

Between the acts. Typescript of longer second part
with different ending. 60 p.

Pp.190-238

Two pages paginated 197
Two drafts of 200
Two paginated 202 or 203
216 paginated as 316
~~Two pages paginated~~ 233
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235 in three drafts
Two paginated 236
237 in two drafts
238 in two drafts

Then the music stopped. The next act, the nineteenth century, was about to begin. Once more a huge symbolical figure emerged from the bushes--the village publican, Charles

Budge; but so disguised, in a long black waterproof cloak, ~~had~~ which gave him a likeness to a statue in Parliament Square; in a helmet, which gave him a likeness to a policeman; and with medals across his breast so that he seemed illustrious, and a special constables baton (loaned by Mr Willert of the Hall) in his monumental right hand that even cronies who durnk with hi nightly failed to recognise him; and a little titter of enquiry as to his real name ran about among the villagers. His voice, issuing from a vast bushy black beard, gave him away. He was Budge. But he was saying

"It aint an easy job, directing the traffic at Piccadilly Circus. (He waved his truncheon.) Buses and All a clatter on the cobbles. hansom cabs. Ken to the right cant you! He there stop! His gestures were kingly if a shade too violent.)

~~There she goes, the old party~~ There she goes, the old party with the umbrella right under the horses nose.

(He seemed to indicate Mrs Witin. And she cowered in her seat, as if once more she had she had fluttered off the pavement on the impulse of the moment to the rage of authority. Just what she would do, Giles thought, taking sides with the policeman against his Aunt.)

But the Victorian Age, if such he was, continued. Fog or fine weather, I do my duty.

at Piccadilly Circus, directing the traffic, of Her Majesties
 Empire. Black men and white; the caravan laden with
 with Sheffield cutlery; also Cooks tourists; also
 and her Majesties forces; crossing the Ocean to proclaim her
 Empire; all ~~obey the rule of my truncheon~~ obey the rule of my truncheon.

And my job dont end there. I take under my protection
 and direction the purity and security of all her majesties
 minions; in all parts of her dominions; in sist that they
 obey the laws of God and Man; (Here he made as if to consult
 a statute; for he produced a sheet of foolscap from his
 and recited:) Go to church on Sunday; on Monday nine shrp
 catch the ~~xxx~~ bus; On Tuesday it may be attend a meeting
 at the "ansion" ouse for the redemption of the sinner;
 at dinner on Wednesday attend another; some bother it may be
 In Ireland; famine, Fenians, what not; or on Thursday
 its the natives of peru require correction and protection;
 we give em whats due. But mark you, our rule dont end there;
 its a Christian ~~Empire~~ country our Empire; under the
 White Queen Victoria; Over thought and religion;
 drink; dress; manners; marriage laws too; I wield my truncheon
 for prosperity and respectability always go, as we know,
 hand in hand. The ruler of an Empire must keep his eye
 on the cöt; spy too in the kitchen; drawing room; library;
 with purity our watchword. And if not, why then, let the
 wretches fester, in (heere he turned the page,
 monetrailly lost his place and then continued) Cripplegate
 St Giles, Whitechapel, ; let em sweat at the mines, cough
 at the looms; rightly endure their lot.

That's the price of Empire; that the white man's burden;
 And I can tell you, to direct the traffic at Hyde Park
 Corner, ~~as~~ at Piccadilly Circus, it's a whole time white man's
 job.

He stood eminent dominant on the soap box for a moment;
 with his truncheon extended and the slopes of his water
 proof majestically pendant from his shoulders. A very fine
 figure of a man, so everyone agreed. It only wanted a shower
 of London rain, a flight of pigeons, round his head,
 and the pealing bells of St. Paul's or Westminster to
 transform him, *to transform him to a nobleman* them, and the summer afternoon with
 white clouds floating and the cows now and again lowing
 into a Victorian Sunday afternoon, at the very height
 of Imperial prosperity.

"Of course" said Mrs. Arthur Johnson, their ideas
 they had their faults. But there were grand men among them...
 weren't altogether ours. But they were good according to their
 grand men." She felt that something *was lacking* *All England*
was left out

Incapable of general ideas about history on a
 large scale, Mrs. Springett nodded. Children drew trucks
 down mines; yes; but divorced ladies were not received at
 Court; there was the basement; and Papa reading *Walter* Scott
 aloud after dinner. It was difficult to draw any conclusion
 from such scattered impressions. She hoped they would hurry
 on with the next act--looking over her spectacles she saw
 the soap box was being moved-- and so provide her with a
 conclusion. For she liked to leave the theatre with her
 mind made up. True, this was only a village play...
 She read out from the programme:

"This scene is "The Picnic party. Scene A Lake. Time

About 1880. Characters: in order of appearance, Edgar...

She stopped. A sheet had been spread on the terrace.

It was the lake apparently; ~~perhaps~~ roughly painted ripples represented water. And those were bulrushes. Rather prettily real swallows darted across the sheet. And then a young man in whiskers and top hat--a very battered top hat--it must have been put away in somebodys cupboard for ages-- appeared and took his stand against a tree.

"That's Edgar I suppose she whispered.

Edgar...

Let me help
 Edgar... "Take my hand, Miss Ellen! There! (he helps
 a young lady to the top. They stand for a moment looking at
 the view. *She* She pants slightly. I hope the climb has not
 fatigued you?

Ellen... How small the church looks down among the trees!

Edgar... So this is Wanderers Well!

He turns to the lake.

Ellen... Please finish what you were saying before the

others come. "Our aim in life..." you were saying.

Surely it should be to help our fellow men.
 Edgar... Should be to work for the good of others. To

feed the poor, to teach the heathen.

How true--how true--
 Ellen... How deeply I agree with you!

Miss Ellen
 Edgar... But you, ~~Miss Ellen~~, ~~you are so good~~, ~~you are so happy~~.

~~Miss Ellen~~ need have no regrets "Miss Ellen. You are good; you
 are happy. It was of myself that I was thinking.

I whose life has passed like a ripple in water (he throws
 a pebble on to the lake) *Look* There the reflections skim away.

~~Like the days of my life---~~ I am no longer young. At twenty

four the best days of life have passed. And what have I done?
 Oh for a cause upon which to spend my

~~Edgar... I have nothing to do but to wait for the day when I shall be able to do something for my fellow men.~~
~~Miss Ellen~~ But listen, I hear voices..The others are coming.

Ellen... I too... you do not know how I hate my present life.

It is so sheltered, so safe... I could toil, I know it,
 among the heathen... But there's the donkey cart coming
 up the hill. Mamma's getting out...

Edgar... Should be to help our fellow men, I was saying.
To feed the poor to teach the heathen...

Ellen...How true--how true!

Edgar. ~~What have I done? What have I done?~~ I am no longer young.

At twenty four the best days of life have passed.
good have I done? What cause
And what have I done ~~is~~ 'What cause have I bled for?

But ~~you~~ need have no regrets. You are good; you are happy...

Ellen... I good? I happy? Oh how little you know me, Mr
Temple. I hate my present life. ~~it is~~ so dark...so

sheltered. But I hear voices! The others are coming...

Voices rise from below.

~~What have I done? What have I done?~~

Enter various figures; carrying hampers kettles;

Ex. They throw a rug on the ground and proceed to lay out
materials for the picnic.

Mrs Hardcastle.. (an elderly lady in black bonnet and
mantle.

So you stole a march on us. There was a time Mr Temple when
I was always first on top. Now I'm going to let you young
people do the work. There--that's where we had the picnic
last year. where the grass is burnt. The rest of the
parties on their way. Papa stopped a moment at the woman
camp. I and Sir John will unpack the hamper. Some of you
gentlemen fill the kettles. Who'll gather sticks? Now Alfred
don't run about chasing butterflies or you'll make yourself
sick. ~~Last year~~ she seats herself on a camp stool and begin
unpacking the hamper. Sir John helps to set out cups saucers

&c. The young people wander off.

Mrs Hardcastle. Last year poor dear Mr Bond was with us.

How he made us laugh! But it was a blessed release...

Over ninety dear old man, you remember Mr Bond?

Such a dear old man...but it was a blessed release.

She wipes a tear. Every year one of us is missing..But as I

was saying, --whereas the salt? For Now a little drop of

water for the mustard. And the ham. And the grouse. And the

game pasties. Sh spreads the eatables on the grass

People ll be hungry after this climb. But I was saying,

poor dear Mr Bond... I do hope the cream hasnt curdled.

And the claret--there behind you Sir John, Mr Hardcastle

will see to the claret, I leave that to him; only when Mr

Hardcastle gets ~~amongst the vines, & the roses, & the hollyhocks~~

talking to Mr Piggott about those Romans-- last year they

were both quite sharp with each other... Antiquaries you

know, but its nice for a man to have an interest,

outside his work; and so, though they do gather the dust,

those skulls and things he keeps finding, I make a point,

but I was saying.... poor Mr Bond. That reminds me;

the new clergyman; yes Sir John, I had it on the tip of my

tongue to ask you, but I wanted the girls out of the way,

~~that the men~~ they cant hear us can they--no theyre among

the bushes, so many sticks are nt fit for firing--- though

its not been so wet this year as last, oh last year was

such a disappointment.... just got the things out...down

comes the rain...~~and then~~ everything to be carried back

of the wardrobe? A tea cosy! But of course she might be mistaken, but it occurred to me to ask you, as a friend of the family---Has he a wife?"

Chorus: Has he a wife? Oh has Mr Sibthorp a wife?

