love' her husband. Giles the stockbroker.

"The father of my children" she added, slipping into a cliché conveniently provided by fiction; *the mother* and as it happened ~~xxx~~ patly illustrated by the sight there coming across the lawn of perambulators, nurses and children.

1 day "My son" she added, continuing on the rails obligingly laid down for her not only by novelists, but by her maiden aunts too---the old Miss Neils who lived at Croydon and derived immense satisfaction from *many other* such thoughts; and from the family descent from O'Neil, king Of Ireland.

John She tapped on the window with her embossed hair brush. But they were too far off to hear; the drone of the breeze deafened them; the chirp of the birds; and other incidents of garden life inaudible to her in the bedroom. *1 window* So she dropped the pose; *the mother of my children, the father of her* only retaining an instinctive belief that since childhood is innocent and isolated, cut off on a green island from all contact with the storms and treacheries of adult life, it was now her part, and would be till he went to school, to protect that *from* sheltered fortress, that tree girt immutability, hedged about

with furry bears, embroidered quilts, ^{with} and

Mabel and ^{throw} from care that complete cosmogony

which was now surrounding as with a hedge of snowdrops her

son George. But not ^{me} m, not mine ^{me} she sighed. No. Since she

could register terrible thrills from men who were not her

husband. Since suddenly Mr Faines could pierce her with

fiery arrows; since the proximity of that body could affect

hers; since the words he said could suddenly attach themselves

to a burning spot in her, and lie between them like a wire

tawnging, tingling, vibrating; jiffing; she tried to find

a word; and thought of the infinitely quick vibrations

of an aeroplane propeller she had watched taking off at

Croydon; faster and faster it buzzed; till all the
flails became one flail;

flails became one whole; the screw one screw; and up soared

the plane--- away---away...

*to prevent the idea by the way
as the word is unusual*

Where we know not, where we go not not know, nor care,
 she hummed. Not know nor care... The rhyme to that would be
 'air'. VBlue airball air. With a feather in her hair. Bo wn

But it was incumbent on her ^{body her housekeeper Juby} as the old man housed them
 all the summer to ring up the fishmongers. She raised the
 teplephone. Thre four eight Bolsham, she s id.

Mrs ~liver speaking. What fish have you this morning?

Cod, halibut, dover sole?

'snt it apt to be dry? Salomon the mid le cut...Poultry?

We have our o n....

With a blue feather in he hair. She murmured. She suspected
 that she was half remebe ing a poem by Thomas hardy!

An airblue gown. For though she loved poetryr she suspected

t at the little note book in whi h she wrote it was not
 worth anything. It was hidden among he account books.

It was ^{how} like an account book, so that if Giles took it up,
 he would not suspect her of writing. No, there was slip
 between he cup and her lip. For instance is she went into
 a shop, she never came ut with the clothes she admired
 nor did he figure, seen against a dark roll of toursering
 please her. Thick of wasit, large of limb, strident in
 colour, ^{in the John the Chm} rayed like a zebra, she never looked like appho;

or one of thae beautifu young men whose photographs adorned

the weekly papers. She always looked like the daughter of
 a man ^{who lived in SW I} Sir Mathew ^{Pembles} eal, of 16 Eyre Street Knightsbridge, W. 1.

with
 Aunt in
 Pindar
 .5

He dreamt: a went down the passage, down the
 stairs to the library.

please her. Thick of wasit, large of limb, and, save, for her
 hair, fashionable in the tight modern way, she never looked like
 Sappho, or one of the beautiful young men whose
 photographs adorned the weekly papers. She looked what she was:
 a knights daughter;
 daughter of a knight; ^{and} niece of Miss O'Neil, ~~who~~ descended, so
 she said, from the O'Neils, ~~kingdom of Ireland~~ who were kings of
 Ireland.

LA
 Abolition
 Kyrre Dyer
 niece to her
 or for
 as her
 who
 to whom the man
 declared for the key & broken.

The Library

"Next to the kitchen, the library is always the nicest room in a house. This or something like it had been said so often that the words seemed to form a scroll, as if they were written, as in less self conscious times people did write words, in a mottoe over the fireplace. The library is the nicest room in the house."

Yet this room, with the three windows opening on the garden, was neither large enough nor tidy enough to suggest a scholars life; nor the cultivated retirement of some old pensioner in a purple skull cap; nor the ardours and jealousies and triumphs of a book collector with his nose always between the pages of catalogues. Nevertheless there was the whole of literature here; from Chaucer opposite the window to the latest bright packeted nursling which like the current flower--primrose tulip or daffodil as the case might be-- had sprung on Smiths Railway bookstall only last Wednesday. For as the train took three hours to reach this midland town, this plain in the middle of England remote from seaside vill beauty spots or famous hunting centres, no one ventured on so long a journey without buying a book to read on the journey to stave off possible hunger. What Chaucer had begun was continued with certain

lapses from his day to this very morning. There were books on chairs, on tables on hollow backed settees.

Books shouldering ^{ed} each other some unbound, others gilt sprinkled some purple, others red, and others caramel ^{coffee colored} a soft caramel tinted calf. Chaucer the great

originator of this still continuing conversation or argument or song faced the window.

About Chaucer there was apt to be some ^{discussion} argument, whether or no he was still readable; His spelling, faithfully reproduced in the nineteenth century edition in the copy here, was an obstacle. It gave those who read Chaucer a slightly unpleasant feeling of

virtue; a simper of the mind comparable to the simper that came into the voice of the upper class lady or gentleman asking Bartlet (the butler) about his married daughter. A question to which Bartlet replied with a little starch in his voice to match the simper.

That there should be neither starch nor simper was an axiom often laid down; that the two minds should be laid so close together that there was not a paper sheet nor a grape skin or the least other impediment between them; for even if there were even a film, the light of the mind struck upon it, and discolored pure understanding. Could pure understanding be achieved by between Batholomew and Chaucer, Giles and Chaucer, Alice Swithin and Chaucer, Haines and Chaucer, Perry and Chaucer. And then

what about Bartlet and haucer, and the two nurses,
Amy and Abel? All adults, all capable of reading.

However each of those who actually took Chaucer down, and did not only pass a feather broom or duster over his back, or consider him as part of the decorative scheme of the wall, believed that they were in contact with something or other; or they would not feel so spun round when the door opened; when 'tiger snapped at a bluebottle; or the log, eaten through, suddenly crashed in the grate. Some were more spun round than others; some felt 'This is my England.

This is visible to me; I am padding along the road;
I am the Clerk I am the Nun I am the "night; Others
had a particiurlar sensation--some in the spine others
in the thigh--others in the pit of the stomach--at the
sound of certain words; the sound only; the sound with
reference to themselves; others a desire to nown whethe
he seduced her or not; and others a curious feeling,
as if elevated themselves on stilts, in un from any
prick of feeoing, they surveyed a panorama of an agree
able kind, visible to the eye on top of the stlits;
a field; a ditch; a grass border; and a white road.
So many were the obvious differences; and there were
myriads more; for in the course of three centuries
several dozens of people had opened that very copy
of the "anterbury tales. *in the back lane opposite*

To some, a snatch of poetry if it were only the rhyme on a tea^y-off calendar was as necessary a part of the toilet as any other; they read as they brushed their teeth. But the concentration necessary was unhygienic; they could no . ore read poetry by the hour --unless stretched in a sand pit or under a tree with a pine needle for marker dipping and ceasing,,dipping and ceasing--- than they could do bdumbebell exercises or pray. It was a concentration a pressure upon the mind --poetry--that turned it to dimaond. And how could a pressure like that be maintained without inj ry to the delicate fibres? the nerves, the grey matter? Moreover, how could a mind go on darting r green light when so many things had to be done; not only with legs and arms; but with the multiple faculties of the mind; its curiosities its indolences, its faculty for p cking up even from the canterbury tales, a bundle of odds and ends; a snatched view down a muddy road of some cottage with a light in the window; or a glock of geese marching with necks outstretched; a house in short where there was nothing rigged up, or cut and set in a gold ring; but all was ungirt, ungirded, inconsequent, hiff gleedy piggedy; inviting the efforts of the causal a passer by to sort it, collect it. "enece somebody had bought the Paston letters by way of a background; had bought that plot of ground with the coottages anthe manor house;

the Church, the village green all complete; and set
 it beside the Canterbury tales opposite the window.
 Though the prose was sticky, still it was prose;
 and that was a relief. It was a relief to find a
 long sentence, like a plain stretch of high road;
 it was a relief to step out briskly without too much
 minding where one trod. And though there were no
 diamonds, the hedges had berries; drops of rain on ^{sham}
 twigs; small birds slipping ^{ed} in the hedge; and often some
 Bachelors button or other simple flower whose name had
 been as familiar since childhood as the cats' or the
 cooks. The Paston letters did very well side by side
 with Chaucer; And so to poetry again--Marlowe.

The road curled; the sentence once more became serpen-
 tine; and bore the ~~xxx~~ mind on its proud back.

Marlowe it was said invented blank verse. And he
 stuck his verse with sonorous words, many syllabled
 Mrs Swithin who came into the library sometimes
 to put a question to her brother about some village
 activity-- aazaar, a lecture at the "omens" institute,
 or the annual ^{Robertson} play in aid of the steeple,
 would stop, seeing him reading, and ask,

Tell me Bart; about the Renaissance. How did it
 show itself over here? she ^{came to school} held her hand at the garden.

The crusaders' she had read. Did they bring books back?

The sack of Constantinople.... Manuscripts....

Greek and Latin texts. Thus she would try to
 account for some lovely word.

Bartlett

How did the renaissance come to "ngland -

Through the Crusaders?

"Through the Crusaders?" Bart would echo her. She meant presumably--he lowered his paper-- did foreign travel enrich language? enrich experience? Did they come back, the Bartlets and haines and perrys of those days, bearded, tanned; with a taseel, or string of beads in their wallets; memores of dark skinned Jewish girls; of hyenas howling; tigers; desert roads; tawny dried up furrows; here a stone glowing, which might be gold or emerald; and orgies; pahllic dances; oriential abndoment; feather fans ^{waving} beating; a tattoo on a dry drum; and rigid svaga e ceremonies; new Gods; new stars; Did they then marry the balckmsiths daughter who minded the geese on the green; did they swagger in the village inn under the hanging bough; did they their children she meant, give a fillip to old Chaucer; and "iers Ploughman; and gammer Gurtens needle" that rudimentary village artSome people held though that Chaucer, in his way, was as great a poet as any of them. All this laid down in him in the lower forms at harrow before he went for a soldier stirred within him--not, God bless my soul, or by Jupiter (that was his favourite oath) not very accurately. No--he had forgotten. They didnt teach that sort of thing at the Shop.

May 11th 1898
 38.
 A. P. W.

31

"the sack of Constantinople" he replied... "When was that?"

Remember, again, Sunday about
manuscripts:
discuss with

He had forgotten; she had forgotten. There she stood, with a placard in her hand, a notice of the forthcoming *Suburban* Play. in aid of the usual objects.

She was going to nail it on the barn, provided she could borrow his hammer and some tintacks. Or she had the local ladies demand for a subscription to.... Or a letter from the vicar about the ^{rates} rates. Or a complaint about the teacher. or some other local affair that needed support....

But at this moment the library was empty; Mrs
Giles had been diverted on her way down stairs by some
housemaids question; and nobody asked any question
about Chaucer, or Marlowe or the Pastons or the
Crusaders; [The yellow blind rising and falling
in the wind merely produced on the backs of the books
a toss of light then of shadow; the fire greyed, then
glowed; and the tortoise shell butterfly beating on the
lower pane might beat itself to death, for, in default
of human life, what help, what comment what action
was there? In ten years, left to themselves, the
books would be mouldy; the butterfly dead; and the
fire out. *There was a flame* Now the door opened; and old art
came in with his newspaper; thrust on one side as he
entered by the impetuosity of the dog.

in wh. there
they
right here
I hope
of them
they
ent

Bye
May
20 1/2

"Brute, brute he said, tenderly however, as he pitched into ^{down} his chair. The brute couched himself at the old man's side. A noble brute, Oliver thought. The long thing nose rested on the paws. The haunches were drawn up. He looked like a stone dog; a crusader's dog, guarding even in the realms of death the sleep of the master. But he was not ^{in master} dead; nor did the brute sleep. His flanks were sucked in and out. There was a rim of foam on his nostril. And his eyes, the beautiful ^{yellow green} fierce eyes, drew aside wall, window, green garden like a curtain, and laid bare Indian plains; ~~a mountain~~; a cascade falling; a baked river bed; but no water; there was only the roar of water; and a bitter green leaved plant with one bright tuft; and hills pleated like grey stuff; and five native tribes plotting treachery; and death; a bullock ^{behind him: with his hand on his sword. a shadow was a shadow; nature;} half a hoop of ribs, half maggot molten entrails on the sand; and Oliver himself, alone, in the sun, with only his sinews, his wits, and his empty revolver. They could have knifed him and ~~stabbed~~ ^{struck} him on the wall like a dead hawk... That was the very hand, lying on the chair arm, its veins still swollen; but with a brownish fluid now, that had had clenched the empty revolver... Tiger snapped at a fly; and the door opened.

"I'm interrupting?" said his daughter in law coming in.

Of course she was. Destroying India and youth. But it was his own fault. Since he had persisted in living all these years, stretching finer and finer the thread of life from

from twenty two to seventy four, It was not for him to complain, since he had survived. Indeed it was something to be thankful for---that she continued him; expanded the present moment; Many old men were forced to live in the past; sucking away with their old dried lips at a dry twig that had ceased to yield a drop Old men in clubs; old men in rooms off Jermyn Street.

"The moor is dark" she said, ^{to herself} the moor is dark beneath the moon. The rapid dews of dusk have drunk the last sweet breath of heaven.....I have ordered the fish" she continued ^{and then} "though whether it'll be fresh or not I can't promise. But veal is dear and everybody in the house is sick to death of beef and mutton."And Tiger?" she asked. ^{possibly} "What's he been doing?"

He did not move. His yellow wild eyes ^{glared at her} examined her. He never wagged a tail. He never acknowledged the ties of domesticity. Either he cringed or he bit. ^{He could outbark them both}

"Your little boy's a crybaby" said old Oliver. Oh damn it all" ^{Isabel} ~~Lucy~~ sighed, sitting down on the first arm chair. For she was still riding the crest of her verse about where we go not, where we know not, with a feather in her hair. And he reminded her; she was pegged down, like a captive balloon, by myriads of hair-thin ties.

^{with her} "What's been the matter?" she asked.

"I took the newspaper" he explained. ^{So} "He took it, and crumpled it in to a ball over his face to show her what he had done."

Away! The
moor is
dark beneath
the moon,
Rapid clouds
have drunk
the last
pale beam
of even-

"I took the newspaper " he explained. "So..."

He took it and crumpled it in a beak over his nose, to show her what he had done.

"And he howled. He was afraid. he's a coward, your young man!"

She flushed. He was not a coward. he was her son.

She loathed being again the possessive mother. And he knew it; and did it on purpose; for some reason of his own. But he was reading the paper. *h*

He had caught the words "aladier...the franc... He had stopped in the middle. Now he began to read again.

"The library's always the nicest room..." she murmured. and got up and ran her eye along the books flowing into each other. "

"Spenser she said. The Faery Queen. *bow* Bible in Spain. Kinglake Crimea. Crystal, Adventures of a Guinea. Gil Blas. *he* Kreutzer Sonata. "

She felt like a person with an aching tooth

in a chemists shop. One of the innumerable green bottles with a gilt scroll contained the right remedy.

Perhaps balzac? Le Cure de Champagne? No. Prose was long winded. She wanted a sudden strong whiff. Perhaps Shelley perhaps Keats; perhaps Keats; perhaps Donne; perhaps Browning. Or a life--not a poem? The life of Lord Cromer.

The life of Sir Edward Grey. The life of Garibaldi.

Or not a persons life--a counties life. The

Antiquities of Durham. Old Rutland. The proceedings of the Archaeological Society of Nottingham.

*a touch of
faintness
was the
same as
in the
dinner
the sea
was
calm
Jim.*

*high the night she found
she was both this; a*

or science. Darwin's descent of man.

The ache had gone; the crest of emotion had sunk; the desire for poetry was over; her anger was out; her mind was like a sea anemone when the feelers are curled up; like a dab of jelly on a plate, reflecting a window pane; placid; stupid. She turned and as her father in law had dropped half the newspaper picked it up and read:

"A girl who lives down our way" she read "used to go out with the guards. One of them asked her to come and see the horse with the green tail."

If you crossed the horse guards parade you saw the sentry from behind. He sat in his box with his cloak stretched out to meet the horse's tail. In imagination she ran her eye to the horse's tail where the troopers' cloak met it. It was set like a black wedge in the horse's rump. But it was black; not green. *The umbrella:*

"She found it was just an ordinary horse; and they dragged her up to the barrack room and she was thrown down on a bed the troopers having removed part of her clothing. And then she ~~cried~~ screamed and hit him about the face--the girl who lived down our way. the girl with red lips and white cheeks who had gone skylarking. The horse had a green tail; and the grass outside the window as green. *A horse's tail.*

A certain pleasure mingled with her disgust. with her

*A horse
holding
hand
the
glance
fading
from*

~~sense of Stuart princesses~~; the window in Whitehall
from which Charles stepped to his execution;

"ell Gwynn and orange sellers; She screamed and hit
him about the face, the girl down our way ~~who had gone~~
~~to the troopers bedroom.~~" She looked at "ld "liver
wrinkling his nose over the paper; reading so pompously
about politics. The trembling veil of summer air
down our way - it was
quivered; it was an alley in which the girl lived
down our way.... The door opened.

The girl
Mrs Swithin, Oliver's widowed sister, came in. In
her hand she carried a large hammer, and as she ad-
vanced, she waved it and pursed her lips and smiled
He let his paper fall
sidelong at her brother. He watched her,
for when the door opened, ~~he had let his paper fall~~
~~on his knee.~~ He watched her as she sidled
and curtseyed, like a ship, bobbing and
sidling, as she crossed the floor which ~~was~~ *seemed* fluid
He said nothing
under her shabby garden shoes. No word passed between
them as she went sidling to the cupboard in the corner
and replaced the hammer which she had stolen without
asking his leave; together --she unclosed her fist--
with a handful of nails. *He placed them too*
"Cindy---Oh Cindy" he growled, reproaching her,
as she shut the cupboard door.

Cindy or Sindy--it could be spelt either way--

was the short for Lucy; and was the name he called her

when they were children. She was three years younger than he was. They had always lived here. She had made a

the meadow flowers into tight little bundles, winf

winding one long stalk round and round and round

while he fished. The taking of the fish off the hook

had made her shudder, but it fascinated her to see

~~him do it.~~ Once he had forced her to do it herself.

And the gills were full of blood. Of all this the only

thing that survived was the word Cindy spoken as he

spoke it now with a growl; in a voice he never used

except to her, caught stealing; and she, even before

he said it, anticipated it, and did this dancing,

sidelong walk to the cupboard; as she had done it

in the grass; The ghost of the spring morning in the

meadows walked once more, as she replaced the

hammer on its right shelf; and the nails, on the shelf

below; and shut the cupboard; about which--for he

kept his fishing tackle there--he was so very part

icular.

"To nail the placard" she said, standing beside his chair.

The words were like the first peal of a peal of bells; while the first peals, you hear the second; while the second peals, you hear the third; and so on

the first being half the second. Isa knew that she would say next:

"...for the entertainment"

And he would ^{Gwan} say, ^{day} "Tonight? ^{By Jeeves!} amn it!"

"If its fine" she would say "They'll act in the garden"

"And if its wet" he would reply, "In the barn"

"And which will it be?" she would continue. "Wet or fine?"

And then---as they were doing now-- they would both look out of the window.

Every summer for seven summers now ^{Isa} ~~she~~ had heard the same talk; about the hammer; the nails; the entertainment; the weather. Every year they said the same things; ever year it was either wet or fine.

Every year the same chime followed the the same chime; it seemed impossible that any thing should change the chimes; or change the picture; of children fifty years ago, fishing in the stream that ran through the meadow. But she changed; ^{the thing behind the wall} it changed-- the thing that was behind: ^{"it" was} today "The girl screamed; and hit him about the face; they dragged her to the bedroom in the barrack and held her down...."

"The forecast" Oliver said, taking up the paper

"The forecast is: variable winds; fair,

average temperature; rain at times."

That was the report given by the Meteorological Office where they noted down the buzz and flicker of the very sensitive instruments that recorded pressure, velocity, density, humidity and other phenomena provided incessantly by the sky. The sky continued its mysterious, its incalculable, its incessant ^{maneuvers} operations. It was green in the garden one moment; grey the next. It was as if an eye beamed approval then withdrew in melancholy reproach. It was as if some one felt illimitable joy; then ^{Compassion} sympathy so great that that it covered its face ~~a compassion so great it~~ forebore to look on human suffering. The movement of the clouds however were very rapid; then very slow. "Now a space thinned in the white ^{in fleece} fleece; now it massed and blackened. There was a certain wantonness, fecklessness, lack of symmetry, order, rule; either the clouds obeyed their own law, or some ^{or no law} dream law. ^{yet} Beyond in the further distance very high up a cloud at had hardened at the summit to golden alabaster; was made of ^{immortal stone} marble. And beyond that was intense blue; and beyond that? Some thing happened in that cloudless space that escaped registration by any meteorological instrument. There was something uncharted, un felt, that never ^{filtered} filtered down to the Observatory. And what was that? that which existed solitary unperceived,

Expanded
An immense rapture!

that never fell on India, Africa, or England; but disregarded the little coloured ball of earth entirely; No flower felt it; no field; no garden. There was something beyond the world.

Mrs Swithin was gazing at the sky.

"Will it be wet or fine?" she said. Her eye glazed.

"She is religious" Isa said to herself. attributing the fixity and the devoutness of her gaze to the fact that she saw beyond the clouds a throne; on which was God, presumably.

"It looks unsettled" said Mrs within.

"It may be wet, or on the contrary....we can only pray"

"And Provide umbrellas" said batholomew.

"There they are!" Mrs within rapped on the window,

"The darlings!" she exclaimed. The perambulator was being trubled across the lawn.

Isa jumped up. What a dear old woman! What an angel of goodness--and courage---and spirit! Thus to salute the children; thus to defy the weather; thus to beat up against the immensities and indifferences ~~her~~ skinny old hands, ~~her~~ lustrous laughing eyes! How noble--to defy the weather!

"He looks blooming?" said Mrs within, turning to her husband.
It was only a scare -
After the scare last night...

"Its astonishing how they pick up" said Isa.

a "the
pains
"wet?"

Lucy
Hatched

Gravely. How can I command
upon the word
'pray'

"~~Every~~ Did he eat his breakfast?" *Mrs. J. W. W. W.*

"Every scrap said *isa*

"And baby's ^{*in the*} all right?"

So far" said *isa*. "Touch wood" she added, and ~~touch~~ touched the table.

"What's the origin of that Bart?" said Mrs. Wit ^{*S*} turning to her brother---"the superstition about touching wood? A ~~Didnt~~ ^{*didn't*} Antaeus always touch the earth?

She had skipped as usual down some side path of her own. She would have been a very clever well read woman if only she could have concentrated upon one sub ^{*1 in 100*} ect. But alas---this led to that, and that to the other; And half the things she was told in answer to her questions went in at one ear and out at the other. And all were circled--as so often happens after seventy-- by a containing ^{*hand*} circle; in her case, should she take a house at ^{*at*} Kensington or Kew. And she never did either; "very year she took lodgings when autumn came at ^{*h*}astings.

"Touch wood, touch earth, Antaeus" ^{*B*}art muttered; trying to bring the scattered ideas together. The matter could be settled by reference to ^{God} "empriere for the mythology, ; to Popular Superstitions for the table. Both books were on the shelf behind him.

But what was odder than anything in a book was ^{*that in a human*} the certainty, which existed not two feet from him, ^{*skull*} in a human skull, shaped like his own ^{*was the certainty*}

that somewhere or other there existed ^{was} --he supposed she did not invest it with ~~her~~ limbs, hair, toenails &c--- a force --a ray---a blast from a furnace--- a force anyhow which controlled the thrush with its beak in a worm, also the tulip; also Tiger; also himself an old man with swollen veins. It was strong enough to get her out of bed on cold mornings; and send her across the muddy ^{dark} road to the Church which housed her God; whose mouthpiece was the Rev. T. H. Terageant MA a gentleman from the shires, a good fellow who rode to hounds, and was reputed to smoke cigars for which he had a passion in the vestry; and indeed he needed some solace after doling out preachments to a congregation of fifty asthmatic elders. No one under fifty ever rose at eight in the morning; or even at eleven ^{in the morning} thirty. And those groutings and scrapings, of white wash, those reaperings of the perpetually falling steeple, could only be carried on by Lucys periodical outbursts of letter writing and the nailing of placards on barns. Well, if it wasnt one superstition, it was another. The human animal had to touch wood.

"Whats the origin of that 'art?" Lucy repeated; she tapped the table. *to recall him to his power*

"Same as all the rest " he said. "Superstition."

She flushed. He had sent a thin blush over her sensitive skin. He had hurt her. He could still

Between the acts. Typescript, earliest, dated draft

Pp. 55-70 Page 55 dated July 3
Page 59 dated Aug. 1, Page 70 dated Aug. 6 [1938]

Two drafts of p. 64, 63

QAnd now" said Mrs Switin, piling the sandwiches one on to of the other though her's jutted out from the smoot edges like badly laidd ricki bricks in a wall, "I'll take them to the barn" She ^{went} went. She knew without saying it that jane the housemaid would follow with the lemonade. *an assumption for which Mr. Switin suspected her*

July 320
The Dining room.

No one knew who had hung the pictures in the dining room, or for what reason the long languid lady and the stout man, holding his hat, had been hung side by side to front the window and s rvey the dinner table. Both were born in the middle years of the eighteenth century; and it was often assued that they were husband and wife. Indeed during awkward pauses in the conversation fanciful d ners would sketch imaginary dialogues; invent reasons why he had married her and she him; refket that unlikeness often brings people together; ³roceed to some con siderations upon the forced matches of the eighteenth century; ^{with} ~~then consider~~ the merits and demerits of the ^{lands} system; what effect such matches had upo childb rth; look furtively at the descendants to corroborate ⁱⁿ them; therories; and even slightly change the conversation in order to give expression to the ideas which the two pictures aroused. In fact however the lady was merely a picture bought by Mrs Swithins father because he liked the ^{picture} ~~colour~~; whereas the gentleman was an ancestor. In real life they had never met; but in picture life there they hung, s de by side, perpet ally looking at the oval dinner table, and shed ing upon it

a very complex illumination. For the real picture, the picture whose purple pink yello and green was pleasing, whose pose was satisfying, so that the eye went back to it, and as it went back, laid a bar upon the tongue; as if the eye had led the mind down a silent and solitary path away from words, shed a different influence from the other. The other was a talk producer. The other undoubtedly represented a man hunting. *(The always father)* He held his hat in his hand. He said, "If you want my likeness, my good Sir, it must be done when the leaves are on the trees." There were leaves on the trees. He said too, "Aint theree room too for Colin as well as Buster?" Colin was the invisible dog. *Buster was the horse* There was no room for both. Confounded shame he said, Well the horse *put in this* is the nobler of the two. But it was a damned shame--leaving out ~~Gold~~ Colin. Colin the famous red setter '176--1773) whom he had wished to bury at his feet, but the clergyman refused.