That is the hornet, the bee in the bonnet, the screw in the cork and the drill; which whirling and screwing are for ever undoing the placid and motherly heart: for a gorm feeds within; a mother must ask, if daughters she has, begot in the ~~bed~~, the large and feathery fourposter oh did he unpack, with his prayer book and cane, his whiskers and bands, his rod and his line, and the family album and gun; did he also display the token of love, the connubial, respectable, tea table token a cosy with honey suckle embossed? Has Mr Spthorp a wife? Oh has Mr Sibthorp a wife?

Oh tut tut tut, Mrs Springett expostulated. She was the daughter of a victorian mother herself. It was silly, it was cheap. There came to her eyes, not to her lips, a picture of her mother holding parasol, dog, child and parcel at a corner; in Piccadilly; when there came a gust of wind--- up went her petticoats; there she stood on two certainly stout legs; street boys jeered; up came Mr Ronald Gibbs; and said --his sister had died in a sanatorium-- Allow me... Also Mr Aldstone; a rock white face in a barouche; One word from those lips in that voice--- Tut tut tut was all she said and shifted in her seat. The play continued.

held in
her hands
in
Piccadilly
when a
dog
A wa
not a
man
appropriate name at all.

The party had assembled round the picnic table laid out by the lake.

Corks were popping. Slices of beef, ham, chicken, or their effigies-- were being passed round. Lips smacked. The actors were eating and drinking. Lips smacked. Glasses were drained. Great hunks of bread were slid..

"They did eat said Mrs Johnson. Thats true. More than was good for em I should say....

Mr Hardcastle (brushing some flakes of meat from his whiskers)

"Now.....

Now what ? said Mrs Sprinett, dreading some further travesty of her own family life. *My dear? Oh*

"Now, that we have gratified the inner man, I will ask one of the young ladies for a song. *our bosh; let us drink!*

Chorus of young ladies: Not me--Oh I really couldnt...

No you cruel thing, you know Ive lost my voice. I cant sing without the instrument...

Chorus of young gentlemen... Oh bosh;;;lets have

"It was a rose that hung so red... No; Sweet, lay your hand in mine--- No something with more tune to it. None of those wishy washy melodies... Lets have a song with a chorus--- *Let the men who feel*
a hutning song...

Mr Hardcastle... Ahem.... Ahem....

(all the actors become silent as Mr H. clears his throat.)

Since there seems to be some diversity of opinion,

When the Papa to read

Mrs H.... Mr ^{Hudson} Hardcastle will read us something aloud.

Chrous Oh yes, do ~~let~~ ^{let} ~~apa~~ ^{apa} read us something aloud.

Mr H.... (fumbli^g in the pocket of his Norfolk jacket)

I will do by best to reconcile all factions by reading a short essay , or more properly speaking fable, composed by a de r freind of mine

*My dear**read aloud*

(shouldnt wonder if that means himself said Mrs Springett, all aggog to detect further tempaering with the memory of her father and mother)

" upon an occasion very similar to the pr sent:

*When the**Anniversary**of the**January**birth*

A picnic party by a lake". "They were seated, young and old,

by a lake. One one side of them, the feilds were bathed

in shadow. On the other, the fields lay basking in the

sun. But the horizon was the same for all. The old looked

back; the young forward. One regertted the past; the others

hoped for the future. But there was among them ine who was

neither old nor young; a simpleton some called him;

and as they all looked past him, some in front, some behind,

he plucked a flower.

What care I, he sang, for the names of things?

Or where they go? Oh no, no no,

Nameless flower, gay petalled humble,

grow and ~~xxxxxx~~ blow,

Enough for me, that you be,

A flower.

And then the man of science took out his microscope;

the girl snatched it from him to put in her hair; and the

and the sportsman without pausing to look even for a second aimed his gun at a passing bird. *Whew!*

"So there "

Mr Boardcastle buttoned the sheet of paper in the breast pocket of his "orfolk jacket.

Mrs H... Thank you ^kapa. (A very nice simple little tale.

Now for games. The girls and I will back the hampers.

We used to read aloud at our picnics said Mrs Springett. But she was uncertain. The morla had escaped her. And she always liked to leave a play with her mind made up.

A game was now strated for the children. They ran races:

The young men threw stone at empty bottles. The Mrs Hardcastle pecked the hamper. Ellen and Mr Temple wandered away.

Mr T.... I am more than ever convinced that my duty lies
with the heat ens.

Oh I am sure of it....

Elen... And mine too.... But here is "amas donkey....

The policeman had once more mounted the soap box.

"Time to go home, ladies and gentlemen; time to pack up and be off. See how in every village spire, the light

burns clear. Good Jane has brought the muffineer.

Some sheds its lamp light through the branching elms.

Rocks spread narrowing circles through the paler air.

Oer Winsor too a shade descends. (And here I stab,

truncheon in hand, guarding prosperity, and respectability

~~XXXXXXXX~~ at Piccadilly Circus, at Hyde Park Corner.

which is a white mans job and a whole time job

in Victoria's loyal land. Hom ladies and gentlemen, Home.

Home

weald and mere; ~~and the~~ look where the rock
 spreads his narrowing circles through the evening air;
 Its a white mans job and a whole time job guarding
 palaces and cottages in in Victorias loyal land.
 Home gentlemen, home ladies, home Sweet home."

and
 The gramophone took up the strain; Mr Budge descended from
 his box; the very image of a day wearied Victorian peeler. --
 "But ^{oh how} you know, it was very beautiful, --home" said Mrs
 Arthur Johnson. As the actors rolled up the lake, the
 bulrushes and the remains of the picnic--though there still
 remained a few huddled grey figures passing in and out
 between the trees-- she saw a London street, and all the
 curians ruby red. Behind each a lamp burnt; under each
 lamp Papa read aloud; mama knitted; children, hands
 clasping their knees gazed into the fire.

The audience stirred in their chairs. Some lit cigarettes
 others buttoned their coats, though the evening was still
 warm.

It was, she repeated to herself; yet there was some
 thing in the memory of the thing that was not in the thing.
 some flaw, could she name it. Obviously, since it had
 changed. She blamed time. Time like a rolling stream bears
 all her sons away, as the hymn said. Early Britons, Plant
 agenets, Tudors, Elizabethans, Queen Anne, Victoria even--
 were all borne away. Chuff chuff chuff the gramophone
 gasped, (they had taken off Home sweet home--the disk was

turning without any music) She seemed to hear time ticking away the present too.

"It was beautiful" Etty Springett asseverated.

"Laugh at it as they like" she added viciously.

In default of an author to blame, she blamed William Didge. He had green trousers she noted, and no waistcoat, and a vulgar yellow tie. But Mrs Arthur Johnson who had sons of her own could not altogether shut her eyes to something--impure?--- no, that was the wrong word, unhygienic, perishable, like a bit of meat gone sour, or with whiskers as the servants said, in the larder. Ekse, why had it perished? Time by itself was simply the hands going round the kitchen clock. If theyd met with no resistance, nothing wrong, theyd have gone round round round, and the home would have remained. And papas beard, she t ought would have grown and grown, and "amas knitting-- whatever did she find to do with it as it was?. No, change had to come, she said to herself, or thered have been yards and yards of papas beard, yards and yards of knitting. Her daughters never knitted; her sons were clean shaven. But what a foolish thought! How ones mind wandered! There was an interval. She put on her glasses to read the programme.

Budge Mounting his box"

Its time ladies, time gentlemen, time to pack ~~off~~ up
and be off. For where ⁺ stand, truncheon in hand,
guarding respectability, protecting prosperity, and the
purity of Victorias land, I see before me, (he gazed glassily
at Mrs Swithins who made some alteration to her dress)

homeward flying rooks; ^{ignoring the} ret rning to the elm tree tops.

And through the barnches ^{light that that light I see & Good for} gleams the fire in church spire;

^{long: never here} in facorty and library; kitchen and nursery; See how clear

the fire burns there And our ⁺ane, whos plain, has brought

the mudfinner. So children out with the oys! Mama,

your knitting quick; for here--he fixed his eyes upon the

door, or rather upon a cedar tree in fact, as if he saw

a portly form standing there, ^{button-d} in a frock coat,

Home is the bread winner, home from the city. ^{Could: home for the home}

^{Home} Hom gentlemen, home ladies, its time to pack up and be

off. Homw sweet hime though its never so humble...

the gramophone took up the strain for him, ~~famix~~

which was as well, for he had entirely forgotten the

chorus about the Empire and the truncheon and the hordes

of black men and white men who all as the chorus said

saluted the same fire in their different climes.

Change must come, unless things were perfect, in which case, she supposed, they resisted time. Heaven was changeless.

"What was the moral of dear 'apas little fable?" said William Dodge, turning to Isa who sat next him. She started. She tried to recall. "The sportsman shoots the passing bird and the fool"--- she Oh I suppose the moral was, don't possess, don't kill, enjoy. Oh there was the scientist with his microscope. Don't Don't think either. Not very original, and not very Victorian. I'm thinking of the what the fool said..."

"The fool said?" Mrs Swithin enquired leaning towards them.

"Gather ye roses while ye may" Dodge translated it for her.

"That's an old saying!" Mrs Swithin claimed. How I like 'em! They give one such a sense of continuity. Everybody coming to the same conclusion." "A pattern?" Dodge suggested.

He noted that she was caressing her crucifix as if it were a sleek little bird curled up in her breast.

"The Victorians" said Isa, for now that the actors had gone, the scene came back to her much more completely than when they were acting it) "The Victorians had that-- a pattern. The old mother; the old father; and all going home in a donkey cart."

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"I don't believe there ever were such people" said Mrs Swithin, "No, no. Only you and me and William dressed up." She patted her niece on the knee.