Silence

There was silence in the dining room, for lunch delayed. The chairs were all drawn up, and the places ready; wine glasses, knives and forks, napkins, and in the centre the variegated flowers which artlet picked, mixed and bunched together after a colour scheme of his own. But who observed the dining room? Who could ~~possibly~~ note the silence of emptiness. This presence certainly requires a name, for without a name what can exist? And how can silence be observed by a thing which has no existence? Yet by what name is that to be called which enters rooms

There was silence in the dining room, for lunch delayed. The chairs were all drawn up, and the places ready; wine glasses, knives and forks, napkins, and in the centre the variegated flowers which Bartlet picked, mixed and bunched together after a colour scheme of his own. But who observed the dining room? Who noted the silence, the emptiness? What name is to be given to that which notes that a room is empty? This presence certainly requires a name, for without a name what can exist? And how can silence or emptiness be noted by that which has no existence? Yet by what name can that be called which enters rooms when the company is still in the kitchen, or the nursery, or the library; which notes the pictures, then the flowers, and observes, though there itself, The room is empty. The great dictionary which records the names of infinitesimally small insects, has a name for grains of different sand--one is shell, the other rock; has ignored this presence, refusing to attempt to name it. Certainly it is difficult, to find a name for that which is in a room, yet the room is empty; for that which perceives pictures knife and fork, also men and women; and describes them; and not only perceives but partakes of them, and has access to the mind in its darkness. And further goes from mind to mind and surface to surface, and from body to body, creating what is not mind or body, not surface or depths, but a common element in which the perishable is preserved, and the separate become one. Does it not by this means create immortality? And yet we who have named other presences equally

impalpable--and called them God for instance or again
 The Holy Ghost, have no name but novelist, or poet, for
 or sc altpot or musician, for this greatest of ll
 preservers and crators. But this spirit this haunter
 and joiner, who makes one where there are two, three
 six or seven, and preserves what without it would
 perish is nameless Nameless it is , yet partakes of
 all things bamed; is rhyme and ryhtn; is dress and
 eating and drinking, is procreation and sensation;
 is love and hate and passion and adventure. partakes
 of the dog and the cat, o the bee and the flower and o
 of bodies in coats and skirts

This nakeless sprit then, who is not "we" nor
 "I", nor the novelist either, For the novelist all
 agree must tell a story; and there are no stories
 for this spirit; this spirit is not concerned to
 fol ow lovers to the altar, nor to cut chapter from
 chapter; and the write as novelists do The end with
 a flourish; since there is no end; this being, to
 redce it to the shortest and simplest word, was presen
 in the dining room at Pointz Hall for it observed
 how different the room was empty from what the room
 was when--as now happned---^{were about to} ~~people entered.~~ *enter.*

There were voices in the hall-- conflicting, confused voices, as if several different streams, rushing at different ^{levels} layers, in different ^{rates} speeds, had all encountered the same obstacle: For want of a better name let us call it Society. that eternal sensation or desire implanted not in humanity only for the cow and the weasel have it; to meet; eve if it it be but to collide. to meet, even though the collision is painful; as indeed it was at this moment, one thirty five on a June morning in the hall at Pointz Hall. It was painful, it was also ridiculous, to meet Mrs Manresa and an unknown young man with tow coloured hair and a twisted face as they--old Bart, Lucy and Isabella--- came out of the library to go to the dining room. Yet there they were; there was nothing for it; no escape was possible; meeting was inevitable. Uninvited, unexpected, droppers in, lured off the high road by the very same instinct that caused the instijctive simultaenous movements of cows or sheep in a field: they had yielded to this desire for propinquity. But they had brought a lunch basket.

"We couldnt resist--when we saw the name on the sign post" Mrs Manresa began. "And this is a freind--- William Dodge. We were going to sit all alone in a hedge. And I said, Why not ask our dear frineds to harbour us? A seat at the ^{tables} tables--thats all we want. We have our own glasses. Every thing.... We ask nothing but----"

And she waved her hand upon which there was a glove; but certain knobs indicated rings beneath, at Bart. He bowed.

The work of our dear friends, the means

the

In order to give full effect of collision, there should be added to this speech (very imperfectly reported) the fluttering sound of Lucys voice; Old Barts mutter; but that was scarcely articulate; and Isabellas level silent stare. (For in every sound there is an element of silence.)

Isabella observed the young man. J ewas of course "a gentleman". witness socks, trousers; And educated; witness his mouth; shy; unwholesome (utty coloured) nervous; exhibiting a twitch at this sudden introduction; deprecating Mrs manresa effeusion; and disgustingly well pleased with himself. She felt antagonised; yet curious. And when Mrs manresa added, to make all shipshape, "He's an artist" and when William D edge corrected her, "I'm an Insurance clerk" she felt she had her finger on the knot which had tied itself so so tightly, so obviously, in his face.

And then they went into lunch. and Mrs manresa being a very insensitive loud voiced, jolly woman, talked nineteen to the dozen, enjoying^{ed} obviously ~~happened~~ the necessity to tide over this minor social crisis; believeing^{ed}, honestly, that we're all brothers and sisters under the skin; and ^{has} having complete faith in her own capacity to make mince meat, rely poly, or Scotch broth out of all the niggling little differences that separate ~~man and woman~~ different men--and women too. But she preferred men--obviously.

"Or what are your rings for?" said Isabella, addressing Mrs Manresa silently, and thereby making silence add its ^{Antubuhim} little drop of poison to talk.

Mrs Manresa's life history was only partially known to any of them, excluding perhaps William Dodge whom she called "Bill"; a sign that he perhaps knew more. On the other hand the kind of thing he knew--~~or~~ that she walked about her garden at midnight in silk pyajams with the loud speaker full on, playing jazz-- they knew. But nobody knew strictly biographical facts. She had been born, gossip said, in Tasmania-- at least in New Zealand. Her grandfather had been exported for some hanky panky mid-Victorian scandal-- malversation of trusts? But the story got no further, the only time Isabella heard it, ~~that~~ than "exported"; for the husband of the lady (Mrs lencow) who retailed it, took exception to "exported"; said "expatriated" was better; but not the right term. He had it on the tip of his ^{finger} fingers; but could not get it. And so the story dwindled away. Sometimes she referred when joking about ^{terms} country curates, to an Uncle who was a Bishop; but he was thought to have been only a Colonial bishop. They forget and forgave very easily in the Colonies. And it was also said that her diamonds and emeralds had been dug out of the earth with his own hands by a "husband" who was not Ralph Manresa. But with George the ^{Sixth} Fifth on the Throne it was old fashioned, dowdy; it savoured of moth eaten

2 the fitter

furs, bugles, cameos and black edged notepaper was a sport only fit for old maids in Cathedral closes-- this interrogation of ancestry.

Her vulgarity--she was unpacking her lunch basket--all she needed--she said, ogling Bartlet as if he were a man of flesh and blood-- was a corckscrew, for she had a bottle of champagne somewhere--- was a most desirable quality; because everybody--from Bartlet to Isabella-- felt, Shes said it, or shes done it, not I" and thus could take advantage of the breach she made, of the fresh air that blew in, or the disapproval and relief and absence of ceremony that followed like leaping dolphins in

its wake to throw the responsibility on her for being jelly. in the wake of her vulgarity

Did she not restore to old Bart his youth?

"Look Bill she said, cocking her thumb,--she was opening the bottle herself--at both pictures, you'd have a treat? I told him, he wouldn't look at our things (but she had all sorts of lovely pictures) after yours. And I promised him here she ogled Bart--" you'd show him the---the--- here she sent the champagne fizzing; and positively insisted upon filling Barts glass first--- what is it all your gentlemen rave about? An arch? A Norman, Saxon?---- Whos the last from school?" she ogled Isabella now, but always when she spoke to women she veiled her eyes; they were conspirators. My dear old mistress was thrown away on me..

Dolly she would say....

And so on. But he made them feel that she had blown into

a harbour; where all was desriable; after her daily fare of dust and ashes; London that is; But in return for their hospitality---just look at this glass she said, holding up her wineglass; which was only a cipy too; she would corrupt them with a list of trfiles. The Prime Minister had said this; The breal truth was that.... As a mere nobody "they" didnt care what they said to her. Why should they?

And then she told them what the Duke had said, quth qu te opnely, simply because she was such a nobody...

"And then," she made a gesture with her hands. As if casting aside that odious, foolish, ramshackle life;

"Whats the very first thing do when I come down? (She had only come last night-- driving herself through the June hedges---- with Bill, it was underatood, leaving London at midnight.) What od I do? Can I say it aloud?

Is it permitted Mrs Swithin? Yes everything can be said in this house. I told you Bill---they do t mind what we say or what we do----- I take off my stays (here she pressed her hands to her sides--she was stout) and roll in the grass.

Roll---you' ll believe that...." She laughed rogisly.

Her figure hgave her immense freedom. It was so entirely frank in its abdonment. *that nothing cd be done she rejected refinement.*

I believe thats genuine, Isa, thought, looking at her with and she remembered. It was quite genuine too, *also her love of the country*

her love of the country. Often when Mr Manresa had to be in town she stayed on, alone; wore an old garden hat; taught the village women not how to peel and preserve--every one

a harbour; where all was desirable; after he r daily fame of dust and ashes; London that is. But in return for their hospitality--- ^{on her home made} how did they make their bread?--She would ^{bury} toss them a few gobbets of gossip; trash; but she ~~had~~ gave it for what it was worth...how the rime Ministe had said. . the real truth was....As a mere nobody

they didnt care what they said to her. Why should they? And then she told them wh t somebody had said, simply because she was a nobody----And then she made a gesture with her hands,--so--- as if heaping overhboard that ^{Carbury} chattering odious crackling under the pot life--- so---

"Whats the first thing [^] do when I come down?" (She had only come last night, driving herself through the June raods, with Bill it was understood. They had left London at midnight.) ~~What do I~~ do? Can I say it aloud? Is it permitted, Mrs Swithin? Yes, everything can be said in this house. I told you Bill they dont mind what we say or do here--

"Libert Hall" said Mrs within suddenly, as if she had found the right quotation. ^{Mr in Harw: then went on: disengaged in}

"I take off my stays, Mrs manresa said--here she pressed her hands to her billowing sides--she was stout) and roll in the grass. Roll!----you'll believe that..." She laughed roguishly. Her figure gave her immense freedom. It was so large that nothing could be done about it; she could take ^{an} ne responsibility, none whatever, for her figure. ^{had said to}

"I believes thats genuine" Isa thought, looking at her and ^{with admiration}

taught the that; but how to plait quite silly things out
hired her
hired her
 of coloured straw. She brought down hanks of coloured
 straw. and magenta ribbons. Also she spoke at meetings.
 Our brave boys, she would say; and brought the house
 down. But her great gift was undoubtedly *for her* her lovely voice;
~~peeling through the arbours~~ ye elling to herself; so that
 from the drawing room, if you called, you could hear her in
 the hollyhocks. She was a thorough good sort.

as the caged might look at the free. Also her love of the country. Often when Mr ^{Ma}anresa ha to be in town she stayed on, alone; wore an old garden hat; taught the village women not how to peel and preserve--everyone taught them

that; but how to ~~plait~~ plait ridiculous baskets out of ^{my} coloured straw. It was her voice, however, that one

*And he was
loved as and more
an cane*

remembered; if you called you could hear her, from the drawing room, jodelling to herself among the hollyhocks in the ga den. ~~xxxxxx~~

Hoity to doity te how-la...

*And yes And yes, yes, yes - the
rumbled, how*

The Lily pond.

For hundreds of years

Water for hundreds of years had silted down into the hollow; ^{had bubbled up;} had stood there four feet deep, over a black cushion of mud ^{in the middle of the lake} for centuries. It was a water world. silent,

self centred. Centuies ago the wind had blown lily seeds. ²⁰

There had always been lilies there. floating, white and red, on their green plates. Many that lay in the churchyard had seen them. ~~young lovers now dead~~. Under the thick plate

of green water fish swam--gold, splashed with white; and

some black. Silently they manuevred; from side to side;

then poised; there in the blue patch made by the sky.

^{or} Then shot silnetly to the edge, where the grass, bedning, made a solemn night. ^{free of history the shadow}

free

On top of the water pavement some spifers printed the water with their delicate feet but the water was thick as a ^{dark} pavement to them; Then a grain fell and spiralled down or a white ptetals fell, filled and sank. And persihed

dropped

down there in the antiquity of the depths where,

hundreds of years ago, some rock had formed or fallen.

At that the fish shot forth and poised, as if, the petal

falling, some vast event had interrupted their

eternal cogitation. Again they paused, poised;

quipped, mailed; eyes regardant; water sluicing their

gills; and pressing equally round the ounce of watery

flesh that covered the striped red and yellow tent

of their little boat shaded bodies. The petal fell; off they

~~darked~~ and with one simultaneous ^{waver} flicker of undulation

off they flashed.

The pond was dark new laid with thick glass;

empty. It was said of course though who first said it

no one knew, that the white lady who walked had drowned

herself there. When some ten years since the pond had been

dredged, a thigh bone had been recovered. Unfortunately

it was a sheep's. And sheep have no ghosts, for sheep have no

souls. Sheep when they die, die completely. But the

servants insisted; they must have a ghost; and the ghost

must be a lady, who had drowned herself for love. So

none of them would walk by the lily pond at night.

The Dining room.

For some reason this little curiosity of human psychology; this craving for the sensation of fear; the

inability of the Movies to gratify it; the exemption of the

of the educated from such wishes; whether due to education,

or a higher standard of nourishment; whether it invigorates

or on the contrary leads to atrophy of the imagination;

this idea cluster presented itself to Batholomew

He had that money!
He had that money!
 as he put his glass down, and simultaneously, the flower
 petal sunk to the bottom of ~~the lily pool~~. *in his hand* He saw himself;

He was a visualist; trees or fields, where he had stood,
he was now here
 preceded ideas; were part of them; *he was now here* stopping to look at a
 view framed between trees. And he had said, as he stopped,
in the library he had seen the house
 I wish I'd been a painter. And then had gone on. As they
 left the library to go to the dining room it had been
 on the tip of his tongue to say to his sister "I wish I'd
interrupted
 been a painter". But, being ~~interrupted~~ by the collision
 in the hall, he was now left with the desire to say it,
 but the desire was intercepted. It was not a suitably
 thing to say to Mrs M. (as he called her) whom he knew
He knew Mrs M.
 only on the surface. She was vulgar. But he had sipped her
 champagne. He was feeling happy as a boy, and reckless
 as an old man: an unusual but agreeable sensation.

Rummaging among his ideas, he chose the easy and obvious
 one: that is the story of the sheep's thigh. *But the*
People
 domestics must have their ghost. Servant girls for some
 reason depended on them. That led to *ghosts* ghosts. Mrs M.
 said

"Oh but I believe in them..."

She became very solemn. She said that she knew (she
 pinched a bit of bread to make this emphatic)

that Ralph, ~~could~~ when he was at the war, couldn't
 have been killed without her knowing it; *he was now here*

"Wherever I was, whatever I was doing" she added. That was
 sentimental; vulgar; not common human hearted, but sensation
 as her diamonds were, flashing on her hands at midday.

*You better but -
wakes - I
don't*

He made allowances for her. And that was pleasant in its way
No. I don't say
"I don't feel that" he said.

No, she laughed. None of you would, I know....

You see I'm on a level with the...." she waited:

Bartlett retired "servants" she added. I'm nothing like so
Archer
grown up as you are....

But she clearly approved of her adolescence. And was she right or wrong? A spring of feeling bubbled up in her from mud that was millions of years old. And perhaps, as she insinuated, they were unfortunate to have laid their mud with blocks of marble; to find it unnecessary indeed impossible to believe that sheep's bones were the relics of a drowned Lady Ermyntrode. Perhaps poetry grew from mud.

*Lucy & he were
nearly*

~~But what rot!~~ he said tapping his glass on the table.

Champagne, in the middle of the day when one was used to barley water, made one alternately tolerant and indignant.

"And which camp do you belong to?" he said turning to the
They are the vulgar or the disciplinarian?
unknown guest. "Vulgarian or disciplinarian?"

Isabella opened her mouth; she looked rather like a fish. She wanted to place William Dodge. His answer would help her. But he did not answer.
he had not heard

"I beg your pardon, Sir", she said. "I was looking at those pictures." And he asked the usual question; were they husband and wife; then who painted them. He had already decided that one was different from the other.

Here Lucy cut in with a demand that if it came to a pinch, Mrs Manresa should sing.
How you look at her & you

Here Lucy broke in with a demand.

"I'm going to ask you a favour, Mrs ^manresa---
If it comes to a pinch, this afternoon, will you sing?"

Mrs Manresa was aghast.

Was it the ent rtianment? She had never known it was
this afternoon they would never have draed to t rust thems
slesv.. and so on.. Today? This very day?

Ans sur enough, onc more, Lucy and ^batholomew and Mr Didge
and Mrs ^ma resa all once more as ^masabella could have foretold
~~turned~~ --as if it were a chime of bells on the Church
steeple-- turned and looked out of the window.

And they were about to say.... when the door opened.

~~Mr Gile~~ had come, Bartlet was bringing in fish again.

He would be down in a moment.

Giles had seen t e great silver plated car at the door
with the initials R.M. twisted so as to look at a distance
like a coronet.

Visiors he had concluded; had drawn up behind; and had
gone upstairs yo change. This instinct for fitness was very
strong in him; this ghost of the conventiona education
which rose to the surface as a blush or a tear rise at the
pressure of emotion involuntarily. ^{He then went back} He must change.

And he came into the dining room looking like a cricketer
in flannels and blu coat with brass buttons, though he
was enraged; partly at his own docility in obeying his
instincts; ^{partly} also because he had read all the morning papers
coming down, and sixteen men, perfectly in ocent men,
had been shot; others exiled, just over there across the

*Ann the maid**Ann*

flat land--there were only seventy miles of it-- between them and the sea. The instinct that made him change was the blush or tear involuntarily rising at the bidding of that society here in being; exemplified, in particular, by ^{that rough by the lunch party,} his Aunt Lucy; who waved to him. He had a habit of hanging grievances upon her, as one hangs a coat on a hook, instinctively; ^{Aunt Lucy} laughing; waving; foolish; free; always, since he had chosen, after leaving college, to take a job in the city, expressing her amazement, or amusement, at people who spent their lives--she thought it was selling very very cheap what they made in England-- ploughs, manure, glass beads--- to naked savages who wished, most oddly, for were they not beautiful, naked?--- to dress or plough like the English. This was a frivolous, almost malignant, statement of a problem which, for he had no specific gift, and was furiously in love --he nodded across the table to Isa-- had afflicted him for ten years. Given his choice he would have chosen to farm. But he was not given his choice. No one was. One thing led to another; and the conglomeration of things pressed you flat; held you fast; ^{like a fish in water} and so he came for the week end, and changed.

How d'you do he said all round; nodded to the unknown guest; disliked him; and ate his fillet of sole.

He was the very type of all Mrs. Anresa adored. His hair curled; far from running away, as many chins did, his was firm; the nose straight, if short; the eyes of course with that hair blue; and finally, to make the type complete, there was something surly, fierce, untamed in the expression, which incited her, even at forty five,

to furbish up her ancient batteries.

*Against the rarest
advantage of man.*

"He is my husband" Isabella felt, as they nodded across the bunch of many coloured flowers. "The father of my children..." And the old cliché worked; she felt pride, and affection; and again pride in herself, whom he had chosen. She felt.... it was a shock to find, after last night's thrill over Mr Haines and poetry how much she felt when he came in, not as she expected the dapper city gent; but the cricketer.

The cricketer. The fisherman, the lover.

Indeed they had first met y up in Scotland; she fishing from one rock in a very w swift stream; he from another. Her line had become entangled; she had given over, *lost in the boat* and watched him with the stream rushing between his legs, casting, casting casting, until like a thick ingot of silver, bent in the middle, flashing, the salmon had been caught. They were fellow guests in a fishing lodge.

*Just
Aug: 6th*

Between the acts.

Typescript, earliest, dated draft.

Pp.71-75. Page 75 dated Aug. 22 [1938]

But here Bartholomew who had been taught manners at home, in a private school, at a public school, and in the Army, and had therefore an instinct in putting ~~down~~ ^{down} his feet, as a circus horse has ~~an~~ instinct, remembered his guest. The family must not be a family in the presence of a stranger. ^{He in fact must not be} He must ignore Giles, his son. He must not gossip. He must, rather pompously, ^{he must} give him the history of the pictures, at which he had been looking when Giles came in.

"That"--he indicated the man with a horse---" was my great-~~g~~ no great.great grandfather. He had a dog. The dog was famous. The dog has his place in history. The dog occurs in print..."

"I always fel" Lucy said suddenly, that ~~there~~ ^{what} he's saying. "Paint my dog."

"But what about the horse?" said Mrs Manresa.

"The horse" said ^{He's all wrong} Bartholomew. "No hes not a good horse. The hind quraters..." he put on his glasses. He shook his head.

But William Dodge was looking at the lady.

"Ah said Mathorlomew, "Youre an artist."

Dodge denied it, again. It was a terrible accusation, it se med. It meant Youre our enemy; th destroyer ; nothing is sac ed to you. And your heart if one could see it, is a little bag of leather, gone dry and stringy. What for did a good sort like the woman

Manresa bring these half breeds in her trail? /

This was the contribution made by Giles to the silence which followed Barts remark. Perhaps Dodge felt it; for he at once denied that he had any special interest in the ~~xxxxxx~~ picture. He rather liked it--that was all.

"And you are right" said ^Patholomew. A gentleman--I forget his name-- connected with an Institute-- a man who goes about the country giving advice, gratis, to degenerate descendants like ourselves....he said--- he said...

he paused.

They all looked at the lady. But she paid them no attention. looked over their heads; looked at nothing.

Mrs Manresa broke the awkward silence.

"Said it was by Sir Joshua?"

"No, no" said William Dodge hastily, under his breath.

"Whys he afraid?" Isabella asked herself. It seemed to her that he was a poor specimen; afraid to stick up for his own beliefs. Just as she was afraid of Giles. She ^{Did she not} ~~had~~ her poetry in a book bound like an account book, in case Giles might suspect. [?] She looked at him.

He had finished his fish. He had eaten quickly, not to keep them waiting. ^{The cherry tart was brought in. They ate it.} And now there was cherry tart.

And Mrs manresa counted the stones.

"Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, apothecary, ploughboy,Thats me!" she cried, ^{it} delighted to have ~~xxxx~~ confirmed by the cherrystones that she was a wild child of nature. ^{a wild ship ya boy}

"You really believe in that too?" old Bart

laughed at her.

Now "Of course--of course I do!" she cried. She was delighted
 She had got onto ^{the} rails again. ^{he} She was a thorough good
 sort. And they were all delighted; because now they could
 follow in her wake; and not talk about the picture.
 However, ^{William took} Bill looked at the lady, and said to Isa who ^{in a low voice}
 was next him,

"I had an uncle who liked pictures. Thats why...."

Oh I too " Isa exclaimed. Flurriedly, disconnectedly,
 she explained; she used to go and stay when she was a child
 when she had had whooping cough with an old clergyman;
^{a dear} an old man; he used to wear a skull cap; he never did any
 work; he didnt even preach; perhaps he was retired;
 he made up poems; aloud. Of course people thought him
 mad. "I didnt. ~~I loved him....~~

She stopped.

"Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, apothecary,
 ploughboy, It appears ^{that} I am a thief" said Old Batsolomew.
 Shall we drink our coffee in the garden?"

He rose.

The Love Comes.

Where shall we go now, to what wild antre
 of the unvisited earth? wind brushed, waving? To
 w at summit, sun kissed; or to what caverns , pearl
 hung? Isa murmured, pushing the deck chairs along the
 gravel.

Or shall we spin a spiders thread from star to star;
 or dance in the maze of the moon? W Shall we not go then?
 Why

Why stay here? ⁽pinned by the torments of the insect tortured flesh? Suffering with those who suffer. Maiden virtue rudely strumpeted....

She had her deck chair at the wrong angle. The frame with the notches was held upside down.

"My old uncle" she exclaimed, catching a smile on Williams face which showed he, coming with another chair behind her, had overheard.

"Dont you ^{find} ~~find~~ ^{find}, she explained, as she straightend the chairs out together, that when youre doin something, with your hands-- making bread, or sewing--or---- she fumbled, uncertain what he did with his hands--- you talk nonsense. ² Old rhymes...."

"Songs my Unc e taught me" said William, unfolding his chair, and and ^{fixing} notching the bar into its right notch.

There were not enough chairs for them all. Giles had to return to the house to fetc another. And when there were enough they had to be disposed in a semi circle so that the view might be shared and the shelter, for the breeze was playful. By on of those lucky chances, which are generosity due not to the inetntion of our ancestors but to sheer luck, a high wall had been built continuing the house, but on raised ground, perhaps with the intention ^{to build} ~~meant~~ originally ~~perhaps~~ for another wing; But perhaps from lack of funds, the idea was abandoned; and the wall remained, nothing but a wall. Another generation had planted fruit trees, and these in time had spread their arms widely across the pink brick. Mrs Sands

counted it a good year if she could make six pots of apricot jam from them-- the fruit was never sweet enough for dessert. Perhaps three apricots were worth enclosing in muslin bags. But they were so beautiful, naked, with one flushed cheek, one green, that Mrs Swithin left them naked, and the ^{funnel} wasps burrowed holes.

The ground sloped up; so that to quote Mr Figgis's guide book, they "commanded a fine view of the surrounding country, from which on a ^{clear} fine day, the spire of Bolney Minster could be seen, and the distant slope of ~~the~~ Rough Norton woods... ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ rather to the south of which the spy glass can detect Nortons folly so called &c...." So it continued, the local guide book, which though attributed to Mr Figgis, seemed rather a natural product, like moss on a wall; it was so ~~xx~~ impersonal. The guide book had been written in 1830; and either Bartolomew or Mrs Switin generally added that if Mr Figgis were alive now he would not have had to alter a statement, though naturally his style would have changed. No house had been built; no town had sprung up; the very flat agricultural land had only changed in one respect--- the motor plough had to some extent superseded ~~the man~~ and the horse. But the cows were the same...

That is what you
want to be
sadness and
Mrs S
making up the
deck chair.
It is a row u.

22nd Aug

Between the acts. Typescript, earliest, dated draft.

Pp. 76-98

Page 76 dated Aug. 29 [1938]

Page 83 dated Sept. 16th

Page 96 dated Sept. 19th

Verso of p.76, numbered 150 corresponds
to p.150 of longer typescript

Verso of p.77 numbered 151

P.79 in two drafts

P.86 mutilated

P.91 in two drafts

29th Aug
 They always said this when they went out to drink coffee
 after lunch, at least if there were guests, and those guests
 like these ^{new} strangers. When they were alone they said nothing
 at all, or anything that came into their heads, ^{as he looked at the view}

"That is what makes a view so sad" said Mrs S
 sitting down lowering herself into her deck chair--" So beautiful.
 It will be there"--she nodded at the ~~blue~~ distance,
 which had a blue ripple as if a strip of gauze were laid on
 it, "when we're not."