The old lady was off on a circular tour of the imagination; one-making; making ~~making everything~~; sheep, grass, ourselves, all one whose agonies soul; all discords producing harmony, if not to us,

then to a gigantic ear attached to a gigantic head, Therefore torture the torture of the particular sheep or man was necessary

; in another century or so the tortured would also

hear the harmony; therefore ~~what a magnificent~~

delight in agony; therefore one common happiness covers all.

Well, if the thought gave her any comfort----

The tour finished, she had alighted, on no other spot.

"We mustn't crab it" she said, because she's doing her best

Miss la robe I mean. Mrs Swithin continued, if

continued is the right word for those sounds that human beings of different ages, sexes and classes emit when a chance has brought their chair legs together.

"Still, if only she'd done Shakespeare instead!

Or Milton. Or come to that there are delightful scenes,

delightful, quite delightful, in unknown dramatists,

like Cracoroft, or what's his name--the man who was

reprinted the other day by one of the University presses.

A blue book in the little book case on the right

side of my bed."

"Good Lord, " Giles interrupted, cgrating his chair on the gravel. "Save us from ^Sakespearees. This is tosh, but at ~~basest~~ any rate its honest tosh..."

If he had said, Save me from my sentimental humbug of an aunt, and from that damned little ass whos a (the correct word was unspeakable) sitting beside her; and Isa for some reason wont look at me; and the blood drops drops drops from the torture I'm in down down down (he looked down at his his blood stained tennis shoes) if he had said this, he would have come closer, though not of course very close, to what he meant. They knew, at least that he meant, "I am unhappy". So am I, thought ^Dodge. So am I thought Isa. If I had an 'I' thought Lucy, and sighed.

Unimpeded by an 'I' she soolced herself by repeating,
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call ^Earth....

How beautiful she would have said, but o,
if you said How beautiful, Giles would say ^Damned fool,
that is, she corrected herself with one sidelong glance
at him, I'm unhappy... So she reected the word that
welled up, and went on,

"... and, with low - thoughted care,
Confined and pestered in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,
After this mortal change...
She sighed again.

she fingered her cross and sighed.

"They're taking a long time" said Isa by way of saying something.

"Interval" Dodge read out looking at the programme.

The next scene is: Present time. Ourselves. And then that's the end."

"I suppose there'll have to be a speech. Vote of thanks, something of that sort" said Isa.

"And a collection" said Giles.

"What for?" Dodge asked.

"Profits go to the fund for installing electric light in the Church" Isa informed them.

"Nothing's ever done for nothing" she said irritably.

All their nerves were (in edge; because they were about to be shown themselves. And that was ridiculous.

What could a stray Miss La Trobe know about them?

How could she dare drop her little bedroom candle extinguisher over the roar and rapture of the flame of life?

The Victorians, yes; the Elizabethans yes. By committing the ^{act} of dying they had submitted to a

summing up. But we ourselves, on this ^{flame} one day of 1939,

--we still of defiance.

Miss La Trobe hid behind her bush twiggled that defiance; and resented it; and stood her ground; and once more

held up the actors where they crouched among the bushes among the evergreens waiting her signal. *waiting must have been*

And then the shower fell. sudden profuse; like tears.

No one had seen the cloud coming up behind them; Down it poured, like tears. All men and women all over the world ^{or} wept ^{for them}. Only nature could have made them all weep. "Anda were rasied. ere and there a parasol opened. But the drenching was too sudden too universal, ~~tammar~~ it soaked them in a second. And relieved of some burden and down cast too that nature should be weeping their tears. *they looked at the rain then*

Oh that our human pain could here have ending, Isa muttered. Looking straight up and receiving two great blots of rain drop full in her face. They trickled down her cheeks.

Her eyes rested on the grass, from which suddenly rose an *fresh* earthy smell. The rain stopped. *growth in the earth*

Miss "a probe surveyed the cloud which had so timelily come to her hel---like the cows. It had passed. Her boldness in playing in the open air, and risking interference from nature was justified. She gave the signal.

"The present time," said Mrs "rt ur "ohnson. "Ourselves. "In aid of the fund for installing electric light in the church" read Mrs Springett from the programme. condoning the next assault of the ivillage players upon what ever it might be. The church has now to compete with the movies, with the dogs; *the social function* We she thought have other opportunities of showing ourselves. They havent... Light therefore must be encouraged; if it helped the poor to go to Church.

to show member

The gramophone struck up. It scarcely could be called a tune.
ABC? ABC, ABC, Cat--- the tune was nothing.

But the music, like the shower, was a voice that was no ones voice speaking, and lifting the burden.

Oh that our human pain could here have ending, Isa repated.

actually consenting for the moment to endow this simple

her
melody with her entire treasure, if so be the human suffering
all suffering could so be ended.
that weighed on the audience could be hymned away.

For all she cared, th s little twist of sound could have the whole of her.

Then Miss "a" robe did her best with what the local
reporter called "her very limited means at her disposal"

A farmyard ladder, to wit, a cloth roughly painted to represent a brick wall; and a man with a hod on his back.

The meaning of that w plain enough. Europe re-built;

witness Tommy with a brick in his hand; witness

(The women)

and Jessie nading bricks. They occupied the centre of the

scene. Round them other figures crowded. Any fool could

interpret a fussy wig; a silver turban;

a british soldier. All races united--- that was plain.

what was
more, it
was
flattering

A whole battery of applause greeted Miss , a Trobes

flattering figment, so that she had time unobserved to

summon from their coverts a n army of flashing imps--

the village canaille; each holding what seemed a dazzling

flash of light. In fact the spoil of bedrooms, kitchens and

lavatories; looking glasses of all shapes and sizes.

These dashed, flitted leapt and jerked in front of the

audience. Now Bart was lit up; now Manresa; then again

209 *the little birds sometimes stopped dead. The reflected light shined.*
Every one of the audience saw her or his own face precisely *The other*
as it was at the moment. And then to make the muddle *laughed.*
worse, all the ^{actors} actors in their original dresses--

Elisabeth in her ruff; the Augustan age in her stone draperie
Handkerchiefs
Mr Blake whispered and top hatted--
Amused for the value
all these figures from the past appeared; and their arose
from their mouths a cacophony of broken phrases....

The different songs, oaths, jests, gibes and stately reflection
whether upon death, or universal peace, whether upon the
lover in the cupboard or the girl in the ^{at 1st} hall, made such a
hubbub, such a great house of sound, that the audience
seeing their own faces also reflected shifted raised hands
in protest; half rose, and then turned each to his neighbour
It was chaos. It was insult. It was the break up of the play

decide upon action;
But before they could rise and stream away to their cars,
the megaphone asserted itself. Whose voice it was no one
knew. But the voice said:

Let us talk in words of one syllable, without larding,
stuffing or cant. Let's break the rhyme and forget the rhyme.
and calmly consider ^{on} ourselves.

Ourselves. Bony or fat; (the looking glasses kept rough pace
with the words, ^{cheerfully} illustrating them) Liars and thieves. (R. Shaw)
Manresa was here exposed to view. The poor are as bad as
the rich. ^{as} Don't hide among rags; or let our cloth protect
us. ^{The} (Rev Streafield) faced the cheval glass from the
recess. "For the matter of that--learning. Book
knowledge or the skilful practise on pianos; or laying on of

paint. Or presume that threes innocency in childhood. Or
 faith in love. Or virtue in those who have grown white
 hairs. As for the gun slayers, and bomb droppers,
 they only do openly, what we do covertly ^{as we say} Take for example
 (here the megaphone adopted a reasonable tone) "Mr B's bunga
 low. A view spoilt for ever. Mrs Es ^{lipstick and} ~~lipstick~~ ^{crimson} ~~crimson~~ and incarnadined
 nails... The vanity of Mr H. the writer, scraping in the ^{hills} ~~hills~~
 dung hill for fame. Or again theres the amiable
 condescencion of the lady of the Manor. But we're all the

same. Mark there the rhyme, which has been inserted to
 entice you to believe that the author of this by-way of being
 honest - rhapsody has ^{by} a university education...

Look at ourselves, ladies and gentlemen. How is this damned
 wall which we call, Civilisation, to be built by orts and
 scraps and fragments like ourselves?

All the same--here * change to a lofter strain--
 theres someth ng to be said: for our kindness to the cat.
 for the impulse which now and then leads us --mark you when
 nobodies looking-- to the window, at midnight, to smell the
 bean. Or the reolute refusal of some scrub, in sandals, to
 sell his soul. There is such a thing, you cant deny it,
 as that organ. Listen now to the gramophone affirming:

Chorus
 Ors
 scraps
 fragments

A slight hitch occurred; such as might represent some
 natural hesitation. In truth, the records had been muddled;
 Sweet "avender; Fox trot; then at last---was it Bach?

Somebody speaking plain sense in a natural tone of voice.

Like quicksilver sliding; filings magnetised, the distracted
 united. ^{There a} The tune first-- the first note meant a second;

the second a third. Then down beneath was a ^{form} birth; a new
 force in opposition; beneath that another. On different levels
 they diverged. On different levels, with them, the entire
 audience went forward; ^{all comprehending} delaying some, flower gathering, ^{other,}
 snatching the tune that danced on the top;

others all comprehending; but the whome company was enlisted.

(After cacophony, ^{time after} and chaos, ^{order} how measured, and unified,
 wherever they marched). The tight barbed skin, and the

defiant ~~muscles~~ face muscles, relaxed. From the unprotected

unskinned depths the whole population of the minds

immeasurable profundity came flicking; ^{Applaud} naked divers; and

rose leaves; and dawn; and azure. Not the collision of

surface sound only controlled it; but also the warring

battle plumed warriors, straining asunder; to split irretire

irriterievably? No. Compelled from the ends of the horizon;

recalled from the edge of appalling crevasses they crashed;

melted; solved. And some relaxed their fingers; others

uncrossed their legs.

^{Oh - oh - oh -} Mrs Johnson looked at ^{heaved a sigh} Eddy Springett; Sir John

drew his signet finger over his moustache.

The veil of sound slowly thinned. And, as waves withdrawn uncover old boots, so the audience, raising their eyes (and their noses had simultaneously ~~absorbed~~ absorbed the sniff of the rain-soaked earth) were assaulted by the black man who had insidiously, surreptitiously, mounted the sofa box. He jutted out; ^{the time} a black oak; a bedroom candlestick snuffer; an intolerable constriction and contraction and reduction to simplified absurdity. Of all ridiculous and incongruous sights, on a summer evening, a clergyman in the livery of his servitude to the ^{house} the grotesque ^{house} summing up was the most entire. As if a rook had hopped unseen on to a prominent bald branch ^{he adjusted} he moved his arms, clapped his wings, and hemmed his preliminary creak.

^{a fact} Then ~~therefore~~ mitigated his sentence of damnation.

~~Firstly~~ that his forefinger raised in customary and instinctive admonition, was jaundiced with tobacco stain. ^{Give that a hint} And from that, contemplating him all over,

the audience retrieved their familiarity with this

traditional piece of church furniture, [in an unbroken collar, and an alpaca vest;] perceived, tolerantly, that the rev. E.

W. Streafield was not a bad fellow; and if liveried he was,

it was ^{just his family tree} the half-conscious carving of generations of

village carpenters shaping the mid beam of the gate with a

^{bracketed} little flourish, the origin of which was lost in antiquity.

Mr Steatfiled put his hand to his collar, looked at the audience, then looked at the sky. Every one felt embarrassed, for him, for themselves. Every one felt that he their spokesman, was a butt, a clot, laughed at by looking lasses, and their wavering lights. Also condemned by the indifference of the cows.

Further ignored by the clouds, which continued their majestic rearrangements of the celestail landscape and evidently considered him (and thus them too) as an irrelevant upright stick in a world that flowed *meanly* *chaotically*.

In this drone of indifference his words were lost.

At last he was heard saying "What... And then he added, what to what--- the word (message); and after a pause,

it became audible; he was saying: "What ^{intended} meaning did the gifted lady --but which gifted lady he referred to nobody gathered--- mean to convey? I've been asking myself, sitting among you, as one of the audience...

"He may have said those words first; at any rate the sense was: That he had been asking himself, as he sat among them, before they imposed upon him the enviable duty of voicing their thanks,

he had been asking himself, what message the play had been meant to convey? As one of the audience he went on, I will offer very humbly---again he touched the white gate that surrounded his neck, and again they noticed the yellow finger--- my interpretation: no, that is too bold a word. For let me confess, I too was puzzled. ^{have} Have we not been shown every stage of

*Thermal
to
the
family*

of English history, briefly it is true.... The means at our disposal this afternoon have been limited. We have been shown different groups; yes; we have seen the effort petually renews. *es. A few actors have been chsoen in every age. The many , not so chosen, have passed, have passed in the background... We were shown that. But then again, were we not shown, am I too preumsptuous--am I treading like angels, where as a fool I should absent myself--- it was indicated, at least, that in each of us lives the whole. We are members of one another. Yes, that occurred to me, sitting among you in the audience... And again, did I not perceive Mr Hardcastle here, (he pointed) also at one time a Viking? And in Lady Harbottle--excuse me if I get the nmes wrong, a Canterbury pilgrim? So we act ^{many parts; but are united...} different parts. We are renewes. UI have neithe time nor ^{let them be} skill to develop the significance of that... Only, again, as the play or pageant proceeded, --perhaps my attention wandered; perhaps that too was part of the producers intention: I thought I perceived ^{how} nature takes her share. Dare we then limit the life to ^{our own... Shakespeare's plays} a group; or to one person? May we not hold that there there is a spirit which animates ^{human persons} ~~all~~ the whole? He glanced at the swallows. They swooped; and seemed cognisant of his ^{a spirit that animates the whole} attention. I leave it to you he said abruptly.

The swallows were out of sight. I leave it to you.

I am here not to explain; no; that role has not been

imposed upon me. I speak only as one of the audience.

But ('but' marked a new paragraph) I speak also
6 more minutes in another capacity; as ^{the fund for installing electric light in} actor; as treasurer; in which capacity

city I am glad to announce that a sum " here he consulted a
 note--- and threw his head back " of ~~thirty~~
 thirty seven pounds six shillings and eightpence

has been contributed by this afternoon's entertainment

to the ~~Fund for installing electric light in the~~

church; The church: ^{for dear church:} which the piety of our ancestors built

It is for us to see that the church ^{let it shine} now shines out

a beacon....

Mr Steatfird paused. ^{little a thing, what by} he heard some distant sound. —

When he continued...

"But there is still a deficit--a deficit" again he looked

at his notes " of one hundred and seventy five pounds odd.

So that each one of us, ^{whoever has enjoyed the pageant} whatever meaning he may have read

into the pageant has still an opp....

The word was cut short. The distant drone had become a zoom.

In perfect formation like a flight of wild duck

ten aeroplanes came over head.

^{Engine purred up.} The noise ^{then as they went on,} drowned everything. ~~The noise passed.~~

Zoom became drone. as they passed.

" an opportunity" Mr Steatfird concluded. ^{to make a contribution.}

Instantly collecting boxes were in operation.

There was one that made a bawny noise-- an aluminium saucepan
 rattled along the front row by the idiot Albert.

He could do that just as well as any one;

He ~~was not~~ ^{was not} ~~with the~~ ^{with the} ~~drone~~ ^{drone}

*Collecting boxes
 were held up
 from the front
 row. There was
 a bawny noise
 at once*

imposed upon me. I speak only as one of the audience.

But ('but' marked a new paragraph) I speak also
in a more moderate in another capacity; as actor; as treasurer; in which capacity *the fund for the church is*

city I am glad to announce that a sum " here he consulted a

note--- and threw his head back " of ~~thirty~~

thirty seven pounds six shillings and eightpence

has been contributed by this afternoon's entertainment

to the Fund for installing electric light in the

church; The church; *our dear church* which the piety of our ancestors built

It is for us to see that the church *let it shine* now shines out

a beacon...."

Mr Steatford *he heard* paused. *from a flag, waved by* he heard some distant sound. -

When he continued. .

"But there is still a deficit--a deficit" again he looked

at his notes " of one hundred and seventy five pounds odd.

So that each one of us, *whoever has enjoyed the pageant* whatever meaning he may have read

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Engines jangled up. The noise *then as they went on,* drowned everything. ~~the noise passed.~~

Zoom became drone. as they passed.

to make a contribution. " an opportunity" Mr Steatford concluded. *he would*

Instantly collecting boxes were in operation.

There was one that made a bawling noise-- an aluminium saucepan

rattled along the front row by the idiot Albert.

He could do that just as well as any one;

He ~~nodded with the delight~~

His grin showed his pride. But as he skipped round, co
 ijingling his coppers, the old ladies in the front row
 looked up at Mr St eatfiled, as if ^{asking the protection}
 of his cloth. Mr Sttefiled could exorcise evil. Mr Strefi
 field tunred a mild eye upon the idiot. His faith had room,
 he indicated, for the simpleton; ^{he humbly had room;} who is no ev o spirit,
 but is that which is always with us, and part of us.
 But not a part we like to recognise, Mrs Springett seemed to
 add, charitably but gingerly dropping a sixpence into the
 saucepan.

Mr treafiled gazing at the idiot, had nothing whatever to
 say. His command over his tongue seemed lost. He twiddled the
 cross on his watch chain. Then his hand sought his trouser
 pocket. he suppreptiously e tracted a small siler box,
 a pipe lighter. It w s pl ain enought that his natural desire
 for a smoke was overcoming him.

"There only remains now" he said cuddling the pipe lighter
 in the palm of his hand "the pleasantest part of my duty. ⁴⁴ *Usman*
 I propose a vote of thanks, in which I am sure you will
 all of you join, to the gifted lady...." he looked round
 for an object corresponding to this description, upon which
 a vote of thanks could be deposited. None such was visible.
 "to the gifted lady who wishes to remain anonymous" he said.
 And so...." He paused again. It was an awkward moment.

very sound in nature became ainfully audible. the swishing
 of the breeze; the gulp of a cow; even the skimming of
 swallow wings seemed to make itse lf heard. ^{audible} ^{would to break the press}
 There was a suffle behind a bush; a premonitory scratching

What we need is a centre ... (among the roots and the shells)
The Brookes have gone to Sicily, in spite of everything....
 Foreign travels so easy...If the worst should come--lets hope
 it wont--they'd hire an aeroplane....(dispersed are we) our brave
 summer tulip bed, its redness and richness; we are broken our
 vision dispersed) ...What amused me was old Streafield,
 feeling for his tobacco pouch...I like a man to be natural..
~~He sends his smoke...~~ ^{He sends his smoke...} Then those voices from the bushes...Oracles?
 As ^{well, oracles} I understood it, they were never perfectly clear....
 And she had only dishcloths for coats of mail and Wollworth
 jewels for coronets... Crepe soles! That's sensible; they last ever
 so much longer and protect the feet...Can the Christian faith adapt
 itself, as you were saying, what with our distractions and foreign
 travel? There--you can get a glimpse of the church, through
 the trees... Odd that science is making us more spiritual. The
 very latest notion I'm told is nothings solid. Not even
 those stones.... ^{We must have temples. Why don't we meet them?} Do come and see us. Dont stand on ceremony...
 Alas, we're going to back to town-Parliaments sitting...
 I can still see that idiot with his saucepan... I didnt gather what
 he meant she meant by that.... Something in ourselves? Our
 passions? Radarick ^{has} assure you, when the gardener, taking it for
 pure water, poured weed killer over the plants, ^{Ratty} burst into tears....
 (Dispersed are we; Corts, scraps and fragments Ding dong, ding dong
 A BC) ...Yes, I was saying, they've gone to Sicily...they've
 seen the volcano. Most impressive in eruption. Things look
 worse than ever on the continent. And whats the Chanell, come to
 think of it, if they mean to invade us? ^{What the hell} ... Ding dong, ding dong

Ding dong bell...A service? Evensong? (thats rather a cracked old bell.) Theres Steafield, all in a dither, going, I suppose to take the service....Another change of clothes, as he said she meant: we all act. But whose play? Ah thats a question---and if we're asking questions at the end, isnt it a failure? Or is that what she meant?^{Am I a prophet} The old boy says he'd rather walk.