Giles nicked his deck chair into position, with a jerk.
 thus ^{showing} expressing his irritation with the kind of nonsense
 Aunt Lucy talked. Thus he showed his impatience with a set
 of old fogies who sat and looked at views, over coffee
 and cream, when the whole of Europe--ever there beyond the
 flat was bristling like a - to express the idea of guns
 pointed, planes about to take flight each with a bomb
 in its tail--he had only the ineffective word "hedgehog". ^{to use}

Any moment guns would rake that land into furrows;
 splinter the spire of Belney Minster into smithereens.
 He had no gift for metaphors yet often wanted them. And he
 too loved the view. And the blame for the guns rested
 somehow upon Aunt Lucy, because she looked at views when...
 --He could not put it precisely into words, precisely what
 it was that the old lady could have done; and he always
 exempted his father whom he loved as he loved Figgis's
 fine prospect, from all censure. It wasn't his doing. But
 surely Lucy who never finished a sentence sensibly was some-
 how responsible. She could have done something last century,
 before he was born. However he was pulled up once more

When they had
 seen it
 hadn't
 changed-

He had
 no gift for
 metaphors
 yet often
 wanted them

29th Aug
 They always said this when they went out to drink coffee after lunch, ^{in the Love Corner} at least if there were guests, and those guests like these ^{new} strangers. When they were alone they said nothing at all, or anything that came into their heads, ^{as looked at the view}

When they heard
 new if
 hadn't
 changed -

"That is what makes a view so sad" said Mrs S
 as she lowered herself into her deck chair--" So beautiful.
 It will be there"--she nodded at the ~~view~~ distance,
 which had a blue ripple as if a strip of gauze were laid on
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NYPL

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He had
 no gift for
 metaphors
 yet often
 wanted them

Let's hope / that

"Is that the end?" said Giles. *breathy in: breath*
reproved

"Now your ~~being~~ naughty" Mrs Manresa corrected him.

Her little boy was getting the ~~finger~~ fidgets.

"I suppose there'll be a speech. A vote of thanks.

And then a

~~Something, of that sort, said old Bartholomew~~

And then a collection" said old Bartholomew.

A collection? What for?

"What is the collection for?" Mrs Manresa enquired.

"The profits are to go towards a fund for installing

electric light in the Church" Isa read out.

"So I conjectured" said Bartholomew.

"You didnt expect" he turned to Mrs manresa "to

escape scot free?" *At the village festival end with a collection*

~~Their nerves were on edge~~. Mrs Manresa felt that he was

referring to her rings. 'They' thought she wore too many.

~~Concealed them. No she didnt care what they thought.~~

She concealed them. No she didnt care what they thought.

She displayed them.

"All village festivals in my experience" said the old

man, "end with a collection."

"Nothings ever done for nothing" *Confirmed* said Giles confirmed him.

All their nerves were on edge.

They sat there exposed. If there was an interval, why not

stretch ones legs? Or was it better to sit still?

There was no music. A donkey--a real donkey--brayed.

~~Swish of the trees~~. The horns of cars hooting on the high

road were heard. And the swish of the trees.

"The present time. Ourselves" People read this; and then what

B. The children were the like him. The nature of the work. Last 7 a. When order. he said: As he was not (disobedient), as a

You dont know my husband Mr. B. "and the wild child - an admirable woman -

by her biography: married at eighteen to a North Country squire; mother of two children, both as dull as ditchwater, one in New Zealand married to a an American girl; the other dumped in Birmingham; wife of a clergyman; her husband dead in the prime of life when a lamp exploded ...

~~in the~~ So, according to most people, nobody could blame! most pitied her. Yet he blamed her, for not seeing how devilish difficult that sort of thing made life for him, ^{at} now. He had his feelings; he had to earn his living; and here she sat looking with ~~amazing~~ like that at the view.

"Beautiful" said Mrs manresa, "beautiful..."

she mumbled, for she was lighting a cigarette.

The breeze blew out her match.

Of course ^{Giles} he hallowed his hand and lit another. She ^{from responsibility in making life hard for him:} was exempted too.

"Since you're interested in art" said Athrelemew turning to his guest, will you explain why it is that we are as a people so incurious, ^{so} insensitive,

so unresponsive--~~he~~ too was lighting a cigarette,--

The champagne had given him momentarily an unusual flow of words. Nor did he much mind which he chose. "The art of painting, ~~immanax~~ means nothing whatever to us here.

Whereas even Mrs manresa if she will allow me my old a mans liberty has her Shakespeare by heart"

"Shakespeare by heart!" ^{protested} exclaimed Mrs manresa.

To be or not to be That is the question.

Whether 'tis nobler...." Go on!" she nudged Giles.

The shock of a letter

followed. "The profits are to go to a fund for installing electric light in the Church."

Where was the Church? Over there. You could see the spire among the trees.

"Ourselves" . What could she know about ourselves?

~~Nothing whatever.~~ The Elizabethans, yes; the Victorians, yes. But ourselves; sitting here on June day in 1939---

~~how much different they were from the Elizabethans and the Victorians~~

Major ~~They~~ were all so different, they thought. ~~There was~~ Cobbeet of Cobbs corner---he was a type if you like.

And Mrs Springett. And Mrs within. And

Bond was a perfect character piece. But she wont get me---

How could she dare drop her little bed rook candle extinguish over But no--- she wont get me...

~~She~~ *Miss* ~~La~~ *La* ~~robe~~ *robe* was keeping the waiting.

Sounds of laughter came from the bushes.

But nothing whatever appeared on the stage.

What were the laughing at?

"They wont need to dress hup if its present time"

Major *Major* to his wife.

But Mrs had sketched her own version of what was to be the concl sion. If she had written this words, she would have a splendid finale. The Srmy; the Navy; the King and Queen; Very likely that as what Miss La Trobe had planned.

He can't have a grand home. But very likely she was going to buy in the street. And the Mayor. And the Royal family. Behind them perhaps, a cheat...

"Fate far away and quite forgotten what thou amongst the leaves has never known"

Isa supplied the first words that came into her head by way of helping her husband. *out the difficulty.*

"The weariness the torture and the fret" William Dodge added.

And hear each other groan he finished, burying the end of his cigarette between in a crack between the tiles.

"There you are! Didn't I say so!" said Barthelmew. That proves it. But what spring, is touched, what secret drawer starts open, at the mention of Helbein, "aeburn, Reynolds, Constable----"

"Or Chrome--why called Old?" Mrs. Maresa thrust in.

"Oh they're part of our background" said M. S. Swithin, just as that" she pointed to the fine prospect "is in the front. They're behind--pictures. No, Barthelmew, you're wrong. It is in the tunnel behind the eye; not on the lips--that's all.

We haven't the words for them--that's all"

That's a difficult point" said Barthelmew. *My sister says...*

"Quite beyond me" said Mrs. Maresa. Yes I do take cream, I know it's wrong. But I've reached the age--and the figure--when I do what I like"

She took the little silver cream jug and let the smooth thick fluid curl luxuriously into her coffee, to which she added a whole silver shovelfull of brown sugar candy. She stirred the mixture round and round.

"Admirable woman!" exclaimed Barthelmew. He felt the champagne withdrawing; and hastened before the last trace of

*My sister says -
Gustave
We have
the by
heat.*

*(Roxen. why
but.
said
Isa)*

My sister says...

My 2 help myself to

*They eyes
I want the head
Made her clear...*

geniality was withdrawn to ~~make~~ the most of it, as if
 he cast one last look into a lit ~~up~~ chamber before turning ^{away}
^{and} back into the night.

repeatedly The wild child, for such she felt herself
 in the ~~early~~ sunshine of the old man's benignity,
 shook her head again with a glance at "iles with whom
 she felt in conspiracy. A thread united them,
 visible, invisible, like those threads, now
 seen now not, that unite trembling grass blades in
 autumn before the sun has ^{risen} risen. ~~Once before she had~~

~~met him~~ at a cricket match. Their alliance was an

early morning thread before the twigs and leaves ^{of real friendship}

emerge. ~~Now she was gazing~~ ^{She was gazing now} at her coffee; Looking
 of drinking.

before she drank was part of ~~the sensation~~ And why

waste that sensation, she seemed to ask, why waste a

single drop that can be pressed out of this stuffed

ripe melting adorable world. The air ^{was} ~~was~~ full of

sensation. That was why ^{away to be} ~~atrtholomew~~ felt so young.

And of course "iles felt it. Had he been a horse,

the thin brown skin would have twitched, as if a

a fly had settled.

"And now said Mrs manresa, relishing her first
 sip," about this entertainment. ~~What was butted into...~~

into which we've gone and butted ~~into~~ "tell me..."

She made it, too, seem ripe like a peach into which the
 burrowing
 wasps are tunnelling.

*Jealousy the
 important it
 was
 about the
 manresa*

Isabella further with jealousy

*He was her husband
 The her wife*

"And now" said Mrs. Anresa, relishing her first sip, about this entertainment, into which we've gone and butted"-- she made it too, seem ripe like a peach into which the wasps were burrowing---" Tell me, ^{at where it held?} where's it to be?"

"In the Grove if fine, in the barn if it's wet" said Giles, as if he were repeating some old saw. But he had a nice ^{Groat} rough voice.

The Grove

Just as the west country gardener had named the Looe corner Looe, a west country word of doubtful origin, meaning "warm, or sheltered", so somebody unknown with a command of the other kind of English had given the statelier word Grove to the trees that marched along the terrace. ^{the word Grove} It referred in particular to the low ground beyond the lake where the trees mobbed or clubbed together. There were not enough ^{trees} to be called a wood. Yet as there were bushes and brambles the light was green there is summer. It was ^{green in winter} always shady and sun flecked. And there were always in summer butterflies there--fritillaries, swift and angular darting through; red Admirals, feasting ^{like ducks in white cotton fields} ~~tasting~~, floating; The cabbage whites seemed content to spend the whole day there, unambitious and homely. There ^{there} butterfly catching began generation after generation. for ~~six~~ ^{her} Bartholomew and Lucy; for Giles; and for George it was ^{only yesterday} just beginning with a small green net in which ^{in his little green net} only yesterday he had caught a cabbage white on a bramble blossom. Directly school began, they caught moths there, in the summer holidays, at night on ripples of

of treacle dripping from the bark, turning the lantern
 slowly into quivering red underwings, and other nameless
^{voyagers} ~~tepers~~, moths that touched and passed.

But to Miss Gibbs, Miss Peers and Mr Giddings--
 to mention three only of the many teachers, who from time to
 time got up fetes either for the ^{Club Room} ~~children~~ or for the Steeple
 or ~~for the~~ once for the unbaptised in Abyssynia,
 the Grove was simply cut out for an entertainment. It was
 the very spot. Miss ^{Tracy} ~~a~~ ^{Tracy} ~~Tracy~~, the dog breeder, exclaimed
 the first time she came to tea--and it was a winters day,
 fine still and colourless-- "Thats the place for a pasgant
 Mr Oliver!" "Winding in and out between the trees--- she
 waved her hand at the leafless beech trees standing still
 in the winter haze. ^{if you hear} The stage there; the audience here and down
 down there among the bushes a ^{perfect} dressing room for the actors. "

She was far more advanced than Miss Peers or Miss
 Gibbs; and had more knowledge of life a first hand
 than the admirable Mr Giddings. Her name was not ^{Tracy} La Trebe.
 It was ^{Tracy} Treb. And if her life had been written instead
 of being expunged from time to time from a natural desire
 to hide her father, ^{a weak man but a great man who has fallen} who had fallen and been in prison;
 truth the biographers Goddess, would have forced the bio
 grapher to say: at the age of eighteen through no fault of
 her own Lilian had a baby; at the age of twenty five she kept
 a hat shop; at the age of thirty she became ^{Tracy} La Trebe and
 sold cakes in Winchester from a recipe bequeathed her by
 her mother, a ~~widow~~ ^{widow} ~~clergymans~~ ^{clergymans} ~~widow~~; they were the age of
 burnt; and the table cloth was blue check; at the age of

her mother a widow she said; Her father she said ~~was a~~
~~was a~~ ~~clergyman~~ had been a clergyman,
 when she ^{here} sold cakes at Winchester home made, ^{more she charged her} on tables
 covered with check cloths; at the age of 35 she was breeding
 spaniels; and so successfully that at the age of 40 she had
 a cottage with kennels attached; took silver cups at shows;
 and was, according to the biographers choice of epithets,
 the mainspring, the live wire, the ^{or} the pivot
 of village activities. Outwardly, at least, she was a
 stalwart woman, thickset and ^{swarthy} ~~husky~~, who strode about
 the village in a smock frock, sometimes with a cigarette in
 her mouth, often with a whip in her hand, and with
 plenty of ^{drive} nergy, and initiative to spend on any cause that
 took her fancy.

The Lees Corner.

"Are they going to act?" Mrs. Anresa asked.

"Act; dance; sing; a little bit of everything" said Giles.

"Miss ^{Tray} a Trebe is a person of wonderful energy" said Mrs. Swithin.

"She makes everyone do something" said Sabella.

"Our part" said Bartholemew "is laid down for us."

"perhaps the most important." We are the audience."

"Also we provide the tea" said Giles. ^{Kabella}

"Shant we go and help?" asked Mrs. Anresa. "Cut up the bread and butter....?"

"No, no," Bartholemew shook his head. "Our duty is to remain seated and to applaud; or the reverse."

"A scene from Shakespeare; then a song; then a

a dance; then perhaps a recitation...One never knows before hand" Mrs ~ within began checking the programme with her fingers "And the choice is so vast. The whole of English literature from the beginning to the end. One year we had Gammer Gurten's Needle. Once we wrote the play ourselves. The son of the blacksmith--Bradley--Jim[?] or Tom?-- he had the leveliest voice I ever heard. Also he could mimic. ^{he} took us all off--Bart, Giles, myself. People are gifted--very. Only how to bring out their gifts--that's the question. Miss ^{my} a ^{very} clever...And she has the whole of English literature to choose from--- I don't know how she chooses. Often when it's wet, or like today, one doesn't know which, I begin counting up what I have read, what I haven't..."

^{my} "Pulling the books out of the shelves, leaving them on the floor" Bart interrupted her.

"Like the pig in the story or the donkey which was it?" she laughed, tapping him lightly on the knee, as if to ask forgiveness.

"The donkey who couldn't choose between the day or the ^{hay} turnips and so starved" said Isabella ^{explained} shivering her Aunt from the caustic remark which as she knew from the rise of her husband's lip he ~~would~~ would have spoken had they been alone. For his father, who always indulged Lucy, had ^{- put by by both as a very thin skin} sketched all he disliked in that one sentence. He saw her ~~sitting on the floor~~ surrounded with odds and ends, tatters of silk, books open and no conclusion came to; yet

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yet somehow she made him feel ridiculous; a man who held views, yet did nothin to put them into action. If he had not married, had not had children, he would have cut the whole thing, or done something; emigrated or acted. Now he was "tha audience."

In certain moods, like that bred in him that morning, by the conflict between the news in the paper and the talk over the fish, ~~over the fish~~ about pictures, over the coffee about the view, words ceased to lie flat in the sentence but rose, swelled and became *metaphorical*, symbolical. Now he was "the audience"; not simply Giles Oliver, down for the week end and about to see, rather against his will, villagers act their annual play; but Giles Oliver manacled by fate to a rock and forced to behold passively indescribable horror. The nerves in his face twitched. His face expressed for a moment such loathing that his wife not knowing what to do--and indeed there was nothing she could do-- abruptly, half purposely, knocked over a coffee cup.

But William Dodge caught it as it fell. He held it for a moment. ~~Then~~ ^{he} turned it. From the faint blue mark, as of crosse^d daggers, in the glaze at the bottom he knew that it was English china, made, probably in Nottingham, about 1760. And his expression, as he came to this conclusion, gave Giles another peg upon which to hang his rage, and so dilute it. That is he forcibly disliked, not the state of the world entirely, but Mrs. Anresa young friend. He thought him a toady, a lick spittle, not

Sept 16th

They pointed
a finger at him.
They had
not a
surface
meaning
but a
meaning

Did not condemn him
but Anresa; partly

Not an downright plain man of his senses; but a fingerer of sensations; picking an choosing; dillying and dallying; not a man to have straightfoward relations with a woman but simply a--- at this word, which he could not speak aloud, he ^{curled} his lips; and the signet ring on his little finger looked redder, ^{after} the flesh next it whitened. ^{as} He gripped the arm of the deck chair.

"Oh what fun!" cried Mrs ^{manresa} in her ^{fluty} fluty voice. "A little bit of everything." A song; a dance; then a play ^{asked} written by the villagers themselves. "Only" here she turned with her head on one side towards ^{Isabella} Isabella, "I'm sure she's at the back of it. Arent you Mrs ^{Giles} Giles? ^(she) For myself, speaking plainly, I cant put two words together. I dont know how it is--such a chatterbox as ^I am with my tongue-- once I hold a pen----" She made a face, and screwed her fingers as if she held a pen in her fingers with the diamond rings. But the pen she held thus on the little table abosultely refused to move.

"And my handwriting-- ^{her, so clumsy} so clumsy, so large---" She ^{grianced} grianced and droppd the invisible pen.

Very deli ately Willia ^{Wodge} Wodge set the cup in its saucer. "Now he" said Mrs ^{manresa} manresa, as if referring to the delicacy with which ^{and then} he performed this operation, and imputing to him the same skill in writing, "writes beautifully. The most ^{in some way} beautiful writing; every letter perfectly formed...."

They glanced at Willia ^{Wodge} Wodge. Isabella indeed had been watching him off and on ever since he came. She

*Isabella
fadder?*

*What she
saw she
was
hubbys
more
hands in
his coat
work every word she spoke - looking him with the justice*

work every word she spoke - looking him with the justice

knew at the moment that he was being made responsible together with her Aunt Lucy, for all that her husband hated. She guessed the very word that Giles had not spoken.

But was it true that William Dodge was that word?

If so, how far was it wrong? Can you condemn people for

*a thought
Chester:*

main responsibility *Question asked for Greek?*
the way they feel? How far are we responsible? He was fond of pictures. Probably he had an old mother. She was devoted

to him; he to her. Why do we all hate each other? Was it not possible that in a good state of society there would be complete feeling and thought transference; these hatreds, caused by impediments to understanding, would yield; Transparency would result; universal love would follow;

one sun would shine through our crystal clarity and all would be light. *The March. There was a word of tragedy.*

"I think I hear them" she said aloud. *in the fur* There ~~were~~ voices.

"They're getting ready. They're dressing up, In the Grove."

The Grove

May
Miss La ~~La~~ robe was pacing to and fro between the two ~~lean~~ leaning birch trees. One hand was deep stuck in her pocket, the other held a foolscap sheet. She was reciting what was written there apparently---
one two three four, A.B.C D. all under separate headings. She had the look of a great commander pacing his deck. The leaning graceful trees with their black bracelets circling silver bark were distant about a ship's length.

Now the sun was shining, and shading her eyes again in the attitude proper to a Admiral she had decided *in the ship*

to risk an enageemnt out of doors. Hence she had commanded the removal of all stage properties to the Grove. The actors--children mostly-- while she paced, taking all responsibility and finally consulting her disposition of forces, dressed among the brambles. Hence the laughter.

The clothes were strewn on the grass. Cardboard crowns, swords made of silver paper, pasted on wood, turbans that were in fact six penny dish cloths lay on the ground, or were flung on bushes. There were pools of red and ourple therefore in the green shade; and some straight flashes of silver. The colour seemed to attract butterflies; as if red ^{or} silver or tawny yellow gave off a thrill of warmth, ^{my} ~~ni~~ merely to the eye, but to the whole nerve fabric, so that the ^Aed Admiral was gluttonously abosring sweetness from a orange dish cloth; and the cabbage white drank icy coolness from the silver paper. They tasted, ^{sampled} changing places, circling, returning.

"It has the makings...." Miss La "robe muttered. She stopped under the further beirch tree. Soemthing coul be made of it. She always wanted to make something

any thing that took her fancy. There was

^{Wally} scene of some sort there. Only par

scene was its transience. The

changing; then the childre

part. She fidget

leaping

another

important to stabilise what was essentially fugitive *at the moment.*
; she resumed her walk.

They called her "Bossy". just as they called Mrs Swithin Flimsy. Her abrupt manner and stocky figure, her thick ankles and sturdy shoes, her rapid decisions, barked out in guttural tones, did not escape ridicule. No one liked to be ordered about singly. But in little troops they ^{always did} appealed to her. Some one must lead. Then, *hw,* they could put the blame on her.

"Miss, a 'robe!" they hailed her now.

"Whats the idea about this?"

She stopped.

David and ^{*each had a hand*}ris were disputing about the gramophone. It had to be hidden; but ^{*it*} it had to be close enough to the audience to be heard. Well, had she not given orders?

leaves? Hurdles covered in straw. Where were the hurdles covered in straw? Fetch them. Mr Streafield had said he would see to it. *the* ^{*they looked to her*}

Where was Mr Streafield? No clergyman was visible.

"Perhaps hes in the barn." Tommy, ^{*you*} cut along and fetch him."

Tommies wanted in the first scene. Berite then.... ^{*Mr La Zelle*} "Bertie" ^{*cut along*} Mothers ^{*begin to hail from up*} arrived from the village. They were antagonistic. ^{*hair pins*}

One child had been chosen; another not. Fair hair was unjustly preferred to dark. And Mrs Ebury had forbidden her "anny to act because of Joyces nettle rash. There was another name in the village for nettle rash. The Fairs cottage was not clean. ^{*a*} During ^{*an old time*} the war the elder women remembered Mrs Fair ^{*my*} had lived with a ^{*an*} salesman while her husband was in the

trenches. Miss ^{popular} a robe surveying the now crowded Grove
 from her raised path under the ~~brack~~ birch trees
 had the web of village life under her inspection;
 but refused, permepritly, to be mixed up in it.
 She splashed into its fine mesh plop like a great stone, or
 rough haired dog, into the lily pool. Only the rudiemnts
 were well known to her. The vanity of the young was a constan
 factor. ^{Vanity} Pardonable in the young; and malleable if you
^{worked} paid it no attention. The boys wanted the big parts;
 t e girls wanted the fine clothes. ^{the mother was} Expenses had to be
^{conventious} kept down; they couldnt be made to see, straight off,
 how a dish cloth wound round the head in the open
 air looked much richer than old silk, which, moreover,
 they couldnt afffd. ^{There were the chest line of the web of village} And every one must dress alike.
 Waitin for Mr "treafield she paced between the brich trees.

The other trees were magnificently straight. They were
 columnar; and not too regular, but regular enough to
 give the effect of premeditated measure; marching;

^{My own} Regular enough to suggest columns in a church; in a church
^{in a} with out a roof; in an open air cathedral; a place where
 swallows darting seemed, by the regularity of the ^{the} etres,

to make a patrn; dancing, like the Russians,
 only not to music, but to their ^{the some beat} ~~own~~ unheard rhym
^{in their own mute hearts} rhtyhm the steps of an invisible dance

The Looe Corner

"Well, we must possess our souls in patience" said Mrs Manresa as the distant laughter died away. As she finished her sentence she suppressed a yawn. They were silent. But they stared; they stared at the view as if they laid the burden of speech upon those acres and acres of flat agricultural land. Perhaps something might happen in one of the fields to relieve them of the burden; of the intolerable burden of sitting silent in company; perhaps some incident in one of the fields would relieve the pressure that had become irksome. Their minds and bodies were too close; yet not close enough. We arent free, each felt separately; we cant think nor yet feel what we want to think and feel; because were so close *but not close enough.*, not yet fall asleep. because were so close. They fidgeted. *The Cows were motionless.*

The heat had greatly and suddenly increased. The clouds and imperceptibly vanished. All was sun now.

The view laid bare by the sunlight seemed flattened and stilled. It had grown plain and dull; it had no movement, no variety. *Even the cows were reluctant.* The brick wall behind them seem to return the heat in little brittle atoms.

Bart gave a sigh, deep, involuntary. His head jerked his hands dropped; it missed the head of the dog who slept at his side only by an inch or two. Up he jerked it again on to his knee. *The cow knelt, felt*

Giles glared. He bound his knees tight together with clenched fists. He looked straight ahead; set in a trace; as if his ^{anger} irascible mood had ^{been fixed} fixed itself eternally.

Isabella sitting next to him felt imprisoned. Sensations tried to reach her through the prison bars. Jealousy and what she supposed to be desire--the wish that Rupert ^Daines would come---tormented her; but through prison bars, and through a sleep haze which deflected them. Also other people's presence forbade her to feel either jealousy or love distinctly. Most consciously ^{she felt} was the feeling of thirst. She had drunk sweet wine at ^{beaker} luncheon. She longed for a great tumbler of cold water. A beaker of cold water she repeated to herself. Cold water, cold water. And as she said the words she saw ^{walls of} the water surrounded with shining glass.

Mrs Manresa longed to curl up on a cushion on a sofa in the shaded corner of her own little snuggerly ^{bedroom} with a paper, and a cigarette.

Mrs Swinburn and William Dodge remained for some reason wide awake.

The view provided them with nothing but a tantalising haze; it was tantalising because it invited them to yield; to reflect its ripple and let their own minds ripple. How tempting to let outlines elongate, melt; to pitch over--so--with a sudden jerk...Mrs Manresa

hushed over m.
 yielded for one second. She ^{hushed} held ^{plugged} over the precipice into darkness, Then pulled herself up short.

"What a view!" she exclaimed, pretending to throw away her cigarette, but in truth covering a yawn. She sighed, pretending to express not her own drowsiness but some emotion connected with ^{the} views.

Nobody answered her. The flat fields glared in the sunshine, green yellow blue; blue green yellow.

2 way look
 The repetition was was maddening; was hideous.

Then "Come" said Mrs ^{switihin} in a low voice, yet as if ^{Law "Come"} the exact moment for speech had come. "I'll show you the house" She spoke as if she fulfilled a promise. She addressed no one in particular. But William Dodge who sat ^{know / hat she meant him} next her seemed summoned. He rose, with the jerk of a toy pulled suddenly straight by a string. His limbs straightened

though his eyes rippled.

"What energy..." Mrs Manresa murmured in a strangled voice, and hal sighed half yawned.

Have I the courage to go too? Isabella asked herself. ~~No, she had not the courage.~~ They were on their feet and she still sat there, desiring to follow; to fetch a glass of water; but desire petered out, suppressed by the leaden duty she owed ^{the world} to society. Now they were some distance. Mrs Switin tottered a little and looked crumpled and bent; and William Dodge seemed to unfurl and straighten as he followed her along the blazing tiles under the hot brick wall. towards the shade of the house.

A match box fell. It was Bartholomews. He dropped it.

He gave up the game; he was old; he couldn't be bothered; his head ^{was} dropped again to an inch above his dog's head; and he lay head on one side, his hand dangling, fast asleep.

The House

"This is the grand staircase" said Mrs Swithin pausing at the bottom of the flight of steps.

"Now we ~~jump~~ go up."