Its only a stones throw---at the end of the village. I'd cut down the ivy if I had his house....One of these days we must --what she meant. Oh come and dine and have it out.

Which day? Monday! That's the magistrates meet ing. Tuesday? Boy
Scoits. Wednesday! Our mids day out. Ring me up; and we'll fix a
~~staxx~~ day---- to decide the question, about the looking glass,
Did it mean--the dream? And the tune--reality? Or was it t'other
way about? Oh Lord what a dither! Nobody seems to know one car
from another. ~~Wheres my old push bike?~~...About that looking glass
while we're waiting. I've an old cousin. Fix yo r eyes on any
bright object, and then you oass beyond in to what he calls
reality. You remember him? Went round the world in a wind jammer;
~~so now cant move a leg,~~ but must at least hear the sea...~~Has a villa~~
at Forstmouth.... He said she meant when the shower fell,
natures shall we call it soliloquy? (Tears! tears! tears!

O then the unloosened ocean.).. But Streafield said,
as Shelley said, one spirit animates the helw. What about the
planes then? Dear me, the parking arrangements are damnably
inadequate. Shouldnt have expected in times like these so
many Hispano-Suiters; or is that a Bentley? There s a very
ancient Rolls.... The machines arent conspirators in the
universal harmony? Or do they introduce a discord on pur pose.

Ding dong...ding

by means of which we reach the final...Ding dong, ding ...

^{There} That is my bike... So long then... Dispersed are we...

Dear lady ...

So good bye" said old ~~Bartholomew~~ ^{Bartholomew}, taking the little fat hand of Mrs Manresa in his, placing over the diamond rings (said to be have been dug up with his own hands by thin Ralph in his ragamuffin days) which knobbed it, his own veined yellow stained right hand, whose fan of bone was merely skinned together, as if to clinch it.

^{the} Their meeting ^{the} had left its substance ^{it had left behind it.} he wished to hold it

^{The world child looked longly how these in the face} tight one moment longer. But alas, sunset light was not

sympathetic to her make up; ^{held} played it looked, not deeply interfused;

So he dropped her hand, as she gave him an inappropriate rosyish twinkle; And then by some freak the light breeze which the

metereologist had foretold ^{Muffled} muffled her skirt skirts, as she went,

with files conducting her, ^{away & away,} retreat ing. All were retreating and dispersing and withdrawing, and he was left with the ash grown cold and no glow/no glow on the log.

All were withdrawing... what word could describe the sprinkled strewn look of the lawn, as the audience ^{dispersed} scattered to their cars? No word expressed the sag at his heart, the sensation of effusion, in his veins, as the retreating Manresa, admirable woman all sensation, ripped the ~~sawdust~~ rag doll and let the sawdust stream from his heart.

^{He} made a guttural sound in his throat; and turned rightabout.

The actors were packing up the litter. In vests and trousers;

unhooking; buttoning; ^{up} on all fours stuffing things into cheap

a how flay.

*Dear Mr. Owen -
Dear Mr. Archer,
Dear friend -
The end -*

On the sea was
white work
 attack cases; vast emeralds on the grass; and silver swords;
 and cotton wool beards; Charlie was lacing up his boots..

Battling with a Victorian crinoline, ~~there were~~ the stout legs
 of Mrs Miss La Trobe appeared in brogues; she reduced the
Marble
 billows, and pressed the whole confection in to a cardboard box.

"ughtnt we to thank her?" said "ucy within, *for* giving her
 brother a light tap. *in the arm.*

How
 How imperceptive she was, skimming the surface of the lake, ignoring
 of the battle in the mud! After La robe had been excruciated,
Thompson's
 by the audience, and by Steafields interpretations, *by Henry Lawrence,*
to press in her then hands!
 and votes of thanks and all the rest of it, she didnt want thanks;

What she wanted, he thought, stimulated in his perceptions by the
 flesh of that admirable woman the *last* anresa, was was, like a carp
 they hadreached the lily pool --darkness in the weeds; a whiskey and
 like
 soda at the pub; and coarse words descending maggots through the
 "Thank the actors, not the author" he said.
 watr. He looked again over his c shoulder at the alwn.

Limby
 Now Only one limping old man remained. Now he too hobbled behind
 the arch. Now once more, the line of roof, the upright chimneys,
as it emerges from the blue
 rose, clear and hard and red against the evening ~~sky~~, The house
 emerged as ~~indistinctly~~ the house that hadbeen obliterated.

"e was thankful that the scurry and the tumult were over;

2 weeks at
then
Clarke
low
 — he sto pped and raised a ~~anxious~~ a sheaf of i penoy that had shed
but which had been *all the petals* *from the* *blue* *eyes*
 all its petals; leaving no rings, no rouge; but all claser and
 steady; his paper and ---but where was the dog? Chained in a kennel?
with me
 The little veins swelled in his forehead. He whistled. And here
 he came, released by 'art-et, racing across the lawn
came
 with a fleck of foam on the nostril--his dog.

how bright was the day at the lily pond

"All gone under the leaves" said Lucy, Scared by the shadows passing the fish had withdrawn.

She gazed at the water--the grey water. Reflexively, she caressed her cross; but her eyes ~~rather indifferently~~ went on their own voyage, looking for fish, in that inscrutable water world.

Under the platys of the leaves upon each of which rested a ^{a small} rose red lily was an inscrutable world. Again she caressed her cross.

Above her, was the flow of the air; and aeroplanes, sharklike;

she stood on a think plank; between the two fluidities;

on a thin plank. Caressing her cross, ^{she was disturbed} It was difficult

Faith required hours of kneeling in the early morning. Only after ^{to sleep} hours, kneeling, she clapped a lid on the jar, and made something

that held meaning. Often the delight of the roaming eye seduced her;

a sunbeam--a shadow... that little jagged lily leaf at the edge suggested, by its contours, Europe.

There were other leaves. She fluttered her eyes over the surface,

naming leaves India, Africa, America. Islands of security, glossy and thick--why, Bart, she addressed him -- but he had gone with

his dog into the house-- ^{the old way} She had meant to ask him,

ancient civilisation-- visible to her vision haunted eyes as the

blue thread of the dragon fly-- light there?

She was retrieving from sharks above and sharks below

a foothold for ~~existence~~ new people, other people, the red skinned or if you like the black, to settle on.

Something moved in the water. It was her favourite fantail.

The golden orp followed. Then she had a glimpse of silver--the

great carp himself, who came to the surface so very seldom.

Only she had nothing to give them. They slid out between the stalks,

*The old person
well after work
Bart in ahead.
He won her
admission - the old
person's house.*

*the plane (bent)
and 100 feet
popular view -
the people of the lake.*

yellow & blotched
 slices of silver, pink, gold, clothed; They knew her; she knew
 them. Because we've never caught them they trust us. *the address looks like the address*
 Because we faced them that's greed, he would say.

They give us silver and gold, she would reply.

How much say Mordred to head?
 Sex he would say. Ah but that shows the eye must be shared as well
 as the body she would say. And he would shake his old head from
 side to side. "e would carry his little torch of reason,
 till it went out, in the darkness of the cave.

back before
 Every morning, kneeling, she protected hers with her clasped hands.
 Even now she prayed; burn burn a moment longer; show the silver
 grey lichens; and the diamond drops.... Every night she opened
 her window; the night illustrated the day; Every day her light
 sleep was broken by the random ribbons of birds voices;
 She still fingered her cross. Then opening her fingers
 which held nothing. The fish had all come to the age--
and a great to see them
 a whole fleet of them. And she had nothing---ah but she would trot
 into the house and...here a shadow fell. They vanished.

It was the young man whose name she had forgotten.

"I'd meant to thank the actors!" she exclaimed, in confusion.

He had come to thank her, he had been looking for her everywhere.

"I have come to thank you!" he said simultaneously.

"e had seen her, brooding in her fly away draperies over
 the pool. And he had seen ~~xxxx~~ *the* man hitching up his trousers,
 one of the actors, touch his forehead. It was for that
 he thanked her--rescuing him from the cocktails and the cor-
 cosy corners and one of manresa y *and me.*

Mr---- again she has forgotten his name. But she thanked

Mr.... with a yellow spotted tie flowing over his

short precisely for that. Youth. Potted meat in an Inslington lodh
ging; The future. She was thankful; he had rescued her from the
"I was going to thank the actor" she said. Had not Baryholomew,
before he left her, ordered her to do one thing; but to be sure not
to do another?