She went up two steps in advance of her guest. Lengths of silver-yellow tinted satin ~~was~~^{was} elongated,

as they mounted and came level with the picture. ^{at the lady}

"Not an ancestress, ^{she found} but we pretend she is.

We claim her, because we've known her, off and on,

for two ~~hundred~~^{hundred} years" But ~~who painted her?~~^{who was she?}

Nobody of the least importance. We're not important people...

Mr.... Scarcely a peer ^{agent of importance in the which} in the family. A baronet or two.

But she's lovelier by moonlight."

Now the sun was pouring down on her. She seemed irradiated, as for a ~~banquet~~ banquet. Lucy passed on, up more stairs.

"perhaps, like me, you don't care about ancestors. Flesh and blood ancestors. Spirit ancestors-- people ones descended from by way of the mind" she panted slightly. as she

went up-- ^{Poets.} that's different. Here are some of our books..."

They were in a gallery, passing book cases sunk level with the wall, so that they seemed ^{decoration} part of the wall; carved.

She drew her hand over the books as they passed as if they were pan pipes. Her whimsicality had he not been alone with

her would have affected him unpleasantly. But ~~where was~~

^{But they were alone: I had made a difference when I knew}
no reason for her to show off--alone with him; a man whose ^{an}
^{to have no audience} name she had forgotten. ^{audience.}

"We don't look after them as we should, I'm afraid"

she said. Sand its damp, in winter.. My brother says, the house was built as they did build houses then, north, for shelter. Not south, for sun... Let me see, what comes next? " She stopped . There was a door.

"The morning room"

She peeped in.

Dodge looked over his shoulder. But we had but one a few for that room. Still, people used to take - by the way the old man 27.

"I never care for sitting there. My mother did. People *himself. My mother had then. Called in here days* called; a great many people. A great deal was made then of *not new or low that one - happily* society. All gone. All dead. " *Thank God!*

She shut the door. Dodge had only seen two chairs, facing each other, in front of what might have been --only he had *a fine* not time to look--an Adams mantelpiece.

"Now up again" said Mrs Swithin.

"The bed rooms."

"Up they went" she reamraked, as if she were telling the story of her her ancestors lives, " up and up to bed."

as they went up the stairs
"A house Mr.. " she said, to be shown properly,

should be shown by those who know its hitsory.

I'm ignorant. I ignore.... Yes I ignore a great many things I'm afariad.... "I ignore" she repeated, as if some hidden meaning in the word attracted her.

On the contray, he refelcted, as she stopped short in a window, and held the curtain back, she did not ignore; she lighted, like one of those capricious beasm that passing *from below cars* cars send over ceilings *he* looked too.

The garden beneath was bathed in sun, The grass ~~was~~ sleek and shining. Three white piegeons had settled as ornate as ladies in ball dresses, flirting, tiptoeing; thb

their elegant bodies swaying on their little feet as they
minced
 ran with tiny steps upon the grass.

Mrs Wwithin seemed to *drink* the sight, as a thirsty person
 drinks a tumbler of cool water.

"Ah!" she exclaimed. Up they rose all in a covey in a flutter
 and circled and flew off. *They off!*

*Mr Lewis, he says
 he fly with
 them*

"The bedrooms now..." she said. *Shaxx*

*The bedrooms, he says
 don't the
 corner*

She tapped ~~twice~~ twice ver y dinstinctly on the door.

She waited.

"One never knows" she whispered, *intense* "if there's someone
 there." She listened with her head down. Then she flung
 open the door.

long from her tone
 The room was empty. Dodge had expected some one
 naked perhaps, or half dressed, or knelt in prayer. *But the room was empty*
 But it
 was tidy as a pin, ~~and~~ a spare room, not slept in for months
 Candles stood on the dressing table. The counterpane was
 straight. It was a little close and smelt musty.

Mrs WSwithin stood on the threshold.

*Sketches counterpane
 perfectly like picture,*

Here " she said, yes, here, she tapped the counterpane,

I was born in this bed. Born in the flesh, for if you
 understand me, I feel always, we have other lives.

Lives we live well of course in others; of course
 we live in others. And also in *function* --cupboards."

There was a great mahogany cupboard filling
 the corner.

Her voice died away. She had sunk down on the edge of
 the bed, tired no doubt by all the stairs and the heat.

She spoke ~~xxx~~ simply, ; ~~she did not laugh~~; It was the voice of someone who is making an effort to go on talking, to ~~take~~ continue against her own tiredness; to continue out of charity towards a stranger a guest. She did not even know his name. Twice she had said "Mr" and then stopped.

"Mr..." she said a third time, but he was looking about him; and she stopped, gladly.

The furniture was mid-Victorian, Probably ^{perhaps her and} aples or Schoolbred had supplied it, ~~in a set~~. The carpet, Dodge noticed, was covered with a pattern of small purple and yellow dots. And there was a white circle where the slop pail had stood by the yellow washstand.

"Mr...." he waited for her to finish the sentence.

But she was silent. He wished he could say there and then "I'm William" and so tell her that he he admired the great courtesy she showed him, Old and frail, not only did she climb the stairs, --that was nothing; but she spoke her thoughts, not caring, he was now certain, if he thought her, as he had thought her, whimsical, wilful, inconsequent purposely, by way of charming him; No, she was talking to help him; extending a hand, as best she could, to help him up the steep place, which somehow she had alone of them all, ^{superb} divin d. Come and see my ~~sey~~ weeds come and see my dicky sea cshells come and see my ~~many~~ bird hop on its perch...

Well; she was a very old child singing some such nursery rhyme. ^{to help another way} Tears would have filled his eyes. Now, looking away from her to hide his emotion he caught ^{saw he} an odd glimpse

were they
sentimental
was 200 long
an hour
alone:

was
nobody to reflect feeling

her reflected in the mahogany glass on the dressing table,
an old wispy woman sitting on the bed in which she had
been born.

Sept 19th

*The arrival.
If there were
any else
here
only
the
one*

Their eyes met in the glass. The smile

cut off from their bodies, seemed intimate. They liked each
other without waiting for their bodies to confirm it.

It would take some time for their bodies to catch up.

Had there been anybody else there, William would have
selected only what was ~~comic~~ comic in the situation.

an old woman?

"He would have brought in the slopail; the white mark on the
carpet; instead of giving precedence to his serious feeling
of liking. *He looked at her again when she came behind him*

*7 people
Cruick.
Both then
in his place
become
renewed.*

"Now she said, slipping off the bed, let's go on..."

To him it seemed as if she referred to the intimate
intimacy that was sure to be theirs. He, like Giles was making
words erect themselves and point fingers at him. He held
the door open for her. They prowled along the passage,
past two or three shut doors; until they came to the
nursery door which was open.

then the motherhood, the fatherhood

normal motion

*and yellow
carpets of
jungle*

The house was deserted. No one was out in the garden.

It was like a ship that has been left by the crew. The children
had been playing--there was a spotted horse in the middle

of the room. The nurse had been sewing-- there was a piece

of stuff on the table. The baby had been in the cradle.

All gone to the "law" the "law" the "law"

*into the
house*

"This is the nursery" said Mrs Swithin. He felt

felt that she meant "This is the cradle of the human race."

It was a symbolical, universal nursery. He crossed to the

fireplace and looked intently at a coloured illustration cut out from the Christmas Annual of a Childrens magazine. ^{It was called} "Good freinds"; and it represented a newfound land dog and a small child ^{sitting} at the bottom of a flight stairs together. *A miniature childlike picture.*

Mrs ^swithin was vagrant. She did not settle on one thing rather than on another. She had been there so often that she saw nothing in particular. Perhaps she did not even smell the warm sweet smell, as of clothes drying, ^{with} *bacon:* and warm water and... But his analysis of the nursery smell was interrupted by a soft ^{purring} sound. It came in through the open door. It was the curr of rubber tires upon gravel. Mrs ^swithin had wandered off, while he looked, she had gone into the passage and leant against the window. He followed her, leaving the door open ~~with him in it~~ for the crew to come back to. Down in the courtyard cars were arriving.

narrow The glossy black roofs were assembled side by side.

Chamfeurs were jumping down; holding doors open.

Here old ladies gingerly advanced their black legs; old gentlemen ^{shorts} their striped trousers. ^{from the shorts can} Here too young men in flannel trousers lapt out; on one side; girls with skin coloured legs on the other. There was some goal to which they were making; leaping obstacles. in a hurry; desiring to get ahead of each other.

But Mrs ^swithin and William ^wodge looking down from the upper window felt immune. The string attaching them had been cut. They were unattached.

Now,

As the wa ther expert had foretold, winds light but varia ble blew down the corridor. A puff of wind blew out the muslin curtains. Yet though it affected the muslin, i t was wanton, impersonal, disembodied; buoyant and beautiful, as if some good natured goddess rising from her throne among her peers had tossed out her amber coloyred raiment, and the other gods seeing her rise and go , all laughed and their laughter wafted her on.

Mrs within put her hands to her head.

"I hope I didnt do wrong..."Mr..." *Mr. Pearson*

"William" he interrupted.

She smiled a ravishing girls' smile, as if the ~~wind~~ *the word* hadwarmed the old age, the wintry blue in the sky of her eyes to amber, gold and youth. —

"... in taking you away from your freinds. I felt tight, as if I'd a drum here" She touched her bony forehead, upon which o one blue vein wriggled like a blue worm. *the comb*

But her eyes in their caves of bone still remained lit up, *lambent* dancing, And he wished to kiss her hand; to kneel before

her; to tell her: I was bullied at school; had my head held down in a bucket of dirty water; when I looked up saw the

whole world dirty streaked; married, *he* Milly; lived near the

aledonian market; now since my childs not my child but

Ruperts, let the *the word* anresa pat me and pet me;

among her purple plush; among her odious ornmanets; china

dogs that pot pourri; scent; for my homes not my home;

the childs not mine, Mrs within, that I'm sure; but I havent the guts to leave her. or to kick him out; so that when I com

said Mrs witin, in a fluttering voice, as if she were of two minds; and they fluttered to right and left, like pigeons rising from the grass.

The Procession

streamed
They ~~streamed~~ along the paths, across the lawns. hobbling, striding. Many were old; others in the prime of life. Some were lame. Yet there was a certain air ~~stateliness~~, common to the lame, and to the able bodied. It was difficult to name it; *and by saying that* it was as though they were specialised. It was not a mob, a heterogeneous assembly, each clutching a shilling or a half crown, which would give them a right to enter. *by saying:* They were sure of places, even if they came late.

Mr J. F. Figgis, who had written the Guide book in 1830, would have supplied the reason for that nameless common element; that dignity; that specialisation. He would have put his finger, had he been in the flesh at some coign of vantage, upon that quality without naming it. "The family of Dyce Odgers" he wrote, ^a whose present representative is Reginald Dyce Odgers ^{Ey} of Dicker Hall, has been settled in the neighbourhood since the days of Henry the Eighth. *But this alliance, the* Mr Dyce Odgers *its family acquired the estate or* whose efforts in the interests of local breed of sheep are too well known to require mention. *married Helen daughter of Smith Welby of Owlswik* ~~hall~~ in the neighbouring county. Their phialntropic efforts on behalf of their poore neighbours are too well known.... The Chn ch presents some features of antiquarian

Between the acts. Typescript, earliest, dated draft

Pp.100-147. Page 100 dated Oct. 7, 1938

Page 147 dated Feb. 5, 1939

p.111 misnumbered 112

Three drafts of p.120
p.[121] may not belong

The procession The Audience.

The audience, the people who had arrived in their cars, ^{streamed} streamed along the paths, across the lawns, ~~hobbling~~ ^{and striding} and striding. Many were old; many were in the prime of life. Some were lame. Yet there was a certain air, common ^{then all - a common purpose: a fear of what was to come.} to the lame and to the able bodied. ^{It was difficult to name} it, save by saying that it was not a mob, not a heterogeneous heterogeneous hurrying crowd, each clutching a shilling or a half crown which would give them a right to a seat; ^{and by adding, that they were sure of places, even if they came late.}

but definite
Each of them: if
how to that they

Mr J.F. Figgis, who wrote the Guide book about 1830, ^{could have} supplied the reason for that nameless common element ~~that was~~ without naming it. Had he been in the flesh at some coign of vantage he would have put his finger upon it. Here it was steewn about in his book: "The family of Br Dyce Odgers" ^{in various phrases in} he wrote " whose present representative is "eginald Dyce Odgers Esquire of Ticker hall, has been settled in the neighbourhood since the days of Henry the Eighth..."

in the
place

Byt this alliance the family acquired the estates of Owls wick in the neighbouring county. Their efforts

on behalf of their poorer neighbours are too well known ^{Chubby owing to the benevolence of May. Mr. de la Haye the Church} he continued. .. The Church presents some features of antiquarian interest.... The Manor House which had been in the same family for seven hundre years was destroy d in a lamentable fire.... The local breed of shorthorns owes much to the disinterested labours of R.C. Markham Esquire — who has for many years filled the post of...

Cyan,

It was true that these ^{remarks} facts referred to the parents, grandparents, and in some cases to the great grandparents of those who were actually crossing the alwn. They referred to houses which had been burnt down; to churches which had been rebuilt; to flocks and herds which had been dispersed; to estates which had been developed by the local builder or sold to a gentleman like Ralph Manresa from abroad. But roughly speaking, had Mr "iggis suddenly come to life and called the roll call of those names and flocks, half the ladies and gentlemen present would have said Adsum; or at least So I've always been told...or ^{to just remember it} I believe it was so; or What a hideous house they've built on the ruins! Or, If you ask me, it's an outrage. And the consciousness that they would thus have ~~spoken~~ answered, had the ghost spoken, gave their movements even now in 1938 on this day of light variable winds, a different motion or air from that which ^{of} is to be perceived in a London crowd ^{herds} queuing up in Oxford Street under the ruby light. ^{A dignity, a majesty.} Whether which is better which worse, it is for the moralists to say.

There was an air too about the villagers. They were no more casual, incidental and unrelated than the car company. Had Mr "iggis called their names they would have answered. Mrs ^Sands had been an Iliffe; Bartlett's mother a Perry. The green mounds in the churchyard had been cast up by them for three or four centuries. like molehills, made by generations of Perrys and Iliffes, whose labours, like the moles! ^{enriched it} had turned the earth and left it friable.

a hand made, or
 rather home
 made, for many
 more
 shatter, or low
 ornate,

But inevitably there was among the audience one person, who for some reason remained like a crest of brown rock ^{was the} always emerging from a wave, uncovered by the common mind. ~~a Moralist. Humanist~~ There he was, in a rather shabby tweed suit with a felt hat, drawn down over his face, rather to the left under a monkey puzzle. Already, before the show had begun, he had made the tree serve as a symbol ~~of the perpetual climbing of the human race.~~ Already the spiky branches made a crisscross for its incessant ^{climber the race!} wandering; ^{it} affording ^d no foothold; nor yet shaping ^w a pattern. They climbed, climbed, climbed. He filled his pipe and lit it.

But, even as he put the stem between his lips, he resented ~~the~~ the suggestion to which, ~~being~~ a confirmed smoker, he was susceptible, that what binds us to life are the bodily pleasures; that we are held tight to the tree, as an airman ^{by the force of gravitation} is held fast in his seat even when upside down, by the force of gravitation, by the physical pleasures; smoking; eating drinking; and other pleasures, lodged in us ^{to what we are} ~~for the so that the human race may continue, so that we are~~ ^{bound for ever,} bound to the world, even when the world is upside down. ^{by our physical pleasures}

He resented this. He wished to have a better reason for living. The poor were less excusable ~~for~~ than the rich. Since ^{then} the pleasures were less, they should hold less tight. They should resist. But they did not resist. They ate plum cake and ham sandwiches in barns. He did not like the rich; he did not like the poor; he liked no one, least of all himself. Mr Figgises Guide book made no mention of this man. There was no one jutting out like a rock on top of the waves

in Mr Figgis' es Guide Book. The world was ~~spun~~
smooth and spherical. Yet there he was, the man in the
shabby suit, rather to the left, under the Monkey
Puzzle.

Deck chairs and gilt chairs, cane chairs and garden
seats had been drawn up miscellaneously. There was
earth
plenty of room for everybody. There was the lawn itself.—
The lawn could seat sveral hundreds. As Miss a Trobe had
said the gr^{ounds} of Pointz ^{all} were cut out for an
entertainment. The lawn was flat as the floor of a theatre.
The terrace, rising, made a natural stage. The tres gave
architectural stress ^{all out} to the figures. The human figure itself
was seen to great advantage thus raised against a back ground
of sky. And on the right, beyond the lily pond, the Grove
with its bushes, made a natural dressing room. *The sky*

~~The relogue.~~

Jogge Jones piped out:

Gentles and simples, I address you all,

Come hither to our festival.

It is a pageant, all may see,

Drawn from our Island history.

England am I.

Now weak and small,

A child as all may see

A child new born

Sprung from the sea,

Whose billows, blown by mighty storm

Cut off both France and Germany,

from
this Isle.

Behind them passing in and out in single file between the trees the villagers sang;

Digging and delving--- for the earth is always the same, summer and winter and spring; and spring and winter again; ploughing and sowing; eating and growing; time passes....

Chuff, chuff, chuff, went the machine in the bushes.

The dance had stopped. The dancers disappeared. Mabel

Hopkins ~~stood in the middle of the stage with her arms extended~~ stood in the middle of the stage with her arms extended.

~~She stood in the middle of the stage~~ She was left alone in the centre

of the stage. ~~While they danced she had mounted a box.~~

^{mounted in a box} She stood there, her arms extended, her robes flowing,

holding her orb and sceptre. ^{Gayer into the distance}

~~Now appeared from the bushes~~ And then while the audience

gazed at her, helpers from the bushes arranged round her

what appeared to be three sides of a room. In the middle

they stood a table. On the table they placed a china tea

set. She surveyed this domestic scene from her eminence. ^{listy water} ~~There~~ ^{was a pair.}

"Another scene from another play, I suppose"

said Mrs Elmhurst, referring to her programme. ^{out for the benefit of her husband who was deaf}

She read aloud; "Where theres a Will theres a Way"

Characters: Lady Harpy Harraden

Deb. her maid.

Sir Spaniel Lily, liver.

Sir Smirking Peace be with you all.

Lord and Lady Fribble.

Valentine and Flavinda.

What names for real people!" she exclaimed. But look!

Here they come.

Hog, rhinoceros, reindeer

Dug ourselves in on the hilltop; ~~made mud huts:~~

Ground roots between stones:

Ground wheat,

Till we too lay under ~~ground~~~~the~~ g-r-o-u-n-d.....

~~XX~~

The voice tailed away, as if the machine had spent itself:

The long file described

But an intermittent buzzing went on, chuff chuff chuff.

as if marking time Chuff , chuff, chuff...

as the villagers dressed in sackings with faces

solmenly set in a stony stare paced rhymically one

by one through the trees and so down in to the Grove

where they disappeared. (Chuff, chuff, chuff the machin

buz ed as if marking time.

The company from the Looe Corner, privately admonish

ed by ^Darlet, had dragged their seats into favourable

positions before hands. This sudden assault therefore

found them prepared. They had been in time to see

Joyce take her place on the mat, with the curve of

the flower and leaf decked hurdle behind her.

Her voice had been expected. None the less, her words

made Mrs manresa feel as if she had been peppered

with a shower of hard little stones. She was so

exposed--her place was prominent, on a deck chair

in the middle next to Giles-- to the whole tedious

affair. How could it escape being tedious?---

First rt Britons; then Normans; then udors, then Plantagenets--- she was not sure in what order they

would come; but come they would. They roused no sensations. There were vast vacancies unwarmed by any thrill between her and those men in sacking.

No illusion whatever. Here she was in a garden. There they were, dressed up. The machine buzzed. Chuff chuff chuff. It made her think of a corncutter or some such farm instrument, on a warm autumn day. It was still very hot; but sleep, where she sat, was out of the question. She had to keep her eyes open and, if possible, smile. But she felt as if her skin cracked when she smiled.

"Oh my stars and ~~gamsxxx~~ garters....." Miss ^a ~~a~~ robe
graoned. As prompter, she was concealed by a tree;

She looked ^{down} sown the front row of the audience.

All the faces in the front row glared as if the play to which they were exposed were a frsot, that nipped them and ^{fixed} them at some level level tht was not the natural level. Some levels were; some werent. This one at any rate was the stuffed pig level; only Bond the ^C bowman remained natural, fluid.

The buzz of the machine now ran into music. It was a march tune. That did the trick--- at least the ice cracked Miss ^a ~~a~~ robe saw on the most exposed face--Mrs ^Manresas. She beat time with her hand. on the arm of her chair.

Armed against fate the valiant Rhoderick.... that was more or less the meaning of the simple pompous

2 June 9

Paul

1 hr light

Day matches

NYPL

tune that now issued from the machine in the bush

Armed and valiant,

Marching, trampling

Mrs anresa tapped the chair

Bold and blatant,

Firm, elatant

See the warrior tramp the dust....

and then ^{the bump} there was a wobble, and she slipped

instinctively into her own private version; her self-flattering version:

My home is at Windsor

Close to the Inn

Royal George is the name of the Pub:

And blys you'll believe me,

I dont want no asking...

Yes, the wild child was the Queen of the Festival.

Her thigh in its tight blue serge skirt swelled alongside

^{Giles} ^{Hamlet leg} the muscular thigh of Giles. She radiated sensation;

royalty; complacency; humour. She had ascended her

^{thron} eminence; and was in possession once more, after the

oblivion of ~~her~~ drwosiness, of the jolly woman she was by nature.

Miss "a Trobe sighed with relief. The producers great terror-- that the gap will never be bridged ~~was~~ gone; ~~it~~ had been skimmed at any rate.

"Sorry I'm late" said "rs within, pushing her way with William into a chair beside her brother.

"Whats it all about? I've missed the prologue.

England' Enagland was a little girl?.... I see....

Now she's growing up ..."

Hilda Sidebitham had taken Jouce's place .

"Oh England's grown...." Miss La robe prompted her.

"Oh England's grown a girl Now" Hilda announced, *Herbert*

With roses in her hair,

Wild roses, red roses,

And roams the lanes and chooses,

A garland for her hair....

"A cushion?" Thank you so much" said Mrs Swithin.

"That's England in the time of Canucer, I take it" She nodded

Berres. Brawley Yes. She's been maying, nutting. Has garlands in her hair.

Ambitious, isn't it? That's England in front; And then...

ahem!" she stopped.

Time, time, time am I,

Time I watch them,

See them

There! the machine growled out.

See "Time sees what?" Mrs Swithin asked old Bart.

"People passing" said Bart.

More villagers in dish cloths &c. passed over the terrace

in and out between the trees.

Down to the valleys we came,

Wore ruts in the grass,

Built the house in the lane...

the rest of the chant was difficult to catch. *why marked*

Oh pass villagers, passengers, passionate lovers, blivers,

Picking the rose on the hedge, and sticking the flower

that falls and fades too,

Isa began filling in the words to fit the long strides of

the villagers.

Lovers, belivers, she repated, Diggers and delvers, she added
 remarking the shirts of sacking; also one of them carried
 a spade; another a pitchfork.

"Canterbury pilgrims, I suppose" said Mrs Swithin.

To the shrine of the Saint,

the words were now audible,

To the tomb,

We come.....

Lovers, belivers, Isa echoed, ~~as~~ She half turned her head.

Yes. Rupert ^{a thick ran thick h.} aines had come. Also the Perrys with him.

He was just behind her, to the right.

Love took up the harp of life

And smoe the strings to one note, she hummed,

It was an advertisement of some fruit drink she thought.

~~The Canterbury pilgrims had passed.~~
 The villagers ^{followed Rupert} were almost gone from the terrace.

Hey nonny, nonny no, they were singing,

I kisse^d a girl and let her go,

Another did ¹ tumble,

In the straw and in the hay.... ^{They disappeared into the grove.}

Chuff chuff chuff the machine, began gasping, like a corn
 cutter on a hot autumn day.

Its an ambitious attempt, on the part of ~~Mixxx~~ ^{I must say.} la robe,
 said old ^{the} art as the villagers disappaered into the grove.

Chuff chuff chuff went the machine. He took out his cigar
 case. He lit a cheroot.

^{difficult to take}
 "A little tooo complicated."

"Dont lets crab it before its done" said Lucy. After all,

its a beautiful setting. The figures against the blue.

They look larger than life. And how becoming the dress is-- I'd no notion we're such a good looking lot" she turned to William ^{a of the above a picture} Edge. She seemed to refer to him.

William said nothing. though he felt that she asked him to say yes or no. Yes or no---about what he had not heard a word. He had, to use his own short hand, been "staked". "Staked" was his short-cut ^{to stave for analysis} word for emotions in front of sights, or pictures. He used it to mark down certain exaltations. The stake remained. After days, weeks perhaps, ~~it~~ ^{it} he examined what it marked. Perhaps he tried to write it down; or referred it to a picture--byegas, Renoir, Cezanne. He had that moment ^{marked} the figures ^{between the trees against the background}. He had nothing to say.

"Something gone wrong with the machine?" he said, by way of saying something. ^{Chuck chuck. chuck it goes jollier}

"It is marking time" said Oliver. "Which has ceased to exist for us, Lucy."
"Because were so old" said Lucy. "So old that we have no future. Only the present."

There was a pause. They stretched their wings in the present; luxuritating; immorally, because they had no future. So did he, when he staked a sight. ^{willow}
His immortality was momentary. ^{because} he had a future--- unfortunately. But they had no future; hence their

They look larger than life. And how becoming the dress is-- I'd no notion we're such a good looking lot" she turned to William ^{and she asked a question} Edge. She seemed to refer to him.

William said nothing. though he felt that she asked him to say yes or no. Yes or no---about what he had not heard a word. He had, to use his own short hand, been "staked". "Staked" was his short-cut word for emotions in front of sights, or pictures. ^{to stand for analysis.} He used it to mark down certain exaltations. The stake remained. After days, weeks perhaps, ~~xxxx~~ ^{dug up} he examined what it marked. Perhaps he tried to write it down; or referred it to a picture--byegas, Renoir, Cezanne. He had that moment ^{marked} the figures ^{Waked} between the trees against the background. He had nothing to say. ^{Perhaps, did, in the line then and they felt the same}

"Something gone wrong with the machine?" he said, by way of saying something. ^{Chuck chuck. chuck is gone further}

"It is marking time" said Oliver. "Which has ceased to exist for us, Lucy."

"Because were so old" said Lucy. "So old that we have no future. Only the present."

There was a pause. They stretched their wings

in the present; luxuritating; immoratl, because

they had no future. So did he, when he staked a sight. ^{willow}

^{But} His immortality was momentary. ^{because} He had a future---

unfortunately. But they had no future; hence their

Hence their safety; their immortality. However,
 the dog snapped at a fly and the trance was broken.
 Chuff chuff chuff, the machine buzzed in the bush.
 And they all sat in the front row waiting for the next
 act. with the sun beating on them.

Isa fidgetted, she glanced to right and left.
 She glanced at William; ^{dissatisfied. They were both} but passed off him;
 dissatisfied. But they had to sit there. ^{in William's case.}
 They were exposed in the front row. ^{Chuff/chuff to buy}
 Four and twenty blackbirds, strung upon a line,
 the buzz buzzed at him,
 Down came an Ostrich, an eagle, an executioner,
 Which of you is ripe he said,
 To bake in my pie?
 Which of you is ripe,
 Which of you is ready,
 Come my pretty gentleman,
 Comexxxxmy pretty lady.
 The sun blazed; the machine buzzed.

There is she is, said Mrs manresa giving a little nudge,
 to her companion.

A great burst of laughter mixed with clapping
 greeted the Elizabethan age in the person of Eliza
 Clark ~~licensed~~ licensed to sell tobacco. She was
 undoubtedly Mrs Clark of the village shop. But she had
 been dressed up and very successfully; in cheap
 shiny sateens; sixpenny brooches glared
 like tigers and cats eyes, red and green;

ropes of pearls loosed and swung;
 and she had a cape of cloth of silver--- made of
 squabs used to scour saucepans. All combined
 made a magnificent court lady of her; and her size
 -- her head always struck the bacon in the shop,
 she could reach down a bunch of candles,
 or haul a keg of oranges made her appear symbolically *huge*
magnificent, as she stood raised above them with the
 blue and the sailing clouds behind her. The breeze
 was now blowing.

..... The Queen of this great land.....

those were the first words that could be heard above
 the clapping and laughter.

Mistress of ships and bearded men, *the bawls*

Tumbling their ornaments, ingots of silver,

Cargoes of diamonds, ducats of gold

Down on the jetty; *there* down in the "est *land*

Mistress of pinnacles, spires and palaces;

For me Shakespeare sang; and the throstle

Piped in the wild wood, the green wood,

Carolling England, praising the Queen,

Nature and man.

Then was there heard too

Above the dray and the lorry

On granite and cobble

From Windsor to Oxford

Loud laughter, low laughter

Of warrior and lover

The fighter, the singer, *(circled)*

The ashen-haired babe

Stretched his arms in contentment

As home from the Isles came

The sea faring men...

Here she raised her arms to steady the ruffle

which insecurely fastened threatened to blow away.

Laughter, loud laughter, Giles repeated. *the wind whistled at her* They had

put a record on the gramophone. The tune reeled from

side to side as if it were drunk with merriment.

Mrs manresa began beating her foot, humming . a tune.

"Barvo! Bravo!" she cried. There's life in the old dog yet!"

And forgetting her place in the middle of the front

row she trolloped out the words of a music hall

song with an abandonment which was , if vulgar, *was*

really magnificent. Anyhow she saved the situation.

For the ruff had come unpinned and the great Eliza

had forgotten her lines.

"I fear I am not in my perfect mind," Giles m

to the same tune muttered. A stricken deer in whose lean flank

the worlds' harsh scorn has struck its iron. *there*

Exiled from its festival; *it* the music turned

~~ironic~~ ironical...a churchyard haunter at whom

the owl hoots and the ivy mocks; tap, tap, tapping

on the pane. For they are dead, and I...I...I...."

he repeated, glaring at his Aunt Lucy who sat
craned forward with her mouth gaping and her

bony little hands clapping.

~~Everybody~~ ^{now} Everybody was clapping to welcome a new actor. It was Albert, the village idiot, scarcely disguised.

He ambled up to the great Eliza. ^{up}mocking and mowing.

I know where the tit nests " he began

In the hedgerow. I know, I know--

What dont I know?

All your secrets ladies,

And your's too

Gentlemen.

I know...I know....

He had forgotten his lines. But ~~he~~ still acted his part. He was picking and ^{pulling} pulling at Eliza

alrks skirts; He jiggered and capered as if he were enjoying himself. She cuffed him on the ear. He tweaked her back.

Albert having the time of his life " Bart murmured ^{to Lucy}
Lucy agreed.

As long as he dont have a fit she murmured.

"I know...I know" Albert tittered,

shaking his head from side to side as if he wore bells.

"The village idiot" whispered a stout purple lady ^{and} who came from ten miles distant; where too they had an idiot. It wasnt nice. Suppoe he suddenly did some thing dreadful? There he was pinching the Queen's

skirts...She half raised her hand to cover her
eyes in case he did something dreadful.

*Hopper's jiggy La
and Mrs. La
Trobe*

Hoppety, jiggety, Albert resumed,

In at the window, and out of the door,

What does the little bird hear? He whistled on his
fingers.)

And see! There's a mouse...

(he made as if he were chasing it through the grass)

Now the clock strikes! (he stood erect with his
mouth wide open;

blowing a

*she pulled her cheeks as if she were
blowing a dandelion clock.*

One two three four.

Miss La Trobe beat a gong; and he ambled off as if

he knew that his time was up. ~~His~~ His turn was over.

"Glad that's over" said Miss Arker, the lady who came
from Darting, ten miles away. She shuddered, as if she
had crunched a snail in her salad.

"Now what comes next? Oh look--it's a tableau!

The figures of the villagers who had been
passing in and out between the trees while this scene
went forward stopped. They grouped themselves round the
figure of Great Eliza, as if to form a court; or an
audience.

Gathered

There was to be a final tableau; representing a play,
played before Elizabeth at Whitehall.

*laughes.
Q.E. at the clock.
A row*

"What does the programme say?" Mrs Arker raised her
lornette.

She mumbled through the blurred blue carbon synopsis.
~~It was a scene from a play; it was about a false Duke;~~
 a princess disguised as a page boy; a beggar proved
 by the mole on his cheek to be the rightful heir;
 how he is discovered; ^{he} they fall in love at first sight
 and all comes right in the end. That was more or
 less the plot. *mumbled*

She looked up. An aged crone tottered
 forward.

Mumbled Mrs Price from the End House, Lucy whispered.

But now she was a Crone!
 But she was disheveled and withered. And she
 croaked out, making believe that she was swaying
 on a chair in the chimney nook: *corn - the hearth*

"'Twas a winters night; I mind me that

I to whom all's one now, summer or winter.

You say the sun shines? ~~(she screwed up her blind eyes)~~ I believe you sir,

"Oh but its winter; and the fog's abraod."

All's one to "lsbeth, summer or winter,

By the fireside, in the chimney corner, telling her
 beads.

I've cause to etell'em.

"ach bead a crime. *the frozen air*

"I was a winters night, before cockrcorw--

Yet the cock did crow ere he left me,--

The man with the hood on his face and the bloody hands

And the babe in the basket. "Tee hee" he mewed,

"ee hee " he mewed, as who should say I want my toy."

Poor witling!

"Tee hee, tee hee! I could not slay him.

For that, Mary in "eaven forgive me

The sins I've sinned before cockcrow!

Down to the creek in the dawn I slipped

Where the gull haunts and the heron stands

Like a stake on the edge of the marshes....

ⁿ The birds etc.

-----Are you come to torture me, Sirs?

There is little blood in my arm----

Phu

The held and he can -

~~She broke off.~~ Three young me swaggered on to the

stage. The beldame was stone deaf. They had much ado

to make plain their meaning; to wit, had she any

They demanded

memory of concealing a child in a cradle among the

rushes twenty one years ago?

The memory
~~of~~
 I know -- but you & the others
 came from
 Here was a different...
 a youth...

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There is little blood in my arm, Isabella repeated.

For there was such a medley of things going on

what with the beldames deafness; the bawling of the

youths; and the confusion of the plot that she

could make nothing of it. But ~~what~~ did the plot matter?

She shifted and looked at Rupert - aines.

The plot was only there to breed emotion.

And there were only three emotions; love; hate;

fear. There was no need to puzzle out the

plot. Perhaps there was none. It was clever of

miss la Troe to choose this scene; to cut out the

very knot in the centre. The play gave them access

to the three prime emotions; love; hate; fear¹₂

And never mind the plot.

The beldame had the bath.
The recognition scene had taken place. There was

The false woman
the mole. He was the prince. *Let* the bells of
Heaven peal *to* speak the beldames joy. Embraces.
and ~~son~~ then. Then,

Look where she comes?

Who came? *Oh* the nightingale song; the pearl *in*
mouth the sable ear; it ~~was~~ *Carithia* was love at first sight.
Oh Carithia oh...

That summed up all that most people *in* felt at the summit
of their lives.

"Oh Rupert, oh"... She had come down stairs in her
dressing gown with her hair in a plait last night.

That was her greeting to the gentleman farmer.

Like a pearl in nights sable ear. Or a the passion
flower of the trembling star...like like like.

~~He~~ (that is, the prince; that is Miles Potter)

simply said.

Hail, sweet Carithia.

And she to him;

My liege, my lord....

Quite enough.

They fell into each others arms.

The beldame meanwhile, because there was no more to be
said, now that she had identified the mole, been confri
accused herself of every crime under the sun;
and pronounced herself ready to

to the three prime emotions; love; hate fear; and
never mind the plot.

The recongiton scene was atakeing place.

Oh Carinthia oh.

That summed p all that most people felt at the summit
of their lives.

Oh Rupert oh. She had come down stairs in
her dressing own with her hair in a plait last night
and that was her greeting. She remembered the thrill.
she says

Then he says to ~~her~~ him,

~~Oh~~ Hail sweet carinthia,

he beldame, havi identified the mole, and recalled
the night at some lgnth; and been confrimed by the
aged shepherd who had found the cradle in the rushes
dfurther down the river; ~~the beldame~~
gave up the gost. She sank back in her chair.

The beads hung f om he her fingers.

Look to the beldame there...

Peace let her pass.

That was the other emotion; sorrow. You plaited them
like a horses tail on a fair day; love; sorrow;

ear. Now the old Duke whose cotton wool moustabche
confused his utternace pronounced benediction.

The heavens rain blessings. Let music sound;
and the free air of heaven waft them to their couch.
Let music sound...

The gramohpone struck up. Great Eliza dismounting from
her box on which she had ben standing led the processip

to the three prime emotions; love; hate ; fear.
~~So~~, never mind the plot.

The beldame had recon ised the ~~blubbix~~ ~~the mole~~ ^{the chess} the mole; he was the prince.

~~the beldame had recon ised the blubbix the mole he was the prince~~

Embraces;

"let the bells of heaven peal ~~the beldame~~ benison!"

Mr Young ^{Duke} Charles submitted to the withered arms of the aged crone. Then ~~stood upright~~.

"Look where she comes!" *he faints*

Who came? The nightingales song; the pearl in nights
~~black~~ sable ear; Carinthia....Love at first sight.

"h Carnthia oh!" *he said*

That ^{saw} summed up all that most people ever felt. lives

Oh Rupert oh---" She had come down stairs in her dressing gown with her hair in a plait last night.

The Prince Miles Potter greeted Pollyjevons:

Ones first: drew with "hail sweet carinthia!" *saw him from*

And she to him (raising her eyes) *letty him fall*

"My liege, my lord!"

It was enough. Enough, enough ^{sa} repeated.

All else

~~the beldame~~ else was verbiage, repetition.

The beldame meanwhile, because that was enough, sank back in her chair, the beads ddangling from her finger

"Look to the beldame there--old "lsbeth's sick..."

They ran to her.

She's dead, Sirs, -

Peace let her pass...."

The crowd ^{Went back} fell ³art. It was the presence of death.

"peace let her pass...."

That was the fourt h emotion....death. You plaited
them like th~~xxx~~ a horses tail on a fair day;
love hate; fear; sorrow. Four emotions made the ply
of man's life.

Now the old Count whose cottonwool moustache confused

his utterance pronounced benediction.

Peace let her pass *Then bring h*
For the dead, peace; for the lovers, bliss. -

May the Heavens rain v blessings....Let music sound,
and the free airs of Heaven waft^{ye} them to their couch.^{ye}"

The gramophone struck up.

Armed against fate the valiant Rhoderick,

Armed and valiant,

Firm elatant

See the warrior... &c &c

Graat Eliza dismounting from the soap box upon which
she stood led the procession. Dukes shepherds,
beldames; serving men followed behind;
and the Elizabethan age, played round by Albert the
idiot, mrached off the scene.

The little girl, Joyce, was left addressing the
assemvled company in a fewwords which could hardly
be heard. For though they summed up the moment of
time which the pageant had reached and thanked
gentles and simples for le ding their ears they
they also combined the members in fact they
were in fact nothing but a signal that the company
should disperse. Teaw as served in the barn.

The Dispersal.

Armed against fate the valiant Rhoderick...

the gramophone concealed in the bush strummed pompously;

Armed and valiant,

Bold and blatant...

Dispersed are we.

Mrs Manresa hummed:

Nobly, boldly,

fearing no one, (she pushed deck chairs out of her

way) ~~Follow me~~. Youths and striplings, (she glanced

behind her; but Giles had his back turned)

follow me.

~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Follow, follow, all else hollow;

Oh Mrs Parker, how d'ye do? — *I'm for tea? Eat the fool-*
Magnificent! Take my breath away! Come to tea! for -)aper.
 The fool? Poor fellow!

~~Dispersed~~
 Dispersed are we. *the*

Isabella came behind her; humming.

All is over; ~~nothing left~~. The wave has broken.

Left the pebble, left the boot,

On ~~the~~ rim, single; separate; *as the high & dry.*

The joined emotion; love; fear; hate; with sorrow

plaited, the fourfold ply;

broken; over; ~~xxxxxx~~ Must ⁺ follow

Bold Manresa to have tea?

Dispersed are we.

Giles muttered: ^{Dispersed are we!} Absolved, free are we? From the in-
 tolerable, repulsive propongquity of the womans flesh
 free are we. ^(he was) Chained to the hard chair; in the bright
 glare; at last relingelased. But free? To go where?
 Now where. Anywhere. ^{For} To kick a stone; alone. down the
 lonely road that leads to the churchya where the
 coward...I, I, I, ^{an} ~~at whom the fhand points its~~
 skeleton finger.

Dispersed are we.

Mrs within chirruped: Bart, dear ' she put her arm
 on his' didnt you see, ^{Really? Hamilton, or Chanin?} how the scene glittered, like
 a drop on the reed, by the river, when we were children
 d'you remember? catching that trout? And the hook I
 pulled out? The play made me see ...

Dispsered are we

Bart banteered her: For us my old 'indy
 alls over; the play done. And the glare and the stare
 and the beat of the tomtoms; and the ^{red} with the
 paper rolled round the pbble. You know that old story?
 The told story...

Dispersed are we.

William ^{Am} edge follwed them. At a distance. Arent I
 in the way, I'm asked to stay? I the evesdrop er,
 taker of notes for the book, ^{wh} keep up to date;

Giles muttered: ^{Dispersed are we!} Absolved, free are we? From the in-
 tolerable, repulsive propongquity of the womans flesh
 free are we. ^(he was) Chained to the hard chair; in the bright
 glare; at last relingelased. But free? To go where?
 Now where. Anywhere. ^{He} ~~to~~ kick a stone; alone. down the
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 coward...I, I, I, ^{an} ~~at~~ ^{he} whom the fhand points its
 skeleton finger.

Dispersed are we.

Mrs within chirruped: Bart, dear ' she put her arm
 on his' didnt you see, ^{Really? Hamlet, or Chaucer?} how the scene glittered, like
 a drop on the reed, by the river, when we were children
 d'you remember? catching that trout? And the hook I
 pulled out? The play made me see . . .

Dispsered are we

Bart banteered her: For us my old 'indy
 alls over; the play done. And the glare and the stare
 and the beat of the tontoms; and the ^{red} ~~red~~ with the
 paper rolled round the pbble. You know that old story?
 The told story...

Dispersed are we.

William ^{Am} edge follwed them. At a distance. Arent I
 in the way, I'm asked to stay? I the evesdrop er,
 taker of notes for the book, ^{wh} keep up to date;

of attitudes; figures; aht man; then the tree.
Am I to follow; or ~~get the car?~~ And tea? *go into tea*

Dispersed are we.

Here the man whosat under the Monkey Puzzle rose:

What was in her mind? What idea lay behind?

that made her imbue the antique with this glamour;
and set ^{what to what, why -} em climbing, climbing, climbing up the tree?

Dispersed are we.

Miss "a Trobe drew out from her shelter, behind the
tree. They ~~were going dispersing~~. All the lawns were
spotted with the backs of the retreating company.

Firm, elatant,

Bold and blatant...

Dispersed are we -

Here the ~~marking~~ tune gave out. And the
machine went Chuff chuff chuff, chuff chuff chuff,
~~marking~~like a corncutter on a hot evening; or
someone marking time.

Ah, but, said Miss "a Trobe defying time, didnt I
make em all look the same way ofr thirtyfive minutes,
She saw not the retreating backs but the most splendid
dsight that human eyes can behold; faces upon which I,
with nothing but sixpenny broshes and dish cloths
to help me imprinted my ~~idea~~

The machine stopped. The breeze as once more audible,
rustliig among the leaves.

*Dispersed are we. It sounded like the jays
deflated bag -*

~~Camphire~~ of course disil usionment followed
 directly upon the ~~glory~~ glory of creation.
 And the one man to save her from it was Giles;
 Blue eyes, straight nose; firm chin; the physical
 sttributes of the saviur were his. But he had turned.
 And she too turned, to the dingle which formed a
 natural dressing room. ~~maxamaglan~~ The spangles
 and the dish cloths were being thrown on the bushes;
 and the butterflies were feasting upon that innutriciou
 splendour.

~~Dispersed~~ Dispersed are we

Giles took one of those short cuts to the Barn that
 only natives know. There was a path that led across
 the fields. ^{the stone} He found a stone and kicked it.

It was a flinty yellow stone, sharp-edged, as if cut
 by a savage for an arrow head. The rules of the game
 of stone-kicking re quire that the same stone shall
 be kicked to a given goal. sometimes a gate; or a
 prominnt clump of grass. This time the ~~gate~~ ^{goal} goal
 was a gate to be reaced in ten kicks; and the stone
 was Manresa (lust) also Dodge (pervers on)
 also himself (coward). He kicked; once, twice , thrice
 ...he reached the gate in nine. There couched in th
 grass curled olive green was a snake; Dead?

No; half choked w th a toad in its mouth. The legs
 dangled still twitching outside. ^{It was a sort of invasion of both.} The body was swallowed

The snake was gl ating, gluttet. He touched it.

A spasm made the ribs contract and crush; blood
 oozed from the toad. Then the snake lay tranced
Gave death to life:
 the snake unable to swallow; the toad unable to die.

So he brought his foot down on the snakes
 head and crushed them both. He was wearing tennis
 shoes. The mass crushed and slithered. ~~But it was~~
~~action--action relieved him,~~ *But* it left his rubber
24
 soles sticky. But it was action--action relieved him,

*2 by
white
canvas*

The Barn The

The barn was empty.

This noble building which reminded archeologists of
 Greek temples, and *has* been lectured on, by English por
the least
 professors ~~who wished to remind the~~ *who* wishing to remind the
 present generation of their past, and to prove that the
 middle age were far more pure, poetical, jocund and virtuous
had said this
 than the present; the eighteenth century had said this
 of the fifteenth; the nineteenth of the eighteenth, —
 and now in July 1938, the current lecturer
 held that the hub of civilisation happiness purity
 and poetry had been reached about 1820--- every century was
 agreed that the age was about one hundred years ago--
 this noble building stood empty as usual. It was
 decorated with festoons of coloured paper, and
 a long table *rea* hed across one end.
 upon which was an urn, plates and cups, cakes and bread
 and butter. It looked like a dray horse decorated with a
 daisy chain. A shaft of light like a yellow banner
 sloped from the the window to the floor.

nobody

Although it had been built over seven hundred years ago, nobody in all that time had ever seen it save as something that was like something else. The thing it was like --a dray horse or a yellow banner-- was always chosen from the human stock. Yet ~~it was~~ though empty of human beings-- the servants were all at the pageant-- it was full of mice-- ^{wh} they slid in and out; ^{or} sat upright nibbling. Sparrows and swallows also nested there. They were busy with straw in their beaks. Moths slept on the rafters. Countless beetles, insects of various ~~sorts~~ sorts burrowed in the old wood. A lost bitch ^{had} now and then made the dark corner where the sacs stood a lying in ground for her puppies. All these eyes with their different focuses, some many paned to absorb sunlight, others ~~saw~~ adapted to expand only in moonlight or darkness, had seen it; and now saw it from their different angles and edges. A blue bottle had settled on the cake. and stabbed its yellow rock with its short drill. A ^{red} Admiral butterfly was busy at the same task. Whether the slow opening and shutting of its wings denoted ecstasy, or was an action as unconscious as the leaf's tap as the breeze lifted it, whether again the ivy had some sensation in its green fibre as it rose and fell---nobody knew; no body that is whose body walked up right on two legs; whose legs were covered according to sex by trousers or skirt.

It had always been understood at Pointz Hall-- save for some random remarks of a vaguely speculative kind of Mrs Swinburn's-- that the centre of the world was

Pointz Hall, whether in the library, the drawing room, the kitchen or the stables. *A mackerel in a wheel*

Mrs. Sands for instance though she had been in and out of the Barn any time of the day for fifteen years past had never seen a butterfly, not to name it. As for mice, they were vermin who left black pellets in the kitchen drawers. A moth she would bundle up in her hands and put out of the window. A bitch having a puppy suggested censorious thoughts of servant girls misbehaving with farm hands. On the otherhand a cat, not necessarily a kitchen cat--a tsey cat, a cat with a patch of mange on its rump-- opened the flood gates of her ^{childhood} heart. *A cat, an cat.* It was more to her than a child.

But there was no cat in the barn; and even a cat would have made no impression upon the agitation she was in, to ^{reach} ~~get~~ to the Barn, ^{to be there} before the people, ^{to} ~~came~~ and be found where her place was, at the table, behind the urn.

Following her in a scud came all the servants, and the helpers--David, John, Irene, Lois &c. Water boiled; steam issued; cake was sliced. The butterfly rose; and the blue bottle.

"This fine old barn..." said Mrs. Manresa stopping in the doorway. It was not for her to press ahead of the villagers. It was for her to be moved by the beauty of the barn; to stand still; then to draw aside to let the people behind come in.

"We have one, much like it, at 'Arting'" said Mrs. Parker, stopping, for the same reasons. "Perhaps not quite so large."

The villagers hung back.

then dribbled on.

"And the decorations..." said Mrs manresa, looing round for someone to congratulate. Mrs Swithin was coming in.

She was gazing up too; ^{not at the decorations; at the birds} at the birds; swallows were flitting from corner to corner.

"They come every year" she said. "The same birds."

Mrs ^{and humoring her} anresa smiled benvolently; It seemed ~~to her~~ most unlikely. ^{But it was the thing - naming birds.}

"I suppose the decorations are left over from the coronation

said ^urs Parker. We kept ours too. We built a village hall."

Mrs _m anresa laughed too loud. An anecdote was on the tip of

her tongue; about a public lavatory built to celebrate

the same occasion; how the ^mayor.... But the old lady,

gazing at the swallows, looked refined. "~~Refaxx~~ Refeened"

"Refeened"---Mrs _m anresa qualified the word thus to her own

advantage. and was pleasantly reminded of the wild child

she was; whose nature spanned so braod a compass;

could comprehedn the old womans' refeenment; also the boys ^{fun}

---whwre was that nice fellow, Giles?--- She could not see

him. The villagers hung back.

Well I'm dying for ~~my~~ ^{he} tea!" Mrs manresa said in a public

^{way} way; and strode forward ~~She~~ held out a thick china mug,

which Mrs sands, giving natural precedence to one of the

house party, filled at once. David gave her cake.

She was the first to drink; the first to bite. It was all

nonsense about democracy, she concluded. So did Mrs ^rarker.

The people looked to them. They led; the rest followed.

"What delicious tea!" each exclaimed, disgusting though it wa

was, and the cake fly blown. At home they only drank China.

"They come every year~~x~~" said Mrs Swithin, ignoring the fact that she was speaking to no one; "From Africa."

The barn filled and ~~filled~~. China clattered; voices chattered. Isa pressed her way to the table.

Firm elatant, bold and blatant, she murmured, Dispersed are we. Let me turn awaym from the array ^(she looked doubtfully round her) of china faces glazed and hard, Down the ride, that leads under the nut tree, the may tree, away and away, till I come to the wishing well, where the washerwoman's little boy ^(dropped a pin;)

^(dropped a pin;) (she dropped sugar , two lumps, into her tea)

He got his horse, so they say. But what wish would I drop into the well? " She looked round. She could not see Rupert ["]aines; or anyone known to her. "That the waters should cover me of the wishing well."

The noise of china and voices drowned her murmur.

"Sugar for you? and a spot of milk? And you Only tea, without milk or sugar? Thats the way I like it. A bit too strong?

Let me add water. "Thats what I wished, when I droopped my pin Water, water. ...I must say its brave of the King and Queen. Theyre said to be going to India. She looks such a dear and ["]some one I know said his hair..."

"There would the dead leaf fall, when the leaves fall, on the water. Should I mind, not again to see, May tree or nut tree? Not again to hear on the trembling spray the thush sing, or to see, dipping and diving as if he skimmed waves in the air, the ywllow woodpecker?

She was looking at the canary yellow festoons swaying ~~in the~~
light breeze.

"I thought they said Canada, not India. D'you believe what the papers say? For instance about the Duke of Windsor. He landed on the South coast. Queen Mary met him. She'd been buying furniture. That's a fact. And the papers say she met him.... "A lone under the tree the withered tree that keeps all day murruring of the sea, and hears the rider gallop.....

She was interrupted
She looked up. There was William Dodge smiling at her.

"Songs my uncle taught me?" he said.

They were conspirators; leagued together against the general company.

As the
"The ~~effect~~ of the play" she said. "The play running in my head like a tune."

He saw her lips move. He wished to say, feeling that they were conspirators, *Let her out of them* Come along... show me the stables, the hot house, ~~the same~~ the vine.... He wanted to see her with her glass green eyes and thick body--the head was *be almost bellar like necks-* neck was almost as broad as the head--- against a an arum lily, or a eucalytus tree, or a vine. On the way they would talk; they would forage directly, vigorously without made up phrases *about the effect of the play* for the feeling she had and he had; *about* how the play, *P*primitive, botched up as it was, made them *it* *him* — he could think only of a phrase that no one had ever used naturally; "in tune with the universe"; a phrase that he and she walking along a gravel path could have smelted

into small real words; "Robbed of identification marks"; the play, he meant, had acted as a solvent; as a "disintegrator of personality"; but it was futile, phrase making in the dark of his own mind. ~~He said~~ He said loud, laying his hands on the first words that came more or less handy to hers,

~~The play~~ "As a play it was not a success; but as a..."

And then as he fumbled, he saw her eyes change; as if she had to get out of one dress, and put on another.

The small boy ^{in (buckled)} battling his way through the crowd striking out with his arms against skirts and trousers-- ^{as she more hurriedly.}

he was so small that he could only reach to the knee--

^{look, then} came towards her. ^{He} ^{held at her hand.} ^{Hi-ho!} ^{ha} ^{and}

He saw her; he made a bee line for her.

It was her little boy apparently. Taking him under her care, and giving him a cup of milk, she was lost to him, as a

conspirator. Two seconds later however the nurse maid

came up; and then he saw her ^{up} put on another dress, this time he felt something in the nature of a strait waistcoat.

The beautiful young man in blue jacket and brass buttons, ^{in a beam of light,} who was her husband, was standing rather solitary, scowling.