But they were gone---that ~~buttoning~~ buttoning of "harlie watsons
braces had been the very last act of the actors. He had his coat on
to join
he was making haste after the others to the pub. Only Miss "a
"robe was remained, she was seeing to the records.
Mrs. Swithin shook her head. "We mustnt thank her" she murmured.
"My brother said, she'd much rather not. "So we must thank her
silently."
The they shook hands. It was useless the pretend that they would ever
meet again.

The church bells always stopped just sooner than
you expected, leaving you to say "Iant there going to be another
stroke? Isa listened, once more; once more there was not another
bell. The congegation was on its knnees. And the plays over,
she thought, "he swallows were skinnin over the stage.
William "odge was hurrying over the alwn. She saw Lodge, strif
striding over the alwn; in haste; because he was keeping manressa
waiting. But Giles is with her, she addressed that
retreating figure; No, she was not in the least jealous;
relieved on the contrary. All day long she had been preening and
peering between backs, over shoulders, to get a sight of the scarred
face, the ravaged face...At interval she had been saying,
Had my children been his...had we met before that

day on the river... She had seen him in profil, looking down while his wife chattered. She had seen him looking up, across the fields. She had seen him doing something to the car, while his wife made a fuss with her coat and things. Like Byron, like Keats she had seen him raise himself when he had swung the self starter several times; to regard the sly little woman, whom he had married.... Twenty times a day when her little boy laughed, she thought, ~~amixxx~~ I have brought another stockbroker into being. She had turned to the baby in the cradle, and had imagined, if she had been his child... She strolled along the terrace, lane, under the nursery windows, And then it was, just where the bush grew, with the bitter leaf she also shredded, that she was struck by the leaden plunge which was like stone forming in her veins.... When it came to words, the feeling was already gone. Hence our eternal solitude she said, and it was past and done with. She sauntered careless of everything into the parking place. Manresa was standing at the door of her car A Rolls Royce. Giles had his foot on the running board. The Dodge arrived. Then the chauffeur looked round; then he looked in front. The wheels scurred on the grave; gripped; and the car rolled off. "So we're alone at last" she said, slipping her arm inside her husband's.

But they'd seen,
the Hame,
in the first
rush.
back to the
bushes
with
utterance, a lot
of flowers
that the
wind
blasted

going to meet her husband.

What attraction the elm trees had for the starlings it was impossible to say. They never nested there. They attacked it all of sudden, pelting it like so many winged stones. The leaves of the tree, the branches, the very bark hummed with the whizz they made as if each little bird plucked some wire. An ecstatic whizz and buzz rose from the branches, all vibrant, bird blackened, bird infested. ~~It was a bird infestation~~ bird

swaying, buzzing, tree. The tree became a rhapsody a quivering cacophony; a shrill rhapsody of leaves birds, branches all syllabing discordantly life life life! The one shrill word was repeated, and vociferated and and perpetually interrupted and repeated without measure; without pause; without full stop. till it became like a swarm of bees

stinging, a branch; and after they had gone, ~~it was~~ the branch would be shrivelled. The swarm was now attacking that single tree; And then, as if they must release it for a second from

their raputre, they flung off, up, over; and then descended again.

But it was strange - the least human sympathy.

Any human noise would startle them, a clap of hands, or the

bent and rheumatic figure of Mrs. Ahlmers, creeping through the ^{long} grass

with the little bunch of flowers-- they were pink this evening-- which she was taking to fill the vase that stood as if it were also a plant, on her husband's grave.

His body had lain beneath those daily renewed, and daily withered flowers for twenty years. It was well within memory that he had treated her, regularly every Saturday night to a hiving. But she never left the vase without a flower in summer,

or in winter it might be a little spring of holly, or evergreen.

Cherishing the dead body.

*with regular
molestation. The
large bird - the
looks, said
that they
were
left.*

*as at the bottom
of*

She hadn't even to clap her hands. The ^{the} birds were off; in a rag³tuous swoop to find some other tree, which they would molest; and then, suddenly, leaving off their rhapsody, ^{letting them} they would sleep.

The starlings went right over Miss Ja^a robes head. She had straightend herself. The bells had stopped; the audience scattered; even the birds were off. She raised herself from her stooping--it had been prolonged, to avoid attention, thanks, congratulations. Now she could straighten her back; and ^{for} a moment ^{here}.

The woman who took it from me, she said, nothing for me, but I got confused by the
at peace. She ~~was~~ happy; triumphant. She had presented the world with a village pageant. The world had taken it. It had joined an ^{million} other plays, poems, songs &c... What happened to them?

? Did it matter? Not in the least to her. Nobody had seen what she meant; they had trundled out their interpretations. There was different. And it could be said that she had failed--once more--~~as~~ as indeed plays did fail. The great bosom of nature she thought takes our failures; but after all, she needs them. As she needs presumably clouds; Only at the moment the sky was extraordinarily clear. She strolled with her hands in her jacket pocket--masculine attitudes came naturally to her--along the terrace. ^{There} the villagers had walked up and down the grass was all crushed. ^{A broad path was made.} She could see when she turned and looked towards the house, old Flimay fluttering back as usual, she stopped dead; poked with and peered at some flower; then vanished. A window was shut. A thread of smoke thickened against the trees. ^{She looked at the sunset.}

The evening too would go through the disrobing process.

Take off its day clothes; put on its dinner clothes;

at last stand naked, all changes over, and lie prone in the dark.

But, on a clear summer evening, the change was very gradual.

It was an intensification, since there were no clouds to trouble

the sky; the blue became bluer, the green greener; here a an iris,

there a rose, and then a white line of pinks -- they seemed to shed
between plants of light.

even petals; they became flowers of light. And the t rattle and

the traffic died out; a single voice replaced that confusion.

One cow lowed; one bird chirped. To You could fancy a hand putting

out the lights; you could fancy each person ever so quietly

extinguished. And then under the leaves, between the branches,

as if they had been stationed there, *in chains of fragrant; words.* appeared, not summoned, but

as if they stood waiting, one star; another; star.... That was an
was the first of a rather plain effect that she would like, one of these days, to give on the stage.

Turning the watch on her wrist she noted that there would be no stars, on a night like this, for another two or three hours...

She lifted the heavy suit case containing the gramophone records and set off across the lawn. ~~"anyway, it was a very heavy case"~~

It was too precious to let the village boys carry it; many were
at already scratched. She would drop it in her kitchen; and then

go up to the Inn. She was drinking too much. She couldn't sit

alone. Since the row with Peter, she would be actress who had

shared her *bed* rooms and her purse, the habit had grown on her.

Every night she drank at the green man with the farm hands.

One of these days she would be found drunk in a ditch.

One of these days she would get a polite note from the

the reccor, a ppointing Thuready next at any time convenient to you
 for a private talk about some unpleasant rumours that ^{as we} I hope
 you will contradict. Even tonight, people looking out of their
 upper windows sometimes said Good nigt; on the other hand,
 sometimes, part cualrly the women, in those pictureque cottages,
 with the roses, the hoony s ckle and the brick tred genrainums in
 the window, stread and stared. Grave-worshippers she called them,
 return ng that insolent l ook. The men were more tole ant.
 "ature had made her more than half a man herself. She thrust her
 suit case in at the scu eery window, and wen on up the road, which
 she had trodeen so often, summer and winter, And just as she
 reached the public house, a kind of swallows dart of an idea crossed
 her mind: how the first act of the ne t play would or might begin.
 And she rapped with her strong but finely moulded knuckles on the
 public house door.

The acrid smell of stal been saluted her. The buzz of
 voices stopped. No doubt they had been talking about Bossey as they
 called her; no doubt they had used other words, more juicy words
 to describe what they thought of her. It did not trouble her.
 The simple peasant, the humo rous rustic, was the figment of a
 namby pamby school of ew week enders; Dull, gross, hideously bored,
 of a simplicity that became intolerable in ten minutes time--
 her version was nearer the truth. Taking one thing with another,
 there was more life in one of Mrs ^{Guthrie's} within little crooked fingers
 than in the whole cong lue ation of mud coloured, ear weather
 seamed faces. It was for the emerged, the with their shapely
 bodies and forgaging vo againg lithe and shapened minds
 that she wrote her plays. But here in the beer soaked room ideas

one finger was a
 right peg,
 like a man's,

not there in the lovely airy room at the hall was the breeding ground. "ere, she thought, taking her hard seat, and looking as usual through the tobacco smoke at the two china dogs, and the very crude glass painting of a cow in a stable of a cock and a hen. She took her mug. She drank.

Words copulated; seethed; surged. Phrases began shouldering up from the m/f t. "ere was the breeding ground, among the very dull; the coarse; the kindly; the imperceptive; yet shrewd; the intolerably laden; those who bore the whole weight on their backs like dumb oxen. They bred like manure or mud the great idea. She didn't care, as the cheap clock ticked away, and the smoke became a tart upon the roof of her mouth what familiarities they offered her, how she "degraded her class (middle) or her sex (female) Or even remembered one or the other. She sat there like a man, her arms akimbo, her mug before her; staring out of her deep set blue eyes, and the men in their earth coloured jackets; seeing beyond them the fine acts of the magnificent drama. She was tunnelling and forging her way to that culmination. And they knew that, in some way, oddly enough. Though the women had nothing but the very plainest terms for her. The men knew that Bossy was after something.

In the dining room at the hall they had become once more a family, now that the company was gone, and the play over. The play remained however, as the company remained; like a shape in the sky that dissolves very slowly, for the sky is tranquil. The breeze is very light. Clouds remain; chiselled, out of marble, it seems; purple flanked. As the cloud remains, the play remains--

La robes pageant, in the sky of the mind, as they sat over dessert.