And she, his wife, was looking him up and down. Their relation Dodge felt, were as people said in novels, "strained."

But for him there was something so exciting in male beauty when it was muscular, hirsute, virile, that he forgot--

His desire to see her against a fan of green vine leaf

with a purple bunch pendant, left him. It left him, to his

^{It}
 momentary regret. They could have discussed the play,
 up and down the garden in and out of hothouses, without
 any distraction; ~~for~~^{he} felt her body only as a picture;
 and he knew she knew it; ~~they could have discussed the play~~
 and ^{then} ~~then~~ he could have seen her purely, ^{as a painter sees}
 a body; ^{as he saw to her advantage} either against a euclyptus tree; or against
 the angle of the glass house; but now the male, whatever his
 name was, with his scowl, his handsome ness, his virility
 plunged him into turbulent emotions in which ^{he} intellect
 had no part.

134
Maudie
Jani
Mrs Anresa, having gulped one cup of disgusting India tea, put it down and turned. She was anxious to rid herself of Mrs Parker. Her own sex bored her ~~xxxxxx~~ horribly; especially ^{her own by} ~~if they were~~ of her own class. She had no objection to the class below; cooks, shopkeepers, farmers wives; cottage women she liked; and with them she was highly popular too.

"Well, Mrs Moore--and what did you think of it?"
She hailed her keepers wife. "Wasnt it a pretty sight?
And you brought baby... Did he enjoy himself?"
Here she pinched baby "I thought the clothes ^{drum}
perfectly beautiful... as good as any sh I've seen in London.
We mustn be out done must we. We'll have one of our own
at Christmas. In our barn. And we'll show em how to make
cakes... (she winked oblieuely at the table; all had been
bought from the local shop; not made at home.)
This alluded to her cake making competition; she had intodo
duced the art of piping ^{Cakes} into her village; also the art of
making frivolous things like coloured baskets, mats; toys;
from materials she brought down from London. The poor she
said, werent always ill; as the other ladies insisted;
or b rying relations. They wanted pretty things as much as
anyone. And they shared hertastes... Cracking her jokes,
she turned, saw Giles, and swept him in. But what had he done
with his shoes? Some submerged sensation was liberated in
her by the smear of blood on the canvas; why she didnt know;
but she felt warmed, ~~stimulated~~ flattered; A pleasing vague
sense that somehow he h proved his valour, for her admirat
^{stimulated} Vague as tit was, it was also sweet. Taking him on,

for they must do their duty, which was also a pleasure,
now that they shared it, she made him the audience for her
breezy chaff.

17th Mrs Neale she said, addressing the postmistress, *was affected with chronic hiccough*
~~tell us~~ hows your uncle? *(This was a stock joke. Mrs Neales*
who professedly hiccoughed) Uncle had died of the hiccoughs. *had an hiccough*
in a perfect marble of a woman Mrs Neale she explained to
Giles, runs our post office. She can do sums in her head.

Twenty five penny half penny stamps; two packets of
stamped nevelopes; a dozen post cards--how much does that
come to, Mrs Neale? And her uncle...." Mrs Neale *threw up* laughed.
Mrs Manresa laughed.

So she drew him down the line, in and out; from one to
another. Some he knew; some she knew; there were the
cricketers, the footballers, the young men who trapped
rabbits; the old shepherd; the retired postman; the chicken
far r; the man with a bad leg.. "But we're not going to take
that as an excuse..." She would have none of their lugubrious
illnsees. Everyone was a thorough good sort; had money in
the savings bank; *the knew all about was in the parish* didnt she know it? She was their pal;
though as she knew they regarded thin^g alk Manresa her hsnad,
in perfect riding breeches talking to the Parson with
sus cion. It was partly his clothes. But the wild child they
felt one of themsleves; coming down from town, with a
boxfull of goodies; and a boy or two to keep her company.

This incident, as he called it, seemed to ^{Uwen} Felkin

^{Nelwa} --the name of the solitary man who had only to look at

a monkey puzzle to see the human race engaged in

the perpetual pursuit of nothing at all--disgusting.

He noted her blandishments; his surly, ^{won molly} ~~scowling~~ scowl.

But why apply the violent term 'disgusting' to the
dispassionate ^{fundamental} statements of the unillusioned intellect?

That instrument, applying itself to the incident--

^{the role of} Giles and ^manresa hobnobbing with the postmistress &c--

revealed the automatic action, say of blue bottles on a

plum cake. Terms we like 'disgusting' were uncalled for.

^{The men of action, with the women in tow, proceeded now to}
There was nothing obscure in the processes revealed

by the slicing of the brain. He had seen through men of

action from about the age of seventeen, when as a midship

man --such had been his first profession-- he had been

~~herded up~~ ^{herded up with a pack of hounds}
~~put through his paces~~ by that hysterical, superstitious,

trembling like aspens in the wind at the breath of nay
timid old sheep ^{called}

freedom of thought bunch of ~~vindictive~~ timid old women
men of action.

~~called naval officers~~. But again why apply heated

terms to insects impelled automatically together through

^{the vulgar babble with the few here}
certain gestures? As for the ^manresa, the female counter

part of the man of action; he knew them; the ^manresa; w

bubbling cauldrons of impure emotion; but again why

apply, &c... Why...here he jerked round and cast his ^{the beam}

unimpassioned intellect upon Isa, --a woman with a

child. Off came her surface, and under it was the

^{lioness} lioness with the cub; greed; unscrupulous maternal ^{grin}

greed. And the admirable gentleman in a black coat
 there (this was addressed to the Rev. J.W. Streatfield)
 who had verified each branch of the monkey puzzle tree
 and swore there was a bag of nuts on top, —
 the intellect was scarcely needed to slice off the st
 stuffing; that made his waistcoat portly. Whereupon,
 as if seeking a portion of his own anatomy that fate had
 denied him, he looked at his feet; and grounded all
 further observations upon himself. Why, he had often
 asked himself, at various stages of a varied and adven
 urous career---mining, company promoting, prospecting
 in Java, Peru and Paraguay-- why did not this automatic
 driven detached spectator automatically attach a
 noose to his neck or a stone to his feet and seek the
 oblivion which is accorded to bones at the bottom of a
 horse pond? As long as questions are asked, the horse
 pond ends something; something is better than nothing.
 Was that the answer? He glanced at his watch automati-

vally. Automatically he noted two hours before seven;
 thirty; two hours before watering his plants.

Why water your plants? And to that why,

intellect always wriggled; as if a worm,

not to attach too strong a name to an involuntary

desire to save flowers from dying, moved even in him;

He stayed on, noting that the human body perpetually
 oozing at various orifices smells; when those bodies are
 confined in an enclosed space the smell.... he raised
 his head the better to appreciate (if that word is not
 too strong) the odour that now filled the barn.

unintentionally
 he saw
 flowers
 drooping
 in the
 hot
 air

but unintentionally
 he remembered his
 plants.
 He watered them
 at 7.
 He watered his
 plants.

There was
 an
 impulse...

They had almost done their round of the barn--Giles and anresa. Here was old ^{Present}astle, who hadtaught him to throw a line; a fish on a line meant much the same to both of them. Foxes were identical to them; also jays and magpies. All the same ^{Present}castle stayed on th farm; he, Giles went to the city. All the same, by the time they had made their round, he felt she was a good sort in her way, the manresa. ^{He} was less of an audience more of an actor, with her, ^{going round}going round; "They approach the old ^{Windsor} chair."

"Swallows...." said Lucy, looking at the birds

Excited by the company they were flitting from corner

to conrer. There were pockets of dry earth in the rafters. The birds w however seemed unable to settle in them.

~~Meanwhile~~ Lucy and Bartholomew were seated, they had

Mrs Sands had sent them tea; Lois had reserved two

Windsor chairs for them. Yes yes, theyre for you; ^{these for you}"

It would have caused more bother than it was worth to

upset what Mrs sands, David and Lois thought fitting.

^{swallow my life, the swallows, said Bartholomew.} "That come before the swallow dares...." Lucy mu ured.

watching the birds. All across Africa, across the deser

across France they had come to nest here.

Year after year they came; before there was a channel;

^{they} had been here when the earth on which her Windsor chair

was planted was a riot of rhododendrons; and humming

b birds quivered ^{mouth} in the hollow of the red trumpet;

and the mammoth, as she had been reading that morning

in bed.... ^{swallow my life, the swallows, how can I keep} "Come before the swallows...." her btother

repeated; then broke off; half rose... *for he was: Mrs Manresa appeared*

But Mrs manresa wou absolutely refused to take his chair,

"Go on sitting, go on sitting....she pressed him down *44*."

I'll squat on the floor. But giles remained standing.

"And what did you think of the play....~~I suppose she~~

~~wasn't it a very good one?~~

Well, Bartholomew looked at his son. *He remained silent.* "They looked very nice. Upon my soul, I didnt recongise 'oyce..."

"And you Mrs swithin, said *7*" *1*rs manresa indulging the old lady.

"I missed the prologue said Lucy.

I was hoping you d tell me--- Mrs manresa went on;

you whove read so much ~~more than~~ *1* have-- was the play

taken from a rial play--an old play?"

Bartholomew looked at her. He was not yet to after. "robably she put *2* snatches together" said "artholomew. *why not?*

They say there are only seven plots, dont they?

A banished Duke; a rightful heir--thats one of 'em."

~~"The birds?" said Mrs manresa looking~~

up "Look!" Lucy exclaimed.

"The birds?" said Mrs manresa looking *up*, in order to indu

the old lady again. *He saw a bird with a straw in its beak.*

But Giles looked down. Mrs "within laughed, naturally, *the*

had e had dropped his straw.

~~"The birds?" said Mrs manresa looking~~ She mocked his man of action shoes.

Giles He turned. She was mocking at him as usual.

Going?

Leaving us?" said "artholomew. Time for the next act?

~~said artholomew~~

He wished Giles would stay. But he knew more or less why he wouldn't. He heaved himself up. Quite regardless of Mrs manres and of Lucy he strolled off.

"Swallow, my sister, oh sister swallow" he muttered, feeling *mooning off by himself: worry for her son.* for his cigarette case.

This complete indifference to her charms nettled Mrs anresa. Why had she squatted on the floor then? Were her charms fading? But, woman of action as she was, ~~now that she was deserted by the male sex she was not going~~ suffer tortures of boredom from the 'refeened' old lady. She too scrambled up, put her hands to her hair, as if it were high time she went too; though it was nothing of the kind, *as they are a great improvement.* *she has been perfectly tidy.*

The fact that Isa's husband (christian name unknown) came towards them shouldering his way -- ~~William~~ ^W as William called it; applying instinctively the romantic word shoulder ^{ing} -- the word that was used of whales shouldering the sea, of clouds shouldering the sky, to the big strong "Englishman" -- the fact that he came towards them, was registered by William Dodge's left hand (the fingers closed) though his face remained non committal. "He came, at last he came. ~~He was discussing the play with Mrs. Parker.~~ Isa stood silent cup in hand beside them. Mrs Parker was explaining, as she could to her own sort, though in lowered tones so as not to be heard by the rest, *not that I don't like her* how uncomfortable the vil age idiot made her feel.

"It's all in the tradition" said "William. *substantively*

fidgetting as he felt the man ~~approach~~
 whom he admired; ~~whom he admired~~ the man who would despise him
 approach. ^{Isa too} Isa too watched. ^{He} He had been faithless to her
 before now; Given a chance, Manresa would develop into another
 of those "passing affairs that make no difference to what
 I feel for you." He had to have his toy; but it would be a
 very different story if she took Rupert Haines for her
 teddy bear. She could see him, over in the corner,
 the queer man with the inappropriate wife.

"But surely" said Mrs. Parker, turning to welcome Giles
 who got more like his mother ^{Clare} ~~--- a great~~
 tragedy, her death in India from typhoid when Giles was
 a baby--- every day. "But surely" we're more civilised
 now. Again she said how uncomfortable the
 village idiot had made her feel.

"Are we?" said Giles. "He looked, once, at William."

It was a piece of luck that William was there to serve as
 scapegoat. Without knowing his name or anything about him
 he knew all that mattered; he knew what his left hand was
 doing. He could despise him ^{the parson} instead of himself, the coward.
 Also he could despise Mrs. Parker; ^{a chattering female} one of our local busybodies
 but he could not despise his wife. ^{the woman} She had not spoken to him.

^{the idiot's search} "Surely" said Mrs. Parker remembering the nasty feeling,
 as if she had crunched a snail in her salad, and pleased
 at this proof of her sensibility. "Surely we are."

Giles then did the usual trick; shut his lips; frowned;
 took up the pose of one who bears the burden. He had been
 in the city all the week making money; on the Stock Exchange.

"No, don't admire you" Isa said as plainly as a

glance fixed stubbornly to the left of her could say.

"Silly little boy--with blood on his shoes." ^{body}

Whom did she admire then? Not Dodge. Giles could take that for granted. He looked him up and down, and then looked away. They had often bickered, he and Isa, over this that and the other; but only by way of a joke.

She had the children; naturally he wanted amusement.

for her, but instead
The ~~anresa~~ ^{anresa} looked round; but ~~there~~ ^{and} was the

ector, Stretfield, laden with tea cups.

Both his hands were full.

"I shake hands with my heart" he exclaimed, *h*

nodding his handsome weather beaten head as he deposited his burden on the table. safely.

Mrs Parker took the tribute entirely to herself, for the others were for the moment unable to play their parts in climbing the particualr branch of the moneky puzzle tree ~~ex~~ to which the good man was clinging; *when which she joined him.*

"Mr Steatfield!" she exclaimed "Doing all the work.

You make me ashamed, standing here gossiping!"

"Like the see the greenhouse?" said Isa suddenly turning to William Dodge.

That was precisely what William had wanted, until Giles joined them and confused him. Now there was nothing for it but to follow the woman. Her husband had no intention of coming too.

*Mrs
Mamere 1*

*The
dramatic
up
scene
has*

The Greenhouse

The path was narrow; she had to go first. And she was broad; she fairly filled the path. swaying slightly as she walked, and plucking a leaf here and there.

~~She was humming.~~

Fly then, follow, *she hummed*

The dappled herds in the cedar grove

Who, sporting play,

The red with the Roe,

The stag with the doe,

Fly--away.

I grieving stay. Alone I linger,

I pluck the bitter herb by the ruined wall

The churchyard wall, and press its sour, its sweet, its sour

Long grey leaf, so,

Twist thumb and finger....

She threw away the shred of Old man's beard that she had picked in passing and kicked open the green house door.

She Dodge, looking at the green *dome*, the fig tree, and the blue hydrangea that grew to the right had lagged *behind*.

"She spoke, ^{was} she murmured, waiting for him to enter,

And from her bosoms snowy antre drew

The gleaming blade...

Plunge blade! she said,

And struck.

Faithless! she cried, Knife too!

It broke.

So too my heart,

She said.

He quickened his pace. She was laughing as she stood holding the door open for him. Then she sat down on a plank under the vine. The little grapes were still buds; the leaves thin and yellow as the web between a bird's claws-- the exact phrase for the texture and colour escaped him.

"I wish tunes didn't run in one's head" she said.

"Still the play?" he asked.

She nodded. Then she said:

"You admire my husband very much. I suppose you think I don't."

It was the usual fate of the eunuch. Women knew they had nothing to hope; nothing to fear; at first they resented serving as lay figures--statues in greenhouses. Then they liked it. They said whatever came into their head, as she had. *They made him their confidant: because he was past them.*

priest-

I admire him very much. " he said. Of course she had guessed his secret; as they always did even the stupid ones.

"You're not very happy are you?" she asked.

Are you?
"Who is, ~~at our age~~; in our generation?"

"It's odd how easy it is for us to talk, though"

she commented. "Perhaps because we've never met before; and never shall again".

"The doom of sudden death hanging over us" he

said. "There's no retreating and advancing, --

in her random way
" he thought of the old lady showing him the house" --

mean
Nothing gradual, as for them. I mean the old. I envy them."

He cleared a space on the plank opposite and sat down

Thinking of the political situation

among the red pots, in each of which was a ^{single} green leaf.

^{Who do you love?} "If you don't love your husband; ^{then} who do you?" he asked.

"His name's Haines; he's married to a dull woman in a coat and skirt; ...It's not true you know that a woman only needs her children."

"Was that your little boy?" he asked, seeing the child battling through the crowd again.

"I have a daughter in the cradle too" she said.

"How did you come to know that woman, the 'anresa?" ^{she asked}

"Like other ladies of her age, she needs a young man about the house"

And...my wife, as you've guessed, doesn't find me ^{enough} "satisfactory."

"So you're married are you? And an artist. But what do you do?"

"Clerk in a Government Office" he said.

"Clerk in a government office" she picked a leaf from a scented geranium" there's something for you to smell, Mr... "

"William" he said, taking the furry leaf and pressing it between thumb and finger.

"I'm Isa" she replied.

They had left the greenhouse door open; and now music came through it.

*They were found: alone.
inhibited to cut the
candle & get to the house*

A. B. C. , A B C, A B C someone was practising scales.

scales. C A T CA, T Cat, they struck a chord: *The upstroke when made you word. Then other words were added.*

It was a simple tune, like a nursery rhyme--

The king was in his counting house,

Counting out his money

The Queen was in the parlour,

Eating bread and honey.... *They know murder; greed.*

It seemed detached like a peach hanging against the wall. *2 simple & satisfactory words*

"They say we don't respect anything--that's why we're not happy" said Isa.

"Bosh" he said. ~~What's the point of all this? What's the point of all this? What's the point of all this?~~ Who's put ideas in your head?"

Who's never "been happy" What's happiness?"

The Athenians in the age of Pericles? The English in the time of Shakespeare. The French in the time of Louis the 14th. *What's happiness?*

"Pinsents happy" said Isa. Mrs Swithins happy. Old Portholomew in his way. So am I, when I hear La Trobe practising the *her scale* harmonium."

ABC ABC ABC Cat a T cat.

And the Parsons and the "anra handing cake in the barn" *not happy* he said. "That's not happiness. That's unconsciousness."

"You're by way of being clever" she said.

I'm not. I'm asleep half the time. Or eating. Or lying in a hot bath. Or sitting in a cornfield eating a fig.

Or ringing up; Mr Baines, what's the price of salmon, middle cut?"

What is the price of salmon middle cut?" he asked.

Tell me" she asked, what made her come here?

~~She said~~

And they talked, & looked & looked

And he told her the whole story; just as if this world

were the only world; there was nothing else in the whole

world but the greenhouse, herself sitting on one plank;

and himself opposite among the pots; while from the

grove came sounds of Miss "a Trobe or whoever it was,

~~playing the harmonium~~ practising the ~~harmonium~~

~~harmonium~~ harmonium.

5 Feb
1939

The letter

to Mrs.

Jonathan by letter -

The house. Amiable. The

letter from the. The room

in happiness

But he starts with

Manera -

Less intense

The seat becomes

a man.

They don't

protest

always grab the
you. So much.
When the rest of the

No sense of
responsibility.
Produce analysis

Woods

"Mon tem erament

NYPL

Between the acts. Typescript, earliest, dated
draft.

Pp.147-159. Page 147 dated Feb. 27 [1939]

Together with pp.154-156 in another draft
but possibly belonging to the period.

Feb. 27th

Listening to it, coming in at the open greenhouse door,
 mixing^e with the smell of geranium, the naked earthenware of
 flower pots, they talked; they laughed; they gossiped;
 in words of one syllable too, as if they had been saying,
 The king is in his counting house, counting out his money---
 The Queen was in her parlour
 eating bread and honey....
 and there was nothing else in the whole world,
 but the greenhouse; herself sitting on one plank;
 him opposite on another; while from the grove came sounds of
 Miss, a T robe, or whoever it was, practising her scales.

The Library.

Oh sister swallow, oh swallow sister,
 how can thy heart be full of the spring?---"
 Batholomew muttered going into the library. How can my heart
 be full of the spring, he repeated, standing in front of the
 books. Books, the treasured lifeblood of an immortal
 spirit, poets; the lawgivers of mankind &c &c....
 Doubtless true observations made by wise men; though
 imperfectly recollected. In those canisters was more force
 than gunpowder; redder blood than the brashy water^{new}
 that produced so many disagreeably imperfect complexions;
 a spirit more quick^e more bold than the spirit that shuffled
 so many trudgers round and round the Barn. Only his son,
 Giles, was unhappy; and to him, that mattered more than the

than the lifeblood of immortal spirits, (distilled and concentrated; dry as gunpowder, and melodious ~~as~~ groves of nightingales singing with their breasts to thorns.

How can my heart be full of the spring, he repeated, how can my heart, how can my heart... He puffed at his cheroot.

Condemned in life's eternal infernal mine,

to drudge the whole year round; condemned in solitude to pine; to feel the pang; to hear the sob;

to dread the day... Condemned in life's infernal

grind to tread the pilgrims, or stockbrokers way;

he muttered, standing arms akimbo in front of his well stocked country gentlemen's, partly inherited, partly bought by himself

miscellaneous but on the whole representative library. Every

book piped away by itself. Cavour; Garibaldi; Wellington;

Life of Gladstone; the whole series of Irrigation Officers

Reports; Instructions for the Suppression of Rinderpest;

Mauray's History of the Punjab; excellent but now out of

date; Cecil Smith on Some problems of Indian Currency;

also Brian Herbert's massive work on the Horse; and the man

who codified the laws. A great harvest the mind had reaped;

he meditated; with the barn still in his eyes,

and the smell of the barn, half old sacks and straw,

half human effluvia in his nose. Displeasing to him,

what must it be, he suddenly reflected, to the indi

fininitely greater sensibility of his dog? (Sultan had

followed him) But for all this, compared with his son,

he did not care one straw. Giles was out of sorts; suffering;

exactly why he did not know; but roughly from the notion
 that whereas others fought, he totted up figures. *And then in his*

L. took
the life
of the
the
the
 So what's the use, oh sister swallow, my sister swallow
 and books the essence of master spiits, *the essence of master spiits*
 of singing your song? of immortal lifeblood, poets laying down
 the law, when all the time, condemned in life's infernal
 mine; dark, dark, ~~all~~ dark, (he pressed his hand to his
~~the m. r. a. k. m. g. m. a. s. s. x~~ waistcoat) the rat gnaws....

He sank down in his chair. To be, or not to be, that was
 question, question,
 Giles's problem; a difficult problem, for him, as well as
 for Giles; the folly of 'being, ~~of not being~~ was no less obvious
 to both of them in this age, than the folly of not being.

But surveying the ^Barn with the eye of memory, *the eye* *reached*
~~Manresa with John~~
 he remembered; Manresa, ~~was in tow~~. Merciful anresa---

admirable woman! He reflected, with a grin, heroics
 are out of place when the harvest of the mind is
 reaped, the treasured lifeblood of immortal spirits is
 distilled, not let us remember, by the brain, only;
 but by something that has for its companion both on the
 immortal luarel, and in the actual mine, this very queer
~~He~~ *the head sunk on his chin*
 brute---he looked down (his head sunk on his chin)
 at the faithful body. There he was couched like a familiar
 spirit, the flanks sucked in and out, the long nose resting
 on the paws, a flick of foam on the nostrils---the dog.

The ^{body}woman, Manresa, had her charms; he could feel them himself even at his age. *Manresa was a seductive woman.*

The door ^{Huller's door}half opened. That was Lucy's way of coming in as if she were coming into a room for the first time, and did not know what she would find there. She found her ~~room~~ brother there. A pleasant surprise. And that was his dog--- really, it seemed as if she saw them both for the first time. It was possibly because she had no body.

Her mind up in the ~~air~~ clouds like an airball, touched ground now and then, with a shock of surprise. There was nothing in her to weight a man, like Giles, to the earth.

She perched on the edge of a chair. ^{as if she were} ~~She~~ was like a bird settling on a telegraph pole before starting for Africa.

"Swallow oh sister, oh sister swallow" he murmured.

From the garden--the window as open-- came the sound of someone practising. ABC ABC ABC ABC. Then the separate letters formed one word. Dog; and then a phrase, a tune. ~~It~~ was a simple tune.

Hark hark the dogs do bark

The beggars are coming to town..And then it coiled itself out, lengthened, swayed became a dance; a waltz. Owing to the ^{power} of rhythm every flower, and bird, and the trees ^{with their} tossing their branches were at once caught up, as if they had been called out of their private lives, their separate avocations, and made to take part.

The lamp of love burns high over the dark cedar grove,
The lamp of love shines clear, clear as a star in the ^{sky}

(old atholomew tapped his finger on his knee)

Leave your casement and come, lady, lady I love till

I die....

He looked sardonically at Lucy, perched on the arm of the chair, fingering her gold cross. He never understood how she and borne children. *The same as before*

For all are dancing, retreating and advancing, the moth, and the dragon fly.

He supposed from her expression that she was thinking, *up in the Mecc,*

God is peace; God is love; In your will is our freedom. She belonged to the sect of unifiers; he to the separatists;

~~he liked variety.~~ *had a hole;* The tune with its feet always on the same spot, ~~alw~~ soon became sugary, insipid, seemed to be bored

by this perpetual invocation to perpetual adoration. Had it--

he was ignorant of musical terms--gone into the minor key?

For this day and this dance, and this merry merry may"

the waltz was insisting, by way of shading the melody,

Will be over. *(he laughed)*

With the cutting of the clover this retreating and advancing

--the swifts certainly seemed to have got out of hand, *as they shot past the window*

shooting out of their orbits--

will be over over over.

And the ice will dart its splinter, and the winter

Oh the winter, will fill the grate with ashes,

And there'll be no glo, no glow on the log.

He knocked the ash off his cherrot; and stirred.

"So we must" said Lucy, as if he had said alo d, Its time to go.

*Come down in
Merron
I asked
Jenny,
Leave for
Carmen
Come
Lark
I'm with
you*

He dusted the ash off his waistcoat.

They stepped out of the window onto the lawn.

Whatshis name "L. Whatshis name" John Adams
 "She's making sure of her front seat" --- ~~whatsher~~ name,
 whom Giles admires." Mrs ^{an}anresa was crossing the lawn
 in front of them. Giles was by her side. Her scarf, her
 hat, her gestures all seemed to set her at the head of the
 procession. People were coming back from the ^{bar}arn.

Not for the first time that afternoon, Bartholomew blessed
 the power of the human body to distract the mightiest of men
 from their enterprises; ~~Giles~~ *Anna to wrest him to the earth* his son would commit no
 folly so long as she were there to illustrate the flesh;
 therefore he excused, indeed loved her; and was amused to
 find that for all Lucys gold cross and airy ways of
 casting a wide survey over the world ~~past~~ *past* and future
 from her little books of potted science, from her
 midnight collquies with Jeremy ^{ay}aykor, St. Theresa,
 and that great mystic Whatshis name--- she had taken
 a private dislike to a particular person. A woman too.
Mrs. Kukul Maucua. He chided her. You thought look
 "She was a little hurt that you looked at the swallows
he chided her
 while she was talking" said ^{Bar}atholomew.

"I was wondering if the same birds come every year"
 she said.

"people dont like it" he o bjected.

~~He~~ ^{He} was a man; presumably he knew.

"I'll try" she said.