Mrs within with her raspberries before her, looked up at the sky; *ne*

Bartholomew looked; Giles looked; Isa looked.

It had been over about an hour and a half. But just as, lying on the ~~grass~~ ground, a trembling blade of grass, a polished ant, busy with atwig are seen; yet the sky is seen, and the two worlds, the sky and grass world unite, so here was the bowl of flowers, the jug of water and the raspberries; and up there in the sky of the mind still the play.

"I still don't know what it means" ^{each} said Mrs within. "The peasants" ^{burn} she checked it "and the Kings; the fool; ourselves..."

With its sheath sliced in four, into petals exposing a white cone, Giles offered a banana to his wife.

Isa took it. She looked again at the sky. As if a light breeze were wafting fugitive shred past the cloud, flying, she saw the audience disengaging; some driving along the white roads; others cycling some took short cuts across the meadows. The ^{gothic} vicarage gate painted a dull red brown swung open; and the door of a new red villa; again the car swept up the drive, the low hanging boughs in the avenue brushing the roof. Acacia petalled the car arrived.

But the ^{play} paly remained; the golden marble shape still floated. What did it mean? — *La Volante*

"Aint Lucy" said Bartholomew, holding his cheroot in his bony fan shaped hand "asks too much" *he wants to know what things mean*

Giles held out a match.

*the play
remained
when
the people
had
gone.*

"The peasants; the kings; the fool; ourselves" Lucy repeated,—
dipping her raspberry in sugar. "Any way we should be glad it was
so fine" She popped the berry into her mouth. "Save for that shower,
that sudden shower..." She ate another raspberry.

"The Kings and Queens; the looking lasses; the voices in the
bushes. And then the rector spoke. But when they asked La Trobe for
a speech, she went there."

Giles extinguished the match on the desert plate with a
little fizz.

"That wise woman" said Bartholomew "left us all guessing."

~~Then~~ Mrs. Swithin and Isa rose.

They never pulled the curtains in the sitting room till it was
too dark to see, or shut the windows till it was too cold. "Daylight
^{let a yellow} still radiant, birds still singing, flowers blue, white, orange
in the beds,—why shut out the summer day? Filtered through the
evenings mesh, the light was ^{far} brighter, purer, than by day. Let us
be look at, even chairs and tables seemed to say, as they entered;
now, now. And the pictures, invisible with telephones ringing,
and the clock ending, beginning, and ending beginning as it ticked,
~~we were all at the same time~~ ^{moment} emerged. It was their
present, this moment, when the ladies came in from the dining room,
Mrs. Swithin went up to the Venetian Canival and put on her glasses, ^{she} seeking
out once more a little figure in a gondola.

Isa, casually sweeping her needlework off the table sank
with her knee doubled into the low chair by the window. Sitting
within the shell of the room, she ~~was~~ ^{she} overlooking the new night.

in

Mrs within, sauntering across the yellow carpet, sat down opposite the window. The filtered light made her gleam like an iridescent snail shell; or a sea worn glass.

"he said we'd made more this year than last," she said. "But then last year it rained."

This year last year, next year, never, Isa ran off her lit le ranting rhyme.

"and I liked Mrs Wautsher ^{was} ~~was~~ better at the end than at the first" said Lucy. At first, thought her odious."

"You mean 'anresa' said Isa.

Beyond the shell of the house flowers and leaves burnt, as her hand burnt on the window ledge. A seamless surface sensitive she rambled, imagining a thin sentient skin, of plant skin, flower skin, woman skin, silver sea skin spreading over the entire world.

"he said she meant" said Isa turning her hand palm uppermost in the sunshine, "we're all one--all parts of one another."

"Did you feel that?" Mrs within murmured, knitting.

"Yes...no" Isa murmured, for it was 'yes' 'no'.

Yes yes yes--the tide rushed out embracing; no, no, no, it contracted with drew. The old boot appeared on the shingle. The leaf was flesh and the flesh was leaf; and the whole world, momentarily, the breath of God.

Yet splintered. Should it be splintered, or shivered, or fissured-- the word for the flash of light in a looking glass, were eye supplied the ~~looking~~ dazzling and dancing light of the looking glasses; and her ear, a second later, the rattle of coins shaken in the saucepan by the idiot.

if you're thinking of the orts scraps and fragments, — a when the
 looking glasses came in--- were those the words ---
 that to build the wall, we must rebuild ourselves. Out of
 fragments; including the fool. ^{the Queen a peasant: a fool:}

"May be" said "sa. Fling your seeds sower, she added to her rhyme,
 and flw tide; birds return to your tree tops; —
 Home ladies home gentlemen,

Here Miles and Bartholomew came in.

Lucy smiled, looking up. [It was so nice, being all together.

~~And Mrs. Sands was raking out the fire.~~

Children slept upstairs. And they looked all of them, ennobled.

She made her little chirruping sound, of ^{when} ~~marriage~~, of content.

Again the hol ow sound reverberated--- Sands stoking the boiler.

Then Bartlet advanced bringing the post and the paper;

the morning paper, which obliterated yesterday's paper, ~~wiped out~~ all

that had been so loud so urgent. The post too. For ^{the} miles long;

envelopes; for Mrs. Swithin fat letters; thin bills; for tea nothing.

Sitting indoors in the shell of the room she watched the paganet.

And the play? Was it still in the sky? No, the play, La Trobes play,
 d minishing.

was slowly travelling away, ; and the audience, had gone.

Then as the ~~xxxxxx~~ morning paper crackled, and the envelopes
 were slit, she looked not at the sky; but down into the grass,

where the insects, the ant the grasshopper and the beetle,

~~xxxxxx~~ were polishing their bead like bodies; were

among the trembling grass blades; among the pebbles, and the

grains of baked earth. The industrious ant was collecting

more news. First Bartholomew read the foreign correspondents;

He looks fast
 through the
 f.

B. looks the paper.

The
 little
 ant
 was
 busy
 busy
 busy

"Orts scraps and fragments" she quoted.

"I thought she meant by that" said Lucy, picking up the same idea, "that now, whatever we call ourselves, we must collect ourselves; or how shall we rebuild the wall?"

Her eyes supplied her with a cloth, roughly painted with what looked like a wall.

To what faith, she meant, can we adhere? By what link join the that which, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ time has filled so full, made so heavy, that it tears?

"But then you believe, Aunt Lucy...." Isa began.

Then Giles and Bartholomew interrupted.

And Lucy looked up and made her little chirruping sound of welcome, on content. Indeed she shuffled her little feet, symbolically, for there was no need to move a space. There were more chairs than they needed. As they sat down she chirped again, like an insect in the grass.

Both were ennobled-- Bartholomew's bones, Giles's veined and ruddy flesh-- by the sun. And they were tranquil and composed. smoking a pipe, a cheroot. In the depths of the house a hollow sound reverberated--Sands making up the fire; Sands stoking the boiler. A door slammed. Again the door opened. Bartlet brought the morning paper--the paper which obliterated yesterday's paper entirely. As a fish rises to a crumb, Bart rose to the news.

Bartlet brought the post too. For Giles long envelopes; for Lucy fat letters; for Isa only thin bills.

Sitting indoors in the shell of the room she watched the garden pageant. It was no longer in the sky. She looked up. The

"Orts, scarps an fragments" she quoted.

"I thought she meant by that said Lucy, picking up the same idea, that now, whatever we call ourselves, we must collect ourselves; or how shall we rebuild the wall?"

~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ There had been, roughly painted on a cloth, something like a wall. *Her eye supplied the.*

"May be" said she.

Then Bartholomew and Giles interrupted.

Lucy looked up and made her little chirruping sound of welcome, of content. Indeed she shuffled her little feet, symbolically,

for there was plenty of room. There were more chairs than they needed. As they sat down she chirruped again, like an insect in the grass.

Both were ennobled---Bartholomew's bones, Giles veined and ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ruddy flesh-- by the sun. And both were tranquil; *Comfort* and at peace. In the depths of the house a hollow sound reverberated-- Sands stoking the boiler. Then the door opened. Bartlet brought the morning paper-- the paper which obliterated yesterday's paper entirely. Like a fish rising to a cormorant, Bartholomew took it. *Barth* He brought her post too. For Giles long envelopes; for Lucy, fat letters; for her only thin bills.

Sitting indoors in the shell of the room she watched the *He looked up* pageant. It was in the garden now. It was no longer, or hardly *He looked up* in the sky. The play, "a robes kings and queens; peasants; and ourselves; was travelling jestically into the far distance. And the audience--- they were all gone; all vanished. *in the room here now*

But, as the morning paper crackled, and the envelopes were slit, she looked down into the rosy stubble, *down:*

*Yes, but the thing is
what is the thing
Bartholomew's bones
The means of the
world was now like
bag filled by the sun
Bartholomew's bones
of the thing to be done*

The play, "a trobes play, kings and queens; peasants; ourselves" was travelling majestically into the far distance. And the audience--they wre all gone, all vanished.

But as the morning paper crackled and the envelopes were slit, she looked into the room, where they sat on faded chintz covered chairs--the ant, the grass hopper and the beetle, polishing their bead like bodies, rolling a pebble of baked earth through the glistening stubble. The stubble cracked; here and there a blue convolvulus was twined about some still standing stalk. In that rosy corner of the sun baked field Bartholomew Lucy and Giles polished and nibbled; broke of rolled a little pellet in their paws; broke of a crumb. Bartholomew read first the foreign news; then the leader; then with a crackle of the page turned to the sporting news; while the flowers burnt, and here and there a bird fluttered out a ri and of irrevelant song. (Here was the crumb:

"A gentleman in Surbiton" Bartholomew read out, "writes that he has seen a Comma in his back garden."