~~Bartholomew could never deny that~~ she had a humble
 heart; but this was not the time to fathom the human heart,
 deep as it is, like a lake, in which, so the servants

She had a humble heart. But this was no time to fathom the human heart, deep as it is, like a lake. He could see as he waded across the lawn, the lily pool; where he often paused, thinking of what lay concealed--the bones; the servants said they were a lovers; the naturalists said they were a sheeps. while the dragon flies shot this way and that ^{in the water} green and blue. and the flowers and the grasses were re- ^{making a humming border.} flected. But this was not the moment to meditate the human heart and its complexity; ^{or} and beauty and its sufficiency; when people pressed behind, people passed in front; when, to put the matter in a nutshell, he would like to sit next manresa and let her stir the surface of the lily pool.

The Second Act.

"Let's hope she's skipped a bit" --everybody was hoping that. Tea however had made them more tolerant. After all, it was only a village festival; the means at her disposal-- they understood she was the schoolmistress-- were limited; expenses had to be cut; and the actors were shop keepers, ^{the audience both the stage, they characters,} farm workers; one was an idiot. They settled in.

^{Chatter like Stanley} Where did we leave off? Queen Elizabeth wasn't it?

Well, if she got through all that in one act, perhaps she'll reach the present. It'll be amusing to see how they act

that. That'll be comparatively easy. --There I don't agree--

I think the present's more difficult than the past---There's nothing to catch hold of, so to speak. I see what you mean--

I was cleaning out an old wardrobe the other day. I found

People dream from the dawn
 The ~~Amidst the morning~~ Assembly.

Now assembled that have been separate, brought together
~~after tea~~ and made whole, how can we deny that the
 feeling is conducive of surprising harmony? In the evening
 after tea. When we wake the day breaks us with its hard
 mallet blows. The office wakes us to disparity. Scattered
 shattered, ~~haled~~ hither thither by the bell.

"ping, ping ping" that's the phone.

"Forward!...." ^{serv}ng" that's the shop. So we answer to the
 infernal, to the eternal, to the age-long and immortal
 order issued from on high And obey. Working, serving,
 pushing striving, earning wages to be spent---- here?
 Oh dear no. Now? No, bye and bye. When ears are deaf
 and the heart is dry.

But I hear music.... Music wakes us ; music makes us
 join
~~hear~~ see the hidden . ~~hear~~ the broken harmony
 Look and listen. See, the sun's not set; and the flowers
 ray their redness, whiteness, silverness and blue;
 and the trees with their many tongued much syllabing
 , their green and yellow leaves, sing ~~hush~~ ~~hush~~ ~~hush~~
~~hush~~ usle us and shuffle us and bid us come together,
 like the starlings and the rooks; crowd together
 the day over, to remember and to chatter; on our cairs;
~~while the red cow moves forward~~ while the red cow moves forward
 and the black cow stands still. Our wish is your will.

my mothers shawl; and a top hat. One cant believe how the fashions change. But d'you think we change? Ourselves, I mean?

I'm very fond of the play myself. It takes one out of oneself---more than a book. And thats what one wants. Something to make one forget; Or perhaps i should say, remember. I feel, though I wouldnt say it in public, half the time we worry about what doesnt matter. People saying the end of the worlds come. And it hasnt. Its by way of an excuse mostly. An excuse for not doing whats dull, you mean. *on earth* But what about the Jews? And the refugees? People like ourselves beginning life over again ---people who've been used to every comfort. Its always been the same....Well, perhaps.

But what can he do?

Its pleasant now the sun's not quite so hot. Really before tea the glare was too much. This is the time of day I like best. Its still hot; its still light. Thats one good the war brought us--longer days. The farmers dont like it. Oh but you cant please everybody. Our Mr ^Baker wouldnt agree. Baker? Our village socialist. *on earth* Oh that man.... Reduce us all to the same level... *same* Nature'll see to that..

7 Aunt Mrs. Heep in wack?

We neednt have come so early. We might have had a look at the house. Theyre not ready yet. I hear them laughing --dressing up, I suppose. Thats the great thing, for the villagers I'm sure. Dressing up... I wanted to see the house. All these old houses have something, you know.

Even if its nothing very remarakble. T eyve been here
 some time? Only since the eighteenth century. John
 Company? A great many families spring from that...
 The clever boy who ran away and made a fortune.
 They still run away, but I'm afraid they dont make
 fortunes... My nephew.. *The Leeward Shore*

— Miss La Trobe was not going to give the signal
 for the play to start yet, *Miss La Trobe* The audience must cease to talk
 about Mary and John. They w re on their way to settle
 down. They must become children over the nursery fire
 listening to songs sung by old nurses. So she told Charlie
 Poate to play ABC Abc over and ov again, then a Strauss
 waltz; then something they all knew by heart. —

"Whats the origin of the expression, A flew in his ear?
 She had been about to drop her handkerchief--the signal for
 England in the time of Queen Ann to take her station--
 when she heard that. *One was broke one for the rest. The* They must ~~rub~~ *rub* at that sort of thing.
 They must sink down, down... But if she waited too long,
 the body would a sert itself; they would fidget.

So she dropped her handkerchief.

Come out to the window
 Mabel Hopkins took her stand on the raised ground
 in front of the audience. Eyes fed upon her like fish
 rising. She was very nice to look at.

A grey wig, lent b a legal gentleman, was on her head.

And bunches of pearls hung at her ears. Her cheeks

had been powdered; the red was very smooth and clear

beneath. And her grey green satin robe, (a bed spread)

*The handkerchief
 about to
 drop her
 handkerchief.*

The Audience

My dear Mr. Chamberlain
 ---Its pleasant, now the sun's not quite so hot--
 Really before tea the glare was too much--- This is the time
 of day I like bestIts still hot. Its still light---
 Thats one good the war brought us--longer days--- The far
 mers dont like it--Oh but you cant please everybody---
 Our Mr ^Baker wouldnt agree. ---Baker?--- The village
 socialist-- Oh that man. ^{re}duce us all to the same level,
 I suppose. Nature'll see to that

--And where ^{the} did we leave off? Queen Elizabeth
 wasnt it? Qell, if she got through all that in one act--
 perhaps she'll reach the present. It'll be amusing to see
 how they act that. That'll be comparatively easy--- There I
 dont agree. I think the present's more difficult than the
 past. Theres nothing to catch hold of, so to speak.
 ---I see wht you mean. I was clearing out an old cupboard
 t'other day. I found my mothers shawl; and a top hat.
 Its amazing how fashions change. But d'you think we change?
 Ourselves mean?

I'm very fond of the play myself. It takes one out
 of onself. --more than a book. And thats what one
 wants. Something to make one forget---Or perhaps I should say
 remember---Half the time we worry about what doesnt ^{happen} matter
 ---People saying the end of the world has come. But it
 hasnt--- Isnt it an excuse mostly, for not doing
 well, what one ^{should} ought to? ---Yes, but what about the Jews?
 And the Refugees? People like ourselves beginning life

a lover again. people who've been used to every comfort.

--It's always been the same... Well, perhaps.

It won't get dark for ever so long. These June nights you can read after midnight. ---And my old mother--- over ninety--she can still read without glasses.

After eighty they get a fresh lease don't they? They go on and on--- D'you want to? I don't go by politicians.

I ask the butcher, or the grocer. They're the people who know. My boy's been in Russia.... My son-in-law--the one who's in business--- he's been in Holland....

I have a friend who's married an Italian-- She says, the people, the common people, can't stand Dictators....

Well, different people say different things... Boxed up in Westminster, how can they know?.... I don't listen to anyone who don't spend at least six ~~years~~ months every year in the country.... Wasn't that an odd case about the dog, who couldn't have puppies? The good clergyman I say, does more work for less pay than any ~~other~~ of us.... It's the wives who make the mischief.... Still it's better for a clergyman to be married... I'd like to make it a penal offence, leaving litter about... But who's to collect the fines?.... All our times taken up with morotting offences... Magistrate Magistrates--often retired soldiers of great experience--- give all their time to that kind of thing.

*And this started me
Haven't finished...*

pinned p in stonelike folds gave her the appearance of a statue. She carried a sceptre and a little round orb.

Was she England or Queen Ann? Both perhaps. The first

words were lost. She was saying when they could hear her:

..... ~~hand xxxxxx~~ reason holds sway.

Then she spoke louder:

Time, leaning on his sickle, stands amazed; While commerce
~~xxxx~~ the

from her cornucopia pours ~~the~~ mingled tribute of ~~her~~
of her divers ores.

~~goldens and indignant~~ In distant mines the naked

savage sweats, and from the reluctant earth the

Painted pot is shaped. At my behest the armed warrior
lays

sets his shield aside; the heathen leaves the altar

smoking with unholy sacrifice. The violet and the

eglantine over the riven earth their flowers entwine.

~~The mine is a trap~~ No longer fears the unwary

wanderer the ~~snake~~ ^{pink} snake. And in the

yellow
helmet, bees their honey make.

beneath the flowing

Under the shelter of my folding robe

'here she extended her arm)

The arts ^{rise} arise. Music for me unfolds its heavenly harmony.

At my behest, the miser leaves his hoard unwatched:

at peace the mother sees her children play.

Here she waved her sceptre ,

and figures advanced from the bushes.

Let swains and nymphs lead on the dance, while

Zephyr sleeps and the unruly tribes of Heaven confess

my sway.

Descending from her plinth Great Anna withdrew into the background.

Mrs manresa drew her skirts about her ankles;
Bartholomew joined his finger tips. *My first lady, Harmanke
The age of reason: he must be.*

Music sounded.

A merry little old tune. *Wanted from the best.*

Young Damon said to Cynthia

Com₄ out now with the dawn

And don your azure tip_{et},

And cast your cares a-down.

For Peace has come to England,

^{now}
And reason holds ~~her~~ sway,

What pleasure lives in dreaming?

When ~~blisslike~~ blue and green's the day,

Now cast your cares behindmyou,

"ight passes; here is day.

Thats ^{you found with} Hal And Mildred.... *Benny David with love*

Its an old country dance.' The steps arent so

difficult; but its not easy dancing on grass.

I seem to know the tune.. ^{Are?} Purcell? John "low?

And look there--- *come the villagers* -

The villagers passing between the trees.

Now the yre singing. But the wind blows it away. One
only hears snatches....

Didding and delving ... for the earth is always the
same; summer and winter and spring and winter again....

~~The ways of the earth admit of no change; seed is sown;~~
~~time passes; we die.... The seasons change;~~

Digging and delving... for the earth is always the same;
summer and winter and spring and winter again; The ways
of the earth admit of no change; digging and ^sewing;

^{film} eating ~~and~~ growing; we die. Time passes;

but for us one work remains; one sky...

sky & Johnny, John -

the autumn.

'But what about the Movies? And the dog racing?

My maids don't ^{stay} ~~saty~~ with me as my mothers did...

^{And / in} You can't get young men to stay on the land. Once they've
saved enough they buy motor bikes.... But this is the

Augustan age... Age of Queen Ann remember;

And in my village, the farms been in the same hands

three hundred years... Pitc ford the name-- Its Saxon, I'm
told.....

But look....

The dancers had stopped. And were now seeting a scene
round about the figure of Great Anna where she stood
mounted, it seemed, on dsome kind of box. They had

igged up ot of screens; ~~boxes &c~~; what was meant to be
~~a room.~~ There were the three sides of ^{the} room.

And in the middle they stood a table. And on the table

^{they placed} there was a china tea set. Now appeared from the

dbushes a string of ~~actors~~ actors; the men in

borrowed waistcoats; and white stockings; and buckled

shoes. the women in dressing gowns, awith ruffles

about their necks. Flour had given them all powdered hair.

There were enough stars and garters of a cheap sort to

make them look like eighteenth century noblemen and

women.

"Another scene from a play, I suppose" said Mrs Parker, referring to her programme once more.

The scene
Oh dear, she muttered, attempting to follow the synopsis.

Persos in the order of their appearance; ~~Sir~~ Lady
Lady Harpy Harraden, *an old lady in love with Sir S. Lilyliver.*
Deb her maid.

Sir Spaniel Lilyliver *(a handsome young fellow in love with Harpy)*
Harpy
Squire Jog Trot, *(an orphan in love with Valentin)*
a gentle old heart.

Sir Smirking Peace be with you all: *(the poem)*

Laord and Lady Fribble

What names for real people!

Mr. Barker.
The scene
Only following the tradition of the time.... But *and he.*

Humours, not characters.... That's why the dramas impossible
now.... We're too mixed.... Oh but take Ibsen....

Ibsen I grant... But after Ibsen? Well, there's Shaw...

That proves my case... Shaw's only humours - It's not an age
for drama--nor for poetry, nor for fiction come to
that. There's paltnety of emotion.... But no time to
recollect it ... That aeroplane for instance

*As you know
clearly
a definite
in fact.*
(the boom of an aeroplane was heard; it grew louder;
died away)

in a hurry
There's no rhyme to aeroplane.. You can't make poetry out
of machines. ... But look--- they've arranged the scene.

It's lady ~~harradens~~ Harradens dressing room.

Mr. Barker
Lady Harradens dressing room.

Between the acts

Typescript, earliest, dated draft.

P. 161;

Pp. 164-189

end.

Page 168 dated July 30, 1939

Page 170 wanting

On verso of p. 161: [A haunted house. The legacy] p. 3

On verso of p. 166 [The moment. Ellen Terry]
typescript, paginated 4.

On verso of p. 171 [The moment. Ellen Terry]
typescript, paginated 7

On verso of p. 172 [The moment. Ellen Terry]
typescript, paginated 8

On verso of p. 182 [A haunted house. The legacy]
typescript, paginated 2

On verso of p. 183 [Between the acts] Typescript
paginated 132 and part of later typescript
dated Nov. 22, 1940

That ^Damon would not get her, But have done with rhymes.

~~The time nearly in the morning~~ Rhymes are still a-bed. 'ets

Speak prose. ~~That you can ask that I will not get her?~~

^{Asphodelu}
What can a lady ask that I will not get her?

A n ape with a ring in its nose? A magpie that whistles

every tune from God ^Save the King to jilliebulero

or a strong young jackanapes to tell tales of us when we're

no longer there to tell the truth about ourselves?

Lady H.... ~~Fie~~ Fie, fie, Sir Spaniel. You make me blush.

You do indeed.... But come closer... We don't want the whole world to hear us...

Sir S.... (aside) A pox on my life--the old hag stinks like

a red herring that's been stood o'head over heels in a tar

barrel at Plague corner where our ancestors buried the

Romans (Aloud) Your meaning "adam? You were saying----?

Lady H... I have a niece, Sir Spaniel. Flavinda by name..

Sir S (aside) Why that's the girl I love to be sure.

(aloud) You have a niece, "adam? I seem to
An only child, left by your brother
remember hearing so. ~~That she is the only child of your brother who~~
who ~~perished at sea,~~ ^{perished at sea,}
~~child,~~ so I've heard, in your ladyship's charge.

Lady H... The same. She's of age now; and marriageable.

~~Wait, this is a girl, Sir, being of age and marriageable~~

And not ~~to be married~~ for all her ~~beauty and~~

~~I have never~~ I've kept her as close as

^{as a}
as a wee veil, wrapped like a mummy in the sere

cloths of ~~her~~ virginit y, only maids about her or some

^{was a}
~~old~~ some fool has caught her fancy.

Her has been to libation. Read Romanes.

3 that rissy Miller had , all these years, entertained what
the novelists call-- was it a "secret passion for him?
He was a very handsome man still at fifty.

Sir S To match their ears ^m adam,

Very true very true. To cut the matter short, my brother Bob

left all he died possessed of to his only child ^(Marry) F;avinda;

with this Proviso; that she marry to her Aunts liking.

Otherwise, ^(Marry) all--- two bushels of diamonds; item of rubies;

item the King of the cannibals headdress; item two hundred

square miles of fertile territory bounding the river Amazon

of the South side; item his snuff box, flageolet--he was

one to love a tune sir, brother Bob--- item six macaws and

as many concubines as he had with him at the time of

~~decease~~ decease--all this with other trifles ^{useless} to

specify he left ^(Marry) to found a Chapel where six virgins

poor virgins might sing hymns in perpetuity for the

repose of his soul, ~~thats perambulating the gulf stream~~

which to speak true Sir Spaneil brother Bob stands in

need of, ^{as he is} perambulating the gulf stream, ~~not to put too fine~~

and consorting with Syrens. ^{But father is} a point on the matter, ~~stands in need of.~~ Read for yourself

(She hands him the will)

Sir S. 'reading " Must marry to her aunts liking." thats

plain enough.

Madam H. Her Aunt Sir; thats me... Thats plain enough. ^{It is but the plain me, the virgin here.}

Now suppose I took a liking to a certain gentleman. You

and I have long entertained a high opinion of each others

reason Sir Spaniel. Played at ball together. Bound our wrists

with daisies, ^{And} might have made a match of it if fortune

had favoured. ...You take my meaning?

Sir S.... Had it been written in letters of gold

a foot high, visible from ^{Heard} Pauls churchyard to the

Goat and Compasses at ^Hammersmith it could have been no
 plainer. ^Hist, I'll whisper it... I Sir ^Spaniel Lililiver,
 do hereby bind myself to take thee, ~~Flavinda~~ to wit,
 whtas the name of the green-girl thats cast up
 like a shell covered with weeds in a lobster pot?--Flavinda ^{ah}

---Flavinda so--- to be my wedded wife...Oh for a lawyer
 to have it all in writing!

Lady H.... On condition, Sir Spaniel....

Sir S.... On condition Asphodilla

(both speak together)

That the money is shared between us.

Lady H... We want no lawyer to certify that.

~~Sir S... Your hand Sir Spaniel.~~

"Your lips ^Madam... (pah, she stinks!"

Curtian.

"The age of reason...Reason " said ^Bathorlomew aloud.

Reason he added, looking at his son, for all the world as if
 he had been some old ^Hearty Harbottle in a play; and his
 son a character given to puling. Cease these womanish
 vapo rs and be a man Sir, old ^Batholomew in his role as
 a man of reason in a farce repeated.

Giles indeed ^{was} straight as a dart; feeling too
 the effect of the play. Mrs manresa felt her sex indicted by
 the old harraden. ^{had thought a few words} She was a litcle conscious that is
 of her make up. She hal out her pocket mirror and surveyed
 her lips. She applied her powder puff.

Now music played, to enable the actors to remove Lady Tarradens bed chamber. The gramophone chirped out one of those eighteenth century tunes which once the theme is stated, can be worked out and added up like a sum.

The theme was; Eve gathering her robes about her satins reluctant to let her dewy mantle fall. The herded flocks repose. After that naturally followed the tune; The good man to his home at eve returns; and to the eager ears of wife and child the simple story of his toil relates. What yeild the furrow bears; and how the team the nestling plover on her nest has spraed. how Wat her courses ran; ~~and how~~ the epckled eggs in war the warm hollow lay; ~~while the~~ meanwhile the good wife on the table spreads the simple fare. And to the shephers flute, from toil released, the rustic foot it on the village green. Then Eve lets down her sombre tresses brown and spreads her lucent veil o'er hamlet, spire and mead

It was lucky that the afternoon was so fine; for as the gramophone tinkled out this interlude, the view acted its part as ~~background~~ to the melody. Whether it was The separate colors of the fields merged, yet kept their freshness. Far from suggesting night, or death, or the haggard sights that the moon beholds, it bore out exactly what the music was saying; that after the heat of the day is done, ^{beastly} reason prevails; there is time for sensible conversation; and everybody comes out and stands leaning over their cottage gates.

She is still little more than a child. She is sixteen only. But she married to a great painter who is old enough to be her father. She has left the stage. She is a married woman. She is the wife of G F Watts the elderly painter. And she is perfectly happy. "I never had a single regret for the theatre she wrote. "I never had one single pang of regret for the theatre " she wrote. "I wondered at my new life, and worshipped it because of its beauty.... I sat, shrinking and timid in a corner--the girl-wife of a famous painter.... In the evenings, I went walking with Henryson over the fields..." Much to her regret, the marriage proved a failure.

~~And then the marriage was a failure.~~

Turn to the next page. Here she is a little older, the mother of two babies, in the country. Domestic life is her ideal. She loves the country. She washes the babies, cooks the dinner drives about in a pony cart. She is entirely content. And then all of a sudden a man in a pink coat--the famous author Charles Reade jumps over the road on his hunter. He asks her will she ~~exit~~ return to the stage and act his plays for forty pounds a week? The bailiffs being in her house--why, she As the bailiffs-- a blank page occurs here--are in her house, much against her will she consented.

~~Here we meet the first page~~ Here we meet the first page upon which it is necessary for us to write a great deal.

She gives no help. It is easy enough to fill in what she leaves unsaid about Mr Watts; about Mr Godwin; and it is not difficult, considering her generosity, her impulsiveness, to fill the cottage at Harpenden with bailiffs.

coolness returns; reason prevails; there is time for conversation; and people come out of doors and lean over cottage gates.

The cows acted their parts to perfection. Indeed, the cows raised the standard above the reach of the actors. So content they seemed, making a step this way, a step that, ^{as} unconscious of admiration, ^{as} unconscious of criticism, The grass, the ~~red~~ ^{grass} ~~grass~~, ~~that was all they noticed.~~

Millie Loder was at a disadvantage, compared with them. ^{the lawn.} She must forget, most abolish entirely, her life as shop assistant in Mr Pooles Emporium. It was only by looking in the glass that she could believe that she was, as the play billsaid, Flavinda, ^{her} ~~grand~~ daughter to Lady Harpy Harraden, a great beauty.

This was The Mall, early on a May morning. She had slipped out unknow to her grandmother.

Flavinda: Half past nine he said; and theres the clocks word for it. But I'm all of a flutter. Dont my heart beat, like a bird in a net... Yet I'm ~~unhappy~~ often afoot when the suns hardly ^{up} out over the elm. Meet him by the orange tree in the mall, Sir Marmaduke said. Orange tree--- we dont ^{the} ~~have~~ ^{the} have em in Suffolk. Nor these ladies e hither. And their Beaus. All a walking, like pea with spread tails. cocks one beside ~~to~~ other. Thats him--no its not.. Hie Sir, could you direct me! What a stare! A keeper? No, thats a word, warrnt you; doing Kings business

July
29th
30th 39

The playbill said The ^{all}; This was represented by one large box tree in a green tub. Some screens

painted with walls representd the ^Falace; upon which was hung a great clock face; the hands pointing two minutes to the hour.

Falvinda: Nine he said; and theres the clocks word for it. I'm all of a flutter. Its not the time o day, for I'm often afoot in the meadows before the suns up over the elm trees. Nor the rate ^I came; though failing a hackney its true ^I made a dash ~~for~~ for it. But the fine folk--- how they stare--~~all~~ ^{a tiptoe} walking ~~wit~~ like pea cocks with spread tails. And I the ~~stare~~ of all

--in my petticoat, ^{That} looked fine nough by Aunts cracked mirror. Here--~~why~~ its a dish clout... And they heap their hair up like a birthda cake stuck about with candles... Thats a d i a m o n d for sun^y--thats a ruby...

Wheres ^Valentine? The Orange tree in the ^mall he said. The tree--here. Valneine...nowhere. Thats a courtier--an old fox with his tail atween his legs. Thats a serving girl out without her masters knowledge. Thats a man with a greatbroom to sweep the paths for the fine ladies flounces. Oh the red n their cheeks--- they never got that in the field I'll warrnt. ... ^{Oh faithful, cruel, & how he acted} ~~Oh one minute what a world you hold in~~ ^{Valentin, Valentin} ~~your tick tick tick...~~ Didnt I leave my bed a tiptoe and steal like a mouse in the wainscot for fear of waking aunt? And lard my hair from herpowder box? and scrub my cheeks to make em shine? Didnt I li awa e all night watching the

the stars climb the chimney pots, Didnt I give my gold guinea
 that Godpapa hid behind the misteltoe last twelfth night
 to ^{eb;} so she shouldnt tell on me--- and steal out like
 a thief in my own house? lest aunt should wake and cry
 Flavvy Flavvy? All for what... ^{to wait her.} Val I say, 'al....

Thats him...No, ⁺ could tell him a mile off. the way he
 rides like a dolphin the waves.. And his eyes, theres a
 star in em... Thats not 'al... Thats a cit; thats a fop.
 Ill be home then...No that ⁺ wont. Thats to play the green
 gril a again and sew samplers. I'm of age come Michaelmas.
 Only three turns o the moon and ⁺ inherit. Didnt ⁺ read it
 in the will the day the ball bounced on top of the old chest
 where Aunt keeps her furbelows; and the lid opened'

"All I die possessed of to my daughter...." So far ⁺ read
 when the old lady came along the passage tapping like a
 blind man in an alley.... I'm no castaway, no fish tailed
 mermaid with a robe of seaweed and a wet aproned ^{up} monster

for nurse... I'd have you know ~~ir valentine~~... Im a
^{match for} as good as any of em.... the chits you dally with, and bid
 me meet you at the ornage tree when youre sleeping off the
 night os spent in their arms. Fie upon you Sir, making sport
 with a green girl.. I'll not cry I swear I wont. I'll

not brew a drop of the salt liquid for a man whos served me
 so. ⁺ et to think on t---how we hid in the dairy ^{the day} and the cat
 jumped... reading romances... La how ⁺ cried then in the
 alley under the gooseberry bushes ^{thinking} ~~reading in the story~~

how the Duke left poor Polly....Did he l ave you, how could
 he treat you so, poor Polly? And went in to my Aunt with

"All that fuss about nothing!" said a voice.

Every one laughed. The voice had really believed that valentine and "avinda had met in the hall; and had concluded, reasonably, that for the young lady to work up herself up because her love was two minute behind time-- in fact, he was on time-- was a bit too bad. The audience laughed. Miss La trobes eye glowed. It was her triumph--she had imposed her own belief upon that voice. (Ashamed, the speaker had shrunk back among the others.) He, or she, had belived what she told him. in spite of the fact that Albert the idiot, who had been told to move the cloks hands second b second as lavinda spoke, had ~~fortotten~~ and he moved them two minutes at one blow a her speech came to an end. Much of the effect of suspense of had been lost; also the significance of "alvindas 'Tick, tick, tick.'. But nobody noticed such refinements of the producers art, which was all to the good, considering that rough material she had to work with. And she turned to the next problem--a damned ticklish one, as she knew. She beckoned. The villagers formed up. They had now to pass in and out between the trees, singing. ^{how to make} They had to convey the idea that ^{while the scene changed.} ~~time was passing.~~ _{location} And lord knows how they were to do it.

The ~~harmon~~ gramophone struck up. Rather sheepishly, still in their shirts and cords, with their spades and pitchforks held a little self consciously, for the contrast with the eighteenth century finery was

But when we come to to assemble the different features, we are baffled. Which is the real Ellen Terry? The mother who adores her babies or the great actress who forgets all about them when the stage door opens? Is she a devoted wife? On the next page she has slipped the noose of marriage from her shoulders; and quite casually has married James Carew. Half her life is spent acting in the old Lyceum with Henry Irving; but meanwhile she is understanding the most subversive views of the new school; and sympathising with them. She adores fresh air yet spends half her time in the gas light. An empty airy room with a few old chairs and tables and cotton curtains is her ideal; but she submits for years to the tawdry gilt and plush of Irving's theatre. No sooner do we call her malleable, mobile impressionable--a mere echo of wandering voices than we meet the Ellen Terry who is a supreme and conscientious craftswoman. No one is a steter stickler for hard work; no one knows more of the technique of the tradition of the stage. You can't leave anything to chance she says. And she chooses for the final motto of her book; the words of Rance Oldfield: "Art needs all that we can bring to her, I assure you."

She seems a porous vessel; in to which every gift has been poured; and to hold them she must perpetually change her shape.

Yet, among actresses she is not the greatest. Siddons, Rachel Bernhardt have all left a sharper a

still in their eyes, they began their march and their chant.

Digging and delving, hedging and ditching we pass...

Summer and winter, autumn and spring remain; —

All passes but we, ^{the digger the delver} all changes but they remain, for ever,
the same.

^{Babylon}
Palaces tumbled adown, ~~Pahlah~~ Nineveh tTroy, And ^{the} ~~casas~~
great house; ~~and the long white road from~~ ^{the} ~~evensey~~
iver ~~the marsh~~; All fallen they lie; the plough

~~breaks them into the mud~~; Where the plover nests was the
arch, through which the Roman trod;

Digging and delving we break with the share of ~~the~~ ^{the} plough

the wall, where Cleopatra watched, ^{Agamemnon} ~~thaxhandxx~~ for her
her Lord; ^{and} ~~riding~~ home from the war; saw the ^{the} ~~eacons~~ ^{beacons} blax

in the sky; The scroll unrolls in the sky; but we digging and
delving see only the clod. Who watches the fire in the sky?
or reads the rune of the blaze? What tower is burnt?

From what ash rises ~~the~~ pinacced domes and and the

~~fairy lines of the future~~ palaces? Digging and delving

we pass; And the walls of the Queen and the watch towers

fall; for the King has ridden and away. The ^{the} ~~Queen~~ is

turned to clay. And the ^{the} ~~nest~~ ^{the} is in the arch of the

Digging and delving we pass....

memory behind them. They have struck out certain mages that still survive in the minds of those who saw them; and are still current ~~ixtix~~ even to day, when years have passed. It seems then that even Shakespeare never wrote a part that completely suited Ellen Terry. There was something that overflowed Imogen and Ophelia and remained unacted. There was an Ellen Terry who never appeared on the stage; and yet was a presence, a grater than any of the parts she played. It may be then that the part she acted is one that is very seldom played. Nature who that prolific dramatic has to issue so many parts that to most of us she allots a few old cliches. Very rarely she pulls herself together; and creates a new and original part. And lays it upon one of the human race to act it. To Ellen Terry she said: You shall be a wife; a mother; a painter; a critic; a friend; you shall be all sympathy and all brain. You shall break through the narrow limits that are usually assigned you shall originate; you shall trespass; you shall take your way full sailed through every society and every convention and prove yourself--well, Ellen Terry. And so by a queer stroke of fortune while the great actresses have to be confined to one part--to Cleopatra or Phedra-- Ellen Terry still goes on acting the many parts that were written for her when she said you shall be yourself.

This melancholy chant, half blown away by the breeze
^{inbuds} was useful as a nursery rhyme ~~intended~~ to soothe the audience
 while the scene changed into forgetfulness; into harmony.
 To be sure it was a makeshift. It would need a greater poet
 than any Miss La Trobe had at her bidding to sink words into
 the layer beneath the hats, trousers, skirt, and other
 tokens of class, rank, calling, stamped on the audience
 by several centuries of climbing on top of each other backs
 and ~~pushing~~ in order to get to the top. What poet since
 time began could make Mrs Porter of ^Warking forget that ~~her~~
 Grandpapa had been under scerteary in one of ^Wadstones cabin
 cabinets; or make Mr ^Wyre (sometime ^Wanager of the ^Wank
 of ^Wepal) forget his glory as president of the Union
 in 1895? She has rummaged her little stock of cheap
 classics in search for this compelling voice; and had
 concluded that words like ^Wabylon, Cleopatra, Nineveh
 half blown away, and mispronounced and supported by simple
 chords on the ^{gramm} gramophone ~~whence~~ were more likely to sink
 into that water course which runs beneath the college blazer
 with arms worked in red and yellow wool on the pocket;
 and beneath the veil of crushed strawberry net worn ^{down}
 something like the Royal ^Wuchess and worn it at ^Wscot,
 than any articulate poetry. Yet as the villagers passed,
 dolefully and self consciously chanting, she could not but
 recognise failure. Gaps came. Emptiness revealed itself.
 Illusion ^{failed} failed. Then all of a sudden, the cows--
 the herd turned by Bond into the meadow only yesterday---
^{with up the garden} did the trick. One had lost her calf. She lifted her great

moon-eyed head and bellowed. The dumb yearning put into her ~~xxxxx~~ bellow was the very voice Miss La robe wanted.

All the great moon-eyed heads laid themselves back; from cow after cow came the same yearning bellow. It was the primeval voice; yet loud in the ear of the present moment. The cows had caught some infection. Lashing their tails like ~~pink~~ ^{pink} poker with blobs at the end they began careering. Either

it was maternal passion; or the gad fly; or Eros had planted his dart. ^{headed} They were ~~headed~~. The cows did what no poet could have done; annihilated the gap; bridged the distance; filled the emptiness. *continued the emotion:*

Now the orange tree had been removed; now the mall was being carted away. ^{suddenly} The cows stopped; lowered their heads once more browsed statelily. *a V content.*

Thats doen it, said Miss La robe hurrying on the scene changers. Pish she said, fixing her bold dark eyes upon William Dodge. ^{whose head jutted out} "You couldnt have done that, Mr Whats your name; Billy loves Buddy; Buddy has a smut-- Oh bless me its a pimple--on the end of his nose--- Thats your universal common human feeling" Mr "ahts your name. Why make him responsible for the failure of modern portey to provide a common human feeling? She had only one second to tho register the fact human beings have faild each other; we need scapegoats not heroes; ^{and} without reverence, ~~hixxfamxxx~~ him for me, I for him, ^{to} theres no hope for us. We have recourse to cows... So in one second she reasoned out her choice of Dodge for scapegoat; her discontent with poetry; her gratitude to cows; before

*Thrued the
big head in the
whose head lay
down, & rmg
trunkels.*

she turned to the next item in the programme

The audience had lowered their heads. They were puzzling out the complexity of what had happened in the interval.

For Miss ^a _t robe had been forced to cut.

Mrs manresa read out from the carbon sheet:

Sir ~~Saxix~~ Spaniel Lilyliver has offered his hand to Flavinda. Sir Smirking Peace be with you all, Lord and Lady Fribble, and quire Jog Trot all attend to witness the wedding. Flavinda is about to plight her trieth, when, at a pre-arranged signal, Valentine who h s been hidden behind a ^{the clock} curtain, steps forward. He claims Flavinda as his bride; reveals the plot to rob her of her inheritance; and during the confusion that ensues, the lovers fly together... Thats whats happened in the interval" ~~6~~

"Now the programme says" Mrs manresa obsevrred,

that all this has happened in the interval. Th The audience is kindly asked the pr gramme says to imagine it. Now I call that very sensible... taking the audience in ^{L L} their confidence For you see, if she d put it all in, we should have been kept here till midnight. We ~~examxmaginx~~ ve got to use our imagi tions, Mrs Swithin" "

She patted the old lady on the knee.

I see

"Imagine whats left out" said Lucy. "Often actors show us too much. The Chinese, I ve been told, if they want to make us see--- say a ^{balley} trace course, just make a little boy do the horses with a clapper. Or a murder. They lay a dagger on a table. In the same way, Racine..."

Mrs manresa looked uneasy. Once more she had exposed

her human heart to

herself to the shower bath of culture; and her jolly human heart shrank. It ~~was humiliating~~.

as if

"Yes " she said brusquely. "They bore one stiff.

The other night I took my nephew, a jolly boy at Sandhurst, to Pop goes the weasel. She helped her human heart to
 "ave you see in ?"
 expand by recalling this night with her nephew. She turned to G les.

"Up and down the city road" he hummed.

Mrs Manresa exclaimed. "Did you hear a Nanny sing that? Mine did. And when she said Pop, she made a noise like a cork being drawn from a ginger beer bottle. " Pop" " She made the noise herself.

"Now I'm being naughty and shocking your Aunt" she said. And we must really attend to what these dear good people are showing us..."

Lady Harpy Harbottles drawing room " she read out.

Yes, there the old lady is again. And Sir Spaul Lily That's the lovers driving off. liver. Sounds of the horses hoofs are heard in the distance.

(Albert was hammering a mallet on a table;)

Off they gallop, to the net and let's suppose. Well---

now her ladyship speaks.

Lady Harpy Harbottles.

Lady H.H.

Theres gartitude---a tattered dishclout on the tail of
six horses-- half way to Gretna ^{green} already! Oh my deceit
ful niece! You that i rescued from the brine and sat all
dripping in front of a log fire! Didnt the horn book teach
you--Honour~~thax~~ thy Great Aunt ~~Roxhamchiding~~?
How have you mis read it; mis spelt it--learnt thieving and
ch ating and reading of wills in old boxes and hiding of
rascals in honest time pieces that never
missed a secon since King Charles's time....Oh Flavinda,
oh!

~~Sticks~~ ~~Sir~~ ~~paniel~~, limping about the room

Sir S.... Old... old... old...he called me 'old'

~~and~~ ~~shem~~.. (To your bed old man and drink hot posset.)

"lady HH. ...~~and~~ ~~she~~ ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~side~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~

~~and~~ ~~she~~ And she--- did you mark Sir paniel, how

~~and~~ ~~she~~ she flouted me? when would ha stopped her? *just he*

Sir S. But I'll be even with him. (trying to pull on

his great boots) I'll run em to earth...I'll have the

through the air
law on them...

Lady HH.. Sir paniel, I beseech you. ake heed.

Lets not run mad, we that are ⁱⁿahem---on the sunny side
of hedge . For whats this youth they prate of?

Nothing but a goose feather blown on a north wind.

Whereas, Sir paneil, --- we have ~~out~~ stuffed couches;
our ~~our~~ cushions , ou stuffed couches; our poultices of
poppy heads that draw the sting of the gout in

And a bright fire of sea coal on a birsk morning.
ten secinds. e seated, Sur ^Spaniel. ^De seated.

'tried to make him sit on a chair)

~~Sir SS.~~ Rest your foot on this cushion. 'Tis stuffed

assure you with grey goos fea hers..

Sir SS. Old he called me; and she I swear it as

she left the room ~~hanging down her head and looking at the ground~~

mocked me. Cupids darts pointed to my foot and

all swollen as it is and sneered 'he gotu ^Sir spaniel ill

~~befits a Bride bed;~~ Cupids darts, oh that, could braise

her in a mortar; make mince meat of both together; and

serve up smoking. *on the altar of Whabshu*

Lady HH..., I pary you Sir ^Spaniel lets sit; and

lets ravel up the hole t is mornings made;

with plain reason. "end the gape in our

⁴Tuhs Sir Sir. This talk ill fits a man of apts.

Leave such vapourings; or rather, let em strike where

they ll hit s mark. Therss more stars in the sky than one

Sir Lilyliver. "ethink you how only T8other day

Arise you you were likening a lady of your acquaintiance ti the

contellations. Cassiopei, Andromeda... The Turoroa Borealis

Well Sir its true one of the stars has shot; left its shepere

eloped with a pendulum--for such was deceit he stood in my

randfthers old seven day clock--its not moved a scond since-

and sunk, ~~xaxmthaxmthaxmthaxmth~~; But there are some stars Sir

Spaniel that dont shoot; that sit; that shine, to

put it in nutshell; never so bright as now;

Sir SS.... (~~shakes her head and looks at~~ *argh*) your bed Sir

~~thou shalt not kill thou shalt not kill thou shalt not kill~~

though we have to throw that to the virgins th. would have kept us in lambswool for the rest of our days, I'm not empty handed. We have enough to ~~franklinmantmxomx~~ furnish ourselves handsomely for the what remains of our time as husband and wife...

Sir SS. Husband and wife! Why ^{adam} I'd rather lash my semf to a tar barrel.... be bound to a thorn tree in a winters gale... Faugh... Let me go.

A^{dy} H^H. A tar barrel.... A thorn tree! You that were dwelling on galxies and constellations li^{ing} me to the ~~heavenly~~ ^{heavenly} bodies and saying I outshone tem all! Oh man, man, to descend to a tar barrel! *Hum an hahum - Human hahum.* nature nature--- You wont saty? You wont have me?

Sir H H. Not if all ^{our} rother bobs daiminds were and concubines and this th t and tother--- were ^{were in our scale a few a folk - 1000 that} and half the habitable globe rich with emeralds, were hung round your ttraot and ¹ Not if....

Lady HH So all you fine words wer tinsel wrppped round a Christmas cracker.

Sir HH. ~~Were~~ bells to hang on a ~~shamamake~~ ^{mine - a old woman's} asses neck; fools caps; furbelows... Oh my gout, my gout...

(he hobbled away)

*Part Stanford Bure ahead; where I sit,
with a foot like a bany hornet
Chained to the clock and...*

Lady HH left alone...

All gone. Following the wind. Hes gone; shes gone; and the
old clock that the rascal made ~~intxxx~~ himself into a ped
pendulummfor is theonly one of em all to stop.

A pox on em--- turning an honest womans house into a
^{look} tavern brawl. I that was Aurora borealis am shrunk to
I that was Cassiopaea am a she ass
a tar barrel; am a she ass ~~withxxxxxxx~~

lashed to a thorn tree on inters night. So he said,

that used to pay me so many fin compliments. My brain

^{fu} sp ns. Theres notrusting man nor woman; nor age nor youth.

Nor fine speeches; nor fine looks;;; Godd After this whos
to be sure . Even an honest cl ck can be made to lie.
the serpent.

Off comes the sheep skin; out creeps a spotted serpent.

~~xxxxxxx~~ Valentine and Flavinda--- get ou to Gretna
^{in the shade the beds}reen; get you a spawn of vipers. May you ^{pullulate a wood}

Sj Deb; bring me my green baize table and set the cards.

And my fur lined slippers. And a dish of chocolate.

Deb deb...A pox on the girl. Cant I even command an innkeep
ers eleventh daughter taken out of the mud and the slime
by my great charity to sew me chemises medn my laces....

Deb I say. Deb....

Knocks at the door. Throws it open.

Shes gone too.... Whos to medn my stockings;

wash the dishes; bring me my glasses; re ^{feels} me the

gossip? Wgos ti suffer my tenpers and bow to my will?

I'm left alone then; sans niece sans lov r sans maid. ^{am a p.}

Into the foot his dart he sticks;

And the way of thw will is plain to see:

Let holy virgins hymn perpetually. Good people all

~~are well.~~ For where theres a will theres a way, you see.

"Let holy vrigins hymn perpetually! God truth" exclaimed Bartholomew, catching the infection of the language. Theres a moral for you!" *The age of Reason! The age of Reason.*

He threw his head back and laughed; like a horse *whinnying* neighing; if his ears had been susceptible they would have been laid back like a horses. At him, with him, others laughed too.

But the words where theres a will theres a way, rose and pointed to Giles. Every clod hopper had his will. Off to "retina" reen with the girl. The deed done; damn the consequences. So it was in the eighteenth century.

He got up. For the act was over. They were shuffling the scene away and there was an interval. The audience stirred. They took advantage of the interval to stroll about the grounds. It was a great relief to most. They had been feeling cramped. Their minds too injected with this belief, or semi belief, in "arraden, Flavinda, Spaniel and the rest had lost touch with themselves. And yet not quite. What they called 'themselves' was now part of the other people--the people on the stage. Yet again, the disparity of their clothes---their skimpy up to date clothes, voile dresses, flannel trousers, Panama hats hats wreathed with raspberry coloured net in imitation of Ascot hats worn by Royal duchesses--seemed flimsy and

[A haunted house.
The legacy]

2 stopped one moment and looked to the right, she would be alive now. But she had stepped straight off the pavement, as if she were deep in thought. The man at the inquest had said. ^{The center} e had no chance to pull up. What was she thinking about? About him?

The sound of voices in the hall interrupted. ^{Amie}

"Miss Miller sir" said the Miad.

Miss Miller came in. NYPL

^{The way to}
^{think, with}
^{from, 20}
^{friends}
e had never seen her alone in his life. nor of course in tears. She wa terribly distressed, and no wonder. Angela had been much more to her than an employer. She had been a freind. -^{was a} he gave aher a few seconds, turning away to the window, in which to recover herself.

^{Amie was then looking at her}
She could npt speak at first. Then she recov made an effort.

"I'm ashamed" cshe apologised. "But Ive been so happy here..." ^{Amie Charles, with a look.}

^{He was looking at her}
^{to her as he}
^{was looking at her}
^{as he was looking at her}
She looked round the room in which, for many years, she had worked with Angela.. ^{Amie, Amie}
^{He don't know? He don't know? He don't know?}
"You dont know" she said, "What Ive owed to you...."

^{Amie was then}
All that remained was to give her the brooch that his wife had left her. And what, to a girl left in her position, he thought, as he gave it wa her, was a little jewel like that?

^{Amie was then}
Natura;;y he had to say to her:

"Is there nothing I can do for you?"

She was standing by this time, rdady to go.

^{Amie was then}
"For me?" she asked, "Oh no.... I can manage."

She seemed genuinely surprised at the question.

"But one thing I do ask you to promise me" she said,

He got up. For the act was over. They were dragging the scenery away. and there was an interval. Soon the grounds were dotted with groups, ~~xxxx~~ moving, like cloudsm which sometimes lose their ~~shape~~~~with~~~~the~~~~xxxx~~ substance, then increase, as they tailed off, then gathered together. It was a great relief to move; yet, as they encountered each other, they looked critically; now at a felt hat, now at a raspberry coloured veil; for the bravery of feathers and flounces was in their eyes, and the 1939 fashion seemed out of date.

Miss ^a _t robe was working like a nigger behind the bushes. scattering clothes round her, foraging for this that and the other. Flavinda was in her petticoats. Queen Ann had thrown her mantle on a the holly hedge. The Victorain mantle-- with the bead fringe--where was the damned thing? Every now and then she cast her quick blackbirds eye over the hedge at the audience. Out of good manners, determined not to spy on her, they kept their distance from the dressing room. ~~Vandermere reached the door~~

If the intervals too long, it'll all to be done again. If they wander off... That was in her mind, making her lay about energetically, hurrying up the next act. Over the hedge came stray voices, voices without bodies, symbolical, voices they seemed to her in her excited state. Invisible threads connected them, hence their more than surface meaning.

*Convent
Daisy's prayer
Mrs. J. was
thinking
Hedra
Cham
Not a
much
an
her
Flavinda
her
The Crown
Cham
Hedra
Hedra
Hedra*

On little donkey then " she encouraged herself.

Stumble. Hear not the frantic cries of leaders who, ^{in his turn} leading,
are deserters; not the chatter of the china faces glazed and
hard. Hear other ^{wh} voices. the chepeherd by the broken wall,
who pours a potion for his coughing sheep;
the ~~maen~~ of the withered tree that haers the Rider gallop;
the brawl in the barrack room when they stripped her naked;
harsh voices; Cries which in London when I thrust the
window open unable to sleep, ^{to hear him cry} someone cries." ^{Angie}

Giles and Mrs manresa emerged from the Green
House. She followed them across the lawn to her seat in the
front row. The chuff chuff chuff of the machine in the bushes
had stopped. In obdeience to Mrs Miss "a Trobes command,
another tune had been put on the gramophone. Number "Ten.
London street r cries it ws called. "A pot Pourri."

Someone said;

It all looks very black, *the situation.*

Another said;

What made us so late coming along? The cricket match...

Another:

They must have buried a good many dead donkeys under that vine.

And another:

I'd cut down some of those trees.

Whos seen Mrs Rogers? Miss "a" robe snapped. Praise
would be given after the play. Flavinda was craving praise.

Whos seen Mrs Rogers?

There was a pause. No one passed the bushes. The trees
rustled. A breeze was springing up. Many eyes, Miss "a"
Trope knew, for ever cell in her body was absorbent, were
looking at the view. About the waether they were thinking;
about the chance of a fine day. *for some time* They were slipping through
her fingers away from the centre. She snatched
up the Victorian mantle; and a great yellow cameo
brooch.

Where was that cursed washerwoman? Here, unexpectedly,
as usual, was Mrs "within.

straying in where she had no business, Always surprised.

~~And~~ "Oh Miss "a" robe!" she ejaculated..

And stopped. And then began again:

"I do thank you...I do congratulate you... Youve given
me such a treat....~~For some time~~ Ever since I was
a child--many many years ago now, Ive felt, this daily

round, going up stairs you know, and then saying What was I going for? My specs? No - have them on my nose....Ive felt ;; ..." she stopped and gazed at Miss La Trobe with ^athat cloudless old aged stare Their eyes met disapssioantly, in the effort to bring a common meaning to birth. But they failed; and Mrs Switin swerved aside, and explained on a fraction of her meaning:

I've felt,
 "What a very small part Ive had to play, Miss La Trobe. But youve made me believe I could have played...Cleop tra."

Then she smiled and ambled off.

~~Miss La Trobe~~ smiled too.

The villagers winked; and touched their foreheads.

"I might have been Cleopatra" Youve stirred in me,

Mrs Switin meant, my furred up, my unacted part..

"Now for the skirt, Mrs Rogers " she said.

Mrs Rogers stood grotesque in her black stockings.

Miss La Trobe pulled the voluminous flounces over her head.

Ive twitched the invisible strings that connect us, she

meant, Miss La Trobe inwardly was addressing that

witch like spirit in her that presided over the bubbling

cauldron; where in her own mind, she seethed all these

wandering bodies, these disconnected voices; and then,

from that elemental stuff, --but But thats not enough.

Oh no. In her own mind, she presided over a

"Youve twitched the invsible strings Miss La Trobe"
so Miss la robe revised Mrs Switings meaning.

But she saw herself not merely as a twitcher of strings;
she saw herself as one who presides over a cauldron; who
seethes in that cauldron wandering bodies; floating voices;
who makes rise from that cauldron, and its amorphous mass
a re-created world.

"There!" she said, tying the black ribbons under Mrs
Rogers chin, "Thats done it!"

"Now for th gentleman-- Charles!" She beckoned to Charles
Histed, the the village carpenter; and he sheepishly
took his place on the packing case; and submitted to
the application of a pair of black whiskers. With his eyes
shut, and his head leant back, he looked, Miss La robe
thought, like King Arthur; ~~noble, manly, knightly,~~ knightly,
noble, thin. "Wheres the Majors old frock coat?" she asked,
trusting to ~~the effect of~~ ^{to the effect of} that, to disguise King Arthur.

"I wish ~~xxxx~~ one of you 'd turn on the gramphone...
The Law veritably. Which number?
Number twelve..."

Number twelve was tur-d on.

It was a medley of street cries.

"Sweet lavender, sweet lanvend r, who'll buy my
sweet lavender...." *it ground on.*

"Sweet leavner, sweet lavender...."

the tune gave old Mrs Arthur Johnson, ~~of the~~
an excuse to seat herself. She was feeling tired.

So she plumped down beside her old freind Etty Springett.

"I remember..." she nodded in time to the tune.

You remember...^{to} they used to cry it down the streets -

They remembered; sitting round the table in the summer

drawing room; with the curtains blowing; All a blowing,

all a growing; (the tune changed) ^{they remember he} ~~xx~~ the men came crying

^{Geranium & verbenas}
geranium and verbenas; sweet william; and stocks.

A harp, I remember, and a ~~hansom~~ hansom and a growler;

^{they remember, they remember,}
So quiet the street was then. Two for a hansom; one for a

fourwheeler--- Eliza used to whistle, standing in her cap

and apron... ^{Then}

The tune changed. ^{again}

Any old iron, any old iron?

That was what the men shouted; in the fog you

remember. Seven Dials they came from. Garotters; men with

red handkerchiefs. You couldn't walk--dear me no--home from

the play. And loose women, Piccadilly corner... Everywhere

loaves of bread in the gutter. The Irish you know--

they gnawed bones in the street. My father remembered ^{him}

Lord ~~Byron~~ and ~~meeting~~ the old duke in the park. Two fingers

like that--he'd touch his hat... ^{And} But Lord Byron---I've got

my mother's album; and the sketches of Chillon; the lake and

the lovers; and the poems written in what they called then

the Italian ~~sketch~~ hand.

What's that? Knocked em in the Old Kent Road! ...

I remember. The boot boy whistled it. ^{Remember} Oh my dear the ^{one}

servants! Sixteen pound/ a year wages! And ^{the} those cans! ^{let walk...}

I And the hats of those days; and the crinolines; the stays..

The gentlemen went to the Club. I remember the turnpike at

Kensington; and the Crystal palace; and how ^{Miras} slipper

was lost in the mud.

Any old iron any old iron to sell!

How that brings back the fog!

It was ^{thus} that the two old ladies, who had taken their seats drew in these whiffs; and the ~~ones~~ ^{from the} Sweet lavender and old iron-- shaped once more ^{from} the vacant space on the terrace that old house. ~~and themselves~~ ^{They carried stories.} The stairs down to basement were twosited; ~~they~~ ^{we} lived in the cellar, where Papa--~~was the only one who~~ ^(my father) kept his wine. At eight the gong sounded for prayers; then at nine, Papa kissed her; he was off for in these days business was business. No lavatory basins; of course no telephones; We were seven. We were eight. It took my mother half the morning, housework. Now ~~she~~ ^{she} simply rings up the stores. They sell anything, a whole meal, the big stores. Now of course they start with a car; and each flat has a refrigerator, fitted; so a girl can run nine. Its labour saving, its hygienic I ~~can't~~ ^{can't} tell. And you cant tell the tinned meat from fresh I have to admit. But there was something, in spite of the fog; oh and the meat went sour; and it wasn't ~~the~~ -- a little boy used to see one of ~~the~~ ^{the} much was exaggerated; but still, in spite of all, when I think of my father, or take Mr Aldstone, we had som thing they miss.

The green sward remained empty, while the next scene was being arranged. And now, still waiting, they seemed to see with approval their own bodies, slim as wands, And we wore I suppose a greatmany petticoats; but

~~and~~ certainly I don't suppose it was wholesome-- crinolines ^{But I'm} must have carried the dirt; pretty as they were. I remember my gauze; and in summer, there was the Row; In winter skating. How all the girls stood round in circle when --oh I've forgotten her name-- she married and went to India-- she dropped a petticoat on the ice in Regent's Park...

But now... They nodded. For though the scene remained empty, some of the audience was returning; and on the very same row of chairs--was she man or woman? She wore trousers; and --- those I think they call ^{trousers} shorts. Hygienic? But one must think of appearances. Of course your own daughters feel just as I do. Only they're getting on now. They've children at school. Odd to think of it, but my grandsons, who were entered for his father's house at Eton the very day he was born-- he's at a prep at Eastbourne-- And my son had his son put down for the A then--I like these old customs-- Well, they'll both be not so very far past forty when the twentieth century--~~how odd that sounded--~~ has become-- what will they call the next one? Two thousand I suppose.