The paper drooped.

"Finished?"

Done with it?" said Giles taking it from his fathers hand. he read First the foreien news; then the leader; and then the sporting niews.

The old man, ennobled by the sun, basked silently; one hand caressing the dog rippled folds of skin towards the collar.

"A butterfly that looks like a leaf" said Lucy.

Bartholomew assented.

The clock ticked; the house gave little cracks as if it were very dry, very brittle.

Suddenly a hand on the window sill felt cold.

then the leader; then, with a crackle the page was turned; he read the sporting news. But in the garden a bird chattered in its sleep. And there was a car somewhere far away on the road. She waited. The ant would dispense a crumb.

A gentleman in Subiton writes that he has seen a comea in his garden.

The ant presented them with a crumb. The paper fell from his hand.

"Finished?" said Giles taking it from his father.

Ennobled by the setting sun, the old man silently reposed; and the dog sighed on the rug. And the clock ticked, issuing more time; more time.

Asa's hand suddenly felt cold. The window sill was in shadow now. The sun had left the front of the house. And the white and the blue and the orange had no edge to them; all was pure light.

where they sat on faded chintz covered chairs, the ant, the grass
hopper and the beetle, polishing their bead like bodies, rolling a
pebble of baked earth. ^{in the rosy shade.} The stubble cracked; and there was
wild blue convolvulus twined among the corn. In that rosy
corner of the sun baked field, Lucy, Bartholomew's ^{uncle} files polished and
nibbled; and ~~brakens~~ rolled little pellets in their paws.
First ^{the} Bartholomew read the foreign news; then the leader; then with
a crackle of the page turned to the sporting news. while the flowers
burnt, and here and there a bird fluttered out a riband of irrelevant
song.

^{The} The ant dispensed a crumb.
^{a gentleman in Surbiton} Bartholomew read out; a gentleman in Surbiton had seen a
Gemma in his garden.

The paper drooped.

"Finished?" said files taking it from his father's hand
The old man, ennobled by the sun, ^{baked} silently reposed; and ~~and~~
his hand caressing the dog, rippled folds of skin towards the collar.
"That's a but erfly that looks like a leaf" said Lucy.
The clock ticked. The house gave little cracks as if it were very dry
very brittle.

Suddenly her hair on the window sill felt cold. The sill
was in shadow And the white and the blue and the orange had no edge
to them; all was pure light. ^{Light covered them: they died in light.}

"The children" said Mrs Swithin, went to sleep with the
paper flowers all over their cots"

"From the Barn" said ^{sa.}

It hadn't been needed; it had been fine, for once.

"We were in luck today" said Bartholomew.

The shadow had crept over his feet. and half way up

Described in light;

*Mrs Swithin looked
up over her face.*

*Files looked up.
The light of the church
showered them
marvellously.
The
horribly.*

The sill was in shadow; The white and the blue and the orange had no edge to them. All was pure light. Light consumed them; they died in rapture. of light.

Mrs. within looked up over her glasses.

"The children" she said to Isa, were so happy; going to sleep with the paper flowers all over their cots."

Giles looked up over the newspaper. The thought of the children renewed their marriage; and their hostility. Isa looked at his shoes; he had changed again; they were polished black, pointed now, not blood stained tennis shoes any more.

"We neednt have been to all that trouble; making the barn ready" said Mrs. within. "For it didnt rain, like last year".

~~It was a very good thing that it did not rain.~~

"Take my advice next year..." Bart yawned.
"Next year, next year" Bart yawned.

He was nodding.

Lucy stuck her needles in her knitting; it was time to read her book. She turned the pages of the Outline of ~~Natural History~~ science, looking for her place. But the pictures seduced her; she looked at pictures. She went back to her butterfly hunting days; to the meadow by the river; to the girl lying in the long grass. Then she found her place.

Barts head fell with a jerk; He slept now. But Lucy went on, reading reading. entranced like a child by the story of the world; when there were mammoths, and mastodons; and rhododendrons; and all Lond was one great swamp.

The shadows increased, The flowers were ghosts, faded.

Lucy drew her squire shawl over her shoulder. But it was

across the floor.

Mr. Harker has been to all that trouble, getting the book sent.

Lucy had stuck the ~~pin~~ needles into her knitting; for it was time to read her book. She had lost her place in the great Outline of "atural history. She was turning the pages; she was looking at the pictures, like a child. She had gone back to her butterfly hunting days, to the meadow by the river, and the boy fishing, and the girl lying in the long grass.

"~~Yes~~" Yes. Mrs. Sands gave them the paper flowers from the barn said files.

Unfaithful all day, as they had been, the children, even the thought of the children, sleeping with paper garlands thrown over the ri beds renewed ~~him~~ their marriage. in spite of manresa; in spite of the otherman. "sa looked at his shoes; he ha changed them; they were polished, patent leather pumps. "the paper flowers..." Lucy repeated, and "we neednt have been a raid, as it turned out. Barts head suddenly fell on his shoucer. "e too slept. But Lucy went on, for she had found her place, entranced like a ch ld by the story of the prehistoric world; when there were mammoths; and rhododendrons; and all London was a swamp.

he shadows increased. The flowers were ghostly, fading. Lucy drew her sequin shawl ver her shoulder. It was still light enough to read. The trees were losing their leaves. They had become skelton eafelss. "he great square of the window showed only sky now, crossed by black branches; ^{the} and the sky itself was losing its light; it was a severe stone blue sky.

The shadow crept over "aryholomews face. He too looked leafless gaunt and spectral. He shuddered; as a horse shudders its skin a d rose, and shook himself and walked out of the room;

They heard the dogs paws padding on the carpet behind him.

Lucy read, hastily, guiltily, like a child who will be told, before it reaches the end of the chapter, to shut the book. But she went on; and then, with her mind full of the history of the world, telling herself the story, she rose, and ^{her} ever said good night, but like a child, tiptoed out of the room, rubbing her eyes, but still seeing the giants and the dogs with eyes like round towers, and the unicorns, and the mastodons, and the mammoths..

Left alone, Isa and Giles sat on. Sleep was still far away. Before they slept they would fight; then they would embrace. Perhaps to night they would bring another life into being. Soon they would fight; they would embrace; as, in the swamp, in the bog in the great open fields the fox barks; the vixen bares her teeth; and the and even the moth quivering its red its orange lets fall a shower of eggs.

Isa let her sweeping fall. Giles crumpled the long envelope into a twisted ball. ^{The window became all the more dimly lit.} The night drew on. Such a night as had never fallen on the house before. It was a night like the first night; all the before roads were made; beforehouses were built.

Ponytz Hall was a shell; an empty shell on the beach ^{at the head of the} in the night. The sky was now black; and the rancours were severe. There was nothing but line and form; there was no longer any colour. Like primeval man and primeval woman they ^{sat} stood on the weaponless floor—it was not a moment for clasping hands. they sat in their shell looking out on the peasant.

Then as if they had been waiting, the stars came out.

Aldebrana, etelgeuse, cassiopeia.

light enough to read by. The trees were losing their leaves. *snapped, fallen*
 They had become skeleton trees. The great square of the window showed only sky now. And the sky was losing its light; it was a severe stone-blue sky now. The shadow crept over Bartholomew's face. He looked leafless and gaunt and spectral. Then as a horse shudders its skin, he shuddered; rose; and shook himself *now* and walked out of the room. They heard the dog's paws padding on the carpet behind him.

Lucy read, hastily, guiltily, like a child who will be told, before it reaches the end of the chapter, to shut the book and go to bed. But she ~~went~~ *w* on, to the end of her chapter; and then, telling herself the story of the world, she rose, and smiled, but never said a word and tiptoed out of the room, seeing giant and dogs with eyes like round towers, and mastodons and all London nothing but a swamp.

Left alone Giles and Isa sat on. Alone, their enmity was bared. Sleep was still far away. Before they slept they would fight; The after they had fought, they would embrace. From that embrace another life might begin. But first they must fight, as the dog fox fought with the fixen out in the fields. *the new life was beginning*

Isa let her sewing drop. Giles crumpled the long envelope into a ball. The window behind their small black dark heads was all sky, without colour; nothing but the lines of were left *the last under part* crossing and crossing. The house had lost its shelter; *it had been the* The stars appeared as if they had been there behind the clouds, behind the colour, waiting. It was like the first night before

The little heads of the man and the woman showed black against the sky.

It was as if another act were beginning, demuded, scaled, stark, and bare.

"Is a play a failure" said Isa, if we dont know the meaning?"

Who had written it? And whats the meaning?

And why are we forced to act our parts?

Is a play a failure, they asked each other, without coming closer, as they watched the first night of a new age take its place irrevocably, with them in the parts of hero and heroine who had given them their parts revocably as hero and heroine, is a play a failure, when we dont know the meaning, but do know that we have to act our parts?

roads were made; or houses; the night that dwellers in caves had watched rise over the unknown world. Now the known world had vanished, and the stars rose again.

It was the first act of the new play. But who had written the play? What was the meaning of the play? And who ~~compelled them~~ made them ~~act their parts~~ them to act their parts?

Then, ~~when the rage~~ the rage which they had suppressed all day burst out.

It was their part--- to fight.

*Why must we take our part in the play?
And who has written it?*

*Even when we are a woman? We are not
right against such barbarians,
in it. barbarians?*

*The first act of a play -
But who wrote it - or how were they to act.
The looked out a long way.
Then, as it seemed that
men, the first words, they
from the darkness,
the inevitable
fight.*

*to hear each other
again, to fight.*

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